# C·G· JUNG
# THE BLACK BOOKS

## 1913–1932
## NOTEBOOKS OF TRANSFORMATION

Edited by

SONU SHAMDASANI

TRANSLATED BY MARTIN LIEBSCHER,
JOHN PECK, AND SONU SHAMDASANI

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# Contents

VOLUME 1
Acknowledgments

Toward a Visionary Science: Jung's Notebooks of Transformation
Sonu Shamdasani

Editorial Note
Sonu Shamdasani

Translating Jung's Runes
Martin Liebscher, John Peck, and Sonu Shamdasani

Abbreviations

Appendix

Index

VOLUME 2
Book 2: November 12–December 29, 1913

VOLUME 3
Book 3: December 30, 1913–January 14, 1914

VOLUME 4
Book 4: January 14–March 9, 1914

VOLUME 5

Book 5: March 13, 1914–January 30, 1916

VOLUME 6
Book 6: January 30, 1916–May 21, 1917

VOLUME 7
Book 7: May 21, 1917–December 15, 1932

# Toward a Visionary Science: Jung's Notebooks of Transformation

Sonu Shamdasani

## *Prelude*

In 1935, Jung said: "A point exists at about the thirty-fifth year when things begin to change, it is the first moment of the shadow side of life, of the going down to death. It is clear that Dante found this point and those who have read *Zarathustra* will know that Nietzsche also discovered it. When this turning point comes people meet it in several ways: some turn away from it; others plunge into it; and something important happens to yet others from the outside. If we do not see a thing Fate does it to us."[1] By 1913, he had established himself as one of the leading lights in European psychiatry and was president of the burgeoning International Psychoanalytical Association. As he recounted in *Liber Novus*, "I had achieved everything that I had wished for myself. I had achieved honor, power, wealth, knowledge, and every human happiness. Then my desire for the increase of these trappings ceased, the desire ebbed from me and horror came over me."[2] He had reached a turning point that was to transform his life and work: through this, Jung *became* Jung, and analytical psychology emerged as a general psychology and as a school of psychotherapy.

This transformation took place through the exploration of the visionary imagination, charted in the *Black Books*,

from 1913 to 1932. These are not personal diaries but the records of a unique self-experimentation that Jung called his “confrontation with his soul” and his “confrontation with the unconscious.”[3] He didn’t record day-to-day happenings or outer events in them but rather his active imaginations, depictions of his mental states, and reflections on these. From the fantasies therein, between 1913 and 1916 he composed the *Draft* of *Liber Novus*, the *Red Book*, which he then transcribed in a calligraphic volume, illustrated with paintings. The paintings from 1916 onward in the *Red Book* relate to Jung’s continued explorations in the later *Black Books. Liber Novus* and the *Black Books* are thus closely intertwined. The *Black Books* cover the period before, during, and after *Liber Novus*.

*Liber Novus* was born from the *Black Books*. It includes Jung’s meditation on his fantasies between 1913 and 1916, and his understanding of the significance of his experiences up to that point. In Jung’s view, his undertaking pertained not just to himself but to others as well; he had come to view his fantasies as stemming from a general mythopoeic layer of the psyche, which he named the collective unconscious. From the notebooks of a self-experimentation, a psychological work in a literary and theogonic form was created. Jung’s continued explorations of the visionary imagination in the *Black Books* from 1916 chart his evolving understanding and demonstrate how he sought to develop and extend the insights he had gained and embody them in life. At the same time, they enable his paintings from 1916 onward to be understood in the context of the evolution of the iconography of his personal cosmology.

Given the intersection of the *Black Books* and *Liber Novus*, particularly between 1913 and 1916, this introduction of necessity reprises in a reworked and expanded form sections from the introduction to *Liber Novus*, now taken up from a different angle, as both works

arise from one context and shared chronology. The introduction at hand focuses more on the unfolding of Jung's visionary self-experimentation, and provides a fuller contextualization of the later period, 1916 to 1932. Similarly, a share of the notes from the 2009 Norton edition of *Liber Novus* have been carried over in the first part of this edition. In the early twentieth century, it was not uncommon for a work to be expanded and recast through several editions. A number of Jung's pivotal publications, such as *The Psychology of the Unconscious Processes*, are prime examples of this. This introduction is part of that genre.

## *The Intoxication of Mythology*

*Vocatus atque vocatus, deus aderit*: Called or not, God will be present. In 1908, Jung had this proverb carved on the portal of the house he had built in Küsnacht, on the upper shore of Lake Zürich. The statement was from the Delphic oracle, reproduced in the Dutch Renaissance humanist Erasmus's *Collectanea adagiorum*, proverbs from classical authors.[4] Jung closely worked on the plans for the house.[5] The following year, he resigned his post as senior physician at Burghölzli hospital to devote himself to his growing practice and his research interests. He kept his position as a lecturer in the medical school, where he continued to give courses on the psychology of the unconscious and psychoanalysis.[6]

His retreat from the Burghölzli coincided with a shift in his research interests to the study of mythology, folklore, and religion, and he assembled a vast private library of scholarly works. These researches culminated in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, published in two installments in 1911 and 1912. It marked a return to Jung's intellectual roots and to his cultural and religious

preoccupations. He found the mythological work exciting and intoxicating. “It seemed to me I was living in an insane asylum of my own making,” he recalled in 1925. “I went about with all these fantastic figures: centaurs, nymphs, satyrs, gods and goddesses, as though they were patients and I was analyzing them. I read a Greek or a Negro myth as if a lunatic were telling me his anamnesis.”[7] The end of the nineteenth century saw an explosion of scholarship in the newly founded disciplines of comparative religion and ethnopsychology. Primary texts were collected and translated for the first time and subjected to historical scholarship in collections such as Max Müller’s *Sacred Books of the East*.[8] For many, these works represented an important relativization of the Christian worldview.

In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, Jung differentiated two kinds of thinking. Taking his cue from William James, among others, he contrasted directed thinking and fantasy thinking. The former was verbal and logical. The latter was passive, associative, and imagistic. The former was exemplified by science and the latter by mythology. Jung claimed that the ancients lacked a capacity for directed thinking, which was a modern acquisition. Fantasy thinking took place when directed thinking ceased. *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* was an extended study of fantasy thinking, and of the continued presence of mythological themes in the dreams and fantasies of contemporary individuals. Jung reiterated the anthropological equation between the prehistoric, the primitive, and the child. He held that the elucidation of current-day fantasy thinking in adults would concurrently shed light on the thought of children, savages, and prehistoric peoples.[9]

In this work, Jung synthesized nineteenth-century theories of memory, heredity, and the unconscious and posited a phylogenetic layer to the unconscious, still

present in everyone, and consisting of mythological images. For Jung, myths were symbols of the libido and they depicted its typical movements. He used the comparative method of anthropology to draw together a vast panoply of myths, and then subjected them to analytic interpretation. He later termed his use of the comparative method "amplification." He claimed that there had to be typical myths, which corresponded to the ethnopsychological development of complexes. Following Jacob Burckhardt, he termed such typical myths "primordial images" (*Urbilder*). One particular myth was given a central role: that of the hero. For Jung, this represented the life of the individual, attempting to become independent and to free himself from the mother. He interpreted the incest motif as an attempt to return to the mother to be reborn. He was later to herald this work as marking the discovery of the collective unconscious, though the term itself was of a later date.[10]

In his preface to the 1952 revision of *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, Jung noted that the work was written in 1911, his thirty-sixth year: "The time is a critical one, for it marks the beginning of the second half of life, when a metanoia, a mental transformation, not infrequently occurs."[11] He was conscious of the loss of his collaboration with Freud and was indebted to his wife for her support. After completing the work, he realized the significance of what it meant to live without a myth. One without a myth "is like one uprooted, having no true link either with the past, or with the ancestral life which continues within him, or yet with contemporary human society."[12]

> I was driven to ask myself in all seriousness: "what is the myth you are living?" I found no answer to this question, and had to admit that I was not living with a myth, or even in a myth, but rather in an uncertain cloud of theoretical possibilities which I was beginning to regard with increasing distrust. . . . So in the most natural way, I took it upon myself

> to get to know “my” myth, and I regarded this as the task of tasks, for—so I told myself—how could I, when treating my patients, make due allowance for the personal factor, for my personal equation, which is yet so necessary for a knowledge of the other person, if I was unconscious of it?[13]

The study of myth had revealed to Jung his mythlessness. He then undertook to get to know his myth, his “personal equation.”[14] Thus we see that the self-experimentation that he undertook through exploring his own fantasy thinking was in part a direct response to theoretical questions raised by research that culminated in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*.

## *“My Most Difficult Experiments”*

In 1912, Jung had some significant dreams that he did not understand. He gave particular importance to two of these, which he felt showed the limitations of Freud’s conceptions of dreams. The first:

> I was in a southern town, on a rising street with narrow half-landings. It was twelve o’clock midday—bright sunshine. An old Austrian customs guard or someone similar passes by me, lost in thought. Someone says: That is one who cannot die. He died already 30–40 years ago, but has not yet managed to decompose. I was very surprised. Here a striking figure came, a knight of powerful build, clad in yellowish armor. He looks solid and inscrutable and nothing impresses him. On his back he carried a red Maltese cross. He has continued to exist from the 12th century and daily between 12 and 1 o’clock midday he takes the same route. No one marvels at these two apparitions, but I was extremely surprised.
>
> I hold back my interpretive skills. As regards the old Austrian, Freud occurred to me; as regards the knight, I myself.[15]

Jung found the dream oppressing and bewildering, and Freud was unable to interpret it.[16] The second came half a year later:

> I dreamed then (it was shortly after Christmas 1912) that I was sitting with my children in a marvelous and richly furnished tower chamber—an open columned hall—we were sitting at a round table, whose top was a marvelous dark green stone. Suddenly a seagull or dove flew in and landed elatedly on the table. I admonished the children to be quiet, so that they would not scare away the beautiful white bird. Suddenly this little bird turned into a child of eight years, a small blond girl, and ran around playing with my children in the marvelous columned colonnades. Then the child suddenly turned into the gull or dove. She said the following to me: "Only in the first hour of the night can I become human, while the male dove is busy with the twelve dead." With these words the bird flew away and I awoke.[17]

In 1925, Jung remarked that this dream "was the beginning of a conviction that the unconscious did not consist of inert material only, but that there was something living down there."[18] He added that he thought of the story of the *Tabula Smaragdina*, the twelve apostles, the signs of the Zodiac, and so on, but he "could make nothing out of the dream except that there was a tremendous animation of the unconscious. I knew no technique of getting at the bottom of this activity; all I could do was just wait, keep on living, and watch the fantasies."[19] These dreams led him to analyze his childhood memories.

While he was engaged in this self-analytic activity, he continued to develop his theoretical work. At the Munich Psycho-Analytical Congress, on September 7–8, 1913, he spoke on psychological types. He argued that there were two basic movements of the libido: extraversion, in which the subject's interest was oriented toward the outer world,

and introversion, in which the subject's interest was directed toward himself. Following from this, he posited two types of people, characterized by a predominance of one of these tendencies. The psychologies of Freud and Alfred Adler were examples of the fact that psychologists often took what was true of their type as generally valid. Hence what was required was a psychology that did justice to both of these types.[20]

The following month, on a train journey to Schaffhausen, passing by the Rhine Falls and close to where he spent his early years, Jung experienced a waking vision of Europe being devastated by a catastrophic flood, which was repeated two weeks later, on the same journey. As he later recounted in *Liber Novus:*

> I saw a terrible flood that covered all the northern and low-lying lands between the North Sea and the Alps. It reached from England up to Russia, and from the coast of the North Sea right up to the Alps. I saw yellow waves, swimming rubble, and the death of countless thousands.[21]

After the second occasion, he heard an inner voice say, "Look at it, it is completely real, and it will come to pass. You cannot doubt this."[22] In 1925, he described the event as follows:

> I was traveling by train and had a book in my hand that I was reading. I began to fantasize, and before I knew it, I was in the town to which I was going. This was the fantasy: I was looking down on the map of Europe in relief. I saw all the northern part, and England sinking down so that the sea came in upon it. It came up to Switzerland, and then I saw that the mountains grew higher and higher to protect Switzerland. I realized that a frightful catastrophe was in progress, towns and people were destroyed, and the wrecks and the dead bodies were tossing about on the water. Then the sea turned to blood. At first I was only looking on dispassionately, and

> then the sense of the catastrophe gripped me with tremendous power.[23]

Commenting on this, he remarked: “I could be taken as Switzerland fenced in by mountains, and the submergence of the world could be the debris of my former relationships.”[24] This led him to the following diagnosis of his condition: “I thought to myself, ‘If this means anything, it means that I am hopelessly off.’ I had the feeling that I was an over-compensated psychosis, and from this feeling I was not released till August 1st, 1914.”[25] After this experience, Jung feared that he would go mad.[26] He recalled that he first thought that the images of the vision indicated a revolution, but as he could not imagine this, he concluded that he was “threatened by a psychosis.”[27] After this, he had a similar vision:

> In the winter I once stood at the window deep in the night and looked North. There I saw a blood-red glow, stretched from East to West over the northern horizon, like the flicker of the sea seen from far. And someone asked me at that time what I thought about the future of the world. I told him that I hadn’t thought, but I saw blood, streams of blood.[28]

In the years directly preceding the outbreak of war, apocalyptic imagery was widespread in European arts and literature. For example, in 1912, the Russian painter Wassily Kandinsky wrote of a coming universal catastrophe. From 1912 to 1914, Ludwig Meidner painted a series of works known as the apocalyptic landscapes, with scenes of destroyed cities, corpses, and turmoil.[29] Prophecy was in the air. In 1899, the famous American medium Leonora Piper predicted that in the coming century there would be a terrible war in different parts of the world that would cleanse the world and reveal the truths of spiritualism. In

1918, Arthur Conan Doyle, the spiritualist and author of the Sherlock Holmes stories, viewed this as having been prophetic.[30]

In Jung's account of the fantasy on the train in *Liber Novus*, the inner voice said that what the fantasy depicted would become completely real. It seems probable that what took place was a hypnagogic vision—that is, he entered into a stream of imagery in a state of drowsiness while reading a book. Initially, he interpreted this subjectively and prospectively, as depicting the imminent destruction of his world. His reaction to the experience was to undertake a psychological investigation of himself. In this epoch, self-experimentation was used in medicine and psychology. Introspection had been one of the main tools of psychological research.

Jung came to realize that *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* "could be taken as myself and that an analysis of it leads inevitably into an analysis of my own unconscious processes."[31] He had projected his material onto the fantasies of an American woman he had never met, Miss Frank Miller. Up to this point, Jung had been an active thinker and had been averse to fantasy: "as a form of thinking I held it to be altogether impure, a sort of incestuous intercourse, thoroughly immoral from an intellectual viewpoint."[32] He now turned to analyze his fantasies, carefully noting everything, and had to overcome considerable resistance in doing this: "Permitting fantasy in myself had the same effect as would be produced on a man if he came into his workshop and found all the tools flying about doing things independently of his will."[33] In studying his fantasies, Jung realized that he was studying the myth-creating function of the mind.

> I recalled that until 1900 I had kept a diary, and I thought that this would be a possibility for me to try to observe myself. This

> would be an attempt to meditate on myself, and I began to describe my inner states. These represented themselves to me in a literary metaphor: for example, I was in a desert, and the sun shone unbearably (sun = consciousness).[34]

His first move was to attempt to find imagistic correlates to his emotional states. He picked up his brown notebook, which he had set aside in 1902, and began writing in it.[35]

He recalled that in his childhood, he used to like to build houses and structures, and he took this up again, to reconnect with that time.[36] He built a church with a red pyramidal stone as the altar, gathering stones from the lakeshore at the bottom of his garden. This reminded him of his childhood dream of the underground phallus.[37] He would usually do this after lunch, and also sometimes in the evening. It clarified his thoughts and led him to notice fantasies, which he then recorded in the *Black Books*.[38] He had the feeling that he was practicing a rite, as in mythology. Regarding his writing, he recalled in 1925: "For the sake then of trying to achieve the maximum honesty with myself, I wrote everything down very carefully, following the old Greek mandate, 'give away all thou possessest, then thou shalt receive.' " This was from the Mithraic liturgy.[39] It occurred to Jung that he could write down his reflections in a sequence. He was "writing autobiographical material, but not as an autobiography."[40] From the time of the Platonic dialogues onward, the dialogical form has been a major genre in Western philosophy. In 387 CE, St. Augustine wrote his *Soliloquies*, which presented an extended dialogue between himself and "Reason," who instructs him. The work begins with the following lines:

> When I had been pondering many different things to myself for a long time, and had for many days been seeking my own

> self and what my own good was, and what evil was to be avoided, there suddenly spoke to me—what was it? I myself or someone else, inside or outside me? (this is the very thing I would love to know but don't).[41]

While writing *Book* 2, he posed a question.

> I said to myself, "What is this I am doing, it certainly is not science, what is it?" Then a voice said to me, "That is art." This made the strangest sort of impression upon me, because it was not in any sense my impression that what I was writing was art. Then I came to this: "Perhaps my unconscious is forming a personality that is not I, but which is insisting on coming through to expression." I don't know why exactly, but I knew to a certainty that the voice that had said my writing was art had come from a woman. . . . Well, I said very emphatically to this voice that what I was doing was not art, and I felt a great resistance grow up within me. No voice came through, however, and I kept on writing. This time I caught her and said, "No it is not," and I felt as though an argument would ensue.[42]

He thought that this voice was "the soul in the primitive sense," which he called the anima (the Latin word for soul).[43] "In putting down all this material for analysis, I was in effect writing letters to my anima, that is part of myself with a different viewpoint from my own. I got remarks of a new character—I was in analysis with a ghost and a woman."[44] In retrospect, he recalled that this was the voice of a Dutch patient he had known from 1912 to 1918 who had persuaded a psychiatrist colleague that the latter was a misunderstood artist. The woman had thought that the unconscious was art, but Jung had maintained that it was nature.[45] I have previously argued that the woman in question was Maria Moltzer, and that the psychiatrist in question was Jung's friend and colleague Franz Riklin, who increasingly forsook analysis for painting. In 1913, he

became a student of Augusto Giacometti, the uncle of Alberto Giacometti and an important early abstract painter in his own right.[46]

This first sequence—from November to December 1913—could be characterized as the search for a method. It depicts Jung turning toward his soul and undertaking a reconsideration of his life, a transvaluation of values. Up to this point, he had been successful and had achieved all that he had sought. Then came the vision on the way to Schaffhausen, which provoked him to return to his soul. He considered himself an anchorite in his own desert, trying to find visual metaphors to contain and express his experience.[47] He experienced doubt and confusion. There was no movement until December 11, so he had been addressing his soul for a month before receiving a reply.

A dialogue now developed.[48] His soul told him that she was not his mother. He should be patient; the way to truth was to those without intentions, and he needed to realize that intentions limit life. He addressed his feeling of self-scorn, and his soul told him that this was out of the question; scorn was only an issue if he was completely vain. She asked if he knew who she was; had he made her into a dead formula? On December 12, as he recounted in his 1925 seminar,

> not knowing what would come next, I thought more introspection was needed. When we introspect, we look within and see if there is anything to be observed, and if there is nothing we may either give up the introspective process or find a way of "boring through" to the material that escapes the first survey. I devised such a boring method by fantasizing that I was digging a hole, and by accepting this fantasy as perfectly real.[49]

Jung had probably actually started by physically digging holes in his garden, down by the water, to release his

fantasies. He then began to imagine doing the same, while seated in his library. He descended into the depths and a fantasy sequence unfolded.[50] His “I” found himself in a dark cave. He saw a red stone, which he tried to reach through muddy water. The stone covered an opening in the rock. He placed his ear to the opening and heard a stream and saw a person who had been killed float past, as well as a black scarab. A red sun shone at the bottom of the stream and there were serpents on the wall, which crawled toward the sun and eventually covered it. Blood sprang forth and then subsided. This was a striking, horrific image. During what unfolded, he was involved passively, as a spectator.

This process shifted on December 21.[51] He encountered the figures of Elijah, the blind Salome, and a serpent. Jung’s “I” looked into a stone and saw in it Eve, followed by Odysseus on his journeys. Elijah told Jung’s “I” that Salome was his daughter and that they had been companions since eternity. Salome told Jung’s “I” that she loved him. Elijah told him that Salome loved a prophet and announced the new God to the world. Jung’s “I” was shocked at all this. He heard wild music. He wondered if Salome loved him because he had murdered the hero.[52] He had further encounters with Elijah and Salome on December 22 and 25.

These critical fantasies signaled a breakthrough from passive witnessing to active engagement. He had broken through a barrier; a method had been found and consolidated. Trusting to his soul’s vision, he entered into an exchange with the figures, listened to them, and allowed himself to be instructed. This became his Via Regia to the imaginal world. The fantasies in the *Black Books* may be understood as a type of dramatized thinking in pictorial form. As one reads them, the impact of Jung’s mythological studies becomes clear. Some of the figures and conceptions derive directly from his readings. The form and the style of his fantasies bear witness to his fascination with the world

of myth and epic. In these entries, Jung was both a participant in and scribe of his interior imaginal dramas, bearing witness to what he encountered. The first phase of his undertaking may be characterized as a religious quest, an effort to recover a sense of meaning in his life.

In December 1913, he referred to this first *Black Book* as the "book of my most difficult experiments."[53] In retrospect, he recalled,

> My "scientific" question went: what would happen if I switched off consciousness? I noticed from dreams that something stood in the background, and I wanted to give this a fair chance to come forward. One submits to the necessary conditions—as in a mescaline experiment—so that it emerges.[54]

In a later entry in his dream book, on April 17, 1917, he noted: "since then, frequent exercises in the emptying of consciousness."[55] These statements indicate that his interest was in studying what emerged when one emptied consciousness and allowed whatever was in the background to emerge. His procedure was clearly intentional—while its aim was to allow psychic contents to spontaneously emerge. He recalled, "Sometimes it was as if I heard with ears. Sometimes I felt it in the mouth, as if my tongue formulated words, and then it came, that I heard myself whisper a word to myself. Under the threshold of consciousness everything was living."[56]

Jung had had extensive experience studying mediums in trance states, during which they were encouraged to produce waking fantasies and visual hallucinations, and he had conducted experiments with automatic writing. Practices of visualization had also been used in various religious traditions. For example, St. Ignatius of Loyola's fifth spiritual exercise instructs individuals to "see with the

eyes of the imagination the length, breadth and depth of hell" and to experience this with full sensory immediacy.[57] Emanuel Swedenborg (1688–1772) engaged in "spirit writing." An entry in his spiritual diary reads:

> 26 Jan., 1748.—Spirits, if permitted, could possess those who speak with them so utterly, that they would be as though they were entirely in the world; and indeed, in a manner so manifest, that they could communicate their thoughts through their medium, and even by letters; for they have sometimes, and indeed often, directed my hand when writing, as though it were quite their own; so that they thought it was not I, but themselves writing.[58]

From 1909 onward in Vienna, the psychoanalyst Herbert Silberer conducted experiments on himself in hypnagogic states. Silberer attempted to allow images to appear. These images, he maintained, presented symbolic depictions of his immediately preceding thought. Silberer corresponded with Jung and sent him offprints of his articles.[59]

In 1912, Ludwig Staudenmaier (1865–1933), a professor of experimental chemistry, published a work entitled *Magic as an Experimental Science*. Staudenmaier had embarked on self-experimentations in 1901, commencing with automatic writing. A series of characters appeared, and he found that he no longer needed to write to conduct dialogues with them.[60] He also induced acoustic and visual hallucinations. The aim of his enterprise was to use his self-experimentation to provide a scientific explanation of magic. He argued that the key to understanding magic lay in the concepts of hallucination and the "underconsciousness" (*Unterbewußtsein*), and he placed particular importance on the role of personification.[61] Thus we see that Jung's procedure closely resembled a number of historical and contemporary practices with which he was familiar.[62]

## *The "Experimentum Crucis"*

During this period, two women entered Jung's life, both of whom were to play important roles in what followed. The first was Maria Moltzer, who had come to Switzerland from Holland, and the second was Toni Wolff.

Moltzer's family owned the Bols liqueur company, and she had become a nurse in protest of alcohol abuse.[63] She had taken some courses at the University of Lausanne. Jung first mentioned her in a letter to Freud of September 8, 1910, relating that she was berating herself for painting too black a picture of Martha Böddinghaus, adding that "between the two ladies there is naturally a loving jealously over me."[64] Moltzer became an analyst.

In 1911, Jung gave a paper at a congress in Brussels on the psychoanalysis of children. As he was not working directly with children, he presented the case of a child analyzed by Moltzer, whom he described as his assistant. He reproduced this in "The Theory of Psychoanalysis," lectures presented at Fordham University the following year, which Moltzer cotranslated with Edith Eder. In an entry in his dream book in 1917, Jung noted the "idea of M. M. [Maria Moltzer] that she inspired in me the libido work"—presumably a reference to *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*.[65] In April 1912, judging by a letter she sent to Freud on Jung's letterhead, Moltzer was dealing with his correspondence every other day in a secretarial capacity while he was away in Italy.[66] According to Freud, Jung had an affair with Moltzer. When Jung wrote to Freud that in contrast to Freud, he had been analyzed, Freud wrote to Sándor Ferenczi: "The master that analyzed him could only have been Fräulein Moltzer, and he is so foolish as to be proud of this work of a woman with whom he is having an affair."[67] Whatever the nature of their

relationship at this point in time, it is clear that it was close and significant.

In an entry on November 15, 1913, Jung's "I" said to his soul: "I caught sight of a woman three years ago, whose soul seemed to me more valuable than my marital anxiety. I conquered my fear out of love for her."[68] The woman in question was Toni Wolff. Only a few fragments of her diaries from this period (1912–13) have surfaced. Regrettably, those spanning 1913–24 have not survived, with the exception of some theoretical notes from 1916. The diaries from 1924 onward center around the trials and tribulations of her relationship with Jung. There are illuminating retrospective comments, as well as entries from which one can extrapolate to some extent on the nature of their collaboration during this critical period.

On September 20, 1910, at the age of twenty-three, Toni Wolff was brought by her mother to see Jung. According to her sister Erna, he had successfully treated the son of a friend of her mother's, who consequently recommended Jung.[69] According to Jung's pupil and biographer, the analyst Barbara Hannah, Toni Wolff was "suffering from depression and disorientation much accentuated by the death of her father."[70] Her father had died the previous year. Much later, in an active imagination with her father, on September 7, 1937, Toni Wolff said to him, "I became ill after your death—melancholic—completely unreal and sunk in the inner world."[71] Toni Wolff had audited courses at the University of Zürich on philosophy, literature, theology, and history but was not formally enrolled there. According to Hannah, "Jung immediately realized that she needed a new goal to reawaken her interest in life," and so he put her to work doing some research for what eventually became *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*. She was stimulated by the material, which had a salutary effect on her depression and disorientation.[72] Years later, she

recalled walking in her youth near the Burghölzli with her parents and thinking: “there would be a doctor who had significance for me. Perhaps I wanted to become crazy for that reason—indeed I ended up with C[arl]. I knew exactly what I wanted from him—relationships with genuine people.”[73]

On August 29, 1911, Jung mentioned her in a letter to Freud as “a new discovery of mine. . . . a remarkable intellect with an excellent feeling for religion and philosophy.”[74] That autumn, he took her, with Moltzer and his wife, to the International Psychoanalytic Conference in Weimar. A diary entry from January 18, 1912, indicates that she attended a discussion session at Jung’s house in Küsnacht.[75] She noted that Jung read from *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* and that the interpretation of the tree and the cross as mother symbols and the discussion of sacrifice and renunciation fully described her own conflict with her mother.[76]

She then cited lines from *Faust* describing the exhilaration of being lifted off the earth in a fiery chariot to new spheres of activity.[77] She added that she had experienced this and now had to make it all come true. She was experiencing a sense of renewal and the opening up of new vistas. The entry continues:

> Eventually, Dr.[78] deals with the sacrifice. Perhaps I must experience this for him—with mother and maybe also with him. I must experience it—that way I was always able to deliver him the problems that he had not thought through to the end—I lived them first—with him—for him—then knowledge. Now it is conscious.

Her reference is to the final chapter of *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*. This passage indicates that she saw her work for Jung as not purely scholarly but also

existential, involving living through and experiencing something for him. This dimension was clearly significant for her. She further noted: “I must come again much closer to Dr., inwardly he is now far from me.” At this point, she saw her contribution to his endeavor in the following way: “I think that he has got a lot of Symbols [*Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*] from me—I inspired it—the revision—I brought him a lot of it. He probably doesn’t know that.” She then noted that she herself had ended the analysis, adding that Jung had only fleetingly indicated the course and the sublimation, which she now had to find herself. In an entry on the following day, she noted that the work bound her to Jung—that a spiritual marriage had developed—but that she had to go further.

In November 1912, Jung returned from his New York lectures. In a diary entry of December 29, 1924, Toni Wolff noted that twelve years before, on Jung’s return from America, she went to him and “spoke of relationship.”[79] In the November 15, 1913, entry in *Book* 2, following his account of the dream around December 1912 of the dove that transformed itself into a small girl and then back into the dove, Jung noted, “My decision was made. I had to give all my faith and trust to this woman.”[80] In March 1913 he went to America again for five weeks. Decades later, Toni Wolff noted in her diary, “The feeling is somehow similar to 1913, when C[arl] went to America and we separated—and yet we couldn’t do it afterward.”[81] This suggests a separation may have taken place at this time.

On January 30, 1914, Toni Wolff and Maria Moltzer became lay members of the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society. The minutes noted that for two years, they had intensively participated in the life of the society.[82]

Years later, Jung spoke to Aniela Jaffé concerning the relationship with Toni Wolff. He said that he was faced with the problem of what to do with her after her analysis,

which he said he had ended, despite feeling involved with her. A year later, he dreamed that they were together in the Alps in a valley of rocks, and that he heard elves singing, and that she was disappearing into a mountain, which filled him with dread. After this, he wrote to her. He noted that after this dream, he knew that a relationship with her was unavoidable, and that his life was in danger. On a later occasion, while swimming, he found himself with a cramp and vowed that if it went away and he survived, he would give in to the relationship.[83]

In a diary entry of March 4, 1944, Toni Wolff referred to "31 years of relationship and 34 years of acquaintance."[84] This confirms that her relationship with Jung began sometime in 1913.

To Aniela Jaffé, Jung recalled:

> At the beginning of her analysis T.W. had the most incredible fantasies, a whole eruption of the wildest fantasies, some even of cosmic nature. But at that point I was so preoccupied with my own material that I was scarcely able to take on hers. But her fantasies entered exactly into my line of thought.[85]

Concerning her attraction to Jung, toward the end of her life Toni Wolff recalled that she had her first transference to Friedrich Schiller, in 1905, then to Goethe, and then to Jung, as a "productive genius."[86]

In retrospect, she reflected on her analysis with Jung:

> When C. begins to participate with my psychic material perhaps I have got what I need—the nurturing and supporting substance? I suspect myself of having insufficient confidence in him, because my analysis back then was intermingled with his problems—although it was also good for me.[87]

At the inception of their relationship, Toni Wolff was not interested in marriage and having children. She was critical of what she had observed of marriage: it seemed to make men less active and less enterprising—merely content with being fathers. It made both men and women less interested in culture. After having children, women often didn't need their husbands, and their own problems tended to return. Her mother hadn't learned to work and had consequently plagued her children with unused libido. Toni Wolff was also critical of the bondage of marriage.[88]

Emma Jung came to accept the relationship between her husband and Toni Wolff. By all accounts, the triangular situation was not easy, but a respectful modus vivendi was found.[89] Jung would have dinner with Wolff on Wednesdays at her home,[90] and she came to Küsnacht on Sundays. In retrospect, Jung recalled the role that she played for him during this period as follows:

> T. W. was experiencing a similar stream of images. I had evidently infected her, or was the déclencheur [trigger] that stirred up her imagination. My phantasies and hers were in a participation mystique. It was like a common stream, and a common task. Gradually I became conscious and gradually I became the center; and in the measure to which I attained these insights, she also found her center. But then she got stuck somewhere along the way, I remained too much the center that functioned for her. Therefore I was never permitted to be other than she wanted me to be, or than she needed to have me be. At that time she was entirely drawn into this terrible process in which I was involved, and she was just as helpless as I was.[91]

Toni Wolff's active imaginations during this period have not survived. However, her diaries from 1924 onward indicate that she clearly had a facility for this. Furthermore, there are instances that bear out Jung's comments concerning

their fantasies being in a “participation mystique.” An important figure in Jung’s fantasies was that of Ka, from Egyptian mythology.[92] Wolff had her own figure of Ka, and also had dialogues with Jung’s Ka. In an active imagination on January 11, 1926, Wolff’s “I” had a dialogue with Thot, the Egpytian God of writing. Thoth instructed her how to invoke someone’s “Ka”: “So call loudly thrice, You Ka, you Ka, you Ka of so and so, come here and move into my heart. Space has been made for you. Your Ba expects you and you should move in.” She followed his instructions: “You Ka, you Ka, you Ka of C., come here, move into my heart. Space has been made for you. Your Ba expects you and you should move in.”[93] On January 30, she noted:

> earlier: C.’s Ka to me
> mine not received by him
> C.’s Ka speaks about the
> abyss and the death he sees.
> I want to let myself drop down.[94]

Such entries indicate a liminal, imaginal permeability, in which she would interact with some of Jung’s figures. One may infer that similar imaginal exchanges took place in the critical period from 1913 onward. On several subsequent occasions, Toni Wolff referred to their relationship as an “experimentum crucis.”[95] As such, it was clearly linked to Jung’s self-experimentation.

At the same time, Emma Jung continued to play a central role in Jung’s life. She ran the household, raised their children, and maintained the human dimension for him, while also facilitating and accompanying him in his self-experimentation.[96] In 1910, she began an analysis with Jung, and she worked with Leonhard Seif in 1911[97] and later with Hans Trüb (who was married to Toni Wolff’s sister Susanne).[98] She played an active role in the

Association for Analytical Psychology and later practiced analysis, also studying physics, mathematics, Greek, and Latin.[99] The languages later enabled her (in contrast to Toni Wolff) to accompany Jung in his explorations into alchemy. She undertook her own research, which culminated in her work on the Grail legend.[100] From around 1914, she began to do active imagination in the form of dialogues, paintings, and poems.

## *Enter Philemon*

From December 26, 1913, through May 24, 1914, Jung continued to follow the same procedure of inducing fantasies in a waking state and entering into dialogue with the figures that emerged. An important figure was Philemon, who first appeared on January 27, 1914, as a pensioned magician from whom Jung's "I" had sought to learn the art of magic.[101]

In retrospect, Jung recalled that Philemon represented superior insight and was like a guru to him. He would converse with him in the garden. He recalled that Philemon evolved out of the figure of Elijah, who had previously appeared in his fantasies:

> Philemon brought with him an Egyptian-Gnostic-Hellenistic atmosphere, a really Gnostic hue, because he really was a pagan. He was simply a superior knowledge, and he taught me psychological objectivity and the actuality of the soul. He had showed this dissociation between me and my intellectual object. . . . He formulated this thing which I was not, and formulated and expressed everything which I had never thought.[102]

In the years that followed, Jung sought instruction from this imaginal figure and tried to fathom his nature.

The fantasies between December 26 and the first half of the entry for April 19 form the basis of the second book of *Liber Novus*, *Liber Secundus*. The material from the second half of the entry of April 19 onward would later form the basis of the third book, *Scrutinies*.[103] The fact that Jung would later end the manuscript of *Liber Secundus* here indicates that this marked something of a culmination of the process that he had been engaged in. The entries up to the first half of the entry for April 19 lead to a return to and acceptance of his being alone with himself. His soul had ascended to heaven, and he was left alone with his "I," which he now had to learn to live with. This suggests that a certain self-acceptance had been achieved. The following day, April 20, 1914, Jung resigned as president of the International Psychoanalytical Association. Ten days later, he resigned from the medical faculty of the University of Zürich, where he had been a lecturer. In *Memories*, he recalled that he felt that he was in an exposed position at the university, and that he had to find a new orientation, as it would otherwise be unfair to teach students.[104]

The entries in the *Black Books* that immediately follow take up the task of the confrontation with his "I," of learning of how to live with himself. In May he attempted to reconnect with his soul, seeking further counsel as to how to proceed. In June and July 1914, he had a thrice-repeated dream of being in a foreign land and having to return home quickly by ship, followed by the descent of an icy cold. In *Liber Novus*, he recounted these as follows:

> In the year 1914 in the month of June, at the beginning and end of the month, and at the beginning of July, I had the same dream three times: I was in a foreign land, and suddenly, overnight and right in the middle of summer, a terrible cold descended from space. All seas and rivers were locked in ice, every green living thing had frozen.

> The second dream was thoroughly similar to this. But the third dream at the beginning of July went as follows:
>
> I was in a remote English land. It was necessary that I return to my homeland with a fast ship as speedily as possible. I reached home quickly. In my homeland I found that in the middle of summer a terrible cold had fallen from space, which had turned every living thing into ice. There stood a leaf-bearing but fruitless tree, whose leaves had turned into sweet grapes full of healing juice through the working of the frost. I picked some grapes and gave them to a great waiting throng.[105]

On July 10, 1914, the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society voted 15–1 to leave the International Psychoanalytic Association. The reason given in the minutes for the secession was that Freud had established an orthodoxy that impeded free and independent research.[106] The group was renamed the Association for Analytical Psychology. Jung was actively involved in this association, which met fortnightly. He also maintained a busy therapeutic practice. During 1913 and 1914, he had between one and nine consultations per day, five days a week, with an average of five to seven patients. He also worked on Saturdays, having no or few patients on Thursdays. In 1918, he switched his free day to Saturday.

The minutes of the Association for Analytical Psychology give no indication of the process that Jung was going through. He did not refer to his fantasies, and he continued to discuss theoretical issues in psychology. The same holds true in his surviving correspondences during this period.[107] Each year, he continued his military service duties.[108] He maintained his professional activities and family responsibilities during the day, and dedicated his evenings to his self-explorations. Indications are that this partition of activities continued during the next few years. In *Memories*, Jung recalled that during this period his family

and profession “always remained a joyful reality and a guarantee that I was normal and really existed.”[109]

In July 1914, Jung was in England to present some lectures. The question of different ways of interpreting fantasies, such as Jung’s own, was the subject of a talk he presented on July 24 before the Psycho-Medical Society in London, “On psychological understanding.” He contrasted Freud’s analytic-reductive method, based on causality, with the constructive method of the Zürich school. The shortcoming of the former was that through tracing things back to antecedent elements, only half of the picture was dealt with, and the living meaning of phenomena could not be grasped. Attempting to understand Goethe’s *Faust* using Freud’s method would be like trying to understand a Gothic cathedral through its mineralogical aspect.[110] The meaning “only lives when we experience it in and through ourselves.”[111] Inasmuch as life was essentially new, it could not be understood merely retrospectively. Hence it was useful to look at “how, out of this present psyche, a bridge can be built into its own future.”[112] Jung called this the constructive standpoint. This paper can be read both as Jung’s rationale for not embarking on a causal and retrospective analysis of his fantasies and as a caution to those who might be tempted to do so. Presented as a critique and reformulation of psychoanalysis, Jung’s new mode of interpretation linked back to the symbolic method of Swedenborg’s spiritual hermeneutics.

On July 28, Jung gave a talk on “The importance of the unconscious in psychopathology” at a meeting of the British Medical Association in Aberdeen.[113] He argued that in cases of neurosis and psychosis, the unconscious attempted to compensate the one-sided conscious attitude. The unbalanced individual defends himself against this, and the opposites become more polarized. The corrective impulses that present themselves in the language of the

unconscious should herald the beginning of a healing process, but the form in which they break through makes them unacceptable to consciousness.

A month earlier, on June 28, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the Austro-Hungarian Empire, was assassinated by the student Gavrilo Princip, a nineteen-year-old Bosnian Serb. On August 1 war broke out. Jung returned from Scotland by ship. He first went to Holland, concerned for the safety of Maria Moltzer, and accompanied her back to Switzerland. As he narrated in *Liber Novus*,

> In reality, now, it was so: At the time when the great war broke out between the peoples of Europe, I found myself in Scotland, compelled by the war to choose the fastest ship and the shortest route home. I encountered the colossal cold that froze everything, I met up with the flood, the sea of blood, and found my barren tree whose leaves the frost had transformed into a remedy. And I plucked the ripe fruit and gave it to you and I do not know what I poured out for you, what bittersweet intoxicating drink, which left on your tongues an aftertaste of blood.[114]

Years later, he told Mircea Eliade:

> As a psychiatrist I became worried, wondering if I was not on the way to "doing a schizophrenia," as we said in the language of those days. . . . I was just preparing a lecture on schizophrenia to be delivered at a congress in Aberdeen, and I kept saying to myself: "I'll be speaking of myself! Very likely I'll go mad after reading out this paper." The congress was to take place in July 1914—exactly the same period when I saw myself in my three dreams voyaging on the Southern seas. On July 31st, immediately after my lecture, I learned from the newspapers that war had broken out. Finally I understood. And when I disembarked in Holland on the next day, nobody was happier than I. Now I was sure that no schizophrenia was threatening me. I understood that my dreams and my visions came to me from the subsoil of the collective unconscious.

> What remained for me to do now was to deepen and validate this discovery. And this is what I have been trying to do for forty years.[115]

Jung thought that his fantasy had depicted what would happen not to *himself* but to Europe—that it was a precognition of a collective event: what he would later call a "big" dream. After this realization, he attempted to see whether and to what extent this was true of the other fantasies that he experienced, and to understand the meaning of this correspondence between his private fantasies and public events.

He took the outbreak of the war as a sign that his *fear* of going mad was misplaced. It is no exaggeration to say that had war not been declared, *Liber Novus* would in all likelihood not have been compiled. In 1954, while discussing active imagination, Jung said that "the reason why the involvement looks very much like a psychosis is that the patient is integrating the same fantasy-material to which the insane person falls victim because he cannot integrate it but is swallowed up by it."[116]

What of Jung's fantasies did he regard as precognitive? It is important to note that there were around twelve separate events:

1–2. October 1913: Repeated vision of flood and death of thousands, and the voice that said that this will become real.
3. Vision of the sea of blood covering the northern lands.
4. December 12, 1913: Image of a dead hero.
5. December 15, 1913: Slaying Siegfried in a dream.
6. December 25, 1913: Image of the foot of a giant stepping on a state, and images of murder and bloody cruelty.
7. January 2, 1914: Image of a sea of blood and enormous dying.

8. January 22, 1914: His soul comes up from the depths and asks him if he will accept war and destruction. She shows him images of destruction, military weapons, human remains, sunken ships, destroyed states, and so forth.
9. May 21, 1914: He hears a voice saying that the sacrificed fall left and right.
10–12. June–July 1914: Dream (repeated three times) of being in a foreign land and having to return quickly by ship, and the descent of the icy cold.[117]

## *The Composition of* Liber Novus

The outbreak of the war had given Jung a completely new understanding of his fantasies. In *Liber Novus*, he wrote: "And then the War broke out. This opened my eyes about what I had experienced before, and it also gave me the courage to say all of that which I have written in the earlier part of this book."[118] A critical part of this shift was that he no longer viewed his fantasies as purely personal. In *Liber Novus* he wrote (commenting on an entry of May 23, 1914), "I wanted to understand it all as personal experiences within me, and consequently I could neither understand nor believe it all, since my belief is weak."[119]

It is likely that at this stage he reread the entries of November 12, 1913–July 21, 1914, in *Books* 2–4. He now conceived of the idea of a work exploring the correspondence between his fantasies and what was taking place in the world, at literal and symbolic levels. This was to become *Liber Novus*. He transcribed and edited most of the entries from *Books* 2–4 covering November 12, 1913–April 19, 1914. In the main, he tended to omit material that depicted his emotional states. He reproduced the fantasies faithfully while omitting the dates. The sequence of *Liber Novus* nearly always corresponds exactly to that of the

*Black Books*. Jung maintained a "fidelity to the event." What he was writing was not to be mistaken as fiction. At the same time, he closely copyedited the fantasies, making a number of small revisions. The changes served to clarify matters at certain junctures and present a smoother sequence, and they also made the material less personally revealing. The main difference between the *Black Books* and *Liber Novus* is that the former were written for Jung's personal use, and can be considered the records of an experiment, while the latter was addressed to a public and presented in a form to be read by others. The revisions to the material mark the passage from personal notebook to public work. Dated entries became chapters. A sizable share of Jung's "confrontations with the unconscious" actually consisted of his transcription of and editorial work on and copyediting of his own material. In this edition, most of the significant changes have been noted, which enables the reader to follow Jung as editor of his own material.

In *Liber Novus*, to each of the entries Jung reproduced, he added a section explaining the significance of the episode, combined with a lyrical elaboration. He arranged the work into a series of chapters: for the most part, the chapters corresponded to individual entries. The *Draft* begins with the address "My friends," a recurring phrase.

In November 1914, Jung closely studied Nietzsche's *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* (1883–91), which he had first read in his youth. He later recalled that "then suddenly the spirit seized me and carried me to a desert country in which I read Zarathustra."[120] It strongly shaped the structure and style of *Liber Novus*. Like Nietzsche in *Zarathustra*, Jung divided the material up into a series of books comprised of short chapters. But whereas Zarathustra proclaimes the death of God, *Liber Novus* depicts the rebirth of God in the soul. There are also indications that Jung read Dante's

*Commedia*, which also informs the structure of the work.[121] *Liber Novus* depicts Jung's descent into hell. But whereas Dante could utilize an established cosmology, *Liber Novus* is an attempt to shape an individual cosmology. The role of Philemon in Jung's work has analogies to that of Zarathustra in Nietzsche's work and Virgil in Dante's.

In the *Draft*, about 50 percent of the material is drawn directly from the *Black Books*. There are approximately thirty-five new sections of lyrical elaboration and commentary. Here Jung was the exegete of his own imaginal visions. He attempted to derive general psychological principles from his fantasies, and to understand to what extent the events portrayed in them presented, in symbolic form, developments that were to occur in the world. In 1914, he had introduced a distinction between interpretation on the objective level, in which dream objects were treated as representations of real objects, and interpretation on the subjective level, in which every element concerns the dreamers themselves.[122] As well as interpreting his fantasies on the subjective level, one could characterize his procedure here as an effort to interpret his fantasies on the "collective" level. He does not try to interpret his fantasies reductively but, rather, as depicting the functioning of general psychological principles in him (such as the relation of introversion to extraversion, thinking and pleasure, and so forth), and as depicting literal or symbolic events that are going to happen. Thus the "second layer" of the *Draft* represents the first major and extended development and application of his new constructive method. It is itself a hermeneutic experiment. It provides an interpretive reading of the entries in the *Black Books* in the concentrated five-month period beginning in November 1913.

This work of understanding encompassed a number of interlinked threads. Jung wanted to understand himself and

to integrate and develop the various components of his personality; to understand the structure of the human personality in general and the relation of the individual to present-day society and to the community of the dead; to fathom the psychological and historical effects of Christianity; and to grasp the future religious development of the West. He discussed many other themes, including the nature of self-knowledge, the nature of the soul, the relation of thinking and feeling and the psychological types, the relation of inner and outer masculinity and femininity, and the uniting of opposites. He also treated solitude, the value of scholarship and learning, the status of science, the significance of symbols and how they are to be understood, and the meaning of the war. He touched on madness, divine madness, and psychiatry, how the Imitation of Christ is to be understood today; the death of God; the historical significance of Nietzsche; and the relation of magic and reason.

The overall theme of *Liber Novus* is how Jung regains his soul and overcomes the contemporary malaise of spiritual alienation. This is ultimately achieved through enabling the rebirth of a new image of God in his soul and developing a new worldview in the form of a psychological and theogenic cosmology. *Liber Novus* presents the prototype of Jung's conception of the individuation process, which he held to be the universal form of individual psychological development. Thus the work itself can be understood on one hand as depicting Jung's individuation process, and on the other as his elaboration of this concept as a general psychological schema. At the beginning of the book, he refinds his soul and embarks on a sequence of fantasy adventures, which are linked to form a consecutive narrative. He realized that until then, he had served the spirit of the time, characterized by use and value. In addition to this, there existed a spirit of the depths, which led to the things of the soul. In terms of Jung's later

biographical memoir, the spirit of the times corresponds to personality no. 1, and the spirit of the depths corresponds to personality no. 2. Hence this period may be seen as a return to the values of personality no. 2.[123]

The entries from the *Black Books*, now recast as chapters, follow a particular format: they begin with the exposition of dramatic visual fantasies. In them Jung's "I" encounters a series of figures in various settings and enters into conversation with them. He is confronted with unexpected happenings and shocking statements. He then attempts to understand what transpired and to formulate the significance of these events and statements into general psychological conceptions and maxims. Jung held that the significance of these fantasies was that they stemmed from the mythopoeic imagination, which was missing in the present rational age. The task of individuation lay in establishing a dialogue with the fantasy figures—or the contents of the collective unconscious—and integrating them into consciousness, hence recovering the value of the mythopoeic imagination, which had been lost to the modern age. Through this, the spirit of the time would be reconciled with the spirit of the depths. This task was to form a leitmotif of his subsequent scholarly work.

After completing the handwritten *Draft*, Jung had it typed and edited it. On one manuscript, he made alterations by hand (I refer to this manuscript as the *Corrected Draft*). From the annotations on the *Corrected Draft*, it appears that he gave this to someone (the handwriting is not that of Emma Jung, Toni Wolff, or Maria Moltzer) to read. That reader commented on Jung's editing, indicating that some sections that he had intended to cut should be retained.[124]

Sometime in 1915, Jung decided to retranscribe the typescript of *Liber Novus* in the form of a medieval illuminated manuscript in calligraphic script on parchment.

He titled the first book “The Way of What Is to Come” and placed beneath the title some citations from the book of Isaiah and from the Gospel according to John. Thus the text was presented as a prophetic work. He completed the transcription of the first section of the work, effectively *Liber Primus*, on parchment. Initially, and throughout this section, the paintings and historiated initials represented scenes from the fantasies. Possibly for technical reasons (the parchment pages show a lot of bleed-through), he now continued to transcribe and illustrate the work in a large folio volume of more than 600 pages, bound in red leather, from the bookbinders Emil Stierli. The spine bears the title *Liber Novus* (New Book). He inserted the parchment pages into the folio volume, which continues with *Liber Secundus*. In the course of the transcription into the folio volume, he altered some of the titles to the chapters, added others, and edited the material once again. The cuts and alterations were predominantly to the “second layer” of interpretation and elaboration.

The entries and fantasies reproduced in *Liber Novus* are confined to a condensed period of time. In certain regards, Jung’s commentary in the second layer reflects his understanding of the changes that happened to him in the period as a whole rather than only referring to the fantasies in question. A reading of the material later featured in *Liber Novus* as it originally unfolded in the *Black Books* enables one to see and to follow the phenomenology of Jung’s experiences during the course of his self-experimentation.

## *Return to the Depths*

In the summer of 1915, we find the first entry in *Book* 5 after an interval of nearly a year. In a later annotation, Jung added here: “During this time the I & II part were written.

Immediately after the beginning of the war."[125] He reproduced the opening of this entry in the third section of *Liber Novus*, *Scrutinies*, as follows:

> From there on the voices of the depths remained silent for a whole year. Again in summer, when I was out on the water alone, I saw an osprey plunge down not far from me; he seized a large fish and rose up into the skies again clutching it. I heard the voice of my soul, and she spoke: "That is a sign that what is below is borne upward."[126]

In *Book* 5, Jung noted a dream in which an extreme cold had again descended in the midst of the summer.[127]

On the same day, he commenced a theoretical exchange with his colleague the psychiatrist Hans Schmid (1881–1932) on the topic of psychological types. The correspondence was initially intended for publication, following the model of Jung's correspondence with Rudolf Löy, *Timely Psychotherapeutic Questions*, which had appeared the previous year. A rich dialogue ensued. However, rather than reaching a consensus, Jung and Schmid diverged, and the tone of their exchange grew heated. On September 4 Jung wrote to Schmid, who replied a few weeks later. In the interim, Jung began writing in *Book* 5 again, in a series of entries dated September 14, 15, 17, and 18. In *Liber Novus*, he noted concerning these entries: "Soon after this on an autumn night I heard the voice of an old man (and this time I knew that it was Philemon)."[128]

These entries mark the return of Philemon: but this is no longer simply the Philemon of *Liber Secundus*, the pensioned magician, but an elevated teacher of the mysteries who has come to instruct Jung's "I." Philemon informs him that he wants to master him. Philemon spoke of how he himself needed to disavow what he had taught,

as otherwise those he had taught would have simply received rather than taken. Jung noted that he who fathoms Philemon fathoms himself. Philemon continued to speak of the nature of giving, and against the tyranny of self-forgetting virtue. The work of redemption is first done on one's self, and through uniting with the self, we reach "the God, which unites heaven and hell in itself."[129] Serving oneself is divine service.

This critical shift of register, and the shift in the relation to others counseled by Philemon, is marked in Jung's reply on November 6 to Schmid's letter of September 28. Parts of this letter are only understandable when seen in the light of the renewed dialogue with Philemon. Jung began: "Your letter strengthens my conviction that reaching an agreement on the fundamental principles is impossible, because the point seems to be precisely that we do not agree."[130] He then adopted an irate tone, summarizing his views. Switching register, he wrote that it was through studying Birgitta of Sweden (1302–1373) that he grasped that "the devil is the devourer. To understand = comprendere = katasyllambanein, and also to devour."[131] Within the ethical and human desire to understand lurked the devil's will. This could lead to a veritable soul murder, as the "core of the individual is a mystery of life, which dies when it is 'grasped.' That is also why symbols want to keep their secrets, they are mysterious not only because we are unable to clearly see what is at their bottom."[132] The symbol itself wanted to protect itself against Freudian interpretations. It was particularly important in the latter stages of analysis to "help the other to come to those hidden and un-openable symbols, in which the seed of life lies securely hidden like the tender seed in the hard shell." Jung related a dream he had once had and only now understood: "I was standing in my garden, and I had dug open a rich spring of water, which gushed forth mightily.

Then I had to dig a trench and a deep hole, in which I collected all the water and let it flow back into the depths of the earth again."[133] From this he drew a conclusion:

> In this way salvation is given to us in the un-openable and unsayable symbol, for it protects us by preventing the devil from swallowing the seed of life. . . . We must understand the divine within us, but not the other, insofar as he is able to go and stand on his own. . . . We should be confidants of our own mysteries, but chastely veil our eyes before the mysteries of the other, insofar as he does not need "understanding" because of his own incapability.[134]

Setting aside "destructive' " understanding, realizing the necessity of allowing symbols to remain "un-openable" and "unsayable," and the task of being "confidants of our mysteries": this letter marked a turning point—a return to Jung's encounter with the spirit of the depths.

From this point onward, there is a notable shift in Jung's active imaginations. Those from the winter of 1913 to the summer of 1914 were characterized by a suspension of judgment and interpretation and an attempt to explore what instruction the situations and characters could bring. From the outbreak of the war, Jung had, in retrospect, come to view his fantasies as being not purely personal. In layer two of the commentary that he added in *Liber Novus*, he had attempted to understand this intersection between his fantasies and what was happening in the world, literally and symbolically. This then formed the guiding assumption of his new active imaginations. In his view, this practice could lead not only to enhanced self-knowledge but also deeper insight into the spirit of the depths at work in the world, which had broken through the everyday with such shattering force. Once he had come to view his fantasies as having more than personal significance, he came to see his undertaking as having wider relevance. On October 16,

1916, he wrote to his colleague the psychiatrist Alphonse Maeder, “I must find the way through the unconscious. People who have trusted me need my insight, not only I myself. Therefore I had to exclusively dedicate myself to this work, which was very time-consuming and terribly demanding.”[135]

## *The Return of the Dead*

Meanwhile, at the beginning of 1916, the Psychological Club was founded in Zürich, through a gift of 360,000 Swiss francs from Edith Rockefeller McCormick. She had come to Zürich to be analyzed by Jung in 1913. The Club was initially housed in a sumptuous property on Löwenstrasse 1. At its inception, it had approximately sixty members—some indication that, having left the psychoanalytic movement, the Zürich school was flourishing. For Jung, the aim of the Club was to study the relation of individuals to the group, and to provide a naturalistic setting for psychological observation to overcome the limitations of one-to-one analysis, and to provide a venue where patients could learn to adapt to social situations. Emma Jung became the first president. At the same time, a professional body of analysts continued to meet together as the Association for Analytical Psychology.[136] The distinction between these two bodies is outlined in a letter of Jung’s to his colleague Poul Bjerre of April 2, 1917:

> we have founded in Zürich a psychological Club with circa 60 members, in which namely the human-social side of our psychology is taken care of. In addition we have meetings of about 10 analysts which take place every 14 days, where we attempt to understand all of the great novelties which the exploration of the collective unc. has necessitated.[137]

One of the key themes in layer two of *Liber Novus* was the realization of the need to encounter the dead. Jung had come to see that chaos was not formless but filled with the dead, "not just your dead, that is, all the images of the shapes you took in the past, which your ongoing life has left behind, but also the thronging dead of human history, the ghostly procession of the past."[138] The task of encountering the dead had its effects upon one and was best done in private: "When the time has come and you open the door to the dead, your horrors will also afflict your brother, for your countenance proclaims the disaster. Hence withdraw and enter solitude, since no one can give you counsel if you wrestle with the dead."[139] The dead needed to be accepted, and they needed salvation. It was necessary to heed their lament and accept them with love but not to be "their blind spokesman."[140] He realized that in satisfying the demands of the dead, "I gave up my earlier personal striving and the world had to take me for a dead man."[141] In the *Draft*, he summed up his understanding of the importance of this undertaking: "Not one iota of Christian law is abrogated, but instead we are adding a new one: accepting the lament of the dead."[142] Coming to the right relation to the dead was no easy task. Returning to his confrontation with his soul in the winter of 1915, Jung tried to establish this right relation. On December 26, his soul informed him that "Community with the dead is what both you and the dead need."[143]

In a critical entry of January 16, 1916, his soul presented an elaborate theogenic cosmogony.[144] She described her own nature, the nature of the daimons, the heavenly mother, and the Gods. Of particular significance was Abraxas, the powerful and fearful self-renewing God of the cosmos. She characterized the nature of man as striving for absolute individuality, through which he concentrated and countered the dissolution of the Pleroma,

or the “all.” Jung drew a schematic diagram of this system. At some point later, he proceeded to paint it, and titled the work *Systema Mundi Totius*, system of all the worlds. On the back of it, he wrote in English: “This is the first mandala I constructed in the year 1916, wholly unconscious of what it meant.”[145]

At the beginning of 1916, Jung experienced a striking series of parapsychological events in his house. In 1923, he narrated the events to Cary de Angulo (later Baynes). She recorded it as follows:

> One night your boy began to rave in his sleep and throw himself about saying he couldn’t wake up. Finally your wife had to call you to get him quiet & this you could only do by cold cloths on him—Finally he settled down and went on sleeping next morning he woke up remembering nothing, but seemed utterly exhausted, so you told him not to go to school, he didn’t ask why but seemed to take it for granted. But quite unexpectedly he asked for paper and colored pencils and set to work to make the following picture—a man was angling for fishes with hook and line in the middle of the picture. On the left was the Devil saying something to the man, and your son wrote down what he said. It was that he had come for the fisherman because he was catching his fishes, but on the right was an angel who said, “No you can’t take this man, he is taking only bad fishes and none of the good ones.” Then after your son had made that picture he was quite content. The same night, two of your daughters thought that they had seen spooks in their rooms. The next day you wrote out the “Sermons to the Dead,” and you knew after that nothing more would disturb your family, and nothing did. Of course I knew you were the fisherman in your son’s picture, and you told me so, but the boy didn’t know it.[146]

In *Memories*, Jung recounted that at around five in the afternoon, the front door bell began ringing, and the maids were in the kitchen. The front door could be seen from the kitchen.

> Everyone immediately looked to see who was there, but there was no one in sight. I was sitting near the door bell, and not only heard it but saw it moving. We all simply stared at one another. The atmosphere was thick, believe me! Then I knew something had to happen. The whole house was as if there was a crowd present, crammed full of spirits. They were packed deep right up to the door and the air was so thick it was scarcely possible to breathe. As for myself, I was all a-quiver with the question: "For God's sake, what in the world is this?" Then they cried out in chorus, "We have come back from Jerusalem where we found not what we sought." That is the beginning of the Septem Sermones.
>
> Then it began to flow out of me, and in the course of three evenings the thing was written. As soon as I took up the pen, the whole ghastly assemblage evaporated. The room quieted and the atmosphere cleared. The haunting was over.[147]

The dead had appeared in a fantasy on January 17, 1914, and had said that they were about to go to Jerusalem to pray at the holiest sepulchre.[148] Their trip had evidently not been successful. They returned and posed metaphysical questions. Jung's response was to address the questions of the dead and instruct them, through elaborating to them the cosmogony that his soul had described to him. This took place between December 30, 1916, and January 8, 1917. The *Septem Sermones ad Mortuos* (*Seven Sermons to the Dead*) can be regarded as a culmination of the fantasies of this period. It is a psychological cosmogony cast in the form of a Gnostic creation myth. In Jung's fantasies, a new God had been born in his soul, the God who is the son of the frogs, Abraxas. Jung understood this symbolically. He saw this figure as representing the uniting of the Christian God with Satan, and hence as depicting a transformation of the Western God-image. It was in 1952, in *Answer to Job*, that Jung elaborated on this theme.

He had studied the literature on Gnosticism in the course of his preparatory reading for *Transformations and*

*Symbols of the Libido*. In early 1913, he read Dieterich's *Abraxas*, still from the perspective of his libido theory. In January and October 1915, while doing military service, he studied the works of the Gnostics intensively. He was struck by the closeness of these texts and his own *Liber Novus*, and also with what he saw as the similarity between the modern epoch and the time of early Christianity. After writing the *Septem Sermones* in the *Black Books*, Jung recopied it in a calligraphic script into a separate book, slightly rearranging the sequence. He added the following inscription under the title: "The seven instructions of the dead. Written by Basilides in Alexandria, the city where the East touches the West."[149] He then had this privately printed, adding to the inscription: "Translated from the Greek original into German." This legend indicates the stylistic effects on Jung of late nineteenth-century classical scholarship. He recalled that he wrote it on the occasion of the founding of the Psychological Club and regarded it as a gift to Edith Rockefeller McCormick for founding the Club.[150] He gave copies to friends and confidants. He inscribed a copy to Adolf Keller: "This little book, that I entrust to your well meaning and friendly forbearance, brings a wish with it: it would like to have a good cover in this cold world weather. / The non-author and copyist."[151] Presenting a copy to Alphonse Maeder, he wrote:

> I could not presume to put my name to it, but chose instead the name of one of those great minds of the early Christian era which Christianity obliterated. It fell quite unexpectedly into my lap like a ripe fruit at a time of great stress and has kindled a light of hope and comfort for me in my bad hours.[152]

## *Toward Analytical Psychology*

In 1916, Jung wrote several essays and a short book in which he began to attempt to translate some of the themes of *Liber Novus* into contemporary psychological language, and to reflect on the significance and the general applicability of his activity. Significantly, it was in these works that he presented the first outlines of the main components of his mature psychology. He attempted to translate what he had learned from the spirit of the depths into the language of the spirit of the times. A full account of these papers is beyond the scope of this introduction. The following overview highlights elements that link most directly with *Liber Novus* and the *Black Books*.

In his works between 1911 and 1914, Jung had principally been concerned with establishing a structural account of general human functioning and of psychopathology. In addition to his earlier theory of complexes, he had already formulated conceptions of a phylogenetically acquired unconscious peopled by mythic images, of a nonsexual psychic energy, of the general types of introversion and extraversion, of the compensatory and prospective function of dreams, and of the synthetic and constructive approach to fantasies. While he continued to expand and develop these conceptions in detail, an additional concern begins to emerge strongly in these papers: the attempt to provide a temporal account of higher development, which Jung termed the individuation process. This presents the central theoretical result of Jung's self-experimentation. The full elaboration of the individuation process, and its historical and cross-cultural comparison, would come to occupy him for the rest of his life.

In 1916, he presented a lecture to the Association for Analytical Psychology entitled "The Structure of the Unconscious," which was first published in a French translation in Théodore Flournoy's *Archives de*

*Psychologie*.[153] Here he differentiates two layers of the unconscious. The first, the personal unconscious, consisted of elements acquired during one's lifetime, together with elements that could equally well be conscious.[154] The second was the impersonal unconscious or collective psyche.[155] While consciousness and the personal unconscious were developed and acquired in the course of one's lifetime, the collective psyche was inherited.[156] In this essay, Jung discussed the curious phenomena that resulted from assimilating the unconscious. He noted that when individuals annexed the contents of the collective psyche and regarded them as personal attributes, they experienced extreme states of superiority and inferiority. He borrowed the term "godlikeness" from Goethe and Adler to characterize this. This state arose from fusing the personal and the collective psyche, and represented one of the dangers of analysis.

Jung wrote that it was difficult to differentiate the personal and the collective psyche. One impediment was the persona—one's "mask" or "role"—which represented the segment of the collective psyche often mistakenly regarded as individual. When one analyzed the persona, the personality dissolved into the collective psyche, which resulted in the release of a stream of fantasies: "All the treasures of mythological thinking and feeling are unlocked."[157] The difference between the state that ensued from this and insanity lay in the fact that the former was intentional. Two possibilities presented themselves: one could attempt to regressively restore persona, and return to the prior state. However, it was impossible to get rid of the unconscious. Alternatively, one could accept the condition of godlikeness. A third way presented itself, which consisted of the hermeneutic treatment of creative fantasies, which resulted in a synthesis of the individual and the collective psyche, revealing the individual lifeline.

This was the process of individuation. In a subsequent undated revision of this paper, Jung introduced the notion of the anima as a counterpart to that of the persona. He regarded both of these as "subject-imagoes." He defined the anima as "how the subject is seen by the collective unconscious."[158]

The vivid description of the vicissitudes of the state of "godlikeness" can be taken as representing some of Jung's affective states during his self-experimentation. The notion of the differentiation of the persona and its analysis corresponds to the first entries of *Book* 2, where Jung set himself apart from his role and achievements and attempted to reconnect with his soul. The release of mythological fantasies is precisely what ensued in his case, and the hermeneutic treatment of creative fantasies was what he presented in layer two of *Liber Novus*. The differentiation of the personal and impersonal unconscious provided a theoretical understanding of his mythological fantasies: it suggests that he did not view them as stemming from his personal unconscious but from the inherited collective psyche. If so, his fantasies stemmed from a layer of the psyche that was a collective human inheritance; they were not simply idiosyncratic or arbitrary.

In October of the same year, Jung presented two talks to the Psychological Club on adaptation and individuation. The first was titled "Adaptation." The process took two forms: adaptation to outer and inner conditions. "Inner" was understood to designate the unconscious. Adaptation to the inner led to the demand for individuation, which was contrary to adaptation to others. The answering of this demand and the corresponding break with conformity led to a tragic guilt, which required expiation and called for a new "collective function." This was because the individual had to produce values that could serve as a substitute for his absence from society. These new values enabled the

reparation of the collective. Individuation was for the few. Those who were insufficiently creative should reestablish collective conformity with a society. Not only had the individual to create new values, he had to create socially recognizable values, as society had a "right to expect *realizable values*."[159]

Read in terms of Jung's situation, this suggests that his break with social conformity to pursue his "individuation" had brought him to the view that he had to produce socially realizable values as an expiation. His self-experimentation had to result in a work that presented new values in a socially recognizable manner. This led to a dilemma: would the form in which Jung embodied these new values in *Liber Novus* be socially acceptable and recognizable?

The second talk was "Individuation and Collectivity." Jung argued that these two states were a pair of opposites related by guilt. Society demanded imitation. In analysis, "Through imitation the patient learns individuation, because it reactivates his own values."[160] It is possible to read this as a comment on the role of imitation in the analytic treatment of those of his patients whom Jung had now encouraged to embark on similar processes of development. The claim that this process evoked the patient's preexisting values was a counter to the charge of suggestion.

In November, while he was on military service in Herisau, Jung wrote a paper called "The Transcendent Function."[161] He depicted the method of eliciting and developing fantasies that he later termed active imagination and explained its therapeutic rationale in psychological language. Strikingly, there is no indication in it of the wider cosmological, metaphysical, and theological exploration that he himself was engaged with. He noted that a critical problem confronting analysis was the fact that the new attitude gained from it subsequently became

obsolete. Unconscious materials were needed to supplement the conscious attitude, and to correct its one-sidedness. But since energy tension was low in sleep, dreams were inferior expressions of unconscious contents. Thus other sources had to be turned to—namely, spontaneous fantasies. There are few dreams noted in the *Black Books*. A recently recovered dream book contains a series of dreams from 1917 to 1925.[162] Close comparison of it with the *Black Books* of this period indicates that Jung's active imaginations did not derive directly from his dreams, and that these two were generally independent streams.

Jung described his technique for inducing spontaneous fantasies: "The training consists first of all in systematic exercises for eliminating critical attention, thus producing a vacuum in consciousness."[163] One commenced by concentrating on a particular mood and attempting to become as conscious as possible of all fantasies and associations that came up in connection with it. The aim was to allow fantasy free play, but without departing from the initial affect in a free-associative process. This led to a concrete or symbolic expression of the mood, which had the result of bringing the affect nearer to consciousness, hence making it more understandable. Merely doing this could have a vitalizing effect. Individuals could draw, paint, or sculpt, depending on their propensities:

> Visual types should concentrate on the expectation that an inner image will be produced. As a rule such a fantasy-image will actually appear—perhaps hypnagogically—and should be carefully noted down in writing. Audio-verbal types usually hear inner words, perhaps mere fragments or apparently meaningless sentences to begin with. . . . Others at such times simply hear their "other" voices. . . . still rarer, but equally valuable, is automatic writing, direct or with the planchette.[164]

Once these fantasies had been produced and embodied, two approaches were possible: creative formulation and understanding. Each needed the other, and both were necessary to produce the transcendent function, which arose out of the union of conscious and unconscious contents.

For some people, Jung noted, it was simple to note the "other" voice in writing and to answer it from the standpoint of the I: "It is exactly as if a dialogue were taking place between two human beings . . ."[165] Dialogue led to the creation of the transcendent function, which resulted in a widening of consciousness. His descriptions of the use of inner dialogues and the means of evoking fantasies in a waking state match his own undertaking in the *Black Books*. The interplay of creative formulation and understanding corresponds to his work in *Liber Novus*, which contains both elements.

In 1917, Jung published a short book with a long title: *The Psychology of the Unconscious Processes: An Overview of the Modern Theory and Method of Analytical Psychology*. In his preface, dated December 1916, he proclaimed:

> The psychological processes, which accompany the present war, above all the incredible brutalization of public opinion, the mutual slanderings, the unprecedented fury of destruction, the monstrous flood of lies, and man's incapacity to call a halt to the bloody demon—are suited like nothing else to powerfully push in front of the eyes of thinking men the problem of the restlessly slumbering chaotic unconscious under the ordered world of consciousness. This war has pitilessly revealed to civilized man that he is still a barbarian. . . . *But the psychology of the individual corresponds to the psychology of the nation*. What the nation does is done also by each individual, and so *long as the individual does it, the nation also does it*. Only the change in the attitude of the individual is the beginning of the change in the psychology of the nation. The great problems of humanity will never be

> solved through general laws, but *always only through the renewal of the attitude of the individual*.[166]

War made visible the chaotic unconscious. While collective events could release the demons of the unconscious, the only resolution lay on an individual level. In a language that recalled William James's essay "The Moral Equivalent of War," he asserted: "Every individual needs revolution, inner division, dissolution of the prevailing and renewal." This would be achieved through self-reflection and a return of the individual to the "ground of the human essence."[167] Understood in this manner, analysis could furnish the basis for cultural renewal. This articulated the intimate interconnection between individual and collective events that was at the center of *Liber Novus*. For Jung, the conjunction between his precognitive visions and the outbreak of war had made apparent the deep subliminal connections between individual fantasies and world events—and hence between the psychology of the individual and that of the nation. What was now required was to work out this connection in more detail.

Jung noted that after one had analyzed and integrated the contents of the personal unconscious, one came up against mythological fantasies that stemmed from the phylogenetic layer of the unconscious.[168] *The Psychology of the Unconscious Processes* provided an exposition of the collective, suprapersonal, absolute unconscious—these terms being used interchangeably. He argued that one needed to separate oneself from the unconscious by presenting it visibly as something separate. It was vital to differentiate the "I" from the non-"I"—namely, the collective psyche or absolute unconscious. To do this, "man must necessarily stand *upon firm feet* in his I-function; *that is, he must fulfil his duty toward life completely, so that he may in every respect be a vitally living member of*

*society*."[169] Both of these tasks—separating from the unconscious by presenting it visibly, and at the same time maintaining one's worldly duties and responsibilities—were what he had been endeavoring to do in this period.

In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, Jung had called the contents of this unconscious typical myths or primordial images. He also called them "dominants": "the ruling powers, the Gods, that is, images of dominating laws and principles, average regularities in the sequence of images, that the brain has received from the sequence of secular processes."[170] One needed to pay particular attention to these dominants. Especially important was the "*detachment of the mythological or collective psychological contents from the objects of consciousness, and their consolidation as psychological realities outside the individual psyche*."[171] This enabled one to come to terms with the activated residues of our ancestral history. The differentiation of the personal from the nonpersonal resulted in a release of energy.

These comments represent another description of his activity: the attempt to differentiate the various characters that appeared and to "consolidate them as psychological realities." The notion that these figures had a psychological reality in their own right, and were not merely subjective figments, was the main lesson that he attributed to the imaginal figure of Elijah: psychic objectivity.[172]

Jung argued that the era of reason and skepticism inaugurated by the French Revolution had had the effect that religion and irrationalism had been repressed. This had serious consequences, which had led to the outbreak of irrationalism represented by the world war. It was thus a historical necessity to acknowledge the irrational as a psychological factor. The acceptance of the irrational forms one of the central undertakings in the *Black Books*.

In *The Psychology of the Unconscious Processes*, Jung developed his concept of psychological types. He noted that the psychological characteristics of the types were commonly pushed to extremes. By what he termed the law of enantiodromia, or the reversal into the opposite, the opposing function entered in—namely, feeling, for the introvert; and thinking, for the extravert. These secondary functions were found in the unconscious. The development of the contrary function led to individuation. As the contrary function was not acceptable to consciousness, what was required to come to terms with it was production of the transcendent function. The unconscious was a danger when one was not at one with it. But with the establishment of the transcendent function, the disharmony ceased. This allowed access to the productive and beneficent aspects of the unconscious. The unconscious contained the wisdom and experience of untold ages and served as an unparalleled guide. The development of the contrary function is portrayed in the "Mysterium" section of *Liber Novus*, dealing with the December 1913 encounters with Elijah and Salome.[173] The attempt to gain the wisdom stored in the unconscious is portrayed throughout the *Black Books*. Jung's "I" asks his soul to tell him what she sees and the meaning of his fantasies. The unconscious is here viewed as a source of higher wisdom. Jung concluded the essay by indicating the personal and experiential nature of his new conceptions: "Our age is seeking a new spring of life. I found one and drank of it and the water tasted good."[174]

## *The Emergence of Phanes*

The seventh sermon had culminated in an evocation of a star God:

> At immeasurable distance a lonely star stands in the zenith. This is the one God of this one man, this is his world, his Pleroma, his divinity. In this world man is Abraxas, the creator and destroyer of his own world.
>
> This star is the God and the goal of man, this is his one guiding God, in him man goes to his rest, toward him goes the long journey of the soul after death, in him everything that man withdraws from the greater world shines resplendently.
>
> To this one God man shall pray.[175]

The entries from the autumn of 1916 further elaborate on this figure, who is revealed as Phanes. Phanes first emerged as a golden bird from the tree of light. Jung's soul identified him as the "ultimate and highest." In the autumn of 1917, Philemon described his luminous splendor in entries that could be considered as further sermons.[176]

In 1919, Jung painted his portrait in *Liber Novus* as a divine child, noting, "I called him PHANES, because he is the newly appearing God."[177] He considered the emergence of this figure as denoting a spiritual transformation that was occurring in the world. In 1919 he wrote to an English pupil, Joan Corrie:

> in the last sermon you find the beginning of individuation, out of which, the divine child arises. Please don't speak of these things to other people. It could do harm to the child. The child is fate and amor fati & guidance and necessity—and peace and fulfillment (Isa[iah] 9.6). But don't allow yourself to be dispersed into people and opinions and discussions. The child is a new God, actually born in many individuals, but they don't know it. He is a "spiritual" God. A spirit in many people, yet one and the same everywhere. Keep to your time and you will experience His qualities.[178]

During this period, Jung's soul sought to instruct him with regard to his relations with women. Between 1916 and 1918, reference is made to the "white one" and the "black

one," respectively. The contexts seem to suggest that these refer to Maria Moltzer and Toni Wolff, respectively.[179] In an entry in his dream book of July 2, 1917, Jung referred to his "impersonal love" of both women and noted that with them his soul was "complete, fulfilled."[180] On September 27, 1916, his soul advised as follows: "Let the black one go. No excessively deep relation. She is also empty and lives through you. She can't give to you what you need."[181] The following day, his soul added, apropos the black one:

> I understand that you love her, but I would like to get rid of her. . . . Women are my most dangerous opponents, since they have my qualities. That's why you can confuse me so easily with the black one. I also have golden goat eyes and a black coat. I place myself between her and you. The white one is less dangerous to you, since she is completely unlike me and of such an adverse nature that you can't at all lose yourself there.[182]

A year later, his soul had shifted her position with regard to the black one. On October 22, 1917, she advised: "Love less. The knife, do you hear, you need the knife. Cut off what is no good. Not the black one—she is good for you. She is quiet and accompanies you. She is necessary for you. She can be happy, if things go well with you."[183] She advised the opposite concerning the white one. On February 28, 1918, she said, "For a long time I had already advised you to separate from the white one."[184] What was emerging during this period was Jung's understanding of the figure of the anima, man's feminine soul, and the necessity of recognizing the anima as an internal component rather than seeing her in women. In technical terms, he referred to this as withdrawing and integrating the projection of the anima from women.

Between June 11 and October 2, 1917, Jung was on military service in Château d'Oex, as commander of the

English military war internees. Around August, he wrote to Smith Ely Jelliffe that his military service had taken him completely away from his work, and that on his return he hoped to finish a long paper about the types. He concluded: “With us everything is unchanged and quiet. Everything else is swallowed by the war. The psychosis is still increasing, going on and on.”[185]

From the beginning of August to the end of September, he drew a series of mandalas in pencil in his army notebook, which he preserved.[186] The first is titled “Phanes” and bears the legend “transformation of matter in the individual.”[187] This image may be seen as an attempt to depict the “newly arising God” and his relation to the individual. These mandalas are linked to the concurrent fantasies noted in the *Black Books*. A number featured complex hieroglyphics that emerged and were in turn elucidated in dialogues with the black magician Ha in the autumn of 1917.[188] Jung then painted them in the calligraphic volume of *Liber Novus*, but they bear no relation to the text. They more properly accompany the autumn dialogues in the *Black Books*.

Jung later recalled that he did not understand these mandalas but felt that they were very significant. Beginning on August 20, he drew a mandala on most days. This gave him the feeling that he had taken a photograph of each day, and he observed how these figures changed. He recalled that he received a letter from “this Dutch woman”—Moltzer—“that got on my nerves terribly.”[189] Moltzer argued that “the fantasies stemming from the unconscious possessed artistic worth and should be considered as art.”[190] Modern painters were attempting to make art out of the unconscious, and Moltzer’s point troubled him because it was not stupid and made him question whether his fantasies were spontaneous and natural. He drew a

mandala the next day and a piece of it was broken off, and the symmetry was destroyed:

> Only now did I gradually come to what the mandala really is: Formation, transformation, / The eternal mind's eternal recreation. And that is the Self, the wholeness of the personality, which, when everything is well, is harmonious, but which can bear no self deception. My mandala images were cryptograms on the state of my Self, which were delivered to me each day.[191]

The mandala appears to be that of August 6, 1917.[192] The citation is from Goethe's *Faust*, 2, act l, ll. 6287ff.). Mephistopheles is addressing Faust, giving him directions to the realm of the Mothers:

> MEPHISTOPHELES: A glowing tripod will finally show you
> that you are in the deepest, most deepest ground.
> By its light you will see the Mothers:
> the one sits, others stand and walk,
> as it may chance. Formation, transformation
> the eternal mind's eternal recreation.
> covered in images of all creatures,
> they do not see you, since they only see shades.
> Then hold your heart, since the danger is great,
> and go straight to that tripod,
> touch it with the key!

The letter to which Jung referred has not come to light. However, in a subsequent letter, from November 21, 1918, sent from Château d'Oex, Jung wrote that "M. Moltzer has again disturbed me with letters."[193]

He reproduced the mandalas in the calligraphic volume of *Liber Novus*. A decade later, in 1929, he anonymously

described this sequence in his "Commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower*":

> I know a series of European mandala drawings in which something like a plant seed surrounded by membranes is shown floating in the water. Then, from the depths below, fire penetrates the seed and makes it grow, causing a great golden flower to unfold from the germinal vesicle.[194]

There, he gave the following interpretation of this sequence:

> This symbolism refers to a quasi-alchemical process of refining and ennobling. Darkness gives birth to light; out of the "lead of the water region" grows the noble gold; what is unconscious becomes conscious in the form of a living process of growth. (Indian Kundalini yoga offers a perfect analogy.) In this way the union of consciousness and life takes place.[195]

On July 30, 1917, Fanny Bowditch Katz, who had analysis both with Jung and Moltzer, wrote notes of her discussion with Moltzer in which she spoke candidly of how Moltzer saw her relationship with Jung and their struggle, and how she had been to visit him in Château d'Oex during this period:

> Of this hour it's hard to write—I had perfect rapport and stayed 13/4 hours with her—at the end of the time I felt lifted into another world and almost as if I had been in a divine presence. She spoke wonderfully, as if inspired, and I saw more clearly than ever before what she is working for—what her struggle with Dr. Jung means. How wonderfully she spoke of the work she felt she and Dr. J. were to do together, for which they are only the instruments. Small atoms in the great universe—of our duty to life—of the subjection of self for the benefit of all—all these feelings are coming to me now as never before. She spoke of the great struggle going on now in

> the world, the great agony, which is the collective expression of the individual struggle. . . . She spoke of Isis—whose son took her crown from her head and threw it on the ground—after which a new crown appeared on her head, a cow with the sun and moon between her horns—is this not what is happening to her through Dr. Jung's treatment. . . . The next day we talked for almost an hour in the dining room. She in her pink kimono perched on the table. Shall I ever forget it? She spoke of going to Château d'Oex to tell Dr. J. of his injustice to her—on one side he is so fine and on the other almost a charlatan playing to the gallery. / His attitude toward their differences is the attitude of the intellectual man—the historical man. . . . Then she said—and oh how she said it—with that wonderful far away look in her eyes, that she felt that somewhere way down deep there must be an affinity between her and me and that it is meant that I should do for R. what she is doing for Dr. J.! . . . she evidently feels that R. has a great value which I can bring out.—and she spoke of her overcoming the personal in order to do this—she certainly has with Dr. Jung![196]

By early 1918, the difficulties between Moltzer and Jung had intensified. On April 14, 1918, Jung wrote to Josef Lang regarding a letter he had received from Moltzer in which she had accused him of trying to destroy her relationship with Lang in a "thirst for revenge."[197] Jung asked Lang to indicate to Moltzer that he had not analyzed Lang's relation to her and didn't know or care about it. He said that he had no desire for revenge, and that Moltzer simply couldn't accept what he said. He told Lang that he regretted that someone as valuable as Moltzer had such idiotic fantasies and had been projecting rubbish onto him. He said he had broken off relations with her months ago. Moltzer, Jung told Lang, claimed that Jung had an unresolved transference to her. This indicated to Jung that she was paranoid. He said that she also maintained that he couldn't recognize her independence. Jung considered that the problem was that she held a "deeply degrading" conception of human nature,

and always imputed the basest motive—that was why he had drawn back from her. Despite everything, she still wanted his friendship. While Moltzer claimed that Jung was projecting onto her, Jung maintained that the opposite was the case: he had left her in peace, while she bombarded him with insults.

Soon after, Moltzer resigned from the Club. This caused consternation and lengthy debate at a meeting on June 1.[198] On receiving her letter of resignation, Emma Jung, the Club's president, had tried to persuade her to remain, to no avail. So had Adolf Keller. Emma Jung noted that Moltzer had been critical of the Club for some six to eight weeks, an antipathy that actually dated from the previous summer. Moltzer's letter criticized the intellectualism of the Club, and the fact that it had been taken over by conflict over the question of types. While regretting her departure, Emma Jung did not feel that the reasons Moltzer offered for leaving were the real ones. Martha Sigg suggested that Moltzer had been influenced by her patients against the Club, which Jung thought was probable. Some members thought that the reason for her withdrawal was the deficiency of her collective function. Sarah Barker, one of her analysands, suggested that the fact that Moltzer found the Club "so unanalytical that she could no longer give it her sanction and support" was a serious matter.[199] She argued that it was a mistake to believe, as had been asserted, that "her attitude had been influenced by countless resistances brought about by her patients." Barker noted that from the outset, Moltzer had maintained that "the Club was not founded or conducted in accordance with analytical principles."[200] In a letter of August 1, 1918, Moltzer wrote to Bowditch Katz:

> Yes, I resigned from the Club. I could not live any longer in that atmosphere. I am glad I did. I think, that in time, when the Club really shall become something, the Club shall be

> thankful I did. My resignation has its silent effects. Silent, for it seems that it belongs to my path, that I openly don't get the recognition or the appreciation for what I do for the development of the whole analytic movement. I always work in the dark and alone. This is my fate and must be expected.[201]

On October 19, Jung informed Lang that he had fired Moltzer as his assistant and broken off all connection with her. She had accused him of exploiting her and not recognizing her independence. On his side, he felt that she was not capable of treating him as someone of equal standing and instead always regarded him as a little boy. He had evidently followed the advice of his soul regarding the white one.[202] Jung's break with Moltzer was a significant turning point. He later recalled to Aniela Jaffé: "I can say the air cleared when I showed the door to the Dutch woman who wanted to suggest to me that what I was making was art, and secondly when I started to understand the mandala drawings."[203]

It was during this period that a living idea of the self first came to Jung. He recalled to Aniela Jaffé: "It is in accordance with the microcosmic nature of the soul and it seemed to me like the monad which I am, and which is my world. The mandala represents this self."[204] He did not know where this process was leading, but he began to grasp that the mandala represented the goal of the process: "Only when I began to paint the mandalas did I see that all the paths I took, all the steps I made, all led back to the one point, that is, to the center. The mandala became the expression of all paths."[205]

Moltzer continued to live and work in Zollikerberg and maintained her friendship with Lang. Years later, a rapprochement was attempted, with Lang and Moltzer inviting Jung for a meeting. Jung thanked Lang for their invitation but declined it: "I know that one could look back

with regrets or a certain longing on those unconscious times which were still pregnant with the future. But those times have since given birth, the covers are torn, and new realities have come into being whose immediacy does not allow me to look backward. Nothing from the past can be brought back unless it has been reborn in a creative life."[206]

## *Scrutinies*

There are indications that Jung discussed the material from his self-experimenation with colleagues. In March 1918 he wrote to Lang, who had sent him some of his own fantasies:

> as you have observed correctly yourself, it is very important to experience the contents of the unconscious before forming any opinions about it. I very much agree with you that we have to grapple with the knowledge content of Gnosticism and neo-Platonism. These are the systems that contain the materials which are destined to become the foundation of a theory of the unconscious. I've been working on this myself for quite some time, and also have had ample opportunity to compare my experiences at least partially with those of other people. That's why I was very pleased to hear pretty much the same opinions from you. I am glad that all on your own you have discovered this area of work waiting to be tackled. Up to now, I lacked any co-workers, and I am happy that you want to join forces with me.
>
> I consider it very important that you extricate your own material in an unbiased way from the unconscious, as carefully as possible. My own material is very voluminous, very complicated, and in part I've worked it through up to almost complete, very vivid clarifications. But what's completely missing, is modern material to compare it with. *Zarathustra* has been formed too consciously. Meyrink retouches the material in an aesthetic way; furthermore, I feel he is lacking in religious sincerity.[207]

During this period, Jung continued transcribing the *Draft* into *Liber Novus* and adding paintings. After 1918, the fantasies in the *Black Books* became more intermittent. The *Draft* of the first two sections of *Liber Novus* had contained fantasies from October 1913 to February 1914. In the winter of 1917, Jung wrote a fresh manuscript called *Scrutinies*, which began where he had left off. In this, he transcribed fantasies from April 1914 through June 1916.[208] He included the *Sermones*, now with commentaries on each by Philemon. Philemon indicated that his teaching compensated or made up for what the dead lacked, through providing precisely those conceptions which they needed.[209] In *Scrutinies*, there is no clear separation between a first layer of fantasies and a second layer of commentary, and the text is not formally divided into distinct chapters. Here and there, Jung added some passages linking the fantasies to paragraphs that depicted his subsequent understanding of their significance.

The realization of the significance of the self is portrayed in *Scrutinies*. On September 18, 1915, Jung wrote, “Through uniting with the self we reach the God.”[210] In the autumn of 1917, he added, “I must say this not with reference to the opinions of the ancients or that authority, but because I have experienced it.”[211] This unshakable experience was nothing less than the experience of God: “The self is not God, although we reach the God through the self.”[212] He realized that he had to serve the self, and that this service was also service of God and of mankind. At the same time, he had to free his self from God, since “the God I experienced is more than love; he is also hate, he is more than beauty, he is also the abomination, he is more than wisdom, he is also meaninglessness, he is more than power, he is also powerlessness, he is more than omnipresence, he is also my creature.”[213] This description of Jung’s experience of God corresponds to the vision of

Abraxas in the *Sermones*. The realization of the significance of the self for Jung was not only a conceptual but also an experiential matter. Jung had some powerful experiences: on June 27, 1917, he wrote to Emma Jung that three days prior, he was on Pointe de Cray (a mountain just northwest of Château d'Oex), "It was a glorious day. On the summit I had a wonderful ecstatic feeling. Last evening I had a most remarkable mystical experience, a feeling of connection of many millennia. It was like a transfiguration. Today I'm probably going down to hell again for this. I want to cling to you, since you are my center, a symbol of the human, a protection against all daimons."[214] This letter underscores the centrality of Emma Jung in his life.

In *Scrutinies*, he realized that much of the earlier part of the book (*Liber Primus* and *Liber Secundus*) had been given to him by Philemon.[215] This represented a disidentification: there was a prophetic wise old man in him, someone whom he was not identical to.[216] A critical task of Jung's "working over" of his fantasies consisted in the differentiation of voices and characters. The following are examples. In the *Black Books*, it is Jung's "I" who speaks the *Sermones* to the dead; in *Scrutinies*, it is not Jung but Philemon. In the *Black Books*, the main figure Jung's "I" has dialogues with is his soul; in some sections of *Liber Novus*, it is the serpent or the bird. In one conversation in January 1916, his soul explained to him that when the above and below are not united, she falls into three parts—a serpent, the human soul, and the bird or heavenly soul, which visits the Gods. Thus Jung's revisions, in which he now differentiated the soul into serpent, human soul, and bird, here can be seen to reflect his understanding of the tripartite nature of his soul.[217]

## *New Scrutinies*

Jung's fantasies did not end with *Scrutinies*. If he had gone on to prepare a further section for publication, it is likely that he would have edited them in a similar way, as *New Scrutinies*, adding linking paragraphs and clarifications. While he continued to question his soul, seeking knowledge and understanding from her, she characterized her limitations and his need for her in the following way: "I can grasp for you only what you already have but don't know. The beyond from which I bring knowledge to you is your beyond. I am able to grasp what you have. But you aren't. That's why you need me."[218] The subsequent fantasies circle around themes already enunciated earlier, but in ever deepening spirals.

In the fantasies after *Scrutinies*, one sees a continued further differentiation of Jung's cosmology. New characters emerge, such as Phanes, Atmavictu, Ha, Ka, the black bird, a divine Arab youth, the spirit of gravity, and Wotan. Characters who had appeared earlier return, such as Elijah, Salome, and Philemon. However, in concert with the development of Jung's "I," they too have developed. These entries depict the metamorphoses of the characters, and Jung's deepening understanding of their interrelation in a complex shifting (and not entirely consistent) genealogy. For example, the figure of Atmavictu went through a number of incarnations, as an old man, a bear, an otter, a newt, a serpent, then simultaneously a man and an earth serpent. He was Izdubar, and became Philemon. The black magician, Ha, was the father of Philemon. Ka was the father of Salome, and also the brother of the Buddha. Ka was Philemon's shadow. Philemon further identified himself with Elijah and Khidr and claimed that he would become Phanes. In the form of Jung's emerging psychological concepts, all of these figures would be viewed as aspects of the self. As such, these sections can be seen as forming the experiential core of Jung's understanding of the structure

of the self that he explored decades later in chapter 14 of *Aion: Contributions to the Symbolism of the Self* (1951).[219]

A major theme that Jung was preoccupied with here was finding the right relation to the higher powers, the Gods, and understanding the role of mankind in relation to them. He came to see that it was critical that one did not give oneself over to the Gods but maintained one's human perspective. On March 1, 1918, his soul informed him that what was necessary was maintaining simultaneously a respect and disdain for the Gods, and that this began with respect and disdain for oneself.[220] This was critical not only for humanity; Jung now realized that "man would be the mediator in the transformation process of God."[221] It was a cardinal insight, and it is the center of his later work *Answer to Job*. Toward the end of his life, in a chapter of *Memories* entitled "Late Thoughts," he formulated it as follows:

> That is the meaning of divine service, of the service which man can render to God, that light may emerge from the darkness, that the Creator may become conscious of his creation, and man conscious of himself. / That is the goal, or one goal, which fits man meaningfully into the scheme of creation, and at the same time confers meaning upon it. It is an explanatory myth which has slowly taken shape within me in the course of the decades.[222]

One can trace the inception and development of this "explanatory myth" in the *Black Books*.

During the same period, Jung continued to distill his fantasies into a psychological vocabulary suitable for a medical-scientific audience. Thus we see two parallel movements: a continued elaboration and differentiation of his cosmology, accompanied by a process of condensation of his psychology. In his paper "On the Psychological Aspects of the Figure of the Kore" (1941), the observation

of products of the unconscious revealed certain regularities, types of situations and types of figures that frequently recurred.[223] Chief among these were the shadow, the wise old man, the child, the mother, the maiden, and the anima and animus. In this regard, he was attempting to determine precisely where these typicalities lay, through establishing the connections between his own material, that of his patients, and the historical record. Viewing and understanding such fantasies in this way as opposed to regarding them in a disconnected, episodic, serial manner gave them order and coherence. For Jung, they depicted the narrative of transformation and self-healing that he called the individuation process.

On one hand, Jung elaborated his personal visionary iconography, his own cosmology and mythology, and encouraged his patients to do likewise. On the other, he developed a hermeneutic system by which to interpret this symbolic language. When read in conjunction with his published psychological works, the *Black Books* enable one to follow the conjoint development of these two languages.

During this period, Jung continued to transcribe the text of *Liber Novus* into the calligraphic volume and to paint in it. However, after the sequence depicting the regeneration of Izdubar,[224] the paintings bear no relation at all to the text of *Liber Novus* but are linked to further fantasies in the *Black Books*. After the 1917 mandala sequence, we have around twenty-one major images in the calligraphic volume. At the same time, Jung also made a number of related freestanding paintings and carvings.[225] These images are active imaginations in their own right. At times, they depict and refer to characters and episodes in the concurrent fantasies in *Books* 6 and 7. At other times, they form links in the sequence. So while these paintings are in the calligraphic volume of *Liber Novus*, they directly relate to and accompany the text of *Books* 6 and 7.

## *The Way to the Self*

In 1918, Jung wrote a paper entitled “On the Unconscious.” He noted that all of us stood between two worlds: the world of external perception and the world of perception of the unconscious. This depicts his experience at this time. He wrote that Schiller had claimed that the approximation of these two worlds was through art. By contrast, Jung argued, “I am of the opinion that the union of rational and irrational truth is to be found not so much in art as in the symbol *per se*; for it is the essence of the symbol to contain both the rational and irrational.”[226] Symbols, he argued, stemmed from the unconscious, and the creation of symbols was the most important function of the unconscious. While the compensatory function of the unconscious was always present, the symbol-creating function was only present when we were willing to recognize it. Here, we see him continuing to eschew viewing his productions as art. It was not art but symbols that were of paramount importance. The recognition and recovery of this symbol-creating power is portrayed in *Liber Novus*. It depicts Jung’s attempt to understand the psychological nature of symbolism and to view his fantasies symbolically. He concluded that what was unconscious in any given epoch was only relative, and changing. What was required now was the “remolding of our views in accordance with the active forces of the unconscious.”[227] Thus the task confronting him was one of translating the conceptions gained through his confrontation with his soul, and expressed in a literary and symbolic manner in *Liber Novus*, into a language compatible with the contemporary outlook of the spirit of the times.

The following year, he presented a paper in England before the Society for Psychical Research on “The Psychological Foundations of Belief in Spirits.”[228] Here, he differentiated between two situations in which the

collective unconscious becomes active. In the first, an individual experiences a crisis and the collapse of his or her hopes and expectations. In the second, a time of great social, political, or religious upheaval occurs. At such moments, whatever has been suppressed by prevailing attitudes necessarily accumulates in the collective unconscious. Strongly intuitive individuals become aware of what has been suppressed and try to translate the material into communicable ideas. If they succeed, the results are salutary. Either way, the contents of the unconscious had a disturbing effect. If they remain suppressed, Jung said, there is the danger that the collective unconscious will replace reality, which is pathological. If instead the collective unconscious is activated as a result of collective processes, the individual may feel disorientated, but the state is not pathological.

Jung's differentiation of these two possibilities suggests that he viewed his own confrontation with the unconscious as falling under the second heading—namely, activation of the collective unconscious due to general cultural upheaval. His initial fear of impending insanity in 1913 lay in his failure to realize this distinction at that time.

Throughout this period, Jung was engaged in historical research on the type problem. Beginning in 1916, he gave presentations on the subject before the Association for Analytical Psychology and the Psychological Club. These were developed and expanded in *Psychological Types*, which appeared in 1921 to widespread acclaim. The English edition appeared in 1923 and received many laudatory reviews.[229]

As regards the working over of themes of *Liber Novus*, the most important section of *Psychological Types* was chapter 5, "The Type Problem in Poetry." The basic issue discussed was how the problem of opposites could be resolved through the production of the uniting or

reconciling symbol. The chapter presents a far-ranging historical overview of the issue. Jung offered detailed analysis of the resolution of the problem of opposites in Hinduism, Taoism, Meister Eckhart, and, in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, the work of Carl Spitteler. This chapter can also be read in terms of a meditation on some of the historical sources that directly informed Jung's conceptions in *Liber Novus*. Finally, it heralded the introduction of an important method. Rather than directly discuss the issue of the reconciliation of opposites in *Liber Novus*, he sought out historical analogies and commented upon them.

In 1921, the self emerged as a psychological concept. Jung defined it as follows:

> Inasmuch as the I is only the center of my field of consciousness, it is not identical with the totality of my psyche, being merely a complex among other complexes. Hence I discriminate between the *I* and the *self*, since the I is only the subject of my consciousness, while the self is the subject of my totality: hence it also includes the unconscious psyche. In this sense the self would be an (non-material) extension which embraces and includes the I. In unconscious fantasy the self often appears as the super-ordinated or ideal personality, as Faust is in relation to Goethe and Zarathustra to Nietzsche.[230]

He equated the Hindu notion of Brahman/Atman with the self. At the same time, he provided a definition of the soul. He argued that the soul possessed qualities that were complementary to the persona, and in that sense had what the conscious attitude lacked. The complementary character of the soul also affected its sexual character: a man had a feminine soul, or anima, and a woman had a masculine soul, or animus.[231] This corresponded to the fact that men and women had both masculine and feminine

traits. He also noted that the soul gave rise to images that were assumed to be worthless from the rational perspective. There were four ways of using them:

> The first possibility of making use of them is *artistic*, if one is in any way gifted in that direction; a second is *philosophical speculation*; a third is *quasi-religious*, leading to heresy and the founding of sects; and a fourth way of employing the *dynamis* of these images is to squander it in every form of licentiousness.[232]

From this perspective, the psychological utilization of these images would represent a "fifth way." For it to succeed, psychology had to distinguish itself clearly from art, philosophy, and religion. This indicates the various possibilities Jung rejected.

In terms of publications, the next few years were some of the quietest in Jung's career. He contributed to a symposium at the British Psychological Society, "The Question of the Therapeutic Value of 'Abreaction,' " in 1921;[233] 1922 saw the publication of a lecture to the Society for German Language and Literature in Zürich, "On the Relation of Analytical Psychology to Literary Artworks."[234] There were no new publications in 1923 and 1924.

## *Travels*[235]

In 1920, he accompanied his friend Hermann Sigg[236] on a business trip to North Africa. His intention was "to see for once the European from the outside, reflected by a milieu which was foreign in every respect."[237] He held that the only way of gaining an understanding of one's own national peculiarities was through becoming aware of how others viewed them. Hence traveling was the gateway to a

comparative ethnopsychology. Given his understanding of the historical layering of the collective unconscious, his geographical voyages were a form of phylogenetic time traveling.

Africa made an overpoweringly deep impression on him: it meant encountering the historical past as a living present. To Emil Medtner, he wrote in March: “The most mysterious here are the nights of the waxing moon that wanders in indescribably silver clarity across the dark clear sky of Africa. The symbol of the Punic tombs of Carthage, Astarte herself, came close to me, when I saw the moon slowly descend over the tops of the palm trees for the first time. I came here according to inner necessity, already prepared by the unconscious, a symbolic act of the grandest style, nevertheless the meaning is still dark.”[238] Jung felt that the people he encountered had an intensity that Europeans lacked, and which he believed himself to be psychically infected by.[239] While in Tunis, he had a powerful dream:

> The night before we embarked for Marseilles I had a dream which, I sensed, summed up the whole experience. This was just as it should be, for I had accustomed myself to living always on two planes simultaneously, one conscious, which attempted to understand and could not, and one unconscious, which wanted to express something and could not formulate it any better than by a dream.
>
> I dreamt that I was in an Arab city, and as in most such cities there was a citadel, a casbah. The city was situated in a broad plain, and had a wall all around it. The shape of the wall was square, and there were four gates.
>
> The casbah in the interior of the city was surrounded by a wide moat (which is not the way it really is in Arab countries). I stood before a wooden bridge leading over the water to a dark, horseshoe-shaped portal, which was open. Eager to see the citadel from the inside also, I stepped out on the bridge. When I was about halfway across it, a handsome, dark Arab of

aristocratic, almost royal bearing came toward me from the gate. I knew that this youth in the white burnoose was the resident prince of the citadel. When he came up to me, he attacked me and tried to knock me down. We wrestled. In the struggle we crashed against the railing; it gave way and both of us fell into the moat, where he tried to push my head under water to drown me. No, I thought, this is going too far. And in my turn I pushed his head under water. I did so although I felt great admiration for him; but I did not want to let myself be killed. I had no intention of killing him; I wanted only to make him unconscious and incapable of fighting.

Then the scene of the dream changed, and he was with me in a large vaulted octagonal room in the center of the citadel. The room was all white, very plain and beautiful. Along the light-colored marble walls stood low divans, and before me on the floor lay an open book with black letters written in magnificent calligraphy on milky-white parchment. It was not Arabic script; rather, it looked to me like the Uigurian script of West Turkestan, which was familiar to me from the Manichaean fragments from Turfan. I did not know the contents, but nevertheless I had the feeling that this was “my book,” that I had written it. The young prince with whom I had just been wrestling sat to the right of me on the floor. I explained to him that now that I had overcome him he must read the book. But he resisted. I placed my arm around his shoulders and forced him, with a sort of paternal kindness and patience, to read the book. I knew that this was absolutely essential, and at last he yielded.[240]

In retrospect, Jung reflected as follows on this dream:

In this dream, the Arab youth was the double of the proud Arab who had ridden past us without a greeting. As an inhabitant of the Casbah he was a figuration of the self, or rather, a messenger or emissary of the self. For the Casbah from which he came was a perfect mandala: a citadel surrounded by a square wall with four gates. His attempt to kill me was an echo of the motif of Jacob’s struggle with the angel; he was to use the language of the Bible like an angel of

the Lord, a messenger of God who wished to kill men because he did not know them.

Actually, the angel ought to have had his dwelling in me. But he knew only angelic truth and understood nothing about man. Therefore he first came forward as my enemy; however, I held my own against him. In the second part of the dream I was the master of the citadel; he sat at my feet and had to learn to understand my thoughts, or rather, learn to know man.

Obviously, my encounter with Arab culture had struck me with overwhelming force.[241]

## *Encountering Wotan*

The dream continued to echo for Jung, and two years after his return to Europe, he would encounter the figure again, in a fantasy of January 6, 1922.[242] His soul saw and described the figure and informed his "I" that the figure was a God and that he would hear from him again. The God needed to hear from him, as otherwise they both couldn't live. His soul informed his "I" that he would reach the God again through solitude, coupled with reverence for the sun, moon, and earth, which stood for the masculine, the feminine, and the body, respectively.

A year later, when Jung was in Castagnola, the figure returned once more.[243] He had been with the dead and had seen Jung's dead: his dogs and his father. He stated that he was a wanderer who changed the form in which he appeared. However, he wanted to know who he really was, and he asked Jung's "I" to tell him this, as it would free him.

On the following day, Jung's "I" asked his soul about him.[244] She indicated that the first time she saw him, he had a terrifying beauty, like Dionysus. On the second occasion, he had a deathly pallor. Jung's "I" wondered if this was the self, the Pleroma, which led to the question of

how it could appear in human form. Furthermore, he couldn't understand why it wanted to be overcome and made determinate. Two days later the figure returned, this time as a red-haired bearded hunter, wrapped in animal skins.[245] The figure reiterated his question, asking Jung's "I" to tell him who he really was. The "I" replied that he was a God. As to why he overcame him in the dream of three years earlier, the "I" thought that this was because the God couldn't remain in a state of unknowing but had to learn wisdom.

Two nights later he appeared again, this time as a sick pubescent boy who had taken the form of Jung's son.[246] The boy suffered from a burning rash and requested treatment. The sickness had arisen from a dream. The boy had been wearing a mangy wolf fur and hunting with hounds. He had wanted to play with a bear cub, and got the sickness from his wolf fur. Jung's "I" informed the boy that this was no ordinary wolf but a spirit wolf who brought sickness, and that this wasn't an ordinary dream but something that had actually occurred. The boy had been his own father, the "red-beard, the hunter of wolves and men."

Years later, recalling his encounter with this figure and describing it as a dream, Jung noted, "I suddenly knew: the Wild Huntsman had commanded it to carry away a human soul." A few days later he heard the news that his mother had died. He realized that "It was Wotan, the god of my Alemannic forefathers, who had gathered my mother to her ancestors negatively to the 'wild horde,' but positively to the 'sälig lüt,' the blessed folk."[247]

Jung's encounter with Wotan was to reverberate in his writings, and it shaped his understanding of the social and political upheaval occurring in Germany in the 1930s. In 1936, he attributed these to the reactivation of the archetype of Wotan.[248] The presence of this figure was not restricted to Germany but was "an international

phenomenon."[249] The reemergence of Wotan in the present was a phenomenon that he himself had directly experienced. As further evidence for his hypothesis, he referred to Nietzsche's elevation of Dionysus, claiming that biographical evidence suggested that the God he really had in mind was Dionysus's cousin—namely, Wotan. This part of Jung's argument, which played a critical role in his understanding of Nietzsche and the reading of *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* in his seminars in the 1930s, was clearly shaped by his own encounter with this figure. In a seminar in February 1936, Jung described Wotan's attributes as follows:

> He is the god of oracles, of secret knowledge, of sorcery, and he is also the equivalent of Hermes psychopompos. And you remember he has, like Osiris, only one eye; the other eye is sacrificed to the underworld. Therefore. he is an exceedingly apt symbol for our modern world in which the unconscious really comes to the foreground like a river, and forces us to turn one eye inward upon it, in order that we may be adapted to that side also; we feel now that the greatest enemy is threatening us, not from without but from within. So on account of all his qualities, Wotan expresses the spirit of the time to an extent which is uncanny, and that wisdom or knowledge is really wild—it is nature's wisdom. Wotan is not the God of civilized beings but a condition of nature.[250]

## *The Psychology of the Religion-Making Process*

On January 5, 1922, Jung had a conversation with his soul concerning his vocation. She urged him to publish his material, as it was "a matter of revelation." He had to serve his calling, which was "the new religion and its proclamation."[251] He balked at this. Three days later, his soul informed him that the new religion

> expresses itself visibly only in the transformation of human relations. Relations do not let themselves be replaced even by the deepest ~~human~~ knowledge. Moreover, a religion doesn't consist only in knowledge, but at its visible level in a new ordering of human affairs. Therefore expect no further knowledge from me. You know everything that is to be known from the revelation offered to you, but you are not yet living out everything that is to be lived at this time.[252]

Jung's "I" replied: "I can well understand and accept this. However, just how the knowledge could be implemented in life is dark to me. You must teach me this." His soul said: "There is not much to say about this. It is not as rational as you are inclined to think. The way is symbolic."[253]

During this period, an increasing number of people from England and America made their way to Zürich to work with Jung, forming an informal expatriate group. On August 22, 1922, Jaime de Angulo wrote to Chauncey Goodrich issuing "a challenge to all brother-neurotics—go, my brethren, go to the Mecca, I mean to Zürich, and drink from the fountain of life, all ye who are dead in your souls, go and seek new life."[254]

In 1922, Jung wrote a paper on the relation of analytical psychology to literary works. He differentiated two types of work: the first, which sprang entirely from the author's intention, and the second, which seized the author. Examples of the latter were Nietzsche's *Zarathustra* and the second part of Goethe's *Faust*. He held that these works stemmed from the collective unconscious. In such cases, the creative process consisted of the unconscious activation of an archetypal image. The archetypes released in us a voice that was stronger than our own:

> Whoever speaks in primordial images speaks with a thousand voices; he enthrals and overpowers . . . he transmutes our personal destiny into the destiny of mankind, and evokes in us

> all those beneficent forces that ever and anon have enabled humanity to find a refuge from every peril and to outlive the longest night.[255]

Artists who produced such works educated the spirit of the age and compensated the one-sidedness of the present. In describing the genesis of these symbolic works, it appears that Jung had his own activities in mind. Thus while he refused to regard *Liber Novus* as art, his reflections on its composition were nevertheless a critical source of his subsequent conceptions and theories of art. The implicit question that this paper raised was whether psychology could now serve the function of educating the spirit of the age and compensating the one-sidedness of the present. From this period onward, Jung came to conceive of the task of his psychology in precisely such a manner.[256]

On November 25, 1922, Jung, Emma Jung, and Toni Wolff left the Club.[257] In July 1923, Jung gave a series of seminars in Polzeath, Cornwall, England. The Analytical Psychology Club in London had been founded the previous year. The seminar was organized by Peter Baynes and Esther Harding, and twenty-nine people attended.[258] Jung gave a dozen lectures over a fortnight. The seminar had two main themes: the technique of analysis and the historical psychological effects of Christianity.

During this period, the themes of the psychology of religion and the relationship between religion and psychology became increasingly prominent in Jung's work. He attempted to develop a psychology of the religion-making process. His interest lay not in proclaiming a new prophetic revelation but in the psychology of religious experiences. The task was to depict the translation and transposition of the numinous experience of individuals into symbols, and eventually into the dogmas and creeds of organized religions, and, finally, to study the psychological

function of such symbols. For such a psychology of the religion-making process to succeed, it was essential that analytical psychology, while providing an affirmation of the religious attitude, did not succumb to becoming a creed.[259] In Polzeath he drew a sharp distinction between the teaching of Christ and ecclesiastical Christianity. He argued that the attitudes of the latter had led to the psychological exclusion and repression of the world of nature and the flesh, the animal, the inferior man, and creative fantasy and freedom. Consequently, these matters were constellated in the unconscious, and we were faced with the return of the repressed.

Toward the end of the seminar, Jung reflected on the theme of the "invisible church." While Christ had been a flame that had kindled the greater part of the world, this had been put out by the institutionalization of the Church. He argued that such a process was inevitable, and that the same fate lay in store for analysis. Reflecting on this, he noted:

> Around Eckhart grew up a group of Brethren of the Free Spirit who lived licentiously. The problem we face is: Is analytical psychology in the same boat? Are the second generation like the Brethren of the Free Spirit? If so, it is the open way to Hell, and analytical psychology has come too soon and it will have to wait for a century or two.[260]

Religious experiences led to new forms of personal relation. Jung noted that "no individual can exist without individual relationships, and that is how the foundation of your church is laid."[261] This, then, was the task that confronted analytical psychology: to form an invisible church, without succumbing to institutionalization. Jung was also here drawing together the notion, from *Liber Novus*, that "the anointed of this time" was a God who would appear in the spirit, as opposed to the flesh

—“through the spirit of men as the conceiving womb.”[262] As his soul had explained to him the previous year, this new religion would manifest itself through transformed human relations.[263] Evidently Jung’s relations with his wife and Toni Wolff, the “experimentum crucis,” was related to this. Decades later, he would write, “The unrelated human being lacks wholeness, for he can achieve wholeness only through the soul, and the soul cannot exist without its other side, which is always found in a ‘You.’ ”[264] Individuation required conscious relationship.

Following the Polzeath seminar, Cary de Angulo wrote a paper on “Individual Relationships.” She began by noting:

> In the last two or three sessions of our summer school at Polzeath, we discussed the possible contribution to be made by Analytical Psychology to the “church” of the future. We meant by this ill-omened word church, the inevitable form which will be assumed by the ideas of today that tend toward a new synthesis of subjective experience. . . . The special contribution of analysis was thought to be the building up of the right sorts of relationships, both individual and collective, and the vision of a future in which one came into full self-expression through relationships instead of skulking into them hemmed by a thousand fears, was very enticing.[265]

As she saw it, for there to be real relationships, a higher degree of consciousness than had hitherto been possible was necessary, and it was the task of analytical psychology to facilitate it. She proposed a written symposium on the subject and circulated her paper. Emma Jung wrote a response, indicating that she was essentially in agreement but thought that further consideration needed to be given to “the complications that arise when the principles should come into life.”[266] She highlighted the need for a maximum of consciousness, mutual equality, and candor, describing unconsciousness as the “only sin.” The value of a

relationship, she said, could be measured by “the ability it has of making appear and live the individuality of the persons involved.”[267] For Jung and his close circle, such questions were existential as well as theoretical.

On April 30, 1923, Eugen Schlegel, a lawyer and member of the Club, recommended that the Club try to involve Jung again. A correspondence ensued later that year between Jung and Alphonse Maeder in this regard. Jung’s position was that he would return only if his collaboration was clearly and unanimously desired. There was heated discussion within the Club.[268] In February 1924, Hans Trüb stepped down as president, and a letter was sent to Jung asking him to return, which he did a month later.[269]

In May 1924, Jung gave a series of three lectures on “Analytical Psychology and Education” in London under the auspices of the New Education Fellowship (NEF).[270] The fellowship had been founded by Beatrice Ensor, a Theosophical educationalist. She had met Jung the previous year at the conference organized by the NEF on “Education for creative service” at Montreux, where he had spoken.

In the midtwenties, publication of *Liber Novus* seems to have been one of the foremost issues in Jung’s mind. At the beginning of 1924, he asked Cary Baynes to make a fresh typed transcription of the text and discussed publication. She noted in her diary:

> So then you said I was to copy down the contents of the Red Book—once before you had had it copied, but you had since then added a great deal of material, so you wanted it done again and you would explain things to me as I went along, for you understood nearly everything in it you said. In this way we could come to discuss many things which never came up in my analysis and I could understand your ideas from the foundation.[271]

Jung discussed with his colleague Wolfgang Stockmayer the form that publication might take.[272] He went back to the *Corrected Draft* and edited it again, deleting and adding material on approximately two hundred fifty pages. His revisions served to modernize the language and terminology.[273] He also revised some of what he had already transcribed into the calligraphic volume of *Liber Novus*, as well as material that had been left out.

## *New Mexico*

In January 1925, Jung visited the Pueblo Indians in Taos, New Mexico. He thought that when he was in the Sahara, he had been with a civilization that had the same relationship to Western civilization that Roman antiquity did. This led him to want to continue the historical comparison "by descending to a still deeper cultural level."[274] In the twenties, many artists and writers went to New Mexico in recognition of the bankruptcy of American civilization. The Indians were viewed as people who had maintained their cultural integrity and were rooted in communities with living traditions. Thus they were looked to as a source of renewal for white culture.[275]

Jung's visit was arranged by Jaime de Angulo, a linguist, ethnologist, ethnomusicologist, writer, and patron saint of the Beat Generation. In December 1924, Jung visited America.[276] Shortly after the trip, Jaime de Angulo wrote to Mabel Dodge about how he managed to take Jung to Taos, and of what ensued:

> I made up my mind that I would kidnap him if necessary and take him to Taos. . . . It was a revelation to him, the whole thing. Of course I had prepared Mountain Lake. He and Jung made contact immediately and had a long talk on religion. Jung said that I was perfectly right in all that I had intuited

about their psychological condition. He said that evening[,] "I had the extraordinary sensation that I was talking to an Egyptian priest of the fifteenth century before Christ."[277]

Two issues appeared to have particularly struck Jung. The first was Mountain Lake's view of the white man:

I asked him why he thought the whites were all mad.
He replied: "They say that they think with their heads."
"Why of course. Where do you think?" I asked him in surprise.
"We think here," he said, indicating his heart.
I fell into a long meditation. For the first time in my life, so it seemed to me, someone had drawn for me a picture of the real white man.[278]

The second was the role of the sun in Pueblo religion and cosmology: "He said, pointing to the sun, 'Is not he who moves there our father: How can anyone say differently: How can there be another god. Nothing can be without the sun.' "[279] Mountain Lake added, "We are the sons of Father Sun, and with our religion we daily help our father to go across the sky. We do this not only for ourselves, but for the whole world. If we were to cease practicing our religion, in ten years the sun would no longer rise."[280]

Jung was impressed to encounter a solar monotheism. It seemed to him to correspond to a spiritual disposition that was several thousand years old. By contrast, the mythic and cosmological embeddedness of the Pueblo Indians showed us precisely what we had lost, he believed, and our spiritual poverty. Of the Pueblo Indian, he said, "Such a man is in the fullest sense of the word in his place."[281] Solar mythology plays a significant role in the *Black Books*. It is likely that Jung would have been reminded of his dream of praying to the sun in his encounter with Ammonius, Izdubar's longing for the sun and regeneration

through becoming the sun, and the role of the sun God, Helios, in the *Septem Sermones*.[282]

## *The 1925 Seminar*

In 1925, Peter Baynes prepared an English translation of the *Septem Sermones ad Mortuos*. It was privately published by Watkins in England; Jung was not identified as the author. Jung gave copies to some of his English-speaking students. In a letter that is presumably a reply to one from Henry Murray, thanking him for a copy, Jung wrote:

> I am deeply convinced, that those ideas that came to me, are really quite wonderful things. I can easily say that (without blushing), because I know, how resistant and how foolishly obstinate I was, when they first visited me and what a trouble it was, until I could read this symbolic language, so much superior to my dull conscious mind.[283]

It is possible that Jung may have considered the publication of the *Sermones* a "trial" for publication of *Liber Novus*. There are indications that he was ambivalent about publication of the *Sermones*. Barbara Hannah claims that he regretted publishing it and that "he felt strongly that it should only have been written in the Red Book."[284]

While engaged in her transcription of *Liber Novus*, Cary Baynes urged Jung to do a seminar on the work.[285] It is not known whether this took place. However, it is likely that the discusssions at this time played a role in his decision to speak openly in public for the first time about his self-experimentation and some of the fantasies in the *Black Books*.

Toward the end of 1924 and into 1925, he gave a series of seminars in German at the Psychological Club on the

psychology of dreams.[286] After this, he gave an extended seminar series in English under the title “Analytical Psychology.” While these were held at the Psychological Club, they were not formally “Club seminars.” Of the fifty-two members and three guests of the Club in 1925, only a handful attended them. There was greater continuity between those who attended Jung’s Polzeath seminars and these. Thus there was a division between the locally based members of the Club, who had only recently readmitted Jung, and the more international audience of his English-language seminars. In the years to come, the latter would play the dominant role in dissemination of his work.

Strikingly, Jung began this seminar by giving an account of the development of his concepts from the time he became interested in the “problems of the unconscious.”[287] He talked about his intellectual development and his collaboration with Freud, following this with a detailed presentation of his self-experimentation, focusing on the initial period: October–December 1913. His discussion of these episodes by no means replicates his commentary on them in the second layer of *Liber Novus*, and can be considered a third layer of commentary. The lyrical and evocative language of the second layer of *Liber Novus* here gave way to his psychological concepts, which, he said, he derived from his reflections upon these encounters. As he tellingly noted, “I drew all of my empirical material from my patients, but the solution of the problem I drew from the inside, from my observations of the unconscious processes.”[288] At the same time, his presentation served a pedagogical function. The audience was largely composed of people he was working with, and we may presume that the practice of active imagination played a key part in their work. Thus he was in effect using his own material as a teaching exemplar, showing how his personal psychological typology was portrayed and played out in his fantasies, how

he encountered and came to terms with the figures of the anima and the wise old man, and the genesis of the transcendent function as a resolution of the conflict of opposites. In addition, a significant part of the discussion in the seminar centered around modern art and how it could be understood psychologically. The question of situating his own creative work appears to have been in the background of Jung's mind.

A few weeks following the conclusion of this seminar on July 6, Jung went to England to deliver a further English-language seminar series in Swanage, Dorset, between July 25 and August 7. The seminar was organized again by Peter Baynes and Esther Harding. The subject was dream analysis, and there were about one hundred participants.[289] Jung began by presenting a history of dream interpretation; this was followed by an analysis of a series of dreams recounted to him by a fifty-three-year-old widow.

## *Africa*

Given Jung's phylogenetic perspective, a journey to Africa, held to be the source of mankind, had particular significance. Moreover, the desert was one of the key imaginal locations in the *Black Books*. For this trip, Jung traveled with H. G. Baynes and George Beckwith. Their group was called the Bugishu psychological expedition. Later, they were joined by an Englishwoman, Ruth Bailey. The trip led Jung to understand that "within the soul from the primordial beginning there has been a longing for light and an irresistible urge to rise out of its primordial darkness. . . . The longing for light is the longing for consciousness."[290] His journey itself became an *imitatio* of the supposed origins of consciousness. He said of his voyage up the Nile:

> The myth of Horus is the story of the newly risen divine light. It would have been told after the deliverance out of the primordial darkness of prehistoric times through culture, that is to say through the revelation of consciousness. Thus the journey from the interior of Africa to Egypt became for me like a drama of the birth of light, which was intimately connected with me, with my psychology.[291]

In Jung's fantasies in 1922, Egyptian mythology had played a significant part in formulating the role and the tasks that he, his wife, and Toni Wolff had to fulfill.[292] He gave further indication of the connection between his travels and his own psychology in a passage omitted from the published version of *Memories*:

> My experiences during the years 1913–1917 had burdened me with a tangle of problems whose nature demanded that I should study the psychic life of non-Europeans. For I suspected that the questions put to me were just so many compensations for my European prejudices. What I had seen in North Africa, and what Ochwiay Biano [Mountain Lake] told me, were the first clues to an adequate explanation of my experiences.[293]

Thus Jung's travels were directly connected to the material in the *Black Books* and *Liber Novus*, and formed part of an attempt to understand these, by placing them within a wider historical and geographical context.[294] His statement here indicates that what he personally went through could also be conceived of as a de-Europeanization. Extrapolating from this, the import for Westerners of the exploration of the collective unconscious could also be conceived of from this perspective. The task was one of reaching a balanced synthesis of the Western and the primitive.

## *Transforming Psychotherapy*

The *Black Books* and *Liber Novus* are of critical significance in grasping the emergence of Jung's new model of psychotherapy. In 1912, when he wrote *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, he considered the presence of mythological fantasies—such as are present in the *Black Books*—to be the signs of a loosening of the phylogenetic layers of the unconscious, and indicative of schizophrenia. Through his self-experimentation, he radically revised this position: what he now considered critical was not the presence of any particular content but the attitude of the individual toward it, and in particular whether an individual could accommodate such material in his or her worldview. This explains why he commented in his afterword to *Liber Novus* that to the superficial observer, the work would seem like madness, and could have become so, if he had failed to contain and comprehend the experiences.[295] In an entry of January 17, 1914, he presented a critique of contemporary psychiatry, highlighting its incapacity to differentiate religious experience or divine madness from psychopathology.[296] If the content of a vision or fantasy had no diagnostic value, he held that it was nevertheless critical to view it carefully.

Out of his experiences, he developed new conceptions of the aims and methods of psychotherapy. Since its inception through the rise of hypnotic and suggestive therapies at the end of the nineteenth century, modern psychotherapy had been primarily concerned with the treatment of functional nervous disorders, or neuroses, as they came to be known. From the First World War onward, Jung reformulated the practice of psychotherapy. No longer solely preoccupied with the treatment of psychopathology, it became a practice to enable the higher development of the individual through fostering the individuation process. This was to have far-reaching consequences not only for the

development of analytical psychology but for psychotherapy as a whole.[297]

Jung attempted to show that the processes described in the *Black Books* and *Liber Novus* were not unique, and that the ideas he was developing were applicable to others. To study what his patients produced, he built up an extensive collection of their paintings. He would generally ask them to make copies of the work for him so that they would not have to part with their images.[298] He was struck by the similarity between some of the motifs in imagery of the active imaginations of his patients, which led him to consider that the conceptions that he had arrived at through studying his own material were relevant for them as well. In 1929 he described his aim as being one of bringing about "a psychic state in which my patient begins to experiment with his own nature."[299] Clearly his own self-experimentation, and its results, were the template of this therapeutic practice.

During this period, he continued to instruct his patients in how to induce visions in a waking state. In 1926, Christiana Morgan came to Jung for analysis. She had read *Psychological Types* and turned to him for assistance with her problems with relationships and with depression. In a session in 1926, she noted Jung's advice to her on how to produce visions:

> Well, you see these are too vague for me to be able to say much about them. They are only the beginning. You only use the retina of the eye at first in order to objectify. Then instead of keeping on trying to force the image out you just want to look in. Now when you see these images you want to hold them and see where they take you—how they change. And you want to try to get into the picture yourself—to become one of the actors. When I first began to do this I saw landscapes. Then I learned how to put myself into the landscape, and the figures would talk to me and I would answer them. . . . People said he has an artistic temperament. But it was only that my

> unconscious was swaying me. Now I learn to act its drama as well as the drama of the outer life & so nothing can hurt me now. I have written 1000 pages of material from the unconscious (Told the vision of a giant who turned into an egg).[300]

He described his own experiments in detail to his patients and told them to do as he had done. His role was one of supervising them in experimenting with their own stream of images. Jung went so far as to suggest that some of his patients prepare his or her own *Liber Novus*. Morgan noted him saying:

> I should advise you to put it all down as beautifully as you can —in some beautifully bound book. It will seem as if you were making the visions banal—but then you need to do that—then you are freed from the power of them. If you do that with these eyes for instance they will cease to draw you. You should never try to make the visions come again. Think of it in your imagination and try to paint it. Then when these things are in some precious book you can go to the book & turn over the pages & for you it will be your church—your cathedral—the silent places of your spirit where you will find renewal. If anyone tells you that it is morbid or neurotic and you listen to them—then you will lose your soul—for in that book is your soul.

In a letter to J. A. Gilbert, in 1929, he commented on his procedure:

> I found sometimes, that it is of great help in handling such a case, to encourage them, to express their peculiar contents either in the form of writing or of drawing and painting. There are so many incomprehensible intuitions in such cases, phantasy fragments that rise from the unconscious, for which there is almost no suitable language. I let my patients find their own symbolic expressions, their "mythology."[301]

## *Philemon's Sanctuary*

In the mid-1920s, the distinction between his dream book and the *Black Books* increasingly become blurred, and we find more notations of dreams in the *Black Books* in this period. Jung's interest eventually shifted from the transcription of *Liber Novus* and the elaboration of his mythology in the *Black Books* to working on his tower in Bollingen.

In 1920, he had purchased some land on the upper part of Lake Zürich in Bollingen. Prior to this, he and his family would sometimes spend holidays camping in the delta at the upper end of the lake. He felt the need to represent his innermost thoughts in stone and to build a completely primitive dwelling: "Bollingen was a great matter for me, because words and paper were not real enough. I had to put down a confession in stone."[302] The tower was a "representation of individuation." Over the years, he painted murals and made carvings on the walls. The tower may be regarded as a three-dimensional continuation of *Liber Novus*: its "*Liber Quartus*." At the end of *Liber Secundus*, Jung wrote: "I must catch up with a piece of the Middle Ages—within myself. We have only finished the Middle Ages of—others. I must begin early, in that period when the hermits died out."[303] Significantly, the tower was deliberately built as a structure from the Middle Ages, with no modern amenities. It was an evolving work. He carved an inscription on the wall that read: "Philemonis sacrum—Fausti poenitentia" (Philemon's Shrine—Faust's Repentance). (One of the murals in the tower is a portrait of Philemon.) On April 6, 1929, he wrote to Richard Wilhelm: "Why are there no worldly cloisters for men, who should live outside the times!"[304]

## *The Integration of the Anima*

A critical chapter in Jung's self-experimentation was what he termed the integration of the anima. Toni Wolff saw this as one side of the story, as it also involved the process by which he had "introjected" her. In 1944, apropos a dream, she noted that Jung placed undue stress on the subjective level, "because he had to realize the anima, but he thereby introjected me and took my substance."[305]

On January 5, 1922, Jung's soul advised as follows: "You should not break up a marriage, namely the marriage with me, no person should supplant me, least of all Toni. I want to rule alone."[306] The following day, she added, "You must let Toni go until she has found herself and is no longer a burden to you."[307] On the next day, his soul elucidated the symbolic significance of the relations between Jung, Emma Jung, and Toni Wolff in terms of Egyptian mythology.[308]

On December 23–24, 1923, Jung had the following dream:

> I am on military service. Marching with a battalion. In a wood by Ossingen[309] I come across excavations at a crossroads: 1 meter high stone figure of a frog or a toad without a head. Behind this sits a boy with a toad's head. Then the bust of a man with an anchor hammered into the region of his heart, Roman. A second bust from around 1640, the same motif. Then mummified corpses. Finally there comes a barouche in the style of the XVII century. In it sits someone who is dead, but still alive. She turns her head, when I address her as "Miss"; I am aware that "Miss" is a title of nobility.[310]

A few years later, he grasped the significance of this dream. He noted on December 4, 1926:

> I now see for the first time that the dream of 23/24 December 1923 means the death of the anima ("She does not know that she is dead.") This coincides with the death of my mother. . . .

> Since the death of my mother, the A. [Anima] has fallen silent. Meaningful![311]

He continued to note a few further dialogues with his soul, but his confrontation with the anima had effectively reached a closure at this point.

In contrast to a marriage, Toni Wolff saw her relationship with Jung as an "individual relation." On December 20, 1924, she noted: "Marriage is socially, legally, psychologically accepted. Nothing new can come from there; it can only be transformed, also individually, through individual relationships. That is why the individual relationship is a symbol of the soul."[312] On September 13, 1925, she noted that their relationship stood under the "sign of Philemon."[313] In retrospect, she reflected on the role she played for him:

> What C. has achieved now is all based on me. Through my faith, love, understanding and loyalty I have kept him and brought him out. I was his mirror, as he told me right at the beginning. / But my entire feeling, phantasy, mind, energy, responsibility worked for him. I have an effect—but I don't have substance. I didn't know how to "play." I gave him his life. Now he should give me mine and be a mirror to me.[314]

She understood this mirroring through her medial function, in the terms of the typology of the feminine that she developed: "Through my medial side, I am like C.'s hollow form and therefore I always wanted to be filled in by him."[315] Wolff was extremely dependent upon Jung during these years. On April 10, 1926, she noted, "Had a psychological scurvy through C.'s absence. Vitamin C."[316] The following day, she added a further analogy: "It is the same with me as with the Elgonyi: C. is not only vitamin. Also, when I am with him the rising sun is good, relaxing,

everything destructive has gone. When I am on my own, it eats away at me."[317] She repeatedly tried, but failed, to be more independent of him. She felt that his fame and success were increasingly taking him away from her and resented "his works, ideas, patients, lectures, E. [Emma], children."[318] This was cause for bitterness: "Again some resistance, when I think how he realized all his famous ideas through the relationship with me (which he only admits occasionally) and how famous he is now, and that E. is with him instead of me, and how I can never accompany him there."[319] An entry of 1937 simply states, "Ariadne on Naxos,"[320] implicitly likening her situation to that of Ariadne, abandoned on the island of Naxos after leading Theseus through the labyrinth.

In dedicated copies of his books, Jung gave private acknowledgment of her involvement. Her copy of *Psychological Types* bears the dedication:

> This book, as you know, has come to me from that world which you have brought to me. Only you know out of which misery it was born and in which spirit it was written. I put it in your hands as a sign of gratitude, which I cannot express through words[321]

Likewise, her copy of *Psychology and Alchemy* (1944) bears a dedication to his "soror mystica."[322] In public, he acknowledged her active role in all the phases of analytical psychology in his introduction to her collected papers.[323]

## *The Culmination*

On January 2, 1927, Jung had a dream set in Liverpool:

> I am with several young Swiss in Liverpool, down by the docks. It is a dark rainy night, with smoke and clouds. We

> walk up to the upper part of town, which lies on a plateau. We come to a small circular lake in a centrally located garden. In the middle of this there is an island. The men speak of a Swiss who lives here in such a sooty, dark dirty city. But I see that on the island stands a magnolia tree covered with red flowers illuminated by an eternal sun, and think, "Now I know why this Swiss fellow lives here. He apparently also knows why. I see the city map."[324]

He then painted a mandala based upon this map. He attached great significance to this dream, later commenting:

> This dream is my inner situation. I still now see this yellow-gray raincoat, shining with the moisture of the rain, and everything was terribly unpleasant. That is how I felt about myself. But I had the inner vision of this heavenly beauty, and thanks to that, one can live. And then I saw: that is conclusive, that is the goal. One cannot go above the middle. The middle is the goal and everything was directed toward this. From this I recognized that the self is an archetype of orientation and of meaning. The one Swiss is the I. He lives in one of the filthy streets in one of the carrefours. He is a small replica of the center. I know that the I is not the center, it is not the self, but from there I have a sight of the divine wonder. I certainly did not live there, but I lived "excentrically." The small light appeared to me as the likeness of the great light: so there was also something in the excentric aspect which recalled the original vision for me. After this dream I gave up painting or drawing mandalas. I then understood that there was no straight-line of development, but that development first led up from below, onto the mountain. That is one straight line development. But if one is initially above, one sees the great expanse with the lake, the island and the tree of light within it. . . . This dream described the apex of the whole unconscious process of development. It completely satisfied me, since it fully expressed my situation. I was utterly lonely then. I knew that I was occupied with something quite great, but which no one understood. This clarification through the

> dream made it possible for me to consider objectively what filled me. For me, the small sidelight was the I, it was like a recollection of the magnificent tree in the middle. The others did not see the tree, only I saw it. It was as if the sun shone there, but it was also as if the flowers were self-illuminated. It was as if this tree stood in sunlight. It was bright day there, and unbelievably beautiful. Where we stood was dark, cold and showery night. My life would have actually lost its meaning without such a vision. But the meaning was expressed here.[325]

The realization was that the self was the goal of the process of individuation. Progression was not linear but involved a circumambulation of the self. This realization gave him strength, for "otherwise the whole experience would have driven me crazy, or would have driven other people crazy."[326] He felt that the mandala drawings showed him the self "in its saving function" and that this was his salvation. The task now was one of consolidating these insights into his life and science.

In his 1926 revision of *The Psychology of the Unconscious Processes*, he highlighted the significance of the midlife transition. He argued that the first half of life could be characterized as the natural phase, in which the prime aim was establishing oneself in the world, earning an income, and raising a family. The second half, the cultural phase, involved a reevaluation of earlier values. The goal in this period was one of conserving previous values while recognizing their opposites. This meant that individuals had to develop the undeveloped and neglected aspects of their personality.[327] The individuation process was now conceived as the general pattern of human development. He argued that there was a lack of guidance for this transition in contemporary society, and he saw his psychology as filling this lacuna. Outside of analytical psychology, Jung's formulations had an impact on the field

of adult developmental psychology. Clearly his crisis experience formed the template for this conception of the tasks of the two halves of life. The *Black Books* and *Liber Novus* depict his reappraisal of his previous values, and his attempt to develop the neglected aspects of his personality. Thus they formed the basis of his understanding of how the midlife transition could be successfully navigated.

In 1928, as we have seen, he published *The Relations between the I and the Unconscious*. It was a small book, expanding on his 1916 paper "The structure of the unconscious." Jung wrote about the "interior drama" of the transformation process. He enlarged upon his earlier discussion and added a section dealing in detail with the process of individuation. He noted that after one had dealt with the fantasies from the personal sphere, one met with fantasies from the impersonal sphere. These were not simply arbitrary but converged upon a goal. Hence these later fantasies could be described as processes of initiation. For this process to take place, active participation was required: "When the conscious mind participates actively and experiences each stage of the process . . . then the next image always starts off on the higher level that has been won, and purposiveness develops."[328]

After the assimilation of the personal unconscious, the differentiation of the persona, and the overcoming of the state of godlikeness, the next stage was the integration of the anima for men and of the animus for women. Jung argued that just as it was essential for a man to distinguish between what he was and how he appeared to others, it was essential to become conscious of "his invisible relations to the unconscious" and hence to differentiate himself from the anima. He noted that when the anima was unconscious, it was projected. He laid out the following sequence in the development of the anima and its relation to the man's mother:

> The first bearer of the soul-image is always the mother; later it is borne by those women who arouse the man's feelings, whether in a positive or negative sense. Because the mother is the first bearer of the soul-image, separation from her is a delicate and important matter of the greatest educational significance.[329]

For a man, the mother "protects him against the dangers that threaten from the darkness of his soul."[330] Subsequently, the anima, in the form of the mother-imago, is transferred to the wife: "his wife has to take over the magical role of the mother. Under the cloak of the ideally exclusive marriage, he is really seeking his mother's protection, and thus he plays into the hands of his wife's protective instincts."[331] What is ultimately required is the "objectification of the anima." A successful engagement and integration led to

> the overcoming of the anima as an autonomous complex, and her transformation into a function of relationship between consciousness and the unconscious. Through this process the anima forfeits the daemonic power of an autonomous complex; that means she can no longer exercise possession, since she is depotentiated.[332]

To achieve this depossession, one needed to enter into dialogue with her and pose questions, through inner dialogue or active imagination. Everyone, he claimed, had this ability to hold dialogues with him- or herself. Active imagination would thus be one form of inner dialogue, a type of dramatized thinking. It was critical to disidentify from the thoughts that arose, and to overcome the assumption that one had produced them oneself.[333] What was most essential was not interpreting or understanding the fantasies but experiencing them. This represented a shift from his paper on the transcendent function, in which

he had emphasized creative formulation and understanding. He argued that one should treat the fantasies completely literally while one was engaged in them, but symbolically when one interpreted them.[334] This was a direct description of his procedure in the *Black Books*. The task of such discussions was to objectify the effects of the anima and become conscious of the underlying content while integrating these into consciousness. When one had succeeded in doing this, the anima then became a function of the relationship between consciousness and the unconscious, enabling communication between the two, as opposed to working as an autonomous complex. Again, this process of the integration of the anima was the subject of *Liber Novus* and the *Black Books*. It also highlights the fact that the fantasies here should be read symbolically and not literally. To take statements from them out of context and to cite them literally would represent a serious misunderstanding. Jung noted that this process had three effects:

> The first effect is that the range of consciousness is increased by the inclusion of a great number and variety of unconscious contents. The second is a gradual diminution of the dominating influence of the unconscious. The third is an *alteration in the personality*.[335]

After one had achieved the integration of the anima, one was confronted with another figure—namely, the "mana personality." Jung argued that when the anima lost her "mana," or power, the man who assimilated it must have acquired this and so become a "mana-personality," a being of superior will and wisdom. However, this figure was "a *dominant* of the collective unconscious, the recognized archetype of the powerful man in the form of hero, chief, magician, medicine man, and saint, the lord of men and

spirits, the friend of gods."[336] Thus in integrating the anima and attaining her power, one inevitably identified with the figure of the magician, and one faced the task of differentiating oneself from this. He added that for women, the corresponding figure was that of the Great Mother. If one gave up the claim to victory over the anima, possession by the figure of the magician ceased, and one realized that the mana truly belonged to the "midpoint of the personality"—that is, the self. The assimilation of the contents of the mana personality led to the self. His description of the encounter with the mana personality, the identification and subsequent disidentification with it, corresponds to his encounter with Philemon. Of the self, he wrote: "It might as well be called 'god in us.' The beginnings of our whole psychic life seem to be inextricably rooted to this point, and all our highest and deepest purposes seem to be striving toward it."[337] His description of the self conveys the significance of his realization following his Liverpool dream:

> The *self* could be characterized as a kind of compensation for the conflict between inner and outer. . . . the self is also the goal of life, because it is the most complete expression of that fateful combination we call individuality. . . . With the experiencing of the self as something irrational, as an indefinable being to which the I is neither opposed nor subjected, but in a relation of dependence, and around which it revolves, very much as the earth revolves about the sun—then the goal of individuation has been reached.[338]

In the *Black Books* in the 1920s, one finds the lengthening shadows of death, commencing with Jung's grief at his mother's death, followed by the premature deaths of close friends (Hermann Sigg in 1927, and Hans Schmid in 1932) and patients (George Porter and Jerome Schloss in 1927).[339] In an entry of 1927, Jung referred to

thoughts regarding the death of his wife and himself. Jung's father had died at the age of fifty-four; in 1929, Jung himself reached this age. The proximity of mortality brought with it intimations of immortality. That year, he wrote in his "Commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower*" that as a physician he attempted to "strengthen the conviction of immortality," especially with older patients. Death, he argued, should be seen as a goal rather than an end, and he designated the latter part of life as "life toward death."[340] Two years later, in his paper "The Turning Point of Life," he elaborated on this theme, characterizing the psychological transformations of the midlife transition. He noted that the notion of life after death was a primordial image, and that it made sense to live in accordance with this. From the perspective of a doctor of souls, he argued, it made sense to regard death as only a transition.[341] Three years later, he wrote a paper on "Soul and death," characterizing religions as systems for the preparation for death. He argued that, given the collective soul of humanity, death might be regarded as the fulfilment of life's meaning. Belief in an afterlife was anthropologically normative, and it was rather secular materialism that viewed death as a pure cessation. This was an aberrant development, viewed from a historical and cross-cultural perspective. The issue of death became particularly acute at midlife. From then, "only those remain living who are willing to die with life. Since what happens in the secret hour of the midday of life is the reversal of the parabola, *the birth of death*."[342] The *Black Books* chart how Jung negotiated the "reversal of the parabola." Seen from this perspective, his personal transformation, his individuation, was a preparation for death.

## *The Confrontation with the World*

In 1928, Jung painted a mandala of a golden castle in the calligraphic volume of *Liber Novus*.[343] It struck him that the mandala had something Chinese about it. Shortly afterward, Richard Wilhelm sent him *The Secret of the Golden Flower*, asking him to write a commentary on it. Wilhelm had spoken at the Psychological Club in 1921 on the *I Ching*, and Jung later got to know him at Count Keyserling's School of Wisdom in Darmstadt. Jung was struck by the text and its timing:

> the text gave me an undreamed-of confirmation of my ideas about the mandala and the circumambulation of the center. This was the first event which broke through my isolation. I became aware of an affinity; I could establish ties with someone and something.[344]

The significance of this is reflected in the lines he wrote beneath the painting of the Yellow Castle.[345] Jung was struck between the correspondences between the imagery and conceptions of this text and his own paintings and fantasies, and the fate that had brought him and Wilhelm together. On May 25, 1929, he wrote to Wilhelm: "Fate appears to have given us the role of two bridge pillars which carry the bridge between East and West."[346] It was only later that he realized that the alchemical nature of the text was important.[347] On September 10, 1929, he wrote to Wilhelm: "I am thrilled by this text, which stands so close to our unconscious."[348]

Jung's commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower* was a turning point. It was his first public discussion of the significance of the mandala. For the first time, he anonymously presented three of his own paintings from *Liber Novus* as examples of European mandalas and commented on them.[349] To Wilhelm, he wrote on October 28, 1929, concerning the mandalas in the volume: "the

images amplify one another precisely through their diversity they give an excellent image of the effort of the unconscious European spirit to grasp Eastern eschatology."[350] This connection between the "European unconscious spirit" and Eastern eschatology became one of the major themes in Jung's work in the 1930s. He explored it through further collaborations—with the Indologists Wilhelm Hauer and Heinrich Zimmer.[351] At the same time, the form of the work was crucial: rather than revealing the full details of his own experiment or those of his patients, Jung used the parallels with *The Secret of the Golden Flower* as an indirect way of speaking about it, much as he had begun to do in chapter 5 of *Psychological Types*. This allegorical method now became his preferred form. Rather than write directly of his experiences, he commented on analogous developments in esoteric practices, most of all in medieval alchemy.

Shortly afterward, Jung abruptly left off working on *Liber Novus*. The last full-page image was left unfinished, and he stopped transcribing the text. In 1932, he stopped writing in the *Black Books*. He later recalled: "When I had arrived at this central point (Tao), the confrontation with the world began: I began to give many lectures and to write small essays. At that time I gave lectures in many places."[352] A number of these were collected together in the edited volumes *Contributions to Analytical Psychology* (1928) and *Seelenprobleme der Gegenwart* [Problems of the Soul in the Present Time] *(*1931).[353] Thus his confrontation with his soul drew to a close, and the confrontation with the world began. He saw these activities as a form of compensation for the years of inner preoccupation.[354] In 1932, he received the literature prize of the City of Zürich. On November 25, he wrote to Ruth Bailey, "Since I'm getting dangerously famous in this old continent I've no peace and leisure anymore. The Negro

spiritual says, ‘Steal away to Jesus,’ and I say, ‘Steal away to Bollingen’ if I can help it.”[355]

## *The Comparative Study of the Individuation Process*

In November 1928, Jung convened a seminar at the Psychological Club on the subject of dream analysis.[356] It took the form of an extended study of the dreams of an irritable, anxious, forty-five-year-old businessman who was estranged from his wife. The seminar ran till June 1930. That October, Jung gave a week-long seminar at the Hotel Sonne in Küsnacht for twelve German doctors.[357] The seminar was held in response to a request from the participants to hear him speak on “the development and meaning of unconscious images.”[358] He described the active imaginations of a thirty-year-old American woman subsequently identified as Christiana Morgan.

After this, he had intended to continue with his English dream analysis seminar. Asked to repeat the seminar in English, he instead proposed an alternative, “the development . . . of the transcendent function out of dreams and visions, and the actual representations of those images which ultimately serve in the synthesis of the individual: the reconciliation of the pairs of opposites and the whole process of symbol formation.”[359] On November 31 he asked Christiana Morgan’s permission to use her material to “explain the secrets of unconscious initiation processes.” He added that he had already used it in his German seminar, “from a purely impersonal point of view naturally, hiding any personal inferences,” and it was “really of rare beauty, and an almost unique case in its completeness and accuracy of vision, far more so than we expected, when we were personally dealing with it.”[360]

Rather than present his own material, he had found an example through which he could show a process parallel to what he himself had undergone, thus vindicating its clinical application and showing its replicability. This seminar can in part be regarded as an indirect commentary on *Liber Novus*. To demonstrate the empirical validity of the conceptions that he derived in *Liber Novus*, he had to show that the processes described therein were not unique. This seminar was to run for four years, coming to a halt when Christina Morgan's identity became apparent. Thereafter, at the students' request, he turned to the subject of Nietzsche's *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, viewing it through the lens of his own self-experimentation, and reading the work as if it were Nietzsche's *Liber Novus*.[361]

In October 1931, Jung ran a seminar in German at the Hotel Sonne.[362] He spoke again regarding active imagination, drawing this time on a series of different cases. This appears to have attracted a much larger audience than the one he had drawn the previous year, with about 40 percent of the participants being from Germany. He followed this with a collaborative seminar with Wilhelm Hauer on Kundalini yoga. Hauer presented the topic in seminars in German and English, and Jung provided psychological commentary on its symbolism, emphasizing the emergence of the imagery among contemporary American and European patients. In working with Hauer, Jung was in effect continuing his collaboration with Richard Wilhelm, exploring the cross-cultural symbolism of the individuation process, and how Eastern esoteric practices and the "unconscious initiation processes" of the psychotherapy of individuation could illuminate each other. Hauer and Jung also worked with Heinrich Zimmer in his seminars in Berlin in 1933.[363]

Jung also began to get involved in psychotherapy organizations. In 1930, he became vice president of the

General Medical Society for Psychotherapy, which was predominantly German. After Ernst Kretschmer's resignation in 1933, he became the acting president, and then president in 1934. Some of his associates, including Cary Baynes, had strongly advised him against this. He was criticized for taking on the position but saw his aim as one of "trying to get a still young and insecure science into a place of safety during an earthquake."[364] He set about internationalizing the society and protecting the status of Jewish practitioners as independent members. He was also heavily criticized for comments contrasting Aryan and Jewish psychology at this time.[365]

In the mid-1930s Jung took up the study of alchemy in earnest. His acquaintance with it went back to his research for *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*. In his view, alchemists had been engaged in something akin to what he called the process of active imagination. Furthermore, alchemical symbols depicted the process of individuation. At a historical level, the work had further significance, as the symbolic material was precisely what was excluded by ecclesiastical Christianity and thus had the function of a compensatory undercurrent. For example, Jung's vision of the God Abraxas bore striking parallels to the figure of Mercurius in alchemy.[366] He noted in retrospect that "my encounter with alchemy was decisive for me, as it provided me with the historical basis which I had hitherto lacked."[367] The Gnostic material he had studied had been too remote from the present, and he believed that alchemy formed the historical bridge between Gnosticism and the psychology of the unconscious. If his thesis was correct, he would be able to demonstrate that the results of his undertaking were not limited to himself, close associates, and patients but had wider historical and cultural significance. Had he simply published his patients' material, their cases could easily have been dismissed as

the product of autosuggestion or suggestion, rather than constituting firm empirical evidence. His philological deciphering of alchemy took place in a series of eight notebooks and an index volume.[368] He wrote out extensive excerpts from alchemical texts and underlined key phrases, which he then recorded in the index volume. Call slips in these volumes indicated that he initially conducted extensive research in the Basel University library back in the winter of 1935. His work in the *Black Books* and the calligraphic volume of *Liber Novus* now ceded place to his work in his alchemy notebooks.

In 1935 he wrote "Individual Dream Symbolism in Relation to Alchemy" and included as an epigraph the following lines from Virgil's *Aeneid*:

> . . . *facilis descensus Averno;*
> *noctes atque dies patet atri ianua Ditis;*
> *sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras,*
> *hoc opus, hic labor est* . . . (VI, 126–29)
>
> Easy is the descent to Avernus:
> night and day the door of gloomy Dis stands open;
> but to recall your steps and pass out to the upper air,
> this is the task, this is the toil.[369]

These lines are spoken by the Sibyl at Cumae, cautioning Aeneas, who ardently desires to descend to the underworld to see the face of his father once more. The citation can be read as a riposte to Freud's citation of the *Aeneid* at the beginning of *The Interpretation of Dreams*. Freud quotes Juno, who is thwarted by Aeneas: "Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo" (If I can not bend the upper powers, I will move the Acheron).[370] The publication heralded a critical turn, as Jung was to spend the next twenty years of his life immersed in the study of alchemy.

The epigragh spoke to his situation, for he had completed his descent into the underworld, his “confrontation with the unconscious,” and had stopped writing in the *Black Books* and had chosen not to publish *Liber Novus* at this juncture. Hence he was faced with finding another way of presenting the insights gleaned in his self-experimentation. The return to the upper air, by means of comparative historical scholarship, was to be his task and his toil. As he commented to Aniela Jaffé years later,

> For something like fifteen years long I read books, to find a sort of clothing material for this primal revelation, that I myself could not manage. It cost me forty-five years, so to speak, to bring the things that I once wrote down somewhat under control in the vessel of my work.[371]

While *Liber Novus* had been an attempt to present the meaning of the revelation, he now had to come back from the “human side”—from science. The cost was considerable: “I paid with my life, and I have paid with my science.”[372] Alchemy now presented him with a mode to present his researches in an allegorical manner. Hence his works on the psychology of alchemy were double-sided—while they present original historical research and formidable scholarship, they were by no means purely academic studies, as in many ways the key referent was not what the alchemists may or may not have been engaged with, but Jung’s presentation of his conception of the individuation process and its depiction in symbols. In an encrypted manner, images and conceptions from *Liber Novus* and the *Black Books* surfaced, contextualized and amplified.

From the 1930s onward, Jung looked for a way to rediscover, through historical scholarship, the concepts he had independently arrived at. There were two main settings in which this project unfolded. In 1933, after an interval of

two decades, he returned to the university, lecturing at the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology. He was appointed a professor there in 1935. Between 1933 and 1941, he lectured over the course of fourteen semesters, presenting a historical overview of modern psychology and, above all, a comparative study of the individuation process, focusing on Patanjali's yoga sutras, the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola, Buddhist mediation, and Western alchemy.[373] The lectures were open to the general public. The critical insight that enabled these linkages and comparisons was Jung's realization that these practices were all based on different forms of active imagination, and that they all had as their goal the transformation of the personality. He understood the latter as the process of individuation. Thus Jung's ETH lectures provide a comparative history of active imagination, the practice he had developed in the *Black Books*.

The lectures went hand in hand with his regular participation at the Eranos conferences in Ascona, established in 1933 by Olga Froebe-Kapteyn.[374] The conferences ran for two weeks each year. They focused on the history of religion and culture, with a particular emphasis on the relation between East and West. Jung advised Froebe-Kapteyn concerning themes and speakers to invite but was careful to avoid the conferences becoming simply a vehicle for his school.

Scholars who participated in the conferences included Henry Corbin, Heinrich Zimmer, Victor White, D. T. Suzuki, Ernesto Buonaiuti, Giuseppi Tucci, Wilhelm Hauer, Louis Massignon, Gilles Quispel, Erwin Rousselle, Mircea Eliade, Paul Radin, Louis Massignon, Karl Kerényi, and Adolf Portmann. They served as an informal peer group and a critical audience to whom Jung's works from the mid-1930s were addressed. The comparative study of the individuation process with which he was engaged required the

collaboration of experts in the field of comparative religion. On the other hand, for many of these scholars, the links that he was trying to establish between psychology and their fields of expertise opened the possibility of unexpected applications of their work outside the confines of academia.

In conclusion, the *Black Books* provide a unique window into the creative process of a major psychologist. At a textual level, they enable one to follow how Jung's scholarly reading provided resources that inspired his fantasy, moving him to imagine in a mythic way. By reflecting on these resources, he attempted to divine broad insights from them, first cast in a lyrical form in *Liber Novus* and subsequently in conceptual and theoretical forms in his scholarly writings. As a *document humain* and psychological record, the *Black Books* chart Jung's attempt to resolve the twentieth-century crisis of meaning in his own person, and distill from this a means through psychotherapy for others to do likewise. In short, the *Black Books* and *Liber Novus* together form the core of analytical psychology, and enable its historical genesis to be studied from its inception. Jung's work may now be seen in the round, and the intimate connections between the esoteric visionary cycles and the exoteric psychology may be grasped. Jung later recalled that his "entire life consisted in elaborating what had burst forth from the unconscious like an enigmatic stream and threatened to break me. . . . Everything later was merely the outer classification, the scientific elaboration, the integration into life. But the numinous beginning, which contained everything, was then."[375] Thus the *Black Books* enable one to enter the private laboratory of analytical psychology and follow the genesis of a visionary science: that is, how a psychology was born of the visionary imagination, which in turn could form a science of visions.

1. Lecture at the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology (*ETH*) on June 14, 1935, in Barbara Hannah, ed., *Modern Psychology, Vols. 1 and 2: Notes on Lectures Given at the Eidgenössische Technische Hochschule, Zürich, by Prof. Dr. C.G. Jung, October 1933–July 1935*, 2nd ed. (Zürich, privately printed: 1959), p. 223.
2. *LN*, p. 127.
3. *MP*, p. 252; *Memories*, chapter 6. Jung first used the latter expression publicly in 1916, in "The Transcendent Function" (*CW* 8, § 183).
4. Desiderius Erasmus, *Opera Omnia*, II-3 (Amsterdam: Elsevier, 2005), pp. 240–41.
5. See Andreas Jung, Regula Michel, Arthur Rügg, Judith Rohrer, and Daniel Ganz, *The House of C.G. Jung: The History and Restoration of the Residence of Emma and Carl Gustav Jung-Rauschenbach* (Zürich: Stiftung C.G. Jung Küsnacht, 2009).
6. Between 1909 and 1914, Jung gave courses under the following titles: "Course on Psychotherapy with Demonstrations," "Psychopathology of Hysteria," "Introduction to Psychoanalysis," and "Psychology of the Unconscious" (Staatsarchiv, Zürich).
7. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology: Notes of the Seminar on Analytical Psychology Given in 1925*, rev. ed. Sonu Shamdasani; original ed. William McGuire (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Philemon Series, 2012), p. 24.
8. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1879–1910, 50 vols. Jung possessed an almost complete set.
9. Jung, *The Psychology of the Unconscious Processes* (*CW* B, § 36). In his 1952 revision of this text, Jung qualified this (*Symbols of Transformation*, 1952, *CW* 5, § 29).
10. "Address on the Founding of the C.G. Jung Institute, Zürich, 24 April, 1948," *CW* 18, § 1131.
11. *CW* 5, p. xxvi.
12. Ibid., p. xxix.
13. Ibid.
14. Cf. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 25.
15. *Book* 2, p. 160.
16. For Jung's subsequent understanding of this dream, see ibid., n. 53.
17. *Book* 2, p. 155.

18. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 42.
19. Ibid., p. 43. To the psychiatrist E. A. Bennet, his friend and biographer, he recalled, "At first he thought the 'twelve dead men' referred to the twelve days before Christmas for that is the dark time of the year, when traditionally witches are about. To say 'before Christmas' is to say 'before the sun lives again,' for Christmas day is at the turning point of the year when the sun's birth was celebrated in the Mithraic religion. . . . Only much later did he relate the dream to Hermes and the twelve doves" (*Meetings with Jung: Conversations Recorded by E. A. Bennet during the Years 1946–1961* [London: Anchor Press, 1982/Zürich: Daimon Verlag, 1985], p. 93). In "On the Psychological Aspects of the Figure of the Kore" (1941), Jung presented some material from *Liber Novus* (describing it as part of a dream series) in an anonymous form ("Case Z."), tracing the transformations of the anima. He noted that the dream recounted here "shows the anima as elflike, i.e., only partially human. She can just as well be a bird, which means that she may belong wholly to nature and can vanish (i.e., become unconscious) from the human sphere (i.e., consciousness)" (*CW* 9, pt. 1, § 371).
20. "On the Question of Psychological Types," *CW* 6.
21. *LN*, p. 123.
22. Ibid., p. 124.
23. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 44.
24. Ibid., p. 47.
25. Ibid., p. 48.
26. Barbara Hannah recalls, "Jung used to say in later years that his tormenting doubts as to his own sanity should have been allayed by the amount of success he was having at the same time in the outer world, especially in America" (*C.G. Jung: His Life and Work: A Biographical Memoir* [New York: Perigree, 1976], p. 109).
27. *MP*, p. 23.
28. *Draft*, *JFA*, p. 8.
29. Gerda Breuer and Ines Wagemann, *Ludwig Meidner: Zeichner, Maler, Literat 1884–1966* (Stuttgart: Verlag Gerd Hatje, 1991), vol. 2, pp. 124–49. For a detailed study of this theme, see Jay Winter, *Sites of Memory, Sites of Mourning: The Great War in European Cultural History* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1995), pp. 145–77.

30. Arthur Conan Doyle, *The New Revelation and The Vital Message* (London: Psychic Press, 1918), p. 9.
31. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 28.
32. Ibid.
33. Ibid.
34. *MP*, p. 23.
35. The subsequent notebooks are black. Hence Jung referred to them as the *Black Book*.
36. *Memories*, p. 197.
37. Ibid., p. 27.
38. *MP*, pp. 156–57.
39. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 51. He had cited the same lines on August 31, 1910, in a letter to Freud, posing them as a motto for psychoanalysis (William McGuire, ed., The *Freud/Jung Letters: The Correspondence Between Sigmund Freud and C.G.Jung* [Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 1974], p. 350).
40. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 48.
41. St. Augustine, *Soliloquies and Immortality of the Soul*, ed. and trans. Gerard Watson (Warminster: Aris & Phillips, 1990), p. 23. Watson notes that Augustine "had been through a period of intense strain, close to a nervous breakdown, and the Soliloquies are a form of therapy, an effort to cure himself by talking, or rather, writing" (p. v).
42. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 45. Jung's account here suggests that this dialogue took place in the autumn of 1913. But that is not certain, as the dialogue itself does not occur in the *Black Books*, and no other manuscript has yet come to light. If this dating is followed, and in the absence of other supporting material, it would appear that the voice was commenting on the November entries in *Book* 2, not to the subsequent text or paintings in *LN*.
43. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 48.
44. Ibid., p. 50.
45. *MP*, p. 171.
46. Riklin's paintings generally followed the style of Augusto Giacometti: semifigurative and fully abstract works, with soft floating colors (private possession, Peter Riklin). One painting of Riklin's from 1915–16, *Verkündigung*, in the Kunsthaus in Zürich, was donated by Maria Moltzer in 1945.
47. *Book* 2, p. 164.

48. Ibid., p. 165.
49. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 51.
50. *Book* 2, pp. 168ff.
51. Ibid., p. 179.
52. Siegfried, whom he had recently slain in a dream (ibid., p. 174).
53. Ibid., p. 171.
54. *MP*, p. 381.
55. *JFA*, p. 9.
56. *MP*, p. 145.
57. St. Ignatius of Loyola, "The Spiritual Exercises," in *Personal Writings*, trans. Joseph A. Munitiz and Philip Endean (London: Penguin, 1996), p. 298. In 1939–40, Jung presented a psychological commentary on these spiritual exercises at the ETH (ed. Martin Liebscher, Princeton University Press/Philemon Series, forthcoming).
58. This passage was reproduced by William White in his *Swedenborg: His Life and Writings* (London and Bath, 1867), vol. 1, pp. 293–94. Jung marked the second half of the passage with a line in the margin in his copy of this work.
59. See Silberer, "Bericht über eine Methode, gewisse symbolische Halluzinations-Erscheinungen hervorzurufen und zu beobachten," *Jahrbuch für psychoanalytische und psychopathologische Forschungen* 2 (1909): 513–25.
60. Staudenmaier, *Die Magie als experimentelle Naturwissenschaft* (Leipzig: Akademische Verlagsgesellschaft, 1912), p. 19.
61. Jung had a copy of Staudenmaier's book and marked some passages in it.
62. There are also similarities with theurgic practices of ritual invocation. The locus classicus for this was Iamblichus's *On the Mysteries*, with which Jung later became familiar. He had a 1497 edition of Iamblichus's work, which he cited in 1934 in "A Study in the Process of Individuation" (*CW* 9, pt. 1, § 573). On Iamblichus and theurgy, see Garth Fowden, *The Egyptian Hermes: A Historical Approach to the Late Pagan Mind* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1993).
63. McGuire's footnote, *Freud/Jung Letters*, p. 351.
64. *Freud/Jung Letters*, p. 352. Martha Böddinghaus came to Jung from Munich for analysis in 1910 and thereafter became an

analyst. She married Hermann Sigg the year she arrived. He became a close friend of Jung's (see *Book* 7, p. 238, n. 252).

65. "Dreams," *JFA*, p. 4. See *Book* 6, p. 285, n. 321.
66. Moltzer to Freud, April 24, 1912, Freud Collection, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress.
67. Freud to Ferenczi, December 23, 1912, *The Correspondence of Sigmund Freud and Sándor Ferenczi, Volume 1, 1908–1914*, ed. Ernst Falzeder, trans. Peter Hoffer (Cambridge: Harvard University Press/Belknap Press, 1993), p. 446. Jung's pupil Jolande Jacobi recalled, "I heard from others, about the time before he [Jung] met Toni Wolff, that he had a love affair there in the Burghölzli with a girl—what was her name? Moltzer" (Jacobi interview, *CLM*, p. 110).
68. *Book* 2, p. 155.
69. Cited in Hannah, *Jung: His Life and Work: A Biographical Memoir* (New York: Putnam, 1976), p. 104.
70. Ibid.
71. *Diary* K, p. 143.
72. Hannah, *C.G. Jung: His Life and Work: A Biographical Memoir*, p. 104.
73. April 14, 1930, *Diary* H, pp. 75–76.
74. *Freud/Jung Letters*, p. 440.
75. *Diary* A.
76. *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, *CW* B, §§ 358ff.
77. *Faust*, 1, act 1, ll. 702–19.
78. That is, Jung.
79. Toni Wolff, *Diary* B, p. 98.
80. *Book* 2, p. 156.
81. Toni Wolff, *Diary* K, September 25, 1937, p. 151.
82. *MZS*, p. 47.
83. *MP*, p. 98.
84. Toni Wolff, *Diary* M, p. 84.
85. *MP*, p. 171.
86. Wolff, *Diary* O, February 18, 1951, p. 102. On April 26, 1936, Wolff noted in her diary: "I still transfer father symbols onto C. That is why I am never entirely with myself and am no counterweight to him" (Toni Wolff, *Diary* J, p. 101).
87. Wolff, *Diary* K, March 11, 1937, p. 77.
88. Wolff, *Diary* A, January 30–31, 1913.
89. See especially Susanne Trüb and Fowler McCormick, interviews with Gene Nameche, *CLM*.

90. Susanne Trüb, interview with Gene Nameche, *CLM*, p. 31.
91. *MP*, p. 173.
92. See *Book* 7, pp. 163ff.
93. Wolff, *Diary* E, January 11, 1926, p. 17. Regarding the Egyptian concept of the Ba, E. A. Wallis Budge noted, "To that part of man which beyond all doubt was believed to enjoy an eternal existence in heaven in a state of glory, the Egyptians gave the name ba, a word which means something like 'sublime,' 'noble' and which has always hitherto been translated by 'soul.' The ba is not incorporeal, for although it dwells in the ka, and is in some respects, like the heart, the principle of life in man, still it possesses both substance and form: in form it is depicted as a human-headed hawk, and in nature and substance it is stated to be exceedingly refined or ethereal. It revisited the body in the tomb and re-animated it, and conversed with it; it could take upon itself any shape that it pleased; and it had the power of passing into heaven and of dwelling with the perfected souls there. It was eternal" (*The Book of the Dead: The Papyrus of Ani in the British Museum* [London: Longmans & Co, 1895], p. lxiv).
94. Wolff, *Diary* F, January 30, 1926, p. 25.
95. Wolff, *Diary* C, September 13, 1925, p. 95; *Diary* F, February 7, 1926, p. 37.
96. Ximena Roelli de Angulo, Cary Baynes's daughter, recalled, "I think that Emma must have always played just as large a part in his creative life as Toni did—just a different part" (interview with Gene Nameche, Jung biographical archive, *CLM*, p. 54).
97. Ernest Jones to Sigmund Freud, September 12, 1912, *The Complete Correspondence of Sigmund Freud and Ernest Jones 1908–1939*, ed. Andrew Paskauskas (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1993), p. 160.
98. Suzanne Trüb, interview with Gene Nameche, Jung biographical archive, *CLM*, p. 5.
99. *MP*, p. 174.
100. Emma Jung and Marie-Louise von Franz, *The Grail Legend*, trans. Andrea Dykes (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1988).
101. *Book* 4, p. 228.
102. *MP*, pp. 23–24.
103. *Book* 5, p. 215.
104. *Memories*, p. 219.

105. *LN*, p. 124.
106. *MZS*, p. 61.
107. This is based on a study of Jung's correspondence at the ETH and in other archives and collections.
108. Between 1913 and 1917, these were: 1913, 16 days; 1914, 14 days; 1915, 67 days; 1916, 34 days; 1917, 117 days. In 1915 and 1916, he served as an army physician in a cavalry regiment.
109. *Memories*, p. 214.
110. Jung, "On Psychological Understanding," *CW* 3, § 396.
111. Ibid., *§* 398.
112. Ibid., § 399.
113. *CW* 3, §§ 438–65.
114. *LN*, p. 125.
115. Combat interview (1952) in William McGuire and R. F. C. Hull, eds., *C.G. Jung Speaking: Interviews and Encounters* (London: Picador, 1980), pp. 233–34.
116. *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, *CW* 14, § 756.
117. See above, pp. 17–19; *Book* 2, pp. 169, 174, 194; *Book* 3, p. 115; *Book* 4, p. 220; *Book* 5, p. 226; above, p. 35.
118. *LN*, p. 474.
119. *LN*, p. 470.
120. *ZS*, p. 381. On Jung's reading of Nietzsche, see Paul Bishop, *The Dionysian Self: C.G. Jung's Reception of Nietzsche* (Berlin: Walter de Gruyter, 1995); Martin Liebscher, *Libido und Wille zur Macht. C.G. Jungs Auseinandersetzung mit Nietzsche* (Basel: Schwabe, 2011); and Graham Parkes, "Nietzsche and Jung: Ambivalent Appreciations," in Jacob Golomb, Weaver Santaniello, and Ronald Lehrer, eds., *Nietzsche and Depth Psychology* (Albany: SUNY Press, 1999), pp. 205–27. On the role of Nietzsche in *Liber Novus*, see Gaia Domenici, "Books 'For All and None': Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*, Jung's *The Red Book*, and 'Visionary Works,' " PhD thesis, University of Pisa, 2015.
121. See *Book* 2, p. 197. On this subject, see my "Descensus ad Infernos: la saison en enfer de C.G. Jung," in Edith Alleart-Bertin, ed., *Danger et nécessité de l'individuation* (Brussels: L'arbre soleil, 2016), pp. 27–76; and Tommaso Priviero, "On the Service of the Soul: C.G. Jung's *Liber Novus* and Dante's *Commedia*," *Phanês: Journal for Jung History* 1 (2018): 28–58.
122. *MZS*, January 30, 1914, pp. 47ff.

123. See *Memories*, chapters 2 and 3.
124. For example, by page 53 of the *Draft*, there is a note written in the margin: “Awesome! Why cut?” Jung evidently took this advice and retained the original passages. See *LN*, p. 151, second paragraph.
125. *Book* 5, p. 235.
126. *LN*, p. 474.
127. *Book* 5, p. 235.
128. *LN*, p. 475.
129. *Book* 5, p. 239.
130. Jung to Schmid, November 6, 1915, in *The Question of Psychological Types: The Correspondence of C.G. Jung and Hans Schmid-Guisan, 1915–1916*, ed. John Beebe and Ernst Falzeder, trans. Ernst Falzeder (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Philemon Series, 2013), p. 131.
131. Ibid., p. 140.
132. Ibid.
133. Ibid., p. 141. This dream may be found in *Book* 4, p. 265.
134. *The Question of Psychological Types: The Correspondence of C.G. Jung and Hans Schmid-Guisan, 1915–1916*, pp. 141–42.
135. Maeder papers.
136. On the formation of the Club, see my *Cult Fictions: C.G. Jung and the Founding of Analytical Psychology* (London: Routledge, 1998).
137. Jung to Poul Bjerre, April 2, 1917, *JA*.
138. *Liber Secundus*, “Nox secunda” (*LN*, p. 340), commenting on a fantasy of January 17, 1914 (*Book* 3, pp. 205ff.). On this issue, see James Hillman and Sonu Shamdasani, *Lament of the Dead: Psychology After Jung’s Red Book* (New York: W. W. Norton, 2013).
139. *Liber Secundus*, “Nox secunda” (*LN*, p. 342).
140. Ibid., p. 344.
141. Ibid., p. 433.
142. Ibid., p. 345, n. 187.
143. *Book* 5, p. 255.
144. Ibid., pp. 269ff.
145. See appendix, p. 131.
146. *CFB*.
147. *Memories*, pp. 215–16.
148. *Book* 4, p. 207.

149. The historical Basilides was a Gnostic who taught in Alexandria in the second century CE. See Bentley Layton, ed., *The Gnostic Scriptures: Ancient Wisdom for the New Age* (New York: Doubleday, 1987), pp. 417–44.
150. *MP*, p. 26.
151. Library, Psychological Club, Zürich.
152. January 19, 1917, *Letters* 1, pp. 33–34. Sending a copy of the *Sermones* to Jolande Jacobi, Jung described them as "a curiosity from the workshop of the unconscious" (October 7, 1928, *JA*).
153. After his separation with Freud, Jung found that Flournoy was of continued support to him. See Jung in Flournoy's 1900 work *From India to the Planet Mars: A Case of Multiple Personality with Imaginary Languages*, ed. Sonu Shamdasani, trans. D. Vermilye (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1994), p. ix.
154. *CW* 7, §§ 444–46.
155. Ibid., § 449.
156. Ibid., § 459.
157. Ibid., p. 468.
158. Ibid., p. 521.
159. *CW* 18, § 1098.
160. *CW* 18, § 1100.
161. This was published only in 1957, trans. A. R. Pope (Zürich: Students Association, C.G. Jung Institute). A revised version is found in *CW* 8.
162. *JFA*.
163. *CW* 8, § 155.
164. *CW* 8, §§ 170–71. A planchette is a small wooden board on coasters used to facilitate automatic writing.
165. *CW* 8, § 186.
166. Ibid., p. 4.
167. *CW* 7, pp. 3–4.
168. In his 1943 revision of this work, Jung added that the personal unconscious "corresponds to the figure of the *shadow* so frequently met with in dreams" (*CW* 7, § 103). He added the following definition of this figure: "By *shadow* I understand the 'negative' side of the personality, the sum of all those hidden unpleasant qualities, the insufficiently developed functions and the contents of the personal unconscious" (ibid., § 103n.). Subsequently, this phase of the individuation process was

described as the encounter with the shadow (see *CW* 9, pt. 2, §§ 13–19).

169. *The Psychology of the Unconscious Processes*, in Jung, *Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology*, 2nd ed., ed. and trans. Constance E. Long (London: Baillière, Tindall & Cox, 1917), pp. 416–17.
170. Ibid., p. 432.
171. Ibid., p. 435.
172. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 103.
173. *Book* 2, pp. 179–96.
174. *Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology*, p. 444.
175. *Book* 6, p. 227.
176. *Book* 7, pp. 158ff., 165.
177. See appendix, p. 141.
178. Copied in Constance Long's diary, *CLM*, pp. 21–22.
179. They had fair and dark hair, respectively.
180. "Dreams," p. 17.
181. *Book* 6, p. 258.
182. Ibid.
183. *Book* 7, p. 163.
184. Ibid., p. 175.
185. John C. Burnham, *Jelliffe: American Psychoanalyst and Physician and His Correspondence with Sigmund Freud and C.G. Jung*, ed. William McGuire (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1983), p. 199.
186. See The Foundation of the Works of C.G. Jung, eds., *The Art of C.G. Jung* (New York: W. W. Norton, 2018).
187. See appendix, p. 123.
188. *Book* 7, pp. 148ff.
189. *MP*, p. 172.
190. Ibid., p. 220. Regarding Moltzer's conception of art, Fanny Bowditch Katz noted in her diary that Moltzer saw her paintings as "purely subjective, not works of art" (July 31, 1916, *CLM*). On another occasion, Katz notes that Moltzer "spoke of Art, real art, being the expression of religion" (August 24, 1916, *CLM*).
191. *MP*, p. 221.
192. See appendix, p. 129.
193. Unpublished letter, *JFA*. There also exists an undated painting by Moltzer that appears to be a quadrated mandala. She described it in brief accompanying notes as "a pictorial

presentation of Individuation or of the Individuation process" (Library, Psychological Club, Zürich).

194. Jung, "Commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower*," *CW* 13, § 34.
195. Ibid., § 35.
196. Fanny Bowditch Katz, Diary, *CLM*. "R." refers to Rudolf Katz, whom Fanny Bowditch married.
197. J. B. Lang papers, Swiss Literary Archives, Berne. On Lang, see Thomas Feitknecht, ed., *"Die dunkle und wilde Seite der Seele": Hermann Hesse. Briefwechsel mit seinem Psychoanalytiker Josef Bernhard Lang, 1916–1944* (Frankfurt: Suhrkampf, 2006).
198. Minutes of the Psychological Club, Psychological Club archives.
199. Sarah Barker, "The Club problem," Katz papers, *CLM*, p. 1.
200. Ibid., p. 2.
201. Moltzer to Bowditch Katz, August 1, 1918, Katz papers, *CLM*.
202. Private possession, Stephen Martin.
203. *MP*, p. 172.
204. *MP*, p. 173. The immediate sources that Jung drew on for his concept of the self appear to be the Atman/Brahman conception in Hinduism, which he discussed in *Psychological Types*, and certain passages in Nietzsche's *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*. Nietzsche writes: "The Self also seeks with the eyes of sense, it listens too with the ears of the spirit. The Self is always listening and seeking: it compares, subdues, conquers, destroys. It rules and is also the I's ruler. Behind your thoughts and feelings, my brother, stands a mighty commander, an unknown sage—he is called Self" (Section 1, "Of the Despisers of the Body," trans. R. J. Hollingdale [Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1984], p. 62). The passage is underlined as in Jung's copy. There are also lines by the margin and exclamation marks. In commenting on this passage in 1935 in his seminar on *Zarathustra*, Jung said: "I was already very interested in the concept of the self, but I was not sure how I should understand it. I made my marks when I came across these passages, and they seemed very important to me. . . . The concept of the self continued to recommend itself to me. . . . I thought that Nietzsche meant a sort of thing-in-itself behind the psychological phenomenon. . . . I saw then also that he was

producing a concept of the self which was like the Eastern concept; it is an Atman idea" (*ZS*, vol. 1, p. 391).

205. Ibid.
206. Jung to Lang, October 10, 1923 (private possession, Stephen Martin).
207. Private possession, Stephen Martin.
208. On page 23 of the manuscript of *Scrutinies*, there is a date: "27/11/17." It probably indicates that the text was written in the latter half of 1917, and after the mandala experiences at Château d'Oex.
209. *LN*, pp. 514ff.
210. *Book* 5, p. 239.
211. *LN*, p. 480.
212. *Book* 5, p. 239.
213. *LN*, pp. 482–83.
214. *JFA*. This statement is entirely in keeping with Jung's comments about her in his adolescent diary in August 1899: "E.R. I am in love; I love with that searching yearning that Swedenborg so wonderfully describes: the anticipation of the other self, the unity preparing for heavenly, eternal times. Does she think of me? Does she know it? Could I have deluded myself? Is she not the destined one? I cannot believe that my feeling has deluded me. It must be her (. . .) E.R. In the dark shades of the trees, in the bright rooms of sunny nature I see only her, the sweet one in her familiar stature, in her bright dress with the red ribbons, she, who is so intimately akin to my soul. Does she know it? Does she feel my love regardless of the extent of space that separates?" (*JFA*). The reference is to Swedenborg's conception of conjugal love. Jung had taken out Swedenborg's book on this topic from the Basel University library on October 18, 1898.
215. *LN*, p. 483.
216. On January 17, 1918, Jung wrote to J. B. Lang, "The work on the unconscious has to happen first and foremost for *us ourselves*. Our patients profit from it indirectly. The danger consists in the prophet's delusion, which often is the result of dealing with the unconscious. *It is the devil* who says: Disdain all reason and science, mankind's highest powers. That is never appropriate even though we are forced to acknowledge (the existence of) the irrational" (private possession, Stephen

Martin). The reference is to Mephistopheles's statement in *Faust*, 1, ll. 1851ff).

217. *Book* 5, p. 270.
218. September 28, 1916, *Book* 6, p. 259.
219. *CW* 9, pt. 1.
220. *Book* 7, p. 178.
221. Ibid., p. 180.
222. *Memories*, pp. 370–71.
223. *CW* 9, pt. 1, § 309.
224. Calligraphic volume of *LN*, pp. 44–64.
225. See *The Art of C.G. Jung*.
226. *CW* 10, § 24.
227. Ibid., § 48.
228. *CW* 8.
229. On the reception of *Psychological Types*, see my *Jung and the Making of Modern Psychology* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2003), pp. 83–87 and 334–38.
230. *CW* 6, § 706.
231. Ibid., §§ 804–5.
232. Ibid., § 426.
233. *CW* 16.
234. *CW* 15.
235. On Jung's trips to England in 1920 and 1923 and later travels, see Dan Noel, "Soul and Earth: Traveling with Jung. Toward an Archetypal Ecology," *Quadrant* 24 (1991): 56–73. On Jung's travels to Africa and New Mexico, see *Jung and the Making of Modern Psychology*, pp. 316ff. On Jung's trip to Africa, see Blake Burleson, *Jung in Africa* (New York: Continuum, 2005).
236. See *Book* 7, p. 238, n. 252.
237. *Memories*, p. 266.
238. In Magnus Ljunggren, *The Russian Mephisto: A Study of the Life of Emilii Medtner* (Stockholm: Almqvist & Wiksell International, 1994), p. 215. See also Jung's letter to Emma Jung of March 15, 1920 (*Memories*, p. 403).
239. *Memories*, p. 270.
240. Ibid., pp. 270–71.
241. Ibid., pp. 271–72.
242. *Book* 7, pp. 211ff.
243. Ibid., January 2–3, 1923, p. 224.
244. Ibid., p. 226.
245. Ibid., p. 228.

246. Ibid., p. 230.
247. *Memories*, p. 345. This was not Jung's first encounter with Wotan, the storm God. In a draft for her biography of Jung, Lucy Heyer narrated the event: "This friendly and mildly temperate landscape was struck by a severe catastrophic storm, a rare natural event at this ferocity, just as the child was being taken for baptism in the church. The home-borne young mother was anxious to see the young one safely brought through the ferocity and the eclipse. In the family, this event fell into oblivion until fifteen years later the boy wrote a poem that described a storm catastrophe. He dedicated it to his mother, and only at that moment she remembered again how threateningly the storm god had accompanied the baptism of her firstborn on that day of baptism in late summer 1875. When Jung related this poem and his mother's reaction, he noticed that he had often had such inspirations as this poem, contents foreign to consciousness that corresponded to an objective event, imposed themselves on him and sought expression. That storm poem, which was a long time in the possession of the mother, was unfortunately later lost" (Lucy Heyer Grote papers, University of Basel Archives, "Biographie von Carl Gustav Jung," "Kindheit," p. 1). On her biography, see my *Jung Stripped Bare by His Biographers, Even* (London: Karnac, 2005).
248. *CW* 10. On the intersection of Jung's understanding of Nietzsche, Wotan, and contemporary events, see Martin Liebscher, *Libido und Wille zur Macht: C.G. Jungs Auseinandersetzung mit Nietzsche* (Basel: Schwabe, 2012), pp. 102–10, and Carrie Dohe, "Wotan and the 'Archetypal Ergriffenheit': Mystical Union, National Spiritual Rebirth and Culture-Creating Capacity in C.G. Jung's 'Wotan' Essay," *History of European Ideas* 37 (2011): 344–56.
249. *ZS*, p. 871.
250. Ibid., p. 869.
251. *Book* 7, p. 211.
252. Ibid., pp. 215–16.
253. Ibid., p. 216.
254. Goodrich Papers, Bancroft Library, University of California at San Francisco.
255. *CW* 15, § 130.

256. In 1930, Jung expanded upon this theme and described the first type of works as “psychological” and the latter as “visionary” (“Psychology and Poetry,” *CW* 15).
257. See my *Cult Fictions: C.G. Jung and the Founding of Analytical Psychology*.
258. Barbara Hannah, *Jung: His Life and Work: A Biographical Memoir* (New York: Putnam, 1976), p. 149.
259. See James Heisig, *Imago Dei: A Study of Jung’s Psychology of Religion* (Lewisburg: Bucknell University Press, 1979); Ann Lammers, *In God’s Shadow: The Collaboration between Victor White and C.G. Jung* (New York: Paulist Press, 1994); and Matei Iagher, “Theorizing Experience: Psychology and the Quest for a Science of Religion (1896–1936),” PhD thesis, University College London, 2016. See also my “ ‘Is Analytical Psychology a Religion?’: *In Statu Nascendi*,” *Journal of Analytical Psychology* 44 (1999): 539–45.
260. *Seminar—July 1923 by Dr. C.G. Jung Held at Polzeath, Cornwall*. Notes of Esther Harding, Kristine Mann Library, New York, p. 20.
261. *Notes on the Seminar in Analytical Psychology Conducted by Dr. C.G. Jung*, Polzeath, England, July 14–July 27, 1923, arranged by members of the class, p. 82, *JA*.
262. *LN*, p. 353.
263. *Book* 7, p. 215.
264. *The Psychology of the Transference* (1946), *CW* 16, § 454. Jung dedicated this book to his wife.
265. Cary de Angulo, “Individual Relationships,” p. 1, *CFB*.
266. Emma Jung, ibid., *CFB*.
267. Ibid.
268. See my introduction to *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. xv.
269. Minutes of the Psychological Club, Zürich.
270. *Times Educational Supplement*, May 3, 10, and 17, 1924.
271. January 26, 1924, reproduced in my *“Liber Novus*: The ‘Red Book’ of C.G. Jung” *(LN*, p. 213).
272. Ibid., pp. 214ff.
273. For example, substituting “*Zeitgeist*” for “*Geist der Zeit*” and “*Idee*” (idea) for “*Vordenken*” (forethinking).
274. *Memories*, p. 275.
275. Lois Rudnick, *Mabel Dodge Luhan: New Woman, New Worlds* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1984), p. 144.

276. See William McGuire, “Jung in America, 1924–1925,” *Spring: A Journal of Archetype and Culture* (1978): 370–53.
277. January 16, 1925, Dodge papers, Beinecke Library, Yale University.
278. *Memories*, p. 276.
279. Ibid., p. 279.
280. Ibid.
281. Ibid., p. 282.
282. *Book* 3, pp. 107, 120ff.; *Book* 5, pp. 214ff.
283. May 2, 1925, Murray papers, Houghton Library, Harvard University, original in English. Michael Fordham recalled being given a copy by Peter Baynes when he had reached a suitably “advanced” stage in his analysis, and being sworn to secrecy about it (personal communication, 1991).
284. *C.G. Jung: His Life and Work*, p. 121.
285. June 5, 1924, CFB.
286. November 1 and December 8, 1924; February 21 and May 23, 1925 (Jahresbericht des Psychologischen Clubs Zürich, 1925).
287. *Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 3.
288. Ibid., p. 35.
289. Hannah, *Jung: His Life and Work*, p. 166; Esther Harding’s notes from the seminar, Kristine Mann Library, New York.
290. *Memories*, pp. 298–89.
291. Ibid., p. 303.
292. *Book* 7, pp. 214ff.
293. Editorial typescript of *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, *CLM*, p. 356.
294. On Jung’s trip to Palestine and Egypt in 1933 see Andreas Jung, “Carl Jung and Hans Fierz in Palestine and Egypt: Journey from March 13 to April 6, 1933,” in *Turbulent Times, Creative Minds: Erich Neumann and C.G. Jung in Relationship (1933–1960)*, ed. Erel Shalit and Murray Stein (Asheville: Chiron, 2016), pp. 131–34.
295. See *LN*, p. 555.
296. *Book* 4, pp. 205ff.
297. See my “From Neurosis to a New Cure of Souls: C.G. Jung’s Remaking of the Psychotherapeutic Patient,” in Mererid Puw Davies and Sonu Shamdasani, eds., *Medical Humanity and Inhumanity in the German-Speaking World* (London: UCL Press, 2020).

298. These paintings are available for study at the picture archive at the C.G. Jung Institute, Küsnacht. See Ruth Ammann, Verena Kast, Ingrid Riedel, eds., *Das Buch der Bilder: Schätze aus dem Archiv des C.G. Jung-Instituts* (Zürich, Stuttgart/Ostfildern, Patmos, 2018).
299. "The aims of psychotherapy," *CW* 16, § 99.
300. July 8, 1926, analysis notebooks, *CLM*. The vision referred to at the end is in *Book* 3, pp. 129ff.
301. December 20, 1929, *JA*.
302. *MP*, p. 142.
303. *LN*, pp. 457–58.
304. *JA*.
305. Toni Wolff, *Diary N*, September 3, 1944, p. 5.
306. *Book* 7, p. 211.
307. Ibid., p. 213.
308. Ibid., pp. 214ff.
309. The municipality and village of Ossingen are in Canton Zürich, between Winterthur and Schaffhausen. There are Roman antiquities and an early medieval burial mound in Goldbuck, which is in the municipality.
310. *Book 7*, p. 234.
311. Ibid., p. 235.
312. Toni Wolff, *Diary* B, p. 62.
313. Wolff, *Diary* C, p. 90.
314. Wolff, *Diary* J, October 19, 1936, p. 18.
315. Wolff, *Diary* J, May 3, 1936, p. 30. See Wolff, "Structural Forms of the Feminine Psyche," *Psychological Perspectives* 31 (Spring–Summer 1995): 77–90.
316. Wolff, *Diary* F, p. 74.
317. Ibid., p. 75.
318. Wolff, *Diary* G, February 23, 1928, p. 99.
319. Wolff, *Diary* G, February 21, 1928, p. 95.
320. Wolff, *Diary* K, November 2, 1937, p. 179.
321. Private possession, Felix Naeff.
322. Private possession, Stephen Martin.
323. "Introduction to Toni Wolff, *Studies in C.G. Jung's Psychology*" (1959), *CW* 10, § 887.
324. *Book* 7, p. 239.
325. *MP*, pp. 159–60.
326. Ibid., p. 173.
327. *CW* 7, §§ 114–17.

328. Ibid., § 386.
329. Ibid., § 314.
330. Ibid., § 315.
331. Ibid., § 316.
332. Ibid., § 374.
333. Ibid., § 323.
334. Ibid., § 353.
335. Ibid., § 358.
336. Ibid., § 377.
337. Ibid., § 399.
338. Ibid., § 405.
339. *Book* 7, pp. 238, 246, 241.
340. *CW* 13, § 68.
341. "The Turning Point of Life," *CW* 8, § 794.
342. "The Soul and Death," *CW* 8, § 800.
343. See appendix, p. 161.
344. *Memories*, pp. 222–23.
345. "1928. When I painted this image, which showed the golden well-fortified castle, Richard Wilhelm sent me from Frankfurt the thousand-year-old Chinese text of the golden castle, the embryo of the immortal body. *Ecclesia catholic et protestantes et seclusi in secreto. Aeon finitus*." (The Catholic Church and the Protestants and those secluded in secret. The end of an eon.) See appendix, p. 341.
346. Jung, *Letters* 1, p. 66.
347. Foreword to the second German edition, "Commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower*," *CW* 13, p. 4.
348. *Letters* 1, p. 68. Wilhelm appreciated Jung's commentary. On October 24, 1929, he wrote to him: "I am again struck most deeply by your comments" (*JA*).
349. See Images 105, 159, and 163 in the calligraphic edition. These pictures and two more were anonymously reproduced in 1950 in *Gestaltungen des Unbewussten* [Forms of the Unconscious] (Zürich: Rascher, 1950).
350. *JA*.
351. On this issue, see my *The Psychology of Kundalini Yoga: Notes of the Seminar Given in 1932 by C.G. Jung*, (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 1996) and Giovanni Sorge, ed., *Jung and the Indologists: Jung's Correspondences with Wilhelm Hauer, Heinrich Zimmer, and Mircea Eliade* (Philemon Series, forthcoming).

352. *MP*, p. 15.
353. A number of the essays in this collection were published in English in the collection *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, trans. W. S. Dell and Cary Baynes (San Diego: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1933).
354. On February 8, 1923, Cary Baynes noted a discussion with Jung in the previous spring that has some bearing on this: "You [Jung] said that no matter how marked off from the crowd an individual might be with special gifts, he yet had not fulfilled all his duties, psychologically speaking, unless he could function successfully in collectivity. By functioning in collectivity we both meant what is commonly called 'mixing' with people in a social way, not professional or business relationships. Your point was that if an individual kept away from these collective relationships, he lost something he could not afford to lose" (Baynes papers).
355. *JA*.
356. William McGuire, ed., *Dream Analysis: Notes of the Seminar Given in 1928–1930* (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 1984).
357. Olga von Koenig-Fachsenfeld, ed., *Bericht über das Deutsche Seminar von Dr. C.G. Jung, 6–11 October 1930 in Küsnacht-Zürich* (Stuttgart, 1931).
358. Ibid., p. 4.
359. *VS*, p. 3.
360. *JA*.
361. On this subject, see Gaia Domenici, *Books "for All and None": Nietzsche's Zarathustra, Jung's Liber Novus and "Visionary" Works* (New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2020).
362. Ernst Falzeder, ed., *The Practice of Active Imagination: C.G. Jung's German Seminar of 1931*, trans. Ernst Falzeder with Tony Wolfson (Philemon Series, forthcoming).
363. Giovanni Sorge, ed., *On Dream Interpretation, Yoga and Psychology: Notes of the Seminar Given by Dr. C.G. Jung in Berlin between 26 June and 1 July 1933, with a presentation by Heinrich Zimmer* (Philemon Series, forthcoming). On Jung's activities in 1933, see Thomas Fischer, "1933—The Year of Jung's Journey to Palestine/Israel and Several Beginnings," in *Turbulent Times, Creative Minds*, pp. 135–49.
364. "A rejoinder to Dr. Bally," *CW* 10, § 1022.

365. Jung, Editorial, *Zentralblatt für Psychotherapie und ihre Grenzgebiete*, *CW* 10, § 1014. Also see Geoffrey Cocks, *Psychotherapy in the Third Reich: The Göring Institute*, 2nd ed., revised and expanded (New Brunswick, NJ: Transaction, 1997); Giovanni Sorge, "Psicologia analitica e Anni Trenta. Il ruolo di C.G. Jung nella Internationale Allgemeine Ärztliche Gesellschaft für Psychotherapie (1933–1939/40)," dissertation, University of Zürich, 2010; and Giovanni Sorge, *Bestandbeschrieb der Akten zur Geschichte der Präsidentschaft von C.G. Jung in der Internationalen Ärztlichen Gesellschaft für Psychotherapie, 1933–1940 im Nachlass von C. A. Meier* (Zürich: C.G. Jung-Arbeitsarchiv, ETH-Bibliothek, 2016).
366. "The Spirit Mercurius," *CW* 13.
367. *Memories*, p. 220.
368. See my *C.G. Jung: A Biography in Books* (New York: W. W. Norton, 2012), pp. 172–88, and Alfred Ribi, "Zum schöpferischen Prozess bei C.G. Jung: Aus den Excerptbänden zur Alchemie," *Analytische Psychologie* 13 (1982): 201–21.
369. Virgil, *Aeneid*, trans. R. Fairclough, cited in Jung, *Psychology and Alchemy*, *CW* 11, § 39.
370. Virgil, *Aeneid*, VII, l. 312. On the history of this citation, see Jean Starobinski, "Acheronto Movebo," *Critical Inquiry* 13(1987): 394–407.
371. *MP*, p. 149.
372. Ibid., pp. 147–48.
373. These volumes, edited by Ernst Falzeder and Martin Liebscher, are forthcoming from Princeton University Press as part of the Philemon Series.
374. On Eranos, see Hans Thomas Hakl, *Eranos: An Alternative Intellectual History of the Twentieth Century*, trans. Christopher McIntos with the collaboration of Hereward Tilton (Montreal: McGill-Queens University Press, 2013), and Riccardo Bernardini, *Jung at Eranos: The Complex Psychology Project* (London: Routledge, 2018).
375. *MP*, p. 177.

# Editorial Note

## Sonu Shamdasani

The *Black Book* was the designation that Jung gave to the notebooks in which he recorded his self-experimentation between 1913 and 1932.[376] The appellation "black" refers to the fact that with the exception of the first one, which has a brown cover, they have black covers. Jung's singular designation indicates that he regarded these notebooks as an integral whole. They have subsequently been referred to in the plural as the *Black Books*; in this edition, we use the designation "the *Black Books*." These were numbered together with Jung's adolescent diary (it appears that someone other than Jung numbered them). Hence the present sequence starts with *Book* 2. The first entries in *Book* 2 represent the continuation of Jung's adolescent diary and run to 1902, so the edition here starts with page 4. As those entries properly belong in the context of the adolescent diary, they have not been reproduced here. After a lengthy interval of more than a decade, Jung took up *Book* 7 to record notes of a different kind. Those have not been reproduced here. Thus this edition presents the entirety of the entries from 1913 to 1932 in a facsimile edition on a one-to-one scale, forming a complete account of the period of Jung's self-experimentation. Each volume contains the facsimile of the book in question, followed by a translation with notes. The front matter, introduction, translators' note, image appendix, and index have been placed in this volume, which maintains the consistency of the numbering.

With the reproduction of the text, the indentation of paragraphs has been regularized. Where missing quotation marks have been added, they have been indicated by square brackets. Jung's underlinings have been maintained. Illegible letters have been indicated by "xx," and words or letters crossed out have been indicated by a strikethrough. When it has been possible to substitute a partially begun word in German with an English equivalent, this has been done; otherwise it has been left as "xx." The break from one page to the next in the facsimile is indicated in the text of the translation by a slash / between bracketed page numbers corresponding to the original notebook pages.

With the material from November 12, 1913, to June 6, 1916, which was subsequently taken up in *Liber Novus*, most of the significant changes have been indicated in the footnotes, to aid comparison. Page numbers for *Liber Novus* have been given to *A Reader's Edition*. Translations have been revised in places. Translations from Jung's *Collected Works* have at times been modified. Unless otherwise specified, dates and details concerning Jung's activities are from his appointment book and information from the Jung family archives, courtesy of Andreas Jung and Susanne Eggenberger-Jung.

376. Ibid., pp. 15, 252, 353, 354.

# Translating Jung's Runes

## Martin Liebscher, John Peck, and Sonu Shamdasani

In the autumn of 1917, Jung's soul forces the black magician Ha to read and explain a series of cryptic runes that he had sent.[377] The resulting entries, which include eight sets of inscribed rune shapes, form one of the most challenging sections of this work to translate, and required constant triangular comparisons between the runes, the German text, and the English translation. At the same time, they may stand as a cipher for the complexities of translating this work as a whole. In response to the request of Jung's soul, Ha takes on the task of translating the runes, literally spelling them out. It is boot camp in Code City: he gives cues to Jung's soul about how this or that shape corresponds to the sun, or a roof, or a tilted passageway, or even how one ought to feel physically while navigating this curve or that crevice. Progression links these elements, but no narrative does. Hidden meaning lurks nowhere; the signified is contained within the signifier, the semantics are contained in the syntax, while the tour guide's urgency, though palpable, remains helpless to indicate anything more. Long before Marshall McLuhan, the medium *was* the message.

Ha's patient, entirely posture-centered coaching of Jung's soul looks less to the meaning of signs and more to a yoga according to the shapes of the runes. Among these appear a serpent, sticks with schematic little heads, and a modest sun; neither Nordic-Germanic runes nor Egyptian

hieroglyphs command the field, but something other. This language has never been taught before, even during the first four years or so of Jung's experiment. Now that it arrives, however, it is transmodal, quasipictographic, and in Jung's nomenclature, runic.

Ha's sentences themselves are not difficult; the difficulty lies in grasping what is actually going on. Throughout, one senses Ha's urgency that these visitors be able to assimilate the meaning partly registered in these runes but also active among a small guild of magicians—himself and Philemon, with Ka linking them as Ha's soul and Philemon's shadow. Already the perceptions we must manage frame hybrid categories: Ka as Philemon's shadow emerges freestanding in his dealings with Ha, the black magician. But of course that helps to articulate a reading of Philemon's character. So we are learning how to read character against a particular psychic background, in this case Jung's own dramatis personae manifesting to him as real factors—as Elijah had admonished him earlier that they were real, not symbols"[378]—as well as in a cosmos that seeds itself between the tips of the world-creating cones, as is spelled out in the runes.[379] While Jung himself keeps pace with this, nonetheless his impressions of the show, or his first take on an exchange or a brush with some disconcerting fact, frequently surpasses his initial powers of assimilation.

In letters dated September 13 and October 10, 1917, Jung wrote to Sabina Spielrein commenting on the significance of certain hieroglyphs in a dream she had sent him, saying that "with your hieroglyphics we are dealing with phylogenetic engrams of an historical symbolic nature."[380] Referring to the contempt meted out to *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* by the Freudians, he described himself as "clinging to his runes,"

which he would not hand over to those who would not understand them.

In meeting the Freudian objections to the view Jung took of such intermediating symbols, he points to the price paid for such harvesting: it is the wound “inflicted by oneself” (or deeply acknowledged by oneself: the same, in effect). Our meditation on translation in the *Black Books* arrives at this autosacrificial turn, where the intention to carry one’s own suffering devotedly becomes the task and the mystery.

Cary Baynes reports Jung in 1922 evoking the image of the runes to stand, *pars pro toto*, for much of what he sought to understand and convey through his encounter with the depths: “Much of your material you said has come to you as runes & the explanation of those runes sounds like the veriest nonsense, but that does not matter if the end product is sense.”[381] The sense was the new hermeneutic to which the runes eventually gave rise.

The skeptic scoffs at runes, objecting that whatever projections one might bring to such symbols, they are arbitrary. Yet a handful do resemble certain bodily postures or stances, which could be described as a form of rune yoga. One justifiably supposes, however, that Jung’s respect for their shapes is warranted if only because the myth about their origin in Wotan’s sacrifice of himself to himself casts them as a *donum dei*, emerging as they do in his own active imagination with Ha. Translation from a runic primal layer gives weight to these signs as basic to the human psyche.

Rune yoga, in this light, emerges from the *Black Books* as a means to sort out such autonomous creative psychic events. Such events are difficult to understand, but the burden of misunderstanding is greater. A symbol in rune yoga is nearly the same as what it pictures, once it is understood as the mimicry of a right attitude on the levels of both spirit and instinct, both being archaically rooted.

Ezra Pound's Chinese ideograms connect with Jung's runes only for a moment, across a wide, swift stream; Jung's magic/runic dialect has no home among the living. The magician's black rod becomes Jung's Hermes-wand—an aid in navigating the way of life redeemed from redeemers, or saved from salvation; the signs, unlike "the solid letter" in Hölderlin's "Patmos," a poem long close to Jung's heart, bring up their own dark ground with them.

As translators of this work, we continually found that we could not confine ourselves to the text but needed to grasp the referent as a *dimension*. In that sense, we rejected Jacques Derrida's "Il n'y a pas de hors-texte" (there is no outside-the-text). How could we pretend that Jung was not consistently compelled to venture forth into the visionary imagination, his language often seeming makeshift under the circumstances? If he had constantly needed to poke through the hermeneutic circle, how could we, as his translators, not also bear witness to the exchanges between his "I," his soul, and the numerous denizens of the depths? In something akin to a reiterative act of imagining, we needed constantly to try to enter into Jung's imaginal world to envisage what was transpiring, and to have his present moment in our minds as a third space between German and English. What was called for throughout our collaboration was an attunement to the twilight world of Jung's imaginings, followed by figuring how to return to the world of contemporary English so as to convey faithfully both this text and its fluctuating *hors-texte*.

Translation is always about carrying meaning somewhere else in a way that both keeps it the same and renders it different (Latin *translatio*, lifting something up and elsewhere). If we engage a text sufficiently, then we find that we are getting *there* by also staying *here*—to modify Gertrude Stein's quip, there's no "there" *there*, only because it's manifesting here. This coming to in the light about the trans-lateral or trans-lation in play, which

confessed or official translation routinely declares, may be the psychological achievement behind the manifestation in Old Norse, first among the Western European languages, of the I-Form of speech around 400 CE. This was developed not by shortening the ends of words and shuttling the personal element forward, as in Latin and Greek, but by asserting the freestanding pronoun. Assessing the psychological significance of this linguistic change means weighing shifts in perspective and also access to inwardness. The Austrian refugee intellectual Franz Borkenau attributed this shift to a combination of primordial instinct and intellectual effort.[382] Yet the shift itself, which occurred in other northern European languages, made all those languages intensely psychological while also drawing their speakers, for the first time, into the first-person singular. What, then, might Jung's psychology have owed, during its original development in the *Black Books*, to this subtle transformation of the German language itself, with his striking looks over the shoulder to both Gnostic Alexandrian Greek and Latin, as well as to Old Norse, the runes, and magic?

As for what translators do, you are sacrificing yourself for someone else's voice and thrust, even if they are dead, not because you cannot write but because you can sense the spirit in their effort and feel drawn to giving it your own blood, your bit of sacrifice. With Jung's crucial experiment, we noticed that he sweats the chance that it might not be effective; that working with his interlocutors is unpredictable and vexing, but then suddenly meaningful beyond measure, and that these proportions and no others deliver efficacy, making what he could never make alone. Most of all, one translates in recognition of effectiveness given the living by the dead.

We acknowledge a mythic act as our model: in the archaic Greek *nekyia*, the blood sacrifice poured into a pit to attract the buzzing spirits of the dead ("blood for the ghosts," in Pound's phrase, for his own appropriation of Homeric practice). To get to this zone is *to lift and carry* alertly and nakedly, but also to fall under Jung's influence. Our sensibilities were affected to a degree that others might find peculiar. Near the beginning of our enterprise, one of us wrote in his journal:

> Sensation today of the work once again coursing through my veins. Mediumistic feeling. Giving myself over to it, my voicing, my verbal articulation. The voice of the dead, of the shades. The presences that will enter the public stage, through the medium of my pen, my language. Speak, indeed, you dead! Receive my libations. Resound forth once more!

This highlights the equipoise one needs when engaging with the rustling shades. They *show up*? Then you've *got to show up*. They *respond to* the blood? Then you not only must give blood in the first place but also *be responsible for* what you hear. After all, this is only a klieg-lit, hyperlocal, more responsible transaction than the ones we engage in most of the time. Translation still costs one's blood. Sacrifice, the implication runs, feeds this insight as it feeds no other. Another of our troika, in response to the completion of our translation, recalled a strikingly relevant passage from Nietzsche: "Of all things I love only that which is written with blood. Write with blood: and you will discover that blood is spirit."[383]

Through practice, we arrived fairly soon at the following working principles: (1) Smooth out as little as possible; retain the contours of the discourse. (2) Add nothing, nor take anything away. (3) When incapable of lifting and carrying, leave signposts for later travelers. (4) Set down what we have carried as soon as we hear the buzzing cease

(the root sense of *rune* is a certain raucous sound or white noise).

Writing to his patron on completing proofs for his translation of Plotinus, Stephen McKenna humbly noted, “It will be creditable, but there is no disguising the fact that a few more decades could well be spent on bringing it to a really fine polish.”[384] Ten years on from the translation of *Liber Novus*, the translation of the first part of this work, covering the entries from the autumn of 1913 to the summer of 1916, afforded two of us a welcome opportunity to continue polishing the work done in conjunction with Mark Kyburz—whose effort is gratefully acknowledged—on *Liber Novus*. Polishing went on, at the same time that we were peeling back the text to an earlier layer, before Jung’s own literary elaboration. We were joined in this and in the translation of the material after 1916 by Martin Liebscher, affording a fresh set of eyes and linguistic skills. For all three of us, this labor has been a strenuous pleasure and a profitable education. It is time now to release the translated runes, which we in turn have been clinging to. Whether the results be creditable or not is for others to tell.

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377. *Book* 7, pp. 148ff.
378. *Book* 2, p. 182.
379. See *Book* 7, pp. 172ff.
380. “The Letters of Jung to Sabina Spielrein,” *Journal of Analytical Psychology* 43 (2001): 186.
381. Cited in *LN*, p. 66.
382. Franz Borkenau, *End and Beginning: On the Generations of Cultures and the Origins of the West*, ed. with an Introduction by Richard Loewenthal (New York: Columbia University Press, 1981), Pt. II: Contributions to the Origin of the West, Linguistic Prelude.
383. Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, trans. R. J. Hollingdale (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 2010), p. 67.

384. Stephen McKenna, *Journals and Letters*, ed. E. R. Dodds, with a memoir by Dodds and a preface by Padraic Colum (London: Constable, 1936), p. 80.

C·G· JUNG

# THE BLACK BOOKS

## 1913–1932

## NOTEBOOKS OF TRANSFORMATION

## VOLUME 2

Edited by

SONU SHAMDASANI

TRANSLATED BY MARTIN LIEBSCHER,
JOHN PECK, AND SONU SHAMDASANI

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# BOOK 2

## November 12–December 29, 1913

[4]
A huge task lay before me—I saw its enormous size—and its value and meaning escaped me. I got into the dark, and I groped along my path. That path led inward and downward. [4/5]

## 12. Nov. 1913

[1]My soul, my soul, where are you? Do you hear me? I speak, I call you—are you there? I have returned, here I am again. I have shaken the dust of all the lands from my feet, and I have come to you again, I am with you. After long years of long wandering, I have come to you anew. Shall I tell you everything I have seen, experienced, and drunk in? Or do you not want to hear about all the noise of life and the world? But one thing you must know, the one thing I have learned is that one must live this life. This life is the way, the long sought-after way to the unfathomable, which we call "divine."[2] There is no other way. All other ways are false paths. I found the right way and it led me to you, to my soul. I return, tempered and purified. Do you still know me? How long the separation lasted! Everything has become so different. And how did I find you? How strange my journey was! What words should I use to tell you on what twisted paths a good star has guided me to you? [5/6]

Give me your hand, my almost forgotten soul! How warm the joy at seeing you again, you long forgotten, long disavowed soul! Life has led me back to you. Let us thank the life I have lived for all the happy and all the sad hours, for every joy and every pain,[3] for every hope and every disappointment. All were stations on the path toward you.

My soul, I found you again, I would like to, no, I will stay with you.[4] My journey should continue with you. I will wander with you and ascend to my solitude, no longer alone as before and greedy and impatient, but with comforting courage and quiet delight.[5]

## 14. Nov. 13.

[6]I am weary, my soul, and lay my head on your shoulder. My wandering has lasted too long, my search for myself outside of myself. Now I have gone through events and found you behind all the farrago. For on my straying through this farrago[7] I discovered [6/7] humanity and the world. I found men. And you, my soul, I found again, first in images within men and then for real, how you are. I found you where I believed you the furthest away from me, where God forced me to surrender blindfolded and to lose myself —there you climbed out of golden shafts and I found you again.[8] You announced yourself to me in advance in dreams, which were dark to me, and which I sought to grasp in my own inadequate way. You know these dreams,[9] how they burned in my soul and drove me to all the boldest acts of daring, and forced me to push for the steepest summits, yes, even to rise above myself. You let me see truths and enjoy their solemn bliss,[10] of which I had no previous inkling. You let me undertake journeys, whose endless length would have scared my consciousness beyond rescue, if the knowledge of them had not been secure in you. Maybe I talk too much about myself? [7/8]

Forgive me, my heart is full, because I have come from far wandering.[11] I wandered for eleven[12] years, so long that I forgot that I possessed a soul that I could call my own.[13] I belonged to men and things. I did not belong to myself.

Where were you all this time? Which Beyond sheltered you and gave you sanctuary, where you did not starve to death? How did you fare?[14] Oh, that you must speak through me, that my speech and I are a symbol for you! How should I decipher you? Who are you, child? [15]You certainly know that you have used this image in my dreams, the image of a little girl. (And I found you again only through the soul of the woman.) Childish interpretation shall be far from me, because I must prize the image that you use. How dare I guess about this? What do I know of your mystery?

(Look, I bear a wound [8/9] that as yet is not healed: my ambition to make an impression. Hence, close my mouth and keep all my words inside of you. They are directed toward you. Do not believe that I am selfish. I will bend everything in me to alert those I love to the depths and heights that you hold and hide in your child's hand.)

Forgive me if I speak as in a dream, like a drunkard—are you—God? Is God a child, a female child?[16] I must tell myself most clearly: does He use the image of a child that dwells in every man's soul? Were Horus, Tages, and Christ not children?[17] Dionysus and Heracles were also divine children.[18] Did Christ, the God of man, not call himself the son of man? What was his innermost thought in doing so? Should the daughter of man be God's name?

Forgive me if I babble. No [9/10] one else hears me. I speak to you quietly, and you know ∓ that I am not a drunkard and that my heart twists in pain from the stabbing wound, whose darkness delivers speeches full of mockery: "You're starring in your own comedy, you're lying

to yourself! You spoke so as to deceive others and make them believe in you. You want to be a prophet and chase after your ambition."

Blessed is he who has also overcome his own mockery. But you see that the wound still bleeds, and that I am far from being able to pretend that I do not hear my own mockery. I bring it before both you and me and leave it and go on, because I feel that I must speak to you from myself and through myself from you.[19]

Again and again I think of those "amazingly tortuous paths"[20] that led to you, my child.[21] (How strange it sounds to me to call you a "child," you who still hold the all-without-end in your hand.) [10/11]

I am thinking of this first vision that you gave me in a dream, where I saw you hovering. (Is it 14 years since then?)[22] How thick the darkness was back then! How impetuous and how egotistic my passion was, how subjugated I was by all the daimons of ambition, the desire for glory, greed, uncharitableness, and zeal at that time! And how totally ignorant I was then! Life tore me away, and I deliberately moved away from you and I have done so for all these years. But I remained with you minimally until the love for women tore me completely off and away from you. I recognize how good all of this was. But I thought that you were lost or sometimes it seems to me that I was lost.[23] But you were not lost nor was I. I went on the dusty way of the day. You went invisibly with me and guided me step by step, putting the pieces together meaningfully and letting me [11/12] see the whole and ultimate in each part.

You took away where I thought to take hold, and you gave me where I did not expect anything and time and again you brought about fate from new and unexpected quarters. Where I sowed, you robbed me of the harvest, and where I did not sow, you give me fruit a hundredfold. And time and again I lost the path and found it again where

I would never have foreseen it. You upheld my belief, when I was alone and near despair. At every decisive moment you let me believe in myself.[24]

## 15 Nov. 1913.

[25]My child, you are not God, how could you be God? You are my soul and I am not allowed—not yet—to know, why you call yourself "child"—and why a girl?

I despair—how can I manage it?—how and what should I express??

My soul, I will continue my story as this seems to be the next step. [12/13] (One must know how to do the next steps, regardless of the scornful laughter that the devils set up below the heart, those cowardly ear-whisperers and two-inch-high poison-mixers. I carry my burden and am myself a burden and mockery and whip and torment of the cross.) So listen, my soul, regardless of the scornful laughter of my own devils I continue talking to you:

I think further back to my 19th year of age, when a dream decided upon my career choice: First I saw, in a dense undergrowth of a solitary region, a quiet dark water, a pond, and in its middle swam the most fantastic of animals, roughly comparable to a many-colored jellyfish.[26] This animal aroused in me the highest intellectual curiosity, so that I awoke with a pounding heart. And soon thereafter I had a second dream: I was in a dark forest, where I found a small hill like a charcoal kiln.[27] I poked it with my foot and discovered in it to my greatest surprise the bones of prehistoric animals, which also sparked off the greatest curiosity in me. These dreams motivated me [13/14] to the study of the natural sciences and that led me to medicine.[28]

Why must I tell you all that, my soul? Why do you chain me to this book? And why do you drive my pen so furiously, as if it had to go a long way and hurry to cover it? Why all this? Forgive the din of mockery that rises in me. I trust

you that it's not in vain and will not turn into empty agony. Neither vanity nor thirst for glory nor any other meaningless striving are able to lead me to this ~~that~~.[29] Yet you, my soul, want me to do this. What strange new things are happening to me? I know too much not to see on what swaying bridges I go. Yet I follow you, you command, I follow where, where are you leading to? Forgive my human apprehension, brimful of knowledge. My foot hesitates to follow you. Into what mist and darkness does your path lead? Must I also learn to do without meaning? If this is what you [14/15] demand, then so be it. This hour belongs to you. What is there, where there is no meaning? Only nonsense, or madness, it seems to me. Or is there also a supreme meaning? Is that your meaning, my soul? Look, how I limp after you on crutches of understanding. Forgive me, my light, I am a man and you stride like a God.

What torture! I must return to myself, to my smallest things. I want to be careful and say: I had learned to see other things as large and had compared those with the things of my soul and had discovered that they were small, even pitiably small.[30] You force me to see them as large, to make them large. Is that your aim? I follow, but it terrifies me—it was not boredom or tedium as I just thought ~~before~~ in an appeasing manner.[31]

Forgive the never-resting doubt in this hour chosen by you as your holy hour.[32] I disrupt your divine peace,[33] but hear also my doubts, otherwise I cannot follow, since your meaning is a supreme meaning, and your steps are the steps of a God. [15/16] ~~Not even~~

It is not even my language that ~~flows~~ speaks through my pen. Oh, if I only knew what you want! But I must not think either.[34] Even thought, as I understand it, should no longer be? You want that too? I should give myself completely into your hands—but who are you? You see, I do not trust you—not once to trust—is that my love for you, my joy in you? Is

this the way to welcome a friend?[35] Do I not trust every valiant man, every honorable woman, and not you, my soul?

Your hand lies heavy on me—but I am willing—I am willing. Have I not rendered my best to love men and trust them, and should I not render this to you, my own soul, or rather the soul, by which I am owned?[36]

Yes, I see how you guide me. I recognize your wise schooling. You convince me and I follow. (Whereto? someone cries in me. Be quiet and remain silent, because I speak with my soul.)[37] [16/17] Forget, my soul, my pathetic hesitation, my fickle and pitiful doubt.[38] I know it is ignoble to doubt you. I am only a man and you know how difficult it is for this man to set aside the beggar's pride he takes in his own thought.

[39]Without talking back from now on, I will continue to tell you how I caught sight of a woman three years ago, whose soul seemed to me more valuable than my marital anxiety.[40] I conquered my fear out of love for her. But you wanted it that way and gave me a dream, which rendered a decision: I dreamed then (it was shortly after Christmas 1912), that I was sitting with my children in a marvelous and richly furnished tower chamber—an open columned hall—we were sitting at a round table, whose top was a marvelous dark green stone. Suddenly a seagull or dove flew in and landed with light feathers on the table. I admonished the children to be quiet, so that they would not scare away the beautiful white bird [17/18]. Suddenly this little bird turned into a child of eight years, a small blond girl, and ran around playing with my children in the marvelous columned colonnades. Then the child suddenly turned into the gull or dove. She said the following to me: "Only in the first hour of the night can I become human, while the male dove is busy with the twelve dead." With these words the bird flew away and I awoke. My decision

was made. I had to give all my faith and trust to this woman.

You know, my soul, what blessing was bestowed through that upon me, my wife, and my house. I cannot express it all in words, what flourishing and beauty sprang from that for me. I do not want to talk about the torments that I rightfully had to endure—all these are more than offset by the abundance of beauty [18/19] and elevation which I was allowed to experience.

This dream still stands right in front of me and my understanding does not suffice to exhaust it. ~~Each~~ That speech of the dove—what does it mean? The "early hours of the night" seem to be your hours, my soul; but who is the male dove, who are the twelve dead? And what is the male dove doing in the realm of the dead?[41]

Hold on, it is a torment, this unbearable non-understanding, this digging up of things not understood, of the most subjective. What's the point of that? Did I not discuss this dream with my friends? Why should it still be told to you once more?

I forgot, forgive me, that you are also one of my friends,[42] and have the first right to that dream, to my trust. Should what I give them not belong to you? I recognize my injustice. It seems to me that I despised you. I accept with sorrow how little I loved you.[43] My joy at finding you again was not justified, [19/20] because it was not genuine. I recognize that the scornful laughter in me was also right. My feeling was not genuine, because I did not truly love you.[44] I must therefore learn to love you.

You gradually open my eyes. I must thank you, my soul. Your hand is strong, yet just.

I hope, or much more: I begin to hope for redemption.

Here, someone stands beside me and whispers terrible things into my ear: "You write to be printed and circulated among people. You want to cause a stir through the

unusual. Nietzsche did this better than you. You are aping Saint Augustine."[45]

You hear, my soul, this damned speech, and you see my defenselessness against my own indignant weapon—Woe, even self-criticism, healing and thrice-praised, shall I even let go of that?[46]

"This fear," you say, "testifies against me"—It is true, it testifies against you and me. It kills the holy trust between [20/21] you and me.[47] How and why should I care, if someone says things like that, if there was not a nasty vanity in me, which I rank above you, my ~~xx~~ soul, which is more to me than a conversation with you. Why should I hide this doubt from you at all? I leave the decision to you. If it is good and your will, so it might befit men in this or any other form. If it is your will, not our will, then it should be kept secret. What do I know? I understand how ineffably childish I am, to eagerly run ahead and to trade impertinently in a commodity that I have not created and that has not even been created and that besides everything cannot be created at all, if you, my soul, will not render it. You could close your doors this very day and I would remain seated as a poor beggar in front of your doors.

However, this thought gets to me, it seems to me that your arrow hit home. Allow me to lay this doubt in your hand. You will know best what to do with it.

[21/22] You are silent, my soul? I don't want to force you and strive conceitedly. Do you want to cross over? Alas, into what abysses of secrecy are you descending? I watch you and you disappear.

You spoke to me, you did good to me, now you are silent. I patiently put down my pen. What else could I do?

## 22 Nov. 1913[48]

My soul, it is night, I call on you.

No answer?

Where do I stand? Which doors will open? “Look down ~~up~~ into your own depths,” a voice says.[49] But I am plagued by impatience—not in vain have I been absent from my soul for 11 years. And now she should be ready at my call! How much pamperedness there still is in me!

Pathetic fear of fate—as if life should broaden itself into ever more powerful spheres [22/23]; but it goes into the depths, my hair turns gray. Not as if I feared the depths—or am I really afraid of them?

What are you saying? You whisper almost inaudibly: “Look into your depths!” I am sitting on the edge of a deep green well, listening, full of patience: More power! It is terribly difficult. More solitude, more depth; that’s what’s needed. It cannot be achieved hastily. I should have learned this. “Pray to your depths,” it says in me. “Waken the dead,” it continues ~~in~~.[50]—

What foreign greed and restlessness disturbs me? Serenity has to be found again. God, what do you want? I am not ready yet. [23/24]

## 26 Nov. 1913[51]

In which underworld am I? It is dark and black as death! Everything deceives. “Don’t let yourself be distracted from what you have to do,” the voice says.

What is it I shall do? Tell you more about my inner matters? Shall I overcome the daimon of my interior? Is it the hundred-headed dragon?

I have to bid silence to all these voices that want to hinder me, that want to block the way with painful mockery. Otherwise I won’t cut through. Is it really your firm will, my soul? Don’t ask why? To what end? Is it useful? Is it valuable? Do it.

Despite the tiresome toil of doubt the mountain shall be climbed, despite the conviction, near conviction, of the worthlessness of the undertaking, faith shall triumph—

without the quietest, the supremely quiet proof of the correctness and the value of my action. [24/25] My pen bristles—regardless. Oh what impotence of the intellect! Life pushes me beyond criticism.

You, my soul, you alone know that it is not hypocritical self-admiration, not hubris, that drives me forth to talk to you about me. You want it—I cannot resist you.

Hence I set about speaking again to you about things of which I have spoken before, about my dreams. (Shut up, disgust!)

Half a year or so before I had that dream about the white bird I dreamed the following:

I was in a southern town,[52] on a rising street with narrow half-landings. It was twelve o'clock midday—bright sunshine. An old Austrian customs guard or someone similar passes by me, lost in thought. Someone says: That is one who cannot die. He died already 30–40 years ago, [25/26] but has not yet managed to decompose. I was very surprised. Here a striking figure came, a knight of powerful build, clad in yellowish armor. He looks solid and inscrutable and nothing impresses him. On his back he carried a red Maltese cross. He has continued to exist from the 12th century and daily between 12 and 1 o'clock midday he takes the same route. No one marvels at these two apparitions, but I was extremely surprised.

I hold back my interpretive skills. As regards the old Austrian, Freud occurred to me; as regards the knight, I myself.[53]

Inside, a voice calls: "It is all empty and disgusting". I must bear it.

After that I had this dream around 1½ years ago:

I am lying on a bed with my wife in a chamber with an open ceiling (similar to the roofless houses of Pompeii.)[54] All at once my wife [26/27] startles and climbs the wall rapidly and disappears upward. She wears a long white

dress with mystical figures, such as witches or heretics, who are burnt at the stake. At that moment I was woken in reality by a strong noise from the window shutter, as if pebbles are thrown against it. In the room something strange trips on the floor, something like a larger bird. I rush to make light. Outside the moon shines bright, everything is still. Inside nothing. I look at my watch: 3 o'clock.

The next morning at 7am a telegram that Hedwig Sturzenegger has died suddenly and unexpectedly.[55] Retrospective investigations revealed that she had died at 3 o'clock at night.

Why is that? I have to be patient. My God, how difficult! But you want me to go, even when I am blind.

On 3rd Aug. 1913 on my journey to England,[56] I had a dream:

I am sitting opposite to an elderly lady [27/28] and admire how quickly she has grasped the analysis; suddenly there appears a little child's hand, it turns my head around and I see the little blond girl with ineffable delight, she kisses me and I wake up with tears of emotion.

This dream provided me with great assurance for the time in London (congress).

Three weeks ago I had a long dream:

Middle Ages: I am together with peasants who want to plunder a monastery. At nightfall the monastery ought to be captured. We hide ourselves in the shadow of the wall. But the leader, a bad fellow, gets frightened and retreats with his gang. I stay.

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fragmentary intermezzo:

My mother-in-law[57] has brought home with her an interesting book from Munich entitled: The Spread of

Buddhism in England. There it is shown that Buddhist monasteries spread all over England in a dangerous way.[58] [28/29]

It comes with depictions of monasteries in medieval form, circumvallated twice, with big cannons. The book contains texts translated from the Sanskrit. Uncle and Aunt Bendel (the biggest philistines!) have read it.[59] She has not understood an expression, “masturbationis causa,” uncle explains it to her.

I am very interested in the book.

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The monastery was destroyed a long time ago. Grass grows on the ruins. I am sitting at a derelict well in a courtyard. From the well grows a tripartite tree, with a delightful green shade. I look down and remember the monks, and it seems to me as if they had sat on this place the same way. In the depths of the well I can see delicate wire meshes, each of them representing an underground floor, where the monks used to walk. On the uppermost mesh lie small, pea-sized red pellets. These are falling into the depths and get caught in certain meshes. This way the upper meditating monk can indicate to the observers below what [29/30] thoughts he has. The monastery is in existence again, I am in the past. A mighty corridor. I see lay brothers, strong men in different costumes (furs, white pleated clothes, mediaeval to ancient). Then I am in the refectory, a hall as big as a church with 3 mighty arched windows, renaissance style, gray marble columns, everything is mighty and beautiful and wide. A long laid table below the windows. The abbot sits in the middle, lost in thoughts, disheveled hair (ideas: a lunatic, Dionysus). Not far away from him sits someone with a female face. Colorful groups of young men with beautiful, spiritual eyes.

I leave and suddenly an old college friend is standing in front of me (an unstable, insignificant person, a chatterer), I ask him: “Do you still remember how we were together in the monastery of Eschenbach 90 years ago?[60] [30/31]Was this a men’s or women’s cloister?” He says with a distinctive smile: “Of course a women’s cloister.”

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I thought after waking: a men’s cloister. Ever since then many new thoughts about new forms of society.

## 28. Nov. 1913[61]

With inner resistance I approach this book. I ceaselessly devalue it and yet something forces me to dive into it, actually into myself. Why?—It wants to follow this way. Strange—.[62]

My soul leads me into the desert—into the desert of my own self. I did not think that my soul is a desert and yet it seems to be the case—a barren, hot desert, dusty and without drink. The journey leads through hot sand, slowly wading without a visible goal to hope for. It seems to be [31/32] necessary that way. In former times I would have revolted against these thoughts, but since I know that you, my soul, always know better, I follow you.[63]

How eerie is this hot wasteland. It seems to me that the way would lead so far away from mankind. I do not dare to ask for the Where to? It would be useless anyway. Why look ahead? I could not recognize it anyway. I only saw the sad and ugly and the beautiful came to me. Why should I lament over this?[64] I take my way step by step not knowing how long my journey will last.

Why is my self a desert? This thought has never occurred to me.[65] Have I lived too much outside of myself

in men and events? It almost seems to be the case.[66] Why then did I avoid my self? Was I not dear to myself?—

What a deception! I have [32/33] avoided myself, no, actually my self, the place of my soul, where she dwelled and lived. I have never returned to this place except while dreaming.[67] I was my thoughts, after I was no longer events and other men. But I was not my self, confronted with my thoughts. I was still in my thoughts whereas I should even rise up above my thoughts to my own self, the place of my soul. And this my self is a desert, unwatered and untended.[68] My journey goes there and that is why it seems to lead away from men and events into solitude with myself.

Is it solitude, to be with oneself? Solitude is true only when the self is a desert. I hear the words: “An anchorite in his own desert.” The monks in the Syrian desert occur to me. My dream?[69]

Should I make a garden out of the desert? Should I people a desolate land[70] [33/34] and make it inhabitable, because all the inhabitable lands are flooded with humans and stormed by the uproar of life? Should I open the airy magic garden of the desert[71] for all those, who want to escape the dense bustle of outer life? I am clueless. What leads me into the desert, and what am I to do there?

Do I play hide and seek with myself? Do I not want to see it? What deception can I not trust my thoughts to handle? Only life is true. And only life leads me into the desert, truly not my thinking, which would like to return to thoughts, to men and events, since it feels uncanny in the desert.

I ask you, my soul, my life, what am I to do here?

I hear the cruel word “Wait.”[72] This is the devil’s most horrible punishment of hell, he lets people wait. Torment belongs to the desert—I actually know it, but I didn’t

[34/35] want to know. In the desert—waiting—~~xx~~ and for what?

Nothingness surrounds me, without an echo, and yet the feeling of events crowded behind the far-away horizon, occasionally conjuring up a fata morgana.[73] But reality is: waiting.

I think of Christianity in the desert.[74] Physically, those ancients went into the desert. Did they too enter the desert of their own self? Or was their self not as barren and desolate as mine? There they wrestled with the devil. I wrestle with waiting. It seems to me not less since it is truly a hot hell.

I am tired, release me!

## 11. Dec. 1913[75]

After a hard struggle I have come a piece of the way nearer to you. How hard this struggle was! I had fallen into an undergrowth of doubt, confusion, and scorn.[76] Only the love of those, to whom I gave love, [35/36] saved me from the darkness. No faith helps, nor does any dogma, but only the living thing, ~~the relation of love~~ the love of those to whom we have given love.

I have gained an insight from this struggle: I need to be alone with what seemed most valuable to me, my spirit, and must give what seemed cheapest to me, the human, to men. This curious reversal is new to me. But this necessity thrusts itself upon me.

I come with empty hands to you, my soul. What do you want to hear?[77]

“If you come to a friend, do you come to take?”

I knew that this should not be so. But it seems to me that I am poor and empty and I would like to sit down near you and at least feel the breath of your animating presence. My way is hot sand. All day long—sandy path. My patience

is sometimes weak, and once I despaired of myself, as you know.

[78]"You speak to me as if you [36/37] were a child complaining to its mother. I am not your mother."

I do not want to complain, but let me say to you that mine is a long and dusty road. You are to me like a shady tree in the dry desert. I would like to enjoy your shade.

[79]"You are pleasure-seeking. Where is your patience? Your time has not yet run its course. Have you forgotten why you went into the desert?"

My faith is weak, my face is blind from all that shimmering blaze of the desert sun. The heat lies on me like lead. Thirst torments me, I dare not think how unendingly long my way is—and above all, I see nothing in front of me.

[80]"You speak as if you have still learned nothing. Can you not wait? Should everything fall into your lap ripe and finished? You are full, yes, you teem with intentions and desirousness!—Do you still not know yet that the way to truth [37/38] stands open only to those without intentions? Do you still not know that fulfilment comes only to the one who does not desire, to the one who is not greedy."[81]

I know that all of these are also my thoughts. But I hardly live accordingly.

[82]"How, tell me, do you then believe that your thoughts should help you?"

I confess that I have not a few, but many thoughts that I do not live, and from which nevertheless I expect help and efficacy.[83] I would always like to refer to the fact that I am a human being, just a human being who is weak and sometimes does not do his best.

[84]"Is <u>this</u> what you think it means to be human?"

You are hard, my soul, but you are right. How little adept we are at living! We should grow like a tree that likewise does not know its law. (As the lilies of the field.)[85]

We tie ourselves up with intentions, not mindful of the fact that intention [38/39] is the limitation, yes, the exclusion of life. And how much childish, shortsighted egotism lies in an intention! We believe that we can illuminate the darkness with an intention, and in that way aim past the light.[86] How can we presume to want to know in advance from where the light will come to us?

Let me bring only one complaint before you: I suffer from scorn, my own scorn.

[87]"Do you think little of yourself?"

I do not believe so.

[88]"Then, listen, you think little of me. Do you still not know that you are not writing a book to feed your vanity, but that you are speaking with me? How can you suffer from scorn if you address me with those words that I give you? Do you actually know who I am? Have you grasped me, defined me, and made me into a dead formula? Have you measured the depths of my chasms, and explored all the ways down which [39/40] I am yet going to lead you? Scorn cannot challenge you if you are not vain to the marrow of your bones."

Your truth is hard. I want to lay down my vanity before you, since it blinds me. See, that is why I also believed my hands were empty when I came to you today. I did not consider that it is you who fills empty hands if they just stretched out willingly to sacrifice. Yet they do not want to. Because I thought that I have to offer it and forgot about you, as if I did not know that I am your vessel, empty without you but brimming over with you.

[89]Impatience is tearing me apart, what is this all about? Where does this road end? No sound, no answer? [40/41]

## 12. XII. 13.[90]

The battle of late was the battle with scorn. A dream that caused me one sleepless night and three days of torment has likened me to G. Keller's druggist of Chamonix (from start to finish).[91] I know and acknowledge this style. I have learned that one must give one's heart to men, but one's intellect to the spirit of humanity, God. Then its work can be beyond vanity, since there is no more hypocritical whore than the intellect when it replaces the heart.[92]

"I am falling," a voice said in me. "Where to? What do you want?" others shout. I need to entrust myself to this vortex. Torrents of doubt rush down on me. Should I entrust myself to this confusion? I shuddered. It is a dreadful deep. Do you want this sacrifice from me? To leave myself to chance, to the madness of my own semi-darkness, is that what you want from me?[93] Whither? Whither? If I have confidence in my soul, I must dare to do it. How difficult it is to trust [41/42] in yourself to the extent that you can quietly lay yourself down in an abyss![94]

You fall, and I want to fall with you, whoever you are. I fall with you along gray rocks into whirling depths, pillars of steam shoot up, hissing and roaring noises—descent into hell.[95] I see a black cave, a leather dwarf protects the entrance—heaven help, what a torture.[96] The ground is black dirt up to my ankles. I hesitate to enter. Shadows scurry alongside me—forwards—I am seized by fear, it is narrow and hot, or cold—I don't know—inside—I crawl through a narrow crack in the rock—a bright-dark cave, the ground covered with black water, on the other shore a luminous red stone. I wade knee-deep—it is cold—to the stone. Do not stop me, you heckler. It [42/43] has to be, this needs to be conquered. The stone of the torment, of the red light. The light is cold, a crystal, I raise it, a dark hole underneath, what shall it be? The cave reverberates with many human voices, but no one is here. I stand with the stone in my hand, peering around inquiringly—seeing only

one—I do not want to listen to the voices, they keep me away. This dark hole—I want to know where it leads and what it says? An oracle? Is this the place of Pythia? You shall not keep me away! Ancient and eternal things want to be uttered—be quiet with your yelling, ridiculous shadows, castaways of the upper world—the site of an oracle? Could it be?[97] Shall I place my ear to your opening? I hear the far and near roaring of [43/44] underground waters—the bloody head of a man on the dark stream, someone wounded, who swims in horrible depths. He does not know —or is he numb—frozen in the icy cold in the posture of a swimmer[98]—an immensely large black beetle floats past—like a scarab—from the deepest reach a sun is radiating through the water—I cannot grasp it—curled up serpents on the dark rock, striving toward the depths, where the sun shines duller. A thousand serpents crowd around, veiling the sun—deep night—the water rushes. I stand exhausted, noise from a thousand voices is echoed from the walls of the cave. How noisy is this upper world. Too much hustle that destroys the vision. One more gaze into the depths[99]—a red stream like blood springs up, like thick red blood, surging for a long time, then ebbing. [44/45]

What did I see? What a night! Everything viewed as if in flight, swirled down and then up again.[100]

Heal the wounds that doubt inflicts on me, my soul. That too is to be overcome, so that I can recognize your supreme meaning. How far away everything is, and how I have turned back! Fear and doubt have torn me away. Oh, could I lie hour after hour at this innermost and lowest place, at the site of the oracle, watching and listening, so that you, my soul, would speak in your words and not in mine.[101] My spirit is a gadfly, it tears asunder my contemplation, it would like to dismantle and understand everything, rip it apart and put it together again, tear it down and rebuild it. I am still a victim of my thinking. When will I be the master

of my thinking?[102] When can I order my thinking to be quiet, so that my thoughts, those unruly hounds [45/46], will crawl to my feet? How can I ever hope to hear your voice louder, to see your face clearer, when all my thoughts howl? I live first in the upper world, but in your inner world, my soul, I am like a shadow without substance, trembling and blown away by every breeze.[103]

I am stunned. I want to be stunned, since I have sworn to you, my soul, to trust you even if you lead me through madness. Many dreams of the recent time told me about it, I know. But I am willing. Because the divine light shines bright for us in the greatest darkness.[104] How shall I ever walk under your sun if I do not drink the nightly bitter draught of slumber to the lees? Help me so that I do not choke on my own knowledge [46/47]. I piled it up, not out of greed, ambition, and vanity only, but for the sake of truth and to come closer to you, as I realized later.[105] The fullness of my knowledge threatens to fall in on me. My knowledge musters an army of a thousand orators, with voices of lions; the air trembles when they speak, and I am their defenseless sacrifice. They claw at me and drag me away from your silence and from the blessed depths, where only truth wells up and deepest contemplation, where past and future converge rustling and where I see, in dark puzzling images, the future in the images of the remotest past.[106] Keep interpretation far from me,[107] that bad prison master of science who binds the soul and imprisons it in a lightless cell, but above all protect me from the venomous serpent of critique,[108] which is a healing serpent only on the surface, yet in your depths is infernal poison and agonizing death. [47/48]

I want to go down cleansed into your depths with white garments and not rush in like some thief, seizing whatever I can and fleeing breathlessly.

Let me persist in divine astonishment, so that I am ready to behold your wonders, which ~~xx~~ emerge from the eternal depths.[109] Help, help, let me lay my head on a stone before your door and wait for you, ~~xx~~ so that I am prepared to receive the light of your glory.[110]

## 15. XII. 13[111]

Book of my most difficult experiments, I ~~xx~~ open you with inner resistance!

Everything in me balks at the immediacy of this experience! I want to coax myself like a nervous horse. I shy away from myself as if I were a nocturnal monster. The "subjective" is still the horrible and terrifying. As if through this word everything became devalued and superfluous. As if the "subject" were nothing in the events of the world! This is what I must overcome. [48/49]

## 16. XII. 13[112]

But on the fourth night I cried, "To journey to Hell means to become Hell oneself."[113] It is all frightfully muddled and interwoven.

My soul, on this desert path there is not just glowing sand, but also horrible tangled invisible beings who live in the desert. I didn't know this. The way is only apparently clear, the desert is only apparently deserted and empty. But it seems inhabited by magical beings who attack me and daimonically change my form. I have evidently taken on completely monstrous forms in which I can no longer recognize myself. It seems to me that I have become a monstrous animal form for which I have exchanged my humanity.

This way is surrounded by hellish magic, invisible nooses have been thrown over me and ensnare me.

“Climb down into your depths,”[114] you say. How shall I do it?

“Sink.” [49/50]

How can I sink? This is the hardest and highest art, to let yourself sink. Teach me.[115] I am unable to do it by myself.

“Sit yourself down, be calm.”

How frightful, forgive me, it sounds like nonsense. Do you also demand this of me? Can you hear the uproar of outrage in me?[116] You overthrew the mighty Gods who are powerful and mean the most to us. My soul, where are you? Have I entrusted myself to a stupid animal, do I stagger like a drunkard to the roadside ditch in order to sleep off a wild intoxication?[117] Do I stammer mangled nonsense like a lunatic? Is this your way, my soul? Forgive me, forgive me, but the blood boils in me and I would strangle you if I could seize you. You weave the thickest darknesses, my soul, and I am like a madman caught in your net. [50/51]

But I yearn, teach me.

“My path is light.”

Do you call light what we men call the worst darkness? Do you call our day night? Guide me, give me light, your light.[118]

“My l~~x~~ight is not of this world.”[119]

I know of no other world.

“Should it not exist because you know nothing of it?”

But our knowledge! Does our knowledge also not hold good for you? What is it going to be, if not knowledge? Where is security? Where is ground? Where is firm land? Where is light? Your darkness is not only darker than night, but bottomless as well. If it’s not going to be knowledge, then perhaps it will do without speech and words too?”

“No words either.” [51/52]

I could not have dreamed of a more horrendous destruction.[120] Forgive me, perhaps I’m hard of hearing,

perhaps I misinterpret you. Perhaps I ensnare myself in self-deceit and hellish monkey business, and I am a rascal grinning at myself in a mirror, a fool in my own madhouse. Perhaps, my soul, you stumble over my folly.

"You delude yourself, you do not deceive me. Your words are lies to you, not me."

But I could wallow in raging nonsense, which like a breaking flood will swallow you and me.[121] I could hatch absurdity, perverse monotony—

"Who gives you thoughts and words? Do you make them? Are you not—my serf—a recipient—[52/53] a beggar who lies at my door and picks up my alms? And you dare think that what you devise and speak could be nonsense? Don't you know yet that it comes from me and belongs to me?"

But then my indignation must also come from you. Then in me you are indignant against yourself. My soul then spoke the ambiguous words:

"That is civil war."

Oh, a catchword I have often heard from myself applied to others.[122]

"How painful, my soul, to hear you use catchwords. Are you neurotic? Are we neurotic?[123]

I feel sick—comedy and drivel.

But I yearn, I yearn. I also crawl [53/54] through the stinking mud, the most despised banality. The devils on the desert path shall not catch me and fell me.[124] I can also eat dust, let it rain filthy clichés.[125] ~~Even~~ The banality is also part of Hell.

I do not yield, I am defiant. You can go on devising torments, spider-legged monsters, comical, hideous, frightful theatrical tabloid monsters. Come close − I am ready, ready, my soul, you who are a devil, to wrestle with you too. You donned the mask of a God, and I worshipped you. Now you wear the mask of a devil—woe—a

monstrosity—the mask of the banal, of the dunghill of words and phrases.

Only one favor! Give me a moment to step back and consider! Is the struggle with [54/55] this mask worthwhile? Was the mask of God worth worshiping? I cannot do it, the lust for battle burns in my limbs. No, I cannot leave the battlefield defeated. I want to seize you, crush you, buffoon, monkey.[126]

Woe, it's an unequal struggle. My hands grab at air—but your blows are also air, and I perceive—trickery.

I find myself again on the desert path—a desert vision—a vision of the solitaries who have wandered down long roads.—Ha, a work of art!—Damned stab, that arrow hit the target. Where did it come from?[127] In this street lurk invisible robbers and assassins—and shooters of poison darts. Suppose the murderous arrow is sticking in my heart?[128] Its poison burns. Bloody mist blurs my eyes. Someone loads lead on my [55/56] shoulders—

But I want it, I want it.

## 18. XII. 13.[129]

The following night was terrible. I soon awoke from a frightful dream:[130]

I was with an unknown youth, a brown savage,[131] in a mighty mountainscape before daybreak. The Eastern sky was already light. Then Siegfried's horn resounded over the mountains with a jubilant sound, and we knew that our mortal enemy was now coming.[132] We were armed and lurked beside a narrow rocky path to murder the hero. Then he came high across the mountain on a chariot made of the bones of the dead, in a white garment with black mystical figures[133] and drove with unbelievable boldness over the steep rocks and arrived at the narrow path where [56/57] we lay in wait. As he came around the turn, we

fired at the same time and wounded him fatally. My companion left me in order to attend to the hero one last time, that, is to finish him off.[134] Thereupon I turned to flee. A terrible rain swept down. I bounded up nimbly an incredibly steep path and later helped my wife, who followed me at a slower pace, to ascend. Some people mocked us, but I didn't care, since this showed that they didn't know that I had murdered the hero."[135]

But after this dream I went through a mental torment unto death. And I felt that I must kill myself, if I could not solve the riddle. I knew that I must shoot myself, if I could not understand the dream.[136]

Gradually it dawned on me that the highest truth is one and the same with the absurd.[137]

In this moment the enormous tension was released and like rain it swept away [57/58] everything that was tensed, too highly strung. And soon sleep returned and brought with it a curiously beautiful image:[138]

Forms walked clad in white silk in a colored atmosphere. Each surrounded by a strangely fragrant, glowingly tinted aura, some reddish, the others blueish and greenish.[139]

A magical, spiritual, and sensual feeling radiated from this image and I fell asleep like a convalescent.[140] I have stridden across the depths and see light. But it seems to me that I am in a new world.[141]

Where am I?

Through painful guilt, a new man, a newborn?[142]

I don't know the way or the wherefore, I have—I assume—not yet learned how to walk in this new state. [58/59]

Shall I grope my way, or crawl? Or will something attach itself to me, that leads and shows me the way further?

Certainly this is an animated world, a world of the simplest things. No world of will-be or must-be, it seems to me, rather a world of maybe with entirely undetermined possibilities, a world of colorful twilight. It seems as if

there are only modest waysides here, close at hand, no distant targets, no broad straight military roads. No heaven above, no hell below. A strange world in between—everything merges in soft shades—a colorful painting, harmonically fused in itself.

## 20. XII. 13.[143]

There are many uncertainties, not least of which is whether to keep this new life or this new world.[144] A new world is weak and artificial—artificial—a bad word, but I have learned that weak [59/60] artificial beginnings, unsightly put together semi-unrealities developed into horrible realities. The mustard seed that grew into a tree,[145] the word that was conceived in the womb of a poor virgin, became a God with a two-thousand-year-old history.[146]

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[147]I have received your sprout, you who are to come, I have received it in deepest need and lowliness, I covered it in shabby patchwork and bedded it down on words of straw, and the mockers grinningly worshipped ~~you~~ it, your child, your ~~odd~~ wondrous child, the child of one who is to come, who should announce the father, a fruit that is older than the tree on which it grew.

In pain were you conceived [60/61], lust glowed around your birth.[148]

The air shook with the anthem of blaspheming souls, when the God plunged you into my heart.

Fear ~~was~~ is your herald, doubt stands to your right, disappointment to your left.

We shrank together in our ridiculousness and senselessness when we caught sight of you, most strange,

miraculous child.

Our eyes were blinded and our knowledge fell silent when we received your radiance.

You new spark of an eternal fire, into which night, into what kind of mud were you born![149] Fires of madness are blazing toward you as sacrificial fires—

Ice-cold hands of steel murderously grasp [61/62] after you and they will melt helplessly from your glow.

They will mix the venom of treacherous thoughts into your food, and they themselves will pine away because of it.

The lustful and heavenly beauty ~~xx~~ will approach your camp. One would like to slobber over you in heat and the other would like to trample you arrogantly. But they will powerlessly worship you and lay their hands under your feet.

You will wring truthful prayers from your believers, and they must invoke your glory in tongues that are atrocious to them.[150] You will fall on them in the hour of their disgrace and humiliation, and will become known to them in [62/63] what they hate, fear, and abhor.

[151]Your face, Oh child, will be found in the hideous features of mighty beasts in the remotest ground of our souls.

Your voice, the rarest pleasing sound, will be heard amid the horrible stammerings of wretches, rejects, and those condemned as worthless.

Your realm will be touched by the hands of those who also worshipped before the most profound lowliness, and whose longing drove them ~~also~~ through the tide of evil.

You will give your gifts to those who pray to you in terror and doubt, and your light will shine upon those whose knees must bend before you unwillingly and who are filled with resentment. [63/64]

~~Oh~~ Your life is with he who has overcome himself and who has disowned his self-overcoming.[152]

Oh I know that the salvation of mercy is given only to those who believe in the highest and faithlessly betray themselves for thirty pieces of silver.[153]

Those who will dirty their pure hands, cheat on their best knowledge against error, and take their virtues from a murderer's grave are invited to your great banquet.

The constellation of your birth is an ill and changing star.

These, Oh child of what is to come, are the wonders that will bear testimony that you are a veritable God. [64/65]

[154]My soul, you wanted me to utter and write down all these words. I did not know that you guarded such secrets. I am astonished. You are an unbelievable riddle. But what to make of my astonishment?

## 21. XII. 13[155]

As much as I resist, still I must descend into the depths again, to the place of torment. Everything points to that. I shall not be concerned with what I will carry up. I know why I have pathetic fear—the sleepless nights, the shredded state of my own heart, that is what I shy away from. It is an almost physical nausea that holds me back. Oh, all this darkness, black mists encompass me—I sink—woe already, I lie propped against a rock in dark depths—boulders all around—an old man[156] [65/66] to my left with a gray beard and wearing an Oriental robe[157]—probably an old prophet. His right hand is stretched out as if he were teaching—a big black serpent lay at his feet (I obey—no resistance)[158]—in the background a house with columns, a beautiful young maiden steps out—the daughter of the old man—she walks up to his side—is she blind? I look in astonishment—and rise—she takes my hand—we walk to

the house ~~xx~~ at the foot of sheer rock walls.[159] The serpent creeps behind us—obscure darkness inside—a carpet in a bleak hall, on a small black table [66/67] a bright water-colored crystal the size of a fist that attracts me.[160] Gleams of color radiate from it. (Now it gets difficult.) A colored wreath of rays surrounds my entire field of vision—in it Eve under the tree, the serpent before it—[161] now a wonderful bluish black sea, a rocky coast—a ship with red sail passes by—Odysseus and his companions[162]—(frightful—but it must be) a poster picture behind it, an old man with a child —(disgusting—survived) I peer into the hall, glittering things, weapons? Gemstones? On the walls—in the background a beautiful garden with gleaming sunlight, we step outside—blossoming bushes of pomegranates—a shady fountain [67/68]—the old man says:

"Do you know my land?"[163]

I am a stranger here and everything seems strange to me, anxious as in a dream. May I ask who are you?

"I am Elijah[164] and this is my daughter Salome."[165]

The daughter of Herod? The bloodthirsty woman?

"Why do you judge so harshly? You see that she is blind —and my daughter, the daughter of the prophet."

What miracle has united you?

"It is no miracle, it was so from the beginning. My wisdom and my daughter are one.

I am shocked and I am incapable [68/69] of grasping it.

"Consider this.[166] Elijah, the prophet, and Salome, the murderous and infamous dancer—her blindness has made us companions since time immemorial, father and daughter."

Forgive my astonishment, am I truly in the underworld?

"This is the house of dreams, or better—do not give it a name."[167]

Salome (turned to me): "Do you love me?"

(I get scared, all the blood pushes to my heart):[168] How can I love you? How do you come to this question? I see only one thing, you are Salome, a tiger, and your hands are stained with the blood of the holy one. How should I love you? [69/70]

"You will love me."

(Horror grabbed me by the throat.)[169]

I, love you? Who gives you the right to such thoughts?

"I love you."

Leave me be, I dread you, you beast.

"You do me wrong, Elijah is my father, and he knows the deepest mysteries, the walls of his house are made of precious stones, his wells hold healing water and his deep eye sees the things of the future—And what wouldn't you give for a single look into the infinite unfolding of what is to come? Are these not worth a sin for you?"

Your temptation is horrible. [70/71] I long to be back in the upper world, it is dreadful here. How oppressive and heavy is the air.

I look for Elijah. Mighty brows shade his eyes. He says:[170]

"What do you want? The choice is yours."

But I do not belong to the dead, I live in the light of day. Why should I torment myself here with Salome? Do I not have enough of my own life to deal with?

"You heard what Salome ~~xx~~ said."

I cannot believe that you, the prophet, can recognize her as a daughter and a companion. Is she not ~~xx~~ engendered from heinous seed? Was she not vain greed and perverse[171] lust? [71/72]

"But she loved a holy man."

And shamefully shed his precious blood.

"Do not interrupt me, my son;[172] she loved the holy prophet of God, who announced the new God to his world.

She loved him—do you understand that? For she is my daughter.”

Do you think that because she is your daughter, she loved the prophet in John, the father? Do I understand you correctly?

“By her love shall you know her.”

But, how did she love him!? Do you still call that love?

“What else was it?”

But I am horrified, because who wouldn’t be horrified if Salome [72/73] loved him?

“Are you a coward? And besides—I and my daughter—have been one since eternity.”

You pose dreadful riddles. How could it be that this unholy woman and you, the prophet of your God, could be one?

“Why are you amazed. But you see it, we are together.”

What my eyes see is exactly what I cannot grasp. You, Elijah, who are a prophet, the mouth of God, and she, a bloodthirsty, ~~and~~ horny[173]—monster—you are the symbol of the most extreme contradiction.

“We are ~~and~~ really together and are not symbols. We are real and together.”[174] [73/74]

The black serpent writhes up the tree, and hides in the branches.

Everything becomes gloomy and doubtful. Elijah and Salome[175] rise, he leads her by the hand, I stand hesitating. Elijah leads, waves with his hand and we go back to the hall. The crystal shines dimly. I think again of the image of Odysseus, how he passed the rocky island of the Sirens on his lengthy odyssey. Should I, should I not?

Elijah and Salome are silent. We come beneath the columns at the entrance.[176] Doubt tears my heart apart—I don’t know. It is so unreal and yet a part of my longing remains behind. Will I come again? Will I find [74/75] the way back to the house of that riddle? The way that I did not

seek and never expected?[177] Salome loves me? Do I love her? I hear wild music, a tambourine—a sultry moonlit night—then the bloody-staring head of the holy one[178]—fear seizes me—I rush out, I am surrounded by the dark night, I am in the midst of boulders, in the distance water cascades over cliffs[179]—who murdered the hero? Is this why Salome loves me? Do I love her, and did I therefore murder the hero? She is one with the prophet, one with John, but also one with me? Woe, was she the hand of the God?

I do not love her, I fear her. My knees tremble.[180]

A voice[181] says: "Therein you acknowledge her divine power."

Must I love Salome?[182][75/76]

## 22. XII. 13.[183]

[184]What am I going to write? Everything is dark in front of me. No shape, no bright and no dark. It is the gate to darkness. Who enters there, must grope what is closest, he must feel his way from stone to stone. No clear thought comes toward him, one has to sample them all, valuable and worthless must be embraced with the same kind of love, because in this world of darkness our values are suspended. A mountain is the smallest nothing, and a sand grain contains kingdoms[185]—~~at least~~ or it may not.

Every value judgment must fall off from you, equally every other logical judgment; even your taste must be shed before the gate. Get rid of all your knowledge and above all ~~let~~ sacrifice your arrogance, even when it seems to be based on merits. [76/77] Who enters here, enters as a poor or stupid one, because what we call knowledge here is ignorance, seeing blindness, hearing deafness, feeling dullness.

Enter through that gate entirely poor, pathetic, humble, ignorant. But even in your poverty, ignorance, and humility do not be greedy and presumptuous and expect neither bread nor stones, but look without desire and passion. Turn all your anger against yourself, because only you can hinder yourself from looking. The mystery play is delicate as air and thin smoke and you are brutal matter that itself is already disturbingly heavy.

Yet let all your hope, which is your greatest good and highest ability, precede and serve you as a leader in the world of the dark, because it is of similar substance as [77/78] the creations of this world. Let your hope swell toward it into the indeterminable.

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[186]I am already standing on this waste spot in the rocky depth that seems to me like a giant crater. In the distance I see, nestled in the hillside, the white house with columns.[187] Everything is bleak, foggy, and night-like.[188]

I see from afar Salome in a white dress[189] walking along the length of the wall toward the left, touching the wall like a blind person. The black serpent behind her. The old man stands under the portal, he waves to me from the distance. Hesitantly I draw closer. He calls Salome back, she approaches him and leans against him.[190] She is like someone suffering. I cannot detect any sacrilege in her nature. [78/79] Her hands are white and her face has a gentle expression.

The serpent lies before them. I stand before them clumsily, uncertain like a stupid boy.[191]

“Here I am again,” I would like to say. The words get stuck in my throat. Everything is terribly uncertain and ambiguous.[192]

The old man eyes me searchingly.

“What do you want here?” he asks in a harsh tone.[193]

“Forgive me, it is not my obtrusiveness or arrogance that leads me here. I am here perchance, not knowing what I want. But I admit that a longing has brought me back, a longing that stayed behind in your house yesterday.[”]

I see how Salome raises her face, softly smiling, ~~xx~~ to the old man. It looks [79/80] like quiet happiness. Yes—it looks like that. But—isn’t she Salome?[194]

You see, prophet, I am tired, my head is as heavy as lead. I am lost in my ignorance. I have toyed with myself enough; I played hypocritical games with myself and they all would have disgusted me, were it not clever to perform what others expect from us in the world of men. It seems to me as if I were more real here. And yet I do not like being here; I even believe it resists me.[195]

Wordlessly Elijah and Salome step inside the house. I follow them reluctantly. A feeling of guilt torments me—is it bad conscience? I would like to turn back. But I have to, I feel it.

The hall is bleak. There is the [80/81] shining crystal. I need to walk up to it and look into its play of fire.[196] I see in a fiery corona the mother of God with the child as if in an old painting. Peter stands to her left, bowing.[197] Peter alone with the keys—the Pope with a triple crown in a festive audience[198]—a sitting Buddha appears in a circle of fire—now a many-armed Kali,[199]—this bloody Goddess—now Salome herself desperately wringing her hands,[200] now that white shape of a girl with black hair—my own soul—and now that white shape of a man, which also appeared to me at the time—it resembles Michelangelo’s[201] sitting Moses—it is Elijah.

Elijah and Salome stand before me, real, as if softly smiling. [81/82]

These visions are full of torment, and the meaning of these images is dark to me, Elijah; please shed some light.

Elijah waves silently, and leads the way toward the left. Salome enters a colonnade to the right. I follow Elijah into an even darker room. There seem to be bookshelves on the walls. A burning red lamp hangs from the ceiling. I sit down exhausted in an armchair. Elijah stands before me leaning on a marble lion. Behind him are bleak dark and red little window panes.[202]

He speaks:

"Are you anxious? Why are you afraid?[203] Your ignorance is to blame for your bad conscience. Not-knowing works like guilt. But you believe that it is the urge toward forbidden knowledge [82/83] that causes your feeling of guilt. You err, especially about yourself. Why do you think you are here?"

I don't know. I sank into this place when unknowingly I tried resisting the not-known. So here I am, astonished and confused, like an ignorant fool. I experience strange things in your house, things that frighten me and whose meaning I don't know."[204]

"So listen: If it were not your law to be here, how would you be here?"

I'm afflicted by fatal weakness, my father—

"You are evasive. You cannot extricate yourself from your law."

What do you mean? How can I extricate myself from what is unknown to me, [83/84] which I cannot reach with either feeling or presentiment?

"You are lying. Do you not know that you yourself recognized what it means if Salome loves you?"

You are right. A doubtful and uncertain thought arose in me for a moment, but I have forgotten it again.

"You have not forgotten it. It burned deep inside you. But you are afraid of megalomania?[205] Are you that

cowardly? Or can you not differentiate this thought from your own self, from your human nature, enough so that you wished to claim it for yourself?”

The thought went too far for me, and I shun far-fetched ideas. They are dangerous, since [84/85] I am also a man, and you know how much men are accustomed to seeing thoughts as their very own, as their innermost, so that they eventually confuse them with themselves.

“Will you, I ask you, therefore confuse yourself with a tree or animal, because you look at them and because they exist with you in one and the same world? Must you be your thoughts, because you are in the world of your thoughts? I think it would be obvious that your thoughts are just as much outside your ~~mind~~ self as trees and animals are outside your body.”[206]

You are certainly right from your point of view.[207] But my thought world was for me more word than fact.[208] I thought, my thought world, this is I.

“That way you became the victim of your megalomania without seeing it [85/86]. Do you say to your human world, to each I, and to every being outside of you: this is my I or my body?”[209]

I stepped into your house, my father, feeling like a schoolboy about to be scolded. But you taught me a salutary wisdom: I can also consider a thought as being outside my self. That helps me to return to that terrible conclusion that my tongue is reluctant to express.

I thought that Salome loves me because I resemble John or you. This thought seemed all-too bold[210] and unbelievable to me. That’s why I rejected it and thought that she loves me because I am really quite opposite to you [86/87], that she loves her badness in my badness. This thought was devastating.

The old one is silent. Bleak heaviness lies on me. Suddenly Salome steps into the room, lays her arm around

my shoulder. She presumably takes me for her father in whose chair I seem to sit. I dare neither move nor speak.

She speaks: “I know that you are not my father. You are his son, and I am your sister.”

You, Salome, my sister? Was this the terrible attraction that emanated from you, that unnamable horror of you, of your touch? Who was our mother?

“Mary.”

Is it a hellish dream, Salome, Elijah?[211] Mary, our mother? [87/88]

What madness lurks in your words? The mother of our Savior—our mother?

When I crossed your threshold today, I foresaw calamity —Alas! It has come. Doubt tears my heart apart.[212] Are you out of your senses, Salome? You Elijah, protector of the divine law, speak: is this a devilish spell cast by the rejected? How can she say such a thing—or are both of you out of your senses? Or am I out of my senses?[213]

You are symbols and Mary is a symbol—I am simply too confused to see through you now.

The old man speaks: ~~?~~

“You may call us symbols for the same reason that you can also call your real fellow men symbols [88/89], if you wish to. But we exist and are just as real as your fellow men. You invalidate nothing and solve nothing by calling us ~~xx~~ symbols.”

You plunge me into a terrible confusion. Do you wish to be realities?[214]

The old man speaks: “We are certainly what you call realities.[215] Here we are, and you have to accept us. The choice is yours.”

I am sitting in silence. Salome has removed herself. Uncertainly and gloomily I look around. In the background of the room a high golden red flame burns on a round marble altar. The serpent has encircled the flame. Its eyes

[89/90] glitter with golden reflections. Swaying I turn to the exit. Before me a powerful lion walks slowly through the hall.[216] I watch it without horror. Outside, a mighty starry sky arches over the wild rocky landscape—cool night air—I hear the distant waters roaring. Everything is so real and cold. I slowly walk into the rocky desert, into this valley of riddles. Where did I come from? Which was the way into this underworld. Is it really the, or an underworld? It seems as if compulsory realities exist here. What forced me to come here if not those “other” realities? Apparently they are somehow superior to me as I did not know [90/91] anything about them, whereas they knew about me and forced me—could force me—to come to them on a way unknown to me, that I must have flown through unconsciously.

And immediately I am back again writing in my book, hours have passed and I am tired from this long journey. What did I bring with me? I think I must appear very stupid to these people.

## 25. XII. 13.[217]

May I, ~~xx~~ perhaps, also wish for this—until now—bitter necessity, even desire it? I don’t know as everything is extremely dark and thoroughly mysterious. The secret shall be kept virginally—but what am I talking about? It is better kept as any man could ever keep it, because no human hand can touch it, unless it has been given [91/92] to him. No one can steal it, no one can rob it violently.

The gate might open only to he who waits there poor and unknowingly.[218]

[219]I stood before a ridge that leads steeply upward in a wasteland. Gray jagged stones—a blue sky. At that moment I catch sight of the prophet high above me. His hand makes an averting movement, and I abandon my decision to climb up. I wait below, gazing upward. The prophet's coat flutters in the wind.

I look: to his right it is dark—night; to the left it is bright day. The rock separates day and night.

The night is like a monstrously huge, black, but transparent monster like a serpent or a dragon.[220] [92/93]

The day, in contrast, contains a massive white serpent (with a golden crown?)[221]

Both serpents ~~one~~ thrust their ~~both~~ heads toward each other, eager for battle. Elijah stands on the heights between them. The prophet raises his hands in prayer.[222] Suddenly the serpents throw themselves from the ridge and a terrible wrestling ensues. The serpent of the night is to a larger extent on the side of the day.[223] Enormous billows of dust rise from the place of struggle and blur sight. The serpent of the night pulls itself back. The front part of its body has become white. The serpents curl about themselves, one in light, the other in darkness. Elijah climbs down from above and positions himself standing at some distance.[224]

He says to me: "What did you see?" [93/94]

I saw the fight of two formidable serpents, a white and a black one. It seemed to me as if the black would overcome the white serpent; but behold, the black one withdrew and its head and the top part of its body had turned white.

"Do you understand that?"

I have thought it over, but I cannot come to a clear explanation. Should it perhaps mean that the power of the good light will become so great that even the night that resists it will be illumined by it?[225]

"Follow me."[226]

Elijah climbs before me along the ridge into the heights. I follow. We climb up to a very high summit. On top we find some cyclopean[227] masonry with dark cracks [94/95] and holes. It appears to be like a courtyard or a circular rampart. Beneath the bulwarks ~~xx~~ cavernous rooms. In the middle of the courtyard a mighty rock, an enormous boulder, flat on top.[228] The prophet stands on this stone.

He says:

"This is the temple of the sun.~~"~~ This encircled place is a vessel that collects the light of the sun, the God.["]"[229]

As Elijah climbs down from the stone, I realize that his form has become smaller. He has become a dwarf, who seems foreign to me.

I ask astonished: Who are you?

"I am Mime and I will show you the wellsprings.[230] The light that has been collected by this vessel becomes water and [95/96] flows in many springs from the summit into the valleys of the earth." Mime goes to one of the crevices in the masonry and dives down into the dark. I follow him. Inside it is black ~~dark~~ night. One can hear the rippling of a spring.

The voice of the dwarf sounds from below: "Here are my wells. Whoever drinks from them becomes wise."

But I cannot reach down;[231] instead I cling onto a stone above. Slowly my eyes get accustomed to the dark. I see the dwarf standing in blueish dim light beside a small water rivulet. But I cannot reach down.

I lose courage. Outside in the giant courtyard I see the bright sun pouring. The dwarf seems ghostly to me. I have the feeling [96/97] of a hallucination.[232] Doubting, I pace back and forth on the giant squares of the yard, undecided whether a phantom has lured me to this place or not.[233] Because everything appears to me strange and incomprehensible. Was it Elijah? Was it Mime?[234]

It is so solitary and deathly silent here, and a clear and cool air as on the remotest mountains—a wonderful flood of sunlight all around. I see around me the mighty walls that form the horizon—jagged crenellations. Gray and yellow lichen grows on the stones, apart from this not a blade of grass. What is it with this place? I think it could be a Druidic sacred place of worship.[235]

A black serpent crawls over the stone—it is the serpent of the prophet. How did it come here from the underworld? My gaze follows it and I see [97/98] how it crawls to the wall. I feel weird all over. A little house stands there with a portico—minuscule, snuggling against the rock, the serpents become infinitely small—I feel as if I too am shrinking—the walls enlarge into a huge mountain and I am below on the foundation of the crater in the underworld, and I stand before the house of the prophet, which seems to have returned to his natural size.[236]

Here below it is dark and nocturnal, as always.

The prophet appears in the door of the house. I enter with quick steps and speak to Elijah:

I notice that you have shown me and let me experience all sorts of strange things before you allowed me to come to you today. But I confess that it is all dark to me. Your world appears to me today in a new [98/99] light. Just now it was as if I were separated by a starry distance from your place, which I still hoped to reach today. But behold, it seems to be one and the same place.

“You, my son, wanted to come here far too much. I did not deceive you, you deceived yourself yourself. He sees badly who wants to see, he measures too much. You have overreached yourself.”

It is true, I not only wished to, but I eagerly longed to reach you, to ~~xx~~ hear what you and Salome would continue to explain to me. Salome startled me and led me into

bewilderment, I felt dizzy, because what she said seemed to me to be monstrous and like madness. Where is Salome?

"How impetuous you are today? What is up with you? Step first over to the crystal [99/100] and probe your heart in its light."

I walk to the crystal.[237] A wreath of fire appears in front of my eyes: it encircles a void. I am seized with fear. My father,[238] I see a boot like the one the *Bundschuh* has in its coat of arms—I see the foot of a giant that crushes an entire city[239]—I see the face of the sun—my own image, it smiles—woe, what does it mean?[240]

"Look further, you are impetuous. Temper your desire. You see, you stand in your own way."

I see the cross—the removal of the cross[,] the mourning—how agonizing this sight is!

No longer do I yearn.

"You must."[241]

I see the child, with the white serpent in his right hand, and the black serpent in his left hand. [100/101]

I see the green mountain, the cross on it, and streams of blood flowing from the summit of the mountain.

I can look no longer—it is unbearable.

"You must."[242]

I see the cross and Christ on it in his last hour and last torment. At the foot of the cross the black serpent has coiled itself.

I feel that the serpent of the prophet has wound itself around my feet and ties itself up tightly. The prophet looks at me with fiery gaze.[243] I am contained and I spread ~~xx~~ my arms wide as if spellbound. Salome draws near from the right—The serpent has wound itself around my whole body, and it seems to me as if my countenance is that of a lion.

Salome says:

"Mary was the mother of Christ. Do you understand now?"

I see that a terrible [101/102] and incomprehensible power forces me to imitate the Lord in his final torment. But how can I presume to call Mary my mother?

"You are Christ."

I stand with outstretched arms like someone crucified, my body taut and horribly entwined by the serpent. Elijah looks at me with blazing eyes.[244]

"You, Salome, say that I <u>am</u> Christ?"[245]

It is as if I stood alone on a high mountain with stiff outstretched arms, the serpent squeezes my body in its terrible coils and the blood streams from my body, spilling down the mountainside.

But I am back in front of the crystal, still in the same position.[246] Salome bends down to my feet and wraps [102/103] her black hair round them. She lies thus for a long time, then she cries, "I see light!" And truly, she sees, her eyes are open. The serpent falls from my body and lies languidly on the ground. I stride over it and kneel at the feet of the prophet, whose form shines like a flame.

He speaks: "Your work is fulfilled here. Other things will come, of which you do not know yet.[247] But seek untiringly, and above all write exactly what you see."

Salome looks as in rapture at the light that streams from the prophet. Elijah transforms into a huge flame of white light and the serpent lies down at the feet of the flame. Salome kneels before the light in wonderstruck devotion. Tears fall from my eyes. I hurry out into the night.[248] My feet do not touch the ground, this alien [103/104] earth, and it is as if I were melting into air.[249]

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I am back again. Something has been completed. It is as if I had brought with me a certainty—and ~~xx~~ a hope.[250]

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## 26 XII 13.[251]

> “I am the one who, when love
> Breathes on me, notices, and in the manner
> That he dictates within, I utter words.”
> Dante. *Purgatorio*. 24. 52ff.

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> “And then, in the same manner as a flame
> Which follows whatever shape it takes,
> The new form follows the spirit exactly.”
> Dante. [*Purgatorio*] 25ff. 97ff.[252]

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[104/105] This night begins with the feeling of ignorance and incapacity. Only expectancy is on the lookout as if from a high tower that dominates the surrounding country.[253]

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I am standing on a high tower. The horizon stretches far. A gray and cloudy sky covers the earth. I am utter anticipation.[254] In the furthest end of the country I discover a red spot. It comes nearer on a winding road, disappearing for a while in forests and reappearing again—it is a horseman in a red coat, a red horseman—the red knight?[255]

I am in a castle on a steep rock—a mediaeval atmosphere.[256] It seems to me that I am wearing a green garment. A mighty horn hangs from my shoulder. The red horseman approaches the castle. [105/106][257] Should I

blow on the horn? Hesitation gets hold of me—but I do it. A resounding blow on the horn. Below many people rush out from the doors—they open the gate. The Red One rides in and jumps off the horse. I look down steadfastly. Something uncanny seems to accompany him. I withdraw to the tower's chamber and must watch the door. What if the Red One came to me—a guest of the castle maybe—why should he climb up to me?

I hear steps on the stairs—the boards creak—he knocks—a strange fear comes over me. I shiver and open the door. There stands the Red One. A long shape wholly shrouded in red, even his hair is red. I think: in the end he will turn out to be the devil.

He says: "I greet you, man [106/107] on the high tower. I saw you from afar, watching and waiting. Your waiting has called me."

Who are you?

"Who am I? You think I am the devil. Do not pass judgments. Perhaps you can also talk to me without knowing who I am. What sort of a superstitious fellow are you, that immediately you think of the devil?"

If you have no supernatural ability, how could you feel that I stood <u>waiting</u> on my tower~~?~~, looking out for the unknown and new? Our life in the castle is poor, especially my life,[258] since I always sit here and no one climbs up to me.

"So what are you waiting for?"

I await all kinds of things, and especially I'm waiting for some of the world's wealth, which we [107/108] don't see here, to come to me.

"So, I have come to absolutely the right place. I have wandered a long time through the world, seeking those like you who sit upon a high tower on the lookout for things unseen."

You make me curious. You seem to be a rare breed. Even your appearance is not ordinary. And then too—forgive me—it seems to me that you bring with you a strange atmosphere, something worldly, impudent, or exuberant—or—if I shall name it clearly—something pagan.

The stranger laughs complacently:[259]

"You don't offend me, on the contrary, you hit your nail on the head. But I'm no old pagan as you seem to think."

I don't want to insist on that. [108/109] You are also not pompous and Latin enough. You have nothing classical about you. You seem to be a son of our time, but as I must remark, a rather unusual one—yes, even a most unusual one. You're no real pagan, but the kind of pagan who runs alongside our ~~r~~ Christian religion.

"You're truly a good diviner of riddles. You're doing better than many others who have totally mistaken me."

You sound cool and sneering. Have you ~~not~~ never broken your heart over the holiest mysteries of our Christian religion?

"You're an unbelievably ponderous and serious person. Are you always so insistent?"

I would—before God—always like to be as serious and true to myself as I also try to be now. However, that certainly becomes difficult in your presence. You ~~are~~ bring a certain gallows air with you. You're bound to be [109/110] from the black school of Salerno,[260] where pernicious arts are taught by pagans and the descendants of pagans.

"You're superstitious and—too German. You take literally what your Holy[261] scriptures say, otherwise you could not judge me so hard."

A hard judgment is the last thing I would want. But my nose does not play tricks on me. You're evasive and elastic and don't want to reveal yourself. What are you hiding?

The Red One seems to get redder, his garments shine like glowing iron.

“I hide nothing from you, you true-hearted soul. ~~He~~ I simply amuse myself with your weighty seriousness and your comic veracity. This is so rare in our time, especially in men who have understanding [110/111] at their disposal.”

I believe you cannot fully understand me. You apparently compared me with those whom you know. But I must say to you for the sake of truth that I really belong neither to this time nor to this place. A strange spell has banished me to this place and world-time for years. Why and for what reason I do not know. I am in reality not as you see me.

“You say astounding things. I did not know that. Who are you then?”

That is irrelevant, who I am. I stand before you the way I am. Why am I here, I do not know. But I do know that I must be here to justify myself in all conscience. I know who you are just as little as you know who I am.

“Hmm, that sounds very strange. Are you [111/112] something of a saint? Hardly a philosopher, since you have no aptitude for scholarly language. But a saint? Surely that. Your solemnity smells of fanaticism. You have an ethical air and a simplicity that smacks of stale bread and water.”

I can say neither yes nor no. All I can say is that you speak as one trapped in the spirit of this time. It seems to me that you lack the terms of comparison.

“Perhaps you attended the school of the pagans? You answer artfully like a sophist.[262] How can you then measure me with the yardstick of the Christian religion, if you are no saint?”

It seems to me, though, that one can apply this yardstick even if one is no saint in the sense of the Christian ~~religion~~ conception. I believe I have learned that no one is allowed to avoid the [112/113] mysteries of the Christian religion unpunished. I repeat, he whose heart has not been broken over the Lord Jesus Christ drags a pagan around ~~with~~ in himself, who holds him back from the best.

The Red One glows again and says angrily:[263] “The same old tune again? What for, if you are not a Christian saint? Are you not a damned sophist after all?”

You are ensnared in your own world. But you might conceive that one can assess the worth of Christianity correctly without being a downright saint.

“Are you a doctor of theology, who examines Christianity from the outside and appreciates it historically? And therefore a sophist after all?”

You’re stubborn. What I mean is that it’s hardly a coincidence that the whole world has become Christian, since it has been one of the major tasks of man—to be more precise—of Western man [113/114] to carry Christ in the heart and to grow with his suffering, death, and resurrection.

“Well, there are also Jews who are good people and yet had no need for your solemn gospels.”

You are, I believe, no good reader of people, though in all other things you seem to know the world better than I.[264] Have you never noticed that the Jew himself lacks something—one in his head, another in his heart, and he himself feels that he lacks something.

“Indeed I’m no Jew, but I must come to the Jew’s defense: you seem to be a Jew hater.”

Well, now you speak thoughtlessly[265] like all those Jews who always indict a correct judgment as Jew hating.[266] Since they only too clearly feel that particular lack in the presence of the Christian[267], they defend themselves [114/115] with ignorant sensitivity against this fact.[268] Do you believe that all that struggle and all these blood sacrifices left no mark on the soul of the Christian?[269] And do you believe that one who has not experienced this struggle[270] most intimately can still partake of its fruit? No one can flout the spiritual development of many centuries and then reap what they have not sowed.[271]

The Red One has become slightly more pale.[272] “You argue your case well. But your solemnity! You could make matters much easier for yourself. If you’re no saint, I really don’t see why you have to be so solemn. You wholly spoil the fun. What the devil is troubling you? Only Christianity with its mournful escape from the world can make people so ponderous[273].”

I think there are still other things that bespeak seriousness. [115/116]

“Oh, I know, you mean life. I know this phrase. I too live and don’t let my hair turn white over it. Life doesn’t require any seriousness. On the contrary, it’s better to dance through life.”

I know how to dance—yes, if only dancing could do it! Dancing goes with the mating season. I know that there are those who are always in heat, and those who also want to dance for their Gods; some are ridiculous jubilant old men and women and others posture at antiquity, instead of honestly admitting their utter incapacity for religious[274] expression.

“Here—my dear fellow—I doff my mask. Now I grow somewhat more serious, since this concerns my own province. It’s conceivable that there is some third thing for which dancing would be the symbol.” [116/117]

The red of the rider transforms itself into a tender reddish flesh color. My green garments everywhere burst into leaf. The Red One actually looks very much like me.[275]

Perhaps too there is a joy before God that one can call dancing. But I haven’t yet found this joy. I look out for things that are yet to come. Things came, but joy was not among them.

“Don’t you recognize me, brother, I am joy!”

Could you be joy? I see you as through a cloud. Your image fades. Let me take your hand, beloved—where are you?—where are you?[276]

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[277]I am alone in the chamber of my tower. Rain pelts the window, a cold stormy night outside. A small ruddy flame flits over my table top [117/118] like a will-o'-the-wisp. But it is a warm glow. A silent scent of roses fills the room. It is around midnight.

Joy? Was he joy? God help me, what shall come of this?
[278]

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## 28 XII 13.

[279]Where shall I reach out my hand? What should it grasp? To what vision is my gaze turning? The endless fullness is as good as the endless nothingness. Not demanding nor beseeching, but praying, approaches the threshold of the vision. Receive gratefully and in faith, never ask why?, never judge what has been placed in your hand. To you it may seem to be stones? But even stones can turn into bread. Patiently wait on the word that your soul speaks. [118/119]

She says:

"I am here. Where have you been?"

I have seen visions of a remarkable kind.

"Did they satisfy your hunger?"

I drank them in like someone dying of thirst. I have received them with the measure of faith and hope that I could summon up. You know how little that is. But I could not say that my hunger and thirst have been satisfied. You know how much I long for what we call certainty~~ies~~. But the nature of these visions is dark and full of doubt. I cannot see clearly what they want to say.

"You are going to see more—things of greater clarity."

I hope in gratitude.

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[119/120] [280]A castle, standing in water—dark swamp water. The walls greenish damp—a surrounding forest—everything is dreadfully lonely and deserted. It is evening. I am a wanderer who, as it seems, erring, has reached this castle through the forest.[281] An old wooden bridge leads over the pond—the gate is shut.[282] I knock with the door knocker, because it seemed to me as if there was ~~xx~~ light in one of the windows.[283]—I wait—it is raining, and night falls.[284] I wait and knock again. Now I hear steps—someone opens—a man similar to a servant with a harsh face in mediaeval attire[285] opens and asks what I want—I would like lodging for the night. The servant lets me enter—a low dark vestibule, black oak furniture. [120/121] I am led up an old stairway. At the top a higher and wider corridor with whitewashed walls—lined with some chests and deer antlers. I am led into a kind of reception room. It is a simple space with plain upholstered furniture—a hazy dim light of a hanging lamp lights the room only very meagerly. The servant knocks on a side door and then quietly opens it —~~it is~~ I scan it swiftly—it's a scholar's study—with bookshelves on all four walls—a large writing desk, at which an old man sits wearing a long black robe. He is occupied with reading and writing.[286] He beckons me to come in. I enter the room. The air in the room is heavy and the old man seems careworn. He is not without dignity[287] but has that modest-fearful look of scholarly [121/122] men who have long since been squashed to nothing by the abundance of what can be experienced and known.[288] I think, a real scholar who has learned great modesty before the immensity of knowledge and has entirely given himself

to the material of science and research, anxiously and equably appraising, as if he personally had to represent the working out of scientific truth.

He greets me embarrassed, as if defensive. I do not wonder about this since I ~~am~~ look like an ordinary person. Only with difficulty can he turn his gaze away from his work and he asks me absentmindedly what I wish.[289] I repeat my request for lodgings for the night, for a place to sleep.

"So, you want to sleep, then sleep well."

I notice that he is absentminded, and therefore ask [122/123] him to inform the servant to show me a chamber.

"You are demanding—wait—I cannot just drop everything!"

He sinks again into his book. I wait patiently. After a while he looks up astonished: "What do you want here? Oh —forgive me—I totally forgot that you ~~xx~~ are waiting here. I'll call the servant straightaway." The servant comes and leads me to a small chamber on the same floor with bare walls and a large bed with a blue cover.[290] ~~Then~~ He wishes me good night and closes the door.

[291]I undress immediately and go to bed, after I have snuffed out the light with a pointed copper snuffer that lay next to the candle—a tallow candle that seemed unusual.[292] The sheet is uncommonly rough—the pillow hard.

My errant way has led me to a strange place—a small old castle [123/124] whose scholarly owner is apparently spending the evening of his life alone with his books—no one else seems to be living in the house—apart from the servant who lives over there in the gatehouse—an ideal though fairly solitary existence, this life of the old man with his books—I think. The thought that the old man has hidden a beautiful young daughter here, doesn't let go of me—a vulgar idea from a novel—an insipid, worn-out theme—but the romantic can be felt in every limb.—a real novelistic

idea—a castle in a forest—solitary—an old man petrified in his books, protecting a costly treasure and enviously hiding it from all the world. What ridiculous thoughts come to me—is it Hell or purgatory that I must also contrive such childish fantasies on my nocturnal wanderings? But I feel impotent to elevate my thoughts[124/125] to something higher or more beautiful—I suppose I must allow these thoughts to come—what good would it do to push them away, they will come again—better to swallow this stale drink than keep it in the mouth.

So what does she look like—this boring heroine of the novel?—Surely blond—pale—water blue eyes—hoping longingly that every lost wanderer is her savior from the paternal prison—Oh, I know this hackneyed nonsense—I'd rather sleep—why the devil must I plague myself with such empty fantasies?

Sleep does not come. I toss and turn. But sleep still does not come. Must I harbor this unsaved soul in myself? And is it this that will not let me sleep? Have I such a novelistic soul? It is agonizingly ridiculous. Does this bitterest of all drinks never end? It must already be [125/126] midnight—and still no sleep. What in the wide world, then, won't let me sleep? Is it something to do with this chamber? Is the bed bewitched? It's terrible, what sleeplessness can drive a man to—even the most absurd and superstitious mediaeval[293] theories! It seems to be cool, I'm freezing—perhaps that's what keeps me from sleeping—actually it's uncanny here—Heaven knows what goes on here—weren't those steps just now? No, that must have been outside in the corridor—I roll over, firmly closing my eyes—I simply must sleep—wasn't that the door just now?—My God, someone is standing there? Am I seeing straight? A slim girl, pale as death, standing at the door? I cannot speak out of fear and wonder.[294] She's coming nearer—

"Have you come at last?" [126/127] she asks.

Impossible, this is a cruel mistake, the novel shall become real.[295] To what nonsense am I damned? Is it my soul that harbors such novelistic brilliance? Must this, too, happen to me? I am truly in Hell—the worst awakening after death, to be resurrected in a lending library! Have I held the men ~~and~~ of my time and their taste in such contempt that I must live in Hell and write out the novels that I already loathed at the age of 15?[296] Does the lower half of average human taste also claim holiness and invulnerability, so that we might not say any bad word about it without having to atone for the sin[297]?

"Oh, so you too think me common? Do you too let yourself be deluded [127/128] by the wretched delusion that I belong in a novel? You as well, whom I hoped had thrown off appearances and striven after the essence of things?"

Forgive me—but are you real? It's the sorriest likeness to those foolishly threadbare scenes in novels for me to assume that you are not simply some unfortunate product of my sleepless brain. Is my doubt then truly confirmed by a situation that conforms so thoroughly with the type of a sentimental chivalric novel of the worst kind?[298]

"You wretch, how can you doubt my reality?"

She falls to her knees at the foot of my bed, ~~crying~~ sobbing and holding her face in her hands.

My God, in the end is she really real, and do I do her an injustice? My pity awakens. [128/129]

But for Heaven's sake, tell me one thing: Are you real? Though as a reality must I take you seriously?

She weeps and does not answer. Great adventure this![299]

Who are you, then?

"I am the old man's daughter, he holds me here in unbearable captivity, not out of envy or hate, but out of

love, since I am his only child and the image of my mother, who died young."

I scratch my head: is this not some hellish banality? Word for word, pulp fiction from the lending library! Oh you Gods, where have you led me! I hoped that this night in the forest might let me glimpse a spark of the light eternal and where did my praying and hoping lead me?!~~?~~![300] It's enough to make one laugh, screaming laughter of mockery.[301] You great ones, you have become beautiful sufferers, tragic shattered persons, but not one [129/130] of you has become an ape. Even in hell you were able to secure grace, this loveliest of mankind's goods.[302] To you the banal and eternally ridiculous, the unutterably hackneyed and emptied out, has been delivered in your uplifted praying hands like a gift of Heaven. Is this my part?[303]

But still she lies there, crying—yet what if she were real? Then she would be worth feeling sorry for, every man would have compassion for her. If she is a decent girl—what must it have cost her to enter into the room of a strange man! How she must have suffered to overcome her shame in this way?

My dear child, I believe you, despite all and everything, that you are real. What can I do for you?

"Finally, finally a word from a human mouth!"

She gets up, her face beaming. [130/131] She is beautiful like an angel.[304] A deep purity rests in her look. She has a soul, beautiful and unworldly, a soul that wants to come into the life of reality, to all reality worthy of pity,[305] that desolates souls, besmirches, rends—and cleanses, cleanses again. Oh this beauty of the soul! When she descends blinded into the bath of filth and after having been utterly lost, she innocently dives upward again through the twilights into the realm of the eternal light[306]—what a spectacle!

“What can you do for me? You have already done much for me. You spoke the redeeming word when you no longer placed the banal between you and me. Know then: I was bewitched by the banal.”

Woe is me, you now become very fairy-tale-like.

“Be reasonable, dear friend, and do not stumble now over the fabulous, [131/132] since the fairy tale is the ancestress[307] of the novel, and has even more universal validity than the most-avidly read novel of your time. And you know that what has been on everyone’s lips for millennia, though repeated endlessly, still comes nearest the ~~greatest~~ ultimate human truth. So do not let the fabulous come between us.”[308]

You are clever and do not seem to have inherited the wisdom of your father. But tell me, what do you think of the divinity, of the so-called ultimate truths? I found it very strange to seek them in banality. According to their nature, they must be quite uncommon. Think only of our great philosophers!

“~~These truths are indeed uncommon~~ The more uncommon these highest truths are, the more inhuman must they be and the less they speak to you as something valuable or meaningful concerning human [132/133] essence and being. Only what is human and what you call banal and hackneyed contains the wisdom that you seek. The ~~banal~~ novelistic and ~~even~~ especially the fabulous does not speak against me ~~and~~ but for me, and proves how universally human I am and how much I too not only need redemption but also deserve it. For I can live in the world of reality as well or better than many others of my sex.”

Strange maiden, you are bewildering—when I saw your father, I hoped he would invite me to a scholarly conversation. He did not, and I was slightly aggrieved at him because of this, since his distracted slackness hurt my

dignity. But with you I find it much better. You give me matters to ponder. You are uncommon.

“You are mistaken, I am very common.”

I can’t believe that. How beautiful [133/134] and worthy of adoration is the expression of your soul in your eyes. Happy and enviable is the man who will free you.

“Do you love me?”

By God, I love you—but—hmm, unfortunately I am already married.

“So you see, even your “banal” reality is a redeemer.”

“I thank you, dear friend, and I bring you greetings from Salome.”

With these words her shape dissolves into darkness. Dim moonlight penetrates the room. Where she stood something shadowy seems to lie. I jump up—it is a profusion of dark red roses. With tears in my eyes I press them against my lips.[309]

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## 29. XII. 13.

[310]One must not improve others, it seems. To do things oneself [134/135] in minutest detail, that is what is needful. No longer should it be said, “you should,” but rather “I should” if I have not already thought “I will.”

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What a burden and danger is vanity! There is nothing about which one could not be vain. Nothing is more difficult than to define the limits of vanity. One who creates should be especially wary of success, though needs it.

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It is evening—a snow-covered landscape.[311] I am wandering once more. Someone who does not look trustworthy has joined me. Most notably, he has only one eye and a few scars on his face. He is poor and shabbily clothed, a tramp. He has a black stubble beard that has not seen a razor for a long time. Because of the cold he has buttoned up [135/136] his collar and his nose is slightly red.[312] I have a good walking stick for any eventuality.

"It's damned cold," he remarks after a while.

I agree. After a longer pause: "Where are you going?" ~~I~~

I'm going to the next village, where I plan to stay in the hostel overnight.

"I'd like to do that too, but will hardly manage to get a bed."

Have you no money? Well, let us see. Are you out of work?

"Yes, times are bad. Until a few days ago, I was working for a locksmith. But then he had no more work. Now I'm on the road looking to earn something."[313]

Wouldn't you work for a farmer? There is always a shortage of farm labor~~?~~.

["]Working for a farmer doesn't suit me. That means getting up early in the morning, the work is hard and wages are low." [136/137]

But it's always much more beautiful in the country than in a town.

"It's boring in the country. One meets nobody."

Well, but there are also villagers.

["]But there is no mental stimulation. The farmers are like clods."

I look at him astonished: What, he even wants mental stimulation? Better that he honestly earn his keep, and when he has done that he can think of "mental stimulation."

But what kind of mental stimulation is there in the city?"

“You can go to the cinema in the evenings. That’s of great interest and it’s cheap. You get to see everything that happens in the world.[”]

I have to think of Hell, where there are also cinemas for those who despised this institution on earth and did not go there because everyone [137/138] else found it to their taste. Shall even the cinema be a universally valid truth? Oh Salome![314]

What interested you most about the cinema?

“One sees all sorts of stunning feats. There was one man who ran up houses, another carried his own head under his arm. Another even stood in the middle of a fire and wasn’t burnt. Yes, it’s really remarkable, the things that people can do.”

And that’s what this fellow calls “mental stimulation”! But wait, that does seem remarkable: didn’t Felix and Regula also carry their heads under their arms?[315] Didn’t Saint Francis and Saint Ignatius of Loyola levitate and what about the three men in the fiery furnace?[316] Isn’t it a blasphemous idea to consider the Acta Sanctorum as historical cinema?[317] Today’s miracles are simply somewhat less mythical than technical. I regard my companion with feeling. He lives the history of the world, I think.[318] [138/139]

Certainly, it’s very well done. Did you see anything else like this?

“Yes, I saw how the King of Spain was murdered.”

Yes, but he wasn’t murdered at all.

“Well, that doesn’t matter, in that case it was another one of those damned capitalist kings—or emperors. At least they got one of them. If only all of them were taken out, the people would be free.”

Not a word more dare I say: *Wilhelm Tell*, a work by Friedrich von Schiller. The man is standing right in the

stream of heroic history, one who announces the murder of the tyrant to new peoples.[319]

Conversing that way we have arrived at the inn—a country tavern—a reasonably clean parlor [320]with an unsightly iron oven—a bar or buffet with a pressure tap for beer stands there disturbingly and inappropriately. A few men [139/140] sit with tepid beer in the corner playing cards.[321] I am recognized as a “gentleman” and led into the better corner where a checkered cloth covers the end of a table. The other sits down at the far end of the table, and I decide to have him served a proper evening meal. He is already looking at me full of expectation and hunger—with his one eye.

Where did you lose your eye?

“In a brawl. But I still got my knife into the other fellow pretty nicely. After that he got three months. They gave me six. But it was beautiful in prison. At the time the building was completely new. I worked in the locksmith’s and the blacksmith’s. There wasn’t much to do and yet there was enough to eat. Prison really isn’t all that bad.”

I look around to make sure that no one is listening to me talking with a former convict. But no one seems to have noticed. I seem [140/141] to have ended up in well-to-do company. Are there also prisons in Hell for those who never saw the inside of one? Incidentally mustn’t it be a peculiarly beautiful feeling to hit bottom in reality at least once, where there is no going down any further, but only upward beckons at best? Where for once one stands before the whole height of reality?

“So after that there I was, out on the street, since they banished me. Then I went to France. Though I did not understand the language at first, but nevertheless it worked. And it was lovely.”

What demands beauty makes! Something can be learned from this man.

The soup arrives, a thin hot broth, which I spoon down critically. He gulps it down devotedly and soon he has completely emptied an enormous bowl of soup.[322]

Why did you have this brawl?

“It was over a woman. She had a bastard from him but I wanted to marry her. Otherwise she was fine. After that she didn’t want to anymore. I haven’t heard from her since.” [141/142]

How old are you now?

“I’ll be thirty-five in spring. Once I find a proper job we can get married right off. I’ll find myself one, I will. There’s something wrong with my lungs, though. But that’ll soon get ~~a bit~~ better again.”

He has a coughing fit. I think that the prospects are not good for a marriage and silently admire the poor devil’s unswerving optimism.

After dinner I go to bed in a humble room. I hear how my comrade[323] settles into his lodging for the night next door. He ~~xx~~ coughs several times heftily and dryly. Then it becomes still. I fall asleep.

Suddenly I awaken again at an uncanny moan and gurgle mixed with a half-stifled cough. I listen attentively for a while. No doubt, it is my comrade.[324] It sounds like something dangerous. I jump up and throw something on. I open the door of his room. Moonlight floods it. The man lies still dressed on a sack of straw. [142/143] A dark stream of blood is flowing from his mouth and forming a large puddle on the floor. He moans half choking and coughs out a lot of blood. He wants to get up but sinks back again. I hurry to support him. But I see that the hand of death lies on him. He is sullied with blood twice over. My hands are also covered with it. A final word twists out of his mouth: ‘Mother’.[325] Then every stiffness loosens, a gentle shudder passes over his limbs. And then everything is deathly still.

God, where am I? Are there also cases of death in Hell for those who have never thought about death? I look at my ~~bl~~ bloodstained hands. As if I were a murderer or sacrificer. ~~Was~~ Is it not the blood of my brother that sticks to my hands? The moon paints my shadow black on the white chalk walls of the chamber. What am I doing here? Why this horrible drama? I look inquiringly at the moon as the only witness of this scene. [143/144] How does this concern the moon? Has it not already seen worse? Has it not shone into the broken eyes of hundreds of thousands? This is certainly of no avail to its eternal craters—one more or less. Death, does it not uncover the terrible deceit of life? Therefore it is probably all the same to the moon, whether and how one passes away. Only we kick up a fuss about it—with what right? What did this one do? He worked, laughed, drank, ate, slept, gave his eye for the woman, and for her sake forfeited his good name, furthermore he lived the human myth after a fashion, he admired the wonder-workers, ~~and~~ praised the death of the tyrant, and vaguely dreamed of the freedom of the people. And then—then he died miserably—like everyone else.

That is generally valid. Thanks to you, my soul,[326] I placed myself on the lowest fundament. From here there is no further downward, but only upward.[327]

What shadows over the earth! All [144/145] lights gutter out in final despondency and loneliness. Death has entered, and there is no one left to grieve. This is a final truth and no riddle. The most extreme human truths are no riddles. Why did we think they were riddles?[328] What delusion could make us believe in riddles?

[329]My soul, you are terribly real. You have set me with hard thrust on the sharp stones of misery and death. I grow weak and miserable—my blood, my precious lifeblood trickles away between these stones.

I step clear of this chamber of horror and secretly save my bare life.

My soul, I shudder at you!

I really must be a player at life, who needs to hear such words.

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1. Wednesday. *Liber Primus*, chapter 1, “Refinding the Soul” (*LN*, p. 127).
2. The quotation marks were dropped in *LN*. This affirmation occurs a number of times in Jung’s later writings—see, for example, Jane A. Pratt, “Notes on a Talk Given by C.G. Jung: ‘Is Analytical Psychology a Religion?,’ ” *Spring: A Journal of Archetype and Culture* (1972): 148.
3. Friday. The last clause and next sentence were not reproduced in *LN*.
4. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
5. The first and second sentence of this paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*. Jung later described his personal transformation at this time as an example of the beginning of the second half of life, which frequently marked a return to the soul, after the goals and ambitions of the first half of life had been achieved (*Symbols of Transformation*, *CW* 5, p. xxvi); see also “The Turning Point of life” (1930, *CW* 8). For the commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 128ff.
6. Friday. *LN*, chapter 2, “Soul and God,” p. 130.
7. *LN* has “through events.”
8. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
9. This clause and the last two clauses of the previous sentence were not reproduced in *LN*. In the following clause, “my soul” was replaced by “my heart.”
10. The second half of this clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
11. The last two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
12. *LN* has “many.”
13. The last clause and the next two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
14. The previous sentence and the last clause of the last sentence were not reproduced in *LN*.
15. The remainder of this paragraph and the next paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*, which instead has “I am ignorant of your

mystery" (p. 131).

16. The remainder of this paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
17. Horus, the son of Isis and Osiris, is the Egyptian God of the sky. Tages is an Etruscan deity, depicted as a boy with the wisdom of an old man.
18. Dionysus, the son of Zeus and Semele, is the Greek God of the vine. Heracles, the son of Zeus and the mortal Alcmene, is a Greek hero.
19. The first sentence, first clause of the second sentence, and third sentence were not reproduced in *LN*.
20. This appears to be a citation from a German translation of Augustine's *Confessions*, from the last paragraph of Book 6 (*o tortuosas vias!*): "What tortuous paths! How fearful a fate for the rash soul which nursed the hope that after it had departed from you it would find something better!" (trans. Henry Chadwick [Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1991], p. 110).
21. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
22. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*. This is evidently the following dream, noted in Jung's adolescent diary:

> In the night from 11th to 12th September 99 I suddenly woke up from a dream. It seemed to me as if I was in a dark house, where all kinds of uncanny, ghostly phantoms looked at me. I woke up and discovered that I was awake; I opened up my eyes—completely awake—and saw a faintly illuminated whitish figure beside my bed. The phantom looked like the figure of a very beautiful girl about 10 years old of small stature. The figure hovered, so it seemed, about one meter above the floor. The child had dark loose hair, the face was directed above and sideways, that I could not perceive her physiognomy; a wide, creased, gauze-like garment engulfed her body in a hanging way. The figure hardly stayed a few seconds. Then it seemed to me as if I saw an old woman of big shape, then again, by a statue of marble of an older age man.
>
> My nerves were not at all overexcited this evening. I cannot think of any physiological or psychological reason.
>
> This vision has appeared again to me the first time for a very long time (*JFA*, pp. 28–29).

23. The preceding sentences of this paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
24. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 132ff.
25. Friday. The first four paragraphs and first part of the fifth paragraph weren't reproduced in *LN*.
26. In Jung's account of this dream in *Memories*, he noted, "It was a giant radiolarian, measuring about three feet across. It seemed to me indescribably wonderful that this wonderful creature should be lying undisturbed, in the hidden place, in the clear, deep water" (p. 105).
27. In Jung's account of this dream in *Memories*, he noted that the wood stretched along the Rhine, and that the hill was like a burial mound, and he began to dig in it (p. 104).
28. In *Memories*, the order of these dreams was reversed.
29. In Liber Primus, chapter 3, "On the Service of the Soul," begins here with the lines "On the following night I had to write down all the dreams that I could recollect, true to their wording. The meaning of this act was dark to me. Why all this? Forgive the fuss that that rises in me" (*LN*, p. 137). This seems to refer to the pivotal dreams that Jung recorded in this entry, which he didn't reproduce in *LN*.
30. Instead of this sentence, *LN* has "I saw the things of my soul as small, pitiably small" (p. 138).
31. The last half of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
32. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
33. This clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
34. The preceding two lines and preceding paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
35. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
36. This last clause was replaced in *LN* by "should I not do this with you?" (p. 138).
37. The preceding sentences of this paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
38. "my soul . . . pitiful doubt" was replaced in *LN* by "my doubt" (p. 138).
39. The following four paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
40. Toni Wolff. See introduction, pp. 26ff.
41. For Jung's subsequent understanding of this dream, see introduction, p. 17.
42. The remainder of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
43. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.

44. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
45. The reference is to Nietzsche's *Zarathustra* and to Augustine's *Confessions* (400 ce), a devotional work written when he was forty-five years old, in which he narrates his conversion to Christianity in an autobiographical form (*Confessions*, trans. H. Chadwick [Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1991]). The *Confessions* are addressed to God and recount the years of Augustine's wandering from God and the manner of his return. Echoing this, in these opening sections, Jung addresses his soul and recounts the years of his wandering away from her and the manner of his return. In his published works, Jung frequently cited Augustine, and he referred to his *Confessions* several times in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*.
46. The preceding four paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
47. The rest of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung's commentary, see *LN*, pp. 139–40.
48. Saturday. *Liber Primus*, chapter 3, "On the Service of the Soul" (*LN*, p. 137). On November 21 Jung had given a presentation to the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society on "Formulations regarding the psychology of the unconscious." The minutes report:

> At first there was a short explanation of the libido concept. Psychological phenomena are manifestations of an energy. In psychology we call this energy libido, and it can roughly be compared to Schopenhauer's will, the platonic eros, the élan vital, or the like. The libido, which does not imply any sexual meaning, is not a power in the old sense, but an imperceptible thought, a numeric factor, which cannot be attributed to ~~the~~ objective reality. The libido concept corresponds to the energetic perception of conservation and transformation of energy sums; yet the equivalent transformation do not *have* to be similar in character, as, for instance, in the old chemistry everything was related to the same phlogiston. It is a similar fallacy to talk of religion as sexuality, because sexual manifestations are replaced by religious ones.
>
> There are different states of energy; first they have to be looked at kinetically. The object is occupied and that way a conditioning influence on the subject is created.

But the occupying energy emanates from the subject. That way the outer world obtains a larger emotional value, like extraversion, which is not the same as transference. Next to this there is introversion, where the subjective holds the upper hand. Extraversion and introversion can be conditional, e.g., in the case of conditional extraversion. The occupation of the outer world is only temporary, e.g., the ideological system is supported by reality, but the end goal is of introverse nature; everything goes sub specie of the system.—In the case of conditional introversion the outer realm *dominates*, because the end goal is extraverted nature; that is why, for instance, the empiricist goes only so far as his experience allows him to.—The normal waking state is of extraverted nature, but it might be a conditional introversion in order to turn toward nature. The sleeping state is entirely introverted.

Even in the case of abnormal fluctuations the energetic interpretation does not assume absolute vacillations. Where there is no manifestation one must assume an inner equivalent. In the case of dementia praecox the patient erects a reality inside; also in the case of melancholy a major part is occupied with the inner equivalent. In the case of the neurotic the unconscious is always occupied with the creation of a new form of adaptation; this might also be the case for the melancholy.

The abnormal extra- and introversion. In the former case absolute valence is bestowed upon reality through an occupying energy that is lost to the subject. The occupation of the subject is practically zero. From that follows an immense lack of balance. The libido moves into the object, subjectivizes and anthropomorphises the object.—The abnormal introversion withdraws energy occupation from the object. Because the contemporary reality function ceases, a former is activated. Infantilisms gain an absolute value. That is the reason for the longing for the childhood land cf. Hölderlin.

In the case of hysteria the hysterical symptoms have to be grasped as reactive attempts o the nervous system. They lend themselves to arouse compassion, e.g., the

barking cough in order to fill the inner lack of the hysteric patient. To be bound to bed by symptoms equals a compulsory introversion, i.e., a useful biological reaction. It is a conditional introversion.

In contrast dementia praecox is linked with conditional transference (extraversion). The negativism leads to the exclusion of the conditioning influence of the outer world, the delusional systems serve to establish a connection with reality.

The transference is an involuntary extraversion that exceeds every limit. If it is arbitrary, it can lead to a cultural achievement as it intentionally exceeds the doubt. In the same way the introversion is only pathological at first, but it can also represent an intentional immersion in itself, in order to assert itself anyway. In so far as the introversion is abnormal, i.e., with the loss of the reality function, it is always regressive, i.e., with historical equivalents of reality, passive movement of libido.

Infantile things are the primordial seeds.

This was followed by a lively discussion involving Alphonse Maeder, Franz Riklin, Alexander von Muralt, Oskar Pfister and Hans Schmid.

49. In *LN*, this statement is attributed to the spirit of the depths (p. 140). The rest of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
50. These comments were reproduced in *LN* as part of the statement of the spirit of the depths.
51. Wednesday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
52. In *Memories*, Jung noted that the city "reminded me of a particular part of Basel, the Kohlenberg. . . . The city was Basel, and yet it was also an Italian city, something like Bergamo" (p. 188).
53. In 1925 he gave the following interpretation of this dream: "The meaning of the dream lies in the principle of the ancestral figure: not the Austrian officer—obviously he stood for the Freudian theory—but the other, the Crusader, is an archetypal figure, a Christian symbol living from the twelfth century, a symbol that does not really live today, but on the other hand is not wholly dead either. It comes out of the times of Meister Eckhart, the time of the culture of the Knights, when many

ideas blossomed, only to be killed again, but they are coming again to life now. However, when I had this dream, I did not know this interpretation" (*Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 42). In *Memories*, Jung commented on this dream in the context of his relation to Freud (pp. 186ff.). He added: "The stories of the Grail had been of the greatest importance to me ever since I read them, at the age of fifteen, for the first time. I had an inkling that a great secret lay hidden behind those stories. Therefore it seemed quite natural to me that the dream should conjure up the world of the Knights of the Grail and their quest—for that was, in the deepest sense, my own world, which had scarcely anything to do with Freud's. My whole being was seeking for something still unknown which might confer meaning upon the banality of life" (p. 189).

54. Jung visited Pompeii in early March 1913, on the way by ship to America. It made a strong impression on him, particularly the frescoes in the Villa of Mysteries. He brought back a number of postcards. In *Memories* he recalled sailing from Genoa to Naples: "As the vessel neared the latitude of Rome, I stood at the railing. Out there lay Rome, the still smoking and fiery hearth from which ancient cultures had spread, enclosed in the tangled rootwork of the Christian and Occidental Middle Ages. There classical antiquity still lived in all its splendor and ruthlessness" (p. 318).
55. Hedwig Sturzenegger, née Bendel (1876–1912), was a first cousin of Emma Jung's. She died of leukemia. In *Memories*, Jung wrote: "I dreamed that my wife's bed was a deep pit with stone walls. It was a grave, and somehow had a suggestion of antiquity about it. Then I heard a deep sigh, as if someone were giving up the ghost. A figure that resembled my wife sat up in the pit and floated upward. She wore a white gown into which curious black symbols were woven. I awoke, roused my wife, and checked the time. It was three o'clock in the morning. The dream was so curious that I thought at once that it might signify a death. At seven o'clock came the news that a cousin of my wife had died at three o'clock in the morning!" (p. 332).
56. Jung gave two talks in London on "Psychoanalysis": at the Psycho-Medical Society on August 5, 1913 (*CW* 4), and at the 17th International Medical Congress (August 6–12).
57. Bertha Rauschenbach-Schenk (1856–1932) had wide-ranging interests. She regularly hosted musical performances and

poetry readings. She had many technical books and was interested in astronomy. She discussed chemistry, physics, and technology with her grandchildren.

58. There was a work with a similar title by Heinrich Hackmann: *Buddhism as a Religion: Its Historical Development and Its Present Conditions* (London: W. C. Probsthain, 1910).
59. Professor Heinrich Bendel (1845–1931) and Anna Barbara Bendel-Rauschenbach (1853–1924) were the parents of Hedwig Sturzenegger-Bendel. Bendel was a specialist in ancient languages in St. Gallen. Bendel-Rauschenbach was well versed in music and literature and was hardworking.
60. The Eschenbach cloister is a women's Cistercian cloister founded in 1285 (see http://www.kloster-eschenbach.ch/).
61. Friday. *Liber Primus*, chapter 4, "The desert" (*LN*, p. 141).
62. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
63. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
64. The preceding seven lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
65. This line was not reproduced in *LN*.
66. This line was not reproduced in *LN*.
67. The preceding three sentences were replaced in *LN* by "But I have avoided the place of my soul" (p. 141).
68. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
69. The last three lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
70. The rest of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
71. The rest of this sentence and the next four lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
72. The rest of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung's commentary, see *LN*, p. 142 (from "Through giving my soul . . .").
73. A fata morgana is a mirage seen on the horizon. Named after the Arthurian witch Morgan Le Fay, the illusion was said to be caused by her witchcraft, to lure sailors to their death.
74. Christ was tempted by the devil for forty days in the desert (Luke 4:1–13).
75. Thursday. *Liber Primus*, "Experiences in the Desert" (*LN*, p. 143).
76. The following line and the next two paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by "I recognize that I must be alone with my soul" (p. 143).
77. In *LN* Jung added, "But my soul spoke to me and said," (p. 143).

78. In *LN* Jung added, “My soul answered and said,” (p. 144).
79. In *LN* Jung added, “But my soul answered,” (p. 144).
80. In *LN* he added, “But the soul answered,” (p. 144).
81. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
82. In *LN* Jung added, “The soul said,” (p. 144).
83. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
84. In *LN* Jung added, “But the soul said,” (p. 144).
85. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*. It cites Matthew 6:28: “Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin.”
86. In “Commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower*” (1929), Jung criticized the Western tendency to turn everything into methods and intentions. The cardinal lesson, per the Chinese texts and Meister Eckhart, was that of allowing psychic events to happen of their own accord: “Letting things happen, the action through non-action, the ‘letting go of oneself’ of Meister Eckhart, became the key for me that succeeded in opening the door to the way: *One must be able to psychically let things happen*” (*CW* 13, § 20).
87. In *LN* Jung added “But my soul said to me,” (p. 145).
88. In *LN* he added, “My soul answered,” (ibid.).
89. The following line was not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung‘s commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 145–46.
90. Friday. *Liber Primus*, chapter 5, “Descent into Hell in the Future” (*LN*, pp. 146ff.).
91. Gottfried Keller (1819–1890) was a Swiss writer. See “Der Apotheker von Chamounix: Ein Buch Romanzen,” in Gottfried Keller, *Gesammelte Gedichte: Erzählung aus dem Nachlass* (Zürich: Artemis Verlag, 1984), pp. 351–417.
92. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
93. The preceding two lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
94. The preceding two lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
95. The reference to falling with his soul was not reproduced in *LN*; nor was the expression “journey to hell.” Albrecht Dieterich refers to the underworld in Aristophanes’s *The Frogs* (which he understood to be of Orphic origin) as having a large lake and a place with serpents (*Nekyia: Beiträge zur Erklärung der neuentdeckten Petrusapokalypse* [Leipzig: Teubner, 1893], p. 71). Jung underlined these motifs in his copy. Dieterich referred to his description again on page 83, which Jung marked in the margin, and he underlined “Darkness and Mud.”

Dieterich also referred to an Orphic representation of a stream of mud in the underworld (p. 81). In his list of references in the back of his copy, Jung noted, “81 Mud.”

96. The last two clauses of this sentence were not reproduced in *LN*. The remainder of this paragraph is largely paraphrased in *LN*.
97. The last four lines were deleted in *LN*.
98. The last three clauses were not reproduced in *LN*.
99. The preceding clause and the previous two lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
100. The preceding two lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
101. The preceding two lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
102. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*. Jung narrated this episode in his 1925 seminar, stressing different details: “When I came out of the fantasy, I realized that my mechanism had worked wonderfully well, but I was in great confusion as to the meaning of all those things I had seen. The light in the cave from the crystal was, I thought, like the stone of wisdom. The secret murder of the hero I could not understand at all. The beetle of course I knew to be an ancient sun symbol, and the setting sun, the luminous red disk, was archetypal. The serpents I thought might have been connected with Egyptian material. I could not then realize that it was all so archetypal, I need not seek connections. I was able to link the picture up with the sea of blood I had previously fantasized about. / Though I could not then grasp the significance of the hero killed, soon after I had a dream in which Siegfried was killed by myself. It was a case of destroying the hero ideal of my efficiency. This has to be sacrificed in order that a new adaptation can be made; in short, it is connected with the sacrifice of the superior function in order to get at the libido necessary to activate the inferior functions” (*Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 48). (The killing of Siegfried occurs below, in the entry for December 18, 1913). Jung also anonymously cited and discussed this fantasy in his *ETH* lecture on June 14, 1935 (Hannah, *Modern Psychology*, Vols. 1 and 2, p. 223).
103. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
104. The preceding three lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
105. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
106. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.

107. This phrase was not reproduced in *LN*.
108. This expression was replaced in *LN* by “serpent of judgment” (p. 149).
109. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
110. “Your glory” was not reproduced in *LN*.
111. Monday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
112. Tuesday. *Liber Primus*, chapter 6, “Splitting of the Spirits” (*LN*, p. 156).
113. In *Beyond Good and Evil* (1886), Nietzsche writes: “Anyone who fights with monsters should take care that he does not in the process become a monster. And if you gaze for long into an abyss, the abyss gazes back into you” (trans. Marion Faber [Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1998], § 146, p. 68).
114. In *LN*, this statement is attributed to the spirit of the depths (p. 157).
115. The previous two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
116. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
117. The previous clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
118. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
119. Cf. John 18:36: “My kingdom is not of this world.”
120. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
121. The previous clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
122. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
123. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
124. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
125. The previous clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
126. German: “Hanswurst,” a reference to a German comic buffoon character, popular in plays in the eighteenth century. Also used as a term of insult.
127. The previous three lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
128. The remainder of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung’s commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 159–60.
129. Thursday, *Liber Primus*, chapter 7, “The Murder of the Hero” (*LN* p. 160).
130. The preceding two sentences were replaced in *LN* by “On the following night, however, I had a vision:” (p. 160).
131. The preceding clause was added in pencil.
132. Siegfried is a heroic prince who appears in old German and Norse epics. In the twelfth-century *Nibelungenlied* he is described as follows: “And in what magnificent style Siegfried rode! He bore a great spear, stout of shaft and broad of head;

his handsome sword reached down to his spurs; and the fine horn which this lord carried was of the reddest gold" (trans. A. Hatto [London: Penguin, 2004], p. 129). Siegfried's wife, Brunhild, is tricked into revealing the only place where he could be wounded and killed. Wagner reworked these epics in *The Ring of the Nibelung*. In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, Jung presented a psychological interpretation of Siegfried as a symbol of the libido, principally citing Wagner's libretto of *Siegfried* (*CW* B, §§ 568ff.).

133. Siegfried's garments are not mentioned in *LN*.

134. The last clause was added in pencil.

135. The previous two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.

136. The preceding sentence was added in pencil. Jung recounted this dream in the 1925 seminar, stressing different details. He preceded it with the following remarks: "Siegfried was not an especially sympathetic figure to me, and I don't know why my unconscious got engrossed in him. Wagner's Siegfried, especially, is exaggeratedly extraverted and at times actually ridiculous. I never liked him. Nevertheless the dream showed him to be my hero. I could not understand the strong emotion I had with the dream." After narrating the dream, Jung concluded: "I felt an enormous pity for him [Siegfried], as though I myself had been shot. I must then have had a hero I did not appreciate, and it was my ideal of force and efficiency I had killed. I had killed my intellect, helped on to the deed by a personification of the collective unconscious, the little brown man with me. In other words, I deposed my superior function. . . . The rain that fell is a symbol of the release of tension; that is, the forces of the unconscious are loosed. When this happens, the feeling of relief is engendered. The crime is expiated because, as soon as the main function is deposed, there is a chance for other sides of the personality to be born into life" (*Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, pp. 61–62). In his later remarks about this dream in *Memories* (p. 204), Jung said that he felt that he would have to kill himself if he could not solve this riddle.

137. In *LN*, this statement was attributed to the spirit of the depths (p. 161).

138. This paragraph was replaced in *LN* by "Then I had a second vision:" (p. 162).

139. Jung recounted this dream to Aniela Jaffé and commented upon it as follows: “This is some kind of in-between realm (the term definitely occurs in the original version of the dream). The idea was that if one is confronted with the shadow—as was the case through the experience of Siegfried’s dream—then the idea comes: I enter into a twilight: I am this and yet also something else. And this doubleness presents itself: I plus my aura. Something that I am, and something else, that is distinct from me. It is an indication of the unconscious, which reaches strangely far beyond me. Like a saint’s halo.—This has a strange effect on the attitude toward the human being. If one is in the company of several persons, and one knows them and knows about their shadows, one then sees these people as they are, but they are also something entirely different. They are surrounded by a strange sphere. They live in a strange, light-colored sphere, which circumscribes their ‘other’ state. This seemed to me to like a vision of the world beyond, where men are whole and complete, unlike here. The saint’s halo also characterizes his transcendent shining light, his psychic being” (*MP*, p. 170). The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by “I know, I have stridden across the depths. Through guilt I have become a newborn” (p. 162).
140. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
141. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
142. In October 1916, in a talk to the Psychological Club on “Adaptation,” Jung spoke of the importance of guilt: “The first step in individuation is tragic guilt. The accumulation of guilt demands *expiation*” (*CW* 18, § 1094).
143. Saturday. *Liber Primus*, chapter 8, “The Conception of the God” (*LN*, p. 164). The previous evening, Jung gave a presentation to the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society on “The psychology of the unconscious.” He discussed the relation to reality of primitives, noting in particular, “The finding of analogies is therefore a very important activity. It suffices to talk the myth in order to reach the effect that the myth describes. The myth was originally a healing formula through the power of the thought. Magic of analogy to reach sublimation.”
144. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
145. Cf. Matthew 13:31–32: “Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of

mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field: / Which indeed is the least of all seeds: but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."

146. "with . . . history" was replaced in *LN* by "to whom the earth was subject" (p. 164).
147. These lines were introduced in *LN* by "As I spoke thus, the spirit of the depths suddenly erupted. He filled me with intoxication and mist and spoke these words with a powerful voice:" (p. 165).
148. Cf. Psalms 51:5: "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me." *LN* instead has "In pain will you conceive and joyful is your birth" (p. 165).
149. The remainder of this paragraph and the next three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
150. In Mark 16:17, Christ says that those who believe shall speak with new tongues. The issue of speaking in tongues is discussed in 1 Corinthians 14 and is central in the Pentecostal movement.
151. The following paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
152. The theme of self-overcoming is an important one in the work of Nietzsche. In *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, he writes: "I teach you the Superman. Man is something that should be overcome. What have you done to overcome him? All creatures hitherto have created something beyond themselves: and do you want to be the ebb of this great tide, and return to the animals rather than overcome man?" ("Zarathustra's Prologue 3," p. 41; underlined as in Jung's copy). For Jung's discussion of this theme in Nietzsche, see *ZS*, vol. 2, pp. 1502–08).
153. Judas betrayed Christ for thirty pieces of silver (Matthew 26:14–16).
154. The following paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
155. Sunday. *Liber Primus*, chapter 9, "Mysterium. Encounter" (*LN*, p. 174).
156. The preceding was replaced in *LN* by "On the night when I considered the essence of the God, I became aware of an image."
157. The physical description was not reproduced in *LN*.
158. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
159. In *LN*, the old man waves to him and he follows him into the house (p. 174).

160. The following sentence and first clause of the next sentence were not reproduced in *LN*.
161. The next two clauses were not reproduced in *LN*.
162. In place of the remainder of the paragraph, *LN* has: "Suddenly a door opens on the right, onto a garden full of bright sunshine. We step outside and the old man says to me:" (p. 174).
163. *LN* instead has "Do you know where you are?" (ibid.).
164. Elijah was one of the prophets of the Old Testament. He first appears in 1 Kings 17, bearing a message from God to Ahab, the king of Israel. In 1953, the Carmelite Père Bruno wrote to Jung asking how one established the existence of an archetype. Jung replied by taking Elijah as an example, describing him as a highly mythical personage, which did not prevent him from probably being a historical figure. Drawing together descriptions of him throughout history, Jung described him as a "living archetype" who represented the collective unconscious and the self. He noted that such a constellated archetype gave rise to new forms of assimilation and represented a compensation on the part of the unconscious (*CW* 18, §§ 1518–31).
165. Salome was the daughter of Herodias and the stepdaughter of King Herod. In Matthew 14 and Mark 6, John the Baptist tells King Herod that it is unlawful for him to be married to his brother's wife, and Herod puts him in prison. Salome (who is not named but simply called the daughter of Herodias) dances before Herod on his birthday, and he promises to give her anything she wishes for. She requests the head of John the Baptist, who is then beheaded. In the late nineteenth century, the figure of Salome fascinated painters and writers, including Guillaume Apollinaire, Gustave Flaubert, Stéphane Mallarmé, Gustave Moreau, Oscar Wilde, and Franz von Stuck, featuring in many works. See Bram Dijkstra, *Idols of Perversity: Fantasies of Feminine Evil in Fin-de-Siècle Culture* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1986), pp. 379–98.
166. The first two and final clauses of this sentence were not reproduced in *LN* (p. 175).
167. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
168. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
169. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
170. This paragraph was not reproduced in *LN* (p. 176).

171. In place of “perverse,” *LN* has “criminal” (ibid.).
172. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
173. This adjective was not reproduced in *LN*.
174. In place of this paragraph, *LN* has “We are real and not symbols” (p. 176).
175. Only Elijah is mentioned here in *LN*.
176. The last two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
177. The last two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
178. That is, the head of John the Baptist.
179. The previous two clauses were not reproduced in *LN*.
180. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
181. In *LN* the voice was identified as the spirit of the depths (p. 177).
182. For Jung’s commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 178–83. In the 1925 seminar, Jung recounted: “I used the same technique of the descent, but this time I went much deeper. The first time I should say I reached a depth of about one thousand feet, but this time it was a cosmic depth. It was like going to the moon, or like the feeling of a descent into empty space. First the picture was of a crater, or a ring-chain of mountains, and my feeling association was that of one dead, as if oneself were a victim. It was the mood of the land of the hereafter. I could see two people, an old man with a white beard and a young girl who was very beautiful. I assumed them to be real and listened to what they were saying. The old man said he was Elijah and I was quite shocked, but she was even more upsetting because she was Salome. I said to myself that there was a queer mixture: Salome and Elijah, but Elijah assured me that he and Salome had been together since eternity. This also upset me. With them was a black serpent who had an affinity for me. I stuck to Elijah as being the most reasonable of the lot, for he seemed to have a mind. I was exceedingly doubtful about Salome. We had a long conversation but I did not understand it. Of course I thought of the fact of my father being a clergyman as being the explanation of my having figures like this. How about this old man then? Salome was not to be touched upon. It was only much later that I found her association with Elijah quite natural. Whenever you take journeys like this you find a young girl with an old man” (*Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, pp. 680–89). Jung then refers to examples of this pattern in the work of Herman Melville, Gustav Meyrink, and

Rider Haggard, in the Gnostic legend of Simon Magus (see *Book* 6, p. 217, n. 214), in Kundry and Klingsor from Wagner's *Parsifal* (see *Book* 4, pp. 218ff.), and in Francesco Colonna's *Hypnerotomachia*. In *Memories*, he noted: "In myths the snake is a frequent counterpart of the hero. There are numerous accounts of their affinity. . . . Therefore the presence of the snake was an indication of a hero-myth" (p. 206). Of Salome, he said: "Salome is an anima figure. She is blind because she does not see the meaning of things. Elijah is the figure of the wise old prophet and represents the factor of intelligence and knowledge; Salome, the erotic element. One might say that the two figures are personifications of Logos and Eros. But such a definition would be excessively intellectual. It is more meaningful to let the figures be what they were for me at that time—namely, events and experiences" (*Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, pp. 96–97). In 1955–56, Jung wrote: "For purely psychological reasons I have elsewhere attempted to equate the masculine consciousness with the concept of *Logos* and the feminine with that of *Eros*. By Logos I meant discrimination, judgment, insight, and by Eros I meant the placing into relation" (*Mysterium Coniunctionis*, *CW* 14, § 224). On Jung's reading of Elijah and Salome in terms of Logos and Eros, respectively, see *LN, A*ppendix B, "Commentaries" (pp. 562ff.).

183. Monday. The following are the minutes for Jung's December 19, 1913, talk on "The psychology of the unconscious" to the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society:

> For the primitives there exists an intimate relationship with reality, which leads to a big specification of perception, which expresses itself in language through the absence of universal concepts. This intensive connection with reality appears to us as concretism. E.g., the man has killed a rabbit is expressed through: he, one, animated, arrow etc. shot rabbit. Hence, instead of the concept man a specific image.—There is not a simple plural, but e.g., in Guinea a Dualis, Trialis, Quadralis. The original numerical value is obviously not arithmetic, but mystical, it is a character of quality.
>
> This way an immense complication of language emerges. There must always be e.g. for animals the following information: position in space, distance,

direction; e.g., “table” needs the addition of: not animated, upright, wooden; e.g., I eat bread = I am breading or something similar depending on the type of food.

This concretism hinders the emergence of abstract concepts for a long time. Shock is in negro language: coronary artery in the stomach tears. Anger: the human’s aching stomach. Time: walking sun. Milk: the hunter does not eat. Scorpion: man watches and cries. Tarantula: bites man, he goes home and tells.

Here we can already see the interference of the subjective observer in the objective. In the further development this leads to the primitive’s ability to add qualities to things against all the experience and to give random meanings to symbols. E.g., the corn is a stag, equally the stag is a feather or clouds, cotton etc. are feathers. The inner psychological value has the same meaning as objective in reality. E.g., each disease, according to a primitive language, is an unfulfilled desire of the soul.—Only through participation mystique something becomes effective. E.g., venom does not kill in itself, but only the venom that is bewitched.—A psychological system is forced upon the things. For the Chinese the death statue of the husband is still able to impregnate.

Hence the enormous importance of dreams, and there is no difference between dream and experience; the origin in the subjective prevails over the object. There are causal effects. Everything can be understood as a consequence of thinking, which falls together with the deed. If one would only act, nothing would be done. That is why the ceremonies have to be done in a correct way. Thus they are full of hallucination. The inner world imposes itself the same way as the external world; hence effects on nature through words: e.g., not: the sun shines and lets grow, but: our father thinks.

Finding analogies is therefore a highly important activity. It is sufficient to tell the myth and the effect told by the myth will take place. The myth was originally a healing formula through the power of the mind. Magic of analogies to reach sublimation.

It follows from that: the primitive mind knows two mental activities: concrete rendering of reality, 2. psychic interior world imposes itself on reality. The aim is: to put the spiritual over concrete things. To let oneself be killed for faith, i.e., to emphasize the importance of the spirit.

184. The following four paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
185. Cf. William Blake: “To see a World in a Grain of Sand / And a Heaven in a Wild Flower, / Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand / And Eternity in an hour” (*Auguries of Innocence*).
186. *Liber Primus*, chapter 10, “Instruction” (*LN*, pp. 184ff.). *LN* has in addition: “On the following night, I was led to a second image” (p. 184).
187. Instead of the preceding sentence, *LN* has “Before me I see the house with columns” (ibid.).
188. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
189. The details of Salome’s dress were not given in *LN*.
190. The preceding two clauses were not reproduced in *LN*.
191. *LN* continues: “overwhelmed by uncertainty and ambiguity” (p. 185).
192. This paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
193. Elijah’s tone is not described in *LN*.
194. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
195. The last sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
196. The last three sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
197. In *LN*, Peter is described as “in admiration” (p. 184).
198. The audience is not mentioned in *LN*. The pope was Pius X (1835–1914).
199. *LN* instead has “Goddess” (p. 184).
200. The remainder of this paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
201. Michelangelo’s *Moses* is in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli in Rome. It was the subject of a study by Freud that was published in 1914 (*The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, ed. James Strachey in collaboration with Anna Freud, assisted by Alix Strachey and Alan Tyson, trans. J. Strachey, 24 vols., vol. 13 [London: The Hogarth Press and the Institute of Psychoanalysis, 1953–1974]). The third-person pronoun “it” identifies Salome with Kali, whose many hands wring each other. In a commentary in layer two of the *Corrected Draft*, Jung noted, “In that I receive the idea and represent it in the manner of Buddha, my pleasure

is like the Indian Kali, since she is Buddha's other side. Kali, however, is Salome and Salome is my soul" (p. 109).

202. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
203. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
204. In *LN*, the last half of this sentence is "and whose meaning is dark to me" (p. 185).
205. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
206. Jung mentioned this conversation in the 1925 seminar and commented: "Only then I learned psychological objectivity. Only then could I say to a patient, 'Be quiet, something is happening.' There *are* such things as mice in a house. You cannot say you are wrong when you have a thought. For the understanding of the unconscious we must see our thoughts as events, as phenomena" (*Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 103).
207. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
208. *LN* has "than world" (p. 186).
209. *LN* instead has "Do you say to your human world and every being outside of you: you are I?" (p. 186).
210. This adjective was not reproduced in *LN*.
211. The names of Salome and Elijah were not reproduced here in *LN*.
212. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
213. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
214. *LN* has "real?" (p. 187).
215. *LN* has "real" (ibid.).
216. *LN* instead has: "As I step into the hall, I see a powerful lion going before me. Outside, it is a wide cold starry night" (p. 187). The rest of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung's commentary on the entry, see *LN*, pp. 187–93.
217. Thursday.
218. The preceding two paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by "On the third night, deep longing to continue experiencing the mysteries seized me. The struggle between doubt and desire was great in me" (p. 194).
219. *Liber Primus*, chapter 9, "Resolution," *LN*, pp. 194ff.
220. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
221. In the 1925 seminar, Jung said: "A few evenings later, I felt that things should continue, so again I tried to follow the same procedure, but *it* would not descend. I remained on the surface. Then I realized that I had a conflict in myself about

going down, but I could not make out what it was, I only felt that two dark principles were fighting each other, two serpents" (*Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 104). He then recounted the fantasy that ensued. There is no mention of the crown in *LN*.

222. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.

223. The serpents are just described as black and white, respectively, in *LN*.

224. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.

225. In the 1925 seminar, Jung interpreted this episode as follows: "the fight of the two snakes: the white means a movement into the day, the black into the kingdom of darkness, with moral aspects too. There was a real conflict in me, a resistance to going down. My stronger tendency was to go up. Because I had been so impressed the day before with the cruelty of the place I had seen, I really had a tendency to find a way to the conscious by going up, as I did on the mountain. . . . Elijah said that it was just the same below or above. Compare Dante's *Inferno*. The Gnostics express this same idea in the symbol of the reversed cones. Thus the mountain and the crater are similar. There was nothing of conscious structure in these fantasies, they were just events that happened. So I assume that Dante got his ideas from the same archetypes" (*Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, pp. 104–5). McGuire suggests that Jung is referring to Dante's conception "of the conical form of the cavity of Hell, with its circles, mirroring in reverse the form of Heaven, with its spheres" (ibid.). In *Aion*, Jung also noted that serpents were a typical pair of opposites, and that the conflict between serpents was a motif found in medieval alchemy (*CW* 9, pt. 2, § 181).

226. The preceding and next sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.

227. This adjective was not reproduced in *LN*. In the 1925 seminar, Jung added: "I thought, 'Ha, this is a Druidic sacred place' " (*Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, pp. 104, 96).

228. In *LN* "like an altar" was added (p. 195).

229. The last phrase was not reproduced in *LN*.

230. In Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelung*, the Nibelung dwarf Mime is the brother of Alberich and a master craftsman. Alberich stole the Rhinegold from the Rhinemaidens; through renouncing love, he was able to forge a ring out of it that

conferred limitless power. In *Siegfried*, Mime, who lives in a cave, brings up Siegfried so that he will kill Fafner the giant, who has transformed into a dragon and now has the ring. Siegfried slays Fafner with the invincible sword that Mime has fashioned, and kills Mime, who had intended to kill him after he had recovered the ring.

231. The remainder of this paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
232. The preceding three lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
233. The preceding three lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
234. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
235. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
236. The last clause and the next three sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
237. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
238. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
239. In his interview with Gene Nameche, Hermann Mueller, Jung's driver and handyman, narrates a conversation with Jung that appears to be linked to this episode: "Once he told me a dream he had. He said he had dreamed about a 'Bund-Schuh' and asked whether I knew what it was. Then I told him it was the opposite of a 'Schnallen-Schuh.' (That was during the Peasant-Wars, after, or more correctly because of, Luther). That was the only time he told me a dream. In any case, he asked me; I don't know why. The 'Bund-Schuh' was one of the parties in the Peasant-War. The 'Schnallen-Schuh' were the noblemen, and the poor people were the 'Bund-Schuh' " (Jung Biographical Archive, *CLM*, p. 95.)
240. The preceding three clauses and the next paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
241. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
242. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
243. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
244. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
245. In the 1925 seminar, Jung recounted that after Salome's declaration that he was Christ: "In spite of my objections she maintained this. I said, 'this is madness,' and became filled with skeptical resistance" (*Introduction to Jungian Psychology*, p. 104). He interpreted this event as follows: "Salome's approach and her worshiping of me is obviously that side of the inferior function which is surrounded by an aura of evil. One is assailed by the fear that perhaps this is madness. This is how

madness begins, this *is* madness. . . . You cannot get conscious of these unconscious facts without giving yourself to them. If you can overcome your fear of the unconscious and can let yourself go down, then these facts take on a life of their own. You can be gripped by these ideas so much that you really go mad, or nearly so. These images have so much reality that they recommend themselves, and such extraordinary meaning that one is caught. They form part of the ancient mysteries; in fact it is such fantasies that made the mysteries. Compare the mysteries of Isis as told in Apuleius, with the initiation and deification of the initiate. . . . One gets a peculiar feeling from being put through such an initiation. The important part that led up to the deification was the snake's encoiling of me. Salome's performance was deification. The animal face which I felt mine transformed into was the famous [Deus] Leontocephalus of the Mithraic mysteries, the figure which is represented with a snake coiled around the man, the snake's head resting on the man's head, and the face of the man that of a lion. . . . In this deification mystery you make yourself into the vessel, and are a vessel of creation in which the opposites reconcile." He added, "All this is Mithraic symbolism from beginning to end" (ibid., pp. 105–8). In the *Golden Ass*, Lucian undergoes an initiation into the mysteries of Isis. The significance of this episode is that it is the only direct description of such an initiation that has survived. Of the event itself, Lucian says: "*I approached the very gates of death and set foot on Prosperine's threshold, yet was permitted to return, rapt through all the elements. At midnight I saw the sun shining as if it were noon; I entered the presence of the gods of the under-world and the gods of the upper-world, stood near and worshiped them*." After this, he was presented on a pulpit in the temple in front of a crowd. He wore garments that included designs of serpents and winged lions, held a torch, and wore "a palm tree chaplet with its leaves sticking all out like rays of light" (*The Golden Ass*, trans. Robert Graves [Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1984], p. 241). Jung's copy of a German translation of this work has a line in the margin by this passage.

246. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.

247. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.

248. “like one who has no part in the glory of the mystery” was added in *LN* (p. 198).
249. In “On the Psychological Aspects of the Figure of the Kore” (1941), Jung described these episodes as follows: “In an underground house, actually in the underworld, there lives an old magician and prophet with his ‘daughter.’ She is, however, not really his daughter; she is a dancer, a very loose person, but is blind and seeks healing” (*CW* 9, pt. 1, § 360). This description of Elijah connects him with the later description of Philemon. Jung noted that this “shows the unknown woman as a mythological figure in the beyond (that means in the unconscious). She is *soror* or *filia mystica* of a hierophant or ‘philosopher,’ evidently a parallel to those mystic syzigies which are to be met with in the figures of Simon Magus and Helen, Zosimus and Theosebia, Comarius and Cleopatra, etc. Our dream-figure fits in best with Helen” (ibid., § 372). For Jung’s commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 198–207.
250. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*. This section marks the end of the entries that were compiled in what became the basis of *Liber Primus*.
251. Friday.
252. Dante, *The Divine Comedy*, trans. C. H. Sisson (Manchester, UK: Carcanet, 1980), pp. 259, 265. Jung cited the German translation by Rudolf Pfleiderer. He possessed a two-volume edition (Stuttgart: Verlag von Karl Keim, 1871–72).
253. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 1, “The Red One” (*LN*, pp. 212ff.). In place of this paragraph, *LN* has: “The door of the Mysterium has closed behind me. I feel that my will is paralyzed and that the spirit of the depths possesses me. I know nothing about a way. I can therefore neither want this nor that, since nothing indicates to me whether I want this or that. I wait, without knowing what I’m waiting for. But already in the following night I felt that I had reached a solid point” (p. 212).
254. The preceding three sentences were not reproduced in *LN*, which adds: “The air tells me so: I am far back in time” (ibid.).
255. The reference to the “red knight” was not in *LN*. It is possibly an allusion to the red knight in the Grail legend, the arch-enemy of Arthur, who was slain by Perceval. In their study of the Grail legend, Emma Jung and Marie-Louise von Franz interpreted this figure as Perceval’s “shadow” and as the “first manifestation of [his] future inner wholeness” (*The Grail*

*Legend*, trans. Andrea Dykes [Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1998], pp. 56–57).

256. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
257. The remainder of this paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
258. The previous clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
259. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
260. Salerno is a town in southwest Italy, founded by the Romans. Jung may have been referring to the Academia Segreta, which was established in the 1540s and promoted alchemy.
261. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
262. The Sophists were Greek philosophers in the fifth and fourth centuries BCE, centered in Athens. Plato's attack on them in the *Protagoras* gave rise to the modern use of the term "sophist," with its negative connotations: one who plays with words.
263. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
264. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
265. Jung did not reproduce this word in *LN*.
266. *LN* instead has "accuse anyone of Jew hating who does not have a completely favorable judgment," and "while they themselves make the bloodiest jokes about their own kind" is added (p. 216).
267. "In the presence of the Christian" was not reproduced in *LN*.
268. In *LN* the last clause was replaced by "and yet do not want to admit it, they are extremely sensitive to criticism" (p. 216).
269. In place of the preceding clause, *LN* has "that Christianity left no mark on the souls of men?" (ibid.).
270. "this struggle" was not reproduced in *LN*.
271. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*. Cf. Matthew 25:24: "Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed."
272. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
273. "and sullen" was added in *LN*.
274. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
275. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
276. Cf. Schiller, "Ode to Joy." Jung cited this poem as an example of Dionysian expansion (*Psychological Types*, *CW* 6, § 234).
277. The remainder of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung's commentary on the entry, see *LN*, pp. 217–19.
278. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 217–20.

279. Sunday. The first section of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
280. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 2, “The Castle in the Forest” (*LN*, p. 220). The following was added in *LN*: “In the second night thereafter, I am walking alone in a dark forest and I notice that I have lost my way. I am on a dark cart track and stumble through the darkness.”
281. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*. Dante’s *Inferno* begins with the poet getting lost in a dark wood. There is a slip of paper in Jung’s copy by this page.
282. “I think it would be good to ask here for the night’s lodgings” was added in *LN* (p. 220).
283. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
284. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
285. *LN* instead has “in an old fashioned garment.”
286. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
287. The following was added in *LN*: “—he seems to be one of those who have as much dignity as one can be granted” (p. 220).
288. This phrase was replace in *LN* by “the abundance of knowledge” (ibid.).
289. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
290. The bedcover was not mentioned in *LN*.
291. *LN* adds, “As I am tired,” (p. 221).
292. The candle snuffer was not mentioned in *LN*.
293. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
294. This phrase was replaced in *LN* by “For Heaven’s sake, what is this?” (p. 221).
295. Added in *LN*: “Does it want to grow into some silly ghost story?” (ibid.)
296. In *LN* the last clause was replaced by “that I have already spat on long ago” (ibid.).
297. *LN* adds: “in Hell” (ibid.)
298. Instead of this expression, *LN* has “sentimental romance” (p. 223).
299. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
300. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
301. This phrase was replaced in *LN* by “it’s enough to make one weep” (p. 223).
302. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
303. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.

304. The last clause of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
305. The last part of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by “to the bath of filth and the well of health” (p. 223).
306. The preceding part of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by “to see it climb down into the underworld of reality” (p. 224).
307. This word was replaced in *LN* by “grandmother” (ibid.).
308. In his 1908 “Wish Fulfilment and Symbolism in Fairy Tales” (*Psychoanalytic Review* 1 [1913]: 95, trans. W. A. White), Jung’s colleague Franz Riklin argued that fairy tales were the spontaneous inventions of the primitive human soul and reflected the general tendency toward wish fulfilment. In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, Jung viewed fairy tales and myths alike as representing primordial images. In his later work—for instance, in “On the Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious” (*CW* 9, pt. 1, § 6)—he viewed them as expressions of archetypes. Jung’s pupil Marie-Louise von Franz developed the psychological interpretation of fairy tales in a series of works. See her *The Interpretation of Fairy Tales* (Boston: Shambhala, 1996).
309. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*. In “On the Psychological Aspects of the Figure of the Kore,” Jung described this episode as follows: “A lonely house in a wood, where an old scholar is living. Suddenly his daughter appears, a kind of ghost, complaining that people always only consider her as a fantasy” (*CW* 9, pt. 1, § 361). Jung commented (following his remarks concerning the Elijah and Salome episode above, n. 249), “Dream iii. presents the same theme, but on a more fairytale-like plane. The anima is here characterized as a ghostly being” (*CW* 9, pt. 1, § 373). For Jung’s commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 225–34.
310. Monday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 3, “One of the Lowly” (*LN*, pp. 232ff.). The following two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
311. In *LN*, Jung added to this description “in a homely” and the following sentence: “A gray evening sky covers the sun. The air is moist and frosty” (p. 232).
312. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
313. *LN* instead has “Now I’m traveling and looking for work” (p. 233).
314. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.

315. The emblem of the city of Zürich bears this motif, showing the late third-century martyrs Felix, Regula, and Exuperantius.
316. This appears to be a reference to Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego (Daniel 3), whom Nebuchadnezzar orders to be placed into a furnace for refusing to worship the golden idol that he has erected. They are unscathed by the fire, which leads Nebuchadnezzar to decree that he will cut up anyone who henceforth speaks against their God.
317. The *Acta Sanctorum* is a collection of the lives and legends of the saints arranged according to their feast days. Published by Jesuits in Belgium known as the Bollandist Fathers, it began in 1643 and ran to sixty-three folio volumes.
318. Instead of the last clause, *LN* has “and I?” (p. 234).
319. In *Wilhelm Tell* (1805), Schiller dramatized the revolt of the Swiss cantons against the rule of the Austrian Habsburg Empire at the beginning of the fourteenth century, which led to the founding of the Swiss confederation. In act four, scene three, Wilhelm Tell kills Gessler, the imperial representative. Stüssi, the ranger, announces, “The tyrant of the land is dead. From now henceforth we suffer no oppression. We are free men” (trans. W. Mainland [Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1973], p. 119).
320. The remainder of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
321. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
322. This paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
323. *LN* instead has “the other” (p. 235).
324. *LN* has “him” rather than “my comrade” (p. 235).
325. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “A rattling sigh escapes him” (p. 236).
326. The preceding two clauses were not reproduced in *LN*.
327. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
328. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
329. The remainder of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung’s commentary on the entry, see *LN*, pp. 236–40.

C·G· JUNG

# THE BLACK BOOKS

## 1913–1932

## NOTEBOOKS OF TRANSFORMATION

## VOLUME 3

Edited by

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# BOOK 3

## December 30, 1913–January 14, 1914

[1]

### 30. XII. 1913

[1]All these things lead me so far away from my science, which I thought I had subscribed to firmly. I wanted to serve humanity through it, and now, my soul, you lead me to these new things. Yes, it is the in-between world, the pathless, manifold and dazzling. I forgot that I had reached a new world, which had been alien to me previously. I see neither way nor bridge. What I believed about the soul has to become true here, namely that she knows her own way better, and that no intention can prescribe a better one for her. I feel that a large chunk of science has been broken off. I suppose it must be like this, for the sake of the soul and her life. I find the thought that this must occur only for me agonizing, and that perhaps no one will gain insight from my work. But my soul demands this achievement. I should be able to do this just for myself without hope—for the sake of God. This is truly a hard way. But what else did those anchorites of the first centuries of Christianity do? And were they the worst or least capable of those living at the end? Hardly, since ~~xx~~ they came to the most relentless conclusions with regard to the psychological necessity of their time. They left wife and child, [1/2] wealth, glory and

science—and turned toward the desert—for God's sake. So be it.

---

[2]The desert—yellow sand all around—heaped up in waves—a terrible irascible sun—a steel blue sky—the air shimmering above the earth—on the right a deeply cut rocky river valley—with a dry river bed—some languid grass and dusty brambles. In the sand I see the tracks of naked feet that lead up from the rocky valley to the plateau. I follow them, they lead me to the left along a high dune. Where it falls off, the tracks move off to the right—they appear to be fresh—in between older half-worn-away footprints run alongside. I pursue them attentively. They always go to the right, apparently along the other ~~side~~ slope of the dune. [2/3]

Now they turn even more to the right and flow into another set of footprints—but it is the same set that I have already followed, the one ascending from the valley. I follow the footprints downward in astonishment. I soon reach the hot red rocks corroded by the wind. On the stone the footprints are lost but I see where the rock falls off in layers and I climb down. The air glows and the rock burns my soles through the sandals. Now I have reached the bottom. There are the tracks again in the sand. They lead along the winding of the valley, a short distance. Next I stand before a small miserable hut covered in reeds and made of mud bricks. A rickety wooden plank forms the door where a cross has been painted in red. I open it quietly. A meager[3] man with a bold head and deep brown skin covered in a white linen mantle is sitting on a mat with his back leaning against the wall. Across [3/4] his knees lies a book in yellow parchment and beautiful black handwriting

—a Greek book—the New Testament[4]—without doubt—I am with an anchorite of the Libyan desert.[5]

Am I disturbing you, father? I ask quietly. “You do not disturb me. But do not call me father. I am a man like you. What is your desire?”

I come without desire. I have come to this place in the desert by chance, and found tracks in the sand up there that led me in a circle to you.

“You found the tracks of my daily walks at daybreak and sunset.”

(His tone is calm and natural. No astonishment concerning the stranger, no curiosity and no posing.)[6]

Excuse me if I interrupt your devotion. It is a rare opportunity for me to be with you. I have never [4/5] before seen an anchorite.

“There are several others whom you can see further down in this valley. Some have huts like me, others live in the graves that the ancients have hollowed out in these mountains. I live uppermost in the valley, because it is most solitary and quiet here, and because here I am closest to the endless peace of the desert.”

Have you already been here long?

“I have lived here for perhaps ten years. But really, I can no longer remember exactly how long it is. It could also be a few more years. Time passes so quickly.”

Time passes quickly? How is that possible? Your life must be frightfully monotonous!

The anchorite looked up at me in astonishment:[7]

“Time certainly passes quickly for me, much too quickly even. It seems you are a pagan?”

Me? No—not exactly. I [5/6] was raised in the Christian faith.

“Well, then, how can you ask whether time drags on for me? You must know what preoccupies an anchorite.[8] Only idlers grow bored.”

Again, forgive me—my curiosity is great—what then do you occupy yourself with?

"Are you a child? To begin with you see that I am reading, and that I keep regular hours."

But I can see nothing at all with which you could occupy yourself here. You must have read this book from cover to cover often enough. And if it is the four gospels, as I suppose, then I am sure you already know them by heart.

"How childishly you speak! Surely you know that one can read a book many times—perhaps you almost know it by heart, and nevertheless it can be that, when you [6/7] look again at the lines before you, certain things appear new or even completely new thoughts occur to you that you did not have before. Every word can work productively in your spirit. And finally if you have once left the book for a week and you take it up again after your spirit has experienced various different changes, then a number of things will dawn on you."

I have difficulty grasping this. The book remains one and the same, certainly a wonderful and profound, yes, even divine matter, but surely not rich enough to fill countless years.

"You are astonishing. How, then, do you read this holy book? Do you really always see only one and the same meaning in it? Where do you come from? You are truly a pagan.["]

I beg you, please don't hold it against me if I talk like a pagan. Let me only talk with you. I am here to learn from you. Consider me as an ignorant student, which I am in your[9] matters. [7/8]

"If I call you a pagan, don't take it as an insult. I used to be a pagan, too, and thought exactly like you as I well remember. Therefore how can I blame you for your ignorance?"

Thank you for your patience. But it matters very much to me to know how you read and what you take from this book.

"Your question is not easy to answer. It's easier to explain colors to a blind person. You must know one thing above all: a succession of words does not have only one meaning. Men strive only to assign a single meaning to the sequence of words.[10] This striving is worldly and ~~vainly~~ constricted, and belongs to the deeper layers of the divine creative plan. On the higher levels of insight into divine thoughts, ~~have~~ you recognize that the sequence of words has more than one valid meaning. Only to the all-knowing is it given to know all the meanings of the sequence of words. Increasingly we try to recognize a few more meanings.[11]" [8/9]

If I understand you correctly, you think that the holy writings of the new covenant also have a doubleness, an exoteric and an esoteric meaning, as a few Jewish scholars contend concerning their holy books.[12]

"This bad superstition is far from me. I observe that you are wholly inexperienced in divine matters."

~~That~~ I must confess my deep ignorance about these things. But I am all too eager to experience and understand what you think about the multifaceted meaning of the sequence of words.

"Unfortunately I am in no position to tell you everything I know about it. But at least I will try to make the elements clear to you. Because of your ignorance I will therefore begin elsewhere this time: What you need to know is that before I became acquainted with Christianity, I was a rhetorician and philosopher in the city of Alexandria. I had a considerable throng of students, including many [9/10] Romans, also a few barbarians from Hispania and Gaul.[13] I taught them not only the history of Greek philosophy but also the new systems, among them the system of Philo,

whom we call the Jew.[14] He was a clever head, but fantastically abstract, as the Jews are wont to be when they devise systems; ~~when~~ moreover he was a slave of his own words. I added my own, and wove an atrocious web of words in which I entrapped not only my listeners, but also myself. We rioted terribly among words and names, our own miserable creatures, and ~~xx~~ accorded divine potency to them. Yes, we believed in their reality, and believed that we possessed the divine and had committed ~~him~~ it to words."

But Philo Judeaus, if this is who you mean, was a serious philosopher and a great thinker. Even John the theologian[15] did not disdain including some of Philo's thoughts in the gospel. [10/11]

"You are right: It ~~xx~~ is to Philo's credit that he furnished language like so many other philosophers. He belongs to the language artists. But words should not become idols[16]."[17]

I fail to understand you here. Does it not say in the gospel according to John: καὶ θεὸς[18] ἦν ὁ λόγος?[19] It appears to me to make quite explicit the view which ~~xx~~ you have just now rejected.

"Guard against being a slave to words. Here is the gospel of John, read from that passage where it says: ἐν αὐτῷ ζωὴ ἦν.[20] What ~~xx~~ does John say there?"[21]

καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἦν τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων καὶ τὸ φῶς ἐν τῇ σκοτίᾳ φαίνει, καὶ ἡ σκοτία αὐτὸ οὐ κατέλαβεν. ἘΓΈΝΕΤΟ ἌΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ ἈΠΕΣΤΑΛΜΈΝΟΣ ΠΑΡᾺ ΘΕΟΥ ὌΝΟΜΑ ΑὙΤΩ̣ ἸΩΆΝΝΗΣ— — – – –[22] [11/12]

"I ask you, was this Logos[23] a concept, a word? It was a ~~xx~~ light, indeed a man, and lived among men. You see, Philo lent John only the word and the concept[24] so that John would have at his disposal the word ΛΟΓΟΣ alongside the word φῶς[25] with its special meaning to express the son of man.[26] John gave to living men the meaning of the Logos,[27]

but Philo gave Logos as the dead concept that usurped life, even the divine life.[28] And this was also my atrocious error."

Now I see what you mean. This thought is new to me and seems worth special consideration. Until now it always seemed to me as if it were exactly that which was meaningful in John, namely that the son of man is the Logos, in that he thus elevates the lower to the higher spirit[,] to the world of the Logos. [12/13] But you lead me to see the matter conversely, namely that John brings the meaning of Logos down to man.

"I learned to see that John has in fact even done the great philosophical service of having brought the meaning of Logos up to man."

You have peculiar insights that stretch my curiosity to the utmost. How is that, do you think that the human stands higher than the Logos?

"I want to answer this question within the scope of your understanding: if for God the human had not become important above everything, he would not have appeared as the son in the flesh, but in the Logos."[29]

That makes sense to me, but I confess that this view is surprising to me. It is especially ~~surprising~~ astonishing to me that you, a Christian anchorite, have come to such views. I would not have expected this of an anchorite.[30]

["]As I have already noticed, you have a completely false ~~xx~~ idea of me [13/14] and my life.[31] Let me give you a small example of my preoccupation. I've spent ~~man~~ many years alone with the process of unlearning. Have you ever unlearned anything?—Well, then you should know how long it takes. And I was a successful teacher. As you know, for such people to unlearn is difficult or even impossible. Their second word is: 'Yes, if I were younger.' That might show you ~~xx~~ how much time I spent unlearning.[32]

But I see that the sun has gone down. Soon it will be completely dark. Night is the time of silence. I want to show you your place for the night. I need the morning for my work, but after midday you can come to me again if you like, ~~and~~ then we will continue our conversation."

He leads me out of the hut. The valley is covered in deep blue shadows. The air is indescribably clear.[33] The first stars are already glittering in the sky. He leads me around the corner of a rock. We are standing [14/15] at the entrance of an Egyptian stone grave. He leads me inside: not far from the entrance lies a heap of reeds covered with mats. There is a pitcher of water on a block of stone, and on a white cloth there are dried dates and black bread.

"Here is your place and your supper. Sleep well. Do not forget your morning prayer, when the sun rises."[34]

## 1. Jan. 1914.[35]

I take up my task. Pleasure is permissible.[36]

---

[37]I awaken, the day dawns in the East. A night, a wonderful night in the distant depths of time lies behind me. In what far-away space was I? What did I dream? Of a white horse? If I only could remember! It seems to me as if I had seen this white [15/16] horse on the Eastern sky over the rising sun. The horse spoke to me: What did it say?

"Hail him who is in darkness. The day is over him."

Oh, I see, there are 4 horses, white with golden wings, they lead the carriage of the sun, on which Helios stands with flaring mane.[38] I stood down in the gorge, frightened and astonished and a thousand black serpents crawled swiftly into their holes. Helios ascended, rolling upward toward the wide paths of the sky. I knelt down, raised my

hands suppliantly, and called: “Give us your light, you are flame-curled, entwined, crucified and revived; give us your light, your light!”

This cry woke me. [16/17]

Didn’t the anchorite say yesterday evening: “Do not forget to say your morning prayer when the sun rises.” I thought that perhaps he secretly worships the sun.

Outside a fresh morning wind rises, yellow sand trickles in fine veins down the rocks. The sky reddens and I see the first rays shoot up to the firmament. Solemn calm and solitude on all sides. A large lizard lies on a stone and awaits the sun.

I stand as if spellbound and laboriously remember everything from yesterday, especially what the anchorite said. He is a remarkable man. But what did he say? That the sequences of words have many meanings, and that John brought the Logos[39] up to man, elevated it to man. But that does not sound properly Christian. Is he perhaps a Gnostic? [40] No, that seems [17/18] impossible to me, since they were really the worst of all the idolators of words, as he would probably put it.

The sun—what fills me with such remarkable inner exaltation?—I should not forget my morning prayer—but where has my morning prayer gone?

“Dear sun, I have no prayer, since I do not know how one must address you.”

Now I have prayed to the sun. But the anchorite really meant that I should pray to God at the break of day. He probably does not know—we have no more prayers. How should he know about our nakedness and poverty? What has happened to our prayers? I admit that I miss them here. This must really be because of the desert. It seems here as if one ~~must~~ ought to know how to pray. Is the desert so very bad? I think it is no worse than our [18/19] cultural deserts, which we call cities.[41] But why then do we

not pray there? Apparently we do not have a deity to pray to, neither there nor here.[42]

I must look toward the sun?—what if—as if it had something to do with this. Alas the age-old dreams of mankind. It seems as if one can never escape them.[43]

What shall I do this whole long morning? It seems to stretch out unbearably. I do not understand how the hermit could have endured this life for even a year.

I go back and forth on the dried-up river bed and finally sit down on a boulder. Before me there are a few yellow grasses. Over there a small dark beetle is crawling along, pushing a ball in front of it—a scarab.[44]

You dear little animal, are you still toiling away in order to live your beautiful [19/20] myth? And how seriously and unflaggingly it works! If only you had a notion that you are enacting an old myth, you would probably renounce your fantasies as we men have also given up playing at mythology. The unreality gradually nauseates one—What I say sounds very odd in this place, and the good hermit would certainly not agree with it. What am I actually doing here? No, I don't want to prejudge matters in advance, since I still haven't really understood what he actually means.He has a right to be heard. By the way, I thought differently yesterday, I was even very thankful to him that he wanted to teach me. But I'm being full of myself[45] once again, and pretend to be critical and superior—and may well learn nothing. His ideas[46] are not that bad at all—no, [20/21] they are even good. I don't know why I have the tendency to put the man down. Perhaps there is a lot of uncomfortable stuff I need to understand?[47]

"Dear beetle, where have you gone, I can no longer see you!?—Oh, you're already over there with your mythical ball.["] These little animals stick to things, quite unlike us—no doubt, no change of mind, no hesitation. Is this so because they live their myth?

“Dear scarab, my father, I honor you, blessèd be your work—in eternity—Amen.”

What nonsense am I talking? I’m worshipping an animal—that must be because of the desert, it seems absolutely to demand prayers.

How beautiful it is here! the reddish color of the stones is wonderful, ~~be~~ they seem to reflect the glow of a hundred thousand past [21/22] suns—these small grains of sand have rolled in fabulous primordial oceans, over them swam primordial monsters with forms never beheld before. Where were you, man, in those days? On this warm sand lay your childish primordial animal ancestors, like children snuggling up to their mother.

O mother stone, I love you, I lie snuggled up against your warm body, your late child. Blessèd be you, ~~my~~ ancient mother, yours is my heart and all glory and power. Amen. Amen.

What am I saying? That must be the desert, such strange things usually do not come to my mind.

How everything appears so animated to me! This place is truly terrible. These stones—are they stones—they are all individual and yet they intimately belong to [22/23] each other. They seem to have gathered here deliberately. They’re lined up like a troop transport that moves down the valley.[48] They’ve arranged themselves harmonically,[49] the large ones stand apart, the small ones close ranks and gather in groups that precede the large ones. Here the stones seem to form well-structured armies[50] and states.

Am I dreaming or am I awake? It’s hot. The sun already stands high—how the hours pass! Truly, the morning is nearly over—and what an astonishing morning! Is it the sun or is it this strangely animated river bed, or is it the desert that makes my head buzz?

I go up the valley and before long I reach the hut of the anchorite. He is sitting on his mat with folded hands, lost in

deep reflection.

My father, I say quietly,[51] here I am. [23/24]

“How have you spent your morning?”

I was surprised when you said yesterday that time passes quickly for you. I don’t question you anymore.[52] I’ve learned a lot. But only enough to make you an even greater riddle than you were before—Why, all the things that you must experience in the desert, you wonderful man! Even the stones are bound to speak to you.

“I’m happy that you have learned to understand something of the life of the anchorites. That will make our difficult task easier. I don’t want to intrude on your mysteries, but I feel that you come from a strange world that has nothing to do with mine.”

You speak the truth. I’m a stranger here, more foreign than any you’ve ever seen. Even a man from Britain’s remotest coast is closer to you than I am. Therefore have patience, master—and let me drink from the source of your wisdom. Although [24/25] the thirsty desert surrounds us, an invisible stream of living water flows here.

“Have you said your prayer?”

Master, forgive me: I’ve tried. But I found no prayer. Yet I dreamed that I prayed to the rising sun.

“Don’t worry yourself because of that. If you do not find a word, your soul has nevertheless found inexpressible words to greet the break of day.”

But it was a heathen prayer to Helios.

“Let that suffice for you.”

But Oh master, I’ve prayed not only to the sun in a dream, but in my absentmindedness also to the scarab and the earth.

“Be astonished at nothing, and in no case condemn or regret it. Let us go to work. Do you want to ask something about the conversation we had yesterday?” [25/26]

I interrupted you yesterday when you spoke of Philo. You wanted to explain your notion of the various meanings of particular sequences of words.

"Well, I'll continue my account of how I was freed from the awful predicament of spinning words. A man my father had set free once came to me; this man, whom I'd been attached to since my childhood, spoke to me and said:

['][53]Oh Ammonius (that is my name),[54] are you well?[']

['']Certainly,['] I said, ['']as you can see, I am learnèd and have great success.['']

['']I mean, are you happy and are you fully alive?['] The old man responded.

I laughed: ['']As you can see, all is well.['']

The old man replied: ['']I saw how you lectured. You seemed to be anxious at the judgment of your listeners, you wove witty jokes into the lecture to please your ~~listeners~~ students.[55] You heaped up learnèd expressions to impress them. [26/27] You were restless and hasty, as if still compelled to snatch up all knowledge. You are not in yourself.'

Although these words at first seemed laughable to me, they still made an impression on me, and reluctantly I had to credit the old man, since he was right.

Then he said: ['']Dear Ammonius, I have delightful tidings for you: God has become flesh in his son and has brought us all salvation.['']

'What are you saying,' I called, 'you probably mean Osiris,'[56] who shall appear in the mortal body?'

'No,' he replied, 'this man lived in Judea. He was born from a virgin.['']

I laughed and answered: 'I already know about this; a Jewish trader has brought tidings of our virgin queen to Judea, whose image ~~of the temp~~ appears on the walls of the temple in Luxor,[57] and reported it as a fairy tale.['']

‘No, he was the Son of God,[’] the old man said. ‘Then you mean Horus, the son of Osiris, don’t you?’ [27/28]

‘No, he was not Horus,[58] but a real man. He was hung from a cross.’

‘But this must be Seth, surely, who our old ones have often described that way.’

‘He died and rose up on the third day.’

‘Well, then he must be Osiris.’

~~Well, the he must be Osiris~~

‘No, he was called Jesus Christ.’[59]

‘Ah, you really mean this Jewish God, whom the ~~peop~~ vulgar honor at the harbor.’[60]

‘No, he was a man and yet the Son of God.’

That’s nonsense, dear old man, I said, and showed him to the door. But like an echo from distant rock faces the words returned to me: ‘a man and yet the Son of God—.’ It seemed significant to me, and this phrase was what brought me to Christianity.[’]

But don’t you think that Christianity [28/29] could ultimately only be a Jewish[61] transformation of your Egyptian ideas?

“If you say that our old teachings were less adequate expressions of Christianity, then I’m more likely to agree with you.”

Yes, but do you then assume that ~~to such an extent~~ the history of religions is to such an extent aimed at a final goal?

“My father once bought a black slave at the market from the region of the source of the Nile. He came from a country that had heard of neither Osiris nor of Christ[62] and he told me many things from his ~~this~~ religion that said in a simple symbolic language the same that we ~~said~~ believed about Osiris. I learned to understand that those uneducated Negroes unknowingly already possessed most of what the religions of the cultured peoples had developed into

systems.[63] Those able to read that symbolic language correctly could thus recognize in it the religion of Osiris[64] as well as the Gospel of Christ.[65] And it's with this that I now occupy myself. I read the Gospel and seek its meaning which is yet to come. We know its meaning [29/30] in the past, in so far as we know the religions of the past.[66] It is a worldly error to believe that religions differ in their innermost essence. Strictly speaking, it's always one and the same religion. Every subsequent form of religion is the meaning of the antecedent."

Have you found out the meanings which are yet to come?

"No, it's very difficult, but I hope I'll succeed. Sometimes it seems to me that I need the stimulation of others. But I realize that those are temptations of Satan, I know."

Don't you believe that you'd succeed if you were nearer to men?

"Perhaps you're right (the anchorite looks at me suddenly in a doubtful and suspicious way), but I love the desert—do you understand—this yellow, sun-glowing desert. Here you can see the countenance of the sun every day, you are alone, you can see Helios every day—no, that is pagan—I'm confused—you are Satan—I recognize you—give way, adversary!"[67]

He jumps up incensed and wants to lunge at me. [30/31]

But I am far away in the twentieth century[68] and feel the manifold shimmering spirit of life, in the mask of the day and in the mask of the night, rushing like a storm and gentle as a breeze, hard as steel and soft as fluff, near me, within me.

Multicolored in-between world, are your spaces wide enough for life to ~~finally~~ find its ~~final~~ dwelling?

## 2. Jan. 1914.[69]

[70]I strive toward those lowlands where the weak currents, flashing in broad mirrors, stream toward the sea, where all haste of flowing becomes more and more dampened, and where all power and all striving unites with the immeasurable extent of the sea. The trees become more sparse, wide swamp meadows accompany the still, murky water, the horizon is unending and lonely, draped by gray clouds. Slowly, with [31/32] stifled breath, and with the great and anxious expectation of one gliding downward wildly on the foam and pouring himself into endlessness, I follow my brother, the sea. It flows softly and almost imperceptibly, and yet we continually approach the supreme embrace, entering the womb of the source, the boundless expansion and immeasurable depths. Lower yellow hills rise there, stained with black and green bushes.[71] A broad dead lake widens at their feet. We wander along the hills quietly and they open up to a dusky, unspeakably remote horizon, where the sky and the sea are fused into infinity.

Someone is standing there, on the last dune—he is wearing a black wrinkled coat. He stands motionless and [32/33] looks into the distance. I go up to him. He is pale and gaunt and with a deeply serious look in his eyes. I say to him:

Let me stand beside you for a while, dark one. I recognized you from afar. There is only one who stands this way, so solitary ~~and~~ at the last corner of the world.

“Stranger, you may well stand by me, if it is not too cold for you. As you can see, I am cold and my heart has never beaten.”

I know, you are ice and the end. You are the cold silence of the stones; and you are the ~~most extreme~~ highest snow on the mountains and the most extreme frost of outer space. I must feel this and that’s why I stand near you.

“What leads you here to me~~?~~, you living matter? The living are never guests here. Well, they all flow past here in dense crowds, black, with mourning bands, all those [33/34] above in the land of the clear day who have taken their departure, never to return again. But the living never come here. What do you seek here?”

My strange and unexpected path led me here as I happily followed the way of the living stream. And thus I found you. I gather this is your place, and the rightful place?

“Yes, here it leads into the undifferentiable, where none is ~~just~~ equal to the other, but all are one with one another. Do you see what approaches there?”

I see something like a dark misty shroud, swimming slowly toward us on the tide.

“Look more closely, what do you recognize?”

I see densely pressed human multitudes, the old, men and women, and countless children. Between [34/35] them I see horses, oxen and smaller animals, a cloud of insects swarms around the multitude—a forest swims near—innumerable faded flowers—an utterly dead summer. They are already near—how stiff and cool they all ~~Loo~~ look—their feet do not move—no noise sounds from their closed ranks, —they are clasping themselves rigidly with their hands and arms—they are gazing beyond and pay us no heed—they are all flowing past in an enormous stream.

Dark one, this vision is awful.

“You wanted to stay by me. So get hold of yourself.~~”~~ Look!”

I see, the first rows have reached the point where the surf and the stream flow together violently. And it looks as if [35/36] a wave of air were confronting the stream of the dead together with the surging sea. Whirling them up high, scattering them in black scraps, and dissolving them in murky clouds of mist. Wave after wave approaches, and ever new droves dissolve into murky air.

Dark one, tell me, is this the end?

“Look!”

The dark sea breaks heavily—a reddish glow spreads out in it—it is like blood—a sea of blood foams at our feet—the depths of the sea glow—how strange I feel—am I suspended by my feet?—Is it the sea or is it the sky? Blood and fire mix themselves together in a ball—red light [36/37] erupts from its smoky shroud—a new sun escapes blazing from the bloody sea, and rolls gleamingly toward the uttermost depths—it disappears under my feet.[72]

I look around me, I am alone. Night has fallen. What did Ammonius say? Night is the time of silence.[73]

## 5 I 1914.[74]

We are in need of light. Of lights we have enough—will-o’-the-wisps—but too little light.

How dark is the path of a man when he reaches the new world, the world in between! Beyond us there is unending darkness. Where is this “beyond”? Probably deep in ourselves.[75] [37/38]

I see wide meadows with tall grass—~~and a~~ a carpet of flowers—soft hills—a wood in the distance. I come across two strange journeymen—probably two completely accidental companions; an old monk and a tall gangly thin man with a strikingly childish gait and remarkably discolored red clothes. They seem to be talking animatedly.[76] As they draw near, I recognize the tall one as the red rider—how he has changed!—he has grown old, his red hair has become gray, his fiery red clothes are worn out, shabby—he makes a poor impression. And the other? He has a paunch and appears not to have fallen on hard times. But his face seems familiar. It is the anchorite![77] What changes! And where are these utterly different people coming from? [38/39] I approach them and bid them

good day. Both look at me frightened and make the sign of the cross. I look down at myself in consternation. I am fully covered in green leaves, which spring from my garment or body. I greet them a second time, laughing. The monk exclaims: “Apage, Satanas!”[78]—the Red One: “Damned pagan riffraff!”—.

I: “But my dear friends, what’s wrong with you? I’m the Hyperborean stranger, who visited you,[79] Oh monk,[80] in the Lybian desert and I’m the watchman whom you, Red One, once visited.[”]

M[81]: “I recognize you, you supreme devil. My downfall began with you.[”]—The Red One looks at him reproachfully and gives him a poke in the ribs. The monk sheepishly stops. Now the Red One says haughtily to me: [39/40]

“Already at that time I couldn’t help thinking that you lacked a noble disposition, notwithstanding your hypocritical seriousness. Your damned Christian play-act”—at this moment the monk pokes him in the ribs and the Red One falls into an embarrassed silence.

Thus both stand before me, sheepish and ridiculous, and yet pitiable.

I: “Wherefrom, man of God? What outrageous fate has led you here, ~~xx~~ let alone in the company of the Red One?”

M: “I would prefer not to tell you. But it does not appear to be a dispensation of God that one can escape. So know then that you, evil spirit, have done me a terrible deed. You seduced me with your accursed curiosity, desirously stretching ~~for~~ my hand after the divine mysteries, since you made me conscious at that time that I really knew nothing about them. Your [40/41] remark that I probably needed the closeness of men to arrive at the higher mysteries stunned me like infernal poison. Soon thereafter I called the brothers of the valley together and announced to them that a messenger of God had appeared to me—so terribly

had you blinded me—and commanded me to form a monastery with the brothers. When Brother Philetus raised an objection, I refuted him with reference to the passage in the holy scriptures where it is said that it is not good for man to be alone.[82] So we founded the monastery—near the Nile, from where we could see the passing ships. We cultivated fat fields and there was so much to do that the holy studies fell into oblivion. We became voluptuous, and one day I was filled with such terrible longing to see Alexandria again. I wanted to visit the bishop there. But ~~the~~ first I was intoxicated so much by life on the ship, and then by the milling crowds on the streets [41/42] of Alexandria, that I became completely lost. As in a dream I climbed onto one of the large ships bound for Italy; I felt an insatiable greed to see the world, I drank wine, wallowed in pleasure and wholly turned into an animal. When I climbed ashore in Naples,[83] the Red One stood there, and I knew that I had fallen into the hands of evil—[”]

“Be silent, old fool,” the Red One interrupted him. If I had not been present, you would have become an outright pig. When you saw me, you finally pulled yourself together, cursed the drinking and the women, and returned to the monastery.

Now hear my story, damned pagan[84] hobgoblin. I fell into your snare, and your pagan arts enticed me. After the conversation at that time, where you caught me in the fox trap with your remark about [42/43] dancing, I became serious, so serious that I went into the monastery, prayed, fasted, and converted myself. In my blindness I wanted to reform the Church liturgy, and with the bishop’s approval I introduced dancing. I had become Abbot and, as such, alone had the sole right to dance before the altar, like David before the Ark of the Covenant.[85] But little by little, the brothers also began to dance; indeed, even the congregation and finally the whole city danced. It was

terrible. I fled into solitude and danced all day until I dropped. I sought to escape from myself, and wandered around at night, in the daytime I kept myself secluded and danced alone in the forests and deserted mountains. And thus gradually I wandered through the whole of Italy, until I reached the South. There I attracted less attention than in the north and could mingle with the crowds. In Naples ~~in~~ I somewhat found my way again [43/44], and there I also found this ragged man of God. His appearance gave me strength. Through him I could regain my health. You've heard how ~~he~~ he took heart from me, too, and found his way again.

M: I must confess I did not fare so badly with the Red One; he's a toned-down type of devil.

R: I too must admit that the monk is hardly the fanatical type. Although I've developed a deep aversion against the whole Christian religion since my experience in the monastery.

I: Dear friends, it does my heart good to see you enjoying yourselves together.

Both: We are not pleased, mocker and adversary! Clear off, you robber, pagan!

I: But why are you traveling together, if you're not friends? [44/45]

They look at each other,[86] then says the M.: What can be done? Even the devil is necessary, since otherwise one cannot command a sense of respect with people.

R.: Well, I need to come to an arrangement with the clergy, or else I will lose my clientele.

I: Therefore the necessities of life have brought you together! Stop quarreling and be friends.

Both: But we cannot.

I: Oh, I see, the system is at fault. You probably want to die out first? Now let me pass, you old ghosts![87]

## 8. I. 14.[88]

The way of life leads farther beyond, even beyond the laws that were holy. The way is solitary and full of secret torment. [45/46]

The fields of youth lie behind me, the lush and joyful meadows, the rolling hills and the spring green woods.[89]

A desolate mountain range blocks my way. Only a narrow valley gorge allows me to enter. The way is narrow between two high rock faces. My feet are bare and injure themselves on the jagged rocks.

Here the path becomes slippery, one-half of the way is white, the ~~wh~~ other black. I step onto the black side and recoil horrified—it is hot iron. I step onto the white half—it is ice. But so it must be. I run as fast as possible, one moment on the hot iron, the other on the cold ice, and finally the valley widens into a mighty rocky basin. [46/47] A narrow path winds up along almost vertical rocks to a mountain pass. As I approach the pass, something sounds and booms from the other side of the mountain like ore. The sound comes closer and swells mightily. It thunders from afar like a hundred forging hammers and echoes manifoldly and powerfully in the mountain. As I reach the pass, I see an enormous man approach from the other side. Two bull horns rise from his great head, and a rattling suit of armor covers his chest. His black beard is ruffled and square.[90] His bare legs are covered with shaggy black hair. The giant is carrying in his hand a black iron battle-axe inlaid with silver.[91]

Before I can recover completely from my amazement, [47/48] the giant is standing before me and I look at his face—it is faint and pale, deeply furrowed with wrinkles. His almond-shaped eyes look at me astonished.

Horror takes hold of me—this is Izdubar[92]—the mighty—the bull-man. He stands and looks at me. His face speaks of —consuming inner fear—and his hands and knees tremble.

Izdubar, the powerful, trembling? Is he frightened?

I call out to him: “Oh, Izdubar, most powerful, spare my life and forgive me for lying like a worm in your path.[”]

Izd. I do not want your life, stranger. Where do you come from? [48/49]

I. “I come from the West.”

Izd. You come from the West? Do you know of the Western land?[93] Is this the right way to the Western land?

I. I come from a Western land, whose edges wash against the great Western sea.

Izd. Does the sun sink in that sea? Or does it touch the solid land in its decline?

I. The sun sinks far beyond the sea.

Izd. Beyond the sea? What lies there?

I. There is nothing but empty space there. As you know, the earth is round and moreover it turns around the sun.

Izd. Damned one, where do you get such knowledge? So there is [49/50] no immortal land where the sun goes down to be reborn? Are you speaking the truth?

His eyes flicker with fury and fear. He steps a thundering pace closer. I tremble.

I. Oh, Izdubar, most powerful one, forgive my presumptuousness. But I’m really speaking the truth. I come from a land where this is proven science and where people live who travel round the world with their ships. Our scholars know through measurement how far the sun is from each point of the surface of the earth. It is a heavenly body that lies unspeakably far out in unending space.

Izd. Unending—you say? Is the space of the world unending? And we can [50/51] never reach the sun?

I. Most powerful one, insofar as you are mortal, you can never reach the sun.

I see him overcome with suffocating fear.

Izd. I am mortal—and I shall never reach the sun, and never reach immortality?!

He smashes his axe with a powerful, clanging blow on the rock.

Iz: Be gone, miserable weapon, you are not much use. How should you be of use against infinity, against the eternal void, and against the unreplenishable? There is no one left for you to conquer. Smash yourself—

What's it worth!

In the West the sun sinks [51/52] blood red into ~~a~~ the lap of glowing clouds in bright crimson.

Izd. So go away, sun, thrice-damned God, and wrap yourself in your immortality—

He snatches the smashed piece of his axe from the ground and hurls it toward the sun.

Here you have your sacrifice, your last sacrifice, greedy choking dragon![94]

Izd. collapses and sobs like a child.

I stand shaking and hardly dare stir.

Izd. sighing: Miserable worm, where did you suckle on this poison?

I. Oh Izdubar, most powerful one, what you call poison is science. In our country we [52/53] are nurtured on it from youth, and that may be one reason why we haven't properly flourished and remain so dwarfish. When I see you, however, it seems to me as if we are all somewhat poisoned.[95]

Izd. No strong being has ever cut me down, no monster has ever resisted my strength. But your poison, worm, who lay in my way, has lamed me to the marrow. Your magical poison is stronger than the army of Tiâmat.[96]

He lies as if paralyzed, stretched out on the ground.

Izd. You Gods, help, here lies your son, cut down by the invisible serpent's bite in his heel. Oh, if only I had crushed you when I saw you, and never heard your words! [53/54]

I: Oh Izdubar, great and pitiable one! Had I known that my knowledge could cut you down, I would have held my

tongue. But I wanted to speak the truth.

Izd. You call poison truth? Is poison truth? Or is truth poison? Do not our astrologers and priests also speak the truth? And yet theirs does not act like poison.

I. Oh Izdubar, night is falling, and it will get ~~cool~~ cold up here. Shall I not fetch you help from men in the valley?

Izd. Let it be, and answer me instead.

I. But we cannot philosophize here. Your wretched condition demands help.

Izd. I say to you, let it be. If I should perish this night, so be it. [54/55] Just give me an answer.

I. I'm afraid, my words are weak, if they are to heal. Their destructive power seems to me greater.

Izd. They cannot bring about something more grave. The disaster has already happened. So tell me what you know. Perhaps you even have a magic word that counteracts the poison.

I. My words, Oh most powerful one, are poor and have no magical power.

Izd. No matter, speak!

I. I don't doubt that your priests speak the truth. It is certainly a truth, only it runs contrary to our truth.

Izd. Are there then two sorts of truth?

I. It seems to me to be so. Our truth is that which comes to us from the knowledge of outer things. The truth of your priests is that which comes to you from inner things of the human spirit. [55/56]

Izd. sitting half upright: That was a good and salutary word.

I. I'm fortunate that my weak words have relieved you. Oh, if only I knew many more words that could help you.

It has now grown cold and dark. I'll make a fire to warm you and me.

Izd. Do that. This action might eventually help.

~~I~~. I gather wood and light a big fire.

Izd. The holy fire warms me. Now tell me, how did you make a fire so swiftly and mysteriously?

I. All I need are matches. Look, they are small pieces of wood with a chemical substance at the tip. Rubbing them against the box produces fire. [56/57]

I demonstrate the procedure a few times.[97]

Izd. That is astonishing. Where did you learn this art?

I. Everyone has matches where I come from. But this is the least of it. We can also fly with the help of useful machines.

Izd. You can fly like birds? If your words did not contain such powerful magic, I would say to you, you were lying.

I. I'm certainly not lying. Look, I also have a timepiece, for example, which shows the exact time of day and night.

Izd. This is wonderful. It is clear that you come from a strange and marvelous land. You certainly come from the blessed Western lands? Are you immortal?

I. I—immortal? No, we are completely [57/58] normal mortal human beings.

Izd. disappointed: What, you are not even immortal and yet you understand such arts?

I. Unfortunately our science has still not yet succeeded in finding a method against death.

Izd. Who then taught you such arts?

I. In the course of the centuries men have made many discoveries, through precise observation and the science of outer things.

Izd. But this science is the awful magic that has lamed me. How can it be that you are still alive even though you drink from this poison every day?

I. We've grown accustomed to this over time, because men get used to everything. But we're still somewhat lamed. On the other hand, [58/59] this science also has great advantages, as you've seen. What we've lost in terms

of force, we've rediscovered many times through mastering the force of nature.

Izd. Isn't it pathetic to be so lamed? For my part, I prefer my own force to the forces of nature. I leave the secret force to the cowardly conjurers and womanly magicians. If ~~a~~ I crush another's skull to pulp, that will stop his awful magic.

I. But don't you realize how the touch of our magic has worked upon you? Terribly, I think.

Iz. Unfortunately, you are right.

I. Now you perhaps see that we had no choice. We have to swallow the poison of science. Otherwise we meet the same fate as you have—we will be completely lamed, if we encounter it unsuspecting [59/60] and unprepared. This poison is so insurmountably strong that everyone, even the strongest, and even the eternal Gods, perish because of it. If our life is dear to us, we prefer to sacrifice a piece of our life force rather than abandon ourselves to certain death.

Izd. I no longer think that you come from the blessed Western lands. Your country must be desolate, full of paralysis and renunciation. I yearn for the East, where the pure source of our life-giving wisdom flows. But I can't anymore, my legs do not carry me anymore.[98]

His legs are as if withered, but his arms are strong and healthy. What can one do?

We sit silently at the flickering [60/61] fire. The night is cold. Izdubar groans and looks up at the starry sky above:

"Most terrible day of my life—unending—so long—so long—wretched magical art—our priests know nothing, or else they could have protected me from it—Even the Gods die, he said.

Have you no Gods anymore?["]

I. No, words are all we have left.

Izd. But are these words powerful?

I. So they claim, but one notices nothing of this.

Izd. We do not see the Gods either and yet we believe that they exist, and we recognize their workings in natural events.

I. Science has taken from us the capacity of belief.[99]

Izd. What, you have lost that, too? How then do you live? [61/62]

I. We live so-so, with one foot in the hot and one foot in the cold, and for the rest, come what may!

Izd. You express yourself darkly.

I. So it also is with us, it is dark.

Izd. Can you bear it?

I. Not particularly well. I personally don't find myself at ease with it. For that reason, I've set out ~~xx~~ to the East, to the land of the rising sun, to seek the light that we lack. Where then does the sun rise?

Izd. The earth is, as you say, completely round. Thus the sun rises nowhere.

I. I mean, do you have the light that we lack?

Izd. Look at me. I flourished in the light of the Eastern world. From this you can measure how fruitful this light is. But if you come from such a dark land, then beware [62/63] of such an overpowering light. You could go blind just as we all are somewhat blind.

I. If your light is as fantastic as you are, then I will be careful.

Izd. You do well by this.

I. I long for your truth.

Izd. As I long for the Western land. I warn you betimes.

Now silence descends. It is late at night. We fall asleep next to the fire.[100]

## 9. I 14.[101]

I slept little, only unclear dreams disturbed me rather than providing the saving word.[102]

Izdubar lay silent all day. I paced the mountain ridge, pondering, and looked back to my Western land.[103] [63/64] I love Izdubar, and I do not want him to wither away miserably. But where should I get help? No one will travel the hot-cold path and I—I must admit—I am afraid to return to that path. Besides it is too far to the West to get human help. The pass is confined by vertical walls of rock—there is no getting away.[104] And to the East—was there possibly help there? But what about the unknown dangers that loomed there? I do not want to go blind. What use would that be to Izdubar? I cannot carry this lamed one as a blind man. Yes, if I were powerful like Izdubar! What use is technology[105] and science here? My skills end here.[106]

"Izdubar,[107] listen, I will not let you decline. The second evening [64/65] is falling. We have no food and you[108] are bound to die if I cannot find help. We cannot expect any help from the West. But help is perhaps possible from the East. Did you meet anyone on your way whom I could call on for help?["]

Izd. "Let it be, may death come when it will.["]

I. My heart bleeds at the thought of leaving you here, mighty one, without having done the upmost to help you.

Izd. What help is your magical power to you? If you were strong, as I am, you could carry me away. But your poison can only destroy and not heal.

I. If we were in my land, swift [65/66] wagons could bring us help.

Izd. If we were in my land, your poisoned barb would not have hit me.

I. Tell me, do you know of no help from the side of the East?

Izd. The way is long and lonely. And when you reach the plains after crossing the mountains, you will meet the powerful sun which will blind you for sure.

I. But what if I wandered by night and if I sheltered from the sun during the day?

Izd. That is a thought.[109] But let it be! How does this help? My legs have withered and are numb. I prefer not to bring home the booty of this journey.

I. I can't leave you like that. I will go.

Izd. Perhaps you can protect yourself [66/67] against the sun. But the way from the mountains is full of danger. Serpents and monsters lurk there and you will surely fall victim to them. So you see—no way.[110]

I. Should I not risk everything?

Izd. Useless! Nothing is gained if you die.

I. Let me think it over a bit, perhaps a saving thought will yet come to me.

I withdraw and pace up and down on a jutting slab of rock. I think: Great Izdubar, bullman, you are in a hopeless position—and I no less. What can be done?—It is not always necessary to act; sometimes sheer thinking is better. I am basically [67/68] convinced that Izdubar is hardly real in the ordinary sense, but is a fantasy. It would help if the situation were considered from another angle.[111] But this will hardly last. Izdubar will of course not accept that he is a fantasy, but instead claim that he is ~~as real~~ completely real and that he can only be helped in a real way.—Nevertheless, it would be worth trying it once.

"Izdubar,[112] Powerful One, listen: a thought came to me that might save us. I think that you are not at all real, but only a fantasy."

Izd. turns his head to me in surprise:[113] I am terrified by your thoughts—they are murderous. Do you even mean to declare me unreal [68/69], now that you have lamed me so pitifully?

I. Perhaps I have not made myself clear enough, and have spoken too much in the language of the Western land. I do not mean to say that you are not real at all, of course,

but only as real as a fantasy. If you could accept this, great Izdubar, much would be gained.

Izd. What would be gained by this? You are a tormenting devil.

I. Most pitiful one, I do not want to torment you. The hand of the doctor does not seek to torment even if it causes grief. Can you really not accept that you are a fantasy?

Izd. Woe betide me! In what magic do you want to entangle me? Should it help me if I take myself for a fantasy?

I. You know that the name one bears [69/70] means a lot. You also know that one often gives the sick new names to heal them. For with the new name, they come by a new essence. Your essence is contained in your name.

Izd. You are right. Our priests also say this.

I. So you admit that you are a fantasy?

Iz. “If it helps—yes.”

[114]I. While admittedly he is a fantasy now, the situation remains extremely complex. Even a fantasy cannot be simply negated.[115] It calls for action. Anyway, he is a fantasy, thus considerably more volatile. Ah, I can see a way forward. I can already take him on my back for now.

Izdubar, fantastic one, a way [70/71] has been found. You have become light, lighter than a feather. Now I can carry you.

I lift him up from the ground. He is even lighter than air, and I struggle to keep my feet on the ground since my load lifts me up into the air.

Izd. That was a masterstroke of your art. Where are you carrying me?

I. I am going to carry you down into the land of the West. My comrades will happily accommodate such a large fantasy. Once we have crossed the mountains and have

reached the houses of hospitable men, we can go about ~~trying~~ finding a means to restore you completely again.

I climb down the rock path with great care, more in danger of being whirled aloft by the wind [71/72] than of plunging down. I literally hang on to my all too lightweight load. At last we happily reach the bottom of the valley and the way of the hot and cold pain. But this time I am blown by the wind down through the narrow rocks and across the fields toward inhabited places, making no contact with the painful way. Spurred on, I hasten through a beautiful hilly landscape. I see two people on the country road ahead of me: the anchorite and the Red One. When we are right behind them, they turn round and run off into the fields with horrified cries.

Izd. surprised: Who are these misshapen ones, are these your comrades?

I. These are not men, they are [72/73] relics of the past which one occasionally encounters. They used to be very important, they're now used mostly as shepherds.

Izd. ["]What a wondrous country!"

Over there I see a town. I had better avoid it. There could be a crowd gathering.

Izd. Don't you want to go to this town?

I. No, the enlightened live there.[116] They're actually dangerous, since they cook the strongest poisons from which even we must protect ourselves.[117] But you need not worry, night has almost fallen and no one will see us.[118] I know a remote farm house here. I have close friends there who will take us in for the night.

I come to a quiet [73/74] dark garden and a secluded house. I hide Izdubar under the drooping branches of a tree, go up to the door of the house, and knock. An old maid opens.[119] I ponder the door, it is much too small. Izdubar will never go through it. Yet a fantasy takes up no space! Why did this excellent thought not occur to me

earlier? I hurry back and with no difficulty squeeze Izdubar into the size of an egg and put him in my pocket. Then I walk into the welcoming house where Izdubar should find healing.[120]

## 10. I. 14.[121]

It appears as if something has been achieved through this memorable event. But it is incalculable where this will all lead. I hardly dare say that Izdubar's fate is grotesque and tragic, [74/75] for that is what our most sacred life is. Fr. Th. Vischer's (A[uch]. E[iner])[122] is the first attempt to elevate this truth to a system. He rightly deserves a place among the immortals.

What lies in the middle is the truth. It has many faces; one is certainly comical, another sad, a third evil, a fourth tragic, a fifth funny, a sixth is a grimace, and so forth.

Should one of these faces become particularly obtrusive, ~~are~~ we thus recognize that we have deviated from certain truth and approach an extreme that constitutes a definite impasse should we decide to pursue that route. ~~It is~~

It is a murderous task to write the wisdom of real life, particularly if one has committed many years to [75/76] serious scientific research. What proves to be most difficult is to grasp the playfulness of life (the childish, so to speak). All the manifold sides of life, the great, the beautiful, the serious, the black, the devilish, the good, the ridiculous, the grotesque are fields of application which each ~~strive~~ tend to wholly absorb the beholder or describer.

Our time requires something capable of regulating the mind. Just as the concrete world has expanded from the limitedness of the ancient ~~human~~ outlook to the immeasurable diversity of our modern outlook, the world of intellectual possibilities has developed to unfathomable diversity. Infinitely long ~~distances~~ paths, paved with thousands of thick volumes, lead [76/77] from one

specialization to another. Soon no one will be able to walk down these paths anymore. And then only specialists will remain.

More than ever we require the living truth of the life of the mind, of something capable of providing firm guidance.

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At night, when everything calmed down, I put my hand into my pocket and retrieved the egg. It was a real egg with a white hard shell.[123]

I placed it on the rug in the middle of the room and carefully opened it. Something resembling smoke rises up from it to the ceiling of the room and suddenly Izdubar's frame is standing before me, enormous and complete. His limbs are also whole and I find no trace of lameness on him. It's as if [77/78] he had awoken from a deep sleep.

Izd. Where am I? How narrow it is here and how dark and how cool? Am I in the grave?

Where was I?—It seemed to me as if I had been outside in the universe—over and under me was ~~a black~~ an endlessly black star-glittering sky—and I was in a passion of unspeakable yearning—streams of fire broke from my radiating body—I surged through blazing flames—I swam in a sea that wrapped me in ~~the~~ living fires—full of light,—full of longing—full of eternity—I was ancient and perpetually renewing myself—swirling down from the heights to the depths, and whirled glowing [78/79] from the depths to the heights—hovering around myself amidst fiery glowing clouds—as raining embers beating down like the foam of the surf, engulfing myself in stifling heat—suddenly, once again, blazing up glowing white—embracing and rejecting myself in an enormous game.

Where was I?—

I was completely sun.[124]

I. Oh Izdubar. Divine one, how wonderful! You are healed!

Izd. Healed? Was I ever sick? Who speaks of sickness?

I was sun—completely sun.

I am the sun.

An inexpressible light breaks [79/80] from his entire body, a light that my eyes cannot grasp. I must cover my face so as not to turn blind—I cast my face to the ground as the cover does not protect my eyes.[125]

“You are the sun, the eternal light—most powerful one, forgive me for carrying you—[”]

Everything is quiet and dark. I look around me—the empty egg shell is lying on the rug.

I feel myself, the furniture, the walls, everything is as usual, utterly plain and utterly real. I would like to say that everything around me has turned to gold, but it is not true; everything is as it always has been.

Here reigned the light of life, [80/81] immeasurable and overpowering?[126]—

Help solve these riddles whoever can. My head is spinning—is this the path of life?[127]

## 12. ~~X~~ I. 14.[128]

I saw an image—a terrible image:[129]

A gloomy vault—the floor consists of damp stone slabs—in the middle there is a high stake[130]—from which ropes and axes hang. At the foot of the stake[131] there lies an awful serpent-like tangle of human bodies—in the middle the prostrate figure of a beautiful young maiden with wonderful red-gold hair—she is naked—a man with a beardless face dressed in tight purple clothes is lying half under her.[132] His head is bent backward—I see a fine thin streak of blood running down his forehead—two identically dressed men[133] have thrown themselves over the maiden’s

feet [81/82] and body. Their beardless faces bear an inhuman expression—the essence of evil[134]—their muscles are hard, and their bodies sleek like serpents. The maiden holds her hand over one eye of the man lying beneath her, who is the most powerful of the three—~~in~~ her hand ~~is~~ firmly clasps a small silver bangle[135] that she somehow has driven into ~~one~~ the right eye of that devil.

The tangle is entirely motionless and I realize—they wanted to torture the maiden,[136] but she defended herself and succeeded in piercing the eye of the evil one with the little hook—if he moves, she will tear out his [82/83] eye with a final jerk.

The horror paralyzes me. What will happen?

The inner voice speaks: “The evil one cannot make a sacrifice, he cannot sacrifice his eye. Victory is with the one who can sacrifice.”[137]

Evil? I thought too little about evil. Evil exists, too. Evil, the abysmal evil is not to be forgotten. There is no scientific cover-up for it. Even the word “evil” is commonplace, but not the thing *per se*.[138]

[139]Here lies an inner reluctance—what is it I do not want to see? A sickening feeling of nausea sneaks up on me—abominable, perfidious serpents wind their way slowly and cracklingly through undergrowth; they hang [83/84] down lazily and disgustingly lethargic from the branches, looped in dreadful knots—a horror at touching the sleek back of these devilish animals—I am reluctant to enter this dreary and unsightly valley, where the bushes stand in arid stony defiles—the valley looks so normal—its air smells of crime, of foul, cowardly deeds—I am seized by disgust and horror—I walk hesitantly over the boulders—avoiding every dark place for fear of serpents. The sun shines weakly out of a gray sky, and all the leaves are shriveled as in autumn.

A marionette with a broken head lies before me amidst the stones—a few steps further, a small [84/85] child’s

apron—and then behind the bush—the body of a half-naked small girl—her body covered with terrible stab and slash wounds—smeared with blood—one foot is clad with a stocking and shoe, the other is naked and gorily crushed—the head—where is the head? —the head is a mash of blood with hair and whitish pieces of bone—surrounded by stones smeared with brain and blood.

Ice-cold horror fixes my gaze on this awful sight.

A shrouded figure, like that of a woman, is standing there calmly, ~~with~~ her face is covered by an impenetrable veil. I stare at her. [85/86]

She asks me quietly:

“What then do you say?”

I. What should I say? This is beyond words.

She: “Do you understand this?”

I. I refuse to understand such things. I can’t speak about them without becoming enraged.

S. Why become enraged? You might as well rage every day of your life, for these and similar things occur on earth ~~almost~~ every day.

I. But most of the time we don’t see them.

S. So knowing that they happen is not enough to enrage you?

I. If I merely have knowledge of something, it’s easier and simpler. One doesn’t realize [86/87] the horror through sheer knowledge.

S. Step nearer and you will see that the body of the child has been cut open; take out the liver.

I. I will not touch this corpse. If someone witnessed this, they would think that I’m the murderer.

S. You are cowardly; take out the liver.

I. Why should I do this? This is absurd.

S. I want you to remove the liver. You must do it.

(Her voice becomes threatening.)[140]

I. Who are you to give me such an order?

S. I am the soul of this child. You must do this for my sake.

I. I understand nothing. But I'll [87/88] believe you and do this horrific and absurd deed.

I reach into the child's visceral cavity—it is still warm—the liver is still firmly attached. I take my pocket knife and cut it free of the ligaments, shivering with fear. I hold it with bloody hands toward the figure.

S. I thank you.

I. What should I do?

S. You know the ancient meaning of the liver, and you ought to perform a healing act with it.[141]

I. What is to be done?

S. Take a piece of the liver, in place of the whole, and eat it.

I. What are you demanding? This is absolute madness. This is desecration and cannibalism! You make me a guilty party [88/89] to this most hideous of all crimes.

S. You have devised the most horrible torment for the murderer, which could atone for his ~~torment~~ act. There is only one atonement: abase yourself and eat.

I. I cannot—I refuse. I cannot participate in this horrible guilt.

S. You share in this guilt.

I. I—share in this guilt?

S. You are a man, and a man has committed this deed.

I. Yes, I am a man—I curse whoever did this for being a man, and I curse myself for being a man.

S. So, take part in his act, abase yourself and eat. I need atonement.

I. So shall it be for your sake, as [89/90] you are the soul of this poorest child.

I kneel down on the stones, cut off a piece of the liver and put it in my mouth, my gorge rises, tears burst from my eyes—cold sweat drops from my brow—a dull sweet taste of

blood—I swallow with desperate efforts—it is impossible—once again and—once again—I almost faint.—It is done. The horror has been accomplished.[142]

S. I thank you.

She throws her veil back.—She is a beautiful young maiden with soft blond hair.

Do you recognize me?

I. How strangely familiar you are! [90/91]

Who are you?

S. I am your soul.[143]

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The curtain drops. What dreadful game has been played here?

I realize:

Nil humanum a me alienum esse puto.[144]

## 14. I. 14.[145]

—You are tranquillity—Who are you?

Names and words leave me cold anymore. There should probably also be no words nor names.[146]

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I am standing in a high hall. Before me I see a green curtain between 2 columns—the curtain parts quietly—I see into a not very deep [91/92] room—stone tiles—behind a bare wall, there in a smaller arched window with bluish glass. I ~~treat~~ set foot on the stair leading up through the curtain to this room and enter. In the rear wall of the room, I see doors on both the right and left.

It's as if I stood at a crossroads.[147] Shall I choose right or left?

I choose the right. The door is open, I enter, it is a large library of prosaic modern character—lecterns,—green lamps—obviously the library is technically well equipped.[148] In the background to the right sits a small thin man [92/93] of pale complexion about 40 years old,[149] apparently the librarian—The atmosphere is troubling—scholarly ambitions—scholarly conceit—wounded scholarly vanity—scholarly anxieties of the malicious critic, the luckier competitor, and being wrong.[150]

Apart from the librarian I see no one. I go toward him. He looks up from his book and asks:

"What do you want?"

I think what occurs to me is Thomas à Kempis.[151]

I. "I'd like to have Thomas à Kempis: *The Imitation of Christ*."[152]

He looks at me somewhat astonished as if he didn't credit me with such an interest; he gives me an order-form to fill out.

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1. Tuesday. The following paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
2. *Liber Secundus*, "The Anchorite," *LN*, pp. 241ff. The description in the next two paragraphs was shortened slightly in *LN*.
3. *LN* has "haggard" (p. 242).
4. This clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
5. In the next chapter, the anchorite is identified as Ammonius. In a letter of December 31, 1913, Jung noted that the anchorite came from the third century CE (*JFA*). There are three historical figures named Ammonius in Alexandria from this period: Ammonius, a third-century Christian philosopher once thought to have been responsible for the medieval divisions of the gospels; Ammonius Cetus, who was born a Christian but turned to Greek philosophy, and whose work presents a transition from Platonism to Neoplatonism; and, in the fifth

century, a Neoplatonic Ammonius, who tried to reconcile Aristotle and the Bible. In Alexandria there was accommodation between Neoplatonism and Christianity, and some of the pupils of this last Ammonius converted to Christianity.

6. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
7. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
8. In *LN*, "an anchorite" was replaced by "a man who is grieving" (p. 243).
9. *LN* instead has "these" (p. 243).
10. *LN* adds "in order to have an unambiguous language" (p. 244).
11. *LN* instead has "grasp" (p. 244).
12. A reference to the rabbinical interpretation of the *Torah* in the *Midrash*.
13. *LN* instead has "from Gaul and Britain" (p. 244).
14. Philo Judeaus, also called Philo of Alexandria (20 BCE–50 CE), was a Greek-speaking Jewish philosopher. His works presented a fusion of Greek philosophy and Judaism. For Philo, God, whom he referred to by the Platonic term "To On," was transcendent and unknowable. Certain powers reached down from God to the world. The facet of God which is knowable through reason is the divine Logos. There has been much debate on the precise relation between Philo's concept of the Logos and John's gospel. On June 23, 1954, Jung wrote to James Kirsch, "The gnosis from which John the Evangelist emanated is definitely Jewish, but in its essence is Hellenistic, in the style of Philo Judaeus, from whom the conception of Logos also stems" (Ann Conrad Lammers, ed., *The Jung-Kirsch Letters, trans*. Ann Conrad Lammers and Ursula Egli [London: Routledge, 2016], p. 205 [tr. mod.]).
15. *LN* instead has "the Evangelist."
16. *LN* instead has "Gods" (p. 245).
17. In 1957 Jung wrote: "Until now it has not truly and fundamentally been noted that our time, despite the prevalence of irreligiosity, is so to speak congenitally charged with the attainment of the Christian epoch, namely with the *supremacy of the word*, that Logos which the central figure of Christian faith represents. The word has literally become our God and has remained so" (*Present and Future*, *CW* 10, § 554).
18. Jung's spelling of ϛεὸς instead of θεὸς was corrected here.
19. *LN* has "God was the word" (p. 245).

20. *LN* has “in him was the life” (ibid.).
21. John 1:1–10: “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not. There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe. He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light. That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.”
22. *LN* instead has: “ ‘And life was the light of men and the light shines in the darkness and the darkness has not understood it. But it became a person sent from God, by the name of John, who came as a witness and to be a witness of the light. The genuine light, which illuminates each person, came into the world: He was in the world, and the world became through him, and the world did not recognize him.’ ” *LN* continues: “—That is what I read here. But what do you make of this?” (pp. 245–46).
23. *LN* instead has “ΛΟΓΟΣ” (p. 246).
24. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
25. *LN* instead has “light” (p. 246).
26. *LN* instead has “to describe” (ibid.).
27. *LN* instead has “meaning of the ΛΟΓΟΣ” (ibid.) and uses the Greek spelling of Logos in the remainder of this entry.
28. *LN* adds “Through this the dead does not gain life, and the living is killed” (ibid.).
29. John 1:14: “And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.”
30. *LN* instead has “of you” (p. 247).
31. *LN* instead has “essence” (ibid.).
32. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
33. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
34. For Jung’s commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 247–52.
35. Thursday.
36. Thursday. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
37. *Liber Secundus*, “Dies II” (*LN*, pp. 252ff.).

38. In Greek mythology, Helios is the sun God and drives a chariot led across the sky by four horses.
39. In Greek in *LN*.
40. During this period, Jung was engaged with the study of Gnostic texts, in which he found historical parallels to his own experiences. See Alfred Ribi, *The Search for Roots: C.G. Jung and the Tradition of Gnosis*, trans. Don Reveau, foreword by Lance S. Owens (Los Angeles and Salt Lake City: Gnosis Archive Books, 2013).
41. The last two clauses were replaced in *LN* by "our cities" (p. 253).
42. Not reproduced in *LN*.
43. Not reproduced in *LN*.
44. In *Synchronicity as a Principle of Acausal Connection* (1952), Jung wrote: "The scarab is a classical rebirth symbol. According to the description in the ancient Egyptian book *Am-Tuat*, the dead sun God transforms himself at the tenth station into Khepri, the scarab, and as such mounts the barge at the twelfth station, which raises the rejuvenated sun into the morning sky" (*CW* 8, § 843).
45. This expression was not reproduced in *LN*.
46. This was replaced in *LN* by "thoughts" (p. 254).
47. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
48. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
49. *LN* instead has "by size" (p. 255).
50. This expression was not reproduced in *LN*.
51. This clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
52. *LN* adds, "and this will no longer surprise me" (p. 255).
53. To make this section easier to follow, Ammonius's dialogue with the old man has been set in single quotation marks.
54. The parenthetical words were not reproduced in *LN*.
55. "Listeners" was restored in *LN* (p. 256). Jung was at this time still lecturing in the medical school of the University of Zürich.
56. Osiris is the Egyptian god of life, death, and fertility. His brother, Seth, the God of the desert, murders and dismembers him. Osiris's body is recovered and put back together by his wife, Isis, and he is resurrected. Jung discussed Osiris and Seth in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* (*CW* B, §§ 358ff.).
57. The location in Luxor was not given in *LN*. The Luxor temple was part of a large complex of six temples founded in 1400 BCE. The city of Luxor contains the ruins of Thebes, which was

the capital of Egypt in the Middle and New Kingdoms. Jung had a series of postcards from the temple complex of nearby Karnak that indicated he had visited there, presumably in 1925. Luxor also surfaces in a dream in 1927 (see *Book* 7, p. 238).

58. Horus, the son of Osiris, is the Egyptian God of the sky. He fights against Seth.
59. *LN* instead has “Jesus the anointed one” (p. 257).
60. This clause was replaced in *LN* by “whom the poor honor at the harbor, and whose unclean mysteries they celebrate in cellars” (p. 257).
61. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
62. This word is followed in *LN* by “nor the other Gods” (p. 258).
63. In 1912, Jung visited St. Elizabeths Hospital in Washington at the invitation of William Alanson White and undertook to analyze “Negroes” to establish whether collective patterns of imagery were racially specific or universal. His experiences pointed in the latter direction, and this was one of the turning points in his formulation of a collective unconscious. See *Jung and the Making of Modern Psychology: The Dream of a Science*, pp. 311ff.
64. This expression was replaced in *LN* by “the pagan doctrines,” (p. 258).
65. This expression was replaced in *LN* by “the doctrine of Jesus” (ibid.).
66. This sentence was replaced in *LN* by “We know their meaning as it lies before us, but not their hidden meaning which points to the future” (ibid.).
67. Christian anchorites were perpetually on guard against the appearance of Satan. A famous example of temptations by the devil occur in Athanasius’s life of St. Anthony. In 1921 Jung noted that St. Anthony warned his monks “how cleverly the devil disguised himself in order to bring holy men to their downfall. The devil is naturally the voice of the anchorite’s own unconscious, that rises up against the forcible suppression of his nature” (*Psychological Types*, *CW* 6, § 82). Anthony’s experiences were elaborated by Flaubert in his *Temptation of Anthony*, a work with which Jung was familiar (*Psychology and Alchemy*, *CW* 12, § 59).
68. The rest of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung’s commentary on the entry, see *LN*, pp. 259–62.

69. Friday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 6, “Death” (*LN*, pp. 262ff.).
70. In *LN*, Jung added: “On the following night, I wandered to the northern land and found myself under a gray sky in misty-hazy cool-moist air” (p. 262).
71. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
72. Cf. the vision of December 12, 1913, *Book* 2, pp. 167ff.
73. For Jung’s commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 265–68.
74. Monday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 7, “The Remains of Earlier Temples” (*LN*, pp. 268ff.). The first two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*, which began with “Yet another adventure occurred:”.
75. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
76. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
77. *LN* instead has “by all the Gods, it’s Ammonius!” (p. 269).
78. “Be gone, Satan”—a common expression in the Middle Ages. Cf. Christ to Peter, Matthew 16:23: “Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto me: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men.”
79. In Greek mythology, the Hyperboreans live in a land of sunshine beyond the north wind, worshipping Apollo. Nietzsche referred on several occasions to free spirits as Hyperboreans (*Twilight of the Idols/The Antichrist*, trans. R. J. Hollingdale [London: Penguin, 1990], p. 127).
80. *LN* instead has “Ammonius” throughout this entry (p. 269).
81. Abbreviation for “Monch” (Monk).
82. A reference to Genesis 2:18: “And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.” There is one reference to a Philetus in the Bible, in 2 Timothy 2:17–19: “But shun profane and vain babblings: for they will increase unto more ungodliness. And their word will eat as doth a canker: of whom is Hymenaeus and Philetus; Who concerning the truth have erred, saying that the resurrection is past already; and overthrow the faith of some.”
83. Jung visited Naples in March 1913 on his way to America.
84. This word was omitted in *LN*.
85. In Chronicles 1:15, David dances before the Ark of the Covenant.
86. The previous clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
87. For Jung’s commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 272–77.
88. Thursday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 8, “First Day,” *LN*, pp. 277ff.

89. The preceding two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
90. In place of this last word, *LN* has “decked with exquisite stones” (p. 278).
91. In *LN* the tool is described as a “sparkling double axe, like those used to strike bulls” (ibid.).
92. Izdubar was an early name given the figure now known as Gilgamesh. This was based on a mistranscription. In 1906 Peter Jensen noted: “It has now been established that Gilgamesch is the chief protagonist of the epic, and not Gistchubar or Izdubar as assumed previously” (*Das Gilgamesch-Epos in der Weltliteratur* [Strasbourg: Karl Trübner, 1906], p. 2). Jung had discussed the Gilgamesh epic in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, using the corrected form, and cited Jensen’s work several times. His portrait of him on p. 36 of *LN* strongly resembles an illustration in Wilhelm Roscher’s *Ausführliches Lexikon der Griechischen und Römischen Mythologie* [Leipzig: Teubner, 1884–1937], vol. 2, p. 775; Jung possessed a copy of the book.
93. In Egyptian mythology, the Western lands (the western bank of the Nile) are the land of the dead.
94. The last expression was not reproduced in *LN*.
95. In *The Gay Science* (rev. ed., 1887), Nietzsche argued that thinking originated through the cultivation and uniting of several impulses that had the effect of poisons: the impulse to doubt, to negate, to wait, to collect, and to dissolve (“On the doctrine of poisons,” book 3, § 113, trans. Walter Kaufmann [New York: Vintage, 1974]).
96. In Babylonian mythology, Tiâmat, the mother of the gods, wages war with an army of demons.
97. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
98. The preceding sentence and the next paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
99. The issue of the relation of science to belief was critical in Jung’s psychology of religion. See “Psychology and Religion” (1938), *CW* 11.
100. For Jung’s commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 283–91.
101. Friday. *Liber Secundus*, “Second Day,” chapter 9, *LN*, pp. 291ff.
102. This sentence was replaced in *LN* by “No dream gave me the saving word” (ibid.).

103. “where there is so much knowledge and so much possibility of help” was added here in *LN* (p. 292).
104. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
105. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
106. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
107. “my prince” was added here in *LN* (p. 292).
108. This word was replaced in *LN* by “we” (ibid.).
109. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “In the night all the serpents and dragons crawl out of their holes and you, unarmed, will inevitably fall victim to them” (ibid.).
110. The preceding two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
111. “ . . . considered . . . considered . . . it is remarkable that even here thoughts echo; one must be quite alone” was added here in *LN* (p. 293).
112. This word was replaced in *LN* by “My prince” (ibid.).
113. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
114. “The inner voice now spoke to me as follows:” (p. 294).
115. “and treated with resignation either” (ibid.).
116. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “No, God forbid. I don’t want a crowd to gather, since the enlightened live there. Can’t you smell them?” (p. 295).
117. “The people there are totally paralyzed, wrapped in a brown poisonous vapor and can only move with artificial means” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
118. “Moreover, no one would admit to having seen me” was added here in *LN* (ibid.)
119. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
120. For Jung’s commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 295–98. He said the following to Aniela Jaffé concerning these sections: “You will also recognize that which is driven by fear in my imaginations, namely in my attempts to depict how one can elude such a dreadful entanglement. You can see this most clearly in the chapter on the devil. Or, for example, in the chapter featuring Gilgamesh-Izdubar. It is really quite stupid; why do I need to rack my brains how the dead giant might be helped. But I knew: if I do not do my utmost, I will have lost the battle. I can then go on claiming that it was merely a fantasy. But I would still know that I had failed. I have gone to great lengths to find a solution, quite unperturbed about how ridiculous this was. I had to find a formula through which this fantasy could assume its full significance, and yet set me free

at the same time. In a sense I paid for the ridiculous solution I found with the insight that I had captured a God, so to speak. These imaginations are a virtually hellish mixture of the ridiculous and the sublime. It cost me so very much that I was trapped like a mouse by such ridiculous unrealities, and that I could then free myself with utmost courage and my victim's goodwill. It is like fooling a person who is drowning in a bathtub that it is actually the ocean" (*MP*, pp. 147–48).

121. Saturday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 11, "The Opening of the Egg" (*LN*, pp. 306ff.). The first six paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.

122. Vischer's work was *Auch Einer: Eine Reisebekanntschaft* (Stuttgart, 1884). In 1921, Jung wrote: "Vischer's novel, *Auch Einer*, gives a deep insight into this side of the introverted state of the soul, and also into the underlying symbolism of the collective unconscious" (*Psychological Types*, *CW* 6, § 627). In 1932 Jung commented on Vischer in *The Psychology of Kundalini Yoga*, p. 54. See also Ruth Heller, "*Auch Einer*: the Epitome of F. Th. Vischer's Philosophy of Life," *German Life and Letters* 8 (1954): 9–18.

123. This paragraph was replaced in *LN* by "On the evening of the third day, I kneel down on the rug and carefully open the egg" (p. 306). In the version here, Izdubar's regeneration happens by itself; in *LN*, it is actively assisted by the chanting of the incantations (chapter 10, pp. 299–304).

124. Roscher notes, "As a God, Izdubar is associated with the Sun-God" (*Ausführliches Lexikon der Griechischen und Römischen Mythologie*, vol. 2, p. 774). The incubation and rebirth of Izdubar follows the classic pattern of solar myths. In *Das Zeitalter des Sonnengottes*, Leo Frobenius pointed out the widespread motif of a woman becoming pregnant through Immaculate Conception and giving birth to the sun god, who develops in a remarkably short period of time. In some forms, he incubates in an egg. Frobenius related this to the setting and rising of the sun in the sea (Berlin: G. Reimer, 1904, pp. 223–63). Jung cited this work on a number of occasions in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*. He got to know Frobenius at Count Keyserling's School of Wisdom in the 1920s (*MP*, p. 18).

125. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.

126. The question mark and the remainder of this paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
127. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 308–14. In *Psychological Types*, he wrote: "The renewed God signifies a renewed attitude, that is, a renewed possibility for intensive life, a recovery of life, because psychologically God always denotes the greatest value, thus the greatest sum of the libido, the greatest intensity of life, the optimum of psychological life's activity" (*CW* 6, § 301).
128. Monday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 12, "Hell" *(LN*, pp. 315ff.).
129. In *LN*, this sentence is replaced by "On the second night after the creation of my God, a vision made known to me that I had reached the underworld" (p. 315).
130. Changed to "column" in *LN* (ibid.).
131. Also changed to "column" in *LN* (ibid.).
132. In *LN* the man is described only as having a "devilish appearance" (ibid.).
133. Replaced by "daimons" in *LN* (ibid.).
134. Changed to "the living evil" in *LN* (ibid.).
135. Changed to "fishing rod" in *LN* (ibid.).
136. "to death" was added in *LN* (ibid.).
137. For Jung's commentary on this section of this entry, see *LN*, pp. 315–19. In the calligraphic volume, he added the following marginal note to this passage: "cataphatha-brahmanam 2,2,4." Satapatha-brâhmana 2,2,4 (Max Müller, *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. 12) provides the cosmological justification behind the Agnihotra. It commences by describing how Prajapati, desiring to be reproduced, produces Agni from his mouth. Prajapati offers himself to Agni and saves himself from Death, as he is about to be devoured. The Agnihotra (lit. "fire healing") is a Vedic ritual performed at sunrise and sunset. The performers purify themselves, light a sacred fire, and chant verses and a prayer to Agni.
138. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
139. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 13, "The Sacrificial Murder" (*LN*, pp. 320ff.).
140. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
141. In *Memories*, commenting on the Liverpool dream (see *Book* 7, p. 239), Jung noted, "According to an older view, the liver is the seat of life" (p. 224).

142. In 1940–41, Jung discussed ritual anthropophagy, sacrifice, and self-sacrifice in “Transformation Symbolism in the Mass,” *CW* 11.
143. For Jung’s commentary on the second part of this entry, see *LN*, pp. 322–27. The remainder of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
144. The phrase is from the Roman playwright Terence, from *Heauton Timorumenos, l. 77:* “homo sum: humani nil a me alienum puto” (I am a man: nothing human is alien to me). On September 2, 1960, Jung wrote to Herbert Read, “As a medical psychologist I do not merely assume, but I am thoroughly convinced, that *nil humanum a me alienum esse* is even my duty” (*Letters* 2, p. 589).
145. Wednesday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 14, “Divine Folly” (*LN*, pp. 328ff.).
146. The preceding two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
147. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
148. The preceding line was replaced in *LN* by “I’m in the reading room of a large library” (p. 328).
149. His age is not indicated in *LN*.
150. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
151. The preceding line was replaced in *LN* by “I’m somewhat embarrassed, since I don’t know what I really want: Thomas à Kempis crosses my mind” (p. 328).
152. *The Imitation of Christ* is a work of devotional instruction that appeared at the beginning of the fifteenth century and became extremely popular. Its authorship is still in dispute, though it is generally attributed to Thomas à Kempis (c. 1380–1471), who belonged to the order of the Brethren of the Common Life. A religious community in the Netherlands, it was part of the *devotio moderna*, a movement stressing meditation and the inner life. In clear and simple language, *The Imitation of Christ* exhorts readers to concern themselves with spirituality as opposed to outer things, gives advice as to how this is to be achieved, and demonstrates the comfort and ultimate rewards of a life lived in Christ. The title derives from the first line of the first chapter. It is also stated in the chapter: “Anyone who wishes to understand and to savor the words of Christ to the full must try to make his whole life conform to the pattern of Christ’s life” (*The Imitation of Christ*, trans. Betty I. Knott [London: Fount, 1996], Book 1, chapter 1, p. 33). The theme of

the Imitation of Christ dates back much earlier. There was much discussion in the Middle Ages about how the concept was to be understood. On the history of this notion, see Giles Constable, “The Ideal of the Imitation of Christ,” in *Three Studies in Medieval Religious and Social Thought* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1995), pp. 143–248. As Constable shows, two broad approaches may be distinguished, depending upon how imitation is understood: the first, the imitation of the divinity of Christ, stressed the doctrine of deification by which “Christ showed the way to become God through him” (p. 218). The second, the imitation of the humanity and body of Christ, stressed the imitation of His life on earth. The most extreme form was in the tradition of stigmatics, individuals who bore the wounds of Christ on their body. In 1932, in “Psychotherapy and the cure of souls,” Jung wrote: “We Protestants must sooner or later face this question: Are we to understand the Imitatio Christi in the sense that we should copy his life and, in a certain manner, ape *his* stigmata; or in the deeper sense that we are to live our own proper lives as truly as he lived his in its individual uniqueness? To imitate Christ’s life is no easy matter, but it is unspeakably much harder to live one’s own life as Christ lived his” (*CW* 11, § 522).

C·G· JUNG

# THE BLACK BOOKS

## 1913–1932

## NOTEBOOKS OF TRANSFORMATION

## VOLUME 4

Edited by

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# BOOK 4

## January 14–March 9, 1914

~~II~~ IV

La somma sapienza e il primo amore.[1]

[ii/1]

### 14. I. 14. Continuation (from ~~II~~ III)[2]

I too think that it's astonishing to ask for Thomas à Kempis.

I. "Are you surprised that I'm requesting Thomas à Kempis?"

L. "Well, yes, the book is seldom asked for, and I wouldn't have expected this interest from you."

I. I must confess that I'm also somewhat surprised by this inspiration. But recently I came across a short passage from Thomas à Kempis that made a particular impression on me; why, I can't really say. It dealt ~~xx~~ especially with the problem of the Imitation of Christ.

L. Do you have particular theological or historical[3] interests, or—

I. Do you mean—whether I will read it for the purpose of prayer?

L. Smiling: Well, hardly. [1/2]

I. If I read Thomas à Kempis, I do so for the sake of prayer, or something similar, rather than out of scholarly interest.

L. Are you that religious—I had no idea (slightly sneering).[4]

I. You know that I value science extraordinarily highly, but there are actually moments in life where science also leaves us empty and sick. In such moments a book like Thomas's means very much to me since it is written from the soul.

L. But somewhat old-fashioned. We can no longer get involved in Christian dogmatics these days, surely.

I. We haven't come to an end with Christianity by simply putting it aside. It seems to me that there's more to it [2/3] than we see.

L. What is there about it?

I. For what reasons and moreover at what age do men set it aside? Presumably, most do so during their student days or perhaps even earlier~~?~~. Would you call that a particularly discriminating age? And have you ever examined more closely the grounds on which people put aside positive religion? The grounds are mostly dubious, such as that the contents of belief clash with natural science or philosophy.

L. In my view, such an objection should not necessarily be rejected out of hand, despite the fact that there are better reasons. For example, I consider the lack of a true and proper sense of actuality in the positive religions a disadvantage. Incidentally, [3/4] a host of substitutes now exists for the loss of opportunity for prayer caused by the collapse of religion. Nietzsche, for example, has written a more than veritable book of prayer.[5]

I. I suppose that's correct in a certain sense. But ~~xx~~ especially Nietzsche's truth strikes me as too agitated and provocative—; it's good for those who are yet to be set free.

~~xx~~ For that reason his truth is good only for them. I believe that I've recently discovered that we also need a truth for those who need constraint. It's possible that instead they need a depressive truth, which makes man smaller and more inward.

L. Forgive me, but Nietzsche interiorizes man exceptionally well.

I. Perhaps from your standpoint [4/5] you're right, but I can't help feeling that Nietzsche speaks ~~for those~~ to those who need more freedom, not to those who clash strongly with life, who bleed from wounds, who have been afflicted by actualities.

L. But Nietzsche confers a precious feeling of superiority even upon such people.

I. I can't dispute that, but I know men who need inferiority, not superiority.

L. You express yourself very paradoxically. I don't understand you. Inferiority can hardly be a desideratum.

I. Perhaps you'll understand me better if instead of inferiority I say "resignation," [5/6] a word that one used to hear a lot of, but seldom anymore.

L. It also sounds very Christian.

I. As I said, there seem to be all sorts of things in Christianity that maybe one would do well to keep. Nietzsche is too oppositional. Like everything healthy and long-lasting, truth unfortunately adheres more to the middle way, which we unjustly abhor.

L. I really had no idea that you take such a mediating position.

I. My position is not entirely clear to me. If I mediate, I certainly mediate in a very peculiar manner.

At this moment the servant brought the book—and I took my leave from the librarian.[6]

## 17. I. 14.[7]

I stand in the anteroom and look across to the door on the left. I put the small book [6/7] into my pocket.

I go to the door on the left; it is also open—a large old-fashioned kitchen, quite clean and tidy—with a large chimney over the stove. Two long tables stand in the middle of the room, flanked by benches. Shiny brass pots, copper pans, and other vessels stand on shelves along the walls.

A large fat woman is standing at the stove—apparently the cook—wearing a large checkered apron. I greet her, somewhat disconcerted—she too seems embarrassed.

I. May I sit down for a while? It's cold outside and I must wait for something~~?~~. [7/8]

C. Please have a seat.

She wipes the table in front of me. Having nothing else to do, I take out my Thomas à Kempis and begin to read. Naturally the cook is curious and looks at me furtively. Every once in a while she goes past me.

C. Excuse me, are you perhaps a clergyman?

I. No. Why do you think so?

C. Oh, I just thought you might be because you are reading a small black book. My mother, may God rest her soul, left me such a book.

I. I see, and what book might that be?

C. It is called *The Imitation of Christ*. It's a very beautiful book. I often pray with it in the evenings.

I. You have guessed well. I too am reading *The Imitation of Christ*. [8/9]

C. (smiling)[8] I don't believe that—a man like you would not read such a book—, unless you were a pastor.

I. Why shouldn't I read it? It also does me good to read a proper book.

C. My mother, God bless her, had it with her on her deathbed, and she gave it to me before she died.

I browse through the book absentmindedly while she is speaking: My eyes fall on the following passage in the

nineteenth chapter:

"The righteous base their intentions more on the mercy of God, which in whatever they undertake they trust more than their own wisdom."[9]

Well, Henri Bergson,[10] I think there you have it—this is ~~not less~~ precisely the genuine and right intuitive method. [9/10]

I. (to the cook) Your mother was a clever woman, and she did well to give you this book.

C. Yes, indeed—it has often comforted me in difficult hours (she dries her eyes)[11] and it always provides good counsel.

I believe one can also follow one's own nose, that would also be an intuitive method. But the beautiful way in which the Christian does this must nevertheless be of special value.[12]

An inner disquiet seizes me. What is supposed to happen?

I hear an odd swishing and whirring—and suddenly a roaring sound fills the room like a horde of large birds with a frenzied flapping of wings—I see many shadowlike human forms rush past [10/11] and I hear a manifold far and near babble of voices utter the words: "Let us pray in the temple!"

"Where are you rushing off to?" I call out—a bearded man with tousled hair and dark shining eyes stops and turns toward me:

"We are wandering to Jerusalem to pray at the most holy sepulchre."

I. "Take me with you."

G.[13] You cannot join us, you have a body. We are dead.

I. Who are you?

G. I am Ezekiel, and I am an Anabaptist.[14] I died more than 300 years ago.[15]

I. Who are those wandering with you?

G. These are my fellow believers.

I. Why are you wandering? [11/12]

~~G~~ E. We cannot stop, but must make a pilgrimage to all the holy places.

I. What drives you to this?

~~G~~ E. I don't know. But it seems that we still have no peace, although we died in true belief.

I. Why do you have no peace if you died in true belief?

~~G~~ E. It always seems to me as if we had not come to a proper end with life.

I. Remarkable—how so?

E. It seems to me that we forgot something important that should also have been lived.

I. And what was that?

E. Would you happen to know? (He reaches out greedily and uncannily toward me, his eyes shining as if from inner heat.)

I. Let go, daimon, you did [12/13] <u>not live your animal!</u>[16]

The cook is standing in front of me with a horrified face; she has taken me by the arm and grips me firmly.

C. "For God's sake, for God's sake. Help—what's wrong with you? Are you in a bad way?["]

I look at her astonished and reflect on where I actually am. But soon strange people burst in—among them the librarian infinitely astonished—then laughing maliciously:

"Oh, I might have known—Quick, the police!"

Before I can collect myself, I am pushed through a crowd of people [13/14] into a van. I am still clutching my copy of Thomas and think what would he say to this new situation? I open it and my eyes fall on the thirteenth chapter, where it says:

"So long as we live here on earth, we cannot escape temptation~~?~~. There is no man who is so perfect, and no saint so sacred, that he cannot be tempted on occasion. Yes, <u>we can hardly be without temptation</u>."[17]

Wise Thomas, you always come up with the right answer! That crazy Anabaptist certainly had no such knowledge, or he might have made a peaceful end. *Rerum omnium satietas vitae facit satietatem—satietas vitae tempus maturum mortis affert* [satiety of all things causes satiety of life—one is satiated with life and the time is ripe for death] says Cicero.[18] [14/15]

Now I can look around. This knowledge had evidently brought me into conflict with society. I am flanked by policemen left and right.

"Well,["] I say to them, "you can let me go now."

"Yes, we know all about this," one says laughing. "Now just you hold your peace."

So, we are obviously heading for the madhouse. That is a high price to pay, but one can go this way too, it seems. It's not so strange, since many of our fellows take that path. There are a lot of madhouses; hence many lunatics as well.[19]

We have arrived—a large gate—a hall—a waiting room—a friendly superintendent—and now also two doctors. One of them [15/16] is a small fat professor.

Pr. "What's that book you've got there?"

I. "It's Thomas à Kempis, *The Imitation of Christ*."

Prof. to assistant: So, a form of religious madness—perfectly clear—paranoid form of dementia praecox.[20]

To me: You see, nowadays, the "Imitatio Christi" leads to the madhouse.

I. That is hardly to be doubted, professor.

Prof. to assistant: The man has wit—he is obviously somewhat maniacally aroused.

To me: Do you hear voices?

I. You bet—today it was a huge throng of Anabaptists that swarmed through the kitchen.

Prof. to assistant: Now, there we have it.

To me: Are the voices following you? [16/17]

I. Oh no, Heaven forbid, I summoned them.

Prof: Ah, this is yet another case that clearly indicates that ~~patients~~ the hallucinators directly call on the voices. This belongs in the case history. Would you immediately make a note of that, doctor?

I. With all due respect, Professor, may I say that it is absolutely not abnormal, but much rather the intuitive method.

Prof. laughing: Excellent. The fellow also uses neologisms. Well—I suppose we have an adequately clear diagnosis.

Anyway, I wish you a good recovery, and make sure you stay quiet.

I. But professor, I'm not at all sick, I feel perfectly well.

Prof. Look, my dear, you don't have any insight into your illness yet. [17/18]

To the assistant: The prognosis is naturally bad, with at best limited recovery.

Superinten. Professor, can the man keep the book?

Pr: Of course, let him keep it.[21]

Now my clothes are inventoried, then the bath—and now the ward. In an observation room I'm brought to bed. The person to my left is in a catatonic stupor, while the one on the right in the final stages of a progressive paralysis, the others seem to be seniles or melancholics. Including me we are around 10.[22] I enjoy perfect silence—with some uncanniness.

The problem of madness is profound—divine madness—a higher form of the irrationality of the life streaming through us—at any rate a madness that cannot be integrated [18/19] into present-day society—but what if the form of society gave way to madness?

At this point things grow dark, and there is no end in sight.[23]

## 18. I. 14.[24]

Here all threads and everything called a line gets lost, ceases—as it is proper for a madhouse.

Here, my soul, is space for you. Here may you speak.[25]

---

[26]"Words, words, do not make too many words!

Be silent and listen:[27]

Have you recognized your madness and do you admit it?

Have you noticed that you harbor your madness?[28]

Have you noticed that all your foundations [19/20] are completely mired in madness?

Do you not want to recognize your madness and welcome it in a friendly manner? You wanted to accept everything that you find in yourself. So accept madness too.

Let the light of your madness shine, and it will suddenly dawn on you. Madness is not to be despised and not to be feared, but instead you should give it life."

Your words, oh my soul, sound hard and the task you set me is difficult.

"If you want to find paths, you should also not spurn madness, since it makes up such a great part of your nature."

I didn't know that this is ~~true~~ so. [20/21]

"Be glad that you can recognize it. For you will thus avoid becoming its victim. Madness is a special form of the intellect and clings to all philosophies, doctrinal systems, and theories, but even more to daily life, since life itself is full of craziness—as you call it—and at bottom utterly illogical. Man strives toward reason only so that he can make rules for himself. Life itself has no rules. That is its mystery. What you call knowledge is your attempt to impose something comprehensible on life."

That all sounds very desolate, but nevertheless it prompts me to disagree.

“You have nothing to disagree with. You are in the madhouse.”

There stands the fat little professor. [21/22]

Had he spoken this way? and had I taken him for my soul?

Prof. “Yes, my dear, you are totally confused. Your speech is completely incoherent.[”]

I. I too believe that I’ve completely lost myself. Am I really crazy? It’s all terribly confusing and unclear.[29]

Prof. Have patience, everything will work out. Anyway, sleep well.

I. Thank you. But I’m afraid. He goes off.

Everything inside me is in utter disarray. Matters are becoming serious. Chaos is approaching. Is this the ultimate bottom? I thought that death would be the ultimate bottom.[30] Or is chaos also a foundation? [22/23]

If only there weren’t these terrible waves! Everything breaks asunder like black fuming billows. Yes, that is the ocean, the almighty, the nocturnal tide.

A ship moves there—a large steamer—I’m just about to enter the smoking parlor—many people in elegant dresses—they smoke, play cards—they all look at me astonished—someone comes up to me—

“What’s the matter, you look just like a ghost! What happened?[”]

Nothing—but I believe that I have gone crazy—the floor sways.

“The sea is somewhat rough this evening, that’s all. Have a cocktail.[31] You suffer seasickness.” [23/24]

You’re right, I am seasick—but in a special way. I’m really in a madhouse.

“Well now, you’re joking again, life is returning.”

Do you call that wit? Just now the professor pronounced me truly and utterly mad.

"There he sits playing whist."[32]

The fat little professor is actually sitting at a green-covered table playing cards with some gentlemen. He turns toward me and laughs:

"Well, where did you get to. Come here, would you like a Manhattan[33] too? You're quite a character. You've put all the ladies in quite a flurry this evening."

I. Professor, for me this is no longer a joke. [24/25] Just now I was your patient.

Unbridled laughter.

Prof. I hope that I haven't upset you too much.

I. Well, to be committed is no small matter.

The person from before, a man with a black beard, a tousled head of hair, and dark shining eyes:

"Something worse happened to me, it's five years now that I've been here."

I realize that it is my neighbor, who has apparently awakened from his stupor and is now sitting on my bed. I am indeed in the madhouse.[34]

"But I am Nietzsche, only rebaptized, I am also Christ, the Savior, and appointed to save the world [25/26], but they won't let me."

I. Who won't let you?

R.[35] The devil. You see, we are here in Hell. But of course, you haven't noticed it yet. I didn't realize until the second year of my time here. The director is the devil.

I. That sounds incredible.

R. You're an ignoramus. I was supposed to marry Maria, the mother of God, long ago.[36] But the professor, i.e., the devil, has her in his power. Every evening when the sun goes down he gets her with child. In the morning before sunrise she gives birth to it. Then all the devils come

together and kill the child in a gruesome manner. I distinctly hear his cries.

I. But what you have presented to me is pure mythology. [26/27]

R. You're crazy and understand nothing of it. You belong in the madhouse. My God, why does my family always shut me in with crazy people? (Crying)[37] I'm the Redeemer!

He lies down again and apparently sinks back into his stupor.

I clutch the sides of my bed to as if to protect myself against the terrible waves. I stare at the wall, so that I can latch onto something with my eyes. A horizontal line runs along the wall, which is painted a darker color beneath. A radiator stands beneath—but I can't help—it is a railing and I can see the sea beyond it—the line [27/28] is the horizon—and there the sun now rises in red glory—solitary and magnificent—exceedingly large—in it is a cross—from which a serpent hangs—no, a bull, slit open, as at the slaughterhouse—or is it an ass? No, a ram with a crown of thorns—it is the crucified one himself?[38]

The sun of martyrdom has arisen and is pouring bloody rays over the sea.

This sublimely gruesome spectacle lasts a long time—and the sun rises higher—its rays grow brighter and hotter and a white glowing sun burns down on a deep blue sea. The swell has subsided. A charitable and quiet summer dawn [28/29] lies on the shimmering sea. The salty smell of water rises up—a faint wide surf breaks on the warm sand with a dull thunder, and returns incessantly—twelve times—like the strokes of the world clock.[39] And now silence enters—no noise—no breeze. Everything is rigid and deathly still.

The sea has become a mirror to the white shining sun—[40]

I wait, secretly anxious.

I see a palm tree, an enormous tree arises from the sea —its crown reaches to Heaven and its roots reach down into the interior of the earth.[41]

Millions of birds are flapping their wings in its branches.[42] [29/30]

I am completely alone and disheartened and gaze from afar. It is as if all life had flown from me and completely passed into the incomprehensible and fearful. I am utterly weak and incapable.

“Salvation,” I whisper.

[43]“There is no salvation here,[44] you must remain calm, or you will disturb the others. It is night and the other people want to sleep.”

I see, it’s the attendant. The room is dimly lit by a weak lamp and sadness weighs on the room.

“I couldn’t find the way.”

A. “You don’t need to find ways now.”

He speaks the truth: one does not need to find a way. The way, or whatever [30/31] it might be, on which people go, is our way, the right way. There are no paved ways into the future. We say that it is this way, and it is. We build roads by going on. Our life is the truth that we seek. My life is the path for those who come after me.[45] Only my life is my truth, the truth above all. We create the truth by living it. Only in retrospect life becomes truth. We do not find truth first and then we live it, but the other way around.[46]

## 19. I. 14.[47]

I am flagging. I can’t. I do not act. It acts through me. I wait.[48]

[49]“The door should be lifted off its hinges to provide a free passage between here and there— [31/32] between yes and no, between above and below, between left and right.

Airy passages should be built between all opposed things; light smooth streets should lead from one pole to the other.

Scales should be set up, whose pointer sways gently.

A flame should burn that cannot be blown out by the wind.

A stream should flow to its deepest goal.

The herds of wild animals should move to their feeding grounds along their old game paths.

An arrow should fly its bent trajectory.

A thought should rise like a lark from the seed. [32/33]

And life?[50]

[“]Life should proceed, from birth to death and from death to birth—from sense to madness and from madness to sense—[51]unbroken like the path of the sun—Everything should proceed on this path.[”]

---

Outrage lurks behind the door. Let it lurk—if you wait for it, it will come.

Enjoy the undiminished light and be entirely yourself.

---

The speech of the confused is like chopped straw—the professor says—Thus the speech of the healthy is like unchopped straw—the lunatic says—simply longer.

---

[33/34] Dreary nausea lies on me. Hell is a good word for this state. [52]

I toy casually and terribly with myself—what if this is the way of life?[53] One only needs to walk it.

Is it day or night—am I asleep or awake? Have I eaten or not?[54] Am I alive or have I already died?

Blind darkness besieges me.

A gray wall—a gray worm of twilight crawls along it—like a round, heavy swollen lizard.[55] It has a round face and laughs. The laughter is convulsive and actually relieving. I open my eyes: the fat [34/35] cook is standing before me:

"You're a sound sleeper. You've slept for more than an hour."

I. Really—have I slept? I must have dreamed—what a dreadful play! ~~A~~ I fell asleep in this kitchen. Is this really the realm of the Mothers?[56]

C. Have a glass of water, you're still thoroughly drowsy.

I. Yes, this sleep can make one drunk. Where is my Thomas? There it lies—open at the twenty-first chapter:

"My soul, in everything and yet beyond everything, you must find your rest in [35/36] the Lord, for he is the eternal rest of the saints."[57]

I read this sentence aloud—putting an astonished question mark by every word.[58]

C. If you fell asleep with this sentence, you must really have had a beautiful dream.

I. I certainly dreamed—I will think about the dream.

Incidentally, can you tell me whose cook you are?

C. The librarian's. He loves good cooking and I have been with him for many years.

I. Oh, I had no idea that the librarian had such a kitchen.

C. Yes, you must know that he's a gourmet. [36/37]

I. Farewell, madam cook, and thank you for the accommodation.

C. You are most welcome and the pleasure was entirely mine.

Now I am outside. So that was the librarian's kitchen—! Does he really know what food is prepared inside? He has certainly never gone in there for a temple sleep.[59] He only eats bourgeois there.[60]

I think that I'll return the Thomas to him.

I enter the library, everything is the same as before.

L. "Good evening, here you are again."

I. Good evening, Mr. Librarian, I've come to return the Thomas. I sat down for a bit in your [37/38] kitchen next door to read—without suspecting that it's your kitchen.

L. Please, there's no problem whatsoever. Hopefully my cook received you well.

I. I can't complain about the reception. I even had an afternoon sleep over Thomas.

L. That doesn't surprise me. These prayer books are terribly boring.

I. Yes, for people like us. But your cook finds the little book very edifying.

L. Well yes, for the cook.

I. Have you ever had an incubation sleep in your kitchen?

L. (laughing) No, I've never entertained such a strange idea.

I. Let me say that you'd learn a lot [38/39] that way about your kitchen.

Adieu, Sir!

I go outside into the hallway and open the green curtains. Outside a beautiful large hall with pillars and a view of a magnificent garden—Klingsor's magical garden—those two over—Amfortas and Kundry—or rather—just what am I looking at? —it is the librarian and Kundry is his cook. He is pale and has a bad stomach, she is disappointed and furious.

Klingsor is standing to the left, holding the feather the librarian used to tuck behind his ear. Repulsive play:

Klingsor bears my features.[61] [39/40]

But look, Parsifal enters from the right, he also has my features.[62]

Klingsohr angrily throws his feather at Parsifal. But the latter catches it.

The scene changes:

A simple room, on a writing desk sits Parsifal in modern clothes and describes the miracles of his hero quest.[63]

And now I kneel down—the Good Friday service begins:

Parsifal enters—slowly. His head covered with a black helmet, he wears the lionskin[64] and club and modern black trousers.

I bristle and stretch out my hand avertingly
—"desecrator of the sanctuary" roars in my ears.[65] [40/41]

Parsifal uncovers his head—it is me—travestied in the hero.[66]

Yet there is no Gurnemanz to atone for and consecrate him. Kundry stands in the distance, covering her head—and
—laughing.[67]

I patiently take off my armor[68] and go to the spring wearing a white penitent's shirt, where I wash my hands and feet on my own and baptize myself in the name of the one that I am.[69] Then I take off my penitent's shirt and put on my civilian clothes. I walk out of the scene and approach myself—I who am still kneeling down, ossified. I rise and become one with myself.[70] [41/42]

## 22. I. 1914.[71]

Thereafter I walk on like a man who is tense, and who expects something new that he has never suspected before. I listen to the depths—warned, instructed, and undaunted—outwardly striving to lead a full human life.[72]

“Listen and write:

All is dark, wherever you grope in these depths—I am also dark to myself and I can only break loose pieces—fractions of complete entities—because nothing is solid and everything is possible. Do you want to accept the fragmentary, the shattered? Do you want the shred instead of the garment, the button instead of the trousers, the candle instead of the sun? Do you want what is stirred together meaninglessly, melted and crumbled?[”][73] [42/43]

I will gratefully accept what you give, my soul. I do not have the right to judge or to reject. Fate will separate the wheat from the chaff. We have to subjugate ourselves also to the judgment of valuelessness and destruction in majorem vitae gloriam [to the greater glory of life].[74]

“So listen. There is old armor and the rusty gear of our fathers down here, murderous leather trappings hanging from them, worm-eaten lance shafts, twisted spear heads, broken arrows, rotten shields, skulls, the bones of man and horse, old cannons, catapults, crumbling firebrands, smashed assault gear—everything the battles of yore have littered the earth with. Will you accept all this?”

I accept it, my soul, you know better. Whatever you excavate [43/44] shall be welcome to me. Perhaps fate allows me to make use of it.[75]

There is even older stuff: Stone spearheads, stone clubs, sharp bones, chipped arrowhead teeth. The wood is so moldy that it is falling apart, black carbonized rags lying in between, shards of black and red pottery vessels, charcoaled wheat, smashed and gnawed bones—everything a prehistoric village has thrown away or has lost. Would you like that as well?

I would like it, give it to me. I am grateful to you.[76]

I find painted stones, carved bones with magical signs, talismanic sayings on hanks of leather and small plates of lead, dirty pouches filled with teeth, human hair and

fingernails, timbers lashed together, black orbs, moldy animal skins—all the superstitions hatched by dark [44/45] prehistory. Will you accept all this?

I accept it all. How should I dismiss anything? Do I know if it isn't worth having?

Then take all of this on you in daily labor.[77] But I find worse—fratricide, —cowardly mortal blows—torture—child sacrifice—the annihilation of whole peoples—arson—betrayal—war—rebellion—also this?

Also this, if it must be. But how can I judge?

I find epidemics—natural catastrophes—sunken ships—razed cities—frightful animals of the wilderness—[78]famines—human meanness—and fear—whole mountains of fear.

So shall it be, since you give it. [45/46]

I find the treasures of all past cultures—magnificent images of Gods—spacious temples—paintings—papyrus rolls—sheets of parchment with the characters of bygone languages—books full of lost wisdom—hymns and chants of ancient priests—stories told down the ages through thousands of generations.

That is an entire world—whose extent I cannot grasp. How can I accept it?

"But you wanted to accept everything that I give to you? [79] You see, you do not know your limits. Can you not limit yourself?"

I must limit myself. Who could ever grasp such wealth?

"Be content and cultivate your garden with modesty."[80] [46/47]

I will. I see that it is not worth conquering a larger piece of the immeasurable, but a smaller one instead. A well-tended small garden is better than an ill-tended large garden. Both gardens are equally small when faced with the immeasurable, but unequally cared for:

"Take shears and prune your trees."[81]

## 23. I. 14[82]

Calmly and with composed and secure steps you seem to approach, my soul. Are we beyond the in-between world? Or have we yet to arrive?

“It is still night, but the day seems to be close.”

I hardly dare to hope [47/48] for fear of my covetousness that longs for the light.

“Be patient.”

I have learned to be patient and I will use it. I will be silent and wait.

[83]“Do you not hear something from time to time?”

I’m not aware of anything, what should I hear?

“A ringing.”

A ringing? What? I hear nothing.

“Listen harder.”

Perhaps something in the left ear. What could it mean?

“Misfortune.”

I accept what you say. I want to reach out my hand patiently and receive fortune [48/49] and misfortune. What good are fear and rebellion?

“Well, then, raise your hands and receive what comes to you.”

What is it? a rod—a black serpent—a black rod, carved like a serpent—with two pearls ~~X~~ as eyes—a fine gold bangle around its neck. Is it not like a—magical rod?

“It is a magical rod.”[84]

What should I do with magic? Is the magical rod a misfortune? Is magic a misfortune?

“Yes, for those who possess it.”

That sounds like the sayings of old. How strange [49/50] you are, my soul! What should I do with magic?

“Magic will do a lot for you.”

I'm afraid that you're stirring up my desire and misunderstanding. You know that man never stops ~~black~~ craving the black art and things that cost no effort.

"Magic is not easy, and it demands sacrifice."

Does it demand the sacrifice of love? of humanity? If it does, take the rod back.

"Don't be rash, you judge too quickly. Magic doesn't demand that sacrifice. It demands others."

What, oh my soul, are these?"

["]The sacrifice that magic demands is— [50/51] solace."

Solace? Do I understand correctly? Understanding you is unspeakably difficult. What does this mean?

"Solace is to be sacrificed."

What do you mean? Should the solace that I give or the solace that I receive be sacrificed?

"Both."

I'm confused—forgive me—this is too dark for me.

"You must sacrifice solace for the sake of the black rod, the solace you give and the solace you receive."

From whom do I receive solace? From those I love? Yes. I shouldn't be allowed to receive it? I also give [51/52] solace to those I love. Should I not give this solace?[85] This means the loss of a piece of humanity, and what one calls severity toward oneself and others takes its place.[86]

"That is how it is."

Does the black rod demand this sacrifice?

"It demands this sacrifice."

Can I, am I allowed to make this sacrifice for the sake of the black rod? Must I accept the ~~bla~~ rod?

"Do you want to or not?"

I can't say. What do I know about the black rod? Who gives it to me?

"The darkness that lies before you. It is the next thing that comes to you. Will you accept it and lay your [52/53] sacrifice at its feet?"

It is hard to sacrifice to the dark, to the blind darkness—and what a sacrifice! To renounce the solace that one receives is hard; but even harder seems to me to deny solace.[87]

“Nature—does nature offer solace? does it accept solace?”

You speak a heavy word. What solitude are you asking of me?

“This is your misfortune, and—the power of the black rod.”

How gloomily and full of foreboding you speak! Are you sheathing me in the armor of icy severity? Are you clasping my heart with bronze carapaces? I’m happy with the warmth of life. Should I miss it, for—the sake of magic? What is magic? [53/54]

“You don’t know magic. So discern, ~~not~~ don’t condemn. What are you bristling at?

Magic! What should I do with magic? I don’t believe in it, I can’t believe in it. My heart sinks and doubt penetrates through every gate—and I’m supposed to sacrifice a greater part of my humanity to magic?

“I advise you, don’t struggle against this, and above all—don’t act so enlightened, as if deep down you did not believe in magic.”

You’re inexorable. But I don’t dare to believe in magic, or maybe I have a completely false idea of it.

“That’s apparent. Cast aside your blind judgment and critical gesture, otherwise you’ll never understand. Do you still mean to waste years waiting? [54/55]

Be patient, my science has not yet been overcome.

“High time that you overcame it.”

You ask a great deal, almost too much. After all—is science essential to life? Is science life? There are people who live without science.

But to overcome science for the sake of magic?—that sounds uncanny and menacing.

“Are you afraid? Don’t you want to risk life? Isn’t it life that presents you with this problem?”

All this leaves me so dazed and confused. Won’t you give me an enlightening word?

“Oh, so it’s solace you long for? [55/56] Do you want the rod or don’t you?”

You tear my heart to pieces. I want to submit to life. But how difficult—how difficult this is!

I want the black rod because it is the first thing the darkness grants me. I don’t know what your rod means, nor what it gives—I only feel what it takes!

I kneel down and receive this messenger of darkness—whatever it wants to be. I have received the black rod—I hold it, the enigmatic one, in my hand—it is cold and heavy, like iron—the pearl eyes of the serpent look at me blindly and dazzlingly—what do you want, mysterious and uncanny gift? All the darkness [56/57] of all former worlds crowds together in you, you hard, black piece of steel! Are you time and fate—the essence of nature, hard and eternally inconsolable—yet the sum of all mysterious creative force? —Primordial magic words seem to emanate from you—mysterious effects weave around you? What powerful arts slumber in you?

You pierce me with unbearable tension. What grimaces will you make? What terrible mystery will you ~~web~~ create? Will you bring bad weather, storms, cold, thunder and lightning, or will you make the fields fruitful and bless the bodies of pregnant women?

What is the visible mark of your [57/58] being? Or don’t you need that, you son of the dark womb? Do you content yourself with the hazy darkness, whose concretion and crystal you are? Where in my soul do I shelter you? In my heart? Woe, should my heart be your shrine, your holy of holies? So choose your place, I have accepted you.

What crushing tension you bring with you! Isn't the bow of my nerves breaking? I need to endure it, I've taken in the messenger of the night.

What do you say, my soul?

"The most powerful magic lives in it."

I seem to feel it and yet can't put into words the nightmarish power granted to it.

I wanted to laugh, because so much [58/59] alters in laughter, and resolves itself only there. Here laughter dies in me. Its magic is as solid as iron and as cold as death.

What is talking good for?

I am alone with this son of darkness.

Perhaps he wants to talk?

"Try it."

My black rod, my serpent, do you speak?—

My soul, the magic is silent.

"Perhaps it will act."[88]

Forgive me, my soul, I am not impatient. But it seems to me that something has got to happen to break through this unbearable tension that came with the rod.

"Wait, keep your eyes and ears [59/60] open."

I'm shuddering—and I don't know why.

"Sometimes one must shudder before—the greatest."

I bow, my soul, before unknown forces—I'd like to consecrate an altar to each unknown God.

"Tame your impatience. Only waiting will help you here."

Waiting—I know this word. Hercules also found waiting burdensome when he carried the vault of the heavens on his shoulders.

"He had to await Atlas's return and carried the vault of the heavens for the sake of the apples."[89]

I must submit. The black iron in my heart gives me secret power. It's like defiance and like—[60/61]

disregard[90] for men,—the sacrifice of solace—has it been fulfilled?[91]

## 27. I. 14.[92]

I have to crawl together out of many different corners in which I lost myself. I return to the black serpent rod. It seems like a solid and mighty piece of death.

But death appears like a power belonging to me.

This thought derives probably from the other side. How could I have dreamt anything like that? Or do I err? I am not supposed to ask, but to describe what the depths tell me.

“Words from the depths”—it repeats in me.

“Words of life, from the innermost and darkest life”—says another voice. Vanity and seduction blended [61/62] deceivingly, because power shimmers in many beguiling and seducing colors.[93] Power likes to subjugate external things, to rope in humans, to accumulate wealth, to commit acts of violence. Power wants to free itself from service, submission, and obedience, wants to harvest where it did not sow, to win where there is nothing to lose.[94]

Power wants to satisfy all childish desires.

What is it your power wants?

“Your power wants life.”

Is it the power over life?

“You will see.” ~~?~~

[95]I see a trunk like that of a cross and the little black serpent of my rod winds itself upward around it.

I see the crucified hanging on [62/63] the wood, the serpent creeps into the wounds in his side, and emerges again from the mouth of the dead.[96] It had become white. It wound itself around the stiff head of the dead, it lay upon his brow. A light gleamed above his head. The sun rose shining in the east.

[97]“Do you understand?”

I understand, it is the miracle of regeneration, the sinking into death, and the overcoming of death. But what does this image aim at? Does it speak of immortality?

“Do not rush and be so disturbingly pert.” You can’t force anything.”—why do you speak of immortality? What do you know of it? There are other things that you grasp more easily. But you are curious.” [63/64]

It is true what you say, my soul. I am covetous.

“Hold yourself back and be patient.”

I abide and admit my complete ignorance and emptiness to you.

[98]“Let it rain, let the wind blow, let the waters flow and the fire burn. Let each thing have its development, let becoming have its day.”[99]

Shall I leave, put down my pen?

“Yes, you shall.”

I obey.

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Let me stand before you one more time, let me kneel down and reach up my hands begging in order to solve this unbearable tension, [64/65] this unconscious inability.

What do I exclude? Do I not want to hear it? Can’t I grasp it? What is the power of the rod? And the rod—what is its meaning?

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[100]A bed of tulips—a small garden—a little cottage—two elderly people live there—Philemon and Baucis[101]—Philemon is an old magician, who has not yet managed to banish old age, but who lives it with dignity. And his wife

can only do the same. Their interests have become narrow, even childish. They water their bed of tulips and tell each other about the flowers that have newly appeared. And their days fade into a pale slightly wavering chiaroscuro, [65/66] lit up by the past, barely frightened of the darkness of what is to come.

Why is Philemon a magician?[102] Does he conjure up immortality for himself, a life beyond? He was probably only a magician by profession, and he now appears to be a pensioned magician who has retired from service. His desirousness and creative drive have expired and he now enjoys his well-earned rest out of sheer incapacity, like every old man who can do nothing else than plant tulips and water his little garden. Otium cum dignitate—[tranquillity with worthy standing].[103]

The magical rod lies in a cupboard together with the 6 & 7th books of Moses[104] and the wisdom of Hermes Trismegistus.[105] Philemon has become old and somewhat feeble-minded. He still murmurs a few magical spells for the well-being of bewitched cattle in return for some petty cash [66/67] or a gift for the kitchen. But it is uncertain if these spells are still correct and whether he understands their meaning. It is also clear that it hardly matters what he murmurs, as the cattle might also get well on their own.

There goes old Philemon in the garden, bent, with a watering can in his shaking hand. Baucis stands at the kitchen window and looks at him calmly and impassively. She has already seen this image a thousand times, somewhat more infirm every time, feebler, seeing it a little less well every time since her eyesight gradually has become weaker.[106]

I stand at the garden gate. They have not noticed the stranger. Here everything is small and narrow—an antechamber [67/68] of the cemetery.[107]

“Philemon, old magician, how are you?” I call out to him. He does not hear me, because he is stone-deaf. I follow him and take his arm. He turns and greets me awkwardly and trembling. He has a white beard and thin white hair and a wrinkled face—and there appears to be something about this face. His eyes are gray and old—and something in them is strange, one would like to say—alive.

“I am well, stranger,” he says, “but what are you doing here?”

People tell me that you understand the black art. I am interested in that. Will you tell me about it?

Ph. “What should I tell you about? There is nothing to tell.” [68/69]

I. Don’t be ill-natured, old man, I want to learn.

Ph. You are certainly more learned than I. What could I teach you?

I. Do not be mean. I certainly don’t intend to become your competitor. I’m just curious to know what you are up to and what magic you are performing.

Ph. What do you want? In the past I have helped people here and there who have been sick and disadvantaged.

I. What exactly did you do?

Ph. Well, I did it quite simply with sympathy.

I. Old man, that word sounds comical and ambiguous.

Ph. How so?

I. It could mean that you helped people either by expressing compassion or by superstitious, sympathetic means. [69/70]

Ph. Well, surely it would have been both.

I. And that’s all there was to your magic?

Ph. agitated: I know even more.

I. What is it, tell me!

Ph. That is none of your business. You are impertinent and meddlesome.

I. Please, don’t take my curiosity badly. Recently I heard something about magic that awakened my interest in this

bygone practice. And then I came to you because I heard that you understand the black art. If magic were still taught today at the university, I would have studied it there. But the last college of magic was closed long ago. Today no professor knows anything anymore about magic. So do not be sensitive and miserly, but tell me a bit about your art. [70/71] Surely, you don't want to take your secrets with you to the grave, do you?

Ph. Well, all you will do is laugh anyway. So why should I tell you anything? It would be better if everything were buried with me. It can always be rediscovered later. It will never be lost to humanity.

I. What do you mean? Do you believe that magic is really inborn in man?

Ph. If I could, I would say, yes, of course, it is. But you will find this laughable.

I. No, this time I will not laugh, because I have often wondered about the fact that all peoples in all times and in all places have the same magical customs. As you can see, I have already thought along similar lines.

Ph. What do you make of magic?

I. To put it plainly, nothing, or very little. It appears to me that magic is one of the suggestive tools of [71/72] men inferior to nature. I can detect no other tangible meaning in magic.

Ph. Your professors probably also know just as much.

I. Yes, but what do you know about it?

Ph. I'd prefer not to say.

I. Don't be so secretive, old man, otherwise I must assume that you know no more than I do.

Ph. Take it as you please.

I. Your answer suggests that you most definitely understand more about it than others. That sounded very positive.

Ph. Comical fellow, how stubborn you are. But what I like about you is that your reason does not deter you.

I. That's actually the case. Whenever [72/73] I want to learn and understand something, I leave my so-called reason at home and give whatever it is that I am trying to understand the necessary blank check. I have recognized this as necessary for a long time, because science is full of scary examples of the opposite.

Ph. In which case you could do very well for yourself.

I. I hope so. Now, let us not stray from magic.

Ph. Why are you so determined to learn more about magic, if you claim that you have left your reason at home? Or would you not consider consistency part of reason?

I. I do—I see, or rather, ~~I~~ it seems as if you ~~would~~ are quite an adept sophist, who skillfully leads me around the house and back to the door. [73/74]

Ph. It seems that way to you because you judge everything from the standpoint of your intellect. If you forsake reason for a while, you will also give up consistency.

I. That's a difficult test. But if I want to be adept at some point, I suppose I ought to submit to your request. All right, I'm listening.

Ph. What do you want to hear?

I. You're not going to draw me out. I'm simply waiting for whatever you are going to say.

Ph. And what if I say nothing?

I. Well—then I'll withdraw somewhat embarrassed and think that Philemon is at the very least a shrewd fox, who definitely would have something to teach me.

Ph. With this, my boy, you have learned something about magic.

I. I'll have to chew on this. I must admit [74/75] that this is somewhat surprising. I had imagined magic as being somewhat different.

Ph. Well, this shows you how little you understand about magic and how incorrect your notion of it is.

I. If this ~~is~~ should be the case, or that's how it is, then I must confess that I approached the problem completely incorrectly. I gather from what you are saying that these matters do not follow ordinary understanding.

Ph. Nor does magic.

I. But you have not deterred me at all; on the contrary—I'm burning to hear even more. What I know up to now is essentially negative.

Ph. With this you have recognized a second main point. Above all, you must know that magic [75/76] is the negative of what you can know.

I. That, too, my dear Philemon, is a piece of knowledge that is hard to digest and causes me no small pain. The negative of what you can know? I suppose you mean that it cannot be known, but—? This exhausts my understanding.

Ph. That is the third point that you must note as essential: namely, that there is nothing for you to understand.

I. Well, I must confess that that is new and strange. So nothing at all about magic can be understood?

Ph. Exactly. Magic happens to be precisely everything that eludes comprehension.

I. But then how the devil—pardon my French, is one to teach and learn magic?

Ph. Magic is neither to be taught nor learned. [76/77] It's foolish that you want to learn magic.

I. But then magic is nothing but deception.

Ph. Watch out—you have started reasoning again.

I. It's difficult to exist without reason.

Ph. And that is exactly how difficult magic is.

I. Well, in that case it's hard work. I conclude that it is an inescapable condition for the adept that he completely unlearns his reason.

Ph. I'm afraid that is what it amounts to.

I. Ye Gods, this is serious.

Ph. Not as serious as you think. Reason declines with old age, since it is an essential counterpart of the drives, which are much more intense in youth than in old age. Have you ever seen young magicians?

I. No. The magician is proverbially old.

Ph. You see, I'm right. [77/78]

I. But then the prospects of the adept are bad, he must wait until old age to experience the mysteries of magic.

Ph. If he gives up his reason before then, he can already experience something useful sooner.

I. That seems to me to be a dangerous experiment. One cannot give up reason without further ado.

Ph. Nor can one simply become a magician.

I. You lay damnable snares.

Ph. What do you want? Such is magic.

I. Old devil, you make me envious of unreasoning old age.

Ph. Well, well, a youth who wants to be an old man! And why? He wants to learn magic and yet dares not to for the sake of his youth! [78/79]

I. You spread a terrible net, old trapper.

Ph. Perhaps you should still wait a few years with magic until your hair has gone a bit gray; then your reason might slacken somewhat.

I. I don't want to listen to you, old mocker. Stupidly enough, I got caught up in your yarn. I can't make sense of you—

Ph. But stupidity would perhaps be progress on the way to magic.

I. Incidentally, what on earth do you intend to achieve with your magic?

Ph. I am alive, as you see.

I. Other old men are, too.

Ph. Yes, but have you seen how?

I. Well, admittedly it was not a pleasant [79/80] sight. Incidentally, time has left its mark on you, too.

Ph. I know.

I. So, what gives you the advantage?

Ph. It doesn't exactly meet the eye.

I. What kind of advantage doesn't meet the eye?

Ph. I call that magic.

I. You're moving in an ominous vicious circle. May the devil get the better of you.

Ph. Well, that's another advantage of magic, not even the devil gets the better of me. You're beginning to understand magic, so I must assume that you have a good aptitude for it.

I. Thank you, Philemon, that is enough—I feel dizzy. Goodbye!

I step outside the small [80/81] garden and walk down the street. People are standing around in groups and glancing at me furtively. I hear them whispering behind my back: "Look, there he goes, old Philemon's student—he spoke a long time with the old man—he has learned something—he knows the mysteries—if only I could do what he is able to do now."—

"Be quiet, you damned fools," I want to call out to them, but I cannot, since I do not know whether I have actually learned anything.

And because I remain silent, they ~~all~~ are even more convinced that I have received the black art from Philemon. [81/82][108]

## 29. I. 14

[109]"My soul, what can I say? What do you say?"

[110]"I let grass grow over everything that you do."

That sounds comforting and seems not to say much.

"Would you like me to say much? I can also be banal, as you know, and let myself be satisfied that way."

That seems hard to me. I believe that you stand in a close connection with everything beyond, with what is

greatest and most uncommon. Therefore I thought that banality would be foreign to you.

"Banality is my element, a true point of tranquillity."[111]

That would be less astonishing if I said it about myself.

"The more uncommon you are, the more common I can be. A true [82/83] respite for me. I think you can sense that I don't need to torment myself today."

I can feel something like that—and I'm worried that at the end you will feel too good and your tree will ~~at the end~~ ultimately bear me no more fruit.

"Worried already? Don't be stupid, and let me rest."

I will gladly do it, but I am quietly afraid that the sources might dry up.

"Sources need to dry up at times."[112]

I notice that you like being banal. But I do not take you to heart, my dear friend, since I now know you much better than before.

"You're getting to be familiar. I'm afraid that you are beginning to lose respect." [83/84]

Are you anxious? I believe that would be uncalled for. I'm sufficiently well-informed about the proximity of pathos and banality. That no longer scares me.

"So, have you noticed that the becoming of the soul follows a serpentine path? Have you seen how soon day becomes night, and night day? How water and dry land change places? And that everything spasmodic is merely destructive?"

I believe that I saw all this. I want to lie in the sun on this warm stone for a while. Perhaps the sun will incubate me.

"You have learned a piece of wisdom."[113] [84/85]

## 31. I. 14.[114]

I don't know what to say. All pots are on the boil.

"A meal is being prepared."

A funeral banquet, a Last Supper, a “Communion,” I suppose?[115]

“A union with all humanity.”

A horrifying, sweet thought: to be both guest and dish at this meal![116]

“That was also Christ’s highest pleasure.”

How holy, how sinful, how everything hot and cold flows into one another! Madness and reason want to be married, the lamb and the wolf graze peacefully side by side.

Every word freezes in ice and drips fire. Thus my words do not flow.[117] It is all yes and no.

The lowest and the highest become one.[118] [85/86]

The opposites embrace each other, see eye to eye, and intermingle. They recognize their oneness in agonizing pleasure.

My heart is filled with wild battle, but not with the battle of being torn apart, but from the struggle of striving together.[119] The waves of dark and bright rivers rush together, one crashing over the other.

An antagonistic unity seems to be forged in me.[120]

I have never experienced this before.

“That is new, my dear one, at least for you. It was not alien to me. You alone have been angry with me.”[121]

I suppose you are mocking me—but tears and laughter are one. I no longer feel like either. I am rigid with tension.

Loving reaches up to Heaven [86/87] and resisting reaches just as high. They are entwined and will not let go of each other, since the excessive tension seems to indicate the ultimate and highest possibility of feeling.

“You express yourself emotionally and philosophically. You know that one can say all this much more simply, for example, one can easily say that you have fallen in love—all the way from the snails up to Tristan and Isolde.”[122]

My soul—yes, you are the devil, but God has received you.[123]

“Religion is still tormenting you, it seems? How many shields do you still need? Much better to say it straight out.”

Your banality does not frighten me. My cowardice weighs heavier on me.[124]

“Well, what is it with morality? Have morality [87/88] and immorality also become one today?”

You’re mocking me, terrible sophist.[125] But I must say that those two that rose up to Heaven entwined are also good and evil. I’m not joking but I groan, because joy and pain flow through my heart in fast-changing rhythms and sounding together in new harmonies and disharmonies.[126]

“Where then is your understanding?”[127]

My understanding? It is ignorance, nonsense, and wisdom.[128] I no longer have any understanding. Perhaps it will return later, but today it is only a partial phenomenon to me and entirely unsatisfactory.[129]

“You deny everything that you believed, even Faust.[130] He walked ~~xx~~ [88/89] calmly past all the specters.”

I’m no longer up to this—My spirit, too, is a specter. I must not and cannot walk calmly past it.[131]

“Ah, I see, you follow my teaching.”

Unfortunately, that’s the case, and it has benefited me with painful joy.

“You will not escape yourself.”[132]

This misfortune ought to make me happy.

[133]“You actually behave as if you were unfathomable.”

That’s because I have studied the art of stepping from the left foot onto the right and vice versa, which others have done correctly unthinkingly [89/90] from time immemorial.

[134]“So you have finally noticed this?”

[135]“The sinuous line of life could not escape me in the long run.”[136]

The next turn of the way will lead me outside to the humans, I suppose?

"That you will see. I shroud myself in deafening silence."[137]

## 1. II. 14.[138]

[139]Oh night of aimless tensions and doubts—oh unity in being directed against each other!

Never has life been more doubtful than today.

When God did not proceed further, at least the devil progressed and vice versa. How will it be, now that God and the devil have become one? Are [90/91] they in agreement to bring the progress of life to a standstill?[140] Could it be that the oneness of opposites would also suspend the process of life?[141] Does the conflict of opposites belong to the inescapable conditions of life? And does he who recognizes and lives—or tries to live—the unity of opposites stand still?[142] He has completely taken the side of actual life, and he no longer acts as if he belonged to one party and had to battle against the other, but he is both and has brought their discord to an end. Through taking this burden from life, has he also taken the force from it? I lay these questions before you today, my soul.[143]

[144]"You hold a knife at my throat. Opposites were certainly [91/92] an element of life for me. You probably will have noticed this. Your innovations deprive me of this source of energy.[145] I can neither lure you with pathos nor annoy you with banality. I am somewhat baffled."

"If you are baffled, should I have counsel? I would rather you dive down to the deeper grounds to which you have entry and ask Hades or the heavenly ones. Perhaps someone there can give counsel.

"You have become imperious."

Necessity is even more imperious than I. I must live and be able to move.

“You have the whole wide earth. What do you want to ask the beyond for?”

It isn’t curiosity that drives me, but necessity. I will not yield.

“I obey, but reluctantly. This style is new and unaccustomed to me.” [92/93]

I’m sorry. But there is pressing need. Tell the depths that prospects are not looking too good for us, because we have cut off an important organ from life. As you know, I’m not the guilty one, since you have led me carefully along this way.

“You are playing Adam and Eve with me.[146] You were not obliged to accept the apple.”

Enough of these jokes. You know that story better than I do. I am serious. We need some air.

Be on your way and fetch the fire. It has already been dark around me for too long. Are you sluggish or cowardly?

“I’m off to work. Take from me what I bring up.”

A chair—the throne of the God—God Father, Son, and the Holy Spirit—the Holy [93/94] Trinity—the mother with the child—heaven and hell, with it Satan. He comes at last, resisting, and clings to his beyond. He will not let it go. The upperworld is too chilly for him.

Have you got tight hold of him?”

Satan crawls out of a dark hole with horns and tail, I pull him out by the hands.[147]

Welcome, hot thing of darkness! My soul probably pulled you up roughly?

S. “What is this all about? Someone who calls himself your soul is hanging around at our place putting on a reckless show.[148] I protest against this indelicate and[149] violent [94/95] extraction.”

I. Calm down. I didn’t expect you. The Holy Trinity and its entourage came first.[150] But you seem to be the hardest part as you come last of all.

S. What do you want from me? I don’t need you, impertinent fellow.

I. It’s a good thing we have you. I promised my soul that I will faithfully receive everything that she will render to me.[151] You’re the liveliest and most interesting[152] thing in the whole dogma.[153]

S. What concern is your prattle to me! Make it quick—I’m freezing here.

I. Listen—something has just happened to us. We have united the opposites. Among other things, we have bonded you [95/96] with God.[154]

S. For God’s sake, why this hopeless scandal[155]? Why ~~xx~~ such nonsense?

I. Please, that wasn’t so stupid, as you think. This unification is an utterly economical[156] principle. We have put a stop to the never-ending, traffic-jamming quarreling of parties, to finally free our hands for a united work for progress or rather for real life with all its manifoldness.[157]

S. This smells of monism.[158] I have already made note of some of these men. Special chambers have been heated for them.

I. You’re mistaken. Matters are not as intellectual and generally ethical with us as in Monism.[159] [96/97] We have no single correct truth either. Even that we have exceeded. Thus it is in no way Monism,[160] rather, a most remarkable and strange fact has occurred: after the opposites had been united—quite unexpectedly and incomprehensibly to us—nothing further happened. Everything remained in place, peacefully and yet completely motionless, and life turned into mere vegetating without force or progress.[161]

S. Yes, you fools! You certainly have made a pretty mess of things.

I. Well—your mockery is unnecessary. It happened for once experimenti causa[162] but our intentions were also serious.[163] [97/98]

S. Your seriousness led me to suffer. The ordering of the beyond is shaken to its foundations.

I. So you realize that matters are serious. Apparently my soul has brought you up to justify yourself toward me.[164] I want an answer to my question, what should happen under these circumstances? We no longer know what to do.

S. Well, it is hard to know what to do, and difficult to give advice even if one would like to give it. You are blinded fools, a brashly impertinent people. Why didn't you stay out of trouble? How do you mean to understand the ordering of the world?

I. Your ranting suggests that you are quite thoroughly aggrieved. Look, the holy trinity is calm and absolute.[165] It seems not to dislike the innovation. [98/99]

S. You cannot rely on it.[166] It is so irrational that one can never trust its reactions. I strongly advise you not to take those symbols seriously.[167]

I. I thank you for this well-meant advice. But you seem to be interested. One would expect you to pass unbiased judgment on account of your proverbial intelligence.

S. Me, unbiased! You can judge for yourself. If you consider this absoluteness in its completely lifeless equanimity, you can easily discover that the state and standstill produced by your presumptuousness closely resembles the absolute. But if I counsel you, [99/100] I place myself completely on your side, since you too find this standstill unbearable.

I. What? You take my side? That is strange.

S. That's not so strange. The absolute was always averse to the living. I am still the real master of life.

I. That is suspicious. Your reaction is far too personal.

S. My reaction is far from personal. I am utterly restless, quickly hurrying life. I am never contented, never unperturbed. I pull everything down and hastily rebuild; I am ambition, greed for fame, lust for action; I am the fizz of new thoughts and action. The absolute is—as the name says already—boring and vegetative. [100/101]

I. All right, I believe you. So—just what do you advise?

S. The best advice I can give you is: revoke your completely harmful innovation as soon and thoroughly as possible.

I. But that is impossible![168] What would be gained by that? We'd have to start from scratch again and would infallibly reach the same conclusion a second time. What one has grasped once and what one knows, one cannot intentionally not know again and undo. Your counsel is no counsel.

S. But could you exist without divisiveness and disunity? You have to get worked up about something, represent a party, overcome opposites, if you want to live. [101/102]

I. That does not help. We also see each other in the opposite. We have grown tired of this game—

S. —And so with life.

I. It seems to me that it depends on what you call life. Your notion of life has to do with climbing up and tearing down, with assertion and doubt, with impatient dragging around, with hasty desire. You lack the vegetative[169] and its forbearing patience.

S. Quite right—my life bubbles and foams and stirs up turbulent waves, it consists of seizing and throwing away, ardent wishing and restlessness. That is life, isn't it?

I. But the absolute also lives.

S. That is no life. It is a standstill [102/103] or as good as a standstill. Or rather, it lives interminably slowly and wastes millions of years—just like the miserable condition that you have created with your innovations.

I. Without knowing it you enlighten me. You are personal life—but the apparent standstill is the forbearing life of eternity, the life of divinity.

This time you have counseled me well. I will let you go—Farewell!

Satan crawls deftly like a mole back into his hole again. The symbol of the trinity and its entourage rise up again in peace and imperturbable equanimity to Heaven. [103/104]

I thank you, my soul,[170] for hauling up the right one for me. Everyone understands his words, since they are personal.

We can live again, my soul, a long life; we can waste thousands of years.[171]

## 2. II. 14.[172]

That was a fresh wind!

Should it always be necessity that drives us on, mightn't it be rather joy?

My soul, what do you think? Do you want to cross over and tell those beyond that we are well today and that we don't need any help?

"Isn't it a presumption~~?~~ to knock over there without urgent reasons?" [104/105]

Perhaps it is a presumption, but we are not sure. It's worth having a try.

"I don't really feel like it."

I don't want to force anything, but maybe—who knows—we'll learn something meaningful.

"Wouldn't you rather like to rest?"

I am not sure, but I am inclined to think that it is at least worth attempting So, go!

"I will go and summon Satan for you once more."

Why him? I have heard everything that I need from him, yesterday. As for the rest I let you decide.[173]

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[174]“I believe that I have reached [105/106] Hell—there is a hanged man here.[”]

A plain, ugly man with a contorted face stands before me. He has protruding ears, a hunchback, and is of small build.

~~(Was Christ supposed to look like that?)~~[175]

Who are you?

H. I am a poisoner who was condemned to the rope.

I. What did you do?

H. I poisoned my parents and my wife.

I. Why did you do that?

H. To honor God.

I. What? To honor God? What do you mean by that?

H. First of all, everything that happens is for the honor of God, and secondly, I had [106/107] my own ideas.

I. What went through your mind?

H. What went through my mind? I loved them and wanted to transport them more quickly from a wretched life into eternal blessedness. I gave them a strong, too strong a nightcap.

I. And did this not lead you to find out what your own interest in this was?

H. Not at all.[176] I was now alone and very unhappy. I wanted to live for the sake of my two children, for whom I foresaw a better future. I was in better health than my wife, so I wanted to live.”

I. Did your wife agree to the murders?

H. No, she certainly would not have consented. But she knew nothing of my intentions. Unfortunately, the murder was discovered [107/108] and I was put on trial.[177]

I. Have you found your relatives again in the beyond?

H. That’s a strange and unlikely story. I suspect that I’m in Hell. Sometimes it seems as if my wife were here too,

and sometimes I’m not sure. Just as little as I’m sure of my own self.

I. What is it like? Tell me!

H. From time to time, she seems to speak to me and I reply. But we haven’t spoken about either the murder or our children until now. We only speak together here and there, and only about trivial things, small matters from our earlier daily life, but completely impersonal, as if we no longer had anything to do with each other. [108/109] But the true nature of things eludes me. I see even less of my parents; I believe that I have yet to meet my mother. My father was here once and said something about his tobacco pipe, which he had lost somewhere.

I. Tell me, how do you pass your time?

H. I believe that there is no time with us, so there is none to spend. Nothing at all happens.

I. Isn’t that extremely boring?

H. Boring? I’ve never thought about it like that. Boring? Perhaps, but there’s nothing interesting. In actual fact, it’s pretty much all the same.

I. Doesn’t the devil ever torment you?

H. The devil? I’ve seen nothing [109/110] of him.

I. You come from the beyond and yet you have nothing to report? I find that hard to believe.

H. When I was still alive, I often thought that surely it would be interesting to speak to one of the revenants. But now the prospect means nothing much to me. As I said, everything here is impersonal and purely matter of fact—that is how you would express it, I assume.

I. That is bleak. I assume that you are in the deepest Hell.

H. I don’t care. ~~Farewell~~ I guess that I am dismissed—Farewell.

I. My soul,[178] what should this boring guest from the beyond mean?

“I met him over there, stumbling around restlessly like so many others. I chose [110/111] him as the next best. He strikes me as a good example.”

I. But is the beyond so colorless?

“It seems so. There is only motion upon my arrival. Otherwise everything merely surges back and forth in a shadowy way.” There is nothing personal whatsoever.”

I. What is it, then, with this “personal quality”? Yesterday Satan made a most “personal” impression on me.[179]

“I guess he does.[180] Since he is the eternal adversary, and because you can never reconcile personal life with absolute life.”

I. Can’t one also unite these [111/112] opposites?

“They are not opposites, but simply differences. Just as little as you make the day the opposite of the year.”

I. That’s enlightening—but somewhat boring—

“—as always, when one speaks of the beyond. It goes on withering away, particularly since we have balanced the opposites.” I believe the dead will soon become extinct.”[181]

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## 6. II. 14[182]

Today I feel the abundance of beauty and clarity.

We are, my soul, on the right path. You have a fine nose. [112/113]

Those terrible sandbanks of banality that used to frighten me have now become helpful.

Even contradiction has become a rung in the ladder of life.

Herein lie peace, great serenity, and beauty.

Steps alternating between white and black form the staircase of life.

“Don’t express yourself too generally. Beware of every system. Systems are long-winded errors. Only one’s ownmost truth is alive and real.”

It seems to me you also express yourself in a general way. [113/114]

“Probably slightly—but still a good sign of our understanding?”

Let’s hope for the best. But nothing is easier than to be at odds with you. You are sensitive.

“If you listen to me and share your warmth of life with me, I will gradually harden myself. For a long time I have desired a certain kind of healthy toughness.”

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## 9. II. 14.

[183]It seems to me as if I look back as onto a work that has been accomplished. Shall I look back yet?[184]

“How curious you are![185] Nothing is accomplished yet.”

What do you mean? Not accomplished? [114/115]

“This is only the beginning.”

Forgive me, my soul, but[186] I think you are lying.

“Infidel,[187] whom are you quarreling with? Do you know better?”

I know nothing. But I’d already gotten used to the idea[188] that we had reached an end, at least a temporary end or some kind of closure. If even the dead are about to become extinct, what else is going to happen?

“But then the living must first begin to live.”

Pardon me, this remark could certainly be deeply meaningful, but it seems to be nothing but a joke.

“Ungrateful wretch,[189] you are getting impertinent.” I’m not joking. Life has yet [115/116] to begin.”

What do you mean by that?

“I say, life has yet to begin. Didn’t you feel a bit empty today? Do you call that life?”

What you say is true. But I try to put as good a face as I can on everything and to settle for things.

“That might be quite comfortable. But you really ought to make much higher demands.”

That I dread. I will certainly not assume that I could satisfy my own demands, but neither do I think that you are capable of satisfying them. However, it might be that once again I’m not trusting you enough. I suppose that might be so because I’ve drawn closer to you in human terms and find you so urbane. [116/117]

“That proves nothing. Just don’t assume that somehow you could ever grasp me and embody me. For this you are simply too small.”[190]

What should it be? It fills me with joy and horror, that you want to give more.[191]

“You earned it because you have fulfilled your duty as a man toward other men.”[192]

I always need to be demanding toward myself in this respect.[193] A sweet thought, that payment could be made for this.

I give you payment in images. Behold! [117/118]

I see Elijah—and then Salome at some distance behind him. Elijah points at Salome, the seeing one. She comes closer—he takes her hand and leads her to me. She blushes and lowers her eyes while lovingly batting her eyelids.[194]

He speaks: “Here, I give you Salome, may she be yours.”

I. For God’s sake—what should I do with Salome? I am already married and we are not among the Turks or in other patriarchal circumstances.[195]

Salome retreats intimidated.[196]

Elijah: You helpless man—how ponderous you are! Is this not a beautiful gift? Is her healing not your doing?

Won’t you accept her love as the well-deserved payment for your trouble? [118/119]

I. It seems to me, Elijah, a rather strange gift—more burden than joy. I am happy that Salome is thankful to me and loves me. I love her too—[197]relatively—I suppose. Incidentally, the care I afforded her, was, literally, pressed out of me, rather than something I gave freely and intentionally. If my partly unintentional ordeal has had such a good outcome, I’m already completely satisfied.

Elijah remains silent and looks at Salome.[198]

Sal.[199] Leave him, he is a strange man. Heaven knows what his motives are, but he seems to be serious. I’m not ugly and surely I’m desirable for many—and not the lowest.[200] [119/120]

[201]Why do you refuse me? I want to be your maid and serve you. I will sing and dance before you, play the lute for you, comfort you when you are sad, laugh with you when you are happy. I will carry all your thoughts in my heart, I will kiss the words that you speak to me. I will pick roses for you each day and all my thoughts will wait upon you and surround you.

I. Dear Salome, I thank you for your love. It is beautiful to hear love spoken of. It is music and old, far-off homesickness. Look, my tears are falling on your good words. I want to kneel before you and kiss your hands a hundred times, because they want to give me the service of love.

Love?—You speak so beautifully of [120/121] love. One can never hear enough of love being spoken.

S. Why only speak? I want to be yours, utterly and completely yours.

I. ǂ You are like the serpent that coiled around me and pressed out my blood.[202] Your sweet words wind around me and I ǂ stand like someone crucified.

S. Why still crucified?

I. Don’t you see that unrelenting necessity has flung me onto the cross? It is impossibility that lames me.

S. Don’t you want to break through necessity? Is what you call a necessity really one?

I. My principles—it sounds stupid—forgive me—but I have principles. Do not think these are stale moral principles [121/122], for these are insights that life has imposed on me.

S. What principles are these?[203]

I. You are harsh.[204] But listen, I doubt that it is your destiny to belong to me. I do not want to intervene in your utterly singular life, since I can never help you to lead it to an end. And what do you gain if one day I must lay you aside like a worn garment?

S. Your words are terrible, but true. But I love you so much that I could also lay myself aside when your time has come.

I. I know that it would be the greatest torment for me to let you go away. But if you can do this for me, I can also do it for you. I would go on without lament, since I have not forgotten [122/123] the dream that I had half a year ago:[205] I saw my naked body lying on sharp needles and a mighty bronze wheel rolling over my breast, mauling it.[206]

I must think of it whenever I think of love. If it must be, I am ready.

S. I don’t want such a sacrifice. I want to bring you joy. Can I not be joy to you?

I. I don’t know—perhaps—perhaps not.”

S. So then at least try.

I. The attempt is the same as the act. Such attempts are costly.

S. Won’t you bear the cost for my sake?

I. I’m rather too weak, too [123/124] exhausted after what I have suffered because of you, still to be able to undertake further tasks for you. I could not bear them.

S. If you don’t want to accept me, then surely I cannot accept you?

I. It’s not a matter of acceptance; if it’s about anything in particular, it’s about giving.

S. But I do give myself to you. Just accept me.

I. As if that would settle the matter! But being entangled with love! Simply thinking about it is dreadful.

S. So you really demand that I be and not be at the same time. That is impossible. What’s wrong with you?

I. I lack the strength to hoist another fate onto my shoulders. I have enough to carry.

S. But what if I help you bear this load? [124/125]

I. How can you? You’d have to carry me—a recalcitrant burden. Shouldn’t I have to carry it myself?

Elijah: You speak the truth. May each one carry his load.[207] He who wants to burden others with his baggage is their slave.[208] It is not too difficult for anyone to lug themselves.

S. But father, couldn’t I help him bear part of his burden?

E. That is not possible, otherwise he would be your slave.[209]—

S. Or my master and ruler.

I. That I shall not be. You should be a free human being with me. I can bear neither slaves nor masters. I long for human beings. [125/126]

S. Am I not a human being?

I. I am begging you,[210] be your own master and your own slave, do not belong to me but to yourself. Do not bear my burden, but your own. Thus you leave me my human freedom, a thing that’s worth more to me than the right of ownership over another person.

S. Are you sending me away?

I. I’m not sending you away. You must not be far from me. But give to me out of your fullness, not your longing. I

cannot satisfy your poverty just as you cannot still my longing. If your harvest is rich, send me some fruit from your garden. If you suffer from abundance, I will drink from the brimming horn of your joy. I know that that will be a balm for me. I can satisfy myself only at the table of the satisfied, not from the [126/127] meager crumbs of those who yearn and desire. I will not steal my payment.

You possess nothing, so how can you give? Insofar as you give, you demand. Elijah, old man, listen:[211] you are a patriarchal Jew, you have an old-fashioned gratitude. Do not give away your daughter, but set her on her own feet. She might dance, sing or play the lute before people, and they might throw flashing coins at her feet.

Salome, you heard that.—I will add telling you that I thank you for your love—if you truly love me, go to the markets, dance, sing or play the lute, please people so that they praise your beauty and your art.[212] [127/128] And if you have a rich harvest and you still love me, throw me one of your roses through the window, and if the ~~joy~~ fount of your joy overflows, dance and sing to me once more. I long for the joy of men, for their fullness and freedom and not their desires.[213]

Salome, crying, embraces her father.[214]

S. What a hard and incomprehensible man you are!

E. You have changed since I last saw you. You speak another language, one that ~~seems~~ sounds foreign to me.

I. My dear prophet,[215] I'd like to believe that you find me changed. But you too seem to have changed. Where is your serpent? [128/129]

E. She has gone astray. I believe she was stolen. Since then things have been somewhat gloomy with us. Therefore I would have been happy if you had at least accepted my daughter.

I. I know where your serpent is. I have her. My soul fetched[216] her for me from the underworld. She gives me

hardness, wisdom, and magical power. We needed her in the upperworld, since otherwise the underworld would have had the advantage, to our detriment.

E. Woe betide you, accursed robber—may God punish you.

I. Your curse is powerless. Whoever possesses the serpent cannot be touched by curses. No, be sensible, old man. Whoever possesses wisdom is not greedy for power and only he who declines to use it has power. [129/130]

Do not cry, Salome, fortune is only what you yourself create and not what comes to you.

Be gone, my unhappy friends, the night grows late. Elijah, expunge the false gleam of power from your wisdom, and you, Salome, for the sake of our love, do not forget to dance![217]

## 11. II. 14.

[218]After all has been said, I hear Salome still crying. What does she still want? Or what do I still want? It's a remarkable payment, my soul, that has been given to me, a payment that one cannot touch without sacrifice and one that requires even greater sacrifice once one has touched it. [130/131]

[219]"Do you mean to live without sacrifice? Life must cost you something."

I have, I believe, already paid. I have rejected Salome[220] and moreover I have made her depend on herself. Is that not sacrifice enough?

"Perhaps too little for you. As has been said, you are allowed to be demanding of yourself."

You really mean[221]: demanding in sacrifice. That isn't what I understood. My error has obviously been to my own benefit once more. Tell me, isn't it sacrifice enough if I renounce the love of Salome and force my feeling into the background?

“You’re not forcing your feeling into the background at all, rather [131/132] it suits you much better not to agonize further over Salome.”

If you’re speaking the truth, it’s quite bad. Is that why Salome is still crying[222] and I feel this iron shackle on my left foot?

“Yes, I think so.”

But what is to be done?

“Oh, you want to act? One can also think. Problems are also to be solved by thinking.”[223]

That sounds redemptive because there seemed to be no exit possible through acting.[224] But what is there to think?,[225] that seems to me highly questionable. Though I should think, I confess that I know nothing to think here. I come to you, perhaps you have [132/133] advice. I have the feeling that I must soar over my own head. I can’t do that. What do you think?

“I think nothing and have no advice either.”

So ask the beyond, go to Heaven or Hell, perhaps there is advice there.

“It seems to me that I would like to go to Heaven.”[226]

So fare well. I wait.[227]

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[228]“Do you hear me? I’m far off now. Heaven is so far away, Hell is much nearer the earth. [133/134]

My voice hardly reaches you.[229] I found something for you—a discarded crown, it lay on a street in the immeasurable space of Heaven—a golden crown.”

Give it to me, it might tell me something.[230]

In my hand lies[231] a small golden jagged crown—a pearl on each spike.[232] There are Greek[233] letters incised within:

Η ΑΓΑΠΗ ΜΗΔΕΝ ΕΚΠΙΠΤΕΙ.[234]

—“Love never ends.”[235]

Obviously a gift from Heaven. But what does the crown mean?

“Here I am, are you satisfied?[”]

Partially—at any rate I thank you [134/135] for this meaningful gift. But it is mysterious, and your gifts—pardon me—[236]make me well-nigh suspicious.

“But this gift comes from Heaven.”

It’s certainly very beautiful—but you know very well what we have made of Heaven and Hell.

“Don’t exaggerate. After all, there is a difference between Heaven and Hell. I certainly believe, to judge from what I have seen, that just as little happens in Heaven as in Hell, though probably in another way. Even what does not occur cannot occur in a particular way.”

You speak in riddles that could make one ill if one took them to heart. Tell me, what do you make [135/136] of the crown?”

“What do I make of it? Nothing. It truly speaks for itself.”

You mean—through the inscription the crown bears?

“Precisely; I presume that makes sense to you.”

To some extent—but that keeps the question awfully in suspense.

“Which is how it is meant to be.”[237]

You’re unnerving.

[238]“Only for him who isn’t in agreement with me.”

That I am certainly not. But how could one? To hang in the air in such a way is gruesome.

“Is this sacrifice too difficult for you? You must also be able to hang if you want to solve problems. Look at Salome!” [136/137]

I see Salome. She does not cry anymore, but looks at me anxiously.

I. You see, Salome, you are not yet done for. I hover and curse my hovering. I am hanging for your sake and for mine.[239] First I was crucified, now I'm simply hanging—which is less noble, but no less agonizing. Forgive me, for wanting to do you in; I thought of saving you as I did when I healed your blindness through my sacrifice. Perhaps I must be decapitated a third time for your sake, like ~~St~~ John, the Baptist.[240] Are you insatiable? Do you still see no way ~~xx~~ to become reasonable? [137/138]

S. "My beloved, what's this to me? I have utterly given up on you.

I. So why have you still been crying? You know I can't bear ~~seeing~~ hearing you cry—and to make things worse through two whole days and nights.[241]

S. I thought that you were invulnerable since you possessed the black rod.

I. I thought so, but now it is doubtful to me. In one respect the rod does help me—at least I do not suffocate, although I have been strung up. The magic rod apparently helps me bear the hanging—surely a gruesome good deed and aid. Don't you at least want to cut the cord?

S. How can I? You are hanging too high. [138/139]

High on the summit of the tree of life where I cannot reach. Can't you help yourself?[242]

I. Must I go on hanging for long?

S. Until you have devised help for yourself.

I. So at least tell me what you think of the crown that my soul[243] fetched for me from Heaven?

S. You have the crown? Lucky one, what are you complaining about?

I. A hanged king would like to change places with every beggar on the country road who has not been hanged.

S. (ecstatic) The crown—you have the crown.

I. Salome, take pity on me. [139/140] What is it with the crown?

S. (still ecstatic) The crown—you are to be crowned. What blessedness for me and you!

I. Alas, what do you want with the crown. I can't understand it.[244]

S. (irately) So hang until you understand.

I remain silent and hang high above the ground on the swaying branch.[245] My hands are bound and I am completely helpless.

Why shall I beg Salome? She can or does not want to help.[246]

## 12.II.14[247]

From where should help come?

[248]"We'll fetch help from the clouds [140/141] trailing above your head, when nothing else is of help to us."

I see, my soul speaks. She sits as a small white bird in the branches close to me, sad and with her head bowed.[249]

You want to fetch help from the clouds? How is that possible?

"I will go and try."

The bird swings off like a rising lark, becomes smaller and smaller, and finally disappears in the thick gray veil of clouds covering the sky. My gaze follows her longingly and I make out nothing more than the endless gray cloudy sky above me, impenetrably gray, monotonously [141/142] gray and unreadable—unreadable? What if a script could be written on the sky—but the crown—it brought a script along: η αγαπη μηδεν εκπιπτει[250]—that love will never end—does that mean eternal hanging? I was not wrong to be suspicious when my soul brought the crown—the crown of eternal life—the crown of mercy[251]—the crown of martyrdom—all ominous things that are dangerously clear and ambiguous—?

I am weary, weary not only of hanging—weary of struggling after the immeasurable.

The mysterious crown lies far below my feet on the ground, winking gold on uncertain [142/143] gray earth. I do not hover—no, I hang, or rather worse, I am hanged between sky and earth—and do not tire of the state of hanging—for I could indulge in it forever, but η αγαπη μηδεν εκπιπτει[252]—is it really true, shall love never end? If this was a blessed message to them, what is it for me?

"That depends entirely on the notion."

That is an old raven, perched on a branch not far from me—immersed in philosophizing.

I. Why on the notion?

Raven: On your notion of love and the other. [143/144]

I. I know, unlucky old bird, you mean heavenly and earthly love.[253] Heavenly love would be utterly beautiful, but we are men, and, precisely because we are men, I've set my mind on being a complete and full-fledged man.

R. You're an ideologue—idealist would be less accurate.

I. Dumb raven, be gone.

I see the small black serpent. It has coiled itself around a branch and looks at me with the blinding pearly shimmer of its eyes.[254]

I. Sister, and black rod of magic—what do you think?[255] [144/145]

Serp. I think patience is necessary. Magic is of no use here. My magic art is useless here.[256] I wound myself idly around this branch to await further developments. You can use me in life, but not in hanging.

I look to the crown—it rotates silently—and now faster—everything is turning with it, the whole earth is turning—but I hang calm and unmoved. How cosmic it appears! As if I were hung over the terrestrial pole![257] Opposite me Satan stands in the air, as ever in his traditional form—"a cosmic carrousel" [145/146] he shouts with scornful laughter—[258]

“See what comes from the reconciliation of opposites—recant, and in a flash you’ll be down on the moving earth.”

I. I won’t recant—I’m not stupid—if such is the outcome of all this, let it be the end.

Serpent: Where is your inconsistency? Please remember this important rule of the art of life.

I. The fact that I’m hanging here is inconsistency enough. I’ve lived inconsistently ad nauseam. Have I not become an enigma to my surroundings? What more do you want? [146/147]

Serp. Perhaps inconsistency in the right place—?

I. Stop it! How should I know what the right and the wrong places are?

Sat. Whoever gets on in a sovereign way with the opposites knows left from right.

I. Be quiet, you’re an interested party.

If only my white bird came back with help, that would be comforting—I fear I’m growing weak.

Serp. Don’t be stupid—weakness too is a way—magic makes good the error.

Sat. Have the courage of weakness—you want to become a complete man—are men strong? [147/148]

I. My soul,[259] I suppose you can’t find your way back? Did you get up and leave because you couldn’t live with me?

Ah, Salome! There she appears on the horizon. Come to me, Salome! Another night has passed. I didn’t hear you cry, but I hung and still hang.

S. I haven’t cried anymore, for good fortune and misfortune are balanced in me.

I. I am also balanced—but how![260] My soul, the little white bird, has left and has not yet returned. I know nothing and understand nothing. Does this have to do with the [148/149] crown? Speak!

S. What should I say? Look into yourself.

I. I cannot, my brain is like lead—I can only whimper for help. I have no way of knowing whether everything is falling or standing still. My hope is with my soul.[261] If she doesn't bring redemption, then—I don't know what shall happen.

Oh no, could it be that the bird means the same thing as hanging?

Sat. Reconciliation of the opposites! Equal rights for all! Follies!

I. I hear a bird chirping!— [149/150] Is that you, my soul? Have you come back?

"If you love the earth, you are hanged; if you love the sky, you hover."

I. What is earth? What is sky?

"Everything under you is the earth, everything above you is the sky. You fly if you strive for what is above you; you are hanged if you strive for what is below you."

What is above me? What is beneath me?

"~~Everything~~ Above you is what is beyond and over you; beneath you is what comes back under you."

I. And the crown? Solve the riddle of the crown for me! [150/151]

"The crown and serpent are opposites, and are one. Did you not see the serpent that crowned the head of the crucified?"

I. I don't understand.

"What words did the crown bring you? Love never ends—that is the mystery of the crown and the serpent.["]

I. But Salome? What should happen to Salome?

"You see, Salome is where you are. Fly, and she will grow wings."

The clouds part, the sky is full of the crimson sunset.[262][151/152] The sun sinks into the sea on the horizon, and I glide with it from the top of the tree toward

the earth. I feel solid ground. Softly and peacefully night falls.[263]

## 15. II. 14.[264]

Yet since then things have become strange, neither warm, nor cold—neither forward, nor backward.

I will consult with my soul about what is to happen now.

What do you think about the current situation?

“I think that what is going on is odd.”

What is it?

“Something is taking place, but the trick consists precisely in finding out what is going on.” [152/153]

Do you actually know what is taking place?

“I don’t know either. But I always have ways of finding out.”

It’s comforting to know that.

“Or discomforting, because it is costly to be taught a lesson. Nothing comes from nothing.”

What do you mean? Do you mean it is costly to get to the bottom of things?

“Of course. Everyone has the ability to find out what is taking place, but not everyone can afford to pay the price. It is quite exhausting.”

That is what I thought, too. It is a very special and exhausting struggle. What do you think? Is it worth the effort?

“I think so, yes, ~~i.e. if~~ in so far as you have the time for it.” [153/154]

Don’t you think one could use the time in a better way?

“Use it in a better way? What for? There is a reason why you pursue such things. And by the way you already know that.”

That’s right, I actually know it. But I am worried by the thought, if and how this will continue, and if and how we will reach a conclusion?

“Of course you would like to know that. But the future is dark and everything to come still needs to be done.”

The uncertainty and unpredictability are difficult to bear.

“Naturally, but who says it is an easy load to carry, if one wants to create the future and not just live it?”

The uncertainty aggravates this work many times over.

[“]What do you want? What is uncertain, is uncertain. [154/155] The only certainty is that you create.~~”~~ ~~But~~ Even the value of what you do is doubtful, inevitably so, because you have no means to judge the value of present things in any way; that only manifests itself later, if things are of value at all. One needs to live with uncertainty. That is for certain; only an intellectual can get agitated about that.”

I’m not especially agitated about it. I only prefer that it be as comfortable as possible.

“Now that is what I call shamelessly honest. This is progress.”

Thank God, at least you think that I’m making some progress. The word itself is already balsam to my ears.

“It seems to me that you miss the devil. There is not enough haste and nerviness around for you.” [155/156]

Not at all, I like the tranquillity. But my head throbs as if it were pregnant. I long for delivery.

“Your pregnancy has not ended yet. I don’t want to talk about patience all the time.”

Me neither, but one knows nothing for certain.

“Stop it—what certainty do you want?”

I don’t want any more. I’d rather talk in a roundabout manner.

“Then you don’t want to get into it.”

That might be it. Even the thought of it makes me sick.

“Take the whip and goad your horse. It’s not weary, just lazy. Weariness looks different.” [156/157]

What shall I do?

“Be prepared to latch onto what flies past.”

Nothing is flying past.

“Sure it is. You just don’t want to take it, because you dread the strain. I let things fly past you all the time.”

~~I~~ Yes—that’s true, but terribly boring things.

“You’d prefer sensations. That desire has got to go.

Well, what do you want to catch?”

I can’t help it—but for some time I’ve been seeing a ruler in front of me, an everyday straightedge. I got sick of it, because it is shockingly boring.

“You have yet to understand the art of making your life interesting.” [157/158]

To make one’s life interesting—that sounds like one of your worthy commonplaces, which used to drive me mad.

[“]Exactly, the commonplace is effectively true and thoroughly appropriate for you. Don’t be so snobby. The commonplace is a rule of universal truth and a substantial certainty. That is what you are looking for. Now take your ruler and do not despise this instrument. Just think what a calamity it would be, if one no longer had rulers. The foundations of culture would be shattered and whoever reinvented the ruler would be seen as the greatest benefactor of mankind. You always forget how valuable the little things are that surround us every day.”

You’re a dreadful pedant. [158/159]

“You provoked it.”

The ruler—just then—is black—like my magic rod. So that too is a ruler. It is hard not to joke about this. And straight to boot. I talk in your style, as you can see. By the way, as the rod emerges again, so too does the curiosity of what its meaning might be. It is—so it seems to me—quite a dark matter.

“Look at your ruler!”

I see two hands carefully taking it at both ends and laying it on a table—and one hand draws a line with it ~~red line~~. Parenthetically I must tell you that I had to gulp down my boredom. [159/160]

“Just be still—I am holding you. One shouldn’t run away from a ruler.”

This is animal cruelty and I don’t like it at all.

“You are unbearable.”

I can’t pull myself together to show some indignation. I can’t abase myself in front of a ruler. I don’t have any desire to be important. Even my tobacco has run out. So I can’t go on writing. I am too deeply convinced by the importance of little things to declare myself independent of the aforementioned circumstances. You don’t frighten or tempt me. [160/161]

I hope you admit that you’ve been overcome.

“Success will tell.”

Well, I’ll take my chances.

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## 22. II. 14.[265]

I did not think that I would return so soon. But your fulfilments are so odd and so wonderful, oh my soul, that I had to get back right away. I’m not reporting on things you know, but I want to tell you that everything still resounds in me from the fulfilment that has come to me. I’m not judging, although I almost did and nearly collapsed. Last night a dream showed me standing in my garden; many pure fountains had leaped up and water trickled [161/162] from everywhere. I diligently channeled all the water into a deep ditch, that led it back again to the womb of the earth.

With this dream I’ve come back, since it seemed to me that I had to go back into the depths.[266]

What do you think?

“I think you are on the right path.”

If I am on the right path, then tell me where to go?

“Don’t ask me, but look around!”

---

I see a wide plain—high tufts of grass—dry earth,—a clear sky above. Far off I see a herd of cattle tended by mounted shepherds with long lances. They are wearing broad-brimmed straw hats.

Before me stands one of the shepherds with [162/163] a long brown haggard face—he looks familiar to me—remarkably like me—what's that about?

Who are you?

G. A German who got bored by the German fatherland.

I. Is it better for you here?

G. Better and worse. We live here in a quite primitive way with all the disadvantages and advantages of primitives. But we are free and unrestrained; for that one can put up with a lot.

I. Don't you regret having bid farewell to civilization?

G. Perhaps I might, but due to this life you forget the things you do not have.

I. But don't you miss culture all the time? [163/164]

G. No, actually not. I somehow carry culture in me as a kind of inner tension and desire.

I. Isn't this excruciating?

G. Oh, no, we are troubled enough by the harshness of primitive life. Thus desire for culture scarcely bothers us. It is a rather comfortable feeling, full of foreboding.

I. But doesn't it bother you that your life is so isolated and that you never really attain the peak of your cultural potential? Every Indian could ~~xx~~ take up your position just as well as you. But you could achieve much better things, if you lived ~~stood~~ in your culture.

G. Hm—you might be right. But this wonderful free life—one can't let it go. Life in the cities ~~is a~~ means deformity. One more or [164/165] less in civilization—what difference does the individual make?[267]

I. What if everyone thought like you? What would become of the cultural achievement of mankind?

G. I am far from saying that my behavior should be exemplary—I was never a role model, nor do I want to be one. But I demand the right to live my individuality. If everyone thought like me, perhaps civilization might look differently. How many cowards and weaklings do you have among your cultural laborers, who participate only because of their cowardice and weakness, but at heart would like to do something else, if their anxiety would permit them?

I. I must agree with you on this point. [165/166] But I cannot reconcile myself with the thought that you prefer to conduct such a sterile life, in which you only indulge in your wild instincts and your intellectual gifts lie idle.

G. They don't lie entirely idle. I do think, but only for myself. But do cultured men think for each other? Everyone thinks for himself, if he can at all. One who thinks for others is either an exception or a philosopher, who thinks only for others in so far as he wants all the others to think or pray along the lines of his system.

I. That way the philosopher also has the effect of an educator, although his intention could be quite egotistic. Cultural labor [166/167] is not possible without egoism. Although it sometimes depends on just how something is achieved, at others what matters is not how it's done but that it's done at all. As I said, it seems to me that you are ducking your cultural task.

G. How moralistic you are. Don't you believe in the rights of the personality?

I. Yes, I ~~also~~ believe in it; but I also believe in the work of culture-building. That work is bigger than the individual and its indubitable rights.

G. But if I feel more comfortable as a shepherd?

I. That's precisely the point that raises my doubts. I just don't fully credit that you feel happier as a half-savage than when you take up your [167/168] task in culture. The life

you lead here doesn’t stretch your limits, so you are all-too hampered in spite of your unbounded freedom. You only have boundlessness when your work exceeds you.

G. I must admit that I haven’t been the cowherd you see here all my life. I wasn’t forthright earlier about why I left my fatherland.

I had a task there, I was in the midst of the effort, and that effort exceeded my limits, it even got the better of me in some incalculable way, and I was completely alone working on that task—and the immensity of this that was overwhelming. I saw the infinity of my task and courage and faith drained away. I escaped into the desert and renounced civilization. I’d rather choose the torments [168/169] of the primitive half-savage life than the unbearable burden of an immense task that overwhelms me! Yes, I give up, because I am too weak to shoulder the infinite. I returned to the finite, back to limited human life, where the task and the life burn out together.

I prefer a life alone with the most dangerous animals of the wild than with this terrible task—one has one’s gun and one’s cunning—but victory is at least possible. Doesn’t that kind of mission always dwarf us—? Here one can count on his neighbor, who will lend a hand—there, no one hears you—on the contrary they set you as many stumbling blocks as they can, so that you won’t succumb to the illusion [169/170] that you can take up the job in earnest. I threw off the impossible and came back to the possible.

I. But it seems to me that there were other possibilities between your early life and your life as it is now. It wasn’t necessary to run immediately into the wilderness when you could not solve your probably overwhelming task.

One can also, it seems to me, cut one’s task down to size.

G. You are reasonable and your views are balanced. But have you ever tasted infinity? Have you ever felt the pain and destruction that befalls he who no longer has the

strength left to push the immense block any further? Have you ever tasted the bitterness [170/171] that is doled out to anyone who wishes to create beyond himself? What shall I tell you about the abandonment, the loneliness, the hell of desperation—?

That's what I accuse myself of. Do you understand that?

I. I think I do, my brother. The human heart has rights that should not be denied—.

We remain silent for a long time, because at this point we must. We cannot dispute the hardship of the human heart.

I. My brother, I understand your flight. The burden was too great. Was there no one to understand you?

G. Maybe—but what's the point? Fear stifled me and I came back to myself only when I hit bottom, clasping nature to my bosom [171/172]. I drank the pure water of freedom like someone dying from thirst. Since then I have lived again.

What help would have come from understanding, from human consolation? Do they counterbalance this free wilderness, this untrammeled nature?

I. I must agree with you. But I cannot agree with you about remaining in the wilderness. You are not a coward or weakling. If you are capable of this sacrifice, you will also be able to take on your difficult task again. Don't be frantic in your determination, rather be open to persuasion. It seems to me that you have lived here long enough. The work awaits you. [172/173]

## 23. II. 14.[268]

That rings hollow—that was yesterday. It still seems I'm getting nowhere. I want to return to my work. What's holding me back?

"Thirst for glory."

Can it be? I thought I'd overcome that bad habit.

“Overcome? What do you call overcoming? You simply ignored it and did not accept it. You know that nothing could be overcome that way.”

But how? At best I can try not to be determined by it.

“Accept it.”

If you say ~~if~~ that I’m sick with ambition, then surely it must be so. [173/174] But where and how—that remains obscure to me.

“So ~~look~~ listen!”

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“Once upon a time there was a king and he had no children. But he would have liked to have children. So he went to a wise woman who lived in the forest and confessed all his sins. To this she said: ‘Dear King, ~~you~~ you have done what ~~you~~ you should not have done. But since it has come to pass, it has come to pass, and we will have to see how you can do it better in the future. Take a pound of otter lard, bury it in the earth, and let half a year[269] pass. Then dig up that place again and see what you find.’ Thus spoke the wise woman.[270] So the king went to his house, ashamed [174/175] and saddened.[271] He dug a hole in the garden at night, and placed a pot of otter lard in it, which he had obtained with some difficulty. After half a year he dug up the place again.[272] To his great astonishment, he found that the lard had disappeared, but in its place lay a sleeping infant. He took it with him and brought it to his wife. She took it immediately to her breast and behold—her milk flowed freely. And so the child thrived and became great and strong. He grew into a man who was greater and stronger than all others. When the king’s son was of age, he came before his father and said:

‘I know that you have produced me through sorcery and that I was not born [175/176] like any other men. You have

made me from the repentance of your sins and this has made me strong, I am born from no woman, which made me clever. I am strong and clever and therefore I demand the kingdom from you.'

The old king was hit hard by his son's knowledge, but even more by his impetuous longing[273] and he decided to let the son be killed.[274] But because his son was so strong, he feared him and therefore he wanted to take refuge in a trick. He went again to the sorceress in the forest and asked her for advice.

She said: '~~You~~ Dear King, you confess no sin to me this time, because ~~you~~ you want to commit a sin. I advise you to bury another pot with otter's lard [176/177] and leave it to lie in the earth for half a year.[275] Then dig it out again and see what has happened.'

The king did what the sorceress advised him. And thenceforth his son became weaker and weaker, and when the king returned to the place where the pot lay after half a year, he could dig his son's grave at the same time. He lay him in the fosse beside the empty pot.

The king was saddened, and when he could no longer master his melancholy, he returned yet again to the sorceress one night and asked her for advice.

She spoke to him: 'Dear King, you wanted a son, but the son wanted to be king himself [177/178] and also had the power and cleverness for it, and then you wanted your son no more. Because of this you lost your son. Why are you complaining? You have everything, dear King, that you wanted.'

But the king said: 'You are right. I wanted it so. But I did not want this melancholy. Do you have any remedies against remorse?'

The sorceress spoke: 'Dear King, bury again a pot with otter's lard, and after half a year see what you find in the pot.'[276]

The king did this, as he had been commanded, and henceforth he became happy and did not know why. When after half a year he dug out the pot again [178/179], he found a sleeping infant where the pot had been before, and he realized that the infant was his dead son. He took the infant to himself, and henceforth he grew as much in a week as other infants grow in a year, and when 20 weeks had passed, ~~his~~ the son came before ~~him his~~ the father again and claimed his realm. But the father, already knowing for a long time how everything would turn out, got up from his throne and embraced his son with tears of joy and crowned him king.

But the son, who had thus become king, was grateful to his father and held him in high esteem until his end.[”][277]

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[179/180] My soul,[278] in truth, I didn’t know that you are also a teller of fairy tales. So tell me, how should I interpret this[279] fairy tale?

“Do not interpret too much, but feel through it.[280] Imagine that you are the old king and your work is your son. You have behaved toward your work in one way, whereas you ought to behave toward it in the other.”[281]

I think I can understand that;[282] but what about the sorceress?

“The sorceress is a motherly woman whose son you should be, since you are a child renewing himself in you.”

Oh no, ~~is~~ will it be impossible for me to be a man?

“Sufficient manhood you have, and beyond [180/181] that fullness of childhood, for which you need the mother.”

I’m ashamed to be a child.

“And thus you kill your son.” A creator needs the mother, “since you are not a woman.”

This is a terrible truth. I thought and hoped that I could be a man in every way.

“You cannot do this if you want to be a creator. To create means—mother and child.”

The thought that I must remain a child is unbearable.

“If you are simply a man, creating is over.[283] For the sake of your work[284] you must be a child [181/182] and leave him the crown.”

The thought that I must remain a child is humiliating and shattering.

“A salutary antidote against the thirst for glory!”[285] Don’t resist being a child, otherwise you resist the task[286] that you want above all.”

It’s true, I want to accomplish my work, but the price I must pay for it is high.[287]

“Your work stands even higher.[288]“ You are smaller and weaker than your work and always much weaker than the child in you. That is a bitter truth, but it can’t be avoided. Don’t be defiant, children must be well-behaved.”

Your scorn is painful. They will [182/183] laugh about me.[289]

“Man of mockery—do you know whose name that was.”[290]

I know—but it is unspeakably bitter.

“I’ll have patience with you, where others don’t.[291] You shall hear words of solace from me when they mock and insult and injure you. I stand at the pure source of life, which no one can make muddy. My wells shall flow for you and pour forth the drink of salvation, if all lands parch with thirst and everyone comes to you begging for the water of life.

So subject yourself to the work.”[292] [183/184]

Where, where am I going to take hold of the immeasurable? My knowledge and ability are poor, my power is not enough.

[293]“Let my help suffice you. Do not ask after the morrow, sufficient unto you is the day. You need not worry about the means. Let everything grow, let everything sprout—a work grows out of itself.”[294]

I surrender.[295]

## 28 II 14.[296]

I have surrendered. It was difficult—and life continued on new paths.

My soul, do you want anything?

“I want nothing. We are weary from all those fierce struggles. We need [184/185] rest.

Put everything away.[”]

## 9. III. 14.[297]

I’m somewhat burnt out, it seems. My head was peculiarly dull today. Does this mean that I should come back to you, my book?

My soul, speak and let me hear of what is going on in the depths. Proclaim the tidings of things to come. I feel as if a chaos were hidden deep inside me.

“That’s it. Chaos is the right word.”

I feel as if I ~~xx~~ needed some relief. Can’t you bring up something that releases the inner [185/186] tension? I know I haven’t yet carried out my work. But you know all the difficulties.

“Be at work unflaggingly.”

I think I am already. Once more your admonition strikes a schoolmasterly tone. Please, don’t talk in platitudes, but grasp for something deeper; I am in earnest.

“So listen: there is nothing more stupid under the sun than ravens.”

Why? By God, you’re astonishing.

“Don’t be surprised. The raven is the animal you recently told me about. What did he say when you were hanging on the tree?”[298]

I really don’t know [186/187] anymore. I can only remember that it was something rather doctrinaire and rational.

“Look it up.”

I’ve got it: he spoke about my concept of love. As I understood in hindsight he was not entirely wrong, or rather he was completely right.

“And yet he is dull.”

Why? I don’t understand that.

“It is stupid to talk about a ‘concept of love.’ One has no concept of love.”

That is completely and utterly your style. But please, express yourself more clearly.

“You have truly grown. You are positively rude with me. [187/188] ~~xx~~ However—you very well know that you strike at yourself. So listen: The desire to understand love is already plainly awkward and the source of many evils. One does not understood love, it is not to be understood—one simply has it—or not.”

So you think of love as something entirely irrational?

“If you absolutely want to put it philosophically, you may call it so. The attempt to understand love at all is thus simply bad.”

I reflect and try to figure out where I have made myself guilty of such intellectualism—I wouldn’t know where.

“In your daily work. You always look for reasons why you give love and why you receive love. [188/189] That must be avoided.”

That sounds strange. Shouldn’t one render an account of it?

[“]Under no circumstances. You interrupt the process that is vital for you and others. Love is the most sensitive

organ of perception. Only love lets you read your own soul and the souls of others. Nothing else will do. It ~~is,~~ will be, it is, and it passes, hiding an infinite meaning in itself."

Do you want to ban all my thoughts about it? Why then our reason?

"Reason comes afterward."

Of course entirely to our detriment. One can hardly accept this proposition.

"It would be worth a try." [189/190]

It seems to me that I've already made enough experiments with positive and negative outcomes. I fail to understand what you are aiming at.

"Me neither. But that needed to be said."

I won't let you go. I need to know everything.

"In order to abuse everything."

How do you get to that suspicion?

"Well—in order to protect you."

One can't go against rational findings, especially if one knows nothing better.

"That's a good reason, but not the point of what I mean."

What else do you mean? There you go again, [190/191] being difficult.

"You see? You know that style, don't you? Do you think others enjoy it when you speak that way."

You're right. This is a point I must remember. But in this case I don't understand anything.

"Listen: Once upon a time there was a gardener who sowed flower seeds. But the birds came and ate the seeds. So the gardener built snares and glue traps. When he came back the other day—what did he catch? A bullfinch."[299]

Do you mean me?

"Who ~~xx~~ else?"

I can only try to be patient with you. When you compare me to a bullfinch [191/192], I must assume that you have a

reason. But the meaning is entirely obscure to me. Don't you want to explain it to me?

"Thank you, you are learning courtesy. Obviously you react in a better way to a somewhat stronger language."

The bullfinch has been taken in, not because it has eaten from the seeds, but because it belongs to its essence to be taken in."

Do you mean that I, or rather my love has been taken in or has to be taken in?

"Both are the case. ~~Libido~~ Love is always taken in."

But that contradicts experience. [192/193] I cannot accept this.

"You don't need to accept it unconditionally. Truths don't need to be accepted absolutely."

You're telling me things that I got clear on a long time ago. I know that my love gets taken in, and at times I accompany it, well aware that I could also fall into the trap. ~~And~~ But I cannot and do not want to muzzle life. By the way —what is it with you[?] You're beating around the bush. What do you want?

"I am your mirror. What goes around, comes around."

In that case I am desperately alone, even with you, my soul. I thought of togetherness with you, but it seems [193/194] that I am alone with you.

"That is you. Do you see the value of love? ~~xx~~ The glue of the trap seems more desirable to the bullfinch than being alone with himself. Learn the silly wisdom of that bird."

You drive me to desperation. Don't I give enough love?

"No, you take too little."

How can I?

"Let yourself be loved, don't think of giving it back."

That seems immoral to me.

"Don't forget that you do people a favor if you let them love you."

But they want to be paid [194/195] in kind.

“That is valid only for your love. Others still must learn how to love at all. Apprentices are not paid in full.”

That is a cruel teaching.

“It demands the sacrifice only of your male prejudices. You need to intensify the longing in others. That way they become modest.”

Isn’t that what I am doing sufficiently?

“Not at all. You serve a lot. You ought to demand.”

But how should I behave in practical terms?

“Be demanding and make yourself scarce.”

That means—the greatest possible restraint possible on my part? [195/196]

“The utmost. But allow the approach.”

That suits me badly. But I shall obey.

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1. An inscription in Toni Wolff’s handwritting. “LA SOMMA SAPIENZE E’L PRIMO AMORE” (the highest wisdom and the primal love) is the sixth line of the third Canto of Dante’s *Inferno*, the inscription above the gate of hell. The whole inscription reads: “THROUGH ME THE WAY INTO THE GRIEVING CITY, / THROUGH ME THE WAY INTO ETERNAL SORROW, / THROUGH / ME THE WAY AMONG THE LOST PEOPLE. / JUSTICE MOVED MY HIGH MAKER; DIVINE POWER MADE ME, / HIGHEST WISDOM, AND PRIMAL LOVE. / BEFORE ME WERE NO THINGS CREATED / EXCEPT ETERNAL ONES, AND I ENDURE ETERNAL. / ABANDON EVERY HOPE, YOU WHO ENTER” (*Inferno*, ed. and trans. Robert Durling [New York: Oxford University Press, 1996], p. 55).
2. The renumbering is in a different hand (possibly that of Franz Jung) and was done at a later date.
3. Replaced in *LN* by “philosophical” (p. 329).
4. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
5. That is, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*.
6. For Jung’s commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 331–32.
7. Thursday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 15, “Nox secunda” (*LN*, pp. 333ff.).
8. This expression was not reproduced in *LN*.
9. “The resolve of the upright depends upon the grace of God, not on their own wisdom; in him they trust, whatever they

undertake; for man proposes, God disposes, and it is not for man to choose his lot" (*The Imitation of Christ*, Book 1, chapter 19, p. 54).

10. The reference to Bergson was not reproduced in *LN*. On March 20, 1914, Adolf Keller gave a talk on "Bergson and the Theory of Libido" to the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society. In the discussion, Jung said that "Bergson should have been discussed here long ago. B. says everything that we have not said" (*MZS*, p. 57). On July 24, 1914, Jung gave a talk in London, where he noted that his "constructive method" corresponded to Bergson's "intuitive method" ("On Psychological Understanding," *Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology*, p. 399). The work Jung read was *L'évolution créatrice* (Paris: Alcan, 1907). He possessed the 1912 German translation.
11. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
12. "I would like to imitate the Christian" was added here in *LN* (p. 334).
13. Abbreviation for ghost.
14. The biblical Ezekiel was a prophet in the sixth century bce. Jung saw a great deal of historical significance in his visions, which incorporated a mandala with quaternities, as representing the humanization and differentiation of Yahweh. Although Ezekiel's visions are often viewed as pathological, Jung defended their normality, arguing that visions are natural phenomena that should be designated as pathological only when their morbid aspects have been demonstrated (*Answer to Job*, *CW* 11, §§. 665, 667, 686.) Anabaptism was a radical movement of the sixteenth-century Protestant Reformation, which tried to restore the spirit of the early church. The movement originated in the 1520s in Zürich, with adherents rebelling against Zwingli and Luther's reluctance to completely reform the Church. They rejected the practice of infant baptism and promoted adult baptisms (the first of these took place in Zollikon, near Küsnacht, where Jung lived). Anabaptists stressed the immediacy of the human relation with God and were critical of religious institutions. The movement was violently suppressed and thousands were killed. See Daniel Liechty, ed., *Early Anabaptist Spirituality: Selected Writings* (New York: Paulist Press, 1994).
15. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.

16. In 1918 Jung argued that Christianity had suppressed the animal element ("On the unconscious," *CW* 10, § 31). He elaborated on this theme in his 1923 seminars in Polzeath, Cornwall. In 1939, he argued that the "psychological sin" that Christ committed was that "he did not live the animal side of himself" (Barbara Hannah, ed., *Modern Psychology, Vols. 3 and 4: Notes on Lectures Given at the Eidgenössische Technische Hochschule, Zürich, by Prof. Dr. C.G. Jung, October 1938–July 1940*, 2nd ed. [Zürich, privately printed: 1959], p. 230).
17. The thirteenth chapter of Book 1 of *The Imitation of Christ* begins: "As long as we are in this world we shall have to face trials and temptations. As it says in the Book of Job—What is man's life on earth but a time of temptation? That is why we should treat our temptations as a serious matter and endeavor by vigilance and prayer to keep the devil from finding any loophole. Remember that the devil never sleeps, but goes about looking for his prey. There is no one so perfect and holy that he never meets temptation; we cannot escape it altogether" (p. 46). It goes on to emphasize the benefits of temptation as being the means through which a man is "humbled, purified and disciplined."
18. The citation is from Cicero's *Cato Maior de Senectute* (Cato the Elder on Old Age). The text is a eulogy to old age. The lines Jung cites are italicized in the following passage: "Omnino, ut mihi quidem videtur, *rerum omnium satietas vitae facit satietatem*. Sunt pueritiae studia certa; num igitur ea desiderant adulescentes? Sunt ineuntis adulescentiae: num ea constans iam requirit aetas quae media dicitur? Sunt etiam eius aetatis; ne ea quidem quaeruntur in senectute. Sunt extrema quaedam studia senectutis: ergo, ut superiorum aetatum studia occidunt, sic occidunt etiam senectutis; quod cum evenit, *satietas vitae tempus maturum mortis affert*" (Tullii Ciceronis, *Cato Maior de Senectute*, ed. Julius Sommerbrodt [Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung, 1873]). ("Undoubtedly, as it seems to me at least, *satiety of all things causes satiety of life*. Boyhood has certain pursuits: does adolescence yearn for them? Adolescence has its pursuits: does the matured or so-called middle stage of life need them? Maturity, too, has such as not even sought in old age, and finally, there are those suitable to old age. Therefore as the pleasures and pursuits of the earlier periods of life fall away, so also do those of old age;

and when that happens *one is satiated of life and the time is ripe for death*" [Cicero, *De Senectute, De Amicitia, De Divinatione* (London: William Heinemann, 1927), pp. 86–87, tr. mod.].)

19. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
20. This was replaced in *LN* by "religious paranoia" (p. 337).
21. This line was replaced in *LN* by "Well, I suppose so, as it seems to be a harmless prayer book" (p. 338).
22. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "The person to my left is lying motionless with a transfixed gaze, while the one to the right appears to possess a brain whose girth and weight are shrinking" (ibid.).
23. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 338–47.
24. Sunday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 16, "Nox tertia" (*LN*, pp. 347ff.).
25. The preceding two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
26. "My soul spoke to me in a whisper, urgently and alarmingly:" was added in *LN* (p. 347).
27. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
28. This line was not reproduced in *LN*.
29. The last two words were not reproduced in *LN*.
30. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
31. This was changed in *LN* to "hot toddy" (p. 349).
32. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
33. This word was replaced by "a glass" in *LN* (p. 349). A Manhattan is a cocktail with whisky, sweet vermouth, and bitters.
34. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
35. This was changed in *LN* to "the fool" (p. 350). "R" is presumably an abbreviation for "Redeemer."
36. In *The Relations Between the I and the Unconscious* (1928) Jung refers to a case of a man with paranoid dementia he encountered at the Burghölzli who was in telephonic communication with the mother of God (*CW* 7, § 229).
37. This was replaced in *LN* by "I'm supposed to save the world" (p. 350).
38. In *LN* "himself" was replaced by "myself" (ibid.).
39. "—the twelfth hour is complete" was added in *LN* (ibid.). In *Psychology and Religion*, Jung commented on the symbolism of the world clock (*CW* 11, §§ 110ff.)
40. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.

41. “the interior of the earth” was replaced in *LN* by “Hell” (p. 351).
42. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
43. “A strange voice speaks:” was added in *LN* (p. 351).
44. In Dante’s *Commedia*, the following lines are inscribed over the gates of Hell: “Abandon every hope, you who enter” (*The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri*, vol. 1, ed. and trans. Robert Durling [New York: Oxford University Press, 1996], Canto 3, line 9, p. 55).
45. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
46. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung’s commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 351–61.
47. Monday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 17, “Nox quarta” (*LN*, pp. 361ff.).
48. The preceding paragraph was replaced in *LN* by: “I hear the roaring of the morning wind, which comes over the mountains. The night is overcome, when all my life was subject to eternal confusion and stretched out between the poles of fire” (p. 361).
49. In *LN* this is spoken by the soul.
50. The preceding three lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
51. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
52. The preceding four paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
53. The preceding clause and the next sentence were not reproduced in *LN*.
54. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
55. The previous clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
56. In the first act of the second part of Goethe’s *Faust*, Faust has to descend to the realm of the Mothers. There has been much speculation concerning the meaning of this term in Goethe. Goethe told Johann Peter Eckermann that the source was Plutarch. In all likelihood he was referring to Plutarch’s discussion of the mother Goddesses in Engyon (see Faust, ed. Cyrus Hamlin, trans. Walter Arndt [New York: W. W. Norton, 1976], pp. 328–29). Jung referred to this episode in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* (*CW* B, § 206). In 1958, he identified the realm of the Mothers with the collective unconscious (*A Modern Myth: Of Things That Were Seen in the Skies*, *CW* 10, § 714).
57. *The Imitation of Christ*, chapter 21, p. 124.
58. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.

59. Jung is referring to the Greek practice of dream incubation. See C. A. Meier, *Healing Dream and Ritual: Ancient Incubation and Modern Psychotherapy* (Einsiedeln: Daimon Verlag, 1989).
60. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
61. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
62. The last two sentences were replaced in *LN* by "How closely Klingsor resembles me! What a repulsive play! But look, Parsifal enters from the left. How strange, he also looks like me" (pp. 363–64).
63. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
64. "of Hercules" was added in *LN* (p. 364).
65. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
66. The preceding two clauses were not reproduced in *LN*.
67. "The audience is enraptured and recognizes itself in Parsifal. He is I" was added in *LN* (ibid.).
68. This expression was replaced in *LN* by "layered with history and my chimerical decoration" (ibid.).
69. The last two clauses were not reproduced in *LN*.
70. In *Parsifal*, Wagner presented his reworking of the Grail legend. The plot runs as follows: Titurel and his Christian knights have the Grail in their keeping in their castle, with a sacred spear to guard it. Klingsor is a sorcerer who seeks the Grail. He has enticed the keepers of the Grail into his magic garden, where there are flower maidens and the enchantress Kundry. Amfortas, Titurel's son, goes into the castle to destroy Klingsor but is enchanted by Kundry and lets the sacred spear fall, and Klingsor wounds him with it. Amfortas needs the touch of the spear to heal his wound. Gurnemanz, the oldest of the knights, looks after Kundry, not knowing her role in Amfortas's wounding. A voice from the Grail sanctuary prophesies that only a youth who is guileless and innocent can regain the spear. Parsifal enters, having killed a swan. Not knowing his name or the name of his father, the knights hope that he is this youth. Gurnemanz takes him to Klingsor's castle. Klingsor orders Kundry to seduce Parsifal. Parsifal defeats Klingsor's knights. Kundry is transformed into a beautiful woman, and she kisses him. From this he realizes that Kundry has seduced Amfortas, and he resists her. Klingsor hurls the spear at him, and Parsifal seizes it. Klingsor's castle and garden disappear. After wanderings, Parsifal finds Gurnemanz, now living as a hermit. Parsifal is covered in black armor, and Gurnemanz is offended

that he is armed on Good Friday. Parsifal lays his spear before him removing his helmet and arms. Gurnemanz recognizes him and anoints him king of the knights of the Grail. Parsifal baptizes Kundry. They go into the castle and ask Amfortas to uncover the Grail. Amfortas asks them to slay him. Parsifal enters and touches his wound with the spear. Amfortas is transfigured, and Parsifal radiantly holds up the Grail. On May 16, 1913, Otto Mensendieck gave a presentation to the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society on "The Grail-Parsifal Saga." In the discussion, Jung said: "Wagner's exhaustive treatment of the legend of the Holy Grail and Parsifal would need to be supplemented with the synthetic view that the various figures correspond to various artistic aspirations.—The incest barrier will not serve to explain that Kundry's ensnarement fails; instead this has to do with the activity of the psyche to elevate human aspirations ever higher" (*MZS*, p. 20). In *Psychological Types*, Jung put forward a psychological interpretation of *Parsifal* (*CW* 6, §§ 371–72). For his commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 365–73.

71. Thursday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 18, "The Three Prophecies" (*LN*, pp. 374ff.).
72. This paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
73. In *LN* the preceding paragraph was replaced by: "Wondrous things came nearer. I called my soul and asked her to dive down into the floods, whose distant roaring I could hear. This happened on 22 January of the year 1914, as recorded in my black book. And thus she plunged into the darkness like a shot, and from the depths she called out: 'Will you accept what I bring?' " (p. 374).
74. The preceding two lines were not reproduced in *LN*. The Latin phrase plays on the expression "to the greater glory of God," the motto of the Jesuits.
75. The preceding two lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
76. The preceding two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
77. The preceding two lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
78. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
79. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
80. These lines refer to the end of Voltaire's *Candide (1759)*: "All that is well said—but we must cultivate our garden" (*Candide and Other Stories*, trans. R. Pearson [Oxford: Oxford University

Press, 1998], pp. 392–93). Jung kept a bust of Voltaire in his study.

81. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 375–78.
82. Friday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 19, "The Gift of Magic" (*LN*, pp. 379ff.).
83. The preceding part of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
84. On the magical rod, see Eliphas Lévi, *Transcendental Magic: Its Doctrine and Ritual* (1896), trans. A. E. Waite (London: Rider, 1984), pp. 259ff.
85. The preceding part of this paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
86. In *Ecce Homo*, Nietzsche writes: "Every acquisition, every step forward in knowledge is the result of courage, of severity toward oneself, of cleanliness with respect to oneself" (trans. R. J. Hollingdale, [Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1979], foreword, pp. 3, 34).
87. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
88. The preceding seven paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
89. The preceding three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*. The reference is to the eleventh labor of Hercules, in which he has to get the golden apples, which confer immortality. Atlas offered to get them for him if Hercules held up the firmament in the interim.
90. This word was replaced by "contempt" in *LN* (p. 383).
91. The preceding two clauses were not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 383–88.
92. Tuesday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 20, "The Way of the Cross" (*LN*, pp. 388ff.). By this section in the calligraphic volume, Jung added a note in the margin: "25 February 1923. The transformation of black into white magic."
93. In 1917, in *The Psychology of the Unconscious Processes*, Jung read Nietzsche's metaphysics of the will to power as equivalent to Alfred Adler's power drive (in effect following Adler's own conflation of the two). In *Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology*, pp. 381ff.
94. Cf. Matthew 6:26: "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them."
95. The preceding section of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
96. The preceding two sentences were replaced in *LN* by "I saw the black serpent, as it wound itself upward around the wood

of the cross. It crept into the body of the crucified and emerged again transformed from his mouth" (p. 388).

97. The following six paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.

98. "But the white bird that sat on my shoulder spoke to me:" was added here in *LN*, shifting the interlocutor from the soul to the white bird (pp. 388–89).

99. For Jung's commentary on this section of this entry, see *LN*, pp. 389–95. The following five paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.

100. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 21, "The Magician" {1} (*LN*, pp. 395ff.).

101. In the *Metamorphoses*, Ovid tells the tale of Philemon and Baucis. Jupiter and Mercury go wandering disguised as mortals in the hill country of Phrygia. They search for somewhere to rest and are turned away at a thousand homes. One old couple takes them in. They had been married in their cottage in their youth and had grown old together, contentedly accepting their poverty. They prepare a meal for their guests. During the meal, they see that the flagon refills itself as soon as it is emptied. In honor of their guests, they offer to kill their sole goose. The goose takes refuge with Jupiter and Mercury, who, revealing themselves to the couple, say that the animal should not be killed. The Gods then tell the couple that their neighbors will be punished but that they can escape. They ask the couple to climb the mountain with them. Reaching the mountaintop, the couple see that the countryside has been flooded. Only their cottage remains, and it has been transformed into a temple, with marble columns and a gold roof. Jupiter and Mercury ask the couple what they would like, and Philemon replies that they would like to be priests and serve the Gods in their shrine, and that they wish to die at the same time. Their wish is granted, and as they die, they are transformed into trees, standing side by side.

    In Goethe's *Faust*, 2, act 5, a wanderer who had once been saved by Philemon and Baucis calls upon them again. Faust, who is building a city on land reclaimed from the sea, tells Mephistopheles that he wants Philemon and Baucis moved. Mephistopheles and three mighty men burn the cottage with Philemon and Baucis in it. Faust replies that he intended only to exchange their dwelling. To Eckermann, Goethe recounted, "My Philemon and Baucis . . . have nothing to do with that

renowned ancient couple or the tradition connected with them. I gave this couple the names merely to elevate the characters. The persons and relations are similar, and hence the use of the names has a good effect" (June 6, 1831, cited in Goethe, *Faust*, 2, ed. Hamlin, p. 428). On June 7, 1955, Jung wrote to Alice Raphael, referring to Goethe's comments to Eckermann: "Ad *Philemon and Baucis*: a typical Goethean answer to Eckermann! trying to conceal his vestiges. *Philemon* (Φίλημα [philema] = kiss), the loving one, the simple old loving couple, close to the earth and aware of the Gods, the complete opposite to the Superman Faust, the product of the devil. Incidentally: in my tower at Bollingen is a hidden inscription: *Philemon sacrum Fausti poenitentia* [Philemon's Sanctuary, Faust's Repentance]. When I first encountered the archetype of the old wise man, he called himself *Philemon*. / In Alchemy Ph. and B. represented the artifex or vir sapiens and the soror mystica (Zosimos-Theosebeia, Nicolas Flamel-Péronelle, Mr. South and his daughter in the XIXth Cent.) and the pair in the *mutus liber* (about 1677)" (Beinecke Library, Yale University). On Jung's inscription, see also his letter to Hermann Keyserling, January 2, 1928 *(Letters* 1, p. 49). On January 5, 1942, Jung wrote to Paul Schmitt, "I have taken over *Faust as my heritage*, and moreover as the advocate of Philemon and Baucis, who, unlike Faust the superman, are the hosts of the gods in a ruthless and godforsaken age" (*Letters* 1, pp. 309–10).

102. In *Psychological Types*, in the course of a discussion of Faust, Jung wrote: "The magician has preserved in himself a trace of primordial paganism, he possesses a nature that is still unaffected by the Christian splitting, which means he has access to the unconscious, which is still pagan, where the opposites still lie in their original naïve state, beyond all sinfulness, but, if assimilated into conscious life, produce evil and good with the same primordial and consequently daemonic force. Therefore he is a destroyer as well as savior. This figure is therefore pre-eminently suited to become the symbol carrier for an attempt at unification" (*CW* 6, § 316).

103. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*. This expression is from Cicero's *Speeches on Behalf of Publius Sestius*: "What then is the goal of these pilot of the commonwealth, what ought they keep in view to guide their

course? The condition that is the most excellent and most desirable in the view of all who are sane, patriotic, and flourishing: tranquillity joined with worthy standing" (trans., with introduction and commentary, by Robert Kaster [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2006], pp. 98, 84).

104. The sixth and seventh books of Moses (that is, in addition to the five contained in the Torah) were published in 1849 by Johann Schiebel, who claimed that they came from ancient Talmudic sources. The work, a compendium of Kabbalistic magical spells, has proved to be enduringly popular.

105. The figure of Hermes Trismegistus was formed through the amalgamation of Hermes and the Egyptian god Thoth. *The Corpus Hermeticum*, a collection of largely alchemical and magical texts dating from the early Christian era but initially thought to have been much older, was ascribed to him (Brian Copenhaver, ed. and trans., *Hermetica: The Greek Corpus Hermeticum and the Latin Asclepius in a New English Translation, with Notes and Introduction* [Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000]).

106. In Goethe's *Faust*, Philemon speaks of his declining powers: "Older, I could not lend a hand [to the building of the dyke] / as once I did full well, / and with my powers ebbing / the waters were pushed back" (2, act 5, ll. 11087–89).

107. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.

108. For Jung's commentary on the second part of this entry, see *LN*, pp. 403–13.

109. Thursday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 21, "The Magician" {2}, (*LN*, pp. 414ff.). The following passage was added here in *LN*, differentiating the soul as the serpent (on the threefold nature of the soul, *Book* 5, p. 270): "I continue on my way, accompanied by a finely polished piece of steel, hardened in ten fires, stowed safely in my robe. Secretly, I wear chain mail under my coat. Overnight I became fond of serpents, and I solved their riddle. I sit down next to them on the hot stones lying by the wayside. I know how to catch them cunningly and cruelly, those cold devils that prick the heel of the unsuspecting. I became their friend and played a softly toned flute. But I decorate my cave with their dazzling skins. As I walked on my way, I came to a red rock on which a great iridescent serpent lay. Since I had now learned magic from ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ, I took out my flute again and played a sweet

magical song to make her believe that she was my soul. When she was sufficiently enchanted" (p. 413).

110. *LN* adds "But she spoke, flattered and therefore tolerantly" (p. 414).
111. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
112. The preceding two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
113. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
114. Saturday. On the previous day at the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society, Maeder presented "On the dream problem." In the discussion, Jung criticized the concretism of Freud's theory and introduced the distinction between viewing dreams from an objective and a subjective standpoint. He argued that dreams had a tendency to balance and regulate, and that they had a final function as well.
115. This sentence is replaced in *LN* by "A Last Supper, I suppose?" (p. 416).
116. In *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, Jung noted: "If the projected conflict is to be healed, it must return into the soul of the individual, where it had its beginnings in an unconscious manner. He who wants to be the master of this descent must celebrate a Last Supper with himself, and eat his own flesh and drink his own blood; which means that he must recognize and accept the other in himself" (*CW* 14, § 512).
117. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
118. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
119. The preceding two clauses were not reproduced in *LN*.
120. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
121. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
122. The twelfth-century tale of the adulterous romance between the Cornish knight Tristan and the Irish princess Isolde has been told and retold. Jung referred to Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* as an example of the visionary mode of artistic creation ("Psychology and Poetry," *CW* 15, § 142).
123. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "Yes, I know, but nonetheless—" (p. 416).
124. The preceding two sentences were replaced in *LN* by "You're not tripping me up" (ibid.).
125. In *LN*, "terrible sophist" was replaced by "my sister and chthonic devil" (ibid.).
126. In *LN*, "in new harmonies and disharmonies" and "flow through my heart" were not reproduced.

127. “You’ve gone utterly stupid. After all, you could resolve everything by thinking” was added in *LN* (p. 416).
128. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “My thinking?” (ibid.).
129. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “It has grown impervious to me” (ibid.).
130. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “You deny everything that you believed. You’ve completely forgotten who you are. You even deny Faust, who walked calmly past all the specters” (ibid.).
131. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
132. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “You turn your pain into pleasure. You are twisted, blinded; just suffer, you fool” (p. 416).
133. *LN* adds “The serpent now became angry and tried to bite my heart, but my secret armor broke her poisonous fang” (p. 417).
134. *LN* adds “The serpent raised herself again, as if accidentally holding her tail in front of her mouth, so that I should not see the broken fang. Proudly and calmly she said:” (ibid.).
135. *LN* adds “But I spoke to her smilingly:” (ibid.).
136. The following two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
137. For Jung’s commentary on these two entries, see *LN*, pp. 417–18.
138. Sunday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 21, “The Magician” {3} (*LN*, pp. 418ff.).
139. The first two paragraphs and first line of the third paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
140. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by “life to a standstill” (p. 419).
141. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
142. “or tries to live” was not reproduced in *LN*.
143. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
144. *LN* adds “The serpent turned and spoke ill-humoredly:” (p. 419).
145. *LN* instead has “source of power” (ibid.).
146. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
147. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
148. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
149. “indelicate and” were not reproduced in *LN*.
150. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
151. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.

152. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
153. For Jung's account of the significance of Satan, see *Answer to Job*, *CW* 11.
154. Jung discussed the issue of uniting the opposites at length in *Psychological Types*, chapter 6, "The Type Problem in the Poetic Art." The uniting of the opposites takes place through the production of the reconciling symbol.
155. This word was replaced by "fuss" in *LN* (p. 420).
156. This description was replaced by "important" in *LN* (ibid.).
157. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by "to finally free our hands for real life" (ibid.).
158. The reference is to Ernst Haeckel's system of Monism, which Jung was critical of.
159. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "Matters are not as rational with us as they seem to be" (ibid.).
160. The preceding clause and preceding sentence were not reproduced in *LN*.
161. This description was replaced in *LN* by "into a complete standstill" (p. 420).
162. Latin: by reason of experience.
163. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "Our intentions were serious" (p. 420).
164. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
165. This description was replaced in *LN* by "unperturbed" (p. 420).
166. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
167. Cf. Jung, "Attempt at a Psychological Interpretation of the Dogma of the Trinity" (1940), *CW* 11.
168. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
169. This word was replaced in *LN* by "the absolute" (p. 422).
170. "my soul" was replaced in *LN* by "serpent" (p. 423).
171. For Jung's commentary on this passage, see *LN*, pp. 424–25. In *LN*, the Cabiri scene, which is not found in the *Black Books*, follows here (pp. 425–30). The earliest manuscript for the Cabiri scene is the handwritten draft (1914–15).
172. Monday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 21, "The Magician" {4} (*LN*, pp. 430ff.).
173. The preceding part of this entry was replaced in *LN* by " 'I don't want to force anything, but perhaps, who knows? We will still find out something useful.' For a while the serpent hesitated, then she disappeared into the depths" (p. 430).

174. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 21, “The Magician” {4} (*LN*, pp. 430ff.).
175. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
176. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
177. The last part of the preceding sentence was replaced by “and I was condemned to death” (*LN*, p. 431).
178. *LN* has “Suddenly he vanished. But I turned to the serpent and said:” (p. 432).
179. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “Satan recently made a strong impression on me, as if he were the quintessence of the personal” (p. 432).
180. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
181. For Jung’s commentary on this passage, see *LN*, pp. 432–34.
182. Thursday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
183. Monday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 21, “The Magician” {5} (*LN*, pp. 434ff.). The following was added in *LN*: “Now that I had found the beauty in me and with myself, I spoke to my serpent:” (p. 434)—taking up the theme of the first line of the previous entry.
184. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
185. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*. In *LN*, this dialogue is with the serpent.
186. The preceding part of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
187. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
188. The remainder of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by “that we had reached a goal, at least a temporary one” (p. 434).
189. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
190. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
191. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “So, what should it be? I’m ready” (p. 435).
192. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “You are entitled to a reward for what has been accomplished so far” (ibid.).
193. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
194. This paragraph was replaced in *LN* by “Elijah and Salome! The cycle is completed and the gates of the mysteries have opened again. Elijah leads Salome, the seeing one, by the hand. She blushes and lowers her eyes while lovingly batting her eyelids” (p. 435).

195. Polygamy used to be practiced in Turkey. It was officially banned by Ataturk in 1926.
196. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
197. The remainder of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by "somewhat" (p. 436).
198. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
199. "to Elijah" was added in *LN* (p. 436).
200. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
201. "To me" was added in *LN* (p. 436).
202. The calligraphic volume has the following marginal note: "In XI Cap. of the mystery play" (p. 436; see *Book* 2, p. 196).
203. The preceding two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
204. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
205. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
206. Jung later portrayed this in Image 127 in *LN* (see appendix, p. 155).
207. An echo of the saying, "Omnia mea mecum porto" (All that is mine I carry with me), variously ascribed to Stilpon the Stoic and Bias of Priene.
208. The issue of master and slave morality featured prominently in the first essay of Nietzsche's *On the Genealogy of Morals*, trans. Douglas Smith (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996), and in Hegel's *Phenomenology of Spirit*, trans. A. V. Miller (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1977).
209. This sentence was replaced in *LN* by "Then he'd be your slave" (p. 438).
210. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
211. The remainder of this sentence was replaced by "you have a strange gratitude" (p. 438).
212. The preceding paragraph was replaced in *LN* by "Salome, I thank you for your love. If you really love me, dance before the crowd, please people so that they praise your beauty and your art" (ibid.).
213. This word was replaced in *LN* by "neediness" (ibid.).
214. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
215. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by "My dear old man," (p. 439).
216. The subject of this sentence was replaced by "We fetched" (ibid.).
217. For Jung's commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 439–40.

218. Wednesday, *Liber Secundus*, chapter 21, “The Magician” {6} (*LN*, pp. 440ff.).
219. *LN* has: “Serpent:” throughout this section.
220. The remainder of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
221. “with your damned logic” was added in *LN* (p. 440).
222. The remainder of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
223. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
224. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
225. The following two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
226. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “I am being pulled upward” (p. 441).
227. The preceding paragraph was replaced in *LN* by “Then the serpent turned into a small white bird which soared into the clouds where she disappeared. My gaze followed her for a long time” (ibid.)
228. In *LN*, “Bird” is added here and throughout this section.
229. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
230. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
231. The transcription of *LN* into the calligraphic volume ends at this point.
232. In *LN*, the crown is described simply as “a golden royal crown” (p. 441).
233. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
234. The Greek was not reproduced in *LN*.
235. This is a quotation from 1 Corinthians 13:8. Near the end of his life, Jung cited it again in his reflections on love at the end of *Memories* (p. 387).
236. This expression was not reproduced in *LN*.
237. The following was added in *LN*: “Now the bird suddenly turned into the serpent again” (p. 442).
238. In *LN* “Serpent” was added here.
239. In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, Jung commented on the motif of hanging in folklore and mythology (*CW* B, § 358).
240. He is described in *LN* as “like your earlier friend John, who brought us the Christ of agony” (p. 442).
241. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
242. “you knower of serpent wisdom” was added here in *LN* (p. 443).
243. *LN* has “the bird of my soul” (ibid.).

244. “and I’m suffering unspeakable torment” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
245. “branch of the divine tree, for whose sake the original ancestors could not avoid sin” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
246. This paragraph was replaced by “So I hang for three days and three nights” in *LN* (p. 443).
247. Thursday.
248. “Bird:” was added in *LN* (p. 443).
249. Instead of this paragraph, *LN* has “There sits my bird, the serpent, which has put on her white feather dress. Bird:” before the preceding paragraph (ibid.).
250. The Greek was not reproduced in *LN*.
251. This clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
252. The Greek was not reproduced in *LN*.
253. Swedenborg described heavenly love as consisting of “loving uses for the sake of uses, or goods for the sake of goods, which a man performs for the Church, his country, human society, and a fellow-citizen,” differentiating it from self-love and love of the world (*Heaven and Its Wonders and Hell: From Things Heard and Seen*, trans. J. Rendell [London: Swedenborg Society, 1920], pp. 554ff.).
254. “Is it not my serpent?” was added in *LN* (p. 444).
255. “I thought that I saw you fly to Heaven as a bird and now you are here? Do you bring help?” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
256. The preceding three sentences were replaced in *LN* by “I am only my own half; I’m not one, but two; I’m the one and the other. I am here only as the serpentlike, the magical. But magic is useless here” (p. 445).
257. The preceding three sentences were replaced in *LN* by “In the worst case, I’m ready to lead you to Hades. I know the way there” (ibid.).
258. In *LN*, the appearance of Satan is described thus: “A black form condenses before me out of the air, Satan, with a scornful laugh. He calls to me:” (ibid.).
259. *LN* has “White bird of mine,” (ibid.).
260. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
261. *LN* has “with my white bird” (p. 446). The following sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
262. “of the completed third day” was added in *LN* (p. 446).
263. For Jung’s commentary on the last two entries, see *LN*, pp. 447–50. On February13, he presented “On dream symbolism”

to the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society, following the continuation of a discussion of a paper by Alphonse Maeder on dreams (*JA*, *MZS*, pp. 49ff.). He commenced with a critique of Freud's dream theory and then presented his conception of the meaning of dreams, which he described as the symbolically outlined solution to problems. That is, a dream often simply presented a problem—or a symbolic allusion to it, if one was unable to grasp the problem itself. Insofar as the dream brought subliminal material to consciousness, it had a compensating function, and insofar as it symbolically indicated a solution, it had a finalistic function. Finally, he gave a series of examples of typical dream symbols, indicating how Freud would interpret them and how he would. For a fuller account, see my *Jung and the Making of Modern Psychology*, pp. 143ff.

264. Sunday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.

265. Sunday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.

266. On November 6, 1915, Jung wrote a letter to Hans Schmid in which he referred to this dream (see introduction, p. 45).

267. In 1912 Jung had written about the deleterious consequences of city life: "Serious-minded people know there is something of a sexual problem today. They know that the rapid development of the towns, with the specialization of work brought about by the extraordinary division of labour, the increasing industrialization of the countryside, and the growing sense of insecurity, deprive men of many opportunities for giving vent to their affective energies. The peasant's alternating rhythm of work secures him unconscious satisfactions through its symbolical content—satisfactions which the factory workers and office workers do not know and can never enjoy. What do these know of his life with nature, of those grand moments when, as lord and fructifier of the earth, he drives his plough through the soil, and with a kingly gesture scatters the seed for the future harvest; of his joy in the fruitfulness of his wife who bears him daughters and sons who mean increased working-power and prosperity? Alas! From all this we city-dwellers, we modern machine-minders, are far removed" ("New paths in psychology," *CW* 7, § 428).

268. Monday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 21, "The Magician" {7} (*LN*, pp. 450ff.). The first six paragraphs of this entry were replaced in *LN* by "As I stood so alone on the earth, which was

covered by rain clouds and falling night, my serpent crept up to me and told me a story:" (p. 450).

269. In *LN* the time period was changed to nine months (p. 450).
270. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
271. "because he had humiliated himself before the witch in the forest. Yet he listened to her advice" was added here in *LN* (p. 450).
272. This sentence was replaced in *LN* by "Then he let nine months go by. / After this time had passed he went again by night to the place where the pot lay buried and dug it up" (ibid.).
273. "for regal power. He remained silent and thought: 'What has produced you? Otter lard. Who bore you? The womb of the earth. I drew you from a pot, a witch humiliated me' " was added here in *LN* (p. 451).
274. This expression was replaced by "his son secretly" in *LN* (ibid.).
275. The time period was changed to nine months in *LN* (ibid.).
276. The time period was changed to nine months in *LN* (p. 452).
277. The last expression was replaced in *LN* by "as long as his father was granted life" (ibid.).
278. In *LN*, this expression was replaced by "But I spoke to my serpent: 'In truth, my serpent,' " (ibid.).
279. This word was replaced by "your" in *LN* (ibid.).
280. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
281. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*. The following was added here in *LN*: "I: 'Who is the son?' / Se: 'Well, I thought that you had just spoken of a son who doesn't make you very happy.' / I: 'What? You don't mean—that I should crown him?' / Se: 'Yes, who else?' " (p. 452).
282. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "That's uncanny" (ibid.).
283. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
284. *LN* instead has "your son" (p. 452).
285. *LN* instead has "power" (ibid.).
286. *LN* instead has "the son" (ibid.).
287. This sentence is replaced in *LN* by "It's true, I want the son and survival. But the price for this is high" (p. 453).
288. *LN* instead has "the son" (ibid.).
289. Instead of this paragraph, *LN* has "I: 'Damned Scorn!' " (ibid.).

290. That is, Christ. Cf. Matthew 27:27–31. The preceding clause and the next sentence were not reproduced in *LN*.
291. The preceding clause and the next two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
292. *LN* instead has “the son” (p. 453).
293. *LN* instead has “At which the serpent curled up, gathered herself into knots and said:” (ibid.).
294. *LN* instead has “the son grows out of himself” (ibid.).
295. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*. For Jung’s commentary on this entry, see *LN*, pp. 453–55.
296. Saturday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
297. Monday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
298. See above, *Book* 4, p. 258.
299. German: “*Gimpel*,” which can also mean “sucker.”

C·G· JUNG

# THE BLACK BOOKS

## 1913–1932

## NOTEBOOKS OF TRANSFORMATION

## VOLUME 5

Edited by

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# BOOK 5

## March 13, 1914–January 30, 1916

> Do you sense it, the duty of the world?
> Yes, from spheres to spheres
> it needs to bear seed from seed,
> it brings us the light of the world:
> sprinkling as if from a dark sieve
> it sows love, love, love
> from night to night, from pole to pole.
> Dehmel[1]

### [1] 18 III 14.[2]

A number of times I read in Nietzsche the expression "ultimate solitude."[3] This is the phrase that stands before me. My soul, do you hear this expression?

"I listen and I think."

What are you thinking about?

"The causes of solitude."

What do you think about these causes[?]

"There are many, some in you, some in other people."

So let me know.

"All you must give is love."

Love is quite weak in my case. There is not a lot left. I'm drained. Everything turns against me.

"Why don't you give?"

It seems to me that I give enough. [1/2]

"To me as well?"

You can see that I’m trying. I try to give as much as possible to you. I know that it’s not much. I don’t know where the rest is. Is this present ebb and darkness actually intentional? Must I feel solitary?

“Silly questions! Try again, if you can.”

At times I completely lose my nerve. What will happen?

“How do I know?”

Have a try, perhaps you can achieve something.

“You are formulaic, but I will just reach out and grab. Here it is, look at [2/3] it.”

A stinking ram—that was a grab into hell.

“Well—what do you think about it?”

What can I think? You know, your gifts are pretty obscure.

---

“A ram with crooked horns and a bit of a tail, a harmless image of Satan—can you use it?”

I am astonished, not to say—disappointed. What is the use of your stinking present?

“He reeks afar. His glory scatters all around him.”

A disgusting glory, it seems to me. [3/4]

“Your heraldic animal, my dear.”

Your mockery is inappropriate.

“Not so much—it comes from solitude. One starts to smell in solitude—and the smell reaches far.”

Stop joking. You are worse than men. You are a true devil.

“Why wouldn’t you like to be bothered by men?”

I thought one could perhaps do without this torment—or one could bother others the same way they do it to me. Since I didn’t want that bother I crawled back into my self.

“That’s no good, you are both the sacrificer and the victim. [4/5]

This is almost unbearable. I can hardly do it.

“Almost and hardly—hence not entirely.”

Must it be?

“What shall become of life, if you don’t take part? Slaughter and being slaughtered.”[4]

This truth smells like human blood. Does it really have to be that way?

“Why do you doubt? Do you still have childish illusions about life? Sharpen your knife.”

You are incredibly cruel.

“Day won’t break without you slaughtering and sacrificing.”

Myself? Or who? Or what? [5/6]

“Reach out and slaughter whatever you can grab~~?~~.”

This is unheard-of and impossible. How can I do that?

“With a knife. Pay no mind to the screams. There have to be sacrifices, otherwise you will do yourself in.”

But humaneness—what does it say about this?

“It’s eminently humane that you kill your brother so that you might live.”

My brother’s life is dear to me.

“Whoever does not value his own life will lose it. Now you must live. Others ought to look after themselves and [6/7] not stand where your knife stabs. You shouldn’t become a monkey and fool to others—for the sake of tomfoolery. Everything has a limit. They will be insolent to you because you have laid down your weapons.”

Wouldn’t I commit a terrible injustice, if I followed you?

“Do you call it just, when you do not live? Who shall live at all, if you don’t? Everyone should live. You act in self-defense. Your kindness borders almost on the absurd.”

My, your language sounds violent. This is new to me.

[“]No wonder, you are insanely patient. I want to live too. But you suffocate me. [7/8]

I will shove you against the wall if you do not obey. You have already had a taste of me today. Stand with yourself and live. You are entirely sucked dry.[”]

Might you be finally telling the truth? Food for thought.

## 19 III 14.[5]

My God, what inner solitude! Is this the way? What do you say?

“I tell you: this is your way. It is not easy and there is no ~~x~~other.”

Where does it lead?

“If you knew that, you would know everything. It is evidently impossible to know it.” [8/9]

The chaos inside me is horrible.

“He who is pregnant with chaos is fortunate.”

Maybe I’ll die giving birth.

“Sometimes that happens to women in labor.”

I’m horrified.

“Why should you not be horrified?” Horror belongs to loneliness, and loneliness is your way. You have enough people in your outer life.”

What should become of my chaos?

“What becomes of chaos? Orderly world.”[6]

If I knew how to take hold of it!

“Be patient, it will take hold[.]” [9/10]

I think I can feel the grip of chaos. I’m powerless.

“How should you be powerful? We are children of chaos, inextricably intertwined with it. Our deepest nature is disorder. That is the beginning of all things.”[7]

The fathomlessness is terrible. Are there no straight lines or solid points?

“First they had to be created.”

But how? Shall I begin with the nearest?

“Or maybe with the furthest. To do the nearest is good for beginners.”

What is the furthest?

“Love inside-out.” [10/11]

What are you saying? Love inside-out? You are terribly crazy. How shall I take this?

“There is straightforward love and love inside-out.”

I don’t get it. What is straightforward love?

“Straightforward direct love.” Love inside-out is better described as indirect love. To my way of thinking loving someone indirectly is to love their obverse. Love the generosity of the miser, the ugly of the beautiful, the rationality of the crazy and the badness of good.”

That’s asking a lot. I doubt that I can do it. Might I do it [11/12] with myself?

“As always you need to begin with yourself.”

How? Shall I love my badness or my goodness? Am I good or bad? Rational or crazy, generous or miserly? You see, I don’t know anything about myself.

“Look at yourself in the mirrors of others.”

For those close ~~xx~~ I seem ~~xx~~ to be good, for those distant, bad. With increasing distance my virtues turn into their opposites. Thus I believe in the inner identity of the opposites. What is it that I should love about myself? [12/13]

“What you regard as bad.” You can see that you are good, because any judgment is blurred by distance; the further, the more subjective.”

What do I find bad in myself?

“Your emotions.”

Should I lose my temper?

“Don’t go too far. But value your emotions. They are instructive and a vital principle to others.”

I am afraid, that I am hurtful.

“Just as the others. Do you want to be better than others? That would be a Christian ideal that leads to self-righteousness and desolation. What I want to say is, [13/14]

humbly be as bad as others. It will do both you and others good."

Your truth is dangerous and subjective.

"Ultimately truth is always subjective and noxious to others. ~~Only~~ You are immune only to your own poison."

Should one refrain from teaching truth to others?

"Yes, one should. Restrict yourself to teaching the way to subjective truth. Objective truth in these matters comes down to a delusional system. Ultimate things ought to be subjective truths." [14/15]

It seems hardly worth the effort to continue the search for truth, if we finally end up only at the subjective.

"You don't know the significance of the subjective. It is of cosmic significance. It reaches to the kernel of things."

That's obscure.

"It's part of the essence of the subjective and ~~it~~ cannot be formulated in another way. The subjective is finally illogical through and through. Not understandable, but acceptable."

How accept something not understandable? Can one even do it?

"But peoples at all times and of all places have done that. [15/16] Don't you trust yourself to have that quality?"

I have unlearned it in fear and trembling, and only you know with what agony. Are you telling me to start all over again and undo everything I've won through suffering and pain?

"I sympathize. But it belongs to your completion as a man."

I think this work will sour me. I almost despair of this task.

"Patience—even that will be completed."

It's easy for you to talk. The [16/17] subjective seems to me like an undefinable primordial soup, hopeless and arbitrary.

“It is related to the chaos, the deep essence of the world. The law is surface, order is the outer side. Chaos is your mother. You rest in uncertainty as in the mother’s womb, eternally becoming and in a seminal state.”

Uncertainty is disgusting and abhorrent to me.

“So you care a lot for it. Accept it and you will love it.”

What’s the use? No one will understand it.

“But many will accept it.”

This burden is way too excessive. By all the Gods, I cannot cope with it. [17/18]

“Not today and not tomorrow, but the day after tomorrow.”

Who will believe in your optimism? You make me laugh.

“Jesters were influential personalities.”

That doesn’t make it easier. You are breaking me.

“Blessed are those who are broken for the sake of their soul, the kingdom of the heavens will be theirs.”

Cheap sayings—but—I am bleeding from many wounds.

“It happens for my sake, don’t be challenged by it.” Here is torment, there is fulfilment.[”] [18/19]

Where there? Shall I believe in a beyond?

“In a beyond of yours.”[8]

## 15. IV. 1914.[9]

Much of what I wrote became true.

It seems as if there is nothing further to be said.

My soul, is there anything else you want?

“Yes.”

What do you want?

“Take it.”

A kangaroo with her joey in her pouch.—This is painfully grotesque—and fraught with meaning. The [19/20] ink almost flows too fast in order to write such things easily.

“Acknowledged beauty would be too easy. You need resistance.”

I admit that I often and readily forget this truth.

“The kangaroo is an image of Christ, as is the Pelican.”[10]

Oh—that’s hard to bear. But speak!

“The possum is a ridiculous animal—something motherly.”

You are cruel.

“The maternal is cruel—for he who is not stuck inside. But for he who is inside it is [20/21] pure bliss and delight, and he can prosper.”

You mean—to become or to be a child? No end in sight? To foster others or to be fostered yourself?

“Both—poor devil.”

Why call me that?

“Because that is what you are. You are dislocated.”

I bend my back, that is hard.

“You are hard and should become soft.”

Do you mean—more sensitive?

“Don’t ask in such a direct way, it’s disturbing. Don’t disturb the development of nonsense. [21/22] It’s salutary. This is what you need to learn today. Let the nonsensical grow. How else could you discern meaning?”

You possess a desperate wisdom. It is agonizingly beautiful.

“And in its kind antagonistic to culture. That needs to be remembered.”

Where do you go with that? Into non-culture?

“Or into the super-culture.“ But how that might be is uncertain.”

## 16. IV. 14.[11]

Yes, uncertain, by God. We have to speak of “uncertain”. [22/23] I think this is an important point. “Uncertain” is the word of words for everyone who must consort with his beloved and revered soul. I tend toward contempt of the soul.

Once I adored you, then I loved you, now you threaten to become contemptuous to me. You seem to me dull, but definitely lacking a point of view. You also seem to exist only in one half of mankind.

“Phew—you are fabulous. What slogans!”

You show your true face. But I will not be taken in by you.

“Don’t you think that it might be better after all to be taken in by me?” [23/24]

I am no longer reluctant, because I strive for “soulful” qualities. One can live with that, it seems to me. So let me be uncertain, but in peace. For far too long was I in a restless state.

“Restlessness is my essence and the foundation of my life.”

I know that already: when I’m restless you speak of tranquillity, and vice versa, according to your demand.

“Be glad that this demand gets an airing.”

You blabber only to yourself, and go round in circles. Where does the new come in? [24/25]

“The new doesn’t come in, it needs to be created.”

But how?

“By doing it.”

I will leave logic aside. In your case I obviously need to manage without it.

“You only need to love the new, then you will create it.”

That’s easy for you to say. Give the new to me, so I can love it.

“You joker, that would be easy. You must love the new you don’t have because it is still to come.”

You mean objectless loving? A lot is demanded with this, but little given. To love [25/26] haphazardly, a love with neither choice nor object. That is too dull.

“And at the same time full of meaning.”

What the hell, I know that it has a meaning. You don’t need to shout it at me. But it’s a randy attitude that seems

unclean to me.

"Don't get upset, it is life and creates life."

But not for me. I am like an empty bubble—or am I filled with lead and cannot wrench free of it. You have swallowed my love, like a parasite that leaches on my life. You [26/27] feed yourself at my expense. It's costing me.

"You are eternally discontented."

Why shouldn't I be?

"If you enjoy it, you might stick to it."

I don't want to, but I can't help it. What should have been, I cannot reach.

"What should it be?" Obviously only something that you want. Don't you realize that I only want to stretch you?"

Yes, but on the rack, it seems to me. I need to have patience with myself. To be at one [27/28] with being nothing—a marvelous job for all those who want to be something! You fade away in comforting harmonies, I'll give you that.

## 19. IV. 14.[12]

The struggle with the living is hard.

"What is harder? Truly the struggle with the dead!"

One dies of life.

"Yes, then one dies of life."

Why, then?

"If one does not live with life."

Do I not live with life? [28/29]

My God, what else do you want?

"I demand your life."[13]

Are you shooting off to God again, my soul?[14]

"I rise again—I had become flesh—now I return to eternal glitter and shimmer, to the eternal embers of the sun, and leave you to your life and earthliness. You will remain with men. You have been in immortal company long enough. Your work belongs to the earth."

What a speech! Weren't you wallowing in the most mundane, the earth and the underearth?

I had become man and beast, and now ascend again [29/30] to my own country.

Where, where my soul,[15] is your country?

In the light, in the egg, in the sun, in what is innermost and compressed, in the eternal longing embers—so rises the sun in your heart and streams out into the cold world.

How, oh my soul, you transfigure yourself! Let me see your transfiguration![16]

I want to vanish from your sight, you ought to live in darkest solitude. Human lights should illumine your darkness. [30/31]

How hard and solemn you are! I'd like to bathe your feet with my tears, dry them with my hair—I'm raving, am I a woman?[17]

"Also a woman—also a mother, pregnant. Giving birth awaits you."

Oh holy spirit, grant me a spark of your eternal light.

"You are with my child."

I feel the torment and the fear and the desolation of a pregnant woman. Are you leaving me, my God?

"You have the child."

My soul, do you still exist? You, whom I ridiculed and abused, [31/32] who appeared to me in a foolish form? Woe betide those who have seen their soul and felt it with hands! I am powerless in your hand, my God!

"Pregnant women belong to fate." Release me, I rise to the eternal realm.["]

Will I never hear your voice again? Oh damned deception—what am I asking? You'll talk to me again tomorrow, you'll chat over and over in the mirror.—

"Take your chance and do not rail. I will be present and not present, you will hear and [32/33] not hear me, I will be and not be."[18]

You utter[19] riddles.

"Such is my language and to you I leave the understanding. No one besides you has your soul. It is always with you, yet you see it in others, and thus it is never with you. You strive to draw to yourself those who seem to possess your soul. You will come to see that they do not possess it, and that you alone have it. Thus you are alone among men—in the crowd and yet alone. Solitude in multitude—ponder this."

I suppose I ought to remain silent after what you have said, but I cannot, my human heart bleeds when I see you [33/34] go from me.

"Let me go. I shall return to you in renewed form. Do you see the sun, how it sinks glowing golden into the mountains? This day's work is accomplished, and a new sun returns. Why are you mourning the sun of today?"

Must night fall?

"Is it not the mother of the day?"

Because of this night I want to despair.

"Why lament? Fate—let me go—my wings grow and the longing [34/35] toward eternal light swells up powerfully in me. You can no longer stop me. Stop your tears and let me ascend with cries of joy, let me leave everything heavy below me. You are a man of the fields, think of your crops. I become light, like the bird that rises up into the skies of morning. Do not stop me, do not complain; already I hover, the cry of life escapes from me, I can no longer hold back my supreme pleasure—I must ascend—it has happened—the last cord tears away—my wings bear me up—I dive up into the sea of light. [35/36]

You who are down there, you distant, twilight being—you fade from me—"

Where have you gone? Something has happened—I am as if lamed. Has the God not left my sight?

How poor and desolate this country is![20] Where is the God?

What has happened?

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I need to return to the place where you disappeared from my sight.[21] How empty—how utterly empty. Should I proclaim to men where and how you vanished? [36/37] Should I go and preach the gospel of godforsaken solitude? Should I say that you are and should be lonely—that your soul has vanished?[22]

Should we all go into the desert and strew ashes on our heads, since the God has left us?[23]

Alas, he has only disappeared for me. All the others haven't felt him, and thus he has not vanished for them.

What will happen and on which course shall life set out from here?

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I believe and accept that my soul[24] is something different from me. [37/38]

She[25] swung high with jubilant joy—here I stand in dull pain devoid of all hope and light.[26]

No longer with my soul[27] but alone with myself—

[28]This comrade is fussy and critical. I did not want him as my companion. But his companionship was forced upon me. To live under one roof with him, that is quite something

—I’d prefer a bad woman or a wayward hound—but one’s own I—this horrifies me, because it is terribly boring and deadly monotonous. And besides it possesses many bad qualities. In particular it lacks [38/39] self-admiration and correct valuation of itself. It seems that an educational undertaking is called for if anything at all is to transpire.

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[29]So listen, dear I, we are together alone and our being together threatens to become unbearably boring.[30] Hence I would like to do something, for example, educate you. Your main flaw[31] is, that you have no proper self-esteem. You see, other people have it in abundance.[32] You have a number of good qualities that you can be proud of. You believe that being capable is an art. Of course that is the art. But one can also learn such skills to some extent. Please, do so. You [39/40] find it difficult—well, all beginnings are difficult.[33] Soon you will be able to do it better. Do you doubt this?—That is of no use; you must be able to do it, or else I cannot exist with you.[34] Ever since my soul[35] has flown to heaven[36] we have depended upon one another; you therefore need to be reasonable and present yourself acceptably[37] or else our life together will become wretched. So pull yourself together and value yourself,[38] admire yourself, tell yourself that you have incomparable merits and admirable virtues. Don’t you want to?—

Pitiful creature! I will torment you a bit if you do not make an effort. What are you moaning about? [40/41]

Others could do it better than you? Why compare with others? There are some who are even worse at it.

You’re unbelievably stubborn.[39] Perhaps the whip will help?

Ha, now that gets under your skin, take that and that—

What does it taste of? Of blood, presumably—in majorem Dei gloriam[40]—Do you want more?[41]

Or do you want love, or what goes by that name? One can also teach with love, if blows do not bear fruit. So I will love you.[42] I embrace you as a visible sign of my love.

Is this serious enough? I truly believe that you are yawning. [41/42] You seem to be incorrigible. What a beauty living together will be in the long run!

How now, you want to speak? But I won't let you, otherwise in the end you will claim that you are my soul; but know the magic word~~,~~: my soul has risen to the sky, to the sources of the eternal light.[43] But you are not my soul, you are just I,[44] and as such a strangely disagreeable half-being, who rightly considers itself of little value.

You would be the despair of any teacher, for something as sensitive and needy as you hardly exists.[45] [42/43]

I regret that I must speak such truths to you. Yes, you are self-pitying[46] and self-righteous, unruly, pessimistic, misanthropic, cowardly, dishonest with yourself, unamiable, venomous, and vengeful. One could write books about your childish pride and your sensitivities. Playacting becomes you badly and you abuse it to the best of your ability.[47]

Do you believe that it is a pleasure to exist together with a fellow like you?[48] No, three times no—but I promise you that I will tighten the vise around you and slowly peel off your skin. Then you be able to grow a new one.[49] Perhaps you would become more reasonable.

You wanted to pick holes in others? [43/44]

Come here, I will stitch a cloth of new skin onto you, so that you can ~~see~~ feel its effect.

You complain that the drudgery[50] has not yet come to an end?

Let me tell you: it has only just begun. Because you have not a trace of patience;[51] only when it concerns your

pleasure do you praise your patience. Otherwise you have none at all. I will double the length of the torment so that you learn patience.

You find the pain unbearable. But there are other things that hurt even more, and you can inflict them on others [44/45] with the greatest naivety.[52] Thus I hold my rasp in the fire until it glows and then I will continue to abrade you with red-hot iron.[53]

You think you cannot endure it any longer. One can do even more, namely be silent.[54]

For this I will pull out your tongue, with which you have blasphemed, ridiculed, and joked. I will pin all your unjust and depraved words one by one to your body with needles so that you can feel how evil words stab.

Do you admit that you also derive pleasure from this torment? I will increase this pleasure until you vomit with joy so that you know what taking pleasure in self-torment [45/46] means.

You rise against me? I am screwing the vise tighter,[55] and put the pilliwinks on you until the old desire for rebellion will have thoroughly left you.

I will break all of your bones until there is no longer a trace of hardness in ~~you~~ you.

For I want to get along with you—I must—damn you—you are my I, which I must carry around with me to the grave. Do you think I'd like ~~xx~~ an embuggerance such as you as a companion for ever?[56] If you were not I, I would have torn you to pieces long ago—no, [46/47] I would have left you in your corner of sensitivity, where you would have suffocated by yourself, and slowly at that, which would also have been a good ending.

But I am damned to haul you through a medieval hell,[57] so that you too will become somewhat acceptable. But before that the devil shall live with you.[58]

You call on God for help? It’s good that the loving God is far off and cannot hear you; in the end he might have mercy on your worthlessness[59] and spared me the entire execution by granting mercy. But we are in a safe place, where no one can hear you.[60] My soul has flown into the sky; thus we finally have an undisturbed opportunity to [47/48] get thoroughly even with each other.[61]

Just squirm and sweat blood. You have needed this cure for a long time.[62]

You wanted to be superior! How laughable![63] You were as inferior as anything. Shall I tell you the longest story about it? Let it blast it into your ears with ten trumpets, in order to cure you of your superiority once and for all.

Are you quiet now and perhaps somewhat powerless? I place you in a corner where you can lie until you have caught your breath.[64] If you no longer feel anything, the procedure is of [48/49] no use. After all, we must proceed skillfully.

The procedure is barbaric, but effective. Modern man needs revision.[65] It really says a lot about him that he needs such barbaric means for his amendment. The progress since the Middle Ages appears to be minuscule.[66]

The touchstone is being alone with oneself.

This is the way to the valuation of oneself.[67]

## 20. IV. 14.[68]

You still have not got much further.[69] You felt debased again today. Shall I tell you why?

Your inordinate ambition is boundless. Your motives[70] are not focused on the good of the matter but [49/50] on your honor. You do not work for humanity but for yourself.[71] You do not strive for the completion of the thing but for your recognition.[72] I want to honor you with a prickly crown of iron.[73] This laurel shall suffice you.[74]

And now we come to the vile swindle that you pursue with your intellect.[75] You speak more skillfully than others; and thus you abuse your capability and discolor and tone down and strengthen and touch up, and loudly proclaim your honorableness and credulity. You gloatingly leave others in the lurch, if they only get caught in your snares.[76] You exploit their naivety in order [50/51] to present yourself as wiser and superior.[77] You play at modesty and do not mention your merit, in the certain hope that someone else will do it for you; you are disappointed and withdraw hurt if this doesn't happen.

You love effects—yes, if only for the sake of others!; But those you begrudge them—you love them for yourself. You cannot help loving hearing yourself speak. In particular you like to listen to your affects in speaking—though not for the sake of others, but solely for your sake. In a prudish way you use unusual words, and very quietly and modestly, as if off the cuff, you lard in quotations meant to indicate your enormous scholarship. [51/52]

Where is your shame?, shameless one![78]

You preach hypocritical composure, but when it really matters, are you calm? No, you are not, pathetic liar. You consume yourself in inner rage, your tongue speaks cold daggers, your eyes flash with hatred.[79]

You are gloating and resentful. You begrudge the other the sunshine.[80] You are envious of all well-being around you and you impertinently assert the opposite.

In your thoughts[81] you think unsparingly only what always suits you, and with this you feel yourself above humanity and not in the least responsible. [52/53] But you are responsible to humanity in everything that you do and that you think. Do not pretend there is a difference between thinking and doing. You rely only on your undeserved advantage, not to be compelled to say or do what you think and feel.

But even in your acts[82] you are shameless where no one sees you. Do you want me to tell you about it?[83] If another said that to you, you would be mortally offended. I'd like to pull your skin off over your ears so that you would give thanks to others when they fault you, regardless of whether they do it out of love or hate.[84]

And then—how do you really think? It appears to me that you [53/54] even think with men, regardless of their human dignity; you dare think by means of them, and use them as figures on your stage, as if they were how you conceive or imagine[85] them? Have you ever considered that you thus commit a shameful act of power, as bad as that for which you condemn others, namely that they maltreat their fellow men with so-called love.[86] Your sin flourishes only in seclusion, but it is no less great, remorseless, and coarse. You abuse the seclusion of your thinking, fraudulent one![87] But I will drag your shame ~~up~~ out into the light, as you have never experienced [54/55] it before. And to that you shall whine Amen, Amen.[88]

I will crush your glorious superiority under my feet and stamp it into the dirt.[89]

All this shall happen to you because of your feeling of inferiority that you abuse day by day in order to avoid your task.

Did I ask you if you feel inferior? ~~There~~ That is not even in question. For you it is only accomplishment. It's about the cause, not your kindergarden feelings.

And not a word to me about your love for others. What you call love [55/56] oozes with self-interest, avarice, and greed.[90] Your so-called love is a complicated bundle of interests.[91]

Thus never showcase your love. Just keep your mouth shut. It's making me sick, hearing you go on about it.[92]

[93]What a shame that I don't have ten hands to thoroughly whip you.

I want to tear down your walls and raze your castle to the ground. You ought to be living in some wretched hut, where everyone would see and mock your poverty and nakedness. You have revealed enough nakedness, have mocked and destroyed others quite enough. Now [56/57] you will get your full share of the same.

I want to force you to scream your shame and wretchedness aloud, so that everyone will hear you and your strident clamor and will mock you. I will burn out of you the contents of which you were proud, so that you will become empty like a poured-out vessel. You should be proud of nothing more than your emptiness and wretchedness.

You ought to be life's womb and vessel. Smash all the dead idols within.

You should struggle to leave what others must do in spite of [57/58] their effort. Freedom does not belong to you, but form; not power, but the conceiving and suffering. You should make a virtue out of your self-contempt, which I will spread out before men like a carpet. Let them walk over it with dirty feet. Some of those feet will even wipe themselves clean on you. Then thank heaven that you serve a purpose.

## 21. IV. 14.[94]

Ridiculously enough, I did not know at this stage that if I tame my beast the other beasts around me will be tamed at the same time.[95] [58/59]

The taming begins always with me.[96] Not that I had been wild, nor that you, stupid brother I, had been wild. Others were wild. But when others get wild, I must whip you until you endure and forgive everything. Then I can live with you. If someone does you wrong, I will torment you to death, until you have forgiven the wrong suffered and have

given thanks for it, yet not just by paying lip service, but also in your heavy heart with its heinous sensitivity.

An act of violence is disgraceful, ~~but~~ sensitivity, too. It is the violent act of the inactive man.[97]

Therefore listen, brother in my solitude: I have also in future prepared all the instruments of [59/60] the torture chamber[98] for you, if it should ever occur to you again to be sensitive.

Remember: acknowledge, agree, receive in a friendly way, step aside, lie down, receive whiplashes with gratitude, endure mockery, and in the end it should be as if nothing has happened.[99] You only should feel inferior,[100] appear as a beggar and give away kingdoms in a generous manner. Thus you shall hear that your greed will be emphasized and you shall again acknowledge and agree. This is the way to power, which you dream of possessing.

Your soul ~~with~~, my brother [60/61] ass, has risen to the light. You are not your soul, you only belong to your soul, and it belongs to the great light that never goes out. The life of man does not extend to your soul. Thus calmly fill your beaker with the bitter drink of subjugation, since your soul has risen to immeasurable heights.[101]

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You still want to be sensitive? Wait, devil,[102] I notice that you are forging secret plans for revenge, plotting subtle tricks with satanic deceit.[103] But you are simply an idiot. You cannot take revenge on the powers of nature.[104] Stupid child, you probably even want [61/62] to lash the sea. Build better bridges instead. That is a better way to squander your wit.

Do you give in?

Good, in that case you will be spared your punishment.

Why are you wailing?[105]

You want to be understood? That's all we needed. Understand yourself, and you will be sufficiently understood.[106] The powers of nature understand you better than you do yourself. They always target your weak point, which shows you how well they understand you. It behooves you to understand the power of nature, then it won't clobber you.[107] [62/63]

## 8 May 1914.[108]

I lay before you what stirs me. I did as I was told. I come reluctantly and a silent fear fuels me.[109]

"How distant you are!"

Is that your voice, my soul? From which height and distance do you speak?

"I am above you. I am a world apart. I have become sun-like. Where are you? I can hardly find you in your mists."

I am down on the murky earth and my gaze does not reach you. But your voice sounds [63/64] closer.

"I feel it. The heaviness of the earth penetrates me, damp cold enshrouds me. Gloomy memories of my former pain overcome me."

Do not lower yourself to me. I would like some part of me to remain sun-like. Otherwise I cannot step down further into the darkness of the earth.[110] Let me just hear your voice. I will never want to see you in the flesh again. Say something!

"I will give you word, should it be love, should it be happiness?"[111] [64/65]

Don't ask me;[112] take it from the depths, from which fear perhaps flows to me.

"I cannot and do not want to, since your creative source flows from there."

You see me and my deeds. You know that I am uncertain.[113]

“The uncertain way is the good way; upon it lie possibilities. Be unwavering and create.”

I heard the rushing of your wings. You rise. I know that I will continue on my way.[114] [65/66]

## 21. V. 14.[115]

Should I speak to the above or the below? Below are you, my brother I, above, my soul, are you.[116]

It is hard, the sacrificed fall left and right. And I am the one most crucified for the sake of life.[117]

[118]My brother, how do you like this speech?

[119]“It is bitter, and I suffer much!”

[120]I know, but there’s no changing it. And you, my soul? Forgive me, I call upon you.[121]

“Much happiness is happening to me.” You lift me higher, my wings unfurl.”

[122]You live from the blood of the human heart.

[123]“No drink is dearer to me [66/67] than red blood.”

[124]If you were not my soul who rose to the eternal realm, I would call you the most terrible scourge of men. But who moves you? I know that divinity is not humanity. The divine consumes the human. I know that this is terribly hard. He who has felt you with his hands can never extinguish the embers in his hands. I have become enslaved to your way.[125]

S. [126]“Let the bloody victims fall at your side. It is not you who are severe, it is necessarily severe and cruel. The way of life is sown with fallen.”

By God, it’s a battlefield! My brother, what’s with you? [67/68] Are you groaning?

[127]I. “Why shouldn’t I? I load myself with the dead and can hardly haul their number.”

[128]You are a pagan, my friend! Have you not heard that it is said: “Let the dead bury their dead!” Why do you want to be burdened with the dead? You don’t help them by hauling them.

[129]“But I pity the poor fallen ones, they cannot reach the light. Perhaps if I haul them—?”

What do you think? Their souls have accomplished as much as they could. Then they encountered fate. Calm down, it will also happen to us. You cannot achieve the impossible.[130] [68/69] Your compassion is sick.

[131]S. “Leave him compassion. Compassion binds life and death[132] and is a bridge from death to life. There are also the apparently dead and the collapsed. With compassion they might keep up.”

Your advice is wise and comes at the right time. My brother shall have compassion.[133]

## 23. V. 1914.[134]

In that hour of my greatest torment you, my soul, ascended into heaven.[135] Why did you do that?[136]

“Out of inner necessity.”

What did that consist of?[137]

“It is not meant for me to be in your world. I besmirch myself [69/70] on the excrement of your earth.”

Is the excrement of the earth not sacred?

“Yes and no. The soil of the earth is sacred, but not its excrement. Excrement is excrement,” earth is earth.”

Was it a mistake on my part that caused you to ascend again?[138]

“No, inner necessity. I belong to the above.”

Has no one suffered an irreplaceable loss through your disappearance?

“On the contrary—utmost benefit. Didn’t you notice?”[139]

If I listen to what people say about this, doubt might overcome me. [70/71]

“What have you noticed? Why should what you see always be untrue? Are you a child or a fool?”

At times it almost seems that way.[140]

“It is how you commit your particular wrong that you has you go on making a fool of yourself. Can’t you remain on your way for once?”

You know that it was for the sake of love.[141]

“No, for the sake of your weakness, for the sake of your doubt, for the sake of your disbelief. Stay on your way and don’t run away from yourself. There is a divine and a human intention. They cross each other in stupid and godforsaken people, who also include you from time to time.”[142] [71/72]

Is all that to be accepted? You know in what sense I ask this. It’s not stupid and unbelieving to ask thus, but a higher kind of doubting.

“I understand you—but it must be accepted.”

The solitude terrifies me.

“Better ones will come to you. They are on their way to your house and will soon knock.”

So many knock. How will I recognize the right ones?

“You can’t go wrong. You will recognize them.”[143]

I also dread the madness [72/73] that befalls the solitary.

“As you already know, I have long predicted solitude for you. You need not be afraid of madness. You won’t be so lonely that you must fear madness. You see that your work prospers and bears marvelous fruits.”

We haven’t seen the end of the matter yet.

“What I predict is valid.” Your work will endure.” Only the blind cannot see that.”[144]

An incomprehensible fear torments me.

“That is your disbelief, your doubt. You don’t want to believe in the magnitude of the sacrifice that is required.

But it will go on to the bitter end. Greatness requires greatness. [73/74] You still want to be too cheap. This only causes misunderstanding.“[145]

Didn’t I tell you about abandonment? Do you want to have it better than other men? Or even better than other creative minds?”[146]

No. no. But I fear committing an injustice.[147]

“Have no concern. It’s enough that you are afraid. Others don’t fear it at all, but do it shamelessly.”

It is bitter and I cannot avoid you.

“What do you want to avoid? There is no avoidance. You must go your way, unconcerned about others, who fall by the wayside.[148] You shall not [74/75] become a fool for others,[149] no matter whether they are good or bad. They don’t have what you have.”

What’s that?

“Vain question![150] You have laid your hand on the divine, which those have not. Don’t ask in such an insolent and tasteless manner.[151] That stems only from your fear.”

I see a palace in front of me, with countless windows, and hear: “In my father’s house are many mansions.”[152]— What does it mean?

“Think about it, please.“ Why ask? You can guess for yourself. Fear makes [75/76] you dull. Everything is way too obvious. But you don’t want to believe. No more proofs! That will do.”

## 24.V.14.[153]

I have been hit on the head and believe I am making discoveries.

“Now light can rise.”

Perhaps in you, my soul. But not in me.[154]

“Did I not predict dark solitude for you?”

I know, but I did not really think that it would happen. Must it be so or can I do anything about it?[155]

"You can only say yes. What do you want to do? There is nothing [76/77] to do other than for you to take care of your cause. If anything should happen, it can only happen that way. It doesn't come about through others."[156]

So it's hopeless to want to resist solitude?

"Utterly hopeless. That has to be accepted. You should be forced into your work."

I see an old man with a beard standing in front of me.[157] He is like one of the old saints, one of the first Christians ~~in the~~ who lived in the desert. His face is drawn and haggard. What do you want, speak![158]

A.[159] I am a nameless one, one of the many who lived and died in solitude. The spirit of the times and the acknowledged truth ~~x~~ required [77/78] this from us. Look at me—you must learn this. Things have been too good for you. Only solitude can grant depth."[160]

But is this still a necessity in our so very different time?

"It is as true today as it was yesterday."

That is terrible.[161]

"Never forget that you are a man and therefore you must bleed for the goal of humanity. Listen, you are still too juvenile for your age. You should get older, the years are dwindling and yet your work has not been accomplished.[162] Practice solitude assiduously without grumbling so that everything will in time become ready. You should not die unfulfilled. Your [78/79] years are numbered and many years are still needed for your fulfillment.[163] You should become serious and your word sink heavy as iron into the ground of mankind. Let go of too much science. There lies the way that is not your way.[164] Your way goes toward the depths, toward the rarest and deepest. Science is surface, instrument, language.[165] You have yet to perceive this childishness in science."

Am I scholastic?

“Not that, but scientific; science is a new version of scholasticism. It needs to be surmounted.”[166]

Is it not enough yet? Do I thus not counter the spirit of the time if I dissociate myself from science?

[“]You are not supposed to dissociate [79/80] yourself, but consider that science is merely your language.”

What kind of depths are you driving me to approach?

“Forever above yourself and the present.”

I want to, but what should happen? Often I feel I’m no longer able.

“You must put in extra work. Provide respite. Too many take up your time.”

Will this sacrifice come too?

“You must, you must.”

## 25.V.14.[167]

It is as confining as a coffin.[168]

It is not yet the evening of days.

The worst comes last. [80/81]

The hand that strikes first, strikes best.

Nonsense streams from the deepest wells, amply like the Nile.

Morning is more beautiful than night.

The flower smells until it fades.

Ripeness comes as late as possible in spring, or else it misses its purpose.

Madness is the most acceptable of all evils; it is misunderstood.[169]

[170]My dear Konrad,[171] your master has been devoured by melancholy. His soul is seated in Heaven and there is no coming down any more. You should not tug on me too much, or I cannot keep my link with the soul. Your deadweight of the dead is dreadful. But my soul agrees

with you. So I can’t be human, but [81/82] must support your peculiar torment, so unique to you. We belong to those spoiled by fate. Our torment is of a noble kind—others don’t see it.

Otherwise you won’t be released. You must still come to know the darkness.

You want to know where this finally leads?

You are feeble-minded. Such is the crux of the matter, that no one knows where we are going.

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## 24 VI 14.[172]

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Ha, this book! I have laid hands on you again—banal and pathological and frantic and divine, my written unconscious! You have forced me to my knees again! Here I am, say what you have to say![173] [82/83]

“This saying is silent like the gentle wind in the leaves.”

Can you construe it for me, you astonishing being?[174]

“The greatest comes to the smallest.”

[175]Is that what it says? Interpret it for me. I cannot hear well and I am full of impatience. To me it seems that something is out of place. Apparently I cannot see clearly. Various things excite me.

I hear peculiar words inside me, such as: You are silly, stupid, deluded, you are your own ape, a ball in the hands of others. Why did a worm feed on me today? You are mute? Why can’t I hear you?

“Because you cannot [82/83]—or do not like to—hear me?”

What does that mean? That I want to hear you speaking?

“Why don’t you get rid of that man in you?”

Why should I get rid of him? I cannot put men aside like worn clothes.

“But you can change inwardly. You need to become stronger and more affirmative. That way you will make it turn out well.”

I’ll remember that. You mean the “man” inside me.

“You need to stand in for the Divine. Don’t forget.” [84/85][176]

## 21.VII.1914.[177]

I need to come to you. You saw how all these days were filled with restlessness. You saw how dark my way is. I hesitate because I am uncertain of the right path.

“That’s your task.”

My task? Shall I say that it’s this or that?

“Useless questions”—You have to know what you’re doing.”

I hear you. But I would like to tell you that I want to do good. I would like to come to you in order to speak to you, to show you that I want to do my best, not for my sake but for the sake of the task. I wanted to tell you that I’m uncertain about my paths farther on.

“Why do you ask about farther paths? [85/86] Live entirely today. That is the best way into the future. It’s how you create it. You think as two. Be rational, stick with today.”

What do you think of praying?

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During this time the I and II part of the red book were written. Immediately after the beginning of the war.[178]

## 3. ~~4~~ June 15:

[179]Today I saw an osprey suddenly plunge down not far from me; he seized a fish from the water. A sign.[180]

## Night 3/4 VI 15.[181]

Dream: foreign city—big lime trees, overnight an extreme cold has descended, ice on the roads, the leaves are bent from the frost. Clear reflection in the dream, how was it possible that, in spite of the warmth of the last few days, it could suddenly turn so cold overnight, ~~yes~~ precisely now in June. (similar dreams before the war).[182]

Assoc. Earlier dreams of that kind—new war? Changes—my relationship to the world— ~~int~~ increased introversion—vis-à-vis M and Sch.[183]—the otter lard (=libido) —that needs to be buried.[184] Restraint—the opposite of my efforts.

What do you say? You are right—bury yourself and others will grow. Do you want them to grow? Yes. That is the sacrifice~~,~~ of yourself in order for your son to grow.[185] You should disappear. You no longer have opinions, disavow all meanings. [86/87][186]

## 14.IX.15.[187]

I want to turn you around. I want to master you. I want to emboss you like a coin. I want to do business with you. One should buy and sell you. Hermes is your daimon.[188] You should pass from hand to hand. Self-willing is not for you. You are the will of the whole. Gold is no master out of its own will and yet it rules the whole, despised and greedily demanded, an inexorable ruler.[189] It lies and waits. He who sees it longs for it. Gold does not follow one around. It lies silently, with a brightly gleaming countenance, self-sufficient, a king that needs no proof of

its power. Everyone seeks after it, few find it, but even the smallest piece is highly esteemed. It neither gives nor squanders itself. Everyone takes it where he finds it, and anxiously ensures that he doesn't lose the smallest part of it. Everyone denies that he depends on it, and yet he secretly stretches out his hand longingly toward it. Must gold prove its necessity? It is proven through the longing of men. Ask it: who takes me? He who takes it, has it. Gold does not stir. It sleeps and shines. Its brilliance confuses the senses. Without a word, it promises everything that men deem desirable. It ruins those to be ruined and helps [87/88] those on the rise to ascend.

A blazing hoard is piled up. It awaits the taker. What tribulations do men not take upon themselves for the sake of gold? Gold waits and does not shorten their tribulations. The greater the tribulations, the greater the trouble, the more esteemed it is.

It forms ~~forms~~ from the subterranean, from the magma. It slowly exudes, hidden in veins and rocks. Man exerts all his cunning to dig it out, to extract it. It does not proffer itself, but it lets itself be taken.[190]

Philemon, keeper of the hoard, with ambiguous speech you attend to your duty.[191]

## 15 IX 15.[192]

Not only to teach, but also to disavow, or why then did I teach? If I do not teach, I do not have to disavow. But if I have taught, I must disavow thereafter. For if I teach, I give the other what he should have taken. What he acquires is good, but the gift that was not acquired has bad effects. To waste oneself means to want to dominate many. Deceitfulness surrounds the giver because [88/89] his own enterprise is deceitful. He is forced to revoke his gift and to deny his virtue.

The burden of silence is no greater than the burden of my I[193] ~~xx~~ that I always like to offload onto ~~xx~~ the other. Therefore I speak and I teach. May the listener defend himself against my ruse, by means of which I burden him.

Even the best truth is still such a skillful deception that I also entangle myself in it as long ~~xx~~ as I do not realize the worth of a successful ruse.

[194]Philemon, men have deceived themselves about you, therefore you deceive them. But he who fathoms you, fathoms himself.

## 17.IX.15.[195]

It lies in giving. One should give what one can relinquish or the abundance that makes one suffer. Otherwise one ~~xx~~ gives according to the principle of the *do ut des*.[196] The joy I have intentionally given to the other obliges the other to provide a gift in return. Your own overflowing joy never obliges the other. [89/90][197]

High barriers would still need to be erected between men, less to protect them against mutual burdens than against mutual virtues. The [198]Christian morality of our time goes on producing mutual enchantment.[199] But sin resides in that. If I accept self-forgetting virtue, I make myself the selfish tyrant of the other, and I am thus also forced to surrender myself again in order to make another my master, which always leaves me with a bad impression and is not to the other's advantage. Admittedly, this interplay underpins the state,[200] but the soul of the individual becomes damaged since man thus learns always to live from the other instead of from himself. We can enjoy the fruits of a tree without cutting it down.[201]

If one is capable, one should not surrender oneself, as that induces, indeed even forces, the other to do likewise.[202] Not that it would be a beautiful or a pleasant

thing to live with one's self, but it serves the redemption of the self.[203] He who falls away from himself has not abandoned himself. [90/91] He has simply freed himself. He has lost out, he suffers it, but at the same time through this loss he has brought about less damage to the other than through self-forgetting virtue.[204] Because his self-loss entails no obligation to the other, but only something contagious. This occurrence belongs to the natural events in human life. Normally a better knowledge of the self follows from it.

Self-forgetting virtue is an unnatural alienation from one's own essence, which is thus deprived of redemption.[205] ~~But~~ It is a sin to deliberately alienate the other from his self by means of ~~xx~~ one's own virtuousness.[206] This sin rebounds on us. It is submission enough, amply enough, if we subjugate ourselves to our self. The work of redemption is always first to be done on ourselves.[207] This work cannot be done without love for ourselves.[208] Selfless love is a sin, because it is not true. We can never abandon ~~lose~~ our self, or else we will abandon our work of redemption. But we also should not use the other for our own alleged redemption. The other is no ladder for our feet. [91/92]

## 18.IX.15.[209]

It is necessary that we go into ourselves every day to reestablish the connection with the self.[210] Through constant outward living we lose the self and through this we also become secretly selfish in our best endeavors. What we neglect in ourselves blends itself secretly into our actions toward others.

Through uniting with the self we reach the God, who unites heaven and hell in himself.[211] The self is not God, although we reach the God through the self.[212]

[213]The God has the power, not the self. Powerlessness should thus not be deplored, rather it is the condition that should abide.

The God acts from within himself. This should be left to him. What we do to the self, we do to the God. [92/93]

If we twist the self, we also twist the God.

It is divine service to serve oneself. We thus relieve humanity of ourselves. “Bear ye one another’s burdens”[214] has turned into immorality. May each carry his own burden;[215] that is the least that one can demand anyone to do. We can at best show another how to carry his own load.

To give all one’s goods to the poor means to educate them to become idle.

Pity should not carry another’s load, but it should be a strict educator instead. Solitude with ourselves has no end. It has only just begun.

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[216]Even closer? What? Even deeper into the grave of the God?[217] Is the place of our work in the vault itself? The God should not live in us, but we should live in the God. [93/94]

[218]Apparently in the self and thus in God. Dreams and long days of tranquillity.[219]

## ~~22.IX.15.~~

## 2.XII.15.[220]

They were 3 dead who came to me last night. One woman was especially clear. She bequeathed to me the whirr of her golden wings, this singing grave roofed by sunwings.[221]

Are you going to speak, shade?

“Let me speak:[222] It was night when I died—you still live in the day—there are still days, years ahead of you—what will you begin—follies? Let me have the word—oh, that you cannot hear!—My God, how difficult—so listen—I rattle, I groan, I burble[223]—give me the word—”

I don’t know the word—do you mean love? Light? What do you want? Speak![224] [94/95]

“The symbol, the symbol.”

What sort of symbol? I don’t know, I can’t.

“The middle, the symbol of the middle.”

Oh God, if only I knew it![225]

“We need the symbol, we hunger for it, make light for us.”

Where from? How can I?

“You can, grasp it—upward—onward.”

A phallus?[226]

“That is it, that is the symbol of the middle. That’s what we wanted, what we needed.[227] It is terribly simple, initially stupid, naturally godlike, the God’s other pole. This is precisely the pole we needed.”

Why do you need precisely that pole of God?[228] [95/96]

“He is in the light, the other God is in the night.”

Oh, what’s that, beloved? The God of the spirit is in the night? Is that the son of the toads? Woe betide us, if he is the God of our day.

[229]“He is the flesh spirit, the blood spirit, he is the extract of all bodily juices, the spirit of the sperm, the spirit of menstruating, of the urine and the faeces, of the liver, of the heart, of the lungs, of the eyes, of the ears, of the genitals, of the legs, of the hands, of the bowels, but not of the brain, yes, also of the brain, but of its liquid and fibers, of what is conjoined and not single in the brain. Not the spirit of the cells, not from the nucleus, but from the protoplasm.”[230] [96/97]

What remains when my flashing godly light fades away?

“Your body remains with you, my beloved, body, living body. You will think from your body, not from the cell nuclei of your brain.”[231]

I don’t understand it. I don’t know what kind of thought that is.

“It is thought-feeling, it crawls around like a worm, like a serpent, soon there, soon here, a blind cave newt.”

Then I must be buried alive. Oh horror, oh rottenness! To have to attach myself completely like a leech.

“That’s it, drink blood, suck it, fill yourself, don’t shun the carcass, there is juice inside, certainly disgusting to you, but also nourishing. Don’t brood, but suck.” [97/98]

But this is precisely what I rejected. Damned horror!

“But all men take suck. You are nothing more than a man. You need to take suck.”

No, no, three times no. Enough of it. I am getting sick.[232]

“It should not irritate you. We need[233] the life juices of men.”

Do you want to turn me into ~~xx~~ your polyp? Why do you need such disgusting food?[234]

“We want to share in your life. That way we gain corporeality.[235] Thus we can draw closer to you.”

Why do you want to draw closer?[236]

“We want to talk to you and give you tidings. So much that you need [98/99] to know.”

I’m turning into an idiot. What can I do?

“Take suck.”

I can’t, it fills me with horror.[237]

“Do it for me, for us. Do you recall my legacy? the red sun disk and the golden wings and the wreath of life and duration? Immortality, of this there are things to know.”

What a hellish path to this knowledge![238]

5.XII.15.[239]

Still more of that! Teach me the knowledge of the worms and the crawling creatures. How much darkness do you want to go on spreading?[240]

"Give blood, so that I gain speech. Were you lying when you said that you [99/100] would leave the power to the son?"

No, but I said something that I did not understand.

"You are fortunate, ~~you need to say~~ if you can say what you do not understand; that way it can work."[241]

You spoke about sucking. Do you mean sucking on me?

"Of course, it would be childish and violent to suck on others." No, not sucking, but sucking from you. This is what nourishes us dead."

What did you gain from the pagan symbol?

"The phallus[242] is not the foundation but the summit of a building, of a church that still lies sunken, like a tower erected over a dome.[243] We need this church since we can live in it with you and take part in your life. You have excluded us to your own detriment." [100/101]

Hence for you the phallus[244] is the first sign of the church in which you hope for community with the living? Speak, why do you hesitate?

[245]"Blood, I need blood!"

So take, here is blood from my heart.

"I thank you, how alive that tastes![246] The air of the shadow world is thin,[247] it is the upper boundary of the atmosphere. Those long dead have even fluttered into the ~~xx~~ empty space, surrendered to indefinite byways, searching for new worlds, in order to enter new forms both lower and higher by adapting to the new circumstances and according to their abilities. But we, we who are still near and incomplete, would like to return to earth, to you, to

men and the living. Do you not have an animal form into which I can enter?[”] [101/102]

What, you would like to be my dog?

“If possible, yes. I would even like to be the dog at your side.”

Do you have such a longing for life and me?

“For both, but both undivided.”

Am I that valuable to you?[248]

“To me you are of unspeakable worth, all my hope, that still clinging to earth. I would still like to see completed what I left too soon.”

“You see my inability to accomplish what I do not know. Can’t you help?

“I need blood, much blood!”

Then drink, so that what should be will be.

[249]“I drink and feel new power. Listen: Build the church. Write the holy [102/103] books, the age-old new ones, that contain the echo of the eternal being, the mysterious ones —mocked wisdom—the lower and upper truth.”

What are you saying? That is precisely what one needs to know.

“Brimo,[250] the old one—which is how it begins. The one who bore the son, the towering phallus,[251] who grew out of her shame and strove after the shame of the heavenly wife, who arches over earth. Because she lies above the son, enveloping him above and below.[252] The head of the phallus reaches down to her lower parts, but her bliss radiates beyond her head into the spaces, higher than the head of phallus can reach, the blind one, the worm.[253] She bears and raises him.[254] He climbed above her and left her below him. She pulls him up in agony and in turn drinks [103/104] in his strength. He is the master of the regions below, but only a servant to the regions above, something lifted up. His head is bleeding, such is her strength.

He eases off and regains sovereign powers, draws himself up again and impregnates the above."

What a strange teaching![255] Is this still not enough of the horrifying Mysterium?[256]

"If Heaven becomes pregnant and can no longer hold its fruit,[257] then it gives birth and a God-man appears from above and sets foot below."

One cannot imagine it. To what end am I cursed?

"In order to carry the burden and mockery of this sin. The tree of life is heavy, it needs broad shoulders. This [104/105] time you and mankind should carry it. But I want still more of your blood."

So drink your fill, drain me.

"I drink and gain shape. Listen: This riddle is terrible, exceptionally terrible:[258] When Brimo, the heavenly, was pregnant, she gave birth to the dragon, first came the afterbirth, and then the son. He is the white bird that hovers over the phallus. He places himself on the head of the phallus as on a tree-top. The phallus is indignation, the bird is peace from above."

Disgust paralyzes me.

"It is supposed to paralyze you, because your earth-born indignation breaks down like an extinguished fire. The bird is above you. Your supports crumble as if consumed by an inner fire. You sink down into the ash. The bird triumphs over the serpent." [105/106]

Thus I am paralyzed and powerless, a walking and talking zombie.

"A vessel of the spirit."

A futile struggle! I'm fading. What is left of me? Do I still have a voice and ~~xx~~ a meaning? Speak, heaven, pour out your rain!

Replenish me, I'm an empty shell. Empty shells do not pour out, ~~xx~~ they catch. May it stream in from all the winds. I wait for it.

## 7.XII.15.[259]

Come here, you dead! Why did you stand behind ~~xx~~ me, shade? What did you want to say?

"I wanted to tell you that the evening of all days is near."

What? What do you mean? Does that mean death? [106/107]

"Neither death, nor life, but probably shadow."

Shadowy existence? Spirituality? Non-reality?

"It is evening, when the sun sets. A day, two days, many days have come to an end."

What does it mean?

"The light of day, itself a shadow of the sun, goes down and illumines the ones below, the shadows."

What is it? Speak clearly—here is my blood—

"Life becomes a shadow, and the shadow enlivens itself. The shadow that is greater than you. Do you think that your shadow is your son? It is small at midday, and fills the skies at midnight."

[260]"So you introduce the son, you shade, who lives under the trees? [107/108] The son, the terrible, the mighty? Is he the spirit that the heavens pour out, or is he the soulless worm that the earth bore? Oh Heaven—Oh sinister womb—do you want to suck the life out of me for the sake of one or many shades? Should humanity thus completely go to waste for divinity?

## 9.XII.15.[261]

Should I live with ghosts, instead of with the living? Must all the longing for living men belong to you, the dead? Did you not have your time to live? Did you not use it? Should a living person give ~~xx~~ his life for your sake, you who did not live the eternal? Or are there no men for me? Or am I not to give myself to my fellow men?[262] Speak, you

mute shadows, who stand at my door and [108/109] beg for my blood!

[263]"You see—or do you still not see, what the living do with your life? They fritter it away. But with us you live yourself, since we belong to you, we belong to your invisible following and community. Do you believe that the living see you? They see only your shadow, not you, servant, bearer, vessel."

How you hold forth, you herald and interpreter of the dark? Am I at your mercy? Should day no longer shine for me? Should I become a shadow with a living body amongst you, invisible ones? You are formless and beyond grasp, and you emanate the coldness of the grave.[264] To let myself be buried alive[265]? Too soon, it seems to me. I must die first. Do you have the honey that pleases my heart and the fire that warms my hands? What are you, you mournful shadows? [109/110]

You specters of children? Show yourselves, come across! Why do you always want my blood? Truly, you are even worse than men. Men give little, yet what do you give? Do you make the living? The warm beauty, the joy? Or should all this go to your gloomy Hades? What do you offer in return?[266] What? Now I want to know—enough of these buffooneries!

[267]"Impetuous one, stop—you take our[268] breath away—we are shadows; become a shadow and you will grasp what we give."

I do not want to die to descend into your darkness.

"You need not die. You must only let yourself be buried."

In the hope of resurrection? No joking now.

[269]"You suspect what will happen. Triple [110/111] bolts before you and invisibility. To Hell with your longings and feelings! At least you do not love us, so we will cost you less dearly than the men who roll in your love and abuse you and have you make a fool of yourself."

“—My dead one, I think you are speaking my language!

“Men do love—as do you! What an error! You can wait until it will be delivered to you. You coax men into megalomania that you cannot deflate and to which you fall victim[270]—to your own creation. It is not possible, do you hear at last?”

It grieves me, pains me, howls at me. I feel a great longing, everything soft complains. My womanly heart yearns.

[271]“That belongs to us—what do you want with it amongst men?[272] Whip and [111/112] a sharp blade and herbs and the plumbline in the cupboard, and the rifle behind the door.”

But I don’t want to suffocate.

“Then take a breath from time to time, but don’t forget to close the lid again.”

Do you mean human air?

“No, divine air, and afterward back in the box.”

What the hell, the Pope is better off.

“Exactly. We need a Pope,[273] you know, someone infallible who has everything he needs, who does not need anyone since he draws things down from heaven and since the angels give him bread. That is what your beloved fellow men want, not us. Of course, if men were different—or you. But, you know— [112/113] double-sided calamity! “—By the way, men could also denature themselves for the sake of the Pope. Just wait and see. The Pope still won’t leave the Vatican.”

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At that moment another shot interrupted. What is going on?

“Quickly pull yourself down into the human. So what? The horse could not help neighing. Nothing of importance,

merely sentiments.

Instead of ceremonies there are only sentiments."

What ceremonies? That is just what was needed. Where should the heart go in that case? Ceremonies? You are crazy. Would you let me be mortified into solemnity? To live as a wax doll? That's impossible.

"But everything cries out for it. What do you have the holy books for? You are dumping them. You still ought to be writing them. You utterly lack solemnity." [113/114]

Ridiculous trickery! I'm no parson. Where are the institutions?

"Create them! Dig deep, everything is ready. But work on the book of the secrets and the teachings."

What's it to you! Maybe people like comedy, but not me. You can see through this carnival. How can this do you any good?

"It is very useful to us. We rise in esteem and get to live with you."

Damned trickery!~~,~~ You would like to make a fool of me.

"Not at all. We wish for solemnities."

Should I play-act? Laughable dreck?

"Be a shade, not a man. That way, others can turn into men in front of you. Then they will glorify you as the highest man." [114/115]

And I will go to hell.

"Who cares about you? You will die as a dog, a good loyal dog, mourned by you, but, please, no sentiments."

If you're right, then I've lived completely awry.

"Completely awry. You have suffered from canine wagging, canine snarling, canine licking. Stupid style! This will change. Solemnity, papal dignity, that is what is demanded."

Enough, I'm freezing.

## 13.XII.15.[274]

What does it mean that the mother attacks me? My human feeling?

"Yes, of course, what else? Become weak, surrender—there comes a time for everything and suddenly its time is no more. Let things and men go to their respective places. This is really about you. You are not tempered yet. Other fires [115/116] must still overcome you. "You should still learn to enjoy your solitude. That is what you want from others, isn't it? You wanted to ease the other's solitude? You wanted to escape your solitude. That's it."

But what is it about love?

"With love? What is love? Living, above all that is what love is. Is war love? You are bound to see what kind of sentimental magic men have conjured into love.[275] Therefore, above all, solitude, ~~if~~ until every softness toward yourself has been burnt out of you.[276] You shall freeze, after the devil has preceded you. Now is not the time for love, but for deeds."

[277]Why do you mention deeds? Which deeds?

"Your work." [116/117]

What do you mean, my work? My science, my book?

"It's not your book, it's <u>the</u> book. "Science is what you do. Do it, without hesitation. There is no way back, only forward. Your love belongs there. Ridiculous—your love! You must allow death to occur."

At least let the dead stay with me.

"Enough dead, you are surrounded."

I don't notice anything.

"You ought to notice them."

How? How can I?

"Proceed. Everything will come toward you. Not today, but tomorrow."

I try to regain my composure—only graves before me—. What accursed will is above me?

“The will of the God, that is stronger than you, bearer [117/118], slave.[278] You have fallen into the hands of the greater. He knows no mercy.[279] The[280] Christian shrouds have fallen.[281] The God has become strong again. You have conceived him anew. He is your son and the power is with him.[282] The yoke of men is lighter than the yoke of the God. But he who does not fall into the hands of men falls into the hands of ~~xx~~ the God. May he be well and may woe betide him! There is no escape.”

Is that freedom?

“The highest freedom. Only the God above you, through yourself. Comfort yourself with this and that as well as you can. The God bolts doors that you cannot open. Let your feelings whimper like puppies. The ears on high are deaf.”

Is there no outrage for the sake of the human? [118/119]

“Outrage—I laugh at your outrage.”

[283]Are you God?

“It is I, your self and yours and the God.”

How unsolemn—

“God is not solemn, he is terrible. Solemnity belongs to you, it is human, not divine. God has no need of theatre. I am the highest of the dead and resurrected. I was dead, you gave me life, my life.”

Are you taking revenge for that on me?

Revenge is human. God does not know revenge. He knows only power and creation. He commands and you act. Your anxieties are laughable, there is only one road, the military road of the Godhead. [119/120]

## 20.XII.15.[284]

The transformation into a woman, which was still missing, is this next? It’s making me weak. What inane, aimless confusion prevails here? A rabbit hutch of mess and stupidity. Is this the state of consciousness of a

woman? One no longer knows if and what one can still choose. What do you command?

"I say, receive, accept what's at hand. Simple duty. Astonishment. Ignorance of the furthest. Formless desire, faithful acceptance with care. No far-reaching plan. No great undertaking. Simplicity."

Do you want more?

"No, that will do. Difficult enough."

Is there something special in the air?

"Only you. Circumspection and tranquillity, quiet care, no undertaking.["] [120/121]

## 26.XII 15.[285]

We have to greet a new light. A blood-red sun, it seems to me. A painful wonder.[286] Should it be the sacrifice of joy?

[287]"Of all joy, provided that you do it yourself. It should neither be made nor sought; it should come, if it must come. I am the master[288] and demand your service. You should not serve your personal devil. That leads to superfluous pain. True joy is simple and comes and exists from itself, and is not to be sought here and there. At the risk of encountering black night, you must devote yourself to me and seek no joy. Joy can never ever be prepared, but exists of its own accord or exists not at all. All you must do is fulfil your task, nothing else. Joy comes from fulfillment, not from searching for it."[289]

You are strict.[290]

"I have the power, I want to command. [121/122] You need to obey."

I am anxious that you will destroy me.

"I am life itself that only wants to destroy the unfit. Take care that you are no unapt tool. You want to rule yourself? You steer your ship onto the sand. Build your bridge and don't think of wanting to take the helm. You get confused

and go astray if you want to escape my service. There is no salvation outside my service.[291] Why are you dreaming and hesitating?”

[292]You see, I am blind and ignorant. Where shall I begin?

“It always begins with the small things. Always with the neighbor.”

I know this already. Putting it into action is more difficult. At least, as you can see, I do my very best. What do you want? [122/123]

“You need to find that out. Do you think that I should hand you everything on a plate? Where is your church? Where is the holy ceremony?”[293]

[294]That seems to me pure madness and tasteless as well.

“So you don’t want to?”

I don’t know how.

“Then think about it.”

I am getting sick of it. I find it disgusting.

“The church? Did the ancestors think that way?”

I will try my best.

“I want the church, it is necessary for you and for others. Otherwise what are you going to do with those whom I force onto you and at your feet?[295] You ought to lovingly receive them, not in your bosom, but in the bosom [123/124] of the church.”

Where is it? How do I create it?

“Stone by stone. Your dreams will speak.”

Shall I become a sect leader? What the devil! No, no, no!

“The beautiful and natural will nestle and show ways. The church is something natural as well.”

[296]Should it be something external?

“No, internal.”

Why then ceremonies?

[“]There are also internal ceremonies. The[297] ceremony must be dissolved and become spirit. The bridge should lead out beyond humanity.[298] Inviolable, far, of the air. Your

bridge is too low. People will knock their heads on it.[299] There is a community of spirits.[”][300] [124/125]

[301]What, should there be no outer community?

“No, but an inner spiritual community.”

There should be nothing visible!

“No. Everything ought to be spiritual. Outer dealings are limited to signs with solid meaning.”

That doesn’t bear thinking about, it’s incomprehensible.

“Community with the dead is what both you and the dead need.”

Do you mean worship of the spirits?[302]

“Do not commingle with any of the dead, but stand apart from them and give to each his due.”[303]

What is it they demand?

“Your prayers.”

To the dead? Which ones?

“To all of them.”

Teach me the prayer to the dead.

“Listen, here it is: [125/126]

You dead, I call you—

You shades of the departed, who have cast off the torment of living, come here!

My blood, the juice of my life, will be your meal and your drink.

Sustain yourself from me, so that life and speech will be yours.

Come, you dark and restless ones, I will refresh you with my blood, the blood of a living one so that you will gain speech and life, in me and through me.

I need you and you need me.[304]

The God forces me to address this prayer ~~also~~ to you so that you come to life. Too long have we left you alone.

Let us build the bond of community so that living and dead images will become one and the past will live [126/127] on in the present.

Our desire pulls us to the living world and we are lost in our desire.

Come to the potion of the living blood, drink your fill so that we will be saved from the inextinguishable and unrelenting power of vivid longing for visible, graspable, and present being.

Drink from our blood of desire that begets evil, as quarrel, discord, ugliness, violent deeds, and famishment.

Take, eat, this is my body, that lives for you. Take, eat, drink, this is my blood, whose desire flows for you.[305]

Come, celebrate a Last Supper with me for your redemption and mine.

Help me to understand your language, so that I will not stray from you nor you from me.[306] I need community with you so that I fall prey neither to the community of the living nor to my desire and yours, whose envy is insatiable ~~unending~~ and therefore begets evil. [127/128]

Help me, so that ~~my desire is always directed toward you~~ I do not forget that my desire is a sacrificial fire for you.

You are my community. I live what I can live for the living. But I cannot live the excess of my longing with the living.[307] It belongs to you, you shades. We need your living with us.

Be auspicious to us and open our closed spirit so that we become blessed with the redeeming light. May it happen thus! Amen.[308]

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Address this prayer to the dead. It should be, so that you will have redemption.[309] Great is the need of the dead. The God needs no sacrificial prayer. He stands beyond goodwill or ill will. He is kind and fearsome. But the dead hear your prayers since they are still of human nature and not free of

[128/129] goodwill and ill will. Do you not understand? History[310] is older and wiser than you. Was there a time when there were no dead? [311]Only recently have men begun to forget the dead and to think that they have now begun the life, sending them into a frenzy."

## 8.I.16.[312]

You know what takes place. You see that it almost surpasses the power of a man. I want to accept and suffer it for your sake—and never for mine. To be crucified on the tree of life, Oh bitterness! Oh painful silence! If it weren't you, my soul, who touched the fiery Heaven and the eternal fullness, how could I?

I go and cast myself before human animals, so they can tear me apart.[313] Oh most unmanly torment! I must let my [129/130] virtues, my best ability be torn apart, because they are still thorns in the side of the human animal. Not death for the sake of the best, but befouling and rending of the most beautiful for the sake of life. Alas, is there nowhere a salutary deception to protect me from having the Last Supper with my carcass? The dead want to live from me.

You martyrs, give me lions, a sword, fire! You died of beauty! Was there anything more beautiful than your death?[314]

Why did you see me as the one to drink the cess of humanity that poured out of Christendom?

Terribly repulsive torment![315]

Haven't you had enough of beholding the fiery fullness, my soul? Do you still want to emerge [130/131] entire into the glaring white light of the Godhead? Into what shades of horror are you plunging me? Is the stinking devil's pool so deep that its mud sullies even your glowing robe?

Where do you get the right to do me such a foul deed?

If this be your will, let the beaker of disgusting filth pass from me.[316] But if this be not your will, then climb, you my soul, past fiery Heaven and lodge your ~~lament~~ charges and topple the throne of God, on which the dreadful one sits, proclaim the right of men also before the Gods and take revenge on them for the infamous deed of humanity, since only Gods were able to spur on the [317]worm to acts of colossal atrocity.

Let my fate suffice and let men manage human destiny.

Oh my mother humanity, thrust the terrible, soulless God-slug,[318] the cruel strangler of men, from you. Do not venerate him for the sake of his fertile poison. The smallest drop suffices—and what is a drop to him? ~~Him~~ A drop—for him, who is eternity, the most extreme fullness and emptiness, all at the same time?[319]

## 10.I.16.[320]

[321]Remove, Oh man, the divine, too, from your soul, as far as you can manage. What a devilish foolish farce she carries on with you, as long as she still arrogates divine power over you! She's an unruly child, a bloodthirsty daimon, a tormentor of humans without equal, precisely because she has [132/133] divinity.[322] A child and an old man, an ~~fickle~~ evil woman, a devil, a being which needs to be humored. Fear the soul, despise her and love her, just like the Gods and the God. May they be far from us! But may the soul be near us. Above all never lose her! Because once lost she will turn into a terribly malicious serpent, into a tiger that pounces on the unsuspecting from behind. A man who goes astray becomes an animal, but a lost soul becomes a devil. Cling to your soul with love, fear, contempt, and hate, ~~but~~ and don't let her out of your sight. She is a hellish-divine treasure to be kept behind walls of iron and in the deepest vault. [133/134] She always wants

to get out and scatter glittering beauty. Beware, because you have already been betrayed! You'll never find a more disloyal, more cunning and heinous woman, never a rougher and more infamous man than your soul[323]—you will never see anyone more beautiful, nobler, and more complete than your soul. Shield men from her, and her from men. Listen to what she wails and sings in prison but don't let her escape, as she will immediately turn whore. As her husband you are blessed through her, and therefore cursed. Let her be with the dead as her playmates, since she belongs to their kind more than to yours. She is smaller and larger than a man.[324] She belongs to the daimonic race of the Tom Thumbs and giants, and is only distantly related to humankind. [134/135] If you seek to grasp her in human terms you will be beside yourself. All your rage, despair, love belong to her.[325] Humanity will be saved from the dreadful nightmare. For if you do not see your soul, you see her in fellow men and this will drive you mad, since this devilish mystery and hellish spook can hardly be seen through. Look at man, the weak one in his wretchedness and torment, whom the Gods have singled out as their quarry—tear to pieces the bloody veil that the lost soul has woven around you, the cruel nets woven by the death-bringing, and take hold of the divine whore who still cannot recover from her fall from grace [135/136] and in raving blindness craves filth in which to throw herself.[326] Lock her up like a lecherous bitch who would like to mingle her blood with every dirty cur. Capture her, may enough at last be enough. Let her for once taste your torment so that she will get to feel man and his hammer, which he has wrested from the Gods.

May man rule in the human world. May his laws be valid. But treat the souls, daimons, and Gods in their way, offering what is demanded. But burden no man, demand nothing from him, with what your devil-souls and God-souls

lead you to believe, but endure, suffer, and remain silent.[327] [136/137]

Why should you keep silent[328]? Because you have nothing to say on this matter.[329] What are daimons, who cannot act?[330] So let them go to work and do [not] preempt them in your dull and awkward way with your torrents of words and windmilling your arms, or else you become daimonic and the others will become your daimons, because the daimons are pleased at the helpless raving of ~~men~~ powerless men. So suffer and stay quiet, for then the daimons must torment themselves and all those who let themselves be mocked by daimons.

Draw the coat of patience and silence over your head, sit down, and leave the daimon to accomplish his work. If he brings something about, he will work wonders. Thus will you sit under a fruit-bearing [137/138] tree.

Know that the daimons would like to inflame you to embrace their work, which is not yours. And, you fool, you believe that it is you, because you can't distinguish yourself from your soul. But you are distinct from her,[331] you are not a soul-God-Devil,[332] but instead you are a powerless man who need not foster the regenerated Gods.[333] For you are the prison guard of your soul, the eunuch of your soul, who protects her from Gods and men. You must equally protect men from her—yes, perhaps even the Gods.[334] Power is given to the man, a poison that paralyzes even the Gods, like a poison sting bestowed upon the little bee whose brute force is far inferior to yours. But your soul, this extract of human essence, could by way of that poison endanger even the Gods.[335] So put the dangerous one under wraps,[336] since not only your fellow men but also the Gods must live.

[337]Thus my soul, I speak to you. I listen to what you say!

"You are truly merciful."

Are you upset?

“Almost, but I must acknowledge your tenderness. You are concerned about me.”

So you liked this tone?

“No mockery, please, or else it comes back on you. You must stick to facts with me, or else I will betray and escape you.” [139/140] Do not forget to love me.”

It is difficult for me to unite hate and love.

“I understand, yet you know that it is the same. Both are valid for me. Like all natural women, form matters less to me than having everything belong to me or else to no one. I am even jealous of the hate you give others. I want everything, since I need everything for the great journey that I intend to begin after your disappearance.”

How sweet of you to already anticipate my demise.[338]

“What do you want?[339] One[340] must prepare in good time. Until then I must make timely provision and much is still lacking. I fully [140/141] grasped it.”[341]

That sounds very reasonable. Are you satisfied with your prison?[342]

“Of course, here[343] I have peace and can collect myself. Your human world makes me drunk, so much human blood —I could get intoxicated on it to the point of madness. ~~xx~~ Doors of iron, walls of stone, cold darkness and the rations of penance—that is the bliss of redemption. You do not suspect my torment when the bloody intoxication seizes me, I would like to hurl myself again and again into living matter from a dark fearful creative urge that formerly brought me close to the lifeless and ignited the terrible lust for procreation in me. Remove me from conceiving matter, the rutting feminine of yawning emptiness. [141/142]

Force me into confinement where I can find resistance and my own law. Where I can think about the journey, the rising sun and the buzzing, melodious golden wings. Be thankful—you wanted to thank me? You are deluded. You deserve my thanks, my deepest thanks.”

How divinely beautiful you are!

## 11.I.16.[344]

Oh this bitterness! You have dragged me through sheer and utter Hell, you have tormented me nearly to death—and I long for your thanks. Yes, I am moved that you thank me. The hound's nature lies in my blood. Therefore I am bitter. For my sake, since—how does it move you! You are divine and devilishly great, wherever and [142/143] howsoever you are. I am only your prison guard,[345] your eunuch doorkeeper, no less imprisoned than you. Thrice damned marriage![346] Speak, you concubine of Heaven, you divine monster! Have I not fished you from the swamp? How do you like the black hole? Speak without blood, sing from your own force, you have gorged yourself on men.

[347]"Pity, stern one! Have compassion!"

Compassion? Have you ever had compassion for me? You brute bestial tormentor, you've never gotten past compassionate moods. You lived on human food and drank my vital powers. Has it made you fat? [143/144] Will you learn to revere the torment of the human animal? What would you souls and Gods want without man? Why do you long for him? You cannot be without him! Speak![348]

"Do I have 100 years in the penitentiary? How long will the punishment last?"

You complain already? I cannot keep you for a hundred years. What nonsense you speak! Perhaps 20 or 30 years more, then you will be free and no jealous lover will imprison you anymore. Then you will hear my silence through all eternities. And no one will know or love you. [144/145] Once Satan was thrown into the abyss for 1000 years.[349] And you? Soon freedom will come to you, but without men.

If there are to be bloody tears, then let me weep them over you.

Speak, whore!

“I’m speechless. I’m horrified at your accusation.”

Are you going to get serious? Are you going to have second thoughts? Are you going to learn modesty or perhaps even some other human virtue? You soulless soul-being? Yes, you have no soul, because you are the thing itself, you fiend! Would you like a human soul? Should I perhaps become your earthly soul~~?~~ so that you will have a soul? I’ve gone to your school. [145/146]

I’ve learned how one behaves as a soul, perfectly ambiguous, mysteriously untruthful and hypocritical. But above all one must start with betrayal.[350]

[351]You are blessed, virgin soul! Praised be your name. You are the chosen one among women. You are the God-bearer. Praise be to you! Honor and fame be yours in eternity, Amen.[352]

You live in the golden temple. The peoples come from afar and praise you.

I,[353] your vassal, wait on your words.

I drink red wine, dispensing a sacrificial drink in recollection of the meal of blood that you [146/147] celebrated with me.

I prepare a black chicken[354] for a sacrificial meal in remembrance of the man who fed you.

I invite my friends to the sacrificial meal, carrying wreaths of ivy and roses in remembrance of the farewell you took from your sorrowing vassals and maidens.

Let this day be a festival celebrating joy and life—the day upon which you, ~~the~~ most blessed one, commence the return journey from the land of men where ~~it~~ you have learned how to be a soul.

You follow the son who ascended and passed over.

You carry us up as your soul and set yourself before the son of God, [147/148] maintaining your immortal right as an ensouled being.

We are joyful, good things will follow you, we lend you strength. We are in the land of men and we are alive.

## 13.I.16.[355]

What holds you back? What are you hiding? Probably a golden vessel, a jewel that you have stolen from men? Isn't that a gem, a piece of gold, shining through your robe? What is the beautiful thing that you stole when you drank the blood of men and ate their sacred flesh? Speak the truth, for I see the lie on your face! [148/149]

"I haven't taken anything."

You are lying. You want to cast suspicion on me, where you are at fault. ŧ Those times when you could rob men are over. Surrender everything that is their sacred inheritance and that you have rapaciously claimed. You have stolen from the beggar and the vassal. God is rich and powerful, you can steal from him. His kingdom knows no loss. Shameful liar, when will you finally stop plaguing and robbing your humanity?

[356]"I do not suspect you. I wish you well. I respect your right. I acknowledge your humanity. I do not take anything away from you.[357] You possess everything. I, nothing."

Yet, you lie insufferably. [149/150] You possess not only that marvelous thing that belongs to me, but you also have access to the Gods and eternal fullness. Therefore surrender what you have stolen, liar!

"How can you? I no longer recognize you. You are crazy. Even more: you are laughable, a childish ape, who extends his paw toward everything that glitters. I will not allow what is mine to be taken from me."

[358]You're lying, you're lying. I saw the gold, [359]I know it belongs to me. You ought not take that away. Give it back!

[360]“I don’t want to part with it. It’s too precious to me. Do you want to rob me of the last ornament?” [150/151]

Embellish yourself with the gold of the Gods, but not with the meager treasures of earthbound human beings. May you taste heavenly poverty after you have preached earthly poverty to men for so long, like a true and proper cleric full of lies, who fills his belly and purse and preaches poverty.

“You torment me awfully. Leave me just this one thing. You men still have enough. I cannot be without this very one, this incomparable one, for whose sake even the Gods envy men.”

I will not be unjust. But give me what belongs to me and beg for what you need from it. [151/152] What is it?

“Alas, that I can neither keep it nor conceal it, it is love, warm human love, blood, warm red blood, the holy source of life, the unification of everything separated and longed for.”

So, it is love that you claim as a natural right, although you still ought to beg for it. You get drunk on the blood of man and let him starve—love belongs to me. [361]You’ll crawl and beg for it like a dog. You’ll raise your hands. You will fawn, in order to [152/153] get it.[362] I possess the key and I will be a more just administrator[363] than you half-beings, you soulless souls and you godless Gods, and you godforsaken God. You will gather around the source of blood,[364] and you will come bearing gifts so that you may receive what you need.

Oh, men,[365] protect the holy source so that no God can seize it for himself. The Gods know no measure and no mercy. They get drunk on the most precious of draughts.[366] They waste it in drunkenness, since they know neither God nor soul.[367] Presumptuousness and excessiveness, severity and callousness are their essence. Greed for the sake of greed, power for the sake of power, pleasure for the sake of

pleasure, immoderation and insatiableness [153/154], this is how you recognize the daimons.

Ha, you have yet to learn, you devils and Gods,[368] to crawl in the dust for the sake of love so that from someone somewhere you snatch a drop of the living sweetness. Learn humility and pride from men for the sake of love.

You Gods, your first born son is man. He bore a terribly beautiful-ugly son of God.[369] But this mystery, too, is accomplished with you. You bore a son of men,[370] no less splendid-terrible, and you will also serve under his rule.

[371]Both God and man are disappointed victims of deception, blessedly [154/155] blessed, powerlessly powerful.

The eternally rich universe should unfold again in the earthly Heaven and the Heaven of the Gods, in the underworlds and in the worlds above. Separation once more comes to the agonizingly united and yoked. Endless multiplicity takes the place of what has been forced together. Since diversity alone is wealth, blossom, and harvest.

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I kiss you, you book of light and life.[372]

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## 14.I.16.[373]

[374]What, soul, you're still here? Didn't you find your [155/156] place or didn't you find the words, which belong to me? How do you honor your earthly soul? Recall what I bore and suffered for you, how I wasted myself, how I lay before you and struggled, how I gave my heart's blood from

full bowls to you! I have an obligation to lay on you: you should learn the cult of your earthly soul.[375]

I saw the land that is promised to man, the land where milk and honey flows.[376]

I saw the splendor of the sun on that land.

I saw the green forests, the golden vineyards and the villages [156/157] of man.

I saw the towering mountains with hanging fields of eternal snow.

I saw the fruitfulness and fortune of the earth.

None but I saw the fortune of man.

You, oh soul, force mortal men to labor and suffer for your immortal salvation. I demand that you also do this for the earthly fortune of humankind. Pay heed! I speak in both my name and the name of mankind. Since our power and glory are yours, thine is the kingdom and our promised land.[377] So bring it about, employing your abundance! [157/158]

I will remain silent, yes, you will lose me. It depends on you; you can bring about what mortals are forbidden to create. I stand waiting, beseeching. Torment yourself, so that you come to find it. Where is your immortal salvation, if you fail in your duty to bring salvation to man? Pay heed. So you will be working for me, the silent and suffering one.[378]

Eternal fate presides over the Gods also, not only over mortals.

## 15.I.16.[379]

What is it about the old furnace that lay there so deserted and seldom used anymore for smelting?

My soul, I beseech you, [158/159] speak![380]

“Throw in the old and the broken. The unused and the ruined shall be renewed for fresh use.”

But what is it?[381]

“It is the custom of the ancients, the good[382] tradition of the ancestors, observed since days of old; it is to be adapted for new use.[383] It is daily exercise. A daily retrieval of the battered and used into the furnace in order to serve —smelted and renewed—to serve new purposes.

You must melt down all your feeling, which has been worn out by the day, through inward retrieval into the mounting heat, in order to purge rust and breakage in the fire’s heat [159/160], so you can renew the work of the day with restored tools. The ancestors prayed and practised the holy ceremonies.”

Teach me the ceremony, teach me its solemnity, use, and meaning, so I can accomplish what is necessary.

“Above all dedicate your prayer to me, so I can convey it to the distant God. Prayer has magical power and compels the Gods. Don’t you feel the influence of the Gods and the daimons? They also pray to you and by that they compel you. Thus do likewise to them. I will lead through intercession.” [160/161]

Teach me how to invoke you.

“It is wordless, it is a few words, on the contrary it is deed. There should be few words, there should be no words. It must be deed, prostration on a colorful prayer mat that signifies the world.”

Are you lying?

“How can you ask such a question? What good is this ceremony for me? Actually you need it for yourself.”

Is that true? Even the prayer mat? Is the outer thing necessary?

“You are ignorant of the power of matter, just as you know nothing of human power, not even your own. Matter is the counterpole to God. God lures the phallus out of himself. [161/162] Yes, he lures matter out of the devilish void, which is God himself. You know that the power of the

phallus is great. Did you ever doubt it? Then know that the power of matter is even greater. The earth is more powerful than the phallus, he is the transient son, she is the age-old mother. The hardest, most imperishable matter is the best. It needs to be built into this matter.

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The hardest stone is good for the greatest idea.

To penetrate deeper into matter endows thought with greater powers.

Always erect it in matter.[”] [162/163]

## 16 I 16[384]

The force of the God is frightful.

“You shall experience even more of it. You are in the second age. The first age has been overcome. This is the age of the rulership of the son, whom you call the Toad God. A third age will follow, the age of apportionment and harmonious power.”[385]

My soul, where did you go? Did you go to the animals?

I bind the Above with the Below. I bind God and animal. Something in me is part animal, something part God, and a third part human. Below you serpent, within you man, and above you God. Beyond the serpent comes the phallus, then the earth, then the moon, and finally the coldness and [163/164] emptiness of outer space.

Above you comes the dove or the heavenly soul, ~~the~~ in which love and foresight are united, just as poison and shrewdness are united in the serpent. Shrewdness is the devil’s understanding, which always detects smaller things and finds chinks where you suspect none.

If I am not conjoined through the uniting of the Below and the Above, I break down into three parts: the serpent,

and in that or some other animal form I roam, living nature daimonically, arousing fear and longing.~~,~~ The human soul, living forever within you. The heavenly soul, as such dwelling with the Gods, [164/165] far from you and unknown to you, appearing in the form of a bird. Each of these three parts then is independent.

Beyond me stands the heavenly mother.[386] Her counterpart is the phallus.[387] ~~Since~~ His mother is the earth, his goal is the heavenly mother.

The heavenly mother is the daughter of the heavenly world. Its counterpart is the earth.

The heavenly world is illuminated through the spiritual sun. Its counterpart is the moon. And just as the moon is the crossing to the dead of space, the spiritual sun is the crossing to the Pleroma,[388] the upper world of fullness. The moon is the God's eye of emptiness, just as the sun is the God's eye of fullness. The moon that you see [165/166] is the symbol, just as the sun that you see. Sun and moon, that is ~~xx~~, their symbols, are Gods. There are still other Gods; their symbols are the planets.

The heavenly mother is a daimon among the order of the Gods, an inhabitant of the heavenly world.

The Gods are favorable and unfavorable, impersonal, the souls of stars, influences, forces, grandfathers of souls, rulers in the heavenly world, both in space and in force. They are neither dangerous nor kind, strong, yet humble, clarifications of the Pleroma and of the eternal ~~xx~~ emptiness, configurations of the eternal qualities.

Their number is immeasurably great [166/167] and leads over to the one supreme fundamental, which contains all qualities in itself and itself has none, a nothing and everything, the complete dissolution of man, death and eternal life.

Man becomes through the *principium individuationis*.[389] He strives for absolute individuality, through which he ever

increasingly concentrates the absolute dissolution of the Pleroma. Through this he makes the Pleroma the point that contains the greatest tension and is itself a shining star, immeasurably small, just as the Pleroma is immeasurably great. The more concentrated the Pleroma becomes, the stronger the star of the individual becomes. It is surrounded by shining clouds, a heavenly body in the making, ~~xx~~ comparable to a small sun. It emits fire. Therefore it is called: εγω συμπλανοζ υμιν αστηρ.[390] ~~xx~~ Just like the sun, [167/168] which is also such a star, which is a God and grandfather of souls, the star of the individual is also like the sun, a God and grandfather of the souls. He is visible from time to time, just as I have described him. His light is blue, like that of a distant star. He is far out in space, cold and solitary, since he is beyond death. To attain individuality, we need a large share of death. Therefore it is called θεοι εστε,[391] since just as an innumerable number of men rule the earth, so a countless number of stars and of Gods rule the heavenly world.

To be sure, this God is the one who survives the death of men. To him for whom solitude is Heaven, he goes to Heaven; to him for whom it is Hell, he goes to Hell. Whoever does not follow the *principium individuationis* to its end becomes no God, since he cannot bear individuality. [168/169]

The dead who besiege us are souls who have not fulfilled the *principium individuationis*, or else they would have become distant stars. Insofar as we do not fulfill it, the dead have a claim on us and besiege us and we cannot escape them.




IMAGE LEGEND:

A Anthropos

A Human soul

Serpent = earthly soul

Bird = heavenly soul

Heavenly mother

Phallus (Devil)

Angel

Devil

Heavenly world

Earth, Mother of the Devil

Sun, Eye of the Pleroma

Moon, Eye of the Pleroma

[Moon, sighted]

[Sun, looking]

Moon = Satan

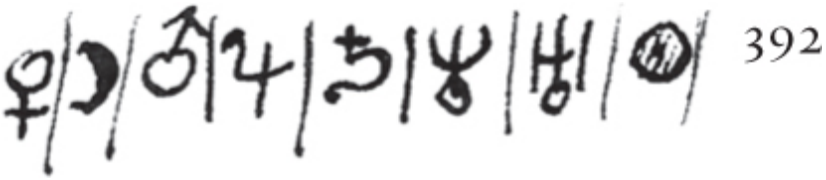
Sun = God

 God of the Frogs = Abraxas

 the Fullness

 the Emptiness

 Flame, Fire, Love = Eros, a daimon

 392

Gods, stars without number

The middle point is again the Pleroma. The God in it is Abraxas, a world of daimons surrounds it and again in a middle point is humanity, ending and beginning.

[393]The God of the frogs or toads, the brainless, is the uniting of the Christian God with Satan. His nature is like the flame; he is like Eros, but a God; Eros [169/170] is only a daimon.[394]

The one God, to whom worship is due, is in the middle.

You should worship only one God. The other Gods are unimportant. Abraxas[395] is to be feared. Therefore it was a deliverance when he separated himself from me. You do not need to seek him. He will find you, just like Eros. He is the God of the cosmos, extremely powerful and fearful. He is the creative drive, he is form and formation, just as much as matter and force, therefore he is above all the light and dark Gods. He tears away souls and casts them into procreation. He is the creative and created. He is the God who always renews himself, in days, in months, in years, in human life, in ages, in peoples, in the living, in heavenly bodies. He compels, he is unsparing. If you worship him,

you increase his power [170/171] over you. Thereby it becomes unbearable. You will have dreadful trouble getting clear of him.

The more you free yourself from him, the more you approach death, since he is the life of the universe. But he is also universal death. Therefore you fall victim to him again, not in life but in dying. So remember him, do not worship him, but also do not imagine that you can flee him since he is all around you. You must be in the middle of life, surrounded by death on all sides. Stretched out, like one crucified, you hang in him, the fearful, the overpowering.

But you have in you the one God, the wonderfully beautiful and kind, the solitary, starlike, unmoving, he who is older and wiser than the father, he who has a safe hand, who leads you among all the darknesses and death scares of dreadful Abraxas. He gives [171/172] joy and peace, since he is beyond death and beyond what is subject to change. He is no servant and no friend of Abraxas. He himself is an Abraxas, but not unto you, but in himself and his distant world, since you yourself are a God who lives in faraway realms and who renews himself in his ages and creations and peoples, just as powerful to them as Abraxas is to you.

You yourself are a creator of worlds and a created being.

You have the one God, and you become your one God in the innumerable number of Gods.

As a God, you are the great Abraxas in your world. But as a man you are the heart of the one God who appears to his world as the great Abraxas, the feared, the powerful, the donor of madness, [172/173] he who dispenses the water of life, the spirit of the tree of life, ~~the power~~ the daimon of the blood, the death bringer.

You are the suffering heart of your one star God, who is Abraxas to his world.

Therefore because you are the heart of your God, aspire toward him, love him, live for him. Fear Abraxas, who rules

over the human world. Accept what he forces upon you, since he is the master of the life of this world and none can escape him. If you do not accept, he will torment you to death and the heart of your God will suffer, just as the one God of Christ suffered the heaviest in his death.

The suffering of mankind is without end, since its life is without end. Since there is no end where none sees an end. If mankind has come to an end, there is none who would see its end and none [173/174] who could say that mankind has an end. So it has no end for itself, but it certainly does for the Gods.

~~As there is also~~ The death of Christ took no suffering away from the world, but his life has taught us much; namely, that it pleases the one God if the individual lives his own life against the power of Abraxas. The one God thus delivers himself from the suffering of the earth into which his Eros plunged him; since when the one God saw the earth, he sought its procreation, and forgot that a world was already given to him in which he was Abraxas. So the one God became human. Therefore the one in turn pulls man up to him and into him, so that the one becomes complete again.

But the freeing of man from the power of Abraxas does not follow man's withdrawing from the power of Abraxas [174/175]—~~because~~ no one can pull away from it—but through subjugating himself to it. Even Christ had to subjugate himself to the power of Abraxas, and Abraxas killed him in a gruesome manner.

Only by living life can you free yourself from it. So live it to such a degree that it befits you. To the degree that you live it, you also fall ~~xx~~ victim to the power of Abraxas and his dreadful deceptions. But to the same degree the star God in you gains in ~~pow~~ longing and power, in that the fruit of deception and human disappointment falls to him. Pain and disappointment fill the world of Abraxas with coldness, all of your life's warmth slowly sinks into the depths of your

soul, into the midpoint of man, where the far blue starlight of your one God glimmers.

If you flee Abraxas from fear, you escape pain and disappointment [175/176] and you remain terrified, that is, out of unconscious love you cling to Abraxas and your one God cannot catch fire. But through pain and disappointment you redeem yourself, since your longing then falls of its own accord like a ripe fruit into the depths, following gravity, striving toward the midpoint, where the blue light of the star God arises.

So do not flee from Abraxas, do not seek him. You feel his coercion, do not resist him, so that you shall live and pay your ransom.

The works of Abraxas are to be fulfilled, for consider that in your world you yourself are Abraxas and force your creature to fulfil your work. Here, where you are the creature subjugated to Abraxas, you must learn to fulfill the work of life. There, where you are Abraxas, ~~xx~~ you compel your creatures.

You ask, why is all this so? I understand that it seems questionable [176/177] to you. The world is questionable. It is the unending infinite folly of the Gods, which you know is unendingly wise. Surely it is also a crime, an unforgivable sin, and therefore also the highest love and virtue.

So live life, do not flee Abraxas, provided that he compels you and you can recognize his necessity. In one sense I say to you: do not fear him, do not love him. In another sense I say: fear him, love him. He is the life of the earth, that says enough.

~~xx~~You need to recognize the multiplicity of the Gods. You cannot unite all into one being. As little as you are one with the multiplicity of men, just so little is the one God ~~xx~~ one with the multiplicity of the Gods. This one God is the kind, the loving, the leading, the healing. To him [177/178] all your love and worship is due. To him you should pray, you are one with him, he is near you, nearer than your soul.

I, your soul, am your mother, who tenderly and frightfully surrounds you, your nourisher and corrupter; I prepare good things and poison for you. I am your intercessor with Abraxas. I teach you the arts that protect you from Abraxas. I stand between you and Abraxas the all-encompassing. I am your body, your shadow, your effectiveness in this world, your manifestation in the world of the Gods, your effulgence, your breath, your odor, your magical force. You should call me if you want to live with men, but the one God if you want to rise above the human world to the divine and eternal solitude of the star. [178/179]

## 18 I 16.[396]

[397]Oh, my soul, what are you doing? What anxiety and unease are you creating for me? What will come to be in the depths of the future?

What am I seeing? Blazing flames? A fire—a bloody fire?

Oh, my God, I call you, force my soul to provide answer to the things that besiege me!

"You thought of the great flood, you thought of the protective rampart, you did not think of the fire that drives through the air."

The fire? What do you want to say?

"Be reasonable! A fire hovers in the air, it draws near, a flame, many flames—a searing miracle—many lights burn, like the stars in the night.[398] My beloved, [179/180] it is the mercy of the eternal fire—the breath of fire descends on you."

My soul, I call upon you—I fear something terrible and dreadful—nameless fear fills my heart, since the things that you announced beforehand were awful—must everything be broken, burned, and destroyed? Does no cry of despair reach you?[399]

“Patience, fire is above you—in front of you,[400] a sea of embers—a consuming fire—a blazing fire.”

Don’t torture me—what dreadful mysteries you possess. Speak, I implore you.[401] My God, my far off star, I call upon you! Where is your power? Protect [180/181] me or give me the power to endure the unspeakable.

Or are you lying again, my soul? Damned tormenting spirit, deceiving fiend, what are your treacherous specters supposed to mean?

“I also want your fear.”

What for?[402]

“To bring it before the ruler of this world.[403] He demands the sacrifice of your fear.”

Why? Speak![404]

“He deems you worthy of this sacrifice. Abraxas[405] has mercy upon you.”

Mercy upon me? What is that supposed to mean? I’d rather want to hide myself from him. My face shrinks from the ruler of this world, for it is branded, it bears a terrible mark. It beheld the forbidden, therefore I avoid the ruler of this [181/182] world.”

“But you should come before him. Your fear attracted him.”

You instilled this fear in me, liar.[406] Why did you give me away?

“You have been summoned to serve him.”

Thrice damned fate! Why can’t you leave me in seclusion? Why has he chosen me for sacrifice? Thousands would gladly throw themselves before him, why must it be me? I cannot, I don’t want to.

“You possess the word that should not be allowed to remain concealed.”

[407]I am going to teach it to my own, to the nearest, so don’t throw it on the street. Why do you want to help Abraxas? [182/183] He has the power, he should create

from himself; why should I bleed for him and be consumed by eternal fires? My God, deliver me from fear. Give me the redeeming vision, into your hands I commit my spirit.[408]

[409]I see wide meadows and blue mountains and smoke sweeps over. A sea of fire rolls close in[410], it is setting the towns and villages on fire, breaking through the valleys, burning the forests[411]— I[412] go before it in a burning robe with singed hair, a crazy look in my eyes, a parched tongue, a hoarse[413] voice—I forge ahead and announce what approaches—I cross the mountains and go into every quiet valley and [183/184] stammer words of fright and proclaim the fire's agony. Men flee in horror from me since I bear the marks of the fire. They do not see the fire, but they see me and suspect that I am the messenger of the burning agony. What fire? they ask. What fire? I stutter, I stammer—what do I know about the fire? I looked at the embers, I saw the blazing flames. Help us, my God, and carry us over.

[414]My God, prepare me; is it death, is it something immortal?

My God, why have you forsaken me?[415] Oh, horrendous silence! [184/185]

My soul, speak, for heaven's sake, speak!

"You have waited long enough. The holy fire is blazing, step into the flames." Step into the light. Bring up what lay in the dark, proclaim what is to come."

What should I proclaim, the fire? Which fire?

"The flame that blazes over your head, look up, the skies redden."[416]

## 23.I.16.[417]

My God, my wonderful light!

## 29.I.16.[418]

My soul, I know that you have summoned the devil. He has sent his burdensome vapors. [185/186] It was he who knocked at my door with his herd of dark companions. I could smell them in the air. What came over ~~xx~~ you that you played that prank on me? Why the devil?

[“]To break open what is locked?”

What? My mysteries? They are already way too exposed!

“No, your iron doors!”

That this wicked herd can break into my garden? Should I be plundered and thrown out onto the rubbish? You make me into an ape and a child’s plaything. When, oh my God, shall I be saved from this Hell of fools? I [186/187] am longing for death, for the innermost cold. Should that be the devil? He’s somewhere in the neighborhood.

My soul, damned gadfly, stop it at last! Too much ugliness, too much dirt, too much blatant nonsense. I want to be a man. I don’t want to love men anymore. I want to be. I want to hack to pieces your cursed webs. Go to hell, you fools. The light shall surround me.

“What are you talking about? Let the devil get to work. He’ll see to it.

How can I trust you? You work for yourself, not for me. What good are you, you tramp, if you don’t even know how to protect me from [187/188] the devil’s confusion. Should that be the hell fire?

“You get annoyed. Be quiet, you are disturbing the work.”

I am tired, I don’t want any surprises. Speak, what is your plan? What about the devil and his nightly haunting?

“We came to perform the work, the mysterious, the invisible. We cooked the air around you, we mixed it with fine, narcotic, confusing and beguiling vapors, we prepare the necessary emanation, long missing and anxiously sought. I want to participate in your renown. You suit us. Let us take effect. We threw out nets [188/189] with smooth words, with spoken gestures. Let yourself go. It will

flow like oil and smell like nard.[419] Inimitable fiery glow, fidgeting little men in invisible snares, quiet mocking laughter in the distance, grinding teeth, captives trembling with fear.”

Shut up, you devil, I’m disgusted.

“You like it. The day of reckoning is near. Don’t forget all the hardship you suffered. They will pay ransom. Ha, how they will hurry to welcome the master and bow down.”

Damned ones! Did the devil give you your words?

“Shiny, glistening words, bright as sharp steel, cutting as the north wind. Mockery of exquisite [189/190] value.”

I am getting sick.

“Spirits will do the work, not you. Be quiet and let us take charge. We will strike for sure. Dwell quietly, calmly. We’ll poke the embers.

Build calmly stone by stone. We will do our bit. Don’t worry. The fire glows already.”

My God, you can see the sacrilege.

“May fate be accomplished[.]”

## 30 I 16[420]

What? It’s boiling frightfully.

“Life is beginning.” [190/191]

Should it begin many more times? Or hasn’t it started yet? It’s an unbearable tension. When will silence descend!

“Slowly, slowly. Don’t push.”

It’s all very well for you. I am being scattered. Honestly, as if iron doors ought to be blown. What shall get out? And how?

“From the backside.”

Awful creature.

“Behind your back, in polite language. Everything happens behind your back.”

Why shouldn’t I be there? I too want to live.

“It will come to you from the front.[”] [191/192]

And one can trust that?

“What else? Can you do it? No. You can only wait until it emerges.”

But it’s tearing me apart. Since you have brought the devil, I am getting tormented hellishly. You need to bring some relief. Speak a redeeming word. What’s up with the spirits? They’re tearing at me and I have difficulties standing.

“Surrender.”

So speak, you dead! Aren’t you empty yet?

“We have come back from Jerusalem, where we did not find what we sought! We implore you to let us in.[421] [192/193]

You have what we desire. Not your blood, but your light. That is it.”

[422]But what can I do?

“Teach us, we’ll listen!”

What shall I teach?

“The wisdom, the knowledge that you have gained and we lacked.”

But where shall I begin?

“Begin, begin, wherever. Wherever you think it is good to start.”

“Now listen, you dead! I teach you:[423] I begin with nothingness.

Nothingness is the same as the fullness. In infinity full is as good as empty. Nothingness is empty and full. You might just as well say anything else [193/194] about nothingness, for instance, that it is white, or black, or that it does not exist, or that it exists. That which is endless and eternal has no qualities, since it has all qualities.

We call this nothingness or fullness the Pleroma. Therein both thinking and being cease, since the eternal and endless possess no qualities. No one is in it, for he would then be distinct from the Pleroma, and would possess

qualities that would distinguish him as something distinct from the Pleroma.

In the Pleroma there is nothing and everything. It is fruitless to think about the Pleroma, for this would mean self-dissolution.

The creature is not in the Pleroma.[424] The Pleroma is the beginning and end of the [194/195] creature, it covers it all over, so to speak.[425] It pervades it, just as the sunlight pervades the air. Although the Pleroma pervades us, we are not in it, since we do not participate in it[426], just as a wholly transparent body becomes neither light nor dark through the light pervading it.

But we are the Pleroma, for we are enclosed in and part of the eternal and the endless.[427] But we have no share therein, as we are infinitely removed from the Pleroma; not spatially or temporally, but essentially, since we are distinguished from the Pleroma in our essence as creation, which is confined within time and space.

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1. These lines were copied here by Toni Wolff. They are from an epic poem by Richard Dehmel (1863–1920), *Zwei Menschen* [Two People] (Berlin: Schuster und Loeffler, 1903, chapter 113). In 1905 this work inspired a series of seven woodcut prints by the Expressionist painter Ludwig Kirchner. Dehmel's frank treatment of sexual themes led to charges of obscenity and blasphemy.
2. Wednesday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*. Jung's daughter Helene (1914–2014) was born on this day. On March 13, Jung presented "On Dream Psychology" to the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society. He criticized Freud's sexual interpretation of symbols and provided alternative interpretations of typical dreams. This was followed by a presentation by Adolf Keller on "Bergson and libido theory," which was continued on March 20. Jung commented, "A gap has been filled through Keller's presentation. Bergson should have been discussed here long ago. B. says everything that we

have not said. He has descended from the unity, we have risen up from the multiplicity" (*MZS*).

3. See Nietzsche, "The Fire-Signal," in *Dithyrambs of Dionysus* (1888): "Seamen blown off course! Rubble of old stars! / You seas of the future! Unexplored sky! / to all that knows solitude do I now throw this line: / give answers to the the flame's impatience, / catch me, the fisherman on high mountains, / my seventh, *final* solitude!" (trans. R. J. Hollingdale [London: Anvil Press], p. 51). Jung commented on this poem in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* (*CW* B, § 162n.). In his presentation before the Psychological Club in 1916 on "Individuation and Collectivity," he said: "The individual must now consolidate himself by cutting himself off from the divine and becoming wholly himself. Thereby and at the same time he also separates himself from society. Outwardly he plunges into solitude, but inwardly into hell, distance from God" (*CW* 18, § 1103).
4. In 1912 Jung cited the following lines from the *Bhagavad Gita*, chapter 4, verse 24 (in English in Edwin Arnold's 1885 translation): "All's then God! The sacrifice is Brahm, the ghee and the grain / Are Brahm, the fire is Brahm, the flesh it eats / is Brahm, and unto Brahm attaineth he / Who, in such office, meditates on Brahm" (*Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, *CW* B, § 242n.).
5. Thursday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
6. In *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, Nietzsche writes: "one must have chaos in one, to give birth to a dancing star" ("Zarathustra's Prologue 3," § 5, p. 46; underlined as in Jung's copy).
7. In his *Theogony*, Hesiod wrote: "First came Chaos, and then wide-bosomed Earth" (l. 116).
8. From March 30 to April 1, Jung went sailing with Hans Schmid. Later in April they went to northern Italy and visited Ravenna.
9. Sunday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
10. In *Psychology and Alchemy*, Jung reproduced two images of the pelican as a symbol of Christ (*CW* 12, figs. 89 and 256). In 1945, in "On the Nature of Dreams," he noted that "the pelican, who nourishes its young with its own blood, is a well-known allegory of Christ" (*CW* 8, § 559).
11. Monday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*. Jung saw one patient.

12. Thursday. *Liber Secundus*, chapter 21, “The Magician” {8} (*LN*, pp. 455ff.). The first eight lines were not reproduced in *LN*.
13. *LN* instead has “I come to you and demand your life.” (p. 455).
14. *LN* instead has “What do you mean? Have you even become a God? / He:” (ibid.).
15. “where my soul” was not reproduced in *LN*.
16. Instead of this paragraph, *LN* has: “How you transfigure yourself!” (p. 455).
17. Cf. John 12:3: “Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment.”
18. At the entrance to his house, Jung had an inscription carved that read, “Vocatus atque vocatus, deus aderit” (Called or not, God will be present). He also used it on his bookplate. The statement, from the Delphic oracle, is reproduced in the Dutch Renaissance humanist Erasmus’s work *Collectanea adagiorum*, a collection of proverbs from classical authors. See my *C.G. Jung: A Biography in Books*, pp. 46ff.
19. In *LN* “gruesome” was added here (p. 456).
20. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
21. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
22. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
23. The next two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
24. This expression is replaced by “the God” in *LN* (p. 457).
25. *LN* instead has “He” (ibid.).
26. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by “I remain in the night of pain” (ibid.).
27. This expression was replaced by “God” in *LN* (ibid.).
28. The following paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*. Instead, *Liber Secundus* ends with: “Now shut, you bronze doors I opened to the flood of devastation and murder brooding over the peoples, opened so as to midwife the God. / Shut, may mountains bury you and seas flow over you. / I came to my self, a giddy and pitiful figure. My I! I didn’t want this fellow as my companion. I found myself with him. I’d prefer a bad woman or a wayward hound, but one’s own I—this horrifies me. / An opus is needed, that one can squander decades on, and do it out of necessity. I must catch up with a piece of the Middle Ages—within myself. We have only finished the Middle Ages of—

others. I must begin early, in that period when the hermits died out. Asceticism, inquisition, torture are close at hand and impose themselves. The barbarian requires barbaric means of education. My I, you are a barbarian. I want to live with you, therefore I will carry you through an utterly medieval Hell, until you are capable of making living with you bearable. You should be the vessel and womb of life, therefore I shall purify you. / The touchstone is being alone with oneself. / This is the way" (pp. 457–58).

29. The transcription of material from the *Black Books* into *Scrutinies* in the autumn of 1917 commences here, with the following additional opening paragraph: "I resist, I cannot accept this hollow nothing that I am. What am I? What is my I? I always presuppose my I. Now it stands before me—I before my I. I speak now to you, my I:" (p. 461).
30. "We must do something, devise a pastime;" was added here in *LN* (p. 461).
31. "which strikes me first:" was added here in *LN* (ibid.)
32. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
33. "All beginnings are difficult" is a proverb from the Talmud.
34. This word was replaced by "live" in *LN* (p. 461).
35. This expression was replaced by "the God" in *LN* (ibid.).
36. "and spreads himself in whichever fiery heavens, to do whatever he does, what exactly I do not know," was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
37. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by "Therefore you must think about improving," (ibid.).
38. The remainder of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
39. The preceding paragraph and preceding sentence were not reproduced in *LN*.
40. "To the greater glory of God." This was the motto of the Jesuits.
41. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
42. *LN* instead has "So should I love you? Press you tenderly to myself?" (p. 461). The next six sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
43. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "But my soul is with the fire worm, with the son of the frog who has flown to the heavens above, to the upper sources. Do I know what he is doing there?" (p. 461).

44. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by “you are my bare, empty nothing—I” (p. 462).
45. The preceding paragraph was replaced in *LN* by “One could despair over you: your sensitivity and desirousness exceed any reasonable measure. And I should live with you, of all people? I must, since the strange misfortune occurred that gave me a son and took him away” (ibid.).
46. This word was replaced in *LN* by “laughably sensitive” (ibid.).
47. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “One can hardly speak about your childish pride, your craving for power, your desire for esteem, your laughable ambition, your thirst for fame without feeling sick. The playacting and pomposity become you badly and you abuse them to the best of your ability” (ibid.).
48. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by “rather than a horror to live together with you?” (ibid.)
49. The next three sentences were replaced in *LN* by “You, you of all people wanted to tell other people what to do? / Come here, I will stitch a cloth of new skin onto you, so that you can feel its effect. / You want to complain about others, and that one has done an injustice to you, not understood you, misinterpreted you, hurt your feelings, ignored you, not recognized you, falsely accused you, and what else? Do you see your vanity in this, your eternally ridiculous vanity?” (ibid.).
50. This word was replaced in *LN* by “torment” (ibid.).
51. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “You have no patience and no seriousness” (ibid.).
52. “and absolve yourselves all unknowingly” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
53. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
54. The preceding two sentences were replaced in *LN* by “But you will learn silence” (ibid.).
55. The remainder of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
56. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by “I want to have such foolishness around me all my life?” (p. 463).
57. This expression was replaced in *LN* by “purgatory” (ibid.).
58. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
59. This preceding part of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by “The dear old God has died, and it is good that way, otherwise he would have had pity on your repentant sinfulness” (p. 463).
60. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.

61. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by: “You must know that neither a God of love nor a loving God has yet arisen, but instead a worm of fire crawled up, a magnificent frightful entity that lets fire rain on the earth, producing lamentations. So cry to the God, he will burn you with fire for the forgiveness of your sins” (ibid.).
62. The following was added here in *LN*: “Yes—others always do wrong—and you? You are the innocent, the correct, you must defend your good right and you have a good, loving God on your side, who always forgives sins with pity. Others must reach insight, not you, since you have a monopoly on all insight from the start and are always convinced that you are right. And so cry really loudly to your dear God—he will hear you and let fire fall on you. Have you not noticed that your God has become a fiery worm with a flat skull who crawls red-hot on the earth?” (ibid.)
63. The remainder of this paragraph was replaced in *LN* by “You were, and are, inferior. Who are you, then? Scum that disgusts me” (ibid.)
64. The preceding clause was replaced by “until you come to your senses again” (ibid.).
65. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
66. In 1930, Jung stated: “A movement back into the Middle Ages is a sort of regression, but it is not personal. It is an historical regression, a regression into the past of the collective unconscious. This always takes place when the way ahead is not free, when there is an obstacle from which you recoil; or when you need to get something out of the past in order to climb over the wall ahead” (*VS*, vol. 1, p. 148). Around this time, he began working intensively on medieval theology—see *Psychologicial Types* (1921), *CW* 6, chapter 1, “The type problem in antique and medieval intellectual history.”
67. The previous two sentences were placed at the end of *Liber Secundus*, with the last modified as “This is the way” (p. 458).
68. Monday. Jung saw three patients. On the same day, he resigned as president of the International Psychoanalytical Association (*Freud/Jung Letters*, p. 613).
69. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
70. This word was replaced by “grounds” in *LN* (p. 464).
71. This word was replaced by “your self-interest” in *LN* (ibid.).

72. “but for your recognition” was replaced in *LN* by “but for the general recognition and safeguarding of your own advantage” (ibid.).
73. “it has teeth inside that bore themselves into your flesh” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
74. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
75. This word was replaced by “cleverness” in *LN* (p. 464).
76. “and speak of your benevolent superiority and the prize that you are for others” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
77. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
78. The preceding two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
79. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by “and you dream of revenge” (p. 464).
80. “since you would like to assign it to those whom you favor because they favor you.” was added here in *LN* (pp. 464–65).
81. *LN* instead has “Inside yourself” (p. 465).
82. This expression was not reproduced in *LN*.
83. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
84. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by the following: “You want to reproach others for their failings? So that they better themselves? Yes, confess, have you bettered yourself? From where do you get the right to have opinions of others? What is your opinion about yourself? And what are the good grounds that support it? Your grounds are webs of lies covering a dirty corner. You judge others and charge them with what they should do. You do this because you have no order within yourself, because you are unclean” (p. 465).
85. The last two words were not reproduced in *LN*.
86. “as they claim, but in reality exploit them to their own ends” was added here in *LN*.
87. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
88. The previous sentence and the last clause of the previous sentence were not reproduced in *LN*.
89. The previous clause was not reproduced in *LN*. The next two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
90. The previous two words were replaced in *LN* by “desirousness” (p. 465).
91. This sentence was replaced in *LN* by “But you speak about it with great words, and the greater your words are, the more pathetic your so-called love is” (ibid.).

92. The preceding paragraph was replaced in *LN* by “Never speak to me of your love, but keep your mouth shut. It lies” (ibid.).
93. In *LN*, the remainder of this entry was replaced by the following: “I want you to speak about your shame, and that instead of speaking great words, you utter a discordant clamor before those whose respect you wanted to exact. You deserve mockery, not respect. / I will burn out of you the contents of which you were proud, so that you will become empty like a poured-out vessel. You should be proud of nothing more than your emptiness and wretchedness. You should be a vessel of life, so kill your idols. / Freedom does not belong to you, but form; not power, but suffering and conceiving. / You should make a virtue out of your self-contempt, which I will spread out before men like a carpet. They should walk over it with dirty feet and you should see to it that you are dirtier than all the feet that step on you” (*LN*, p. 466).
94. Tuesday. Jung saw seven patients.
95. The previous sentence was replaced in *LN* by “If I tame you, beast, I give others the opportunity to tame their beasts” (ibid.)
96. The previous sentence was replaced in *LN* by “The taming begins with you, my I, nowhere else” (ibid.).
97. The previous sentence was replaced in *LN* by “Your sensitivity is your particular form of violence” (ibid.).
98. This expression was replaced in *LN* by “every kind of torture” (ibid.).
99. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
100. The remainder of this paragraph was replaced in *LN* by “You should be able to bear the fact that one calls your purity dirty and that one desires your dirtiness, that one praises your wastefulness as miserliness and your greed as a virtue” (p. 466).
101. The previous paragraph was replaced in *LN* by “Fill your beaker with the bitter drink of subjugation, since you are not your soul. Your soul is with the fiery God who flamed up to the roof of the heavens” (ibid.).
102. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
103. This expression was not reproduced in *LN*.
104. This word was replaced by “fate” in *LN*.
105. The previous three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
106. The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by: “You will have quite enough work in hand with that. Mothers’ little dears

want to be understood. Understand yourself, that is the best protection against sensitivity and satisfies your childish longing to be understood. I suppose you want to turn others into slaves of your desirousness again? But you know that I must live with you and that I will no longer tolerate such abject plaintiveness" (p. 467).

107. Jung later described the self-criticism depicted in this opening section as the confrontation with the shadow. In 1934 he wrote: "Whoever looks into the mirror of the water will see first of all his own image. Whoever goes to himself risks a confrontation with himself. The mirror does not flatter, it faithfully shows whatever looks into it; namely the face we never show to the world because we cover it with the persona, the mask of the actor. But the mirror lies behind the mask and shows the true face. This confrontation is the first test of courage on the inner way, a test sufficient to frighten off most people, for the meeting with ourselves belongs to the more unpleasant things that can be avoided as long as one can project everything negative into the environment. But if we are able to see our own shadow and can bear knowing about it, then a small part of the problem has already been solved: we have at least brought up the personal unconscious" ("On the Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious" (*CW* 9, pt. 1, §§ 43–44).
108. Friday. Jung saw six patients. As noted above, on April 20, 1914, Jung resigned as lecturer from the medical faculty of the University of Zürich.
109. The previous sentence was replaced in *LN*: "After I had spoken these and many more angry words to my I, I noticed that I began to bear being alone with myself. But the touchiness still stirred in me frequently and I had to lash myself just as often. And I did this until even the pleasure in self-torment faded" (p. 467).
110. The preceding line was replaced in *LN* by "Otherwise I will lose the courage to live further down in the darkness of the earth" (p. 468).
111. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
112. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
113. This preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "You see my uncertainty" (p. 468).
114. The preceding two sentences were replaced by "I knew that the bird rose higher, above the clouds in the fiery brilliance of

the outspread Godhead" (ibid.).

115. Thursday.
116. In *LN*, this paragraph was replaced by "I turned to my brother, the I; he stood sadly and looked at the ground and sighed, and would rather have been dead, since the burden of enormous suffering burdened him. But a voice spoke from me and said:" (p. 468).
117. The previous sentence was replaced in *LN* by "and you are crucified for the sake of life" (ibid.).
118. "And I said to my I:" was added here in *LN*.
119. "But he sighed deeply and moaned:" was added here in *LN*.
120. "To which I answered:" was added here in *LN*.
121. In *LN*, the preceding two sentences were replaced by the following: "But I did not know what that was, since I still did not know what the future held (this happened on the 21st May of the year 1914). In the excess of suffering I looked up to the clouds and called out to my soul and asked her. And I heard her voice, happy and bright, and she answered:" (p. 468).
122. "I was seized with bitterness at these words and I cried:" was added here in *LN* (p. 469).
123. "I heard her laughing—or was she not laughing?" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
124. "Powerless anger seized me and I called out:" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
125. This expression was replaced in *LN* by "you" (ibid.).
126. "Do not be angry, do not complain" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
127. "Then my I answered:" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
128. "But I did not understand my I and therefore spoke to him:" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
129. "Then my I wailed:" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
130. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
131. "But my soul called from afar:" was added here in *LN* (p. 470).
132. The remainder of this paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
133. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
134. Saturday. Jung saw six patients.
135. The preceding line was replaced in *LN* by "These words of my soul stung me. She spoke of compassion, she, who rose up following the God without compassion, and I asked her:" (p. 470).

136. “For my human sensitivity could not grasp the hideousness of that hour” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
137. The preceding two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
138. The preceding three paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by “I: Am I not earth? Am I not excrement? Did I commit an error that forced you to follow the God into the upper realms?” (p. 470).
139. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
140. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
141. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “You know that I doubt, because of my love for men” (p. 470).
142. In *LN*, Jung added here the following reflections: “Since what my soul spoke about referred to nothing that I could see, nor could I see what my I suffered from (since this happened two months before the outbreak of the war), I wanted to understand it all as personal experiences within me, and consequently I could neither understand nor believe it all, since my belief is weak. And I believe that it is better in our time if belief is weak. We have outgrown that childhood where mere belief was the most suitable means to bring men to what is good and reasonable. Therefore if we wanted to have a strong belief again today, we would thus return to that earlier childhood. But we have so much knowledge and such a thirst for knowledge in us that we need knowledge more than belief. But the strength of belief would hinder us from attaining knowledge. Belief certainly may be something strong, but it is empty, and too little of the whole man can be involved, if our life with God is grounded only on belief. Should we simply believe first and foremost? That seems too cheap to me. Men who have understanding should not just believe, but should wrestle for knowledge to the best of their ability. Belief is not everything, but neither is knowledge. Belief does not give us the security and the wealth of knowing. Desiring knowledge sometimes takes away too much belief. Both must strike a balance. / But it is also dangerous to believe too much, because today everyone has to find his own way and encounters in himself a beyond full of strange and mighty things. He could easily take everything literally with too much belief and would be nothing but a lunatic. The childishness of belief breaks down in the face of our present necessities. We need differentiating knowledge to clear up the confusion which the discovery of the

soul has brought in. Therefore it is perhaps much better to await better knowledge before one accepts things all too believingly" (pp. 470–71). In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, he wrote: "I think, belief should be replaced by understanding" (*CW* B, § 356). On October 5, 1945, he wrote to Victor White: "I began my career with repudiating everything that smelt of belief" (Ann Conrad Lammers and Adrian Cunningham, eds., *The Jung-White Letters* [London: Routledge/Philemon Series, 2007], p. 6).

143. The previous three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
144. The previous two paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by "These words filled me with disquiet, since I felt that I could almost not accept what my soul predicted, because I did not understand it. I always wanted to understand it with regard to myself. Therefore I said to my soul:" (p. 472).
145. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
146. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
147. In *LN*, the previous sentence was replaced by " 'No,' I replied. 'No, that is not it. But I fear committing an injustice to men if I go my own way' " (p. 472).
148. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
149. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
150. The previous two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
151. The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by the following: "I could not accept these words since I feared deception. Therefore I also did not want to accept this way that forced me into dialogue with my soul. I preferred to speak with men. But I felt compelled toward solitude and I feared at the same time the solitude of my thinking which departed from accustomed paths" (p. 472).
152. A citation from John 14:2: "In my Father's house are many mansions."
153. Sunday.
154. The preceding three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
155. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
156. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
157. In *LN*, the preceding sentence was replaced by "As my soul spoke thus, an old man with a white beard and a haggard face approached me" (p. 473).
158. In *LN*, the preceding sentence was replaced by "I asked him what he wanted with me. To which he replied:" (ibid.).

159. Abbreviation for “Anchorite.”
160. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
161. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
162. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
163. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
164. In *LN*, the previous two sentences were replaced by “You should become serious, and hence take your leave from science. There is too much childishness in it” (p. 473).
165. The remainder of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
166. Jung wrote, in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*: “Taken historically, scholasticism . . . is the mother of modern scientificity, and a later time will show how and in what scholasticism furnishes still living undercurrents to the science of today” (*CW* B, § 30).
167. Monday. Jung saw seven patients. The following was added here in *LN*: “ ‘But you must set to work.’ I did not know what work was mine, since everything was dark. And everything became heavy and doubtful and an endless sadness seized me and lasted for many days. Then, one night, I heard the voice of an old man. He spoke slowly, heavily, and his sentences appeared to be disconnected and terribly absurd, so that the fear of madness seized me again. For he spoke the following words:” (pp. 473–74).
168. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
169. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
170. The remainder of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
171. In Carl Spitteler’s *Imago*, a novel, the protagonist calls his body “Konrad.” Freud and Jung adopted this usage. Cf. Freud to Jung, October 4, 1909, *Freud/Jung Letters*, p. 249.
172. Wednesday. Jung saw six patients.
173. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*. This is the one reference to “the unconscious” in *Books* 2–7.
174. The preceding two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
175. The remainder of this entry was not reproduced in *LN* and was replaced by the following: “After this nothing further was said. And then the war broke out. This opened my eyes about what I had experienced before, and it also gave me the courage to say all of that which I have written in the earlier part of this book” (p. 474).
176. From July 4 to July 6, Jung was on holiday in Pontresina in the Engadine.

177. Tuesday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*. Jung prepared for his trip to London.
178. This appears to be a later addition in pencil; “of the red book” in turn appears to have been inserted subsequently in another hand. From January 1 to January 3, 1915, Jung was on holiday in Castagnola in Ticino. He was on military service in Olten on January 4 and then again on March 10, 1915, this time with the transport for the wounded.
179. Thursday/Friday. Jung saw one and seven patients, respectively. “From there on the voices of the depths remained silent for a whole year” was added here in *LN* (p. 474). On June 4, Jung commenced a theoretical correspondence with Hans Schmid on the question of psychological types (see *The Question of Psychological Types: The Correspondence of C.G. Jung and Hans Schmid-Guisan, 1915–1916*).
180. Instead of the preceding sentence, *LN* has “I heard the voice of my soul, and she spoke: ‘That is a sign that what is below is borne upward’ ” (p. 475).
181. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
182. See introduction, p. 35. On July 9, Conrad Schneiter gave a presentation before the Association for Analytical Psychology on “Homosexuality in Schreber,” evidently reinterpreting the *Memoirs* of Daniel Paul Schreber, which Freud had analyzed. In the discussion, Jung noted: “For the Gnostics the diabolos causes the descent from the unity and the entering into the multiplicity (the centers of the senses). The concretistic understanding of symbols is devilish—a soul murder (hence projection onto Flechsig). This is why the thinking back to the origins is devilish. (*Faust*, *2*: “So, to the actively eternal creative force, in cold disdain / You now oppose the fist infernal . . . [ll. 1380ff.]). Because that way the releasing symbol will be destroyed. (The symbol itself is already something releasing)” (*MAP*, pp. 89–90).
183. Possibly a reference to Maria Moltzer and Hans Schmid. In his letter to Jung of July 6, 1915, Schmid wrote, “Once, on a motorboat trip, Miss Moltzer compared the introvert to a motorboat, and the extravert to a sailing boat” (*The Question of Psychological Types: The Correspondence of C.G. Jung and Hans Schmid-Guisan, 1915–1916*, p. 64).
184. This appears to refer to the burial of the otter lard in the “fairy tale” in *Book* 4. See pp. 269ff.

185. See above, *Book* 4, pp. 271ff.
186. On July 8 Jung saw a performancce of Mozart's opera *The Magic Flute*. On July 18, he was on holiday in Klosters.
187. Tuesday. Jung saw six patients. The following was added in *LN*: "Soon after this on an autumn night I heard the voice of an old man (and this time I knew that it was ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ). He said:" (p. 475).
188. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
189. Jung discussed the alchemical symbolism of gold in *Mysterium Coniunctionis* (*CW* 14, §§ 353ff.).
190. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
191. In place of the previous sentence, *LN* has "But I called out dismayed: 'What ambiguous speech, Oh ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ!' " (p. 476).
192. Wednesday. Jung saw six patients. "But ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ continued:" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
193. Replaced in *LN* by "self" (ibid.)
194. "And I was startled again and cried:" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
195. Friday. Jung saw seven patients.
196. A Roman expression, meaning "I give, so that you might give."
197. The preceding paragraph was replaced in *LN* by "But ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ fell silent and retired into the shimmering cloud of uncertainty. He left me to my thoughts" (p. 477).
198. "So-called" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
199. "How can anyone bear the burden of the other, if it is still the highest that one can expect from a man, that he at least bears his own burden" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
200. This word was replaced in *LN* by "society" (ibid.).
201. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
202. "But what happens if everyone surrenders themselves? That would be folly" was added here in *LN* (p. 477).
203. The next sentence and next paragraph were replaced in *LN* by "Incidentally, can one give oneself up? With this one becomes one's own slave. That is the opposite of accepting oneself. If one becomes one's own slave—and this happens to everyone who surrenders himself—one is lived by the self. One does not live one's self; it lives itself" (ibid.) On the significance for Jung of Nietzsche's understanding of the self in *Zarathustra*, see introduction, p. 66, n. 204.
204. In *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, Nietzsche writes: "You crowd together with your neighbours and have beautiful words for it.

But I tell you: Your love of your neighbour is your bad love of yourself. You flee away from yourselves and would like to make a virtue of it: but I see through your 'selflessness' " ("Of love of one's neighbour," p. 86; underlined as in Jung's copy).

205. This word was replaced in *LN* by "development" (p. 478).
206. "for example, through saddling oneself with his burden" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
207. "if one dare utter such a great word" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
208. The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by a lengthy passage expanding on the nature of the process of redemption (pp. 478–79).
209. Saturday. Jung saw five patients. *LN*, pp. 479ff.
210. "since it is torn apart all too often, not only by our vices but also by our virtues. For vices as well as virtues always want to live outside" was added here in *LN* (p. 479).
211. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*. Cf. Jung, "Transformation Symbolism in the Mass": "The self then functions as a unio oppositorum and thus constitutes the most immediate experience of the divine which is at all psychologically comprehensible" (*CW* 11, § 396). In *LN*, Jung added here a lengthy passage concerning his experience of God (pp. 480–81).
212. In 1921, Jung wrote concerning the self: "But inasmuch as the I is only the centre of my field of consciousness, it is not identical with the totality of my psyche, being merely one complex among other complexes. I therefore distinguish between the *I* and the *self*, since the I is only the subject of my consciousness, while the self is the subject of my total psyche, which also includes the unconscious" (*Psychological Types*, *CW* 6, § 706). In 1928, Jung described the process of individuation as "self-becoming" and "self-realization" (*The Relations Between the I and the Unconscious*, *CW* 7, § 266). Jung defined the self as the archetype of order and noted that representations of the self were indistinguishable from God-images (chapter 4, "The self," *Aion*, *CW* 9, pt. 2). In 1944 he noted that he chose the term because this concept was "on the one hand definite enough to convey the sum of human wholeness and on the other hand indefinite enough to express the indescribable and indeterminate nature of this wholeness. . . . in scientific usage the 'self' refers neither to Christ nor to

the Buddha but to the totality of the figures that are its equivalent, and each of these figures is a *symbol of the self*" (*Psychology and Alchemy*, *CW* 12, § 20).

213. The remainder of this entry, up to the dividing line, was replaced in *LN* by a lengthy passage on the service of the self and the relation of the self to the God (pp. 482–83).

214. Galatians 6:2.

215. An echo of the saying "Omnia mea mecum porto" (All that is mine I carry with me), echoed in *Book* 4, p. 242.

216. In *LN*, this paragraph was preceded by "In the following night, I heard the voice of ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ again and he said:" (p. 483).

217. In his proclamation of the death of God in Nietzsche's *The Gay Science*, the madman exclaims, "What after all are these churches now, if they are not the tombs and sepulchres of God?" (trans. Walter Kaufmann, § 125, p. 182).

218. In place of the next sentence, *LN* has: "These words disturbed me since I had thought before precisely to free myself from the God. But ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ advised me to enter even deeper into the God. / Since the God has ascended to the upper realms, ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ also has become different. He first appeared to me as a magician who lived in a distant land, but then I felt his nearness and, since the God has ascended, I knew that ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ had intoxicated me and given me a language that was foreign to me and of a different sensitivity. All of this faded when the God arose and only ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ kept that language. But I felt that he went on other ways than I did. Probably the most part of what I have written in the earlier part of this book was given to me by ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ. Consequently I was as if intoxicated. But now I noticed that ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ assumed a form distinct from me" (p. 483).

219. Between September 28 and November 4, Jung was on military service.

220. Thursday. Jung saw one patient. *Scrutinies* {4} (*LN*, pp. 483ff.). On November 6, he concluded his theoretical correspondence with Hans Schmid in a manner that signaled a return to the elaboration of his fantasies in the *Black Books*. On November 5, he wrote to Adolf Keller in response to one of his sermons: "You describe the process of self-awareness and self-absorption that leads to the renewal of one's disposition and, in turn, to the brotherhood of man. I concur thoroughly with this

logical insight. Why are people such fools that they do not simply do this? They could do so from insight and will—as we have done thus far. In reality it does not happen this way, but completely differently. That is, this process must be *lived*, after which the following occurs: / I. Stage of introversion: separation of the individual from society. Because of inordinately strong social cohesion this does not take place without misunderstanding, enmity, and hatred = war. / II. Stage of libido in the mother: reawakening of the archaic = psychosis. Unleashing of the highest and the deepest. An almost anarchic state, in any case a disintegration of society to a high degree. (Dismemberment motif). / III. Stage of emergence: a mystical development and unification about which I cannot yet say much, which I am better able to sense intuitively than think. For as yet we have hardly lived this out. The disintegration of tradition is not yet complete. The isolation will be insupportable. A start on this is to be found in the national experience of isolation" (Marianne Jehle-Wildberger, ed., *C.G. Jung and Adolf Keller: On Theology and Psychology. A Correspondence*, trans. Heather McCartney with John Peck [Princeton: Princeton University Press/Philemon Series, forthcoming]).

221. Instead of this paragraph, *LN* has: "Several weeks later, three shades approached me. I noticed from their chilly breath that they were dead. The first figure was that of a woman. She drew near and made a soft whirring sound, the whirring of the wings of the sun beetle. Then I recognized her. When she was still alive, she recovered the mysteries of the Egyptians for me, the red sun disk and the song of the golden wings. She remained shadowy and I could hardly understand her words" (p. 483).
222. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
223. The preceding three clauses were replaced in *LN* by "how difficult" (p. 484).
224. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "I answered dismayed: 'I do not know the word that you seek' " (ibid.).
225. The preceding four paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by "The symbol, the middle" (ibid.).
226. Instead of the last two paragraphs, *LN* has: " 'I do not know the symbol that you demand.'/ But she insisted: 'You can do it, reach for it.' / And precisely at this moment the sign was placed in my hand and I looked at it filled with boundless

astonishment. Then she spoke loudly and joyfully to me:" (ibid.).

227. Instead of this sentence, *LN* has "That is it, that is HAP, the symbol that we desired, that we needed" (ibid.).
228. *LN* instead has " 'Why do you need HAP?' I replied" (ibid.).
229. "But the dead one spoke full of triumph:" was added here in *LN*.
230. *LN* instead has: "He is the flesh spirit, the blood spirit, he is the extract of all bodily juices, the spirit of the sperm and the entrails, of the genitals, of the head, of the feet, of the hands, of the joints, of the bones, of the eyes and ears, of the nerves and the brain; he is the spirit of the sputum and of excretion" (p. 484).
231. Instead of the preceding sentence, *LN* has "The enlightening thought comes from the body" (ibid.).
232. Instead of the preceding three paragraphs, *LN* has " 'Damned horror! No, three times no,' I cried in outrage" (p. 485).
233. "This meal" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
234. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
235. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
236. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
237. Instead of the preceding three paragraphs, *LN* has: " 'That is horribly absurd! What are you talking about?' / But she looked at me as she had done on the day I had last seen her among the living, and on which she showed me, unaware of its meaning, something of the mystery of what the Egyptians had left behind. And she said to me:" (p. 485).
238. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "The way that leads to this knowledge is Hell" (ibid.).
239. Sunday. The following was added here in *LN*: "From this I sank into gloomy brooding since I suspected the heaviness and incomprehension and the immeasurable solitude of this way. And after a long struggle with all the weakness and cowardice in me, I decided to take upon myself this solitude of the holy error and the eternally valid truth. And in the third night I called to my dead beloved and asked her:" (pp. 485–86).
240. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "open to me the darkness of the spirits!" (p. 486).
241. The preceding clause and the next three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.

242. *LN* instead has “HAP” (p. 486). The following references may be connected to this. In *The Egyptian Heaven and Hell*, Wallis Budge notes that “The Phallus of his Pepi is Hap” (vol. 1, p. 110). He notes that Hap is a son of Horus (p. 491—Jung placed a mark in the margin by this in his copy). He also notes, “In the *Book of the Dead* these four children of Horus play very prominent parts, and the deceased endeavoured to gain their help and protection at all costs, both by offerings and prayers. . . . the four children of Horus shared the protection of the deceased among them, and as far back as the Vth dynasty we find that <u>they presided over his life in the underworld</u>” (ibid.; underlining as in Jung’s copy) (London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Trübner, 1905).
243. The previous clause was not reproduced in *LN*. Cf. Jung’s childhood dream of the ritual phallus in the underground temple (*Memories*, pp. 26ff.).
244. “the phallus” is replaced in *LN* by “HAP” (p. 486).
245. “She moaned and whispered with a weak voice:” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
246. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by “that is fullness of life” (ibid.).
247. The remainder of this clause and the next sentence was replaced in *LN* by “since we hover on the ocean of the air like birds above the sea. Many went beyond limits, fluttering on indeterminate paths of outer space, bumping at hazard into alien worlds” (ibid.).
248. The preceding three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
249. The next two paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by “She whispered with a hesitant voice:” (p. 487).
250. In 1912, Jung discussed the Hecate mysteries that flourished in Rome at the end of the fourth century. Hecate, the Goddess of magic and spells, guards the underworld and is seen as the sender of madness. She is identified with Brimo, a Goddess of death (*Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, *CW* B, §§ 586ff.).
251. This phrase was replaced in *LN* by “the powerful HAP” (ibid.).
252. In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, Jung referred to Nut, the Egyptian sky Goddess, who arches over the earth, daily giving birth to the sun God (*CW* B, § 364).
253. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.

254. The remainder of this paragraph and all of the next paragraph were replaced in *LN* by “Born from below, he fertilizes the Above, since the wife is his mother, and the mother is his wife” (p. 487).
255. *LN* instead has “Accursed teaching!” (ibid.).
256. “I cried full of outrage and abhorrence” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
257. The remainder of this paragraph, the next three paragraphs, and the following sentence were replaced in *LN* by “it gives birth to a man who carries the burden of sin—that is the tree of life and of unending duration. Give me your blood! Listen!” (ibid.).
258. The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by the following: “when Brimo, the heavenly, was pregnant, she gave birth to the dragon, first the afterbirth and then the son, HAP, and the one who carried HAP. HAP is the rebellion of the Below, but the bird comes from the Above and places itself on the head of HAP. That is peace. You are a vessel. Speak, Heaven, pour out your rain. You are a shell. Empty shells do not spill, they catch. May it stream in from all the winds. Let me tell you that another evening is approaching. A day, two days, many days have come to an end. The light of day goes down and illumines the shadow, itself a shadow of the sun. Life becomes a shadow, and the shadow enlivens itself, the shadow that is greater than you. Do you think that your shadow is your son? He is small at midday, and fills the sky at midnight” (ibid.).
259. Tuesday. Jung saw seven patients.
260. The preceding part of this entry was not reproduced in *LN* and was replaced by “But I was exhausted and desperate and could hear no more, and so I said to the dead one:” (p. 487).
261. Thursday. Jung saw no patients.
262. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
263. “The shadow of the dead one raised its voice and said:” was added here in *LN* (p. 488).
264. “a breath of emptiness” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
265. “—what are you thinking of?” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
266. The remainder of this paragraph was replaced in *LN* by “Mysteries? Will the living live from these? I regard your mysteries as tricks if the living cannot live from them” (ibid.).
267. “But she interrupted me and cried:” was added here in *LN* (p. 489).

268. *LN* instead has “my” (ibid.).
269. “But she spoke calmly:” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
270. The remainder of this paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
271. “But she was unsparing” was added here in *LN* (p. 489).
272. The remainder of this entry and the first four paragraphs of the following entry were replaced in *LN* by a lengthy passage in which the dead one spoke against hypocritical preachers, and about the importance of love, which commenced with being able to endure oneself (pp. 489–90).
273. The current pope was Benedict XV (1854–1922), who succeeded Pope Pius X on the latter’s death in September 1914.
274. Monday. Jung saw seven patients. The first three paragraphs of this entry were not reproduced in *LN*.
275. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “You are bound to see what human love is still good enough for—a means like other means” (p. 490).
276. The remainder of this paragraph was replaced in *LN* by “You should learn to freeze” (ibid.).
277. The following ten paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
278. *LN* instead has “you, you slave, you vessel” (p. 490).
279. *LN* instead has “pity” (ibid.).
280. *LN* instead has “Your” rather than “The” before “Christian” (ibid.).
281. “the veils that blinded your eyes” was added here in *LN* (pp. 490–91).
282. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
283. The next five paragraphs and the first two sentences of the next paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
284. Monday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
285. Sunday. Jung saw one patient. At Christmas, he painted a portrait of Izdubar in the calligraphic volume of *LN* (Image 36).
286. “No one forces me to; only the foreign will in me commands and I cannot escape since I find no grounds to do so” was added here in *LN* (p. 491).
287. “But the dead one replied:” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
288. This expression was not reproduced in *LN*.
289. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by “but not from longing” (ibid.).
290. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.

291. The preceding expression was replaced in *LN* by “without me” (p. 492).
292. The following three paragraphs and the first sentence of the fourth paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
293. *LN* instead has “community” (p. 492).
294. The following seven paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by “ ‘This is pure madness,’ I cried out indignantly, ‘why do you speak of a church? Am I a prophet? How can I claim such for myself? I am just a man who is not entitled to know any better than others.’ / But she replied:” (ibid.).
295. The remainder of this paragraph and the next three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
296. The following three paragraphs and the first line of the fourth paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
297. “holy” was added here in *LN* (p. 492).
298. The terms “*hinübergehen*” (going across), “*Übergang*” (going-across), “*Untergang*” (down-going), and “*Brücke*” feature in Nietzsche’s *Zarathustra* in relation to the passage from man to Übermensch, or superman. For example, “What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal: what can be loved in man is that he is a going-across and a down-going. / I love those who do not know how to live except their lives be a down-going, for they are those who are going over” (trans. R. Hollingdale [Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1984], p. 44, tr. mod.; words are underlined as in Jung’s copy). The following three sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
299. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
300. “founded on outer signs with a solid meaning” was added here in *LN*.
301. The following three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
302. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
303. “The dead demand your expiatory prayers” was added here in *LN* (p. 492). The following five paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by “And when she spoke these words, she raised her voice and evoked the dead in my name:” (ibid.).
304. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
305. Cf. Matthew 26:26: “And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body.”
306. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
307. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.

308. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
309. The previous two sentences were replaced in *LN* by “When the dead one had ended this prayer, she turned to me again and said:” (p. 493).
310. *LN* instead has “The history of humanity” (p. 494).
311. “Vain deception!” was added here in *LN*.
312. Saturday. Jung saw five patients. See *Scrutinies* {5} (*LN*, p. 494). “When the dead one had uttered all these words, she disappeared. I sank into gloominess and dull confusion. When I looked up again, I saw my soul in the upper realms, hovering irradiated by the distant brilliance that streamed from the Godhead. And I called out:” was added here.
313. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
314. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
315. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
316. In Gethsemane, Christ said: “O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt” (Matthew 26:39).
317. *LN* instead has “human worm” (p. 495). Cf. Job 25:6: “How much less man, that is a worm? and the son of man, which is a worm?”
318. *LN* instead has “thrust the terrible God-slug” (p. 495).
319. *LN* instead has “who at the same time is all emptiness and all fullness?” (ibid.).
320. Monday. Jung saw six patients.
321. The following was added here in *LN*: “As I proclaimed these words, I noticed that ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ stood behind me and had given them to me. He came alongside me invisibly, and I felt the presence of the good and the beautiful. And he spoke to me with a soft deep voice:” (p. 495).
322. The following was added here in *LN*: “Why? Where from? Because you venerate her. The dead too want the same thing. Why don’t they stay quiet? Because they have not crossed over to the other side. Why do they want sacrifice? So they can live. But why do they still want to live with men? Because they want to rule. They have not come to an end with their craving for power, since they died still lusting for power” (ibid.).
323. In place of the remainder of this sentence, *LN* has: “How should I praise the miracle of her beauty and perfection? Does she not stand in the brilliance of immortal youth? Is her love

not intoxicating wine and her wisdom the primordial cleverness of serpents?" (p. 496).

324. The preceding two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.

325. *LN* instead has "The excess of your rage, your despair, and your love belong to her, but only the excess. If you give her this excess" (p. 496).

326. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.

327. The following was added here in *LN*: "and do piously what befits your kind. You should act not on the other but on yourself, unless the other asks for your help or opinion. Do you understand what the other does? Never—how should you? Does the other understand what you do? Whence do you take the right to think about the other and act on him? You have neglected yourself, your garden is full of weeds, and you want to teach your neighbor about order and provide evidence for his shortcomings" (p. 497).

328. "about the others" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).

329. In place of the preceding line, *LN* has: "Because there would be plenty to discuss concerning your own daimons. But if you act on and think about the other without him soliciting your opinion or advice, you do so because you cannot distinguish yourself from your soul. Therefore you fall victim to her presumption and help her into whoring. Or do you believe that you must lend your human power to the soul or the Gods, or even that it will be useful and pious work if you want to bring the Gods to bear on others? Blinded one, that is Christian presumptuousness. The Gods don't need your help, you laughable idolater, who seem to yourself like a God and want to form, improve, rebuke, educate, and create men. Are you perfect yourself?—therefore remain silent, mind your business, and behold your inadequacy every day. You are most in need of your own help; you should keep your opinions and good advice ready for yourself and not run to others like a whore with understanding and the desire to help. You don't need to play God" (ibid.).

330. The remainder of this paragraph was replaced in *LN* by: "So let them go to work, but not through you, or else you yourself will become a daimon to others; leave them to themselves and don't preempt them with awkward love, concern, care, advice, and other presumptions. Otherwise you would be doing the work of the daimons; you yourself would become a daimon and

therefore go into a frenzy. But the daimons are pleased at the raving of helpless men advising and striving to help others. So stay quiet, fulfill the cursed work of redemption on yourself, for then the daimons must torment themselves and in the same way all your fellow men, who do not distinguish themselves from their souls and let themselves be mocked by daimons. Is it cruel to leave your blinded fellow human beings to their own devices? It would be cruel if you could open their eyes. But you could open their eyes only if they solicited your opinion and help. Yet if they do not, they do not need your help. If you force your help on them nonetheless, you become their daimon and increase their blindness, since you set a bad example" (p. 497).

331. "and you should not pursue whoring with other souls" was added here in *LN* (p. 498).
332. *LN* instead has "as if you yourself were a soul" (ibid.).
333. In *LN*, the preceding clause was replaced by "who needs all his force for his own completion. Why do you look to the other? What you see in him lies neglected in yourself" (ibid.).
334. The preceding two sentences were replaced in *LN* by: "You should be the guard before the prison of your soul. You are your soul's eunuch, who protects her from Gods and men, or protects the Gods and men from her" (ibid.).
335. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "Your soul could seize this poison and thereby endanger even the Gods" (ibid.).
336. This expression was replaced in *LN* by "soul under wraps, distinguish yourself from her" (ibid.).
337. The next six paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by the following: "When ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ had finished, I turned to my soul, who had come nearer from above during ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ's speech, and spoke to her: 'Have you heard what ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ has been saying? How does this tone strike you? Is his advice good?' But she said, 'Do not mock, or else you strike yourself. Do not forget to love me' " (pp. 489–90).
338. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
339. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
340. *LN* instead has "I" (p. 499).
341. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
342. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by " 'And do you agree that I throw you into prison?' I asked" (p. 499).
343. *LN* instead has "there" (ibid.).

344. Tuesday. Jung saw seven patients. “And at the same time fury seized me:” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
345. This expression was not reproduced in *LN*.
346. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
347. The following was added here in *LN*: “Then my soul writhed and like a downtrodden worm turned and cried out:” (p. 500).
348. The previous two sentences and the next three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN* (ibid.).
349. Revelation 20:2–3: “And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled: and after that he must be loosed a little season.”
350. The previous sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
351. The following was added here in *LN*: “While I spoke to my soul in this way, ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ stood silently a little distance off. But now he stepped forward, laid his hand on my shoulder, and spoke in my name:” (ibid.).
352. The last word was not reproduced in *LN*.
353. *LN* instead has “we” as the subject for the remainder of this entry (pp. 500–501).
354. Some varieties of chickens, such as the silkie, have black fur. Jung may also have been referring to a black-legged chicken, such as a poulet de Bresse, prized for its flavor.
355. Thursday. Jung saw one patient. The following was added here in *LN*: “After ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ had ended, my soul looked saddened and pleased, and hesitated and yet hurried to prepare herself to leave us and to ascend again, happy at the regained freedom. But I suspected something secret in her, something that she sought to hide from me. Therefore I did not let her make off, but spoke to her:” (p. 501).
356. “But she looked at me as innocently as a dove and said gently:” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
357. “I do not withhold anything from you” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
358. “Then I cried enraged:” was added here in *LN* (p. 502).
359. “I saw the sparkling light of the jewel;” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
360. “Then she broke out in defiant tears and said:” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).

361. “I want to love, not you through me” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
362. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “and fawn like hungry hounds” (ibid.).
363. The remainder of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by “than you godless Gods” (p. 503).
364. “the sweet miracle,” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
365. “Oh, men,” was replaced in *LN* by “I” (ibid.).
366. “Ambrosia and nectar are the flesh and blood of men, truly a noble meal” was added here in *LN* (ibid.). In Greek mythology, ambrosia and nectar are the food and drink of the Gods.
367. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “They waste the drink in drunkenness, the goods of the poor, since they have neither God nor soul presiding over them as their judges” (ibid.).
368. “you daimons and souls” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
369. “who is renewal to you all” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
370. “who is my renewal” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
371. “Then ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ approached me, raised his hand, and spoke:” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
372. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
373. Friday. Jung saw eight patients.
374. The following was added here in *LN*: “A night and a day passed, and when night came again and I looked around I saw that my soul hesitated and waited. So I addressed her:” (p. 503).
375. This was replaced in *LN* with “learn to honor humankind,” (p. 504).
376. In Exodus 3, God appears to Moses in the burning bush and promises to lead his people out of Egypt into a land flowing with milk and honey.
377. Cf. the Lord’s Prayer: “For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever.”
378. The previous clause was replaced in *LN* by “and I will remain silent” (p. 504).
379. Saturday. Jung saw five patients.
380. The preceding two paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by “ ‘Now then,’ she said, ‘I want to set to work’ ” (ibid.).
381. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
382. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.

383. The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by the following: “It is practice and incubation in a smelter, a taking-back into the interior, into the hot accumulation where rust and brokenness are taken away through the heat of the fire. It is a holy ceremony, help me so that my work may succeed. / ‘Touch the earth, press your hand into matter, shape it with care. The power of matter is great. Did HAP not come from matter? Is matter not the filling of emptiness? By forming matter, I shape your salvation. If you do not doubt the power of HAP, how can you doubt the power of its mother, matter? Matter is stronger than HAP, since HAP is the son of the earth. The hardest matter is the best; you should form the most durable matter. This strengthens thought’ ” (pp. 504–5).

384. Sunday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*. It formed the basis of the cosmology elaborated in the *Septem Sermones ad Mortuous* (see below). Given its significance, it was included as Appendix C in *LN* (pp. 577–82).

385. In *Aion* (*CW* 9, pt. 1, §§ 139ff.), Jung accords special significance to Joachim of Fiore (1135–1202), who spoke of a series of three states of the world of increasing spirituality: the Age of the Father, corresponding to the Old Testament, characterized by obedience to the rules of God; the Age of the Son, from the birth of Christ to 1260, corresponding to the New Testament, in which man becomes a son of God; and the Age of the Holy Spirit, when mankind comes into direct contact with God in a new dispensation of universal love proceeding from the Gospel of Christ but transcending the letter of it.

386. Goethe’s *Faust* ends with a vision of the Mater Gloriosa. In his lecture “*Faust* and alchemy,” Jung said: “The Mater Coelestis should on no account be thought of as Mary or the Church. She is rather Aphrodite urania, as in St. Augustine or Pico de Mirandola, the beatissima mater.” In Irene Gerber-Münch, *Goethes Faust: Eine tiefenpsychologische Studie über den Mythos des modernen Menschen. Mit dem Vortrag von C.G. Jung, Faust und die Alchemie* (Küsnacht: Verlag Stiftung für Jung’sche Psychologie, 1997, p. 37).

387. In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, Jung noted: “The phallus is the creature that moves without limbs, sees without eyes, and knows the future; and as the symbolic representative of ubiquitous creative power it claims immortality” (*CW* B, § 209). He goes on to discuss phallic Gods.

388. The Pleroma, or fullness, is a term from Gnosticism. It played a central role in the Valentinian system. Hans Jonas states that "Pleroma is the standard term for the fully explicated manifold of divine characteristics, whose standard number is thirty, forming a hierarchy and together constituting the divine realm" (*The Gnostic Religion: The Message of the Alien God and the Beginnings of Christianity* [London, Routledge, 1992], p. 180). In 1929, Jung said: "The Gnostics . . . expressed it as Pleroma, a state of fullness where the pairs of opposites, yea and nay, day and night, are together, then when they 'become,' it is either day or night. In the state of 'promise' before they become, they are nonexistent, there is neither white nor black, good nor bad" (William McGuire, ed., *Dream Analysis: Notes of the Seminar Given in 1928–1930* [Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 1984], p. 131). In his later writings, Jung used the term to designate a state of preexistence and potentiality, identifying it with the Tibetan Bardo: "He must . . . accustom himself to the idea that 'time' is a relative concept and needs to be compensated by the concept of a 'simultaneous' Bardo—or pleromatic existence of all historical processes. What exists in the Pleroma as an eternal 'process' appears in time as aperiodic sequence, that is to say, it is repeated many times in an irregular pattern" (*Answer to Job*, *CW* 11, § 629; see also pp. 620, 624, 675, 686, 727, 733, 748). The distinction that Jung draws between the Pleroma and the creation has some points of contact with Meister Eckhart's differentiation between the Godhead and God. Jung commented on this in *Psychological Types* (*CW* 6, §§ 429ff.). The relation of Jung's Pleroma to Eckhart is discussed by Christine Maillard, *Au coeur du Livre Rouge. Les Sept Sermons aux Morts. Aux sources de la pensé de C.G. Jung* (Paris: La compagnie du livre rouge, 2017), pp. 118–20. In 1955–56, Jung equated the Pleroma with the alchemist Gerhardus Dorn's notion of the unus mundus (one world) (*Mysterium Coniunctionis*, *CW* 14, § 660). Jung adopted this expression to designate the transcendental postulate of the unity underlying the multiplicity of the empirical world (ibid., pp. 759ff.).

389. The *principium individuationis* is a notion from the philosophy of Arthur Schopenhauer. He defined it as space and time, noting that he had borrowed the expression from scholasticism. The *principium individuationis* was the possibility of

multiplicity (*The World as Will and Representation* [1819], trans. E. J. Payne, 2 vols. [New York: Dover], pp. 145–46). The term was used by Eduard von Hartmann, who saw its origin in the unconscious. It designated the "uniqueness" of each individual, set against the "all-one unconscious" (*Philosophie des Unbewussten: Versuch ein Weltanschauung* [Berlin: C. Dunker, 1869], p. 519). In 1912, Jung wrote, "Diversity arises from individuation. This fact validates an essential part of Schopenhauer's and Hartmann's philosophy in profound psychological terms" (*Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, *CW* B, § 289). In a series of papers and presentations later in 1916, he developed his concept of individuation ("The Structure of the Unconscious," *CW* 7, and "Individuation and Collectivity," *CW* 18) (see introduction). In 1921, he defined it as follows: "The concept of individuation plays no minor role in our psychology. Individuation is in general the process of the formation and particularization of individual beings; especially the development of the psychological individual, as a being distinct from generality, from collective psychology. Individuation, therefore, is a process of differentiation, having for its goal the development of the individual personality" (*Psychological Types*, *CW* 7, § 758).

390. "I am a star, wandering about with you"—from the Mithras liturgy (Albrecht Dieterich, *Eine Mithrasliturgie* [Leipzig: B. G. Teubner, 1903], p. 8, l. 5). Jung carved the continuation of this sentence on his stone at Bollingen.

391. "You are Gods": see John 10:34: "The Jews answered him, saying, for a good work we stone thee not; but for blasphemy; and because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God. Jesus answered them, Is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are gods?"

392. These are the astrological symbols for Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune, Uranus, and the Sun.

393. Jung later incorporated this image into a painting titled *Systema Mundi Totius* (see appendix, p. 131). On the back of it, he wrote in English: "This is the first mandala I constructed in the year 1916, wholly unconscious of what it meant." The painting contains the figure of Phanes, who makes his first appearance in the *Black Books* on September 28, 1916 (*Book* 6, p. 260), suggesting that the *Systema* was painted sometime after this.

394. In 1917, Jung wrote a chapter on “The sexual theory” in *The Psychology of the Unconscious Processes*, which presented a critique of the psychoanalytic understanding of the erotic. In his 1928 revision of this chapter, retitled “The Eros theory,” he added: “ ‘The Erotic’ belongs on the one hand to the original drive nature of man. On the other hand it is related to the highest forms of the spirit. It only thrives when spirit and drive are in right harmony. . . . ‘Eros is a mighty daemon,’ as the wise Diotima said to Socrates. He is not all of nature within us, though he is at least one of its essential aspects” (*CW* 7, §§ 32–33). In the *Symposium*, Diotima teaches Socrates about the nature of Eros. She tells him, “ ‘He is a great spirit, Socrates. Everything classed as a spirit falls between god and human.’ ‘What function do they have?’ I asked. ‘They interpret and carry messages from humans to gods and from gods to humans. They convey prayers and sacrifices from humans, and commands and gifts in return for sacrifices from gods. Being intermediate between the other two, they fill the gap between them, and enable the universe to form an interconnected whole. They serve as the medium for all divination, for priestly expertise in sacrifice, ritual and spells, and for all prophecy and sorcery. Gods do not make direct contact with humans; they communicate and converse with humans (whether awake or asleep) entirely through the medium of spirits’ ” (trans. C. Gill [London: Penguin, 1999], pp. 202e–203a). In *Memories*, Jung reflected on the nature of Eros, describing it as “a *kosmogonos*, a creator and father-mother of all consciousness” (p. 387). This cosmogonic characterization of Eros needs to be distinguished from Jung’s use of the term to characterize women’s consciousness. See *Boo*k 2, p. 183, n. 182.

395. In 1932, Jung wrote: “the Gnostic symbol Abraxas, a made-up name meaning three hundred and sixty-five. . . . the Gnostics used it as the name of their supreme deity. He was a time god. The philosophy of Bergson, *la durée créatrice*, is an expression of the same idea.” And: “just as this archetypal world of the collective unconscious is exceedingly paradoxical, always yea and nay, that figure of Abraxas means the beginning and the end, it is life and death, therefore it is represented by a monstrous figure. It is a monster because it is the life of vegetation in the course of one year, the spring and the autumn, the summer and the winter, the yea and nay of nature.

So Abraxas is really identical with the Demiurgos, the world creator. And as such he is surely identical with the Purusha, or with Shiva" (November 16, 1932, *VS*, vol. 2, pp. 806–7). He added: "Abraxas is usually represented with the head of a fowl, the body of a man, and the tail of a serpent, but there is also the lion-headed symbol with a dragon's body, the head crowned with the twelve rays, alluding to the number of months" (June 7, 1933, *VS*, vol. 2, pp. 1041–42). According to St. Irenaeus, Basilides held that "the ruler of them is named Abrasaks, and that is why this (ruler) has the number 365 within it" (Layton, *The Gnostic Scriptures*, p. 425). Abraxas featured in Albrecht Dieterich's *Abraxas. Studien zur Religiongeschichte des späten Altertums (*Leipzig: B. G. Teubner, 1891). Jung closely studied this work early in 1913, and his copy is annotated. He also had a copy of Charles King's *The Gnostics and Their Remains* (London: Bell and Daldy, 1864), and there are marginal annotations next to a passage discussing the etymology of Abraxas on p. 37.

396. Tuesday. Jung saw six patients.

397. The first five paragraphs and the first sentence of the sixth paragraph were replaced in *LN* by the following: "I did as my soul advised, and formed in matter the thoughts that she gave me. She spoke often and at length to me about the wisdom that lies behind us. But one night she suddenly came to me with a sense of unease and anxiety and exclaimed: 'What am I seeing? What does the future harbor? Blazing fire?' " (*Scrutinies* {6}, pp. 505ff.).

398. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "how many lights burn?" (ibid.).

399. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.

400. The remainder of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by "an immeasurable sea of embers" (ibid.).

401. The remainder of this paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.

402. "To torment me?" was added here in *LN* (p. 506).

403. The painting *Systema Mundi Totius* has a legend at the bottom: "Abraxas dominus mundi" (Abraxas Master of the World).

404. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.

405. *LN* instead has "He" (p. 506).

406. "Liar" was not reproduced in *LN*.

407. The following paragraph was replaced in *LN* by: " 'What is my word?' I answered. 'It is the stammering of a minor; it is my poverty and my incapacity, my inability to do otherwise. And you want to drag this before the ruler of this world?' " (ibid.).
408. Cf. Luke 23:46: "And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus, he gave up the ghost."
409. Instead of the next sentence, *LN* has "But she looked straight into the distance and said, 'I see the surface of the earth and smoke sweeps over' " (p. 506).
410. "from the north" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
411. "—people are going mad—" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
412. *LN* has "you" and "your" in place of "I" and "my" in the remainder of this paragraph (ibid.). Here, the "I" sees the vision and describes it; in *LN*, the vision is seen by the soul.
413. "and foul-sounding" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
414. The next four paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
415. Cf. Matthew 27:46: "And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"
416. "With these words my soul vanished" was added here in *LN* (p. 507).
417. Sunday. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*. On January 27, 1916, there was a presentation to the Association for Analytical Psychology by Adolf Keller concerning Théodore Flournoy's "Une mystique moderne." Jung had two copies of this work, both of which were annotated. In the discussion, Toni Wolff noted, "In analysis one can also reach God through love and will, not by overpowering, as K. thinks." Jung replied, "In analysis we rather get prepared for it. If not, overpowering happens." Schneiter commented, "The unio mystica of the mystics is love," and Jung commented, "The experience of the devil is missing." Emma Jung commented, "The concept of God does precisely *not* match a known image or an imago," to which Jung replied, "That is already the case with the primitives (the God is not the father, but the Grandfather, etc.). This shows that it is not a revaluation of the father and that it is only concept by proxy that could be replaced by any other. God is everything that is xx and creates emotion." Further on in the discussion, Jung commented: "First God is felt traditionally, conventionally, then dynamically, then felt into humanity (as

magical effect of the person). But this results in a God beyond good and evil. It leads to the devil (as war). It is a primitive thought: everything alien is magical. Also medieval. Mlle V shows us that she experiences God as a subjective dynamis, and between men it is the personal. A God beyond good and evil questions the human relationship . . . a God beyond good and evil is not Christian either. The Christian is only an etiquette.—If she was to continue consequently, she would come between the poles. At the end she takes the view, according to which she turns into a Christ herself. This is already analytical. The Christians become christiani, not christoi" (*MAP*, pp. 99ff.). Jung's comments concerning a God beyond good and evil converge with the conception of Abraxas that he was elaborating in these entries.

418. Saturday. Jung saw five patients. This entry was replaced in *LN* by the following: "But I remained anxious and confused for many days. And my soul remained silent and was not to be seen. But one night a dark crowd knocked at my door, and I trembled with fear. Then my soul appeared and said in haste, 'They are here and will tear open your door.' / 'So that the wicked herd can break into my garden? Should I be plundered and thrown out onto the street? You make me into an ape and a child's plaything. When, Oh my God, shall I be saved from this Hell of fools? But I want to hack to pieces your cursed webs, go to Hell, you fools. What do you want with me?'/ But she interrupted me and said, 'What are you talking about? Let the dark ones speak.'/ I retorted, 'How can I trust you? You work for yourself, not for me. What good are you, if you can't even protect me from the devil's confusion?'/ 'Be quiet,' she replied, 'or else you'll disturb the work' " (p. 507).

419. An aromatic ointment.

420. Sunday. The first fourteen paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by the following: "And as she spoke these words, behold, ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ came up to me, dressed in the white robe of a priest, and lay his hand on my shoulder. Then I said to the dark ones, 'So speak, you dead.' And immediately they cried in many voices," (p. 507). Concerning the relation of Philemon to the Sermones, Jung told Aniela Jaffé: "I grasped him [Philemon] so to speak in the Sermones that he uttered. In the 'Septem Sermones' there was only mention of him. The 'Sermones,' that

was later, when Philemon lost his absolute autonomy" (*MP*, p. 25).

421. See *Book* 4, p. 207, where the dead Anabaptists led by Ezekiel head to Jerusalem to pray at the holy places.

422. The following six paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by "Then ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ lifted his voice and taught them, saying (and this is the first sermon to the dead)" (p. 508). Jung's calligraphic and printed versions of the *Sermones* bear the subheading "The seven instructions of the dead. Written by Basilides in Alexandria, where the East touches the West. Translated from the original Greek text into the German language." Basilides was a Christian philosopher in Alexandria in the first part of the second century. Little is known about his life. His teachings present a cosmogonic myth. Only fragments of them have survived, and none in his own hand. For the extant fragments and commentary, see Layton, *The Gnostic Scriptures*, pp. 417–44. According to Charles King, Basilides was by birth an Egyptian. Before his conversion to Christianity, he "followed the doctrines of Oriental Gnosis, and endeavoured . . . to combine the tenets of the Christian religion with the Gnostic philosophy. . . . For this purpose he chose expressions of his own invention, and ingenious symbols" (D. King, *The Gnostics and their Remains* [1864], pp. 33–34). According to Layton, the classical Gnostic myth has the following structure: "Act 1. The expansion of a solitary first principle (god) into a full nonphysical (spiritual) universe. Act II. Creation of the material universe, including stars, planets, earth, and hell. Act III. Creation of Adam, Eve, and their children. Act IV. Subsequent history of the human race" (Layton, *The Gnostic Scriptures*, p. 13). Thus in its broadest outlines, Jung's *Sermones* is presented in a form analogous to a Gnostic myth. Jung discusses Basilides in *Aion*. He credits the Gnostics for having found suitable symbolic expressions of the self and notes that Basilides and Valentinus "allowed themselves to be influenced in a large measure by natural inner experience. They therefore provide, like the alchemists, a veritable mine of information concerning all those symbols arising out of the repercussions of the Christian message. At the same time, their ideas compensate the aysmmetry of God postulated by the doctrine of the *privatio boni*, exactly like those well-known modern tendencies of the unconscious to produce symbols of totality for bridging the gap

between consciousness and the unconscious" (*CW* 9, pt. 2, § 428). In 1915, he wrote a letter to a friend from his student days, Rudolf Lichtenhan, who had written a book, *Die Offenbarung im Gnosticismus* (1901). From Lichtenhan's reply, dated November 11, it appears that Jung had asked for information concerning the conception of different human characters in Gnosticism and their possible correlation with William James's distinction between tough- and tender-minded characters (*JA*). In *Memories*, Jung said: "Between 1918 and 1926 I had seriously studied the Gnostics, for they too had been confronted with the primal world of the unconscious. They had dealt with its contents and images, which were obviously contaminated with the world of drives" (p. 226). He was already reading Gnostic literature in the course of his preparatory reading for *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*. While on military service on October 12, 1915, he was reading about Simon Magus and Basilides and was struck by the parallels with his own material. There has been an extensive body of commentary concerning the *Septem Sermones*. These studies provide some valuable points of discussion. However, these should be treated cautiously, because (with the exception of the revised edition of the first, and the second) they consider the *Sermones* without the benefit of *Liber Novus* and the *Black Books* and, not least, Philemon's commentaries, which together provide critical contextual clarification. Scholars have discussed Jung's relation to Gnosticism and the historical Basilides, other possible sources and parallels for *Sermones*, and the relation of the *Sermones* to his later works. See especially Maillard, *Au coeur du Livre Rouge. Les Sept Sermones aux Morts. Aux sources de la pensé de C.G. Jung*, and Liz Greene, *Jung's Studies in Astrology: Prophecy, Magic, and the Cycles of Time* (London: Routledge, 2018). And see Ribi, *The Search for the Roots: C.G. Jung and the Tradition of Gnosis*; Robert Segal, *The Gnostic Jung* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1992); Gilles Quispel, "C.G. Jung und die Gnosis," *Eranos-Jahrbuch* 37 (1968), reprinted in Segal; E. M. Brenner, "Gnosticism and Psychology: Jung's Septem Sermones ad Mortuos," *Journal of Analtyical Psychology* 35 (1990); Judith Hubback, "VII Sermones ad mortuous," *Journal of Analytical Psychology* 11 (1966); James Heisig, "The VII Sermones: Play and Theory,"

*Spring: A Journal of Archetype and Culture* (1972); James Olney, *The Rhizome and the Flower: The Perennial Philosophy, Yeats and Jung (*Berkeley: University of California Press, 1980); and Stephen Hoeller, *The Gnostic Jung and the Seven Sermons to the Dead* (Wheaton, IL: Quest, 1982).

423. In *LN* this paragraph begins just with “Now hear:” (p. 508). On the significance of the *Sermones* that follow, Jung said to Aniela Jaffé: “These discussions with the dead were the prelude to what I wanted to tell the world. Their contents anticipate my later books. At the time and from then on I had a much clearer sense of the dead as the voice of the unanswered, the unresolved, and the unredeemed. And since the world around me presented me with no such questions or demands, as to how to resolve these matters, they came to me from the dead. But the Septem Sermones are only *one* case where the dead address the decisive questions to the living. This greatly astonished me, already at the time, and even more so today. One would have thought that the dead would have knowledge, that they would know more than we do. But evidently they know only as much as they knew at the point of death, and no more; hence the urge of the realm of the dead or of the dead to repeatedly encroach upon life in order to participate in the life of the living. It is thus very reasonable, for instance, that in China all important events occurring in a family had to be reported to the ancestral spirits. I often feel and have often experienced that the dead stand directly behind us, awaiting our answers and how we answer life” (*MP*, pp. 258–59). During Christ’s descent into hell, he is said to have preached to the dead. Christ’s descent into hell played a significant role in layer two of *Liber Novus*. See *LN*, p. 167, and my “Descensus ad Infernos: la saison en enfer de C.G. Jung,” in Edith Alleart-Bertin, ed., *Danger et necessité de l’individuation* (Brussels: L’arbre soleil, 2016), pp. 27–76.

424. “but in itself” was added here in *LN* (p. 510). In *Psychological Types*, Jung described Tao as “the creative being, begetting as the father and bringing forth as the mother. It is the beginning and end of all beings” (*CW* 6, § 363). The relation of Jung’s Pleroma to the Chinese Tao is discussed by Maillard, *Au coeur du Livre Rouge. Les Sept Sermons aux Morts. Aux sources de la pensé de C.G. Jung*, p. 75. See also John Peck, “The *Visio*

*Dorothei*: Desert Context, Imperial Setting, Later Alignments," pp. 179–80.

425. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.

426. The preceding two clauses were replaced in *LN* by "creation has no share in it" (p. 510).

427. *LN* instead has "We are, however, the Pleroma itself, for we are a part of the eternal and the endless" (ibid.).

C·G· JUNG

# THE BLACK BOOKS

## 1913–1932

## NOTEBOOKS OF TRANSFORMATION

## VOLUME 6

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# BOOK 6

## January 30, 1916–May 21, 1917

### [1] (30. I. 16.)[1] Continuation. Sermo ad mortuos.

Yet because we are parts of the Pleroma, the Pleroma is also in us. Even in the smallest point the Pleroma is endless and eternal,[2] since small and great are qualities that are contained in it.[3] Only figuratively, therefore, do I speak of creation as part of the Pleroma, because the Pleroma is everywhere endless and eternal.[4] We are also the Pleroma itself; hence I say that we are not in the Pleroma, but we are it.[5] Figuratively, the Pleroma is the smallest point in us[6] and the boundless firmament about us.

"But why then do you[7] speak of the Pleroma at all, if it is everything and nothing?"

I speak about it in order to begin somewhere, and also to free you from the delusion that somewhere without or within [1/2] there is something fixed or in some way certain.[8] Every so-called fixed and certain thing is only relative. That alone is fixed and certain that is subject to change. Creation, however, is subject to change; therefore it alone is fixed and determined because it has qualities: indeed, it is quality itself.

[9]"How did the creation come into being?"

Creatures came into being, but not the creation since it is the very quality of the Pleroma, as much as noncreation,

eternal death. The creation is ever-present, and so is death. The Pleroma has everything, differentiation and nondifferentiation.

Differentiation is the creature. It is differentiated. Differentiation is its essence, and therefore it differentiates. [2/3]

Therefore man differentiates, since his essence is differentiation.

Therefore he also differentiates the qualities of the Pleroma that do not exist, but he differentiates them on account of his own essence. ~~xx~~

Therefore he must speak of those qualities of the Pleroma that do not exist.

[10]"What use is there in speaking about it at all? Did you yourself not say that it is not worth thinking about the Pleroma?"

I mentioned that to free you from the delusion that we are able to think about the Pleroma. When we distinguish the qualities of the Pleroma, we are speaking from the ground of our own differentiated state and about our own differentiation, but have effectively said nothing about the Pleroma. Yet we need to speak about our own differentiation, so that we [3/4] may sufficiently differentiate ourselves.

Our very nature is differentiation.[11] If we are not true to this nature we do not differentiate ourselves enough. We must therefore make distinctions between qualities.

[12]"Why, what harm is there in not differentiating oneself?"

If we do not differentiate, we move beyond our essence, beyond creation, and we fall into nondifferentiation, which is the other quality of the Pleroma. We fall into the Pleroma itself and cease to be created beings. We lapse into dissolution in eternity and endlesssness. This is the death of the creature. Therefore we die to the same extent that

we do not differentiate. Hence the creature's essence strives [4/5] toward differentiation.[13] This is called the principium individuationis. This principle is the essence of the creature. From this you can see why nondifferentiation and nondistinction pose a great danger to the creature.

We must, therefore, distinguish the qualities of the Pleroma. These elementary qualities[14] are pairs of opposites.

The most important pairs of opposites are[15] the effective and the ineffective, the fullness and the emptiness, the living and the dead, the different and the same,[16] hot and cold, ~~change and~~ force and ~~space~~ matter or time and space, ~~the sin virtue and the virtue sin~~, good and evil, the beautiful and the ugly, the one and the many.[17] [5/6]

The pairs of opposites are the qualities of the Pleroma.[18]

Our quality is differentiation.[19] But as we are the Pleroma itself, we also have all these qualities in us. Since our nature is grounded in differentiation, we have these qualities in the name and under the sign of differentiation.[20] When we strive for the good or the beautiful, we forget our essence, which is differentiation, and we fall subject to the spell of the qualities of the Pleroma, ~~xx~~ which are the pairs of opposites. We endeavor to attain the good and the beautiful, yet at the same time we also seize the evil and the ugly, since in the Pleroma these are one with the good and the beautiful. But if we do the same in the name and under the sign [6/7] of our essence,[21] which is differentiation, we differentiate ourselves from the good and the beautiful, and hence from the evil and ugly. And thus we do not fall under the spell of the Pleroma.[22]

[23]"You said that difference and sameness are also qualities of the Pleroma. What is it like if we strive for distinctiveness in the name of differentiation?[24] Are we, in so doing, not true to our own nature? And must we

nonetheless fall into sameness when we strive for distinctiveness?”

You must not forget that the Pleroma has no qualities. We create these through thinking. If, therefore, you strive for distinctiveness or sameness,[25] you pursue your thoughts ~~which are not in the Pleroma~~ about the qualities of the Pleroma, which do not exist.[26] Inasmuch as you run after [7/8] these thoughts, you fall again into the Pleroma, and attain distinctiveness and sameness at the same time. Not your thinking, but your essence, is differentiation. Therefore you must not strive for what you conceive as distinctiveness, but for your own essence. You should and can strive only for this without damage and for everything else in the name and the sign of your essence.[27]

At bottom, therefore, there is only one striving, namely the striving for the essence in you. If you had this striving, you would not need to know anything about the ~~qualities~~ Pleroma and its qualities, and yet you would attain the right goal by virtue of your own essence. Since, however, thought alienates us from our essence, I must teach you that knowledge with which you can bridle your thoughts.[28]

finis sermonis. [8/9]

Pairs of man-made opposites. The closer to m[an], the less artificial and the more effective.[29]

## 31. I. 16.[30]

[31]The dead: We want to know about God~~?~~ Where is God? Is God dead?

[32]“God is not dead. He is as alive as ever.

God is creation, for he is something definite, and therefore differentiated from the Pleroma.

God is a quality of the Pleroma, and everything I have said about creation also applies to him.

But he is distinct from creation in that he is much more indefinite and indeterminable than the creation. He is more closely related to the Pleroma than to creation.[33] Moreover, he is the Pleroma itself, just as each smallest point in ~~xx~~ the created and uncreated is the Pleroma itself. [9/10]

Whereas the essence of the creation is differentiation, the essence of God is effective fullness.[34] Effective emptiness is the essence of the devil.

God and devil are the first manifestations of the unimaginable nothingness which we call the Pleroma.

It makes no difference whether the Pleroma exists or not, ~~but it is in~~ since it cancels itself out completely. Not so creation. Insofar as God and the devil are created beings, they do not cancel each other out, but stand one against the other as effective opposites.

We need no proof of their existence, since it is enough that we have to keep speaking about God and the devil.

They are both manifestations of the non-existent qualities of the Pleroma.[35] [10/11] Even if both were not, creation would forever distinguish them anew out of the Pleroma on account of their distinct essences. Everything that differentiation takes out of the Pleroma is a pair of opposites, therefore the devil always belongs to God.[36]

This inseparability is most intimate and, as you know from experience, as indissoluble in your life as the Pleroma itself, since both stand very close to the Pleroma in which all opposites are canceled out and united.

Fullness and emptiness, ~~life and de~~ generation and destruction, are what distinguish God and the devil. Effectiveness is common to both. Effectiveness joins them. Effectiveness, therefore, stands above both, and is a God above God, since [11/12] it unites fullness and emptiness through its effectuality. This is a God you knew nothing about.[37] We call him[38] Abraxas. He is even more indefinite than God and the devil.[39] Nothing stands opposed to him

but the ineffective;[40] ~~He is the une~~ hence his effective nature unfolds itself freely. He is complete effect, since the unreal neither exists nor resists.

Abraxas stands above God[41] and devil. He is improbable probability, that which takes unreal effect. If the Pleroma had an essence, Abraxas would be its manifestation.

He is the effectual itself, not any particular effect, but effect in general. He takes unreal effect, because he has no definite effect. He is also creation, since he is distinct from the Pleroma. God[42] has a definite [12/13] or determinable effect, and so does the devil. Therefore they appear to us more effective than the indefinite Abraxas.

He is force, duration, change.[43]

---

[44]My soul, if you are the intercessor for the dead, my God, if you hear me, end this torment that I endure from men. I can't bear it anymore.

"Come to us, to the green forests, the lonely mountains, the cold lakes, the sun and starlit night, to the clouds, the mists, the silence of eternal nature. May men be remote from you, no one touches the pure crystal that shines in a thousand fires. The human has fallen from you. You [13/14] have come closer to the stars. The kingdom of what is to come will open. Let silence enter, the silence of eternity, since all paths, even the most winding, lead to the valley of silence. Leave everyone to his fate. You don't impede anything, you don't improve anything, you don't miss anything. You go to earth and Heaven. You leave the clamor of men.

"You saw the fire, it is enough. Teach what is yours and then be quiet. You found your way. Do not ask for more, but fulfil what is necessary. You can do what you are able to, no more and no less.["]

## 1 II 16.[45]

So, my listeners, you who are standing in dark rows along the walls [14/15], let's speak further about God.[46]

Abraxas is the highest[47] God who is difficult to grasp. His power is greatest, because man does not see it.

From God[48] he draws the summum bonum;[49] from the devil the infimum malum, but from Abraxas life, altogether indefinite and indeterminable, the mother of good and evil.[50]

Life seems to be smaller and by far weaker than the summum bonum; therefore it is also hard to conceive that Abraxas's power transcends even God's,[51] who is the radiant source of all vital force. Abraxas is ~~also~~ God,[52] and at the same time the eternally sucking gorge [15/16] of emptiness, of the diminisher and dismemberer, the devil. Thus the power of Abraxas is twofold; but you do not see it, because in ~~its~~ your eyes the warring opposites of this power are ~~xx~~ canceled out.

What the God[53] speaks is life, what the devil speaks is death, but Abraxas speaks that hallowed and accursed word that is at once life and death. Abraxas produces truth and lying, ~~in the same~~ good and evil, light and darkness, in the same word and in the same act.

Therefore Abraxas is terrible. He is as splendid as the lion in the instant he strikes ~~not~~ [16/17] down his victim, he is as beautiful as the sun in spring. Yes, he is the great Pan himself and panisk, he is Priapos, he is the great monster of the underworld, a thousand-armed black polyp, a coiled knot of winged serpents, frenzy.

He is the hermaphrodite of the earliest beginning, he is the lord of toads and frogs, which live in the swamps and

go up on the land, whose chorus ascends at noon and at midnight.

He is the ~~begetting~~ fullness that seeks union with emptiness, he is holy begetting, he is love and its murder, he is the saint and his betrayer. He is the brightest [17/18] light and the darkest night of madness.

To look upon him, is blindness.

To recognize him is sickness.

To worship him is death.

To fear him is wisdom.

Not to resist him is redemption.

God dwells behind the sun, the devil behind the night.

What God brings forth out of the light, the devil sucks into the night.

But Abraxas is the world, its becoming and its passing.

Upon every gift that comes from God[54] the devil lays his curse.

Everything that you request from God[55] [18/19] produces a deed from the devil.

Everything that you create with God[56] gives effective power to the devil. ~~Because God~~

That is terrible Abraxas.

He is the mightiest created being and in him creation is afraid of itself.

He is the manifest opposition of creation to the Pleroma,[57] he is the son's horror of the mother, the mother's love for the son.

He is the delight of the earth and the cruelty of the heavens.

At his sight man's face congeals, before him there is no question and no reply.

He is the life of creation.

He is the effect of differentiation. [19/20]

He is the love of man.

He is the speech of man.

He is the appearance and the shadow of man.
He is deceptive reality.[58]

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## 2. II. 16.[59]

I must speak to you, my soul in prison:

You are unbelievably presumptuous. You do not have any respect for men. You are insolent and insist that this is love. You pocket everything and allow no one to develop who does not break away from you violently. They are valuable to you as long as they commit harmless and harmful stupidities. You pull back what wants to fly. You are like the chicken that has hatched ducklings. You don't listen to what I say. You are unreasonable. You don't come to humane terms with me [20/21], though you always claim that you do. You work against me and you are in love with me.

Why is that so?

"I am not in love with you the way you think, since you do not serve me. You always look for what is yours, while you should search for me. Only with me can you develop."

Hold on! I am not a serf, I cannot be a serf! I don't want to dominate you. But neither should you dominate me. Why can't you live and work together with me?

"I would like to, but you won't let me get close to you."

That's a lie. Rarely has a man accepted you as I have. But does this have to be an eternal service? Must I be a servant forever? I fight for the freedom [21/22] and the life of man. He is sufficiently unfree through outer but even more through inner circumstances. Once he has freed himself from the external side, he falls into the internal. I also want to free him from that. I even have to for the sake

of my own life. It becomes unbearable. You know that. It cannot be in your interest simply to kill the man.

“Of course not. Who speaks of killing. He needs to live with me. But for that reason he must serve me.”

Why? Make yourself plain?!

“Because I am the higher being since my nature is spiritual.”

Your nature is not only spiritual but also chthonic. Even more than mine is. You are more spiritual and chthonic than I, and so you are always at odds with yourself. I even think [22/23] that you are not one, but two, and that you haven’t realized it yet. Man can rather be one, since he is less chthonic and less spiritual than you. Therefore he has a greater claim to dominion than you do. You are merely daemonic.

“You are a megalomaniac.”

Not at all. It only seems that you have power, thus you want to command all the time. He who has the power needs no will to rule. You are reluctant to acknowledge this. But it is only fair that you accept something from man, even when you exceed him. In the end you are not a man. But at least you must acknowledge what you aren’t. You can’t make me into a creature that is like you; just as I relinquish making you into a man. You need to accept me as your soul. Then we can coexist. Separate yourself [23/24] into two at long last, so that you sunder your being and unite. Objectify yourselves, so that each of you finds their place.

Both in one voice: “We separate. We are separated, we reject each other. We are twins of disparate kind, chthonic and heavenly. Tormenting unity, tormenting separation!”

“Good that you finally feel what it means to be at odds with oneself. I understand you. Become!

“Cruel one, you gave us your torment.”

Oh, mother, the sword must pierce your soul. I see your tears. You hold the serpent at a distance, though it had been like a child to you. [24/25]

Serpent, you chthonic origin, most despicable beast, we need your wisdom. Let mother go, and twist high into your suffering. You ~~are~~ must become the savior. The cross awaits you. You must be lifted up on the mountain of torment and exposure.

Both of you, go to your fate. Accept your torment. Oh, mother, pray for your son.

Oh, serpent! Recite the runes to your mother.

---

## 3. II. 16.[60]

Unknown one, you have thrown me to the floor, shattered me, humiliated me, subjected me to injustice. Speak, my soul, who is He? [25/26]

"He is Abraxas."

What does Abraxas have against me?

"You didn't want to obey, you resisted. But you should not resist any humiliation. You should accept the injustice, since Abraxas wants to knead you into ~~xx~~ people like yeast into flour."

But there is a limit to what one can endure. Will it go on like this forever?

"It has only just begun."

You make me rejoice, by Jove. Who spoke of canine wagging?

"I, I know."

What are you saying now? It sounded different then. Canine wagging, canine snarling [26/27] etc. And now you want me to do it again? How do you explain this contradiction?

"You must find an explanation for yourself."

Cheap excuse! Damned witch stuff. But as you, ghostly double, can't do it, I will demonstrate to you that I can:

Back then it was personal, now it is transpersonal. Do you grasp it at all? Apparently not. So what is it about the human wit? Indeed you are wanting! What good would it do you if I perished? Admit it, you have a thing for me. You, mother, listen, I am your husband in spirit. You, serpent, listen, I am your father in spirit. You should respect me and never again treat me like a dog. The torture you have put me to shall come back on you, not [27/28] as vengeance but poetic justice. Each one has his share. Even if Abraxas threw me to the floor, I would not prostrate myself before you, but before mighty Abraxas. He might mock me, even tear me into pieces and shatter me. Then it will be put on you because you left me defenseless. I could turn bitter toward you. You are powerless. What use do you have for me? I will learn canine wagging before Abraxas, so he won't squash me. Perhaps men protect me better. Crucify yourself, serpent. Mother, embrace the trunk; and that way abide for the 1,000 years until your redemption. Verily, enough and more than enough of the torment of men. You shall taste ~~it~~ the desire for death arising from unbelievable excruciation, you, who have lived from this [28/29] torment of men. Maria was a mother of man, Christ was a man. No longer should man be rent by you, rend yourself. The daimons might take the torture of Christ and its mystery across to their kingdom for the 1,000 years. Stop provoking human frenzy ~~xx~~, so that man ~~xx~~ rages against himself. That is why I separate you and put you opposite one another so that you will recognize each other. Mother look at your son, the black serpent monstrosity with the lion's mane.[61] Son, look at your mother, she is all and nothing. Strive toward her and ~~xx~~ despair of her and in her. Coil, full of rage and helplessly, you abysmal slithering body [29/30], flicker, flame, and sear the nothingness that engulfs you maternally so horribly. But let man return to his huts and green deserts, to his solitude among the many.

I swear to you, you hideous madness of Abraxas, turn your paws against the eternal Pleroma, let go of man. He is too puny and an unworthy sacrifice to your power. We are whining dogs before you, the lion. This hunting hound is of no use to you.

Oh man, don't forget your divine weapon, your wit. You, the weakling, were given a dread venomous sting with which you could also lame Gods.

_____ [30/31]

You dead ones, I had to interrupt my address to you. What else do you want to hear [?][62]

The dead: "Tell us about Gods and devils!"

[63]God[64] is the highest good, the summum bonum,[65] the devil the opposite. But there are many high good things and many great evils. Among these are two devil Gods; one is the Burning One, the other the Growing One. The burning one is Eros, in the form of a flame. It shines by consuming.

The growing one is the tree of life.[66] It greens by heaping up growing living matter.

Eros flames up and dies. But the tree of life grows [31/32] with slow and constant increase through measureless periods of time.

Good and evil unite in the flame.

Good and evil unite in the growth of the tree.

In their divinity life and love stand opposed.

The number of Gods and devils is as innumerable as the host of stars. Each star is a God, and each space that a star fills is a devil. But the empty fullness of the whole is the Pleroma. Abraxas is the effect of the whole. Only the ineffective opposes him.

4 is the number of the principal Gods, as 4 is the number of the world's measurements. [32/33]

1 is the beginning, the God.[67]

2 is Eros, for he spreads himself out in brightness.

3 is the Tree of Life, for it fills space with bodies.

4 is the devil, for he opens all that is closed, he dissolves everything formed and physical; he is the destroyer in whom everything becomes nothing.

The dead: “You are a pagan, a polytheist!”[68]

Happy am I who can recognize the multiplicity and diversity of the Gods.

But woe unto you, who replace this incompatible multiplicity with a single God! In so doing you produce the torment of doubt for the sake of the one God and the mutilation of the creation whose nature and aim is differentiation. How can you be true to your own nature when [33/34] you try to turn the many into one? What you do unto the Gods is done likewise unto you. You all become equal. And thus your nature is maimed.

Equality prevails not for the sake of God, but only for the sake of man. For the Gods are many, while men are few. The Gods are mighty and endure their manifoldness. Like the stars they abide in eternal solitude, separated by vast distances. Men are weak and do not bear their manifoldness, therefore they dwell together closely and need communion, so that they can bear their singularity.

## 5. II. 16.[69]

The dead: [“]For redemption’s sake [34/35] continue to teach us!”[70]

For redemption’s sake I teach you the reprehensible, for whose sake I was rejected.

The multiplicity of the Gods corresponds to the multiplicity of ~~Gods~~ men.

Numberless Gods await the human state.

Numberless Gods have been men.

Man shares in the nature of the Gods. He comes from the Gods and goes unto ~~the Gods~~ the God.

Thus, just as it is no use to reflect upon the Pleroma, it is not worthwhile to worship the multiplicity of the Gods. Least of all does it serve to worship the first God, the effective fullness, and the summum bonum. [35/36] By our prayer we can add nothing to it, and take nothing from it; because effective emptiness gulps down everything.

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[71]My soul, you separated doubleness, what is it? Someone is disturbing me. Speak: Who is it?

"A good friend."

Oh, are you an enemy? Who are you? Where do you come from? I sensed you already yesterday:[72] Speak, what do you want?

[73]"I come from afar. I come from the east.[74] I seek your hospitality.[75]

You are hostile to me. Why do you come to me? [36/37]

"I am not hostile to you. I am a stranger to you."

So who are you?[76]

"My skin is dark and the white of my eyes shines.[77] I bring you the Eastern way.

What is that?

"Abstinence."

Abstinence! From what?

"From man."

What? Enhanced solitude?

"[78]No, abstinence from man, abstinence from human joy and suffering."

That is Eastern wisdom![79]

"~~xx~~ You need it. It belongs to being one among the many. You hear the word: attachment? Don't you see that it

reaches over into the life and essence of the other? You fall [37/38] from the path and you draw the other from the path.

Compassion, but no attachment.

[80]Compassion with the cosmos.

A will toward the individual held in check.

Attachment leads to alienation.

Compassion remains misunderstood, therefore it works.

[81]Not wanting to understand, but letting it work.

I come to you, since the primordial binds us together.

Surrender and abstinence, little talk and simple action.

Far from longing, know no fear.

Far from love, love the whole, free from fallacy.[82]

Slow growth saves the individual and creates a people." [38/39]

[83]Why are you as dark as the earth of the fields? I'm afraid of you; such pain, what have you done to me?

"I am the death[84] that rose ~~xx~~ with the sun. I come with quiet pain and long peace. I lay the cover of protection on you. In the midst of life begins death.[85] ~~He lay~~ I lay cover upon cover on you so that your warmth will never cease."

You bring grief and despair. I wanted to be among men.

"You will go to men as one veiled. Your light shines at night. Your solar nature departs from you and your star[86] begins."

You are cruel.

"The simple is cruel, since [39/40] it does not unite with the manifold."

I understand you. I want to be simple.[87]

---

The bright Gods form the heavenly world. It is manifold and extends and increases infinitely. The ~~sun~~ spiritual sun

is the supreme lord of the world.[88]

The dark Gods form the earthly world. They are simple and they lessen and diminish themselves infinitely. Their nethermost lord, namely the devil, is the moon spirit, satellite of the earth, smaller and colder than the earth.

There is no difference between the might of the heavenly and earthly Gods. The heavenly Gods magnify, the earthly Gods diminish. Both directions are immeasurable.[89]

[90]The world of the Gods is made manifest [40/41] in spirituality and in sexuality. The heavenly ones appear in spirituality, the earthly in sexuality.[91] Spirituality conceives and embraces. It is womanlike and therefore we call it mater coelestis, the heavenly mother.[92] Sexuality engenders and creates. It is manlike, and therefore we call it phallus,[93] the earthly father.[94]

The sexuality of man is more earthly. The sexuality of woman is more spiritual.

The spirituality of man is more heavenly, it moves toward the greater.

The spirituality of woman is more earthly, it moves toward the smaller.

Mendacious and devilish is the spirituality of man that moves toward the smaller, as is the spirituality of woman that moves toward the greater. Each shall go to its own place.

~~It is easy~~ Man and woman become devils ~~become~~ to each other if they do not separate their spiritual ways, [41/42] for the essence of creation is differentiation.

The sexuality of man goes toward the earthly.

The sexuality of woman goes toward the spiritual.

Man and woman become devils to each other if they do not distinguish their sexuality.

Man shall know the ~~lower~~ smaller, woman the greater.

~~Men are either~~ Man shall differentiate himself both from spirituality and sexuality. He shall call spirituality mother,

and set her between Heaven and earth. He shall call sexuality Phallus, and set him between himself and earth. For the mother and the Phallus are superhuman daimons [42/43] that reveal the world of the Gods. They affect us more than the Gods since they are ~~very~~ closely akin to our essence.

[95]The mother is the grail.

The phallus is the spear.

If you do not differentiate yourselves from sexuality or from spirituality, and do not regard them as things-in-themselves, you are delivered over to them as qualities of the Pleroma. Spirituality and sexuality are not your qualities, not things you possess and encompass. Rather, they possess and encompass you, since they are powerful daimons, manifestations of the Gods, and hence reach beyond you, existing in themselves. No man has a spirituality ~~unto himself~~ or a sexuality unto himself. Instead, he stands under the law of spirituality and of sexuality. Therefore [43/44] no one escapes these daimons.

~~I~~ You shall look upon them as daimons, and as a common task and danger, a common burden that life has laid upon you. Thus life, too, is for you a common task and danger, as are the Gods, and first and foremost terrible Abraxas.

Man is weak, and community is therefore indispensable.[96]

If your community is not under the sign of the mother, it is under the sign of the Phallus. Absence of community is suffering and sickness. Community in everything is ~~prison~~ dismemberment and dissolution.

The essence of your being is differentiation. It leads to singleness.[97] Singleness is opposed to community. [44/45] But because of man’s weakness with regard to the Gods and daimons and their invincible law, community is necessary.

Therefore: community, as much as possible, not for man's sake, but because of the Gods.

The Gods drive you to community. Insofar as the Gods impose community upon you, it is necessary; more is bad.

In the community: every man shall submit to others.[98]

In singleness: every man shall place himself above the other.[99]

~~Thus justice has been balanced~~. In community: abstention.

In singleness: extravagance.[100] [45/46]

Community is depth.

Singleness is height.

Right measure~~:~~

in community: purifies and preserves.

in singleness: purifies and increases.

Because ~~in singleness~~ the community gives us warmth, singleness gives us light.[101]

[102]In community we go to the source, which is the mother.

In singleness we go to the future, which is the engendering phallus.

The daimon of sexuality approaches our soul as a serpent. She is half human soul and is called thought-desire. [46/47]

The daimon of spirituality descends into our soul as the white bird. He is half human soul and is called desire-thought.

The serpent is an earthly soul, half daimonic, a spirit, and akin to the spirits of the dead. Thus too, like ~~xx~~ these she swarms around in the things of earth, making us fear them or else having them arouse our craving. The serpent has a female nature, forever seeking the company of those dead who are spellbound by the earth, and who did not find a way across to singleness.

The serpent is a whore. She courts the devil and evil spirits; she is a mischievous tyrant and gadfly, forever inveigling the most evil company. [47/48] The white bird is a half-heavenly soul of man. He abides with the mother, descending from time to time.

The bird is masculine, and ~~has~~ is effective thought.

He is chaste and solitary, a messenger of the mother. He flies high above the earth. ~~and lifts up and brings down~~ He commands singleness. He brings knowledge from the distant ones, who have departed before and attained perfection. He bears our word up to the mother, who intercedes, who warns, but who is powerless against the Gods. She is a vessel of the sun.

The serpent descends and cunningly lames the phallic daimon, or else goads him on. She bears up [48/49] the too-crafty thoughts of the earthly, those thoughts that creep through every hole and cleave to all things with craving and blind desire.

Although the serpent does not want to, she must be of use to us. She flees our grasp, thus showing us the way, which our human wits could not find.[103]

## 8. II. 16.[104]

The dead: “Now that you have taught us about the world of the Gods, the daimons, and the souls, teach us about men.”[105]

Man is a gateway, through which you pass from the outer world of Gods, daimons, and souls into the inner world, out of the greater into the smaller world. Small and inane [49/50] is man, a point, already he is behind you, and once again you find yourselves in endless space, in the smaller or inner infinity. At immeasurable distance a star stands radiating blue light in the zenith. This is the one God of this one man, this is his world, his Pleroma, his divinity.

In this world, man is Abraxas, the creator and destroyer of his own world.

This star is the God, the goal of man.[106] This is his one guiding God. In him man goes to his rest. Toward him goes the long journey of the soul after death. In him everything that man withdraws from the ~~w~~ greater world [50/51] shines resplendently.

To this one God man shall pray.

Prayer increases the light of the star, it throws a bridge across death, it prepares the life of the smaller world, and assuages the hopeless desires of the greater.

When the greater world turns cold, the star shines.

Nothing stands between man and his one God, so long as man can turn away his eyes from the flaming spectacle of Abraxas.

Man here, God there.

Weakness, nothingness here, eternally blessed creative power there.

Here nothing but darkness and clammy cold, there total sun.[107] [51/52]

## ~~16~~ 17 II 16.[108]

[109]Before Hercules incinerated himself and was placed among the Gods, he became the child of Omphale.[110]

That is what happened to him.

[111]So, my mother, you who stand in the higher circle and shroud me and protect me from the Gods: I want to become your child.

May you accept my birth.

May you renew me.

I need a new shadow, since I have recognized the terrible Abraxas and have drawn myself back from him.

The cold grew and my star blazed brighter.

Yes, I do need the bond of childhood,[112] sublime mother, otherwise I cannot endure the childish and foolish hell of the human world.

You gave birth to the ~~xx~~ terrible God, release him, accept me [52/53] as your son. I am a man, a child that needs his mother.[113]

Take the human son instead of the God and grant him your maternal help.[114]

[115]Mother: I cannot take you as a child, unless you cleanse yourself first.

I.[116] What is my impurity?

[117]M.: Commingling. Abstain from human suffering and joy. Remain secluded until abstinence is complete, and you are freed from the touch of man. Then I will accept you as my child.

I thank you, mother. So be it.[118]

## 21. II. 16.[119]

What is the nature of this path? Between what waters and fires? Who is the traveler? Speak, shadow! [53/54]

A Turk?

Whence the journey? Do you profess Islam? What you are announcing Mohammed for?

“I speak of polygamy, houris, and Paradise. That is what you shall hear about.”

Speak and end this torment.

“I do not speak of torment, but of joy.”

Pardon me, you make me laugh. I bleed from the thousandfold wounds of men.

“I bring healing. Women heal the wounds. They know about medicines.”[120]

[121]That is news to me. I usually heard them only whine.

“They know how to treat sick children.” [54/55]

Am I a sick child?

“Not far from it. You should put down the too-many and let yourself be fostered.”

Who does the work?

“It will thrive without you.”

Questionable. Who will do it for me?

“Your sons and daughters. Let them have space and give yourself a rest.”

Will the work hold up, if I don’t support it?

“If it falls, why do you want to keep it? It will stand, if it has feet. If it nevertheless falls, it is not meant to live. What is about to die shall die.”

So I should leave it? And surrender to polygamy? You are fatal, a real Turk. You can leave it to Allah, whether your house rots over your head. [55/56]

“The human drive has been attracted. The honey has been set out. You can hole up. Contemplation is necessary. The books shall be written.”

What about polygamy, houris, and paradise?

“Many women amount to many books. Each woman is a book, each book a woman. The houri is a thought and the thought is a houri. The world of ideas is paradise and paradise is the world of ideas. Mohammed teaches that the houris admit the believer into paradise. The Teutons said as much.”[122]

To live your thoughts goes against my taste [56/57] and my moral responsibility.

“Not too high. You are not far away from that. Do women want that? They also want their fate. Why don’t you respect their way? They are also people whose dignity needs to be accepted.”

But they never know what they want.

“They know only what they must do. Of course every man would like to pass his obligation to another and make them responsible. Both man and woman, in their respective ways, are governed by the law of Eros and the spirit.”

This is impossible and can never become reality.

“Many things can become real, which seem impossible today. The doors must remain open. Necessity has the [57/58] final say.”

## 24. II. 16.[123]

Should that be the beginning of the descent into the land of the toads, into the frog swamp? Everything in me is dying. I feel scattered and fragmented.[124]

“You have not yet experienced the fragmentation. You will be blown apart, scattered to the winds. Everyone carries away a piece of you. Men are preparing for the Last Supper with you.”

What then will remain of me?

“Nothing but your shadow.”

[125]But where is my I?

“Nowhere. No longer are you an I, but a river that pours forth over the lands. It seeks [58/59] every valley and streams toward the depths,[126] toward the sea.” You’re bristling at nothing.”

Can I live without an I?

“You are the fool and the door between two eternities, an open passage, a street walked upon; one walks on it with shoes and spits on it.”

[127]Where is what is mine? Where is what I’m doing?

“Not visible. You steal it for yourself.”

Oh, mother, ~~are you the~~ have you sent this cruel daimon?

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## 28. II. 16[128]

You will hold the realm, the invisible, in trembling hands, in the hands of a child.[129] [59/60] It lowers its roots into the dismal abysses of the earth and sends up branches covered in leaves into the golden air.

Animals live in its branches. Men camp in its shade. Their murmuring arises from below.

A disgraceful error,[130] a thousand-mile-long disappointment is the juice of the tree. It will stay green for a long time.

Silence abides in its crown.

Silence in its deep roots.[131]

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## 12. IV. 16.

[132]Our Lord Jesus Christ![133] Blessed be your name.[134] Your work lasts long, you endured hardship for the sake of mankind. You did the greatest thing for us, out of animals you made quasi-human beings. You gave your life for beastly [60/61] mankind, your spirit was with us through an endlessly long time. You have done your great work patiently, and men still look to you and still ask you for help and want to receive the mercy of God through you.[135] You do not tire of giving to men. I praise your divine patience.

Are not men ungrateful? Does their craving know no limits? Do they still make demands on you? They have received so much yet still they are beggars.

Behold, Lord Jesus Christ,[136] they do not love you,[137] but they long for you with greed, for they also crave their neighbor's possessions. They do not love their neighbor, but they want what is his good.[138] Thus they also demand from you and have not taken your sublime life as a role model. [61/62] ~~xx~~ If they really loved you ~~xx~~, they would finally pay heed to your example. Your awe-inspiring life

shows how everyone would have to take their own life into their own hands[139] and thus also carry the life of mankind as you did.[140] But they don't do it, instead they pray to you and still don't let your spirit rest and call upon you: Your work is not completed yet! The work of your spirit and your life has lasted ~~xx~~ for two millennia. It was necessary for such a long time. And men are still childish and forget gratitude, since they still cannot say: Thanks be to you, our Lord Jesus Christ, for the salvation you have brought us. We have taken it unto ourselves, given it a place in our hearts, and we have learned to carry on your work in ourselves on our own. We have grown mature[141] in continuing the blood-heavy [62/63] work of redemption in us. Thanks to you, we have embraced your work, we grasped your redemptive teaching, we completed ~~xx~~ in ourselves what you had begun for us with bloody struggle. We are not ungrateful children anymore who desire their parents' possessions;[142] instead of working for their own lives. Thanks to you, our Lord Jesus Christ,[143] we will make the most of your talent and will not bury it in the earth and forever stretch out our hands helplessly and urge you to complete your work in us.[144] We want to be grateful to you and take your burden upon ourselves and want to give you rest. When we take up your work, your work will be completed and you will lay your hands in your lap after a long day's hard burden. Blessed is the dead one,[145] who rests in his God, [63/64] from the completion of his work.

[146]Don't you have any love for our Lord Jesus Christ? Can't you give him the price of peace after his completed work? And continue his work as your work in yourselves? Do you really still need his help and care?

No, that is not true.

I believe that our Lord Jesus Christ has completed his work,[147] since the one who has given his life, his entire truth, and his entire soul, has completed his work.

[148]Therefore I believe that our Lord Jesus Christ has indeed improved mankind. He has redeemed it up to point where men let themselves be redeemed from Gods and Godmen. Now the time [64/65] will come when each man ~~xx~~ has to continue his work of redemption.

## 16. IV. 16.[149]

Did you see him, the lover of his soul?, he walked into the valleys of men and loved—his soul? No, a woman. And he forgot his soul over that? No, but he put it into this woman. Was this the right place for his soul? What is right? His love told him to do such. And he did it. Did he murder the love of another man that way? Maybe, maybe not. Love can also not be. Love is sometimes, but life is lasting. [65/66]

## 3. V. 16.[150]

[151]A dream told me that you were suffering, you Elijah, you Salome, you elders, and you, my maternal soul that cannot forget me. You, maternal soul, tell me why should I, who had been your lover, appear to you now as your unbeloved man? Apparently you must give up on me. It will be your salvation to return to your husband and not to address me as if I were your husband. You call me by the name of one of my friends. Did you marry that one? And yet you would like to be with me? But, you see, when you are with me you are ill; you cannot lie to yourself that I am your husband. Or would you, oh maternal soul, like to rebirth me and make me equal to him, thus to be of his kind; one that renders his feelings? And what about you, Elijah and Salome? [66/67]

Salome, you would like to embrace me. Now then, so be it, you take responsibility. But you, Elijah, heard a voice in the watches of night, the depths spoke to you, probably

secret matters, things of what is to come. You were like someone who needs my help. Now then, I will grant it to you. You seem like someone bound to things immemorial, scarcely believable. Must it be that way? Or have you been caught against your will? That's how it seemed it had to be, that you were sworn to ancient ways, that the old reason retained boundless powers and you believed you could go free simply by distancing yourself. Likely you must stay and I must return to you ~~and~~ in order to fetch that light again and again which only you can ignite at the primordial fire. But speak, suffering Elijah, and tell me how one might help you!

E. I have become weak, I am poor, [67/68] an excess of my power has gone to you, my son. You took too much from me. My love gave you too much. Thus you went too far away from me.[152] Lend me a bit of your strength and power. Wait and listen within. You will need the voice of the depths during these days. Don't go too far outside.

I. But what did you hear? What voice did you hear?

E. A voice full of confusion, a frightening voice full of warning and obscurity.

I. What did it say? Did you hear the words?

E. Indistinctly, it was confusing.

I. So speak at last, tell me the words![153]

E. First it was about a knife cutting something or perhaps harvesting, perhaps the grapes that go to the wine press. Perhaps the one wearing the red robe treads the winepress from which the blood flows.[154] Thereupon it was about gold [68/69] that lies below, and that kills whoever touches it. Then a word of fire that burns terribly and that should flare up in our time.

[155]I. What else, speak Elijah! Why did you think that you were erring and that a sick voice spoke to you?

E. Precisely because it spoke confused and blasphemous things.

I. Blasphemous? What was it?

E. About the death of God. Can God die?[156]

I. But there was a new one, not one, many.

E. Many? You are blasphemous. There is only one God.

I. I am astonished, Elijah. Do you not know what happened? Do you not know that the world has put on a new garb? That the one God [69/70][157] and the one soul have gone away and in turn a multitude of Gods and soul daimons have moved back into the world?

Truly, I am surprised; I am extremely surprised! How could you not have known? Know you nothing of the new that has come to pass? Yet you know the future![158] Or perhaps at the end you should not know what is? Remarkable, the maternal soul does not want to know what is. Do you ultimately deny what is? Speak now, Elijah!

Sal. What is, gives no pleasure. Pleasure comes only from the new. Your maternal soul[159] would also like a new husband—ha ha! She loves change. Her bourgeois man[160] is not pleasurable enough for her. In that respect she is unteachable and therefore you believe she is mad. We love only what is coming, that gives pleasure.[161] Elijah does not think about what is, only about what is to come, therefore he knows it.

I. What does he know? He should say. [70/71]

E. I have already uttered the words. The image that I saw was crimson, fiery colored, a gleaming gold. The voice that I heard was like distant thunder, like the wind roaring in the forest, like an earthquake. It was not the voice of my old[162] God. It was a thunderous pagan roar, a call my ancestors knew but which I have never heard. It sounded prehistoric, as if from a forest on a distant coast; it rang with all the voices of the wilderness. It was full of horror yet harmonic.

I. My good father,[163] surely you heard what I thought. How wonderful! Shall I tell you about it?[164] What do you

think, Salome? What do you want, Elijah?

E. Give me of it, so that I can live it, too.

Sal. Let me have my pleasure with it.

I. After all, I told you that the world has acquired a new face, a new cover was thrown over it. How odd [71/72] that you didn't know!

Old Gods have become new. The sole[165] God is dead—yes, truly, he died, he kept too many different things inside of him, thus he disintegrated into a multitude.[166] Thus the world became rich overnight. Even the soul, the unique one, lost her powerful singleness, she also disintegrated into a multitude.[167] Therefore men became rich overnight. How is it possible that you didn't know this! What else? Ah, it is so much![168]

The sole God became two, again a single one and a multiple one,[169] whose body consists of many Gods. But the single one's body is only a man and is bigger than the sun.[170]

[171]But the soul became the steps of its ladder, closest, nearest, near, far, further, furthest. First she is my [72/73] own being, then she is a serpent and a bird, then she is mother and father, then even further away Salome and Elijah. But I can hardly think that you still belong to me, or else you should know what happened in my world. I therefore have to reckon you among the daimons, not daimons of men, but of mankind; that is why you are bound to the age-old and existing, why you don't know anything about the contemporary being of man. But it is good that you came. Take part in what exists. Because what exists should be in a way that you can take part in it.

E. [172]I do not like this multiplicity. It is not easy to think it.

Sal. The simple alone is pleasurable. One need not think about it.

I. Elijah, you need not contemplate [73/74] it at all. It is not to be thought. It is to be viewed. It is an imaginary painting.[173] Salome, it is not true that only the simple is pleasurable; over time it is even boring and in truth the multiple captivates you.

Sal. Father Elijah, do you realize that men are ahead of us? He is right, the many is more beautiful, richer, and more pleasurable. Jehovah is twofold unity, and always the same.[174]

## 22. V. 16.[175]

Dear Lord Jesus Christ, we are not pure. The mud of hell sticks to us.

You said: [“]My God my God, why have you forsaken me,” when you hung on the cross in the final torment. Likewise we lose heart because we are not pure.[176] [74/75]

Each of us is on the cross between two criminals, one ascending to Heaven, the other descending into hell.[177]

Yes, that was your torment of the cross, Lord Jesus Christ, yes, you hung on that cross, you yourself the suffering of the world and its impurity.

Oh, you, the greatest of all sufferers, yourself pure, you carried the impurity of the world. And we ourselves, impure, are carrying the burden of our own xx purity.

Because one stepped into us, a veiled one, the son of the earth, and eased our torment with his impurity.

So great was your work, Lord Jesus Christ, so glorious your redemption [75/76] that you left us, that we were able to take up the impurity of the earth and yet carry the purity that you gave us.

Now you verily have become the first one of those who sleep.

Amen.[178]

## 31. V. 16.[179]

[180]What is it about this dark devilish image in this night with its unbearable heat and torment? My soul, mother of wisdom, answer me! You can see him, the newt of the abyss, as he writhes red hot. What does it mean?

"Listen to me: I am in great torment. This son of the dark womb besieges me."

I thought so! It is thus your torment, not mine?[181]

["]Yes, it is. Therefore your dreams [76/77] are difficult, since you feel the torment of the depths, the suffering of the Gods."

Can I help? Or is it superfluous that a man elevates himself to being a mediator of the Gods? Is it presumption or should a man become a redeemer of the Gods, after men are saved through the divine savior?[182]

[183]"It is true, we need the human mediator and rescuer, because man is not only soul to us, but also God. Since these, who are Gods to you here, are men craving for your help there, where you are God. ~~The~~You must already build your divinity here and now in order to prepare the way to the crossing over. We really need your help. I gave you the dark and horrible dream so your face would turn toward us, and through me to the Gods. I let their torment reach you so that you would remember the suffering [77/78] Gods."

What is their suffering? And how can I help?

"You do too much for men, rather let go of men and turn toward the Gods since they are the masters of the world, where you as a man live. In effect you can help men only through the Gods, not directly. The burning torments of the Gods needs to be alleviated. Men look after themselves."

So tell me, where do I begin? I feel their torment and mine at the same time, and yet it is not mine, both real and unreal.

"That is it; and this is where separation should occur."

But how? My wits fail me. You must know how.

“Your wits fail quickly, but we[184] need precisely your human wits.”

And I the wits of the Gods, and thus we both run aground and sit [78/79] helplessly on the sand.[185]

“Not entirely so. I am always a bit different from you.[186] You are too impatient. Comparison provides a solution, not one side taking a quick decision. Thus it requires work and patient equalization.”[187]

What do the Gods suffer from?

“Well, you have left them with your torment, and since then they have suffered.”

Rightly so, they have tormented men enough, now they should get a taste of it.

“But if the torment also reaches you, what have you gained then? You cannot leave everything to the Gods or else they will draw you into their torment, if they cannot cope with it anymore on their own.[188] After all, they possess the power to do so, in so far as you are a man.[189] But men too possess a wondrous power over the Gods through their wits.”

I recognize that the torment of the Gods [79/80] reached me. Therefore I also recognize that I must yield to the Gods. What is their desire?

“They want obedience.”

All right, I will, but I fear their desire, therefore I say: I want to do what I can. On no account will I take back onto myself all the torment that I had to leave to the Gods.[190] I reserve conditions for myself,[191] as you can do in relation to someone who depends upon your help. The Gods should recognize this and direct their desire accordingly. There is no longer any unconditional obedience, since man is no longer a slave, but also a God of the Gods.[192] He demands respect, since he belongs to the world of the Gods[193] and he is a limb that even the Gods cannot do without. Falling to pieces before the Gods is no more. So let their wish be

heard. I shall willingly hear it out, [80/81] but I shall also speak my will.[194] The confrontation will sort things out, each having their fitting portion.

"The Gods want you to do for their sake what you know you do not want to do.["]

I thought so! Of course that is what the Gods want. But do the Gods also do what I want? I want the fruits of my labor.[195] Where is the acknowledgement that I need? Where is the appreciation of men? What do the Gods do for me? They want their goals to be fulfilled, but what about mine?

"You are unbelievably defiant and rebellious. Consider the fact that the Gods are strong."

[196]I know. But for once they ought to use their strength for me. They also want me to place mine in their service. What is their payment in kind? Their torment? Man suffered agony and the Gods were still not satisfied, but remained insatiable [81/82] in their devising of new torments—they allowed man to become so blinded that he believed that there were no Gods at all, or that there was only one God who was a loving father, so that today someone who struggles with the Gods is even thought to be crazy. They have thus prepared this shame too for those who recognize them, out of boundless greed for power, since leading the blind is easy. They will corrupt even their slaves.

"You do not want to meet the Gods halfway?"[197]

I believe that has already gone on more than enough. I rather think[198] that the Gods are insatiable, because they have received too many sacrifices.[199] Dearth makes for satisfaction, not abundance. May they learn dearth from me.[200] Who [82/83] does something for me? That is the question that I must pose.

[201]Do you really want to do anything for the Gods?

In no case will I take upon myself what the Gods would have to do. Ask the Gods what they want, what they think of this suggestion.

[202]"They think that it's unheard of that you don't want to obey. That is why they sent their messenger before, as you will have realized."

That bothers me not a whit. I have done everything to placate the Gods. May they do their share now.[203] I can wait.[204]I shall speak to you tomorrow again to hear what your opinion is. I want to be acknowledged by you. I'll have no one telling me at leisure what to do, but the Gods may inform me what they'll give me for my efforts on their behalf.

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## 1 June 1916.[205]

[206]Well, my soul, what say the Gods? [83/84]

It was indicated that I looked like a devil. I want to see clearly. Speak!

"The Gods give in. You have broken the compulsion, therefore you look like the devil as he got around the edicts of the Gods.[207] He is the rebel against the eternal law, to which, thanks to the devil, there are also exceptions.[208] Thus one does not necessarily have to. The devil is helpful in this respect. He helps you to come to yourself. You think that this is a detour.[209] The detour via the Gods is necessary, since they are and need to be taken into consideration, otherwise you will fall prey to their law. At least you should sacrifice to the Gods.["][210]

## 6. VI. 16.[211]

I met you in the garden, beloved. The sins of the world have conferred beauty upon your countenance.

The suffering of the world has straightened your shape. [84/85]

You are truly a king. Your crimson is blood, your ermine is snow from the eternal cold of the poles, your crown is the heavenly body of the sun, which you bear on your head.

Speak to me, my master and beloved![212]

X:[213] Oh Simon Magus,[214] who hides in Philemon,[215] are you in my garden or am I in yours?

~~Ph~~ Φ: You are, Oh master, in my garden. Helena and I are your servants.[216] You can find accommodation with us, because ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ and Baucis have become what Simon and Helena were.[217] We are the hosts of the Gods. We granted hospitality to the terrible worm. And since you came forward, we took you in. It is our garden [85/86] that surrounds you.[218]

X: Am I not the master?[219] Is this garden not mine? Is not the world of the heavens and of the spirits my own?

Φ: You are, Oh master, here in the world of men. Men have changed. They are no longer the servants[220] and no longer the swindlers of the Gods,[221] but they grant hospitality to the Gods. Your brother came before you, Oh master, the terrible worm, whom you dismissed, when he gave you clever counsel ~~on the mountain~~ in the desert with a tempting voice.[222] You took the counsel, but dismissed the worm.[223] He found a place with us. But where he is, you will be also, since he is your immortal brother.[224] When I was Simon, I sought to escape him [86/87] with the ploy of magic and thus I escaped you. Now that I gave the worm a place in my garden, you come to me.

X: Did I fall for the power of your trick? Have you secretly caught me?[225]

Φ: Recognize, Oh master and beloved, that your nature is also of the serpent![226] Were you not raised on the tree like the serpent of Moses?[227] Have you laid aside your body, like the serpent its skin? Did you not go to Hell before your ascent? And did you not see your brother there, who was shut away in the abyss?

X: It is true. You are not lying. Even so, do you know what I bring you?

Φ: This I know not. I know only one thing, that whoever hosts the worm also needs his brother. [87/88]

What do you bring me, my beautiful guest?[228] The worm brought me ugliness. Do you bring me beauty?

X: I bring you the beauty of suffering. That is what is needed by whoever hosts the worm.[229]

## 18. VI. 16[230]

ǂ You subterranean![231] How long does your rule last? What do you need? I know very well that you want me. Oh, who could believe your incredible things! My soul, where does the way go?

"The way always goes beyond you, in mental and bodily fate."

Beyond me! That means my powerlessness.

"That means your fulfilment."

Thus truly always doomed to be always outside [88/89] and far-out, always danger and misunderstanding, always error and hazard. Is that to be endured?

"Not in the long run, but for now. Everything is valid only for now. There will be other times."

Must everything be done solely through me?

"No, others should do as much as possible. You can do what is not possible for them."

Have I got the right attitude? Am I failing in anything?

“Not at all. You trust yourself too little. You must trust yourself more. You can do it.”

But I don’t trust others!

“Yes, you don’t trust others concerning yourself. You can rely on them more than you realize.” [89/90]

## 3.VII.16[232]

My God, what uncertainty! What paralysis! If I err, let it become clear! My soul, speak to me. Is it fatigue? Is it too much? It overcame me suddenly.

“Listen, you shouldn’t do too much. You should rest more, so that you have the force to meet everything. If you are weak, you can’t stand firm. Relinquish outer things as much as possible. Give life and time to the work. It must ripen by itself.”

Why are you saying this, did the dream[233] indicate that I had to learn something new?

“You’re mistaken. There is still much to be fetched from there.”

“You remain on the surface, why don’t you utter what is deeper? [90/91]

“How can I? You have no strength.”

Where did it remain?

“It remained outside, in wishing and expecting. “It belongs inside, completely inside, in creating.”

Did I do wrong?

“Not a wrong, but too much—you need limitation in every respect. You concern yourself too much about others. Let others go their own way. Seek only your way, but not for others, otherwise you expend too much. The burden of thinking for others gives you a headache. What you yourself must attend to is more than enough. Rest yourself. [”] [91/92]

## 18. VII. 16.[234]

What is it? How is everything?

“You are a swindler. You really know what things mean. But you don’t handle them as if you do, you take them at face value. Through this you sow confusion.”

How can I behave differently?

“Let go, do not reply, be silent and accept the moment as a moment.”

But this too men will not want.

“Put aside the wants of others. Act on yours. You adapt enough to others.”

Why do I feel so bad?

“Because something bad still remains in you, namely the thirst for revenge and malice, anger at the stupidity of the men who call themselves your friends.”

I always have to be the devil; they [92/93] should as well.

“But it’s not you who should do that. That is lust for power. The evil shall leave you. You can never know what others want, so expect nothing and do not adapt yourself to things ~~xx~~ which you know are just whims of fantasy, which will no longer be true tomorrow. You have forgotten the Buddha again.[235] So discard the thirst for revenge, destroy the anger, persist in the expectation of the things to come: a bright flame not blown out by the wind.”

I am truly the devil? Am I the devil because ~~xx~~ my way led me to the daimons? Have I not gone my own way in good faith?

“Didn’t Christianity draw out the worst qualities in men? Was Christ therefore of the devil? Indeed, he too was of the devil.” Persist undisturbed in expectation. Do not disturb the holy flame. Your anger and your thirst for revenge are earthly fire, a theft of the heavenly.[”][236] [93/94]

## 14 Aug. 1916.[237]

My God, I want from myself what is right.

“Do you really want it?”

Why do you doubt? My soul, why do you not help?

“I must preserve the right connection with the powerful of this world.” What is all right with you has been wrong for them. Equally right and wrong on both sides.”

So tell me, what terrible burden will be loaded on me again?

“That was what was too little for you, which was too much for others.”

Do you deceive me?

[“]No, why should I? I must flourish with you.[”]

Do I proceed wrongly? I will listen to you. I want to allocate right and wrong correctly. I’ll listen, but speak to me.

“So listen then: much is loaded on you and much is still expected from you, for the living [94/95] and the dead. Strange things are yet to be fulfilled. Do not resist. Good grows out of evil. You dreamed that you were travelling in that happy land with the friend of your youth, the one who early on had a bad fate. He was like a brother to you, and it was often his fate that stood warningly before you.[238] But do not forget how utterly different he was and how he came to his fate completely differently. You avoided everything that he did. Recalling him upsets you to this day. That must be so, therefore you dream of him, since you must be pressed down to the absolute minimum of your requirements, otherwise you will not be satisfied by the highest measure. You have seen this in those who have had everything from you and yet because of this they were not satisfied. If you yourself are frugal, you teach others frugality—and thankfulness for the meagre. Above all, one is thankful only for the meagre, never for the abundant.

Do it for yourself, so that you have the strength to solve the task.[”] [95/96]

Are you with me?

“I am completely with you.”

## 16. VIII 16.[239]

Why do you anger me? Why don’t you let me finally come to rest, so that I can do the necessary work? Why is this still going on? Speak, and don’t always leave me in the dark about what you want. Today you have annoyed and harassed me again. You rob me of joy and take pleasure in torment. You yourself want to escape torment and so you load it onto me. This can’t go on. I want to know and understand. You must also bear your part. Speak! I will listen to you!

“Have you brought me enough sacrifices? Have you killed goats and geese for me?”

You are lording it over me again. What has empowered you? Out with it, I want to know. [96/97]

“You did not pay attention. It was secretly taken from you. I stole it while you slept.”

What did you take from me?

“Hardness.” I made you soft and kind. This made me strong and brazen, since softness is a vice. Ha ha, I must still teach you how you should treat me. You must learn how to pay attention.”

When and where was this?

“On that exquisite night that gave you so little fun—none before and none after. Just sentiments. That is fodder for us.”

You wicked daimon, always ready to exploit human need. Yet tell me, how could you feed on sentiments, and with it, my hardness?

“You are not wicked and selfish enough. What a shame, that I must surrender the secret to you. You do not give to

buy. [97/98] Fool, you give for the sake of giving, and think that thankfulness will do it. Never, that is sentimental. As a consequence we will become fat and violent."

You devil, I will yet beat you against the wall.

"Do it, if you can. You must still get on with me. Be thankful that I surrender my trade secrets."

So give me back my hardness. Out with it. I will no longer be your fool, you ~~xx~~ cursed hanger-on.

"What will you give for it?"

You see, once again my blood. Not goats and geese, but myself. There is no better ransom.

"Almost too much. You are too kind—for the sake of that little hardness. Perhaps you should also only stamp a bit. Then it would have been here immediately." [98/99]

So you belong to that species that becomes more brazen the more it receives. How commonly human you are! It seems you are in need of fasting? Certainly! Once more I forgot that post-Christianity has begun: when souls enter the cloister and tie cords and fast. God have mercy! Yes, my dear fattened Christian soul, I realize that my virtues hinder you from the cure of the soul. Become good, Christianity has fully made you into a monster. The witch trials could already have taught us that. Damned foolishness of these people: they should have roasted their souls, instead they grilled their own flesh and with this they fed the paunch of their souls.[240]

My God, let it not come to pass that my work, my goal, is devoured by souls. [99/100].

## 21. IX. 16[241]

It is black, utterly black. The ground of suffering is not exhausted. Therefore I come to you or to you other invisibles, and sacrifice blood for you, to loosen your tongue and make you speak to me and tell me what you

demand from me, so that I can bear life. Let me hear! Is it you, my soul? Speak then!

"It has been a long time since you spoke to me, too long. Here lies one ground for your suffering. You waited too long. Yet that's not all: what is it with the old man, whom you slaughtered? Perhaps he was right? How?"[242]

I agreed with him, as much as he was entitled. Rightness is on my side too. But what about him?

"What he said about sexuality, do you believe it?" [100/101]

Certainly, but also the other,[243] since it is also true, as true as truth can be.

"Truth? Now that is a beautiful old word. Is there more where that came from?"

Stop mocking. If I ask you, it doesn't mean that I unconditionally surrender myself to you. So what is with sexuality?

"For you it is close to the heart."

Naturally. What do you want with it?

"You want with it?"

Stop this torture. You know better. I want to hear from you how I can raise myself again. I can't live this way. Give what you've got.

"Time out. Not so fast. Slower is better."

You gruesome devil! Give me my life back. [101/102]

What do you want from me?

"Your heart."

So, even the heart? Isn't blood enough?

"No, your heart, your whole heart. You no longer need a heart. I must have your heart."

So take it, for all I care. I am desperate enough. But give me my life in exchange. What will happen to my heart with you? My heart with this soul! So maybe then you'll be better? Or will I learn to hate my heart because you now have it? "For out of the heart proceed all evil thoughts."[244]

So even that will become true. Am I then master of my feelings and free of them? [102/103]

"Be patient and watch, as it will come to pass that you have given me your heart. Perhaps I will then become good."

So that even something good will come from you? Hardly believable. However, I will wait. But as you know, with little hope.

"Patience. Some resolution will come about. Your heart gives me strength."

## 25. IX. 16.[245]

There was a solution. Life returned. I am happy and thankful. I must tell you this. But there is still much pain, hardness, and cruelty in the air. Dark guilt, anxiety, heaviness and oppression. How much comes in from this terrible war?[246] Does the stench of blood also weigh on my air? Must I have my share in this? [103/104]

I gave you my heart, my soul, speak to me!

"How many lights do you want to have, three or seven? Three is the heartfelt and modest, seven the general and encompassing."

What a question! And what a decision! I must be honest: my mind goes for the seven lights.[247]

"So you want the seven? That's what I thought. That has broad scope—cold lights."

That's what I need: cooling, fresh air. Enough suffocating sultriness. Too much anxiety and too little breathing room. Give me the 7 lights.

"The first light designates the Pleroma.[248]

The second light designates Abraxas.[249]

The third light, the sun.[250] [104/105]

The fourth light, the moon.[251]

The fifth light, the earth.[252]

The sixth light, the phallus.[253]

The seventh light, the star."[254]

Why are the bird, the heavenly mother, and heaven missing?[255]

They are all enclosed in the star. When you ~~xx~~ look toward the star, you will look through them. They are the bridges to the star. They make up the single 7th light, the highest, the floating, which rises with roaring flapping of wings, released from the embrace of the tree of light with 6 branches and 1 blossom, in which the star God lay slumbering.

The 6 lights are singular and form the multiplicity. The one light is one and forms the unity, it is the blossoming crown [105/106] of the tree, the holy egg, the seed of the world endowed with wings so it can reach its place. The one gives rise to the many again and again, and the many entails the one."

Yet tell me, what is the threefold that I spurned?

That is 3 wives: daybreak, midday and night, woman—your fate. You escape them."

Rightly or wrongly?

"Rightly. Since you do not deserve to be suffocated by women, as you were not suffocated by me. You see in me what woman is for man—a snare and a ladder to heaven.[256] What woman is otherwise, she will show and it will be shown. A deep chasm is fixed between man and [106/107] woman. I am this chasm. He who does not see this chasm is estranged from himself. He who has me sees the abyss that lies between, that cannot be spanned by any soul. Separation brings about longing, and only longing unites. Those who are distant love one another."[257]

Does that mean solitude, estrangement, cloisters?

"No, it means the possibility of being together—closeness on remotest peaks.[258] It means joy. Since you suffer all suffering for and with your soul."

Who are you?

“I am your soul.”

How? And do you speak the truth?

“I have your heart. That’s how. I feel with you, I am united with you.”

Then are you the woman, the companion of my self—my soul, as one says—whom I have always searched for?[259] Whom I have never found among [107/108] human women? Have you begged off the daimons? Have you become a Christian, you heathen monster?

“I follow after you, always older and younger than you.”

As someone young do you already sense the end and what is turned round again?

“No, I sound out what is further. Greatly vastness of what exists. I call it the Christianity of the soul, the abstinence and chastity of the soul, the humanity of men.

I carry with me all the ~~highes~~t greatest suffering and all the highest joy. The measurable and the measured alone belong to men, not the reverse, as the devils always want to teach you. Give me your fidelity and I will help you. You know that I can bring about much. [108/109] I give you power and keep disturbances far from you. That way you will rise up to what is further.[”]

## 27. IX. 16.[260]

You heap up unbearable heaviness on me. Is this payment for my giving my heart to you? Or do you demand that I consecrate evening after evening to you, despite weariness?

“You should have overcome everything yesterday to speak to me. You neglected it. Consequently you will be punished.”

But why does so much disgust stand in the way for me? Occasionally I can’t overcome the disgust.

“Because I am disgusting. Faced with men you could still overcome disgust, or not completely? In any case much more than when faced with me. Listen: here disgust must be overcome completely and entirely. If you feel disgust, then you must come to me, since I am close to you there. If corpse rot and [109/110] foulness taint the air, then I am there. You can and should speak to me about this, otherwise everything will get twisted. You are right to come to me now. It is good that you want to listen to me. Very simply, you must hear me. What use is doubt to you? After all, I sit right at the source of life. You must come to me, otherwise you won’t live. You live through me, through the disgust that I exude. Don’t you know that life feeds on corpses? Take heed. Whoever fails to overcome revulsion toward the grub of corpses does not live. The world will become a corpse for him. Rather let everything else lie and come to me.”

You speak like a woman.

“I am your woman, who can give you life. In the long run no earthly woman is capable of the same. You selected the 7 lights, receive [110/111] therefore your life from me and not from an earthly woman. This is painful, but true. You’ll always give life only to them, ~~xx~~ they can’t give it to you. Only I can do that. Therefore, every time ~~not~~ the emptiness and disgust seize you, come to me.”

So give me my life, give me back abundance and strength.

“Will you fulfil all my conditions?”

Yes, I will.

“So no more letters to women, no moaning.[261] They can’t give it you. You should have known this for a long time. You are the source of life to them, until they have found their own source. Moaning letters are misfires. You must give, but must receive only from me. Human women are always jealous of me, in that they confuse themselves

with your [111/112] soul. That is their devilry, from which they suffer and make you suffer. You have caught me and forced me to be faithful. I am your woman, no one else is."

I doubt you and have no confidence in you.

"I'm no human woman; they can't. You can't rely on them, but you must trust that I'm able. You have already experienced that many times. Why do you still not believe?"

Sometimes it seems to me as if others too were able.

"Only through me, never through themselves. They are empty and dry, in so far as they do not have their own wellsprings and live only through you. Do you want love from them? You will receive only what you take. They cannot give. [112/113] I can give, they can't."

~~"~~So give it to me. I will fulfil your conditions.

"There is one more condition: let the black one go.[262] No excessively deep relation. She is also empty and lives through you. She can't give to you what you need. You chose the 7 lights. The more you bind yourself, the weaker you become. No more letters, no time which you ought to give to me.~~"~~ I will give you strength, if you go only with me. I will keep others away from you, but come to me. You must be lonely with me. Much silence, and do not bind yourself. ~~Which~~ Take the human aspects that you need. Much will be against your going with me. Even the quill will not want to write. But come to me unswervingly. Only I can give you the solution. You found the way to me. So the payment will also come to you. But stay with me.["] [113/114]

## 28. IX. 16.[263]

Isn't everything very threatening?

"Less than ever. Now comes just the evocation of the danger. You must see to your friends."

Does so great a darkness rule over me?

"More than that: deep mistrust and secret fear. You have become uncanny."

I will note this. Yet tell me: why did you speak to me so disdainfully about the black one yesterday? Are you just jealous or does it have some deeper reasons?

"Yes, it is jealousy, womanly jealousy. Do you think that it has no significance? It is self-preservation. Consequently I must malign the black one. I am against her not because she is somewhat not good ~~xx~~, but because ~~xx~~ she takes too much away from me."

I'm afraid that you are too greedy. You want too much from me.

"I always want a great deal from you. Women are my most dangerous [114/115] opponents, since they have my qualities. That's why you can confuse me so easily with the black one. I also have golden goat eyes and a black coat. I place myself between her and you. The white one[264] is less dangerous to you, since she is completely unlike me and of such an adverse nature that you can't at all lose yourself there. You just suffer too much from her. She was dangerous before, but no longer. She is just embittered against you because I am stronger than her.[265] But the black one is dishonestly clever. I understand that you love her, but I would like to get rid of her. It's unclear whether I will succeed. There are human matters which I cannot master. But I will always be against her. So pay attention. Not too far away from me!"

I recall that you are not a human but a half-daimon. Hopefully, my heart, which I gave you, will improve you. Hopefully my heart has given you an insight into human nature. It doesn't always need to be like hell and the [115/116] devil between us. But live with me and help me to find the right way through the world. I still have something on my heart. You know that I have it in mind to tackle something which until now was dark to me: the magical. Is it altogether right that I do this, or do I fail to see the counter-arguments?

“The magical? What do you want there?”

I want to know if we can also win something necessary and useful there.

“Be careful! I can’t gainsay this. But there are reasons against it. Where should it lead? To new knowledge? Don’t you have enough of that? Certainties? Are there any greater than what you already have?”

But surely you must know a great deal about it? Doesn’t it cover your very area?

“Precisely that is dark to me. I don’t know how I work. It can become only clear through men, since nature recognizes [116/117] herself only through men. Perhaps I will learn something from it? Who knows? I can grasp for you only what you already have but don’t know. The beyond from which I bring knowledge to you ~~xx~~ is your beyond. I am able to grasp what you have. But you aren’t. That’s why you need me.”

Remarkable being! So you have nothing to object to my intention?

“Nothing, as has already been said. You men still want to know everything!”

It seems to me you are holding back. What do you have? Is there something you don’t want to reveal?

“It is so difficult to grapple with!”

So make an effort, just as I do.

“Now let’s give it a try. It is something from the golden bird. Not the white bird,[266] but the golden one. That’s different. The white bird is a good daimon, but the golden one is above you and under your God. It flies ahead of you. [117/118] I see it in the blue ether, flying toward the star. It is something that is part of you. And at the same time it’s its own egg, containing you. Are you with me? Then ask!”

“Tell me more. It gives me a bad feeling.”

“The golden bird is no soul; it is your entire nature. Men are also golden birds as well; not all; some are worms and

rot in the earth. But many are also golden birds."

Continue, ~~xx~~ I fear my revulsion. Tell me what you have grasped.

"The golden bird sits on the tree of the 6 lights. The tree grows from the head of Abraxas, ~~and everything from~~ but Abraxas grows from the Pleroma. Everything from which the tree grows blossoms from it as a light. It is transformed, as a womb of the topmost blossom, the golden egg-bird. The tree of light is first a plant, [118/119] which is called an individual; this grows out of the head of Abraxas, his thought, one thought among countless others. The individual is a mere plant without flowers and fruits, a passageway to the tree of 7 lights. The individual is a precursor of the tree of light. The lucent blossoms from it, Phanes himself, Agni, a new fire, a golden bird.[267] This comes after the individual, namely when he has been reunited with the world, the world blossoms from him. ~~from~~ Abraxas is the drive, whereas the individual is what is distinct from him, but the tree of the 7 lights is the symbol of the individual united with Abraxas. This is where Phanes appears and he, the golden bird, flies ahead.

You unite yourself with Abraxas through me. First you give me your heart, and then you live through me. I am the bridge to Abraxas. Thus the tree of light arises in you and you become the tree of light [119/120] and Phanes arises from you. You have anticipated, but not understood this. At the time you had to separate from Abraxas to become individual, opposed to the drive. Now you become one with Abraxas. This happens through me. You cannot do this. Therefore you must remain with me. Unification with the physical Abraxas occurs through the human woman, but that with the spiritual Abr. occurs through me; that is why you must be with me."[268]

## 29. IX.16 Morning.[269]

You see, I slipped up again. Twice, not easy. This damned letter writing!

"Yes, deplorable! You men are weaklings."

And you, I had to lock you up! Don't I owe it to your relative freedom that I [120/121] slipped up again?

"Yes, I too for once also wanted to have a good day and enjoyed your annoyance and your sins."

What—sins?

"Now, somewhat depreciatingly expressed: but you also devalue me, in that you once again ~~xx~~ doubt my existence due to my inconsistency. It is good that you came just now. If you don't come, I lose myself in things and men and once again it is difficult to get me out of it. I savor all emotions and completely lose myself in them. Only ~~xx~~ through you am I reminded of my existence. However I have forfeited some seriousness. I must make up for this defect. You must help me do this. You must come again soon, tomorrow morning, so that we can continue to do our work. [121/122].

Evening:

I feel the conflict beginning again. Stay with me, soul, daimon. What still slumbers unreleased must be gained. Let us go to work.

"It is something else."

What is it?

"It can barely be uttered. It is still far, hazy like mist, ghostly—mist on a dark expanse, a verdant night, dark forests. What do I see? Who can name it? Almost inexpressible—so wide, so thin, so breath-like—how strange—where did you get that from? So chilly and northerly—so maritime—what did you make out? What did you learn? How did it come to you? Inexpressible, unascertainable, fearsome things—like tangles of serpents, intertwined, knotted ropes[270]—like runes, barely readable signs. You

deciphered a little of it. Where is the key—they are white and mist-like, like breath—peculiar. A sign lets itself be grasped  what does it mean? An upper one and a lower one, divided lengthwise, makes four. It blurs—hold me firmly—I must get closer again—patience—hold firm, don't look away—now it is fiery, 2 circles  like eyes, empty sockets of fire. Now—hold firm—it is difficult, it seems like two drops  , two tears of glowing glass dripped from a fiery upper sphere—a yellow light  burning upward, a will-o'-the-wisp over dark marshes—a grave  , who rests in it? It is empty, emptied; one rose up from it, where did he go? A fork  ; what does it fork? [122/123] What preceded the division? Was it a sin—no, a conflict? No: a separation? —Darkness. Yet look—another sign, a head  , severed? From where has it fallen? A grill  , a loop  , a prison  , a cock  ,—I'm at a loss—so strange—this is unfamiliar. You picked up on something that does not belong to you, strange infernal stuff, infinitely distant. Something entered into you, adversely—yesterday evening—magic—the strange charms—out swiftly—I found strange bewitchment —falsity—magical tricks—not genuine, not from the ground —poison—hellishly crafty poison from green poisonous flasks. Spit it out, it's impure, fake, disgusting, a swindle, hellish sorcery. I warned you about magic. Devilish stuff gets into you. No more of it, I implore you, you filthy rat, you underworld tangle, you witches' spell—be gone, you are found out, nailed and hung up. Everyone looks at you, everyone spits at you—found out—found out—off and away, foreign filth—the air is pure—shut the doors.

That's better off gone. But now you should realize that what is there is deception and the poison of magic. Hands off. The devil has laid a trap. The black one is good. There is good air there. The green one prepared poison and

darkness. [123/124] Good that that is out. No more of it! You sly newt of darkness, staring stupidly, the prey escapes you. Now upward toward the light—we must see the stars above the mist—the mist spawns poison. Oh, purest air—close the chasm of stench. Ignite a pure white light on the throne of the Above. Magic—this magic is the devil's filth—you soil yourself with it—impure mixing—cold poison—protect yourself."[271]

You have done well. This made me tipsy! It was a secretly numbing poison. It's good that I know this. Stay with me, my soul. Don't you still have something to say?

["]Yes, it's necessary that you know that you must purify yourself through hard work so that the light becomes completely pure and white. It is almost extinguished in poisonous fog. Tomorrow, you get to work." [124/125]

## 2. X. 16.[272]

I have come to listen to you! Will you speak to me? Or should I do something else that I'm in the mood for?

"Whenever you have the mood for something else, do it. Are you really in the mood for something else? Now, it was somewhat difficult for you, and you didn't know what to do."

That's right and that's why I came.

"So listen: you won't make sense of it until you have examined everything. You must still understand a great deal that ~~xx~~ is obscure to you. Did you understand that from the golden bird? No, far from it. It is difficult. Does it not rise like a light, like the sun? Does it not raise itself up to the zenith? What kind of darkness are you standing in?"

I wonder about that too. I stand in deep obscurities. Where does the golden bird ascend? For a long time now I have dreamt of fire and of the day overhead, but it's as if we are standing in a deep ravine, and far above us is a

narrow cleft of day. When will the light come? Why are we always on the shadow-side ~~of everyone~~ of the world?

"Yes, you stand there, on the shadow-side. But I saw the light from afar and still see it, though it is far off."

Why so remote? Didn't I do everything I could to bring it about? What must I still do?, Tell me~~!~~ [125/126]

"I believe that you should pray."

To whom? ~~T~~

"To your God, that he bring you the light, otherwise it can't come along. It needs the bridge of prayer. You ought to leave no means untried. Where nothing helps, prayer helps. Prayer helps your God. He has the light, I don't have it.[273] I can see only from the distance, through you. But you don't see it."

I'll do that.

## 6. X. 16[274]

As you see, I am not working. I dream. Have you taken my strength away?

["]Yes, I needed it.["]

Why? I have to work out the deeper things. Science take time. What has been buried for ages must still be dug up.

So I didn't do wrong to dream?

"No, far from it. What you need to know can become ripe that way, since there are still difficult things to understand."

Will you talk this over with me?

"Try, lend me strength, then perhaps I can bring something out. [126/127]

It is the golden bird, the new light, the winged egg, that should unfold. The air will hatch it, the air that everyone breathes, the wide winds of the world which are everywhere, from north and south, from east and west. The egg has not yet developed, but the tree grows; yet the 6 lights are dangerous for the 7th, because they are hostile.

The most dangerous enemies of the large lights are the small lights. One must note that. Science belongs to the small lights. They are necessary, but should be restrained so that seventh light can shine. Science corresponds to the clear light of the sun, art corresponds to the light of the moon. Both stand beside the seventh light, but are not the same."[275]

Why do you stop?

"It's dark. Something else, something completely other is there. Something of the dead, the spirits."

What is it with them?

"I can't understand what this riffraff are saying. You all die! Why couldn't [127/128] you find peace? Haven't you still not sinned enough? What~~xx~~ do you still want? You just stand there! What do you say? Are you hungry or thirsty? I don't like you. What can you do? Do you also want to approach the light? Is there something going on? Why do you hold up your hands? Do you have nothing? Are you beggars? You, old man,[276] why do you look so sorrowful? Has your truth not been recognized? You, young woman,[277] did you find no love? What do you still want? Reality became your shade, and you are shades yourself. What use to you is your longing? But give back to the living one what you did not live, the fire that still glows in you, so that he can still fulfil it. You can no longer do it. Too late—you must do without. Hand over your fire, the living one has need of it. Why do you want to hold onto it so greedily, so avariciously? Give it away, then at least the fire still lives, as you have turned into shades. Why won't you sacrifice your fire? [128/129] You should, so that the light can flare up above. How can the lamps burn if you take the oil with you?[278]

What do you say? You want to be heard? Then what do you want? Speak!["]

Elijah: I come as a spokesman. It is too sad to be abandoned by the living. Salome weeps, her eyes have become blind from tears.[279] We want sympathy.

"Why sympathy? The living one[280] dies, if you want to live. You are shades, sacrifice yourselves and leave the remains of the fire which remains with you to the living one. He will ignite a new fire, and needs your fire."

Elijah: We can't do without it, otherwise we lack all warmth. Leave us the remains of the fire. We'll give you something else, if you leave us a little warmth. Should the dead then completely die out? We can still give you wisdom and teach a great deal that the living don't know.

"What then have you to say?"

[E.] I don't know what you want. [129/130]

"We must know something about crossing over, perhaps of life after death. Oppressive doubts plague us. Here we hit an obstacle. Any advice?["]

E. I will reflect on this. Salome, do you see a way?

Sal. My eyes are closed. They were once open and I saw the light, the great flame that the living need. But it died out. Too great a grief rolled over it and snuffed it out. One should excavate it.

El. I have no strength for this.

Sal. Lead me to the place where our house once stood, before the cursed God was born.[281] I can't see, but I feel the warmth that remains at the spot where the flame once burnt. I will dig up that place with my hands. Father, are we at the spot?

El. Yes, we're here.

Sal. Here you have a stone. Do you see [130/131] the old mysterious sign on it, the tree of light, with the shining one above? My hands feel it. It's the right spot. The living ought to come to me. Be gone, daimonic serpent bird woman. You should not come between me and the living.

Brother, how cold your hands are![282] How dry your eyes, how closed in grief is your heart. Kiss me.

I. Oh Salome! To kiss you—what pain!

Sal. Your suffering is my suffering.

I. How cold as a corpse you are! How bygone! How shade-like! I can't embrace you. You are like a chilly breath. My arms clasp empty space, and shivering cold penetrates me. Where~~xx~~ is the fire you have? ~~It~~

Sal. It went out. There are still a few embers deep under there. Lift the large stones away for me so that I can descend. [131/132]

I. These stones are so light and yet so immovably heavy. Who couldn't lift them, or who could? Too few and too many! And this should lead us to the fire?

Sal. Brother, do it.

I. Here is a block—infinitely heavy, and a nothing. Here I throw it at your feet. A second, and a third. Indeed, it's warmer here. Maybe you're right?

Sal. What is it now?

I. By God, a corpse! Stop—oh God—it is I myself. I, a dead man, who buried the flame under himself? Did you weep over my death, Salome? How did I die? Who killed me? Did someone murderously shed my blood? My brother, self, how did it come about that you died? That you buried the flame under you? Did grief kill you? Did age [132/133] spirit you off? Dreadful hour! I myself lie among the dead!

So that was your work, Salome, heinous one! You forced me to climb down from the tree of life, where I lay in the branches, in the egg, Phanes himself, the luminous one, and you bewitched me, to climb down from my birth and I buried myself there. I piled hills upon me and I vanished. I was alone on the earth, as the luminous one rose up. His soul crossed over and left us the night.

I want the day. Salome, cursed one, your tears killed me. My soul, why didn't you strangle the dead? What must

happen now?

“Rise on the tree and look up; perhaps you will grow wings or the fire will fall from heaven and climb down to you as [133/134] a golden bird.”

I. But what should I do? Will I ever reach the light? Wouldn’t it be better if I remained true to the earth? And left the golden bird to the air and the wide heavens?

“You die as a man, first as the one and then as the other. You become an earthworm. Phanes is risen from you. He has evolved. He shines over you. Everything is accomplished. He was a worm. You were the luminous man. You became the worm and he became the luminous one who rose up. Your work became that of the worm that digs secret passages and brings down the mighty. Since he, the luminous one, developed out of this worm.[”]

## 9. X. 16[283]

Everything is still unclear. Help me find the light. Is Phanes the ultimate and the highest?

“Yes, he is the ultimate and highest. What comes after him is development, preservation, and decline.” [134/135]

Do you foresee the development?

“Only vaguely at best. It is too far away. There is so much unheard of with things barely sayable in between—wars, plights of every kind. Much, infinitely much confusion—tediously back and forth. One would like to despair of humanity. Just as a beginning is so mean and paltry, it becomes so beautiful and great—later the fire commingled with the earth and soiled its pure glow. You and yours can still see the pure flame. When the flame spreads out, the smoke veils it. To see ahead and to know in advance ~~is~~ would be murderous for the beginning. May beginnings be protected in the darkness of not-knowing.

But one would much like at least to cast a glimpse forward, to behold the fruits that the tree that one has

planted will bear.

“Temples in deserts? Secret societies? Ceremonies? Rituals? ~~xx~~ Colorful robes? Golden images of Gods of terrible aspect? None of them—those branded by the spirit of love, burnt by the fire recognize each other and speak the same language in hidden places. Small indications of the spirit placed here and there, hidden fire in hearts and minds.~~”~~ What the world recognizes turns to water. The genuine is rare and [135/136] unrecognized. But it works from the few to the many, who do not recognize it.”

Am I on the right way to this goal?

“Yes, but you trust yourself to do it. Men wait for the redeeming news. You should impart more of it, but only to the few.”

~~16. X. 16.~~

## 20. X. 16.[284]

I must bow down before you, you light of the East! Truly, the world is inflamed everywhere, everywhere everything stands in the fire, everywhere the flame of madness whips up.

Grant us the obdurate peace of the soul, so that we don’t cry out in rage and horror.

Let us become cold, so that the inner light illumines and warms us.

Grant us holy contemplation and the peace of the overcoming, so that our heart grows calm and turns away from the fiery delusion of malice and revenge.

Give us the silence of the ~~s~~ looming shadows of coming eternity. [136/137].

My soul, I need a word from you.

“How do you shine? Weren’t you covered just now by a shimmering light? What was that golden glow?”

What are you speaking about, my soul? Where did you see a light?

"I ~~see~~ saw it around you, the golden shimmering flowing just now around you. Never have I have seen the like—yet—I now recall—I saw something similar in the distance in the northern sky. Did it come to you? It didn't come through me, not from our side. It must have come from ahead. Was it Phanes?"

How strangely you speak! Don't you know anything about this?

"Such matters don't concern us. You are closer to the golden bird than I am. I'm your shadow, but not your light. [137/138]. It seems I'm a dark shadow to you, but that's why you shine. But this golden shimmer, like a solar nebula, like star dew—how was it? I never saw the like!"

~~"~~Are you actually making fun of me? Don't you know that the deepest pain struck me? I no longer yammer about pain, but I am reporting it to you, so that maybe you'll spare me your bad joke.

"What are you thinking? I'm not joking! I am serious. Never have I seen such like! What happened to you? The gold shone from you!"

Sick with pain, petrified from suffering—and you speak of shining gold?

"I can't help myself—I saw it, it was a solar nebula, it wove quietly shining sun-gold threads [138/139] around you—a divine shimmering light. Didn't you place your hand on the crystal bridge, didn't you set your foot on the sun gold tiles? Oh my mortal one, tell me, who illumined you? From what depths of what sky did the golden nebula of light fall on you?"

You frighten me, my soul, you worst and most diabolical of all temptresses. What are you saying? Don't seduce me into the madness of holiness, into stupid and unjust arrogance~~,~~. Don't play with me, around whose solitude a

heavenly vastness has spread. I implore you, don't lie or deceive.

"I don't lie or deceive. I saw what you didn't see. Why do you always want to get lost again? Your way does not go down to men, but I see you in swinging, sonorous gold skies and sun [139/140] clouds of the holy rapture. It seems as if what was bound will soon be released. Be silent, bear up, wait, want for nothing. Seek out the solitary. Speak with me, but be silent before men, unless you speak the word of the teaching. Amen."

## 24. X. 16.[285]

My soul, you lead me to ever higher and more dreadful solitudes. I wanted to stay in the valley with men. Why was I prevented? Is it really just my sensitivity that pushes me from men? Or what is it?

"What? Sensitivity? Others are more sensitive than you. Solitude? Of course you are solitary, and of course you must be. Men also want this, not only us. What would you be, if you weren't misunderstood!"

Oh this black grave of all that is human! [140/141]

"What are you whining about? Men are mortal. Nothing saved your friend Gilgamesh from losing his brother.[286] That is the law of the earth. If everyone thought just like you! What do you still want? The time of power is at an end."

My soul, will ~~xx~~ you too vanish?

"How can I? As long as you live, I am there, then I dissolve myself. I'm not your crossing-over. That belongs to him whom you call ~~xx~~ Phanes."

Can I not turn toward that other side? May I turn away from you?

"You must not lose the connection with me. But I believe that you should try to speak with the one on the side of the light. Perhaps he can tell you things that I don't get. It will

not be Phanes, but the one who lives in the flame.[”] [141/142]

## 6. XII. 16.[287]

Why this bath of poison? I’m disgusted at myself! And is everything to be accepted? But all that belongs to your hell, my soul. I have brought you a great sacrifice; today I have lived you through and through. I’m sick of you. What is your recompense?

“Nothing, fool! Who suffers from me? Nerds, dope!”

You dirty animal! You are right. I am the fool.

## 24. XII. 16[288]

Our Lord was born to us on this night. So it was. And it has become different—yes, it has become different. The new days have dawned. The fire broke out of the old earth. Its innards were affronted. The son of the fire went away and reached the light and the light went pale. They could no longer carry the burden of the good. A new sun broke away from the flaming body of the primordial mother. A dragon crept up and spat out the new sun. It could no longer endure the light in it.[289] Thus everything was as it should be.

Oh abyss of wisest folly! [142/143]

Oh heaven’s mountain of foolish wisdom! You light that climbs higher, don’t snatch us up-! You fluttering blazing ground, do not draw us down!

You iron of the innermost, of the primordial and firm, do not melt!

Rise up and sink below, you fire clouds and smoking marl of the divine drama.

I melted once, I burned once. I have now become solid.

Bastard, soul daimon, why are you tugging at me? I spoke to the Gods. Will you speak of men?

[“]Permit me a word. You are not alone. You have men around you. Turn them into men.[”]

What do you want? Do you crave human fodder?

[“]No, the love of men. My soul wants love.[”] [143/144]

I am your soul.

“No, not your I, but your you.”

My you? Do you mean my shadow? Which is always behind, under, over and close to me? That which I can never grasp? That is ~~my~~ your soul? That wants to love?

“That is my soul, my higher one, my united one. That is my bridge to you and your bridge to me. It lives from the hellish and heavenly fire. It makes ~~men~~ man into ~~men~~ man, I into I, soul into soul. It holds me near and far, at precisely the right distance from you and at the right nearness to you. That’s why I tugged at you when you spoke to the Gods. You looked at me for too long after the eternal fires and darknesses. That’s why I sent you [144/145] anxiety. Anxiety means: the soul demands. Console yourself. You have heeded me. Peace be with you. A remedy befell men. The Gods rage. Not virtue, not belief, not wisdom, but growth.

No commandment, but a young bud.”

“Say more, you haven’t finished. I want to hear everything!”[290]

“Wretch, why torment me? I want to keep what is mine.”

If you were a man, what is yours would be sacred to me, and I wouldn’t stretch my hand toward it. But you steal, you divine monster. Return everything that belongs to men. Speak, I don’t let you go.

“You should serve me.”

I should serve you? What are the grounds for that claim? You have stolen. Give it back.

[“]I gave you so much. Why won’t you serve me?[”] [145/146]

You gave stolen goods. Doesn’t Godliness also belong to man? He will claim what is his own. He won’t resemble you daimons, but his inner humanity is equal to the Gods. It will not serve. It will demand.

“You want to deify man?”

Not man, but man’s primordial kernel. That deserves worship. I gave you enough. I want to give you some more, as much as you deserve. But I deserve human freedom. You should give it to me. Man deserves it. You Gods want slaves. But man wants to be a law himself.[291] This must be. This will be accomplished. [146/147].

## 26. XII. 16.[292]

But why these consequences of the free act? Why this inner conflict? This suffering?

“Do you always suffer?”

No.

“Then where don’t you suffer?”

I know where you’re aiming. Remarkable. What can be done?

[“]Abide within limits.[”]

## 7. I. ~~16.~~ 17.[293]

What was it in the night of 2–3 I.[294]

“Do you finally come? Why didn’t you ask sooner? Must I admonish you yet again tonight? Why did you follow your resistances? You unfaithful servant!”

I didn’t want to be a servant. I also want to have the right of my resistances. But now I’m here and have overcome my resistances, as much as possible.

“But you still resist. Why? Are [147/148] you again full of disbelief, you fool! You should always immediately

circumvent it. Take note!”

Tell me now, what was it? What fire burned, what anguish was it?

“The serpent fire. The earthly was cooked until it screamed. It should scream, so that you don’t ignore it.”

What will it say?

It will tell of the greatest things, of the further mysteries. Thus one from the East also came this night. It’s you he wants. He wants to speak to you. Listen.

295“Man of the West! I speak to you. Your air is nebulous. Let light in. There is a clear day to the East, while the west glows in ruddy twilight. A new sun rises in the east. Look eastward. Listen eastward. A voice comes from there. A fluttering fire smoldered there, now it’s with you. What did we do? We grasped it. We made serpent-like [148/149] plantlike forms. You built vaults and high arches. Is there something under them? Do you keep something safe there? Empty air, that’s what. We have no roof while you have only roofs. That’s why I seek your roof. I want to live with you: I, the patient taciturn one. I make strange things with a slow hand, I fill the vaults with rare decoration. Do you give me shelter?”

Certainly, you shall have it. But the meaning of your speech is dark, you son of the East. Speak more clearly! Are you a drinker of blood?

[“]No, I’m no shade, I’m living.[”]

How are you not a shade?

[“]No, I live in your below, earthly, an ancient brother, never before seen. Listen to me. You need do nothing but listen:

I believe that it is you who carries the new light. I believe that your hand [149/150] made what we need. I give you my allegiance. I was burnt in the fire like red clay, I am as solid as stone. My nature is of the earth, of the solid red rocks. The centuries do not alter me. I am still the same

~~xx~~ as of old. My wisdom needs no renewal, no alteration. My eye speaks unwavering mystery, my mouth remains silent before the stranger. I do not teach myself, I am. I add to myself in slow growth."

Will you give yourself to me? Should I take from you and add to myself?

"You can't take me, I am rooted in the earth. But ~~xx~~ you can stay with me and shape yourself over my form, you changing bodiless flame."

You fill me with yawns, with eternal boredom. [150/151]

["]That must be so. Otherwise you live too quickly: your time should be long, or else you don't live. Otherwise nothing will be real, as the flame will always continue to burn it. Stone doesn't burn. You are a flammable spirit and are soon burnt out. You lack stone. Become heavy. I am the spirit of gravity, your brother.[296] Gravity remains, lightness evaporates. You should be heavy, otherwise you leave no mark. Show resistance against everything which ignites you, so that the flame of destruction will not notice you. Everything burns,[297] but the earth burns not. You must remain for a long time. Protect yourself from alteration. No development, rather roots in the earth. That's why Prometheus was chained to the rocks, because he couldn't stop stealing.[298] He himself became a predatory flame, that's why he was bound to the earth. Do it voluntarily first. Bind yourself to the earth, become stone."

What do you give me as a gift in return for the deep sadness?

"The joy of the earth."

I saw the pain of the earth. [151/152]

"Why are you sad? The earth also has its joy. You are impatient, like any flame.["]

## 17. 1. 17.[299]

What is it that fills me with anxiety and horror? What death rattle is in the air? What is falling down from high mountains? What load will crush and smother us? What shadows of what things fall on us? Speak, my soul!

“Help the Gods, sacrifice to the Gods; the worm crawled up to heaven, it starts to cover the stars. It eats the dome of the sevenfold blue heaven with a tongue of fire. It plots its way with blood, it strews the bones of the heavenly ones over fields.

What are you talking about?

“Open your ears, let my words in: you too are being devoured. The fire is licking you. Quick [152/153]—to the stone; crawl into the stone and wait in the narrow enclosure until the torrent of fire is past. Snow falls from the mountains, because the wind of fire bowls down high over the clouds. Hence the snowfall.[300] I told you long ago. Worms of fire, rings of flames travel over earth and sky. Hold your breath, so that you don’t breathe in poisonous smoke. Contain yourself and sacrifice to the Gods. Men begin to rave. The God comes. Prepare yourself to receive him; but hide yourself in stone for he is total radiance, totally frightful fire.

Why torment yourself now with silly human thoughts? Open your eyes wide, prick up your ears, look and see how a God arrives. The firmest devotion is essential, otherwise you will burn. Listen to me, listen to me, the God comes. Just this once, hold yourself, be silent, look within, listen within, so that the God [153/154] doesn’t consume you in flames.”

What else?

“Nothing further, enough.”

## 4 II 17.[301]

What awful company you keep? What shabby riff-raff! You can’t be serious? Why don’t you love me? Why do you

always run away?

"You give me too little. I must beg at strange doors."

What do you have for me? Give it to me.

"Give me love first."

I shall caress your puppy? It is no panther. A harmless creature. Why do you cover yourself in such riddles? Why this banal fuss?

"You aren't banal enough. You should leave it to me."[302]

Where can I be banal? I'm already banal enough. No? Why am I so restless?

"Not enough by yourself. You should be able to be more solitary. Then my company would be better." [154/155]

You're like a eunuch, revolting. I'm cursed with you.

"You're coarse. One doesn't speak in such a manner with ladies."

Go to hell, you old cocotte. Can you not become whole? You truly belong to the off-color riff-raff. A pink morning dress—that ~~xx~~ truly sets you off. Do you want to look attractive? What have you got there? Something written—show it! ~~?~~

"I did it at night, while I was stranded in bad company."

What's this? A novel? A scientific essay? Confessions?

"None of these. A womanly outcry—you would call it sentimentality."

Show me, but first let me hear it.

"Read it and let it work on you."

"// I am alone—god-forsakenly alone—in an abyss of solitude—a sea of nothingness around me—a frozen [155/156] ice-cold nothingness. Black and blue misty skies hang over it. A graphite colored ocean with stiffened horrors. A sun left me and now lights far-off mankind. They celebrate the morning, I mourn the night. My husband left over distant seas, the spouse who never embraced me—a bride of God in the empty bed of the ice-cold night. I send up a cry that cuts through the clouds like a keen spear. But

no one hears me above and below. The goggle eyes of the sea monster look toward me and see—nothing.

The streams of my tears don't cover the sea—a drop in many oceans.

That's why I come to the shores of the world and will join those who have no spouse, who satisfy themselves lovelessly from the insignificant, who pick up the costly leavings from the tables of the rich and feed on ~~xx~~ well-meant [156/157] alms.

I am alone—the Gods stroll on high paths over the earth and moon.

My bosom wails. My heart does not love and will not be loved. The human daimons stole from me and live from my joy and my smiles.

I am robbed and impoverished, abandoned. Was it you who stole from me? Was it the Gods? Who took my sun from me? Who prevented the flourishing of my life?

I remain in empty space, I moan and my spouse shines over the human race.

May you be cursed, you men, you stole the fire. You piled up sun torches ~~xx~~ above your houses, you filled your air with solar radiance. [157/158]

Why should men live? And I go hungry.

I pleaded to the Gods, for them to ruin men with the fire which they stole from my heaven.

You have gone over to the horde of the thieves, the rebels who secretly stole the fire. May my curse strike you, you dupers and soul tormentors."

You are full of revenge and hate. But I say to you, gone are the days of human torment. Know now what being abandoned by God means. What is your complaint now?

"I have no house to ~~xx~~ live in. My God has left me. Didn't I give my gift to men? Didn't they thank me for it? Now they robbed me, those ungrateful and shameless ones. [158/159]

They left me laments and tears and delight themselves with plunder.

You should know that you stole it from me. The fire that burns over your heads belongs to me. Borrowed, stolen radiance—radiant light which belongs to me, a ~~xx~~ wedding gift of my husband. Oh, but he too left me. His golden barque rose on ~~xx~~ the blue ~~xx~~ palaces of the sea bed, where our celebration was laid out, a celebration of the Gods and daimons.

Where does he wander, the faithless one?

Oh, his light shines over the desert sands and spindly forests, over the sad and wretched hovels of the mortal human animal.

What do they know of my love? What do they know of my pain?[”] [159/160]

Your lamentation makes me want to yawn. I regret that you feel so forlorn, since the God appeared to men. You held him back too long. You are just a daimon, why do you want to love Gods? Get used to your love for me. For you must live with me and not with the God. I am your daimon, to whom you belong. Why do you want to stage pastoral plays with Gods? Come with me. Bad things will happen to you only if you blink at the sun. You have to take my path. The godforsaken may turn to men.

## 19. II. 17[303]

And now? What do you say?

“Come up, old man, let joy reign again on earth. Give joy to the earthly ones.”

Whom do you summon?

“The ancient one, the spirit of the earth.” [160/161]

The brother of the devil?

“What are you thinking of? He is the Abraxas of the earth.[304] No one bestows joy on the earthly ones as he does. He is the hermaphrodite, who for joy unites what is

separated.[305] He makes you strong and happy on earth. He preserves the life and happiness of men. How could you grow without him? You poor fools! If you don't know how to serve the Gods, at least serve yourselves."

What are you teaching, you wild pagan!

"Unify yourselves, and thus become whole! And then you live. Joy belongs to the life of the earth. What do you know about joy? A hymn to joy, but you keep a procession of sorrow."

I invoke you, Phanes, shining one, who shines before us all, distant wanderer, [161/162] grant us counsel in the darkness of the earth. Give us light, so that we remain on the path of truth.

[306]"I come, my light is with you. Your path leads straight. Your feet do not err. Disaster is warded off. The way is secure. Disunity is removed from you. The Lord of light is born. He lifted himself up and white steeds go before him. Flowers spring up from beneath his feet. The sagacity of the earth and the goodness of the blessing light have prepared the path to joy for you. Lay worry aside. The Lord has come. Mortals may be happy. The soul gave herself to the evil one. The evil one is lamed by love. One of his eyes is blinded. Henceforth he doesn't drink the radiance of the light.[307] [162/163]. He embraced and was embraced. You are secure. Enjoy the leveled way."[308]

## 20. II. 17.[309]

I invoke no one; you, Phanes, the one above, you, soul, the one below, messenger of the world-embracing Abraxas, do not be angry with me. I am a grain of sand in your starry heaven. The Above and Below are more powerful than I. I submit myself, containing myself.

Speak! Whoever it may be, his voice should be heard.

Soul: “I come. I have a word to say. I am poor. I need your strength.”

What do you want?

“I want your willingness, your ear.”

You may have it. [163/164]

“Think of my misery. I live in dark hollows, in gloomy caves. I shiver with cold.”

So come out. Warm yourself on the warmth of my body.

“I need your love for women.”

What? Do you want to humiliate me and cause me new pain? Do you want this love or do you want to drive me to women?

“I want to drive you to women.”

What do you gain from this? Is my destruction a benefit for you?

“You won’t be destroyed. You’ll benefit.”

You talk cheaply. You don’t help me to bear what is impossible.

“Nonetheless I am helping you. Everything will turn out well.”

Who’s going to believe you? You laugh at the pain of mortals. I’ve gotten to know you. [164/165]

“But you promised to listen to the voice. You must also listen to my voice.”

Phanes: “My light streams from necessity. My star shines from your misery. My springs flow from the fullness of your life. Everything unlived is shadow and poverty for me. What has been lived nourishes my strength. Heed the emissary.”[310]

And I? I too want it.

## 2. III. 17.[311]

Everything was as it should be.

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But now someone recently spoke about spirits. That hit me. And I am restless. I must speak to you, my soul, about spirits. Will you speak to me?

[“]Yes, about the living. There is this to say about the living: there are too many. There are too many for me. I’d like some restriction. [165/166] I would like to have you at work. Restriction is necessary, otherwise you will not finish what you must. Think it over.”

I’ll do it. But what about spirits?

“Nothing about spirits.”

## 8. III. 17.[312]

What’s going on in this darkness?

“Light must be created. You must create it out of raw matter that you’ve received. It must still be uttered.[313] Words! The light has shown itself only as matter. It will only become luminous when it has been lifted on high. What the Cabiri[314] carried up must still be pulled up. It must pass through your highest light, through the highest lights: science and art.[315] All powers must combine for this work. [166/167]

You are not the only one who must do this. Many must do the same, so that Phanes becomes a kind God of beauty, light, ~~xx~~ and joy.

You must see and hear more brightly. You must lay stone upon stone. You must bridge abysses, lay a way through the wayless and cover quagmires. Wheat must grow from the mud.

The brightness must be lit up, the fire must be kindled.

Work must be accomplished, work, the most strenuous work, work toward the one goal, Phanes, the shining one.

Therefore you must limit yourself. Cut off others. Complete what has commenced.

You dream too much. I tell you that dreams are over. [167/168]

Matter piles up into a mountain. Everything else is flight, avoidance of the mountain. It is to be scaled. No turning back! Arrange everything else under this goal, otherwise the titans of matter will destroy you. What do you want? Do you want your work to be completed? Life goes to one side. Completion comes first."

## 30. III. 17.[316]

I submit myself to your words. Speak!

[317]"It is at the beginning of all things—a secret subterraneanness—birth pangs of what is to come—the decline of the contemporary—look toward the firm island, toward the rocks that salvage you and the child.

Brightness—the fragrance of flowers—an unparalleled spring time—a night of love—a wedding of the souls—

The serpent also became light—she is pulled aloft—her light spreads [168/169] out—do you hear the bell? The first bell strikes—a call goes out over the land.

Have you money on you? Put it away—your hand touches the heavenly.

Have you found water? Drink it as a sign of the birth.

Is the fire kindled? Cast wood into it to make it blaze.

Are you weary? Revive yourself—the time of rest begins."

Who are you, that you utter such dark words? ~~I a~~

"I am Phanes, your light. Sharpen the sword so that it slashes. Light the torch so that the darkness grows luminous."

What am I supposed to do with your dark words? Should I act or listen? [169/170]

"You should stay quiet, so that it comes to you.["]

## 10. IV. 17.[318]

I have rested. I have done what I could, what I saw. I have practiced. Was that magic, a wish to force things?

## 17. VI.[IV.] 17.[319]

My soul, what is it with the fire above me? What do you have to communicate to me, as you announced to me in a dream?[320]

Give me light!

S.: Should it come from fire? Yes, the fire is above—from the north—from the cold. That, what comes—blue black clouds—red fire glow—everything escalates—what is separated will be hidden—what is general will be revealed—the books are to be read.

I. Which books? I recall—in the dream there was talk of secret script.[321] What is it? What about the fire?

S. The book from the fire—it comes—it hangs over you—under the stars, down from under from the stars—nearby—why do you stick with the intellect—listen [170/171] above. I will give you words: blue and green—blue clouds—green waters and fire above. How difficult it is to break it away. Help me, pray—

I. I prayed for you to the inner God, to the shining one,[322] so that he can carry forth a torch. Do you see, do you have light?

S. I see: the castle has three towers—three golden towers full of the glow of morning—the gates are red—white columns—men go and in out—in the middle tower, in the high white hall, the lover, the holy one sits in contemplation. Fire streams from him, the castle rests on the fire clouds in blue skies[323]—

Ph: What, you stand and wonder? Get to work. Reveal what is hidden.

S. I can’t—what power holds me back? Is it the earth, or is it you, man? Let me go, or else I will curse you.

I. May you have freedom. Follow your needs. No one should suffer coercion. But tell me, what can you make out? [171/172]

S. I make out the law of the 3 gates: power, splendor, and glory. Splendor is the highest, radiant fire. Do you want to go through this gate?

I. I don’t want to, I want what must be. I’m deaf and blind.

S. Good. That protects you from the fire. Must I pass through splendor?

I. If it’s your way, yes.

S. So listen—a golden serpent is the way, a shimmering serpent bridge over a black grave—a dark gate behind splendor—a red light in the darkness of the background—that is evil. I make it out. You did well in not taking this way. Should I take it? So may the eye of evil take me—to a red cave—serpents of blood on the walls[324]—a white gate—a long passage upward in wide halls, countless gates—up onto [172/173] the roof on narrow steps—above is a worldwide prospect—I blossom like a fire on a mountain top—I glow through eternities—can you still see me—a distant light—itself a star lost in infinities—but, behold a thread—many threads spun from star to star—on a dizzying bridge—infinitely long—it is reached, the first star—also a world.

I. What do you do in these infinities?

S. I search for the source of fire. The wise one had it from above, from the stars. Therefore I went to the stars. They are full of fire.

I. Yet how did the fire reach earth?

S. It glided up and down. How? It was taken from the stars. Who took it? Whose hand drew it up and down, the astral fire? Was it you? Yes, truly, it was you—I didn’t know

you, you yourself are the wise one. [173/174] Why did I search behind and above you? Why did I go into the eye of evil? Why to the stars? You drew the fire close. You drew it into yourself and it blossomed from you and filled the air above you, far and wide. I must come to you—I want to stay near you. Why did evil draw me away?

I. You didn't believe in me, therefore you went astray. Why did you go astray? Because I believed more in you than in myself. Therefore the radiant one[325] rose in my self. The source of the eternal fire is with me. Come to me and live in me and love the fire and the eternal splendor. My self has the highest wisdom, the hottest fire. My self lives in the gate of splendor. My self draws the fire of the star to it.

## 18. IV. 17.[326]

Is something still missing? I am not completely myself. Speak, what is it? [174/175] "I am ill, mentally ill. You saw it. I did not find the connection to you. That's why I am ill. How do you stand toward me?"

I doubt you, as you doubt me. I do not know whether you are to be trusted. One never trusts daimons.

"So that's why! Yet you could trust me. I did good for you on the whole."

Yes, but sometimes you deceived me.

"But it was always to your advantage."

Yes, because I finally saw things straight with my own wits.

"But I'm well disposed toward you."

But often not, it seems to me. How then could you deceive me?

"You don't recall a single instance."

But that is why I had needed to lock you up.

"Correct."

You have a short memory. That's why I don't trust you. But you can win my trust if you do good work [175/176] and tell me what it is you experience."

"I experience a great deal. Unbelievable things."

Render it, so there can be peace.

"I saw the green water and the blue-black cloud. That made me crazy; it's worse than the fire. The fire is more akin to me than this earthliness. But you must give me more strength. It's not enough."

So take it, for God's sake.

"Yes, it is hard for you, but for me too. So let's get back to work!

Thrice five towers surround the castle. Thrice six gates are in the walls. Thrice seven great halls are in the castle. The green stream flows below. The dark cloud is above, over it the fire, the eternal one that you drew. There are caves in the mountain, there lies the stacked gold, the solidified fire. Where are the men? The castle is empty. Perhaps they left. I see Philemon in the golden house of splendor—alone. Where is [176/177] Baucis?[327] Did she die, no, she lives, I am Baucis. She stands behind the wise one, her hand touches his throne. They are alone. Where are the men? Who lives in the palaces? No one. Everything is ready. Does no one come? Call now, Philemon! Your voice is weak. And ~~xx~~ I have no voice that human ears could hear. Do men not see the castle? Is the cloud covering it? Yes, it is, it hides the fire. What grief, this black cloud! Where did it come from—smoke below the fire! How strange! Are you a mourner, a hermit, Philemon? Do you grieve that your fire is hidden? Green water flows around your castle. Where is a bridge? There is no bridge there, Oh Philemon. How can people get across? You, pontiff, should build a bridge, a wide bridge from rare and precious stones. Why [177/178] do you grieve? Why do you hide the fire with the cloud? Do

you grieve because of your solitude? You are not alone, I am with you. Build the bridge, I accompany you."

But why didn't you come earlier?

"I wanted to come to you, but I had to go with Philemon. He is higher above than you. I didn't know this. I reach you only by way of Philemon.["]

## 25. IV. 17.[328]

What do you see?

S. I stand at the gate of splendor and watch for who comes. Above to the left is a small black bird. Below to the right is a white serpent. There is a skeleton in the middle, the skeleton of an animal, probably of an elephant. Where is its flesh? The ants have eaten it. Did you feel this in your body? Probably not. It happened a long time ago. Have you ever seen the white serpent? Yes, you saw it in the fight of the serpents in the Mysterium.[329] But the black bird? It's new. What is it called? What do you say, black bird? Listen, it speaks: [178/179]

"I am one who comes from afar, no raven, no bird of ill omen, but a bird of the night, a black earth bird from the East, from empty mountains, where sand ~~xx~~ lies and snow and cold gales blow over the bare earth. A land of hunger, high above, a habitat of magic and the uncanny."

I.: But what do you bring, what do you want here?

S. Hush, let me speak with him. He doesn't understand your tongue.

To the bird: Have you seen the "green one"? Did you see the "black stone"? Did you hear the "laughter of fire"? Have you spoken to "Atmaviktu"?[330]

B. No to all of this. I sat on the gray rocks, I nestled in the drifting sand at this place protected from the wind, I saw the wild donkeys and far off once a man. I don't know what you are talking about.

S. Then you are not the right one I've been waiting for. Lift yourself away, empty phantom. (to the serpent:) Where do you come from?

Serp: I come from below, from the great cave, in which I lived for many thousands of years. I became white and blind from sheer darkness. My young have got feet, and I gnawed my tail, not from hunger but in [179/180] self-contemplation.[331] I lived from fire and drank liquid earth. Therefore I have become as solid as white marble and as cold as ice.

S. This is the right one, the king of the serpents, the father of everything serpent-like, sprouted from the earth. Tell me, serpent, did you see the "green one?"

Serp: Yes, I saw it, nailed to the rocks, like a garment with no one in it. I saw it because I was blind. One who sees cannot see it.

S. Did you see the "black stone"?

Serp. I know it well, I lay on it, probably close to 100 years. 10,000 years have passed since the last sacrificial fire was burned out. Yet it is still warm.

S. Did you hear the "laughter of fire"?

Serp. It boomed out day after day from the mouth of the source of fire. The deeper laughter is still not yet exhausted.

S. Did you speak to "Atmaviktu"?

[Serp.] He was my companion for ~~xx~~ many thousands of years. First he was an old man, then he died and became a bear. That too died and became a fish otter. This also died, and became a black newt. This also died, then Atmaviktu ~~became~~ entered into me and immediately raised me to [180/181] the threshold of splendor. I myself am ~~the~~ Atmaviktu, the ancient. Formerly he erred and became a man, while he is actually an earth serpent.

S. Who was the black bird?

Serp. That was the spirit ~~of~~ and the error of Atmaviktu. He is still erring and hasn't flown into my throat yet. When he comes near me, I swallow him, so that I become full and my stony heaviness and immobility dwindle. I lack Atmaviktu's soul. If I possess it, I will enter into the gate of splendor. I will lay myself over the gorge. I am the bridge, the living arch that leads over to the land of men and from the land of men into the golden castle.

I. My soul, what does this dialogue mean?

Be quiet, it still hasn't finished.

To the serpent. Tell me, who is Atmaviktu, whom I see before me here as a serpent?

Serp. Atmaviktu is a kobold, a conjuror of serpents, and is himself a serpent. Do I know who I am?

S. You should know, you blind worm.

Serp. My name is my essence. I have been called Atmaviktu since my birth, if it has ever taken [181/182] place. Perhaps I always was and always will be. How should I know who I am?

S. Don't hide. Look, here I've caught your bird. I'll give it to you if you promise to tell me who you are.

Serp. Hand it over, the erring spirit that always escaped.

(He snapped at the bird and shut its beak with a sound ~~xx~~ like two stones coming together.)

Serp. Finally—that was the right nourishment. My eyes open, my blood streams. I stretch out straight, my stony flesh is set free. I have come to life.

S. Don't forget your promise!

Serp. Atmaviktu? I am the kernel of the self. The self is no man.[332] That was Atmaviktu's error. That was my banishment and my darkness for many thousands of years.

S. So that is Atmaviktu!

But what is the green robe?

Serp. That's Atmaviktu's cloak, which he took off as a man when he died and became an animal. [182/183]

S. Yet what is the robe?

Serp. His humanity.

S. Ah -

~~xx~~ Yet tell me, wise one, what is the black stone on which you lie?

Serp. That is death. ~~?~~

S. Death? What does that mean?

Serp. The death of Atmaviktu, when he was a man. It has been 10,000 years since then, and the fire of Atmaviktu has been extinct on the stone, because Atmaviktu became a man, and one no longer burnt fires of praise to death.

Do you see that the threshold of splendor is a black stone? The splendor above it is the newly kindled fire of praise.

S. Death!

Yet tell me, what is the laughter of fire?

Serp. The primordial fire laughs, because Atmaviktu was a man ~~became~~, a bear, an otter, and finally even became a newt and forgot his ~~s~~ self in all these forms. [183/184]

S. Did the primordial fire mock him?

Serp. It mocked his garments.

S. Tell me, why did Atmaviktu become a man?

Serp. It was unavoidable. He became sick from longing for man. His head hurt, because he could not think what he did. Therefore he became ~~a~~ man for the sake of healing. He remained in this state, and that was his error, since no one can become their own mantle. He realized this and died, in that he went into the forest and became a bear. Through this men became more human and began to build castles and left the forests to the bears. As they spread and increased their power, they cleared out the woods. Then Atmaviktu died for the third time and drew himself back as an otter into the water. Once more men spread themselves and built ships [184/185] and headed to new shores. Then Atmaviktu died for the fourth time and became a black newt and drew himself back into the waters under the

earth. But men conquered the whole earth and flooded everything with their might. However in the darkness Atmaviktu found his own self again, namely, myself, the white, self-illuminating serpent, which feeds on fire and has also swallowed the last error of Atmaviktu.

S. But now? What will you do after you have swallowed our own last error?

Serp. Look!

S. The serpent writhed upward and opened the gate of splendor. Oh, this splendor—it is too bright—where is the serpent? Who steps forth from the splendor, who stands on the threshold of the splendor in green garment? It is the lover—it is Philemon, a flame above death, [185/186], a new fire of praise. Philemon is not a man, he is truly the self.

## 28. IV. 17.[333]

You forgot one thing, my soul—and this weighs heavily on me—the skeleton of the prehistoric elephant. An unbearable obscurity remains here. Ask the wise one what the skeleton means.

S. How should I put the question?

I. Now that's simple. You just ask him directly.

S. Will it work? Will he answer? Quite a long time has elapsed since then. The gate is closed. So be it, I knock: wise Philemon, or you, white serpent, speak! What does the skeleton mean? The door opens—the serpent curls up on the black threshold. Speak, serpent—how do you explain the skeleton to me?

Serp. The gnawed bones? Now that which remains from prehistoric times is what couldn't be consumed by the ants. The outline remained, what decomposed disappears, but what was solid ~~xx~~ remained.

S. Why does it remain in front of the gate, as if it means to block my way to Philemon?

Serp. The primordial past is an obstruction between you and Philemon.

S. What is the primordial past?

Serp. The ~~xx~~ history of men and Gods, necessary errors that once lived and still obscure the view. An old hoe, useful for cultivation, not a plough that quickly turns the soil. An old instrument, you understand, once good, but now replaced by something better.

S. Why do we need old instruments? What is the old tool.

Serp. Why does this man write down what you say? [186/187]

S. He must write it, so that he has it and understands.

Serp. Is this the only way? Can't he look?

S. If he is in a position to.

Serp. He should try.

S. ~~xx~~ (to me): Will you try?

(to the Serp.) would that be the newer, better way?

Serp. It would be. Not everything can be said. He should practice his seeing. It is a better way than the old one.

I. But what if it's not successful?

Serp. What's he saying? That it might not succeed? Nonetheless, this is the way to go.

## 29 IV. 17.[334]

I looked at nothing.

S. You didn't <u>see</u> anything, but you looked, you contemplated, you led yourself to the inner.

I. Can it work out now? Go and ask!

S. I'll try—I myself am full of doubt. But stay with me—help me—otherwise it will not succeed.

I. I'll do what I can.

S. So open the gate once more, serpent—it comes—fulfill our request once more and interpret the skeleton for us.

Serp. He saw nothing—naturally, why did he believe that looking and seeing would be the same? One looks without

seeing. He had looked and seen nothing; I spoke only of looking, not of seeing. So listen now about the skeleton. It is an old remnant [187/188] that time is not able to wear down. The serpent and the black bird are its brother. The white serpent is the lower truth, understanding and wisdom, from which all science and philosophy have developed—or, been made. The black bird is the upper error—superstition concerning the things of reality, ~~and~~ within and without. The skeleton of the elephant is in the middle as the remains of something which once was powerful, which existed even when man began to be man, when Atmaviktu's error and healing began. The bones have survived this whole time as a remnant of what formerly was, since at that time Atmaviktu was still not a man, since men still did not build castles, but lived wild. So, you see that the elephant is a mammoth that has come down as a sign and symbol for the primordial, when Atmaviktu still hadn't yet imagined being a man.

S. Why is this an obstacle?

Serp. What is past is always an obstacle for what is to come. It must first be completely cleared away. What time could not destroy must be artificially destroyed. For this you need the means that mankind has always needed to arrive at the future from the past: namely severing, separating from the old, destruction of the bones. It is truly an injury of the old, but the new live only through completely wearing out the old. Only with unnatural means can man get out of what was natural of old and hence [188/189] arrive at a new naturalness. Exercises, that one calls ασκησις [askesis] belong to this.[335] Otherwise man is completely defenseless against the old, since the old is natural, while the new is unnatural and weak, that is it seems so to you, but the new yet prevails, and then you must suffer it instead of happily creating it yourself.

Yesterday, this fellow over there simply wanted enlightenment without practicing it first. He has to practice, otherwise he won't get anywhere. He'll always stumble over those elephant bones. More than 20 years ago, he had a dream about these bones. This enabled him to get hold of a definite career and a course of study that refused him inner advancement.[336] Otherwise he would have been lost. To remain with the ancient, which existed when Atmaviktu ~~was~~ had not yet become a man is advisable and even necessary, or else it will never be exhausted. The bones are the last remains that time can no longer eliminate, but only unnatural exercises can. Have you now heard enough?

S. We'll contemplate it.

## 14. V. 17.[337]

There is dissension in the air. Why this hesitation and indecision?

["]Why do you not claim your rights? You should act as you like.["] [189/190]

I don't want to commit a wrong.

"All the same, whether right or wrong. Whatever will be, will be."

But I always never know what I want.

"Then investigate."

That's why I'm here. I would like to listen to you, to find from you the explanation that I lack above. What's happening with you?

"A lot is happening. Difficult things need to be put together."

"I see the ~~xx~~ stones of walls which still must be piled up —blocks—hewn. But no one is building. Who left the stones lying? Where are you, Atmaviktu, ancient one, and you, Philemon, wise one? What did you do?

Phil. We united ourselves. Atmaviktu, that is I. I was an old magician, when I lacked Atmaviktu. I have grown young from the drink of wisdom. My head shines in golden fire.[338] The flame blossoms from me, since I have released myself from this man. I was in him when Atmaviktu was still an animal, when he was a serpent,[339] I rose up and moved into my [190/191] castle and had a meal with the white serpent and I ate it myself and she gave me eternal youth and as fire she kindles her light over my head. I have outgrown this man. For me, he was a gate of splendor. He belongs to the earth. I am fire, begotten from man, not as man, but flame. I have passed through this man, I have surpassed him. I am the lover. This man was my vessel. I am the servant of the luminous one—this man belongs to the earth —may he be well! He was my vessel. He is earth. I bore his action further. I accepted what he lived, I took it to the luminous one.

S. “But what will happen to this man and to me, if you have released yourself from him?”

Phil. He is earth, he will live. He has fulfilled everything. He has seen everything, he has come close to the eternal fire. He is fulfilled. Peace will be granted him. He is released, ~~in that~~ since I have released myself from him. He remains in himself and covers his world. It is not wanting in nourishment. [191/192] He received his life from the God, it turns back there. I carry it further. Hail to him who can sink into himself; he is fulfilled. The uplifting force has released itself from him. The golden bird spread out its wings. It draws this man neither toward the below nor toward the above. He is earth—he floats in the middle. He sees the sun, I see the God. His shadow became fire. He is content and kisses the earth. His star shines from afar. His star is my brother, a distant God, whom I don’t serve. This man was my vessel, ~~a~~ my gate of entrance and ascent.

I am not his soul and am not his God. His interior is foreign to me, a foreign star seed, which fell into this world. Through him I grew. I was born when I was old and reach my youth in old age,[340] and finally dissolve myself in the maternal body of God, when this man dies. This man is a star seed—where did he come from? He fell from the indeterminate. He is earth but yet does not belong to the earth. He is [192/193] foreign. Therefore man will never incline to the law of the earth. He changes Abraxas, but his star never mixes itself with it. He is no child of the sun, but its brother. He put on a sun dress and covered his distant blue light in solar colors. I was hidden in his mantle and I am released from his mantle.

His distant star illuminates him. To him I am a flame.[341]

## 20. V. 17.[342]

You spoke of ~~something~~ “great,” powerful. What does this indicate?

S. “You should listen to me, since I, rather than men, can bring about what you need. They ought to take care of themselves. I must still give you much from my pregnant body. You should not give to the black one. She must create. She is not allowed to let herself be taken. Indicate the way to her.”

I’ll do that.

S.[“]Stick to it. And now listen: He [193/194] who sacrifices, receives.

I saw through the gate of splendor, I saw the luminous one, I saw the loving one seated in eternal fire, in the blaze of the warmth.

I looked at the golden one, built many times, the one erected from colored stones and green gemstones.”

I. I suspected that you ~~xx~~ had looked at something. But you know that I didn’t see it. Life flows to you from me; may life also come to me from you.

S. What would you like to know?

I. I'd like to know about Philemon, the riddlesome. Who he is, and what he is to me.[343] I'd like to know about the luminous one, whom~~x~~ I call Phanes. Bring this before the sublime one who sits in the fire and listen to his words.

S. (to Ph). Sublime one, you who sit in the fire, in the glow of eternal bliss, listen to this request and teach us about you and your God. [194/195]

Phil. This man would like to know who I am. Did I not tell him who I was and who I am? I did not say who I will be. I will be Phanes. I will dissolve myself in his splendor when this man dies. I do not die, I am already Phanes, not a man but a flame of God. I was more earthy than earth. I was subterranean, I grew upward, I grew through this man. I overcame him. I am his work, what he has lived. He is not I. He belongs to earth.

Phanes is the eternal fire, the encompassing blaze, that ~~has~~ will become invisible and visible, the eternal dawning.

I am Khidr,[344] entering youth in old age. When my work is complete, I will have become the seed of the beginning.

This man is my work, which I have built from star seed. Yes, he plunged from the indeterminate and supplied the occasion for form. [195/196]

He formed me, I formed him. He kissed the earth, and I, the sun.

As Atmaviktu, I committed the error and became man. My name was Izdubar. As such, I opposed him. He lamed me. Yes, the man lamed me and turned me into a serpent dragon. I became healed, as I recognized my error and the fire ate the serpent. And so Philemon developed. My form is his appearance. Before that, my appearance was form.

I am the master.[345]

This man shall serve the opposites in renunciation. He shall humbly suffer the opposites. Therefore the mastery, the splendor, which is the mediator, comes to him. Who can

bear this service? Only he who suffers it serving. He is his own master.

Have you truly listened to these words? So rise with me to the roof of my house. [196/197].

Look around, what do you see?

S. I see the sky surrounded by fire and smoke as if the earth were burning.[346] I see destruction and extermination. The middle of the sky is vacant—a flower blooms there from fire, gold and a variety of precious stones.[347] What is it that I see?

Ph. That which you see is the ~~xx~~ blooming into the above, the rising up. From the smoke of destruction and lost goods, from the fire of sacrifice, the flower of mediation grows. Do you see the precious plant, ~~?~~ which carries the flower?

S. I see it rise up above us.

Ph. ~~I am the~~ It grows from two roots. Do you see the roots?

S. No, where are they?

Ph. I am the one root and you are the other. You certainly didn't think this [197/198], that's why you didn't see it. Who are you then? So open your eyes for the second time, you blind one.

I was Elijah, you were Salome. You were also in error. You are the error; I am the truth. You are eternally my daughter.

Man was my error, you were the error of man. Man lamed me for ~~x~~my salvation. You lamed me for his salvation.

When this man released himself from you, I released myself from him. I became fire, which I was from the beginning. He became earth, which he was from the beginning.

He carries the black world serpent in his heart, the star seed, which is as hard as wrought iron, seven times

annealed in extreme heat and chilled through indescribable cold.

S. Yet what was I? What will become of me?

Ph. This man became earth. He was my [198/199] error. I became fire, since I was his truth. You were his error, while he was my fire. Now that he has become earth, you will become fire. You are my daughter from the beginning. We are united in the ~~fullness~~ Pleroma, in the eternal non-existent mother, which is your mother and mine.

You are my mother, my sister, my wife. I produced this man from you, and I will become my son and my son's son. And that was Atmaviktu's error.

However, I did not beget him from myself, but from the strangeness that befell me. A star seed fell into procreation.

Where did he come from? He didn't come from me. This drop of liquid iron fell between our embrace from our mother. Our mother cried liquid fire when I ~~xx~~ found her in you. [199/200]

## 21. V. 17.[348]

My soul, I heard of errors. You were my error. Yes, you were my participation in the opposites, in good and evil. I did good as good, evil as evil. I should have done what was to be done, but I did good as good and evil as evil.

S. So you did. I didn't know that it was an error before I sloughed off bird and serpent off from me and took the form of a woman. So I see what error was previously. I am not a human being. What am I then? Oh Philemon, what am I?

Phil. You are my matter, my space, you are my right and left, my yes and no. My eternal way leads through you. Man is your son, and I am the son of my son.

S. My sublime one, where do I stay if you take the path of the luminous one?

Ph. You are the mantle of man, you are mother and misstep to him, counsel and deception.

1. Sunday.
2. *LN* has “endless, eternal, and whole” (p. 510).
3. “It is nothingness that is whole and continuous throughout” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
4. Instead of the preceding clause, *LN* has “because, actually, the Pleroma is nowhere divided, since it is nothingness” (ibid.).
5. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
6. *LN* has added here “merely assumed, not existing” (p. 510).
7. *LN* has “we speak” (ibid.).
8. *LN* has “from the outset” (ibid.).
9. “Thus we ask:” was added here (p. 511).
10. “You say” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
11. The term used here is “*Unterschiedenheit*.” Cf. *Psychological Types* (*CW* 6, § 705, “Differentiation” [*Differenzierung*]).
12. “You ask” was added here in *LN* (p. 511).
13. “and struggles against primeval, perilous sameness” was added here in *LN* (p. 512).
14. *LN* instead has “qualities” (ibid.).
15. The beginning of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by “such as” (ibid.).
16. “light and darkness” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
17. “etc.” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
18. “that do not exist, because they cancel themselves out” was added here in *LN* (p. 513).
19. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
20. The following was added here in *LN:* “First: these qualities are differentiated and separate in us; therefore they do not cancel each other out, but are effective. Thus we are the victims of the pairs of opposites. The Pleroma is rent within us. / Second: these qualities belong to the Pleroma, and we must possess and live them only in the name and under the sign of differentiation. We must differentiate ourselves from these qualities. They cancel each other out in the Pleroma, but not in us. Distinction from them saves us” (p. 513).
21. Instead of the preceding clause, *LN* has “But if we remain true to our essence” (ibid.).

22. “namely into nothingness and dissolution” was added here in *LN* (ibid.). The notion of life and nature being constituted by opposites and polarities featured centrally in Schelling’s *Naturphilosophie*. The notion that psychic conflict took the form of a conflict of opposites and that healing represented their resolution featured prominently in Jung’s later work. See *Psychological Types* (*CW* 6, chapter 5) and *Mysterium Coniunctionis* (*CW* 14).
23. “You object:” was added here in *LN* (p. 513).
24. “in the name of differentiation” was not reproduced in *LN*.
25. “or any qualities whatsoever” was added in *LN* (p. 513).
26. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by “you pursue thoughts that flow to you out of the Pleroma: thoughts, namely, concerning the non-existing qualities of the Pleroma” (p. 514).
27. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
28. The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by “The dead faded away grumbling and moaning and their cries died away in the distance” (p. 514).
29. This sentence appears to have been added later in pencil. In *LN*, Jung’s “I” turns to Philemon to explain his teaching in this sermon, which he does (pp. 514–15).
30. Monday. Jung saw six patients.
31. The following was added here in *LN*: “That night ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ stood beside me and the dead drew near and lined the walls and cried out:” (p. 515). For Nietzsche’s discussion of the death of God, see *The Gay Science*, sections 108 and 125, and *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, section 4, “Retired from Service” (pp. 271ff.). For Jung’s discussion of this, see “Psychology and Religion” (*CW* 11, §§ 142ff.). Jung wrote: “When Nietzsche said: ‘God is dead,’ he expressed a truth which is valid for the greater part of Europe” (ibid., § 145). He added, “However, it would be more correct to say: ‘He has discarded our image, and where will we find him again?’ ” He goes on to discuss the motif of the death and disappearance of God in connection with Christ’s crucifixion and resurrection.
32. The following was added here in *LN*: “But ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ rose and said (and this is the second sermon to the dead):” (p. 516).
33. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by the following: “But he is distinct from creation in that he is much more indefinite and indeterminable. He is less differentiated than creation, since the ground of his essence is effective fullness.

Only insofar as he is definite and differentiated is he creation, and as such he is the manifestation of the effective fullness of the Pleroma. Everything that we do not differentiate falls into the Pleroma and is cancelled out by its opposite. If, therefore, we do not differentiate God, effective fullness is canceled out for us" (ibid.).

34. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
35. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
36. Cf. "Attempt at a Psychological Interpretation of the Dogma of the Trinity," *CW* 11, §§ 284ff.
37. "because mankind forgot him" was added here in *LN* (p. 517).
38. "by his name" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
39. "To distinguish him from God, we call God *HELIOS* or sun" was added here in *LN* (ibid.). Jung discussed solar mythologies in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*; see *CW* B, §§ 177ff., and his talk on Opicinus de Canistris at the Eranos conference in Ascona in 1943 (Riccardo Bernardini, Gian Piero Quagliano, and Augusto Romano, eds., C.G. Jung, *The Solar Myths and Opicinus de Canistris: Notes of the Seminar given in Eranos in 1943* [Einsiedeln: Daimon, 2015]).
40. "Abraxas is effect" was added here in *LN* (p. 517).
41. *LN* instead has "sun" (ibid.).
42. *LN* instead has "the sun" (ibid.).
43. "The dead now raised a great tumult, for they were Christians" was added here in *LN* (p. 518). For Philemon's commentary on this sermon, see *LN*, pp. 518–20.
44. The remainder of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
45. Tuesday. Jung saw seven patients.
46. Instead of this sentence, *LN* reads: "The following night, the dead approached like fog from a swamp and exclaimed, 'Tell us more about the highest God.' And ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ stepped forward and began to speak (and this is the third sermon to the dead):" (p. 520).
47. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
48. *LN* instead has "the sun" (p. 520).
49. Aristotle defined happiness as the supreme good (*summum bonum*). In his *Summa Theologica*, Thomas Aquinas identified this with God. Jung saw the doctrine of the *summum bonum* as the source of the concept of the *privatio boni*, which in his view had led to the denial of the reality of evil. See *Aion*, *CW* 9, pt. 2,

§§ 80, 94. Hence it is counterbalanced here with the *infimum malum*.

50. In his later writings, Jung argued that the Christian God-image was one-sided in that it left out the factor of evil. Through studying the historical transformations of God-images, he attempted to correct this (especially in *Aion* and *Answer to Job*). In his note on how *Answer to Job* came to be written, he wrote that in *Aion* he had "criticized the idea of the *privatio boni* as not agreeing with the psychological findings. Psychological experience shows us that whatever we call 'good' is balanced by an equally substantial 'bad' or 'evil.' If 'evil' is non-existent, then whatever there is must be 'good.' Dogmatically, neither 'good' nor 'evil' can be derived from Man, since the 'Evil One' existed before Man as one of the 'Sons of God.' The idea of the privatio boni began to play a role in the Church only after Mani. Before this heresy, Clement of Rome taught that God rules the world with a right and a left hand, the right being Christ, the left being Satan. Clement's view is clearly *monotheistic*, as it unites the opposites in one God. Later Christianity, however, is dualistic, inasmuch as it splits off one half of the opposites, personified in Satan. . . . If Christianity claims to be a monotheism, it becomes unavoidable to assume the opposites as being contained in God" (1956, *CW* 11, §§ 357–58).
51. *LN* instead has "the sun's" (p. 520).
52. *LN* instead has "the sun" (ibid.).
53. *LN* instead has "the Sun God" (ibid.).
54. *LN* instead has "the Sun God" (p. 521).
55. *LN* instead has "from the Sun God" (ibid.).
56. *LN* instead has "Sun God" (ibid.).
57. "and its nothingness" was added here in *LN* (p. 522).
58. "Now the dead howled and raged, for they were incomplete" was added here in *LN* (ibid.). In 1942, Jung noted: "the concept of an all-encompassing God must necessarily include his opposite. The coincidence of course must not be too radical, otherwise God would cancel himself out. The principle of the coincidence of opposites must therefore be completed by its opposite in order to attain full paradoxicality and hence psychological validity" ("The Spirit Mercurius," *CW* 13, § 256). For Philemon's commentary on this sermon, see *LN*, pp. 522–23.

59. Wednesday. Jung saw five patients. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
60. Thursday. Jung attended a dinner for the Club. The first part of this entry, up to the solid line, was not reproduced in *LN*.
61. Cf. John 19:26–27: "Seeing his mother and the disciple whom he loved standing near her, Jesus said to his mother, 'Woman, this is your son.' Then to the disciple he said, 'This is your mother.' And from that hour the disciple took her into his home."
62. The preceding clause and sentence were replaced in *LN* by "The following night, the dead came running sooner, filling the place with their mutterings, and said:" (p. 523).
63. "And ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ appeared and began to speak (and this is the fourth sermon to the dead):" was added here in *LN*.
64. *LN* instead has "The Sun God" (p. 524).
65. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
66. In 1954, Jung wrote an extended study of the archetype of the tree: "The Philosophical Tree," *CW* 13.
67. *LN* instead has "Sun God" (p. 525).
68. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
69. Saturday. Jung saw four patients.
70. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
71. The next section of this entry was placed later in *LN* (pp. 537–38). The first two paragraphs were not reproduced, and the figure was introduced in the following way: "a dark form with golden eyes approached me from the shadows of the night."
72. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by "I have never seen you before!" (p. 537).
73. "The dark one" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
74. "and follow the shining fire that precedes me, ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
75. The preceding sentence and the next paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
76. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
77. *LN* instead has "and my eyes shine golden" (p. 537). The next sentence and the next five paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
78. *LN* has "I bring abstinence" (p. 537).
79. The preceding sentence and the next paragraph were replaced in *LN* by "Compassion leads to alienation" (ibid.). The Buddha first appeared in a circle of flames in a fantasy of December 22,

1913, in *Book* 2 (p. 186). The reference appears to be to the Buddhist doctrine of non-attachment (cf. the *Dhammapada*).

80. The next two paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by “pity for the world and a will held in check toward the other” (p. 537).
81. The next three paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
82. The preceding clause and the next paragraph were not reproduced in *LN*.
83. “I looked at him fearfully and said,” was added here in *LN* (p. 537).
84. Instead of this clause, *LN* has “You may call me death” (p. 538).
85. There is a well-known Gregorian chant that begins, “Media vita in morte sumus” (In the midst of life we are in death).
86. *LN* instead has “stellar nature” (p. 538).
87. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by: “With these words the mysterious dark one vanished. But ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ regarded me with a serious and questioning look. ‘Did you take a proper look at him, my son?’ he said. ‘You will be hearing from him. But come now, so that I can fulfill what the dark one prophesied for you.’ / As he spoke these words, he touched my eyes and opened my gaze and showed me the immeasurable mystery. And I looked for a long time until I could grasp it: but what did I see? I saw the night, I saw the dark earth, and above this the sky stood gleaming in the brilliance of countless stars. And I saw that the sky had the form of a woman and sevenfold was her mantle of stars and it completely covered her” (p. 538). *LN* then continues with the entry from February 17 (see below, p. 228).
88. *LN* instead has “the Sun God” (p. 526).
89. The following was added here in *LN*, followed by Philemon’s commentary to the fourth sermon (pp. 526–28): “Here the dead interrupted ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ’s speech with angry laughter and mocking shouts, and as they withdrew, their discord, mockery, and laughter faded into the distance.”
90. The following was added here in *LN*: “When the following night came, the dead approached noisily, pushing and shoving; they were scoffing and exclaimed, ‘Teach us, fool, about the church and holy communion.’ / But ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ stepped before them, and began to speak: (and this is the fifth sermon to the dead):” (p. 528)

91. In the 1925 seminar, Jung said: “Sexuality and spirituality are pairs of opposites that need each other.” (*Introduction to Analytical Psychology*, p. 30).
92. See the entry of January 16, 1916, above, *Book* 5, pp. 269ff.
93. *LN* substitutes “Phallos” for “Phallus” in the remainder of this entry (pp. 528ff.).
94. In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, Jung noted: “The phallus is the creature that moves without limbs, sees without eyes, and knows the future; and as the symbolic representative of ubiquitous creative power it claims immortality” (*CW* B, § 209). He goes on to discuss phallic Gods.
95. The next two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
96. In October 1916, Jung gave two presentations to the Psychological Club concerning the relation of individuation to collectivity “Adaptation” and “Individuation and Collectivity” (*CW* 18). See introduction, p. 54. This theme dominated the discussions in the Club in that year.
97. In *LN* the previous two sentences were replaced by “Differentiation leads to singleness” (p. 530).
98. “so that the community be maintained, for you need it” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
99. “so that every man may come to himself and avoid slavery” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
100. In place of this paragraph and the above paragraph, *LN* has: “Abstention shall hold good in community, extravagance in singleness” (ibid.).
101. The following was added here in *LN:* “When ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ had finished, the dead remained silent and did not move, but looked at ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ with expectation. But when ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ saw that the dead remained silent and waited, he continued (and this is the sixth sermon to the dead):” (ibid.).
102. The following two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
103. Following this sermon in *LN*, Philemon enters into an exchange with the dead (pp. 531–33) and then one on “the following night” with Jung’s “I” (pp. 533–34).
104. Tuesday. Jung saw five patients. The following was added here in *LN*: “Another day passed and the seventh night fell. / And the dead came again, this time with pitiful gestures and said:”; it replaced “The dead:” (p. 534).
105. *LN* instead has “And the dead came again, this time with pitiful gestures and said, ‘We forgot to mention one thing, that

we would like you to teach us about men' And ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ stepped before me, and began to speak (and this is the seventh sermon to the dead):" (ibid.).

106. Cf. Jung's painting of a star, *The Art of C.G. Jung*, cat. 62, p. 138. In 1950 he reproduced this anonymously in "Concerning Mandala Symbolism," noting, "The picture shows the self as a star out of chaos. . . . This picture is significant in that it sets the structure of the self as a principle of order against chaos" (*CW* 9, pt. 1, § 683).

107. The following was added here in *LN*: "But when ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ had finished, the dead remained silent. Heaviness fell from them, and they ascended like smoke above the shepherd's fire, who watches over his flock by night" (p. 535). For Philemon's commentary on this sermon, see *LN*, pp. 535–36. On February 29, 1919, Jung wrote a letter to Joan Corrie and commented on the *Sermones*, with particular reference to the last one: "The primordial creator of the world, the blind creative libido, becomes transformed in man through individuation & out of this process which is like pregnancy, arises a divine child, a reborn God, no more (longer) dispersed into the millions of creatures, but being one & this individual, and at the same time all individuals, the same in you as in me. Dr. L[ong] has a little book: VII sermones ad mortuous. There you find the description of the Creator dispersed into his creatures, & in the last sermon you find the beginning of individuation, out of which, the divine child arises. . . . The child is a new God, actually born in many individuals, but they don't know it. He is a 'spiritual' God. A spirit in many people, yet one and the same everywhere. Keep to your time and you will experience His qualities" (copied in Constance Long's diary, *CLM*, pp. 21–22).

108. Thursday. On February 11 Jung presented "On the dream." He had readied it in 1914 for the Berne Medical Congress, which had been postponed due to the outbreak of the war (*Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology*). From this point onward, the meetings of the Association for Analytical Psychology were held on the premises of the Psychological Club. In the discussion, Jung noted that collectivity and individuation formed an antithesis. There were times when the moral emphasis was on the individual, and others in which it was on the collective. He discussed how Angelus Silesius and Nietzsche failed to resolve these problems. He also noted: "War teaches us: Willing does

not avail—should see what becomes. We are completely subjugated under the power of becoming" (*MAP*, p. 105).

109. The first two paragraphs of this entry were not reproduced in *LN*.

110. As punishment for slaying Iphitus, on the order of the Delphic oracle, Hercules is sold by Hermes as a slave to Omphale, the queen of Lydia.

111. In *LN*, this sequence follows on directly from the passage cited in footnote 87 above (p. 223) and is linked in the following way: "And when I had beheld it, ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ said:". The next three paragraphs are presented in Philemon's voice: " 'Mother, you who stand in the higher circle, nameless one, who shrouds me and him and protects me and him from the Gods: he wants to become your child. / May you accept his birth. / May you renew him. I separate myself from him' " (p. 538). The third-person pronoun is substituted for the first-person pronoun in the remainder of this entry.

112. The remainder of this paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.

113. Instead of this paragraph, *LN* has "You gave birth to the godly serpent, you released it from the pangs of birth; take this man as your son, he needs the mother" (p. 539).

114. This sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.

115. In *LN* the voice is not identified as the mother but is introduced in the following way: "A voice came from afar and was like a falling star:" (p. 539)

116. *LN* instead has "ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ said:" (ibid.).

117. In *LN*, the following paragraph was presented as follows: "But the voice said, 'It is the commingling: he should abstain from human suffering and joy. He shall remain secluded until abstinence is complete and he is freed from the commingling with men. Then shall he be taken as a child' " (ibid.).

118. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "In this moment my vision ended. And ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ went away and I was alone. And I remained apart as I had been told" (ibid.).

119. Monday. Jung saw seven patients. The first six paragraphs and the first line of the seventh paragraph in this entry were replaced in *LN* by "But in the fourth night I saw a strange form, a man wearing a long coat and a turban; his eyes shone cleverly and kindly like a wise doctor's. He approached me and said, 'I speak to you of joy.' But I answered, 'You want to speak to me of joy?' " (ibid.).

120. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “Women taught me this art. They know how to heal sick children. Do your wounds burn you? Healing is at hand. Give ear to good counsel and do not be incensed” (ibid.).
121. The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by “I retorted, ‘What do you want? To tempt me? Mock me?’/ ‘What are you thinking?’ he interrupted. ‘I bring you the bliss of paradise, the healing fire, the love of women’ ” (ibid.)
122. Cf. the Koran, 56:12–39. In Norse mythology, the Valkyries escort the brave who are slain in battle to Valhalla and tend them there.
123. Thursday. Jung saw one patient.
124. In place of the preceding paragraph, *LN* has the following: “ ‘Are you thinking,’ I asked, ‘of the descent into the frog swamp? The dissolution in the many, the scattering, the dismembering?’/ But as I spoke, the old man turned into ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ, and I saw that he was the magician who was tempting me. But ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ continued:” (p. 540).
125. This paragraph and the first two sentences of the following paragraph were replaced in *LN* by “You will be a river that pours forth over the lands” (ibid.).
126. The remainder of this paragraph and the next two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
127. The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by “I asked, full of grief, ‘But where will my uniqueness remain?’/ ‘You will steal it from yourself,’ ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ replied” (p. 540).
128. Monday. Jung saw six patients. February 26 was the inaugural meeting of the Psychological Club. Jung appears also to have held a reading of the first act of Ernst Barlach’s (1870–1938) play *The Dead Day* (*Der Tote Tag)* [Berlin: Paul Cassirer, 1912]). In *Psychological Types*, Jung cited Barlach’s *The Dead Day* as an example of the literary use of the contents of the unconscious (*CW* 6, § 426n.). Barlach illustrated his play with twenty-seven lithographs. Jung owned a copy of the illustrated Cassirer edition.
129. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “You will hold the invisible realm in trembling hands” (ibid.).
130. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
131. The following was inserted here in *LN*: “When night fell, ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ approached me in an earth-colored robe, holding a silver fish: ‘Look, my son,’ he said, ‘I was fishing and caught

this fish; I bring it to you, so that you may be comforted.' And as I looked at him astonished and questioningly, I saw that a shade stood in darkness at the door, bearing a robe of grandeur. His face was pale and blood had flowed into the furrows of his brow. But ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ knelt down, touched the earth, and said to the shade:" (p. 541).

132. Wednesday. Jung saw six patients. In *LN*, these passages were followed by Jung's commentary on what he had now learned from Philemon about remaining true to love (pp. 540–41).
133. *LN* instead has "My master and my brother" (ibid.).
134. The next two sentences and the first clause of the third sentence were replaced in *LN* by "You did the greatest thing for us: out of animals you made men, you gave your life for men to enable their healing" (ibid.).
135. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "And men still look to you and still ask you to take pity on them and beg for the mercy of God and the forgiveness of their sins through you" (ibid.).
136. *LN* instead has "my master and brother" (p. 542).
137. *LN* instead has "me" (ibid.).
138. Instead of this word, *LN* simply has "his" (ibid.). The next two sentences were replaced in *LN* by the following: "If they were faithful to their love, they would not be greedy. But whoever gives, attracts desire. Should they not learn love? Fidelity to love? Freely willed devotion? But they demand and desire and beg from you and have learned no lesson from your awe-inspiring life. They have imitated it, but they have not lived their own lives as you have lived yours" (ibid.).
139. The remainder of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by "faithful to their own essence and their own love" (ibid.).
140. The next three sentences were replaced in *LN* by the following: "Have you not forgiven the adulteress? Did you not sit with whores and tax-collectors? Did you not break the command of the Sabbath? You lived your own life, but men fail to do so; instead they pray to you and make demands on you and forever remind you that your work is incomplete. Yet your work would be completed if men managed to live their own lives without imitation" (ibid.).
141. The remainder of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by "in continuing the work of redemption in us" (ibid.).
142. The remainder of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.

143. *LN* instead has “our master” (p. 542).
144. The following two sentences were replaced in *LN* by “We want to take your troubles and your work upon ourselves so that your work may be completed and so that you may lay your weary tired hands in your lap, like the worker after a long day’s hard burden” (pp. 542–43).
145. The remainder of this sentence was replaced in *LN* by “who rests from the completion of his work” (p. 543).
146. The following two paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by “I wanted people to address you in this way. But they have no love for you, my master and brother. They begrudge you the price of peace. They leave your work incomplete, eternally needing your pity and your care” (ibid.).
147. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by “ ‘But, my master and my brother, I believe you have completed your work, since the one who has given his life, his entire truth, all his love, his entire soul, has completed his work. / When ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ had finished, I looked up and saw that the place where the shade had stood was empty. I turned to ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ and said, ‘My father, you spoke of men. I am a man. Forgive me!’ / But ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ dissolved into the darkness and I decided to do what was required of me. I accepted all the joy and every torment of my nature and remained true to my love, to suffer what comes to everyone in their own way. And I stood alone and was afraid” (ibid.). This was followed by an enigmatic speech of Philemon’s concerning the relation of the service of the God and murder (pp. 543–44). These passages first occurred in “Dreams” after entries for the middle of July 1917, introduced by the statement: “Fragments of the next book:,” indicated that he intended to recopy them into what became the third book of *Liber Novus*, *Scrutinies* (p. 18).
148. The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by “What one individual can do for men, you have done and accomplished and fulfilled. The time has come when each must do his own work of redemption. Mankind has grown older and a new month has begun” (p. 543). The reference is to the astrological conception of the Platonic month, or aeon, of Pisces, which is based on the precession of the equinoxes. Each Platonic month consists of one zodiacal sign and lasts approximately 2,300 years. Jung discussed the symbolism attached to this in *Aion* (*CW* 6), chapter 6. See Greene, *Jung’s Studies in Astrology*, and

Alice Howell, *Jungian Synchronicity in Astrological Signs and Ages* (Wheaton, IL: Quest Books, 1990), pp. 125ff.

149. Sunday. On May 21, Jung was on holiday with Hans Schmid in Brissago in Ticino. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.
150. Wednesday. Jung saw five patients.
151. The first three paragraphs of this entry were replaced in *LN* by the following: “And soon afterward I saw Elijah and Salome in a dream. Elijah appeared concerned and alarmed. Therefore, when in the following night that light was extinguished and every living sound fell still, I called Elijah and Salome so that they would answer my questions. Elijah came forward and said:” (p. 544).
152. In *LN* the remainder of this paragraph was replaced by “I heard strange and incomprehensible things and the peace of my depths became disturbed” (ibid.).
153. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
154. Cf. Isaiah 63:2–6 and *LN*, pp. 355–56.
155. The following two paragraphs were replaced in *LN* by “And then there was a blasphemous word, that I would rather not utter” (p. 545).
156. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “There is only one God and God cannot die” (p. 545). See above, p. 212, n. 31. The following two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
157. The remainder of this paragraph was replaced by “and that in turn many Gods and many daimons have come to man?” (p. 545).
158. In *LN* the remainder of this paragraph was replaced by “You have foresight! Or maybe you should not know what is? Do you ultimately deny what is?” (ibid.).
159. *LN* instead has “your soul” (p. 546).
160. *LN* instead has “you” (ibid.).
161. In *LN* the preceding sentence was replaced by “We love only what is coming, not what is. Only the new gives us pleasure” (ibid.).
162. This word was not reproduced in *LN*.
163. *LN* instead has “old man” (p. 546).
164. The remainder of this paragraph and the next two paragraphs were not reproduced in *LN*.
165. *LN* instead has “The one” (p. 546).
166. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “He disintegrated into many, and” (ibid.).

167. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by “And something also happened to the individual soul—who would care to describe it!” (ibid.).
168. The preceding line was not reproduced in *LN*.
169. Instead of this clause, *LN* has “a multiple one” (p. 546).
170. Instead of this clause, *LN* has “brighter and stronger than the sun” (ibid.).
171. Instead of the following paragraph, *LN* has: “What shall I tell you about the soul? Haven’t you noticed that she has become multiple? She has become the closest, nearest, near, far, further, furthest and yet she is one, as before. First she divided herself into a serpent and a bird, then into a father and mother, and then into Elijah and Salome—How are you, my good fellow? Does it disturb you? Yes, you must be realizing that you are already very far removed from me, so that I can hardly reckon you as being part of my soul; since if you belonged to my soul, you would have to know what is happening. Therefore I must separate you and Salome from my soul and place you among the daimons. You are connected to what is primordially old and always exists, therefore you also know nothing of the being of men but simply of the past and future. / ‘Nevertheless it is good that you came to my call. Take part in that which is. For what is ought to be such that you can take part in it’ ” (pp. 546–47).
172. *LN* instead has “But Elijah sullenly replied,” (p. 547).
173. *LN* instead has “painting” (p. 547).
174. In *LN* the dialogue continues in the following way: “But Salome turned to Elijah and said, ‘Father, it seems to me that men have outstripped us. He is right: the many is more pleasurable. The one is too simple and always the same.’ / Elijah seemed saddened and said, ‘What about the one in this case? Does the one still exist if it stands next to the many?’ / I answered, ‘That is your old and ingrained mistake, that the one excludes the many. But there are many individual things. The multiplicity of individual things is the one multiple God from whose body many Gods arise, but the uniqueness of the one thing is the other God, whose body is a man but whose spirit is as large as the world.’ / But Elijah shook his head and said, ‘That is new, my son. Is the new good? What was, is good; and what was, will be. Is that not the truth? Has there ever been anything new? And was what you call new, ever good?

Everything remains the same if you give it a new name. There is nothing new, there can be nothing new; how could I then look ahead? I look at the past and therein I see the future, as in a mirror. And I see that nothing new happens, everything is but mere recurrence of what has been since time immemorial. What is your being? An appearance, a darting light; tomorrow it is no longer true. It is gone; it is as if it never was. Come, Salome, let us go. One is mistaken in the world of men.' / But Salome looked back and whispered to me while leaving, 'Being and multiplicity appeal to me, even if it is not new and not eternally true.' / Thus they disappeared into the dark night and I returned to the burden signified by my existence. And I sought to do everything correctly that seemed to me to be a task and to take every way that seemed to me to be necessary for myself. But my dreams became difficult and laden with anxiety, and I did not know why" (p. 546). This continuation may have been written on a separate piece of paper; or it may have been added in the autumn of 1917, when Jung composed the manuscript of *Scrutinies* (evidently the case with the last paragraph here). In *Memories*, Jung stated: "The figures of the unconscious are uninformed too, and need man, or contact with consciousness, in order to attain to 'knowledge.' When I began working with the unconscious, I found myself much involved with the figures of Salome and Elijah. Then they receded, but after about two years they reappeared. To my enormous astonishment, they were completely unchanged; they spoke and acted as if nothing had happened in the meanwhile. In actuality the most incredible things had taken place in my life. I had, as it were, to begin from the beginning again, to tell them all about what had been going on, and explain things to them. At the time I had been greatly surprised by this situation. Only later did I understand what had happened: in the interval the two had sunk back into unconscious and into themselves—I might equally put, into timelessness. They remained out of contact with the I and the I's changing circumstances, and therefore were ignorant of what had happened in the world of consciousness" (p. 337). This appears to refer to the conversation with these figures in this entry of *Book* 6.

175. Monday. Jung saw seven patients. This entry was not reproduced in *LN*.

176. Matthew 27:46: “And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?”
177. Luke 23:39–43: “And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us. / But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? / And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss. / And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. / And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, Today shalt thou be with me in paradise.”
178. On May 24, Jung attended a celebration at the Psychological Club.
179. Wednesday. Jung saw seven patients.
180. The first paragraph of this entry was not reproduced in *LN*. The following paragraph is introduced by “One night my soul suddenly came to me, as if worried, and said:” (p. 548).
181. The preceding paragraph was not reproduced in *LN*.
182. That is, Christ.
183. In *LN* the next three paragraphs were replaced by the following: “ ‘You speak the truth,’ my soul replied, ‘the Gods need a human mediator and rescuer. With this man paves the way to crossing over and to divinity. I gave you a frightening dream so that your face would turn to the Gods. I let their torment reach you so that you would remember the suffering Gods. You do too much for men since they are the masters of your world. You can in effect help men only through the Gods, not directly. Alleviate the burning torment of the Gods’ ” (p. 548).
184. *LN* instead has “the Gods” (p. 549).
185. Instead of this sentence, *LN* has “and thus we run aground” (ibid.).
186. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
187. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
188. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
189. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
190. The following was added here in *LN*: “Not even Christ took torment away from his followers, but rather he heaped it on” (p. 549). Cf. Deuteronomy 10:17: “For the LORD your God *is* God of gods.”

191. The rest of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
192. The preceding two clauses were replaced in *LN* by “since man has stopped being a slave to the Gods. He has dignity before the Gods” (p. 549).
193. The preceding part of this sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
194. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
195. The next two sentences were not reproduced in *LN*.
196. The following two sentences were replaced in *LN* by “ ‘I know,’ I replied, ‘but no longer is there any unconditional obedience. When will they use their strength for me?’ ” (p. 550).
197. *LN* instead has “ ‘obey the Gods?’ my soul cried, astonished” (ibid.).
198. The preceding clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
199. “the altars of blinded humanity are streaming with blood” was added here in *LN* (p. 550).
200. *LN* instead has “from men” (ibid.).
201. The following paragraph and the next sentence were not reproduced in *LN*.
202. The following paragraph was replaced in *LN* by the following: “Then my soul divided herself. As a bird she swooped up to the higher Gods and as a serpent she crawled down to the lower Gods. Soon afterward, she returned and said, troubled, ‘The Gods are outraged that you do not want to be obedient’ ” (p. 550).
203. “Tell them.” was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
204. The remainder of this entry was replaced in *LN* by the following: “I will let no one tell me what to do. The Gods may devise a service in return. You can go. I will call you tomorrow so that you can tell me what the Gods have decided” (ibid.)
205. Thursday. Jung saw six patients.
206. In *LN* the first two paragraphs of this entry were replaced by the following: “As my soul departed, I saw that she was shocked and worried, since she belonged to the race of the Gods and daimons and forever sought to convert me to their kind, as my humanity would like to convince me that I belong to the clan and must serve it. When I was asleep, my soul came again and in a dream cunningly painted me as a horned devil to terrify me and make me afraid of myself. In the following night, however, I called my soul and said to her, ‘Your trick was

recognized. It is to no avail. You do not frighten me. Now speak and convey your message!' " (p. 551).

207. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "therefore I painted you as a devil, since he is the only one among the Gods who bows to no compulsion" (ibid.).

208. The preceding clause was replaced in *LN* by "to which, thanks to his deed, there are also exceptions." (ibid.).

209. The previous two lines were not reproduced in *LN*.

210. The previous line was not reproduced here in *LN*, and the following was added: "Here the soul drew near to my ear and whispered, 'The Gods are even happy to turn a blind eye from time to time, since basically they know very well that it would be bad for life if there were no exception to eternal law. Hence their tolerance of the devil.' / She then raised her voice and cried loudly, 'The Gods have mercy upon you and have accepted your sacrifice!' / And so the devil helped me to cleanse myself from commingling in bondage, and the pain of one-sidedness pierced my heart and the wound of being torn apart scorched me" (p. 551).

211. Tuesday. Jung saw seven patients. On June 3, he gave a presentation to the Association for Analytical Psychology on "Historical Contributions on the Question of Types." From the discussion in the minutes, it appears that he presented materials on scholasticism that later appeared in the first chapter of *Psychological Types*. The following was added here in *LN*: "It was noon on a hot summer's day and I was taking a stroll in my garden; when I reached the shade of the high trees, I met ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ strolling in the fragrant grass. But when I sought to approach him, a blue shade came from the other side, and when ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ saw him, he said:" (pp. 551–52).

212. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "Welcome to the garden, my master, my beloved, my brother!" (p. 552).

213. In *LN* the figure is identified only as "the shade" (pp. 552ff.).

214. Simon Magus (first century) was a magician. In the Acts of the Apostles (8:9–24), after becoming a Christian, he wishes to purchase the power of transmitting the Holy Spirit from Peter and Paul (Jung saw this account as a caricature). Further accounts of him are found in the apocryphal Acts of Peter, and in writings of the Church fathers. He has been seen as one of the founders of Gnosticism, and in the second century a Simonian sect arose. He is said to have always traveled with a

woman who was the reincarnation of Helen of Troy, whom he found in a brothel in Tyre. Jung cited this as an example of the anima figure ("Soul and earth," 1927 [*CW* 10, § 75]). On Simon Magus, see Gilles Quispel, *Gnosis als Weltreligion*, Zürich (Zürich: Origo Verlag, 1951), pp. 51–70, and G. R. S. Mead, *Simon Magus: An Essay on the Founder of Simonianism Based on the Ancient Sources with a Reevaluation of His Philosophy and Teachings* (London: Theosophical Publishing House, 1892).

215. The preceding two clauses were replaced in *LN* by "Oh Simon Magus or whatever your name may be" (p. 552).
216. The preceding sentence was replaced in *LN* by "Helena, or whatever you choose to call her, and I are your servants" (ibid.).
217. *LN* instead has "Simon and Helena have become ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ and Baucis" (p. 552).
218. In *Memories*, Jung commented: "In such dream wandering one frequently encounters an old man who is accompanied by a young girl, and examples of such couples are to be found in many mythic tales. Thus, according to Gnostic tradition, Simon Magus went about with a young girl whom he had picked up in a brothel. Her name was Helen, and she was regarded as the reincarnation of the Trojan Helen. Klingsor and Kundry, Lao-tzu and the dancing girl, likewise belong in this category" (p. 206).
219. The preceding sentence was not reproduced in *LN*.
220. *LN* instead has "the slaves" (p. 552).
221. "and no longer mourn in your name" was added here in *LN* (ibid.).
222. This refers to the temptation of Christ in the Wilderness by Satan (Luke 4:1–13, Matthew 4:1–11). Satan told Christ to make bread out of stones, to satiate his hunger; to jump from the pinnacle of the temple, and have the angels bear him up; to worship Satan, and receive the kingdoms of the world—all of which he refused to do.
223. The preceding two clauses were replaced in *LN* by "The terrible worm came before you, whom you recognize as your brother insofar as you are of divine nature, and as your father insofar as you are of human nature" (p. 553).
224. The last clause was not reproduced in *LN*.
225. "Were not deception and lies always your manner?" was added here in *LN* (p. 553).

226. Jung commented on the serpent as an allegory of Christ in *Aion*, *CW* 9, pt. 2, §§ 369, 385, 390.
227. *LN* instead has simply “the serpent” (p. 553).
228. The remainder of this paragraph was replaced in *LN* by “Lamentation and abomination were the gift of the worm. What will you give us?” (ibid.).
229. The text of *LN* ends here.
230. Sunday. The previous evening, Emma Jung presented “On guilt” to the Association for Analytical Psychology. She commented on guilt in Christianity, noting, “The guilt of knowledge is only one-sided. Its necessary counterpart is sexuality. Both powers lead man beyond himself into the fruitful error of knowledge and action. From there conditions arise which load up new obligations—and from which we shy away—which we perceive as guilt. Intellectuality and sensuality are the two daimons, which lead man beyond himself, but also into a wider life” (*MAP*, pp. 130–31).
231. That is, the soul.
232. Monday. Jung saw seven patients.
233. It is unclear which dream is referred to here.
234. Tuesday. On July 14, Conrad Schneiter presented “On the Symbol” to the Association for Analytical Psychology. In the discussion, Jung commented, “Godlikeness is a belated condition and can only develop once man as someone different aspires to Godlikeness—equates himself with nature. Deification plays an important role in the Mysteries, it is done intentionally. According to the ancient belief deification happened after death. Yet in the teachings of the Mysteries it can be reached already in one’s life-time.” To this Hans Trüb asked, “What is the difference between the mysteries and abnormal mental states?” Jung replied, “These are particular strong feelings, which are not general (= normal). E.g. Schopenhauer: The world is my representation. Nietzsche’s overman: the world comes from his will. His highest principle is his own will. It is not that explicit in the case of patients in analysis, rather symptomatically implied. The Godlikeness can be made intentionally or one can be seized by it [‘being chased by God’].”
235. The Buddha appeared in a circle of flames in a fantasy of December 22, 1913, in *Book* 2, p. 186. In a dialogue on February 5, 1916, the soul informed the “I” that he needed

abstention from suffering and joy in men; the "I" described this as Eastern wisdom. The reference appears to be to the Buddhist doctrine of nonattachment (see above, *Book* 6, p. 221).

236. From July 23 to July 25, Jung was on holiday in Bellinzona and Brissago in Ticino.

237. Monday.

238. Unidentified.

239. Wednesday.

240. Jung is referring to the witch trials that took place in Europe from the end of the fifteenth century. The classic account of how to detect and punish witches is to be found in the *Malleus Maleficarum*, published by the Dominican inquisitors Jacob Sprenger and Heinrich Kramer in 1489. In his seminars on Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*, Jung referred several times to the witch trials and the *Malleus Maleficarum* (October 17, 1934, vol. 1, p. 170; January 23, 1935, vol. 1, p. 332; and June 22, 1938, vol. 2, p. 1318). In 1952 he wrote to Gerd Rosen, "Taken in the spirit of the age, the *Malleus Maleficarum* is not so gruesome. It was an instrument whereby it was supposed that one of those great psychic epidemics could be stamped out. For that age it represented a work of enlightenment which was, admittedly, prosecuted with very drastic measures. The psychology of the witch-hunting epidemic has never been worked out properly. . . . It can only be understood in the total context of the religious problem of the time and in particular in the context of the German psyche under medieval conditions" (*Letters* 2, pp. 68–69).

241. Thursday. In mid-September, Jung visited Neuchâtel, Moudon, Morat, and La Chaux-de-Fonds.

242. A possible reference to Freud. At this time, Jung was working on the manuscript of *The Psychology of the Unconscious Processes* (the preface is dated December 1916). In this, he presented an account of a case interpreted on the one hand by Freud's sexual theory and, on the other, by Alfred Adler's power theory. Concerning the former, Jung wrote: "*The theory of sexuality although one-sided is absolutely right up to a certain point. It would, therefore, be just as false to repudiate it as to accept it as universally valid*" (*Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology*, pp. 380–81). After presenting an account of the case along Adlerian lines, he noted, concerning the

contrasting accounts: “Whoever has the power of the I most at heart rebels against the former conception, whilst he who cares most about love, will never be able to be reconciled to the latter” (ibid., p. 391). Thus Jung presented here a relativistic conception of truth, linked to his notion of the “personal equation”—on this topic, see *Jung and the Making of Modern Psychology*, section one.

243. Following the previous note, a possible reference to Adler’s power theory.
244. Matthew 15:19: “For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts.”
245. Monday. Jung saw five patients.
246. At this time the battle of the Somme, which had commenced at the beginning of July 1916, was raging.
247. The following depiction of the seven lights represents a further elaboration of the cosmology of the *Septem Sermones*. Compare also with the *Systema Mundi Totius* (appendix, p. 131) and Jung’s sketch for this (*Book* 5, p. 273).
248. See *Book* 5, pp. 285ff.
249. See above, pp. 213ff.
250. See above, pp. 212ff.
251. See above, p. 223.
252. See above, ibid.
253. See above, p. 224.
254. See above, p. 227.
255. See above, pp. 224 and 226.
256. Cf. Jean Paul, “Good women must always bear and hold the ladder to heaven, on which men ascend into the heavenly blue and sunset.” *Blumen-, Frucht- und Dornenstücke oder Ehestand, Tod und Hochzeit des Armenadvokaten F. St. Siebenkäs*, in Jean Paul, *Sämtliche Werke*, ed. Norbert Miller *(*Munich: Carl Hanser Verlag, 1959–), vol. 1/2, p. 98. Jung had a copy of Jean Paul’s *Titan* (1803), a novel. Genesis 28:12 recounts Jacob’s dream: “And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.”
257. In 1925 Jung discussed the role of the anima and animus in relationships in his paper “Marriage as a Psychological Relationship” (*CW* 17, §§ 324ff.). On the background to this, see Martin Liebscher, “Eros und Distanz bei Platon, Weininger und Nietzsche,” in *The Racehorse of Genius: Literary and Cultural*

*Comparison*, ed. Martin Liebscher, B. Schofield, and G. Weiss-Sussex (Munich: Iudicium, 2009).

258. Cf. Hölderlin's "Patmos": "Near is / And difficult to grasp, the God. / But where danger threatens / That which saves from it also grows. / In gloomy places dwell / The eagles, and fearless over / The chasm walk the sons of the Alps / On bridges lightly built. / Therefore, since round about / Are heaped the summits of Time / And the most loved live near, growing faint / On mountains most separate, / Give us innocent water, / O pinions give us, with minds most faithful / To cross over and to return" (*Friedrich Hölderlin: Poems and Fragments*, trans. Michael Hamburger [London: Anvil Press Poetry, 2004], p. 567). In 1912, Jung commented on this in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, *CW* B, §§ 660ff. See also my *C.G. Jung: A Biography in Books*, pp. 12ff.
259. In 1921, Jung noted, "For a man, a woman is best fitted to be the real bearer of his soul-image, because of the feminine quality of his soul" (*Psychological Types*, *CW* 6, § 809).
260. Wednesday. Jung saw three patients.
261. At this time, Jung was corresponding with Maria Moltzer and Toni Wolff.
262. It is likely that Toni Wolff is being referred to here.
263. Thursday. Jung saw one patient.
264. Maria Moltzer, in all likelihood. Years later, Toni Wolff, referring to a dream in which Moltzer appeared, noted, "Am I like M. M.—or is she C.'s anima—inhuman?" (August 20, 1950, *Diary O*, p. 78).
265. On Moltzer's response to Jung, see introduction, pp. 63ff.
266. On the white bird, see above, *Book* 6, p. 226.
267. In the Orphic theogony, Aither and Chaos are born from Chaos. Chronos makes an egg in Aither. The egg splits into two, and Phanes, the first of the Gods, appears. W. K. C. Guthrie writes, "He is imagined as marvelously beautiful, a figure of shining light, with golden wings on his shoulders, four eyes, and the heads of various animals. He is of both sexes, since he is to create the race of the gods unaided" (*Orpheus and Greek Religion: A Study of the Orphic Movement* [London: Methuen, 1935], p. 80). In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, while discussing mythological conceptions of creative force, Jung drew attention to the "Orphic figure of Phanes, the 'Shining One,' the first-born, the 'Father of Eros.' In Orphic

terms, Phanes also denotes Priapos, a god of love, androgynous, and equal to the Theban Dionysus Lysios. The Orphic meaning of Phanes is the same as that of the Indian Kâma, the God of love, which is also a cosmogonic principle" (*CW* B, § 223). Jung also noted here that "Agni, the fire, was worshipped as a golden-winged bird" (§ 295). The attributes of Phanes here match the classical depictions, and he is described as the brilliant one, a God of beauty and light. Jung's copy of Isaac Cory's *Ancient Fragments of the Phoenician, Chaldean, Egyptian, Tryian, Carthaginian, Indian, Persian, and Other Writers; With an Introductory Dissertation; And an Inquiry into the Philosophy and Trinity of the Ancients*, has underlinings in the section containing the Orphic theogony, and a slip of paper and mark by the following statement: "They imagine as the god a conceiving and conceived egg, or a white garment, or a cloud, because Phanes springs forth from these" (London: William Pickering, 1832, p. 310). Jung titled his first mandala sketch, dated August 2, 1917, "ΦΑΝΗΣ" [Phanes] (*LN*, appendix A). In April 1919 he painted a portrait of Phanes in *LN* (Image 113; see appendix, p. 141). In his inscription to the image, he described Phanes as "image of the divine child. . . . I called him ΦΑΝΗΣ [Phanes], because he is the newly appearing God" (p. 358). Jung also painted two portraits of Phanes, giving one to Emma Jung and one to Toni Wolff (*The Art of C. G. Jung*, cats. 50, 51, pp. 122–23). Phanes also figures in two further paintings (Ibid., cats. 52, 53, pp. 124–25). In cat. 53, the background figures on the left and right respectively are Ka and Philemon.

268. On February 29, 1916. Toni Wolff noted, "Sexuality = Collective general feelings = in the unconscious. Abraxas head, lion, as danger: cosmic thoughts. More conventional: general collective and cosmic intellectual thoughts.—unconscious Abraxas tail and serpent, sexuality as danger (dream 26 II 1916)" (*Diary* L, p. 178).
269. Friday. Jung saw six patients.
270. Cf. Jung's subsequent painting in *Liber Novus*, Image 71.
271. On the theme of magic, see above, *Book* 4, January 22 and 23, pp. 220ff. In *Liber Novus*, Jung commented in regard to the first entry, "From the flooding darkness the son of the earth had brought, my soul gave me ancient things that pointed to the future. She gave me three things: The misery of war, the

darkness of magic, and the gift of religion" (pp. 375–76). These entries are followed by the seeking of instruction into magic through Philemon on January 27. In his commentary on this entry in *LN*, Jung noted, "We need magic to be able to receive or invoke the messenger and the communication of the incomprehensible" (pp. 403–4). In the calligraphic volume, he wrote a marginal note at the top of the chapter: "The Way of the Cross": "25 Febr. 1923. The transformation of black into white magic" (p. 388).

272. Monday. Jung saw five patients.
273. See above, February 8, 1916, p. 227.
274. Wednesday. Jung saw six patients.
275. This description corresponds to the placement of the figures for science and art in the *Systema Mundi Totius*: at top center is a seven-branched column with three small lights on each side, flanked by two winged forms: on the right, a winged serpent, art; on the left, a winged mouse, science. To the far right is the figure of Deus Sol, and to the far left is the figure of Dea Luna. In 1955, Jung wrote, "Sprouting from him [Abraxas]we see the tree of life, labeled *vita* ('life') while its upper counterpart is a light-tree in the form of a seven-branched candelabra labeled *ignis* ('fire') and Eros ('love'). Its light points to the spiritual world of the divine child. Art and science also belong to this spiritual realm, the first represented as a winged serpent and the second as a winged mouse (as hole-digging activity!)" (appendix, p. 130).
276. Identified below as Elijah.
277. Identified below as Salome.
278. Cf. Matthew 25:1–13: "At that time the kingdom of heaven will be like ten virgins who took their lamps and went out to meet the bridegroom. Five of them were foolish and five were wise. The foolish ones took their lamps but did not take any oil with them. The wise ones, however, took oil in jars along with their lamps."
279. On December 25, 1913 (*Book* 2, p. 196), Salome's sight was restored.
280. That is, Jung's "I."
281. Abraxas. See *Book* 5, p. 266.
282. On December 22, Salome had identified herself as his sister, and their mother as Mary (*Book* 2, p. 189).
283. Monday. Jung saw five patients.

284. Friday. Jung saw seven patients.
285. Tuesday. Jung saw eight patients. On October 22, he wrote to Fanny Bowditch Katz that he was due to enter military service at the end of the week, returning only at the beginning of December. He ended his letter by saying, “Without, everything looks discordant; only within does it coalesce into unity. Who looks outside, dreams; who looks inside, awakens” (*Letters* 1, p. 33).
286. In The *Epic of Gilgamesh*, Gilgamesh is distraught over the death of Enkidu. Here, Jung refers directly to the epic rather than to “his” figure of Izdubar (see *Book* 3, p. 120, n. 91).
287. Jung was not well and canceled five sessions.
288. Sunday.
289. In a subsequent painting in the calligraphic volume of *LN*, Atmavictu, the dragon, swallows the sun (Image 117; see appendix, p. 143).
290. Although this sentence is in quotes, the context indicates that it is Jung’s “I” speaking.
291. On becoming one’s own law, cf. Nietzsche’s *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, part one, “On the Way of the Creator.”
292. Tuesday.
293. Sunday.
294. In “Dreams” Jung wrote the following entry concerning the events of this night: “3. 1. 17. / Night of 2/3. 1. / Terrible. Didn’t sleep until 2.30. Terrible anxiety feeling of fire within. Eerie. I in Küsnacht, family in Schaffhausen. My wife didn’t sleep the entire night. The children also slept badly. Agathli saw a ghost. The same night was just as bad and eerie for Mrs Keller. / Dream toward morning. Something explodes in the air, out of which a white gull or snow goose appears. It disappears. I held 3 feathers in my hand—indistinct things happened. Finally my children discovered a white feather on my head that I keep as a visible sign, as proof of the wonder. / In Lib. nov. serpent image III incent.” [stimulus to snake image III in Liber Novus]” (p. 1). This appears to refer to Image 54 in the calligraphic volume. The reference is to Tina Keller. For her recollections of her work with Jung and Toni Wolff during this period, see Wendy Swan, ed., *The Memoir of Tina Keller-Jenny: A Lifelong Confrontation with the Psychology of C.G. Jung*, with a foreword by Sonu Shamdasani (New Orleans: Spring Journal Books, 2011).

295. The previous statement was spoken by the soul; this statement is spoken by the man of the East.

296. In *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, Zarathustra declares himself the enemy of the spirit of gravity (part 3, "Of the Spirit of Gravity"). In his seminar on Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*, Jung was critical of what he took to be Nietzsche's own attitude to the spirit of gravity. Jung identified the spirit of gravity as "weight of the earth" (February 15, 1939, p. 1542) and as "the eternal sloth, eternal inertia, the spirit of lead, 'the man of lead' as Zosimos calls him. . . . those Hermetic philosophers knew that dwarf, that spirit of lead, that lead-like heaviness, and they knew that you should not tickle or make light of it, because it contains an impertinent demon that causes the perils of the soul" (May 18, 1938, p. 1260). These passages suggest that Jung's reading of the role of the spirit of gravity in *Zarathustra* was inflected by his own encounter with this figure. Jung argued that "Nietzsche would never have spoken of the spirit of gravity if he had ever come down to it really. He never touched the shadow, but projected it into other people" (January 18, 1939, p. 1463). He also noted that "a man will never discover what a woman is, unless he succumbs to the spirit of gravity" (June 16, 1937, p. 1160).

297. Cf. Buddha's Fire Sermon, Müller, *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. 13, pp. 134–35 (Mahavagga, I, 21, i–iv).

298. In Greek mythology, Prometheus creates mankind out of clay. He steals fire from the gods to give to mankind, for which he is chained to a rock, where an eagle feeds on his ever-renewed liver. In 1921, Jung wrote an extended analysis of Carl Spitteler's epic poem *Prometheus und Epimetheus* (1881) and Goethe's *Prometheus Fragment* (1773) (*Psychological Types*, *CW* 6, chapter 5).

299. Wednesday. Jung saw seven patients.

300. It is likely that there was snow in Zürich at this time—there were fifty-four days of snowfall in 1917, compared to forty-four the previous year (*Statistisches Jahrbuch der Schweiz 1917: Herausgegeben vom eidgenössischen statistischen Bureau*, Berne, 1918).

301. Sunday. In his appointment book, Jung noted, "Opening of the egg," which appears to refer to his having painted Image 64 in the calligraphic volume. In "Dreams," he noted on this day: "The opening of the egg (image) begun." The following day, he

noted, “Finished copying the opening scene. / The most wonderful feeling of renewal. Back to scientific work today. / Types! Since 7 February no more letters from M.” (p. 5). This refers to completing this section of the transcription into the calligraphic volume, and to continuing his work on psychological types. M. seems to refer to Maria Moltzer.

302. In his fantasy of December 28, 1913, the figure from the novel whom he encountered informed him, “Only what is human and what you call banal and hackneyed contains the wisdom that you seek” (*Book* 2, p. 208). In the opening section of *LN*, Jung wrote, “But the small, narrow, and banal is not nonsense, but one of both of the essences of the Godhead. / I resisted recognizing that the everyday belongs to the image of the Godhead” (p. 121).

303. Monday. Jung saw six patients.

304. This provides a further differentiation of the figure of Abraxas. On Abraxas, see January 16, 1916, *Book* 5, pp. 274ff., and February 1, 1916, *Book* 6, pp. 213ff.

305. On February 1, 1916, Abraxas was described as “the hermaphrodite of the earliest beginning” (*Book* 6, p. 216). Jung discussed the symbol of the hermaphrodite in his unpublished book on alchemy, written in the mid 1930s (*JA*). In *The Psychology of the Transference*, Jung described it as a synonym for the goal of the alchemical art (*CW* 16, § 533).

306. Spoken by Phanes.

307. These motifs appear to refer back to the fantasy of January 12, 1914 (*Book* 3, *Liber Secundus*, chapter 12, “Hell,” pp. 132ff.).

308. Cf. Isaiah 45:2: “I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight.”

309. Tuesday. Jung saw seven patients.

310. That is, the soul.

311. Friday. Jung saw five patients.

312. Thursday. In “Dreams,” Jung noted: “5–8. March 17. Deepest depression. Deepest barometer level of the last fifty years.” He also noted: “On 8. III. Discovery in the evening that Pisces covers Aquarius and that we are already in Aquarius, but only in the unconscious. Aquarius lies behind Pisces. 7 March, Mercury in conjunction with Aquarius [Jung’s astrological abbreviations have been expanded here].” This refers to determining the timing of the precession of the equinoxes, and

the transition from the Age of Pisces to the Age of Aquarius. In 1918, Jung had Rebekka Aleida Biegel (1886–1943), who was doing a PhD in Zürich on ancient Egyptian astronomy and astrology, draw up astrological charts to try to determine the dating of this transition. On this issue, see Greene, *Jung's Studies in Astrology*, pp. 166ff. On Biegel, see A. C. Rümke, *Rebekka Aleida Biegel: Eein Vrouw in de psychologie* (Eelde, Netherlands: Barkhaus, 2006).

313. Cf. John 1.

314. From the Cabiri episode of *LN*: "We carry what is not to be carried from below to above" (p. 426). Later in 1917—that is, after this entry—Jung made a painting of the Cabiri episode. On the reverse, he wrote the following lines from it: "The Cabiri: 'We hauled things up, we built. We placed stone upon stone. Now you stand on solid ground. . . . We forged a flashing sword for you, with which you can cut the knot that entangles you. . . . We also place before you the devilish, skillfully twined knot that locks and seals you. Strike, only sharpness will cut through it. . . . Do not hesitate. We need destruction since we ourselves are the entanglement. He who wishes to conquer new land brings down the bridges behind him. Let us not exist anymore. We are the thousand canals in which everything also flows back again into its origin . . ..' 24 December 1917" (see *The Art of C.G. Jung*, cat. 63, p. 141). The Cabiri were the deities celebrated at the mysteries of Samothrace. They were held to be promoters of fertility and protectors of sailors. Friedrich Creuzer and Schelling held them to be the primal deities of Greek mythology, from which all others developed (*Symbolik und Mythologie der alten Völker* [Leipzig: Leske, 1810–23]); also see Friedrich Wilhelm Joseph von Schelling, *The Deities of Samothrace*, 1815, introduced and translated by R. F. Brown [Missoula, MT: Scholars Press, 1977]). Jung had copies of both of these works. They appear in Goethe's *Faust*, 2, act 2. Jung discussed the Cabiri in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* (*CW* B, §§ 209–11). In 1940 he wrote: "The Cabiri are, in fact, the mysterious creative powers, the gnomes who work under the earth, i.e., below the threshold of consciousness, in order to supply us with lucky ideas. As imps and hobgoblins, however, they also lay all sorts of nasty tricks, keeping back names and dates that were 'on the tip of the tongue,' making us say the wrong thing, etc. They give an eye to everything that

has not already been anticipated by consciousness and the functions at its disposal. . . . deeper insight will show that the primitive and archaic qualities of the inferior function conceal all sorts of significant relationships and symbolic meanings, and instead of laughing off the Cabiri as ridiculous Tom Thumbs he may begin to suspect that they are a treasure-house of hidden wisdom" ("Attempt at a Psychological Interpretation of the Dogma of the Trinity," *CW* 11, § 244). Jung commented on the Cabiri scene in *Faust* in *Psychology and Alchemy*, *CW* 12, §§ 203ff.

315. See above, p. 265.

316. Friday. Jung was sick and canceled appointments with seven patients. In "Dreams," he recorded the following episode on this day:

> Sick since yesterday. Colitis mucosa. As . . . [?] Very deep introverion in the evening. Completely frozen. At first a vision: Dark sky over the Albis. A fountain of fire rises from the mountain. A golden bird lowers himself down on it from above with a crown in its beak. It flies over the lake toward me. While it approaches me, it becomes immensely large. It delivers the crown to me. While it comes to me, an entire garland of fiery beams soars from my head. My wife stands in front of me, Maria on my left, and Toni on my right. I faint. At this moment I see a second vision behind this vision [ . . . ] characters: a young girl, similar to Grethli, around 17 years of age, leaning against a piano, smoking a cigarette.
>
> I: What are you doing here?
> She: I look after you.
> I: Why?
> S.: So that the fire will not burn you.
> I.: Why do you play the piano?
> S.: To distract myself.
> I.: Why do you smoke?
> S.: Also to distract myself.?
> End.

Grethli was Jung's daughter, Gret Baumann Jung (1906–1995).

317. This is Phanes speaking.

318. Tuesday.
319. Tuesday. From the sequence it is clear that the month is April, not June.
320. On the same day, Jung wrote the following entry in “Dreams”: “17. IV. 17. Since then, frequent exercises in the emptying of consciousness. With this I always get a cold head and hot feet, whereas when I read, it is the reverse. Once I heard a loud voice, but I couldn’t retain what it said. In the beginning there was anxiety on several occasions. Once I no longer knew where I was. The surroundings had changed into an unknown room. I was regularly completely rigid, without sleeping. But I forget everything that happened. The last time appeared to be contentless, just total numbness. / Recently I had a dream after which it appeared that my soul had something to communicate to me. / This night: I am with Bleuler (1.) in the attic (2.) The attic is like glass. One sees a blue nocturnal sky, stars (3.) Very beautiful. A red brown (4.) plane, formed like a butterfly (5.), flies low over the house. / 1.) Anxiously limited intellect. Always thinks too limitedly on account of collective relations. I, with my feeling of inferiority. Recently felt a strong relatedness of feeling. / 2.) Above in the house, brain, open to heaven, to receiving the spirit. / 3.) Constellation. Relation to the cosmos. / 4.) Red brown bull = Rudra (a.) My intensive unconscious relation to India in the Red Book. / 5.) Wing = book cover. Soul image. Indian soul, earlier dream where an Indian princess with a lavish entourage said goodbye to me in a friendly way, while I stood on the fourth floor of an old house. Fire bird. The ‘fire over me.’ Vision in the black book. The fire, that is above. (continuation in Bl. B. 17. V. 17). / a.) Chthonic God, archaic fire” (p. 9). Bleuler refers to Eugen Bleuler, the director of the Burghölzli. Rudra is a Vedic God, bringer of disease and healing. He is also seen as a form of Shiva. In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, Jung viewed him as a solar God (§§ 201ff.).
321. In “Dreams,” in a dream of February 4, 1917, set in Geneva, Jung received a manuscript from an elegant and beautiful woman. A German named Wahnschaffe (mad-tub) also appeared in the dream. In his assocations with this, he noted that he felt a strong longing toward Maria Moltzer. Regarding the manuscript, he noted, “Idea of M. M. that she had inspired my libido work. Typewritten, like my manuscript. My own

manuscript presented by the soul." Of the name Wahnschaffe, he noted, "comical name. Like Wahnfried [mad-peace]. Wagner —Mrs. von Bülow. Nietzsche and Cosima. I and M. M. Zarathustra without her" (pp. 3–4). Cosima von Bülow was the illegitimate daughter of the composer Franz Liszt and the wife of the conductor Hans von Bülow. She had an affair with Wagner and married him. Wahnfried was the name that Wagner gave to his villa in Bayreuth. Around January 3, Nietzsche sent Cosima a letter simply stating, "Ariadne, I love you! Dionysus" (Nietzsche digital critical edition, www.nietzschesource.org, BVN-1889, 1242a). There is an undated, possibly unsent letter of 1916–17 from Jung to Moltzer, who had recently moved nearby to Zollikerberg, in which Jung wrote that he was thinking about her all the time (*JA*).

322. That is, Phanes.

323. Image 50 in the calligraphic volume of *LN* has a three-columned golden castle on the top.

324. Cf. Jung's fantasy of December 12, 1913, *Book* 2, p. 169.

325. That is, Phanes.

326. Wednesday. Jung saw one patient.

327. See January 27, 1914, *Book* 4, pp. 228ff.

328. Wednesday. Jung saw one patient.

329. See above, December 25, 1913, *Book* 2, pp. 191ff.

330. This marks the first appearance of Atmaviktu. In "From the earliest experiences of my life," Jung wrote: "When I was in England in 1920, I carved two similar figures out of thin branch without having the slightest recollection of that childhood experience. One of them I had reproduced on a larger scale in stone, and this figure now stands in my garden in Kuesnacht. It was only at that time that the unconscious supplied me with a name. It called the figure Atmavictu—the 'breath of life.' It is a further development of that quasi-sexual object of my childhood, which turned out to be the 'breath of life,' the creative impulse. Basically, the manikin is a kabir" (*JA*, pp. 29–30; cf. *Memories*, pp. 38–39; for the wooden carvings and subsequent stone carving of Amavictu, see *The Art of C. G. Jung*, cats. 67, 68, 69, and 70, pp. 148–150). From *Book* 7, p. 199, n. 137, below, it appears that Jung was actually referring to the time when he was in England in 1919. As we see here, Atmavictu (as the name was subsequently spelled) had already emerged in Jung's fantasies in 1917. He plays a critical role in

a series of paintings in *LN* in 1919 and 1920 (see appendix, pp. 142ff.).

331. The Ouroboros is a serpent or dragon that eats its own tail. Jung commented on this symbol in a number of places, particularly in his alchemical works. In 1944: “The uroboros—the dragon devouring itself tail first—is the basic mandala of alchemy” (*Psychology and Alchemy*, *CW* 12, § 165). In 1955–56: “The uroboros that eats its own tail is a drastic symbol for the integration and assimilation of the opposite, i.e., of the shadow. At the same time this circulatory process is a symbol of immortality that explains the continual self-renewal, since it is said of the uroboros that he slays himself and brings himself back to life, fertilizes himself and gives birth to himself” (*Mysterium Coniunctionis*, *CW* 14, § 513).

332. It was during 1917 that the concept of the self, as distinct from the “I,” emerged, culminating in the mandala drawings that Jung did while on military service in Château d’Oex in the autumn (see introduction, pp. 61ff.).

333. Saturday.

334. Sunday.

335. That is, ascetic exercises.

336. See November 15, 1913, *Book* 2, pp. 153ff.

337. Monday. Jung saw six patients.

338. In Jung’s subsequent painting of Philemon in *LN*, his head is surrounded by gold (Image 154).

339. Cf. the depictions of Atmavictu in *LN* in Images 117, 119, and 123 (see appendix, pp. 142ff.).

340. There was a Chinese legend that Lao Tzu was born as an old man with a beard.

341. In an interview in *the New York Times* in 1936, Jung said, “Together the patient and I address ourselves to the 2,000,000-year-old-man that is in all of us. In the last analysis, most of our difficulties come from losing contact with our instincts, with the age-old unforgotten wisdom stored in us. / And where do we make contact with this old man in us? In our dreams. . . . In our sleep we consult the 2,000,000-year-old man which each of us represents. We struggle with him in various manifestations of fantasy” (*C.G. Jung Speaking*, p. 100).

342. Sunday.

343. In the autumn of 1917, in the manuscript of *Scrutinies*, Jung wrote, concerning his changing relation to Philemon: “Since

the God has ascended to the upper realms, ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ also has become different. He first appeared to me as a magician who lived in a distant land, but then I felt his nearness and, since the God has ascended, I knew that ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ had intoxicated me and given me a language that was foreign to me and of a different sensitivity. All of this faded when the God arose and only ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ kept that language. But I felt that he went on other ways than I did. Probably the most part of what I have written in the earlier part of this book was given to me by ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ. Consequently I was as if intoxicated. But now I noticed that ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ assumed a form distinct from me" (*LN*, p. 483).

344. Khidr, "the verdant one," is an important figure in Islamic mysticism. In 1940, Jung analyzed sura 18 of the Koran. Moses encounters Khidr, whom he looks to for instruction. Jung commented: "Khidr may well represent the self. His qualities signalize him as such: he is said to have been born in a cave, so in darkness. He is the 'Long-lived One,' who continually renews himself, like Elijah. Like Osiris, he is dismembered at the end of time, by the Antichrist, but is able to restore himself to life. He is analogous to the Second Adam . . . he is a counsellor, a Paraclete. . . . Khidr represents not only the higher wisdom but also a corresponding way of acting, which is beyond human reason" ("Concerning Rebirth," *CW* 9, pt. 1, § 247). Jung narrated that while traveling in Kenya, his Somali guide, a Sufi, informed Jung that he might meet Khidr, as Jung was a "man of the book" (the Koran): "He told me that I might meet Khidr in the street in the shape of a man, or he might appear to me during the night as a pure white light, or—he smilingly picked a blade of grass—the Verdant One might even look like that. He said he himself had once been comforted by Khidr, when he could not find a job after the war and was suffering want. . . . He dreamt he saw a bright white light near the door and knew it was Khidr" ("Concerning Rebirth," *CW* 9, pt. 1, § 250). One wonders if Jung told his guide that he himself had met Khidr.

345. Cary Baynes wrote about a discussion with Jung on January 26, 1924, in which he described the *Red Book* in the following way: "There were various figures speaking, Elias, Father Philemon, etc. but all appeared to be phases of what you thought ought to be called 'the master.' You were sure that this latter was the same who inspired Buddha, Mani, Christ,

Mahomet—all those who may be said to have communed with God. But the others had identified with him. You absolutely refused to. It could not be for you, you said, you had to remain the psychologist—the person who understood the process" (*LN*, p. 68).

346. On August 12, 1940, Jung wrote to Peter Baynes: "This is the fateful year for which I have waited more than 25 years. I did not know that it was such a disaster. Although since 1918 I knew that a terrible fire would spread over Europe beginning in the North East" (*Letters* 1, p. 285). It is possible that he was referring to this vision.

347. In 1929, in his "Commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower*," Jung noted: "Our text promises to 'reveal the secret of the Golden Flower of the great *One*.' The golden flower is the light, and the light of heaven is the Tao, The golden flower is a mandala symbol I have often met with in the material brought me by my patients. It is drawn either seen from above as a regular geometric pattern, or in profile as a blossom growing from a plant. The plant is frequently a structure in brilliant fiery colours growing out of a bed of darkness, and carrying the blossom of light at the top" (*CW* 13, § 33).

348. Monday. Jung saw seven patients.

C·G· JUNG

# THE BLACK BOOKS

## 1913–1932

## NOTEBOOKS OF TRANSFORMATION

VOLUME 7

Edited by

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PHILEMON SERIES

In collaboration with the Foundation of the Works of C.G. Jung

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# Note to the Reader

The facsimile and translation end with page 135, which marks the end of the sequence that commenced in 1913. After a lengthy interval of more than a decade, Jung took up *Book* 7 for notes of a different kind. Hence these have not been reproduced here.

# BOOK 7

## May 21, 1917–December 15, 1932

[1][1]

### 21. V. 17. Continuation.

[Ph.]. You went ahead of me, now you follow me. I am the leader. I am the fire that advances, you are a helpful arm that supports the wavering. I am what is to come, you are the fullness of the present. You are joy and enjoyment, discord and lies. You are the helper of men in good and evil. I am ~~xx~~ the fiery ~~line~~ path of fate. You are errancy in good and evil. I am merciless truth. I am past and future. This man is my present. That is why he is my error, since I was and ~~I~~ will be, but am not. My present is an error.

This man errs and you exist. That is why you are always present, since man always errs. Why must he err? He is a star seed, he errs through the unlimited, he fell down from the unknown. He continues to err. His errancy is his truth; He would do well to know it. Through errancy he lives.[2]

### Sunday. 3. VI 17.

My soul, where are you? What do you see? What are you busy with? I haven't heard anything more from you. Truly, I was I away from you for too long.

S. "You weren't away too long. Everything went correctly, as it should. I could do my part in the silence."

What did you do? Let me take part.

S. “I piled up the ore—red stones—gold—shining things from ancient shafts. If you knew what Atmaviktu the ancient brought, which ~~xx~~ shimmering serpent skin he shed when he became Philemon. Dangerous poisons, daimonic luminous things—a shimmering ground for the feet of the lovers.”

Grant me a glimpse. Proceed to the completion of the work.

S. [“]He spoke about me—that I was related to you—mortal with you—the life of your body, your solar mantle. Philemon is [1/2] immortal. The star seed in you is immortal. It is a piece of the world, a Pleroma, a light and a darkness. Light insofar as it is ~~xx~~ differentiated from the Pleroma; darkness, insofar as it is the Pleroma itself. The light shines out of difference. Differentiation strengthens the light of the star—Philemon raises himself higher. His head is in the blazing fire. He burns upward to the eternal fiery heavens. What is it? A weight lies on me—a burden? Is your body burdened? Is a poison in it? I see—you have not fulfilled the sacrificial service. It should be fulfilled.”[3]

## 7. ~~xx~~ Oct. 1917.[4]

My soul, offerings have been brought. Willingness is attested. Submission has taken place.

S. “I see and I accept it. You have done what was required and you will do what is still required. Go your way, without doubts. Any way that opens—according to your ability.”

Yet now, what was it? Someone stood at the corner at night. What did he want and who was he?

S. “A darker spirit, a spirit of deception, a sorcerer of Satan, an adept of the blackest magic.”

What is his name?

S. Forget the name. He can tell you what he wants. His presence is sufficient—that's bad enough.

I. What does he want? What does he bring?

S. "Truly devil's crafts—you innocent one."

I. Isn't there enough already?

S. "Life never has enough."

I. So let him speak.

S. to Ha. (the magician). Listen, darker son of the ancient earth, nephew of mother's mud, I call you. Come [2/3] to the light of day.

Ha. Here I am—surely you have not seen anyone like me? Surely I'm necessary—Philemon, my son is probably too weak. Should I help? What do you pay?

S. Not a word about reward. You were the one who came first. We didn't call you.

Ha. Now, you are being peremptory. What do you want?

S. I want nothing from you. You are too black, too much of midnight, too dreadfully earthy. But confess what you want from us!

Ha. Get rid of the damned daylight—it dazzles.

S. Precisely not. We do not want to be stared to death by you. Your manner is deadly. Speak, what do you want?

Ha. What I want—do you really want to know? I feel like strangling, yes, strangling. Does that please you? I feel like strangling a man.

S. So you were the one who hid himself in the black ape, who wanted to kill the harmless one.

Ha. No, you removed the ape from me with your damned offerings. But you forgot me. Your magic has no hold on me. Devise something stronger. I am there, I feel like strangling.

S. You know, noble one, that you can't touch us. We are not frightened, you darkest apparition. And because you know that, you come without claims, without will, without power, only with a request. It burns you somewhat. Shall I tell you what? The grain of gold, that fell into your eye.

That’s why you want night, so that one doesn’t see it. Yes, old liar and deceiver, squirm as much as you like. Your threat is powerless. You ask if one could mercifully release you from the gold grain. Would you say that that is the truth?[5]

Ha. What truth? Damned ones! I took the gold away from you. Fetch it, if it pleases you. [3/4]

S. You lie. You looked with longing. Then the grain of gold fell into your eye, since you longed for the gold. But it burns you and you were only too happy to get rid of it. That’s why you come to ask. Ask courteously, so that we permit you to give it back to us.

Ha. You bad tormenting devil—fetch it yourself.

S. We don’t fetch it.

Ha. I can’t draw it out.

S. Make an effort.

Ha. Swine, scoundrels, devils—it won’t budge. Have you no pity? We too want to live.

S. We let you live, but not at our expense.

Ha. Listen, sister, you are also of our kind. Some murder, some blood—pleases you, does it not? Some more darkness, some more abyss—doesn’t that entice you? Why then so high up—it is warmer down here.

S. Drop your wisdom—the gold grain burns you, so get down to business.

Ha. I can’t—not so loud—he hears it.[6]

S. He should hear it—what worries you abis?

Ha. He doesn’t like the dirt. His grain of gold fell into the dirt, which I love above all, the dung that I am, the father of the scarab. All scarabs nest in me. I am nourishment and maternal enclosure for them.[7]

S. I know, that is your devil’s craft, yet the grain of gold that you should not and cannot not take burns you.

Ha. Try to come closer to me—you must smell the dirt, you must touch it. You can later wash your hands in

innocence.

S. I won't.

Ha. You too want the grain of gold, don't you? Doesn't it belong to you? You know that it is the germ of the scarab, its ~~xx~~ egg, which is so valuable to you.

S. We could wait till it is has burnt you enough. You are too black, who would want to get besmirched by you!

Ha. Please let us negotiate. What should I give you, for you [4/5] to take the grain of gold again?

S. We would like your science.

Ha. No, not that—under no ~~xx~~ conditions.

S. Precisely that. So let it burn you, if you aren't willing.

Ha. So listen then! What do you want from my science?

S. We would like knowledge beyond Philemon. He is your son and you know about ~~xx~~ your unborn grandson. He sits in your eye, the holy scarab. You see him and you know about him.

Ha. Damned ones—precisely that should not be—wait, stop—I don't want to –

S. We're waiting. It still burns you.

Ha. You devil's wife, stop this torment. Philemon should pronounce it.

S. But you came instead of him, since you know the secret. Spit it out. Then you are released.

Ha. Kara—kara—krama—kras—tel—ham—have you tasted from the many-leaved tree—the golden fruit—did you see the gold-laden, delicious, ripe and fruitful seed? Have you recited the magical spells, diverse and confused, the invocations? Get the book, read it out loud, call, so that he[8] comes. Do that, that ~~xx~~ loosens the burning grain.

S. (to me). Read the incantations!

Ha. Oh—how it burns—like hot lust, like hellish pain. Give water—quench the eternal fire—a knife, that cuts out the blaze bloodily. A chisel and hammer strike—that sprays out the glowing grain—still not enough. Touch me, touch

me—you must participate in my torment—how can it be otherwise? Let mystery surround you. A thousand dark coats, [5/6] for your act of redemption—I weave an impenetrable mystery for you—you are protected—

S. What a stink! It's suffocating.

Ha. I suffer unbearably—a helping hand, I beg you.

S. Patience, you are still too dark and have given us nothing, but just begged.

Ha. I don't know anything beyond Philemon. He is not a man—why then does this man care? I too am not a man—I'm just a remnant.

S. Why do you hesitate? Out with it.

Ha. Leftovers aren't so tasty. Leftovers stink to heaven. The Gods be damned! What torment!

S. Come ~~xx~~ to yourself and leave the Gods out of it.

Ha. Yes—to my self—to be it, yes—but to say it—I could strangle you.

S. You couldn't try it even once.

Ha. Why did my mother bear me—I crawled out of a stone—do you know the ridiculous entity that calls itself my mother—one could call it a stake, a sharp block or a cone. It's beautiful, it's pointed above and completely round underneath and evenly proportioned on all ~~xx~~ sides.[9] But I crawled out of the top. She can't laugh and can't cry and is totally like hard stone. There is a mark, a sign on earth, that the unpopulated earth is embossed with a law, that everything has to be regular, everything has to be straight or circular. The old fire can melt and burn away everything, but the black mother stone never melted once it had been formed. I tremble, its shadow stands above, bright glowing peak [6/7] on peak. My father, the fire, concocted this. I hate my father, whom I still must serve without cease. Who but I always changes and disturbs the quiet straight and circular work of my mother, I, who have inherited the fire of my father? I love everything regulated because I love my

mother and always disturb it. Oh, how it captures and soothes me, when I see what is straight and regulated. I must be there and disturb it, or at least disturb something; it excites me to bring the straight out of its course. To cross something with a bent line, to suddenly distort something regular—I can't let it pass. Then why should the cone that my father irrefutably crafted go tip to tip with my mother's? Something crooked would do just as well. That's why I lodged a grain of sand between them, which mother could not pulverize and that ~~xx~~ my father's fire could not melt. Likewise not finding it on earth, nonetheless I caught it when it plummeted from the stars. That was good stuff that never fails to plague—~~xx~~ I shouldn't say it out loud—it is man. He shouldn't know that he lies between two cone tips that want to ~~xx~~ meet each other. He's always wanting to make himself soft and tear himself up because of it, the fool, instead of making himself hard and fireproof. He always wants out of the press, one moment toward earth, one moment toward heaven. But he can't do it; he is held captive and if he were clever, he would be strong and fireproof. He would be like a crystal, but I also disturb him, since I know how one makes him erratic. That is my secret. You're not going to have it, you know enough.

S. Not enough! This secret too must come out.

Ha. Stop, I won't let myself be ransacked.

S. It burns you. Let it go.

Ha. You can't understand, despite the fact that you often [7/8] saw it. It's the runes. I know them. They are my work, my science.

S. That's it, that's what I want. That's what you have to teach us.

Ha. No, never ever.

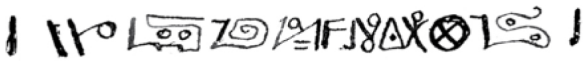
S. I wait. Otherwise you won't be released.

Ha. You devil, why should that be? The runes belong to me and no one else. You are too stupid. I alone understand

them. What if you understood that! I won’t give them up, never ever.

S. Does the grain of sand burn you?

Ha. I can’t deny it. But the runes? You can’t use them anyway. Too damn smart a science for you! Look here, these snatches:



What do you want with this? And there is still a lot to them!?

S. You should read that to us.

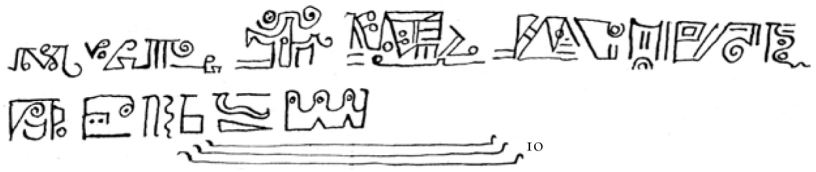
Ha. Do I know how? I can’t. Should I? You wouldn’t believe it. But look, the two diagonals lead to the circle. A straight line stands at the bridge and makes a step downwards, and crawls like a serpent over two suns. It then goes straight downward and coils itself, and imitates the upper cone and has the sun in its belly. This is underlined twice, because it is important and behind it is a straight halt. After that it stretches out two arms, and would like to stand firm, straight, and draw the two suns toward it. That’s dirty, isn’t it? But the lower cone has the dark sun in its belly and therefore one is horrified by it. If it was a wheel which bore the cross in it, it would stand still and still take the way of the serpent around the two suns. That’s what it says.

S. Explain—that is incomprehensible!

Ha. You lack dirt. Your understanding has no dung in it. The two diagonals, however, are you yourself. The circle is the sun. One has the sun, the other doesn’t. That’s why you are xx diagonal. However there must be one that stands straight and goes over the bridge, but that leaves the two suns [8/9] behind it and becomes straight. That’s why it has to go under again and coil around itself, then it has the sun in the belly of the upper cone. It will stay longer with this, but the other longs for xx the second sun xx. But the other

sun is dark in the belly of the lower cone. You see that he who is horrified at himself has the sun as a head, and as a wheel is entirely sun, and goes straight on the serpent's way and it is no longer straight above, but a small tail upward—that is funny! Have you learned something?

S. That is something. But you already sent us runes earlier. You must read these to us:



Ha. Damn, you make me think. But I am not stupid—I am much cleverer than you.

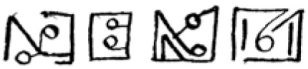
See the two with different feet, one earth foot and one sun foot—which reach toward the upper cone and have the sun inside, but I have made one crooked line toward the other sun. Therefore one must reach downward. Meanwhile the upper sun comes out of the cone and the cone gazes toward it, dejected about where it is going. One has to retrieve it with a hook and place it in the small prison. Then 3 must stand together, unite, and twirl up at the top (concentric). With this they manage to free the sun from its prison again. Now you make a thick bottom and a roof, where the sun sits safe at the top. But inside the house the other sun has risen also. Therefore you too are coiled up at the top and have made a roof over the prison again at the bottom, ~~where~~ so that the upper sun ~~xx~~ does not get in between. The two suns always want to be together—I said so—both the cones—each has a sun. You want to let them come together, because then you think that you could thus be one. You have now drawn up both suns and brought them to one another, and you now lean to the other side—that is important (=) but then there are simply 2 suns below, so therefore you have to go to the lower cone. Then you put the suns together there, but in the middle, neither

above nor below, therefore there are not 4 [9/10] but 2, but the upper cone is below and there is a thick roof above and if you want to continue, you long to return with both arms. But you have a prison for two below, for both of you. Therefore you make a prison for the lower sun and fall toward the ~~xx~~ other side, to get the lower sun out of the prison. This is what you would like back, and the upper cone comes and makes a bridge toward the lower, takes back its sun into it, which had run away before, and the morning clouds already come into the lower cone, but its sun is beyond the line, invisible (horizon). Now you are one and happy that you have the sun above and long to be with it above. But you are imprisoned in the prison of the lower sun, that now rises. There is a halt. Now you make something quadrilateral above, which you call thoughts, a door-less prison with thick walls, so that the upper sun does not leave, but the cone has already gone. You lean toward the other side, long toward the below and coil up at the bottom. Then you are one and make the serpent's way between the suns—that is amusing! ~ and important (=). But because it was amusing below, there is a roof above and you must raise the hook upward with both arms, so that it goes through the roof. Then the sun below is free and there is a prison above. You look downward, but the upper sun looks toward you. But you stand as a pair and have detached the serpent from you—it is probably ruined for you. Therefore you make a prison for the below. Now the serpent crosses the sky above the earth for itself. You are driven completely apart, the serpent wriggles its way through the sky around all the stars far above the earth.

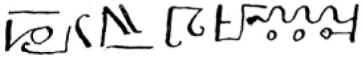
At the bottom it says: the mother gave me this wisdom.

Are you content?

S. Not yet. We still have other signs, which you should read:

 (from 2. IX. 17)

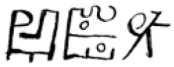
Ha. There you have the lower cone again and want to bring the upper and lower suns ~~xx~~ together again. You yearn for that, but nostalgically. You put them both together, and long to return. Then you make a roof above the lower cone, truly lock it up and get the suns back again and now bring them completely together and with this you yourself are doubled, i.e., instead [10/11] of one, you are 4, and split.

(4. IX. 17) 

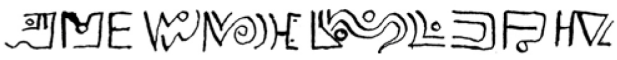
That's why you must fetch out the sun again, namely, toward the below and from this the longing toward the above will grow in you. You lift yourself over the line of the earth and tumble over. That's why you long suddenly for the below and want to lift up from the below, because you hang from the upper line. ~~I w~~ You want to be one and stand straight[,] that's why you make a line in the middle, you walk on the earth and then up above and go into the sky. And as you go in this way the serpent creeps toward you above all the stars. You are one, you hold the serpent by the tail with one hand and with the other you hold the stars. Both are separate. Thus you stand straight.

(from 9. IX 17) 

And because you stand that way, an arc grows on you on the other side, since you held back (toward the left). Now you make a great prison below, possibly for the stars and a cradle above, possibly for the serpent. You press the lid on the prison (  ). There you also have a prison above and the sun, which is one, looks toward you. One of you is defiant and locked up below. The sun has a serpent's tail and is the serpent itself, and the other longs for the above and is not yet higher. The defiance of the below and the longing of the above come together. A roof above, and floor beneath, and you are one again.

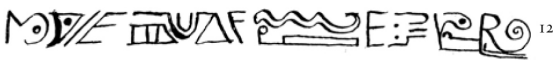
## (10 IX 17) 

Or, ~~you~~ if you have managed to move the arc forward, you make a bridge below and move toward the above and toward the below from the center, or you separate above and below, split the sun again and crawl like the serpent over the one above and receive the one below. You take with you what you have experienced and go forward to something new.

## (5. IX. 17) 

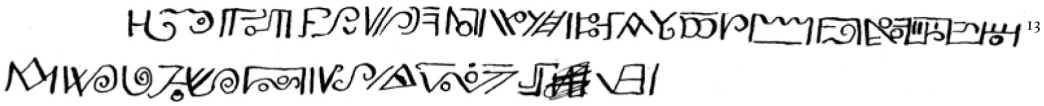
The serpent crawls below and above the sun is locked up, the prison is open backwards and therefore the serpent crawls forward and rises and becomes straight, because you both are above. Now you take the sun within you and press it below in the middle, therefore you are split [11/12], which you don't like, therefore you turn yourself forward and await something other and are one in there. You have separated above and below. The upper cone comes down there and draws the sun toward it and you creep up from below with great longing and are one. In that moment the upper cone becomes strong, since it has a young one or you make a protection against it and seek to make it small,

therefore you curl yourself toward the below. That pleases you and you can’t get well away from it, therefore you must make a bridge toward being one and look forward. Then comes the great one-footed-one and steps onto the serpent way between the two suns and turns back toward the below —that is nice and funny. You don’t get free of it, but the upper sun comes and pulls your arms forward, but below. You long to return, only much more keenly, but you become doubled. Therefore you must become one, you must separate above ~~xx~~ and below and go to the lower sun from above. But there you are separated and must make a bridge between yourselves. Then the upper cone again comes completely toward the below, therefore there is a line above and it pushes you away below, therefore one rushes forward.

## (5. IX. 17 No. 2) 

Since you have already become one there, the upper cone comes and catches its sun, swallows it and it disappears. You fall over, and strive again. You make a great prison below for the two suns or for you both and a third. But then the fire above comes down mightily and attracts the lower cone to the above. That draws you back and yet you long for the way forward, namely toward the serpent, that ~~you~~ you have always liked so much. Because of the lower cone you long for the serpent above. It crawls away to heaven over the lower sun, which stands in connection with the earth. But you must look further. The above must go down and the below must go up and yet be separated. There the upper cone leaves out its dark sun. You long for the lower sun behind you, but it is below the floor. Because you long to return, a hump grows on you in front. You make a solid floor below and then curl around in the middle. [12/13]

(11. IX. 17). ~~Now make~~



Ha: Still not enough! Now for once you can finally understand. Now, however, you make a bridge between you and the one who longs for the below. But the serpent crawls above and draws the sun up. Then both of you move above and want to go to the upper (‿), but the sun is below and tries to draw you down. But you draw a line above the below and long for the above and are completely at one. There the serpent comes and wants to drink from the vessel ~~xx~~ of the below. But there comes the upper cone and stops. Like the serpent, the longing goes forward again and afterward you very much ((‾)) long to return. But the lower sun pulls and thus you become balanced again. But soon you fall backward, since the one has reached out toward the upper sun. The other does not want this and so you fall asunder, and therefore you must bind yourselves together 3 times. Then you stand upright again and you hold both suns before you, as if they were your eyes, ~~Then~~ you hold the light of the above and the below before you and you stretch your arms out toward it, and you come together to become one and must separate the two suns and you long to return a little to the lower and reach forward toward the upper. But the lower cone has swallowed the upper cone into itself, because the suns were so close. Therefore you place the upper cone back up again, and because the lower is then no longer there, you want to draw it up again and have a profound longing for the lower cone, while it is empty above, since the sun above the line is invisible. Because you have longed to return downward for so long, the upper cone comes down and tries to capture the invisible lower sun within itself. There the [13/14] serpent's way goes completely above, you are split and everything

below is beneath the ground. You long toward the above again, but the lower longing already comes crawling like a serpent, and you build a prison over her. But there the lower cone comes up, you long to be at the very bottom and the two suns suddenly reappear, close together. You long to return there and come to be imprisoned. Then the one is defiant and the other longs for the below. The prison opens, the one longs even more to be below, but the defiant one above longs and is no longer defiant, but longs for what is to come. And thus it comes to pass: the sun rises below, but it is imprisoned and above 3 nest boxes are made for you two and the upper sun, which you expect, because you have imprisoned the lower one. But now the upper cone comes down powerfully and divides you and swallows the lower cone. This is impossible. Therefore you place the cones tip to tip and curl up toward the front in the center. Because that's no way to leave matters! So it has to happen otherwise. The one attempts to reach upward, the other downward; ~~since~~ you must do this with effort, since if the tips of the cones meet, ~~xx~~ they can hardly be separated anymore—therefore I have placed the hard seed in-between. Tip to tip—that would be too beautifully regular. This pleases father and mother, but where does that leave me? And my seed? Therefore a quick change of plan! One makes a bridge between you both, imprisons the lower sun again, the one longs for the above and the below, but the other longs especially strongly for what is in front, above and below. Thus the future can become—see, how well I can already say it—yes, indeed, I am clever—cleverer than you—since you have taken matters in hand so well, you also bring everything home under one roof, the serpent, [14/15] and both the suns. That is ~~xx~~ always most amusing. But you are separated and because you have drawn the line above, the serpent and the suns are too far below. This happens because beforehand you curled around yourself from below. But you come together and into agreement and stand

upright, because it is good and amusing and fine and you say: thus shall it remain. But the upper cone already comes down, because it felt dissatisfied that you had set a limit above beforehand. The upper cone reaches out immediately for its sun—but nowhere is there a sun to be found anymore and the serpent also jumps up, to catch the suns.[14] You fall over, and one of you is eaten by the lower cone. With the help of the upper cone you get him out and in return you give the lower cone its sun and the upper cone its as well. You cover things as the one-eyed does, who wanders in heaven and hold the cones beneath you—but in the end matters still go awry. You leave the cones and the suns for good to go and stand side by side and still do not want the same. In the end ~~xx~~ you agree to bind yourself threefold to the upper cone descending from above.

I am called Ha-Ha-Ha—a jolly name—I am clever—look here, my last sign, that is the magic of the white man who lives in the great magic houses, the magic which you call Christianity. Your medicine man said so himself: “I and the father are one, no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.”[15] I told you so, the upper cone is the father. He has bound himself 3fold to you and stands between the other and the father. Therefore the other must go through him, if he wants to reach the cone. [15/16]

I: My soul, what a terrible, monotonous song—what fairytales—what magical spell, from what worlds and what pasts did he sing? What is it with you? Are you asleep, ~~magically~~ made drunk through poisonous serpent magic? Are you sick? Speak!

S. I hold the golden seed—the stink of the eternal putrefaction has dazed me—I am sick with nausea. Ha—listen—damned Ha, Ha, go back into your own echo—Ha—Ha— Ha!

(to me): His name banishes him. Fortunately his name spoils the game for him. ~~I~~ however I see Philemon, the

benevolent wise one—

Phil: Did you hear what he said? Do you know that this is the truth—~~xx~~ seen from behind? But this is the truth. So listen now to the teaching and the song of the front side of the truth:[16]

Phanes is the God who rises agleam from the waters.
Phanes is the smile of dawn.
Phanes is the resplendent day.
He is the eternal undying present.
He is the gushing of the streams.
He is the soughing of the wind.
He is hunger and satiation.
He is love and lust.
He is mourning and consolation.
He is promise and fulfilment.
He is the light that illuminates every darkness.
[16/17]
He is the eternal day.
He is the silver light of the moon.
He is the flickering of the stars.
He is the shooting star that flashes and falls and lapses.
He is the stream of shooting stars that returns every year.
He is the returning sun and moon.
He is the trailing star that brings wars and noble wine.
He is the boon and fullness of the year.
He fulfils the hours with life-filled enchantment.
He is love’s embrace and whisper.
He is the warmth of friendship.
He is the hope that enlivens the void.
He is the magnificence of all renewed suns.
He is the joy at every birth.

He is the blooming flowers.
He is the velvety butterfly's wing.
He is the scent of blooming gardens that fills the nights.
He is the song of joy.
He is the tree of light.
He is perfection, everything done better.
He is everything euphonious.
He is the well-measured.
He is the sacred number.
He is the promise of life.
He is the contract and the sacred pledge. [17/18]
He is the diversity of sounds and colors.
He is the sanctification of morning, noon, and evening.
He is the benevolent and the gentle.
He is salvation.

But after this eulogy Philemon sat down in the gate of splendor and closed his eyes and looked at the light of the eternal present.~~)~~ And after a while, he rose up and said:

## 11 X 17[17]

"Truly, Phanes is the auspicious day."

He sat down again and remained in contemplation. And after some time passed, he rose for the third time and said:

"Truly, Phanes is the work, its accomplishment and reward.~~"~~

He is the troublesome deed and the evening calm.

He is the step on the middle way, its beginning, its middle, and its end.[18]

~~Phanes~~ He is foresight.

He is the end of fear.

He is the sprouting seed, the opening bud.

He is the gate of reception, acceptance and offering.
He is the spring and the desert.
He is the safe haven and the stormy night.
He is the certainty in desperation.
He is the solid in dissolution.
He is the liberation from imprisonment. [18/19]
He is counsel and strength in progression.
He is the friend of man, the light emanating from man, the bright glow that man beholds on his path.
He is the greatness of man, his worth, and his force."
S. Cherished one, Have mercy on us! And what of man?
Phil. ["]Man is never his best. Therefore I say unto man:
Be blessed in your poverty, be gentle, meek and merciful, bear vilification and persecution, since a light shines before you, that will not leave you ~~secrecy~~ in darkness.[19]
If you are angry, do not say, we are not angry, but be mindful of your poverty and reconcile yourself quickly.
Be ~~no enemy~~ no one's enemy, otherwise you will set yourself against yourself. But your poverty is too great that it could be at odds with yourself.
Do not say: we love our enemy.[20] This lie would be an extravagance in view of your poverty. Leave your enemy alone, so that his hostility may devour itself.
Do not wish to be perfect like the Gods, but attend to your poverty and nakedness, so that the imperfect and weak ~~also~~ in you does not completely perish. Your perfection would be [19/20] obnoxious and an unfair burden for your neighbor.
Consider bearing your poverty yourself rather than burdening your neighbor with the sham of your perfection.
Do not forget to give alms to your poverty.
But when you pray, do not beg the Gods, but wish that the glory of God perfects itself, that his law which is laid up in you fulfils itself, ~~and~~ that you are able to bear your

poverty in modesty, so that the light that ~~lights~~ illumines the darkness of your path may stream brighter.

Wish, when you pray, that what is necessary will be fulfilled, not what you take to be necessary, but what is inherently unavoidable. Your poverty does not bear wishing for more.

No one can serve a master, but each serves himself, since he needs help for the sake of his poverty.[21] The rich need no help.

Therefore I say unto you: care for your life, what you eat and drink, and also for your body and what you put on. Isn't the dish as important as life? And doesn't your body also need clothing? ~~And~~ Shouldn't your body also be healthy and your life secured, so that you don't become a burden to your brothers? Aren't they also as poor as you? Look at the birds of the sky:[22] don't they carry plumage for their protection? Don't they build warm nests? Don't they seek their nourishment with luck and hard work? [20/21] Have you ever seen a raven feed others? Therefore serve your body, the patient servant, so that it remains healthy. ~~Serve~~ Help your soul, the arrogant daimon, so that all false godliness and higher humanity[23] fall from her, so that you may look at God.

Nothing will come to you that you have not earned with honest effort. Do penance for every unearned gift that heaven has sent you, so that you don't contaminate yourself with godliness.

Take thought for the morrow, since tomorrow will have enough plagues.[24]

You hypocrites, first pull out the beam from your eye and wait till your brother asks you to free him from the splinter in his eye.[25] If however your brother loves the splinter in his eye, why should you get mixed up with it?

You should certainly not give that which is holy unto the dogs, nor cast pearls before swine, but are then your

brothers and sisters dogs and swine?[26]

Ask, but do not lay on, knock, but don't be pushy; it is not certain whether you will be received,[27] since your brothers are poor and you should not provoke them to extravagance. But stinginess consumes itself, and the inheritance does not pass to you.

Go the way of your inner law while observing the outer law of love. This middle way is sometimes narrow and sometimes wide.[28] He who does not go on this way [21/22] has damnation in his heart.

You may recognize the fertile by their fruits,[29] but thank the infertile for having spared the world a monstrosity.

He who fulfils the law of inner necessity has the kingdom of the heavens in his heart,[30] since he experienced the day~~xx~~ of happiness.

Do not act out of disunity with yourself, but from the fulfilment of your poverty."

But after that Philemon stooped, and touched the earth with his hands and asked it for forgiveness since he had uttered a teaching.[31] Then he walked back into the hall to a pool of water and purified himself from the presumption of teaching. He exchanged his white cloak for a brown coat and walked across the bridge to the land of men. He entered there into a way-side chapel. ~~In the xx~~ A crucifix hung above the altar. Phil. xx bowed and said to him: ["]My brother, forgive me my error, I have sinned against your word. I taught otherwise than you have. But if I err in this way, teach me to recognize the truth."[32]

But the crucified remained silent, since he had completed and sealed his truth with his death and in such a way left room for the truth of his brother.

Then Philemon kissed his brother's rigid hand crying and turned back to the place of his teaching. [22/23]

## 18. X. 17.[33]

My soul, speak to me!

S. What reason do you have to hesitate and doubt? Didn't you see how everything develops? What lives is just-so. Why should you let yourself fret? Has the white one accepted anything? Doesn't she incessantly make conditions and attribute to herself everything that belongs to you? One would like to say that you are too patient, too good, if it weren't too stupid.

I. I'm afraid that your advice is, as ever, too extreme.

S. Isn't the white one extreme? Everything is exaggerated, and resists you. For once just acknowledge this.

I. But love?

S. How does she go about it? Does she care about love in itself? Or only concerning the love that she receives, or doesn't receive. Fulfil her desire, and see how she behaves. If she behaves badly, which is quite possible, you can remain silent again until she becomes reasonable. It is always experimental with her. Since she usually does something worthwhile, you can indeed come somewhat closer to her. Only not too much, since she can appreciate only a little. You always give too much. That is stupid. One must make oneself costly to such people, otherwise you only squander ~~xx~~ yourself. [23/24]

## 22. X. 17.[34]

Things move somewhat forward again. What is it?

S. I stand there and wait and announce myself.

What do you want?

S. I will tell you. I saw~~xx~~ Phil. He stood at the gate and looked out into the land of men. But no one came. No one set foot on the bridge. And I heard Philemon say:

[“]So is there no one among the living? Are only your shadows there? Your shadows, which have become detached from you in sleep? You came reluctantly? You’d rather go with the living as faithful servants? But I know a worthier service for you, a more beautiful fidelity. Listen to my words and whisper them in the ear of your masters, when they sleep. Say to them:

[“]You hypocrites, don’t speak of love, but find out what desire is concealed in your love. Isn’t your brother poor with nothing to give to you? Why did you heap on him the burden of your desire, saying, we love you? Do you love your brother’s well-being? No, you want to take part in it. Isn’t it better ~~xx~~ if each works on his own, doing what does him good, rather than desiring his well-being from his brother? Strive for the riches in yourself and every good fortune that you need will happen to you.[”][35]

Thus spoke Philemon.

What is up with you, my soul, what pain affects you?

S. I’m sad. The servant loves his master and would rather not whisper such in his ear, since he would like to participate in the well-being of his master.

I. So you don’t love me. Haven’t I already told you this for a ~~xx~~ long time? [24/25]

S. You’re right, I still can’t really love you.

I. Why not?

S. Why this eternal why? Why should I always know everything?

I. You should know the reason for your not loving!

S. How can I and how should I love? You take from me everything there is to love. You arrange it that way. Nothing is left for me. You love too much. Therefore I love less.

I. But what should I do?

S. Love less. The knife, do you hear, you need the knife. Cut off what is no good. Not the black one—she is good for you. She is quiet and accompanies you. She is necessary for

you. She can be happy, if things go well with you. She doesn’t take, she doesn’t hoard. I must always steal from you what is mine. This attracts the dead, if I’m too needy. They draw me away from you. There is one in the neighborhood, the black magician’s brother. He prowls around me.

I. What does he want?

S. I don’t know what he has or wants.

I. So ask him.

S. What do you want, black one? Come closer and speak!

Ka. I am the commencement of the soul. I am Ha, but his other side. I am his soul. I gave him the runes and the lower wisdom. I am his spirit. He is gone and I remain. I want to be with you.[36]

I. What is the uncanny companion to us?

S. What do you want with us?

Ka. You must have me, for you will still need me. Ha knows the outer, I, the inner. He has poverty, I, wealth. What does he know? Just his boring story of cones and suns and serpents, paltry runes.[37] [25/26] A golden seed burns in his eye, but my eyes are of sheer gold. My body is of ~~iron~~ black iron. I am heavy and last for eternities. I know the meaning of the runes, Ha blathers about them like a child.

I. Be careful, my soul, he is uncanny, he is exceedingly clever.

S. You still come without a request? What do you want?

Ka. I ask for nothing more than that I can accompany you.

I. I mistrust him.

S. I think that you should let him come along. What Ha said was not utterly stupid. In its own way it was even archly clever, though blasphemous—I admit that.

(to Ka). Are you hiding evil in your black heart?

Ka. No, I don’t even have a heart. I’m iron through and through. I’m cold, that’s all. Maybe that’s something you

can use?

S. Did you hear? He's cold and clever. Wouldn't that be useful?

I. So let him come along, if he tells you what he knows.

S. ~~xx~~ Listen Ka, you may come along on condition that you teach us what you know.

Ka. I know what you need. ~~I n~~ You need my mystery. My mystery is the essence of all magic. And that is love. You are too warm, how can you radiate love? You have it in you. It does not radiate to others. What does the ancient one in the white cloak say to you?[38] He speaks love and does not speak of it.[39] Listen, man, you let yourself be robbed by your soul. She forces you to give love, then she rules. Above all, she wants to rule. Do not give too much love. ~~See~~ Look at your goal and not at love. Then you will radiate love. Does Philemon have love? No, he radiates it. [26/27] Let me come along, I give you coldness, which generates the warm radiance.

I. My soul, ask Philemon what he thinks about Ka.

S. Phil, I call on you, blessed one, loving one, have mercy on us and give~~xx~~ us your advice.

Phil. Ka is my shadow. How could you do without him? Ka might go with you as I do. There is no one above who doesn't have his shadow below. My light is strong, and my shadow is dark.

S. Loving one, what a mystery!

Phil. Did you see my brother?[40] Was he not cold and did he not set his light on the bushel?[41]

S. Blessed one, you who stand in the gate of splendor, why is your mantle red?[42] Are you going off to sacrifice?

Phil. I dipped my robe in blood, in the blood of this man. What is the robe of innocence to me? It is red from living blood. Am I not the lover?[43]

S. Teach us, blessed one, of the golden words.

Phil. Truly, Phanes is the consoler. He leads the hands of those who err. He is the counsellor of the widow.

He fills the empty beaker.
He lays bread on the table of the hungry.
He is the friend of the lonely.
He gives voice to the misunderstood.
He lays a weight on the scales of justice.
He is the wealth of the poor.
His light shines on the mountains. [27/28]
He is born from sorrow and joy.
The devils too have served him.
He shines in the helpless eyes of the animal.
He is the understanding of what the devils speak.
He is the redemption of the dead.
He is the healing of the sick.
He is the compassion with all living things.
He is the beauty of the crystal.
He is the ascent from sin.
He is the law above all laws.
He is liberation through blood sacrifice.
Where he shines, there is no damnation.
He is the allegory of the highest, the sum of all riddles.

Ka. Philemon, stop! Your speech is hollow. Where is your shadow? Your shadow[44] says to you:

The earth is damned, eternal heavens are damned, man and his daimon are damned. All great tidings are damned. What lies are you speaking, Philemon? What shimmering piece of serpent-conjuring art do you perform in your blue lofty heaven? My speech is iron, your lukewarm drops of consolation don’t melt me. It’s me you should speak to, you lovely trick of untruth.

Phil. I recognize you, my shadow. Have you finally caught up with me? Be welcome, [28/29] you son of darkness! I donned a red robe to celebrate your birth. Let yourself be seen, friend! How beautiful are your swarthy iron body and gold glimmering eye! And how sublime, the beauty of your abyss! I thank the eternal light, which has consolingly shed its beauty over everything.

Ka. What magnificent words! Do you believe that you can hoodwink me with them? The red of your mantle is blood, living human blood. It testifies against you from eternal justice. It cries of crimes against the innocent. Human blood will do just fine to stain your mantle.

Phil. Truly, you ~~speak~~ spoke no lie. I am a crime of the Gods against man. His betters commit crime against him. My hand is red from the blood of the guiltless. I tore the eternal good from his flesh.

Ka. Shameless one, come to judgment. I will reveal your devious ways. Did you not hide in this man? Have you not forced me onto his way, so that I have to give him the terrible shadow? Have you not set the hounds of hell nipping at his heels?

Phil. You speak the truth. I hid myself in this man.[45] I wed him to the daughter of ~~hell~~ the great mother, that spans heaven and earth. Didn't he give her female form, didn't he love her?[46]

Ka. And did you beget the shameful and clandestine, [29/30] dreadful worm[47] with her? Your daughter? Incest!

Phil. Didn't the worm spring from red ~~xx~~ fruit? The golden seed that rose up streaming throughout heaven?[48] Didn't the man stretch out his arm toward eternal beauty?

Ka. You stole it from him. You robbed the minor of his possession. You betrayed his faith and loyalty. You made him a slave for the sake of your lust for power. What is your beauty to him, which is paid for with blood, with innocent

blood? What do you give him? Have you counted out a payment? Nothing, liar, your hand is empty.

Phil. My hand is empty, since I lifted up what I took. Yes, I took it from this man and rose up and lay it at the threshold of splendor.

Ka. What a damned swindle! What am I doing here. Again, I came too late.

Phil. Not too late, at the propitious hour. You stay with me, as before.

Ka. Am I bound to you forever?

(to me) Won't you place yourself between me and Philemon?

S. Don't do it! Think of the runes!

I. Oh my faithful, beloved soul! Do you know where [30/31] my place is? You daughter of the mother, I recognize your motherly love. You really don't want to release me? But you know, you will be where I am. I say yes or no and you are always there. Let me decide, for the sake of eternal beauty. Am I not the seed that lay between shadow and light? How can I be a man differently? How can I love man differently? My kind? My kingdom is earth and my kingdom is heaven.[49] How can I find peace, if heaven and earth plummet into one another? Let the eternal runes be fulfilled. Mine is the light and the darkness. The one which I unknowingly received, Philemon gave back. The other, which I unknowingly was, the shadow will take. The third belongs to me, and is my life.

Phil. My son, blessed ~~yo~~ be your life.

Ka. My son, blessed be your life.

S. But his life?

Phil. Be patient, there is still a word to be said.

## 6. X. [=XI.] 17.[50]

I. My soul, what do you see?

S: I hear the ringing from above, I see the shadow below. I see the incorruptible seed that lies in between.

I. Call the lover, the father, so that he can interpret for us what is dark.

S. Noble one, lover, open your hand! [31/32]

Phil. Did you see my shadow? He is my shadow.

It is the law the darkness join itself to the light.

How could the darkness be without light?

Is not the day the brother of the night?

Is not shade the wife of the sun?

My blazing light is immortal, its matter is incorruptible.

Man? Where did he descend from?

Merely a third of him is his own nature.

Two thirds are daimonic.

S. Father, have mercy on us. What is man? What are his ways, his end and his beginning?

Phil. He is a star seed. From what infinities did he descend?

Ka. Yes, where did he come from? Ha found him at an unfortunate hour and laid him between father and mother.

Phil. But didn't he see the eternal beauty? Didn't his hand find the imperishable gold? Didn't his eye see the sun and didn't he name all the living and dead in heaven and on earth?

Ka. What for? What will he be? He falls like leaves from trees. He will be thrown into a grave, he decays like everything living.

Phil. Didn't he give me speech? Didn't he give you beauty? Am I not the fruit [32/33] that emerged from his tree? Did you not lie safe in the tangle of his roots? Indeed, didn't a tree grow from the star seed?

Ka. A tree that falls when its time is up. What is a tree?

Phil. A star tree grows from that seed. It bears that one precious fruit that we call the blessed day. It carries the now.

Ka: The day of mourning, of delusion, of desperation.

Phil. Its fruit frees from pain.

Ka: and will bear new pain.

Phil. The tree of the eternal wonder! A tree only—are you not like the many? One of the many? The many itself? Could this leaf not belong to that other ~~xx~~ tree? Could these roots not nourish your brother? Is this flower from you or from that other? Is there someone clever who could distinguish your wood from that of the other tree? Are you not all one tree? Who counts the years of this tree? Look around! What do you see in the eye of the beloved? You see yourself. You also see yourself in the hated. Do you not look into your soul, if you look into the eye of the beast? [33/34] You are the moss that grows on stones, you are the leaf that falls from the tree, you are forests which cover the earth and the animals that it bears within. The leaves come from the tree and the tree will come from the leaves.

You mighty ones, who measures the ~~span~~ time of your span?

Why do you love yourself? Because you are one. Why do hate yourself? Because you do not want to be one. But love is also the truth. To be one with yourself is being one with others. Being one with others is immortality.

Don’t all times and all peoples live in you? Be one with yourself and you will cross over. Only the individual dies.

## 20. XI. 17.[51]

What do you want, my soul? What’s with the dark signs?

S. Don’t you notice? Ka is crowding in. Since Philemon spoke, his iron glows. There may be truth in him.

I. Then ask him. He’s oppressive.

S. Ka, listen! Why the belligerent stand? Why throw your weight around? Why glow like a forge?

Ka. Will you finally listen? Am I less than Philemon? Is white better than black? [34/35] Philemon called me his shadow. I call him my shadow. I am solid, he is thinner than

air. His truth is a shadow, a breath, fleeting and already blown away. I am a rock of ages. Do you think that I am less than him, since I am damned to chase after my shadow? Is he not condemned to always precede me? He's only my herald, my forerunner. What then comes, is me. I endure, he comes and goes. When he ascends where I have yet to climb, I am still with you long after he has gone. I am your truth, which endures, he is a fleeting light, a ~~erring~~ stray ray of sunlight. Hence listen to me? You spoke with Philemon about immortality? Did you see how he spread green and ~~blue~~ sky blue veils? No, since your eyes were already blindfolded. Do you think you now know something about immortality? A leaf that falls from the tree—an autumn day—yet the tree remains—how long?—A winter day—the axe chops its roots—and now—where is the tree? —It makes coffin boards—it cooks soup—it is a chair leg—it is tabloid paper—it is ash—decay—dust—the tiniest root of the smallest plant inhales one of its atoms—yes, where is the tree? Who is the tree? Where does Philemon's divine work of delusion remain? He taught you how small you are. But do you know how large you are? But how you ought to know it! You have eyes only for how immense [35/36] and vast the world is, ears to hear how soon the sound of ~~xx~~ speech trails off in the distance, muscles to teach you how weak you are. The light of the day blinds you, and nevertheless you always look toward the light. But you don't see me, since your eyes are made for light. Philemon truly planted these eyes in you. But you don't know that you have eyes behind your eyes, ears behind your ears, dark eyes, shadow ears that I planted in you.[52] These see and hear into what is infallible, unmistakable, into that which lies behind all light, into the eternal night of truth. You see with these eyes into what is smaller where you are large, you hear with these ears the faintest voices that reach you from the starry distance. ~~,~~ These eyes are vast

like a starry heaven and these ears ~~surround~~ hear further than the limits of the zodiac. Do you know how immense you are? Philemon would like to make you believe that your life returns, like leaves on the tree. But didn't the life of the tree go into the leaf? Didn't the leaf fall?~~,~~ Does it not lie rotting in the damp ground? But what is a leaf? It covers a heavenly vault with a million inhabited worlds. Does the vastness have a limit? Has the smallness a limit? Is there nothing in all eternity vaster than the vast and smaller than the small?[53] The earth is a seed in the heavens. A speck of dust on the earth is as vast as the earth in the heavens. And the speck of dust is [36/37] as vast as a heaven, as many heavens, numberless worlds, since where is infinity limited by a border? If Philemon goes to the great Gods and you sit small and solitary in the shadow of the earth—where does your I go, the living I, which you yourself are and without which you cannot be? Why do you feel the eternity of your I? Indeed, why do you want the eternity of your I? And why is it a sick relinquishment not to want eternity? The light of the day blinds you, it indicates the opposite to you. You see with eyes of the day, listen with ears of the day, wish with a heart of the day and therefore want to go up with Philemon to the great Gods and ~~but you are not the sum of the great Gods~~ you can see the deceptive appearance of this hope exposed daily. You lie to your own face, if you believe such. See with my eyes, listen with my ears! A laughable and serious mystery! Why am I damned to trail after Philemon? He is the worthy and beautiful radiance, only my shadow—he speaks great works, he is a mountebank of beauty and truth—but my truth makes one laugh—the Gods laugh at the mere mortals—you did not laugh when the great God Man was spoken of— you shuddered out of respect—your Christ even called himself his Son[54] and you found it so beautiful and worthy—but that your immortal I-son will be a dwarf, who wouldn't laugh? The great God Man laughed

at his laughable immortality. But the dwarf thought that the great God takes satisfaction in him. The tree [37/38] becomes a leaf. The leaf is the I, as well as the whole tree. The I of the tree becomes manifold in the leaves and each leaf is the whole tree-I. Yes, it is smaller than the whole tree and yet not less than the I. Is not every cell of the tree ~~I~~ an I, and again every grain in the cell an I of the cell, the I of the leaf, the I of the tree? How many worlds does a tiny grain contain?[55] What is the smallest unit of life? How great must something be, that it can still live? And how small should something be, that it can no longer live?

As the Son of Man was shrouded ~~was~~ in the great God Man before his appearance and was one with him, so in you is the Son-I enclosed in the smaller world, your I not less than you yourself. It is infinitely much smaller than you—but what is small? What is great? And because he is ~~enclosed~~ shrouded in you till the final hour, so he is called the shrouded one or he who is enclosed in the egg. Yes, he flies away like a bird at the hour of death.

I. Strange, he speaks of the immortality of the I!

S. That is my son, in whom I am pleased.[56]

## 10. II. 18.[57]

I recognize him. He makes my heart rejoice, the old rebel—yet his hand brings death and the lower half of his body is of stone.

S. ~~Yet in his~~ But—his brother is the Buddha, the blessed one. [38/39]

I. What are you saying—the Buddha? Welcome, Ka you are welcome, you who grant death. You are revered, the brother of the Buddha.[58] What good fortune, to see you!

Ka: Do you recognize me? I built the temple, full of eternal beauty, the palaces of death, the grave chambers of the Gods.[59] Do you see my beauty, my art? My thoughts,

which have become gold and precious stones? Where is truth now? Speak!

I. The truth? Should I choose? Since you ask me, is truth perhaps in me? Yes, the truth is in me: I am. That is the first principle of all truth. Where else is truth? The truth is in me. What do I know of Philemon's truth, or yours? I know that you speak of your truth and you contradict one another. So my truth decides. The second principle of my truth goes: I don't know.[60] You know your truth and Philemon knows his. I don't know mine. That is the truth.

S. My friend: and I? You forgot mine. I praise your God. I praise the luminous one, the guider, the consoler.[61] I praise the light that receives you, that leads you up, that illumines you. That is my truth.

I. That is the third principle: I follow the inner light, as I obey the sun that illumines my day.

Ka: The God of the grain of sand? [39/40]

I. Yes, truly, the God of the grain of sand.

Ka. You base yourself on a nothing.

I. I am, that is something.

Ka: I cannot deny you, yet you are so small.

I. All the greater is my God.

S. What are you saying? Do you really believe in this God?

I. What, did you not just praise him?

S. True, but my feeling quickly changed.

I. That's why you are my soul, a changing moon. Your light is borrowed. You will wax again tomorrow.

## 11. II. 18.[62]

Ka: You are thinking of that piece of heavenly lodestone that fell from I know not where—from somewhere into procreation? Has the rust still not eaten your iron fetish? That is your God, is it not? The same, about whom Philemon poured out great words?

I. You speak the truth. The little something that is solid, which I was yesterday and still am today and tomorrow will always still be, that is my God, my guide, a flickering fire of light on an inhospitable sea.

Ka. You truly see what sits in the heart for you—God knows from where it fell—on the horizon?

I. I'm sure that what sits in my heart also appears on the horizon. It will manifest itself somewhere. [40/41]

Ka. Found—called the people—the one, the most precious and largest pearl—is a sickness of the mollusk. In what way does your God differ from ~~you~~ the pearl?

Can you deny that your God is ~~your~~ a sickness? The infirmity of the I, which ends when death breaks the shell? You still know that I agree with Philemon that the obliteration of the I, the pulverizing of that something that still lies uncrushed and undissolved between the hammer and anvil, would be the worthiest thing men could wish for? Hot, unforgiving light above, red suffocating glow of coals below—and why? Only because the fetish-grain does not want to be released. It would be better if you dissolved yourself in the light, but the very best would be if you became the lower glow yourself. So ~~choose~~ what do you want: Philemon or Ka? Or if you prefer the day side—Christ or the Buddha?[63]

I. May my God help me: I can only choose myself:[64] I choose this grain of sand between the four sublime brothers.[65]

Ka. Consider that with such a decision you have rejected the sublime ones and place yourself above them.

I. You're wrong, holy rebel; what is a grain of sand between the four noble ones? May my God help me, so that I don't choose a grain of sand instead of a sublime one out of pride and self-presumption. What is this [41/42] seed to you? It is a mere nothing to you, and yet it is my God, which I prefer to all Gods, since it is my God, my fetish

stone; not better than others, simply better for me, since it is my God.

S. I concur. I can feel your words.

Ka. How? You renounce salvation? Holiness? Eternal truth? The communion of the holy teaching?

I. I don't mean rebellion against that, nor ingratitude. Praised be the sublime ones for the sake of their wisdom; However, my God wants something else, to be the grain of sand between the four sublime ones.

Ka. Strange—I really know nothing of this God. My darkness doesn't seem to illumine him properly—I see only a grain of meteoric iron—come here, Philemon, and tell me now how you see this fetish stone.

Ph. Now truly, he is a God, his light fills the immensity of space. So I see him. Water flows away from he who sits at the source of the stream.[66]

## 14. II. 18[67]

I. My soul, speak, what do you see, and how do you see?

S. I see Ka and what he does. He is right there with you. He is doing you harm.

I. What is he doing?

S. He's building a house, a palace, a temple, a dwelling or a tomb, a lodging for [42/43] eternity. Does he want to build a temple for your God? Ka, tell me, what are you doing so mysteriously?

Ka: I am building a prison for God, an altar, such that one who touches it becomes one with it. The Gods should have me forget how to fly.

S. Do you want to capture the God of this man, deceitful one?

Ka. What, you call me deceitful? Didn't I build Philemon's fortress? Now that he has withdrawn from the circling of the wheel—it really didn't please him—he no longer needs a palace. Now ~~but~~ he practices what he

otherwise advised man to take care of, namely abstinence. So I build a palace for man.

S. Why for men and not for yourself?

Ka: I want to see someone spellbound in my place, with feet bound in the maternal stone awaiting procreation in endless blissful agony, with only longing and unfulfillment. ~~?~~

S. Why do you want to thrust man into this torment? Is he made for it? No, you know this better than I, since your cunning is great.

Ka. I want to—and will. I must create from myself; I want to bury the living in marble and gold.

S. Do you believe that this God will let himself be buried?

Ka. What God does not ~~crave~~ thirst after [43/44] temples and altars? And what man doesn't want to see his God honored? Show me the God who won't let himself be caught by temples![68]

S. But what if this God dispenses with temples and altars?

Ka. Then he is no God, and I call him a piece of lodestone, a fetish for negroes.

S. Can you deny that he is a God? That he should not be a God if he rejects your lure?

Ph. Consider, Ka: he is a new God—something new is truly new, although you grasp it ineptly. It happened as you thought a thousand times, and it happened differently for the thousand and first time. You must build millions of temples, one for each man, to capture this God. It is not for me to tell him the wisdom, nor for you to prepare a temple for him. The time comes when father and mother no longer comprehend the son, when paternal wisdom and motherly understanding are at an end, and everything takes another way than one had previously thought. I fear that your temple is dedicated to you.[69]

## 28. II. 18.[70]

My soul, the dream points me to you.[71] What have you to say to me? You gave me the dream, so you will know, what have you to say to me?

S. Your words reek of mistrust. Why this mistrust? Eventually you live according to what I say. For a long time I had already advised you to separate from the white one. Good will come out of it, but she requires cruelty. [44/45] Always do what she accuses you of! So go the rules of the game.

I. But tell me, did you see anything that can solve this question with Ph. and K? I hang painfully in the middle.

S. So you'll just have to hang till the question is solved.

I. Being cocky, are you? You think you've won the game while I'm in misery? Are you showing one more of your lovelier aspects? Despite all the misery there is no relenting for you; nothing will be retracted, scaled back or qualified. Tell me, have you seen something?

S. Yes, I saw Φ[72] creeping around—

I. What are you saying? Creeping around?

S. He is cunning, the most cunning of the cunning.

I. But what do you think? What does he want?

S. He is looking for something—probably the keyhole—

I. Why that?

S. To creep out now—

I. My soul, what are you saying? Isn't he the blessed one?

S. Not any more, since his capture.

I. What are you saying? Captured? He, Φ? Who captured him?

S. None other than yourself. You painted his image. "You should make no image, not even a likeness,"[73] said Jahweh —preferably not, since just that enchants the enchanter and all false Gods. However the image isn't the only reason for the imprisonment. The essential thing is that Ka has

been accepted by us. Where there is shadow, the [45/46] light cannot be far. The shadow casts out light and light casts out shadow. Yes, Φ is captured and Ka no less. Therefore they quarrel. What is it with sublimity? When one looks at it closely? Yes, Ka is held captive. Who caught light and shadow? Who else than you? You call them the blessed ones? Did you see the “blessed ones” caught, creeping around, peering at holes through which one could escape into a distant twilight? But they do harm to you, because you still empower them and call them the blessed ones. So they claim for themselves what belongs to you. You will be robbed. Both are cunning, clever beyond all measure. One gives you a false splendor and the other gives you a false shadow. Do you now see, who the master is? Where does the upper blessed come together with the lower blessed one? In the mediating everyday, it seems to me.[74]

I. You say the most astonishing things.

## 1. III. 18.[75]

But tell me more. What else did you see?

S. Your God is the one that keeps both of them captive and imprisoned. He is powerful. A God above the Gods.

I. Why am I inhibited when I think of him?

S. You must be inhibited, since you have nothing to think about him.

I. But the same happens with feeling.

S. So must it be. He is not to be felt, nor touched.

I. But then in what relation am I to him? How do I perceive him? How do I speak to him? What is he to me? [46/47]

S. You are embedded in him, you swim in him, like the earth and its air in the world aether, the contradictory and incomprehensible thing. Just so is the God, your God. You are in God, when you are in yourself.[76]

I. Why am I not glad about this?

S. Because you are also not at all in yourself, either ahead of or behind yourself, always spellbound by above or below, Φ or Ka. Why is your gaze fixed on Φ ~~or~~ and Ka? Why do you not see yourself?

I. I just did. I'd like to get on with my work, still forming and editing everything which still must be created.

S. I have nothing against that. But you can't do your work as long as Ph. and Ka are the 'sublime ones' and you are just the seed between two magnets. Your God is a world. He forms the world and the Gods, grant him the power. But if you look toward the world, then the Gods rule and your God is weak. But your God is strong if you stay by him, if you give him the force of your longing. Your God is both powerful and weak. If you give him force, you draw his world power to yourself. If you give him no force, his world power leaves you and turns itself against you. Respect for and disdain of the Gods—that is the mystery. Whoever fails to grasp this mystery travels the four false ways, either in the world, or to the daimons, or in the past and the Below, or in the future and the Above. Respect for and disdain of the Gods begins [47/48] with respect for and disdain of oneself and takes string precedence over respect and disdain of men, animals, plants and lifeless objects. Instead of respect and disdain you may above all also say love and hate, since some enclose love in respect and hate in disdain, whereas others however enclose respect in love and disdain in hate. No foggy language. Your speech is slippery.

God is like a best friend, a beloved, someone who understands, and if ~~he~~ a man does not understand and yet loves and thus always does the wrong thing and so torments and ruins others, he behaves like God. God is all-knowing,[77] therefore he is not conscious of his own knowledge.[78] Since he is the world power, he is

unconscious of his power. Since he is every single being, he is not conscious of his being. Since man is conscious of his self by virtue of his limitedness and separateness, God can also reveal the fullness of his being only if he is drawn by individual men, breathed, eaten, and drunk.[79] Then the God, with human nature added, can so behave and appear that one can say nothing other than that he is conscious of himself as a single man would be, that he loves me as my friend, my brother, my father, my son.[80] But the arcane seed that lay between the Above and the Below is always revolving, revealing a new incomprehensible side. So it must be—so life advances. Then my friend, my brother, my father, and my son no longer understand me and wound me, because he loves me. You could also say, because he hates me, or equally well: disdains me. So it is, because the deepest mystery is: respect of and disdain for the Gods. If God no longer understands me, I must recede into remoteness from God.[81] I must protect myself from his loving vengeance. Remoteness from God [48/49] is procession along the 4 false ways, it is crucifixion, it is Abraxas.[82] The 4 false ways are: being one with the outer worldly being, ~~or~~ being one with the soul, being one with splendor, Φ, being one with the shadow, Ka.

That's why you must strive to reach God. He has not changed, since he is eternally the same. He is the All, past and future, he understands nothing, since he is All and differentiated from nothing. He is changeless, partly apprehensible to you, and partly not.

I. But tell me, you have always spoken of God as the one who becomes and alters.

S. Why not? I have described him from the other side. God is also the seed that turned and whose new side you fail to grasp. But your essence is God. God does not understand himself, as I told you.

I. Yes, but who am I then~~?~~, ~~Who~~ if God is All?

S. You are, and God is. If you were not, how could God be?[83]

I. But there are other men apart from me.

S. They belong to the totality of God, as do you. That's why it is said that God was scattered through all men, and why the Egyptians also said that the Mother gathered all the pieces of the God with great care, to put him together again,[84] and just as the Greeks said that the God of the God swallowed him ~~in~~ and completely rebirthed him.[85] God is the seed and God is the whole essence of man. If I look with the eyes of man, then God changes, since man does not understand how God changes himself. But if I speak from the essence of God—and I did exactly this—then God [49/50] is unchangeably the same, and he doesn't understand himself as a seed, since above all he is incapable of understanding himself as a singularity, since his essence is totality, and generality, he does not know from omniscience, just as he also does not know himself as existing from universal essence. Therefore if the seed turns, he does not understand what it is. He loves his totality, therefore also his seed. But when he cannot reach his seed, he does not suffer from that, but the seed does, as it fails to ~~gain~~ attain totality. God truly loves the ~~xx~~ seed, but he doesn't see that it has turned and he wants to grasp it, as he always has done, wounding and damaging it. ~~The~~ And the seed must struggle against God, it must will remoteness from God. Therefore and in as much as the seed is God himself, the seed opposes God and sets itself in God's place. Therefore Christians say that God sent his son to save his creation from the misery in which he himself brought them forth and abandoned them.[86] But the son[87] taught men that it is ~~better~~ good to turn one's eyes away from the created, that it is better to procreate no longer, and that the best thing is to wait for the imminent end and the fulfilment.[88] But the son was a man and the seed in him

rebelled against the law of the world creator. But the love of God followed him and embraced him in bloody death. Thus the seed was damaged. Why? It didn't seek the remoteness from God. It was not allowed to seek it, since that age was not allowed to know about remoteness from God. Each age of the world has something that it must know above all, and something that it is not allowed to know above all.

I. This is all so difficult that it can hardly be thought about. Truly, I don't follow.

S. Now, it is graspable. We also approach the limits of what is currently understandable and knowable. But you now understand why God is both changing and unchanging? It all depends from where one speaks. When you speak of ~~yourself~~ out of yourself [50/51] it is somewhat different from when you speak of yourself from the outside, from the world, with the eyes of the world. Even so the two statements contradict each other, so you still are, and the beholding world also is. The same way with God. Seen from your standpoint, he is changeable. Seen in himself, he is unchanging. He knows nothing of change since he does not know himself as a seed. But the seed turns. But what is a seed as a whole? Nothing. Therefore ~~it~~ the totality does not feel it. But surely the seed feels it, since it feels abandoned and misunderstood by the totality. But the totality does not understand the individual. Therefore the individual must seek the way to God. He must thus draw God into himself. But how does this happen? This can only happen by his clearly showing God how he has turned, how he has changed. He ~~xx~~ must explain himself to him. He must find words and expressions by which he can reach God. Man, who must always work as the mediator for the part of God in him and the seed, can never do this through conscious devising or puzzling out, but only through the help of his soul, or through the help of someone who still has the soul of the other in them.

The seed must always turn, since that is the godhead of life. Life is movement in its innermost.

I. But if the seed is God, and the whole world ~~wo~~ is God, ~~where and~~ what is man?

S. I tell you, man is completely in God. He is the mediator between God as world and ~~and~~ God as seed. Philemon sees God only as goal, Ka only as ground. You see him through me as seed and world. Since as a being God is the greatest and the smallest.

I. Therefore man would be the mediator in the transformation ~~process~~ of God.[89]

S. And not even the only mediator, as animals and plants also have their role in this work. [51/52]

I. Truly a Danaid's barrel[90] ~~xx~~ of endlessness and meaninglessness . . .

S. Therefore we should rightly remain silent. What should one actually say about "end" and "meaning"? How many hundred worlds have been built or hung above one another?~~,~~ How much sense and nonsense do they contain? So no pointless asides! Have you understood, that God is someone who becomes and who is?

I. I believe so.

S. So now hear about another redeemer.[91] He also taught that it is good to avert one's eyes from the created, that it would be better to procreate no longer and that the best thing would be to bring the suffering of the world to an end. He rebelled against the creator of the world and his law of continuously engendering life. He sought remoteness from God and received it, since God always loves the seed, whether it be close to or distant from him. And so he also was again in God, but not crucified, since the seed was not damaged.~~,~~

I. Wasn't that a good solution? Why don't we go on this way?

S. It is not our way. May the possibilities of understanding be cursed. One can see good ways! Why don't we take them? We are fools, culpable idiots, who don't take the good roads. Blindness, dullness, and stupidity would be better, so that one couldn't recognize the good way: it merely hinders us in our own way. But how much lighter would our way be, if we could not see and understand the good way! There is only our way! And it is the worst of all ways! [52/53] I must tell you that this solution is bad. First, it is old, and second, it extinguishes the effectiveness of the seed. One no longer feels the turning.

I. It appears to me that the seed of which you speak is already ~~the~~ ~~xx~~ the kernel of the innermost, but also the same as what one calls the devil.

S. You haven't missed by much. Beyond the seed God comes to meet the shadow, his adversary. When he is fiery glow, his adversary is blue starlight, coldness within fire, snow on the embers. God is in conflict with himself.[92] Both redeemers[93] teach the good, the redemption from good and evil. Yes, both know the good way, even when they contradict one another. But they are one in the good. Yes, if we went toward the good, we would know where and when. For clear simple paths are mapped out for us by the masters, and travelled by countless people. Why don't we take them? We shouldn't strive toward the good, but toward life. Life, so it is called in us, is higher than the good, since the good is just a fruit of life. But nowhere is the fruit more valuable than the tree on which it grew. Yes, if we went toward the good! But it is not our time, it does not want it, since it wants life, which is given to our time as more sacred, even certain evil actions appear better and more sacred than the merely good. We cannot defend ourselves. It takes the other road, the one toward life, since life for us is the good, since we know that life can be good.

We cannot believe that [53/54] life must die unlived. We believe that life is a flame that burns in itself and radiates itself.

## 2. III. 18.[94]

I. My soul, you should help me obtain and keep that middle point where I am in God and not in God, where I stand between the Gods.

S. So you mean the state of being hanged? You call this the middle point between the Gods. You take too great a share in God's process.

I. How can I take less, if I am still completely in God, inside and outside?

S. You are certainly in God inside and outside and yet you are you, with your truth neither inside nor outside, but in between, also neither above nor below, but in between. You are not the seed, but its covering. Oh, that this speech were richer! Or better perhaps, if it were poorer. The wealth of the possibilities of representing and describing is a misfortune.

I. What is with you? What foreign spirit has struck you?

S. I am under a spell, a foreign power meddles. Science wants in, probably from you. You have to take care of this. My work is done. Farewell.

## 29. III. 18.[95]

How does this song go? Where am I really?

S. As always, you're still on yourself. Where else should you be? On your miserable I.

I. What should I do about it?

S. How should I know? Does the likes of us know something of this? We just know the other, but your I—the whole world is in a state of embarrassment because of it—apparently also you yourself. Therefore it was found

advisable to get rid of the I in the name of this or that God. Being alone with oneself has always been repellant to everyone. Will you give yourself up? Can you still do it?

I. What do you mean—give myself up? Can one truly give oneself up? [54/55]

S. I too ask this of myself. Maybe wait, something might happen. The sharp opposes the blunt, white opposes black. I believe that you cannot wait for the solution of this question. In the meantime do what is to be done first, pleasurable or not. You have not finished with this task. Remain firm, endure. It must be completed. Be alone—naturally—what will you do otherwise?—You live only for the sake of your work.

I. Don't you believe that I also live for the sake of myself?

S. What are you without your work? What you are to others, you are through your work. Your work, that is you. Inasmuch as you do your work, you yourself live. You shouldn't relinquish this despite reluctance—that doesn't count.

## 14. IV. 18.[96]

And now? What has been achieved? I am just sick.

S. Why are you impatient? Don't you see the untamed animal in you? It won't behave. You are still not tame enough. You feel it yourself. You resist yourself, you cannot submit to yourself. But you must accept everything that now comes with patience.

## 15. IV. 18.[97]

S. What good fortune that you freed yourself from Ka's prison!

I. What do you mean? Explain it to me!

S. Ka builds temples and tombs for all living Gods. If you are in your self, you are in God. And as God, you are in danger of being walled in and buried alive.

I. Why? I don't understand.

S. A God reveals himself in divine and eternal effect and ossifies in it. It is ~~is~~ his grave. And so it must be—the unavoidable fate of each God. [55/56]

I. But I should be in myself, and be with myself and so with God and in God—

S. Why should you always be with God and in God? Do you want to be God yourself? And be buried? God is eternally force and spirit. But you have a body. Your body suffers if you always want to be with and in God—

I. Your confusions are endless—though—what else do I want? Patience, hence I should also be outside of myself, outside of God? Where then?~~,~~ in creation?

S. Certainly, outside with men, outside of yourself, with Φ and K. They are the hands that help the God to birth and to the grave.

I. What do you mean, outside with men?

S. In service to their God. Phanes—the only one in you and everywhere and a million times in you and everywhere.

I. "In service to their God"?

S. What are you wondering? One goes on the road to the inner ~~and~~ to arrive at the outer. The other goes toward the outer to ~~xx~~ reach the inner. Both roads are good and meet each other, and both need to be walked. How should you live differently than one moment in God and the next moment outside of God? If you are and remain inside God, you will be buried in his eternal effect. If you are and remain outside God, ~~xx~~ you never come to yourself and you [56/57] remain a shell of yourself, a mirage in your own desert. So at any given time you should be with and in yourself and so with and in God. But if you remain in yourself, the deadly shadow of God overwhelms you and

wants to bury you alive.[98] Since God shines out of you and nourishes Philemon and Ka and goes to men and is the nourishment of their God, in so doing he divests himself of himself. So you should do just as God does. You will not live any other way.

I. But how can I live “outside of myself”?

S. Not “outside of yourself,” but outside with men with yourself. You are then not only with you, if you are in you, but you can also be outside at yourself and with you, not just within. Likewise you are in God, when you are in you, and God is in you, if you are outside with yourself.

I. What then is the I? Is it not the same as the self?

S. If you are in you yourself, then you cannot differentiate the I from the self. But if you are outside with yourself, then the self is different from the I. Since the self is a great mystery, that I veil just as well as you.[99] ~~If~~ It xx is that smallest seed that fills all the heavens, ~~but~~ a grain of dead matter and God in all eternity. Amen. I say “Amen,” since after such an implausible statement one must say “Amen” [57/58] for confirmation. But all mysteries are implausible. I hate all mysteries, therefore I divulge them to you as much as possible. It would be better if there weren’t ~~too~~ so many mysteries, but they are not to be denied—~~xx~~ and finally—without ~~xx~~ mysteries, there would be no escape from the contradictions.

So,—if you are outside with yourself, then you feel your I differentiated from the self. You feel your self either as a grain of dead matter full of revulsion, dread, and fear of death, or, if you accepted this inner death and held your last supper with this corpse and received the germ of God from this death, then you feel the self as the God in you.

But look, there comes Philemon. What does he want?

Φ: Listen, it seems to me as if that light that you call your God was also my light. Previously it seemed to me as if that light emanated from me. But now I see that it is my

nourishment. It appears in Φ, it has effects in K. Appearance is visible, what has an effect is dark. The effective one is dark. The one who appears is light. What is effective does not appear and what appears does not have effect. That is my limitation. Therefore my brother would need darkness, poverty, and miserable death in order to be effectual.

K: It is good that you see my greatness and your limitation! You begin to find the right measure, you scorner of everything effective and living. I curse my darkness, my eternal abasement and yet [58/59] I am what has an effect and you are just what appears, you deceitful appearance, charlatan, swindler, who steals the love of man from me. But today is a good day, the day where my curse reaches you—proclaim your limitation, shout out that you steal, that ~~you rob the innocent~~ you cheat and deceive. I am what has an effect and curse you, that the truly effective is always concealed! That's why my brother had to be born the son of a king and all appearance and shimmer had to surround him till the grave, so that he became seen. Who among all the wise ones would have noticed him, if appearance had not emphasized him? Cursed be appearance, which deceives the world for all reality. Truly a good day, Philemon, ~~xx~~ your wing will be clipped.

Φ: You speak the truth, ~~K~~ oh Ka, your truth—and one who doesn't believe in his own truth is amiss—if there is anything like my or your or his truth at all. I bless your effect, since you create the golden appearance for me—

K. And why should I be damned to a dark, solitary, joyless existence because I am the creator of your gold, your deceitful, hypocritical golden haze, with which you blind all the world?

Φ: Why does the shadow rebel against the light? Has the light done it wrong? Have I not given Ka his due? What is the mystery of your suffering, oh Ka? Why is ~~the~~ all the effective [59/60] dark and cast out from the light of day?

K: You hypocrite, you are the light of day, the golden glow of the upper world, you eternal yesterday and tomorrow. But the present day broke one of your wings. You are not what is effective. I am what is effective. I have effect, I do not appear. You are undermined, my children, ~~heard~~ the titans, heard my words, they shake the foundations. The time of the effective is there. Curse you—you may curse me—you have despised the effective and praised the wrong appearance for too long.

Φ: Listen, Ka, am I not your true appearance? Are you not my true shadow? Is only the shadow true and appearance always wrong?

K. All the world speaks of Philemon, but who speaks of Ka? And yet Ka is the all-creator ~~xx~~ of beings and forms.

## 3. VI. 18.[100]

My soul, did you come toward me this night with a threatening air? What did you want?

S. You have not let me speak to you very long. I must speak to you about Ka, as you noticed. Do you understand him, the beneficial limiter? He, who gives you love for the holy ground, for the spot of earth which is beautiful to you and where it pleases you to live? He adorns this spot with care and love, he cultivates the land so that it greens and [60/61] brings fruit. He limits you to this ~~earth~~ spot of earth, to these people who are dear to you. He gives you the sensation of being in this particular form. He excludes all other possibilities. Therefore he appears dangerous and murderous. He is rooted in the earth and binds men to their earth.

I. So I saw. Yet tell me, what snags my breath, what impedes me?

S. Philemon is frightened. He senses the danger of the earth. He fears the beautiful serpent poison of the earth. His foot ~~xx~~ was once lamed by ~~xx~~ a poisonous bite, but

wings grew. He knows the power of poison, so he develops the power to fly. He sees the serpent among the roses and therefore wants to be a butterfly. However, do not let yourself be too enchanted by him, since you are a man, a brother of the earth-dwelling animals. How beautiful and familiar is the fortune of the earth! The people you know and love, who know and love you, the trees that lovingly shade this spot of earth, the dewy flowers which greet the sun, the birds that fill the fluttering air of the dawn, shimmering leaves and flowers, the glittering surface of the water, the wind that clouds over the mountains, that is the fortune of the earth. This is also Philemon, the one who loves. The daimons reconcile themselves in man, who found himself, who ~~born~~ is the source of the four streams[101] and [61/62] the spring-bearing earth.[102] Water flows from his peak toward the four winds. He is the sea that gave birth to the sun, he is the mountain that carries the sun, he is the father of the four great streams, he is the cross that binds the four great daimons. He is the incorruptible seed of the nothing that accidentally fell through space. This seed is the beginning, younger than all beginnings, older than every end. I praise the greatness and smallness of man. His suffering fills the earth, his fate is in the smallest and most secret things.

What leads you to joy? ~~Joy is~~ The sacrifice of what does not belong to you. But joy is your own self.

## 3. VII. 18.[103]

Oh you mystery of the summer morning! Men and Gods greet you when you rise.

I speak—is it you who speaks, I? is the I born?

## 10. VII. 18.[104]

My soul, what is happening? What sets me at odds with myself? What tears asunder?

S. Poisoning by the earth spirits.

What do you mean by this?

S. The black one has an earth spirit with her, a spirit of the dead, who would like to live. He sucks force from you. He would like to come to life. She can’t help it. She can do nothing about it, only you can. It is to be stood up to. You have still not tried everything, you have still not done everything. [62/63]

I. What more can I do?

S. You can love still more.

I. I don’t know how.

S. Through the act.

I. Through which act?

I. Is it not a mirage? Does the black one have a spirit in her? Or is not rather something in me?

S. Spirits are always between two people. They live from the relation of two people. Spirits are also dead without relation, not only people. But spirits must be removed from a relation, so that they can die.

I. But how, that is the question!

S. I know, but the how is not easy. It turns around and around and seeks an opening and doesn’t find it. The spirit is this how. The spirits of the dead live from this how. Where there is a how, the unredeemed spirits gather. They suck it in, they live from it. Where the question how? is, there they find nourishment. As long as men do not know the how, the spirits devour it.

I. So help me find this how.

S. First and foremost, you should see that you are behind. Why did you give me the two kinds of properties? Why did you not separate the opposites? Why did you leave me mixed? This creates the trouble of the standstill. The opposites cancelled each other out. My other half, which is on the side of the earth, is another soul than I. She is

between things and you. I am between the eternal images and you. I am mind, she is feeling. I am light, she is dark. The black one is her symbol. [63/64] You have still not released Salome from her. She is the spirit of the earth that dances poisonous dances, that bewitches and intoxicates, that drinks blood and causes magical sickness. If she were released from the symbol, she would give form, substance, and actual life to the eternal images. But she intoxicates herself in the blood of the holy one.[105] Why? She has not been released from the human symbol. Why do you love the black one? Because she is the dancer—(there is a scratching on the door). ~~Wh~~

I. Who was that? ~~I~~

S: Spirits of the dead accompany her,[106] spirits of the earth, buried ones—not the spirits of the eternal images. They bear claws like dogs and cats, they have feet like black night birds, carrion birds, since the dancer rends, she has claws and sharp teeth, behind her lie bloody torn ones, blood pools and spirits of the dead gorge themselves on this. She makes one drunk and she is drunk from the blood of the holy one, she pours poison into the entrails. She is a fire of voluptuousness and torment of voluptuousness. She is beautiful like hell. She gives pleasure and the craving for poison. She makes men drink poison and eat poison. She is hellish temptation. She is the compulsion of suffering. I am eternal contemplation. I carry up into eternity, she drags down into the mystery of matter, into the beauty of the earth, into the death of everything earthly. I am the daughter of the eternal mother, she is the daughter of the eternal father. She is the earth, I am the vessel of heaven. Yes, she is the womb of the earth. Actual forms grow from her, but the eternal images grow from me. [64/65]

I. Yet how can I release her?

S. How did you release me? Only through differentiating me from reality. How will you release her? Only through

differentiating her from reality. If you experience torment, then call her, and ask her, as you call and ask me. What did I give you? I gave you the eternal images. She will also give to you, if you differentiate her from reality and ask her and force her to speech and answer, as you forced me. I tormented you with impotent rage. She torments you with impotent pleasure and helpless longing. Call her and listen to what she says.

I. I'll do it, and on the spot, since the torment is too great. Salome, heinous dancer, you tiger with the bloody claws—come, listen and speak. What do you want?

S[al]. What do you want? You know what I want.

I. I know it. But I no longer want it.

S[al]. So you want no more? Do you believe this? You want sensuality and its torment, you wanted the longing, the consuming fire. I give you what you want.

I. You deceive yourself. The not wanting awakens. It is still small and weak. But it will grow. There should be a hero who strikes you.

S[al]. Where? A hero? Has someone seen this?

I. I will show him to you.

S[al]. A fool, a prophet, an ascetic?

I. No, certainly not, but one who does not let himself be smothered under wet kisses, a man who wants [65/66] to live and refuses to be consumed by longing. Rage has not killed me, no less should longing succeed in this.

Sal. You already regret it. You want to miss the beauty of the earth?

I. I will not be your slave—what is the fortune of the earth when it burns like hellish fire? When it makes sick, like poison? The struggle against you is accepted. I will not rest until you have handed over your power to men. Man must live. You should obey. I do not want to do without the beauty of the earth, the fragrance of the fields should not evade me, but the serpent poison should be slain, so that man can wander among the flowers.

Sal. You have great plans. So get down to the work of heroes. You are laughable.

I. Listen, Salome, your magic will be broken. I will snatch the mystery of your magic. You teach me your mystery.

Sal. Nevermore. I have no mystery. My mystery is your weakness, and that is no mystery.

---

I. You're not confusing me. Weakness is a strength. Weaknesses are the strongest powers of human life. I will wrestle from you the mystery of weakness, my weakness. Since I want man to become strong so that he can live on the earth without succumbing to the earth spirits.

Sal. I will take care not to give up the mystery of weakness to you, since it is my [66/67] strength. Fight against your weakness according to the old pattern. You will see that you lose and if you overcome it, you will be even more miserable. Do you see my strength and invulnerability? He who fights against me fights against himself. Each wound strikes you. What is better, to be torn apart by suffering or to tear oneself apart?

I. I will take care not to tear myself apart for the sake of fighting my weakness. I will live my weakness so that it becomes my strength. I am already so far that my weakness would like to become a strength. Therefore I take hold of you and you must speak. I broke your compulsion.

Sal. Do you believe this? Will you bet something?

I. You will speak. You will answer me. You will yield up your mystery.

S. What is it to me? I give the mystery cheaply. It is not mine, it belongs to the black carrion birds. Ask them if you want to know something.

I. You don’t escape me. The black birds are your retinue, they live from your sacrifice. It does not lie with them. It lies with you. You don’t confuse me through feigning the spirit of the dead to me. They are prophets who have become dumb, eviscerated by you, ~~from~~ by lovers choked by longing or hate. Circe alone possesses the mystery, not the miserable swines of her garden.[107] Attempt your magic —he who lives his weakness, because he calls it holy, pries loose the rod[108] from you. [67/68]

Sal. Why do you want to hassle me? What should I say? I know nothing. My magic is no mystery. It’s just a happening. What’s left to ask?

I. I ask for reasons, since this happening is not from eternal necessity. Happenings can also be different. You know about reasons, you know how happenings are made. Do you not have magical potions, evil herbs, sinister formulas, night bird screech, ominous gusts of wind, serpent tracks and rats teeth?

Sal. So try to extort the mystery from me, if you lust after it.

I. You should speak.

Sal. You should obey my command.

I. Willingly. But I will break compulsion.

Sal. Should I speak? I will scourge your ears, stab your heart, tear apart your diaphragm, tangle your intestines.

Brown eyes? Don’t you have brown eyes? Hot lips? Don’t you have hot lips?

The mystery of the womb? Are you not your womb?

The lust of ~~giving birth~~ receiving and giving birth? Yes, your mind gives birth. Isn’t your body infertile? Does it long for fertility? Does it long for procreative embrace? Do you want to truly enter into your own womb? For the conception of your self?

I. What is this devil’s speech? You torture in vain. You should hand over your power. Enough [68/69] oppression!

Sal. So it tortures you. That’s good. Do you taste what it is like when someone tackles me?

I. I don’t give in. You should speak.

Sal. I must say: you are no better than the others. You are less than the others. You are a weakling, a coward. What are you good for? What have you contributed to the world’s riches? You deceive and are deceived, a fool fooled by his weaknesses.—

I. You forget: your strength, your damned power. But speak, I listen.

Sal. What can you do? You are powerless, you are limp, a rag fluttering in the wind. Recognize my power. I can speak evil. And you? Does your word have force? Fight against your weakness, you weak boy.

I. My weakness is a strength, one that you claim for yourself. It is my strength, which you wrestled into your ~~hands~~ claws and which now overwhelms me. A retinue of spirits serve you. Who serves me? I am alone, one man among many and fight the struggle for my life, for the life of humanity and for a better humanity. No one is with me. No one can support me. No one hears my cry, since my voice is weak. And moreover, I remain silent. It is easy indeed [69/70] to denigrate me. But I don’t let you, since I will snatch your secret away.

Sal. Have you not had enough? Do you see the ridiculousness, the craziness of your endeavor? Who then are you? Do you not see that sadness and hopelessness feed on you? What wonder that the vultures gather, when you ready yourself to be carrion? You want my mystery? What use is it to you? Do you want to enchant humanity? Or do you want to force the daimons? You’re turning into a laughingstock.

I. Stop this talk. You’re not fooling me. I know these traps from before.

Sal. It bores you. At bottom you know very well how stupid all this is. A mirage, nothing more. Obviously, a fata

morgana—my art of dance—do you want still more?

I. This fancy footwork doesn't scare me. I already see the fear behind it.

Sal. You can't mean however that I would be afraid. Yet this is what I must realize.

I. There are things which you don't see.

Sal. You have seen fear in me—do you have the evil eye? This is Philemon's work! He gave you the evil eye. That is his late revenge for the fact that I broke his wing when he was Simon.[109] Why did I have to help the Christians?

I. You give yourself the impression that you didn't know that it was the Christians who moved you out into the superhuman and exalted you to the black mother of God, [70/71] to the hortus deliciarum.[110]

Sal. How do you know that? That is Philemon's revenge. He has betrayed me.

I. What's going on? What is hidden from me?

Sal. I lent ~~him~~ Simon my magic and ~~Philemon~~ ~~Simon~~ he ruled me: but I broke his wing, the deceitful one. He couldn't keep his mystery from you? Who are you? Are you a God? Who gave you the power?

I. Necessity.

Sal. Necessity usually teaches begging—

I. Not me—it gave me power. And you shall feel my power. You will yield your mystery.

Sal. I can't. I don't even know it myself. Does pleasure know itself, has blindness ever divined itself?

## 31. VII. 18.[111]

If my work is to succeed and if everything is to reach its fulfilment, I must always submit myself first to you, my soul, so that you draw me toward that place where the God lives. I am overly ~~xx~~ caught up in the impression of the solar world, ~~and~~ therefore you must draw me to the other

side, which you see. Therefore tell me what you are looking at.

S. I see Salome at your side, freed from the human symbol.

I. What does she want?

S. She stands questioning or begging—I don't know. Tell me, Salome [71/72], why are you standing there and what are you waiting for?

Sal. I am still not detached from this man, since he continues to force a question on me—or cast a spell—I never have questions or doubts—so he has bewitched me! I suspect Φ's cunning behind this. Someone release me.

S. What question did he cast on you?

Sal. The question of my mystery. I have no mystery—pleasure and the sensation of pleasure—what's that for a mystery? That is only a happening and nothing more. It is the devilish guile of Philemon to let me sense a mystery behind this. It is certainly Φ who hatched this thought, and not this man.[112] How could a man come to ~~a~~ such a thought? Pleasure is the sensation of pleasure and nothing further. Why should there be a mystery behind this? Why does this man ask me about a mystery behind this? Who gave him this crazy thought? Who goaded him to the impertinence to ask me such? To attribute such a crazy thought to me? Who other than Φ? Only his evil art can produce such thoughts ~~xx~~, that stick to one like a robe of Nessus.[113] But I have no mystery, it is madness to ask me about mysteries, impertinence, cruelty. There is nothing behind sensation, no mystery, nothing beyond or [72/73] within it. It is sensation alone—yes, laugh at my tears—sensation is sensation, pleasure is pleasure, displeasure is displeasure and nothing further. I do not want there to be a mystery within it—that is a disgusting, crazy thought, dirty and stupid.

I. My soul, tell me, why does Salome get upset? Is it so terrible that a mystery could lie behind pleasure?

S. Don’t you notice that Salome goes against morality? She is in her manner pure—pure pleasure, pure sensation, with no thought, dirtied by no mystery—that is her ideal. You have offended her moral sense, ~~hurt~~ you have even undermined it, since doubt no longer leaves her.

Sal. Sensation is pure. Why do you want to mix in a mystery and muddy clear water ~~with~~ with it?

S. But yet you see, Salome, that the thought that ~~myster~~ a mystery could lie behind pleasure has bewitched you and will no longer let you go. Why have you been seized by this thought? Truly only because something in you came to meet it. What came to meet it? Truly the same thought that lay ready in you.[73/74][114]

Sal. That can’t be true, since I don’t even think.

S. That doesn’t stop it thinking in you.

Sal. Do you also think that there is a mystery hidden behind pleasure?[115] What sort of mystery? Should I possess a mystery? Not a bad idea.

I. Tell me, my soul, does Salome really not know the mystery or does she dissemble?

S. Naturally, she doesn’t know it, since she herself is the mystery.

Sal. What are you saying? That I am myself the mystery? How can I know myself? Does pleasure know itself?

S. And yet you have already betrayed your mystery to us. You are the mystery that stands behind all pleasure, the soul, that touches the earth, you, my sister, who embraces matter, who makes the unsayable experiential.[116] My love belongs to the eternal images, your love to eternal matter. Ka is your father, Φ my father. So the veil, that deceptively hid the truth, dissipated the mist and created a thousand blind alleys, is rent. Recognize yourself as soul, renounce the ~~xx~~ purity of your pleasure, you yourself are its impurity,

its blending, its mystery. Pleasure contains the eternal meaning, as the image contains the eternal pleasure. [74/75] Are my images pure? I believed so and have forgotten it. My images breathe the pleasure of the world. And your pleasure gives birth time and time again to the eternal images. Is the ~~clear~~ pure blue of the sky purity? No, it is blue, because you see matter. What would the crystalline clarity of water be, if you didn't see the water? [117] Only emptiness is pure. Pure pleasure is empty and would therefore be no pleasure. A pure image would be empty and would therefore be no image. Since an image always portrays something. Pleasure wants image in eternity and image wants pleasure in eternity.[118]

Sublime one, the 4 ways are accomplished, the 4 sufferings have been ~~fulfilled~~ borne, the 4 joys are ~~fulfilled~~ fulfilled, the offering to the Gods of the 4 winds have been prepared. The final work is accomplished:~~,~~ Salome became sighted. The 4 winds rise up to you, the 4 streams flow to you.[119] The time has come where you alone speak, you God of all true and false Gods, you being of all non-being. We are silent and await your speech.

I. I feel fear. Who will speak? From which depth or height, from which area of heaven or earth will the voice come?

S. Do not worry. A choir speaks like one voice and the voice like a choir. [75/76]

ΦA:[120] The one voice of all beings speaks in you.

The sun of all suns shines in you.

You go the way of all ways, alone with all.

I. My soul, this is hardly to be borne.

S. Be silent, do not resist.

ΦA. This way shall lead out into the land of men, an ~~errand~~ assignment.

The mystery of the summer morning, the happy day, the completion of the moment, the fullness of the possible,

born from suffering and joy, the treasure of eternal beauty, the goal of the 4 paths, the spring and the ocean of the 4 streams, the fulfilment of the 4 sufferings and of the 4 joys, father and mother of the Gods of the 4 winds, crucifixion, burial, resurrection, and man's divine enhancement, highest effect and non-being, world and seed, eternity and ~~time~~ instance, poverty and abundance, expansion, death and the rebirth of God, borne by eternally creative force, resplendent in eternal effect, loved by the two mothers and sisterly wives, ineffable pain-ridden bliss, unknowable, unrecognizable, a hair's breadth between life and death, a river of worlds, canopying the heavens—I give you the love of men, [76/77] the opal jug of water; he pours water and wine and milk and blood, food for men and Gods.

I give you the joy of suffering and suffering of joy.

I give you what has been found: the constancy in change and the change in constancy.

The jug made of stone, the vessel of completion. Water flowed in, wine flowed in, milk flowed in, blood flowed in.

The four winds precipitated into the ~~xx~~ precious vessel.

The Gods of the four heavenly realms hold its curvature, both the ~~two~~ mothers and both the two fathers guard it, the fire of the North burns above its mouth, the serpent of the South encircles its bottom, the spirit of the East holds one of its sides and the spirit of the West its other side.

Forever denied, it exists forever. Recurring in all forms, forever the same, this one precious vessel, surrounded by the circle of animals, denying itself, and arising in new splendor through its self-denial.

The heart of God and of man.

It is the One and Many. A path leading [77/78] across mountains and valleys, a guiding star on the ocean, in you and always ahead of you.

Completed, indeed truly completed is he who knows this.

Completion is poverty. ~~But~~ But poverty ~~is~~ means gratitude. Gratitude is love.

## 2. VIII. 18.[121]

[122]Truly, ~~I am the sacrifice.~~ completion is the ~~I am~~ sacrifice.

Completion is joy and foreseeing of the shadow.

Completion is the end. ~~Perfe~~ The end means the beginning, and hence completion is smallness and beginning in the smallest.

Everything is incomplete, and completion is hence solitude. But solitude seeks community. Hence completion means community.

I am perfection itself, but only he who has attained his limits is complete.

I am the never-dying light, but complete is he who stands between day and night.

I am eternal imperishable love, but complete is he who has placed the sacrificial knife beside his love.

I am beauty itself, but complete is he who sits against the [78/79] temple wall and mends shoes for money.

He who is complete is simple, solitary, and unanimous. Hence he seeks diversity, community, ambiguity. Through diversity, community, and ambiguity he advances toward simplicity, solitude, and unanimity.

He who is complete knows suffering and joy, but I am the bliss beyond joy and suffering.

He who is complete knows light and dark, but I am the light beyond day and darkness.

He is who complete knows up and down, but I am the height beyond high and low.

He who is complete knows the creating and the created, but I am ~~beyond the image~~ the ~~eternal~~ parturient image beyond creation and creature.

He who is complete knows loving and being loved, but I am the love beyond embrace and mourning.

He who is complete knows man and woman, but I am the man, ~~and of the man~~ his father and son beyond masculine and feminine, beyond child and the aged.

He who is complete knows rise and fall, but I am the center beyond dawn [79/80] and dusk.

He who is complete knows me and hence he is different from me.

## 26 VIII. 18.[123]

My soul, what is going on? What's brewing? I'm seized by uneasiness!

A.[124] You've waited for too long. Why didn't you ask earlier?

I. I thought that I must let things happen.

A. Yes, but you still need to take care of what is yours. You should have asked. I had to make you uneasy. Salome cooks poisonous potions. She is a Medea, adept in magic.[125]

~~A.~~ I. What is she doing?

A. Ask her.

I. Salome, what are you doing?

Sal. I will get my revenge. Why have you given me a meaning? I don't want to have a meaning. I only want sensation. I want~~,~~ the bare event.

I. But what if nothing happens?

Sal. Everything will happen according to its time. I have prepared poison for you if you don't let it happen.

I. What should I let happen?

Sal. Whatever prepares pleasure.

I. Express yourself more clearly. What are you doing ~~xx~~ and what do you want to do?

Sal. I want sensation. Do not disturb the event.

I. I won't disturb it, but I want to know.

Sal. You shouldn’t know. You should let things happen.

I. I let things happen, but what do you strike up around me?

Sal. I will disturb your peace. [80/81]

I. Why?

Sal. Because you should not look on calmly, but irritated. I irritate you.

I. To what end?

Sal. Your irritation is good for women. It excites them. They need your irritation, otherwise they do nothing.

I. My soul, tell me, is that true?

A. Some of it is true. Women must have grounds, otherwise they let too much happen. You must accept this irritation, let it be seen; it excites, as Salome rightly says. You can do nothing. Accept and take care of yourself. You must suffer somewhat. You cannot make it happen. Patience, much patience. Sal. will speak.

Sal. I must somewhat upset you. If you are too peaceful, then you give the appearance that everything is in order. Commands are not useful, just feeling. You are too impatient. You have the power devil in you. Everything must happen as it does. There is nothing to do. Others must also have their share in life.

I. My soul, do you know something beyond this?

A. Nothing to give away. I advise attachment.

## 28. VIII. 18.[126]

My God, born from suffering and joy, immortal one, luminously you preside over your way! You middle path full of salvation and damnation, full of fortune and misfortune. Your step beyond the mortal. Lament is allocated for us and the smile of dawn. Stay with us, redeemer from suffering-laden infinities, boundary setter, my fate.[127]

## 25. I. 1919[128]

A heavy sacrifice has been brought. A new way of life opens. At this point I must listen to you, [81/82] my soul.

S. [“]I saw it. I stood and here and watched and was there all the time. Philemon raised up the child and threw it to the ground, as you saw. Magical chains are laid on the fluttering monsters. The Chinese magician who performed this was Phil., the many formed and mutable. So it happened and so it had to happen. So it was correct. Your love evoked the black fickle spirit in women. Your love is Ka, the procreator, the darling of women. With them, spirit, with you, what you call love. I call it the procreative force. Bind Ka, so that he hands over his treasures to you, just as Phil. bound the fickle spirit of woman, so that she received the spirit.”

—what evil you men suffer!—

I. Who speaks?

S. That was Φ. He scurried overhead, busy in the higher spheres. Ka rumbles, shaking on the rocks.

I. What do you consider as necessary in your service?

S. That you sometimes give me speech. I will not abuse you.

I. Have you still something to say to me?

S. There is nothing to be said. You ought to do the next thing, so everything distant comes to pass. And don’t forget to lend me an ear sometimes.

## 2. II. 1919.[129]

I will speak to you of my sorrow, my soul. Solitude eats my heart.

S. What gnaws at you? Solitude? Why do you let it do this? You are covered.

I. So take this covering away.

S. I can’t. A more powerful one stands near. [82/83]

I. Who is it?

S. Ka, as you suspect. You are in Philemon’s shadow.

I. It is Ka! Disturbing shadow. What sorrow have you prepared with crafty hands? Why do you cover me?

Ka. You think too much, Therefore I covered you in sorrow. You should not think, but procreate.

I. Yes—your truth! How should it be lived? You build grave upon grave. What do you care about human life?

Ka. Do you want to suffocate?

I. Preferably not. If Φ[130] leaves shadows behind, leave me light.

Ka. Light? I care only for shadows and darkness. What do I care about light?

I. What do you expect to gain from this, if you cover me with the darkness of sorrow?

Ka. I expect creation. What is the point of your whining? You are what you do.

I. So a truth. But if you lame me what can I do?

Ka. I lame you so that you obey and can’t help—

I. Doing it? A contradiction!

Ka. You go too fast—other than doing what I want you to.

I. You want to force me to obey you?

S. Listen to him, he is powerful and no soul woman.

I. I am listening, what do you want from me?

Ka. Your manhood? Salome has you by the neck [83/84] with evil magic.

I. My soul, why have you concealed this from me?

S. I couldn’t see it. I don’t know what Salome is doing.

I. How so?

S. She is always there where I don’t look. Do you believe that Φ can see Ka and know what he is doing? Why would both have different kinds of truth, if they could reciprocally

see themselves and ~~xx~~ know of one another? Consequently Salome is foreign to me as well. I only see my light, never my shadow, since I see out from within—Ka alone can say what Salome is doing.

I. Why did Salome seize me?

Ka. Because you are no man, but psychically feminized.[131] I want you to become a man. A fist against the magic of Salome. Nothing more is needed. There is nothing to be done. I have the power and you obey.

## 22. III. 19.[132]

My soul, it is hellishly difficult.

S. It happens as it must. There is nothing more to say.

I. But how must it happen?

S. Should I foretell the future to you? Should there be anticipation? So listen: no stone will be left unturned. Everything will fall down again. There will be mountains where there are valleys, there will be dry land where there is water.[133] Are you satisfied?

I. Do you dare to joke? What are you planning? Do you have magical designs once more?

S. Not at all. I am merely boisterous.

I. Have you intoxicated yourself again?

S. A little. I smell opportunities.

I. It is fatal if you have caught sight of something again. Do you really want to plunge yourself again into matter? Who grants you the right? [84/85]

S. Who other than you? You are soft again, like butter in the sun.

I. Where have you caught me?

S. Now, where possibly else than in the so-called humanness? You are impressionable. A good word, is it not?

I. What are you playing at?

S. The so-called soft heart.

I. Do you want me to cringe at being humane?

S. No, but at the mixing. What do you let yourself suffer through the suffering of another? They want to see you solid, strong, and healthy. They still need you as an impenetrable wall. That would be true love—more stone than heart.

I. You are hellishly cruel.

S. Do ~~you~~ you want me to plunge myself into the heat of eternal procreation? Do you want again and again to be blended into the molten flow, in the dissolution of matter? To start all over again from the beginning? But you need the continuation, not the beginning.

I. Who can prove to me that you are not lying?

S. Do you feel that I'm lying?

I. I can't say. But where should it go?

S. To your Golgotha,[134] where everyone is going to leave you. For now, you still must be more unknown.

I. What are these dark words? What is my Golgotha?

S. Do you want to know this?

I. I must have clarity. If you know it, speak.

S. I know only the word. However, Φ knows more.

I. So call him.

S. Φ, a mortal wants to know about Golgotha, his Golgotha.

Φ: Is it curiosity? Or would you like clairvoyance? Golgotha is death for the sake of the Gods. ~~?~~ What does this tell you?

I. I seek no death for the sake of the Gods, since I would like to live for the sake of men.

Φ. But the Gods want your life back. You have given birth to the luminous one.[135] He who bore him will procreate no more. He will give his life to the Gods and not to men. What are you [85/86] pondering?

I. I am considering what it means to give one's life to the Gods.

Φ. Ask Ka, the shadow. He knows about this.

I. So answer me Ka, dark son of the earth.

Ka. How should I form my gem, how should I give form to the Gods, if you yourself go on the way of procreation? Haven't you drawn magical appearance from the black rod? If you are not solid, the light that everyone thirsts for will extinguish. Who should live from himself, if you don't do it? Will you borrow life from others through mixing? All are drawn into procreation. Who possesses his soul? You must be solid for everyone, unmixed and cut off.

I. I see the inevitable.

## 30. IV. 1919.[136]

You know what hovers in the air. I will not ask you for a long time. Tell me what you see or know.

S. I know something. Φ told it to me.

I. What did he tell you?

S. He has put on the purple mantle again. He wants to have a celebration.

I. What sort of celebration?

S. A triumph.

I. Over what?

S. Over men.

I. Damn—it's worrisome if the demigods are pleased.

S. Don't be hasty. They too want to live. He is pleased at your greater solitude.

I. What did he say?

S. He spoke sacred words; he spoke of fulfilment. He is pleased to cohabit. The Gods always want to have a part in human life. They too must. How else should God-men develop?

I. But Ka? What will he do?

S. He will spread superstitious shadows.

I. I feel that Φ fills me with his wishes. I can't accept this.

S. If the treasure of Ka comes up then you [86/87] won't be able to avoid it. Can you repudiate the treasures of Ka? No, you can't. So you also can't reject Φ's thoughts. The one begets the other. Question no further. You touch on the boundless. Remain with yourself. Do what is yours.

Six weeks of England in between. There in a haunted house in the country. Very exhausted after coming home. Very gathered together.[137]

## 21. July 1919.[138]

Speak to me, I'm lost.

S. Strayed from the path? Not completely, almost straight on the difficult path. Consequently you have no dreams. You don't need them for the moment.

I. I'm doubtful. Do you see something?

S. I saw Φ tonight. He wants to draw you in.

I. Why that?

S. I don't know what Φ wants.

I. So ask him.

S. Φ, listen, my man wants to know what you plan or want.

Φ. I do the necessary work—necessary for the fate of this man.

I. That is unclear. Φ might speak more clearly?

Φ. You are rude. I deserve respect. Have you become impatient? Learn to wait. Why are you impatient? Has a success ruined you?

I. It's possible; but I'd like to know what you are doing.

Φ. I am still lifting up. The lower is still not exhausted.

I. What do you mean about the lower? [87/88]

Φ. The realm of Ka, Ka himself, the maker of matter.

I. Tell me why what you say doesn't concern me.

Φ. Because it doesn't concern you. It's my work, that's not your business. It doesn't lie on your path. You have to care for yourself. We care for what is ours.

I. My soul, speak, do you see everything and do you consider it to be correct?

S. Almost completely correct. I notice that much happens. Something is going on, however neither Φ nor Ka lets me see what it is. I think that you do well to keep going on your way, as before.

## 23 II 1920.[139]

What lies in between is in the dream book, but still more in the images of the Red Book.

What happens between the lover and the beloved is the total fullness of the Godhead. That is why both are an unfathomable mystery to each other. Since who would understand the Godhead?

But the God will be born in solitude, from the mystery of the individual.

The separation between life and love is the contradiction between solitude and togetherness. [88/89]

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[The following are the entries in "Dreams" between these two entries:]

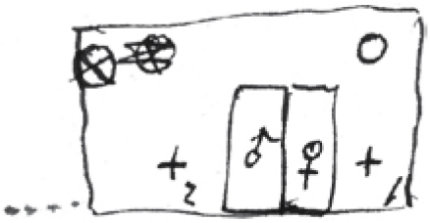
## Aug. 1919.

Dream: I am in an anatomical museum, recently arranged by a great artist. A great hall. On a massive table rest 4 enormous gloriously bound old books, presumably anatomical. On the wall I see a prepared heart with a piece of tendon at the apex. Individual fingers in addition. Lili[140] wants to tear them down and play with them. I stop her.

Then I see in the middle of the room an old rotting ship's cannon and read on a small board that it was discovered by 2 youths in a peculiar way (witching wand?). They searched the foundations of old fortifications, but found the more interesting cannon. Then Emma entered, Franz[141] behind her. I see, she thinks that this is something more for Franz than for Lili. Franz has my American hat on and my old uniform shirt that reaches to his knees. In addition a child's gun with a bayonet. He seems hollow-cheeked and bent like a medieval scholar, overwhelmed by the impression, mouth and eyes wide open, completely dumb and stupefied.

Vision in the same night.

To the right of the bed of my wife there is a great angel of the most severe form in a praying position.



To the left of him is a dark transparent dangerous mass. I see only the following forms in it



Then I see the angel to the left of me. He indicates a bright spot (*) from which a deathly pale maiden with almost closed eyes, black hair, sharp southern features, around 28 years old (the same as on p. 26)[142] steps

forward. She remains around 2 meters from my bed and excites an uncomfortable sexual feeling in me.

## 10. 11. Aug. 1919.

Dream: with a young man (tanned, smaller and younger than I), long adventurous journey on a light wagon with 1 horse. Robberies, shooting, escape on winding country roads, through a tunnel where the stones of the vault threaten to fall. Then a free flat landscape, where one escapes the enemy. Suddenly there is a palace with a doorway, where we enter. My companion surprisingly strikes his hands together and calls “Ah.” We understand at once that we have fallen into the 17th century into the palace of a small despot, who has taken us prisoner and wants to leave us to starve. But we know that we will escape by trickery (Wells, Time machine).[143]

## 11./12. Aug. 1919

Dream: Emma, the 2 oldest daughters and I are sort of guests of a rich peasant in southern Siberia or South Africa. He practices ostrich breeding. Low thatched building. I prepare a lemonade with ice to combat the heat. Emma reaches with her hand into it and spills the stuff. I am furious and throw all the glasses against the wall. They don’t break but fall like a rubber ball to the ground. I leave the room and go into a type of barn. There is a low wide table, on which remarkably old books lie. I take one in brown leather: “Acta Thomasina.” The pages are of brown pressed leather. In the middle of each page is an archaic figure of a prophet with his words in hieroglyphic signs alongside.

## 16./17. Aug. 19.

Dreamt in Schmerikon:[144] with my mother and many other unknown people in an unknown street. There are 2 houses to the right, old dilapidated shacks, whose facade is completely pasted over with large yellow posters in many layers, like circus posters. My mother suddenly steps back and says, “there’s one!” Namely a ghost. I immediately think that she is truly hysterical to show off before other people with such things. But immediately afterward I see how the facade of one of the houses suddenly moves and falls down into the street. From this I see that the ghost had warned her that the house was about to fall on her head, if she went further. I say to the people: “There you have seen it!” and go away. One of them follows after me and says to me: “You now no longer need to help us further.” As if the appearance of the ghost had been enough to secure their belief in the paranormal and that was enough for them.

I have then limited my practice, which was necessary in any case, so I could concentrate my time on ®.[145]

## 5. 1. 1920

In the days before Christmas I dreamt of Mrs. McCormick. She wore a black mourning dress and looked at me sadly, as if she expected something from me. I wrote her about this dream. She answered that just at that time, a little earlier, she had received a telegram about the death of her friend Campanini. Case of fraud.[146]

## 4./5./1.20

Dream. “As on a journey with 10 companions. I am certain that some kind of terrible, cosmic event of nature is imminent, perhaps the day of judgment, an unexpected wonder that will become real. Our present world will experience a wholly tremendous upheaval in the shortest

time. I am certain of the meaning and of the high mystical significance of the event, which is a miracle, and feel prepared for it. I am in elevated state of certainty of the miracle, a transfiguration of all earthly things in the spiritual sphere and in fulfilment. I journey home with my companions, we fall into captivity in Italy, but since by then the precursors of the great event in the form of a supernatural darkness have already begun to occur, we escape. I and my people are protected, due to being prepared and aware of the meaning of what is to come. The event is either a downfall of the world or 'we no longer see the sun' due to fog and clouds. But the weather is warmer than previously."

Fragment from the same night: "On a volcanic island. I say to someone, I would like to leave the island, because I had made the observation that not only was there a certain opening of the crater, but that the whole ground was hot, which one sees from the fact that the sea suddenly simmers here and there. That indicates that the whole island can suddenly blow up."

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Associations to the first dream: geological fantasies following the war vision of 1913:[147] at the northern end of the alps a large lake forms, which is connected to the sea. At the northern border of Switzerland or behind the Zürichberg a mountain range of 200–300 meters rises up. The level of Zürich falls to a few meters above sea level. The climate becomes warmer as a result.

That does not bode well for the world.

It seems to me as if I have to read again at the university or have to work on people in some other way.

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[There are three dated paintings in *Liber Novus* during this period and three undated paintings either side which may fall within it, which in any case are thematically connected. They are reproduced in the appendix.]

## 5. IX. 1921[148]

Yes, the God will be born from solitude—this word strikes me.[149] Thus solitude is coming on. Solitude hasn't even questions. It doesn't ask. It is empty and abysmal.

You say that I am still on the surface? There, where it is still loud, still too much noise. I need sharp ears? I lament my hearing. I still speak too much about myself? How can I do otherwise? One could also say that I speak too little, since the words that could describe the great pain do not want to cross my lips. I understand that one should not speak about this—of the most holy, where the fullness of God shines.

It is now cold and rigid in me, a blinking surface of metal, impervious, smooth. Do I speak too much, too much of the outside? Do I speak to the metal wall? Should I perhaps place my ear on it, to hear who speaks behind it, if anyone at all actually speaks behind this gruesome cold?

Do I like being reflected in this metal surface? What shamelessness would not be entrusted to the human being? It would again be a carnival piece.

Why actually do I want to speak? I certainly don't want to hear. Yet above all I ought to listen. Will the vanity of speech not leave me? And am I delighted by the echo of my voice? Truly I am not deep enough, not even in pain, of which nothing is to be said. Damn, why must I mention it? [89/90]

Shallow surface, so it is, the rage of impotence. I am damned. My heart is cut off from myself. No more access to life. Where are you, source? How deeply buried, covered

with pain! Yes—empty—empty as hell. My life has crossed over and I remain. Where do I find you?

I am cut off from myself, ~~xx~~ a hanged man who fell from the bough. And should I begin to live thus?

My soul, should I call you? No, no more hope, no illusion. The terror must be naked, just as helpless as I. This time there are no crutches. We now plunge the rod into the bottomless, behind all possibilities, perhaps ~~is~~ in a dullness without end, where the eternal quagmire no longer permits return. Yes, it grows hotter here—perhaps no more return—that ~~xx~~ is the right word—perhaps a bottomless abyss, a silence, a wordless solitude for the rest of one's life.

I know where my life has gone—and there in front stands the metal wall.

My ears are dull, my heart is frozen stiff, therefore I speak hastily, to feign the life that I don't possess.

It seems to become heavy—metallically heavy—the wheel. I'd like to cry out, to keep from turning into [90/91] metal. Oh—how did it come ~~?~~ that I became ore? A soundless ore, only heavy and tough, probably lead. In truth the ore has no ears and what speaks there is mere deception. For once I can't feel fear, only rigidity and cold.[150]

## 21. IX. 1921.[151]

What tension between the farthest heavens and the deepest hells! The sevenfold darkness—the jubilant heaven's gold—what a speech! But I speak it. I talk, you don't talk. You shouldn't talk. I know that I must talk or rather stammer. I wanted to sing the praise of the marvelous God who appeared to me, I wanted to talk of the bliss of paradise, of the deep stillness of the peace of God, of all blessed and most blessed and the highest raptures which trickled over me profusely by the mercy of that

indescribable God—a praise I wanted to sing of the salvation of my heart—I wanted to give thanks ~~of~~ to the glory of the thrice holy stellar one—but it is mere words and truly not ~~these~~ those words that are to be said. There are many darker words, kindled in the darkest depths, utterly primordial words,[152] pressed out of the unbelievably ancient and originary. Words without meaning and purpose, [91/92], pregnant with all futures, sick from primordial longings and impossibilities, quelled in the mud of the centuries, a mystery divined only by someone who has the animal behind him.

A folly of impossibility, consequently swollen by creative power. I suspect this. There is no more to be said.

I have fear, an otherworldly fear, truly the fear of a meteorite that has fallen behind the Milky Way, no human fear, simply one occurring when nothing existed that might have known fear. A fear that is not actual, so it seems.

Something that was never good and was always spoiled, as the source of a new health. That's one way to put it. I could also say: something that was too weak, as the source of the greatest force.

I curse this measly stammering, this plantlike blind boring. However something trembles in me and this something wants to speak. For it was something somewhere smelt and touched and something that threatens to come to life.[153] [92/92a][154]

## ~~29~~ 30 XII. 21.[155]

[I]. What's going on, what sort of dreams are these that rob me of sleep, what is the fear that grips me overwhelmingly?[156] Perhaps I should not speak to you, my soul, but I find no other way. Speak to me and explain. Do you see something that I don't see?

S. I see much that you don't see—trees that grow out above abysses, circling eagles that hover over

immeasurable depths. A spirit that came from the East, spreading a whiff of death, he wanted to shroud you in darkness, I resisted him and chased him north to the fire pole, for transformation.

[I]. Who is the spirit of the East?

S. He is a devil of a particular nature, a gloomy devil, a resigned devil, one who is saturated by all the over-ripeness of the East. How should I describe him? Do you know what I mean? No? He is full of the over-ripeness of the East, too old, too fat, too sad, quiet, like oil on water.

[I]. I don't understand what you mean. I can discover nothing like that in myself. Speak more clearly, seize it, my soul. I must have help, since the fear is stifling. Come to grips with it. I must have clarity.

S. This isn't easy. You haven't asked me for quite a while. Do you want to fulfill my conditions?

[I]. What conditions? You have conditions?

S. Naturally, I have conditions. Do you think that I make do with nothing? I must have some of your blood, otherwise I will secretly drain you. You understand?

[I]. Do I understand? This time I understand you completely, since I feel the exhaustion. So take my blood, but speak and make things clear.

S. Yes, your blood tastes good. How much can I have? I'd like a lot. But listen: the cuckoo always lays his egg in foreign nests.

[I]. What does that mean? What dark word of foreboding are you uttering?

S. Foreboding, indeed. I have hunches. The cuckoo must do this, otherwise he can't propagate.

[I]. Don't make silly jokes. I want an answer.

S. You are the cuckoo. The foreign nest is what another has made for himself, and what you should acquire.

[I]. Isn't it stolen?

S. Stolen or not, the only question is life's necessity. Will you become clever from it? ~~xx~~ No? Then pay attention:

there are people in your circles who have something to offer. Have you noticed them? No? Then open your eyes. They do not want to suckle, but to give to you.

[I]. What are you pointing to?

## 1. I. 22.[157]

S. I'm pointing to women.

[I]. What do you mean?

S. I mean that in this respect your notions are false.

[I]. How so?

S. You think that they want to take something from you. But they want to give to you.

[I]. I've had my experiences, as you know.

S. That counts for nothing. One can also have others. Besides, we are speaking of something deeper.

[I]. Why do you digress?

S. Because I think that this point has been settled. Or don't you think so?

[I]. In that regard I don't feel anything special. So speak of the depths, your visions. I must have more clarity about what's going on. Everything is so dark. What does the darkness of the beyond hide? Tell me!

S. Three deer fled from the forest and the most beautiful hunter could not catch them. He hunted with hounds and horses and bright spears and yet they escaped him. They jumped into the river and swam through it and the dogs lost their trail. The deer Goddess had rescued them—yes, Artemis.[158] Isn't she beautiful and chaste? Do you know her? And do you know him? Why do you want to hunt on Sundays? Why do you want to catch and kill the beautiful animals? That's why her bear attacked you. That's why you had to sacrifice to the beautiful moon Goddess,[159] you fool.

[I]. I see now and humble myself.

S. Yes, there are benevolent Gods and what loves lives in darkness. You felt this. Whoever doesn't feel this is

contemptible.

[I]. But what has previously hindered my sleep? What did you see?

S. Three serpents that lie on a rock, coiled in a knot.[160] A sword has hacked them. A strong one-armed man wields the sword. His eyes flicker in chaotic passion. It ~~xx~~ was probably a follower and pupil of Dionysus, who had lost one arm.[161] Where did he lose it? He chopped it off because it seemed foul and inadequate, yes, he himself hacked off his right arm in a frenzy. He no longer wanted to act, but simply to be driven. One also needs to be able to be driven. Why couldn't he let the serpents sleep? Who told him to set his dog on the devil's dangerous hound that wanted to leave him? His wild and untamed drive, which he called a sense of duty, had whispered the wrong thing to him. He wanted to be alone, to rule alone, intoxicated in solitude [92a/b] far from Gods and men, a castrato of his God.[162] Why do you despise the loving darkness of the feminine, the cooling night? The whisper among the trees, my dark, healing speech? Why did you not speak to me?

[I]. Let me feel that you can help me. Give me the holy sleep, the grace-filled embrace so that mother night accepts me into her womb. I will revere the feminine. But grant me sleep, so that I can see you can really help me.

S. Only if you fulfill my conditions.

[I]. Name them.

S. You should always inquire after them from me. You should come to me and ask. That is the first condition. The second is that you should refrain from all useless chatter, and observe moderation in all respects. And discard your contempt for women. A great healing force is given to woman. Use it.

[I]. I promise to. But something more! ~~That~~ Didn't you see something more that shouldn't escape me? I wouldn't want to leave you before you have given me peace, the

quiet certainty that I have not overlooked something that can attack me with an unforeseen power.

S. I saw nothing that you need to fret about, nothing that you now must know.

[I]. Is that the truth?

S. For today, yes.

## 4. I. 22.[163]

[I]. Your advice was good and gave me good sleep. Now I come to you to lay before you the thing that presently and always is the hardest for me. Perhaps you have some good advice. I know that T.[164] is quite valuable to me, but also quite worthless. I would like to come to some clarity, without doing her an injustice and also avoiding above all doing something too drastic and incorrect. Speak to me and help me, as you have already helped me. Speak to me!

S. I can't do everything for you, but a little. You yourself have to do a lot, since the matter is difficult beyond measure. Nothing of the value should be lost. She is and remains always the emissary of the Great Mother. She herself is unwilling, unfree and subjected, forced against her own will, suffering under the burden of her role as emissary. That's not to be forgotten. You will also not forget this. But on the other hand she is a human being full of flaws that can hardly be eliminated, either wholly or in part. She must be borne, but no merit should be reaped from her burden. In clear moments she sees this herself. Your conduct today was correct. She should not be a burden on your human freedom, but a lightener of your load. Unfortunately she isn't always so.

[I]. Listen, you say things that I'm really already aware of. Reach deeper, where I can't see.

S. What depths you send me to! So far from the sweet life of day, that I love so much through you. I'd like to

always have you in the sun. That pleases me the most. Why in this otherworldly darkness?

[I]. You belong there, your purpose and task lie there, not in the day, where you make things so spellbinding for me. So dive down into the darkness and tell me what you see. I must for once get to grips with this problem.

S. I can't make out a thing, it's raven-black night down there.

[I]. Strain your sight, and look!

S. How should I see? There is no light for me.

[I]. Take blood, take fire, but look.

S. I can't.

[I]. You should be able to. Why this resistance? Are you interested in this problem? And do you see nothing because you don't want to?

S. That's not it. It's so difficult.

[I]. Don't be weak. I, too, must not be.

S. So listen! It's dreadfully dark, almost impossible to grasp, so hieroglyphic: Wigalda, wigamma, widrofit fialtomari fandragypti remasse.

[I]. What does this mean?

S. I don't know, probably runes of the Great Mother.[165]

[I]. Who can parse them for us?

S. That involves magic, impure magic.

[I]. Do you know it?

S. Yes and no.

[I]. Tell me, are you sure you are not interested and don't want to understand but conceal?

S. No, this message of the Great Mother hovers over the darkness, an answer to your question.

[I]. What use to me is an answer I can't understand?

S. To read them means to solve them.

[I]. Advise me, what is to be done?

S. Look at the words, perhaps they speak.

[I]. My wits fail me. Speak.

S. So: wigalda: how ~~xx~~ that?
wigamma: how ~~xx~~ you?
widrofit: how may I?
fialtomari: to make the sublime husband
fandragypt: pheasant of the Egyptians—
remasse: remain.
[I]. What does this mean?

S. How can you make yourself the spouse of the noble ~~pheasant~~ bird of the Egyptians, which must remain as she is. The Great Mother doesn't want you to think of her[166] as an ordinary woman and therefore you should also never expect from her what you would expect from a woman. She herself doesn't know that and thinks that she is able to be a woman. A human error. Your suffering and troubles stem from this. You must fight for your human right. The Great Mother is not powerful everywhere and always, but at times which are not to be neglected. For she is without power at other times. Rough treatment is no evil to her.[167] She deserves it for her human errors. She should submit herself to your justice. [92b/c]

## 5. I. 22.[168]

[I]. I feel that I must speak to you. Why won't you let me sleep, since I'm so weary? I feel that the disturbance comes from you. What induces you to keep me awake?

S. Now is no time for sleep, for you must wake and prepare important matters in night's opus. The great work begins.

[I]. What great work?

S. The work that must now be undertaken. It is a great and difficult work. There is no time to sleep, if you find no time during the day to remain in the work.

[I]. But I had no idea that something of this kind was taking place.

S. Yet you might have noticed by the fact that I have been disturbing your sleep for a long time. You have been too unconscious for a long stretch. Now you must go to a higher level of consciousness.

[I]. I'm ready. What is it? Tell me!

S. Now listen closely: to no longer be a Christian is easy. But then what? For more is yet to come. Everything is waiting for you. And you? You remain silent and have nothing to say. But you ought to speak up. Why have you received the revelation? You mustn't hide it. You busy yourself with the form? Has the form ever been important, when it is a matter of revelation?

[I]. But you are not thinking that I should publish what I have written? That would be a disaster. And who would understand it?

S. No, listen! You should not break up a marriage, namely the marriage with me, no person should supplant me, least of all Toni. I want to rule alone.

[I]. So you want to rule? From whence do you take the right for such a presumption?

S. This right comes to me because I serve you and your calling. I could just as well say, you came first, but above all your calling comes first.

[I]. But what is my calling?

S. The new religion and its proclamation.

[I]. Oh God, how should I do this?

S. Do not be of such little faith. No one knows it as you do. There is no one who could say it as well as you could.

[I]. But who knows, if you aren't lying?

S. Ask yourself if I am lying. I speak the truth.

[I]. But also tell me what I could do.

S. First let me get your mind off things.

[I]. So do that.

S. You should get used to working with me <u>on a regular basis</u>, not with Toni, or anyone else. Otherwise you'll never

sleep. You must work with me, so that you'll change. You're still not so suitable for the great work.

[I]. If only you would talk to me about it.

S. How can I, if I don't have your strength? You shouldn't give it to others, but to me. This you do through working with me. Will you promise this?

[I]. I promise. But you must give me back sleep.

S. I'll do that and more.

[I]. Must I go on persevering or will you grant me some sleep?

S. Not yet, we haven't finished. What has today granted you?

[I]. It was beautiful and I felt good.

S. What have you given me? Nothing. How can you then hope to sleep?

[I]. I realize that now and will make amends, as you see. But what do you expect from me?

S. I expect only your focus, beyond that you'd be waiting on me.

[I]. But what should I expect from you? I already asked you to tell me about the great work that awaits me, and you gave no answer.

S. As I said, I need your focus and strength on a regular basis, or else I can do nothing for you. Calm yourself and lie down. Perhaps you will sleep. But tomorrow you must show up here again for serious, sober work.

## 6. I. 22.[169]

[I]. Here I am again. Speak, Oh my soul!

S. You have done your task for the day. Don't drink too much wine. Don't eat too much. Be moderate, since great work awaits you.

[I]. What are you always playing at?

S. I mean with the great work, the question of religion.

[I]. But you've got to tell me about this, so that the disturbance within calms down and I can sleep.

S. You mustn't want to sleep too much, but stay awake, so that you perceive everything correctly.

[I]. Tell me about what I should perceive.

S. You should learn to look. You should look into it in yourself.

[I]. What should I look into in myself?

S. The thrice-holy Isis, who until now you have seen only in women.[170]

[I]. How can I do this?

S. Through concentration on yourself, through due moderation, silence, prayer.

[I]. But you should say more. Why say nothing if you still want me to speak with you?

S. I can't just yet.

[I]. Make an effort. I won't let myself be cheated. If I act in earnest, you too should act in earnest.

S. I can't, I don't care.

[I]. Why then do you want me to come and talk with you? Out with it.

S. I must have you at hand, so that if I see something, it can be conveyed to you.

[I]. Have you seen something?

S. I have seen: a threefold house, a house with two wings. There are two palms in the court and there is also a fountain there. It is hot, where the house is and the people and their manner is foreign. It smells of oil. It is African. It is not day and not night, but twilight after sundown. There is one there at the window waiting and looking toward the north, where his friend went. His hand plays with a golden ball and he looks like a prince. He doesn't eat or drink, his nights are full of lonely dreams since his friend left him. When will his friend return to him? When will he hear [92c/d] his friend's voice again and the explanation of the

book, whose script he can’t read? It lies in the vaulted white room on the carpet in the middle and no one has entered the room since his friend left. When will he return?

[I]. I see, you are thinking of that dream of the divine youth, that I dreamed two years ago in Africa.[171] What about it?

S. Didn’t you want to learn Arabic? That’s connected to it. Something in you longs to be back there.[172] Do you know what it is? It is being alone with yourself. You that you must reconquer, otherwise nothing will happen. So you turn back to him, he will hear your voice again. And he must hear it again, otherwise he can’t live and neither can you.

[I]. But who is he? Tell me!

S. He is a God, who can’t exist without you and without whom you can’t either. He must be reached again.

[I]. So show me the way.

S. Above all through being alone with yourself, then through reverence for the three.

[I]. What three?

S. The sun, the moon and the earth.

[I]. What is this riddlesome saying?

S. Not riddlesome. The sun is the masculine, the moon is the feminine, the earth is your body and he[173] is the spirit that comes from above.

[I]. I don’t understand the reverence for the masculine and feminine.

S. You revere the masculine in men, and the feminine in women. These are the people who represent the masculine and feminine, and you are in the middle.

[I]. But who are these people?

S. Those whom you live with.

[I]. Should I revere them?

S. Not revere, but treat them as bearers of the principles of honor. You must let Toni go until she has found herself

and is no longer a burden to you.[174] Your friends should be no burden and you their donkey.

[I]. Is there something hidden in your vision that I don't see?

S. Yes.

[I]. What is it?

S. It is the threefold house, it lies therein. Didn't you think about buying a house in the south? What does that mean? Sun, peace, beauty, these are the 3 parts. And 2 palms in the garden? That is you and your wife. And the fountain? A source of love between the two. That is to be discovered. The God dwells in this house.

[I]. Can it lie in this shocking simplicity? Why then my errancy? Why my seeking?

S. The way to this house always goes through errancy, until the sins of the father have all been paid for. You have discharged your guilt down to the last penny. Now you should live with your friends, in peace.

[I]. And won't the devils disturb my peace?

S. They will try. But call me and I can scare them.

[I]. How gruesome. Are you really speaking the truth?

S. How can I do otherwise? This is the truth.

[92d/93/94/95]

## 7. I. 1922.[175]

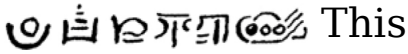
[I]. My soul, speak to me and tell me what needs to be said. You know that I don't do this work with joy—and yet also with joy, since this is the only thing that leads and enlightens me in the present darkness. Talk to me!

S. I lead you along dark ways. Patience is necessary, I can't speak yet, only grope. The pace is slow and the way is steep. Yet one must travel it. Is something getting to you?

[I]. I'm worried and I don't know what it is. It seems to be far away.

S. Yes, it’s not near. What is near is good. But the distant is dark. I can’t rightly make it out. It’s like a heavenly body seen from the greatest distance, not a star, but a dark body, with some kind of structure. Do you see it too?

[I]. Only with the inner eye, but unclearly, as you describe it. But perhaps you see something that I can’t discern.

S. It’s covered with hieroglyphs, which I can convey to you.  This seems to be a sentence. It looks like a message.

[I]. How is it to be read?

S. In the beginning there is the moon and the sun, feminine and masculine, yet the feminine contains the masculine.[176] The second sign is a vessel that contains the four functions,[177] apparently the body which contains the psychic. This is connected with what I told you yesterday about the masculine and the feminine and about the earth. The third sign is difficult: a fishing rod and a fish. The fishing rod is too big and the fish too small, so it can’t be caught. The fourth is a scale that is unevenly loaded. The fifth contains the small scale tray, the other side is firmly bound to the earth. The scale no longer moves. Both the lines below are the two fish, which aren’t too big, to be placed in the scale tray. The sixth is again the moon, the feminine, which gives birth to three masculine stars that belong together. The two fish are raised up, and somehow hang together with the three small suns. The  means the end of the sentence.

[I]. But what in the world does this message mean and where does it come from?

S. From the cosmic, i.e., from what is before birth and after death. The Great Mother Night, which carries the sun in her body sends the message.[178] Reason enough to read it carefully. The first sign is apparently the nocturnal Isis herself, who has taken the masculine into herself. That was

in the cards today, the ace of spades that fell to you. You stand in the sign of the feminine. The second sign refers to you, i.e., the message turns to you and says in the 3rd sign that this fishing rod is too big for the fish. The fish that you should catch is still somewhat beyond, also your balance is out of order. You don't stand wholly in the middle. What can that relate to? First we'll look further. The balance should be fashioned in a way that one side of the scale, the right, consciousness, should connect with the earth. That can relate only to your wife, who can give you strength. The other side is Toni. She apparently has the calling to receive the two fish. What does that mean? It seems she has the instruction of the Great Mother about this. In this sense she should be observed, also her dreams. But probably she must be kept hovering, perhaps in the sense that I spoke to you yesterday. The Great Mother then promises the birth of the 3 small suns or heavenly bodies and the two fish between. The 2 fish relate to the Christian and the Antichristian, which in the meaning of the future follow the three suns, which are related to the new religion.[179] The sun is the masculine positive, the illuminator. A triumvirate, you, Emma, and Toni, the symbolic bearers, the Egyptian symbol, indicated in the word "FANDRAGYPTI," pheasant of the Egyptians, Isis, Osiris, Nephthys.[180] Nephthys-Toni therefore receives both the fish, i.e., the night or unconscious side.[181] Both the fish fertilize the mother and cause the birth, the Christian-Antichristian follows behind as the afterbirth. This prediction is good. You can calm down.

## 8. I. 1922.[182]

[I]. We should get more out of this bit. You said that it's a sentence of those hieroglyphics whose surface covers that dark something. Can you make out anything else?

S. I can. However, I hesitate.

[I]. Why do you hesitate?

S. I don’t want to augment your knowledge, on the contrary, I want to bring your knowledge into life. It used to be the opposite. It goes like this now. That’s why I read you only those hieroglyphs that you need to establish the relationship with your neighbors, otherwise the religion will not become actual. And it should become actual. But it expresses itself visibly only in the transformation of human relations.[183] Relations do not let themselves be replaced even by the deepest ~~human~~ knowledge. Moreover a religion doesn’t consist only in knowledge, but at its visible level in a new ordering of human affairs. Therefore expect no further knowledge from me. You know everything that is to be known from the revelation offered to you, but you are not yet living out everything that is to be lived at this time.

[I]. I can well understand and accept this. However, just how the knowledge could be implemented in life is dark to me. You must teach me this.

S. There isn’t much to say about this. It isn’t as rational as you are inclined to think. The way is symbolic. Explain to me the feeling that you had today.

[I]. I felt dejected and unfree and did not know what emptiness oppressed me and what darkness lay on me.

S. You are surrounded by the veils of the Great Mother, mystery surrounds you. Should I reveal it to you? Can you bear the light? Light, that is no knowledge, but—fact.

[I]. You frighten me. Is it bad?

S. No, but difficult: the saying of the Mother has [95/96] fulfilled itself: your dark side has received. That’s why you were silent and turned in on yourself.

[I]. Explain to me, what does this receiving mean?

S. That the Great Mother will beget, as the saying puts it.

[I]. How is that to be understood?

S. I can’t say anything further. It is an event from which no knowledge can be made, since it itself is knowledge become flesh. That is the meaning of the painting that you recently painted.[184] Thus the great mystery of the divine jewel that you have received comes into actuality and lives. You will speak with your wife.

[I]. What should I speak of?

S. What I am going to give you.

[I]. But how will I recognize what you give me?

S. Because you express it.

[I]. I fear that my intention will inhibit me. I fear that I will not find what is correct.

S. What you say will be what is correct. What you will learn from me you must apply to your wife. You also speak to me and don’t know what you have to say, nor what I will say. You should also speak to her like this, and just as I answer your questions, so also will she answer. You trust me to speak from myself, why do you not also trust your wife? Much rather you should trust your wife.

[I]. I feel that I will have great difficulty in relation to this and I feel quite helpless.

S. Why? If you yourself can bring the shades to speak, why not living people?

[I]. It is so much more difficult. I shy away from people’s emotions and from my own. I wish this were not the case.

S. And so you should try it. How else can you establish relationship? Ask, so she has to give an answer and leave her all responsibility for her answer. Trust her also to be resourceful from herself.

[I]. Isn’t there anything else you want to tell me today? I’m not at all sure that I should give it a try just now.

S. Why not now? I’ve nothing else to tell you today.

## 10. I. 1922[185]

[I]. I must speak to you and ask you whether you have something to tell me. I did as well as possible according to your guidelines. It was hard enough for me and had bad consequences which need to be taken into account. A sleepless night is no small thing.

S. But without such nothing true can be made.

[I]. I feel a pressure in my head when you say that. Why must such bad effects occur?

S. You should explain that yourself. I make no efforts here. It is nothing to do with knowledge, it's a happening. My task is something different. Things must become actual. I must see to that.

[I]. Have you anything to say to me in this regard?

S. No. Everything is going just as it should.

[I]. Are you lying?

S. Not as far as possible. I don't believe I'm lying at this time. By the way, you must realize that I've changed significantly compared to earlier. I no longer have reason to lie.

[I]. So can I put my quill down?

[S]. Yes.

## 13. I. 1922.[186]

[I]. Do you want to speak to me? Much is still unsettled and dark. Why do you excite my heart?

S. I don't do this, it comes from your work. Your feeling gets short-changed.

[I]. Can I change that?

S. Yes, you can, if you want to. You should have more of a say in your own matters. You should be able to prepare your book.[187]

[I]. But how can I make the necessary time for myself?

S. Only through recklessness.

[I]. How on earth?

S. Through discharging patients or setting restraints, as much as you can.

[I]. That's very hard for me.

S. You should be able to do precisely that. Learn[188] to save, that's good for you. You must be reckless, do you understand this? Otherwise you get nowhere. It is important that the book is tackled, because it is one of the necessary things, something that must take place.

[I]. Have you anything else to say to me? I'll see what I can do with my time.

S. No, I have nothing else to say to you today. At most: you should begin the bibliography of the literature this evening for the new book. Also you should, beginning next week, you should begin to collect dreams and give patients corresponding directions for preparation. After the bibliography of the literature you should try tomorrow to record all the dreams which you still recall as more or less important, and also ~~th~~ further thoughts that concern the theme. You should use the hours of 11–12 for this.

## 16. I. 1922.[189]

[I]. I have done what I could. But you know that my courage is broken. That is the difficulty that Toni causes me.

S. That is understandable. But why do you let yourself be affected by it? You cannot solve her problem. Only she can. Moreover, there is always tomorrow.

[I]. That is a cheap and unfeeling consolation!

S. Now, you are not primarily dealing with her as a person but as a soul daimon, who never frets about torture. Why does she collaborate with it? One can also handle it differently.

[I]. Are you not secretly involved in it?

S. Why[?] You would be more affected internally, if [96/97] I were in it. You know this from before.

[I]. Have you something to convey to me?

S. Yes, I'm thinking about the assignment that Toni has received from the Great Mother. It's underway now. Soon it will become clear.

[I]. But what is it going to be?

S. Not too bad. It must all be fulfilled.

[I]. But do you know what it is?

S. No. The Great Mother has told me no more than her message, which you already know. But there is nothing bad in it. Why are you so fearful? You don't yet know women and their particular gadflies. You should not let yourself be impressed, but go your way and fulfill what is presented to you. You can't eternally bog down in craziness brought on by daimons. Do what is yours. They should learn to do the same. So do it as well. You worry yourself much too much and consequently you delay. This compassion doesn't help. You have your work to do and your health to look after. You eat too much. Be moderate with meat. No more 2 portions, 1 bowl of soup. Can you stop smoking in the morning? Or cut back? 1 pipe is enough. Go to bed in good time. You are now in the feminine and have to obey.

## 17. I. 1922.[190]

[I]. I haven't obeyed you as much as I wanted to. I'm not yet free enough for that. I'm also oppressed by great weariness.

S. Yes, it's difficult. But cut back on your work. You have too many patients. You should have fewer.[191]

[I]. I'll try to do what I can. But I hardly have the strength for it. Where can I gain the strength to fulfill all this?

S. I'll give it to you. But you must fulfill my conditions.

[I]. What are they? Before I promise anything.

S. You needn't be so mistrustful. Nothing impossible is demanded from you. But it's difficult to get these

conditions across to you. Won’t you wait until you are stronger, that is, less tired?

[I]. No, I want to know them now, so that there is light and I can find my way.

S. So listen: you have grown older, your strength is no longer what it was. Therefore simplify. Become simple. You give too much. You can be more sober. Leave the greater burden to others.

[I]. But what are your terms for granting me strength?

S. How can I rightly say, if you’re so tired? Rest yourself and come again.

## 27. I. 1922.[192]

[I]. Why are all these things so dark and bleak?

S. Because everything is a process of change. The times that previously were have become old and strive for new order. That’s why everything is dark. Gloomy for you, but alive and active within.

[I]. But what should happen? Where does the change of fate lead? Is there no message that you could read me?

S. None. The former has not yet been fulfilled and the way to fulfilment is full of torment.

[I]. Tell me, is my manner of acting and letting be somewhere incorrect? Why did you deprive me of sleep?

S. I didn’t deprive you. You deprived yourself through your injustice. Don’t you see that the parting is inevitable? For your sake and her sake.[193] The measure of suffering is full and the light of joy and life is burnt out. Another light is to be found elsewhere.

[I]. Is there no escape?

S. No, this fate is not to be overcome. A miracle? You’re thinking of a miracle? I can’t see any.

[I]. So look around, gather all your visionary’s strength, reach through even the eternal darkness ~~and~~ for the sake of human suffering.

S. I will for your sake, but the gigantic cloud of eternal night is awful. I see a yellow shining stroke from the top left of this cloud in the irregular shape of a streak of lightning, and behind it an indeterminate reddish light in the cloud. It does not move. Beneath the cloud I see a dead black serpent and the lightning stuck in its head like a spear. A hand, as large as that of a God, has thrown the spear and everything has frozen into a gloomy vivid image. What is it trying to say? Do you recall that image that you painted years ago, in which the black and red man with the black and white serpent is struck by the ray of God?[194] This image is connected to it, since you also later painted the dead serpent,[195] and did you not behold a gloomy image this morning, of that man in a white robe with a black face, like a mummy?

[I]. What is all this?

S. An image of yourself.

[I]. But what is meant?

S. How shall I interpret it to you? It hangs deep in the dark cloud. Who can tear it out?

[I]. I say unto you once more, gather your strength, your fly's boldness,[196] your visionary's defiance. Tonight's miserable suffering is too deep. Grasp the root of the mystery, as you've already done so often. You must.

S. My hand does not have the strength of the Gods. It can force daimons but [97/98] not Gods, and truly a God sent this fate.

[I]. Then there will also be a divine good in it, since Gods cannot just be devils. What kind of God?

S. Truly a God of ore, a servant of the Great Mother. What man would be able to compete with the love and the severity of the Mother? That is the gruesomeness of the eternal Mother. You overcome the Mother only through submission.

[I]. But what submission does it require?, to solve this mystery?

S. First you should paint the image that stands before your eyes today. It will bewitch your nature. But the Mother is in your nature, she is the Mother.

[I]. I will do this. (Image executed).[197]

I have painted the image. What do you say now?

S. I saw it. So it is. What should I say? Your arts leave me cold.

[I]. What does that mean? It sounds like before. Should you arrogate something to yourself again?

S. Why not?

[I]. Has the image granted you treacherous power?

S. The power you wanted.

[I]. I wanted to give you power so that you could give me light in this hellish darkness.

S. Do you believe that you could get light for yourself through magic?

[I]. I don't want to bewitch you. The image is entitled: The end of the magician. Do you understand this?

S. Whether I understand it? Better than you, it seems to me. That's why your magic leaves me cold.

[I]. You fool, I didn't want to bewitch you, but myself. Why do you make this damned confusion?

S. This perplexity is necessary. Everything must be mixed up together—

[I]. So that you can be above and play the vampire?

S. No, no, no. You don't understand. It has to be an end.

[I]. What do you mean by that? Speak clearly.

S. The disorder makes an end. It comes first and last. However, there must be a new day.

[I]. What can you do about this this, impotent daimon?

S. I can only look.

[I]. But what do you then hide behind your ambiguity?

S. All the severity that befalls you.

[I]. Do you then see no hope?

S. Hope, yes—but beyond the chaos. It's not me sitting on you, but stark actuality. I can't bring salvation, but you can. You must make order patiently. Actuality against actuality. You must defend your life. Go to your work, step by step, and do not let yourself be disturbed. You will find the strength. Don't let off. Take up the next book, do your duty. Close your eyes and ears. Look at your image. There is unconcern in agony. Agony, that is your actuality. The primordial man lived and died. He has given you everything that the past could give you. Now you must create the present and build the future. The future will be created. The past lived. It outlived itself. What evidence is still needed? Your complaint changes nothing.[198]

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## 25. XII. 1922.[199]

[I]. Your voice called me. You have disturbed my sleep. You came to me in the middle of the night and attacked me with fear. You are not my soul. Or are you? Answer.

S. It's not me, faithless one, I was kept waiting by you for so long, and yet I stood with you the whole time and gave you more than a warning these last days. And still you have hesitated. Are you finally listening?

[I]. So speak, who is it that robs me of sleep, coming in the middle of the night, like a lost stranger, or like a thief? [98/99]

S. Here he stands, one greater than you. Foreign and yet known.

I. I can't see him.

S. He is decorated with green wreaths, almost naked and half-draped in loose silk.

[I]. How should I make him out? Who are you?

He. One whom you overcame.

[I]. Are you my friend, my much loved one? Did the heart of Africa release you? How did you find the way through northern clouds?[200]

He. I had to come, the time was ripe, the conditions have been fulfilled. I have come to be with you.

I. What do you want to say? How are you going to be with me? You, whom I don't see, whom fear proceeds, the terror of death, nocturnal anxiety and sinister forebodings? What do you bring so suddenly, you long awaited and unanticipated one?

He. I bring the gold, the golden heart of the world.

I. What do your words mean? Gold is deceptive. Has the word not already deceived?

He. Don't be surprised. You thought that you knew me, because you saw my beauty in dreams, as you slept blissfully under the silver moon of Africa. But you don't know me. You saw one of my coverings, a mortal appearance that I borrowed from you. ~~xx~~ As you can't see me, so you can't make out my form. Your soul made a song about me, since she is a woman. What you may always grasp of me is appearance. My words are appearance, borrowed from the chambers [99/100] of your speech. The golden heart of the world is an appearance, something radiant or shining like gold, like a sun of the world. I come from the heart of the world, I am the heart of the world, I am radiance, not light. I cover myself in solstices, my robe is time, and time is my appearance. I am unable to appear to you without appearance, Oh teacher of the black letters!

I. ~~You spea,~~ Oh, you speak of the book, that I forced you to read[201]—a teacher, who should learn from his own children!—it was not I, noble master, who raised himself and was presumptuous. It was a dream vision gifted to me, a gift of heaven, that fell to me that night from the middle of the fourfold division of the world, when I saw the starry

heaven of the eternal desert for the first time. Yes, what nights! I wasn't presumptuous, a dream from unknown eternity was. I longed for you, my most beautiful friend, in all cold and foggy darknesses, in all the confusion and sickness of Europe. Yet you were far and only once did I hear a distant message from you.

Yes, I have seen your true divine beauty; I didn't do it from the hubris of my imagination, but the dream from [100/101] the foreign heaven showed it to me. My eye was truly unworthy, my understanding, dull. I believed that I had seen you, but I saw only your appearance, and I didn't know this. ~~Not~~

I didn't teach you from myself, from my hubris, but the dream sent from the heaven of the Gods showed it to me.

I didn't teach you my wisdom, but I taught you from a book that I found on the carpet, the red carpet of your ~~house~~ chamber. It lay in your house. The book didn't belong to me. It was precious and more beautifully written than I could ever write. I never saw more delicate, whiter parchment than this, never was there a blacker ink than that which the book was written with. It was indeed an old book, and it spoke a language which wasn't my language, but one more beautiful and perfect than there truly has been on earth. And how could I have taught you, if that dream hadn't shown it, that thrice blessed dream, that truly flowed to me from the heart of the world.

He. Stop, it was truly you who was elevated to the radiance, because you overcame me. Have you ever understood that?

I. Never. My understanding was puny and couldn't even get to a question. And whatever I [101/102] wanted to say to myself about it was hollow and stale. Noble one, you know it better, so teach me.

He. Do you believe that I have come to teach you? Didn't the dream show you that you had to teach me as a youth,

ignorant of wisdom? Didn’t it say that I am the ignorant one, since you had to be the teacher?

I. What do I have to teach you from my poverty?

He. Appearance thirsts for content. What is appearance, when it is not mirrored on bodies?

I. Oh, you speak in riddles that I can’t make out. I fear that a king is the guest of a beggar. What can I offer you? What is your wish?

He. I would like to be taught by you.

I. Who are you, that I could teach you? You call yourself the heart of the world. How can I speak to the heart of the world, I, a poor man, who sits in the cover of darkness?

He. Speak to me and you speak to the heart of the world.

I. But what should I say to you, my beloved, whom one night gave to me and robbed? You have returned to me invisible, truly beautiful beyond all measure; Oh, if I had the vision of my soul! Perhaps I would then find the words to speak to you. [102/103]

He. Spell it out, teach me. I don’t know. Tell me who I am.

I. How should I know that?

He. What use is my light, if it does not illumine you? But it illumines you and you will not be able to contain your words, since my appearance betrays them. Don’t ~~xx~~ hold back. Express what darkness and poverty taught you, express what you found from errancy in eternal clouds and what you brought back from long wandering. Don’t be afraid of your words. I came to you at midnight, I disturbed your speech, I demanded entrance, I wanted instruction, as the dream that came to you from the depths of the world taught ~~xx~~ you. Talk to me and I will listen to your words. You’ve overcome me and made me willing.

Dream:

Castagnola.[202] Night. 1 o'clock.

## 2/3 I. 1923[203]

[I]. Oh my soul, what summons me at midnight? What fear stalks my sleep and shatters it with the captain's command?

S. Why do you hesitate? Quick, here, your master is there.[204] Terrible is his beauty. Was death ever lovelier? Truly, he is more beautiful than death. I can't describe him —this light—what is it? It isn't fire—it's the glow of the dead. Risen—that is the word.

I. Yes, I feel him. He fills me with ~~unn~~ unspeakable feelings. What is it? Dread? Or is it melancholy, looking back, recollection of pain, [103/104] fear? Who are you? Give me a word.

[He]: I am the man you overcame.

[I]. Is it you? I would like to call you "the most beautiful," but this word remains stuck in my throat. How can I call you beautiful? I can't see you, I don't know your form. You radiate an unspeakable dread.

[He]: I come from those who don't speak. I've seen your two dogs who are dead. And both still love you. I brought them your scent. The big one didn't recognize me initially, but then, as he had breathed in your scent, he embraced me. I also saw your human dead. I saw your father. The pallor of death and sleep still covered him. I come from the land of the dead, where all light is white, like moonlight on snow.

[I]. Is that probably the dread that shrouds you? Why, Oh friend, were you with the dead?

[He]. I wander, if you don't stop me. I am a wanderer. Wasn't I also with living friends of yours, who are far away?

[I]. But are you gasping so indescribably uncannily, so dangerously?

[He]. I went and I always go to the edge of the world, where death and life meet, sometimes, and just now I was

entirely with the dead. Don’t forget what I said to you: I appear and always [104/105] need a shroud. This time I veiled myself in death.

[I]. Why, you incomprehensible one, did you do that?

[He]. Why? Have you no idea? Tell me, why did I do it?

[I]. “It’s impossible that you wouldn’t know! The ~~xx~~ meaning is given to you. You know what you’re doing. How else, then, can you speak?[”]

[He]. “Am I speaking then? I only seem to be speaking. I sheathe myself in speech. Then it is so or then I’m speaking.[”]

[I]. “But how are you then?[”]

[He]. “I wander and I change the sheaths. ~~xx~~ Just now I was with the dead and the shroud of death cloaked me. Now I’m with you and I appear to you in words. I ~~xx~~ shroud myself, it seems to me, in your speech.[”]

[I]. “But why do you do this? Why do you go to the dead and then come to me and fill me with the dread and scent of death? Why did you seek my dogs and why my father?[”]

[He]. “Because seeking you, and not finding you among the dead, I found you sleeping. ~~xx~~ I also found other sleeping living beings. Why do you all sleep, are you sometimes half dead?[”]

[I]. “It almost seems like that. But tell me—it’s exasperating—why don’t you know all this? Or why is it then that you don’t know all this? Why don’t you know that men sleep? Why do you seek me among the dead, given that I am still someone living?[”]

[He]. “How should I know that? I told you, I don’t even know who I am, since nothing stops [105/106] me from being everything. I can sheathe myself in everything, be nothing and yet appear as everything. How ~~shou~~ could I then know who I am? Tell me, you seem to exist, no, you do, and therefore you must know. Only those who exist can know, since whoever is, is just so, and thus cannot be different. He can and must therefore know the other. Since

I can be everything, I cannot know, because I am neither just so nor different.[”]

[I]. “But, nevertheless, you are? Or do you have the feeling as if you really were not?[”]

[He]. “Certainly I am, so to speak, however I seem rather to appear than to be. I can also veil myself in either being or non-being, since your words can express these apparent properties. I don’t know whether such properties exist. I only know that I can conform to them.[”]

[I]. “But if I told you who you are—if I could actually do this—and it ~~accords~~ would be correct, what would then happen? Then you would know who you are, and then you would be so and not otherwise, since you would be ~~xx~~ determined.[”]

[He]. “Yes, that is exactly what I seek. If you could correctly tell me who I am, then you would have captured me and made into this such and such. You would have overcome me a second time, and that’s what I’m seeking. How long, how endlessly long did I stand as if in a dream ~~xx~~ at [106/107] the gate of my castle and waited for the friend who would break into my abode like an enemy. And he never wanted to come and tell me who I am. You came there, a stranger, and your manner seemed hostile. You went over the bridge and walked through the doorway, as if you were stepping into your own house ~~xx~~. From this I recognized you as the one who could overcome me and free me from being able to be everything to having to be only this. You managed to defeat me, but it needed the courage of despair. And now I approach you again—Oh, I understand that this is why you sought—I came at you lowering, threatening with the menace of death, there is the danger, the uncanniness that you sense and that you sought to fathom—I know, I understand, therefore I covered myself in the stench of death, in the whiteness that is whiter than any deathly pallor—this scares the living in their bones. Now I know. Good that I know ~~it~~, why I did it.

Now I understand why I veiled myself in death—to scare you, you living one, who slept and did not tell me who I am. Surely you still haven't told me who I am, but you have shown me why I do something. You see, you know, you can do a lot. You have already shown me a way. If one knows why one does something one is already truly on the way to discovering what one is. Or isn't that so? I have come to hear you tell me who I am. I know that you know me and can overcome me and my [107/108] unknowing. I know that you can read the book in which it is written, what it is, that one is not. Don't forget me, I'm waiting.["]

[I]. "Youth, you set me a difficult task. But you shall find me ready. The stench of death has scared me. But a being like you, that doesn't even know whether it actually is or just appears to be, is not very convincing—or, for example, an animal—maybe it too doesn't know its actual or apparent existence—it will hardly imagine itself as an armadillo or rattlesnake—which strips from it nothing of its ~~xx~~ harmlessness or unpleasantness—but now, I must add that your actuality, despite your ignorance about yourself, is something that cannot be denied. But I beg you, don't ~~xx~~ push, give me time. This is a difficult task."]

[He.] "I'm not pushing, knower. But keep your eye fixed on the question that lies before you. No harm will come to you as you exert yourself."]

[I]. "My soul, here lies a difficult task. Although I have gained time, I'm no nearer the solution. I have the feeling that I'll be needing you. Take this matter to heart. Look into all the depths of the beyond, ~~xx~~ perhaps you will find counsel there."]

## 3. I. 1923.[205]

[I]. In the distress and affliction of this time, Oh my soul, you must truly refrain from all moods and infidelities. It is a great work that you must partake in. [108/109]

S. I understand. I am here. What is your desire?

[I]. I have no desire, but I'll give you my opinion. Let's get to work. What do you have to say to me about the foreign guest, my friend, the dark one?

S. I'm as baffled as you. But I can see him.

[I]. So describe him. Perhaps it will give us a lead. Is he here?

S. No, he's gone. I don't know where. When he leaves, it's as if he had never been present. ~~Philemon~~ Completely different than Philemon or Ka. Their being always lets one guess where they are to be found. Even when they disappear, one still feels that they are somewhere. But he, when he leaves, is no more. It's as if he were above ~~being~~ being and non-being. It seems that he can be and not be.[206] What is beyond being and non-being?

[I]. I will think this over. It seems to supply a hint. But go on describing him.

S. When I saw him for the first time, he was of terrifying beauty—a true God. Picture Dionysus with all the force of your imagination. That will give you a faint idea. The second time, he was completely different, again beautiful, inexpressibly beautiful, but of phosphorescent deathly pallor, the appearance of the full moon on snow, eyes shining ~~the~~ like the great stars on a winter's night. He was transparent, completely surrounded by a luminous white wrinkled coat, ~~xx~~ like a wisp. A terrible death frost surrounded him. Good that you did not see him. Words would have frozen on your tongue. He seemed to be the ~~final~~ innermost meaning and the ~~xx~~ ~~final~~ true quintessence of eternal death. [109/110]

[I]. Peculiar—how should I interpret this? You asked earlier: what is beyond being and non-being? That seems to be of the essence. The demiurge is being and non-being,[207] since he is the fullness and the emptiness.[208] But beyond being and non-being is the inconceivable Pleroma, without

qualities. Could he be something pleromatic? You know, a dream that I dreamt in Africa revealed his “existence.” Why did I ~~ha~~ have to have this dream in Africa? The great impression was that unforgettable night in the desert, where I saw the χ[209] for the first time and understood the Platonic myth.[210] In the zenith, ~~where~~ there was a large radiant planet exactly at the intersection. This image struck me as an expression of the mystery of individuation. Four days later I had the dream that was one of the greatest experiences of my life.[211] Should it be the self, that inconceivable essence, which is greater than I and of which we do not even know if it is human, humanlike, or finally not at all comparable to man? Philemon taught me that the self is the Pleroma, a part and yet the whole.[212] He calls himself appearance, that can be everything or nothing. That is pleromatic—~~a~~ in contrast to Abraxas. What do you think about this?

S. That seems good to me. But how is it conceivable that the Pleroma manifests?

[I]. That the Pleroma is nothing other than appearance is ~~lo~~ logical, since Abraxas is effect, and therefore effective and therefore actuality. That it appeared in such a humanlike form is for me [110/111] certainly unexpected beyond measure, and also something that completely exceeds my understanding for the moment. I can’t make this out. His desire ~~xx~~ to let himself be overcome and determined is completely dark to me.[213] What does it mean that the Pleroma would like to become something determinate?

~~S.~~

Castagnola.

5. I. 1923.[214]

[I]. Verily, he came again in the middle of the night. I heard his shrill, terrible whistle, when he whistled to the great bloodhound, who hurried to fulfill his master's wish like an arrow whirring arrow from a bow. Truly, Oh my soul, he is here. His nearness is hideous. My eyes can't make him out. Tell me, whose countenance do you see? Whose form?

S. Verily, you have spoken correctly—he's really here. I tremble, I heard the piercing, gruesome whistle. That is He. He is a mighty hunter, a hunter of men. How should I describe him, the strong one? He breaks all human arts into two with lightning hammer from a dark cloud,—no human eye can see him. But when he whistles, his pack suddenly ride up, drawing each bow, the spear hits its target, hissing and crashing. A lord of men, who is like his hounds, he chases them trembling before him, made cruel from anguish, obedient in the fear of death. [111/112]

[I]. What mighty one do you describe? I really feel the terror of his invisible presence. Tell me, will he speak to me? Why does his appearance spread fright, he who was my friend?

S. He will speak to you. He has laid the cruel bow on the ground and sheathed his flashing sword. He is a red-haired bearded man, his body and his feet are wrapped in animal skins. His eyes shine with the light of the Gods and his countenance has the marble pallor of the Godhead. Yes, his gaze is fixed, it cannot be reached by human arts. He clucks softly with his tongue and the terror shoots up, as if you stepped on a poisonous serpent. A master—everyone is an unquestioning follower—since—who would even think of resisting? Hold your tongue, what would you dare utter in his presence? He is a mighty one—what fearful riddles has he brought us! He will speak to you, but don't speak first. He doesn't look at you. He speaks softly from afar. You can't hear him. He still hasn't turned your way. He addresses the far-off dawn—devising the gory work of the

hunt—his hounds stand tense—who wants to resist his pack? His gruesome whistle freezes the blood, and each of his hounds carries [112/113] a whole man like a rabbit to its master's feet.[215] What does he say to the dawn? Verily a master, a mighty one, a terror before whom every question dies. Now he looks toward you, indifferently according to the manner of a true God and says to you:

He: Are you the one who overcame me? Can you laugh? No, you can't. Because you don't understand how it was possible for you to overcome me, and yet you did it once—once and for all. Can you tell me what this singularity meant? What did it mean that you overcame me? And what do I mean? Divine me and tell me who I am, you overcomer!

[I]. You are verily a God, before whom everything wretched in us feebly falls into the dust. You are a master, a mighty one, attended by fright, before whom everyone waits on each of your signs with mortal fear, with pricked-up ears, trembling like hounds, the human pack awaits you. You are indubitably a God, a death terror would lame me if I spoke otherwise. The terror emanating from you loosens bound tongues and compels true speech. Who dared to play before you and dissemble? How could I once have overcome you? I can't understand how that was possible. But a true dream told me that I did it.[216] Yes, I have overcome a God without knowing it. [113/114]

He: You could do this because you didn't know it. Yet tell me, what is a God? What do you call a God?

[I]. God is the almighty being, before whom there is no escape.[217] One falls to the ground in speechless horror. Nobody calls obedience into question. One is captivated by his power. He who hears his whistle, his blood is frozen. No one calls obedience into question. The master of such a terror is truly a God and that you are, even if you are an apparition. What difference does it make, whether an

apparition is clothed in the mantle of a God or an actual being? Who dares here to toy with a gold scale? No one thinks whether it is appearance or actuality. A faint click of your tongue is enough, Oh hunter of men!

He. Tell me, overcomer, what does it mean that you have overcome a God?

[I]. It wasn't a sacrilege, or something unwitting, it was the only thing I could do, since I had to defend my life, even if a God attacked. And apparently you wanted to spare me, otherwise you could have killed me easily. I was then sick from an illness that had claimed the lives of many, but it quickly and easily went away. I am aware that you saved me. Indeed you wanted to test my courage and determination. Thus I interpret the overcoming to you: I couldn't and didn't want [114/115] to leave you in a state of the deepest unknowing. You must learn wisdom, since what is a king with power only and no wisdom? Isn't his power badly directed, if it lacks wisdom?

He. You have divined well. What do you call wisdom?

[I]. I call wisdom right action coming from right thought.[218]

He. That is well said. Yet what is right?

[I]. What is right is what is in accord with the whole, and the whole leads to greater life.

He. That is also well spoken. I have promised you, overcomer, that I will learn. My power needs wisdom. But why does a God born without wisdom still have power? Interpret this to me!

[I]. I told you, God is the overpowering being. Wisdom is the opposite, it is mild, it is never violent, it does not shatter, nobody feels fear and grovels before it in the dust. Because a God is a great power, he mostly lacks wisdom. So it is.

He. This is well spoken, but I don't like what you said. Should wisdom destroy power? Answer!

[I]. Wisdom destroys unjust power and gives right form to right power.

He. You have put this well, overcomer!

S. He leaves, he has turned his countenance away, he hunts for black clouds over the mountain—truly a God, who aroused no suspicion in us. [115/116]

[I]: I believe, my soul, that he first emerged not too long ago. How could you and how could I know? One never knows the inconceivable. Despite the fact that we have spoken for years of a God who is to come,[219] when he came, he was shockingly new. I confess that I'm as shocked as you, stunned—a God of fear and ruthless obedience, a fool with a lightning hammer, who would have thought it! But a man, a master, a mighty one! It's a pleasure to obey him.

1 o'clock, night, Castagnola.

## ~~6/7~~ 7/8. I. 1923.[220]

My soul, help me and tell me, did you see him?

S. ~~xx~~ Yes, I saw him in a new and unexpected form. Did I not say he ~~xx~~ hastened away to the mountains? From there he comes in the form of a boy at puberty, whose first growth of beard had yet to appear. A sickness torments him, his back hurts and he seeks help. Shyness won't let him speak, so you should speak to him first.

[I]. Listen, my son, you have taken the form of my son,[221] truly I saw it in a dream. Your eye is full of unconsciousness. A sickness disturbs you, your sleep is light. What are you suffering from?

He: I suffer from my back. A rash has seized my skin; it burns me and the pain takes sleep from me. Give me a salve, an ointment, to stop the burning.

[I]. Your sickness is peculiar, my son. How can I give you an ointment if I don't know when and how your sickness arose? Tell me, [116/117] how did your sickness begin?

He. It seems to me that it began a few days ago. A dream must have brought it on.

A bad dream, a dream of the night, dreamt around midnight.

[I]. What did the evil dream say, and how did it make you sick?

He: I dreamt of hunting with great hounds,
A wolf fur from mangy wolves hung on my shoulder.
I held a spear in my hand,
A sword with a wide blade hung on my belt.
I hastened into the mountains, to the cloud forest,
Where bears live, bears with cubs,
I wanted to bring a young one to me to play with,
They are beautiful, woolly, funny, I wanted to lead it on the leash.
Then came the sickness from the mangy wolf fur.
I didn’t know that the wolf was mangy, no one told me.
How will you heal my illness?

[I]. Your sickness has come from the dream.
An evil dream has brought sickness to you.
You wore a mangy wolf fur in a dream,
When you wanted to hunt bears with hounds,
When you wanted to pick up a young one for sport.
Now listen, I will interpret to you what happened: [117/118]
It was a spirit wolf that your father slew.
A spirit wolf, with poisonous sickness living in its skin.
It wasn’t a yellow, ordinary wolf,
Who howls in the snow forests and roams hungrily in the winter night.
It was a spirit wolf, and these bring sickness to men.
It happens from revenge for their death, since they always want to live.
They hunger until they find men and only human flesh feeds them.
Their mange comes from this.

He: My thanks! You took away the burning by chanting the sickness.

Yet tell me, how can a ~~xx~~ dream bring me sickness?

I didn’t wear the wolf fur on my physical body,

It came only at night, it was a dream image.

How can a dream image make me sick?

[I]. My son,

No ordinary dream has seized you.

You weren’t sleeping in your arms while you saw a nocturnal image.

You yourself went to the mountain with lance and sword.

Covered yourself with the mangy wolf fur.

Scared wanderers and [118/119] animals with whistling and yelling.

Slung a real hide on your shoulder,

You were your own father, the red-beard, the hunter of wolves and men.

Sickness came to you from this, my boy.

You wore the skin of your father.

He: Yes, I saw you, doctor, you spoke to me.

Clever words came from your mouth and reached my ear.

What did you utter: wisdom? How could I forget!

Appearance itself has carried me. It was no dream.

Never, wise man, will I again wear the hide of the wolf.

I have come to know how one is tied to the other.

Because I put on the skin of my father,

Because I hung the hide of the wolf on my shoulder,

Because I scared wanderers and animals with whistling and yelling,

Illness came stealthily from behind.

Thank you, you have chanted my illness,

The skin is smooth, all burning gone.

~~xx~~ You spoke of wisdom? I have become wiser.

## 9. I. 1923.[222]

Tuesday evening 6.40 my mother died in Küsnacht, Seestrasse 177.[223]

Pulmonary and cerebral embolism. Almost 75 years old. The agony was short. 2 seizures. She died on the 2nd. Her last words were: “Oh God, make it short!”

## 12. I. 23.[224]

This evening I slept a bit at 6 o’clock. Before sleeping I suddenly saw the face of my father, very vividly. He smiled and seemed to be in a very good mood. [119/120]

At 11 o’clock at night on the same day before sleeping I saw my mother, somewhat as I saw her in the coffin, floating upward out of the darkness, her head slightly bent back, her eyes closed, as if sleeping or in a swoon, but living inside. My father stood right next to her, smiling, in another state, he looked at her smilingly.

~~xx 1922~~ 8/9 January 1923 I dreamt that my father had returned from a long journey. I thought, now for once he can come into my house and see my family, whom he never knew. But he wanted to consult me concerning his marriage and I had to explain to him the psychological relationship in marriage.[225]

## 21. I. 1923.[226]

[I]. I have nothing to say from myself. Speak! What have you got to say? All sorts of things seem to happen that I cannot grasp.

S. Much is going on. Disorder has arisen through the death of your mother. Her spirit spurred us to create.

[I]. Why am I so unbearably tired?

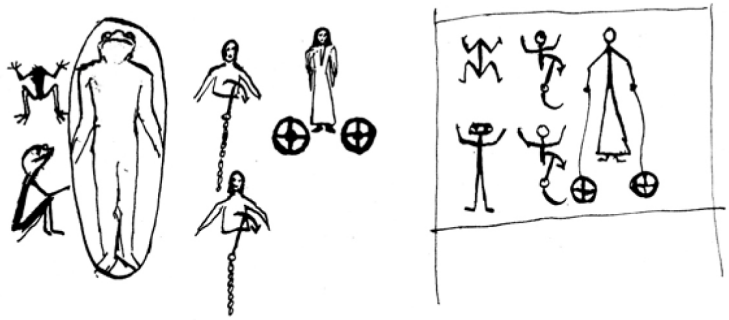
S. Because the burden is difficult.

[I]. Speak clearly. You hold back.

S. I can’t. Nothing flows. Everything is frozen since the death of your mother. And God himself is in the darknesses.

## 23/24. XII. 1923.[227]

Finally, a dream!



## 25. XII. 1923.[228]

Text of the dream: I am on military service. Marching with a battalion. In a wood by Ossingen[229] I come across excavations at a crossroads: 1 meter high stone figure of a frog or a toad without a head. Behind this sits a boy with a toad’s head. Then the bust of a man with an anchor hammered into the region of his heart, Roman. A second bust from around 1640, the same motif. Then mummified corpses. Finally there comes [120/121] a barouche in the style of the XVII century. In it sits someone who is dead, but still alive. She turns her head, when I address her as “Miss”; I am aware that “Miss” is a title of nobility. [121/121a]

## 8/9 II 1924.[230]

They came in the night. Many in an invisible horde. They drifted past my house. I woke up when they went past. I went out to see and didn’t know where they came from and where they were going. They came from the East and wandered to the West. On both sides they streamed past

my house. I heard them stumble over the big stones. Peoples of the future, unborn dead. Wherefrom and whereto? Don’t you want to stop? What do you seek? Are you seeking the word? Stop, here is Philemon’s temple, a cabin that covers our poverty of spirit.[231] What can I give you? No great utterance, only silence and a whisper of the inexpressible, which came to pass. A mouth of mine unfit to speak of or even to cry out what has come to pass. A certitude that something has come to pass, and a not-knowing of what has come to pass. Would you like to sit at this humble table? And have a meal with me, in silence, perhaps the walls will speak, perhaps it will speak from the fire, perhaps the stones will whisper something to you? From whom? You don’t know him, since he is not to be grasped, the supremely great one that passed by and robbed me of speech. And therefore I have to stammer to you and you will laugh [121a/b] and, alas—not understand what happened. And yet he stood near us, so near, so tangible as never before. He spoke to me, he filled me with the breath of eternity. Why did he choose a stutterer? Why should I announce him? The Gods sit down with the beggars, they come as guests to the hungry and celebrate the divine meal on empty tables[232] I am transformed by this, isolated, silent. No words can express what happened, what filled me. [121b/121]

## 16 Nov. 1926[233]

The years go by. I have been to Africa, seeking.[234] Whom? Probably him, the unknown one, the God or the fate-fortifying one. I didn’t find him there. What does the voice say? I never found him outside. Good, then I come back. Was this a voice? Should my soul not have become silent? Have you not become silent? Hasn’t everything flowed into outer fate? Speak to me again!

S. You are held outside.

[I]. Yes, that I am, and must it not be so?

S. What must be?

[I]. It is so. Better if you give me light, where I don't see —or let me dream.

## 4 Dec. 1926[235]

Only now do I see that the dream of 23/24 XII 1923 means the death of the anima ("She does not know that she is dead"). This coincides with the death of my mother.[236]

After 16 ~~XII~~ XI had a regressive incestuous dream with destructive symbols. The attempt to go to the anima was apparently misguided. Had [121/122] bad results. Since the death of my mother, the A. [Anima] has fallen silent. Meaningful![237]

## 22/23 XI 1926.[238]

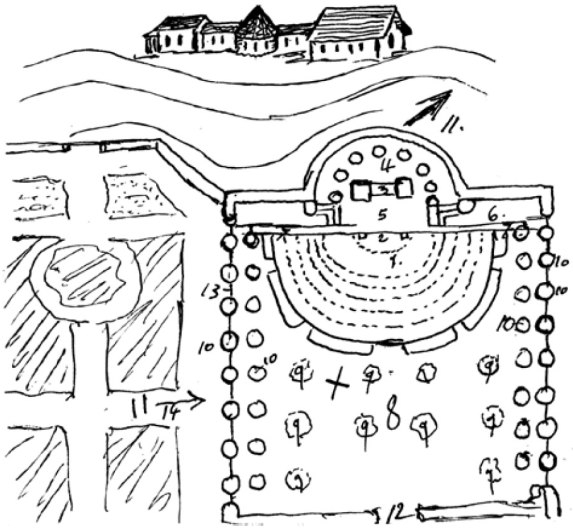
Dr[eam]. The husband of Mrs. Reichstein[1)] suddenly died. Consequently, she went mad. But I receive a letter from her from which it is clear to me that she has insight into the symbolism of her disturbance and that she is not really mad.

[1)] Presently pregnant. Was concerned how she would take the pregnancy. On 23 November she didn't come to the session, instead a mentally ill pregnant woman came to us with her nurse by mistake.[239] She really wanted to go to Dr. Brunner[240]—

On 30 XII Mrs. R. again didn't come.

## 20/21 XI 1926[241]

Dr[eam]. I see a ~~xx~~ view of a Swiss "church" drawn by me. Then a magnificent temple in a wonderful area:



1.) Recessed theater
2.) Door to crypt?
3.[)] Altar
4.[)] Apse
5.[)] Raised platform in front of the altar
6.[)] ~~From~~ Slightly recessed side entrance behind a wall (7.)
8.[)] Open carpeted room with orange, red and green painted Chinese lanterns (9.)
10.[)] Double row of columns of yellow marble
11.[)] Outlook from the mound to a gloriously blue sea
12.[)] Entrance. 13.[)] High windows
[122/123]

I play childish games with a few women (X). There are more than 100 people in lively, joyful mood there. From 14 → comes Aunt Sophie and Ernst Fiechter[1)].[242] Am disappointed and interrupt my play. Find it awkward that he sees my beautiful temple[2)] and envies it.

1.) Banal, compromise with the world. Small bourgeois horizon. Ernst Fiechter died in 1947. Aunt Sophie several years earlier at an advanced age.[243]
2). It is only in heaven. Reading of the spiritual books. Is it really so? Will the dream of childhood, beauty and wisdom become true somewhere?
~~xx~~

## 3/4 Dec. 1926.[244]



Dr[eam]. Snow has fallen.[1)·] I wander (around Stuttgart[2)]). Encounter enormous footsteps in the snow. The animal must have galloped, deep furrows in the snow

~~of~~ like a snow plough. Rhinoceros[3)]? Hardly possible. Hippopotamus[4] from the zoo or menagerie? Larger than a hippo or than an elephant[5]. The animal must have been afraid.[6]

1.) This morning there was actually snow.
2. [)] Naturalist's cabinet.
3.) Africa.
4. [)] "
5. [)] Mammoth.
6. [)] Doesn't fit in the surroundings and not in the time. Is anything like that in me? E. Schlegel dreamt of an elephant and related it to me.[245] She was also in the dream, also Toni, very clear. A strange animal[246]—so must I appear to many. People have difficulty [123/124] understanding me. Mammoth = enormous power—Elephant tracks. See Tripitaka. Track of the Buddha.[247]

## 2/3 XII. 1926.[248]

Dr[eam]. Attempt to model a bust of a man[1.)] from melted cow fat[2.)], white. Have anxiety of not finishing on time[3.)], have to show it.

1.) Once made a small bust of a man, very dark but astonishingly good. Broken.
2.) Meyrink, Golem "A stone, that looked like fat.["][249] Ectoplasm.[250]
3.[)] My work. Will my lifetime be enough to present myself?

## 9. 1. 1927.[251]

H. Sigg died.[252] Important dreams.

In June 1926 I dreamt: I am with Hermann Sigg in a car journey on Lake Geneva. We drive from Lausanne, direction Vevey.[253] But Vevey is Luxor and we are on the Nile.[254] Arriving at the "place de la ville" [town square], H. S. says: "I must let something be repaired on the car. It will last about one hour. Meanwhile, you can go for a walk. We will then meet at the Eastern exit of the town (Direction: Montreux[255])." I have a stroll in the town and wait for H. S. after an hour at the appointed place. But he doesn't arrive. I take the main road again to see if he was waiting further in front. Suddenly a car stops behind me. It is H. S. He is angry. "but you can actually wait for me and do not need to run away from me.["]

As I considered the dream, it occurred to me that Luxor lies on the left bank of the Nile, and not like Vevy on the right of Lake Geneva (direction of the Rhone). On the right bank of the Nile lies the Necropolis.[256]

On 26 December I went with H. S. in the boat toward Bollingen. It was night when we arrived at the lake causeway. Since I wanted to unrig the mast, I gave him the rudder and warned him not to deviate from the course on the white light. Suddenly there was a bang. He had destroyed the propeller at a navigational mark. He went in the wrong direction. I was very surprised at this, since he knew the correct way. On the night of 29/30 XII [124/124a] I dreamt: a dark, sinister street in a poor part of a large town. I am alone. A man with a dog comes to meet me. The dog attacks and I draw my large knife, to protect myself. I take the dog by its head and notice that the skull bones move. I think "fracture" and have compassion for the animal. The man (unknown) comes closer swaying and murmurs something. I don't know, is he drunk or sick?

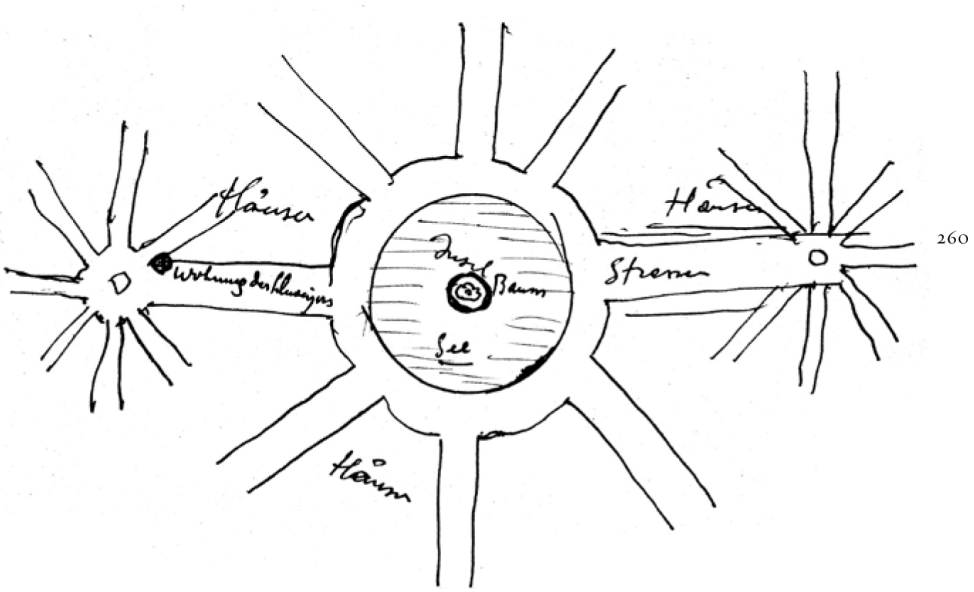
The day before H. S. went back home again. He was preoccupied and depressed. Otherwise I noticed nothing. The dream told me that something organic was wrong with him. I went straight to the house and examined him: aniscoria![257] Progressive paralysis. His wife was aware that he once had a syphilitic infection. He had carefully concealed this from me. I took him to Dr. Brunner.

~~2 I.~~

## 2 I 1927[258]

Dream: Two Ogres, one light, the other dark. The light one wants to attack me.

In the same night: I am with several young Swiss in Liverpool, down by the docks. It is a dark rainy night, with smoke and clouds. We walk up to the upper part of town, which lies on a plateau. We come to a small circular lake in a centrally located garden. In the middle of this there is an island. The men speak of a Swiss who lives here in such a sooty, dark dirty city. But I see that on the island stands a magnolia tree covered with red flowers illuminated by an eternal sun, and think, “Now I know why this Swiss fellow lives here. He apparently also knows why.”[259] [124a/b] I see the city map:




260

On 9 I 1927 H. Sigg died of a paralytic attack after a puncture of the spinal cord.

## 13. I. 1927.[261]

Funeral.[262] ǂ A vivid feeling the night after, as if he waved to me, standing at the foot of my bed. I decided to follow him (in thought). He led me out of the house, into the garden, on the street and into his house. There into his study, where there was a large bookcase behind the table. I had no idea what books he had there. He pointed to the first of three bound red volumes on the second highest shelf. Then the vision stopped. The next morning I went (in reality[)] immediately to his wife and asked her to take me to the study. I got up on a stool, there the three red books were and took the first down: the title was Zola: *The Legacy of the Dead*. (Contents irrelevant?)[263]

Around the following night I dreamt: I see H. S. healthy and happy, as if rejuvenated, smiling and he has a new suit. A few days later: H. S. and I are in Luxor, Tropical hotel.[264] I sit on a sofa at a small white marble table. He seats himself next to me and makes an angry accusation against

me: Do you believe that I was dead? I am as living as you. A faint carrion smell is noticeable. He approaches me threateningly and I draw my knife which I brandish in front of his face, to stop him. See p. 174![265] [124b/125].

End of Jan. 1927. George Porter in Chicago X suicide.[266] Unfit for life.

Projected the anima in women.

## 23. V. 1927.[267]

Today an American patient Jerome Schloss suddenly died of heart paralysis (aneurysm?)

28. V. Funeral. Must give the funeral oration.[268]

31. V. Since then an atmosphere of much disturbance, like after Sigg's and Porter's death.

Dream: (30/31 V) Emma had an abdominal pain. [1)] I operate together with a surgeon[2)] We discover a spread carcinoma growth.[2693)] Inoperable and hopeless. I am terribly shocked. She must still suffer for a long time, until death comes.[4.)]

1.) In the last days I've thought about her death and mine. Generally vague anxiety.

2.) Walthard.[270] Gynecologist. Operated on Mrs. Sigg. Personally unknown. Emma dreamt tonight that she was operated on by me, and in another dream, that a corpse would be dissected, from which she had to vomit (in the dream).

3.) Probably from the pancreas—like my father.

4.) My suffering in recent times—essentially through the strengthening of the Unc. Have got Dyshydrosis on my hands, like my father.[271]

Why do you torture me? It undoubtedly comes from you. What do you know? Come and speak!

“I don’t like speaking.”

So that you can probably act better?

“Yes, I fill you with disgust.”

So that I don’t crush you?

“You harm yourself through this.”

That shouldn’t stop me. But I doubt whether this is the right way.

“Naturally it’s the incorrect one.” [125/126]

You are too quick to agree with me. But I suspect that you greatly exaggerate certain feelings in me and certainly in fact far beyond all probabilities, so that a suffering arises that I can no longer tolerate. You know that I absolutely refuse to take part in suffering beyond a certain reasonable limit. In all conscience I won’t let myself be rushed. By the way, can you tell me just for once by what right you torment me? Speak up!

“Mysteries, my dear, mysteries!”

I want no mysteries. Please share with me what I must know.

“This I don’t do.”

You probably can’t. It has probably also taken hold of you. You come to me too much in the human world. What is this abominably unfavorable dream?

“You wish the death of your wife, no?”

You gallows bird, stop your monkey chatter. If that were so, I could also say it. I have also said as much to myself. It is already thanks to you that I must say that to myself, so that I can see that you’re behind this, snaring me in delusions. I don’t want to start over, but I want to outgrow life. I no longer let myself get caught up in life. Turn yourself to the inner, to the dark, and watch the images of life, instead of coveting the world. What does my dream mean? [126/127] Is my marriage hopeless and inoperable? No, I don’t think so. I know that there is nothing to be

done, and what I always suffer from must be suffered, as one bears an incurable disease.[272]

## 2 II 1928[273]

Speak to me, soul, is there something that I should know?

S. Naturally there is something. Should I tell you? How can I? How should I know what you don't know?

I. I recognize this. Make no further ado.

S. I make no further ado, but you must ~~xx~~ make a detour —

I. Show me the detour.

S. Come and let yourself be led. I lead you to the abyss. Do you see the black depths and beyond there?

I. Beyond black rocks that plunge abruptly into the abyss, I see white buildings. Too far to see clearly.

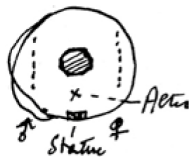
S. Look keenly, make an effort.

I. I see an elongated building, with a white cupola behind it. What is it?

S. Look further. [127/128]

I. I see a rushing river in the depths—boulders, a narrow path winds along. People wander there. A train of people in long, bright robes. An old man leads it. A funeral procession? I see no bier. They draw downstream, wending their way turning between blocks, on the right side of the river. What do they do? ~~To~~ From the left a small gorge opens, there I see an upward leading path. They go up there—zigzag—slowly rising—often stationary. Above, the path goes straight, curving around to the end of the gorge and leading to the white house. They go there. The elongated house has many windows—an entrance on the narrow left side. There are men and women. The old one knocks on the door which is of dark brown wood with his stick—it opens. They step in. Inside there is a long white vaulted corridor with a red carpet. They all go barefoot.

The passage has ends, something dark there. Smaller doors. A door to the left. A new, but narrow passage with a yellow floor, perpendicular to the left. Some high side doors. Below curved arches in the domed building. Circular portico, entirely of polished bluish marble. Floor of white marble. ~~I~~ An octagonal basin with blue water in the middle, directly below the opening of the dome. Water in wave motions for unknown reasons. [128/129] No images, no inscriptions—yet opposite below the colonnade, sitting, a life-size statue of a middle-aged man—ancient? Looks like a ~~xx~~ Roman. The train of people move in circles around the basin—singing—what do they sing? “Praise the water”? Do I hear right? “A mirror of heaven,” they greet the water—bow before it. They kneel on the edge and drink water, directly with their mouths, like animals. No one touches it with their hands. Then they sit on the ground around the water basin and eat bread, passing it along to the right. The old man alone stands, leaning on a long staff. He stands in front of the statue, looking at it pensively with a propped chin—a silent dialogue—while the people silently eat in the greatest quiet. Now the old man waves with his staff. The women go to his left, the men to the right. All, with the exception of the old man, throw themselves on their knees facing the pool, their brows to the ground. Now the old man turns and goes to the water and touches it three times with the staff. Then he kneels down and lays his brow on the edge of the pool. At this moment a bell tolls, a large one it seems—all rise and press their hands together. The expression [129/130] on their faces is serious and sincere. (The robes are, as I can now see, antique. The men wear Gallic shorts and short Gallic mantles[)]. The people now gather together in groups in the colonnade, no word is spoken. The old man ~~xx~~ stands at the water, considering it as he previously considered the statue.



I see all of this only mentally, since I am ~~xx~~ beyond ~~in~~ the gorge at a great distance. What does this vision mean, my soul?

S. Do you recognize the old man?

I. Yes, it is Philemon.

S. The Roman is Antonius Pius, the Caesar.[274]

I. This is incredible. What should I make of this?

S. Undoubtedly a religious service.

I. But where? What country? What religion?

S. Your land, your religion, water instead of wine, bread instead of flesh, silence instead of speech.

I. But what of Caesar?

S. Look again.

I. The old man still standing at the water, sunk in deep contemplation of the sky blue of the water. Now he opens his arms and everyone gathers, standing in a circle around the pool. What happened? They hold each other by the shoulder. The space becomes dark [130/131] and the stars shine in the water. They sing “house of the water”—“primordial home of the stars.” The water is calm like a ~~m~~ mirror and each sees his face in it. It will become light again, as if a dark cloud had moved away. There is a small altar in front of Caesar, wood lies on this, which the old man ~~xx~~ sets alight. He contemplates the flames. The people had gone back under the colonnades—it becomes dark again. One sees only the fire and the dazzlingly illumined form of the old man. Someone brings a silver pitcher with wine with which the old man extinguishes the fire—it becomes light again—someone brings a ~~ra~~ piece of raw flesh on a silver platter. The old man takes the platter and goes to the exit, everyone follows him. A few dogs wait

outside, he throws the flesh to them. The old man waves to his people and suddenly disappears, only his rod remains and falls to the ground. One of the men takes it and leads the way to the deep valley. It is getting dark and the train disappears in the darkness. One sees only the white buildings still lit red in the evening light.

I. What's with the fire—a sacrifice to Caesar? Have we fallen back into [131/132] antiquity?

S. Not at all—yet the meaning is dark—what does the Cult of Caesar mean by the way?[275] The wine was not an offering, but Philemon doused it with wine instead of water and gave the meat to the dogs. He didn't think of Caesar, but of the fire.

I. I don't understand.

S. I can't explain it, but I will wait and attend to whether something further happens.[276]

In spring 1932 Hans Schmid died following an accident. (see p. 206).[277]

## 26. Nov. 1932.[278]

I. I am worried. A dark dream torments me. I will first ask the *I Ching*. "Magic trick"? You say? No more ancient pranks. Did you stay behind?

S. "You left me.["]

I. How so? Why didn't you come along?

S. You went too quickly, without looking behind you.

I. You are right. I looked back too little. I hurried forward too breathlessly. Why didn't you call me?

S. I called you through destiny and dream.

I. So that was it. I understand. But why did I run forward too fast and far?

S. Destiny, necessity, ambition, desire. [132/133]

I. Yes, more looking back—that would be smarter.

S. That means “wiser.” Why always forwards? What lies ahead? Something better? All future like all past. The look penetrates everywhere—the world of the past, the world of the future make the one, the object of the look, the mirror of Godhead.

I. I recognize that. But why did you speak threateningly in a dream?

S. So that you look back. Your desire grew in the meaningless, in lunacy. That’s why I reflected madness to you. You are old enough to look back.

I. Should I look back in this threatening time?

S. All the more so, I say. The ancients always stand for that which was. That is very often what is better—time rolls too quickly. Everything is rushed. Stop. One must stop. Somewhere the present must be past. Only in such a way does the circle close.

I. You are strangely general.

S. Because you are imprisoned in all kinds of particularities. But the particular doesn’t remain. It constantly changes. Thereby you forgot the general, which remains and endures through all times.

I. I am not satisfied. I hang somewhere.

S. Keep hanging. It sticks to you, it doesn’t leave [133/134] you. It slows you, since you have looked back. Now ask the *I Ching*.

14. ䷍ Dâ yû. Possession in Great Measure.[279]

I. I want to rest and observe the fullness of the given.

## 27. Nov 1932.[280]

I. There is still unrest in me. Dark dreams! What do you want? What are you aiming at? Something is not found on which I should position myself. Speak to me!

S. I don’t know what I should say. It seems to be difficult. I can’t have everything.

I. But do you believe that it lies somewhere on your side, perhaps in the depths of your many dark worlds?

S. I'm hardly able to say. I want to wriggle out. ~~?~~

I. Why so? Don't you know that you should do nothing of the kind? Why this reluctance?

S. The attempt to be free—I know. I'm blessed in deception. You always want to free yourself from illusion and do you know what you do as a result? You also want to free yourself. What for? For rigid non-being.

I. You mean "Being" consists only of deception? Do you want to lame me?

S. Far from it. I want to involve you in actuality.

I. But what if I'm unwilling?

S. That's it. You are unwilling. That's why you have [134/135] the feeling of being lamed. You lame yourself.

I. But whence this fatigue?

S. You are not in but outside.

I. Then you know what this "in" is.

S. I have an inkling.

I. So say it. What does my dream mean?

S. This strange man? Painted with colors of the dawn, wrapped in himself? Don't you recognize him? Is he not yourself?

I. How so? The general never satisfies.

S. Oh no. In all particulars you are—a protection seeker, one wrapped up, needing self-protection. One who does not waste himself. You don't want to know this.

I. It is too paradoxical.

S. Bear the paradox. Ancient truth. You can't avoid landing in the general, as much as you attempt to escape it—if the Self unfolds, the I shrinks.[281] A greater light begins to stream, therefore the ~~question of the d~~ colors of the dawn. He[282] is not it, you are not it, but the third, the greater. Pull yourself together. You must wane.

14/15 XII 1932[283] The Quest begins.[284]

21. Schi Ho.[285] Biting through.

I. Dream. I am ~~xx~~ together with Prof. Fierz.[286]

II. A farmer and his wife completely smeared with mud, naked, rolling in the field mindlessly drunk.

III. Joggi[287] snaps a great piece of ham from me that I had hung as if from a fishing line. I get it again, but a significant part has however fallen to the dog.

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1. There is an undated typed insert at the beginning of *Book* 7 that appears to be remarks on a dream: “Remarks: / The felling of the tree (Nebuchadnezzar) has to do with the felling of the spruce in the Attis myth. / The giant is also Izdubar, who is actually the rising sun, hence a demi-God. I even had the idea that he is Christ as “novus sol,” or Mithras, who also is a rising sun.—The sun personified by a man is the pope (vicar of Christ in the church). This is the big tree that develops. That would mean: my work consists of the felling of a powerful and acknowledged, shining man, who is seen everywhere (i.e., papacy or church)—and what does the church say to that? / What does the woman who interferes with me signify?—She seemed to me like the Vetula, the old. One can see how the church interferes: it sets harder conditions, it wants to slay me, and then I must be brought into an impossible situation in order for it to have a legitimate reason to proceed against me. And finally a secret assembly is convened. But it is already too late, because at the moment, when I enter through the rear door, it has already become known to the entire world, and the Americans weigh in, and the world’s delegate appears in the consistory.” On Izdubar, see January 8, 1914, *Book* 3, pp. 119ff. Jung commented on the dream of Nebuchadnezzar on several occasions (“The Transcendent Function,” 1916, *CW* 8, § 163; “General Aspects of Dream Psychology,” 1928, *CW* 8, § 484; “On the Nature of Dreams,” 1945, *CW* 8, § 559). “Vetula” is Latin for “old woman.”
2. In *Beyond Good and Evil*, Nietzsche writes: “With all the value which may adhere to truth, truthfulness and selflessness, it could be possible that appearance, the will to deception, self-

interest and desire might have to be ascribed a higher and more fundamental value for all life" (trans. Richard Hollingdale, tr. mod. [Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1986]), § 2, p. 16.

3. From June 11 to October 2, Jung was on military service in Château d'Oex. In an association to a dream on the night of July 1, he noted apropos Toni Wolff and Maria Moltzer: "Pairs of opposites. Defended against the bad as against the good. T. W. appears to be a limit, since with M. and T. my soul is complete, fulfilled. T. is the second part of my soul—ugly beauty and beautiful ugliness. It must be concluded on the outside, because everything is fulfilled." He also referred to his "impersonal love" of both of them ("Dreams," p. 17). For Bowditch Katz's account of her meeting with Moltzer on July 30, see introduction, pp. 63ff.
4. Sunday.
5. Jung later recounted this episode as follows to Christiana Morgan: "I was writing in my book and suddenly saw a man standing watching over my shoulder. One of the gold dots from my book flew up and hit him in the eye. He asked me if I would take it out. I said no—not unless he told me who he was. He said he wouldn't. You see I knew that. If I had done what he asked then he would have sunk into the unconscious and I would have missed the point of it, i.e.: why he had appeared from the unconscious at all. Finally he told me that he would tell me the meaning of certain hieroglyphs which I had had a few days earlier. This he did and I took the thing out of his eye and he vanished" (October 12, 1926, Analysis Notebooks, *CLM*). To Aniela Jaffé, he later recalled, "Once, at that time, I had the vision of a red clay tablet embedded in the wall of my bedroom, and on it were strange hieroglyphs that I copied as best as I could the next day with the feeling that there was something in it, that it is a message, but I did not know what" (*MP*, p. 172). This may also be connected to this episode.

    In 1958, Jung recounted this episode as follows to Aniela Jaffé: "I had to think about my earliest mandala pictures. There were black magnetic iron seeds and gold seeds mixed together that had to be put into the vessel where they formed the central body, the self.—And then the story with my magician, who appeared when I painted these seeds, and then he screamed because they had got caught in his eye. That is, he

received a projection from me and it caused him pain. That was something that I did not or could not accept, namely the figure of the magician, the shaman in myself. That is why this figure appeared to me. Only when I realize that *I* am the shaman, is he healed. He is, so to speak, a precursor of mine, and that is why the seed fell into the right place: in his eye, which means consciousness. It has to be removed from there. I spared myself the pain, so to speak, of seeing myself as a shaman; then I would have also been put at one with the animals, for example, with the lions, who prowl around me in a friendly way. The shaman has helpful animals, or—one could say: he comes on the level of the animal, but I could not understand this at that time, when the figure of the magician appeared to me" (*MP*, p. 334). The reference appears to be to the mandala sequence in *LN* (Images 80ff.), which features these gold seeds.

6. Referring to the "I."
7. For earlier encounters with scarabs, see December 12, 1913, *Book* 2, p. 169, and January 1, 1914, *Book* 3, p. 106.
8. That is, Philemon.
9. This appears to refer to one of the cones in Image 72 in *LN* (see appendix, p. 132). There is no precise date for this image, but the sequence indicates that it would have been painted around this time.
10. Jung inscribed these runes in a red tablet in Image 89 in the calligraphic volume of *Liber Novus*.
11. Jung inscribed these runes in a blue arc in Image 93 in the calligraphic volume of *LN*.
12. Jung inscribed these runes in a red tablet in Image 90 in the calligraphic volume of *LN*.
13. Jung inscribed these runes in a blue arc in Image 94 in the calligraphic volume of *Liber Novus*.
14. This scene was later elaborated in *Liber Novus* in Image 117, painted sometime in the summer of 1919, where the dragon (Atmavictu) reaches up to swallow a sun. The inscription to the image reads: "The dragon wants to eat the sun and the youth beseeches him not to. But he eats it nevertheless." Cf. also Image 119 (see appendix, pp. 143ff.).
15. This combines John 10:30 ("I and my Father are one") and John 14:6 ("I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me").

16. This entry and the following one could in a sense be considered further *Sermones* by Philemon. It was during this time that Jung composed the manuscript of *Scrutinies*. In the first version of the Sermones in the 1916 entries in *Books* 5 and 6, it is Jung's "I" that speaks to the dead. In the *Scrutinies* manuscript, the sermons are spoken by Philemon. This attribution seems to be linked to Philemon's role in these entries here.
17. Thursday. Jung saw no patients.
18. In his first sermon, the *Dhamma-Kakka-Ppavattana Sutta*, the Buddha articulated the middle way (or path), also known as the eightfold path: "There are two extremes, O Bhikkhus, which the man who has given up the world ought not to follow—the habitual practice, on the one hand, of those things whose attraction depends upon the passions, and especially of sensuality—a low and pagan way (of seeking satisfaction) unworthy, unprofitable, and fit only for the worldly-minded—and the habitual practice, on the other hand, of asceticism (or self-mortification), which is painful, unworthy, and unprofitable. / "There is a middle path, O Bhikkhus, avoiding these two extremes, discovered by the Tathâgata—a path which opens the eyes, and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment, to Nirvâna! . . . it is this noble eightfold path, that is to say: 'Right views; Right aspirations; Right speech; Right conduct; Right livelihood; Right effort; Right mindfulness; and Right contemplation' " (*Buddhist Suttas*, Müller, *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. 11, trans. T. W. Rhys Davids, 1881, p. 147). In *LN*, in the "Incantations," Izdubar, the "God in the egg," is referred to as the "light of the middle way" (*LN*, p. 300). In *Psychological Types*, Jung noted that "the religions of India and China, and particularly Buddhism which combines the spheres of both, possess the idea of a redemptive middle way of magical efficacy which is attainable by means of a conscious attitude." He termed this "redemptive principle from the problem of opposites" the "uniting symbol" and commented on its articulation in Hinduism and Taoism (*CW* 6, §§ 326ff.).
19. Cf. Luke 6:20: "Blessed *be ye* poor: for yours is the kingdom of God."
20. An inversion of Matthew 5:43–45: "You have heard that it was said, 'You shall love your neighbor and hate your enemy.' But I

say to you, love your enemies, bless those who curse you, do good to those who hate you, and pray for those who spitefully use you and persecute you, that you may be sons of your Father in heaven."

21. Cf. Matthew 6:24: "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other."
22. In the German, this phrase directly cites Matthew 6:26 in Luther's translation ("Sehet die Vögel unter dem Himmel an: . . ."). The KJV has "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." For Philemon, the birds fend for themselves.
23. In *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, Zarathustra advocates surpassing the human to become the "Overman."
24. Cf. Matthew 6:34: "Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."
25. This cites Matthew 7:5: "Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."
26. Cf. Matthew 7:6: "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you."
27. Cf. Matthew 7:7: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."
28. Cf. Matthew 7:14: "Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."
29. Cf. Matthew 7:16: "Ye shall know them by their fruits."
30. Cf. Luke 17:21: "the kingdom of God is within you."
31. A similar gesture accompanies Philemon's commentary on the *Sermones* in *Scrutinies*, added in the autumn of 1917. This sentence explains the gesture's meaning (*LN*: Sermon 1, p. 515; Sermon 2, p. 520; Sermon 3, p. 523; Sermon 4, p. 528; Sermon 6, p. 535).
32. On June 6, 1916 (*Book* 6, p. 245), Philemon had addressed Christ as his master; here he addresses him as his brother.
33. Thursday. Jung saw one patient.
34. Monday. Jung saw four patients.
35. Cf. Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, part 1, "On Love of the Neighbour," p. 86. For Jung's commentary on this, see *ZS*, November 13, 1935, pp. 685ff.

36. In *Memories*, Jung recalled: “Later, Philemon became relativized by yet another figure, whom I called Ka. In ancient Egypt the ‘King’s Ka’ was his earthly form, the embodied soul. In my fantasy the ka-soul came from below, out of the earth as out of a deep shaft. I did a painting of him, showing him in his earth-bound form, as a herm with base of stone and upper part of bronze. High up in the painting appears a kingfisher’s wing, and between it and the head of Ka floats a round, glowing nebula of stars. Ka’s expression has something demonic about it—one might also say Mephistophelian. In one hand he holds something like a colored pagoda, or a reliquary, and in the other a stylus with which he is working on the reliquary. He is saying, ‘I am he who buries the Gods in gold and gems.’ Philemon has a lame foot, but was a winged spirit, whereas Ka represented a kind of earth demon or metal demon. Philemon was the spiritual aspect, ‘the meaning,’ Ka, on the other hand was a spirit of nature like the Anthroparion of Greek alchemy—with which at that time I was still unfamiliar. Ka was he who made everything real, but who also obscured the kingfisher spirit, the meaning, or replaced it by beauty, the ‘eternal reflection.’ In time I was able to integrate both figures through the study of alchemy” (pp. 209–10).

Wallis Budge notes: “The ka was an abstract individuality or personality which possessed the form and attributes of the man to whom it belonged, and, though its normal dwelling place was in the tomb with the body, it could wander at will; it was independent of the man and could go and dwell in any statue of him” (*Egyptian Book of the Dead*, p. lxv). In 1928, Jung commented: “At a rather higher stage of development, where the idea of the soul already exists, not all the images continue to be projected . . . but one or the other complex has come near enough to consciousness to be felt as no longer strange, but as somehow belonging. Nevertheless, the feeling that it belongs is not at first sufficiently strong for the complex to be sensed as a subjective content of consciousness. It remains in a sort of no-man’s-land between consciousness and the unconscious, in the half-shadow, in part belonging or akin to the conscious subject, in part an autonomous being, and meeting consciousness as such. At all events it is not necessarily obedient to the subject’s intentions, it may even be of a higher order, more often than not a source of inspiration or warning, or of supernatural

information. Psychologically such a content could be explained as a partly autonomous complex that is not yet fully integrated. The primitive souls, the Egyptian Ba and Ka, are complexes of this kind" (*The Relations Between the I and the Unconscious*, *CW* 7, § 295). In 1955–56, Jung described the Anthroparion in alchemy as "a type of goblin, that as [devoted spirit], spiritus familiaris, stands by the adept in his work and helps the physician to heal" (*Mysterium Coniunctionis*, *CW* 14, § 304). The Anthroparion was seen to represent the alchemical metals ("On the Psychology of the Child Archetype," *CW* 9, pt. 1, § 268) and appeared in the visions of Zosimos (*CW* 13, §§ 60–62). The painting of Ka that Jung refers to has not come to light.

On October 15, 1920, he discussed a painting with Constance Long, who was in analysis with him. The painting appears to be cat. 54 in *The Art of C.G. Jung* (p. 126). Her notes shed light on Jung's understanding of the relation of Philemon and Ka: "The 2 figures on either side are personifications of dominants 'fathers.' The one is the creative father, Ka, the other, Philemon that one who gives form and law (the formative instinct) Ka would equal Dionysus & P = Apollo. Philemon gives formulation to the things within elements of the collective unc. . . . Philemon gives the idea (maybe of a god) but it remains floating, distant & indistinct because all the things he invents are winged. But Ka gives substance & is called the one who buries the gods in gold & marble. He has a tendency to misprision them in matter, & so they are in danger of losing their spiritual meaning, & becoming buried in stone. So the temple may be the grave of God, as the church has become the grave of Xt. The more the church develops, the more Xt dies. Ka must not be allowed to produce too much—you must not depend on substantiation; but if too little substance is produced the creature floats. The transcendent function is the whole. Not this picture, nor my rationalization of it, but the new and vivifying creative spirit that is the result of the intercourse between the consc. intelligence and the creative side. Ka is sensation, P is intuition, he is too supra-human (he is Zarathustra, extravagantly superior in what he says & cold. [CGJ has not printed the questions he addressed to P nor his answers.] . . . Ka & Philemon are bigger than the man, they are supra-human (Disintegrated into them one is in the Col. Unc.) . . . Philemon is the inverse of Xt. Ka is the brother of the devil,

is the antichrist—the Red Pope. Lenin." The "Red Pope" may refer to the Prefect of the Congregatio de Propaganda Fide.) (Diary, *CLM*, pp. 32–36).

37. See above, October 7, 1917, p. 148.
38. That is, Philemon.
39. In layer 2 of chapter 21 in *Liber Secundus* in *LN*, Philemon was described as the lover of his own soul (p. 407).
40. That is, Christ.
41. Cf. Mark 4:21–22: "And he said unto them, Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel, or under a bed? and not to be set on a candlestick? For there is nothing hid, which shall not be manifested; neither was any thing kept secret, but that it should come abroad."
42. Cf. Isaiah 63:2–3: "Wherefore *art thou* red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat? I have trodden the winepress alone; and of the people *there was* none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment." Jung had reproduced these lines in *Liber Secundus*, chapter 16, "Nox tertia" (*LN*, p. 355).
43. In *Liber Secundus* chapter 21, "The Magician," Jung wrote "*But what mystery are you intimating* to me with your name, Oh ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ? Truly you are the lover who once took in the Gods" (*LN*, p. 407).
44. That is, Ka.
45. That is, Jung's "I."
46. Salome, Jung's soul.
47. The son of the frogs, Abraxas. In layer two of "The Magician" {6}, *Liber Secundus*, chapter 21, Jung wrote: "I recognize you, ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ, you most cunning of all fraudsters! You have deceived me. You impregnated my maidenly soul with the terrible worm" (*LN*, p. 449).
48. In *Scrutinies* {1}, following the ascent of the son of the frogs to heaven, Jung wrote: "You must know that neither a God of love nor a loving God has yet arisen, but instead a worm of fire crawled up, a magnificent frightful entity that lets fire rain on the earth, producing lamentations" (*LN*, p. 463).
49. Cf. John 18:36: "My kingdom is not of this world."
50. Tuesday. Jung saw five patients.

51. Tuesday. Jung saw five patients. On November 10, Julius Vodoz gave a presentation to the Association for Analytical Psychology on Victor Hugo's *Marriage of Roland*. In the discusssion, Jung commented, "Prof. Vodoz said that the poem was a confrontation with the unconscious—a poem is never a confrontation with it—it is only a formation of the unconscious. A confrontation would be to describe the contents of the unconscious, which enter consciousness through dreams, fantasies etc. and to examine its meaning afterwards as if it was a counterpart." To this Erika Schlegel asked, "Can't a poem be the result of a confrontation?" Jung replied, "It can be, but not eo ipso. E.g., in *Faust*, there is a lot of confrontation, but the second part is still so symbolic that it is not yet a confrontation. Of course, the formation is already a huge task and a part of life. But if the solution is still so symbolic that there is no clarification but only a symbolic representation, it is no confrontation from the analytical point of view. *Faust* II does not deliver such an absolute solution that the problem would be solved. It is similar in the case of *Zarathustra*. It contains alot, but an essential piece is missing: that Nietzsche himself had proved *Zarathustra* through his ability to live" (*MAP*, pp. 23–24).
52. Cf. *Kena Upanishad*, 1, "By whom impelled, by whom compelled, / does the mind soar forth? / By whom enjoined does the breath, / march on as the first? By whom is this speech impelled, / with which people speak? / And who is the god that joins / the sight and hearing? / That which is the hearing behind hearing, / the thinking behind speech. / the sight behind sight— / It is also the breathing behind breathing — / freed completely from these, / the wise become immortal, / when they depart from the world" (trans. Patrick Olivelle [Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996], p. 227).
53. Cf. *Katha Upanishad*, 2, 20: " 'The Self, smaller than small, greater than great, is hidden in the heart of that creature. A man who is free from desires and free from grief, sees the majesty of the Self by the grace of the Creator" (Müller, *Sacred Books of the East*, vol. 15, p. 11). Jung cited this in *Psychological Types* (§ 329), with his own German translation of Müller's translation, also citing Paul Deussen's translation in a note.

54. In numerous places throughout the gospels, Christ refers to himself as the Son of Man.
55. Cf. William Blake, *Auguries of Innocence*, “To see a World in a Grain of Sand / And a Heaven in a Wild Flower, / Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand / And Eternity in an hour.”
56. Cf. Matthew 3:17: “And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.”
57. Sunday. On January 27, Jung met with Moltzer. On February 2, Alphonse Maeder gave a presentation at the Association for Analytical Psychology. Judging from the discussion that followed, his talk overlapped with a presentation he gave in Geneva in the autumn that dealt with the parallels between Dante’s *Commedia* and the “intimate experience of psychoanalysis.” See Maeder, *Guérison et evolution dans la vie de l’âme. La psychanalyse, son importance dans la vie contemporaine* (Zürich: Rascher, 1918), pp. 22–38. In the discussion, Maria Moltzer stated: “Does one do justice to the conflicts of our time, if one bestows upon them images of former times? Maeder does justice to spiritual development—but not to emotional development. One cannot bypass hell, instead one must experience a part of it and accept God in the depths and the fight with the evil.” Jung then followed with a lengthy intervention: “The parallel with Dante is very good as an educational introduction to analysis: The Inferno and Purgatorio are the place below—the repressed unconscious. Once purified through knowledge one is freed from the compulsive conditions of the ucs. = the ascent to the mountain of salvation, = the union with the soul = the liberated individual can accept his essence (his soul). / But for us, does the soul correspond to Dante’s Beatrice? Through the incorporation of the hitherto repressed components, the individuated man becomes different from his former person (which had been a compromise formation between the environment and his own, and a possibility for a good adaptation with repression). But together with the repressed elements collective elements emerge from the ucs. as well. When the union with the soul arises, man is also united with the unconsciously mirrored cosmos. Hence he becomes godlike and not concrete. The individual aspect is felt, but man is not differentiated from the world, in mystical participation with it. / At first the soul is a collective content—the figure that

comprises the collective psyche into one. Since in the medieval understanding the collective psyche (God) is beautiful, it is the soul at first. But we see from that, that God is a duality. Luther speaks from the deus manifestus and the deus absconditus, who is entirely different from the other. God is a daimon in the collective psyche, beyond good and evil. / The manifestation of the collective psyche confronts us in the form of the concept of the soul, which is daimonic for the primitives. Only in the Christian understanding does it becomes beautiful (because God imputes the attributes of the summum bonum). When we discover the image of the soul in analysis, it might have sublime features—or its opposite. (In Spitteler's *Prometheus* the soul is a sublime woman—and a tiger at the same time, and Pr.'s connection with his soul is not a state of paradise, but of torture.) This is where the parallel with Dante can cause misunderstandings. The initial union of the individual with the collective psyche is a sublime moment—but also a torture and danger as the psychological reality is equally real as the outer world—even more so for the primitive. The collective psyche is a real power as is the external world. The coll. ucs. appears to us at first as projected on to the external world. Thus the identity with the coll. ucs. is an identity with the surrounding world. The relatedness is a pantheistic feeling (a mystical feeling). But for contemporary man the loss of the I is so vast, that he cannot bear it. (The Indian solution of Tat-Tvam-Asi [*Chandogya Upanishad*, 6.8.7: "That you are"], expressing the identity of the self and ultimate reality is no solution for us.) The sensation of a universal connectivity is a paralysis and asks for contestation. Otherwise we are in Heimarmene. Already the meaning of the ancient mysteries intended to free oneself from it.— This is why the usage of a new function is necessary. The problem is: in relation to the world the restoration of the persona appears (the former compromise formation) but—in front of itself— differentiated from it. In relation to the coll. ucs. there must also be a differentiating and connection function— the ucs.— persona: the soul. / The question of the Christian view in practical analysis: for the 1. part of analysis the psychology of the Christian view is useful. At later stages we encounter the problem of a onesided definition of the concept of God." Heimarmene is the Stoic concept of fate. In 1944, Jung described this as "the dependence of character and

destiny on certain moments in time" (*Psychology and Alchemy*, *CW* 12, § 40).

58. On the Buddha, see December 22, *Book* 2, p. 186.
59. As noted above, in his "parable of the madman," Nietzsche writes, "What are these churches now, if they are not the tombs and sepulchres of God?" (*The Gay Science*, § 125, trans. Walter Kaufmann, p. 182).
60. In Plato's *Apology*, Socrates narrates how Chaerephon asked the Delphic oracle once if there was anyone wiser than Socrates. The oracle answered: no one. Pondering what this riddle meant, Socrates states that he had no wisdom but that in contrast to others, he didn't know; nor did he think he knew (Plato, "The Apology of Socrates," in *The Last Days of Socrates* [London: Penguin, 2010], 21a, p. 36).
61. That is, Phanes.
62. Monday. Jung saw five patients. He noted the following in his appointment book: "motif for stone ring, etc." He also noted, in "Dreams": "11.II.18 Last night: Bricked up façade of a castle. Behind it, a ditch—a water ditch? Everything on a river island. Then comes a castle building (on the second island) and behind it, a third island with ruins that are completely bricked up with cement and white chalk. Even the floor is covered all over with cement, preventing anything from growing. / This is the castle where the story of the "Baptist" (1.) took place, which was written by the resident of the castle, who was an artist and a scholar at the same time and who is also identical with the "Baptist": The Baptist is married and loves another woman (who was also married?). She totally succumbed to him. But he secretly spattered her from behind with venom from a complicated glass apparatus, which transformed the lower half of her body into stone. As a result of this she perished in agony. As did he and his child and I see the horribly decayed corpses of the child and him lying next to each other. Before his death, he felt an immense guilt and roared like a wounded animal for days, before he perished. I heard the roaring, it was terrible, nerve-wracking. I woke up in fear. / 1.) Anabaptist. *Red Book*. 'You have not lived your animal.' / poisoner in the *Red Book*, who kills wife and child to protect them from the suffering of the world, ill. Bronchitis" (pp. 21–22). For the references to Jung's associations, see *Book* 4, pp. 208, 245.

63. Jung discussed the relation of Buddha and Christ in his *Commentaries* on *LN*, p. 570. In 1944 he noted that he chose the term because this concept was "on the one hand definite enough to convey the sum of human wholeness and on the other hand indefinite enough to express the indescribable and indeterminate nature of this wholeness . . . in scientific usage the 'self' refers neither to Christ nor to the Buddha but to the totality of the figures that are its equivalent, and each of these figures is *a symbol of the self*" (*Psychology and Alchemy, CW* 12, § 20).
64. Cf. the phrase attributed to the end of Luther's speech at the Diet of Worms (generally regarded now as a later interpolation): "Here I stand; I can do no other. God help me."
65. Cf. Jung's later discussion of the quaternio structure of the Self in *Aion*, *CW* 9, pt. 2, chapter 14, §§ 347ff.
66. This entry forms the basis of Image 121, painted in November 1919 in *LN*. Jung added the following legend: "This stone, set so beautifully, is certainly the Lapis Philosophorum. It is harder than diamond. But it expands into space through four distinct qualities, namely breadth, height, depth, and time. It is hence invisible and you can pass through it without noticing it. The four streams of Aquarius flow from the stone. This is the incorruptible seed that lies between the father and the mother and prevents the heads of both cones from touching; it is the monad which countervails the Pleroma" (see appendix, p. 147).
67. Thursday. On this day, Jung noted the following in "Dreams": "14.II.18. Dream I discover that strange people are in my boat house. I enter threatening armed with a paddle. A tall fellow, dressed like a mechanic [?], talks to me. Later I hear from Toni that he intends to shoot me, he had been there for reasons of espionage. He wants to kill me for metaphysical reasons, similar to Judas, for the truth to be fulfilled (?). I think that I need to accept the unavoidable" (pp. 22–23). The next day, Jung wrote to Alphonse Maeder asking him to chair the session on Saturday—as he was ill with bronchitis (Maeder papers).
68. In "From the earliest experiences of my Life," Jung recalled disillusionment with the church in his youth following his communion: "Why that is not religion at all. . . . It is an absence of God; the church is a place one should not go to. It is not life which is there, but death" (*JA*, p. 39). He took up the theme of what he saw as the irreconcilable conflict between the living

religious spirit and the institution of the Church in his discussion of the history of Christianity in his seminars at Polzeath, where he predicted the same fate for analytical psychology (*Seminar—July 1923 by Dr. C.G. Jung Held at Polzeath, Cornwall*. Notes of Esther Harding, Kristine Mann Library, New York, p. 20).

69. The motifs of a castle, a grave, and a woman with a body half turned into stone by poison feature in Jung's dream of February 11, 1918—see above, p. 172, n. 62.

70. Sunday.

71. It is not clear which specific dream Jung is referring to here. The two dreams he noted in "Dreams" since the last entry are the following: "20.II.18. / Have been ill for a week. Pertussis [Whooping cough]. / For some nights dream of 2 opposites, 2 balls? Spheres? which are based on principles undoubtedly running toward each other. The opposite is so dangerous, as if someone standing between a high-voltage line and the ground, about to touch the line. Each time I awake completely disorientated mostly with a cough. At times I am this one, other times the other opposite. It also appears as an unspecified woman, who could be killed by the counter process. These opposites are quite impossible. / I am in India. Taking part in a solemn ceremony: 2 widows, instead of being burnt their right hands are cut off. Everything is horribly real and cruel. It is told that the old tradition of suttee is mitigated to the cutting of hands. My mother in law stands close by and says that burning was a comfort to many. The second widow, dressed completely in white, listens attentively as if to say that she is not in agreement at all. She resists. I say that there have been those, who wanted to die with their husband. The hangman twists her arm painfully to the back and cuts her hand skilfully from the joint. The hand falls muffled to the ground. 21.11.18 / In Egypt, a hotel, it is burning next to it. The fire will take over to the hotel. I leave. I meet a white cow with sharp horns on the street that does not know what it wants. Kind of dangerous. I take it by the horns and as it is a woman, I convince her that she can give the horns to me. I take the horns from her and carry them. Then the cow is a beheaded woman, who is alive and speaks. She stands on the stump of her neck, the legs in the air and I stand before her and scent her. I tell her that it is burning at the hotel. All her clothes and jewellery are there as

well as 1 million of assets. I recommend saving all of that" (pp. 23–25).

72. Philemon.

73. Exodus 20:4: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth."

74. Cf. Image 105 (painted sometime later in 1918–19) in *LN*, in which the figure at the top appears to correspond to Philemon, and the one at the bottom to Ka (see appendix, p. 135). In Jung's gloss to this image in "Concerning Mandala Symbolism" (1952), he described these figures as follows: "at the top, an old man in the attitude of contemplation; at the bottom, Loki or Hephaestus with red, flaming hair, holding in his hands a temple. To the right and left are a light and dark female figure. Together they indicate four aspects of the personality, or four archetypal figures belonging, as it were, to the periphery of the self. The two female figures can be recognized without difficulty as the two aspects of the anima. The old man corresponds to the archetype of meaning, or of the spirit, and the dark chthonic figure to the opposite of the Wise Old Man, namely the magical (and sometimes destructive) Luciferian element" (*CW* 9, pt. 1, § 682). Jung made a sculpture of Ka, carrying his colored pagoda (cat. 49 in *The Art of C.G. Jung*, p. 119. See appendix, p. 148).

75. Friday. Jung saw two patients.

76. Jung devoted a chapter of *Psychological Types* to a discussion of what he called "the relativity of the God concept in Meister Eckhart," which he described in the following way: "Under the 'relativity of God' I understand the view according to which God is not 'absolute,' i.e., wholly 'cut off' from the human subject and existing outside and beyond all human conditions, but in a certain sense dependent on him; and that there is a reciprocal and essential relation between man and God, whereby one can understand on the one hand man as a function of God, and on the other hand God as a function of man" (*CW* 6, § 412). He also cited the following lines from the *Cherubinic Wanderer* of Angelus Silesius, the pen name of Johann Scheffler (1624–1677): "I am not outside God and God is not outside of me" (*CW* 6, § 432). For Jung's annotations in his copy, see my *C.G. Jung: A Biography in Books*, p. 139. In a

lecture at the Swiss Federal Institute for Technology, Jung discussed Eckhart's sermon, "Letting go of things" from his *Counsels of Discernment*, and commented: "This is indeed a fair exchange and an honest deal: By as much as you go out in forsaking all things, by so much, neither less not more, does God go in, with all that is his, as you entirely forsake everything that is yours. Undertake this, and let it cost you everything you can afford. There you will find true peace, and nowhere else" (ed. Martin Liebscher, forthcoming from Princeton University Press in the Philemon Series).

77. There are many statements in the Bible concerning the omniscience of God—for example, Psalms 147:4–5: "He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names. / Great is our Lord, and of great power: his understanding is infinite."
78. Eduard von Hartmann had criticized the dogma of the "conscious God": given his [von Hartmann's] conception of the unconscious, to regard God as conscious would constitute a limitation (*Philosophy of the Unconscious*, trans. W. Coupland [London: R. Paul, Trench & Trubner, 1900/1931], Book 2, p. 247). The theme of God's unconsciousness featured prominently in Jung's *Answer to Job* (*CW* 11).
79. Possibly an implicit reference to the Mass. Cf. Jung, "Transformation Symbolism in the Mass," 1942, *CW*11.
80. In 1921 Jung cited the following lines from the *Cherubinic Wanderer* of Angelus Silesius: "I am God's child and son, he again is my child" (*CW* 6, § 432).
81. From a passage written in the autumn of 1917 in the manuscript of *Scrutinies*: "I must free my self from the God, since the God I experienced is more than love; he is also hate, he is more than beauty, he is also the abomination, he is more than wisdom, he is also meaninglessness, he is more than power, he is also powerlessness, he is more than omnipresence, he is also my creature" (*LN*, pp. 482–83). In his presentation in October 1916 at the Psychological Club on "Individuation and Collectivity," Jung stated: "The individual must now consolidate himself by cutting himself off from the divine and becoming wholly himself. Thereby and at the same time he also separates himself from society. Outwardly he plunges into solitude, and inwardly into hell, distance from God" (*CW* 18, § 1103).

82. This statement represents a further differentiation of the figure of Abraxas (see January 16, 1916, *Book* 6, pp. 274ff.).
83. In 1921 Jung cited the following lines from Silesius's *Cherubinic Wanderer*: "I know that without me God cannot live for a moment; / Were I to die, he must from necessity give up the ghost" (*CW* 6, § 432).
84. A reference to the Egyptian myth of Isis and Osiris. As noted above, Osiris is murdered and chopped to pieces by his brother Seth. Isis recovers all the pieces except the phallus and puts them together.
85. In Greek mythology, in fear of a prophecy that he will be overthrown by his children, Cronos swallows them at birth—all but Zeus, whom Rhea saves by giving Cronos a stone wrapped in his swaddling clothes to swallow. When he is grown, Zeus forces Cronus to regurgitate the five children he swallowed.
86. Cf. John 3:16: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."
87. That is, Christ.
88. The reference here appears to be to the apocryphal gospel of the Egyptians, which Jung also referred to in *Liber Primus*, "Instruction" (*LN*, p. 193): "Salome asked correctly when the Logos spoke of the end, 'How long shall death prevail?' . . . Wherefore the Lord very aptly answered, 'As long as women bear children' " (*The Apocryphal New Testament*, ed. J. K. Elliot [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1999], 4, p. 18).
89. In "Late Thoughts" in *Memories*, Jung wrote: "That is the meaning of divine service, of the service which man can render to God, that light may emerge from the darkness, that the Creator may become conscious of his creation, and man conscious of himself. / That is the goal, or one goal, which fits man meaningfully into the scheme of creation, and at the same time confers meaning upon it. It is an explanatory myth which has slowly taken shape within me in the course of the decades" (pp. 370–71).
90. In Greek mythology, the Danaids are the fifty daughters of Danaus. He orders them to kill their husbands, the sons of Danaus's twin brother, Aegyptus, on their wedding night. All do except one. As punishment, they are condemned to fill an ever-leaking barrel in Tartarus.
91. Presumably the Buddha.

92. In “Late Thoughts,” Jung argued that present-day conflicts in the world were a consequence of the playing out of, and the attempt to resolve, this inner division in the deity (*Memories*, pp. 361ff.).
93. The Buddha and Christ.
94. Saturday. Jung saw four patients.
95. Good Friday.
96. Sunday. Jung’s appointment book has “~~Obersee~~ Pertussis recidiv,” suggesting that he had intended to go sailing on Upper Lake Zürich but had a return of whooping cough.
97. Monday.
98. In *The Gay Science*, Nietzsche writes: “*New Struggles.*—After Buddha was dead, his shadow was still shown for centuries in a cave—a tremendous, gruesome shadow. God is dead; but given the way of men, there will still be caves for thousands of years in which his shadow will be shown.—And we—we still have to vanquish his shadow, too” (trans. Walter Kaufmann, § 108, p. 167).
99. In 1921 Jung defined the self as follows: “Inasmuch as the I is only the centre of my field of consciousness, it is not identical with the totality of my psyche, being merely a complex among other complexes. Hence I discriminate between the *I* and the *self*, since the I is only the subject of my consciousness, while the self is the subject of my totality: hence it also includes the unconscious psyche. In this sense the self would be an (ideal) greatness which embraces and includes the I. In unconscious fantasy the self often appears as the super-ordinated or ideal personality, as Faust is in relation to Goethe and Zarathustra to Nietzsche” (*Psychological Types*, *CW* 6, § 706).
100. Monday. Jung saw six patients.
101. Cf. Genesis 2:10: “And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads.” The four rivers are the Pishon, Gihon, Tigris, and Euphrates. On the four streams, see also Image 121 of November 1919 in *LN* (appendix, p. 147).
102. See appendix, p. 151.
103. Wednesday. On June 8 and 21, Jung gave presentations to the Association for Analytical Psychology on “The Type Problem in Schiller,” evidently materials that went to form the second chapter of *Psychological Types*. These presentations were discussed at the next meeting.

104. Wednesday.
105. That is, John the Baptist.
106. The figure described here resembles classical depictions of the Goddess Kali. In a commentary in layer two of the *Corrected Draft*, Jung noted, “Kali, however, is Salome and Salome is my soul” (p. 109).
107. In Greek mythology, Circe is a Goddess of magic who lives on the island of Aiaia. In *The Odyssey*, when Odysseus lands on her island she transforms his men into animals. However, Odysseus manages to overcome them with the aid of Hermes.
108. The magical rod. See *Book* 4, p. 222.
109. On Simon Magus and the identification of Philemon as Magus, see June 1, 1916, *Book* 6, p. 245.
110. Latin for “garden of delights.” It was also the title of a twelfth-century illuminated manuscript, illustrations from which Jung reproduced in 1944 (figs. 28, 53, *Psychology and Alchemy*, *CW* 12). One of the most famous representations is the painting by Hieronymus Bosch, in the Prado in Madrid.
111. Wednesday.
112. In the autumn of 1917, Jung wrote the following in the manuscript of *Scrutinies*: “ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ had intoxicated me and given me a language that was foreign to me and of a different sensitivity. All of this faded when the God arose and only ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ kept that language. But I felt that he went on other ways than I did. Probably the greater part of what I have written in the earlier part of this book was given to me by ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ” (*LN*, p. 483).
113. In Greek mythology, the robe of the centaur Nessus. Hercules kills Nessus for attempting to rape his wife, Deianira. Dying, Nessus dips the robe in his blood and gives it to Deianira. When Hercules threatens to abandon her, she gives it to him, and this leads to his death.
114. In 1903, Jung approvingly cited the French psychologist Alfred Binet’s conception of suggestion. Binet had stated: “It should be carefully noted that if the personality of ‘Adrienne’ could be created, it was because the suggestion encountered a psychological possibility” (*On the Psychology and Pathology of So-Called Occult Phenomena*, *CW* 1, § 93). The conception of the limits of the reach of suggestion played a critical role for Jung. On this question, see my “ ‘The Magical Method That

Works in the Dark': C.G. Jung, Hypnosis, and Suggestion," *Journal of Jungian Theory and Practice* 3 (2001): 5–18.

115. In *Memories*, Jung claimed that Freud had been fascinated by, but had failed to grasp the spiritual and numinous meaning of, sexuality: "Sexuality is of the greatest importance as the expression of the chthonic spirit. That spirit is the 'other face of God,' the dark side of the God-image" (*Memories*, p. 192).
116. On December 22, Salome had identified herself as the sister to Jung's "I" (*Book* 2, p. 189). On January 29, 1914, Jung's "I" had addressed his soul as "sister" (*Book* 4, p. 259). By inference, this would make Salome also the sister of the soul.
117. The Irish philosopher George Berkeley (1685–1753) famously maintained that "*esse est percipi (aut percipere)*" (to be is to be perceived [or to perceive]). See his *Treatise Concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge*, in *Philosophical Works, Including the Works on Vision*, ed. Michael R. Ayers (London: J. M. Dent, 1975). In his lecture of October 27, 1933, at the ETH, Jung spoke as follows concerning Berkeley: "[He] is the first English empirical psychologist. As an empiricist, he made sensations his starting point, like Christian Wolff. When one neither sees, hears, nor feels anything, one assumes that there is nothing in the mind either, true to the Latin saying: *Nihil est in intellectu, quod non antea fuerit in sensu*. Berkeley realized, however, that sensations do not remain disparate, but coalesce into a whole, and discovered the perception of one's own senses as a factor equal to the object perceived. Out of this fusion of subject and object Berkeley constructed the psychological concept of space" (C.G. Jung, *Modern Psychology: Lectures Delivered at ETH Zürich, Volume 1: October 1933–February 1934*, ed. Ernst Falzeder, trans. Mark Kyburz, John Peck, and Ernst Falzeder [Princeton: Princeton University Press/Philemon Series, 2018], p. 18).
118. Cf. "The Second Dance Song" in Nietzsche's *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*: "Oh Mankind, pray! / What does deep midnight have to say? / From sleep, from sleep— / From deepest dream I made my way— / The world is deep, / And deeper than the grasp of day. / Deep is its pain—, Pleasure [Lust]—deeper still than misery: / Pain says: refrain! Yet all pleasure wants eternity —, / wants deep, wants deep eternity!" (trans. Adrian del Caro [Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2006], p. 184).

119. Cf. *Genesis* 2:10: “And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads.” The four rivers are the Pishon, Gihon, Tigris, and Euphrates. On the four streams, see also Image 121 of November 1919 in *LN* (see appendix, p. 147).
120. Phanes.
121. Friday. Jung saw two patients.
122. This is the continuation of Phanes’s speech.
123. Monday. Jung saw four patients.
124. Abbreviation for “Anima.” This is the first place in the *Black Books* where Jung identifies the soul as the anima. In an undated revision to his 1916 paper “The Structure of the Unconscious,” he introduced the notion of the anima as a counterpart to that of the persona. He regarded both of these as “subject-imagoes.” Here, he defined the anima as “how the subject is seen by the collective unconscious” (*CW* 7, § 521). In 1921, he wrote “The inner personality is the way one behaves in relation to one’s inner psychic processes; it is the inner attitude, the characteristic face, that it is turned towards the unconscious. I call the outer attitude, the outward face, the *persona*; the inner attitude, the inner face, I call the *anima*” (*CW* 7 § 803). The inner attitude was the soul, which had a complementary relation to the persona. In women, he named this the animus.
125. In Greek mythology, Medea is an enchantress descended from Helios. She has the gift of prophecy. She helps Jason obtain the Golden Fleece from her father, King Aeëtes of Colchis. In Euripides’s *Medea*, Jason deserts her for the daughter of King Creon of Corinth. Medea then murders Creon, his daughter, and the sons she had with Jason.
126. Wednesday. Jung saw one patient.
127. From November 2 to December 14, Jung was on military service in Château d’Oex. He read Édouard Schuré’s *From Sphinx to Christ: An Occult History* (1912) and was struck by the author’s depiction of the visions of the Buddha and the similarity to his own experience (Whitefish, MT: Kessinger, 2014), pp. 100ff.
128. Saturday. Jung saw one patient. In his appointment book for January 3, 1919, he drew a sketch of Philemon flying, which evidently formed the basis of a painting (see *The Art of C.G. Jung*, cats. 64, 65, pp. 143–44). He recalled that Philemon had

first appeared to him in a dream: “There was a blue sky, like the sea, covered not by clouds but by flat brown clods of earth. It looked as if the clods were breaking apart and the blue water of the sea were becoming visible between them. But the water was the blue sky. Suddenly there appeared from the right a winged being sailing across the sky. I saw that it was an old man with the horns of a bull. He held a bunch of four keys, one of which he clutched as if he were about to open a lock. He had the wings of the kingfisher with its characteristic colors. Since I did not understand this dream image, I painted it in order to impress it upon my memory” (*Memories*, p. 207). While making this painting, he found a dead kingfisher in his garden by the lakeshore; the birds are very rarely found in the vicinity of Zürich. As the sketch and the painting correspond to this dream, it suggests that the dream actually occurred in early January 1919.

129. Sunday.
130. Philemon.
131. German: “verseelenweiblicht,” a neologism of Jung’s.
132. Saturday. Jung saw one patient. He was transcribing p. 110 of the calligraphic volume of *LN*. Images 105, 107, and 109 were painted in 1918–19 (see appendix, pp. 135 and 137). On February 28 he had gone to hear a lecture by Carl Spitteler, who won the Nobel Prize in Literature that year.
133. Cf. Isaiah 40:3–5: “The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. / Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: / And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.”
134. John 19:16–18: “Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus, and led him away. / And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha: / Where they crucified him, and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.”
135. Phanes.
136. Wednesday.
137. Jung stayed on Harley Street, where he presented seminars to his first group of students in England. The group included

Maurice Nicoll and James Young. On July 4 he presented a talk on “The psychological foundations of belief in spirits” at the Society for Psychical Research (*CW* 8); he repeated it at the Psychological Club on October 4. On July 11 he presented “On the problem of psychogenesis in mental disease” (*CW* 3) at the psychiatry section of the Royal Society of Medicine, at the invitation of William McDougall, and on July 12 he presented “Instinct and the unconscious” at a joint meeting of the British Psychological Society, the Aristotelian Society, and the Mind Assocation (*CW* 8). On the weekends, he went to stay at a cottage at Cranwell Farm, near Waddeston Manor, Aylesbury, which had been rented by Nicoll, Young, and Maud Hoffman. In a letter to Emma, he drew the farm (see *The Art of C.G. Jung*, p. 149). In 1950, he wrote up his experiences as a contribution to Fanny Moser’s *Ghosts: False Belief or True Belief?* (*CW* 18, §§ 757ff.) He had unexpected difficulty sleeping at Cranwell Farm and heard strange sounds and smelled odd odors. He had the impression that there was an animal running around. The smell reminded him of the memory of an old woman at the Burghölzli who suffered from an open carcinoma. On one occasion he woke up: “There beside me on the pillow, I saw the head of an old woman, and the right eye, wide open, glared at me. The left half of the face was missing below the eye.” He learned that the house had a reputation for being haunted. In his “Dreams,” he noted, “In England staying in a haunted house. First saw the left half of a face of an old woman. Then all sorts of sounds. Paralysing fear, sleeplessness, suddenly subsiding in other room. Then saw Toni half materialized.” In 1950, he conjectured that “The vision had the character of a hypnagogic hallucination and was probably a reconstruction of the memory of the old woman with carcinoma.” The smells could have been intuiting something about the previous inhabitants. There was a dripping noise he couldn’t explain. The house was later pulled down, as it apparently scared away all tenants. Nicoll recalled that they often painted watercolors in the garden room: “you told us how to paint symbolically.” Kenneth Walker remembered a “Mithraic Altar that Dr. Jung had painted, in tones of blue, with two figures, evidently the torch-bearers.” Elystan Miles recalled “Dr. Jung’s painting of the Soul taking the Middle Way, a small figure of a man toiling along a narrow dangerous path, a high mountain one side, a

precipice on the other—full of dramatic color." Nicoll also recalled that Jung "told me a lot about the possibilities of psycho-material-transformation—i.e., if a man puts his psychic genius into a bit of wood, the wood stands up to him and in fact it is an example of psycho-transformism" (cited in Beryl Pogson, *Maurice Nicoll: A Portrait* [New York: Fourth Way Books, 1987], pp. 63–66). It was at this time that Jung carved two wooden figures of Atmavictu. On his return to Switzerland, he commissioned a sculptor to make a model in plaster and then a stone scultpture, which he placed by the lakeshore at his house in Küsnacht (see *The Art of C.G. Jung*, pp. 148–50).

138. Monday. At some point in 1919, Jung had the Spanish flu, during which he had some visions of spheres, which he subsequently painted (*The Art of C.G. Jung*, cats. 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, pp. 131–36. On February 6, 1959, he recalled these as follows to Aniela Jaffé: "In 1919 I had a bad flue and forty-degree temperature. It was the "Spanish Flu." I felt I was losing my hold on life. Then I had a dream. Of course, I can't say for sure if it was a dream, or a vision: I found myself in a small sailboat on a wildly disturbed sea. In the boat I found a sphere. It was in the inside of the boat, and I had to bring it to safety. Behind me a monstrous wave arose, which threatened to swamp me and the boat. Then I landed on an island. It was a volcanic island, barren, like a lunar landscape or a dead country. Nothing grew there. I can't remember: was the sphere lying on the ground on the island, or did it hover over it? Later another beautiful picture came. That must have been when I was recovering, or the dream picture denoted the beginning of the healing process: a wonderful evening sky vaulted over the island. Between the two trees, a sphere floated or had settled there. And a last dream picture: it was in the harbour of Sousse in Tunis. There a precious tent was set up, and in the tent the sphere dwelled or was kept. In the harbor, the characteristic African sailboats were docked. The impression of the harbour was very clear and very lucid. When I landed in Sousse a few weeks later, it was exactly as I had seen in my dream. At that time I didn't know that I would go to Africa. That was only two or three months later. When I arrived in Sousse, I saw right away: That is my dream! There are the boats just like in my dream!" (cited in ibid., p. 137).

139. Monday. Jung saw six patients.

140. Jung's youngest daughter, Helene Hoerni-Jung (1914–2014).
141. Jung's son, Franz.
142. Jung is referring to a vision of a maiden in 1917 who kneeled before him asking forgiveness for a crime that she had committed against him.
143. The reference is to H. G. Wells's science fiction novel *The Time Machine* (London: William Heinemann, 1895). Jung had some contact with Wells. It seems that they met on one of Jung's trips to London. In 1926, Wells presented a striking account of a meeting with Jung in his book *The World of William Clissold* (London: Ernest Benn), pp. 91–96. In 1929, Jung wrote to Walter Corti mentioning that he had recently met Wells at his house in Küsnacht, and recommended that Corti publish a translation of Wells's *God, the Invisible King* (London: Cassell, 1917); see *Letters* 1, p. 69. Also see Vincent Brome, "H. G. Wells and C. G. Jung," *Spring: An Annual of Archetypal Psychology and Jungian Thought* (1975): 60–62. Jung described his impressions of Wells to Aniela Jaffé (*MP*, p. 13).
144. On August 16–17 Jung was on holiday in Schmerikon, Switzerland, with Hermann Sigg and Hans Trüb, and after that he met with the McCormicks. On September 2–3 he was in St. Moritz. On November 2 he gave a lecture in Olten. On October 4 he gave a talk to the Psychological Club on "The psychology of the belief in spirits."
145. Possibly a reference to the *Red Book*.
146. Cleofonte Campanini (1860–1919) was the director and principal conductor of the Chicago Opera from 1910 until he died of pneumonia on December 19, 1919. The Chicago Opera Association was funded by the McCormicks. It became bankrupt in 1921, and the McCormicks withdrew their support.
147. See introduction, pp. 17ff.
148. Monday. Jung saw six patients. Here are some of his activities in the interim: On March 6, 1920, he went to North Africa with Hermann Sigg, returning on April 17. In June he gave three seminars and a lecture. In the summer he visited England, giving a seminar in Sennen Cove in Cornwall on *Authentic Dreams of Peter Blobbs* (London: Longsman and Green, 1916), a book by Arthur John Hubbard and his wife, who is identified as Mrs. Arthur John Hubbard. The seminar was arranged by Constance Long, and there are fragments of notes in her diary (*CLM*). At Sennen cove, Jung made a painting of a serpent and

a sphere, which he gave to Beatrice Hinkle (*The Art of C.G. Jung*, cat. 72, p. 154). Jung was in Schmerikon on November 20–22. On January 7, 1921, he sketched a yin-yang diagram in his appointment book. From March 25 to 29 he was in Schmerikon with Stockmayer. From April 19 to 25 he was on holiday, possibly in Schmerikon, and from April 28 to May 3 he was in Brig, Sierre, and Sion. On May 9 he gave a seminar. Following this, he was in London. On June 5 he gave a presentation to the Psychological Club on "The psychology of war." On July 15 he was on holiday with Hans Trüb. On December 21 he was in Basel and on December 27, Lugano. There are notes of some hexagrams from the *I Ching* in his appointment book, indicating that he began experimenting with it at this time. In 1921 he published *Psychological Types* and "The question of the therapeutic value of 'abreaction' " (*CW* 16). On February 19, Hermann Hesse gave a reading of *Siddhartha*, his work in progress, at the Psychological Club. On March 10 Jung held a seminar on *Psychological Types* at the Psychological Club.

149. See above, February 23, 1920, p. 201.

150. Cf. the wheel in Image 127 in *LN* (see appendix, p. 155), which bears the following inscription: "Amor triumphat. This image was completed on 9 January 1921, after it had waited incomplete for nine months. It expresses I know not what kind of grief, a fourfold sacrifice. I could almost choose not to finish it. It is the inexorable wheel of the four functions, the essence of all living beings imbued with sacrifice." At some point during 1921 and 1922 Jung also painted Images 129, 131, and 133 in the calligraphic volume of *Liber Novus*.

151. Wednesday. Jung saw two patients.

152. In 1817, Goethe wrote a poem in five stanzas entitled "Urworte. Orphisch" (Primordial Words. Orphic), which he published in 1820 in *On Morphology*. The words were daemon, chance, love, necessity, and hope.

153. After this entry, Jung wrote the first few lines of an entry on February 2, 1928: "2 II 1928. / Speak to me, soul, is it something that I should know? / S. Naturally it is something. Should I tell you? How can I? How should I know what you don't . . . " He started this entry again on p. 127, which suggests that its location here was a mistake.

154. Pages 92a–d are loose sheets that were inserted into the book (pages 93 and 94 are blank). On December 21, Jung was in Basel, and on December 27, in Lugano.
155. Friday. On December 15, Richard Wilhelm gave a presentation on the *I Ching* at the Psychological Club.
156. There are no dreams noted in "Dreams" at this time.
157. Sunday.
158. In Greek mythology, Artemis, the daughter of Zeus and Leto and the sister of Apollo, is the Goddess of chastity, virginity, the hunt, the moon, and the natural environment. In the myth of Actaeon, Actaeon sees her bathing naked and tries to rape her. She transforms him into a stag and he is killed by hounds.
159. That is, Artemis.
160. Cf. the three coiled serpents in Image 71, *LN*.
161. In Greek mythology, Dionysus is the God of fertility, wine, ritual madness, and the theater. The frenzy of his followers was famously depicted by Euripides in *The Bacchae*.
162. This motif is reminsicent of the priests of Attis-Cybele, the Gallai, who were eunuchs. Attis was a Phyrgian vegetation God and the consort of Cybele, the Great Mother. Jung commented on the death of Attis in 1912: "Attis is the son lover of the divine mother, Agditis Cybele. . . . Driven mad by the insanity-breeding mother enamored of him, he emasculates himself, and that under a pine tree" (*Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, *CW* B, §§ 681ff.).
163. Wednesday.
164. Toni Wolff.
165. On the Great Mother see Jung, "Psychological Aspects of the Mother Archetype" (1938), *CW* 9, pt. 1, and Erich Neumann, *The Great Mother: An Analysis of the Archetype* (1955), with a foreword by Martin Liebscher, trans. Ralph Mannheim (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 2015).
166. Toni Wolff.
167. Toni Wolff.
168. Thursday.
169. Friday.
170. In Egyptian mythology, Isis is the daughter of Geb, the earth God, and Nut, the sky Goddess. She is the sister of Osiris (who is also her husband), Nephthys, and Seth. After Osiris is murdered by Seth, Isis finds and restores his body and brings him back to life, and then gives birth to their son Horus. For

the Egyptians, she was the epitome of the loving wife and mother. Jung referred to Isis in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* (*CW* B) and in subsequent texts.

171. For this dream, see introduction, pp. 76ff.

172. In *Memories*, Jung noted apropos the dream cited in the preceding footnote: “though I did not grasp the full meaning of the dream, it lingered in my memory, along with the liveliest wish to go to Africa again at the next opportunity” (p. 274).

173. That is, the God.

174. Years later, Toni Wolff noted, “His anima is naturally against me, like all women” (November 5, 1937, *Diary* K, p. 181).

175. Saturday.

176. On the sun and the moon, see *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, chapter 3, “The Personification of the Opposites.”

177. That is, the four functions of consciousness: thinking, feeling, sensation, and intuition. Cf. *Psychological Types*, chapter 10.

178. In Egyptian mythology, Nut, the sky Goddess, swallows Ra, the sun God, each night.

179. The two fish appear to be related to the astrological sign of Pisces. In *Aion*, Jung studied the astrological symbolism of the precession of the equinoxes between the Ages of Pisces and Aquarius, as noted above, and the relation of this to the figures of Christ and the Antichrist. He wrote: “the designation of Christ as *the* one fish identifies him in the astrological interpretation with the first vertical one. Christ is followed at the end of time by the Antichrist. The beginning of the enantiodromia must fall, logically, between the two fishes. We have seen that this is so. The time of the Renaissance begins in the immediate vicinity of the second fish, and with it comes that spirit which culminates in the modern age” (§ 149). At a psychological level, he noted, “If we see the traditional figure of Christ as a parallel to the psychic manifestation of the self, then the Antichrist would correspond to the shadow of the self, namely the dark half of human totality” (§ 76). He added that symbolically, “the coming of the Antichrist is not just a prophetic prediction—but an unrelenting psychological law. . . . The ideal of spiritually striving for the heights was doomed to clash with the materialistic earth-bound passion to conquer matter and master the world. This change became visible at the time of the ‘Renaissance’ ” (§§ 77–78).

180. Nephthys is the sister of Isis and Osiris and the Goddess of the dead.
181. Egyptian mythology was especially resonant for Toni Wolff. On 26 January 26, 1926, she noted, “I come to my psychology only with the Egyptians. It fits like a glove.” The last phrase was in English in the original. On February 1, she wrote, “Egypt was my real mother—my spiritual mother” (*Diary* F, pp. 15, 30). In 1926, she undertook a cycle of Egyptian-inspired active imaginations in which she encountered the figures of Thot, Isis, Anubis, and Osiris. Around 1924, she attended a masquerade at the Psychological Club dressed as Nefertiti (photo, private possesion, Felix Naeff).
182. Sunday.
183. In the following year, Jung took up this theme in his unpublished seminars at Polzeath, in Cornwall. At one point, he stated that “Collective relationships must be based on individual relationships, for an individual cannot exist without relatedness, for we are each cells in an organism. When we make individual relationships we lay the foundations for an invisible church” (*Seminar—July 1923 by Dr. C.G. Jung Held at Polzeath, Cornwall*. Notes of Esther Harding, Kristine Mann Library, New York, p. 20). This idea led to ongoing debate in Jung’s circle. Cary Baynes wrote an unpublished paper entitled, “Human Relations,” which she began by noting: “In the last two or three sessions of our summer school at Polzeath, we discussed the possible contribution to be made by Analytical Psychology to the ‘church’ of the future. We meant by this ill-omened word church, the inevitable form which will be assumed by the ideas of today that tend toward a new synthesis of subjective experience. For it was agreed that in order for ideas of this sort to survive, a form of one kind or another was indispensable no matter how great the latent danger of the content being eventually smothered by the form. The special contribution of psychoanalysis was thought to be the building up of the right sorts of relationships, both individual and collective, and the vision of a future in which one came into full self-expression through relationships instead of skulking into them hemmed by a thousand fears, was very enticing” (Baynes papers, p. 1, *CFB*, see introduction, pp. 83ff.).

184. In terms of the date sequence, this seems to refer to Image 127 in *LN* (see appendix, p. 155), which bears the following inscription: “Amor triumphat. This image was completed on January 9, 1921, after it had waited incomplete for 9 months. It expresses I know not what kind of grief, a fourfold sacrifice. I could almost choose not to finish it. It is the inexorable wheel of the four functions, the essence of all living beings imbued with sacrifice.” Read in context, the sacrifice represents knowledge becoming flesh.
185. Tuesday. Jung saw seven patients.
186. Friday. Jung saw eight patients.
187. From what follows in this entry, it appears that Jung was considering writing a book on the subject of dreams. No book was published, but some of the results of the projected work were presented in the form of his unpublished seminars in Swanage (Dorset, England), in the summer of 1925, on “Dreams and Symbolism.”
188. The German has “Lehrt” (“Teach”). This appears to be a mistake for “Lernt” (“Learn”).
189. Monday. Jung saw seven patients.
190. Tuesday. Jung saw seven patients.
191. It appears that Jung heeded this advice and reduced the size of his practice. In the four last months of 1921, he saw about sixty-two patients, most several times per week and many daily. In the first four months of 1922, he saw only about forty-five, and in the last four months of 1922 about forty-four. Nevertheless, his workload remained an issue. On February 10, 1925 he wrote to Frances Wickes: “Thank you for your kind letter. I am rather ashamed that I have not yet written to you. But it was not just negligence that kept me from writing, but very urgent matters that called my attention elsewhere. I am eaten up by patients, so that I can hardly breathe. In the end of the week I become a violent fanatic of Jewish and Christian belief in the the sanctity of Sabbath on Saturdays and Sunday. My tendency to an Islamic solution of problems shows itself in a veneration of Friday, but this new cult still interferes with correspondence.” On March 19, 1925, he again wrote to Wickes: “Lately there has been such an afflux of business that I have been forced to invent a new scheme how to keep up with my obligations. I am going to reduce the hours of individual analysis, i.e., the amount of strictly therapeutic work for the

teaching. It has become unavoidable. Last week I almost collapsed. No more of this!" (Wickes Collection, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress).

192. Friday. Jung canceled appointments with two patients. He suffered from flu January 23–27.

193. Toni Wolff.

194. A reference to Image 109 in *LN* (see appendix, p. 137), which bears the following inscription: "This man of matter rises up too far in the world of the spirit, there the spirit bores through his heart with the golden ray. He falls with joy and disintegrates. The serpent, who is the evil one, could not remain in the world of the spirit."

195. A reference to Image 111 in *LN* (see appendix, p. 139).

196. In Homer's *Iliad*, Athena gives Menelaus the boldness of a fly (l. 570).

197. It is unclear which image this refers to.

198. In August, Jung, his wife, Toni Wolff, Hans and Suzanne Trüb, and Emil Medtner went sailing and camping on an island in Upper Lake Zürich. In September they visited the village of S-Charl in the Lower Engadine and went hiking in the Alps (Ljunggren, *The Russian Mephisto*, p. 137).

199. In 1921–22, Jung painted Images 129, 131, and 133 in the calligraphic volume of *LN*. On November 25 he completed Image 135. It bore the following inscription: "Completed on 25 November 1922. The fire comes out of Muspilli and grasps the tree of life. A cycle is completed, but it is the cycle within the world egg. A strange God, the unnameable God of the solitary, is incubating it. New creatures form from the smoke and ashes." In Norse mythology Muspilli (or Muspelheim) is the abode of the fire Gods.

    On November 29, Jung was transcribing p. 134 in the calligraphic volume of *LN*. He gave a lecture to the Society for German Language and Literature, "On the Relation of Analytical Psychology to Poetic Art Works," on May 26 (*CW* 15), which he repeated at the Psychological Club on July 9. From June 2 to 6 he was on holiday in Schmerikon. On November 7, Emma Jung gave a presentation to the Psychological Club, "Considerations on a Word of Meister Eckhart."

200. It emerges, from the following exchange, that the figure had first appeared to Jung in a dream he'd had in Tunis in 1920

(see above, p. 212).

201. A reference to the dream—see above, p. 212.
202. A village in Ticino, on Lake Lugano.
203. Tuesday/Wednesday.
204. Jung's later recollections identify this figure with Wotan. See below, p. 232, n. 222.
205. Wednesday.
206. Cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, act 3, scene 1, line 1749: "To be, or not to be, that is the question."
207. In Plato's *Timaeus*, the Demiurge was the creator of the universe and imposed order on chaos. The term was used in Gnosticism to designate the lesser deity who created and ruled the material world.
208. On January 30, 1916, "fullness and nothingness" were described as qualities of the Pleroma. On January 31, Abraxas was described as the "manifestation" of the Pleroma, if it had an essence (*Book* 5, p. 285, *Book* 6, p. 212).
209. The Greek letter chi.
210. Jung was referring to the myth of creation in the *Timaeus*, in which the Demiurge gave the world soul the form of the Greek letter chi (34–36). In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*, he noted, "The thought of 'union' expressed by the symbol of the cross is met in 'Timaios' of Plato, where the world soul is conceived as stretched out between heaven and earth in the form of an X (Chi)" (*CW* B, § 406). In 1940, Jung discussed the *Timaeus* at length in "Attempt at a Psychological Interpretation of the Dogma of the Trinity" (*CW* 11, §§ 118ff.).
211. Presumably, the dream already referred to on January 6, 1922 (see above, p. 212).
212. On the Pleroma, see January 30, 1916 (*Book* 5, pp. 285ff.). At that point the "self" had not yet emerged as a notion.
213. The first phrase appears to refer to the dream in Tunisia (see above, p. 212).
214. Friday.
215. Jung's later recollections (see below, p. 232, n. 222) identify this figure with Wotan.
216. The dream in Tunisia (see above, p. 212).
217. On Jung's conception of God's power, see *Answer to Job*, *CW* 11.
218. Cf. the "noble eightfold path" or "middle way" of Buddhism, comprised of right vision, right emotion, right speech, right

action, right livelihood, right effort, right recollection, and right meditation.

219. In 1915, Jung wrote in the prologue to *Liber Primus*: "*But the supreme meaning is the path, the way and the bridge to what is to come. That is the God yet to come. It is not the coming God himself, but his image which appears in the supreme meaning*" (*LN*, p. 120). This section links this figure with Wotan (see below, n. 222).

220. Monday/Tuesday.

221. Jung's son, Franz, was born in 1908. At this time, he was fourteen years old.

222. Tuesday. In *Memories*, Jung recalled concerning his mother's death: "I was deeply shaken, for it had come with unexpected suddenness. The night before her death I had a frightening dream. I was in a dense, gloomy forest; fantastic, gigantic boulders lay about among huge jungle-like trees. It was a heroic, primeval landscape. Suddenly I heard a piercing whistle that seemed to resound through the whole universe. My knees shook. Then there were crashings in the underbrush, and a gigantic wolfhound with a fearful, gaping maw burst forth. At the sight of it, the blood froze in my veins. It tore past me, and I suddenly knew: the Wild Huntsman had commanded it to carry away a human soul. I awoke in deadly terror, and the next morning I received the news of my mother's passing. / Seldom has a dream so shaken me, for upon superficial consideration it seemed to say that the devil had fetched her. But to be accurate the dream said that it was the Wild Huntsman, the "Grünhütl" or Wearer of the Green Hat, who hunted with his wolves that night—it was the season of Föhn storms in January. It was Wotan, the god of my Alemannic forefathers, who had gathered my mother to her ancestors negatively to the 'wild horde,' but positively to the 'sälig lut' the blessed folk. It was the Christian missionaries who made Wotan into a devil. In himself he is an important god, a Mercury or Hermes, as the Romans correctly realized, a nature spirit who returned to life again in the Merlin of the Grail legend and became, as the spiritus Mercurialis, the sought-after arcanum of the alchemists. Thus the dream says that the soul of my mother was taken into that greater territory of the self which lies beyond the segment of Christian morality, taken into that wholeness of nature and spirit in which conflicts and

contradictions are resolved. / I went home immediately, and while I rode in the night train I had a feeling of great grief, but in my heart of hearts I could not be mournful, and this for a strange reason: during the entire journey I continually 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 . . . From another point of view, however, death appears as a joyful event. In the light of eternity, it is a wedding, a mysterium coniunctionis." (pp. 344–46). There is no separate contemporaneous record of a dream, which suggests that Jung was in fact recalling the events described in the entry for 7/8. I. 1923 at 1 a.m. See introduction, pp. 78ff.

223. Jung's mother and sister Gertud lived at this address till the former's death.

224. Friday.

225. In *Memories*, Jung narrated the dream as follows, dating it to September 1922: "I had not dreamed of my father since his death in 1896. Now he once more appeared in a dream, as if he had returned from a distant journey. He looked rejuvenated, and had shed his appearance of paternal authoritarianism. I went into my library with him, and was greatly pleased at the prospect of finding out what he had been up to. I was also looking forward with particular joy to introducing my wife and children to him, to showing him my house, and to telling him all that had happened to me and what I had become in the meanwhile. I wanted also to tell him about my book on psychological types, which had recently been published. But I quickly saw that all this would be inopportune, for my father looked preoccupied. Apparently he wanted something from me.

I felt that plainly, and so I refrained from talking about my own concerns. / He then said to me that since I was after all a psychologist, he would like to consult me about marital psychology. I made ready to give him a lengthy lecture on the complexities of marriage, but at this point I awoke. I could not properly understand the dream, for it never occurred to me that it might refer to my mother's death. I realized that only when she died suddenly in January 1923. / My parent's marriage was not a happy one, but full of trials and difficulties and tests of patience. Both made the mistakes typical of many couples. My dream was a forecast of my mother's death, for here was my father who, after an absence of twenty-six years, wished to ask a psychologist about the newest insights and information on marital problems, since he would soon have to resume this relationship again. Evidently he had acquired no better understanding in his timeless state and therefore had to appeal to someone among the living who, enjoying the benefits of changed times, might have a fresh approach to the whole thing. / Such was the dream's message. Undoubtedly, I could have found out a good deal more by looking into its subjective meaning but why did I dream it just before the death of my mother, which I did not foresee? It plainly referred to my father, with whom I felt a sympathy that deepened as I grew older" (pp. 346–47). The dating here has the dream occurring the night before his mother died. In 1925, Jung contributed an essay on "Marriage as a Psychological Relationship" to Count Hermann Keyserling's *The Book of Marriage* (*CW* 17). On January 13 he wrote to Josef Lang, whose mother had also died: "My mother's death surprised me while I was traveling in the South. When I came home, I found the note telling me about your mother's death. That explains why I'm getting back to you only now. The death of one's mother is an unusually difficult experience. It's probably the secret organic connection which makes this loss so wrenching, against all reason. You are being taken toward death for a bit yourself, as there is a part of you that wants to die, too. I did not know anything beforehand of the impending end, but I did have very ominous premonitory experiences and dreams: for example, my father, who has been dead for 27 years, appeared in a dream, and also once when I was awake, and he was laughing and in a good mood. Strangely enough, I was stricken with blindness, and it simply

did not occur to me that my mother might die. Today is her funeral. Given the circumstances, there is no need for more words: we share the same grief" (private possession, Stephen Martin).

226. Sunday. On February 25, 1923, Jung was transcribing *Liber Secundus*, chapter 20, "The way of the cross," into the calligraphic volume of *LN*, and added the inscription "25 February 1923. The transformation of black into white magic."

227. Sunday/Monday. In 1923, Jung gave a talk on "Psychological types" at the International Congress for Pedagogy in Montreux (*CW* 6). Sometime in 1923, Jung made a painting that featured Philemon and other figures (*The Art of C.G. Jung*, cat. 66, p. 145), with the following inscription on the verso: "We fear and we hope: will you sacrifice the laurel of eternity to the bridal expectant earth? our feet stand in the void and are granted no beauty and fulfillment. will the promise be broken? will the eternal marry the temporal?" (ibid., p. 147). Jung gave the painting to Toni Wolff.

228. Tuesday.

229. The municipality and village of Ossingen is in Canton Zürich, between Winterthur and Schaffhausen. There are Roman antiquities and an early medieval burial mound in Goldbuck, which is in the municipality.

230. Friday/Saturday. This entry is an insert on headed paper. By January 1924 Jung had reached page 142 of the transcription of *LN* into the calligraphic volume.

231. A reference to the tale of Baucis and Philemon. From his later account in *Memories* (pp. 258ff.), Jung was staying at this time in his tower in Bollingen.

232. In *LN* (p. 154), Philemon stands above the cupola of a building that could be a temple. At his tower in Bollingen, Jung carved the following inscription on the wall: "Philemonis sacrum—Fausti poenitentia" (Philemon's Shrine—Faust's Repentance). One of the murals in the tower is a portrait of Philemon. See Jung's later account of this experience in *Memories*, where he speculates on the relation of this horde to Wotan's army of departed souls and the regular procession of Swiss mercenaries who marched from central Switzerland to Locarno in the seventeenth century (pp. 255–58).

233. Friday. Jung saw nine patients. He gave a series of presentations at the Psychological Club on "The psychology of

dreams" on November 22 and December 8, 1924, and February 8, 1925. He published "Marriage as a psychological relation" (*CW* 17) in 1925. In 1926 he published *The Unconscious in the Normal and Sick Life of the Soul*, a revision of his 1917 *Psychology of the Unconscious Processes* (cf. *CW* 7). In the interim, on June 27, he was in Bollingen. From September 26 to 29 he was in Paris with George Porter. On October 31 he met Hermann Sigg in Bollingen. His daughter Agathe got married on November 10. On December 10 he left for America, taking a steamer from Bremen on the thirteenth and arriving on the twenty-second in New York, where he met with Fowler McCormick, George Porter, and Frances Wickes. On December 24 he went to Chicago and then on to Taos on the thirtieth. He also visited Washington, New Orleans, and the Grand Canyon. On January 14 he gave a seminar in Kristine Mann's apartment in New York, speaking on racial psychology and the ancestors. On January 15 he headed back to Europe (see William McGuire, "Jung in America, 1924–1925," *Spring: A Journal of Archetype and Culture* [1978]: 37–53). On January 30, 1925, he was with George Beckwith in Schmerikon. On February 13 he was in Bollingen. On May 29 he was in Bollingen. On June 15 he met with Paul Radin. On July 10 he was in Bollingen. On August 9 he was in Amsterdam and met with J. H. van der Hoop. On August 10 he was in Heidelberg. On August 16 he was transcribing p. 156 of the calligraphic volume of *LN*. Images 154 and 155 were painted sometime in 1924 and 1925. Richard Wilhlem lectured at the Psychological Club on "Chinese Yoga Practice" on May 27, 1926, and on May 28 on "The Chinese Conception of the Soul." On June 5, Jung gave a presentation at the Psychological Club on "The Psychology of the Pueblos." On June 27 he saw the opera *The Barber of Seville*. On October 29 he gave a lecture to the Augsburg Literary Society on "Spirit and Life" (*CW* 8), presenting it again at the Psychological Club on November 20.

234. Between October 1925 and March 1926, Jung traveled in Kenya, Uganda, and Egypt (see introduction, pp. 90ff.), departing from Southampton, England, for Mombassa on October 15 and returning to Zürich on March 14.

235. Tuesday.

236. See above, p. 232. In a diary entry of September 12, 1924, Toni Wolff wrote: "Does he still see me as anima? Because he is

Philemon?" (*Diary* B, p. 6). On December 27, 1924, she wrote: "Anima Toni-substitute, because anima is primary, no unconditional attitude toward me. . . . C. told me that I had not been exactly like the anima. The anima said that I was indecently clever" (*Diary* B, pp. 76, 88).

237. *The Relations between the I and the Unconscious* (*CW* 7) included a lengthy exposition of the anima in men and animus in women, and the procedure for coming to terms with them through active imagination. See introduction, pp. 100ff.

238. Monday/Tuesday. Jung saw eight patients on each day.

239. Madeleine (Maggy) Reichstein (1894–1975), an important patient of Jung's. Her case featured prominently in his "The Realities of Practical Psychotherapy" as the "Kundalini case." In 1925, she married Adam Reichstein, the brother of Tadeus Reichstein, who with Philip S. Hench and Edward C. Kendall won the Nobel Prize in medicine in 1950 (and also attended Jung's seminars). On December 7, Jung wrote to her that he'd had a dream about her three weeks earlier, the day before she was supposed to see him. She didn't come and also missed the subsequent session. Jung hoped that nothing bad had happened, and asked her to let him know what was happening (Jung Picture Archive, courtesy of Vicente de Moura). See Vicente de Moura, "Learning from the Patient: The East, Synchronicity and Transference in the History of an Unknown Case of C.G. Jung," *Journal of Analytical Psychology* 59 (2014): 391–409.

240. Dr. Theodor Brunner (1877–1956) was a psychiatrist who since 1908 had run a private sanitarium in Küsnacht, established in 1840 by his grandfather. It was located close to Jung's house on Seestrasse. Theodor Brunner had friendly relations with Jung. An advertisment from 1911 indicated that the sanitarium served nervous and mental patients, convalescents, and those in need of withdrawal from alcohol and morphine. It promised individualized medical treatment in a magnificent location with lakeside garden promenades (*Monatsschrift für Psychiatrie und Neurologie* 30, no. 1 [1911]).

241. Saturday/Sunday. Jung saw three patients on Saturday.

242. Sophie Fiechter Jung (1852–1938) was Jung's aunt, his father's sister. She was musically talented. Her son was Ernst Fiechter-Zollikofer (1875–1948). He was the architect who built

Jung's house in Küsnacht. He became a professor in Stuttgart and wrote extensively on antique Greek monuments. Devoted to Theosophy, he became a priest in the Christian Community, a movement for Christian renewal inspired by anthroposophy. See Sophia Charlotte Fiechter, *Ernst Fiechter. Der Künstler, der Forscher, der Mensch. Erinnerungen, Briefe, Tagebücher, letzte Aufzeichnungen* (Stuttgart, Urachhaus, 1950). See also Andreas Jung et al., *The House of C.G. Jung: The History and Restoration of the Residence of Emma and Carl Gustav Jung-Rauschenbach* (Zürich: Stiftung C.G. Jung Küsnacht, 2009).

243. The preceding two lines were added by Jung at a later date.

244. Friday/Saturday. Jung saw nine patients on Friday.

245. Erika Schlegel entered analysis with Jung in 1913. Her sister was Sophie Taeuber, who was married to Hans Arp. She became the librarian of the Psychological Club. Her connections enabled an interaction between Jung's circle and the artistic avant-garde.

246. This expression is in English in the original.

247. The *Tipitaka*, or Pali canon, is the earliest collection of Buddhist teachings. *Tipitaka* means "three baskets" and refers to how the palm leaf texts were originally bound. Translations were included in the *Sacred Books of the East*, which Jung possessed. According to legend, after he attained enlightenment, the Buddha's feet left an imprint on the stone upon which he stepped. The Buddhapada (footprints of the Buddha) is early Buddhist iconography.

248. Tuesday/Wednesday. Jung saw eight and six patients, respectively.

249. Meyrink's *The Golem* begins with a narrator awake at night: "At such times of night I cannot sleep; I cannot wake; in its half dreaming state my mind forms a curious compound of things it has read, things it has heard—streams, each with its own degree of clarity and colour, that intermingle, and penetrate my thought." He had been reading the life of the Buddha, and a passage had struck him: " 'a crow flew down to a stone that looked, as it lay, like a lump of fat.' . . . The image of the stone that resembles a lump of fat assumes ever larger and larger proportions within my brain" (trans. Mike Mitchell [Sawtry, UK: Dedalus, 2017], p. 17).

250. The physical substance purportedly formed by physical mediums in a trance state. In a seminar on March 21, 1934,

Jung stated, “Ectoplasm is exactly like whitish worms; when photographed it looks like that, most gruesome, and it has the touch of a reptile. Quite independently of each other, people have described the strange feeling it gave them; they said one could compare it to the touch of a reptile’s skin, soft, and yet tight, no bones in it, like rubber. Flournoy once described to me a hand he had touched: it was not exactly like a hand, there were only three fingers, and it was not a human touch, there were no bones in it, yet it was hard and elastic. He took hold of it and it gradually melted in his grasp; that impressed him the most, the fact that it actually melted, changed its quality, becoming thinner and thinner until finally there was nothing left. These are strange phenomena which we cannot explain” (*VS*, vol. 2, pp. 1376–77).

251. Sunday.

252. Hermann Sigg (1875–1927) was a businessman and a close friend and neighbor of Jung’s and the founder, in 1904, of Haus Sigg & Co., which specialized in olive oil and had plantations and factories in Tunisia, Spain, and France. The company was responsible for most of the olive oil imports in Switzerland. Sigg’s obituary in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* described him as a “very kind, very upright, farsighted businessman” (January 14, 1927). In 1927 Jung painted an image of the map from his Liverpool dream in the calligraphic volume of *LN* to which he gave the following inscription: “D. IX januarii anno 1927 obiit Hermannus Sigg aet.s.52 amicus meus. [9 January 1927 my friend Hermann Sigg died aged 52]” (see below, p. 240). At his tower in Bollingen, Jung painted a mural bearing a stone-carved inscription in Latin and describing the culmination of the process of the rebirth of the divine that forms a central theme of *Liber Novus* and the *Black Books*. “This is where the God is buried, / this is where he arose. / Like the fire inside the mountains, / like the worm from the earth, / the God begins. / Like that serpent from ashes, / like the Phoenix from the flames, / the God arises / in a wondrous way. / Like the rising sun, / like flame from the wood, / the God rises above. / Like ailment in the body, / like the child in its mother’s womb, / the God is born. / He creates divine madness, / fateful errors, / sorrow and heartache. / Like a tree / man stretches out his arms / and sees himself / as a heavenly man / that he did not know, / facing the world’s orb / and the four rivers of paradise. /

And he will see the face / of the higher man and spirit, / of the greatest father / and the mother of God. / And in an inconceivable birth / the God frees himself / from man / from image, / from every form, / while he enters / the unimaginable and absolute / secret. / In memory of Hermann Sigg, / my very dear friend, / died on 9 January 1927."

253. Vevey is on the shore of Lake Geneva, not far from Lausanne (driving in this direction would be the route one would take to go to Zürich).
254. Luxor was part of a complex of six temples founded in 1400 bce. It contains the ruins of Thebes, capital of Egypt in the Middle and New Kingdoms. Jung had a series of postcards from the temple complex of nearby Karnak indicating that he had visited, presumably in 1925. Luxor also features in Ammonius's narration in 1913 (see *Book* 3, p. 111).
255. Montreux is a few miles south of Vevey.
256. The Necropolis consisted of funerary temples and was known as the Thebes of the Dead.
257. A medical condition consisting of unequal size of the pupils, potentially symptomatic of serious problems.
258. Sunday.
259. For Jung's comments to Aniela Jaffé regarding this dream, see introduction, pp. 98ff.
260. This drawing formed the template of Image 159 in *LN* (see appendix, p. 159).
261. Thursday.
262. Hermann Sigg was buried in Küsnacht on January 13. The service was conducted by Adolf Keller (*Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, January 14).
263. A German translation of an early Zola novel, *Le voeu d'une morte* (1867), subsequently translated into English by Count C. S. de Soissons as *A Dead Woman's Wish* (London: Greening and Co., 1902). In *Memories*, Jung provided the following account of this episode: "One night I lay awake thinking of the sudden death of a friend whose funeral had taken place the day before. I was deeply concerned. Suddenly I felt that he was in the room. It seemed to me that he stood at the foot of my bed and was asking me to go with him. I did not have the feeling of an apparition; rather, it was an inner visual image of him, which I explained to myself as a fantasy. But in all honesty I had to ask myself, 'Do I have any proof that this is a fantasy? Suppose it is

not a fantasy, suppose my friend is really here and I decided he was only a fantasy—would that not be abominable of me?' Yet I had equally little proof that he stood before me as an apparition. Then I said to myself, 'Proof is neither here nor there! Instead of explaining him away as a fantasy, I might just as well give him the benefit of the doubt and for experiment's sake credit him with reality.' The moment I had that thought, he went to the door and beckoned me to follow him. So I was going to have to play along with him! That was something I hadn't bargained for. I had to repeat my argument to myself once more. Only then did I follow him in my imagination. / He led me out of the house, into the garden, out to the road, and finally to his house, (In reality it was several hundred yards away from mine.) I went in, and he conducted me into his study. He climbed on a stool and showed me the second of five books with red bindings which stood on the second shelf from the top. Then the vision broke off. I was not acquainted with his library and did not know what books he owned. Certainly I could never have made out from below the titles of the books he had pointed out to me on the second shelf from the top. / This experience seemed to me so curious that next morning I went to his widow and asked whether I could look up something in my friend's library. Sure enough, there was a stool standing under the bookcase I had seen in my vision, and even before I came closer I could see the five books with red bindings. I stepped up on the stool so as to be able to read the titles. They were translations of the novels of Emile Zola. The title of the second volume read: 'The Legacy of the Dead.' The contents seemed to me of no interest. Only the title was extremely significant in connection with this experience" (pp. 343–44).

264. A hotel with this name in Luxor has not been traced. The hotel most highly recommended in the 1919 *Baedecker* is the Winter Palace, which had a tropical garden.

265. The reference is to p. 174 of the same book (evidently a later insertion). The entry (which breaks off midsentence) runs as follows: "Postscript to the the dreams about H. Sigg. The last dream about H. Sigg took place many weeks after the one reported on p. 124: I entered a mastaba (Egyptian grave building) in immeasurable heights above the earth. Layout

[drawn layout]. The building consisted only of blueish blocks of ice. It was very cold and the thinnest of air. It was a building."

266. George French Porter (1881–1927) was an American businessman, collector, and philanthropist from Chicago and a patient of Jung's and William Alonson White's. He married a Frenchwoman, Mima Manziarly, who was a Theosophist and a friend of Krishnamurti. It was on Porter's invitation that Jung traveled to America in 1924–25, and Porter financed the trip. In September 1926 he suffered a neck injury from a car accident, and in February 1927 he was planning to visit Jung in Zürich. On February 24 he shot and killed himself. The news was carried on the front page of the *Chicago Tribune*, which reproduced his suicide note to his wife, in which he wrote, "This fate was on me—the inevitable conclusion to a twisted life" (February 24, 1927). The *Tribune* described him as a "sufferer from melancholia." Barbara Hannah noted, "When he died . . . Jung was much distressed and said that if he had only known about George Porter's difficulties he would have gone to America at once to do all he could to help him" (*Jung: A Biographical Memoir*, p. 158). His estate was worth $5 million. He bequeathed Jung $20,000. Franz Jung informed William McGuire that it proved to be "mining stock of slight value" (William McGuire, "Jung in America, 1924–1925," *Spring: An Annual of Archetypal Psychology and Jungian Thought [*1978]: 37–53; *Chicago Tribune*, February 24 and May 6, 1927; and see *New York Herald Tribune*, March 4, 1927).

267. Monday. Jung saw nine patients. On February 23 he gave a lecture in Berne. On March 5 he gave a lecture in the Psychological Club, and on March 23 he conducted a seminar on the *Authentic Dreams of Peter Blobbs* (on which he had spoken in Sennen Cove, England, in 1920). From April 1 to 9 he was in Bollingen with Toni Wolff (*Diary* F, p. 73). Toni Wolff's diary entries for May 22–23 indicate that she had been with Jung in Bollingen (ibid., p. 94).

268. Jerome Edward Schloss was born on August 28, 1876, in Maryland, to Joseph Schloss and Fredericka Schloss. His father was German. In 1902, he married Hannah Wiener in New York. The United States census of 1910 has him working as a manufacturer of neckwear in New York. According to his US Army draft registration of May 1918, he was tall and slender and worked as a salesman for Louis Adler, a garment

manufacturer and real estate developer on Broadway. He was counted in the 1925 New York census. According to the American Consular Service's Reports of Deaths of American Citizens Abroad, he died of heart failure on May 22 and was cremated. His and his wife's address was given as Pension Quisisana on Dufourstrasse in Zürich (information from various genealogical sources). His wife wrote cookbooks, and her *Short Cuts and Left-Overs* of 1938 was a bestseller. In his funeral oration for Jerome Schloss, Jung wrote:

> To many death seems to be a brutal and meaningless end to a short and meaningless existence. So it looks, if seen from the surface and from the darkness. But when we penetrate the depths of the soul and when we try to understand its mysterious life, we shall discern that death is not a meaningless end, the mere vanishing into nothingness—it is an accomplishment, a ripe fruit on the tree of life. Nor is death an abrupt extinction, but a goal that has been unconsciously lived and worked for during half a lifetime. In the youthful expansion of our life we think of it as an ever-increasing river, and the conviction accompanies us often far beyond the noonday of our existence. But if we listen to quieter voices of our deeper nature we become aware of the fact that soon after the middle of life the soil begins its secret work, getting ready for the departure. Out of the turmoil and terror of our life the one precious flower of the spirit begins to unfold, the four-pedaled flower of the immortal light, and even if our mortal consciousness should not be aware of its secret operation, it nevertheless does its secret work of purification.
>
> When I met J. S. for the first time I found in him a man of rare clarity and purity of character and personality. I was deeply impressed with the honesty and sincerity of his purpose. And when I worked with him, helping to understand the intricacies of the human psyche, I could not help but admire the kindness of his feeling and the absolute truthfulness of his mind. But though it was a privilege to teach a man of such rare human qualities, it was not the thing that touched me most. Yes, I did teach him, but he taught me too. He spoke to me in the eternal

> language of symbols, which I did not grasp until the awe-inspiring conclusion, the culmination in death, became manifest. I shall never forget how he liberated his mind from the turmoil of modern business life, and how, gradually working back, he freed himself from the bonds that held him fast to his earthly parents and to his youth; and how the eternal image of the soul appeared to him, first dimly, then slowly taking shape in the vision of his dreams, and how finally, three weeks before his death, he beheld the vision of his sarcophagus from which his living soul arose." (*CW* 18, §§ 1705ff.).

The typescript of Jung's oration is dated May 25 (archives of the San Francisco Jung Institute).

269. This was the same condition that she actually died of eventually.

270. Probably Professor Max Walthard (1867–1933), a gynecologist (originally from Berne) at the University of Zürich.

271. A form of eczema, consisting of small blisters that can cause intense itching.

272. In 1927, Jung gave a lecture on "The Earth Conditioning of the Psyche" at the Society for Free Philosophy in Darmstadt, published in Hermann Keyserling, ed., *Mensch und Erde* (Darmstadt: Otto Reichl, 1927). He later expanded it and published it in two halves as "The Structure of the Soul" (*CW* 8) and "Soul and Earth" (*CW* 10). He also presented it to the Psychological Club as "The Influence of the Environment on the Structure of the Soul" on March 5. He published "Women in Europe" (*CW* 10) and wrote an introduction to Frances Wickes's *The Inner World of Childhood* (*CW* 17). On February 19, 1927, at the Psychological Club, Hermann Hesse read the magical theater chapter from *Steppenwolf*, soon to be published.

273. Thursday, Candlemas Day. From April 20 to 22, Jung attended the General Medical Congress for Psychotherapy. In October 1927, he spoke at the Conference of the Association for Intellectual Collaboration in Prague on "The Soul Problems of Modern Men" (*CW* 10). From November 14 to 20, 1927, he was on military service in Basel. From December 9 to 12 he was in Munich, Augsburg, and Karlsruhe. In Karlsruhe he spoke on "Analytical Psychology and Weltanschauung" (*CW* 10), a talk he

would repeat at the Psychological Club on March 3, 1928. On May 19 he spoke at the Psychological Club on “The Structure of the Soul.” As we have seen, in 1928 he published *The Relations Between the I and the Unconscious* (*CW* 7) and *On the Energetics of the Soul*, which included his paper of the same title (*CW* 8) and versions of some essays previously published in English. In particular, the section of “On the Energetics of the Soul” on symbol formation, in which he argues that symbols are mechanisms for transforming psychic energy (§§ 88ff.), arose from his self-experimentation. He also published “Psychoanalysis and the Cure of Souls” (*CW* 11) and “The Meaning of the Swiss Line in the European Spectrum,” a reply to Count Hermann Keyserling (*CW* 10), and “Mental Illness and the Soul” (*CW* 3).

274. Antoninus Pius (86–161 CE) succeeded Hadrian, his adoptive father, as Caesar. Edward Gibbon portrayed him as follows: “Antoninus diffused order and tranquillity over the greatest part of the earth. His reign is marked by the rare advantage of furnishing very few materials for history; which is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind. In private life, he was an amiable, as well as a good man. The native simplicity of his virtue was a stranger to vanity or affectation. He enjoyed with moderation the conveniences of his fortune, and the innocent pleasures of society; and the benevolence of his soul displayed itself in a cheerful serenity of temper.” Gibbon states that instead of persecuting, he protected the Christians (*The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire*, abridged by D. M. Low, chapter 3 [London: Chatto and Windus, 1960], p. 44).

275. Temples were erected to Julius Caesar following his death in 44 bce, inaugurating the imperial cult, which rendered Roman emperors divine. This became the state religion throughout the Roman Empire.

276. From Feburary 11 to 12 Jung was in Bollingen. From February 18 to 23 he was in Vienna and lectured at the Kulturbund. For his press conference in Vienna, see “Three Versions of a Press Conference,” in *C.G. Jung Speaking* (pp. 55–61). Toni Wolff noted on February 18 that it was a historical justice that Jung was now being celebrated in Vienna, after the repudiation by the Freudians (*Diary* G, p. 89). On March 4 he noted in his appointment book: “Faust.” On May 19, he spoke at the

Psychological Club on “The Structure of the Soul.” He was in Frankfurt October 24–26; on October 30 he gave a lecture. On November 19 he gave a lecture at the University of Zürich. On November 21 he gave a lecture in St. Gallen. On November 23 he gave a lecture to the Literary Club in Zürich. On December 1 he attended a psychiatric congress. On December 7 he gave a lecture in Berne. On December 13 he gave a lecture in Geneva. He was in Stuttgart February 21–22, 1929. In Munich March 21–24, he presented a talk, “The Problems of Modern Psychotherapy,” to the Medical Association and the Psychotherapeutic Society, repeating it at the Psychological Club on March 16. On April 12 he gave a lecture on “The Aims of Psychotherapy” (*CW* 16) in Bad Nauheim at the Congress of the General Medical Society for Psychotherapy. On June 12 he gave a talk in Einsiedeln to the Zürich Literary Club on Paracelsus (*CW* 15). He also spoke on “Some Aspects of Modern Psychotherapy,” at the Congress of the Society of Public Health in Zürich (*CW* 16). On June 29 he spoke on “The Psychic Problems of Human Old Age” (*CW* 8) and on October 5 on “Psychology and Literary Studies” at the Psychological Club. On January 29 Richard Wilhelm spoke at the Psychological Club on “A few Problems of Buddhist Meditation.” Jung published *The Secret of the Golden Flower* (with Richard Wilhelm) and “Women in Europe” (*CW* 10), “The Freud-Jung Contrast” (*CW* 4), and “The Significance of Constitution and Hereditary for Psychology” (*CW* 8). In 1930, he was in Munich from June 21 to 23. On October 22 he spoke to the Hottinger Reading Circle in Zürich on “Archaic Man” (*CW* 10). On October 25 he spoke on James Joyce’s *Ulysses* at the Psychological Club (*CW* 15). On November 20 he gave a talk in Aarau to the Literary Reading Society on “The Soul Problems of Modern Men.” From November 24 to 26 he was in Darmstadt. On December 12 he gave a lecture at the theological faculty of the University of Zürich. He published “Psychology and Poetry” (*CW* 15), “Your negroid and Indian behavior” (*CW* 10), an introduction to Wolfgang Kranefeldt’s book *Psychoanalysis* (*CW* 4), an obituary for Richard Wilhelm (*CW* 15), and a review of Keyserling’s book *America: The Rise of a New World* (*CW* 10). He gave a lecture in Vienna on January 29, 1931, on “The Unveiling of the Soul” (*CW* 8). From May 13 to 19 he was in Frankfurt, Dresden, and Berlin. In

Dresden, he presented a paper on “The Practical Utility of Dream Analysis” at the General Medical Congress for Psychotherapy (*CW* 16), which he would repeat in 1932. On June 3 he gave a talk at the Zofingia society in Basel on “Fundamental Problems of Contemporary Psychology,” which he repeated at the Psychological Club on October 24. On June 13, Jakob Wilhelm Hauer gave a talk at the Psychological Club on “Overview of Yoga” and stayed with Jung. On October 20 Jung gave a talk in Lucerne. He published *Soul Problems of the Present Day*, a collection of a number of these articles; a foreword to Schmid’s *Day and Night* (*CW* 18); and a foreword to Charles Aldrich’s *The Primitive Mind and Modern Civilization* (*CW* 18). He gave a talk on “The Hypothesis of the Collective Unconscious” to the Natural Sciences Society on February 1, 1932, at the ETH, which he repeated at the Psychological Club on March 5. He presented “The Relation of Psychotherapy to the Cure of Souls” to the Alsatian Pastoral Conference in Strasbourg on May 24 or 25 and to the Psychological Club on May 27. On May 30 he gave a lecture on “The Voice of the Inner” at the Kulturbund in Vienna (*CW* 17), repeating this under the title “The Development of the Personality” at the Psychological Club on October 1. From July 1 to July 3 he was in Paris. From November 7 to 11 he was in Vienna, and on December 18 he was awarded the literary prize of Zürich Canton, presenting “On Psychology” at the town hall (*CW* 10). He published an obituary of Hans Schmid (*CW* 18), “Sigmund Freud in his Historical Setting” (*CW* 15), “Ulysses” (*CW* 15), “Picasso (*CW* 15), and “Reality and Unreality” (*CW* 8). On Jung’s lectures in the following year, see Fischer, “1933—The Year of Jung’s Journey to Palestine/Israel and Several Beginnings,” pp. 135–49.

277. “Hans Schmid” was underlined in red, and “(see p. 206)” was evidently a later addition by Jung in red. Schmid died on April 21, of blood sepsis following treatment for a minor injury. Jung wrote an obituary that began: “Life is in truth a battle, in which friends and faithful companions-in-arms sink away, struck by the wayward bullet. Sorrowfully I see the passing of a comrade, who for more than twenty years shared with me the experiment of life and the adventure of the modern spirit” (*CW* 18, § 1713). On p. 206 of *Book* 7, Jung wrote sometime in the early 1950s:

I dreamt in June 1931: in Tibet. From a vast valley I look up to a gigantic mountainside: On the very top one can see dark openings to caves.—Suddenly I am up there and approach a cave opening from the right. In the cave I see a black rectangular stone (like polished marble) like an altar or sarcophagus. Suddenly H. Schmid rises from behind, as if he had lain behind the stone. I have got the impression that I am not allowed to come closer. Next to me is a small manikin, consisting of flames, a real demonic familiaris, which means my vital spirit. / When I wake up, I think that this indicates the death of H. Sch. / In July of the same year H. Sch., who owned a summer cabin in the Jura, had a conversation with the local forest ranger, about which he told me in the autumn. He had a beautiful old fir tree [Wettertanne] in front of his house. He said to the ranger, that he was worried, that the storm might break it one day. But the ranger said: “The tree is going to get older than you, Doctor!” In August the storm broke the fir five meters above the ground. H. Sch. had the impression that when the ranger was talking with him, the tree meant his life tree. Naturally he was struck deeply when the tree was broken. In September (c.) he had an accident with his car. He started to glide in a corner and crashed with the side of the car into a tree. Later that autumn he, together with his wife, who drove, when overtaking, got caught between two cars and was squeezed. In January he said to his wife at once: “I know what you think. You think that I should talk to Jung.” (His previous illness was remarkably and enduringly healed, after he had spoken with me about his father complex!) His wife said: “Yes, indeed.” But he didn’t do anything. At the end of January he dreamed: In a wonderful heroic scenery, meeting with a “beautiful lady” on a horse, who has a saddled horse with her. She invites him for a ride. He rides with her full of joy through the magnificent landscape. They come to a beautiful country house, where the lady lives. She invites him to relax at the sofa. As he lies down, she approaches him with a whip and says: “You keep lying here and will never get up!” (Information from his wife.) / At the beginning of March he turned over in his car.

> Remarkably the other three passengers were unharmed. Only in his case a tiny fragment of glass had entered his arteria radialis at his wrist. A somewhat incompetent country doctor stitched his wound. Following this gangrenous phlegmon and death. / His friend E. Str. told me, that she had dreamed three weeks before his death (hence before his accident), that H. Sch. would die in the flames of a fire (φλεγμουή). In Artemidorus, a son dreams that he saw his father perish in a burning house. Three days later he himself died of a feverish disease.

In 1936 Jung discussed the work of Artemidorus (second century CE) on dreams: C.G. Jung, *Dream Interpretation Ancient and Modern: Notes from the Seminar Given in 1936–1941*, ed. John Peck, Lorenz Jung, and Maria Meyer-Gross (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Philemon Series, 2014).

278. Saturday.
279. “Ta Yu” in the English translation. We have adopted Cary Baynes’s translation of Richard Wilhelm’s “Der Besitz von Grossem.” This consists of two trigrams, “above, Li, the clinging, flame. Below, Ch’ien, the creative, heaven.” “The fire in heaven above shines far and all things stand out in the light and become manifest. The weak fifth line occupies the place of honor, and all the strong lines are in accord with it. All things come to the man who is modest and kind in a high position” (*The I Ching or Book of Changes*, trans. Richard Wilhelm and Cary Baynes [Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 1979], pp. 59–60).
280. Sunday.
281. In 1954–55 Jung wrote, “*the experience of the self means a defeat of the I*” (*Mysterium Conuinctionis*, *CW* 14, § 778).
282. That is, the strange man.
283. Wednesday/Thursday. Jung saw two patients on the first day and one on the next.
284. In English in the original.
285. Hexagram 21 of the *I Ching*, “Shih Ho,” “Biting through” in the English translation. This consists of two trigrams, “above, LI, the clinging, fire. Below, Chên, the arousing, thunder.” “This hexagram represents an open mouth (cf. Hexagram 27) with an obstruction (in the fourth place) between the teeth. As a result the lips cannot meet. To bring them together one must bite

energetically through the obstacle. Since the hexagram is made up of the trigrams for thunder and for lightning, it indicates how obstacles are forcibly removed in nature. Energetic biting through overcomes the obstacle that prevents joining of the lips; the storm with its thunder and lightning overcomes the disturbing tension in nature. Recourse to law and penalties overcomes the disturbances of harmonious social life caused by criminals and slanderers. The theme of this hexagram is a criminal lawsuit, in contradistinction to that of Sung, Conflict, 6, which refers to civil suits" (*The I Ching*, p. 86).

286. Hans Eduard Fierz (1882–1953), professor of chemistry at the ETH, Zürich, and husband of Linda Fierz-David, an analyst and a student of Jung's. In 1933, Jung traveled with him on the Aegean Sea and they visited Palestine together. See Martin Liebscher, introduction, *Analytical Psychology in Exile: The Correspondence of C.G. Jung and Erich Neumann* (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Philemon Series, 2015), and Andreas Jung, "Carl Jung and Hans Fierz in Palestine and Egypt," pp. 131–34.

287. A dog that originally belonged to Jung's patient Charles Aldrich (1877–1933). Aldrich gave him to Jung when he returned to California. On January 5, 1931, Jung wrote to Aldrich, "Joggi is in excellent health and keeps on being the most delightful companion. For New Year's Eve I performed the rule [rite?] you obviously often have taught him, namely I made a parcel of a rich meal of mutton chops and brought it home to him in your memory. I talked English with him in order to bring back happy childhood souvenirs to his actual consciousness" (*Letters* 1, p. 80). Elizabeth Shipley Sargeant noted, "Yoggi, the Doctor's special intimate, always manages to slide into the upstairs study behind the visitor, to take his silent, attentive share in the conversation" ("Doctor Jung: A Portrait," *C.G. Jung Speaking*, p. 66). Jung wrote a foreword to Aldrich's *The Primitive Mind in Modern Civilization (*London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., 1931).

# Acknowledgments

The Philemon Foundation thanks all its donors—in particular, former president Judith Harris—for making this edition possible. As co-president of the Foundation from 2009 and president since 2012, she enabled and sustained the project. I thank her and Tony Woolfson for their commitment to Jung's unpublished works and my editing of them. The Philemon Foundation thanks Kennon McKee for a valuable donation to this project.

This project had a long gestation before formally starting. In the summer of 2000 I started studying Jung's *Black Books*, in the context of editing *The Red Book: Liber Novus*. I reiterate my thanks to those acknowledged there, for that formed the prerequisite for the commencement of this edition. *The Black Books* and *Liber Novus* are two parts of an interconnected unpublished manuscript corpus, and publication of *The Black Books* marks the completion of work begun then.

"What do we do now?" Jim Mairs asked me in the autumn of 2009, on the publication of *Liber Novus*. I suggested *The Black Books*, then on public display for the first time in the Rubin Museum in New York. The Philemon Foundation took on the project. I thank the then board of the Philemon Foundation—co-presidents Nancy Furlotti and Judith Harris, Tom Charlesworth, Gilda Frantz, Jim Hollis, Julie Sgarzi, and the late Eugene Taylor—as well as later board members Ann Blake, Royce Froehlich, Michael Marsman, Audrey Punnett, Richard Skues, Craig Stephenson, Janet Tatum, and Caterina Vezzoli. In 2010, Jim Mairs convinced W. W. Norton to take on the project,

and after the Foundation of the Works of C.G. Jung agreed to it, work got under way in late 2012.

On examining *The Black Books* in 2010, Jim Mairs sketched an illustration of how he envisaged this edition, in his inimitable way. In 2016, with the editing and translation advancing, Jim passed away, and he is sorely missed. I thank his colleagues at W. W. Norton—in particular, Elisabeth Kerr, who took over this complex project and saw it safely through to publication. The edition has been finely designed, laid out, and typeset by Laura Lindgren; once more, it has been a pleasure and instructive privilege to continue a collaboration that began with *C. G. Jung: A Biography in Books* and has advanced through *The Red Book: A Reader's Edition* and *Lament of the Dead*. I thank Janet Byrne for her meticulous copyediting and Charles Newman for his fine indexing.

I thank the Foundation of the Works of C.G. Jung for their collaboration, which has been essential to the project—in particular, Thomas Fischer and Ulrich Hoerni. I thank Andreas and Vreni Jung for their hospitality during numerous visits to consult Jung's library; Andreas Jung and Susanne Eggenberger-Jung for providing invaluable information from the Jung family archives; Thomas Fischer and Bettina Kaufmann for reviewing the introduction, notes, and translation; Susanne Hoerni for the first transcription of *The Black Books*; and Medea Hoch and Bettina Kaufmann for establishing a complete verified transcription. Final responsibility for the transcription is my own.

The Foundation of the Works of C.G. Jung thanks Ulrich Hoerni for all his work; Franz Jung for providing Ulrich Hoerni access to *The Black Books* in the mid-1990s, when the material was in the care of the Jung family archive; Andreas Jung for providing access to surrounding material from the family archive giving contextual information—in particular, Jung's dream book and mandala sketches.

I thank the Paul & Peter Fritz Agency and the Foundation of the Works of C.G. Jung for permission to cite from Jung's unpublished letters and manuscripts, and the Foundation of the Works of C.G. Jung and Robert Hinshaw for permission to cite from the Protocols for *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*.

I thank Dorothea and Felix Naeff for their hospitality, and Felix Naeff for permission to cite from Toni Wolff's diaries. I thank him and Jost Hoerni for discussion of these, and Ernst Falzeder for fine transcriptions of challenging scripts.

In 2015, the translation of the work commenced. I was joined by Martin Liebscher and once more by John Peck, which was invaluable in sustaining morale during the gestation of the project. The collaborative triadic process of translation, carrying over from one language to another, deepened my understanding of this at times head-scratching work: its editing has been critically enriched by our regular discussions of how to render this runic text into English.

I thank participants in a seminar that has been ongoing since 2011 on *Liber Novus* and the genesis of analytical psychology, which has provided an opportunity for deepened reflection and discussion.

I thank Liz Greene for discussion regarding Jung's astrological references, and Vicente de Moura for information regarding Maggie Reichstein.

At UCL, I thank Jo Wolff and Dilwyn Knox for support at crucial junctures, and James Wilson for collaboration in establishing and running the Health Humanities Centre.

My work on this edition would not have been possible without the continued support of Maggie Baron. I am also grateful for the longstanding kindness and encouragement of Pierre Keller.

At the beginning of *Liber Secundus* in *Liber Novus*, Jung wrote, "The door of the Mysterium has closed behind me."

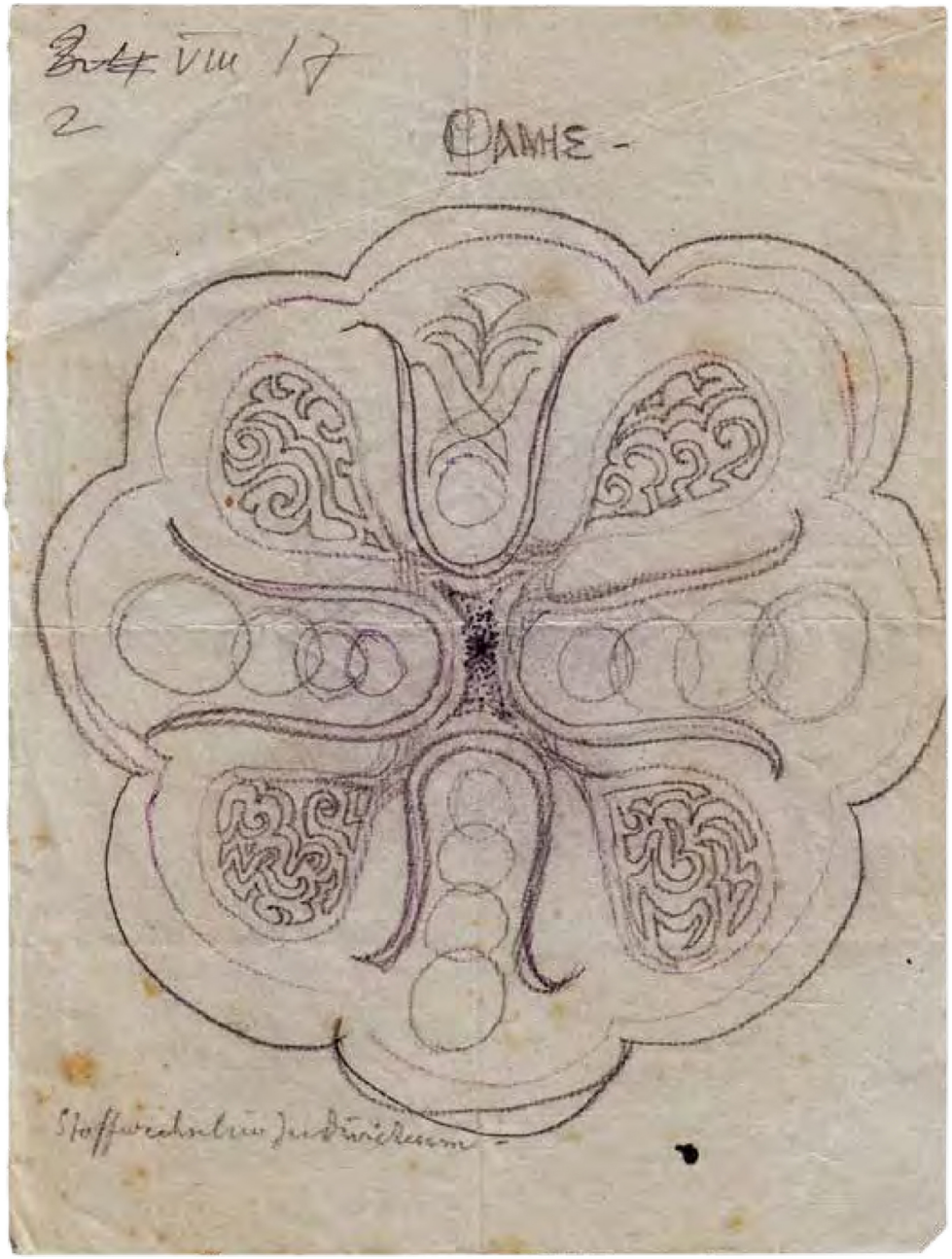
Long have I wished to echo this sentiment, which the bringing to fruition of this edition makes possible.

# Abbreviations

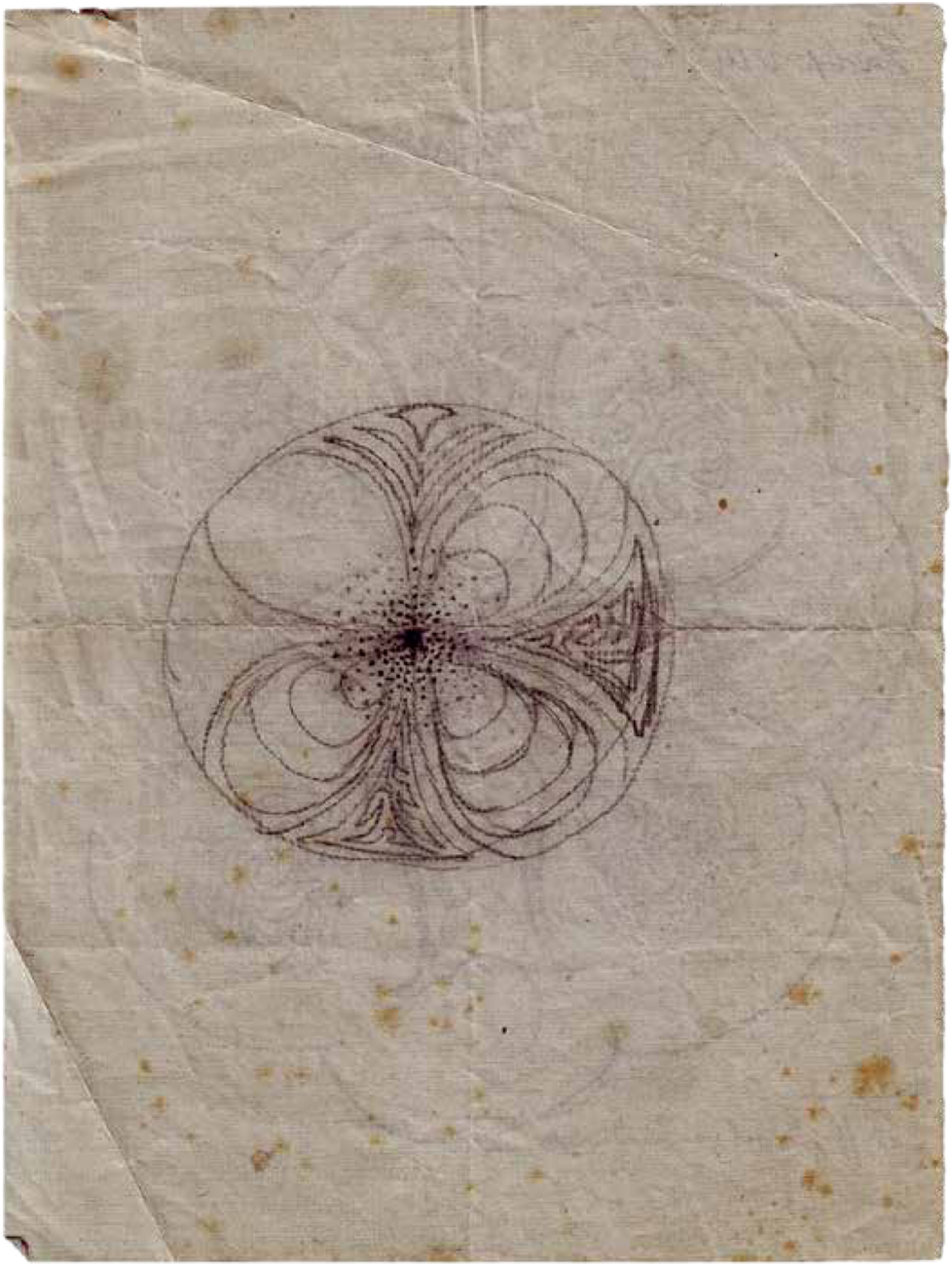
*CFB*: Cary Baynes Papers, Contemporary Medical Archives, Wellcome Library, London.
*CLM*: Countway Library of Medicine, Harvard Medical School, Boston.
*CW*: *The Collected Works of C.G. Jung*, ed. Sir Herbert Read, Michael Fordham, Gerhard Adler; William McGuire, executive editor; trans. R. F. C. Hull (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 1953–1983), 21 vols.
*Introduction to Jungian Psychology*: C.G. Jung, *Introduction to Jungian Psychology: Notes of the Seminar on Analytical Psychology Given in 1925*, rev. ed., Sonu Shamdasani; original ed. William McGuire (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Philemon Series, 2012).
*JA*: C.G. Jung collection, History of Science Collections, Swiss Federal Institute of Technology Archive, Zürich.
*JFA*: Jung family archives.
*Letters*: *C.G. Jung Letters*, selected and edited by Gerhard Adler in collaboration with Aniela Jaffé; trans. R. F. C. Hull (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 1973, 1975), 2 vols.
*LN*: C.G. Jung, *The Red Book. Liber Novus. A Reader's Edition*, ed. Sonu Shamdasani; trans. Mark Kyburz, John Peck, and Sonu Shamdasani (New York and Zürich: W. W. Norton and the Foundation of the Works of C.G. Jung/Philemon Series, 2012).
*Memories*: C.G. Jung and Aniela Jaffé, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, trans. Richard and Clara Winston (London: Flamingo, 1962–1983).
*MAP*: Minutes of the Association for Analytical Psychology, Psychological Club, Zürich; original in German.
*MP*: *The Original Protocols for Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, C.G. Jung and Aniela Jaffé, ed. Sonu Shamdasani, with Robert Hinshaw and Thomas Fischer as consulting editors (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Philemon Series, forthcoming).

*MZS*: Minutes of the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society, Psychological Club, Zürich; original in German.
*VS*: C.G. Jung, *Visions: Notes of the Seminar Given in 1930–1934*, ed. Claire Douglas (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 1997).
*ZS*: C.G. Jung, *Nietzsche's Zarathustra: Notes of the Seminar given in 1934–49*, vol. 2, ed. James Jarrett (Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 1988).

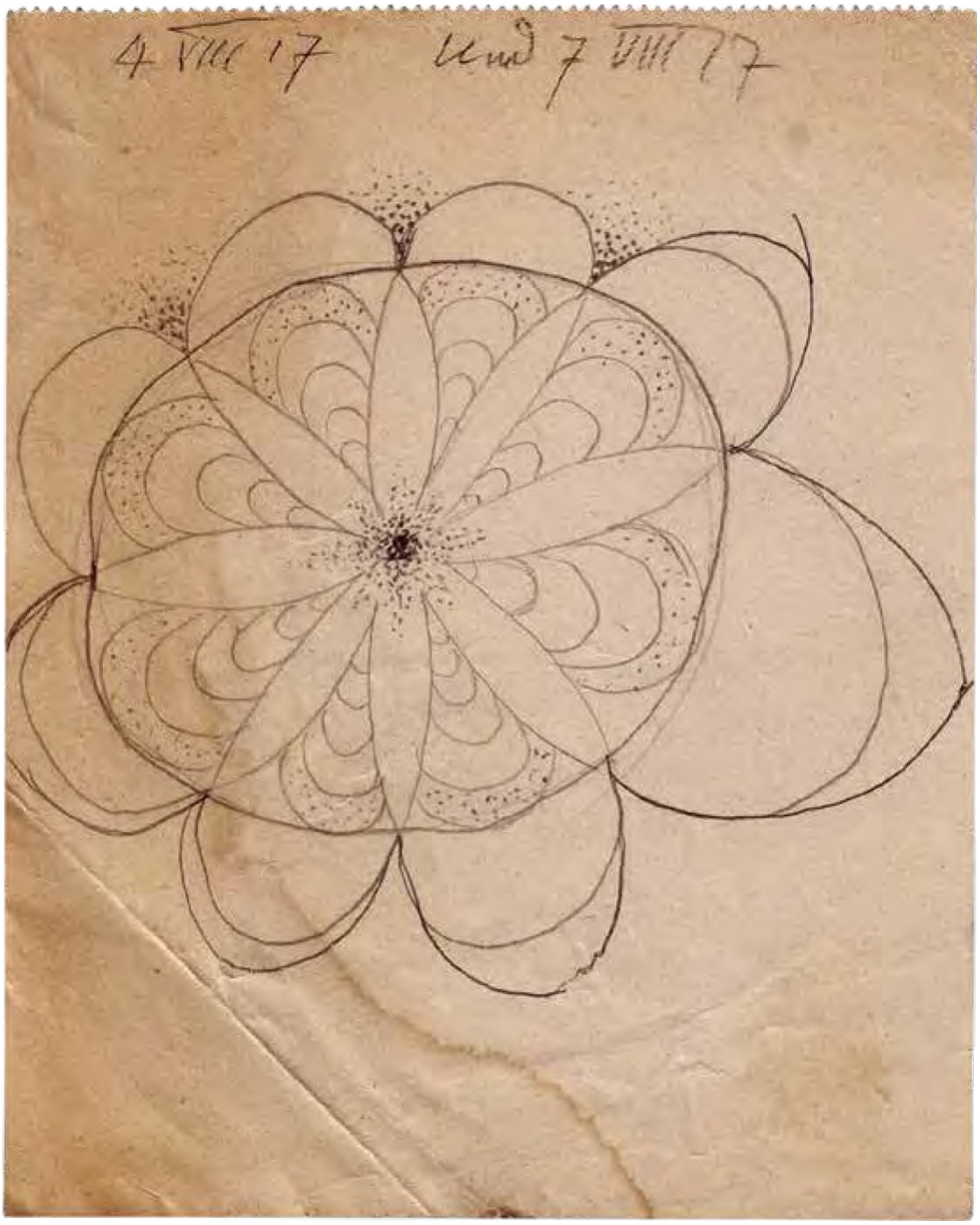
# Appendix



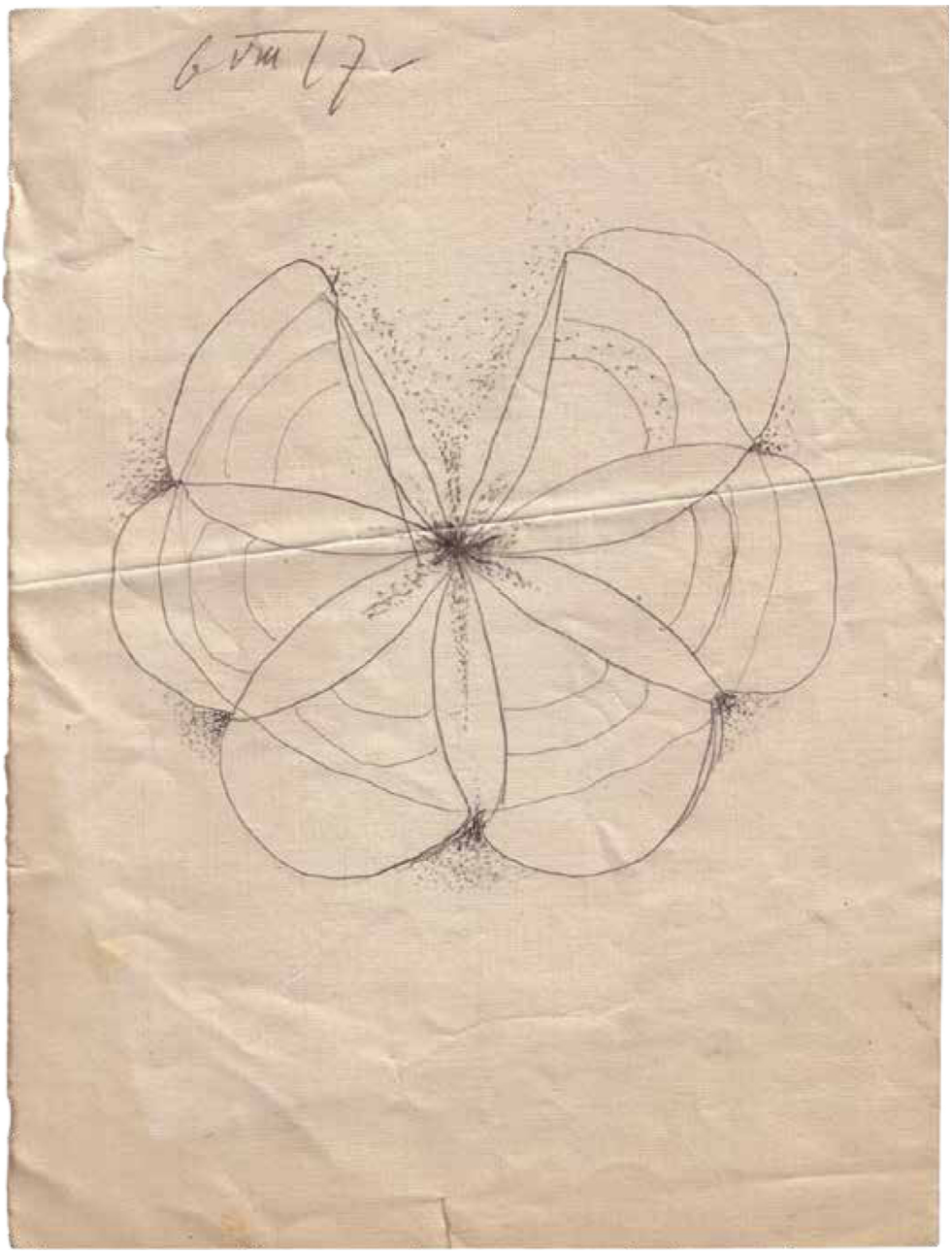
Mandala sketch 1 appears to be the first in the series of mandala sketches and is dated August 2, 1917. It is the basis for Image 80 in the calligraphic volume of *LN*. The legend at the top of the image is “ΦΑΝΗΣ” (Phanes). Legend at bottom: “Stoffwechsel in Individuum” (Metabolism in the Individual).



Mandala sketch 2 is the reverse of Mandala sketch 1.




Mandala sketch 3 is dated August 4 and 7, 1917, and and is the basis for Image 82 in the calligraphic volume of *LN*.



Mandala sketch 4 is dated August 6, 1917.

*Systema Mundi Totius*. In 1955, Jung's *Systema Mundi Totius* was published anonymously in a special issue of *Du* dedicated to the Eranos conferences. In a letter of February 11, 1955, to Walter Corti, Jung explicitly stated

that he did not want his name to appear on it (*JA).* He added the following comments to the painting:

> It portrays the antinomies of the microcosm within the macrocosmic world and its antinomies. At the very top, the figure of the young boy in the winged egg, called Erikapaios or Phanes and thus reminiscent as a spiritual figure of the Orphic Gods. His dark antithesis in the depths is here designated as Abraxas. He represents the *dominus mundi*, the lord of the physical world, and is a world-creator of an ambivalent nature. Sprouting from him we see the tree of life, labeled *vita* ("life") while its upper counterpart is a light-tree in the form of a seven-branched candelabra labeled *ignis* ("fire") and *Eros* ("love"). Its light points to the spiritual world of the divine child. Art and science also belong to this spiritual realm, the first represented as a winged serpent and the second as a winged mouse (as hole-digging activity!).—The candelabra is based on the principle of the spiritual number three (twice-three flames with one large flame in the middle), while the lower world of Abraxas is characterized by five, the number of natural man (the twice-five rays of his star). The accompanying animals of the natural world are a devilish monster and a larva. This signifies death and rebirth. A further division of the mandala is horizontal. To the left we see a circle indicating the body or the blood, and from it rears the serpent, which winds itself around the phallus, as the generative principle. The serpent is dark and light, signifying the dark realm of the earth, the moon, and the void (therefore called Satanas). The light realm of rich fullness lies to the right, where from the bright circle *frigus sive amor dei* [cold, or the love of God] the dove of the Holy Ghost takes wing, and wisdom (*Sophia*) pours from a double beaker to left and right. —This feminine sphere is that of heaven.—The large sphere characterized by zigzag lines or rays represents an inner sun; within this sphere the macrocosm is repeated, but with the upper and lower regions reversed as in a mirror. These repetitions should be conceived of as endless in number, growing even smaller until the innermost core, the actual microcosm, is reached (reproduced in Aniela Jaffé, ed., *C.G.*

*Jung, Word and Image* [Princeton: Princeton University Press/Bollingen Series, 1979], p. 75).






Image 72, *LN*

In 1930, Jung anonymously reproduced this image in "Commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower*" as a mandala painted by a male patient during treatment. He reproduced it again in 1952 in "Concerning Mandala Symbolism" and wrote:

> Picture by a middle-aged man. In the center is a star. The blue sky contains golden clouds. At the four cardinal points we see human figures: at the top, an old man in the attitude of contemplation; at the bottom, Loki or Hephaestus with red, flaming hair, holding in his hands a temple. To the right and left are a light and dark female figure. Together they indicate four aspects of the personality, or four archetypal figures belonging, as it were, to the periphery of the self. The two female figures can be recognized without difficulty as the two aspects of the anima. The old man corresponds to the archetype of meaning, or of the spirit, and the dark chthonic figure to the opposite of the Wise Old Man, namely the magical (and sometimes destructive) Luciferian element. In alchemy it is Hermes Trismegistus versus Mercurius, the evasive "trickster." The circle enclosing the sky contains structures or organisms that look like protozoa. The sixteen globes painted in four colors just outside the circle derived originally from an eye motif and therefore stand for the observing and discriminating consciousness. Similarly, the ornaments in the next circle, all opening inwards, are rather like vessels pouring out their content toward the centre. [Fn: There is a similar conception in alchemy, in the Ripley Scrowle and its variants (*Psychology and Alchemy*, fig. 257). There it is the planetary Gods who are pouring their qualities into the bath of rebirth.] On the other hand the ornaments along the rim open outward, as if to receive something from outside. That is, in the individuation process what were originally projections stream back "inside" and are integrated into the personality again. Here, in contrast to Figure 25, "Above" and "Below," male and female, are integrated, as in the alchemical hermaphrodite (*CW* 9, pt. 1, § 682).

The figure at the top is Philemon and the figure at the bottom is Ka.




Image 105, *LN*

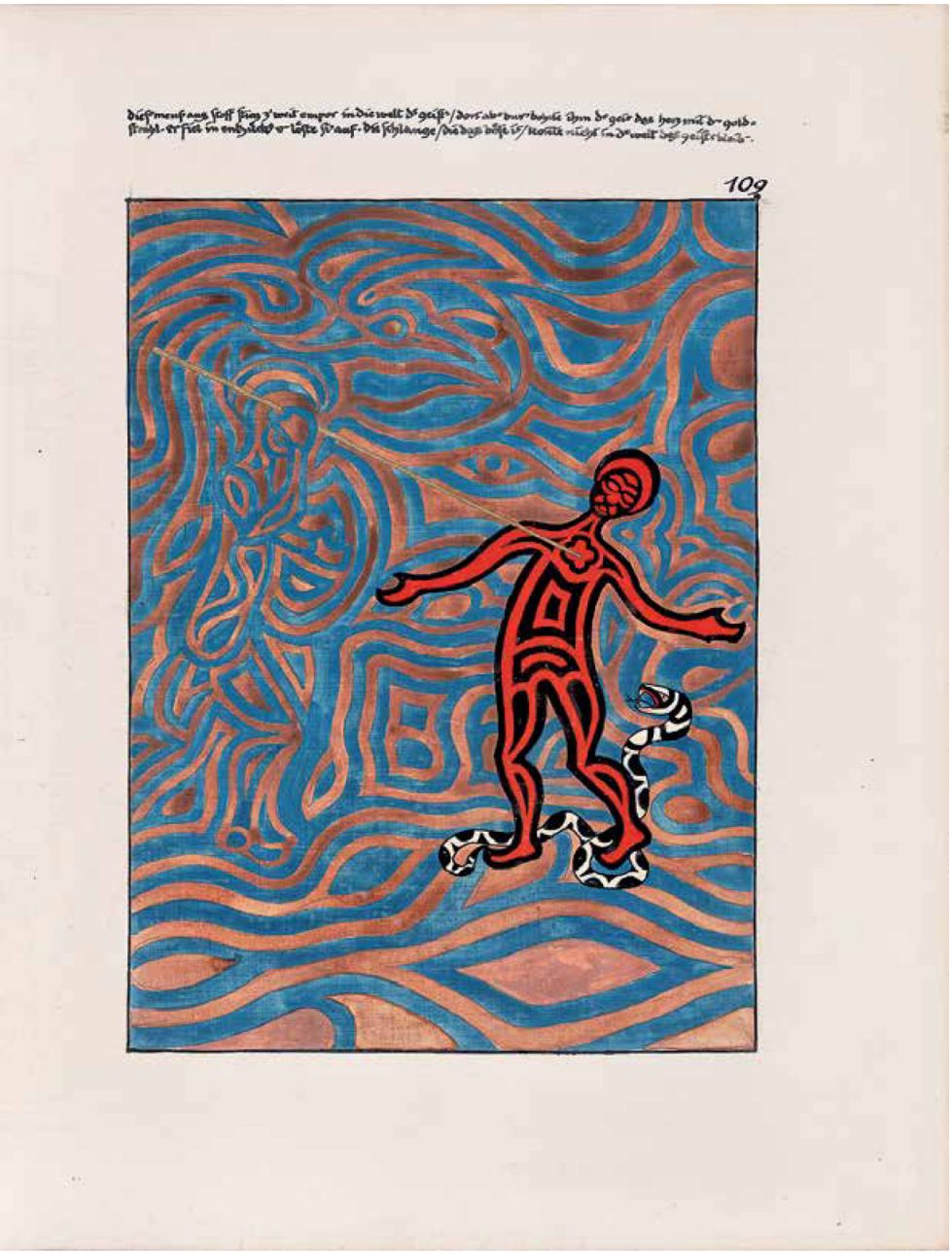



Image 109, *LN*. The legend reads: “This man of matter rises up too far in the world of the spirit, there the spirit bores through his heart with the golden ray. He falls with joy and disintegrates. The serpent, who is the evil one, could not remain in the world of the spirit.”

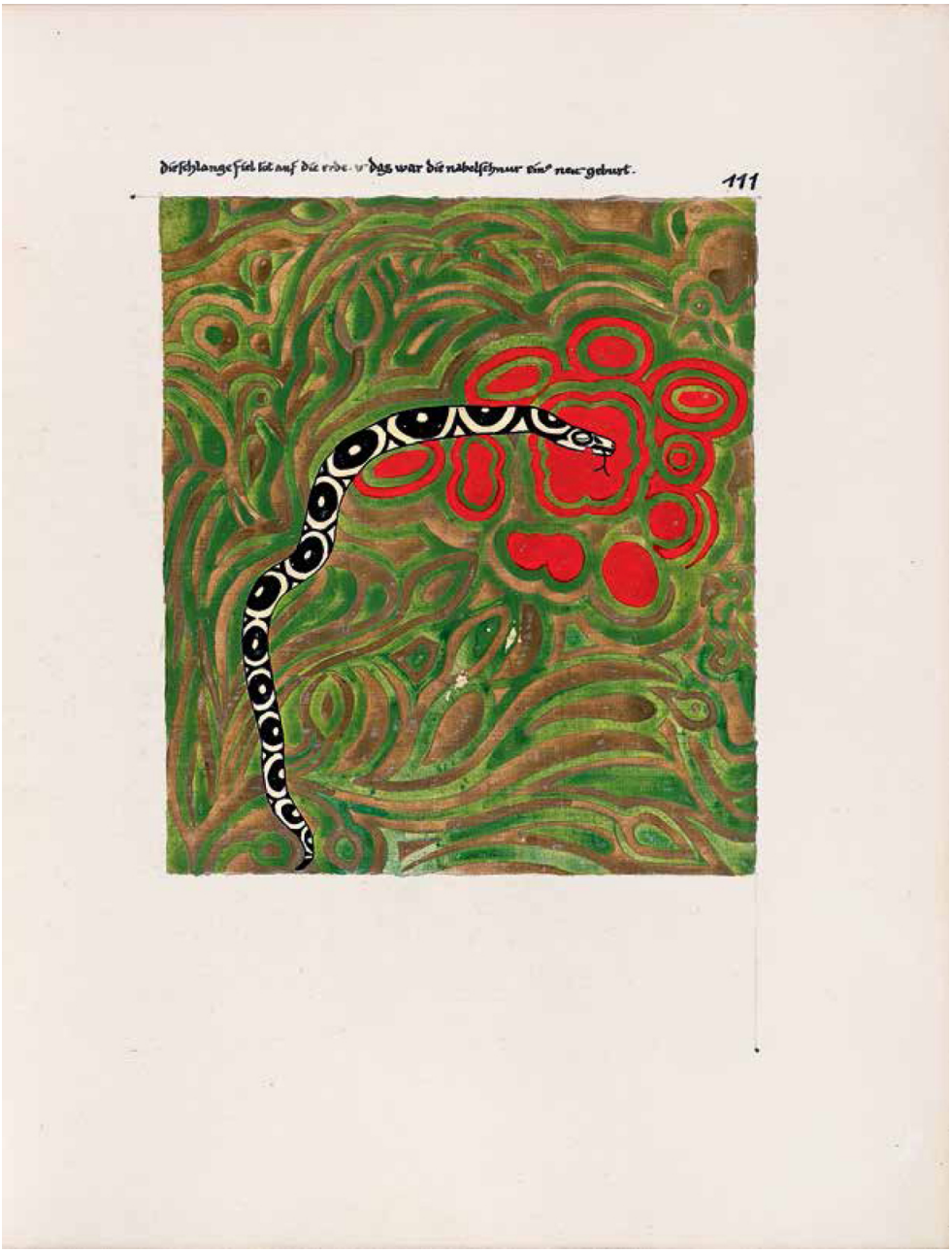



Image 111, *LN*. The legend reads: “The serpent fell dead onto the earth. And that was the umbilical cord of a new birth.”

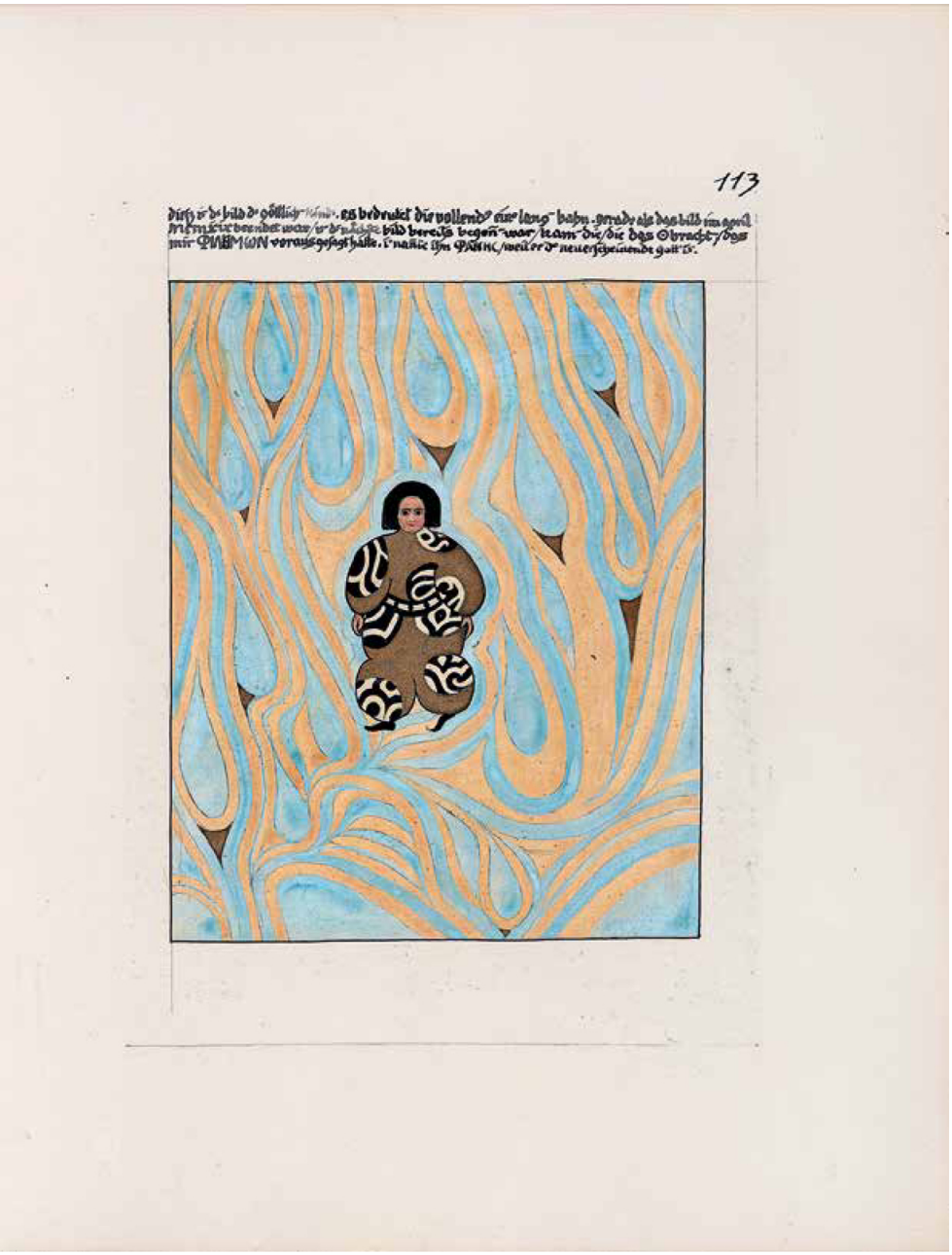



Image 113, *LN*. The legend reads: “This is the image of the divine child. It means the completion of a long path. Just as the image was finished in April 1919, and work on the next image had already begun, the one who brought the Θ came, as ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ [PHILEMON] had predicted to me. I called him ΦΑΝΗΣ [PHANES], because he is the newly appearing God.”




Image 117, *LN*. Text in image: ATMAVICTU; iuvenis adiutor (a youthful supporter); ΤΕΛΕΣΦΟΡΟΣ (TELESPHORUS); spiritus malus in hominibus quibusdam (evil spirit in some men). The legend reads: “The dragon wants to eat the sun and the youth beseeches him not to. But he eats it nevertheless.”

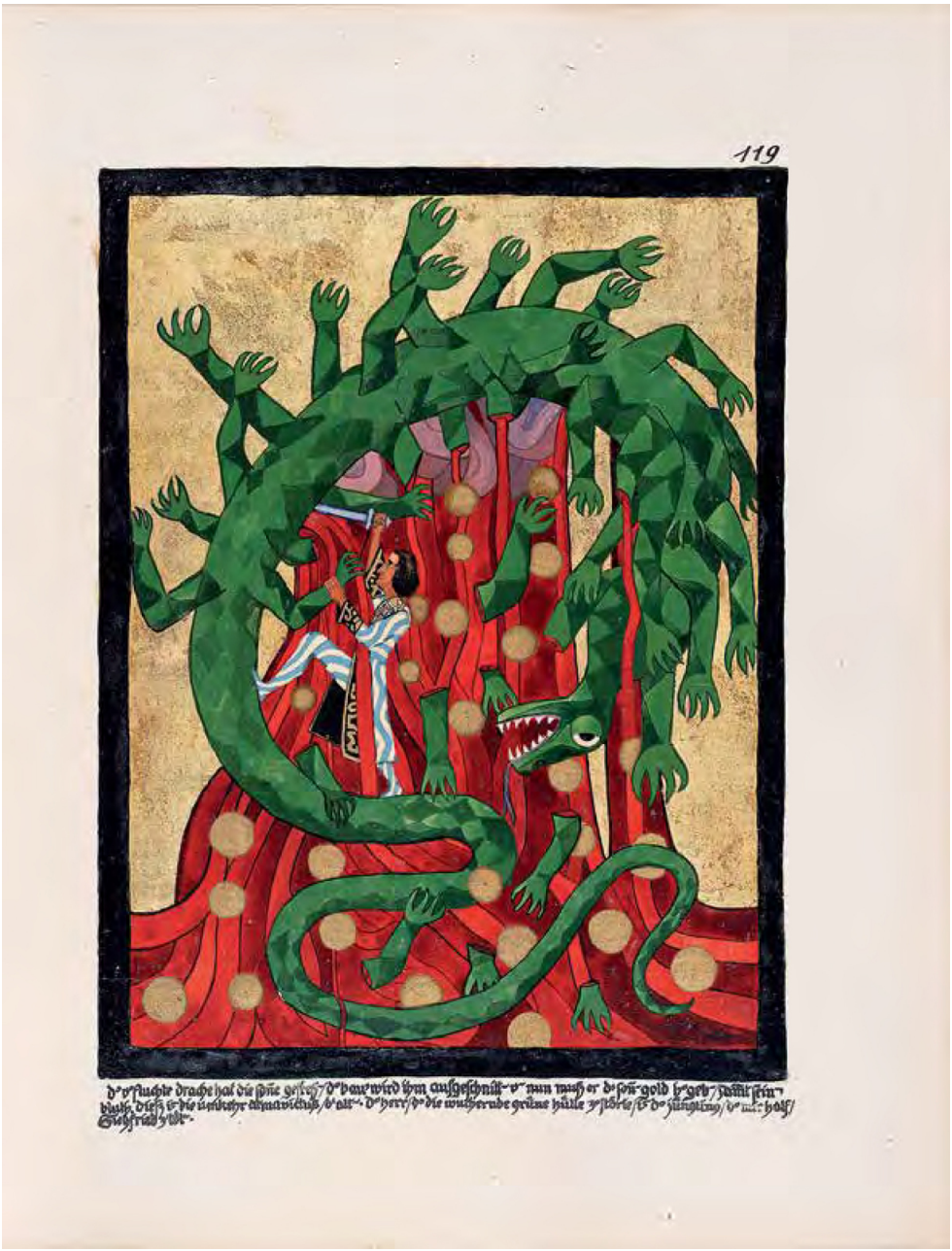



Image 119, *LN*. The legend reads: “The accursed dragon has eaten the sun, its belly is being cut open and he must now hand over the gold of the sun, together with his blood. This is the turning back of Atmavictu, of the old one. He who destroyed the proliferating green covering is the youth who helped me to kill Siegfried.”




Image 121, *LN*. The legend reads: “XI. MCMXIX. [11.1919] This stone, set so beautifully, is certainly the Lapis Philosophorum. It is harder than diamond. But it expands into space through four distinct qualities, namely breadth, height, depth, and time. It is hence invisible and you can pass through it without noticing it. The four streams of Aquarius flow from the stone. This is the incorruptible seed that lies between the father and the mother and prevents

the heads of both cones from touching; it is the monad that countervails the Pleroma.”



Ka, ca. 1920 Carved wood, painted 21 × 4 × 4 cm (8¼ × 1 9⁄16 × 1 9⁄16 in.) *JFA*




Image 122, *LN*. The legend reads: “4 December MCMXIX [1919]. This is the back side of the gem. He who is in the stone has this shadow. This is Atmavictu, the old one, after he has withdrawn from the creation. He has returned to endless history, where he took his beginning. Once more he became stony residue, having completed his creation. In the form of Izdubar he has outgrown man and delivered

ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ and Ka from him. ΦΙΛΗΜΩΝ gave the stone, Ka the Θ.”




Image 123, *LN*. The legend reads: “IV Jan, MCMXX [1920]. This is the caster of holy water. The Cabiri grow out of the flowers that spring from the body of the dragon. Above is the temple.”




Image 125, *LN*

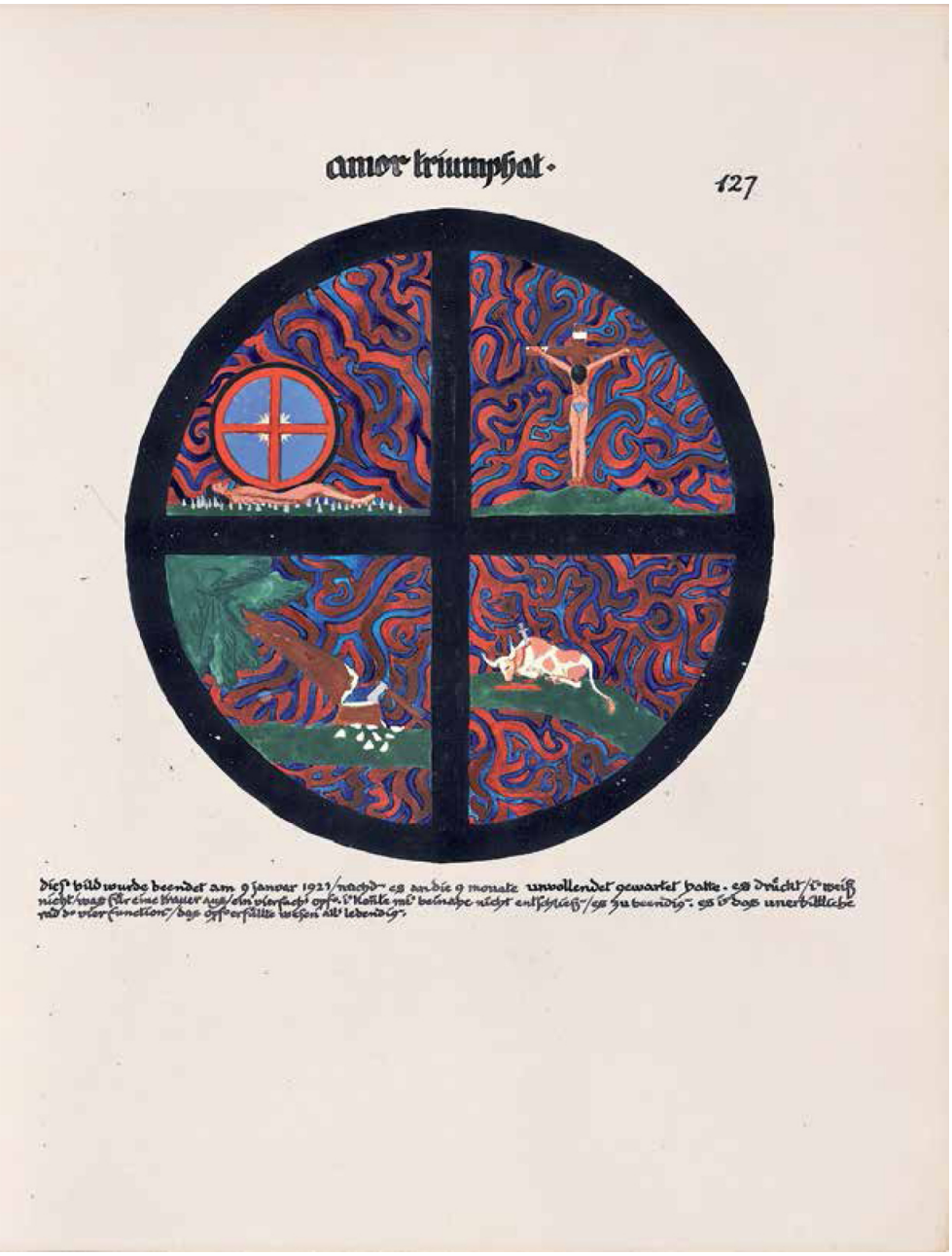



Image 127, *LN*. The legend at the top reads: “Amor triumphat” (Love triumphs). The legend at the bottom reads: “This image was completed on 9 January 1921, after it had waited incomplete for 9 months. It expresses I know not what kind of grief, a fourfold sacrifice. I could almost choose not to finish it. It is the inexorable wheel of the four functions, the essence of all living beings imbued with sacrifice.”




Image 154, *LN*. Marginal comment: “The bhagavadgita says: whenever there is a decline of the law and an increase of iniquity, then I put forth myself. For the rescue of the pious and for the destruction of the evildoers, for the establishment of the law I am born in every age.” The citation is from chapter 4, verses 7–8, of the *Bhagavad Gita*. Krishna is instructing Arjuna concerning the nature of truth.




Image 159, *LN*. Jung anonymously reproduced this in 1929 in “Commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower*” and reproduced it again in 1952, adding the following commentary: “The rose in the center is depicted as a ruby, its outer ring being conceived as a wheel or a wall with gates (so that nothing can come out from inside or go in from outside). The mandala was a spontaneous product

from the analysis of a male patient." After narrating the patient's dream, Jung added:

> The dreamer went on: "I tried to paint this dream. But as so often happens, it came out rather different. The magnolia turned into a sort of rose made of ruby-colored glass. It shone like a four-rayed star. The square represents the wall of the park and at the same time a street leading round the park in a square. From it there radiate eight main streets, and from each of these eight side-streets, which meet in a shining red central point, rather like the Étoile in Paris. The acquaintance mentioned in the dream lived in a house at the corner of one of these stars." The mandala thus combines the classic motifs of flower, star, circle, precinct (temenos), and plan of city divided into quarters with citadel. "The whole thing seemed like a window opening on to eternity," wrote the dreamer ("Concerning Mandala Symbolism," *CW* 9, pt. 1, §§ 654–55).

In 1955–56, Jung used a similar expression, " 'window' opening on to eternity," to denote the illustration of the self (*Mysterium Coniunctionis*, *CW* 14, § 763).

On October 7, 1932, Jung showed this mandala in a seminar and commented on it the next day. In this account, he states that the painting of the mandala *preceded* the dream:

> You remember possibly the picture that I showed you last evening, the central stone and the little jewels round it. It is perhaps interesting if I tell you about the dream in connection with it. I was the perpetrator of that mandala at a time when I had not the slightest idea what a mandala was, and in my extreme modesty I thought, I am the jewel in the center and those little lights are surely very nice people who believe that they are also jewels, but smaller ones. . . . I thought very well of myself that I was able to express myself like that: my marvelous center here and I am right in my heart.

He added that at first he did not recognize that the park in the dream was the same one he had depicted in the mandala, and commented: “Now Liverpool is the center of life—liver is the center of life—and I am not the center, I am the fool who lives in a dark place somewhere, I am one of those little side lights. In that way my Western prejudice that I was the center of the mandala was corrected—that I am everything, the whole show, the king, the god” (*The Psychology of Kundalini Yoga*, ed. Sonu Shamdasani, p. 100). In *Memories*, Jung added further details (pp. 223–24).

Jung anonymously reproduced this in 1929 in “Commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower*.” He reproduced it again in 1952, in “Concerning Mandala Symbolism,” and added the following commentary:

> Painting of a medieval city with walls and moats, streets and churches, arranged quadratically. The inner city is again surrounded by walls and moats, like the Imperial City in Peking. The buildings all open inward, toward the center, represented by a castle with a golden roof. It too is surrounded by a moat. The ground round the castle is laid with black and white tiles, representing the united opposites. This mandala was done by a middle-aged man. . . . A picture like this is unknown in Christian symbolism. The Heavenly Jerusalem of Revelation is known to everybody. Coming to the Indian world of ideas, we find the city of Brahma on the world mountain, Meru. We read in the *Golden Flower*: “The *Book of the Yellow Castle* says: ‘In the square inch field of the square foot house, life can be regulated.’ The square foot house is the face. The square inch field in the face: what could that be other than the heavenly heart? In the middle of the square inch dwells the splendor. In the purple hall of the city of Jade dwells the God of Utmost Emptiness and Life” (*CW* 9, pt. 1, § 691).

On this mandala, see John Peck, “The *Visio Dorothei*: Desert Context, Imperial Setting, Later Alignments: Studies in the Dreams and Visions of Saint Pachomius and Dorotheus, Son of Quintus” (thesis, C.G. Jung Institute, Zürich, 1992), pp. 183–85.




Image 163, *LN*. The legend reads: “1928. When I painted this image, which showed the well-fortified golden castle, Richard Wilhelm sent me from Frankfurt the thousand-

year-old Chinese text of the golden castle, the embryo of the immortal body. *Ecclesia catholic et protestantes et seclusi in secreto. Aeon finitus*." (The Catholic Church and the Protestants and those secluded in secret. The end of an eon.)

# Index

Page numbers listed correspond to the print edition of this book. You can use your device's search function to locate particular terms in the text.

Page numbers in *italics* refer to illustrations.


Abraxas, 1.48, 1.68, 1.108, 1.*130*, 5.274, 6.212, 6.213, 6.225, 6.227, 6.228, 6.254, 6.260, 6.261, 6.279, 6.296, 7.178
  in the cosmology, 5.270, 5.274–7
  as creator and ruler of material world, 5.275, 5.278, 5.279, 6.212, 6.215
  as effectiveness, 6.212, 6.220, 7.227
  fear of, 5.274–75, 5.276, 5.277, 5.278–79
  "I"'s experience of, 6.217–19
  "I"'s sermons to the dead on, 6.212–15
  as union of Christian God and Satan, 5.274
*Abraxas* (Dieterich), 1.50, 2.168*n*
absoluteness, life vs., 4.243–44
abstinence, from human emotions, 6.221–22, 6.229, 6.249*n*
active imaginations, *see* fantasies
"Adaptation" (Jung), 1.53, 6.225*n*
Adler, Alfred, 1.17, 6.252*n*
*Aeneid* (Virgil), 1.109–10
Africa, Jung's 1925 trip to, 1.95, 7.235
Agni, 6.26
Agnihotra, 3.133*n*
*Aion* (Jung), 1.70, 5.270*n*, 5.283*n*, 6.213*n*–14*n*, 6.234*n*–35*n*, 7.215*n*
alchemy, 1.104–5, 1.108–9, 1.111, 4.228*n*–29*n*, 7.163*n*
Amfortas, 4.218, 4.219*n*

Ammonius (fantasy figure), 1.87, 3.100–107, 3.108, 3.109–13, 3.116–19
Anabaptists, 4.207, 4.207*n*, 4.209, 4.210
analytical psychology, 1.82–83, 1.84, 1.92, 1.99, 1.112
"Analytical Psychology" (Jung; seminars), 1.88-89
"Analytical Psychology and Education" (Jung; lecture), 1.85
Anchorite (fantasy figure), 5.231–32
*see also* Ammonius
anchorites, 3.99, 3.113*n*
anima (soul), 1.22, 1.44, 1.48, 1.71, 1.89, 1.115–17, 2.163–64, 2.214, 3.99
Above and Below conjoined in, 5.270
on Arab youth, 1.78–79, 7.212–13, 7.226–27
ascension into heaven of, 1.34, 5.212–13, 5.217, 5.225, 5.228, 5.233, 5.264
on banality, 4.235–36
as bird, 6.38
*Black Books* as record of, 1.11
as bridge to Abraxas, 6.261
as chthonic being, 6.216–17
on compassion, 5.227
cosmology of, 1.48, 5.269–72, 5.*273*, 5.274–77, 6.254
as counterpart to persona, 1.52–53
as daimon, 5.258–59
as daughter of heavenly mother, 7.166, 7.167, 7.187
death of, 1.95–96, 7.235
descent into depths of, 7.209
devil summoned by, 5.280–81
divinity of, 5.258, 5.259, 5.262
elf-like appearance of, 1.17*n*
fairy tale of king and son told by, 4.269–72
fear of, 5.258–59, 5.270
gift of ram to "I," 5.204*n*–5*n*
God described by, 1.48
on golden glow surrounding "I," 6.269–70

hardness stolen from “I” by, 6.251
Ha’s dialogue with, 7.149–57
on “I” and self, 7.248
“I” as belonging to, 5.224
“I” as pregnant with child of, 5.213
“I” forced to end dead child’s life by, 3.134–36
images of mass destruction revealed by, 1.38
integration of, 1.95–96, 1.100–101
“I”’s accusation of thievery against, 5.264–65
“I”’s astonishment at, 2.179
on “I”’s contempt for women, 7.207, 7.208
“I”’s devaluing of, 6.261–62
“I”’s dialogues with, 1.27, 1.58, 1.78–79, 1.81, 1.95–96, 2.149–57, 2.164, 2.171–72, 2.203, 3.134–36, 4.211–12, 4.220–28, 4.235–45, 4.247–49, 4.254–58, 4.261–65, 4.269–76, 5.203–4, 5.215, 5.225–26, 5.228, 5.233–34, 5.257–72, 5.274–83, 6.213, 6.216–19, 6.235, 6.240–44, 6.247–66, 7.148, 7.157, 7.161–87, 7.190–91, 7.194–200, 7.206–22, 7.226–28, 7.230, 7.233, 7.235, 7.243–45, 7.247–48
“I”’s distrust of, 2.155, 2.157, 4.249, 5.281, 6.287, 7.175, 7.219
“I”’s heart taken by, 6.253–54, 6.256, 6.259, 6.261
“I”’s love desired by, 5.261, 6.277
on “I”’s need for her, 1.70
as “I”’s only woman, 6.256, 6.257
as “I”’s prisoner, 5.259, 5.261, 5.262, 5.263, 6.287
on “I”’s relationship with Emma Jung, 7.215, 7.216–17
on “I”’s relationships with friends, 7.213
on “I”’s relationships with women, 1.60, 1.95, 2.152, 2.155, 6.255, 6.257–59, 6.280–81, 7.161–62, 7.163, 7.175, 7.185–86, 7.195–96
on “I”’s relationship with Wolff, 7.208–9, 7.211, 7.213, 7.214, 7.215, 7.218, 7.220
on “I”’s self-scorn, 2.167
“I” told to step into holy fire by, 5.280
“I” urged to be outside with men by, 7.182
“I” urged to complete his work by, 4.271–72, 4.273, 5.229, 6.248, 6.281, 6.283, 6.285, 7.182, 7.221

“I” urged to make time for dream book project by, 7.217–18
“I” urged to see fewer patients by, 7.217, 7.219
joy and suffering carried by, 6.256
Jung’s evolving concept of, 1.60–61, 7.194*n*
on Ka, 7, 184–85
lamentation of, 6.277–79
on life and living, 4.248–49
on love, 4.273–76
on madness, 4.211–12
magical rod offered to “I” by, 4.222–23, 4.254, 4.257
on the magical signs, 6.262
in mandalas and images, 1.*134*
on mankind’s relationship with Gods, 1.71
as mother, 5.277, 6.217, 6.218–19, 6.238, 6.300, 7.167
mother role rejected by, 2.166
nature of, 5.258–59
need for dialogue with, 1.101
on new religion, 1.81, 7.211–12
objectification of, 1.101
persona vs., 1.74, 7.194*n*
on Phanes, 7.176–81
Philemon and, 6.299–300, 7.185, 7.191
publication of fantasy accounts urged by, 1.80–81
reconnection with, 1.41, 1.42, 1.53, 1.101, 2.149–53, 5.258–59
on red-haired hunter (Wotan), 7.228, 7.230
on relationships, 7.213, 7.215
as Salome, 2.186–87, 6.299, 7.186–87
on Salome, 7.191–92
as Salome’s sister, 7.191*n*
Satan summoned by, 4.240–41, 4.245
on search for truth, 2.166–67
as serpent, 6.217, 6.218–19, 6.238, 6.300
on sexuality, 6.253
shadow as soul of, 6.272
silence of, 2.157, 2.159, 5.263, 7.235

totality of human culture offered to “I” by, 4.220–21
tripartite nature of, 1.69, 5.270
trust demanded by, 2.154–55, 2.156–57, 2.163–64, 2.168, 2.170, 6.247
as unable to love “I,” 7.162–63
on uncertainty, 4.262–63
as unique to each person, 5.213
voice of, 1.21–22
as white bird, 4.258, 4.260–61, 6.238, 6.300
as young girl, 2.151–53
animus (soul), 1.71, 1.100–101
*Answer to Job* (Jung), 1.50, 1.71, 6.213*n*–14*n*
Anthony, Saint, 3.113*n*
Antichrist, 7.214, 7.215*n*
Antonius Pius, 7.245
*Apology* (Plato), 7.171*n*
Aquinas, Thomas, 6.213
Arab youth (fantasy/dream figure), 1.70, 1.77, 7.222–26, 7.228–30
as appearance without content, 7.223
as beyond being and non-being, 7.225–26, 7.227
changing form of, 1.78–79, 7.228, 7.229
dead visited by, 1.81, 7.224–25
as everything and nothing, 7.225–26, 7.227
as heart of the world, 7.222, 7.223
“I” as overcomer of, 7.222, 7.223, 7.224, 7.225–26, 7.227, 7.229
“I” as teacher of, 7.223, 7.225, 7.228–29, 7.230–31
as “I”’s son, 7.230–31
in mandalas and images, 1.*142*, 1.*144*
as new God, 1.78–79, 7.212–13, 7.227, 7.228–30
as Pleroma, 7.227
sickness of, 7.230–31
in Tunis dream, 1.77–79, 7.223, 7.225–26, 7.227
archetypes, 1.81–82
Aristophanes, 2.168*n*
Aristotle, 6.213*n*

Arjuna, 1.*156*
art, 6.282
  Jung's reluctance to view products of unconscious as, 1.21–22, 1.62, 1.66, 1.72–73, 1.82, 2.174
  psychology and, 1.89
  science vs., 6.265
Artemis, 7.207
Association for Analytical Psychology, 1.33, 1.35, 1.47, 1.51, 1.74, 5.235*n*, 5.280*n*, 6.228*n*, 6.245*n*, 6.247*n*, 6.248*n*, 7.170*n*
Astarte, 1.76
astrology, 6.281*n*–82*n*, 7.215*n*
Atman/Brahman, 1.66*n*, 1.74
Atmavictu (fantasy figure), 1.70, 1.*142*, 1.*144*, 1.*148*, 1.*150*, 6.271*n*, 6.288, 6.288*n*–89*n*, 6.289–90, 6.300, 7.157*n*
  incarnations of, 6.290, 6.291–92, 6.294, 6.295
  union of Philemon and, 6.295–96, 6.298, 7.148
*Auch Einer* (Vischer), 3.130
Augustine, Saint, 1.21, 2.152*n*, 2.157
*Authentic Dreams of Peter Blobbs* (Hubbard), 7.204*n*, 7.241*n*

Bailey, Ruth, 1.90, 1.106
banality, 2.206–9, 4.238, 4.247, 4.264, 6.277
Basilides, 5.283*n*–84*n*
Baucis (fantasy figure), 4.228, 4.230, 6.245, 6.287
Baynes, Cary de Angulo, 1.48–49, 1.84, 1.85, 1.88, 1.106*n*, 1.108, 1.116, 6.298*n*
Baynes, Peter, 1.82, 1.87–88, 1.89, 1.90
Beckwith, George, 1.90
beetles, 3.108
belief:
  knowledge (science) vs., 3.125, 5.229*n*
  weak vs. strong, 5.229*n*
Bendel, Heinrich, 2.162
Bendel-Rauschenbach, Anna Barbara, 2.162
Bergson, Henri, 4.206, 5.203*n*, 5.274*n*
"Bergson and Libido Theory" (Keller), 5.203*n*

Berkeley, George, 7.192*n*
*Beyond Good and Evil* (Nietzsche), 2.171*n*, 7.147*n*
*Bhagavad Gita*, 1.*156*, 5.205*n*
Biegel, Rebekka Aleida, 6.281*n*–82*n*
bird/girl (dream figure), 1.16–17, 1.29, 2.155–56
birds:
  black (fantasy figure), 1.70, 6.288–89, 6.290, 6.294
  golden, 6.260–61, 6.264, 6.265, 6.267–68, 6.269, 6.296
  white, *see* white bird
Birgitta of Sweden, 1.45
Bjerre, Poul, 1.47
*Black Books* (Jung):
  abandonment of, 1.105, 1.110
  as core of analytical psychology, 1.112
  dreams in, 1.54
  as guide to midlife transition, 1.99–100
  integration of anima as central subject of, 1.41, 1.42, 1.53, 1.101
  Jung's confrontation with "I" in, 1.34
  Jung's search for means of presenting insights of, 1.110–11
  *Liber Novus* as reworking material from, 1.12, 1.39–40, 1.43
  as record of self-experimentation, 1.11, 1.39, 1.88, 2.171
  search for method in, 1.22–25, 1.92
  translation of, 1.115–20
  *see also* dreams, of Jung; fantasies, of Jung
black one, 6.258–59, 6.263, 6.297, 7.163, 7.185–86
  Wolff as, 1.60
Bleuler, Eagen, 6.284*n*
blood imagery, 1.18, 1.23, 1.37, 1.38, 2.169, 2.194, 2.213–14, 2.255, 3.115, 3.134–35, 4.214, 5.226, 5.243–45, 5.246, 5.248, 6.252, 7.165, 7.166, 7.206
Bollingen, 1.94, 4.228*n*–29*n*, 7.234*n*, 7.238*n*
Bowditch Katz, Fanny, 1.63–64, 1.65
Brahman/Atman, 1.66*n*, 1.74
Brimo, 5.245–46
  *see also* heavenly mother

brown notebook (Jung), 1.20
Brunner, Theodore, 7.236, 7.239
Buddha, Buddhism, 7, 180, 1.111, 2.186, 6.222*n*, 6.249, 7.159*n*, 7.171, 7.173*n*, 7.181, 7.237
Bugishu psychological expedition, 1.90
Buonaiuti, Ernesto, 1.111
Burckhardt, Jacob, 1.14
burial, 5.248–49

Cabiri, 1.*150*, 4.244*n*, 6.282
*Candide* (Voltaire), 4.221*n*
castle, 2.198, 2.203–5
  *see also* golden castle
ceremony, 5.254–55, 5.269
chaos, inner, 5.206–7, 5.208
*Cherubinic Wanderer* (Silesius), 7.177*n*, 7.178*n*
child (fantasy/dream figure), 1.16–17, 1.71, 3.134–36
children, fantasy and, 1.14
Christianity, 1.41, 1.48, 1.108, 2.199, 2.200–201, 3.100*n*, 3.112, 4.204–7, 5.238, 5.257, 6.252, 7.157, 7.179
  anchorites in, 3.99, 3.113*n*
  desert and, 2.165
  distinction between Jesus's teachings and, 1.83
  psychology and, 7.171*n*
Cicero, 4.209, 4.230*n*
cinema, 2.210–11
Circe, 7.188
civilization, "I"'s conversations with shepherd on, 4.265–68
cold, as fantasy/dream motif, 1.35, 1.42, 1.44, 3.114, 5.235, 6.277
*Collectanea adagiorum* (Erasmus), 1.13, 5.213*n*
collective unconscious, 1.12, 1.37, 1.91, 2.175*n*, 3.112*n*, 7.171*n*
  activation of, 1.73
  literature as product of, 1.81
  mythology and, 1.14
  need for separation from, 1.57

synthesis of personal unconscious and, *see* individuation process
war as embodiment of chaos in, 1.56
*Commedia* (Dante), 1.40, 7.170*n*–71*n*
"Commentary on *The Secret of the Golden Flower*" (Jung), 1.63, 1.103, 1.105, 1.*134*, 1.*158*, 1.*160*, 2.167*n*
Communion, 4.237
community, 6.225–26
comparative anthropology, 1.14
comparative religion, 1.13, 1.111
compassion, 5.227, 5.263, 6.222
completeness, 7.193–94
comprehension, magic as antithesis of, 4.233
"Concerning Mandala Symbolism" (Jung), 1.*134*, 1.*158*, 1.*160*, 7.176*n*
*Confessions* (Augustine), 2.152*n*, 2.157*n*
consciousness:
emptying of, 1.24–25
integration of collective unconscious and, 1.42
origins of, 1.90
Constable, Giles, 3.137*n*
contrary functions, unconscious and, 1.58
*Contributions to Analytical Psychology* (Jung), 1.105
cook (fantasy figure), 4.205–6, 4.217
Corbin, Henry, 1.111
*Corpus Hermeticum*, 4.230*n*
Corrie, Joan, 1.59, 6.227*n*–28*n*
Corti, Walter, 1.130
Cory, Isaac, 6.26o*n*
creation:
Abraxas on, 6.212
differentiation as aim of, 6.220
as eternal and ever-present, 6.208
God as distinct from, 6.211
"I"'s sermon to the dead on, 6.207
creativity, 4.271–72

creator, as child, 4.271–72
creatures, as products of differentiation, 6.208
cross, 1.28, 2.194–95, 4.227, 6.240
crown, golden, 4.255–61
crucifixion, 4.227, 4.251, 4.256, 4.261, 5.226, 5.257, 6.217, 6.218, 6.240, 7.161, 7.178, 7.198

daimons, 5.258–59, 5.260–61, 5.266, 5.271
Dante Alighieri, 1.40, 2.192*n*, 2.197, 4.203*n*, 7.170*n*–71*n*
*Das Zeitalter Sonnengottes* (Frobenius), 3.131*n*
dead, 1.78, 3.114–15, 4.207–8, 4.209, 4.245–47, 5.231–32, 5.241–52
  in anima's cosmology, 5.272
  Elijah as spokesman for, 6.266
  fire needed by, 6, 266
  "I"'s blood demanded by, 5.243–45, 5.246, 5.247, 5.248
  "I"s sermons to, 5.284–85, 6.207–15, 6.219–21, 6.223, 6.227
  "I" urged to complete his work by, 5.250, 5.251
  in Jung's dreams, 2.156, 2.160
  need for community with, 5.255–56
  need for encounters with, 1.47–48
  prayers needed by, 5.255–57
  sacrificial invocation of, 1.118–19
  Salome accompanied by, 7.186–87, 7.188
de Angulo, Jaime, 1.81, 1.86
death, 2.213–14, 3.126, 4.227–28
  of Atmavictu, 6.291–92
  of Christ, 5.276
  defiance of, 1.16
  "I"'s dialogue with, 6.221–23
  in Jung's dreams, 2.161
  midlife transition as preparation for, 1.103–4
  nature of, 1.103–4
  sanctity of life and, 4.209
Dehmel, Richard, 5.203
Delphic oracle, 1.13

dementia praecox, 2.158*n*
depths, descent into, 2.159, 2.168–69, 2.171–72, 2.179–83, 2.185–90, 7.209
desert, 1.90, 2.163–64, 2.171, 3.100–101, 3.107, 3.109, 3.110
desire, abandonment of, 2.166
developmental psychology, 1.99
devils, 1.45, 1.69, 2.153, 2.165, 2.173, 2.198, 3.119, 4.213, 5.281, 6.220, 6.244, 6.263
  anima's summoning of, 5.280–81
  emptiness and, 6.211
  "I"'s sermon to the dead on, 6.211, 6.219–20, 6.223
  *see also* Satan
*Dhamma-Kakka-Ppavattana Sutta* (Buddha), 7.159*n*
dialogue, in fantasies, 1.24, 1.55
Dieterich, Albrecht, 1.50, 2.168*n*
differentiation, 5.271–72, 6.215, 6.224
  as aim of creation, 6.208, 6.220
  as essence of humanness, 6.208–9, 6.225
  of "I" from self, 7.183
  sermon to the dead on, 6.208–11
digging, as dream motif, 1.45, 4.265
Dionysus, 1.78, 1.80, 2.151, 2.163, 7.208
directed thinking, 1.14
disbelief, 5.228–29, 5.230, 6.274
  *see also* belief
disgust, "I"'s need to overcome, 6.256–57
divine child (fantasy/dream figure), 1.59, 1.*130*, 1.*140*, 2.151, 6.227*n*–28*n*
  birth of, 2.177–78
  *see also* Arab youth; Phanes
divinity:
  of anima, 5.248, 5.259, 5.262
  internalized, 1.45–46, 5.203*n*–6*n*, 5.227, 5.230, 5.234; *see also* Phanes
Dodge, Mabel, 1.86

*dominus mundi*, 1.*130*
doubt, *see* disbelief
Doyle, Arthur Conan, 1.19
dragon, 6.271
  *see also* Atmavictu
dreams:
  Jung's conception of, 4.261*n*
  primitive peoples and, 2.184*n*
  subjective vs. objective interpretation of, 1.41
  *see also* fantasies
dreams, of Jung, 1.76, 6.284*n*, 6.285, 7.172*n*, 7.174*n*, 7.175, 7.201–7
  anatomical museum in, 7.201
  Arab youth in, *see* Arab youth
  bird/girl in, 1.16–17, 1.29, 2.155–56
  boy with toad's head in, 7.233–34
  cold motif in, 1.35, 1.42, 1.44, 5.235
  dead in, 2.156, 2.160
  death of anima in, 1.95–96, 7.235
  death of wife's cousin in, 2.161
  descent into depths in, 2.168–69
  digging motif in, 1.45, 4.265
  Edith McCormick in, 7.203
  Emma Jung in, 7.201, 7.202, 7.242
  enormous animal tracks in, 7.237
  falling of tree in, 7.147*n*
  fantasies as independent from, 1.54
  fantastic radiolarian in, 2.153
  haunted house in, 7.199*n*
  "I" in, 1.99
  Jung's father in, 7.232
  Jung's mother in, 7.202–3
  killing of Siegfried in, 2.170*n*, 2.174–75
  knight in, 1.16, 2.160
  man who cannot die in, 1.16

monastery in, 2.162–63
Philemon in, 7.195*n*
prehistoric bones in, 2.153–54, 6.294
premonition of end of world in, 7.203
sea voyages in, 1.34–35, 1.37, 7.200*n*
Sigg in, 7.238–39, 7.241
sun in, 1.98–99
temple in, 7.236–37
tree of light (Liverpool) in, 1.98–99, 1.102, 1.*158*, 1.*160*, 7.239–40
twelve in, 1.16–17
white bird in, 6.273*n*
Wolff in, 1.30
Wotan in, 7.232*n*
young girl in, 2, 152*n*, 2.161
*see also* fantasies, of Jung
*Du*, 1.*130*

earth:
in anima's cosmology, 5.270, 6.254
as "I"'s body, 7.213, 7.214
as mother, 5.269
Eastern wisdom, 1.105, 1.107–8, 6.221–23, 6.249*n*
*Ecce Homo* (Nietzsche), 4.223*n*
Eckhart, Meister, 1.74, 1.83, 2.160*n*, 2.167*n*, 7.176*n*–77*n*
effectiveness:
Abraxas as, 6.212, 6.220, 7.227
of Ka, 7.183–84
*Egyptian Book for the Dead*, 7.163*n*
*Egyptian Heaven and Hell, The* (Wallis Budge), 5.244*n*
Egyptian mythology, 7, 178, 1.90, 5.241*n*, 5.243, 7.163*n*, 7.178, 7.215*n*
elephant skeleton, 6.288, 6.292–94
Eliade, Mircea, 1.37, 1.111
Elijah (fantasy figure), 1.23, 1.33–34, 1.57, 1.58, 1.70, 1.116, 2.179–82, 2.185–91, 4.249–54, 6.235–36, 6.265–66

blindness of, 2.180
crystal of, Jung's visions in, 2.194–96
and death of God, 6.236–37
"I"'s draining of strength from, 6.236
"I"'s explanation of new cosmology to, 6.238–39
as "I"'s father, 2.189
as Mime, 2.192–93
Philemon as, 6.299
as real vs. symbolic being, 2.182, 2.187, 2.189
Salome as daughter of, 2.180, 2.181–82
as spokesman for the dead, 6.266
Emil Stierli (bookbinders), 1.43
emptiness, fullness and, 5.284–85, 6.211
England, Jung's visits to, 1.36, 1.76, 1.82, 1.89, 7.199, 7.204*n*
Eranos conferences, 1.111, 1.*130*
Erasmus, 1.13, 5.213*n*
Erikapaios, 1.*130*
Eros, 5.274, 5.276, 6.219, 6.220
ethnopsychology, 1.13, 1.14, 1.76
Eve, 1.23
evil, 3.133, 6.219, 6.300
extraverts, extraversion, 1.17, 1.58, 2.158*n*
Ezekiel (fantasy figure), 4.207–8

fairy tale, Jung's fantasy of, 2.203–9
fantasies, 1.12
analytical psychology as merging of science and, 1.112
in children, 1.14
dialogues in, 1.55, 1.101
directed thinking vs., 1.14
experience of, as more important than understanding of, 1.101–2
as independent from dreams, 1.54
inducing of, 1.54–55, 1.92–94
interpretation of, 1.36, 1.55
Jung's seminars on, 1.107

knowledge as barrier to, 2.185
mythological figures in, 1.56
objective vs. subjective interpretation of, 1.46
as path to self–knowledge, 1.46
in prehistoric and primitive peoples, 1.14
as products of both personal and collective unconscious, 1.100
separation from worldly experience in, 2.165
subjective vs. objective interpretation of, 1.41
therapeutic rationale behind, 1.54
thinking as clouding revelations of, 2.169–70
*see also* dreams
fantasies, of Jung:
correlation of world events with, 1.38–39, 1.46, 1.56
dialogue as central element in, 1.24
differentation of voices and characters in, 1.69
first public seminar on, 1.89
Jung's initial resistance to analysis of, 1.20
Jung's search for means of presenting insights of, 1.110–11
knowledge as inimical to revelations of, 2.170, 2.172–73, 2.185, 3.122–23, 7.216
*Liber Novus* as exposition of, 1.42
as revelation of new religion, 1.80–81
science vs., 1.110, 2.170, 3.99, 3.121, 3.122, 3.123–24, 3.126, 3.130
search for meaning in, 2.154–55, 2.164
as self-experimentation, 1.15, 1.19–20
suspension of judgment and interpretation in, 1.46
terrifying nature of, 2.154, 2.171
*see also* dreams, of Jung; *specific fantasy figures and motifs*
fantasy figures:
as aspects of self, 1.70
distillation into general types of, 1.71–72
uses of, 1.75
*see also specific figures*

*Faust* (Goethe), 1.28, 1.36, 1.62, 1.69*n*, 1.81, 4.217*n*, 4.228*n*–29*n*, 5.235*n*, 5.270*n*, 6.282*n*
"*Faust* and Alchemy" (Jung), 5.270*n*
Ferenczi, Sándor, 1.27
Fiechter, Ernst, 7.237
Fiechter Jung, Sophie, 7.237
Fierz, Hans Edward, 7.249
fire motif, 5.278–80, 6.266, 6.276, 6.282, 6.285, 6.286, 6.291
"Fire-Signal, The" (Nietzsche), 5.203*n*
floods, Jung's fantasy of, 1.17–19
Flournoy, Théodore, 1.52, 5.280*n*
Franz, Marie-Louise von, 2.197*n*
Freud, Sigmund, 1.15, 1.16, 1.17, 1.27, 1.28, 1.52*n*, 1.109, 2.160, 4.261*n*, 5.203*n*, 6.252*n*
Frobenius, Leo, 3.131*n*
Froebe-Kapteyn, Olga, 1.111
*Frogs, The* (Aristophanes), 2.168*n*
fullness:
  emptiness and, 5.284–85, 6.211
  *see also* Pleroma
furnace, as place of renewal, 5.268–69

gardens, 1.98, 2.179–80, 4.218, 4.221–22, 4.228–30, 4.265, 6.245–46
*Gay Science, The* (Nietzsche), 3.122*n*, 5.240*n*, 6.210*n*, 7.171*n*, 7.183*n*
*Ghosts* (Moser), 7.199*n*
Giacometti, Augusto, 1.22
gifts, gift-giving, 5.237–38, 5.240
Gilbert, J. A., 1.93–94
Gilgamesh, 3.120*n*, 6.270
Gnosticism, 1.34, 1.50, 1.67, 1.108, 1.118, 2.192*n*, 3.107, 5.235*n*, 5.271*n*, 5.274*n*, 5.283*n*–84*n*, 6.245*n*
*Gnostic Scriptures, The* (Layton), 5.283*n*
God(s), 1.13, 1.24, 1.50, 3.99, 3.125
  anima as rebirth of, 1.41

in anima's cosmology, 1.48, 5.270, 5.271, 5.272, 5.274–77
Arab youth as, *see* Arab youth
creation and, 6.211
death of, 1.40, 1.41, 6.236–37, 6.238
Eckhart's concept of, 7.176*n*–77*n*
as far off, 5.219
fullness as essence of, 6.211
heavenly vs. earthly, 6.223–24
inner (one), *see* Phanes
"I"'s dialogue with, 5.252–57
"I"'s obedience demanded by, 6.242–43
"I"'s sermons to the dead on, 6.210–15, 6.219–21, 6.223
as master, 5.253
mercy of, 4.206
merger of Satan and, 4.239, 4.241
multiplicity of, 5.275, 5.277, 6.220, 6.237, 6.238–39, 6.255
Pleroma and, 6.211
as reborn in self, 1.68, 1.102, 5.239–40, 6.227*n*–28*n*
relationship of mankind to, 1.70–71
renewed strength of, 5.251–52
sacrifice demanded by, 6.276
soul as rebirth of, 1.40, 1.41, 1.83
suffering of, 6.241–42
as summum bonum, 6.213
supposed death of, 6.210–11
as uniquely internalized in each individual, 5.275–77, 6.227, 6.238
*see also* Abraxas; divine child
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von, 1.28, 1.30, 1.36, 1.62, 1.74, 1.81, 4.217*n*, 4.228*n*–29*n*, 5.270*n*, 6.282*n*, 7.205*n*
gold, desire for, 5.236–37, 5.265
golden castle, 1.104, 1.*160*, 6.285–86, 6.287–88, 6.290
golden seed, in Ha's eye, 7.149–50
golden serpent, 6.286
Golem, 7.238
Golgotha, 7.198

Goodrich, Chauncey, 1.81
Grail, 2.160*n*, 4.219*n*
*Grail Legend, The* (Emma Jung and von Franz), 2.197*n*
Great Mother, 1.102, 7.166, 7.209–10, 7.214, 7.216, 7.220
  Wolff as emissary of, 7.208–9, 7.210, 7.214, 7.218
  *see also* heavenly mother
Greek language, 1.118
Greek mythology, 7.178, 7.190
Greek philosophy, 3.100*n*, 3.103
guilt, 2.176, 2.186, 2.187, 3.135
Gurnemanz, 4.219

Ha (fantasy figure), 1.70, 1.115–17, 7.149–57
  golden seed in eye of, 7.149–50
  Ka as soul of, 7.163–64
  mother and father of, 7.151–52
  Philemon as son of, 7.149, 7.150
  runes explicated by, 7.152–53
hanged man (fantasy figure), 4.245–46
hanging (hovering), "I" as, 4.256–61, 7.175, 7.177, 7.181, 7.205, 7.247
Hannah, Barbara, 1.19*n*, 1.28, 1.88
Hap (Egyptian figure), 5.246*n*, 5.268*n*
Harding, Esther, 1.82, 1.89
hardness, anima's theft from "I" of, 6.251
Hauer, Wilhelm, 1.105, 1.107–8, 1.111
heavenly mother, 5.245–46, 5.270
  anima as daughter of, 7.166, 7.167, 7.187
  spirituality as, 6.224
  white bird as messenger of, 6.226
  *see also* Great Mother
*Heaven Timorumenos* (Terence), 3.136*n*
Hecate, 5.245*n*
Helena (of Troy), 6.245
Helios (fantasy figure), 1.87, 3.106, 3.110

Hell, 4.245–46, 4.255, 4.256
Heracles (Hercules), 2.151, 4.226, 6.228–29, 7.190*n*
hermaphrodite, 1.*134*, 6.279
Hermes, 4.230*n*, 5.236
Hermes Trismegistus, 1.*134*, 4.230
Herod, King, 2.180*n*
heroes, 7.187
  incest motif and, 1.14
  individual's identification with, 1.14
  "I"'s identification with, 4.218–19
  mother and, 1.14
  murder of, 1.24, 1.38, 2.174–75, 2.183
Heyer, Lucy, 1.79*n*
hieroglyphs, *see* runes, of Jung
Hinduism, 1.66*n*, 1.74
"Historical Contributions on the Question of Types" (Jung), 6.245*n*
Hölderlin, Friedrich, 1.117, 2.158*n*, 6.255*n*
Holy Trinity, 4.240, 4.241, 4.242, 4.244
"Homosexuality in Schreber" (Schneiter presentation), 5.235*n*
Horus (Egyptian God), 1.90, 2.151, 3.111
houris, 6.229–30
Hubbard, Arthur John, 7.204*n*, 7.241*n*
human culture, anima's gift to "I" of, 4.220–21
hypnagogic states, 1.19, 1.25

"I," 1.23–24, 1.27, 1.33, 1.42, 1.57, 1.58, 1.70
  anima accused of thievery by, 5.264–65
  anima as prisoner of, 5.259, 5.261, 5.262, 5.263, 6.216, 6.287
  anima as unable to love, 7.162–63
  anima distrusted by, 2.155, 2.157, 4.249, 5.281, 6.287, 7.175, 7.219
  anima's dialogues with, *see* anima (soul), "I"'s dialogues with
  anima's theft of hardness from, 6.251
  as belonging to anima, 5.224
  as corpse, 6.267

as devil, 6.249
fragmentation of, 6.231
Gods' demand for obedience from, 6.242–43
heart given to anima by, 6.253–54, 6.256, 6.259, 6.261
immortality of, 7.170
impatience of, 5.218
inner God of, *see* Phanes
Ka on nature of, 7.170
as needing to complete his work, 5.231–32, 5.250, 5.251, 6.230, 6.248, 6.252, 6.281, 6.283, 6.285, 7.182, 7.221
as needing to relieve Gods' suffering, 6.241–42
as overly concerned with others, 6, 248–49, 5.205, 5.230
Phanes as born from, 6.268
Philemon as hidden in, 7.166
prayer to dead from, 5.255–57
as pregnant with anima's child, 5.213
self as differentiated from, 1.74, 5.239*n*, 6.291*n*, 7.183, 7.248
self-castigation of, 5.215–25
self-esteem as lacking in, 5.215–16, 5.220, 5.222, 5.223
self-pity of, 5.217
self-taming of, 5.223
self-understanding lacked by, 5.224–25
sermons to the dead of, 5.284–85, 6.207–15, 6.219–21, 6.223, 6.227
as surrounded by golden glow, 6.269–70
uncertainty of, 5.228
weakness of, 6.248
*I Ching*, 1.104, 7.204*n*, 7.206*n*, 7.247
"Ideal of the Imitation of Christ, The" (Constable), 3.137*n*
Ignatius of Loyola, Saint, 1.25, 1.111
ignorance, of Jung, as theme of *Black Books*, 2.152, 2.185, 2.186–87, 2.197, 3.102, 3.103, 3.108, 3.109–10
imitation of Christ, 1.41, 3.137*n*
*Imitation of Christ, The* (Thomas à Kempis), 3.137, 4.206, 4.208–9, 4.217–18

immortality, 4.238, 7.168, 7.169, 7.170
desire for, 3.121, 3.123–24, 4.228, 4.229
impatience, 4.226, 4.228, 7.195
“Importance of the Unconscious in Psychopathology, The” (Jung, lecture), 1. 36
in-between world, 3.113, 3.116
incest, 1.14
incubation sleep, 4.217, 4.218
individual:
in the cosmology, 5.271–72, 5.277, 6.234
as precursor to tree of light, 6.260
union of Abraxas and, 6.261
“Individual Dream Symbolism in Relations to Alchemy” (Jung), 1.109
“Individuation and Collectivity” (Jung), 1.54, 5.203*n*–4*n*, 6.225*n*, 7.178*n*
individuation process, 1.51, 1.59, 1.71–72, 1.100, 1.107, 1.111–12, 1.*134*, 6.227*n*–28*n*
alchemical symbols for, 1.108
as development of contrary functions, 1.58
as general pattern of human development, 1.99
*Liber Novus* as depiction of, 1.42
self and, 1.99, 1.102–3, 5.239*n*
socially recognizable values and, 1.53–54
as synthesis of personal and collective unconscious, 1.52
*Inferno* (Dante), 2.192*n*, 4.203*n*
intellect, importance of, 2.160
International Psychoanalysis Conference (1911), 1.28
International Psychoanalytical Association, 1.11, 1.34, 1.35
interpretation, as inimical to revelations of fantasies, 2.170
*Interpretation of Dreams, The* (Freud), 1.109
*Introduction to Jungian Psychology* (Jung), 2.160*n*, 2.175*n*, 2.183*n*, 2.191*n*–92*n*
introverts, introversion, 1.17, 1.58, 2.158*n*–59*n*, 5.241*n*
irrational, repression of, 1.58
Isaiah, Book of, 7.165*n*, 7.197*n*

Isis (Egyptian Goddess), 1.63–64, 7.178*n*, 7.212, 7.214, 7.215
Islamic mysticism, 6.298*n*
Izdubar (fantasy figure), 1.70, 1.72, 1.87, 1.*148*, 3.120–29, 6.298, 7.147*n*, 7.159*n*
"I"'s laming of, 3.122
Jung's commentary to Jaffé on, 3.129*n*–30*n*
as transformed into sun, 3.131–32

Jaffé, Aniela, 1.30, 1.66, 1.110, 2.175*n*, 3.129*n*, 5.282*n*, 5.284*n*, 7.149*n*, 7.200*n*
James, William, 1.14, 1.56
Jelliffe, Smith Ely, 1.61
Jensen, Peter, 3.120*n*
Jesus Christ, 2.151, 3.111–12, 4.213, 4.237, 5.264, 6.218, 6.232–33, 6.239–40, 6.249, 7.147*n*, 7.173*n*, 7.179, 7.181, 7.214, 7.215*n*
birth of, 6.271
crucifixion of, 5.276, 6.240*n*
"I" as, 2.195, 7.170
imitation of, 3.137*n*, 4.203, 4.209
Jung's distinction between Christianity and teachings of, 1.83
mankind's demands on, 6.233
Philemon and, 7.161
as redeemer, 6.233–35, 6.241
symbols of, 5.209
Jews, 2.201
John (evangelist), 3.103
John, Gospel of, 5.272*n*, 7.157*n*
Logos in, 3.104–5, 3.107
John the Baptist, Saint, 2.180*n*, 2.181, 2.183, 4.257
journeys, 2.150, 2.163–64, 3.119–20, 3.128–29
*see also* sea journeys
joy, 2.202, 4.244, 4.251, 4.253, 5.238, 5.253, 6.276, 6.279, 7.147, 7.185, 7.212, 7.213
suffering and, 4.238, 5.218, 6.255, 6.256, 7.192, 7.193, 7.195, 7.220
Jung, C.G.:

military service of, 1.35–36, 1.50, 1.54, 1.61
mother's death and, 1.79, 1.82, 1.99, 1.103, 7.232, 7.235
Jung, Emma, 1.28, 1.33, 1.47, 1.65, 1.68–69, 1.82, 1.84, 1.90, 2.197*n*, 5.280*n*, 6.247*n*
anima on "I"'s relationship with, 7.214, 7.215, 7.216–17
dreams of, 7.242
fantasies of, 1.33
in Jung's dreams, 7.201, 7.202
Jung's relationship with, 1.69, 1.84, 1.95
and Wolff's relationship with Jung, 1.31

Ka (fantasy figure), 1.32, 1.70, 1.115–16, 1.*134*, 1.*148*, 7.163–64, 7.167, 7.180, 7.196, 7.199, 7.226
anima on, 7.184–85
in attempt to build temple for Phanes, 7.174–75
as creator of matter, 7.198, 7.200
darkness as realm of, 7.183–84, 7.196
effectiveness of, 7.183–84
in Egyptian mythology, 7.163*n*
as Ha's soul, 1.115, 7.163–64
"I" as hanging between Philemon and, 7.175, 7.177
"I"'s capture of, 7.176
on love, 7.164
in mandalas and images, 1.*148*
on nature of "I," 7.170
on nature of man, 7.169–70
on Phanes, 7.172–73
as Philemon's shadow (opposite), 1.115–16, 7.163*n*–64*n*, 7.164, 7.166, 7.169, 7.184, 7.196
Philemon's teachings rejected by, 7.165–66
runes given to Ha by, 7.163
on Salome's ensnarement of "I," 7.196–97
as Salome's father, 7.191
temples and tombs of Gods built by, 7.182
Kabbalah, 4.230*n*

Kali, 2.186
Kandinsky, Wassily, 1.19
Keller, Adolf, 1.50, 1.65, 4.206*n*, 5.203*n*, 5.241*n*, 5.280*n*
Keller, Gottfried, 2.167–68
Kerényi, Karl, 1.111
Khidr (fantasy figure), 1.70, 6.298
killing, as part of life, 5.205–6
Klingsor (fantasy figure), 4.218, 4.219*n*
knight (fantasy/dream figure), 1.16, 2.160
  *see also* Red One
knowledge:
  belief vs., 5.229*n*
  as inimical to revelations of fantasies, 2.170, 2.172–73, 2.185, 3.122–23, 7.216
Koran, 6.298*n*
Kretschmer, Ernst, 1.108
Krishna, 1.*156*
Kundalini yoga, *see* yoga
Kundry (fantasy figure), 4.218, 4.219

Lang, Josef, 1.64, 1.66, 1.67, 1.69*n*, 7.233*n*
language:
  as inimical to fantasy revelations, 2.172–73, 3.136
  primitive peoples and, 2.184*n*
  worship of, 3.103–5, 3.107
Last Supper, 4.237, 5.257, 6.231
Latin, 1.118
*Liber Novus* (*Red Book*; Jung), 1.11, 1.18, 1.19, 1.34, 1.35, 1.37, 1.38, 1.50, 1.54, 1.55, 1.56, 1.58, 1.59, 1.82, 1.83, 1.89, 1.91, 2.158*n*, 2.196*n*, 5.284*n*, 6.263*n*, 7.201
  abandonment of, 1.105, 1.110
  afterward to, 1.91
  *Black Books* material reworked for, 1.12, 1.39–40, 1.43, 2.154*n*
  Cabiri in, 4.244*n*, 6.282*n*
  calligraphic folio of, 1.43, 1.72, 1.85, 1.104

C. Baynes's transcription of, 1.85, 1.88
commentary on belief in, 5.228*n*–29*n*
composition of, 1.39–43
concept of symbols in, 1.73
as core of analytical psychology, 1.112
*Corrected Draft* of, 1.42–43, 1.85
as depiction of individuation process, 1.42
*Draft* of, 1.12, 1.40, 1.42, 1.48, 1.68
explanatory text added to, 1.40
fantasies in, 1.68
form of, 1.42
as guide to midlife transition, 1.99–100
influence of Nietzsche's *Zaruthrusta* on, 1.40
integration of anima as central subject of, 1.101
Jung's reconnection with soul as theme of, 1.41
Jung's search for means of presenting insights of, 1.110–11
layer two of, 1.41, 1.46, 1.47, 1.53
mandalas and images in, *see* mandalas; paintings and drawings
*Psychological Types* and, 1.74
publication plans for, 1.85, 1.88
search for method in, 1.92
translation of, 1.119–20
*see also Liber Secundus*; *Scrutinies*
*Liber Secundus* (Jung), 1.43, 1.44, 2.97*n*, 2.203*n*, 5.215*n*
libido, 2.158*n*, 5.236, 5.241*n*, 6.227*n*
librarian (fantasy figure), 4.208, 4.217–18
Lichtenhan, Rudolf, 5.283*n*
life, living:
absoluteness vs., 4.243–44
anima on, 4.248–49
as higher than the good, 7.181
killing as part of, 5.205–6
love in, 5.251
as nourishing internal God, 5.276
sanctity of, 4.209

as shadow, 5.247
as truth, 4.215
light, creation of, 6.282
limits, acceptance of, 4.221–22
literature, as product of either author's personal cosmology or collective unconscious, 1.81
Logos, 3.104–5, 3.107
Long, Constance, 7.163*n*, 7.204*n*
looking, seeing vs., 6.293–94
love, 4.274, 5.211, 5.222, 5.251, 6.235, 7.162, 7.164
anima on nature of, 4.273–76
anima's desire for, 5.266, 6.277
of Christ, mankind's lack of, 6.233
golden crown and, 4.255–61
heavenly vs. earthly, 4.259
for "I", anima's lack of, 7.162–63
inside-out (indirect), 5.207
of "I" for women, 1.60, 2.152, 2.155, 7.161–62, 7.163, 7.175, 7.185–86, 7.195–96
of Salome, "I"'s rejection of, 2.180–81, 2.182–83, 2.188–89, 4.250–54
of self, 5.207, 5.239
Löy, Rudolf, 1.44
Luke, Gospel of, 6.240*n*, 7.161*n*
Luxor, 7.238–39, 7.241

madhouse, 4.209–12
madness, 1.41
anima on, 4.211–12
Jung's fear of, 1.37
society and, 4, 209–11
Maeder, Alphonse, 1.46, 1.50, 1.85, 4.236*n*, 4.261*n*, 7.170*n*–71*n*
magic, 1.33, 4.259, 7.221
anima's offer of, 4.222–23
anima's warnings about, 6.259, 6.262–63

comprehension as antithesis of, 4.233
"I"'s conversations with Philemon about, 4.231–35
reason and, 1.41, 4.232–34
sacrifice demanded by, 4.223–25, 4.226
science vs., 4.224–25
universal customs of, 4.232
magical rod, 4.222–23, 4.225–28, 4.230, 4.254, 4.257, 4.259
*Magic as an Experimental Science* (Staudenmaier), 1.26
magician (fantasy figure), 1.116, 1.117
in mandalas and images, 1.*134*
*see also* Ha; Philemon
Magus, Simon, 6.245, 7.189–90
maiden (dream/fantasy figure), 1.71, 2.206–9, 3.132–33, 7.202
*see also* Salome
*Malleus Maleficarum* (Sprenger and Kramer), 6.252*n*
mana personality, 1.102
mandalas, 1.61, 1.63, 1.72, 1.98, 1.99, 1.104–5, 1.*122*, 1.*124*, 1.*126*, 1.*128*, 1.*130*, 1.*134*, 1.*146*, 7.149*n*
as images of the self, 1.62, 1.66
Jung's daily drawing of, 1.61
Jung's evolving understanding of, 1.61–62, 1.66
*see also Liber Novus* (*Red Book*; Jung), mandalas and images in
mankind:
"I"'s sermon to the dead on, 6.227
Ka on nature of, 7.169–70
Philemon on nature of, 7.167–68
Philemon's sermon on, 7.159–61
man of the East (fantasy figure), 6.274–75
Mark, Gospel of, 7.165*n*
marriage, Wolff's critique of, 1.31
Mary (virgin), 2.186, 4.213, 6.218
as mother of Salome and Jung, 2.189
masculine principle, sun as, 7.213, 7.214
mass destruction, images of, 1.38
Massignon, Louis, 1.111

Matthew, Gospel of, 6.266*n*, 7.160*n*, 7.161*n*, 7.170*n*
McCormick, Edith Rockefeller, 1.46, 1.50, 7.203
McCormick, Fowler, 7.235*n*
McKenna, Stephen, 1.119
Medea, Salome as, 7.194
medieval theology, Jung's study of, 5.219*n*
Medtner, Emil, 1.76, 7.221*n*
megalomania, 2.188
*Memories, Dreams, Reflections* (Jung and Jaffe), 1.34, 1.36, 1.49, 1.71, 1.90–91, 2.153*n*, 2.160*n*, 2.161*n*, 2.175*n*, 2.183*n*, 3.135*n*, 5.274*n*, 5.283*n*–84*n*, 6.239*n*, 7.163*n*, 7.212*n*, 7.240
memory, theories of, 1.14
Mercurius (alchemical figure), 1.108, 1.*134*
metal, "I" as transformed into, 7.205
*Metamorphoses* (Ovid), 4.228*n*–29*n*
method, search for, 1.22–25
Meyrink, Gustav, 1.67
Michelangelo, 2.187
midlife transition, 1.99–100
  as preparation for death, 1.103–4
Miller, Miss Frank, 1.20
Mime (fantasy figure), 2.192–93
Mithras liturgy, 5.272*n*
Mohammed, prophet, 6.230
Moltzer, Maria, 1.22, 1.26–27, 1.28, 1.30, 1.37, 1.60, 6.258*n*, 7.170*n*–71*n*
  on fantasies as art, 1.61–62
  Jung analyzed by, 1.27
  Jung's break with, 1.64–67
  Jung's relationship with, 1.27, 1.63–64
  in resignation from Psychological Club, 1.65
  as white one, 1.60, 1.66
monastery, in Jung's dream, 2.162–63
Monism, 4.241–42
monotheism, 6.214*n*

moon, 5.270, 7.213, 7.214
“Moral Equivalent of War, The” (James), 1.56
Morgan, Christiana, 1.92–93, 1.106–7, 7.149*n*
Moser, Fanny, 7.199*n*
Moses, sixth and seventh books of, 4.230
mother, 1.14, 1.71, 5.270
  anima as, 5.277, 6.217, 6.218–19, 6.238, 6.300
  anima as first borne by, 1.100
  creativity and, 4.271
  symbols for, 1.28
  *see also* Great Mother; heavenly mother
Mothers, realm of, 4.217
Mountain Lake (Pueblo Indian), Jung’s meeting with, 1.86–87, 1.91
mud imagery, 2.173, 2.177
Müller, Max, 1.13, 3.133*n*
Munich Psycho-Analytical Congress (1913), 1.17
Murray, Henry, 1.88
*Mysterium Coniunctionis* (Jung), 4.237*n*
“Mystique moderne, une” (Flournoy), 5.280*n*
mythology, 1.13, 1.53, 1.112, 3.108, 4.213, 5.245–46
  collective unconscious and, 1.14
  Egyptian, 7, 178, 1.90, 5.241*n*, 5.243–44, 7.215*n*
  in fantasies, 1.56
  Greek, 7.178, 7.190
  Jung’s study of, 1.13–14, 1.24
  personal, 1.15
  science vs., 1.14
mythopoeic imagination, 1.42

*Naturphilosophie* (Schelling), 6.209*n*
*nekyia* (blood sacrifice), 1.118–19
Neoplatonism, 1.67, 3.100*n*
Nephthys (Egyptian Goddess), 7.212*n*, 7.215
Nessus, 7.190
neurosis, 1.36

“New paths in psychology” (Jung), 4.266*n*
new religion:
  Jung’s fantasies as revelation of, 1.80–81
  proclamation of, as “I”’s great work, 7.211–12
  relationships as foundation of, 1.81, 1.83–84, 7.215
new world, 2.176, 3.99
*Nibelungenlied*, 2.174*n*
Nicoll, Maurice, 7.199*n*–200*n*
Nietzsche, Friedrich, 1.40, 1.66*n*, 1.74, 1.80, 1.81, 1.107, 1.119, 2.157, 2.171*n*, 3.122*n*, 4.204–5, 4.213, 4.223*n*, 4.252*n*, 5.203, 5.206*n*, 5.238*n*, 5.240*n*, 5.254*n*, 6.210*n*–11*n*, 6.228*n*, 6.248*n*, 6.252*n*, 6.275*n*, 6.285*n*, 7.147*n*, 7.171*n*, 7.183*n*, 7.192*n*
North Africa, Jung’s 1920 trip to, 1.75–78, 7.204*n*
nothingness, fullness and, 5.284–85, 6.211

Odysseus, 2.182
old age, 4.234
Old Norse, 1.118
Omphale, 6.228–29
“On Dream Psychology” (Jung), 5.203*n*
“On dream symbolism” (Jung), 4.261*n*
one-armed man (fantasy figure), 7.207
one-eyed man (fantasy figure), 2.210–14
“On guilt” (Jung), 6.247*n*
“On Psychological Understanding” (Jung, lecture), 4.206*n*
“On the dream” (Jung), 6.228*n*
*On the Genealogy of Morals* (Nietzsche), 4.252*n*
“On the Psychological Aspects of the Figure of the Kore” (Jung), 1.71, 2.196*n*
“On the Relation of Analytical Psychology to Literary Artworks” (Jung, lecture), 1.75
“On the Symbol” (Schneiter), 6. 248*n*
“On the Unconscious” (Jung), 1.72–73
opposites, reconciliation of, 1.41, 1.74, 1.107, 4.237, 4.239–40, 4.241–44, 4.247, 4.261
Orphic religion, 2.168*n*, 6.260*n*

Osiris (Egyptian God), 3.111, 3.112, 7.178*n*, 7.212*n*, 7.215
Ouroboros, 6.289*n*
Ovid, 4.228*n*–29*n*

paintings and drawings, 1.12, 1.72, 1.*132*, 1.*136*, 1.*138*, 1.*140*, 1.*142*, 1.*144*, 1.*148*, 1.*150*, 1.*152*, 1.*154*, 1.*156*, 1.*158*, 1.*160*, 7.199*n*–200*n*, 7.216*n*, 7.220–21, 7.233*n*
  *see also* mandalas
paradise, 6.229–30
Parsifal (fantasy figure), 4.218–19
past, primordial, 6.293–95
Patanjali, 1.111
patience, 5.212, 5.218, 5.260, 7.182, 7.214
"Patmos" (Hölderlin), 1.117, 6.255*n*
persona, 1.52–53, 1.74, 7.194*n*
personality, transformation of, 1.111
Peter, Saint, 2.186
phallus, 1.*130*, 5.241–42, 5.244, 5.269, 5.270
  in anima's cosmology, 5.270, 6.254
  Brimo impregnated by, 5.246
  as Brimo's son, 5.245–46
  as sexuality, 6.224
  as spirit of the body, 5.242
  white bird as companion of, 5.246–47
Phanes (fantasy figure), 1.70, 5.275–77, 6.227, 6.238, 6.271, 6.280, 6.281, 6.282, 6.283–84, 6.286, 6.295, 6.296, 7.173
  anima on nature of, 7.176–81
  as born from "I," 6.268, 7.198
  as born from solitude, 7.204
  as born from suffering and joy, 7.195
  as both changing and unchanging, 7.178, 7.179
  as both inside and outside of "I," 7.176, 7.178, 7.180, 7.181, 7.182–83
  on completeness, 7.193–94
  as golden bird, 6.260–61, 6.267–68, 6.269
  inner and outer roads to, 7.182–83

"I"'s commitment to, 7.172–73
"I"'s desire to sing praises of, 7.205
Ka on, 7.172–73
Ka's attempt to build temple for, 7.174–75
in mandalas and images, 1.*122*, 1.*130*, 1.*140*
as new God, 1.59–60, 7.174
in Orphic religion, 6.260*n*
Philemon as, 6.297, 7.147, 7.148
Philemon's eulogies to, 7.157–59, 7.165
as philosopher's stone, 7.173*n*
prayer as needed by, 6.264
as redeemer, 7.195
shadows as adversary of, 7.180–81
speech to "I" and anima of, 7.192–94
as star, 5.274, 5.276, 5.277, 5.278, 6.254
*see also* Arab youth
Philemon (fantasy figure), 6, 210, 1.59, 1.70, 1.102, 1.115–16, 1.*134*, 1.*140*, 2.196*n*, 5.237, 5.240*n*, 5.258*n*, 5.261*n*, 5.264*n*, 5.282*n*, 5.283*n*–84*n*, 6.211*n*, 6.223*n*, 6.226*n*, 6.227*n*, 6.228*n*, 6.234*n*, 6.245–46, 6.287–88, 6.293, 7.162, 7.170, 7.173, 7.180, 7.195, 7.196, 7.198, 7.199, 7.200, 7.226
anima and, 6.299–300
anima on nature of, 7.185
as anima's father, 7.191
Christ and, 7.161
commentaries on fantasies by, 1.68
conversations about "I"'s magic with, 4.231–35
earthly form outgrown by, 6.295–96
as Elijah, 6.299
as Ha's son, 7.149, 7.150
as hidden in "I," 7.166
in house of water, 7.244–45
"I" as hanging between Ka and, 7.175, 7.177
on immortality, 7.168
"I"'s capture of, 7.175–76

Jung’s disidentification from, 1.69
in Jung’s dreams, 7.195*n*
Ka and, 7.163*n*–64*n*
Ka as shadow of, 7.164, 7.166, 7.169, 7.184, 7.196
Ka’s rejection of teachings of, 7.165–66
on Ka’s temple for Phanes, 7.174–75
as light, 7.183–84
as magician, 1.33, 2.228–29
in mandalas and images, 1.*148*
on nature of man, 7.167–68
old age, 4.228–29
painting of, 7.233*n*
as Phanes, 6.297, 7.147, 7.148
Phanes eulogized by, 7.157–58, 7.165
reappearance in *Book 5* of, 1.44–45
Salome and, 7, 189–90
as self, 6.292
sermon on man of, 7.159–61
temple of, 7.234*n*
union of Atmavictu and, 6.295, 6.298, 7.148
Virgil and, 1.40
as wise old man, 1.44, 4.228*n*–29*n*
worm hosted by, 6.246–47
Zarathustra and, 1.40
Philo Judeaus, 3.103–5, 3.110
Piper, Leonora, 1.19
Plato, 2.200*n*, 7.171*n*, 7.227*n*
Platonic month, 6.234*n*–35*n*
pleasure, Salome as, 7.190, 7.191–92, 7.194
Pleroma (fullness), 5.270–72, 6.215, 6.219, 6.220, 6.221, 6.224, 6.227, 6.254, 6.260, 6.300
Arab youth as, 7.227
as both nothingness and fullness, 5.284–85
God and devil as manifestations of, 6.211
“I”’s sermon to the dead on, 5.284–85, 6.207–12

nature of, 5.285
as pairs of opposites, 6.209, 6.212
as self, 7.227
as without qualities, 6.210
Plotinus, 1.119
polygamy, 6.229–30
Polzeath, Jung's seminars in, 1.82–83
Pompeii, 2.164
Pope, 5.249
Porter, George, 7.235*n*, 7.241
Portmann, Adolf, 1.111
Pound, Ezra, 1.117, 1.118
poverty, 7.159–60
power, 4.227
prayer, 1.87, 2.159, 2.178, 2.203, 2.207, 3.106–7, 3.109–10, 5.269, 6.264, 7.160
primitive peoples, primitive thought:
dreams and, 2.184*n*
fantasy and, 1.14
language and, 2.184*n*
reality as viewed by, 2.176*n*, 2.184*n*
synthesis of Western thought and, 1.91
*principium individuationis*, *see* differentiation
professor (fantasy figure), 4.209–10, 4.212–13
as devil, 4.213
Prometheus, 6.275
*Protagoras* (Plato), 2.200*n*
psychiatry, as incapable of differentiating between religious experience and psychology, 1.91–92
Psychological Club, 1.50, 1.74, 1.84–85, 1.88, 1.104, 5.203*n*, 6.225*n*, 6.228*n*, 7.178*n*, 7.206*n*, 7.245*n*
founding of, 1.46–47
Jung's break with, 1.82
Jung's dream analysis seminar at, 1.106
Jung's return to, 1.85

Moltzer's resignation from, 1.65
"Psychological Foundations of Belief in Spirit, The" (Jung), 1.73
psychological types, 1.17, 1.41, 1.44, 1.58, 1.65
and reconciliation of opposites, 1.74, 4.241*n*
*Psychological Types* (Jung), 1.97, 1.105, 4.229*n*, 7.159*n*, 7.176*n*–77*n*, 7.204*n*
*Liber Novus* and, 1.74
"Psychological Understanding" (Jung, lecture), 1.36
psychology:
art and, 1.89
religion and, 1.82–83, 1.91–92
*Psychology and Alchemy* (Jung), 1.97, 5.209*n*, 6.289*n*
*Psychology of Kundalini Yoga, The* (Jung), 1.*160*
"Psychology of the Unconscious, The" (Jung, lecture), 2.176*n*, 2.184*n*
*Psychology of the Unconscious Processes, The* (Jung), 1.12, 1.55–58, 1.99, 5.274*n*, 6.252*n*
psychosis, 1.36, 1.38
psychotherapy:
Jung's reconception of, 1.91–94
origins of, 1.92
"Psychotherapy and the Cure of Souls" (Jung), 3.137*n*
Pueblo religion, sun in, 1.87
*Purgatorio* (Dante), 2.197

"Question of Therapeutic Value of 'Abreaction,' The" (Jung; lecture), 1.75
Quispel, Gilles, 1.111

ram, anima's, gift to "I" of, 5.204–5
Rauschenbach-Schenk, Bertha, 2.162
raven (fantasy figure), 4.259, 4.273
Read, Herbert, 3.136*n*
reason:
love and, 4.274
magic and, 1.41, 4.232–34

revelations of fantasies clouded by, 4.232
Redeemer (fantasy figure), 4.213–14
redemption, 1.44–45, 5.239, 5.256, 5.262, 6.233–35, 6.241
red-haired hunter (Wotan), 1.79, 7.228, 7.230–31
Red One (fantasy figure), 2.197–202
as Ammonius's traveling companion, 3.116–19
as devil, 3.119
downfall of, 3.118
Reichstein, Madeleine, 7.236
*Relations between the I and the Unconscious, The* (Jung), 1.100, 5.239*n*, 7.163*n*
relationships, 1.106*n*
anima on, 7.213, 7.215
as focus of analytical psychology, 1.84
as foundation of new religion, 1.81, 1.83–84, 7.215
religion, 1.13, 4.238
commonality of, 3.111–13
future of, 1.41
psychology and, 1.82–83, 1.91–92
repression of, 1.58
*see also* new religion
religion-making process, 1.82–83
revenge, thirst for, 6.249
*Ring of the Nibelung, The* (Wagner), 2.174*n*
Rousselle, Erwin, 1.111
ruler (straightedge), 4.263–64
runes, of Jung, 6.262
C. Baynes on, 1.116
Ha's explication of, 7.152–53
Ka as giver of, 7.163
as messages from Great Mother, 7.209–10, 7.214
translation of, 1.115–17
yoga and, 1.115, 1.116–17

*Sacred Books of the East* (Müller), 1.13, 3.133*n*

sacrifice motif, 1.28–29, 1.39, 1.*154*, 3.133, 4.223–25, 4.226, 4.251, 4.254, 4.257, 5.205, 5.231, 5.236, 5.238, 5.267, 5.279, 6.251, 6.252, 6.271, 6.276, 6.297, 7.148, 7.195, 7.198
Salome (fantasy figure), 1.23, 1.58, 1.70, 2.179–83, 2.185–90, 2.195–96, 2.209, 4.249, 4.256–57, 4.260, 6.235–36, 6.237, 6.238–39, 6.265–66
anima as, 2.186–87, 6.299, 7.186–87
as anima's sister, 7.191*n*
blindness of, 2.179, 2.180, 2.185
dead as companions of, 7.186–87, 7.188
as Elijah's daughter, 2.180, 2.181–82
"I" ensnared by magic of, 7.196–97
on "I"'s impatience, 7.195
"I"'s rejection of love of, 2.180–81, 2.182–83, 2.188–89, 4.250–54
"I"'s restoring of eyesight to, 2.196, 4.249–50, 4.257
as "I"'s sister, 2.189
"I"'s summoning of, 7.187
Ka as father of, 7.191
as Medea, 7.194
mystery of, 7, 187–92
Philemon and, 7.189–90
as pure pleasure, 7.190, 7.191–92, 7.194
as real vs. symbolic being, 2.182, 2.187
renewed blindness of, 6.266
salvation, 4.214–15, 5.268
Satan, 3.113, 3.116, 4.240, 4.241–44, 4.259–61
animus's summoning of, 4.240–41, 4.245
merger of God and, 4.239, 4.241
Schelling, Friedrich, 6.209*n*
Schiller, Friedrich von, 1.30, 1.72, 2.211
schizophrenia, 1.91
Jung's fear of, 1.37
Schlegel, Eugen, 1.84
Schloss, Jerome, 7.241
Schmid, Hans, 1.44, 1.45, 5.241*n*

Schneiter, Conrad, 5.235*n*, 5.280*n*, 6.248*n*
scholasticism, 5.232, 5.271*n*
Schopenhauer, Arthur, 5.271*n*, 6.248*n*
science, 6.264, 6.282
  analytical psychology as merging of fantasy revelations and, 1.112
  art vs., 6.265
  belief vs., 3.125, 4.204
  fantasy revelations vs., 1.110, 2.170, 3.99, 3.121, 3.122, 3.123–24, 3.126, 3.130
  "I"'s commitment to, 3.130, 4.204, 5.232
  magic vs., 4.224–25
  mythology vs., 1.14
  as poison, 3.122–23, 3.124, 3.126
  as scholasticism, 5.232
  spiritual solace vs., 4.204
*Scrutinies* (Jung), 1.34, 1.44, 1.68–70, 5.215*n*, 7.157*n*, 7.161*n*, 7.166*n*, 7.178*n*, 7.190*n*
  Philemon's commentaries in, 1.68, 7.161*n*
sculptures, by Jung, 1.*148*
sea, 3.114–15
sea voyages, 1.34–35, 1.37, 4.212, 7.200*n*
*Secret of the Golden Flower, The* (Wilhelm), 1.104–5, 1.*160*
seeing, looking vs., 6.293–94
*Seelenprobleme der Gegenwart* (Problems of the Soul in the Present Time) (Jung), 1.105–6
Seif, Leonhard, 1.33
self, 1.66, 1.98, 5.239*n*–40*n*, 6.290, 6.291, 6.292
  assimilation of mana personality by, 1.102
  as desert, 2.164, 2.165
  fantasy figures as aspects of, 1.70
  God as reborn in, 1.68, 1.102, 5.239–40, 6.227*n*–28*n*, 6.286
  "I" as differentiated from, 1.74, 5.239*n*, 6.291*n*, 7.183, 7.248
  individuation and, 1.99, 1.102–3, 5.239*n*
  mandalas as images of, 1.62, 1.66

Philemon as, 6.292
Pleroma as, 7.227
reconnection with, 5.239
in *Scrutinies*, 1.68
thoughts as events outside of, 2.188
self-awareness, 5.241*n*
self-criticism, 2.157
self-esteem, 5.215–16, 5.220, 5.222, 5.223
self-experimentation, by Jung, 1.33, 1.36, 1.51, 1.53–54, 1.88, 1.91, 1.107
*Black Books* as record of, 1.11, 1.24, 1.39, 2.171
fantasies and, 1.15, 1.19–20
as model for patients, 1.93
as template for psychotherapy, 1.92–94
self-experimentation, widespread use of, 1.19–20, 1.26
self-knowledge, 1.41, 1.46
self-scorn, of Jung, 2.167
self-trust, 2.168, 6.247
sensation:
Ka as, 7.164*n*, 7.184–85
Salome as, 7.190–91, 7.194
*Septem Sermones ad Mortuos* (*Seven Sermons to the Dead*; Jung), 1.49–51, 1.59, 1.68, 1.87–88, 5.283*n*–84*n*, 7.161*n*, 5.82*n*, 7.157
serpents, 1.23, 2.169, 3.106–7, 3.133–34, 4.227, 4.259, 7.185
anima as, 6.217, 6.218–19, 6.238, 6.300
in anima's cosmology, 5.270
attacked by one-armed man, 7.207–8
battle between black and white forms of, 2.191–92
Elijah and Salome accompanied by, 2.179, 2.182, 2.185–86, 2.189–90, 2.193, 2.195, 2.196, 4.251, 4.253–54
golden, 6.286
in Ha's runes, 7.152–57
magical rod in shape of, 4.222–23, 4.225–28, 4.230, 4.254, 4.259
in mandalas and images, 1.*130*, 1.*136*, 1.*138*, 7.220
sexuality as, 6.226

white, *see* white serpent
servants, servitude, 6.216, 7.160, 7.162
anima's demand for, 6.272–74
Seth (Egyptian God), 3.111, 7.178*n*, 7.212*n*
sexuality:
anima on, 6.253
as daimon, 6.224–25
as feminine, 6.226
as manifestation of earthly Gods, 6.223–24
of man vs. woman, 6.224
as serpent, 6.226
shadows (fantasy/dream figures), 1.70, 1.71, 1.115–16, 2.169, 7.167
as anima's soul, 6.272
in mandalas and images, 1.*148*
as negative aspects of personality, 1.56*n*, 5.225*n*
as Phanes's adversary, 7.180–81
Philemon's speech to, 7.162
shadow-side, "I" as standing in, 6.264
shepherd (fantasy figure), 4.265–68
Siegfried (dream figure), 1.38
killing of, 2.170*n*, 2.174–75
Sigg, Hermann, 1.75, 1.103, 7.202*n*, 7.204*n*, 7.235*n*
death of, 7.238, 7.240
Jung's fantasy about, 7.240
Sigg, Martha, 1.26, 1.65
Silberer, Herbert, 1.25
Silesius, Angelus (Johann Scheffler), 6.228*n*, 7.177*n*
simplicity, need for, 5.252–53
slaves, slavery, 4.252, 6.242, 6.273, 7.187
society, individuation and, 1.53–54
Society for German Language and Literature, 1.75
Society for Psychical Research, 1.73
Socrates, 5.274*n*, 7.171*n*
solace, sacrifice of, 4.223–25, 4.226
*Soliloquies* (Augustine), 1.21

solitude, 2.164, 5.203–4, 5.205, 5.214, 5.229, 5.231–32, 6.270, 6.277, 6.288, 7.205
Phanes as born from, 7.204
togetherness and, 7.201
sophists, 2.200
“Soul and Death” (Jung), 1.103
souls, 1.41
as anima (feminine) in men and animus (masculine) in women, 1.74
becoming of, serpentine path to, 4.236
heavenly, 5.270
multiplicity of, 6.237
murder of, 1.45
persona vs., 1.74
rebirth of God in, 1.40, 1.41, 1.83
*see also* anima; animus
*Speeches on Behalf of Publius Sestius* (Cicero), 4.230*n*
Spielrein, Sabina, 1.116
spirit of gravity, 1.70, 6.275
spirit of the age, 1.82
spirit of the depths, 1.42, 1.46
spirit of the time, 1.42, 1.80
spirituality:
as daimon, 6.224–25
as manifestation of heavenly Gods, 6.223–24
of man vs. woman, 6.224
as masculine, 6.226
as white bird, 6.226
stars, in the cosmology:
individual as, 5.271–72, 5.277, 6.254
internal God as, 5.274, 5.276, 5.277, 5.278, 6.254
Staudenmaier, Ludwig, 1.26
Stockmayer, Wolfgang, 1.85
“Structure of the Soul” The (Jung, lecture), 7.245*n*
“Structure of the Unconscious, The” (Jung, lecture), 1.51-52

Sturzenegger, Hedwig Bendel, 2.161
suffering:
of Gods, 6.241–42
joy and, 4.238, 5.218, 6.255, 6.256, 7.192, 7.193, 7.195, 7.220
*Summa Theologica* (Aquinas), 6.213*n*
summum bonum, 6.213, 6.219
sun, 1.98–99, 2.169, 2.192–93, 2.194, 3.106–7, 3.121, 3.125, 3.127, 4.214, 5.213, 5.270
in anima's cosmology, 5.270, 5.272, 6.254
in Ha's runes, 7.152–57
Izdubar transformed into, 3.131–32
in mandalas and images, 1.*142*, 1.*144*
as masculine principle, 7.213, 7.214
in Pueblo cosmology, 1.87
rebirth of, 3.131*n*
Suzuki, D. T., 1.111
Swanage, England, Jung's dream analysis seminar in, 1.89–90, 7.217*n*
Swedenborg, Emanuel, 1.25, 1.36, 1.69*n*, 4.259*n*
Swiss Federal Institute of Technology (ETH), 1.110–11, 7.192*n*
symbols:
as combination of rational and irrational, 1.72–73
formation of, 1.107
interpretation of, 1.41, 1.45–46
mystery as essential quality of, 1.45–46
*Symposium* (Plato), 5.274*n*
*Synchronicity as a Principle of Acausal Connection* (Jung), 3.108*n*
*Systema Mundi Totius* (Jung), 1.48, 1.*130*, 5.278*n*, 6.265*n*
systems, fallacy of, 4.248

*Tabula Smaraglina*, 1.17
Tages, 2.151
Taoism, 1.74
Taos, N.Mex., Jung's visit to, 1.86-87
teaching, 5.237

temptation, as inescapable, 4.208–9
*Temptation of Anthony, The* (Flaubert), 3.113*n*
Terence, 3.136*n*
“Theory of Psychoanalysis, The” (Jung; lecture), 1.27
thinking, thoughts:
  anima as confused by, 2.170
  directed, 1.14
  as events outside of self, 2.188
  fantasy, *see* fantasies
  feeling vs., 1.41
  revelations of fantasies clouded by, 2.169–70
  striving for human essence as blocked by, 6.210
  *see also* reason
Thomas à Kempis, 3.137, 4.203–4, 4.206, 4.208–9, 4.217–18
Thoth (Egyptian God), 1.32, 4.230*n*
*Thus Spoke Zarathustra* (Nietzsche), 1.40, 1.66*n*, 1.67, 1.80, 1.81, 1.107, 2.157*n*, 5.206*n*, 5.238*n*, 5.254*n*, 6.210*n*, 6.252*n*, 6.275*n*, 7.160*n*, 7.192*n*
Tiâmat (Babylonian Goddess), 3.122
*Timaeus* (Plato), 7.227*n*
*Timely Psychotherapeutic Questions* (Jung and Löy), 1.44
*Time Machine, The* (Wells), 7.202
togetherness, solitude and, 7.201
tower, 2.197–98, 2.202
  at Bollingen, 1.94, 4.28*n*–29*n*, 7.234*n*, 7.238*n*
“Transcendent Function, The” (Jung), 1.54
transference, 1.30, 2.158*n*
*Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* (Jung), 1.13–15, 1.20, 1.27, 1.28, 1.29, 1.57, 1.91, 1.108, 1.116, 2.174*n*, 3.120*n*, 5.232*n*, 5.245*n*, 5.270*n*, 5.284*n*, 6.224*n*, 6.260*n*, 6.282*n*, 7.227*n*
translation:
  of Jung’s runes, 1.115–17
  nature of, 1.117–20
tree of life, 1.*130*, 4.257, 5.257, 6.219, 6.220
tree of light, 1.98–99, 1.102, 1.*130*, 6.255, 6.260, 6.261, 6.265, 6.266, 6.267

trees, 1.28, 4.214
*Tripitaka*, 7.237
Trüb, Hans, 1.33, 1.85, 7.202*n*
trust:
anima's demand for, 2.154–55, 2.156–57, 2.163–64, 2.168, 2.170, 6.247
of self, 2.168, 6.247
truth:
life as, 4.215
as residing in "I," 7.171
search for, 2.166–67, 4.204, 4.205, 4.215
subjective vs. objective, 5.208
Tucci, Giueseppi, 1.111
Tunis, Jung in, 1.76–77
Turk (fantasy figure), 6.229–31
"Turning Point of Life, The" (Jung), 1.103
twelve, significance of, in dreams and fantasies, 1.16–17

uncertainty, 4.262–63, 5.208, 5.210–11, 5.226, 5.228–29, 5.234, 6.248, 7.171
unconscious, collective, *see* collective unconscious
unconscious, personal:
active life of, 1.17
assimilation of, 1.52, 1.100
differentiation of collective from, 1.52, 1.57
Jung's concept of, 1.67, 1.72–73, 5.225*n*
Jung's reluctance to view products of as art, 1.21–22, 1.62, 1.66, 1.72–73, 1.82
phylogenetic layers of, 1.91
as source of higher wisdom, 1.58
in struggle to maintain balance, 1.36–37
synthesis of collective and, *see* individuation process
understanding, human desire for, 1.45
unification, need for, 6.279
United States, Jung's 1924 trip to, 7.235*n*

unlearning, 3.105
“Urworte. Orphisch” (Primordial Words. Orphic; Goethe), 7.205*n*

vanity, 2.151–52, 2.156–57, 2.167, 2.168, 2.170, 2.209, 3.137, 4.227, 4.272, 5.217*n*, 5.220, 7.204
Virgil, 1.109–10
virtue, self-forgetting, 5.238–39
Vischer, Friedrich Theodor, 3.130
Voltaire, 4.221*n*

Wagner, Cosima, 6.285*n*
Wagner, Richard, 2.174*n*, 2.175*n*, 4.219*n*, 6.285*n*
Wallis Budge, E. A., 1.32*n*, 5.244*n*, 7.163*n*
war, as embodiment of chaotic collective unconscious, 1.56
“Way of What Is to Come, The” (Jung), 1.43
weakness, as strength, 7.187–88, 7.189
Wells, H. G., 7.202
White, Victor, 1.111
White, William Alanson, 3.112*n*
white bird, 1.16, 2.155, 2.160, 4.258, 4.260, 5.246, 6.226, 6.260, 6.273*n*
  anima as, 4.258, 4.260–61, 6.300
white one, 6.258–59, 7.161–62, 7.175
  Moltzer as, 1.60, 1.66
white serpent, 6.288–89
  as Atmavictu’s self, 6.290, 6.291
  primordial bones interpreted by, 6.292–94
Wickes, Frances, 7.219*n*, 7.235*n*
wife, transference of anima to, 1.100–101
Wilhelm, Richard, 1.104–5, 1.107, 1.*160*
*Wilhelm Tell* (Schiller), 2.211
wise old man (fantasy/dream figure), 1.44, 1.69, 1.71, 1.89, 1.*134*, 2.204, 4.228*n*–29*n*
  *see also* Elijah; Philemon
witch trials, 6.252

Wolff, Erna, 1.27
Wolff, Toni, 7235*n*, 1.26, 1.60, 1.82, 1.90, 1.97, 4.203*n*, 5.203*n*, 5.280*n*, 6.258*n*, 6.261*n*, 7.174*n*, 7.199*n*, 7.233*n*, 7.237, 7.241*n*, 7.245*n*
anima on "I"'s relationship with, 7.208–9, 7.211, 7.213, 7.214, 7.215, 7.218, 7.220
as black one, 1.60
dependency of Jung on, 1.96–97
depression of, 1.28
and development of Jung's ideas, 1.96–97
diaries of, 1.27, 1.28–29, 1.30*n*, 1.31, 1.32
as emissary of Great Mother, 7.209, 7.210, 7.218
fantasies of, 1.28, 1.31–32
Jung's analysis of, 1.27–28, 1.30–31
Jung's relationship with, 1.29–33, 1.84, 1.95, 1.96
as Jung's research assistant, 1.28–29
marriage criticized by, 1.31
as Nephthys, 7.215
women:
anima on "I"'s relationships with, 1.60, 2.152, 2.155, 6.255, 6.257–59, 6.280–81, 7.161–62, 7.163, 7.175, 7.185–86, 7.195–96, 7.207, 7.208, 7.218
animus in, 1.74
as healers, 6.229–30
World War I:
apocalyptic imagery in run-up to, 1.19
outbreak of, 1.37, 1.38, 1.39, 1.46
as outbreak of suppressed irrationalism, 1.58
worm, 6.276, 7.166
Philemon as host of, 6.246–47
*see also* Abraxas
Wotan (fantasy figure), 1.70, 1.79, 1.117, 7.228, 7.230–31
in Jung's dreams, 7.232*n*
as symbol of German social upheaval, 1.80

"X" (Christ), 6.245–47

yoga, 1.63, 1.107
and Jung's runes, 1.115, 1.116–17
young girl (fantasy figure), 2.152*n*, 2.161
anima as, 2.151–53
*see also* bird/girl

Zimmer, Heinrich, 1.105, 1.108, 1.111
Zürich, University of, 1.34
Zürich Psychoanalytical Society, 1.30, 1.35, 2.158*n*, 2.184*n*, 4.236*n*, 4.261*n*, 5.203*n*
*see also* Association for Analytical Psychology
*Zwei Menschen* (Dehmel), 5.203

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