

The WAY of the



D r e a m

CONVERSATIONS

o n

Jungian Dream Interpretation

w i t h

MARIE-LOUISE VON FRANZ

FRASER BOA

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The Way of the Dream



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The Way of the Dream

CONVERSATIONS ON JUNGIAN
DREAM INTERPRETATION WITH

Marie-Louise von Franz



Fraser Boa



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to Jenny

Contents

Preface • ix

Acknowledgments • xi

Prologue • 1

Part One: Introduction

1. Descent into Dreamland • 9

Part Two: The Basic Psychology of C. G. Jung

2. Charting the Unconscious • 21
3. The Structure of Dreams • 31
4. The Living Symbol • 42

Part Three: Dreams of Our Culture

5. The Ladder to Heaven • 57
6. The Forgotten Language • 66

Part Four: The Psychology of Men

7. Our Shadow Knows • 77
8. The Devouring Mother • 87
9. Slaying the Dragon • 98
10. Looking through the Moon • 109
11. The Inner Bride • 119

Contents

Part Five: The Psychology of Women

12. Hell Has No Mirrors • 131

13. The Hanged Man • 143

14. The Tyrant • 154

15. Flying through Roofs • 166

16. The Inner Guide • 176

Part Six: On Relationship

17. Liberation of the Heart • 189

18. Liberation of Relationship • 198

Part Seven: The Self

19. Dreams of a Lifetime • 209

20. The Maker of Dreams • 218

Index • 231

Preface

MILLIONS OF INDIVIDUALS today are seeking to know more about themselves. They wish to know who they are so they can be who they are. On the personal level, this need to understand more about our inner being is reflected by the upsurge of interest in self-awareness groups and the influx of books and articles expounding new techniques for self-realization. Similarly, in the collective, corporations and businesses are becoming so concerned with burn-out, stress factors, and the correlation between psychological well-being and productivity that many are now restructuring their organizations and encouraging employees to attend consciousness-raising seminars.

This growing awareness corresponds to the emergence of a neglected area of science, namely the study of the influence of subjective or “inner” experience on the health and behavior of human beings. Obtaining objective data presents a difficulty, and some researchers are now concentrating exclusively on dreams as the means to systematically investigate this vast inner universe. Initial discoveries show that dreams reveal a profound relationship between our inner and outer states of being and give insights into the depths of the human mind hitherto unplumbed by the conscious intellect. Properly deciphered, they contain important information about the physical and mental health of the individual.

The Swiss psychiatrist C. G. Jung was a pioneer in dream research. He discovered that dreams attempt to regulate and balance both our

Preface

physical and mental energies. They not only reveal the root cause of inner disharmony and emotional distress, but also indicate the latent potential for life within the individual. They present creative solutions to everyday problems and inspirational ideas for the creative potential of life. Jung found that in sleep, through dreams, people awaken to who they really are.

In this book, Jung's foremost living successor, Marie-Louise von Franz, explains and demonstrates the scientific theory of dream analysis. Based on her research of over sixty-five thousand dreams, Dr. von Franz concludes that the healthiest thing human beings can do is pay attention to their dreams. "Dreams show us how to find a meaning in our lives, how to fulfill our own destiny, how to realize the greater potential of life within us."

Acknowledgments

AS THIS BOOK STEMS directly from the motion picture series, many people contributed to its creation. I am particularly indebted to Chris Aikenhead, who worked with me for a year writing the original scripts, organized and traveled with the crew over 25,000 miles, and, finally, did much of the major editing of the films. And to Richard Leiterman, whose energy and expertise as the cinematographer initiated many of the street interviews. I would also like to thank the many people referred to in my introduction who told their dreams and associations upon which this work is based.

Encouragement as well as help has come from many quarters: from Daryl Sharp and Dr. James Hall, whose enthusiastic endorsement of the initial concept changed an idea into a possibility; from the financial investor who believed in the worth of creating such a resource; from Professor Ross Woodman and Marion Woodman, who made many suggestions and editing changes.

Most of all, I would like to thank two people. One is Jenny Donald, my life's partner, for designing and editing the original edition with such concern for its meaning and for her unfailing patience in coping with the whims of an intuitive. The other is Dr. von Franz—whose book it really is—for so generously giving of her time, her knowledge, her vision and wisdom to me and to this work.

The Way of the Dream

Prologue

ONE DAY A retired senior executive was playing golf with a friend. As they walked along the fairway, his friend asked how he was enjoying retirement.

“Well,” replied the retired executive, “let me put it this way. I started at the bottom of the ladder and I climbed, rung by rung, until I got to the very top. And then I made a terrible discovery. I had the ladder against the wrong wall.”

When I was thirty-nine years old I realized I had the ladder against the wrong wall and underwent what is now euphemistically called a midlife crisis. Simply put, my whole existence suddenly added up to a loud “So what?” Even the two most vital aspects of my life were of questionable value. My career, which I had previously pursued with vigor and enthusiasm, no longer interested me, and my personal relationships with my wife and family failed to contain my energies. Outwardly, I traveled the straight road of a successful middle-class man, but inwardly not a day passed without the malignant thought, “Surely to God there is more to life than this.” The fundamental values upon which I had constructed my life were eroding, and I had no replacements. Moreover, I didn’t know where to look for them. It was not a question of searching for a needle in the haystack. I knew of no haystack, let alone a needle.

Perhaps, if we kick the stone long enough and hard enough, the god awakens and smiles on us, or at us. In any case, fate ushered me into

the consulting rooms of Dr. E. A. Bennet at 99 Harley Street, London. Dr. Bennet came highly recommended. He was a Jungian analyst. *Who's Who in England* listed him with an M.C., M.B., B.Ch., D.P.M., M.A., M.D., D.Sc., I.P.M., R.A.M.C.; and as Brigadier and command psychiatrist, India Command 1942–45; honorary consultant, Tavistock Clinic; staff psychiatrist of the Royal Bethlehem and Maudsley Hospitals. Surely, he would have the answer.

Dr. Bennet's first words were not promising. "I cannot tell you what it is you are looking for," he said. "You must discover that for yourself." Then he added, "But I can tell you where to start looking." If I had not known his credentials, his next sentence would have ended the consultation. With a tone of absolute certainty, he said. "The solution to your dilemma is within you. You will find it in your dreams. Your dreams will give you the answers."

"But I don't dream," I said. "I've never had a dream in my life."

"We all dream," he said, "four or five times every night. You've just never paid attention. Try to recall your dreams and bring them to our sessions. We will work together to discover their meaning."

I left his office feeling highly skeptical but prepared to test his possible knowledge against my certain ignorance. I hadn't found my needle, but he said he knew a haystack.

That night I fell off to sleep with a pencil and pad beside my bed. When I awoke, I recalled a dream, the first of many I discussed with Dr. Bennet. I dreamt I was walking on the ancient rocks of Georgian Bay. The unevenness of the rock face made walking difficult. When I looked down to steady myself, I realized that I was walking on the face of Christ.

With the discovery of the dream came an awakening to a new reality, a new vision of life, with dimensions I had not previously imagined. My work with Dr. Bennet verified his initial prediction. The information I had been searching for was certainly within me, and my dreams gave access to that subjective reality. They were like bridges connecting me to vast areas of myself which I had not known existed—thoughts, feelings, interests, potentials, and energies hidden away in my inner mind, out of reach of conscious intention. Rather

than feeling condemned to the futility of a “so what?” existence, I felt alive, vital and, above all, that my life was worth living.

My interest in dreams led to the C. G. Jung Institute in Zürich, where I had the good fortune to do my training analysis with Dr. Marie-Louise von Franz. Working one-to-one with her was a great privilege. Dr. von Franz was not only the world’s foremost authority on analytical psychology, but also a superb teacher with the rare capacity to ground complex psychological theories. Like all great masters, her use of examples from everyday life made the material alive and relevant.

Gradually, I became aware that my “so what?” experience was in no way unique. There were others in the same quandary and I often wondered if it would be possible to share with them my experience of this great analyst working on dreams in her consulting room. Surely they too would welcome the information which I had stumbled upon by fate.

I first discussed the idea of a film series with Dr. von Franz at a conference in Oxford. It was a rainy evening. We talked by the fire over an English beer. I outlined a script aimed at making Jungian psychology available to the general public. The format was simple. We would have informal conversations on the basic concepts of analytical psychology, and she would interpret dreams to illumine the theory. “Street interviews” with people from various parts of the world would further extend the series into life. It was not an easy decision for her. By making the films, she would agree to take the public into her consulting room. (No analyst, including Jung, had ever done this before.) She would not be interpreting an ancient myth or a piece of literature or a disguised case, but the actual dreams of living people. I was surprised by her response.

“I will participate,” she said, “but only upon the condition that all dreams are told on film by the dreamers themselves. No actors, unless they tell their own dreams.”

“That won’t work,” I said. “Amateurs will be embarrassingly self-conscious.”

“Then I will not participate,” she said. “A series with actors telling

other people's dreams would have no integrity. We must have people telling their own dreams—real people and real dreams.”

We ordered another beer.

By the following spring, over fifty individuals had agreed to tell their dreams on camera. These were hard choices which required considerable reflection, for every person knew that his or her dream might be analyzed in public by Dr. von Franz.

Those who participated in the project were vindicated, however, by the standing ovation from a capacity audience at the Boston premiere which launched the films into the theaters of Europe and North America. But what I thought was to be a single birth proved to be twins. With the growing popularity of the series, letters from people who saw the films encouraged me to believe a transcript would be valuable. Many felt that while they got an impression from the films that Dr. von Franz was an outstanding woman with interesting things to say, they needed a book to study and reflect upon the material. One man put it succinctly: “You can’t stop and argue with a film.”

One of the great satisfactions of turning the series into a book was to include much of the material that had been painfully left on the cutting room floor. In one sense, therefore, Marie-Louise von Franz is more present, more fully represented, in the book than in the films. In another sense, the visual sense, she is, or course, less present. Weighing up the gains and losses (by no means obvious), we had to come to grips with the very real differences between the two media of film and book. A book, to be a book, cannot be merely a transcript of the original sound tracks of a film. A film script is organized by the visual technique of montage. In *The Waste Land*, T. S. Eliot exploited this film technique to image the fragmentary, discontinuous character of modern society. He set out to give us what he called “a heap of broken images.” Our purpose, however, was not Eliot’s. It was, rather, to communicate to the reader in a far more direct manner. Information was our primary concern and the kind of clear understanding that hopefully arises from information simply presented. Our task was not to perplex and bewilder the mind in order to create the illusion of a

Prologue

chaotic world that has lost its meaning. Indeed our task was precisely the reverse.

This book was written to help people understand the world of the dream as a way of understanding what is in essence a very coherent world, whether seen from inside or without. It was written to inform and to instruct in the conviction that dreams themselves have the same intention. It is my hope that the book will serve as an easily accessible, in-depth guide to analytical psychology and Jungian dream analysis by the world's leading exponent, Dr. Marie-Louise von Franz.

PART ONE



Introduction

Descent into Dreamland

Dreams provide the most interesting information for those who take the trouble to understand their symbols. The results, it is true, have little to do with such worldly concerns as buying and selling. But the meaning of life is not exhaustively explained by one's business life, nor is the deep desire of the human heart answered by a bank account.

—C. G. Jung

DR. MARIE-LOUISE VON FRANZ is a Jungian analyst practicing in Küsnacht, Switzerland. She did her personal analysis with C. G. Jung and worked directly with him for over thirty years. She is the author of numerous books on analytical psychology and collaborated with Jung on two of his major works, *Man and His Symbols* and *Mysterium Coniunctionis*. Our conversations took place in her consulting rooms overlooking the Lake of Zürich.



Dr. von Franz, how long have you been studying dreams?

Well, I think about thirty years. I have figured out that I have interpreted approximately something like sixty-five thousand dreams. That's a minimum.

Nightmares!

I have nightmares, not dreams. One time I jumped out of bed about two feet and landed on my butt on the floor.

—*California taxi driver*



I had a horrible dream the other morning when I fell back off to sleep just before coming to work. My friend's mother was killed and . . . that wasn't very nice.

—*English waitress*



You must often have asked yourself a question that's always puzzled me. When I go to sleep, I enter a void. I no longer exist. Then suddenly some inner power forces me to undergo an experience that I do not initiate—flying, driving, making love—and these experiences are as real as those in my waking life. What is that power? Who makes up the dreams?

That is the most mysterious thing of all. Who makes the dreams? There is still a naive prejudice among many people that dreams express our own wishes, or our own schemes or plots. But the longer one looks at them, the more one sees that cannot be true. Too many dreams represent what we hate hearing.

The basis from which dreams originate seems to be, let's call it with a vague expression, Nature—Nature itself. It's a natural phenomenon. A dream comes from the same source as a tree or a wild pig. Now, you cannot say what makes a wild pig. If you believe in God, then you'll say, "God makes the wild pig," but, in any case, it is that unknown power or mysterious force which makes all existence. So it's best, perhaps, to call it by a vague expression, the Godhead or Nature. In that way we don't pin it down to anything special.

Descent into Dreamland

By observing dreams for a long time, however, we do observe certain qualities and functions. They have a superior intelligence in them: a wisdom and a guiding cleverness which leads us. They show us where we are wrong; they show us where we are unadapted; they warn us about danger; they predict some future events; they hint at the deeper meaning of our life, and they convey to us illuminating insights. If you analyze dreams of artists or creative scientists, for example, very often you find that new ideas are revealed to them in their dreams. They don't figure them out in their computer. Rather they come from the unconscious as so-called "sudden ideas." We also have documents which show that many scientists first dreamt mathematical solutions before they worked them out consciously. So we must conclude that there is a psychic matrix which produces creative new insights.

After observing the dreams of human beings as a psychic life process, the only thing we can perhaps say is that this matrix seems to steer the ego consciousness into an adapted, wise attitude toward life. For instance, if a young, neurotic person refuses to go into life, it gives him a healthy push, or if aging persons cannot accept old age and death, it represents the meaning of old age and death to them in beautiful pictures. That matrix which makes the dreams in us has been called an inner spiritual guide, an inner center of the psyche. Most primitive people just called it God, or a god. The highest god of the Aztecs, for instance, was the maker of dreams and guided people through their dreams. A Christian would probably call that matrix the inner Christ figure in our soul. A Buddhist would recognize the same center. An old Zen master stated that the Buddha once said that when one is on the right inner path, one has good dreams.

So it looks as if there is within us a superior intelligence which we could call an inner guide or a divine inner center which produces the dreams, and that the aim of dreams seems to be an optimum of life for the individual.

The dreams cannot protect us from the vicissitudes and illnesses and sad events of human existence. But they do give us a guiding line on how to cope with them, how to find a meaning in our life, how to

I remember the ones that make me most comfortable. I'm sure there are a lot that I block out. If you want to remember a dream, write it down immediately, and it will tell you a lot about how you really feel.

—*Toronto actor*



Dreams are compensation and, I suppose, useful, if you can remember them, in finding out what kind of games you're playing with yourself—they you can do something about it. That's how I see dreams.

—*Irish writer*



fulfill our own destiny, how to follow our own star, so to speak, in order to realize the greater potential of life within us.

Dr. von Franz, how did you first become interested in the study of dreams?

When I first met Jung, he explained a case of a woman who had a vision, and he interpreted her vision to me. That gave me a shock, for I suddenly realized that for him inner events, like visions or dreams, were *the* reality. They were a reality as well as what we call the outer reality. That was a great revelation. Then I read the books of Jung, and there I saw the importance he gave to dreams, and I felt I could never really judge if what he was saying was true or not true, right or not right, if I didn't go through an analysis myself. So I took my whole courage in my hands and asked him if I could have an analysis with him, and he agreed. After that, every dream interpretation was a revelation. I seemed to have, according to Jung, especially difficult and complicated dreams, so I never understood a word of my own

dreams. They were just Chinese-puzzling nonsense. I would arrive at Jung's with that nonsense, and with a big effort he would unfold the meaning of it. Sometimes he took a handkerchief and wiped his head and said, "What would you do if you hadn't a Jung to take you through that complicated dream?"

It was always a surprising revelation that lasted as long as I worked with him. Later, when he got old, I didn't tell him so many dreams because I saw that it tired him. (Dream interpretation takes a real physical effort. It's not just a mental exercise.) But in the first years of my analysis, the work mostly consisted of unraveling those Chinese messages of the night. I remember going to analysis in a tense, nervous, often depressed mood, and coming back after the hour with a feeling of "Ah, now I know, now I see where the whole thing is going."

The vast majority of the people we interviewed on the street said they did not recall their dreams. One young man said laughingly, "The main thing I remember about them is that I can't remember them." Why is it that people do not recall their dreams?

I think because they don't pay attention. Some people have come to me and laughingly said, "You analyze people through their dreams, don't you? Well, you can't with me because I never dream." And I have just grinned and said, "Okay, let's see." The next night, when they went to bed, they wondered, "Will I have a dream?" And just asking that question often tickled out a dream. It was simply that they didn't pay attention. So, in fact, I have never met anybody who didn't dream. Except sometimes people in a very, very heavily depressed state have what I call dream constipation. They don't dream much and often feel better as soon as they begin to dream. Also the dreams get fewer in very old people over eighty, and then they come up again shortly before death.

You mentioned that you needed a Jung to interpret your dreams. Is it possible then for the average person to learn the art of dream interpretation, or is it so complex that it is accessible only to an elite?

Well, now, I'll tell you. I don't have a very good memory now. I'm pretty near ninety years old and I just can't . . . I know I used to dream a lot, but I don't dream anymore.

—*Toronto shopper*



I think it's like all the sciences; only an elite will go into the intricacies and the scientific complications of dream interpretation and the questions it raises. It's a profession and it needs professional skill. The man in the street cannot pick it up and know it as well. But like all sciences, certain rules of thumb, certain generalities, can be spread to the general public. They are helpful to people who don't want to go into analysis and who don't want to plunge into the complicated scientific problems of dream interpretation. Among twenty unintelligible dreams there are from time to time very simple dreams which everybody can see at once.

The unconscious is, among other things, a great joker, a great jester, and from time to time it speaks right out—bang! So that as you write the dream down you explode with laughter and you know what it means. Just the other day, for example, I was very ill and revolting against my illness, and I dreamt that I was at a festival to greet old soldiers coming home from military service. And as they handed in their carpenter's tools, I saw that they were terribly old. They were a hundred years old, and somebody said into my ear, "Yes, they have kept those people much too long in active service." Now you don't need to pay an analyst to understand that dream. At once I drastically reduced my work load.

But many of our dreams are not that obvious. I've had dreams that I was sure I understood, but later, after working with them, I was shocked to see how I tricked myself.

Last year while I was back visiting some people in Illinois, I was wondering how I'd cope with life if I didn't have certain things, particularly my relationship with my girlfriend. That night I dreamt that I was on a beach throwing rocks in the water, and a hand grabbed me from behind and said, "Don't ever let go of the things you love." I turned around and it was gone. I suddenly realized that my fist was closed hard. I opened up my hand and there was a picture of my girlfriend. That dream really got me to thinking that I shouldn't give up on her so quick, and I haven't. That was about the most influential dream I ever had.

—*California surfer*



That's why, in general, one should not interpret one's own dreams. Dreams generally point to our blind spot. They never tell us what we already know. They tell us what we don't know. But when people interpret their own dreams they tend to say, "Yes, I know what that means." And then they project what they already know into the dream. "Oh, that's my problem such-and-such," and so on and so on. I have often seen patients who do that. They come in and say, "I had a dream, but I know what it means," and then they give a completely banal explanation of something they've known for years about themselves. And then I say, "Wait, wait, wait, let's take the dream as it is, slowly, from beginning to end." And it comes out quite differently and surprisingly.

So to interpret one's own dreams is very, very difficult. That's why Jung advised Jungian analysts to go to colleagues from time to time and exchange their views of dreams. He himself often complained bitterly, "I have no Jung to interpret my dreams." So he used to tell

his dreams to his pupils, and even if they said something stupid, it might give him another slant on his dream and make him more objective.

The trouble with interpreting your own dreams is that you can't see your own back. If you show it to another person, he can see it, but you can't. And dreams point to your back, to what you don't see, and you have to stand on your head, so to speak, to understand your own dreams. That's the great difficulty. And that causes so many errors.

I remember a schizophrenic patient who used to come with ready-made interpretations which she took out of kitchen dream books. "Oh, it means that I'll get some money," or "It means I'll get that job," or "I won't get that job," and so on. Naturally, they were utter nonsense.

But if it is so beneficial to see your own back, why has mankind always been afraid of the dream world?

There is good reason for this. The unconscious itself can devour the human being. That is why the dream has not been attended to. We are now discovering that the dream world is the most beneficent thing on earth, and that attending to one's dreams is the healthiest thing one can do. But the dream world can also devour a person by way of daydreaming, spinning neurotic fantasies, or chasing unrealistic ideas. You have only to go into a lunatic asylum to see the victims of the dream world. Someone is living in the dream that he's Napoleon. Another, when you begin to talk to him, tells you confidentially that he is really Jesus Christ, but nobody seems to understand him. They have been swallowed by the dream world.

The dream world is beneficent and healing only if we have a dialogue with it but at the same time remain in actual life. We must not forget living. The duties of real living must not be neglected. As soon as one begins to ignore outer life—one's own body, eating, doing one's ordinary job—then the dream world becomes dangerous. We call that dangerous aspect of the dream world the devouring unconscious, or the devouring mother. It can suck us away from reality and spin us into a neurotic or even psychotic unreality. The dream world

is only possible if it is in a living, balanced dialogue with a lived, actually lived, life.

Dr. von Franz, would you give a personal example of that dialogue? Have you had dreams which changed the course of your life?

Yes, I have had many dreams which changed my life, which I experienced as a great revelation. There is one in particular which I think is the biggest dream I ever had. That dream I dreamt between meeting Jung and asking him for analysis. I was eighteen, and on Christmas night I had what Jung would call an archetypal dream, a religious dream. It was a very long mythological descent into the underworld. One could sum it up as a descent into Hades, finding the mystical water of alchemy, and coming back with it. A kind of shamanistic journey into the land of death. I still consider it to be the biggest dream of my life. I woke up deeply shaken. I was so shaken that for a few hours I couldn't move. I had to stay in bed shivering until I had the courage to get up and put my clothes on again. I told that dream to Jung, but he never interpreted it in detail. He only said, "I knew you had something to do with alchemy. When I met you, I knew that was so. And now we see." And that dream laid the basis for a major work of my life, my collaboration with Jung on the symbolism of alchemy.

Excuse me . . . my name is Fraser Boa and we're doing a documentary film series on dreams. Will you talk to us?

On dreams? You gotta be kidding.

What do you think about dreams?

What do I think about dreams? I think they're nice.

Do you remember any?

Oh sure.

Why?

Why do I remember them? I don't know. Why do you remember that you go to sleep or that you wake up?

Could you tell us one?

Yeah, the usual flying dreams, I suppose. For some reason or other every once in a while I find myself flying around in an Edsel. Don't ask me why. . . . An Edsel! I can't help it. You guys got to be crazy! Why would anybody be doing a documentary film on dreams?

Tell me about the Edsel. How well does it fly?

Oh, it's great. It's great! The only thing is, when you're flying you have to be sure that you keep thinking about flying, because if you don't, the thing comes down.

Did it ever crash on you?

Oh no, it just sort of floats down. You know Edsels!

Thanks very much for talking with us.

Enjoy, gentlemen . . . [Looking back over his shoulder as he rides off] You guys really are crazy!

—male cyclist, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco



PART TWO

*The Basic Psychology
of C. G. Jung*

Charting the Unconscious

WHEN COLUMBUS discovered America, he took great wealth back to Queen Isabella. But the most valuable treasures were his maps by which others could further explore the newfound land.

Dreams have been called the royal road to the unconscious. C. G. Jung traveled down that road and brought back a map of the human psyche.

The human mind is divided into two parts, the conscious and the unconscious, with the unconscious being by far the larger of the two. To illustrate this, our unconscious mind might be compared to a computer which contains vast stores of information, while our conscious mind is capable of retrieving only the small amount which is visible on the screen at any given moment. And, of course, the screen, our field of consciousness, keeps constantly changing. What is conscious at one moment may be unconscious the next. A common experience of this is one's sudden inability to remember names when introductions are in order, names which one knew perfectly well a moment before, or having a well-known telephone number stick right on the end of one's tongue. The information is in the mind, but stuck in the unconscious, and no amount of willpower will access that information to consciousness.

When we ask questions like "Why am I feeling the way I do?" or

"Whatever is going on inside my head?" we are attempting to bring information from the unconscious mind to consciousness. It's as if we know that the solution is somewhere within the computer, but we can't get it up on the screen. As Jung said, consciousness is "the relation of psychic contents to the ego . . . insofar as this relation is perceived by the ego."

The great discovery of depth psychology is that five or six times each night the unconscious part of our psyche is portrayed in our dreams, and by recalling the dreams, our conscious mind has the opportunity to view contents of the unconscious mind.

Even if a dream is recalled, however, the information often appears as nonsense to the conscious mind and is not easily deciphered. (The unconscious does not express itself in a rational language readily accessible to the conscious mind.) Rather, a dream reveals the unconscious in the form of image, metaphor, and symbol, a language closely associated with the language of the arts. Far from being objective, prosaic expositions, dreams are often highly subjective, personal encounters in which the ego, the "I," experiences emotions ranging from extreme fear and exhilaration to sublime peace and beauty. Like plays, poems, and paintings, the language of dreams conveys the power and subtlety of feeling as well as rational thought.

After years of researching the language of dreams, C. G. Jung discovered and named several recurring figures and motifs which form the basis of the language. Once understood, these structures are easily recognizable, and dreams immediately begin to make some sense to the conscious mind.



Dr. von Franz, before going into an in-depth analysis of dreams, will you explain the major structural elements of the language of the unconscious and clarify the descriptive terms used by analytical psychology? Some of these words have quite different meanings in colloquial speech. Let's start with the term the unconscious. We've said that dreams reveal the unconscious of an individual. In Jungian psychology, what is meant by "the unconscious"?

Charting the Unconscious

The unconscious is all that which we know is psychically real but is not conscious. It's a borderline concept, a negative concept. We use that negative concept in order not to have a prejudice. Some people call it supraconscious, others call it subconscious, others call it the divine sphere or the existential ground of existence. There are a thousand names.

We prefer the word *unconscious* because it says nothing. It says only that it is not conscious, and this leaves it as a mystery. We don't know what it is. We only know that there are psychic phenomena which manifest through dreams or through involuntary gestures or speech mistakes or hallucinations or fantasies which are not conscious. You can, for instance, fall into a fantasy during the daytime and say, "It's a completely weird fantasy. It's crazy. I don't know what it means." So if you don't know what it means and you think it's crazy, it's obviously not conscious, because if it were conscious, you would know what it means. You would know to what it refers. Now, it is a psychic happening; it has not happened materially. It has happened as a psychic event, and that's why we call the sum of all psychic events which are not conscious *the unconscious*.

Jung said that the human mind, or psyche, is made up of many complexes. In everyday speech, however, we use the word complex to describe only a negative aspect of someone's personality. We say that a person has an inferiority complex, or a power complex, or a mother complex. Would you explain what Jung meant by the word complex? What is its psychological meaning?

Well, complexes are simply the motors of the psyche. They are like different nuclear centers which give the drive, the impulse, and the aliveness to the psyche. If we had no complexes, we would be dead. You can experience a complex, for example, when you are terribly bored and suddenly something arouses your interest and you become engaged. That is a complex being touched. So the complexes are simply the energy centers of the psyche.

But generally, in colloquial language, we use *complex* only in its

I dreamt that there was a phone call in the middle of the night and my mother answered the phone. My grandmother was on the other end, and she said something about my father. I went out onto the porch and noticed that my father's car was still in the driveway. He was at the wheel, motionless, bent forward as if about to drive but not moving. And I realized then that he might be dead and I should call an ambulance. Then I looked around the driveway. It was a circular driveway. The driveway was filled with balloons—hundreds and hundreds of white balloons. And the thought came to me then that before an ambulance could get to my father, every one of those balloons would have to be burst.

—young mother



negative form. Then we say someone has a sex complex or a money complex or a father complex, which means that this special complex arouses the person's energy but arouses it negatively. For example, in the dream of a woman with a father complex, you might see all the energies of the dream focusing around the central figure of the father.

Dr. von Franz, you have said that our dreams reveal the unconscious mind. This is, all figures in our dreams personify some aspect of our total personality. Jung delineated four of these figures and named them the shadow, the anima, the animus, and the Self. Let's look first at the shadow.

The shadow is the name we generally use for a person of the same sex as the dreamer appearing in dreams. The shadow figure very often has a slightly inferior or opposite quality to the ego of the dreamer. It can personify our inferior side, our best enemy, so to speak, but it can also

There was a little tiny window and in there was the wild woman. She'd been there since 1928. She was so wild that she couldn't keep still. Her arms and legs kept moving, her hair was everywhere. You couldn't see her face at all. Somebody else went over to talk to her and she put a knife to their throat.

—*English homemaker*



I had a bad dream about a man who was vicious to me or attacked me in my dream, somebody I knew. I met him on the street and I wanted to punch him in the mouth.

—*Canadian accountant*



be just our other side. A beautiful ego and shadow couple is, for instance, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. The one is unrealistic and full of fantasies, and the other is a body man, down to earth. They can't live without each other. They are a typical example of the ego and its shadow in one of its thousand forms.

Let's move on now to other figures in the unconscious: the women in the dreams of men and the men in the dreams of women, the figures which Jung named the anima and the animus. Analytical psychology says that psychologically every man has an inner woman and every woman has an inner man. Many people have difficulty accepting that concept.

Well, we know that we are born from genes and that only the predominance of male or female genes makes the gender of a child, and that there are even sometimes androgynous creatures in whom Nature can't quite make up its mind whether to produce a man or a

In this dream I'm going to a David Bowie concert and I'm intent on meeting David Bowie. The show begins and he sings a song called "Move On, Move On." Come intermission time, the stage is empty and a crane appears. Its big hook swings out, grabs me, pulls me up, brings me over, and drops me onto the stage. I feel myself falling and falling and falling, and I realize that I messed this thing up. I wake in an incredible panic, realizing that I've missed an opportunity. I've missed a chance for something.

—male psychotherapist



woman. Every man has breasts and nipples on the breasts, a sketched feminine side, so to speak, and a woman has a clitoris and a sketched masculine side.

The same is true for the psyche. Not only is our body predominantly male or female, while having the other element in it, but also our psyche is predominantly male or female, while containing the other side. Our contrasexual nature is personified in dreams as the figure who is the opposite sex of the dreamer, that is, as men in the dreams of women and women in the dreams of men.

What does the feminine side of a man look like in life?

The feminine side of a man comes out in typical feminine traits. Negatively, as passivity and moodiness. In some men as vanity, an absolute feminine vanity or a kind of touchy sulkiness. Positively, his femininity allows a man to be receptive, capable of listening and waiting instead of having to speak out and step into immediate action.

And the masculinity in a woman?

That is nowadays very visible. Negatively, it displays itself in determined brutal remarks and actions, a certain recklessness and critical

I've even dreamt I was dancing with Humphrey Bogart
when he hadn't got a stitch on. . . . How about that?"

—English homemaker



sharp-mindedness. But that is not the worst masculinity of women. Even a very feminine woman can have a hidden masculinity in the form of a silent stubbornness which nothing can convince. She just pinches her lips and thinks inwardly, "You can talk, but I know what I want and I'm going for it." Positively, the masculinity in a woman is her capacity for courage, intellect, and spirituality.

We've talked briefly about dream figures of the same sex as the dreamer, the shadow, and of the opposite sex, the anima and animus. Now, to round out our map of the dream world, could we examine the figure which Jung said is at the center of the psyche, the Self?

In most religious systems, there is an allusion to a divine center from which all order and all organization stems. That center appears in the dream itself, sometimes as a center, as a mandala, as an inner city, as a circle or square or some other abstract formation. Or it appears as a divine savior child, as a savior figure, as a wise old man or wise old woman, or a psychopomp—someone who guides our psychic life.

All these figures seem to point to that ultimately unknown and unknowable greater center in our psyche. For Jung, the Self, written with a capital, is meant to be that supra-ordinate, inner, unknown, divine center of the psyche which we have to explore all our lifetime. Nobody knows what the Self in him or her is or what it wants. We need the dreams. We can say the dreams are the letters which the Self writes to us every night, telling us to do a bit more of this, or to do a bit less of that, or to go ahead to the left, or to go ahead to the right. If

There was a man standing in front of me, and I realized he was standing beside a huge black sausage.

—*female writer*



Ah, I dream about Greta Garbo, whom I was mad about for a long, long time.

—*male professor*



Woody Allen was sitting across the table from me! He smiled knowingly and then asked me to dance!

—*female student*



At that moment in time I started to stroke her and I inserted my hand into the lower part of her bikini and I was fondling her and stroking her, and suddenly she said, "I want you to make love to me."

—*male Canadian executive*



we look back over life, we can see that there is a pattern, as if the Self, with a capital, has a plan for us, a kind of destiny.

There is a danger, however, of confusing what Jung meant by the "Self" with what is meant by self-realization in most psychological literature, where the term is used to mean the building up of a strong ego consciousness. This is also important, especially in the first half of life, but has nothing to do with Jung's concept of the Self which is not self-realization in the ordinary sense of the word. Rather, it is an adventurous encounter with a greater inner center within one's person.

Charting the Unconscious

What happens when a person is not living in harmony with the Self? What happens to those energies? What happens to the feelings that are not expressed, or the potentials that are not realized?

They are the sources of what we call neurosis, neurotic symptoms. The most general neurotic symptom today is restlessness. That isn't yet looked at as a neurosis because everybody is so restless, but it is actually. Restlessness is caused by a surplus of bottled-up energy, which makes us fuss around all the time because we are not connected with the dream world or the unconscious. Or that energy can take the form of an all-pervading anxiety, a fear that somewhere, something dark is lurking and might happen at any minute. Then one is anxious about nothing all the time. These symptoms result from an unawareness that there is bottled-up energy in the unconscious which we do not tap and which we do not integrate into consciousness. Irritability, aggressiveness, oversexiness, or a feeling of complete meaninglessness or emptiness—all the symptoms of different neurotic diseases come from that restlessness. So we can say if you are not connected properly with your own dream life, then you are liable to develop some kind of neurotic behavior.

Would you say more about the overall pattern of dreams? How does this pattern unfold over the course of an individual's lifetime?

In the first half of life, it's directed more toward an outgoing adaptation to earthly, material, outer life, and in the second half, it generally begins to steer the individual toward withdrawal and toward developing a certain wisdom and insight into the background of life. The last dreams of dying people are a clear preparation for death. But ultimately we can't understand the pattern.

Psychologically speaking, we don't know where we come from, and we don't know where we are going. We are part of that cosmic mystery which is the existence of nature and of all things. We don't know why there are galaxies and stars; we don't know why there's a universe, but we are beginning to realize that there are certain master patterns in

outer matter. There is a directing force. It's not a chaotic, random thing or phenomenon. Similarly, it looks as if our psychological inner life is also organized by a master pattern. It's centered somewhere.

When people get very old, they have, therefore, an inclination to go over their lives. They muse again over the big events in their life and their dreams, and they generally see a certain pattern in it. Problems which pose themselves and solve themselves, and then switch over into new problems. There seems to be a secret organization, and the center of that organization is what the mystics would call the divine spark or the God image within us. The Buddhists would call it the Buddha mind or they would even call it the Self. The Hindu would call it the Atman, the universal and personal Atman in the human psyche.

Let's finish with that amazing dream of Jung's in which he encounters the Self in the form of a yogi. Jung dreamt he was walking along a little road and came to a small chapel. He entered and was surprised that there was no statue of the Virgin on the altar nor a crucifix either, but only a beautiful flower arrangement. And then he saw on the floor in front of the altar a yogi sitting in lotus posture, in deep meditation.

Jung realized with a shock that this was the yogi who was imagining him, and that in his trance, a kind of active imagination, he was imagining the life of Jung, dreaming him. Jung knew that when the yogi woke up, he, Jung, would no longer exist. The ordinary Professor Jung was the dream of that greater inner figure.

And yet, at the same time, the yogi figure was a dream of Dr. Jung's. That paradox reminds me of the dream of Chuang Tzu.

Chuang Tzu said that he once dreamt that he was a butterfly. That dream left him puzzling ever after whether he was a man who dreamt that he was a butterfly or whether he was a butterfly who dreamt that he was a man. That is very true; we cannot figure it out. A butterfly is a symbol of the Self. Are we the dream of the Self or is the Self our dream? We just don't know.

The Structure of Dreams

A SIX-YEAR-OLD GIRL dreamed she was with her grandmother. In the dream she said, “Grandma, I can make myself disappear!” “Nonsense, child!” the grandmother replied. “Nobody can do that.”

At that point the child woke up, sat up in bed, looked around her darkened bedroom, then lay down and went back to sleep.

As sometimes happens, she reentered the same dream, whereupon her dream grandmother looked at the girl and said, “Lord, child, how did you do that?”

Each one of the thousands of dreams we have during our lifetime is unique. Some seem straightforward while others are complex, but all dreams are spontaneous and unpredictable. It’s surprising to observe, therefore, that many dreams do in fact have an identifiable structure, a framework within which the dream is organized. When we trace the outline of that structure, the random flow of images and events begins to fall into place.



Dr. von Franz, how much of dream interpretation is scientific and how much is an art?

I think there is something of both in it. There are helpful rules of thumb which are purely technical or scientific which you can apply,

I'm interested in my life, and I believe dreams reveal my life to me.

—*female shopper, Camden Market, London*



Dreams probably reflect something of the reality of everyday existence, you know, but what, I'm not sure."

—*male Canadian architect*



You can imagine things and do things in dreams that you can't do in real life.

—*female French teenager*



With me I find dreams that I remember have elements of thoughts from my day thrown together in a different way than they actually happened.

—*female lawyer*



and whenever I don't understand a dream I go back to them. I say, "Now what is the exposition of the dream, what is the setting up, what is the association?" And you can generally get quite far with the technique. But naturally, there is a kind of practitioner's skill which you develop and can't impart to a beginner. It is like an old carpenter. He can tell a young carpenter how to use the tools and how to measure and how to cut the wood, but there is a certain touch of the wood which he cannot convey. The beginner has to work twenty years with wood, and then he'll have the same kind of touch. When one has interpreted many dreams and puzzled about many dreams, one gets a

I do remember my dreams, and sometimes they tell me what is going to happen—or whatever happened during the day gets totally changed at night, and the dreams say the way I wish it would have happened.

—*female English sales representative*



I fly often. It's mental. Just think about leaving and I do. I write them down often. They tell my future or tell how I am feeling—most definitely. If something is heavy upon me . . . I cannot move when things are heavy upon me or I be smashed by boulders or some type of weird objects that are very heavy upon my head or shoulders.

—*street entertainer (the Parrot Man), California*



Well, they give me different feelings, you know. They're emotional, dreams are, but I can't, you know, I don't understand what they do.

—*American executive*



certain hang of it, so to speak, a professional skill which has to do with feeling, with a mediumistic feeling, with an empathy into the other person.

Is there a technique for approaching a dream to discover its meaning?

In Jungian psychology, we have a technique. We compare the dream to a drama and examine it under three structural headings: first, the introduction or exposition—the setting of the dream and the naming of the problem; second, the peripeteia—that would be the ups and

downs of the story; and finally, the lysis—the end solution or, perhaps, catastrophe. And if I don't understand a dream, I use that scheme. First I say to myself, "Now, what is the introduction?"

The first sentence of a dream generally gives the setting and introduces the major characters. For example, a dream might begin, "I am in my childhood home with my friend Bob." You take the first sentence and ask the dreamer for his associations. "What was your childhood home like? How did you feel there? Were you happy there? How long did you stay there?" And then you ask about the friend, "How is your friend Bob? What was he like? . . . Oh, I see, he was a bore, but you did all your childhood mischief together." And then you insert these *associations* into the text, which then becomes, "I am psychologically still in my boyhood situation, and I am with a part of myself which is boring, but also mischievous."

Once you have that translation, you have naturally to think about how it applies to the moment of the dream and to the dreamer's life. In what way does the dreamer still have one leg in his childhood home? Where in his life situation is he still reacting as he reacted as a boy? You have to assume that the dream is speaking about that corner of his personality.

After you've looked at the exposition in this way, you then go on to the *naming of the problem*. Let's say a car comes up the driveway and two dark burglars jump out. Now you have a dramatic development, which means a specific story is now being told. The two dark men would be an invasion, something which is breaking in. Burglars very often represent something breaking into one's conscious system. So the dream would then translate, "In the corner of his psyche where the dreamer still has childish reactions, something from the collective unconscious is breaking in."

In this way we slowly go through the whole dream. Now the ending of a dream, the *lysis*, is always what the dream is driving at: a solution or a catastrophe. I know these rules of interpretation so well that I follow them half unconsciously. But I always pay particular attention to the last sentence of the dream, which gives the unconscious solution if there is one. Some dreams just peter out and they are not favorable.

I think they're fun. I like analyzing them. Not that I can—not that I know what they mean—but it's fun to try to find meaning.

—*young female secretary*



I could fly! Straight up through the roof! Right to the clouds and . . .

—*female flight attendant*



I was in a village hall organizing a concert or something with my husband . . .

—*English homemaker*



I'm walking through very deep snow by myself. On my right there's quite a high fence, and as I'm walking along I'm thinking, "If violence is going to break out, what am I going to do?"

—*Canadian actress*



They mean that the unconscious itself has no solution. But, otherwise, whatever happens at the end of the dream is the solution. If you wake up with a cry, for example, that's the solution. That's what gives you the waking shock. That has to be especially realized. And so I always ask the dreamer particularly about the ending of the dream.

If you want to interpret your own dream, it's best if you write the dream on one half of the paper, and then for every word in the dream write down your associations opposite. By associations I mean whatever

comes to your mind spontaneously. Then try to see if you have made a connection between the dream and your associations.

For instance, if the first sentence said, "I am in my childhood home," that means where I am still childlike, and "a burglar is coming," so something is breaking in, you would have to ask yourself the question, "What is it? Why does something break into my psychological system?" And you would also have to think of the day before and what happened then, inwardly and outwardly. You might, for instance, have had some disagreeable experience the day before, and those burglars may refer to that disagreeable experience. Or, you might have had a negative, destructive thought right from within; that also might be represented by burglars, something destructive or negative suddenly breaking into your system.

So you try to remember what happened yesterday, outwardly and inwardly, and then you can probably make a meaningful connection. Then you say, "Aha, it refers to that thought that I had yesterday, or that experience, and it shows me that I behaved in the right way or in the wrong way." It corrects one's attitude.

And some dreams are much more explicit than others.

You've been describing a method of approaching dreams through personal associations. But there are also dreams in which the dreamer has no associations.

There are so-called archetypal dreams that have a mythological meaning, and with them generally people have no associations. If you ask, "What do you think about Jupiter?" They reply, "Oh, Jupiter, it's a star." They don't know what to associate; they have no personal things that come to them. In that case you take the associations of mankind. "What has mankind fantasized about Jupiter?" Put that into the text of the dream.

You've said that every element in a dream represents some aspect of the dreamer's psyche. Yet there are dreams that reflect outer reality. For

Well, first of all let me say that I'm a very, very happily married fellow. My wife's away in Arizona right now with our child, visiting her folks, and I don't know why but I had this dream last night. I dreamt that I was at a high school prom with one of the girls who works here. Now, there was nothing *lustuous* about the dream, but I have this little sense of guilt about dreaming I was spending time with another woman while my wife's away. I suppose that that's a natural consequence. In fact, I even shared it with the girl this morning just to alleviate any guilt I might have.

—*state park superintendent, Hawaii*



example, people may dream that someone close to them has died and later discover that the death actually occurred. How can you tell whether the dream is referring to outer or inner reality? If, for instance, a man dreams that his wife is stealing his car, how do you determine whether the dream is referring to an outer problem in his marital relationship or a problem within himself?

That is the most ticklish problem of all. The dreamer will often be inclined to think, "There, you see, that's exactly what she is doing. She is forever taking away my ways of moving about. She is always interfering." And one is not so sure. It might just as well mean that it is a projection: namely, that his own feminine side is stealing the car, and that he projects that onto his wife. He thinks his wife does it, he sees it in her, while in fact, he is really doing it unconsciously to himself.

To interpret these dreams correctly, one has to know the whole marital situation and have an idea of the wife's objective behavior. Then one can evaluate whether it is a projection or whether it refers really to the wife. Sometimes it refers to both. The problem is whether

I dreamt I was in a house with a lake in front of it. My father, my stepmother, and I were all in bed upstairs when the top floor flipped over into the front yard. I fell into the yard, but my parents got flipped right out into the lake.

I told my stepmother the dream and she said, "Oh yes, very significant, because people falling into bed and into water is all very sexual." But what I didn't tell her was that when they fell into the lake, she and my father were making love and that I didn't get flipped into the water. I didn't quite make it into the sea of life or something.

—female Canadian student



to interpret the dream objectively or subjectively: objectively, referring to an outer object, the wife is really stealing the car; or subjectively, referring to the subject, the feminine side of the subject himself is stealing his own car with his left hand so to speak. Generally, I would say that about eighty-five percent of the dream motifs are subjective, and therefore I recommend interpreting most dreams subjectively. One should always first ask, "What is it in me that does that?" instead of taking the dream as a warning against other people.

We talked with many people on the street who felt their dreams were important and tried to find a meaning in them. Why is it so difficult to interpret your own dreams? I know analysts who have been interpreting other people's dreams for years but cannot interpret their own.

Because the dream never tells you what you know already. It always points to something you don't know, a blind spot. It's like trying to see your own back. You can show your back to the doctor and he can see what's the matter with it, but you can't see it. And your own psychological blind spot is like your back or your ass, so to speak, you

I was flying. Just flying somewhere and going nowhere, you know. Just like going, going, not reaching anything. It was really scary, and I came to work and I told the girls. I got a book on dreams to find out what it meant, but I couldn't find it.

—*female shop assistant*



Yeah, I dreamt I was catching a fish, and every time it keeps slippin' away. I mean the dictionary says that means pregnancy, eh?

—*female salesperson*



sit on it but you cannot look at it. That's why sometimes even if the dream tells you obvious things, you can't see them. You need another person to tell you and then you think, "O Lord, naturally, that's it."

It's very difficult to interpret one's own dream. If one has to, one has to, but it is most helpful to have another eye on it, even somebody who doesn't know about dreams. For while you're talking and explaining the dream to the other person, often its meaning suddenly becomes clear. Jung, for instance, had nobody to interpret his dreams, so he often told them to a man who knew nothing about dreams. Jung said laughingly, "Just the off-the-point remarks of this man made me feel, 'No, it isn't that, but I know now what it is.' "

Many people use dream dictionaries to help them interpret their dreams. Are these books valuable in interpreting dreams?

I think these books are very, very bad. They get you off the track because they give a static interpretation. A snake means an illness, or means the death of a relative; breaking teeth means the loss of parents

or whatever. There are now modern dictionaries which are a bit more differentiated, but still they have a fixed meaning.

The dream symbolism in our experience is very much more individual. You need the individual associations. What's important is always what the symbol means to the dreamer and what the dreamer has experienced with it. You can sometimes be inspired by looking at one of these modern dictionaries to see what all the possibilities are—the possible meanings of the snake, or the possible meanings of the peacock—but then you have to return to the dream and ask, "What does it mean to the dreamer?" and that is always much more specific.

In your analytical practice, do you work with anything else?

I work mostly with dreams. In our way of thought we operate with dreams because the dreams come out of one particular individual and are unique to that person.

The great danger of all psychological helping professions is the potential to interfere with the other person's life. Think, for instance, of the idea of what is normal. A therapist may have an idea of normality and think the other person should become normal. That's interference, that's a power attitude. Perhaps destiny or God, or whatever you want to call the greater powers in the world, don't want this person to be normal. So how does he know that the patient ought to be normal? On top of that, what *he* thinks is normal? A therapist's bourgeois ideas of normality should not be forced upon a poor human being who is destined to be very different.

When a human being comes to you with a problem, if you're honest you have to say, "I have no idea where the problem comes from." Any ideas that you have about the patient are just prejudices. In fact, you have to say, "I have no idea why you have a psychological problem or even what the problem is." We cannot know a human being's destiny. For instance, the other day, I saw dreams of a little seven-year-old girl which were the dreams of a dying person. Now, actually she had had a cancer operation and will probably die within two or three years. I didn't know it when I saw the dreams. They were most unusual. She

had the dreams of an old, wise personality. So you see, you cannot have theories about how a human life ought to be or should be. Dreams are the only things which come out of the patient himself, and if we try to understand the dreams with as few prejudices as possible, we may find out what the psychological depth of that patient tells him about himself. We, the psychotherapists, are only the dream translators.

Analysis amounts to saying to a man who is too juvenile, "Your own psychic depth thinks that you are a bit too juvenile, and that is damaging your health." That's not my opinion; that's what we have extracted from the man's dream. Often that hits home because the patient feels that it's not the analyst's opinion. When a dream is interpreted properly, it *clicks* with the analysand, and he says, "Yes, that's it." He is impressed, and that is likely to give him the motivation to change his life. While if you advise the same man, "Listen, you are behaving too much like a young man and it's not good for your health," he won't listen, because he has heard all that before. You see, if his own dream laughs at him in this way, then there is a better chance that he will really change his behavior. I can tell you that in the actual case of the man who was too juvenile, he blushed, and that showed the message of his dream hit home.

And so, in our school, we follow the dreams. We work with the patient to discover their meaning and we leave it there. Working together in this way, the patient doesn't feel he has been put into the straitjacket of the analyst's conception of normality or adaptation. He follows his own inner intimations, what his own psyche tells him. So analysis is educating people to be able to hear their inner voice and follow it with the help of dreams.

The Living Symbol

SYMBOLS ARE THE LANGUAGE of dreams. In dreams, the unconscious is revealed in symbols, and the key to understanding a dream is knowledge of the symbol.

While we're actually asleep (unconscious), whatever we experience in dreams—flying, falling, killing—makes perfect sense. Yet, later, when we recall the dreams, it seems crazy, meaningless, or simply bizarre. Our conscious mind does not understand the symbol.

In colloquial speech we often use symbolic language to describe some aspect of an individual's personality. For example, we say that someone with an inflated opinion of his capacities is "headed for a fall," or "His head is up in the clouds," or "He needs to be brought down to earth"—all symbolic expressions which rationally have no meaning. In dreams, the symbol comes to life. The individual actually flies. He experiences the sensations of flight.

Shortly before his death in 1961, C. G. Jung explained the relationship between symbolic language and the unconscious in his book *Man and His Symbols*.

Man uses the spoken or written word to express the meaning of what he wants to convey. His language is full of symbols, but he often employs signs or images that are not strictly

Quite often I dream that I'm flying, which is quite an exhilarating experience, and suddenly it occurs to you that it's faintly ridiculous that you're actually flying.

—*British student*



I have flown in my dreams. It's a high, right? It's an excellent high. Like, when you're up there, you're all by yourself, and you feel that there's nobody around you, just the clouds.

—*male auto mechanic*



I start running faster and faster and faster. I don't use my arms much. I don't have any other support except just my body. I flap my arms a little bit, and the longer leaps I take, the higher and the higher and the higher I go until I am flying.

—*English sound recorder*



descriptive. Some are more abbreviations or strings of initials, such as UN, UNICEF, or UNESCO; others are familiar trademarks, the names of patent medicines, badges or insignia. Although these are meaningless in themselves, they have acquired a recognizable meaning through common usage or deliberate intent. Such things are not symbols. They are signs, and they do no more than denote the objects to which they are attached.

What we call a symbol is a term, a name, or even a picture that may be familiar in daily life, yet that possesses

specific connotations in addition to its conventional and obvious meaning. It implies something vague, unknown and hidden from us. . . . For example, take the case of the Indian who, after a visit to England, told his friends at home that the English worship animals, because he had found eagles, lions and oxen in old churches. He was not aware that these animals are symbols of the Evangelists and are derived from the vision of Ezekiel, and this in turn has an analogy to the Egyptian sun god Horus and his four sons. There are, moreover, such objects as the wheel and the cross that are known all over the world, yet have a symbolic significance under certain conditions. . . . Thus a word or an image is symbolic when it implies something more than its obvious and immediate meaning. It has a wider "unconscious" aspect that is never precisely defined or fully explained. Nor can one hope to define or explain it. . . . Because there are innumerable things beyond the range of human understanding, we constantly use symbolic terms to represent concepts that we cannot define or fully comprehend. This is one reason why all religions employ symbolic language or images. But this conscious use of symbols is only one aspect of a psychological fact of great importance: Man also produces symbols unconsciously and spontaneously, in the form of dreams.



Dr. von Franz, falling is a very common dream motif. We've all fallen in dreams. What is its symbolic meaning? Is it true that if we hit the ground in a dream, we're dead?

I have experienced falling and not being dead, being caught up or waking up before I hit the floor.

But, according to superstition, if you hit the floor, you are supposed to be dead.

I was in a grassy meadow feeling very happy. Gradually this feeling changed and I became edgy and nervous. These feelings increased until I felt panicky and scared—terrified! By my left foot was a snake. A horrific-looking thing with human teeth. I knew it was going to do me harm.

—*woman, Painswick, England*



I had a really bad dream about a snake, was afraid that I was going to pass out, you know, because I'm just terrified of snakes. When I woke up, I was sweating all over. I was sweating cold, and I was very relieved that it wasn't true.

—*Argentinian businessman, Paris*



I dreamt that I was on some sort of a building and we were just hangin' around over the ledge. We had our feet on top of the eavestrough, and the eavestrough broke, and I kept on falling. I don't know about anybody else, but I kept on falling.

—*security guard, London*



No, no, no. It simply means a shock collision with reality. If you have dreams of falling, it means that somewhere you are too high up. Perhaps you have too high an opinion of yourself, or you have romantic, unreal ideas, or you are living in a make-believe world, or in a theory. Somewhere you are not in touch with reality. Sudden-fall dreams generally coincide with outer, deep disappointment when one is suddenly faced with naked reality as it is. That can be a deadly shock to the ego. One can be, so to speak, blotted out by it for a while. The ego is out. It has nothing to say. That is death by hitting the floor.

Here's the dream. I moved into a house in Montreal and it had a white staircase. For three nights in a row I fell down that staircase screaming, and it never had an end. It was terrible.

—*homemaker, Montreal*



I dreamt I'm driving on a motorcycle down cobbled streets, and just having no street left and falling. It was awful! But I never hit the ground, which is good. Supposed to die when you hit the ground.

—*female shopper, Camden Market, London*



Yeah, I dream about snakes . . . and, well, when you look it up, it's supposed to mean enemies.

—*female shop assistant, Toronto*



I remember a dream in which I was shot dead, stone cold dead, with one shot right through the heart. But my murderer fired four more shots. Each bullet he fired killed me anew. I remember thinking in the dream that it was pointless for him to continue, for I was already dead. He'd killed me with his first shot. What does it mean when the dreamer actually dies or is killed in a dream?

It always means that the ego attitude as it is at that moment has to go. I have had many dreams in which I was officially executed, generally by being beheaded. They stated very clearly that the head had to come off, that some intellectual attitude had to be sacrificed. But if you are shot, that's rather like being hit by something and means you need a shock to wake you up. The death of the dreamer in dreams means a

The Living Symbol

radical, complete change where absolutely nothing of the old person or the old attitude is left. So if one dreams of being killed, executed, or shot or hanged or whatever the form of death, it always points to the coming of a radical change.

Rather than pursuing the meaning of various individual motifs, could we approach this subject of symbols by first examining one particular symbol in depth and then demonstrate how that symbol communicates the unconscious in an actual dream. Let's focus on one of the major symbols of our culture, the star. What aspect of the psyche has mankind projected onto the stars to make them symbolic?

The realm of the stars was always looked at as the realm of eternal, divine beings. Therefore, in many parts of the world there is the folklore tradition that, when you see a star shoot down, that is the moment the soul comes to earth and the child is born. In China and in the old Roman Empire, when a remarkable personality died, the astrologers looked at the sky for a new star because they thought that the dying soul would return to the heavens and once again become a star.

Moreover, in the Egyptian death ritual, the prayer goes, "Let me become one of the unsetting stars which circles around the North Pole." The goal of the dead person was to become one of the never-setting stars.

Also, in Egypt, the immortal, spiritual part of the psyche was represented by the so-called *Ba*, which was born either as a bird or as a star. It symbolized that part of the personality which outlasts death and after death accompanies the Sun God over the sky as a never-setting star. So the star has to do with the eternity of the uniqueness of the personality. That has been projected into a star.

Does the star of Bethlehem have the same symbolic meaning?

That fits exactly into that context; namely, that when a remarkable, outstanding personality is born, a new, bright star appears in the sky.

This is one of those rare dreams in which an authoritative male voice told me unquestionably what it wanted me to do. The voice said, "This is your lodestar."

—*female dreamer*



That is how the Magi, the three kings, interpreted it at once. When they saw the star of Bethlehem, they knew that some outstanding, important personality was born on earth, and that is why they went to see the child. That fitted the general viewpoint of the time. A new star meant that somewhere somebody—an emperor, a great ruler, or a personality who would change the whole fate of mankind—had come to earth.

Now let's look at a dream in which the star is the central image. This dream comes from The Gilgamesh Epic and is one of the oldest recorded dreams of mankind. Gilgamesh was king of the Sumerian walled city of Uruk. He was a powerful ruler in the ancient world, and his dream was considered important enough to be inscribed in stone. Here is the dream of King Gilgamesh:

In the middle of the night I walked proudly up and down among my people. There were stars in the sky. Suddenly, one of the stars of the sky-god Anu fell upon me. I tried to lift it, but it was too heavy for me. All Uruk assembled around this star, and the people kissed its feet.



This dream is about forty-six hundred years old. Still today we can find modern parallels, for the language of the unconscious has changed

much less than the language of human consciousness. So if we interpret this dream from a modern standpoint, we could say that up to the moment before the star fell upon Gilgamesh, he fulfilled the collective role of the king. He was the hero-king. He is typical of a man who ambitiously and successfully follows a collective pattern. Nowadays, he might be a great politician or a movie star—a man who has followed up certain collective alleys and reached a goal. Looked at from within, such a person reacts in a very collective way fulfilling a collective role of power. They are not generally very individual.

The star, on the contrary, represents his uniqueness—every soul has one star in heaven. We can say that up to the appearance of the star Gilgamesh, with all his collective power achievement, had not done anything unique. On the contrary, he had only fulfilled the typical pattern of a hero-king. Then, probably about the middle of life (because that's when it most frequently occurs), something changes.

While he is walking around among his subjects, proud of his own power position, a star falls from the sky onto his back. It turns out to be a very heavy load. That is the moment when his unique destiny befalls him, literally falls on his back. That means that just as Christ had to carry his cross, Gilgamesh now has to carry the burden of having to become the unique, chosen individual he was meant to be, a task which he has avoided by being an ambitious, collective man.

Now the star also means the immortal soul of man. For instance, in Egypt that part of man which survives after death is the Ba soul and is drawn as a star. It is the eternal kernel of the human psyche and has always represented the unique, eternal man within us. And so he has now to follow his unique destiny instead of fulfilling a collective role. And this proves to be no glorious call, but a heavy burden to him.

Until the star fell upon him, Gilgamesh thought he was a great man. He was a king, he was a hero, he was the fortress of his people. But now he has to see that that is not much. What the people worship is that star stone, that greater thing in him and not his collective power. In the dream, the people kiss the star's feet and not the feet of Gilgamesh. They prostrate themselves before the star, which is his true greatness. So that in the dream there is also a little teaching for

Gilgamesh: "Don't take all the honor and all the compliments the people give you for yourself. It is that star upon you they worship. It's your necessity to become a unique individual. That's what they worship in you—not you. And that is your heaviest load." And so from then on in the epic, Gilgamesh becomes the servant of his unique, heroic task, which is the search for his immortality.

Why is it that so few people follow their own star? Why is the star such a heavy burden?

Because following your own star means isolation, not knowing where to go, having to find out a completely new way for yourself instead of just going on the trodden path everybody else runs along. That's why there's always been a tendency in humans to project the uniqueness and the greatness of their own inner self onto outer personalities and become the servants, the devoted servants, admirers, and imitators of outer personalities. It is much easier to admire a great personality and become a pupil or follower of a guru or a religious prophet, or an admirer of a big, official personality—a president of the United States—or live your life for some military general whom you admire. That is much easier than following your own star.

What type of person attracts the projection of the star?

If a person has by birth some outstanding qualities, intelligence or some other talents, he or she often attracts the projection of the star. These gifted people are subject to projections, and the devotion of others created a temptation for them to develop an inflation. Now, an inflation means an overestimation of oneself. Instead of saying, "My talent isn't me and my intelligence isn't me; I have been born with a good computer and that's all there is to it—there is no merit," such people would tend to identify with their gifts and get blown up. Inflation means to be blown up like a balloon. Whenever people have a success, you see inflation on a minor scale, for they afterwards display arrogant, condescending mannerisms. Naturally many people

who have made history were inflated. Some Roman emperors, for instance, suffered from what one calls the madness of Caesars.

Inflation, then, is having an unrealistic opinion of oneself. But is it possible not to be inflated? Can people accurately estimate their own self-worth?

Well, the difficulty is that nobody has by nature a very good estimation of his own value. Nobody knows how much or how little he or she is worth. I mean, ask anybody, "Now, honestly, are you a great person or are you a small person? How small or how great are you compared to others?" Anybody would have to admit that he has no idea. It is a subjective feeling. Either one has an inferiority feeling and feels oneself the least worm on earth, or one has a superiority complex and feels oneself elected far above the average. Most people switch back and forth between these two. In neurotics it's extreme, and in normal people it's less extreme, but everybody has days when one feels below the weather and a nobody, and days when one feels on top of the world. That is the natural swing back and forth, and one could call a personality normal when the estimation of oneself approximates who one is, what one has achieved, how the surroundings appear, and so on. But it's a very indefinite thing, really.

Any lack of balance in this respect, either too far below or too far above the mark, has an irritating effect upon the surroundings. To know if one has an inflation, a person has only to see if he or she gets on other people's nerves. If so, one is probably a bit overestimating oneself, or underestimating oneself, for with an inflation a person may have feelings of either superiority or inferiority. Feelings of inferiority are just a veiled inflation. If one feels inferior, that's really ambition; a person wants to be more than one is. One wants to be a great person and knows one isn't. Inferiority is also inflation and therefore gets on people's nerves.

Sometimes people come in and say, "Oh well, you know, I can't do it. How do you think I can do this? You know, I'm not capable, I'm so stupid, I can't think," and so on. Then I say, "Now, stop that

nonsense. Get on with your job." They are really making a conceited dance out of calling themselves inferior and incapable. It has a very irritating effect. So the only measure one can have, in the last view of life, before God, so to speak, is that nobody knows who is important or who is not important.

We've talked about the danger of inflation for the person who attracts the projection of the star. But what happens to the person who does the projecting, who projects his or her own star onto someone else, who projects the Self onto another person?

Let's first see the positive side. If the Self is projected, one falls into a tremendous state of admiring the person onto whom one projects the Self, a kind of incredible fascination and devotion to that person, and that can have the advantage of learning from it. If one projects the Self onto somebody who is really wise or superior, one can learn a lot. That is the secret of many miraculous cures; people project the Self onto a healer personality, and by the incredible fascination and faith they have in that healer, they are cured of all sorts of psychological or psychosomatic illnesses. So it serves as a vehicle for healing the individual. Much more frequently, however, this fascination is negative and leads to an infantile giving up of oneself, and being, so to speak, flat on one's belly before the other person, worshipping the great leader, or the great spiritual guru, or whatever. By this projection one loses oneself in an infantile way and remains infantile. Such people are often very fanatical in their admiration, defending that person against enemies, and basking in the glory of their master through an identification. The projection saves them from making an effort themselves.

The great man or the great woman out there is going to do it all for them, and their task is only to applaud and admire. They have to make no effort to become more intelligent or wiser or more independent themselves. Such a projection can just annihilate the personality. Naturally it also depends upon the person onto whom the projection of the Self falls. If that person has an inflation and misuses the power

to breed admirers and followers, it has disastrous consequences. But I know that in the Far East there are masters who know about the dangers of infantile dependence and won't accept the projection. They send those novices and pupils back to their own inner task.

The psychology of an individual is often reflected in a society. What happens, then, when an entire group collectively projects the Self onto one individual?

Well, then you have monarchies or dictatorships. The kings of all countries, down to the chief of a primitive tribe, are carriers of the symbol of the Self. The advantages are that such a tribe or population has a unifying symbol which holds them together. It is a deeply rooted need in man to project such a living symbol of the Self. That's why a king has to be very virtuous and generous. He has to display all the qualities of a superior man. Whether he can or can't is another question. But that's what's expected from him. And if you look at the history of kingship it goes much deeper. In primitive tribes they believe the king, or what we usually call the chief, is the actual life of the tribe and therefore, if the chief becomes impotent, he is killed. Otherwise the whole tribe would become impotent and the fertility of the fields would stop. He is the guarantee of life.

If a primitive chief falls ill, he is executed, because one cannot have a sick king. He is the life principle. He is the incarnation of the divine, totemic principle of the tribe. That is, a projected symbol of the Self. And because there is this need, when the monarchies were largely abolished, dictators like Napoleon or Hitler received the projection. This shows that people need to project the Self onto some leader figure. But this is an infantile gesture and occurs because we want to remain children. We don't want to take the responsibility.

Democracy is a very difficult task, because it puts political responsibility on the individual and most people don't want to take it. Here in Switzerland, only about twenty-five percent of the population vote. The others do not want to be bothered. They don't want to wrack their brains; they prefer to think that the father state will do it for them.

"After all," they say, "we do have a group of leaders, and they are father figures, and they are the Self, and they will do it all right." It's simply just mental and psychological laziness.

Laziness?

When people try to evade problems, you first have to ask if it is not just laziness. Jung once said, "Laziness is the greatest passion of mankind, even greater than power or sex or anything."

PART THREE

Dreams of Our Culture

The Ladder to Heaven

Christians often ask why God does not speak to them, as he is believed to have done in former days. . . . We are so captivated by and entangled in our subjective consciousness that we have forgotten the age-old fact that God speaks chiefly through dreams and visions. The Buddhist discards the world of unconscious fantasies as useless illusions; the Christian puts his Church and his Bible between himself and his unconscious; and the rational intellectual does not yet know that his consciousness is not his total psyche. . . . But if a theologian really believes in God, by what authority does he suggest that God is unable to speak through dreams?

—C. G. Jung, *Man and His Symbols*

AT THE TURN OF this century, the early pioneers in depth psychology did not discover the importance of dreams. They rediscovered it. Many ancient civilizations took their dreams very seriously indeed. Ironically, today many people who dismiss dreams as meaningless unknowingly accept and follow spiritual values, beliefs, and traditions which stem directly from the dreams of individuals who

lived thousands of years ago. Throughout the religious history of our Judeo-Christian culture, dreams played a central role in determining the fate of mankind. They were thought to be the voice of God.



Dr. von Franz, let's further explore the symbolic approach to dream interpretation by looking at some biblical dreams. Perhaps you will explain as we go along how these symbols can be read today in just the same way as they were by those ancient peoples.

First, a dream that determined the course of Judaic history, the dream of Jacob's ladder:

And Jacob dreamed that there was a ladder reaching from the earth up to heaven. And the angels of the Lord were ascending and descending on it. The Lord stood above the ladder and said, "The land on which you lie I will give to you and your descendants, and by your descendants shall all the families of the earth bless themselves. Behold, I am with you, and will keep you wherever you go."



Jacob's dream is one of the examples often cited by theologians to justify taking dreams seriously. There are others in the Bible which were taken as proof that God sends dreams. These theologians even speak of God-sent dreams.

Now, as the sun is setting, Jacob gets near to a place called Haran. It is dark and he lies down and puts a stone as a pillow under his head. That specific place is mentioned again at the end of the text; Jacob says that it is truly the house of God.

This is one of the oldest beliefs of mankind, that in the landscape there are certain places where one has either communication with the upper deities or with the lower deities. For instance, a dark chasm or a hole in the ground was generally looked at by primitive tribes as the

entrance to the underworld where one communicates with the gods below. It's the place where the dead disappear, or the souls of the children come up, and so on. And then other places, especially mountaintops, are places where there is a special communication with the gods above. Think of Moses and Sinai, for instance. On the mountaintops you are closer, so to speak, to the upper gods. That's why Zeus lives on Mount Olympus. In Greece all gods and goddesses lived on high mountains, they live in other special places.

Now, Jacob didn't know that this was a sacred place. He concluded that from his dream. He said, "This must be a sacred place I am in because the dream has come to me."

That touches a mystery which we haven't yet solved; namely, we project our soul into a landscape. There is a complete soul geography in the world. Every nation and every civilization has such a geography. They have a place where one communicates with the gods above, a place where one communicates with the gods below, a place where there are good spirits, and a place where there are evil spirits. It is as if original man's unconscious psyche were spread all over the landscape. Certain places even cause us to shudder.

The Romans still believed that there was a spirit to a place. They called it the *genius loci*. When, for instance, they built a house or they made a garden, they always placed a little statue of a phallic symbol there to signify the spirit of the place: "May the spirit of the place be benevolent to me." And even today, if you go through a landscape with an open heart, you will notice that there are places you feel good and you feel uneasy and would like to leave. You don't know why.

The same thing exists in a house. Even domestic animals have favorite places where they lie, and others where they won't go even if you think they are suitable. One can rationalize and say it is because there is a cold draft or something like that, but that isn't always so. There are times when there is no rational reason. The animals just feel psychically comfortable in certain places and not in others. And we are just the same. We have our favorite corners, and we are angry if someone else sits there. We are exactly like dogs. So Jacob hit upon such a spot, a sacred place where, speaking psychologically, his soul

could open in a dream to a divine influence. He put a stone under his head and went to sleep.

Now, the stone is one of mankind's oldest symbols of the sacred. From the study of existing original tribes and archeological excavations, we know that original man probably worshiped stones. Certain stones were felt to contain sacred powers. For instance, still today the Australian aborigine believes that the spirits of the ancestor gods live in certain stones, and if a woman passes by these stones she can conceive a child. A child comes into her womb from these stones. The same was true for the Germans. They thought that the souls of newborn children came out of the tombstones on the graves of their ancestors. These ancestors would jump from the stones into the women's wombs and impregnate them. So the stone is a place where human life originates. It is very similar to the star; the eternal, everlasting substance of the human being was projected into the stone.

Now, with the sacred stone under his head as a kind of fetish which connected him with the Beyond, Jacob went to sleep as the sun set. The setting of the sun could be interpreted as going to sleep, the blocking out of consciousness. He went deeply into the unconscious, and in that moment he saw a ladder going up to the sky. Jacob's famous ladder on which angels go up and down symbolizes a continuous connection with the realm of the gods. For instance, shamans in their initiation climb into what they say is the sky, although in reality it's only a few meters. The tree or ladder or rope which they climb is their connection to that ghost world, the world of the gods.

Also, the medicine men in Tibet and ancient China were called the masters of the cord, because only they could make that connection. Only they could climb up to the sky. In other places it was a tree that they climbed. Each was simply a means to go up, step by step, and make a connection with the divine world. Later in the Renaissance in the seventeenth century, Jacob's ladder was interpreted symbolically as being the sounds and vowels of human speech, or the different qualities of the world, or the different numbers of the world. The basic idea of different systems of thought was projected onto the ladder. But in all these cases the ladder symbolized a continuous, constant

The Ladder to Heaven

connection with the divine powers of the unconscious. We could say the dream itself is such a ladder. It connects us with the unknown depth of our psyche. Every dream is a rung on a ladder, so to speak.

In that sacred place the Lord predicts Jacob's future to him. At that time dreams were mostly used as a means of predicting and knowing the future, and the Lord here predicts to Jacob that he and his descendants will spread over the earth and that the Lord will be with them. This confirmation that God is with him gives the fleeing boy the courage to go on. That's why when he wakes up, he calls this place the House of the Lord, Bethel, and puts a stone there as a mark. That's an age-old habit of mankind. Stones have always been markers of sacred places, and they still are.

When you use the word God, what do you mean psychologically?

Psychologically, I am using the word to mean anything which overwhelms us so completely that our genuine reaction is to prostrate ourselves to the floor, to venerate it, to fear it. It's that which is fascinating or frightening in a sort of blissful rapture. Anything which sweeps a human being completely off his feet. That has always been called God.

Are you using the word gods in the same way?

In the same way, yes. The difference is that polytheistic religions characterize different ways of being overwhelmed. If you are overwhelmed by terror, then it is Shiva the destroyer; if you are overwhelmed by bliss, then it is Vishnu. But in all polytheistic religions there are always assurances that really all those many gods are in fact just one.

And in a monotheistic religion, there is a secret polytheism. There are really many gods. For instance, in Christianity we have the Trinity and saints and angels. So that monotheism and polytheism penetrate each other. Sometimes the accent is more on the one who is also many, and sometimes the accent is on the many who are also one.

Do you think the gods are alive and well in suburbia?

Nowadays the gods are just where one doesn't expect them. They are mostly in addictions: the bottle of alcohol or some other drug. Wotan, the God of Rage, is, for instance, in a terrorist. He is simply dedicated to an overwhelming rage. The rage has him; he has not the rage. Rage is his God. So we have endless number of gods, but, because we don't venerate them or even look at them, they are mostly nasty. That's why when someone has his god in a brandy bottle, he must find a relationship to a spiritual god. He must drive out the negative spirit by a positive spirit.

In Jacob's time, angels were the messengers of God. Obviously back then people believed in angels. What aspect of the unconscious do they personify? Where do we see angels today?

Well, I can tell you what happened to my friend, Miss Hannah. We were driving into town and suddenly she stepped on the brakes so hard that I flew into the window. When I looked up, there was nothing in front of us. At that moment, a child jumped out from behind a parked car and ran right in front of our car. But we had already stopped. I said to Miss Hannah, "How on earth did you do that? The child wasn't visible when you stopped. It wasn't yet visible at all." And she said, "Something in me told me, 'Brake at once, brake at once.' I don't know what that was." Now, ancient man would have said, "My protecting angel told me that." It was as if a benevolent presence had interfered. Miss Hannah had no idea why she braked. She just felt as if a voice in her car was saying, "Brake, brake!" and she did.

You often hear stories of people who miraculously survive an accident. Someone falls off a roof and gets caught up by a tree branch, or has a bad car accident and theoretically should be dead, but is practically unhurt. That experience makes them feel that there was some intentional or meaningful agency at work which helped them or saved their lives. Moreover, the presence was not just a mechanism, because it acted with intelligence. That's why they feel as if it is a

personality helping them, something personal, something protecting and personal.

We have also, naturally, evil angels, who can lead us down the road to destruction. But generally the idea of angels comes from miraculous experiences in which we feel that some intelligent agency beyond us has helped us. We feel a presence. Angels are also related to the idea of the double. Most primitive people believe that humans are split as long as they live on the earth. They believe that they have a greater personality, an invisible double living somewhere in the bush, or invisibly accompanying them from behind. This double appears at certain moments. Today we would say that's the personification of the unconscious. If they see that double in outer reality, then the primitives say it is a symptom of death. So if a primitive is saved in such a miraculous way from an accident, he would think that his double had done it. The double and the protecting angel have a lot to do with each other.

To experience an angel is to experience that something more intelligent and greater than your ego is alive in you. It sometimes arranges your fate against your own will and may make you do things you do not plan. That is an experience I think everybody has had in their life at some point. Naturally, in higher religions that experience was transformed into the teachings that there are angels, that everybody has a good protecting angel and sometimes also an evil seductive angel. It is the battle of half-personified powers in our unconscious, for which we are not responsible. They were understood as messengers of God. Primitive man thought that God could not look after everything Himself, so the angels are His delegates who look after His creatures.

Many medieval paintings have angels as the messengers of dreams. They show a protecting angel bringing a dream to a sleeping person.

Yes, the angel was very often understood as being the personified essence of a dream, because, you see, dreams also save our lives. Sometimes we have a warning dream, and if we attend to it we can avoid all sorts of disaster. For instance, I would never take a flight if I

had a disastrous dream the night before, because I think that, if the unconscious took the trouble to give me a warning dream, I should attend to it.

We cannot explain this, but our unconscious does know more than we know. It is as if the unconscious is expanded into outer nature and has information which we cannot have. Therefore in dreams you sometimes get warnings or information about things you cannot possibly know.

Jacob accepted the authority of the voice that spoke to him in his dream and thereby his personal destiny was determined. If the inner authority remains unconscious, can it be projected onto a cause or an ideology which will then become the goal of the person's life?

Yes, you can either project it onto the personality of a spiritual or worldly leader, or it can become an ideology, an *ism* or a religious conviction, which you then accept as the highest goal and the determining factor of your life. That is just as possible. That's why wherever you have fanatical beliefs, be it in religion or in ideological systems, you have this projected outer star, so to speak, which you follow.

Can you give some examples of leaders onto whom people have projected the star?

Hitler was a malevolent star whom thousands of Germans followed, and Christ was a beneficent star whom millions followed. Naturally, there are false prophets and true prophets, good leaders and bad leaders. History finally decides.

You have the same situation when somebody elects a guru, or has too great a transference on a psychotherapist. The star, the uniqueness of the personality, is projected and one is fascinated by the person out there instead of following one's inner authority.

How does this apply to movie stars?

Teenage girls around the world try to dress in the same way as a feminine movie star and try to style their hair in the same way. She is

The Ladder to Heaven

their star, their ideal, the feminine personality they would like to become, and therefore they try to imitate it. It's the same with male movie stars. Boys imitate them. The "stars" represent the ideal, and as the ideal changes, there are always new stars with a new style which then appeals to a new generation.

Is this a good thing or a bad thing, or just a phenomenon?

I think it neither a good thing nor a bad thing. It depends on what one does with it. For instance, if the British hadn't projected their star on Churchill during the last world war they probably would not have stood up through the ordeal. Their complete belief in him gave them the courage to face those very dark times. So Churchill, being the star of the British nation, saved the British nation. In that case it had a beneficent effect.

The Forgotten Language

Behold, we were binding sheaves in the field and lo, my sheaf arose and stood upright, and your sheaves gathered around it and bowed down to my sheaf. . . . Then I dreamed that the sun, the moon, and eleven stars were bowing down to me.

—Genesis 37:7, 9

DREAMS HAVE DETERMINED the destiny of individual lives. They have also altered the fate of entire cultures. Dreams were crucial to the development of our western civilization.



Dr. von Franz, first I would like you to interpret the dream of a young boy, Joseph, who lived in a nomadic desert tribe almost three thousand years ago. His favored position in the family made his eleven brothers intensely jealous of him. One day he told his brothers his dreams.

Joseph was a bit naive to tell his family these dreams. Although they probably didn't interpret them consciously, they were hit by them and got angry.

The first dream says that the sheaves of wheat bow before him. Now, the sheaves of wheat were in those days a symbol for the generations of human life. There is, for instance, a whole symbolism

in Egypt—and you have allusions to it in the Bible—that man is like wheat: he blossoms, he is cut down by death, and from the roots he sprouts again. So the cycle of life and death and returning to eternal life has been projected onto the wheat. That projection exists as well in the Greek Eleusinian Mysteries and also in the biblical saying that if the corn doesn't fall onto the earth it doesn't bear fruit, and so on. Thus, when he dreams that the sheaves of wheat bow before him, it means that all earthly life, human beings as well as vegetation, bow before him. The dream shows his inner election as a leader.

It would be natural for some people to admire Joseph and follow him and imitate him, but not so with members of his personal family. As often happens when one member of a family is a genius, or outstanding in some way, the family reacts negatively toward him or her. Sometimes there are families who identify with the genius child, run the show with it and bask in its glory. But more frequently, if we read the histories of gifted, outstanding people, they generally have trouble with other members of their families who misunderstand their outstanding fate. They are jealous of them and desire to hammer them into shape. However, outstanding personalities generally have to pay in some way for their outstandingness. They often have some unpleasant characteristics which compensate for their greatness and are difficult for those around them to swallow. Now, Joseph naively tells his dream, and the family's reaction is well known. He then has an even worse dream. The sun and moon and stars bow before him as if he were the new sun, the new center of the sky. The dream presents a very exaggerated formulation of his election by the Lord.

From a modern standpoint, one must conclude that Joseph was not conscious of his importance, that he rather underestimated himself. If he needed such a dream, it shows that he probably consciously thought of himself as a very ordinary person, and that's why the dream hammers into him, "No, you are something special, you have a special destiny, and the sheaves of wheat and the luminaries in heaven will bow down before you. You are the center, you are the important person, on you everything will depend one day." That prepares him to

later take responsibility for his tribe. With such a dream, he had the courage to take the responsibility of a leader.

In your practice as an analyst, have you ever encountered a dream like Joseph's, in which a person was given his or her destiny?

Oh yes. I had for instance in my practice a painter whose predilection, as well as training, prepared him to paint very accurate renditions of things, and therefore, he earned his living by very accurate old-fashioned, photographlike portrait painting. That was his fashion, and he had a violent resistance to what he called modern art. He despised its destructive and impossible ways. Night after night he dreamt that he had to change his painting style completely and paint inner things and abstract things. For instance, he always used dark colors, but he had clear dreams that said he had to paint in bright colors. And he had, among others, one very disagreeable physical symptom; he was impotent. But as soon as he began to obey the dreams, his physical symptoms, including his impotence, disappeared. He was cured by completely changing his artistic style. He did not have to change his vocation. He had only to change his style.

I have had other people who had to change their profession, give up everything, and do something else instead. That's naturally always a terrible moment of fear and crisis. The neurosis of people frequently comes from the fact that they don't listen to their call, a call that in my practice occurs very often.

Years later, Joseph interpreted this dream for the Pharaoh. His interpretation saved both Egypt and the Jewish people from a state of starvation:

Pharaoh dreamed he was standing by the Nile and behold, seven cows, sleek and fat, came up out of the river and fed in the reed grass. And behold, seven other cows, gaunt and lean, then came up out of the Nile and ate up the seven fat cows.



The Forgotten Language

If we want to understand Joseph's interpretation, we have to relate it to the thought of his time. Now, the cow in Egypt was a mother goddess. In their mythology a heavenly cow covered the whole of heaven. A cow, supported by the god of air, Shu, was standing over the sky, and on her belly were all the constellations of the stars, so that when an Egyptian looked up at the sky, he looked at the belly of an enormous cow. Isis, the great feminine goddess, was also sometimes represented with a cow's head, as was the goddess Hathor. So the cow had to do with the cosmic maternal principle, with the principle of feminine fertility of both the earth and the sky. The sky naturally gave the rain in those dry countries, so the rain represented the milk of the heavenly cow which guaranteed all life.

Now, the number seven, according to the thought of that time, was associated with the seven planets and with the seven metals. It stood for a complete cycle. After seven, the cycle began again with the number eight. Still today we have seven days in our week and the eighth day is a re-beginning. The seven in the tradition of number symbolism is associated with a complete cycle of time.

So Joseph, working along those lines, thought there would be a complete cycle of time when the mother goddess would give plenty, and this would be followed by a cycle where there would be poverty. He predicted to the Pharaoh that there would be seven years of plenty and then seven years of hunger and drought, a prediction which fulfilled itself completely. That was the way he thought when he interpreted the dream.

If the Pharaoh had given you that dream, would you have made the same interpretation?

Yes. If I knew I had an old Egyptian pharaoh before me in my practice, I would talk in that language.

The third dream of destiny is one we've all heard many times at the Christmas season, perhaps without ever realizing that it is, in fact, a dream. After he learned that his young virgin fiancée was pregnant, Joseph dreamt:

Behold, an angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream, saying, "Do not fear to take Mary your wife, for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Spirit. She will bear a son, and you shall call his name Jesus, for he will save his people from their sins."



In the time of Joseph, people were still inclined, more than they are today, to believe in supernatural events. Obviously Joseph also had his very common and ordinary suspicions about the pregnancy of his fiancée, and he needed this dream to tell him that a supernatural and divine conception had taken place. In all religions, the central teaching contains such paradoxes, something which goes right against human experience. The essence of a religious saying is that paradox which asserts the superiority of the spirit over matter. In the materialistic world, there is no such a thing as a virgin birth, but by asserting it is so, the religious saying asserts the priority of certain inner, spiritual things above outer, material things. And you find the same thing in dreams.

Whenever people are too rational and too materialistic, the dreams point to something completely supernatural. I remember the dream of a woman who dreamt that she saw a little mechanical animal. It was made of diamonds, but it was alive and walked around on the floor. She consulted Jung about the dream, and he said to her, "That is to prove to you that the impossible is possible. You are still too rational. You think such a thing cannot happen. You are not open to miracles, and there are miracles. In the realm of the psyche miracles can happen."

Dreams assert the impossible. They say, "Look, you think that that's impossible, but it exists in the realm of the psyche. It does not exist in the realm of matter, but it does exist in the realm of the psyche." And Joseph also needed the angel, a messenger from God, to tell him in a dream that Christ was born in a supernatural way, conceived by the

The Forgotten Language

Holy Ghost. That is how most mythological heroes in different religions are born. The virgin birth is not something unique to Christ; most supernatural savior figures are born in such a way or conceived in such a way.

Joseph, according to the spirit of the time, accepted the dream completely literally. He stood up for the Virgin Mary, and protected the child, and carried all the difficulties for her without ever wavering in his faith. It must have been difficult for them, as one can easily imagine that the people around them talked quite differently about this event. So we see here how the dream unites certain people into a common action and how dream life is a community-promoting factor.

Some people think that by attending to dreams, one becomes a solitary lunatic, a funny kind of autistic person who follows his own dream in an asocial way. But that is not true. Very often dreams suggest a relationship with someone or something which doesn't occur to us at all in consciousness. They create social bonds and new social behavior just as they sometimes sever old social ties. But the dream is not at all an asocial phenomenon. Joseph might have turned against his wife and been destructive to her, but, through the help of a dream, he completely changed his attitude and supported her throughout life.

You've written about primitive cultures in which dreams play an important role in social life.

Many so-called primitive tribes—I don't like the word *primitive*, let's say people who still live in a natural surrounding and preserve their own natural culture intact from white influence—rely very much on their dreams. The Senoi tribe, for instance, educate their children to relate their dreams from an early age. Dreams are discussed and interpreted both in the family and in the tribe as a whole. Their social life and behavior is based on and oriented toward their dreams.

There is also an Australian aboriginal tribe which has a festival, Kunapipi, which lasts thirty years, a whole generation. Every year only a part of the festival is performed. At the end of each part of the festival, they assemble the tribe and ask for dreams about the ceremony.

The dreams are then discussed, and if there are proposals in the dreams to change the ritual, it is changed. So that the ritual always corresponds to their inner dream life, or their inner dream life always has a say in their religious ritual.

In Canada, the Iroquois Indians took their dreams very seriously. In fact, one of the massacres of the Jesuit fathers resulted from a dream.

A study I read recently shows that the Iroquois tribe relied greatly on their dreams and that their visions and dreams were of primary interest. During the time they were in difficulties fighting the whites, they especially tried to have dreams and to follow them. Some of their prophets even foresaw the disaster of their community in dreams. They also tried to prove the reality of their spiritual experience by telling their dreams to the white missionaries who were trying to destroy their faith by labeling it as superstition. The writer of this paper argues that this view of dreams is probably true for most primitive societies. But up till now anthropologists have overlooked asking about dreams, and consequently have not gotten much data on them. But it looks, from all we know at present, that most primitive cultures and societies heavily relied, and still rely, on dreams.

In China, there has always been an interpreter of dreams. Even now in the streets of Communist China there are specialists whom you can pay to have a dream interpreted, and from the interpretations I have read, they sound most modern. These interpreters are very good psychologists, and they have intuitions about the dreams of people which correspond completely to what we would say.

What can modern psychology learn from studying how primitive societies relate to their dreams?

That primitives are generally less technologically and rationally oriented, and therefore have a more natural outlook on life and on death and on their own inner life. They are better related to their instinctive life.

The Forgotten Language

We have become too lop-sidedly intellectual, and therefore we don't relate to our dreams, or we think in waking up that our dreams are silly and absurd. That's our first impression. The primitive man, who thinks more symbolically and has through his tribal traditions a more mythological and symbolic knowledge, has a better relationship to his dreams, and that means he has a better relationship to his inner life, to his instinctive life.

Is that part of the role of the analyst in modern society, to reconnect the individual to his own instinctive inner life?

Yes. That's why in Jungian therapy we offer the patient an opportunity to establish a unique relationship which is not a technique of therapy, but a personal encounter. That's why Jung said to forget all psychological theories when you meet the patient. Just meet him with your heart and your mind as a unique human being. Then every encounter is an adventure and the dream is that direct encounter. Among the thousands of dreams I've interpreted, I've never met the same dream twice. The dream is always unique and always comes at the right moment. It's a message from the powers of the instinct, the powers of the collective unconscious, a message which comes at a specific moment during a particular night which is meant specifically for the dreamer. The alchemists would say it's a message from the unique to the unique. Namely, from the divine center of the psyche to the unique individual pertaining to the unique situation one is in. That's why you can never predict dreams. You can never go to bed and say, "I'll probably dream about this or that." You will always dream about something completely different.

So at the source of the dream there is a creative mystery which we cannot rationally explain. It's the creativity of nature. It's the same creativity which has created what man could never invent: the millions of species of animals and flowers and plants on the earth. The dreams are also like flowers or plants. They are something unique which you can only marvel at.

PART FOUR

The Psychology of Men

Our Shadow Knows

*Two birds, inseparable friends, cling to the same tree.
One of them eats the sweet fruit, the other looks on
without eating.*

—Mundaka Upanishad

INSIDE EVERYONE LURKS a shadow. Behind the mask we wear for others, beneath the face we show ourselves, lives a hidden side of our personality. At night, while we lie helpless in our sleep, its image confronts us face to face.



Dr. von Franz, dreams reveal our unlived life through the character of the shadow. Psychologically, what is the meaning of the term shadow?

The word *shadow* is simply a name we use for the fact that most people are not fully aware of all their personality traits. We like to imagine ourselves as being intelligent, or generous or good-natured, or practically gifted, and what not. But we have other qualities in our complete personality, inferior qualities that we are not so aware of. Our relationship to our surroundings tells us about them, and in quarrels they come out. But we tend to push them into the shadow. We don't look at them, and when we think about ourselves we forget about these qualities, for they often make us ashamed. Only our best friends and

people we live with can generally point out these more inferior traits very clearly.

Perhaps you would interpret this dream which shows how the unconscious uses close friends to point out shadow characteristics. It's an amusing dream of a rather shy thirteen-year-old boy. He's an introverted kid who likes to read, play chess, ride a skateboard. On the other hand, his best friend, Chris, who appears in the dream, is exactly the opposite. He's an outgoing type, athletic and competitive. The two boys have been close friends for years.

I dreamt I was a huge eagle, and I was flying over the town, when I saw my friends, Chris and Mike, walking to school. So I swooped down and I shit right on top of Chris's head, and he had to go home to wash his hair. Then I was sitting on top of his roof and he was going back to school at lunchtime. So I swooped down and I shit right on top of his head again. And he went crying inside to his mother, and I thought it was the funniest thing I had ever done.

—thirteen-year-old boy



The two boys are friends, but they are also a contrast. The friend onto whom he shits is more of an extraverted boy who likes collective sports and wants to go out, and the dreamer himself prefers individual games and seems to be a more reflective character. And in the dream he is an eagle and is flying.

In heraldry the eagle is the bird of kings and leaders. As the lion is the king of the wild animals, so the eagle is the king of the birds. He has something to do with the power drive, but also with spiritual elation, with high flights in thought and fantasy. It looks as if the dreamer has a far greater capacity for fantasy than his extraverted friend.

Now, all introverted individualists secretly envy the extravert because the extravert is more successful collectively. In general, introverts have a certain feeling of inferiority toward extraverts. Extraverts also have them toward the other, but they never admit it. But the introverts generally admit that they envy the worldly, successful friend. And therefore in the dream the balance is restored.

Our dreamer as an eagle succeeds in shitting on his friend's head and by that act humiliating him. The friend has to go and get mama's help, and the dreamer has naturally an elated feeling of triumph. One could look at the dream a bit suspiciously and say that there's also a little warning that he shouldn't elevate himself too much above the friend. But I think it rather means a compensation. He feels a bit uncertain or inferior toward his friend and therefore the dream shows him this possibility: "Look here, you are the real eagle, you can shit on his head, so it's no problem."

Does the shadow only personify inferior aspects of the personality?

Well, most people identify more with characteristics which make them socially acceptable and therefore the shadow is generally awkward, inferior, and sometimes a bit evil or socially unadapted. But that is not always so. There are people who prefer to live their worst side, and then their shadow is positive. Criminals, for example, often live the worst side of their personality, and have a positive shadow. They have a well-meaning helper of man as a shadow figure. But the norm is to identify more with our positive and developed traits of character, and to push the more inferior side into the shadow. The most famous example is Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. That is a literary representation in which we really see how man and his shadow live together and act upon each other.

Everybody casts a shadow, so to speak. If we think a lot, for instance, our feeling side will be relatively inferior or undeveloped because we don't pay enough attention to it. Somebody who works mostly with machines and technical things tends to neglect his fantasy, or his artistic gifts. But if we repress the shadow we are only half people.

That's why there are in literature tales about the devil who steals the shadow from people. Then they are, so to speak, in the claws of the devil. We need a shadow. The shadow keeps us down to earth, reminds us of our incompleteness, and provides us with complementary traits. We would be very poor indeed if we were only what we imagined ourselves to be.

Where do we see our shadow in everyday life?

Whenever we are tired or under pressure, another personality often breaks through. For instance, people who are very well-meaning and helpful suddenly become ruthlessly egocentric. They push everybody else aside and become very nasty. Also, when people have the flu or are ill, you suddenly see their shadow side coming through. Or you have people who are always in a good mood and cheerful and enterprising, and then one day they become ill-tempered bears, and you have the feeling, "I've never seen that person that way before." There's a sudden change of character. That's the breaking through of the shadow. It can take on a thousand forms. Let's say you have a very good friend and you lend him a book. Now, it's just that book that your friend loses. It was the last thing he wanted to do, but his shadow wanted to play a trick on you.

Also it happens very often that people who are jealous play nasty tricks on each other. They lose their objects, or they don't keep their appointment, and so on. They have the best of intentions, but their shadow plays nasty tricks behind their back. It's also well known that policeman and criminals have a shadow relationship to each other. Many policemen fight their own shadow in the outer form of a criminal and would have a criminal inclination themselves if they weren't policemen. That is only one example which is well known to criminologists. We all have our favorite enemies, our best enemies, so to speak. They are generally our shadows. If people do some harm to you, then it's natural that you hate them. But if somebody doesn't do special harm to you and you just feel so madly irritated every time that person enters the room that you could just spit at him, then you can

Our Shadow Knows

be sure that's the shadow. The best way, then, is to sit down and write a little paper on the characteristics of that person. Then look at it and say, "That's me." I did that once when I was eighteen, and I blushed so that I was sweating blue in the face when I had finished. It's a real shock to see one's shadow.

Can a shadow side of our personality take the form of an animal in our dreams?

Yes, if a person represses or suppresses instinctive emotional responses, a hostile animal may occur in the dreams.

The more that people are self-righteous and never live their shadow side, the more they project it and see others as the evildoers. The righteous live in a constant state of righteous indignation, hunting down their own shadow in the form of the outer person. For instance, clergymen have very problematic natures because the community always expects them to be mild and friendly and helpful and virtuous. But the poor man or woman has a shadow too, naturally, which they can't live out. If they did, the whole community would howl against them. So they generally spend their relationship to evil by seeing it in other people and preaching against it.

Very often shadow figures pursue us in dreams in the form of burglars or dangerous enemies.

In general, if something in the dream pursues us, it wants to come to us. But by being afraid of it, we lend it an evil figure. If only we could face up to this side of our nature and accept it, it would probably become more benevolent. Naturally all rules about dream interpretation are paradoxical. We are sometimes pursued in the dream by powers of the unconscious from which it is right to escape. There are destructive tendencies in the psyche which we have to avoid. But eighty percent of what pursues us in dreams is really some valuable aspect of our personality which should be integrated.

The shadow is not one hundred percent evil. Often it is a kind of

Well, about three days ago, I had a dream which involved a tiger that suddenly appeared at my house. I never actually really saw the tiger's body; all I actually saw was the head.

In our house here at Eton, we have a long, long passage with doors on either side of our own individual rooms. I remember being in the bathroom, and this tiger was trying to grab me around the door. It had its head right underneath the door, and its neck was thin enough to actually get underneath the door. I remember standing there pushing really, really hard. I wasn't particularly frightened; it just appeared to me that this tiger was really against me. I just didn't want it to come in. Friends at the other end of the bathroom weren't at all worried about it, but I was. I was the only person that actually had any qualms about this tiger trying to get in.

—*Eton College student*

Do you have a temper?

I just can't stand it if someone's got it wrong and I know that I've got it right. I do have a temper. Yeah . . . How'd you know?



harmless brute, the man without good manners, the hairy man who is close to nature. Most often he is not at all evil—someone really very natural and likable and very important to have within us. But education forces our ego to wear a lot of masks, and then we behave in an unnatural way. We repress all sorts of natural animal reactions and simple human reactions out of politeness or whatever the social situation requires.

When people learn to know their shadow and to live their shadow a

I had the damndest dream. I was at the cottage, out in the woods with my girlfriend (who's now my wife) and a mutual friend who helped build the cottage. He's a really down-to-earth, woodsy kind of fellow—really good person. Suddenly a hairy ape guy appears and is making a pass at my girlfriend. I didn't like that at all, and I was ready to lunge at him when my friend put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Wait a minute. We will take care of this together." I looked around and said, "No, I'll deal with him." So I started talking to this hairy ape creature, telling him, "No! You can't have her. She's mine." And it turned out to be quite reasonable. I was quite surprised. Then it turned around and walked back into the woods.

—social worker, Toronto



bit more, they become more accessible, more natural, more roundly human. People without shadows, who are perfect, inflict an inferiority on their surrounding which irritates others. They act in a manner superior to the "all-too-human." That's why one is so relieved when something nasty happens to them. "Aha!" we say. "Thank God, he's also only human."

Analysts often try to be very correct with their patients, but sometimes they make a slip. And I've noticed that when I produce a real slip-off in an analytical hour for which the patient can powerfully reproach me, it improves our relationship. They feel, "Oh, von Franz is only human after all and now I feel above her and I'll pardon her." That's a good feeling. Then one has a more natural human being to human being relationship. So you see, the shadow is really our best social function. It integrates us into the group. With our good qualities we are above the group. With our shadow we are man among men

I dreamt I was in a large house, a mansion as it's called, and there was an exhibition of paintings and drawings there in a series of large rooms. The artist was a man called Sczabo—and I remember this very clearly: S-c-z-a-b-o—a name that means absolutely nothing to me. And yet the paintings, the drawings of animals, seemed familiar.

And then I was in another large room, outside the exhibition. There were a lot of people there, and it was obvious we were getting ready for a cocktail party. A man came up to me and said, "What costume, what cloak are you going to wear?" He starts to hand me a painter's smock. I say, "No, that's not me."

—*businessman*

*How do you account for the man offering you a smock?
Do you paint?*

No, I don't. I think those paintings are simply a metaphor for all the writing I should have done and haven't done. The smock is probably the costume I should be wearing if I were going to get serious about some of the things I should do.



and human, all-too-human. And that's why a shadow is very often represented in dreams as something important which should not be scorned but fully accepted with a knowing smile.

Now, to be aware of your shadow and also to live it somewhat in a social situation is often terribly awkward. Therefore, if somebody else within a group, or say, in a family, does something nasty, everybody's relieved because now they can say that the other person did it and not them.

Our Shadow Knows

We have a proverb: "The good man pays great attention if the other does evil." Then he can say, "Ah, it's the other, it's not me." And that plays a great role in the so-called scapegoat psychology. In certain groups, mainly in a family, a child or another member of the family takes on the role of doing all the evil the others would like to do and don't dare. Then they push that person more and more into that evil role. Probably even the criminal in society has a similar role; he's like a negative redeemer. He redeems society from having to face its own shadow, because then they can say, "It's *that* fellow who did the murder. I only wished to do it, but didn't dare to." And if somebody has a weak personality, a weak ego, he can even succumb to suggestions and act out shadow things which other people really desire.

In the shadow side of our personality we are mixed up with the surrounding world, and, though it's difficult, it is very important to know our shadow and to keep it out of the group phenomena. Otherwise, we weigh down our surroundings with all our unlive, nasty qualities.

In antiquity, the old Greeks and the old Jews and many other societies had the idea of the purification of the community by choosing some people as scapegoats and sacrificing them or driving them out into the desert. They carried with them the projection of all the sins of the community. They were the shadow. They paid for it, and then the others felt all right again.

Some people can remember a party where the devil suddenly got into them. With a little bit of alcohol, they misbehaved terribly, and the next morning they couldn't understand why they said and did all those things. That is generally not only a breakthrough of their own shadow but of the group shadow as well. The evil they acted out was not only their own evil, but also the evil of other people.

Is it possible then for a large group, say a political party, to project its shadow collectively onto another group of people?

The Nazi party did exactly that. They projected their shadow mainly onto the Jews. They accused the Jews of being greedy for money, of

sexually seducing and defiling all their women, and of striving for world power while, in fact, the Nazis themselves did precisely that. They clearly strove for world power. Money was their number one aim (for the sake of money they threw over all their principles), and in Nazism there was no recognition of the woman as a human being at all. They even defiled their own women by turning them into cows who had to produce soldiers. So you can say that all these things of which they accused the Jews were just what they were doing themselves.

At the beginning of the war, Hitler said of Churchill, "that criminal who pulls one little country of Europe after the other under his power and ruins it." Now, tell me, who did that?

That's a powerful example of the horror that can result from projecting a negative shadow collectively, but let's end our talk today on a positive note. Many people feel that dreams keep them in contact with their personal creativity. From your experience, does unlived creative energy reveal itself in dreams as an aspect of the personal shadow?

I remember a man who had great gifts in writing and who should have written his thesis for the Jung Institute. He had dreams that powerful animals pursued him, which I interpreted as his creativity wanting to reach him. But he didn't accept it. He always said it was sexuality. Now, actually, he had a woman friend and had lots of very satisfactory sex, and therefore I didn't believe his interpretation. But he didn't want to write and couldn't write, until he dreamt that he was pursued by a bull. He ran and ran, and the bull was after him, coming closer and closer, until at the last minute he jumped over a fence. The bull stood still and went onto his hind legs. And the dreamer looked back and saw the erect penis of the bull, and it was a ballpoint. So I said, "Well, there you are." After that he wrote an excellent thesis.

The Devouring Mother

*You are crueller, you that we love,
Than hatred, hunger, or death;
You have eyes and breasts like a dove,
And you kill men's hearts with a
breath.*

—Charles Swinburne

MOTHER NATURE IS THE womb of all life. She gives endlessly without reservation. But she is also the tomb. She ruthlessly kills and devours all living things.

The first woman a man experiences is his mother. Her sole purpose in his life is to feed his hunger, care for his body, tend to his comfort. Her power is immense. Her kisses caress his pain; her arms rock him off to sleep. She fulfills his every physical and emotional need. This maternal relationship between mother and child is one of Nature's most beautiful mysteries. But Nature is also cruel.

On entering adulthood, a male must leave the warmth of his childhood nest behind so that he may go into the world and build one of his own. Psychologically, to become a man he must separate from his mother and be reborn into a different mode of relating. Otherwise, he may be devoured by the mother and remain a son whose capacity for relationship is fixated in the nightmare of infantile dependence and psychological incest.

I always had this recurring nightmare when I was little. It was terrifying! Really terrifying!

—*salesperson, Paris*



Last night I had a nightmare where I was murdered. I was being murdered. . . . Honestly! I woke up crying. It was awful!

—*shopper, Camden Market, London*



I have . . . I have nightmares, not dreams. Nightmares! It's good to have dreams, but I wish they were not nightmares. Very often I have nightmares.

—*male bus driver, New York*



Dr. von Franz, what are nightmares? Why do we have them?

Well, nightmares are substantial, vitally important dreams. They wake us up with a cry; they are the electroshock Nature uses on us when Nature wants to wake us up. The word *nightmare* comes from *mare*, and the idea was that an evil ghost in the form of a black horse was riding you in the night, and so you woke up with a cry, completely exhausted.

The waking-up point of the dream means the bang with which the unconscious says, "Now, that is it, now attend to that!" And so the nightmare is really shock therapy. It wants to shock us out of a deep, unconscious sleepiness about some dangerous situation. When we have nightmares, it means we are in a psychological danger of some sort and much too sleepy and unaware of it. Then we have a nightmare

The Devouring Mother

to wake us up. The nightmare has a characteristic of a certain urgency, as if the unconscious would say, "Look here, that problem is urgent!"

For instance, there may be an incubus, a male oppressing the female partner, or, on the other hand, a succubus, a female draining the energy out of the male partner. If they are present, the sexual problem is urgent, has to be attended to, has to be made conscious. One cannot just push it aside and pretend it doesn't exist.

The central female figure in this man's dream is a succubus, a blood-sucking vampire.

The dream began very strangely when, out of the rain and the darkness, appears this very beautiful black Brazilian lady. She had on a woollen—it may have been a very dark green—woollen coat down to her ankles, very thick and heavy, and her hair was black and she was beautiful. Her hair and coat were wringing wet as the result of being out in the rain, but this didn't seem to bother her. She came toward me, and stood in front of me. And at that moment in time something told me that I had met this woman before. In fact something hinted to me that maybe she was a vampire and not so beautiful as she appeared to be, so I was hesitant to do anything about her.

She smiled and beckoned me toward her. But I was resistant. Finally, she opened her coat. She had on a beautiful bikini, and her body was very black and beautiful and shiny in the rain. I was tempted and finally I went over and embraced her. I slipped my hand down inside her bikini and fondled her. Then I looked at her mouth and noticed that the two front teeth were missing, which gave me a clue that maybe she really was a vampire. But I wasn't absolutely positive. Then she said, "John, I don't want your hand, I want your penis. I want you to make love to me." I said, "No way, no way," because if I did that I'd be lost.

Once I entered into her, she would become a real vampire and then I'd be finished.

And so I decided to withdraw and resist the temptation. I moved backwards toward the door of my house. She is very angry at this, and somehow or other I seize hold of a screwdriver to protect myself. I want her to go away. I don't want her around me, so I rattle her teeth with the screwdriver. At that point in time I notice that the side teeth have in fact grown and extend down over her lips. They are really fangs. In fact she really is a vampire. I wasn't mistaken.

I am even more afraid. So I run into the house, and attempt to lock the door, but the door doesn't seem to lock very well, and I don't know whether I'm locking the door or I'm unlocking the door. Then something tells me that the mechanism of the door lock is faulty, and it suddenly hits me that no matter if I lock the door, this vampire has the ability of transforming itself from whatever person or to whatever place it wants. So there's really no escape.



This man obviously has developed what we call a tremendous mother fixation, and that amounts to having a very lofty image of a woman. Somewhere there's an ideal woman image in his heart, and the dream tries to warn him by telling him his fantasy life, his sexual fantasy life, is sucking his blood and is going to destroy him because it is unrealistic.

Such men are not open to a permanent relationship with a woman. They experience it as a tie, as being devoured, as being pinned down to earth. He tries to defend himself in the dream by pushing a screwdriver into the mouth of the vampire. The screwdriver probably (excuse me for using the word) has to do with screwing. He thinks that he can escape the devouring mother via the vampire, that he can keep away from his neurotic estrangement from himself by screwing a lot of women. But that's now how he can depotentiate the vampire.

The Devouring Mother

The dream tries to tell him it's a ghost which is haunting him because, actually, he's haunted not by reality but by a fantasy which is draining his whole psychic energy. He has the impulse to dream about life and to make wishful fantasies about life, instead of living life. That's why vampires and "Draculas" and creatures suck one's blood. The blood is the emotional, active psyche in us, the affective psyche. After being sucked by a vampire, people have no activity left, or no life activity left. They just sink into passive, wishful dreams.

That is really the characteristic of most negative or split-off complexes. If we reject or split off some complex of our psyche, then it begins to sap our energy secretly behind our back. It turns slowly into what is aptly represented by the image of the vampire, something which attacks us in the night and sucks all our blood. Then people feel that they simply don't know what is happening to them. They come into analysis and they say, "I feel listless, I just feel tired, I just don't want to do anything. I wake in the morning already depressed. Nothing means anything to me any more. I have no interest or anything." And then one finds that this vampire is a complex which has been split off so radically and so powerfully that it can only sap energy. It can no longer manifest in any other way.

Would you give an example of how a split-off complex might operate in a person's life?

Think, for instance, of a nun who says that she has sacrificed her sexual desires to Christ. She has no sexual fantasies or any sexual feelings toward men. But, in fact, she has just cut off her whole sexual personality. Or, for instance, people very often cut off certain gifts. They may have a gift for music, but since their creativity means hard work, they decide, "My musicality is not significant enough to develop. I'm giving up playing the piano because it will never lead anywhere." And with that decision they cut it off. But there is something in that person which wants to express itself in music, and that split-off energy becomes a vampire.

Aggression can also be completely split off. People then simply

decide they have no affects, that they are not annoyed by anything. Feeling types do that. They like a harmonious surrounding, so even if their children and their partners annoy them madly, they just assume that they are not angry, that it doesn't matter. They have a pardoning attitude, but, in fact, like every normal human being they are raving furious. However, they just don't want to have that fury, and they succeed in cutting it off.

Would you describe the roots of a split-off mother complex in a man's unconscious? What causes a man's feminine side to develop so negatively?

A strong mother complex develops when the mother has been the more impressive parent. She may not be the more impressive personality in reality, but the boy might have been more impressed by the mother than the father or, perhaps, more connected to the mother than to the father.

You can see this happen in a family in which there are several boys, yet only one of them develops a strong mother complex. He reacted more to the mother from the very beginning. Perhaps he was similar to her or felt closer to her for some reason and therefore was more impressed and influenced by the mother. If he is impressed positively, he develops a positive mother complex, or, if he is impressed negatively, a negative mother complex. Now, it is important to understand that every man has a mother complex, either negative or positive, so it is nothing pathological. It's merely a characteristic of how a man has reacted to his parents, which precipitates the way he will react to the opposite sex. What we are dealing with in this dream is a very strong mother complex.

Now, the devouring mother on the personal level may be demonstrated by the fact that many women are overcaring for their sons and try to keep them back from life. They begin by being anxious, "Don't do that. It's dangerous. Don't go out to play with the boys. You could fall and wound yourself or get hit over the head." They also have trouble when their sons begin to date girls. They say, "I very much

The Devouring Mother

want you to marry and I'll be very glad if you do, but *that* one—*that* girl you bring home now—no, no, she is not the *right* girl for you.” They try to keep the boys too much in their clutches. That is the foreground of a woman who exaggerates her maternal, protective qualities.

Dr. von Franz, would you describe a man's subjective, inner experience of the devouring mother complex? How does he experience his feminine side within himself?

Generally she appears in men as an element of romantic, unreal, mostly sexual fantasies. You see her, for instance, in puberty when young men are very active, and then suddenly they become passive and dreamy. It's as if they are not there. Their performance in school goes down tremendously, and one has the feeling, “Where has that young man gone?” He is up to the neck, so to speak, in daydreaming sexual fantasies. At that age it is a normal transition, but if a man gets stuck indulging in wishful sexual fantasies, he literally falls into the hands of the vampire or, psychologically, the devouring mother. He loses his capacity to take his own life in hand. He loses his willpower. He loses all his male efficiency and just daydreams all the time about women and their curves and would-be romantic adventures. He lives an unreal life.

Once I saw a man, forty-three years old, who had never approached a woman. He was still living with his mother. I asked him, “What on earth are you doing with your sexuality?” He gave a secretive smile and didn't confess, but I knew he just masturbated wildly every night. Then he dreamt that he was living an ordinary life in the daytime, but at nighttime he was living on a luscious island where he had wild sexual adventures with women. That was the fantasy world into which he had disappeared. In a primitive tribe, one would say such a man had been bewitched. He is bewitched.

How does a man whose femininity is locked in the mother complex experience women in outer life?

If a man has too close a tie to his mother, especially a positive one, then he tends to idealize women. He sees in every woman the Beatrice of Dante, so to speak, or the Virgin Mary, and then such men cannot approach women with their lower parts, with sexuality, and in ordinary human life. Or they have a split anima situation: they admire a very unapproachable, lofty, beautiful girl from afar and satisfy their sexual desires with prostitutes. They cannot bring the two together. One can say that love involves these two extreme opposite elements. On the one side, a romantic spiritual ideal; on the other, a biological drive for the procreation of the race, something very much on the animal level. And these opposites somehow belong together in a relationship. But a man who has never freed himself from the mother cannot put the princess and the bitch together, so to speak.

For such a man, an outer relationship with a woman can work as long as it is an adventure or a love affair and the woman fills out his needs and fantasies. The trouble begins if he marries her and has to live with her in everyday life. There is no human being; there is no warmth. There is no possibility of a human relationship.

There is also an archetypal background to this which is shown in fairy tales by the motif of the princess locked in the tower. In one of the most famous, the princess Rapunzel is imprisoned by a witch. It's the mother figure behind the scene which brings forth the constellation. And when this happens, both lovers cannot meet on earth. Only when Rapunzel has come down to earth from her tower and the prince has wandered around in the desert in misery and pain can they finally meet.

I think nowadays movies touch many of these essential psychological facts and replace fairy-tale telling and myth telling of former times. Movies are our modern form of myths and fairy tales, and therefore movies which tell about the inner world, as fairy tales do, are attractive to the public, because we really need myths to have an orientation toward, a mapping out of, the dream world or the unconscious.

In past time there were the innumerable myths of vampires which fascinated people. These tales were retold all over the world. In China, for instance, there are a whole host of ghost stories in which a man

The Devouring Mother

meets a fox, and then the fox turns out to be really the ghost of the dead, who turns up again as a beautifully made-up girl. He has a marvelous life with her until one day he discovers that she is an evil demon. She is a skeleton. And then sometimes it ends badly. She pulls him into death, or, with the help of priests and magicians, he frees himself from the demon. In the Swiss Alps, also, we have stories about cowherdsmen who live high up in the mountains for the whole summer without having women. Every night the Deggeli, a female ghost, comes invisibly to the door and rides them all the night so that they have dreams of sexual pollution. In the morning they wake up completely exhausted and can hardly move. They are overwhelmed, so to speak, by sexual fantasies and by the unlive life.

You know, men very often experience that same energy drain in their relation to an institution. They feel split. They are torn between their feelings of security in an unfulfilling job and their desire to leave the company and pursue their own creative energies in life. Many do not leave, however, because they are unable to sacrifice the material rewards afforded by the corporation. Will a man with a mother fixation carry that mode of relationship over into other aspects of his life? Can the devouring mother complex also be projected onto a collective institution?

Yes, wherever there is an institution, people tend to become infantile and wish to suck that institution for money, to ask for loans and stipends, to use it as benevolent mother. The universities are even called—or they were in the past called—*alma mater*, the benevolent mother. I think one element of the devouring mother archetype is what one could call inertia. All big institutions have the tendency toward a certain inertia. They are not flexible, and therefore they are, so to speak, material blocks, situations which are *just so*, and men who have a mother complex feel content and well in that situation. So the mother, the devouring mother, can be easily projected onto a plant, or a big organization, or an institute or university or even a country. Some even have feminine names and in former times were often represented as a fat woman. America is still represented by a fat

woman. But at least she's holding up a light. That's making it a bit better.

Are you suggesting that the era of the mother is coming to an end? It seems to me that like the man who was unable to leave his mother's home, we are now being forced to separate from the security of our traditional modes of relationship to search for new means of relating with each other. It's as if mankind collectively is going through an initiation rite. What do you see as the underlying cause of this upheaval in human relations?

Well, I would say that the panicky feeling produced by the threat of an nuclear war, combined with the sudden realization of the problems of pollution, has created a basic change in our attitude toward relationship, mainly perhaps in the young people, but I think my generation as well.

Humanity is fully aware of the fact that we will have to change our way of life in some fundamental way. There is still a lot of quarreling and discussing how and why and in what form and so on, but I think everybody agrees that we have to find some way to peacefully live together and not destroy each other by a nuclear war and that we have to deal differently with nature than we have done up till now. Also, we have to change our too rational mode of life. In the book by Marilyn Ferguson, *The Aquarian Conspiracy*, you see what we are going through, that everywhere there is a parallel change of attitude which the Germans call a *Zeitgeist*, a spirit of the age.

In history, this type of change is well known. For instance, if you look at the art of the thirteenth century as compared to Renaissance art, you see how much the spirit of the time had changed in those few hundred years. Suddenly, as if collectively, the whole of mankind had a different outlook. In the medieval art, everything is concentrated on the divine. There is little perspective, practically no landscape. There's no representation of animals, trees, and worldly things. And then, in the Renaissance, suddenly there is a switch to discovering nature, the human body, and the perspective of space. That is only one very

striking change which everybody knows in retrospect, but such a striking change seems to me to be constellated again today.

That's why keenly interested, intellectual people cannot avoid asking the question, "What is the change of our time? What is our situation?" Especially under the threat of a nuclear war, which preoccupies practically everybody's mind, there is a kind of desperate look at the sky: "What does it mean? How could we change? What is coming?" This kind of anxiety is everywhere.

We are still living in an age, at the end of an age, where the opposites, Jupiter and Saturn, good and evil, spirit and instinctive physical drive, are in great opposition. We are torn apart by opposites, which in political terms would amount to having a war at any minute. We have even on one side of the Iron Curtain an anti-Christian principle ruling, and on the other side officially still, a Christian outlook ruling. So the Iron Curtain is dividing Jupiter and Saturn, so to speak. That's only the earthly image of what is happening on a much deeper level in the human psyche of every individual.

Slaying the Dragon

*For all Christ's work this Venus is not quelled
But reddened at the mouth with blood of men,
Sucking between small teeth the sap o' the veins,
Dabbling with death her little tender lips—
A bitter beauty, poisonous-pearled mouth . . .*

—Charles Swinburne

THE DRAGON TO BE SLAIN is the negative mother complex. The devouring dragon is the devouring mother, and the violence of the encounter is proportionate to the tyrannical hold of the mother, a hold that saps the son of his strength.

When the mother complex is overcome, the man is freed to develop the feminine side of his nature. This side Jung called the *anima*, which is Latin for "soul." She animates life and connects a man to the deepest reaches of his being. But because his femininity is initially identified with the mother, it is essential for psychic growth that this identification be broken, that the anima be detached from the mother. When the separation does take place, the son may then go on to establish a mature relationship with a woman, one in which she is neither idealized nor degraded.



Dr. von Franz, one of the most famous dragon slayers was the king of ancient Thebes, Oedipus Rex. The Oedipal myth has become a part of

Slaying the Dragon

our everyday vocabulary. How did Oedipus overcome his mother complex?

The Oedipal myth is a very complicated thing, in spite of what the Freudians say, and cannot really be looked at separately from the Greek culture. In Greek traditions, a man had to overcome the mother demon. This encounter occurs in the Oedipal myth when Oedipus has to answer the riddle of the Sphinx, the Sphinx being a maternal mother demon, a devouring mother figure. He did it by giving a witty, intellectual answer.

That is one way certain men escape the devouring mother. They do not slay the dragon; they outwit the dragon. They build up a kind of mental, masculine realm of their own where their mothers cannot follow them. Nowadays, they might be the men who study theoretical physics and become very intelligent. In Greece, such an escape into the intellectual or scientific realm was accomplished by the society around Socrates and Plato. It was an escape into the pure men's society of philosophers and scientists where they would live among themselves. And we know that they were mostly homosexual, and that Socrates, for one, didn't get on with his wife, Xanthippe, at all. He had a very unhappy marriage.

In other words, in the Oedipal myth, the problem of the feminine and getting away from the mother are only seemingly achieved. There must be another round in the battle with the Great Mother. And that is what the Oedipus myth mirrors. Oedipus thinks he has answered the riddle of the Sphinx and happily goes off, believing he has outwitted her. But it is an illusion. She, by her evil witchlike behavior, has tricked him by pretending to commit suicide. "Now," he thinks, "I have overcome the mother with the powers of the mind." But he is deceived. He simply runs into marrying his own mother, and consequently suffers the divine punishment bestowed on those who partake of incest. So this myth shows that a masculine, intellectual overcoming of the devouring powers of the unconscious is not enough. It has to be done by the way one lives, not by the way one thinks.

For example, I once listened to the dream of a young man who was

She came up slowly toward me and she sat down next to me, you see. And at this moment I became acutely aware of her presence, because I could feel her wet leg against my wet leg.

—*male college student*



To the right was a window in which sat a young woman in her early twenties. She had long mousy brown hair. It was greasy and . . . ah, almost dead. Her face, too, was dead. She simply sat staring out into the street, and yet not staring at anything.

—*male choreographer*



Finally she opened her coat. She had on a beautiful bikini, and her body was very black and beautiful and shiny in the rain.

—*male English executive*



Yeah, I've got a woman in my dreams. Brown, sun-tanned, blue eyes, blonde—typical California girl. That's what I'm here for.

—*male Australian student*



living still with his mama. He was twenty-nine years old and had never had a girl in his room. We seriously discussed the possibility of his getting a room outside his mother's home. He was terrified. He was a very sensitive, delicate boy, and his mother had a very brutal, strong

Yeah, I have dreams, wet ones, all the time!

—*barrow boy, London market*



Oh, she's about five foot five, a hundred and thirty pounds, looks pretty nice . . . ah, measurements is 36-24-36. Healthy!

—*salesman*



Dreams? I have good ones. My dreams are usually things sexual. They usually come true. You know, usually about my girlfriends.

—*young Frenchman, Paris*



Normal dreams of a man are surely about wives, you see. That is absolutely normal.

—*male Swiss shopkeeper*



No, no, I haven't seen her yet. But I'm still looking, though.

—*male bus driver*



personality, and he was just terrified of the moment he would have to tell mother, "Look here, I'm going to take a room outside, and I'm not going to live with you anymore." When he was trying to make up his mind to move out, he dreamt that he had to slay the dragon. Though telling his mother that he had to move out seems like such a

little thing to us, for *him* that was slaying the dragon. It was overcoming a monstrous neurotic difficulty within himself. His whole mother complex was involved, not only facing the scene with his actual mother, but overcoming also the inertia and the anxiousness of his own mother complex. His mother had sown in him an anxiousness, a fear of life. He had to overcome that terrific fear to make that step.

And that is an archetypal motif all over the world. The young man has to do the heroic deed of killing his mother, or the mother dragon, or the mother demon, which is his lethargy, or anxiety, or fear of living a masculine life. And it won't help the young man only to understand that he has a mother complex and that his neurotic symptoms come from his mother tie. He has to actually take the other room and stand the battle.

If he takes the other room, does he have to understand why he is doing it?

Yes, certainly. Otherwise at the next occasion, when he runs out of money, he moves back to mama again. Perhaps he might find a disagreeable landlady in his first room, so he moves back home again. It is vitally essential for him to understand why he separates from his mother, that it is not just a technical change in his life.

Many societies had rituals to help boys separate from the mother and enter into the world of men. Would you describe some of these passage rites? What was their function?

If we observe our own lives, we can see that aging is not a process of slowly getting older. We do not gradually evolve. It goes in jumps. Think, for instance, of the tremendous leap from childhood to adulthood which occurs at puberty. The awakening of sexuality going together with the awakening of religious longings and feelings of philosophical needs. Suddenly the child asks, "What is the meaning of life? Is there a God?" and so on. No one asks more profound philosophical questions than youngsters in puberty. At that age these are burning spiritual questions. As well, on the other side, they

discover their own sexuality and experience all the fantasies involved with it.

Another big step occurs for women at menopause when the tremendous physiological change necessitates a readaptation to life. Not so visible, but now generally recognized, is the midlife crisis which men suffer. This very often becomes a marriage crisis. So you see, we do not gradually grow up and get old, but rather life moves in swift, crucial transitions.

Now, if there is a neurotic disposition or some other mental disease, it generally breaks out at these moments of transition. Then the personality is blasted apart or becomes psychologically sick. This was observed even by original man and therefore, in those societies, all the big transitions in life were accompanied by so-called *rites de passage*, rites of transition, rituals to help people make the step over the threshold.

Funeral rites are one of these great rituals. The symbolic performances are to help the dead person get away from this earth into the beyond and also to aid the survivors in reestablishing their psychic balance. The ritual has really a therapeutic function; it protects man from the dangerous invasions of the unconscious. We have spoken before of how the unconscious world of fantasy can be very dangerous because it can pull us away from our adaptation to reality. The rituals provide a protection. By enacting, so to speak, a collective dream, we stop the unconscious fantasies from invading our personal lives. For example, a woman might lose her husband and mourn too much and sink into a deep depression. The funeral ritual comforts her and helps her to reestablish her role in life. That's why funeral rites in primitive societies often end with a great positive drunken feast and a lot of sexuality. By going through the ritual, they make an assertion of life, as if to say, "Now that is over and now we want to live again."

And so all rituals on earth are healing gestures. They are symbolic performances which heal the psychic wounds and help us to make the great transitions in life. But through the activities of our missions and the giving up of our Christian rites we have destroyed the rituals, and more and more modern man is lost when he comes to such crucial

situations as the death of a relative or making the step toward becoming adult or getting married. These are now the moments when modern people very often become neurotic or fall into a crisis. They can't make the step. Dreams at these times can be most helpful. Very often you can see that the healing dreams, the positive dreams, are helping to take the place of a ritual. They tell us what we need to know. For instance, somebody who has not been comforted by a meaningful funeral of a dead friend might dream of a wonderful feast together with that friend in the night. By attending to the dreams one is returning to the original psychic source from which the ritual stemmed.

Now, so-called primitive societies have many of these rituals. The most famous, the one which has been studied most by ethnologists, is the ritual of initiation where the young men are initiated into the secrets of the tribal law and even the secrets of sexuality. They have to leave mother and their home; they are secluded in the bush; they are symbolically devoured by a maternal monster; they are reborn; they have to generally stand a lot of torture. They are sometimes also homosexually assaulted by the older men with the idea of injecting them with their masculinity. At the same time, they are instructed in the secret law of the tribe and its religious traditions. When a young man has undergone all this ritual of transition, he is a full member of the tribe. He is a man. Many tribes call the ones who are afraid, or for some other reason not initiated, an animal. They say, "He's not initiated, he's an animal," meaning he is still with the mother. He has remained in an unconscious animal condition. He has not taken the step necessary to become a human being.

Are there any societies that don't have these rites of initiation, where men do not break the dependent relationship with the mother?

Well, we have not many sociological matriarchies. But I once read a book about a South American Indian tribe where there was actually a sociological (not religious but sociological) matriarchy. There the women were happy, fat whores ordering the men about, and the men were lean, submissive, nervous creatures who planted the fields and

Slaying the Dragon

did the work for the women. On the positive side, there was earthly wealth and gratification of sexual drives. But on the negative side, there was no spirit whatsoever. It was a world of total stupidity, of only living; living very agreeably, but no thinking, no idea of spiritual realization at all. And the men, accordingly, were unhappy, submissive, rather poor creatures.

You've just reminded me of an article I read recently in which an American journalist satirically described North American society in a very similar way. He said it is producing women who are jackhammers and men who are wimps.

There is a certain danger that we may develop in that direction and just end up like that Indian tribe. But generally, these things balance back and forth. There will be another generation of men who will, in male protest, put things into a middle position—or *try* to put things into a middle position. The ideal seems to be that neither men dominate nor women dominate, but that there is a kind of equal relationship. A balance of opposites.

That same balance of power is exactly what the unconscious is striving for in the psyche of the individual. This next dream illustrates the tremendous power of the mother complex and the struggle involved in a man freeing his anima from the black moods of the devouring mother.

It was a hot summer's day, and I was walking with a gorgeous black woman through rolling green country along the side of a jungle. We'd known each other for a long time, and I called her my goddess. It was my pet name for her.

Suddenly she stopped and said, "I have a problem." I didn't understand what she meant, but instead of telling me with words she pulled down the strap of her dress and bared her shoulder. Her black skin on the top of her

shoulder was peeling where it had been exposed to the sun, and under the top skin, underneath the black, her skin was golden-white. She looked at me and said, "If I keep seeing you, it's going to happen all over my body. I've got to talk to my mother and get some advice from her about what to do."

We walked on, and as we approached some farm implements, two black guys suddenly came running out of the jungle screaming that they were going to take her back to their village.

I said, "Hell, I'd rather die than have that happen. You're not going to do that. You're not going to take her back."

We started to fight, and when I woke I was winning and I knew I was going to win.

—*white male dreamer*



The transformation of this beautiful black woman on a hot summer day reminds one of a very old tradition. *The Songs of Solomon* begin: "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem." There we have the black Shulamite who is later transformed, according to medieval tradition, into a white woman. She is redeemed by Christ, her bridegroom, into becoming a white woman. This motif has also played a tremendous role in the legend of the Queen of Sheba, who was the ancestress of the Ethiopian kings. She is a black woman who came to meet Solomon and was identified with the Shulamite of the Songs of Solomon. She was a black woman who was the beloved of a white man. A white man meeting with a black woman and transforming her over time into a white woman has always fascinated Western mythology.

The same motif exists also in the grail legend, where Gamuret marries Belacane. Their son is Feirefis, best friend and half brother of Perceval. He is speckled black and white, a mixing of black and white, the mixing of the opposites of the light and the dark.

In the alchemical tradition, the transformation of the Shulamite or the Queen of Sheba also plays a tremendous role. One of the recurring fantasies of the alchemists was that the matter which they wanted to transform into gold was initially black. They compared it to a black woman who then takes off her skin or black garment and is transformed into pure gold. Notice that in this dream the woman's skin is golden white under the black.

The black garment represents a typical feature of the undeveloped inner anima figure. Just as we shall see that the animus in women is sometimes destructive and negative, the black anima is relatively negative in a man. The black anima indicates that his whole capacity to love is mostly autoerotic. When a man has not developed his anima, his feminine side, he is generally very narcissistic. That's what a woman painfully feels when a man is meowing under her window like a tomcat. He really loves his own fantasy. He loves his own being in love, but that's a long way from learning to love her and not merely enjoying his own being in love. And often in literature, a young man, when he first discovers the experience of love, is completely autoerotic. It is a fantasy out of which, through a painful development, he has to learn to love the woman, not as the object of his romantic fantasies, but as a human partner.

The peeling of the skin of the black female and the transformation into a white golden anima is the transformation of the loving capacities of a man, the transformation of his Eros from a primitive autoerotic fantasy into a true human capacity for love.

As soon as this transformation takes place, he then is attacked by primitives who want the woman to remain black and stay with the blacks in a black village in the jungle, which would mean the dreamer would lose his relationship with her. This shows the regressive power of the mother complex. He has a strong primitive tendency to relapse again into the old attitude. But the dreamer can successfully fight it off.

It has been said that in our society the woman most in need of liberation is the woman within every man. I've dreamt of all types of women: old and young, thin and fat, virgins and prostitutes, ugly and beautiful

. . . my sister, my mother. I've even had dreams about you. How can a man make sense out of the profusion of forms his femininity takes in his dreams?

The anima has many stages and embraces a great range of psychological facts. Jung said there were four major images of the anima: Eve, Helen, Mary, and Sophia, the wisdom of God.

Eve would be the biological woman, and when she appears as a man's anima she would be biological sex, physical attraction, motherhood, the image of the ordinary attractive female. Helen is on a higher stage. She would represent the hetaira of the Greeks, their form of the geisha. She represents cultivated women with whom one can have not only a sexual adventure, but also exchange poetry and have philosophical conversations. She would be the spiritual companion—companionship together with romantic sex. The next stage is the anima figure in Christianity. She is the Virgin Mary, who is the highest form of spirituality, but a bit too one-sidedly high up. The Virgin Mary is lacking the dark Eve side of woman, the earthy shadow side, the more biological, wider, more natural side of the anima. So she is a bit too lofty an ideal. Therefore, the fourth stage, the wisdom of God, is, as Jung smilingly noted, a comedown, because wisdom is not such a virtuous spirituality. Wisdom is closer to life. It is present when a man knows how to love women and knows how to relate to women and has wisdom at the same time, a wisdom which protects him from their devouring side. The highest form of love is also something with a grain of salt in it.

What do you mean by that?

I won't say.

Psychologically, how do you explain love?

I flatly refuse to explain that! It's above me.

Looking through the Moon

. . . Beside this picture I would like to place the spectacle of the starry heavens at night, for the only equivalent of the universe within is the universe without; and just as I reach this world through the medium of the body, so I reach that world through the medium of the psyche.

— C. G. Jung

THROUGHOUT HISTORY men have projected their inner woman, their anima, onto nature. But of all the many manifestations of nature which have carried this projection, the one which retains its numinosity even today is the moon.

THE MOON

And, like a dying lady lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapp'd in a gauzy veil,
Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
The moon arose up in the murky east
A white and shapeless mass.

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,

Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That find no object worth its constancy?

—Percy Bysshe Shelley



The moon also symbolizes a man's feminine nature in these dreams of a university professor.

A few months ago I had a dream which I can recall very vividly. I was driving in a car with a young woman. At the beginning of the dream, she seemed to be a particular person I know, in fact a former student of mine. The central part of the dream involved an episode where I could look out through the top of the car. It was at night, and I could see the whole dome of the sky very vividly. The stars seemed to be extremely close. I could see them not as points of light but as spheres, as solid spheres, and I could make out all kinds of details such as the rings on the planets Saturn and Jupiter, which one wouldn't normally see. Even in the dream itself I remember being very, very impressed by this. I remember remarking to my companion that it would be a beautiful night to go for a walk.

—male professor



When this dream begins, he is driving by night with a female companion. Therefore he is not at home; he is not in his professional situation at the university; he is not milling around in a pub with other people; he is driving at night with a female companion. One could then ask him, "How does one feel in such a situation?" That's a

situation where one relaxes, puts aside one's daily worries, and feels close to nature. One is open to seeing something new. What else he has in mind depends on his relationship to the feminine companion. It suggests a situation of positive companionship in contrast to intellectual effort or social amusement.

It is night. In the night we are inclined to be more open, more romantic, more reflective, because our attention is not drawn away by telephones and other things. It is a moment of relaxed reflection in which the feelings and the repressed sides of the personality come up. Now he looks up to the sky. The sky has always been one of the most fascinating sights for man, and in history, the stars were divine figures, gods. Even the Bushmen in the Kalahari Desert see in every star constellation the Great Hunter or the Great God. The stars are the realm where, according to myths, our soul comes from and where it returns after death.

Think of the history of astrology, which has spread not only in the West but also to India, China, and to every high civilization. They all have their astrological traditions. The stars serve to prognosticate the future not only of a person, but of mankind. In China a whole group of astrologers had to watch the sky day and night and report to the emperor all the signs they saw, which were then interpreted as relating to the fate of the Chinese empire. In a similar way, in antiquity, everything was seen in the sky.

Dr. von Franz, do you feel there's a relationship between the constellation of stars in the sky and the destiny of individuals or even of mankind?

The constellations in the sky represent the background constellations of great historical events, as if in our deep unconscious we are not isolated, but we are somehow linked up with the whole of mankind and mankind is dreaming an ongoing dream. This is what accounts for the changes in politics and religions.

If you think for a moment how much the outlook of mankind has changed in just the last thirty years, you will see how quickly such big

collective changes take place. Naturally, intelligent human beings reflect upon the deeper processes behind outer historical events. To look at the sky could therefore be seen as the dreamer looking at the deeper constellations not only of his own personal life but also of our society. The word *constellation* itself comes from the word *stella* and therefore means star togetherness, mankind together with the stars.

He needs an orientation: "Where am I in this time? What is my task?" So he looks up to the sky and sees all those beautiful planet constellations, especially Jupiter and Saturn, which are very close together. Now, the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn has a long history. It occurred twenty times quite close to the birth of Christ, actually seven years before Christ was born, according to historical tradition.

Now, Saturn, as is well known, is an evildoer. Scorpions, serpents, the donkey, and so on, belong to his realm. He is a dark, destructive spirit. Jupiter, on the other hand, is in general the star of the kings, of the King of Justice, of worldly expansion, of magnanimity and all the positive qualities of a royal personality. Christianity was thought to have originated in a time of these extreme contrasts coming together, the dark and the light and the body and the spirit. Everything was torn apart into enormous opposites and conflicts. The whole idea was that the age of Christianity would be characterized first by the domination of Christ, the Jupiter spirit, and then by the anti-Christ, the Saturn spirit.

The combination of Saturn and the moon (which we will have in the next dream) was seen as predicting a time of revolution, great religious doubt and change. So when he looks for the constellation of this particular time and also of his own life, the dream tells the dreamer that there is a combination of extreme opposites. It is a moment of change in which destructive and constructive forces are constellated simultaneously.

In the dream he is only impressed by the beauty of the nocturnal scene, and proposes to leave the car and go for a walk. This is a big step forward, however, for he gives up his car, his mechanical way of moving through life. When you walk, you are slowed down and in

much closer touch with nature. You go step by step; you feel the country; you feel the earth; you feel the trees and the air around you. That is the positive change which comes about from this vision of the sky.

This idea of finding his orientation in the night sky is repeated in his second dream of the same night.

I was standing outside my parents' house in Dover, England, looking up at the sky at night. I could see a moon. It was a crescent moon, with three very bright stars grouped underneath it, more or less following the curve of the moon. This configuration struck me as very unusual. I wanted to see it more closely, so I looked at it through some kind of lens arrangement (I think I had a simple lens in my hand). When I looked through the lens at the moon and the stars, I then saw the moon as full, but the three stars were still visible behind the moon, through the actual substance of the moon itself.

Then, as I continued to look, I could see the moon divided. It was like the moon appears when it's crescent and you can see the ghost form of the full moon continuing around the crescent, but the two parts were substantial and completely balanced. In the dream, I thought of the division of the moon in this way as some kind of yin-yang symbol. . . .



The moon in historical tradition was always looked upon as dominating the transient, changeable world. There were also the masculine, eternal constellations, the realm of the Platonic ideas, so to speak, where nothing changed, or changed only through very long historical processes. But the moon was an ever-changing, feminine constellation.

It ruled over the menstruation of women, birth and death on earth, over the animals, the tides, and so on.

The prominence of the moon in the sky in this dream can be seen as reflecting a collective situation, namely, the coming up of the feminine archetype. A typical characteristic of our time is the emergence of a strong feminine element. It can be seen both in the liberation of women and also in the psychology of men. That is shown in the dream by the fact that the moon is now dominant.

And the three stars that are shining through the moon?

I would think that the three stars represent the Christian Trinity, which are three male divine powers from which the fourth element, the moon, the feminine, has been excluded. When the Christian tradition is characterized as being purely patriarchal and purely spirit-oriented, it does not include the feminine, the earth, the body—the element which is now coming up.

Then the dreamer looks closer, and he sees that the three stars are behind the moon, as if they had disappeared behind the moon and the moon is now covering them up. They are still shining through, however. It is only that the moon is now in the forefront, so to speak. That would mean that the feminine is now moving into the foreground. The Christian Trinity is not eclipsed, but it has to step into the background behind the feminine principle of the moon. The moon when it is new or nearly eclipsed is very close to the sun, which means that the feminine principle which is coming up is not to dominate as the masculine has done before, but rather that it is striving to be in connection with the masculine, to have a *conjunction* of sun and moon.

He associates, in the dream, the outline of the full moon and the dividing line that indicates where the new moon actually is shining with the yin-yang symbol, the well-known symbol of the play of opposites in Taoistic philosophy. In that case, the dark side would be dominant, though it is about to topple over into the light side. That would be, so to speak, the crucial moment when the dark side, which has been dominant in our time, is about to give way to a new light.

At this point in the dream I went inside the house, and as soon as I had gone inside I had the feeling of being a little child again. I was being left alone in the house, and I was worried about the door being locked securely.

I noticed there was some activity going on at the back of the house. My father was there unloading some kind of material from a truck. He seemed to be bringing in some sand. . . .



For this type of intellectual man, tasks of everyday life—cooking, sewing, looking after the kitchen, money, and so on—are a heavy burden, and sand generally carries the association of meaninglessness, sterile, earthly things. So, for him, up till now, the earth is meaningless and sterile, a bother, so to speak, which he drags along but would like to avoid. That had probably been his father's problem and has now become his. It is as if the dream says, "That problem of your father is with you too. You too have this problem."

His father is unloading sand from a truck. That would mean more of the sand is coming. The heaps and heaps of earthly things which he will have to deal with are going to accumulate. This is due to the fact that the moon now dominates the scene. Now the feminine, the changing world of the body, is important. Now he has to attend to his physical life.

The scene then changed again in the dream, and this time I was in some kind of jet or rocket ship very, very high up. The atmosphere is the identification that came to mind. I was stretched out full-length in the rocket ship, somehow constrained by having my thumbs hooked into two rings. I was alone in this craft, except I had the sense that my father

was also there. I knew he was there, although there was no explicit communication between us.

At various points while we were on this flight, other similar rocket ships, crafts, came close, terrifyingly close in fact, but they never hit us. There was no danger apparently of a collision. Then I became very frightened about something. I couldn't quite identify what the problem was. There was some physical sensation that was affecting me. I thought maybe it was hunger or thirst, but it didn't seem to be that, and eventually I decided it was the extreme rarification of the air. It was difficult to breathe. I knew I must leave the space ship and return to earth.



The situation in the dream has to do with the fact that the dreamer is a professor who has obviously a brilliant, far-sighted mind. He is someone who doesn't bother about little things, but goes directly to the essentials of the problem in his field of modern literature. But he himself is terribly confined within that spaceship; his thumbs, in particular, are tied. He can hardly move, and it feels suddenly terribly uncomfortable.

The thumb, if you think of the fairy-tale character of the dumbling, is the dwarf of the fingers and has mainly to do with creativity, with creative fantasy. Up till now he has obviously confined his own creativity. Perhaps he should become a writer on his own instead of studying the writing of other people, or in some other way become more artistically creative.

The dumbling or the thumb is also the trickster. It is a spirit which enjoys its freedom and plays tricks on the dominating bourgeois world. This side, the trickster side, the mischievous, creative side of his personality, has been completely confined, probably because of his professional situation, and it should now be liberated.

So he suddenly realizes that he is confined in his intellectual realm, that the air high up in university circles is very thin to breathe, and

that his creativity is hampered. The positive message he receives from the dream is in the last sentence. The last sentence is always the solution, if there is a solution. He realizes he has to come down to earth. He has to leave the spaceship and return to earth.

How does the dream address the dreamer's unique, individual psyche, as well as the much larger collective problem of the feminine principle in our time?

The dream first answers questions which he must have had in his conscious mind, deep questions: "What is the situation of our time? In what kind of age do we live?" Naturally with his interest in literature he is concerned with these questions because the whole of modern literature keeps asking them. And, as poets have also always been prophets, there is a secret longing to look in modern literature for the signs of the time. The dream deals with that, answers that, and only toward the end returns to his life situation. It makes an excursion into the situation of our time to say that the feminine—the body, the earthly, the ever-changing material world—is now becoming important. It has to be lovingly attended to. And then the dream focuses on him personally, "And for you that means you should come out of your spaceship and return to earth."

The dream closely parallels the dream of King Gilgamesh we looked at earlier. Would you say that this modern dreamer faces a similar life situation to Gilgamesh?

Like Gilgamesh, the dreamer of this modern dream is also in the situation where the first half of his life has been fulfilled and he now is looking to the sky for orientation. The first thing he sees is the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn. It tells him that he belongs to the age of extreme opposites and that Saturn, the animal man, and Jupiter, the spiritual man, are in opposition, as they are in Christianity.

Then in the second dream he sees the moon, the feminine principle, and after that he realizes suddenly that he is in a spaceship and has to

come down to Earth. We can say that this realization at the end of his dream, that he has to come down to Earth, is exactly what Gilgamesh had to realize after the star had fallen upon him. Namely, he had to realize and make friends with the earthly man, who, in the Gilgamesh Epic, first attacked Gilgamesh. They had a battle before becoming friends and going off on their heroic journey together. So we can expect that this dreamer will now have to meet the earthly man alluded to in the figure of his father, who is carrying a sack of sand. This sack is the load of earthly tasks and bodily existence which the dreamer must integrate into his own life before he can go on to fulfill his fate.

His fate will have to do with an integration of the feminine principle, which is the moon. That fate is different from the Gilgamesh epic. At that time, the matriarchal world of unconsciousness had to be overcome by the hero. Nowadays, some four thousand years later, the situation is reversed. The feminine principle has to be integrated, not overcome. But, in both situations, the star and the appearance of the star have to do with trying to read or realize the unique meaning of one's own importance within the cosmos.

We are just a particle of dust, somewhere living on a particle of dust, somewhere in the cosmic universe. If we look with scientific and collective standards at our life, it is completely transient and meaningless. But if we look within and we look at the stars, then we come to realize that within that cosmic infinity, we have a unique task to fulfill, which we generally experience as what we call the meaning of our life.

The Inner Bride

The anima is the mover, the instigator of change, whose fascination drives, lures, and encourages the male to all the adventures of the soul and spirit, of action and creation in the inner and the outward world.

—Erich Neumann, *The Great Mother*

THE ANIMA in her developed form acts as a mediator between the man's ego and the Self. It relates him to the source of his being. These dreams show the feminine component of the male psyche transforming into this link which connects the dreamer to the source of life.

In the beginning of the dream they were rehearsing a play in a church in modern times, and two actresses were nailing the Christ figure to the cross. The cross was lying flat on the transept of the church, and I could hear the sound of nailing, which was terrifying. Yet somehow they were only tying the person onto the cross—not nailing. When that was finished they raised it up in the church, and the figure on the cross was very high. It was extremely dangerous for that person.

Then the scene changed to the actual performance in the church. The actor who will play the Christ comes solemnly processing down the isle, and to my amazement, it's a woman. Not only that, but my wife, although not my actual wife in reality. She's dressed in a simple gray cloak held at the neck with a brooch, and she's heavily pregnant. The whole crucifixion scene is repeated as in the rehearsal, and she's raised up high. It's very moving and absolutely magnificent.

Then the scene changes again. It's after the play and we're walking home. I look at my wife, who's walking on my left side. She has fair, short-cropped hair and a slim, boyish figure despite the pregnancy. She reminded me, I thought afterwards, of the actress Jean Seberg in the film of *Joan of Arc*. And as I look at her, I'm filled with pride and love for her. But . . . ah . . . none of this I say to her. I keep it all to myself. Then the dream ends.

—*male dreamer*



First we have to look at the fact that the main figure of the dream is the pregnant wife of the dreamer, but not his actual wife. It is a figure whom he associates with Joan of Arc. If a person dreams of a husband or wife who does not resemble their actual partner, it means the inner wife or the inner husband. That is, the main anima and animus figure to whom they are, so to speak, always inwardly married. It's the inner marriage.

At the beginning of the dream, there is a kind of mystery play which enacts the crucifixion of Christ. It is a bit dangerous because the cross is high, but still it is only acting. This mirrors exactly the religious situation of our time. Christianity has become, in one way, an historical reminiscence. It is as if we are rehearsing some of our historical past, turning the past into an outer imitation.

The problem is that the churches have taught us to imitate Christ

in the wrong way, namely, to imitate his outer actions. I would call that to ape Christ, and this aping of Christ has not gone under our skin. We have not become Christianized. If you look at the history of the Western world and its wars and bloody fights, you see that the Christianization has not reached us. We are Christians with our lips and outwardly, but when it comes to psychological facts, we are completely pagan barbarians. We make pious historical reminiscences. We read the Gospels. We have them repeated in church, but many people are not touched by it.

This dream tells the dreamer that now something unusual is going to happen. Namely, this mysterious, pregnant wife of his is going to be crucified in the place of Christ, and he trembles in realizing the solemn performance. That is *the* crucial moment when the Christian teaching, or the mystery of what Christ represents, reaches his own soul.

This inner wife who is crucified is the dreamer's soul. It is his anima. The anima in a man is his feeling personality, his sensitivity, his awareness of inner things. If a man has a positive relationship to his anima, he is receptive to the spiritual processes in the depth of the psyche. That is his feminine side. And the crucifixion, which symbolically means being extended between the opposites, to suffer the utmost clash of opposites, is caused by his anima. The two opposites are brought clashing together. That's why when Christ was on the cross he said, "My God, my God, why has Thou forsaken me?" He was absolutely torn between the opposites, blotted out between the opposites.

This central teaching of the Christian mystery is now going to be realized by the dreamer's soul. That means he will suffer it; he will go through it, and will then begin to feel that the Christian teaching is a psychological reality. It's not some gesture out there which we have to ape, or some kind of conventional behavior which is being taught to us by parsons and priests. It is something which touches us and concerns our innermost psychic being.

It has been taught by certain Christian mystics that we should be Christified, that the true imitation of Christ is to become Christ

ourselves, to be transformed into Christ ourselves, inwardly or psychologically, and that is what the dream predicts is happening to the dreamer. After that experience, he will now be a Christian. He will know what it means to be crucified between the opposites, and he will know what it means to carry his own cross and to carry his own destiny to the ultimate.

Christ, in a way, is the model of a man who went along with his own fate and carried his own cross and fulfilled his own task without wavering or giving in to any collective pressure. That's why we worship him as a man who has become God, as God who becomes man in him. He carries that out. And the dreamer is now carrying it out. The Christian teaching is now reaching his soul.

He associates this crucified woman with Joan of Arc, which is an appropriate association because Joan of Arc was such a crucified figure. She didn't ape Christ; she imitated Christ by living her own individual destiny, right through the cross and right through even outer death.

Dr. von Franz, in contrast to the other anima figures we have seen in men's dreams, the woman in this next dream doesn't instigate dramatic action. Rather, her beauty creates a sublime mood. The dreamer said it was the most beautiful dream he could remember.

I dreamt that I was walking along beside an enormous river, the current was swift, and the light was flashing back off the water. On top of a hill was a castle surrounded by a moat. I walked across the drawbridge and into a central courtyard of the castle. A woman was sitting on the wall of a well in the center of the courtyard. She had a ladle which she lowered down into the well and held out to me. I took it and drank the water. Then she again dipped the ladle and gave it to me a second time. I drank, and she repeated the same procedure a third time. I drank again and then sat down on the edge of the well facing her. She had on a sky-

blue gown—an exceptionally beautiful woman. Just sitting there with her filled me with an incredible feeling of peace.

—male dreamer



We have seen before that the dream world and the unconscious psyche show their positive face to us only if we go with life, if we don't refuse to live.

Let's look first at the river beside which the dreamer walks. We often speak of the river as the flow of life, the flow of time. Time is a river which ends in the ocean of eternity. Life is a river which begins with the youthful spring and finally ends in the sea of the Godhead, and so on. The river is a famous simile for the ever-moving, ever-changing facts of life, which are really the ever-moving changing of our psyche substance which carries us.

Think for a minute of this strange thing: our ego consciousness is blotted out for hours every night and returns, identical, the next morning. Why should we not wake up and be somebody else? We are completely continuous with ourselves. So there is something which apparently carries our identity through all our life. Even though our body changes its cells every seven years and we have practically no old cells left in our body after seven years, we still remain ourselves. There is something like an essential psychic substance in us which carries our identity throughout life. That is the river, this mysterious flow of life. And there, by the river, he meets the woman at the well.

One thinks of Christ's conversation with the Samaritan woman, one of the few meetings where Christ in a meaningful way encounters the feminine and takes up contact with it.

The anima in her developed form is in man the capacity for love in contrast to the power drive. It is loving for love's sake in the highest form. That's why this woman appears in a medieval castle surrounded by a moat. She is in the so-called French *courts d'amour*, courts of love, where for the first time in Western Christian civilization there was a realization of the anima. There each knight elected a woman of

SONG

Lady, Lady on the Cross
Was it I who crucified you?
And am I too up there beside you?
Like a robber to deride you
Lustre mixed with dross?

Pregnant Lady on the Cross
Will the man-child that's within you
Bursting forth, all stiffening sinews,
Live his life but not unpin you?
Gain but at what a cost.

In this act I play the Pilate
Lifting the curtain for a start.
Author and producer
There's nothing finer
Than to be both audience and stage designer.

When I'm down and at a loss,
That's the time I seek to free you
But give me the strength to nail and be you
Splayed upon that suffering tree
You pregnant Lady of the Cross,
Pregnant Lady of the Cross.

—*dreamer*



What did you get from this dream?

That I have to pay much more attention and give more value to this feminine, feeling side of my personality. It is not easy for a man to develop his feminine side because you can't just say, "Ah, this is my inner femininity. I've found it. I've got it. Good! It's in my pocket. Now I don't have to bother anymore."

That's only the beginning. If a man is going to integrate his femininity, he has to give up some of his masculine achievement. Then he is going to feel badly about that. And so it is a conscious, difficult struggle. It's a pendulum that swings to and fro from one side to the other, and each time it hurts because each time it means giving up something which is himself.

I understand that you use your dreams in relation to your creativity.

Writing songs is the most important way that I've always used to further explore my dreams. I take perhaps not the whole dream, but only one image as the beginning of a song which I write, just using the guitar and strumming to myself. And then, once I've got the song, I look at it to see in what way the song has expanded the dream; in what way it has got me deeper into the image. This moves the image around to get at bits that I don't know, because the dream is certainly trying to tell me something that I don't know.

—dreamer



his choice, who was not his wife and who represented his beloved anima figure. He made poems for her, and he did his heroic deeds for her. He worshiped her like a goddess. Those men grew out of their barbarian warriors' behavior and became cultivated people. They were men who could relate to women, men who cultivated their capacity for love, their sensitivity. It was the time of the grail legends, of the troubadours, of the story of Tristan and Isolde.

The church didn't like this development, as it led to all sorts of complications and made people a bit too independent, so they suppressed it. Interestingly enough, when those *courts d'amour* were suppressed and the knights were made to worship the Virgin Mary instead of their idealized mistresses, the witch-hunting began. The feminine became negative, and alluring, interesting women were pursued as witches, all because the beginning development of love life was suppressed.

Now, when we are confronted with the problem of renewing the relationship between the sexes and finding new forms of relating between man and woman, we have to go back to the Middle Ages, to where the problem was left behind, in this castle with the moat. There the problem was deserted and left to form the one-sided masculine rational development of the West. We therefore have to return. In our time the anima development is most important for men, as is the animus development for women.

In the dream, what is the symbolic meaning of the anima offering ladles of water?

This dream speaks through its beauty and its feeling value and needs not much rational explanation. The only action is that the anima figure three times gives the dreamer some of the water of life to drink. The anima has the water of life, and the water of life is difficult to define. Let me put it this way. We know that when people feel well, they say they feel *alive*. Even if they might have sufferings and difficulties in their life, there are times when people feel alive. Then, when people are in a neurotic fix or in some trouble, they say, "I'm

When I'm down and at a loss,
That's the time that I seek to free you,
But give me the strength to nail and be you,
Splayed upon that suffering tree
You pregnant Lady of the Cross,
Pregnant Lady of the Cross

—*dreamer*



dead, I'm inwardly dead, I don't live." This shows that being alive is not only a physical fact; it is a psychic fact.

We are alive when we feel alive, and what makes us feel alive is the contact with that flow of the unconscious psyche. That's why dreams are so important. You can say that each ladle full of the water of life is a dream. That's what a dream is. Every night, we get, so to speak, a sip of the water of life, and, if we understand the dream, we are vivified. We feel in contact with our psychic depth and with our own living substance, and then we subjectively feel that life is flowing, that we are alive.

PART FIVE

The Psychology of Women

Hell Has No Mirrors

Whoever you are—I have always depended on the kindness of strangers.

—Blanche DuBois, in
A Streetcar Named Desire

MODERN WOMEN ARE rejecting the bondage of our patriarchal heritage. They are conscious of a greater potential of life within them and no longer experience self-worth in only being an object of a man's desire.



The following dreams, although individual, echo the unconscious psyche of many women. They show the un-lived shadow in the unconscious, which can be integrated, a creative resource which can give life a new direction.

I dreamt that a woman was trying to see herself in a mirror, and she said, "My husband has taken it away so he doesn't have to look at me." And her friend who was a woman said, "My husband has done the same thing, and I could kill him."

Then there was the figure of a woman floundering in the

sea, and a male voice said, "She always used to like to swim naked like this early in her career." It was Marilyn Monroe, luminous and white, with her yellow hair spread out on the wave, much like the calendar shot where her yellow hair is over the red velvet. The only problem was she didn't have any legs or any arms, just her trunk. She seemed to notice that I was watching and turned her whole torso, or what there was of it, toward me. (It was just the trunk, luminous and white and sad-looking, floundering in the water.) And I caught the expression on her mouth, which was painted and red, but so sad. And I said, "She always turns when she knows she is being watched, hoping to catch desire in the eyes of sailors."

—*female dreamer*



At the beginning of the dream is the strange disappearance of the mirror twice. One would think that if the mirror is taken away, the woman could not look at herself again. But the dream says the husband takes the mirror away so that he need not look at her, which is a complete dream absurdity.

So we have to first ask ourselves, "What is the mirror?" In the mirror we reflect, the mirror reflects, our image. The word *reflect* has a double meaning. It also means to reflect upon oneself. To think, to reflect, means to bend back upon oneself, to find one's own identity. And the mirror shows one's true face objectively. Therefore, it's very often a shock to look at oneself in the mirror. And if you think of the mirror in the fairy tale of Snow White, it tells the truth to the old witch. It says that Snow White is more beautiful than she, and the witch gets furious at that. So the mirror is what shows the true reflection, what shows the true identity.

Now, both these women at the beginning of the dream accuse their husbands of having taken away the possibility of seeing their own identities. That is what some members of the women's liberation

Women's great problem today is that they are living under the curse of Daddy, a Pygmalion Daddy, who has a very clear idea of what he wants his little girl to be. He's saying, "Be what I want you to be, dammit!" And she grows up thinking all the time what Daddy is thinking about what she is doing. And she's satisfied with herself if she doesn't live up to his standard.

—*female dreamer*



movement say: "It's our husbands who steal our identity." They do not have their own identity. They feel raped, or they feel that their own feminine identity has been stolen from them, and the cheapest response is to accuse the husband.

Now, the husband may have contributed to this response because men naturally carry in themselves all sorts of aesthetic and romantic ideas about the ideal woman. Generally the image they carry is influenced by their mother. If they loved their mothers, their wives should be as like their mothers as possible. If they hated their mothers, their wives should be as different from their mothers as possible. And, as women have a natural tendency to comply with the wishes of their surroundings, to relate personally to their surroundings, they very often feel forced to play a role toward their husband, to fulfill his expectations instead of being themselves. Naturally, they then feel bitter, as if their husbands had stolen from them all possibility of being themselves.

But, in general, that is a projection. It is really their own masculine drive, their animus, that has estranged them from their feminine identity. It's the result of social life in general and not of their husbands. But the plain result in the dream is a feeling of despair, of having lost the mirror, which is the possibility of setting oneself as one really is.

"What are your associations to the dream?"

"Well, there are two plays. One, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, in which Blanche seeks her identity in the kindness of strangers. I saw the eye of the sailor in the dream as being that kind of mirror. The other play is Jean Paul Sartre's *No Exit* in which three people are in hell. One woman is a nymphomaniac. Because there are no mirrors in hell, she does not exist unless one of the other two characters looks at her. She has so little self-identity."

—dreamer



Now, Marilyn Monroe is a very ambiguous figure because she played the ideal feminine figure to millions of men. She was trained by her mother to play that role from a very early age, and so she acquired the tragic fate of an actress disidentified from herself. She played a star role and lost the feeling of who she was in private life. She had an obsessive fantasy in her youth that she was entering a cathedral and the whole congregation, which had been looking toward the altar, turned around and stared at her. Nobody looked at the altar, the place where God appears, becomes real, or incarnates in the human world. They looked at her. She was the goddess.

This being identified with the goddess is naturally extremely dangerous. That is the inflation we talked about before. And so Marilyn Monroe in reality lost her identity and died a tragic death, as everyone knows.

How does a woman learn to play the anima of a man?

Learning to play the anima to a man is begun very early. The little girl notices that when Daddy comes home tired in the evening and she gives him a darling smile, he allows her to do all the things that

When I had this dream, it seemed to me that it was a collective dream that mirrored something very wrong with women in our time, some terrible problem of women whose lack of self-identity makes them look for mirrors in the eyes of strangers or lovers, instead of thinking of loving themselves. And the fact is that Marilyn, who was the goddess of love, was incapable of love, and killed herself in despair because she felt she was not loved. But her real horror was that she could not love.

—dreamer



mother had forbidden her to do all day. And in this way she discovers her power as a woman.

Now, a little bit of that is very good because it gives her her feminine self-confidence. She discovers that as a woman she is somebody. Why, she can even put Daddy at her feet. But if she succumbs to this power drive and makes it her profession to rule men with her charming smile, then she gets off the track. For if a woman has this tendency of playing the anima to her father, she assumes a divine role because animus and anima are mythological and belong to the dream world and not the outer reality. Therefore, a daughter who is flirting too much with her father and getting into too close an incestuous relationship with him generally assumes a secret inflation. She elevates herself to the dignity of a queen and assumes that every man has to be at her feet, exactly as she forced her father to be. Gradually, she develops a certain haughtiness and feels herself to be something special. She becomes unapproachable to ordinary men, and those men who try to approach her feel that she is a princess and not someone you can comfortably take into your bed and have an animal relationship with. Girls who have father's princesslike attitudes, therefore, have great difficulties in

Although I realized that I might also participate in this dream, I didn't see it as particularly personal until a year later. Then I suddenly realized that for fifty years I hadn't used my hands. I had cut off my arms. So I set up my studio and started to paint.

—dreamer



relating to men and are in danger of not marrying and bearing children because, as soon as it is a question of a man advancing toward them sexually in ordinary human life, they are walled up by a kind of wall of invisible unapproachability. Father's dear little girls often become princesses locked in a tower unapproachable to ordinary men.

And so we can interpret this dream in a double way and say, "Thank God that Marilyn Monroe has died in that woman." The woman in her who wants to play a role, who wants to make a social career, who wants to be stared at by every man, that woman in her has died, and the only good thing would be to give her a decent funeral. But we can also see it from another aspect. Marilyn Monroe represented to her public, as her own fantasy shows, the goddess that is lacking in the Christian church. She and other film stars like her are elevated to divine rank. Greta Garbo suffered the same tragic fate. She was too identified with the goddess, but fortunately, she was frightened by it and finally ran away. Their tragic situation exposes a problem of our civilization: we have no official goddess to worship. Some actresses or beautiful women are worshiped instead, but they can't carry that projection. They don't know how to carry that projection. So you can say that the drowned Marilyn Monroe figure in the dream is the divine woman within the dreamer who should have developed as the inner divine nucleus of her personality, her star, so to speak, her inner star which got lost in an ordinary worldly career. Understood in this way,

Marilyn Monroe should not be buried, but rescued and brought back to life again.

The two interpretations seem to contradict each other, but they don't. They are two halves of the same coin. The dream is ambiguous. It simply shows the dreamer her situation as it is. What she does with it and the way she reacts to it is still open to possibility.

Would you comment on the fact that in the dream Marilyn Monroe has no arms or legs?

The arms are generally the organs of action, and the legs are the organs by which we stand in reality. So that divine feminine image cannot act because it is not anchored in reality. It is completely mutilated.

The same woman dreamt this next dream almost three years after her Marilyn Monroe dream.

Well, I dreamt I came home to my dark living room, a well-like, sunken living room with stairs leading up to a sleeping area. Apparently it was my own living room, although it resembled the well-like lobby of an inn where I was entertained the evening before the dream. I went upstairs, and in the middle of the room was a strange, dark-haired foreign woman whom I had never seen before in my real life. I said, "What are you doing here?" And she said in broken English that she had come to look after my things while I was away to see that nothing was stolen. I said, "I don't believe you. How dare you intrude into my private space!" I struck her first on one cheek and then on the other. I was surprised at my violence, and she ran away in tears.

Then the scene changed into a kind of basement cafeteria, apparently under my apartment building, though in the dream it reminded me of the location of the social

event I had attended the night before. The manager, who was in reality my host from the evening before the dream, was instructing the waitresses how to run things, and I noticed that one of the waitresses was the dark young woman intruder whom I had encountered earlier in my apartment. I looked at the manager, but I couldn't make out his face. It was not in focus, just like during a vision test I'd had the previous day when I couldn't see the examination card. And then I overheard a conversation in which it became clear that the manager had sent this young woman to my apartment. I become acutely embarrassed that everyone would know I slapped her, and I begin to feel rather badly that I dismissed her so summarily.

Next, I'm upstairs in a narrow bed in a room of my own. The room is very narrow, very like the room of someone who's left a marriage, a very bare, cramped hotel room and entirely unlike my own bedroom with its armchairs and bookshelves and paintings and tables loaded with sculpture and things. But in the dream I plainly recognize this narrow room as my own. I am trying to pursue some study or interest when I look up from whatever is absorbing me, and sitting beside my bed in a little tiny chair is a little tiny boy about two years old with pink and white skin. He looks like a little rose petal. He is so exquisite. I lean down to look at him and he's got a little bag of pink and white candies the same color as he is. And I think, "He's a sweet baby. He's not disturbing me. He can stay there." So I go on with whatever I was doing, and then I turn to look at him again, and he's turned into an older child, a girl, dark instead of blond, naked, who's eating something with bloody hands. Then I notice that her vagina is split open and is filled with blood. And I think, "Oh, how horrible, she's mutilated herself." And the idea of the child's self-destructiveness fills me with overwhelming sorrow. But then the thought oc-

Hell Has No Mirrors

curs, "Perhaps, she has been violated." Then I realize that this is the child of the dark woman intruder.

—*female dreamer*



When we look at this dream we have to first look at the geography of the place. There is a sunken living room below and the bedrooms above. The bedrooms have the quality of private life, a private territory where she doesn't want any intruders. Downstairs on a lower level (the dream puts it on a lower level) is her social life. Now, this woman has made a great professional career for herself and has been living a lively social life, but the dream puts all that down. It's put on the ground floor. The important thing is higher up. The problem which now has priority is higher up. The problem is in the bedroom.

When she comes up to the bedroom, she finds this dark-haired, unknown intruder and is so furious at having an unknown intruder in her private life that she slaps her twice. We don't know who that dark-haired woman is. We can therefore only conclude that it is a part of her personality of which she is ignorant. It's another part of herself which she doesn't know, feels strange about, and wants to reject because she is unaccustomed to it.

Very often during life, we are suddenly assaulted by a new part of our personality. We have new feelings or reactions which we have never had before, and very often, out of sheer habit, we hate that new experience. We don't like to change. "What's that? Why am I suddenly feeling very differently?" We feel it's uncanny, and anything uncanny we try to slap down within us, instead of being open to it and saying, "What new feelings or reactions am I having? Let's look at them." So the dreamer rejects this part of herself.

Then, in the next part of the dream, she discovers that this unknown woman whom she has slapped is, in fact, a waitress in the downstairs room. This gives us a little clue who that woman is. It is a part of her femininity which, up till now, has concentrated only on serving other people instead of looking after herself.

Then the dreamer comes again back to the upstairs bedroom. It's like a cramped hotel room, quite in contrast to her actual bedroom, which is comfortable with wide armchairs and bookshelves. So it represents her private life, her intimate life. The dream tells her, "Look here, there is not enough space." And as we know now, space and time are the same thing, "There is not enough space-time for your private life."

This is a woman who probably lives her professional and social life much too extravertedly. She doesn't make enough room, space-time, to be with herself. The result is that her psychological bedroom has become a cramped hotel room. Now a hotel room is a place where strangers live and where strangers can walk in and out, so she has no real privacy. She has no realm of introversion where she can be herself, where she can have her personal secrets. It's all given away to other people. Part of her femininity which should look after her inner child is acting as a waitress to other people. That is like Marilyn Monroe in the other dream, who is an actress, acting for other people. Here, this person is waiting on other people, serving other people, instead of looking after her own business. This dark-haired woman should have looked after her little daughter instead of allowing her to be raped while she was waiting on the others downstairs.

Then the dreamer discovers in this cramped bedroom a beautiful little boy who is delicate and smiling—an absolutely charming, divine little figure. Now, a boy in a woman's dream generally means a new enterprise because young boys, if you look at them, are the epitome of doing something all the time. Jung said that a boy symbolizes an honest enterprise. And this boy, her honest enterprise, probably personifies the fact that she had begun painting. Painting was her first undertaking, where she did something for her own psyche, for her own self, where there was an honest enterprise which was not looking for success but was simply doing a thing for its own sake. That's the little boy, and he personifies a new aspect of her personality coming into being.

But, because her little boy then changes into a little girl, the painting is only instrumental and has no purpose of its own. It is only instrumental in bringing forth a new part of her feminine personality,

The morning prior to this dream I had had an eye test and was feeling very sorry for myself. I had had a second operation for detaching retinas, and I hadn't been able to focus, so I'd given up working in the studio and been very morose. Six days after this dream, I went in and set up my sculpture studio. The dream was telling me that I'd been mutilating myself with my self-pity.

—dreamer



the little girl. That little girl is her true femininity. That little daughter of the dark-haired woman is her true feminine identity, which is still very young and growing.

Now, the dreamer has only the first inkling of her new identity, and that's why it's still personified as a little girl. But then she discovers with horror that the little girl is bleeding in the vagina and has probably been raped and violated and ill-treated.

Who raped this little girl?

One can naturally accuse the husband if one wants to escape the problem, but if we ask, "Who raped that little girl?" we must answer that she herself, or her animus, her masculine side. Behind her own back, her social career-mindedness raped her true femininity which wanted to grow within her. But the girl is not dead. The problem in the dream can be mended. In a very dramatic form, the dream says to her, "If you go on with your extraverted social life and your career-mindedness, you will rape something within yourself which is just born and wants to grow into a new kind of woman within you."

Is there any relationship between this dream and her Marilyn Monroe dream?

We see in the first dream of Marilyn Monroe that something is dying, or has died, within this woman, and in the second dream something has been born. Constantly in dreams, parts of our personality undergo deaths and births.

During life, rightly or sometimes wrongly, parts of our personality die within us and other parts are born. We could even make the assumption that the raped little girl is the reborn Marilyn Monroe. In that wrong form of acting and hunting social success, this figure has to die, but then it comes back again in its new form—the new life of a young growing personality.

The Hanged Man

If I travel in a car or train without looking out, it is only the stops, starts, and sudden turns that make me realize I am moving at all.

—Marie-Louise von Franz, in
Man and His Symbols

JUNG CALLED THE male personification of the unconscious in a woman's dreams the *animus*, which is the Latin word for "spirit." Like the *anima* in a man, the *animus* exhibits four stages of development. In *Man and His Symbols*, Dr. von Franz outlines these stages:

He first appears as a personification of mere physical power, for instance, as an athletic champion or "muscle man." In the next stage he possesses initiative and the capacity for planned action. In the third stage, the *animus* becomes the "word" . . . and finally, in his fourth manifestation, the *animus* is the incarnation of *meaning*. On this highest level he becomes (like the *anima*) a mediator of the religious experience whereby life acquires a new meaning. He gives the woman spiritual firmness, an invisible inner support that compensates for her outer softness.

On this highest level the inner man acts as a bridge to the Self. He personifies a woman's capacities of courage, spirit, and truth and connects her to the source of her personal creativity. But, like the vampire anima in a man, the animus in his negative form is a parasite. He personifies brutality, coldness, and obstinacy, and paralyzes a woman's growth.

To transform the animus involves immense suffering, for it means nothing less than forsaking an old identity for a new one. It takes a great deal of courage. But the journey is well undertaken for the rewards are immeasurable.



The next three dreams were dreamt by a woman over a period of three years. In the first dream, there is no masculine figure present; in the second dream, the animus appears, and in the third dream, he makes his presence felt.

At the time of this dream I was the center of an institution called *marriage* and I had the impressive title *Mother*. My beautiful children never asked without getting, and my handsome husband never got without asking. Outwardly, life was joy and bliss. . . .

In the dream I am lying flat on an enormous king-sized mattress. I mean huge! It is suspended, floating in the air. There is nothing else around it. No sheets, nothing. Over to my right I feel that something is approaching. It's a woman walking along at a distance with two Doberman dogs on leashes—black Dobermans. As she comes toward me, I keep watching her. She comes closer and closer. When she gets to about three feet, she looks straight down at me with disgust. She has a babushka tied around her head. She looks at me, lets go of the leashes, and the two dogs leap—*zap!*—right at my throat. And then I woke up. I couldn't breathe. I sat up in bed gasping for breath.

The Hanged Man

All the next day I couldn't shake the terror. I kept asking myself what it could mean. This was extraordinary because I had never been vaguely interested in my dreams before.

—*female dreamer*



The whole problem is stated in the first sentence of the dream where the dreamer says, "I was lying on a mattress, floating in the air." The dream shows that the dreamer has no relationship to the earth. She does not have her feet on the ground. She has no contact with reality. That means also that she has no real contact with her own body. She is living in the world of ideas and illusions, theoretical conceptions of life.

Then a woman comes toward her with two Doberman pinschers. They symbolize the earthly forces, the instinctive forces. A dog represents our domesticated instinct. But here these dogs are hostile. They are associated with the Nazis, who used them as guard dogs. The woman who controls the dogs has a babushka on her head, which reminds her of her mother.

Now, the mother for a woman represents the instinctive basis, the matrix, the whole area of the uterus. If a woman has trouble with her mother, she very often has trouble with menstruation, with her own sexual functions, and with her maternal feelings. The mother is, so to speak, the earth on which she lives. But this mother figure lets the Dobermans loose on her, and the instincts in their fierce, hostile, negative aspect attack the dreamer. So the dream says, "Because you are floating in midair, because you have lost touch with reality, the instinctive basis of your femininity has become hostile and is threatening you." This denial of her instincts goes very well with the fact that she became ill afterwards. If one goes against one's own animal instincts, then illness is in the offing.

Dr. von Franz, is it possible then to diagnose the onset of disease from a dream?

What is your association with a babushka?

Well, I'm Polish, and that's a very common Polish tradition. Many Polish women wear a babushka either on the head or around the shoulders. My mother wore one.

—dreamer



I had this dream twice. Shortly after having it the second time, I went into the hospital with a serious pelvic infection.

—dreamer



After the event one could say so, but I wouldn't dare to say that ahead of time. I would only say, "You are living against your instincts, and that will very likely end up in some kind of disease." It is obvious, if you eat too much or too little, or sleep too much or too little, or if you do anything against your instinct, you are likely to catch a disease.

Is there a significance to the fact that the dogs attack the throat?

Well, I think, first of all, that when a dog wants to really kill, he attacks the throat. He bites the artery in the throat. That is the killing movement. So it shows that the dogs really mean business. They are not attacking playfully. The attack is really dangerous. But we can also look at the symbolism of the throat. The throat, in the Hindu teaching of the chakra centrums, is the center of the world of the Logos, of the spoken word. It is called the *vishuddha* centra, and that is what is being attacked. She believes in the world of words. She doesn't listen to what her instincts say when they speak from the stomach or from deeper centers. This refusal to listen goes together with her floating in

The Hanged Man

the air. She probably mirrors herself in her own reflection as a successful woman who lives in a world of ideas and words.

The same woman dreamt this next dream approximately two years later. Here, unlike in the previous dream, her animus, her masculine side, is personified, but it is quite lifeless.

I had this dream following my marriage separation. The fear of taking sole responsibility for my own life and also—this was more disturbing—for the children's lives plagued me.

In the dream I am in a room with my mother and a male. It's a very tiny room. There is hardly any furniture except a bed on one side. There is not much going on. Then I get a feeling that there's a body outside the door. I open it and, sure enough, there's a body lying in the hallway. It's wrapped in a sheet, but I know it's a male. I shut the door.

Now we have to go out the back door. But to get out we have to go down an incredibly steep wooden staircase. It's just an unbelievable drop. The stairs are not closed in, and it's really dangerous. My mother goes first, then the male and I go behind her. She starts down a couple of steps. I am coming behind, being very, very cautious. Then, all of a sudden, she does this beautiful leap and lands on the ground with both feet. It's a beautiful jump! Olympic caliber! I'm just in awe.

Then everything changes. I am by myself walking through a small town. It is quite barren. There's a lot of sand. As I approach the center of the town square, there is a platform with about three or four steps leading up to it. It's a hanging man's platform, an absolute square, made out of wood, an old, weathered kind of wood. There are four pillars at the corners, and in the center there is the

hanging man's pole. I approach it, look at it, and see that there's a man hanging there. I look again and realize that he's hanging by his feet. I'm not alarmed. I just look at him closely, and then I walk by.

—*female dreamer*



Though the animus is often spoken of as a nuisance in the woman, he also performs very positive and important functions, because a woman whose animus is wounded or not functioning is too passive. She is too exposed to the vicissitudes of life. She cannot take her own destiny into her own hands. The animus, therefore, is a very positive figure. This dream shows that the woman is very wrapped up in her mother. She is dominantly feminine and has not developed her own masculinity. Her masculinity is shown in the dream wrapped up in linen lying dead outside the door. That is the part of her personality which has died and should be resuscitated. She therefore has to leave the place where she is. That is, she has to change her life situation.

The path leads downwards, a rather dangerous step. She has to come down to a deeper level of reality, become more realistic and realize her practical life situation. She succeeds in doing so, and then she comes to a village, an old-fashioned village, which probably mirrors an old-fashioned way of life where women were not allowed to have any initiative of their own. There she finds a man hung up in the center square of the village. In that atmosphere of old-fashioned femininity, all the positive masculine forces in women are suspended, literally suspended. They are killed. They cannot act. The dream, therefore, shows that being in a very difficult outer situation, she might be inclined to think that it's a matter of bad luck. But the dream shows her that the real trouble is that her own masculinity is dead and has to be rescued and revived again.

Would you amplify that image of the hanging man?

Hanging is, in general, a kind of negative deification. After all, the God of Western civilization is a hanged man. It means the moment of

Later, I was talking to a friend about my guilt and anxiety at leaving the marriage. I felt there was something terribly wrong with me, that I was lacking some quality that everyone else had by nature. My friend said, "The only thing wrong with you is that you think there is something wrong with you." I laughed at the simplicity of it all. But it changed my viewpoint. Instead of looking for what was wrong, I started to look for what was right in me.

—*dreamer*



being elevated into the spiritual realm and being recognized as a god, but at the expense of human reality. One is, so to speak, hung up in eternity, and the human reality is dead. That's why, for instance, the old Germans hung up their prisoners in honor of Wotan. When the wind blew them back and forth on the gallows or the trees where they were hanging, it meant that Wotan, the spiritual god, was taking them to him. Christ also was hung, crucified, because he was accused of wanting to be the King of the Jews. The punishment was a negative deification, "If you want to be King of the Jews, be it! But in a negative form." Hanging also means being in a suspended state. Suspended means hanging.

So it means that all her masculine intelligence, her courage and capacity for action, exist but are suspended. What's more, they are turned upside down. They are not touching reality. Where the man should have his head up, so she should have her head up. She should think her situation over and take it in hand like a man. Her masculine qualities are suspended, condemned to inaction, because of an old-fashioned attitude toward life on the one hand, and too great an identification with her mother on the other.

Two years later my life was great. I had reestablished my professional reputation and was quite enjoying my children

and my newfound independence. Casual dating was fun. Then, unexpectedly, I was in love. I told the man how I felt about him, and he said that his feelings were not mutual. I felt very rejected. That night I had this dream.

I am in the balcony of a theater when suddenly I have to go to the bathroom. I get up from my seat and walk toward the back of the theater. There's an usherette standing there, and we go to the washroom together. But it's not really a washroom at all, but a storage area somehow, like a closet. She opens the door and holds it for me, and I enter.

I suddenly realize that if I sit down to pee I can't lock the door. As I'm thinking that, a man in a suit enters. I'm outraged because this is a ladies' washroom. So I tell him to get out. Then I see another man coming toward me. He is quite short and stockily built. I'm furious that these men are in the ladies' bathroom. The stocky man keeps coming right toward me. I turn to the other man who looks over at the stocky man and says to me, "He's a *tae kwon do* master." I whip around to look at him, and he has assumed a karate stance—the martial arts attack stance. Then in a leap he's at my throat. I wake up terrified.

—dreamer



First, let's look at the bathroom. The bathroom has to do with the whole purification symbolism of water. Baptismal symbolism, for example, is a purification from demonic possession. When people come out of the water, they put on white clothes to show that they are purified and now begin a new life. And in all religions, not only in the Christian religion, water has generally the connotation of being the great purifier. It washes off the sins and the contaminations. Now, just as in concrete life we constantly pick up dirt by working and by rubbing ourselves against outer objects and other people, so we also pick up dirt psychologically. We participate in mass hatred from things we read

The Hanged Man

in the papers, or we get contaminated with what the writer in the papers says, and then we lose our own identity. Then we have to wash it all off till we become naked. Being naked means always to be purely and simply what one is without veiling or covering anything. That's why we speak of the naked truth. So in the bathroom you look at yourself in the mirror and you see the naked truth, which is not always agreeable.

The dreamer had been terribly hit before this dream by the negative answer of her partner. Now the dream changes that hit, or represents that shocking hit, but in a different form. First, it shows that it happened when the dreamer wanted to pee in the bathroom. To pee generally has the symbolism of expressing oneself genuinely. Peeing is one of the few functions people cannot repress. We can repress sleep for a while, we can repress eating for a while, but peeing is just above us. It rules us, and therefore it is an expression of "Here I am, that's how I am." It always means to be genuine. The dream says, "Look here, for once you have tried to be genuine when you asked this man, 'Do you love me?' and inferred at the same time that you loved him. That was your true feeling and you got hit, but you did not get hit really by your partner who told you he was not interested in you. You got hit by somebody else. You got hit by this karate hero, by that horrible man who hits your throat with a karate gesture."

Now, this karate man is within her. It is as if the dream says, "You did not get the shock from outside. You got it from your own nature." It reminds us of what Jung once said, "There is no difficulty that does not ultimately stem from ourselves." We are our own difficulty. Her love difficulty is within herself. She has such a karate fellow in her. She can therefore develop further or become herself only if she realizes that the terrible shock she fetched from the outer world is something in her own nature. She has to face up to the fact that she has a hard-fighting man in herself who devalues her as a woman.

Let's talk further about this karate figure who attacks women when they become genuine in their feelings. Do you feel this image relates to society in general as well as to the personal psychology of this dreamer?

Well, I would say the modern style in Western societies, and beginning also now in China and in the Marxist societies, is to organize the masses with computers and discourage every personal feeling. In the West, for instance, it's a rule in big business to rotate men around in different places in order to prevent too much personal attachment. Personal attachment is looked upon as forming a clique. Personal feeling is discouraged.

You see it also in political debates nowadays. One of the most negative things one can say about an opponent is that his arguments are governed by his feelings. "He is not logical"—as if logic were the only way to argue. One can also argue with the heart. One can also protest with one's feelings. But nowadays, the fashion, the absolute fashion, is to be rational. Many schools of modern psychology are also rational. If something is wrong in the marriage, one has to rationally reorganize one's sex life, have extramarital affairs, use practical new positions, *Kama Sutra* positions. One has to fix up the marriage rationally, as if a human were a broken-down car. That is absolutely destructive to feelings, and it hits both men and women. It hits women even more than men because women generally put more emphasis on personal relationships and personal feelings.

Women are hit first, and that's why women are nowadays so unhappy. That's why they are in revolt against many things. They feel that their lives are thwarted. Naturally it hits men too, because if women go crazy and become disagreeable and cold, it reverberates on the sons and on the partners. But a man can endure a rationally organized world a bit longer than a woman can. He is not finally happy in it either, but he can stand it a bit longer.

This denial of personal feeling seems to be in violation of a natural human connection. It favors the head over the body. Would you say that the growing popularity of fitness programs such as jogging, T'ai Chi, yoga, and so on is an attempt to restore the balance?

This tremendous emphasis on the body nowadays in psychotherapy is a compensatory movement. Based on my own experience, my feeling

The Hanged Man

is that those exercises to get back into the body, T'ai Chi and all sorts of group experience, are a bit too technical. They're too intentional. I think that going into nature and living with nature is a better way of sinking back into the body. It's a more natural way. But not everybody can do that, and those exercises are certainly sometimes very helpful.

What happens when a person does connect the head to the body?

Well, generally when people sink into their bodies, they first contact the emotions, which are the bridge between the head and the body. They probably activate the lymphatic system, which affects the emotions. Generally when people try to get into their bodies through exercise, they first release a wild resentment against father or mother or something like that. They generally contact negative emotions which have been repressed, and the first step is to let those emotions out, to let those come up, not to suppress them with the head. Then generally there is an outburst of tears and sweat and other physical reactions. After that comes a relaxation and then, with it, a better connection with the body.

One can say that what is wrong is that the whole collective consciousness doesn't value Eros anymore. Eros is personal; it is from one being to another being in a unique and personal way. It doesn't count for anything in our society. You cannot say, "I do this because I love so-and-so," or "I do that against the rules because I love so-and-so." The rules are the rules. The computer has spelled them out, this way or that way, and that's the way it has to be. The whole depersonalization and the whole mass organization of modern society is destructive of feelings, and that drives women mad.

The Tyrant

IN ITS NEGATIVE FORM a woman's inner man, the animus, is a power of evil destructive to human life. He separates a woman from her own femininity. He cuts her off from human warmth and kindness, and leaves her isolated in a meaningless world, martyred by unseen hands. She experiences herself as a victim, a captive, trapped either by external circumstance or by a cruel fate. Eventually, she may come to believe that her awful aloneness cannot be alleviated in this world and may be drawn into fantasies of death.

The following poem was written in a state of such animus possession and expresses the terrifying loneliness of a woman cut off from her femininity:

I search
 but the desert is everywhere;
I gasp
 but there is no water to quench;
I cry
 but there are no arms to enfold;
I yearn
 but there is no breast to suck;
I long
 but there is no milk to nourish;

The Tyrant

I need
 but there is no phallus to embrace;
I feel
 only the exploitation of my friends;
I fear
 that death may be the same



The father complex can raise hell in the unconscious of a woman. Its authority can be absolute and may effectively block her from contacting her own creative spirit.

This dream shows a woman's masculinity in a highly critical form, chastising the dreamer and driving her into a state of bitter isolation.

I'm sitting on the floor of a remote cabin. I'm brushing the hair of a cat. I can't see the cat, but I know it's got orange fur because I'm pulling the fur of the cat out of the brush. A woman behind me is using the phone. I'm sitting beside a man I don't recognize, but I know in the dream is my father. He's very tall and strongly built with short hair. He is the chief of police, and we live in the police department of a remote settlement.

The woman finishes using the phone and hangs it up and leaves. My father walks over to where she has been and tidies up something, then turns and walks toward me and says, "They're crazy. They're just plain crazy!" The woman has been making incestuous overtures to someone on the phone.

Then I'm standing beside my father. He has found a note that I've written to a boyfriend, and he is in a murderous rage. The boy is standing in front of him. I start to tremble violently and run from the room through a door that is usually locked by a hook high up on the door. I run through into the bathroom. There's a man sitting on the

floor in there who doesn't pay any attention to me. I'm wearing a parka and a hat, and I vomit into the toilet.

As I'm doing this, I can see that my father is going to tie my hands together, hang me from the rafters in the cabin, and beat me with a stick. I wake up from the dream shouting, "Harry! Harry!"

—*female dreamer*



Usually the first man that a woman meets is her father, and he has, therefore, a very decisive influence on a young girl. If the relationship to the father constellates itself negatively, the girl will react negatively toward the father. Now, the father may or may not be an evil or difficult man in himself. The girl may simply just not like him. But in any case, if the relationship is negative, later on she generally has difficulties with men, and difficulties in finding her own masculine side. In the extreme case she might not be able to approach men at all. The first man she met in her life was a horror, and therefore all men are horrors. She might even become lesbian or shun men entirely. Certainly, she would be afraid of men. If it is not such an extreme case, she would be what one would call a very difficult woman. She would argue with men, challenge them, criticize them, and try to pull them down. She would expect negativity from them, and this expectation would naturally put difficulties on her partner.

In other words, the animus, her own masculinity, would be a problem to her. Such a woman would tend to behave toward herself as her father behaved toward her. If the father was tyrannical, even after his death, the woman would still tyrannize herself with ideas and opinions which came from the father image. And so a girl's relationship to her father and her detachment from the father always play a big role in her development as a woman.

At the beginning of the dream, she's brushing an orange cat. The cat in our country stems originally from Egypt, where it was once a divine animal. There, they had a cat goddess who was the goddess of

music, sexuality, pleasure in life, and life-embracing feminine fertility. The cat, in contrast to the dog, has never sold its soul to man. It has a kind of egocentric reserve. The cat says, "You may stroke me and you may serve me," but it never becomes your slave. And if you annoy it, it just walks out on you. In women's dreams, therefore, the cat often is an image of something feminine, independent and sure of itself, just what modern women so often lack. That's why the cat goddess comes up in women's dreams as a positive model of feminine behavior. It is not brutal; it does not display any masculine features. It is feminine and, at the same time, very firm, very identical with itself. The cat is not very amiable, but very true to itself.

So, at the beginning of the dream she's trying to approach and look after her own femininity, and at that very moment the father walks up. It's not her real father, but the chief of police, who in the dream is called her father. We can see therefore that this woman tyrannizes herself with the police chief's rules of behavior.

Now, in actual life she has decided to become a good mother, and force herself in a tyrannical manner to be a good mother. Her home, her children, her family life have to be the way she thinks is right. That's why the dream says her inner father, her inner authority, is the chief of police. Policemen are mainly concerned that things continue in a very collective, undifferentiated, orderly way. Thus, the chief of police is that animus in woman who wants orderly, conventional behavior that will not be shocking to anyone. Just the opposite of a cat. A chief of police and a cat never get on very well, and that poor woman has both of them in her at the same time.

Then, in the dream, the chief of police declares that the woman is crazy. That's the secret voice in her that says, whenever she follows her own feeling, "No, that's crazy! Don't do that. You are crazy if you do that." Many people repress things within themselves by calling them crazy.

Then her police chief father catches her out like a little girl. He discovers that she has written a note to her boyfriend. Here again we have the image of the tyrant. Naturally there exist in reality fathers who think they have to anxiously protect the integrity of their daughters

and pursue them when they write notes to their first boyfriends. But here this is no longer the case, as this woman is married and away from home. Rather this means that she is doing to herself what her father did to her.

That is the greatest tragedy arising from the negative animus. It flares up with its power whenever a woman loves. It tries to cut women off from any kind of relationship by belittling it or calling it crazy. The negative animus mainly manifests itself as an opinionated resistance to any feelings of love. If a woman has a tendency to fall in love or even to be interested in a man, her negative animus comes up and makes her ruin the relationship.

Subjectively, she doesn't know what is happening. She thinks she is under a curse. Just when she wants to talk to the man she loves, something in her makes a tearful scene. And then she goes home and cries. She may project and say, "*He* was so nasty to me," but if she's a bit more honest she will say, "I wanted to have a good relationship with him, and just because I wanted the relationship *I* made a scene." And she doesn't know what devil's mechanism made her do it. If a woman hits you as a man, you can be sure she's interested in you. She would really like to love you, but she doesn't know how.

The negative animus behaves here like a jealous lover. He wants to keep the woman for himself by cutting her off from all men. When she has some loving feelings toward any man, then up comes this "You should not do that" animus. Or it's projected.

I know a classic case of a woman who once attacked Jung violently with the animus during the analytical hour. They later went into what happened, and Jung told her, "Whenever you have a feeling, that's when you attack." What happened was that on the way to meet with Jung, she had seen some beautiful strawberries. Her first impulse was, "Let's buy them and bring them to him." And then the animus said, "Oh, Jung will say that strawberries have an erotic meaning and he'll mock you." So she didn't buy the strawberries and arrived in a fierce mood and attacked Jung the entire hour. All because she had suppressed the strawberries. If she had bought the strawberries,

everything would have gone well, but she had repressed her own feelings.

Now, when you say the animus “says” this to a woman, what do you mean? Subjectively, how does the woman experience that? Does she actually hear a voice?

No, the worst thing is that she experiences it as if she thinks it *herself*. You see, the animus thinks in her, “Jung is going to laugh at the strawberries,” and then she believes that she thinks that. That is one of the great difficulties in analytical work: to make women distinguish between what *they* really think themselves and what *it* thinks in them.

The problem is that they think animus thoughts are their own. Even after working for years on that, I sometimes still have negative thoughts against myself, and if you asked me at that moment, I would say, “Yes, that’s what I think about myself.” Later, I would have a dream of a man raping me, and realize, “No, that was an evil animus in me who thought that.” And then I could disidentify and wonder, “Why on earth did I ever think that about myself? Naturally, I don’t think that.” But, you see, that is the essence of what one calls possession. When a woman is possessed by the animus, she thinks that the animus is herself. Only when, or if, she wakes up does she come to realize, “No, that’s not me.”

When describing a woman locked into the negative animus, you used the word possession. It is usually associated with religion and witchcraft.

Well, mediums go into a trance and are then possessed by a certain godhead. In Haiti, for instance, people go into a trance and male or female godheads enter them. They are then *possessed* by a god. They speak in a changed voice as the god speaks through them. They become the horse, and the god becomes the rider. I have a book on Haitian states of possession in which there is a photograph of three different male mediums incorporating the same god, Legbe. In the

trance all three mediums make exactly the same movements. When they are possessed they all behave in the same way. They are, we would say, possessed by an archetypal figure. When they wake up, these mediums sometimes don't remember what they have said in the trance state.

Now, these mediums are the extreme form of something which is normal in every human being. All day long our field of consciousness is entered by autonomous complexes. You will realize this if you watch the trend of your thoughts during the day. You may be in a friendly, loving mood until you suddenly think of something negative; then hatred and bitterness enter the scene. A quarter of an hour later, you may be musing on your revenge for something that has been done to you. And then, as you think of something else, your inner scene changes again. If we watch ourselves, we discover there is a different person for every switch of mood.

I could give you a whole list of the persons I can be. I am an old peasant woman who thinks of cooking and of the house. I am a scholar who thinks about deciphering manuscripts. I am a psychotherapist who thinks about how to interpret people's dreams. I am a mischievous little boy who enjoys the company of a ten-year-old and playing mischievous tricks on adults, and so on. I could give you twenty more such characters. They suddenly enter you, but if you see what is happening, you can keep them out of your system, or play with them and put them aside again. But if you are possessed, they enter you involuntarily and you act them out involuntarily. For instance, I can call up the mischievous person and send him back to sleep again when I feel, "Now, there's enough." That's not possession. One of the aims of psychotherapy is to help people keep a constant identity and to get along with their inner family of souls without being possessed by them.

Now, the animus is the most frequent form of possession in a woman. She is suddenly entered by a mood of cold male determination, taken over by abstract, opinionated thinking, and driven by an impulse toward rash, brutal, determined action—none of which is at all in her feminine character. When a woman gets possessed by the animus, the feminine character of her face changes, her eyes and the

expression of her mouth become hard. I notice that when I get in the animus I pull up my shoulders like somebody who is preparing for battle. When I do that, I say to myself, "Oh, oh, stop and relax."

Men often have problems relating to a woman when she is possessed by the animus.

I would say that is an understatement!

Men say that when a woman is possessed by the negative animus she seems to have one goal and one goal only—to create an argument and then win at any cost, no holds barred. But, when the man fights back, the woman changes into a hurt little girl.

When women are in the animus, they love to do that double play on a man. First they brutally attack, usually viciously with their tongues, and when the man hits back they become delicate, frightened little children being attacked by a brutal man, even though they attacked first. I call that the gangster animus. He puts a little girl in front of him as a shield so that no one can shoot the gangster down. Women with a gangster animus are on the one hand uncertain, touchy little girls whom the man dares not say *boo* to, while at the same time, brutal beasts who viciously attack. They complain that the man doesn't listen to them, yet chide him with aggressive remarks.

Then generally the men feel very awkward because the women's tears make them feel guilty. But it's a trick. These women try to make men feel guilty, and so men feel guilty, that they are brutes who made the woman cry. The men feel uncomfortable and react in some inappropriate way because they feel cornered.

Can this negative animus interfere in a woman's relationship with her children?

Yes, the animus actually does interfere with maternal feelings in certain women if they don't have a strong maternal instinct. For

instance, let's say a child misbehaves, whines, and spills the soup over the plate. A natural reaction is to get angry and to shout a bit. If it doesn't go too far, it's quite normal for the child to accept that. But then the chief of police animus says to the mother inwardly, "No, that's not good education. The child will have a trauma." So she swallows her anger and does something much worse to the child. That's why, in this dream, the woman goes to the toilet and vomits. She obviously swallows too much that she can't swallow, that she should not swallow. You vomit if you have eaten something you shouldn't eat, which your stomach refuses. She swallows too much. So I would guess that, very often, her children annoy her and, instead of howling at the top of her voice, "You are impossible brats. Go to hell!" she swallows everything. But children like strong reactions if they are carried by a loving undertone. I was once in an Italian inn where a woman was cooking for the whole inn, and around her were about twelve little children. She constantly howled at them and banged them over the head. I've never seen such blossoming children, because it was all carried on in a warm atmosphere of maternal love.

On the other hand, a child does not react only to the action a mother does and how she behaves. There are mothers who seemingly are very good mothers but there might be something wrong in their unconscious. A horrible story comes to mind of the mother of two little girls. She was a loving mother who took great care of her children. She was not overly severe or indulgent. But the two little girls repeatedly dreamt that the mother came as a wolf in the night into their bedroom and threatened them. After some years the mother suddenly became psychotic. In this case, the little girls didn't react to the mother's good behavior, they reacted to her sick unconscious. They felt threatened by her sick unconscious nature. So you see, there may be a thousand reasons why a little child reacts negatively.

There are invisible affects going from the parent to the child much more even than the visible affects. One comes to families where there is a happy family life and one can't understand why the children suddenly become neurotic and go wrong, but if one digs up the

situation, there are invisible affects behind the back of all the participants.

The invisible atmosphere is much more powerful than what is seen. That's why Jung never wrote much about pedagogics. He said it doesn't matter what you say or do with children. The important thing is that you are yourself healthy in order that you emanate a healthy, positive atmosphere. Then it doesn't matter what you say to the children. They don't listen to it anyhow. They react to your background. The children are, so to speak, still swimming in the unconscious, in the atmosphere of a situation, and they react to that.

That sounds so simple for a parent, "Just be psychically healthy yourself and your kids will turn out all right!" But that's not easy. Every woman in our society is bombarded with instructions telling her how to best raise her children. The television tells her, the magazines tell her, even her own mother has a list, "You should do this! You should do that!" The whole world tells her what she's doing wrong.

That's the negative animus. Those collective opinions rape the woman of her own individual thoughts or feeling reactions.

For instance, when I have indulged in destructive thoughts about myself or about my work, I have often dreamt of being pursued by hostile men. The dream is saying, "Those negative thoughts are not you. They are the hostile animi in you. You should run away from those destructive thoughts. They will destroy you if you stay with them."

Just take, for example, the woman who is annoyed with her little boy spilling the soup. Her natural feeling would be to say, "Damn it! Now you have again spilled the soup." But then the pedagogic animus in her says, "You musn't shout at your little boy. That's pedagogically not wise." Then she rapes her individual feeling reaction with her collective pedagogic animus. She rapes her natural feminine reaction by saying that she shouldn't have a natural feminine reaction.

Can a woman's dream of rape be interpreted positively? Can it be she is being overwhelmed by something constructive?

Then I saw Satan coming out of him, and Satan was like those figures I saw in catechism texts. He's got two horns and he's got hair which is black, and then he just went right out through the window.

—*female civil servant*



And then I was followed in the dream by a tall blond man who wrapped me up in his cloak and took me to his gypsy caravan.

—*English actress*



I would say that depends on who rapes her. If she dreams that a powerful, healthy, or in any other way positive figure rapes her, then I would still not like it because it's such a passive situation. You could argue that she's overwhelmed by something positive. Nevertheless rape, if you use the word *rape*, means that she is too passive. She hasn't said yes to it, so it isn't quite right. It's a kind of a psychological happening rather than an accepted situation. So, even if the raping partner is positive, it is not quite right.

Is there an archetypal image of this negative animus figure?

The classical example of the destructive animus, which the woman has at all costs to escape, is illustrated in the famous fairy tale of Bluebeard, in which the heroine gets into a castle where she secretly discovers that the owner has cut up and slaughtered all his former wives. After discovering this terrible secret she, with the help of her brothers, barely manages to escape. Bluebeard is the classical image of the destructive animus. If a woman cannot escape the self-destructive and self-annihilating thoughts of the negative animus, it may lead to a

severe psychological disturbance. Women who can't escape their Bluebeard generally become isolated, bitter women whom men cannot love, who find no partners, and who live in bitter isolation, if not in an even worse situation.

Men have always created the image of an ideal woman. Marilyn Monroe, for example, was worshiped like a goddess. Does the animus also take this idealized form?

What Marilyn Monroe was to men, Valentino was to women. He represented the ideal demon lover, who would carry the woman away into a romantic ecstasy where she could create fantasies about the Sheik. Of course, being carried away by the demon lover into a romantic us-two-aloneness goes on in modern films as well. Generally, if women are unhappy in their relationships with their husbands or their lovers, they dream and fantasize about being carried away and having a secret, nocturnal love affair with their animus.

The demon lover figure exerts a kind of demonic or divine fascination on the woman and makes her incapable of relating to an ordinary human being. He is personified as Heathcliff in Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights*. In the novel, Brontë shows the power of the identification by having her heroine say, "I don't love Heathcliff. . . . I am Heathcliff." It's interesting that Emily Brontë herself even had the idea that her genius, her great gift as a writer, had made her into a lonely, tragic figure. Generally, having such a demon lover ends tragically. People become incapable of living and relating to others; they are sucked away into the dream world and into the unconscious.

There is great psychological danger in the figures which Jung called animus and anima. These contrasexual elements can estrange a human being completely from reality and society. The animus, like the anima, is a very ambiguous, very dangerous inner figure which must be approached with great wisdom.

Flying through Roofs

Beauty said, "Yes, dear Beast, I will marry you." At this the castle filled with a blaze of light and the sound of music. Beast disappeared, and in his place stood a handsome prince, who told Beauty he had been enchanted by a witch. The spell was ordained to last until a beautiful girl should love Beast for his goodness alone.

—"Beauty and the Beast"

I WAS ONCE TOLD that it wasn't important if I understood my dreams. What was important was that the dreams understood me. My attitude toward my dreams would determine their attitude toward me. It's a living dialogue. When we listen to dreams, we change, and when dreams are heard, they change.



Dr. von Franz, these four dreams of an airline stewardess demonstrate how the unconscious responds to conscious attention. The male figures in her dreams transform when she takes a firm stand and enters into a feeling relationship with them.

I had this dream about flying. I could fly, sort of like Samantha in *Bewitched*, just straight up through the roof

Flying through Roofs

and disappear. I was flying through the roofs up into the clouds. And I could produce a gray mist which encircled me so that nobody could see me. I could still see through it. I could still see other people, but nobody could see me. I flew up about cloud level, and just sort of sat there weightless, and had tea with somebody.

—*female flight attendant*



This first dream is difficult to interpret, because in her outer situation the dreamer is an airline stewardess. The flying, therefore, has a double connotation. It refers to what she is actually doing in life, but it also has a symbolic meaning that describes how she is behaving psychologically. Naturally, one can also say that it is not by chance she has chosen her profession as an air stewardess, so, in a deeper sense, the two meanings are one. She is flying in midair, and can even produce a gray mist which makes her invisible. Here I would rather take the slightly negative connotation of the flying. Her weightless state and sipping tea on a cloud show a very light and unrealistic attitude—delightful, but unrealistic. There is no earth. For the English, having a cup of tea expresses having a light, chatty, social contact with people. Tea is a stimulating drink but it doesn't nourish.

The gray mist indicates the role a stewardess must play. She has to be the charming geisha. She is the waitress of the air. Nobody is interested in her private life, in her as a woman or as a human being. Because of the erratic scheduling of their time, stewards and stewardesses have a constant temptation to have slight flirtations and not to have deep, ongoing relationships. The time program makes it a very difficult life. That's why in the next dream she is in prison.

I was in a jailhouse, one of the old-fashioned kind, like in Western movies. It was a wooden building, and I could see two or three jail cells behind the one main desk. The

guards were talking about how there had been a lot of jail breaks recently. There were also two prisoners. One came out of the shower, and the other went to take a shower and escaped. The two guards were discussing this and said it was very strange that there had been two jailbreaks in one evening. Then they all turned around and looked at me. I thought it was very suspicious and woke up.



I would take the prison as the timetable in which she is imprisoned. It is a very difficult profession because . . . well, let's say, the stewardess, the dreamer, meets a man she likes. She can stay with him for two hours at a airport so-and-so, but she has to take the next airplane back that evening. So she is constantly in prison and, except for short holidays, cannot break free from that. As well, there is the physical discomfort of jet lag in this profession. The irregularity of sleep and physical discomfort make these people even more uprooted, even more disconnected from their bodies and from their own depths. Even the dreaming business is difficult for a stewardess. She sleeps once in the daytime, once early in the evening, once late in the night. When has she time to record and think over her dreams? So it is a very difficult profession. It's good for young people who like the spirit of adventure connected with it, but when one gets older a strong wish comes to retire. There is a desire in the dreamer to break free from that prison and to have a life of her own. The dream says there is a need to form her own life.

I dreamt that I was living with my friend Sue. The two of us were sharing a large two-bedroom apartment. Sue was out of work though, and quite often when I came home from work I would find the place disorderly and messy. It really got on my nerves.

This time I came off a flight, got home, and Suzie was

there. She had spilt red wine all over our light gray carpet. I was really annoyed because the stains are hard to get out. So we went down to Simpson's and spent a whole day looking for cleaning utensils. Up one floor and down another just to buy a sponge and some bleach. We went home and finally cleaned up the mess.

Then my mother came for a visit. Sue left. My mother and I were talking about the two-bedroom apartment and wondering if it really was worthwhile having this extra space for the hassle it was causing. I went downstairs to see if maybe I shouldn't go back to living by myself in my mother's one-bedroom apartment. As we were talking, my mother just faded out of the dream.

Then I came back from the flight and I wanted to do my laundry, but for some reason I didn't do it in our building. I packed it up and took it to a girlfriend's place. She and her husband started arguing that this was kind of silly. Why was I there doing my laundry? I really shouldn't have been there at all.

Then a party started and people were dancing. I was dancing with a woman who was weightless. She was a big person, and I had to keep holding her up. Then the laundry was finished and I started back to my apartment.

Then I was walking along a balcony which ran along the outside of my apartment building. All the apartment doors opened off one side, but the other side was open except for a railing which protected me from falling down to the ground below. I was twelve floors up. As I approached my apartment door, I saw a man hanging on the railing. It was my brother. He had been tied up there by Suzie. He was unconscious. It was tricky to untie him without letting him fall the twelve floors to the ground.

So I went into the apartment and got scissors and stuff and started untying him really carefully. Then I pulled him off the railing and over the balcony, and dragged him into

my apartment. I put blankets all over him and knew he was going to be all right.



Cleaning and washing is mostly a woman's connection with the earth, with the body, with the material world. It is an expression of love toward matter, devotion to the principle of matter. Because of this dreamer's profession, psychologically and outwardly she cannot express this devotion. If the dreamer could live the Suzie side of her personality, there wouldn't be such a difficulty. But she cannot live the side of herself which likes to do the housework, likes to live introvertedly daydreaming while washing up. You know, washing up is a marvelously creative recreation. One can hang on one's own fantasies and thoughts, think over one's dreams, and such things—all that the dreamer cannot do. So Suzie is cantankerous and makes mischief and all sorts of trouble. In the end we see that she even hangs the brother of the dreamer.

You notice that when the dreamer goes to do the laundry, she doesn't do it in her own house. She goes to some friends further away and washes the dirty linen there. Washing dirty linen is to sort out all of the little shadow things one has done, in order to dwell on them. Generally, if we do some mischief against our will, if we do some harm to our friends, or forget something important, we are for a moment aware, but then we push it aside and forget about it as quickly as possible. By the afternoon we have already forgotten. So we accumulate a lot of dirty linen and have from time to time to do some washing. People say, "My friend said this about me, gossiped against me, and I got angry." Then they both project the shadow on each other and it comes out in petty little quarrels and jealousies. That's dirty linen. Actually, psychotherapeutic treatment is mostly washing dirty linen. But you see in the dream that the dreamer does not do her laundry at home. Rather she goes to a friend's house where she finds a strange weightless woman with whom she dances and whom she has to hold up.

That weightless woman is yet another shadow figure side of her, another part of her personality which has no weight, no substance. In colloquial speech we may say about someone, "What they say has no weight," or "As a personality, they are a lightweight," which means that they have no psychic validity, no substance. Strangely enough, what gives us substance is our shadow. Our shadow is the positive thing. That girl's shadow is weightless because she does the washing of the dirty linen outside her own apartment. That means she probably enjoys a lot of gossip, criticizing other people among colleagues and so on. But she never takes it home to herself. She never asks herself, "What am *I* doing to the others?" She doesn't bear the weight of that responsibility. She hasn't realized her shadow yet, and therefore her other personality is weightless in a negative sense.

Then in the last part of the dream she discovers a catastrophic situation, namely, that her friend/enemy, Sue, has hung up her brother from the balcony on the twelfth floor. Now, in reality the dreamer contributes substantially to the education of that younger brother and is mothering him. So we can take the young brother who is hung up as her own possibility of studying and making an intellectual career. It is the masculine side of the woman, her intellectual mind. She probably neglects that side of herself or, rather, she cannot live it in her present profession and therefore projects it onto her brother. She gives her money and devotion to her brother and vicariously enjoys him getting his education, when actually she should be doing it herself. By projecting onto her brother, she quits her own development. Obviously, she should not stay in the air hostess business. She has a good mind and should elect for a change of profession.

But her Sue-shadow hangs her brother up. Her Sue-shadow is the mechanism which projects "the man who makes a career" onto her brother so that the dreamer sees her masculinity fulfilled in her brother instead of seeing it as a part of herself. She has therefore to take down her brother and get him into her own space. But that's a dangerous undertaking. He might drop twelve floors. Psychologically, the great danger is that she may be overwhelmed by the realization that she

herself must do what she is paying her brother to do for her and therefore drop the entire undertaking before ever beginning.

Now, to suddenly drop in a dream has generally to do with a sudden disappointment in outer reality, with giving everything up, with falling into nothingness. That would be a reaction in her to say, "Oh, I am hopeless. Nothing will ever come out of me. I can't make it. I give up." And then just throw herself away into the street, literally, and not make the effort to build up her own personal life. It is dangerous for her to ask, "Why am I paying for the career of my brother? Is it not me myself who needs to do something more than being an airline hostess?" That would be bringing the brother home into her own inner realm, bringing him home to her real self. That is the dangerous enterprise which is recommended at the end of the dream. And in the dream she seems to succeed.

What is the significance to that part of the dream in which the dreamer discusses with her mother the possibility of leaving Sue and living alone in her mother's one-bedroom apartment?

The dreamer's mother in outer life is a down-to-earth, practical person who probably represents in the dreamer someone who always offers a short-cut, practical solution. Now, if your shadow annoys you, the short-cut, the practical solution, is to avoid it, to go away and have your flat on your own—not to live with Sue, so to speak. In other words, the most practical thing is to repress the shadow. You see that when you want to talk to people about their shadow; they just switch the conversation. They say, "Oh, by the way, I wanted to tell you . . ." and they talk about something else. That's the practical way of getting rid of Sue. But it's not really practical. It's practical at the moment, but one pays for it later.

Why do dreams use close friends to personify the shadow aspects of our personality?

Because we make friends with people who live out our shadow. Friends can do the things we cannot do. Tell me who your friends are, and I

have the whole panorama of your good and bad qualities. Our bad qualities as well as our good ones hold an attraction, a fascination for us. The friend is often the person whom one envies. The friend is more elegant, or dances better, or can move about better in outer life, or has depth, or has a better mind. So if one hasn't worked on one's shadow, there is always a kind of love-hate relationship with the shadow and with one's friends.

In her next dream a male figure appears in a very negative form, but the dreamer handles him very firmly and directly.

I had this dream about being in a large city airport. It was very crowded, people everywhere. There were a lot of guns and people were shooting. One guy seemed to have it in for me and kept following me around. I kept hiding, but wherever I went he would find me. He kept aiming this rifle at me and I didn't like it. I got really frightened. Finally, I looked at him and said, "Look, I don't want to die. I don't like this stuff with you aiming your rifle at me." And he went away. He just got up and left.



Now, here we have a dream in which the male figure, the animus, plays a prominent role. There are rifles everywhere and shooting all around. It's a scary situation and an unknown man points a rifle at her. Thinking of the dreamer as an air hostess, we can say that what with modern terrorists, she might at any moment find herself in exactly that situation in outer life. The dream picks up that fantasy, that situation, and brings it into reality.

There is psychological chaos in the masculine side of her personality. This has to do with the fact that the dreamer had very little contact with her father. Because this first experience of a man is practically missing, she has this chaotic situation. In such cases, there is no

preformation in the woman to help her relate positively to a man in later life. She doesn't really know what men are and how to relate to them. She knows how to put that gray mist around her and appear as an attractive woman to men, but when it comes to establishing a human relationship, she falls into a scary chaos. But then in the dream one man singles himself out. But he is unknown. This is the way she experiences men in outer life as well as her own inner masculinity. She is not familiar with the masculine side of her personality, the side who knows what she wants, is goal oriented, has willpower, strength—all the qualities which she needs.

In the previous dream, the male figure, her brother, was hung up—completely immobilized. Here he is certainly very active, negative but active.

This man is pointing a rifle at her. A rifle is a phallic, masculine symbol and points to goal orientation, to accuracy, to being able to want something, to have a goal accurately in mind and go for it. Because these qualities are generally unconscious in a woman, they are either projected onto men or appear as an inner masculine figure in her dreams. This man points the rifle negatively at her. He threatens her, and she becomes frightened. Then she suddenly realizes that he is responsible for her scary situation.

When the contrasexual inner figure in a woman is negative, like this rifleman, it personifies very sharp negative judgments about herself: "You are a nobody. You will never make it. Men don't like you. They only want to have sex with you. Nobody loves you. You'll never find a husband. You are not really a good woman. Your life will always go on as meaninglessly as it is now." These self-destructive thoughts cut her off from her femininity and block her possibility of relating to an outer man in a positive way. It is, therefore, great progress in the dream that she suddenly stops running away by hiding in her gray mist and thinks, "It's not me; it's that man who is responsible for my fearful situation." It's as if at that moment she disentangles herself and realizes that those negative thoughts are

something outside of her. They are not her thoughts. It's as if she said, "It's not me thinking that; it's only something in me thinking those thoughts, and I don't need to believe them."

I remember once I dreamt a murderous burglar came into my bedroom, and I woke up with a cry of fear. I went through what I had thought the evening before. I had had a very peaceful, quiet day which could not account for such a terrible dream. Then I remembered that before going to bed I had thought, "The book I am writing is all nonsense and I must throw it away." I thought that *I* really thought that. Then when I reflected on the dream, I thought, "No, I don't think that. It thinks that in me and I needn't believe it. I don't think that at all." Then I could disentangle myself from the negative thought. I didn't accept it. And so with this air stewardess's dream, she must realize that the negative man in her that always says, "You are nobody. You'll never relate properly to a man, blah, blah, blah," is not her. Then the miracle happens! At that moment that rifleman gets up and walks away.

Is it really that simple? Can the negative animus be transformed simply by bringing it to consciousness?

It's as difficult and as simple as that. The dream shows her that if only she can wake up and see that the critical judgments and negative opinions about herself are not really what she thinks, she can send that devil back to hell. Then she can develop as a woman.

The Inner Guide

The positive animus is an innermost instinctive awareness of the inner truth, a basic inner truthfulness which guides the spiritual woman in her individuation, toward becoming her own self.

—Marie-Louise von Franz

IN THE GREAT MOTHER, Erich Neumann points out that in childbearing, a woman is the organ and instrument of transformation of both herself and her child. Her body is an unconscious vehicle by which nature reproduces. By giving birth, the woman herself is transformed into a mother and, unlike the male, she becomes the mother out of which she came. That which is born from her belongs to her and remains subject to her. To nourish and protect, to keep warm and hold fast are the functions of the maternal feminine in relation to a child. This instinctive maternal energy is an awesome power in a woman.



Dr. von Franz, why do pregnant women often have disturbing dreams?

These are typical dreams of pregnant women. The state of pregnancy, especially for a modern, active woman, is very difficult, because, for the sake of pregnancy and for the coming child, the woman should

In this dream I was coming up Pitchcombe Hill on a bicycle and I was amazed by how much puff I had. I felt full of vitality. When we got near the top of the hill, I noticed that great clouds were coming, and that we were going to have a storm. Some of the men I was with suggested that we stop and wait till the storm passed. So we got off our bicycles and looked down across the valley. Then we saw a huge wave in the distance, and out of this wave came an enormous fish which slithered along the ground and came toward us. One of the men said that he thought that the Armageddon was coming. At this I felt slight panic, but also a comfortable feeling because I was surrounded by friends and I felt that it would be all right.

—*English woman in eighth month of pregnancy*



fall into a state of musing, brooding, quietness. Pregnant women should live a quiet life, following their natural rhythms. However, their own impulse toward action and outer activity comes into conflict with that.

Jung once said, "Women are absolutely lovely and charming and chase the men till they reach the point of being married, and then they transform into devils and harass the man from morning till night." That is because marriage is also being pinned down to a specific destiny and situation, and something in the woman resents it. Before a woman is married, she can dream about what she could do or would do. She can dream about marrying a TV reporter and traveling all over the world, or marrying a rich man and doing whatever she likes, or marrying a farmer and having her own farm—her life is full of possibilities. But, as soon as she marries the man she loves, she is pinned down to him for better or for worse, and the freedom-loving person in the woman resents it.

A few weeks ago, when I was entering my fifth month of pregnancy, I had a very unsettling dream. I'd been having quite a few of them, and so had the other women in my prenatal class. One woman said she always dreamt of killing her cat. She was in the kitchen cutting off her cat's head or doing some other horrible thing to it. She'd had it over and over again. This one of mine was particularly upsetting.

I was standing in a field. On my left there was a big old farmhouse. I realized that I was part of some sort of a ranch farm commune. Just then I saw some cowboys coming down a hill. When they reached the bottom, they started shooting at people coming out of the house, mainly pregnant women and children. I was very upset and asked them what they were doing. They said that the only way they could make a profit was to get rid of the surplus people, that the commune could feed everyone, but to make a really good profit they'd have to get rid of some people. Then I realized they would probably kill me too. So I snuck into the house and got dressed like a cowboy. The only problem was my stomach was so big that I couldn't do up my pants. I had on this cowboy outfit with my huge stomach hanging out in front. I walked out of the house and snuck away. As I looked back, they were throwing the bodies onto a bonfire.

—*Young woman, first pregnancy*



That is why these male figures, the animi, often come up in her dreams and attack her. The attacks become even worse during pregnancy because as long as there is no child, a woman can still toy with the idea of divorce, but when a child is on the way, she is really pinned

down for the next ten or fifteen years. And the wild, freedom-loving side of a woman's personality revolts.

In the second dream, the woman dreams of all those cowboys who are attacking and shooting down pregnant women and even burning them on the bonfire. The cowboys would represent within her not something evil but rather her own temperamental impulse toward action, toward living an active life, which is not in accordance with her pregnant state. The cowboys want to make the farm richer and make more profit, but this is not a time to work for outer profit or outer goals. Pregnancy is a time of introversion for a woman and therefore, if a woman has led a very active life up to her pregnancy, she generally has a conflict about it which is mirrored in the dream. But the dream ends well because she realizes she can manage to escape.

How can a pregnant woman deal with this?

Generally it's projected and the poor husband has to pay for that. He's the one that caused it. He put her into that pregnant situation, into that pinned-down situation, and a modern woman says, "Now I'm always confined to this flat, and I cannot fulfill my personality, and I cannot do what I want to do, and it's your fault." Though she wanted to marry him and have the child, it's now his fault.

Is there a constructive solution?

A modern woman with children has a difficult task, for on the one hand she wishes to fulfill the demands of her maternal nature and, at the same time, develop her own personality. I feel she should maintain a balance. She should say, "I have my husband and I wanted him. I have a child and I wanted that child. But they don't prevent me from developing whatever else I have and want to do. I have simply to do both, continue to develop my independent personality while accepting this confinement." Naturally, one can't have the penny and the cake. I often say to young women, "Look here, you wanted that husband.

You wanted those children. Now you can't throw it all over and go to the university and become a university professor. You have to reach a compromise. But you can, for instance, do some studying in spite of having children, and prepare to build up a more masculine career later when the children are older and are going to school." There's still a second half of life ahead when a woman can fulfill her more masculine desires.

This next dream comes from the second half of a woman's life, and we see it in a different kind of birth, the birth of a spiritual guide who comes from the womb, not of a physical, but of a spiritual mother.

In this dream I was swimming in a very dark, deep cave. The water was also very dark. At the far end of the cave there was an enormous rock. On the rock there was a small ginger-colored, furry dog with gold eyes. The animal was smiling at me, and I knew that this little dog represented the Christ. I don't know how I knew that, but I knew it.

—female dreamer



Now, here is the symbol of the inner Christ in the depths of the soul. He is not out there in the sky, as Christian teaching wants to have it, or in some metaphysical spiritual realm. He is in the depths of the earth, and the earth is an image of matter, of our body, of our physical existence. The cave has always been a sacred place in former ages. Long after man no longer lived in caves, they remained sanctuaries. They were, so to speak, the womb of the earth goddess, or the goddess of nature. So the cave symbolizes the depth of the inner nature.

Now, this dream says that Christ is not some model figure you have to follow as you have been taught. On the contrary, he is a being which you find when you go into the depth of your own being. You find him in the womb of Mother Earth. But he appears in a strange

form. He appears as a dog. The zoologist Konrad Lorenz once said that taming the dog and making him his companion is the greatest and best conquest man ever made. The dog is that representative of the animal kingdom who has adapted most to us. That is why we can take him into our houses. Compared to the cat, he is much more domesticated. He has really given up his whole way of life, sacrificed it to become our companion. In former times the dog was probably accepted by man because of his hunting ability. He helped the hunting societies in their hunts, and later became the sheepdog who protected and kept the herds together, and also the watchdog, protecting man from robbers and burglars and danger. So the dog has become a cherished helper of man. He therefore carries the projection of being the companion, the best friend of man, the psychopomp.

In modern dreams, the dog often represents our instinctive nature. Now, dogs are oriented by their nose. They are short-sighted and don't see very far, but they hear very well and their noses are twenty times better than ours. So he represents the instinctive flare or intuition which our computerized mind has blunted. The dog sniffs it. Symbolically, dogs have a strange relationship to the other world, to the land of the dead, the land of the ghosts, the land where the dreams come from, to what we call the unconscious. This relationship stems from their instinctive nature. For instance, in practically all religions of the world, the dog is the guide of the dead in the other world. It was once believed that when people died they had trouble finding the beyond, the land of the ancestors, or the paradise, or the underworld, or whatever the beyond of the dead was called in the religion. A dog had to be used as a guide to bring the dead to this place. In some older civilizations, the Mongolian civilization for instance, the dog was always buried with his master, together with the horse. When a pregnant woman died, two dogs were placed in the grave, one for her and one for the not-yet-born child to guide them in the other world. Also, in old Persia, when somebody was dying, a dog was brought in, and the dying person had to give it a bit of bread or meat so that the dog would come and guide him in the other world. In many places—in Africa, for instance—dogs are sacrificed on the graves of people for the

same reason. So the dog has a strange relationship to the underworld, which we still have in the Greek three-headed dog, Cerberus.

The most famous dog figure that guided the dead to the land of the beyond was the Egyptian god Anubis, who had a jackal head. He was the god who presided at embalming, which Egyptians believed transformed the dead person into an immortal, divine person, a deification of the dead by treating the corpse. (Actually, while the embalming rite of deification was being performed, a priest with a jackal-head mask supervised it.) Anubis was called the agent of the resurrection. He was the guide to the other world. Now, there is absolutely no distinction between the unconscious and the land of the dead. What most mythologies and religions describe as the land of the dead is what we would call the unconscious. Therefore, you could say the dog is the one true leader to the other world. In relation to the dream world, he is the guiding god in the unconscious. That's why in our dream it is very fitting that Christ is a dog, because he's a guardian of souls. He watches over the dreamer's soul and guides her in the darkness of the unknown.

The golden quality which is stressed in the dream refers to immortality. Gold is the only metal ancient people knew which is not corroded by old age or by acids. Gold can be buried for five thousand years and be absolutely unaltered, while silver, copper, and iron rust and disintegrate. And so gold has always carried the projection of immortality, eternity, the substance of highest value. Even today we still have gold as the value standard of our monetary system, despite the fact that many people say that it's quite useless from a practical standpoint. But it still has a symbolic value, and that's why, in most civilizations, divine figures and statues are painted and decorated in gold. This stresses that they are eternal, shining, immortal, everlasting.

In the dream the woman realizes that the golden dog is Christ. It's the way Christ appears within her. He is an image of what we call the Self, the inner guiding principle.

Is this image of the Self masculine or feminine?

The dog in this dream is still more or less a masculine figure identified with Christ, and that is one of the problems of our civilization. We

have no divine feminine figure. If a divine feminine figure appears, it is generally in the form of an Earth Mother goddess or a wise old woman. I remember a dream of a pregnant woman who was very annoyed by her pregnancy. She had a negative relationship to her own mother, and women who have a negative relationship to their own mothers generally have difficulty with pregnancies. They resent having a child, vomit a lot, suffer physical discomfort. They don't enjoy pregnancy, and she was one of those women.

Then she dreamt that she was sitting on the earth in a cave looking at her pregnant belly. Suddenly, she realized there was a transparent floor above the cave, and on this floor was a woman she actually knew, onto whom she had projected the Self. She would have said it was a wise woman who knew about the secrets of life. This wise woman above her was performing a ritual by praying to the stars. Through her prayer the water of life dripped from the stars, flowed through the transparent floor, assembled in her womb, and quickened and nourished the child. She realized that this wise woman figure was helping her to carry the child so that the child would come out right. She woke up really relieved, and from then on she could accept her pregnancy. There the Self appeared to her in order to help her to fulfill her task as a mother.

We see in the next dream the animus relating the woman to the Self. He functions as the guide toward inner truth.

I dreamt I was translating Anglo-Saxon and I came to an extremely difficult passage. It was the second chapter of Matthew, and I came to the second verse. I couldn't understand it. Then a male voice said to me with absolute authority, "This is your lodestar." I woke up.

—*female dreamer*



In this case it is a male voice, but very often in the dreams of women, male *angels* direct the dreamer. If you think of the French

saint Joan of Arc, for instance, she was guided by the archangel Michael, who advised her in her political and heroic career. That is the positive animus, whom I would call an innermost instinctive awareness of the inner truth, a basic inner truthfulness which guides the spiritual woman in her individuation toward becoming her own self. That is the opposite to the negative animus who is a big swindler.

She is occupied in translating the Christian revelation into her own psychological set-up and language. The translating is a process of assimilation, of understanding the revelation in her own way instead of just believing what she's been told. And there she has difficulty with the passage, "That's your lodestar."

When I woke up I looked up the passage in the Bible and it read, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him." And then I looked up the word *lodestar* in the dictionary and found that lodestar is a guiding star, a star on which one fixes all one's hopes and attention, and it acts as a magnet for the soul that's following it.

—dreamer



The lodestar means the guiding star, like the star of Bethlehem, to which it afterwards alludes quite clearly. It is that passage which alludes to the star of Bethlehem which guided the kings toward the newborn child, Jesus. We have already seen in the dream of Gilgamesh that the guiding star is the principle of individuation. It's that which guides one toward the absolute individual meaning of one's own individual life, one's innermost divine or cosmic destiny. The dreamer has difficulty finding the meaning of that lodestar, but then she discovers it in Matthew 2:2, which alludes to the star of Bethlehem. It's a star which indicates a divine birth.

In antiquity one always thought that if a new bright star appeared in

the sky, a future ruler or wise man would appear on earth who would save mankind. And that is behind the story of the star of Bethlehem. So the dream tells her that though she still has difficulties understanding, she will in her innermost being find that the Christ is born within her own soul. The Christ child represents the saving factor which is born within oneself. We are not divine, but we are the stable in which something divine is born.

Once a woman has become conscious of this newfound masculine spirit in her, once she has identified that energy and feels it within herself, is there not a danger that by developing her masculine side, say by pursuing a professional career, her femininity may suffer? It seems like a very delicate balance.

Well, certainly a woman should be educated and have a career, but she should not be possessed by it. She should not be carried away by it. Otherwise she loses her feminine identity. But if she keeps her feminine identity, then her career adds a spiritual dimension of activity, intelligence, and willpower to her personality, all positive qualities. It makes her into a personality. Jung was always very much in favor of women studying. He said that women who don't have a career or study or have a profession have generally a very negative animus. They lead a seemingly feminine life at home as mothers and householders, but their masculinity sours, turns negative, and the women use it to torture their husbands. It's much better to occupy the animus. Then he makes less mischief.

The masculinity in women is just as exceedingly positive as it is negative. It's only in certain aspects negative when women don't know how to relate to it with wisdom. A woman who has no animus has no pep, no enterprise, no intelligence, no initiative. She is a very poor creature. She is just a womb producing children and a hand cooking in the kitchen. A woman without an animus is nothing. So the animus is an exceedingly positive thing. It is the intelligence. It is the spiritual longing. The whole spirituality of women is connected with the animus. So you can say that in a woman, the animus, her masculine side, extends from Devil to Holy Ghost.

PART SIX

On Relationship

Liberation of the Heart

In our modern world, we have achieved sexual freedom. Now comes the much bigger problem—liberation of the heart.

—Marie-Louise von Franz

CURIOSITY IS ONE of the prime energies of the human psyche. At an early age a child quietly takes a toy apart to see what makes it work, and throughout our lives we continue to ask, “What’s that?” and “Who am I?”

In our age, humanity’s quest for knowledge has produced startling achievements. We’ve put men on the moon and made artificial hearts. But after all is said and done, what people most want from life is simply to love and be loved, and no one’s yet figured out what makes a human relationship work. God knows we’ve tried. We’ve created sexual freedom, birth control, singles bars, computerized dating, but these external solutions have failed. Still, there’s not a day goes by when a psychoanalyst doesn’t meet a person with a broken heart.



Dr. von Franz, let’s talk now about the problems involved in human relationships by first looking at a dream of a successful modern woman.

I dreamt I was in a desolate tourist resort like the beach in the film *Death in Venice*. I saw a man standing by a wall. And then I saw a woman walking toward him. She approached him and kissed him, and then the two walked away. I was very curious, so I decided to follow them.

Then I was in a house with a shoji screen, a Japanese household. Then I saw the man at the entrance. He was going to enter. Suddenly he stopped and looked suspiciously down at the shadow of the woman on the floor. So I turned around and saw that the woman had changed into a geisha. She was all made up. She didn't look like a very classical geisha with Oriental eyes. She looked more like a Caucasian woman, but in a geisha outfit. She was very pale. Her eyes were red, and there was blood in the corner of her mouth. I said to the man, "She's regressed to her past life."

As I said that, the geisha knelt down and placed a tray of food on the table. The man was now in the process of changing into a samurai. There was agony in his face, as if he were in a convulsion. I wasn't sure if the agony was associated with the physical transformation, or whether it was because he was with this woman. That was the end of the dream.

—female dreamer



This dreamer has made a successful career for herself and has given all her energies to it. But her love life has been neglected, and therefore, in the dream, the side she has suppressed emerges. She's not yet rooted in life, she doesn't know where she belongs, and suddenly the question arises, "What do an ordinary man and a woman do with each other? How do they relate to each other? What's the meaning of love?"

The dreamer is in a tourist place, which is the opposite of a place

Well, I was always interested in geishas when I was growing up, because they looked so plastic. The face looks like a mask, and I was always wondering what lay behind this mask. Geishas represent refinement, the ultimate form of Japanese aesthetics. I don't know if I think they are attractive at all. But there's a certain sense of sophistication associated with geishas.

—*dreamer*



where one lives and has one's roots put down. It's a temporary place where one is by chance. There she watches a man in the street picking up a woman he's interested in, and the dreamer follows them to find out what is going on. So we see that the problem of the relationship between man and woman begins to constellate.

She then follows them to a Japanese flat decorated with screens. (Later in the dream, we will see that the Japanese play a special role in her setup, so I'll not deal with that now. It means simply that the problem is still screened discreetly. She doesn't yet know what is happening.) And then she sees that the man is staring suspiciously at the silhouette of the woman on the floor, the shadow silhouette, and that the woman is playing the role of a geisha, which is pure acting, a way of not being herself. It is the geisha's task to fulfill all the wishful fantasies of what men think is ideal femininity. She cannot live her own feminine reality. She has to play-act, and therefore she casts a shadow. Her real femininity remains in the shadow, and in the dream the man is suspicious of the shadow of the woman. "What's the shadow of a geisha like? What is a geisha like when she is not painted, when she doesn't play her role? What kind of a woman is she then?" This is the type of question this woman has in mind.

The geisha's mouth runs with blood and her eyes are bloodshot,

When I was growing up in Hong Kong, Japanese films were very popular. The samurais were hero figures to the teenagers. They were physically attractive and had a good sense of right and wrong. All the girls were crazy about Japanese samurais, compared to the Chinese men. Generally, Chinese men are physically smaller than samurais.

—*dreamer*



which shows that she's in some terrible pain or torture, that acting out the wishful fantasies of a man, instead of being a woman in her own right, is a torture to her. This has long been the lot of geishas. For example, the Chinese bound the feet of their upper-class women, so that they were completely crippled. And they couldn't complain. They had to satisfy the fantasies of men by becoming elegantly unreal, as if they didn't touch the floor, as if they hadn't heavy peasant feet.

Men fear the woman's earthiness. Her earthiness is her power, her connection with earthy reality, and men fear it because, as Jung realized, women are really the tougher sex. That's why men are afraid of the earthy side of women. By binding the feet of the upper-class Chinese girls, they transformed them into butterflies, into delicate, unearthly, romantic creatures. But for the women this was a mutilation, and naturally the geishas are completely mutilated. They had to repress all their natural feminine reactions in order to play the geisha role.

Just as the geisha has bloodshot eyes, so the man is also undergoing some torture. His transformation into a samurai seems to cause him tremendous pain. Now, the samurai carries a personal projection for this dreamer. The samurai is the romantic beloved of her teens, and the man in the dream painfully transforms himself into that ideal. Even in the dream, the dreamer recognizes that this is a regression. The woman is regressing to a past life which hints what the dream is really aiming toward.

The dreamer has emigrated to Canada and has concentrated her energies into making a career. Now that she's at the top of her career, the love problem comes up. It's the problem of finding a partner, of fulfilling her dreams of love, and here she cannot go to any Western model of relationship between man and woman. Therefore, there is a huge regression to the historical past, to the Far East where the medieval model of relationship between man and woman was a samurai and a geisha. But since the figures who play the samurai and geisha both suffer such great torture, it means that the dreamer cannot go back to that model. It would completely constrain her modern femininity. But since she has no other, she has to go back for the moment to that medieval model, but only to then jump forward again to create or to find in her soul a new model of femininity. The torture in the dream is the birth pangs of searching for and having not yet found her own feminine image or identity.

On a collective level, modern woman's search for her own feminine identity has led to a rebellion against the patriarchy. But, paradoxically, it's led many women straight back into geisha-like relationships. They desire companionship and sexuality divorced from personal feeling. How do you account for this?

I think it has two roots. The deeper one is that many North American women are very unhappy because social life in North America is not rooted enough. People move about too much; women have very little chance to establish their roots in the earth, in a garden, in a house, in a community, in a surrounding where they can stay. This constant moving rather pleases men, but is very unfortunate for women. It damages their instincts. Then women want to replace it by sex, because that is their last possibility of having a connection with their own bodies, a confirmation of their own physical existence. But it's a desperate move which is a surrogate for something quite different. It's a surrogate for having no feminine life, no feminine rhythm of life.

The whole rhythm of North American life is too hectic for a woman. It damages women more than men. It's not good for men

either, but it damages women even more. And then there is the whole world of advertising, and the social idea of success—girls having to date boys, and inquiring, “Are you dating a boy already?” and so on. The whole relationship between the sexes becomes an affair of success, of social achievement, instead of feeling.

Women can run sex with the head, completely cool, without feeling, as a means to confirm their self-esteem. They think, “I must have a man. I must have an affair in order to prove myself normal.” But that has nothing to do with the real instinctive feeling of a woman. She runs over those feelings with a theoretical idea of having to have a man and having to have sex with him. The whole thing is a cold power game which leads to nothing.

The sexual instinct is one instinct, but there are many other instincts as well. There is the instinct of self-preservation, and there are social instincts and aggressive instincts. There is a whole host of different instincts. No animal, for instance, ever consists solely of sexual desire. A dog has aggression, the need for food, the need for affection, the need for being with other dogs, and so on and on. If a woman singles out the sexual instinct as the only instinct and runs it with her head, it is a contra-instinctive because it's out of balance. Nature never chooses one instinct against all the others. Nature keeps a kind of homeostasis, or general equilibrium between the instincts. It turns one instinct on and another off, and so on. If we observe animal life, we see that it is periodical. It has periods for the sexual instincts, situations for the aggressive instinct, situations for the collective herd instinct. Its rhythms are regulated by a totality, by the wholeness of its being. Only the human is stupid enough to isolate one instinct and govern life by it. Naturally, by so doing he goes against the wholeness of the instinctive world and does harm to his own body and to his whole life.

If a woman has not a strong connection to her own instinctive feminine nature, she falls for that kind of nonsense. And then she runs her relationships by trying to conquer men. She puts them in her pocket and then boasts to her girlfriends about it. This, of course, has nothing to do with her real feminine feelings.

Liberation of the Heart

But it seems these women fear their real feminine feelings. They want a relationship without emotional commitment. In fact, if personal feelings do become involved, they often end the relationship.

That is because an emotional commitment brings conflict. If one is emotionally committed to another human being, one is easily hurt and risks a lot of misunderstandings. Even the best partner will hurt you from time to time. You are exposed; you are vulnerable; you are dependent. Such women don't want to get into that. They are afraid of it. They are afraid of the complications of the heart. They prefer to run a relationship like a cold businessman, just have the pleasure of it and say good-bye. "Nothing to do with you personally." It is a rejection of the feminine fate, which is to be personally interested in the man and to be, therefore, vulnerable. What about losing your partner? What about your partner going away with another woman? What about your partner traveling for years in foreign countries and not returning to you? That is the eternal pain of women.

Women want a lasting personal relationship, and men, very often do not care about it, or lead a life where they cannot care about it. They have to attend to their own business. That is the tragedy between men and women, and women who don't want personal commitment want to escape that tragedy. They want to escape suffering, and they naturally get into much worse suffering.

In our modern world, women have achieved their sexual freedom. A woman can now live her sexual life as she likes; that is no longer a problem. Now comes the much bigger problem: the liberation of the heart. That is the program of the next fifty years.

Liberation of the heart?

There are two types of human connection. One is technical: the boss and the employee, the bus conductor and the passenger. It is organized by rules, even nowadays by psychological rules. (There are even training programs for managers on how to manage the employees.) The other type of human connection is through feeling, the liking and

the disliking, and nowadays that doesn't count for much. A woman would sometimes like to say, "This sounds all very logical, but I have a strong feeling against it." Nobody would pay any attention to that nowadays. If she cannot formulate it as a logical deduction, they just ignore it. To say, "My feeling instinct tells me this is no good," is not enough. Men do the same thing to themselves. They have feelings too, but they ignore them. They may have a funny feeling in their stomachs, but they think, "Oh, that is jet lag or something." They rationalize it away. They don't listen to the reactions of the heart.

That is why so many so-called primitive people, in the so-called underdeveloped countries reproach us, and quite rightly. Whatever their shortcomings, they listen more to their feelings. You could still say to an Australian aborigine, "Today I have a bad feeling. I won't move out of the camp." Or you can say, "That fellow seems to be making a very good offer to us, but I somehow don't like it, and I'll therefore keep away from him." You can still say that to an Australian aborigine, but if you say it to a white American businessman, he'll just think, "Oh well, women!"

Do you feel we are in danger of building a wall of rationality in our society which feeling can't penetrate? Are we losing our capacity to love and be loved?

I think that is the number one problem of the Aquarian Age. The only thing which might save us, in the East and the West, from falling into an overly rational, overly organized mass society which suffocates the individual is a reevaluation of the importance of personal feeling. Fortunately, people are waking up to the negative effects of this computerizing of humanity. We have now, for instance, political slogans abhorring too much state and too much organization. This massification of society stems from an overpopulation of the planet, which demands an organization that suffocates the individual. The problem is that there are too many rules, and rules are always impersonal; they are for everybody.

If you study primitive communities or older agricultural communi-

ties, everybody knew everybody and related to each other personally. A lot of idiots and mentally sick people didn't need to be institutionalized, because the community just suffered them. They laughed and said, "Oh well, you know so-and-so." I remember on the first day when we moved into the village where I grew up, a man came and said, "My father is a kleptomaniac. He steals everything. So, if things are stolen from you, please don't go to the police. Just come to me, and I'll hand them back to you." So the poor old kleptomaniac didn't need to go to an asylum. Everybody knew his little fault and compensated for it. That is personal relationship. He, including his faults, belonged personally to the community. In such a society there are fewer criminals, and fewer people ready for the lunatic asylum. The society carries the individual and stands the individual. It gives him a certain leeway of freedom with a pardoning shrug of the shoulders which says, "Oh well, he is like that, or she is like that." People are taken for what they are. That's what we have lost, and that's what we have to restore again in some new form.

Liberation of Relationship

*If one loves the other really, one wants him to be free,
not to put him on a leash like a dog.*

—Marie-Louise von Franz

DR. VON FRANZ, over the years I've heard love defined by poets and philosophers in a thousand different ways, and even though in our earlier discussions you flatly refused to define love, I think your expression "liberation of the heart" is just that—a definition of love.

Well, feeling is my inferior function, so I have a certain difficulty articulating that. The feeling function is something which is completely neglected nowadays. Generally we identify feeling with affect and emotion, but that is only inferior feeling. For instance, young people in their happenings, their rock concerts, liberate their feelings, but it mostly comes out in strong emotion, in a feeling of loving everybody or destroying everything. Their feelings spill all over the place. They are not individually pointed.

Differentiated feeling, on the contrary, is to love that unique person for his or her uniqueness. It is difficult, for it presupposes that you are capable of seeing the uniqueness of the other person, of getting rid of all schematic psychological judgments. It is ultimately something irrational that has to do with one's own development. The more one becomes a unique individual oneself, the more one individuates in the

Jungian sense of the word, the more one becomes able to see the other person as a unique person and not have some cliché judgment about him or her. If you listen to how people gossip about each other, you notice that much of what they say is a cliché that misses the uniqueness of the other person. It doesn't define their uniqueness.

So liberation of the heart would mean to become slowly capable of feeling and sensing the uniqueness of the other's personality and to love that uniqueness. That doesn't mean this Christian all-pardoning, sweetie pie, strawberry sauce love which loves and pardons everything. It means, on the contrary, a very great precision of feeling. People with differentiated feeling are even shocked if you talk to them in a not-quite-genuine tone or make a not-quite-genuine gesture with the hand. They feel your uniqueness, and they want you to be yourself. That is the most important thing for a psychologist, to love the genuine person of the patient and to openly dislike what is not genuine. This brings out what he or she really is or is meant to be by nature. That is real love—the love which heals and makes the other person whole. It has nothing to do with sentimentality, or being just sweet or polite.

Exactly the opposite!

Exactly the opposite. It's very tiring. It's constantly having a quick, precise reaction to the way the other really is, or is not, or should be. You find it sometimes in the anecdotes of the Zen masters. A novice comes with an ungenuine answer, or with a tricky intellectual question, and the Zen master just hits him in the core of his real being.

Can you think of one of those anecdotes?

A novice came in and the master said, "Look in the stove and see if there is still some fire under the embers." The novice looked and said, "There is no fire under the embers." The master gave him a hit over the head and said, "There is fire under the embers." At that moment the novice woke up.

That absence of "genuineness" is what a man experiences when he is attacked by a woman's animus. He feels she is not being herself, is not

being genuine. It creates a delicate problem, and a man usually doesn't know how to handle it. A wise woman once said, "When animus meets anima, you're guaranteed one thing—animosity!" What can a man do when he is attacked by a woman's animus?

A man could try to talk with her reasonably, but usually he just gets irritated, goes into an anima mood, and then can't talk to her at all. She blames him for all her misery in a childish, plaintive, reproachful voice, and he, with his weak feeling, feels awkward and gets irritated, and doesn't answer, or slams the door, or picks up the newspaper, or turns on the television and sulks. Then she gets wilder and wilder. The animus and anima constellate each other into the typical marriage battle.

Now, generally, if a woman attacks a man with the animus, he usually feels helpless. He has the vague feeling that if only he could restore her to the role of a woman, she would be all right. That's what sometimes gives him the impulse to grab her, put her on the bed, and say, "You are a woman. Don't be a man." He expresses by that, "Be a woman. You are my wife. You are not a man." It helps sometimes. The German word for convincing somebody is *überzeugen*, to overgenerate the other, and a man can sometimes convince the animus that way. I have quite often known the husband to grab his wife and say, "Now, come on, stop babbling all that nonsense," and put her right in the feminine position.

Are you saying there is a place for male dominance in a relationship?

Naturally, there's a place for a man to be a man and a woman to be a woman, otherwise Nature wouldn't have made them that way. It doesn't need to be an attitude of dominance. You can just as well say, "Make love to her." It's just as much an expression of love; a man can sometimes break the animus possession of his wife simply by making love to her. It all depends how he does it. If he has real feelings, they will reach her. If he acts without feeling, nothing will happen. It will only go wrong. That is why I never advise a man in analysis with me

to do such a thing, because he would just be acting. He would do it because I told him to, and then it would certainly go wrong. It only goes right if he really has a positive feeling, a wave of positive, warm feeling toward her.

But when a woman is sobbing, "How could you do this to me? I'm leaving if you're going to treat me this way!," then surely, he must sympathize and understand her.

He doesn't have to take all that bullshit, because it will only get worse and worse. He has to refuse that nonsense and say, "When you talk all sorts of nonsense in that whiny, baby way, I'm not even going to listen." But he must at the same time make a gesture that tells the woman that if only she were herself, he would love her.

For a man to deal with an animus-possessed woman, it is necessary to love her and slap the animus at the same time. Then the woman feels, "When I am myself, he still loves me; when I'm not myself, he gets angry." In that way, the man can help the woman out. Then she begins to notice what is herself and what is not herself. It is very difficult for a woman with a strong negative animus to distinguish the difference.

Think, for instance, of a wife who learns that her husband is having an affair. Her feminine feelings and her personal feelings are deeply hurt. If she could react in a feminine way, she would dramatically express to her husband that she is hurt. Instead of that her masculine side, her animus, says, "Such a thing cannot go on. Either we must divorce or you must stop this affair. I'll set you a time. You must give up this relationship by the end of next month or we're finished."

Now this is the animus talking like a lawyer. It is not talking like a woman. And, even if she doesn't feel that way, her friends will tell her that she must tell her husband all that. And then she sails on and tells her husband, "Look here, this has to stop. This can't go on forever. I can't stand it. You have to make up your mind." And so on, and so on, and so on—always talking like a lawyer. Now the husband only vaguely feels, "This is not my wife. This is a lawyer speaking to me."

So he explodes and gets sulky, or, as men often do when the woman comes on as a man, he gets possessed by his anima and sneaks out and begins to lie. This infuriates her even more. Then you have the classic marriage battle, the animus versus the anima, which is the same all over the world from China to Canada. You can make a cliché of it; it's always the same exchange of words. But the woman doesn't realize that she's not expressing her feelings. She thinks what she expresses is her true feeling and her true opinion, but if you look at it, the sentence generally begins with, "*One* cannot do that, *one* cannot." It is generally just an impersonal cliché. "*Such* a situation cannot carry on. *Such* situations *always* end like that." There is no individual feeling reaction.

Well, if her husband is having an affair, what can she do?

There is no general rule. She has to follow her own feeling. It depends on what kind of an affair her husband is having, if she feels he needs it, or if she feels he is running into a disaster and she ought to prevent him if possible. It depends on a thousand details. That's why there is no general recipe. The husband might not have wanted to fall in love at all. He might have fallen into it against his own will, so why should the woman then be furious with him? She should rather look at him as being sick. If he has the flu, she nurses him, but if he has love flu, she won't put up with it.

You see, if a woman stays with her feeling, then she can see the personal implications. She can see the whole situation in a very personal and differentiated way and generally can find the wisdom in herself to handle it. If she falls into the animus, however, the collective rules cut her off from her true feeling.

Relationships often begin by two people falling in love. They meet their other half, their "soulmate." What happens when that projection is withdrawn? Is the relationship over?

One cannot say that in advance. Generally when people fall in love in one second like that, it is mostly based on projection, and many

Liberation of Relationship

marriages begin on the basis of a strong projection. Then inevitably a period of disillusionment follows when both partners discover that the other is very different from what he or she had thought. They are two strangers staring at each other's face and saying to themselves, "How could I?" And then comes the great test. Can they build up a real relationship after the projection is gone, or is there nothing left?

How can they know if a real relationship is possible?

From looking at the dreams. I have analyzed married couples who, after having worked through the blind infatuation of animus-anima projection, have dreamt that at last they could get married. This time for good. One or both dreamt of going to church and having a marriage ceremony, as if removing the projection made it possible for them to be really related, loving with open eyes. Knowingly saying yes to each other for the first time.

In our Western society, many of us make the most important decision of our lives based on that projection. What do you think of choosing a mate in this manner?

I think it's the best possible way. Otherwise, historically, the families arrange marriages for money reasons, power reasons, family political reasons. That tradition is still carried on in good families in India and China today. And that isn't very satisfactory either.

I would say let fate play its part. Then the choice is made by projection in many cases, but if the people are instinctively healthy, they do not only project. If there is not a father image or a mother image disturbing the situation, they have a healthy instinct for choosing the right partner, and then, even if it goes wrong, they have learned something. If you had prevented them, they wouldn't have learned anything; they would have remained blind puppies.

So I think projections, and error, and possible divorce are sometimes a detour which cannot be avoided. It's tragic and very sad, but we are now for the first time in the history of mankind experimenting with

free love. Originally, as an institution, marriage had nothing to do with love. But we can't do that anymore; it's too impersonal; it's too collective. So, if we want to find personal relationship, we have to experiment ourselves. I think there will be a lot of painful suffering, men torturing women and women torturing men, till we wake up to a possibility of relating better to each other.

It's a unique experiment in history; it began with the *courts d'amour* in France when the knights could choose a woman they loved, where they had free love relationships. But the Catholic Church promptly repressed it. There were too many illegitimate children, family complications, and inheritance problems. Man's legalizing tendency suppressed it.

I say to analysts when they are in love difficulties, "This is pioneering country you are in now." For the first time in history, we are really trying to relate man and woman on a human basis, and there is bound to be a lot of error and trouble at first.

The modern developments in psychology don't want to abolish marriage, but they want to make it a bit less rigid, less tyrannically tight, especially when the children get older. Young children need a tightly knit family life and, therefore, biological drives usually knit couples together in the early part of their marriage, but after a certain period this close family unit assumes less importance. It probably has a social motivation. If the community consists only of little, happy, tightly knit families, there is no general communal life. There are only little packages not relating to each other, saying, "My children are better than your children," so to speak. As the children get older, therefore, there is generally a tendency of the unconscious not to dissolve marriage but to loosen it, to demand more freedom for both partners.

So I'm for a certain freedom for the men, but just as much for the women. I feel there should be mutual freedom in marriage. Married couples should give each other more mutual freedom and more mutual understanding.

And what about fidelity?

Well, the question is, “What is fidelity?” Is fidelity what the law decides—namely, that you may not go to bed with another partner, which might mean nothing? Jung said you can sometimes commit adultery by just looking lovingly into somebody’s eyes. That might mean more than having a bed affair which means nothing. So what is adultery? What is fidelity? I do not think fidelity should be defined in such a purely outer way. To me, fidelity is a basic loyalty to the essence of the other person, loyalty without compromise to the innermost heart of the partner. But that doesn’t exclude taking a certain freedom, or leaving the other to have a certain freedom. On the contrary, if one loves the other really, one wants him to be free, not to put him on a leash like a dog.

PART SEVEN

The Self

Dreams of a Lifetime

The seed of a mountain pine contains the whole future tree in a latent form; but each seed falls at a certain time onto a particular place, in which there are a number of special factors, such as the quality of the soil and the stones, the slope of the land, and its exposure to sun and wind. The latent totality of the pine in the seed reacts to these circumstances by avoiding the stones and inclining toward the sun, with the result that the tree's growth is shaped. Thus an individual pine slowly comes into existence, constituting the fulfillment of its totality, its emergence into the realm of reality. Without the living tree, the image of the pine is only a possibility or an abstract idea. . . . The realization of this uniqueness in the individual is the goal of the process of individuation.

—C. G. Jung
in *Man and His Symbols*

DREAMS TELL US where our energy is and where it wants to go. Every dream is a helpful message, giving insight into the particular meaning of a particular situation in our lives. Night after night, these messages keep coming, more than one hundred thousand during the course of an average lifetime. If we study our dreams over

a period of time, we begin to see meaningful connections between them. There seems to be an overall guiding force at work steering each of us toward our own unique destiny.



Dr. von Franz, in analyzing people's dreams, have you observed an overall pattern in the dream life of an individual?

There is still a lot of research to be done, but I have noted my own dreams for forty years, and some of my analysands have taken down their dreams regularly over years. I also have about three thousand eight hundred dreams given to me by a patient who died. He was a very conscientious noter of dreams and wrote his dreams down for years and years.

Another of my analysands picked out themes from his dreams: the theme of fighting, the theme of the father, the theme of sports. He noted that these themes appeared and disappeared, only to reappear again. There is something periodical about it. When he followed a single theme, he could see the way it slowly changed. There was a gradual change.

People in analysis very often get discouraged and say, "I'm still dreaming about Father shouting at me. That's a dream I've had since the beginning of my analysis. I haven't developed at all." But I say, "Wait a minute, if we look at it very closely, if we follow up all the dreams you have had about your father, you will see there is a slight change." The change is very gradual. It is as if something in the depth of the person was cooking the theme and sending up messages from time to time. A negative father figure, for instance, becomes more and more amiable. Or there is a dangerous situation which occurs in early dreams, and in later dreams the same situation recurs, but there is a solution to it. It's as if nature slowly broods on the problems, developing them slowly. In dream interpretation we observe this slow development. Our conscious attention can speed up that maturing process by cooperating with nature in working out problems. Analysis is nothing else than the concentration of our conscious attention upon that

natural maturing process in order to speed it up. It's like adding fire, so that the process will go faster.

Our conscious life appears to develop through definite stages: childhood, adolescence, and so on. Do dreams show a parallel development?

There is an essential difference between the dreams of very young people and those of aging people, and in the middle of life there is a transition stage. You can say that in general the dreams of very young people try to help them to adapt to life. There is a movement toward outward adaptation, to the fulfillment of the love life, personal ambition, and so on. Between thirty-five and forty, dreams shift to an adaptation toward the inner life, to finding the meaning of one's own life. Nowadays, however, the inner life sometimes becomes urgent even for young people. We are so crushed by the mass-mindedness of our civilization due to the problem of overpopulation that many of us feel superfluous. We feel, "If I were removed to the cemetery nothing would be changed. There would be one less mouth to feed, and that would be really a blessing. Mankind would just continue to teem on this planet." The mass-mindedness governing our civilization crushes us and makes us feel superfluous and unimportant. In our professional lives we can always be replaced by twenty others who want the same post. And that has a very destructive effect on modern man. Either he compensates by becoming a megalomaniac who wants to be the top dog and at least achieve something, or he feels completely crushed and superfluous, so that a kind of sneaky depression creeps up in him. You find that depression nowadays in many young people. In some hidden way they feel deeply depressed and discouraged. They don't believe in their own lives or in the meaning of their own existence.

Now, all dreams point out to the individual the unique meaning of his or her unique life. That is perhaps the most important feature of dream life. It is as if there are two thousand trees in a forest and they are all just trees, but when looked at closely and accurately, each has a unique personality. No two trees are alike. They are all personalities. Nature fulfills its pattern in unique, individuated beings. That's why

statistical thinking is so detrimental, so harmful. We can say that in a heap of stones the average weight is one kilo. But, if we look at the stones individually, there is not one stone which weighs one kilo. One stone weighs two kilos, one weighs a half kilo, and so on. We have to learn to see and respect the uniqueness of the real thing. Reality consists of an enormous number of unique beings, and dreams help us to find the unique pattern of our life. In modern psychological practice people complain over and over again, "My life has no meaning." They shrug their shoulders and say, "What for? What am I here for? What's the use of it? I could just as well not exist." And here the dream is uniquely helpful in pointing out what the unconscious wants of that person, what it wants that person to become.

It's often very surprising. When people come to me, I sometimes try to guess what their destiny or task is. I wonder what will become of them. Is this a creative problem? Will that girl who is so unhappy in love get her Jack or John? I never guess right. What comes out is a complete surprise. And after the event one says, "That is uniquely the solution for that person. That's not a collective solution."

That is why publishing case material can sometimes be very discouraging. People think, "Ah, that's the solution to my depressive problem," or "That's the solution to my unhappy marriage." But it isn't. It is only the solution for that person in that particular case. Another case is different. All solutions are unique. That's why it's even dangerous to publish case material, because people identify and think it's their solution. But it's not their solution. It's that other person's solution. That's what makes the work on dreams so exciting. It never repeats. You can never guess accurately. Nature always provides a creative answer.

Do you believe in predestination, Dr. von Franz? Do dreams show life is predetermined?

Naturally a lot of a human life has a preexisting pattern. You are born as a man or a woman, as a white man or a Chinese woman, in this place and not in another place, in this family and not in another.

There is a given pattern, but there is also a certain leeway or freedom. Otherwise we could give up therapy and say that people have to fulfill the pattern of their lives, and that there's nothing that can be done about it. But by reading the pattern, by making it conscious, by interpreting the dreams, we cannot escape our fate, but we can give it a more positive meaning. It makes a difference whether we say yes to our fate and fulfill it positively, or say no and are dragged by it against our will. So we can say that although there is a certain predestination, it's not absolute. It's not like the fatalistic idea of Allah, who decides everything so it just goes that way. We can change things, and that's why therapy has a meaning. We can change things by understanding the pattern of our life, thereby avoiding certain negative consequences of it. We can give it a relatively more positive aspect.

You have said that dreams in the first half of life aid ego development and in the second half focus on a search for meaning. What then do dreams say when death is on the horizon, when a person is terminally ill?

Well, I have just started a study of the last dreams of people before they enter the coma. The dreams of dying people are not about death, but generally about a journey. They have to get ready for a journey, or they have to go through a dark tunnel and be reborn into another world, or they have to go through a disagreeable darkness or through a dark cloud to come out into another space, or they are going to finally meet their beloved partner. This meeting is the famous motif of death as a marriage, marriage with one's own other inner half. Or, when someone is so strongly identified with their body that they are inclined to think that when the body is finished, everything is finished, then they have dreams which try to detach them from the body. I remember also the dream of an officer in the cavalry who dreamt, just before he died, that a soldier came to him and said, "Officer, look at what I have to show you." And he showed him the decaying corpse of his horse. Jung interpreted the dream: "The warm-blooded animal which you are is going to die. That's what's going to happen to it, but it's not you."

It's only the warm-blooded animal body which is going to decay, but not you yourself." Jung made this interpretation because the dreamer's consciousness still existed in the dream. He was able to look at the corpse.

The dreams of dying people show a tremendous variety. Generally they contain the same archetypal motifs which comparative ethnology has discovered in its study of death rituals and the beliefs about life after death among the different human populations: that it is a rebirth, that it is a long, long journey into another country, that it is a transformation, that it is a partial destruction out of which something survives. There are many motifs.

At lunch today you told me the dream of a dying woman.

Yes, she was a very simple woman, and she told the nurse in the morning after breakfast, "Last night I had a strange dream. I dreamt that there was a candle on the windowsill. It was slowly burning down and it began to flicker. I panicked and I thought, 'My God, now the great darkness is coming, the great darkness is coming.' And then, suddenly, there was a change, and the candle was outside the windowsill on the outer part of the window and was big and burning quietly again." Isn't that a strange dream? Four hours after that dream she died.

The dream seems to tell her, "Yes, the candle of your life is flickering. It's going out. But life will continue in another medium, in another sphere. Beyond the isolating threshold of the window, that very same life will be going on." She was very comforted by the dream without understanding it. And that is a typical dream of a dying person.

I remember another dream, which was published by a medical doctor. A man dreamt that he saw an abyss, and at the bottom of the abyss was a growing tree which was slowly losing its roots. Suddenly there was an earthquake, and the tree started falling, and the dreamer thought, "That's the end." Just at that moment, the tree began to hover in midair, and it continued to exist in midair without having roots in the earth. It just hung there in midair, as if the unconscious

were saying, "Your tree of life is losing its contact with earthly reality, but it is not dying. The life process is going on in another medium."

That's the gist of most dreams of the dying, and that's why it is very worthwhile to continue analysis with dying people. Many psychological schools don't bother about old or dying people, because they think they have no further need of adaptation to life. After all, sex problems don't exist when you're on your deathbed. But you can see that the voice of nature or the voice of instinct, which is the dream, helps the people to die in peace. It comforts them.

Many people to whom I told such dreams objected that it is wishful thinking, that dreams are wish fulfillments, but I don't believe it. As you see from the dream of the decaying horse, nature does say quite unsentimentally that the end is coming. In that woman's dream, the flickering candle does go out. But at the same time as the dream says that something is coming to an end, it also says that something is continuing in another medium. It's very difficult to imagine how it's going on, or what is going on. We can only take it as such.

Are there dreams that announce death, that say a person is actually going to die?

Well, I would say that until they are actually dead, you are never quite sure. A woman consulted me once who had cancer, metastases all over the body. She had shocking death dreams. She dreamt that her watch had stopped. She brought it to the watchmaker, and he said it couldn't be repaired. She dreamt her favorite tree was felled in the garden. I didn't even have to interpret the dreams for her. She said sadly, "That clearly tells the outcome of my illness." The doctors told her in the usual way, "You will get better. You will be all right." But she was sure she was dying, and that terrible shock made her pull up her socks and face her problems. She had a problem she hadn't faced, and I can only say she's still alive after fifteen years. She had death dreams to give her a death shock. She could have died, and she could have not died. Out of shock, she chose to live.

After that experience I would say that even if people have death

dreams, it might only mean that they should face death. It doesn't mean that death will actually happen but that they must come to a naked confrontation with the fact that their life might come to an end. That may give them either a salutary shock so that they continue to live, or it may mean, "Now it is finished." I would never dare to say what it means before the end has come.

But there is also sometimes a kind of uncanny smell around certain dreams where one has the feeling, "Umm . . . that forebodes death." But that's more of a parapsychological, mediumistic feeling one has about it. Scientifically, I couldn't give any reasons why one dream means actual death, while another means only the problem of death. Sometimes I get a gruesome shiver when people tell me a death dream, as if my sympathetic nervous system is saying, "Watch out, this really means death."

Does your work with dreams lead you to believe in life after death?

I wouldn't say I believe in it. That is a bit too strong. I would say that it seems to me from the dreams that there is a life after death. I think that dreams do not cheat, and because they are not wish fulfillments, there must be an aspect of life or the psyche going on. The question I would not dare to answer unequivocally is, "Does life go on impersonally, or does individual identity continue?" The dreams give contradictory evidence about that.

For instance, if you take the dream of that tree, you can say, "Yes, the life process of that man is going on, but not his ego. He himself is no longer around." On the other hand, there are other dreams which point to the fact that even the conscious identity continues. So it remains, for me, an open question.

Dr. von Franz, you've demonstrated how dreams reveal the fate of humanity, how they work at regulating the human psyche and are the key which unlocks the mystery of living one's own destiny. You've shown how they address even the most profound questions of life and death. But still one question puzzles me. If dreams are messages sent to inform our consciousness, why are they so obscure?

That has puzzled me too. I have often asked reproachfully, "Why does this damned unconscious talk such a Chinese difficult language? Why doesn't it tell us clearly what's the matter?" Now Jung's answer was that it obviously can't. It doesn't speak the language of the rational mind. Dreams are the voice of our instinctive animal nature or ultimately the voice of cosmic matter in us. This is a very daring hypothesis, but I'll venture to say that the collective unconscious and organic atomic matter are probably two aspects of the same thing. So the dreams are ultimately the voice of cosmic matter. Therefore, just as we cannot understand the behavior of atoms (look at the Chinese language modern physicists have to use to describe the behavior of an electron), so we have to use the same kind of language to describe the deeper layers of the dream world.

The dream takes us into the mysteries of nature strange to our rational mind. We can compare it to atomic physics, where the most complicated formulas are not sufficient to describe what is happening. I don't know why nature has constructed our rational mind in a way that prevents us from understanding the whole of nature. We are born with a brain which seemingly can understand only certain aspects. Perhaps there will be later mutations on another planet where Nature will invent a brain which can understand these things.

The Maker of Dreams

Legend has it that when the gods made the human race, they fell to arguing where to put the answers to life so the humans would have to search for them.

One god said, "Let's put the answers on top of a mountain. They will never look for them there."

"No," said the others. "They'll find them right away."

Another god said, "Let's put them in the center of the earth. They will never look for them there."

"No," said the others. "They'll find them right away."

Then another spoke, "Let's put them in the bottom of the sea. They will never look for them there."

"No," said the others. "They'll find them right away."

Silence fell. . . .

After a while another god spoke, "We can put the answers to life within them. They will never look for them there."

And so they did that.

ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY focuses on four major archetypes of the unconscious: the shadow, the anima, the animus, and the Self. Throughout this book we have examined dreams which reveal the first three. Now we come to the fourth and central archetype, the Self.

The Self is the regulating and unifying center of the total psyche, both conscious and unconscious. Symbolically it has been expressed throughout the history of mankind as the inner Godhead, or the image of God.



This dream not only reveals the energies of the Self but also explains the function of dreams in the human psyche.

I had this dream when I was doing my analytical training in Zürich. The evening prior, a friend and I discussed our anxiety about interpreting other people's dreams.

The dream holds a very deep mystery for me. In the dream, I was myself and yet I was not myself. The dream ego had a wisdom and a knowledge that I do not have. It was as if the *I* who is me in the dream (rather than in waking life) was present during our discussion and provides the understanding.

At the beginning of the dream, I was sitting cross-legged on the ground in the central square of an ancient walled city. A young man full of life and vitality entered the square. He was naked to the waist, and the sun reflected through his long blond hair. He sat down opposite me and told me a dream, which I interpreted. As I interpreted his dream, rocks, huge boulders, fell out of the sky and hit the dream, causing it to split. Chunks flew off, revealing an inner structure to the dream made up entirely of nuts and bolts.

And, as he continued to relate his dream, other boulders fell from the sky. On impact, more chunks flew off the dream, progressively revealing an inner skeleton, which eventually took the form of a kind of abstract modern sculpture made of iron. I walked over and picked up a chunk that had been knocked off the dream. It was made

of bread. I said to the young man, "This demonstrates how a dream must be interpreted. You must know what to discard. It's just like life."

Then the dream changed. The youth and I still sat opposite each other, but on the bank of a river. The form which his dream had previously taken had changed. Rather than being composed of the nuts and bolts skeleton and chunks of bread, the dream now formed a pyramid of many colors, with each color forming either a triangle or a square. It was as if this pyramid, about five feet high, was shingled on all sides with thousands of these small colored squares and triangles. And the colors kept changing, an incredible flux of color change. As the color changed in one of the shingles, then another color had to change in another part of the pyramid. The energies were in constant motion. I explained to the youth that this balancing of energy was what dreams were all about. They compensate psychic energy.

Then again the dream changed. The pyramid which had been so beautiful with all the many colors was now composed entirely of shit. And there was another pyramid on top of the base pyramid, but it was invisible. Moreover, the top pyramid was upside down, so that the tips of the two pyramids came together into a central point. But that apex was also invisible. This puzzled me because that point was necessary to hold the structure together. Then the apex began to glow with an intense white light. It was strange looking into that space. There should have been something there, but there was only light. I looked down at the base pyramid, and as I peered deeply into the pyramid of shit, I realized, "The hand of God is in the shit." Those were the exact words that came to me.

Then I knew why I couldn't see the invisible point. That glowing white point was the face of God, and no one looks at the face of God and lives. Just like a hole in a fence. You

The Maker of Dreams

can't see the hole if you haven't got the fence. What's visible makes the invisible visible. Then I woke up.

—*male dreamer*

At the beginning of the dream, I was sitting cross-legged on the ground in the central square of an ancient walled city. A young man full of life and vitality entered the square. He was naked to the waist, and the sun reflected through his long blond hair. He sat down opposite me and told me a dream, which I interpreted. . . .



The evening before, the dreamer had puzzled about where dreams come from and how one interprets them. Because this is such a vitally important question, the unconscious revealed this beautiful dream, as if the Self, as the center of the dream, introduced itself to him, and said, "I am the maker of the dream. Look at what it is."

First he is in the square of a walled city. Since Roman times, old European walled cities were laid out as a square or a circle with a cross in the middle, in mandala form. The original mythological idea behind it was that the center represented the center of the world. You find it in the pattern of Roman towns, in all Roman foundations, and later in most medieval towns. It is really a mandala, a world center. The dreamer is in the center of just such a place, in the center of human life and human civilization, and there also sits the young man who tells the dream. He is a blond-haired youth, an unknown young man who is full of vitality. We could compare him to a sun hero, because blond hair is generally associated with solar qualities. He is the enlightened one and also the healthy one within the dreamer. We could even see in him an aspect of the Self of the personality, because ultimately the Self is the dreamer, the sender of the dream, and the interpreter of the dream. We are only the clown who watches it all.

. . . As I interpreted his dream, rocks, huge boulders, fell out of the sky and hit the dream, causing it to split. Chunks flew off it, revealing an inner structure to the dream made up entirely of nuts and bolts.

And, as he continued to relate the dream, other boulders fell from the sky. On impact, more chunks flew off the dream, progressively revealing this inner skeleton, which eventually took the form of a kind of abstract modern sculpture made of iron. . . .



A large boulder falls from heaven and hits the dream. That has to be seen together with the fact that he asked himself, "How does one interpret dreams?" Interpreting a dream is not something one can do by rational effort alone. One depends a bit on the help of the unconscious, on hunches coming from the unconscious which hit the mark. The art of dream interpretation is to aim in the right way and hit the mark that clicks in the dreamer. That's why, when someone discusses dreams with others and they all voice a different theory about what it might mean, the dreamer has the feeling, "Yes, it could mean this, it could mean that." Then all of a sudden somebody says something and it clicks. The dreamer then feels, "That's it! Now I feel that's it." That's when the boulder falls from heaven.

I always feel when I interpret dreams to people that, if the unconscious doesn't give me the right hunch, I am lost. I can stammer forever, but the unconscious, thank God, is very interested in the understanding of dreams and generally helps one to hit the mark. But it is really an act of grace that falls from heaven.

What remains is a structure made up of bolts and nuts. The bolts could be looked at as a masculine symbol and the nuts as a feminine symbol. In German the nuts are called *Mutter*—mother. Therefore, this structure is a union of the masculine and feminine principles. It is a union of opposites. The bolts with the nuts are there to connect, to make connections.

How does this relate to dream interpretation?

Well, every dream makes an essential connection between our ego consciousness and our inner center. A lasting connection. Everyone who has observed and watched his own dreams over years will have a series of dreams in mind of which he will inwardly say, "That dream and what it meant, I will never forget." One is forever linked with it and through that dream, one is linked with one's inner center.

. . . I walked over and picked up a chunk that had been knocked off the dream. It was made of bread. I said to the young man, "This demonstrates how a dream must be interpreted. You must know what to discard. It's just like life." . . .



Now, as soon as the interpretation hits the mark, or hits home, as we say, then it turns into the bread of life. Whenever we understand a dream properly, we feel nourished. We feel, so to speak, the supernatural nourishment we need inside, which comes from the unconscious. That is very often represented in dreams as either the bread of life or the water of life, because when it hits the mark, one is vivified and nourished, and one has a kind of happy, satisfied feeling, like the feeling you have after eating a good meal. One feels, "That's it. Now I know where I am going. Now I can go on." Something becomes peaceful and satisfied within one.

When those boulders hit down, some of the substance, the bread, flies away, and what remains are bolts and nuts which slowly build up a strange pyramidlike structure. So there is, so to speak, an outer form of the dream and the dream essence. And we can say, "Yes, the outer form of the dream is the sequence of images which we have to understand, which we have to follow up."

But then, and this is the most difficult part of dream interpretation,

we have to ask ourselves, "Now, what is the essence of the dream message? What does the dream tell us?" Then we have to penetrate to the essence of the message, the divine message which is contained in that strange shell, that sequence of absurd pictures, those difficult-to-understand images. This essence points to the Self. Dreams always point to the inner center. They are like hundreds of forms all pointing to the inner center. Every dream is an attempt of nature to center us, to relate us again back to our innermost center, to stabilize our personality.

The major question in dream interpretation is explained to the dreamer: namely, what to discard and what to keep. "It's like life." The dream, like life, has a surface which one has to discard. For instance, dreams, being pure nature, use some very absurd similes, some of them in very bad taste. I remember, for instance, a painter analysed who dreamt that he was taking a shit and he produced so much, more and more, that the toilet overflowed with it. Then we found out what had happened. The evening before he had started a painting on a small canvas. Then he had a lot more fantasies, but he couldn't find room for them on the small canvas. So, you see, because he was a bit stingy and didn't want to buy a bigger canvas, the dream clearly told him what it thought of his attitude.

So you see, the dream does not follow the rules of our good education or the ideas of good manners. It speaks a natural language. The surface is sometimes very repellent, or just stupid. People will say, "Last night I had an absurd, stupid dream." Then they have to discard the image so they can break through to the meaning. The imagery is not the important thing. The meaning, the message, is the important thing. And, as the dream says, it's the same in life.

. . . Then the dream changed. The youth and I still sat opposite each other, but on the bank of a river. . . .



It is as if the first part of the dream tried to explain to the dreamer what the dreams are in their essence and where they come from, while the second part of the dream tried to explain to the dreamer how dreams function within the course of life which is symbolized by the river.

The river is an image of the flow of time. So it's not merely a question of what this or that dream means, but rather what is the meaning of the whole river of dream life that we enter every night? What is it? What's the meaning of it? Where does that river come from or what's the basic principle of its aliveness?

. . . The form which his dream had previously taken had changed. Rather than being composed of the nuts and bolts skeleton and chunks of bread, the dream now formed a pyramid of many colors, with each color forming either a triangle or a square. It was as if this pyramid, about five feet high, was shingled on all sides with thousands of these small, colored squares and triangles. . . .



In the dream, by the side of the river, the structure of bolts and nuts changes into a pyramid shingled with thousands of colored quadrangles and triangles which is constantly alive and moving.

Now, the pyramid is a symbol of what Jung calls the Self, the innermost divine center of the psyche. It is an image of the Self for both men and women. If the Self is personified in a man, it's usually a wise old man; and if it is personified in a woman, it is generally a wise old woman. When it is not personified, however, when it is what one would call a mandala, beyond the differences of sex, it simply means the innermost center of the human psyche. Here, the image of the Self is a four-sided pyramid, with each side being a triangle.

The Egyptian pyramids were built in this form, and the uppermost stone which crowned the pyramid was in itself a small miniature of

the large pyramid. We can't see those uppermost stones anymore because they have fallen off, but probably they were covered with gold and were oriented in such a way that the first ray of the rising sun reflected off them. The idea was that the moment when the sun hit the point of the pyramid, the dead would be resurrected. At that moment the dead king who rested in the pyramid would rise from his grave and go up along the path of the Sun God and over the horizon. The stone, the pointed stone on top of the Egyptian pyramids, was called *ben ben*. It was a sacred stone and was also connected with the word *benu*, which is the word for phoenix, the symbol of resurrection. So the pyramid is always associated with the eternal part of the dead person. The pyramid is a grave which survives death and resurrects the dead to an eternal life in communion with the Sun God. When the rays of the rising sun hit the *ben ben* stone, the dead Pharaoh in his grave was enlightened. He rose from the dead, and awakened again from the underworld.

. . . And the colors kept changing, an incredible flux of color change. As the color changed in one of the shingles, then another color had to change in another part of the pyramid. The energies were in constant motion. I explained to the youth that this balancing of energy was what dreams were all about. They compensate psychic energy. . . .



The dream stresses that the many triangular and quadrangular shingles which cover the pyramid are colored in a thousand nuances. Because it is a living thing, the pyramid is constantly changing. Whenever one color nuance changes on one side, another color must change on another side in order that a fluid equilibrium is preserved throughout the whole pyramid.

We have observed that this equilibrium is a function of the Self. The Self, the innermost regulating center of our psyche, seems to aim

at keeping the whole psychological system in a fluid balance. We call that the law of compensation. Whenever one takes on a lop-sided attitude in consciousness—too rational, too spiritual, too materialistic, too driven by a single drive—then the dreams compensate by bringing up that which outweighs it on the other side. That's why Saint Augustine after his conversion to a higher spirituality said, "Thank God, I am not responsible for my dreams." He must have had dreams which pulled him right down to earth.

This law of compensation, however, is not a mechanical compensation: if I try to be good, my dreams will be bad, or, if I try to be too cheerful, my dreams will be melancholy. It's not a mechanical way of bringing in the opposite. Rather, it is a compensation in the service of the totality. It is as if the dream says, "You are lop-sided compared to your inner totality." That is the essential wisdom of the dream: to preserve a balance among all our psychic opposites and establish a kind of middle way. The unconscious seems to be in favor of the Chinese Yin/Yang philosophy, or the idea of the Tao as being a subtle balance of opposites.

. . . Then again the dream changed. The pyramid which had been so beautiful with all the many colors was now composed entirely of shit. . . .



Here we have again a union of extreme opposites: divine light and shit, the most eternal and the most transient, the most treasured and the most valueless. We discard shit. We cannot digest it, so we get rid of it. It is the thrown-away stuff.

. . . And there was another pyramid on top of the base pyramid, but it was invisible. Moreover, the top pyramid was upside down, so that the tips of the two pyramids

came together into a central point. But that apex was also invisible. This puzzled me because that point was necessary to hold the structure together. Then the apex began to glow with an intense white light. It was strange looking into that space. There should have been something there, but there was only light. . . .



Just as in the real Egyptian pyramid the uppermost point is the most luminous and important part of the whole structure, so it is in this dream pyramid. The upper point is empty space, something invisible, which is at the same time radiating a light. One is naturally reminded of the Buddhist teaching that Nirvana is the uppermost point of emptiness, that the Self is not an empty emptiness, but an emptiness full of light that has no specific definable content, while being the source of inner enlightenment.

I think now that Zen Buddhism and many other Eastern meditation techniques have so widely spread, it is not necessary to comment much more on this symbol. It is that state which the peoples of the East are striving for in their meditation exercises and techniques. Humanity, so to speak, is aiming at realizing that point of the pyramid. It represents the highest value in the psyche, or the Godhead, or the inner Buddha. The different schools give it different names, but it is always that same inner thing.

. . . I looked down at the base pyramid, and as I peered deeply into the pyramid of shit, I realized, "The hand of God is in the shit." Those were the exact words that came to me. . . .



This point is made visible in the dream by the fact that the pyramid consists of solid shit. One is reminded that the alchemists always

The Maker of Dreams

thought that gold was found in shit. The highest is found in the lowest. And in certain Eastern schools of meditation, it has been pointed out that after having reached illumination, one returns to the very ordinary life—the very ordinary life is also part of one's illuminated life. There is no contrast between having an inner illumination and living the shitty life of every day. Even those opposites belong together.

. . . Then I knew why I couldn't see the invisible point. That glowing white point was the face of God, and no one looks at the face of God and lives. Just like a hole in a fence. You can't see the hole if you haven't got the fence. What's visible makes the invisible visible. Then I woke up.



But the light makes the hand of God visible in the shit, and if we can see the hand of God in the shit, then we can stand the shit. Otherwise we suffocate in it. That's it! That's the message of the dream pyramid.

He dreamt he was a butterfly. And ever after he was puzzling whether he was a man who dreamt that he was a butterfly, or a butterfly who dreamt it was a man.

Are we the dream of the Self, or is the Self our dream?

We just don't know.



The Way of the Dream: Conversations on Jungian Dream Interpretation with Marie-Louise von Franz is based on the documentary film series *The Way of the Dream*, produced and directed by Fraser Boa. These twenty half-hour, 16 mm films are available for classroom and workshop use from:

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Index

Page numbers in italics indicate accounts of actual dreams.

- Affair, extramarital, 201–202
Aging, 11, 13, 29–30
Aggressiveness, 29
Airport, dreams of, 173
Alchemy, dreams of, 17
Allen, Woody, dream of, 28
Analysis, 210
Androgyny, 25–26
Angels, 62–63, 183–184
 dream of, 70
Anima, 25–27, 37–38, 92–97, 98, 107–109,
 119, 134–137
Anima/animus, 24, 25–27, 199–200,
 201–204
Animals, dreams of, 70, 81, 82, 83, 84,
 86, 213–214
Animus, 25–27, 107, 120, 133, 148, 178,
 185
 four stages of development, 143–144
 gangster, 161
 negative, 144, 154, 158–159, 161–165,
 175
 positive, 176, 184
 possession by, 160–161, 200–202
Anxiety, 29
Ape creature, dream of, 83
Archetypal dream, 17, 36
Arms, dream of, 132, 137
Art/artists, dream of, 84
Associations, 32, 34, 35–36, 40
Attacks, dreams of, 25, 137–138, 139, 144,
 146, 150
Automobiles, dreams of, 18, 37–38, 110,
 112
Babushka, dream of, 144, 145, 146
Balance, 226–227
Balcony, dream of, 169, 171
Balloons, dream of, 24
Basement, dream of, 137–138, 139
Bathroom, dreams of, 82, 150, 150–151,
 156
Bedroom, dream of, 138, 139–140
Beginning of dream. *See* Introduction/
 exposition
Biblical dreams, 58–59, 61, 66–67, 68–69,
 70–71
Bicycle, dream of, 177
Bird, dream of, 78
Black man/woman, dreams of, 89–90,
 105–106
Blond hair, dreams of, 219, 221, 221
Blood, dreams of, 138
Bluebeard, 164–165

Index

- Body
 - dead, dreams of, 147, 148
 - in psychotherapy, 152–153
- Bogart, Humphrey, dream of, 27
- Bonfire, dream of, 178, 179
- Bound hands, dream of, 156
- Bowie, David, dream of, 26
- Boyfriend, dream of, 155, 158
- Boy, young, dream of, 138, 140
- Bread, dreams of, 220, 223, 223
- Brontë, Emily, 165
- Brother, dream of, 169, 170, 171–172, 174
- Burglars, dreams of, 34, 36, 81
- Butterfly, dream of, 30, 229

- Cabin, dream of, 155
- Cafeteria, dream of, 137–138
- Candle, dream of, 214, 215
- Cars. *See* Automobiles
- Castle, dreams of, 122, 123, 126
- Cat, dreams of, 155, 156–157, 178
- Catastrophe, 34. *See also* Lysis
- Cave, dream of, 180, 180
- Celebrities, dreams of, 26, 27, 28, 120, 132
- Center, divine inner, 27–28. *See also* Self
- Childbearing, 176, 183
- Children, dream of, 138–139, 140–141
- Christ figure, dream of, 180, 180, 182
- Chuang Tzu, dream by, 30
- Church, 126
 - dream of, 30, 119–120, 120–121
- City, walled, dreams of, 219, 221, 221
- Civilization, Western, 66
- Cleaning, dream of, 169, 170
- Cloak, dream of, 120
- Clouds, dream of, 177
- Collective unconscious, 73
- Colored shingles, dream of, 220, 226, 226, 227–228
- Commune, dream of, 178
- Complexes, 23–24
 - father, 155–158
 - inferiority, 51
 - mother, 87, 92–97, 98–104
 - negative, 91
 - split-off, 91–93
 - superiority, 51
- Confinement, dream of, 115–116, 116–117
- Conscience, 12
- Conscious mind, 22, 42
- Consciousness, 22, 48–49, 175
 - ego, 123, 223
 - field of, 22
 - subjective, 57
- Constipation, dream, 13
- Contrasexual inner figure. *See* Anima/animus
- Cowboys, dream of, 178
- Cows, 68, 69
- Creativity, 11, 86, 122–123
- Cross, dream of, 119
- Crucifixion, dream of, 119–120, 120–123
- Cultures, primitive, 71–73

- Dancing, dream of, 27, 28, 169
- Daydreaming, 16
- Death/dying
 - and dreams, 11, 13, 29, 213–216
 - dreams of, 10, 17, 37, 40, 44–46, 215–216
- Demon lover, 165
- Destiny, 28, 66–73
- Devouring mother complex, 16, 92–97, 98
- Devouring unconscious, the, 16
- Differentiated feeling, 198–200
- Disease, 145–146. *See also* Illness
- Divine center, 27–28
- Divine feminine figure, 183
- Dogs, 144, 145, 146, 180, 180–182
- Doors, dream of, 90, 115
- Double, invisible, 63
- Dragon, 98, 101–102
- Dramatic structure of dreams, 33–34. *See also* Lysis
- Dream constipation, 13
- Dream dictionaries, 39–40
- Dream interpretation. *See* Interpretation of dreams

Dream

- of an airport, 173
- of alchemy, 17
- of Allen, Woody, 28
- of angels, 70
- of animals, 70, 81, 82, 83, 84, 86, 213–214
- of arms, 132, 137
- of art/artists, 84
- of attacks, 25, 137–138, 139, 144, 146, 150
- of automobiles, 18, 37–38, 110, 112
- of a babushka, 144, 145, 146
- of a balcony, 169
- of balloons, 24
- of a basement, 137–138, 139
- of a bathroom, 82, 150, 150–151, 156
- of a bedroom, 138, 139–140
- of a bicycle, 177
- of a bird, 78
- of a black man/woman, 89–90, 105–106
- of blond hair, 219, 221
- of blood, 138
- of Bogart, Humphrey, 27
- of a bonfire, 178, 179
- of bound hands, 156
- of Bowie, David, 26
- of a boy, 138
- of a boyfriend, 155
- of bread, 220, 223
- of a brother, 169, 170, 171–172, 174
- of burglars, 34, 36, 81
- of a butterfly, 30, 229
- of a cabin, 155
- of a cafeteria, 137–138
- of a candle, 214, 215
- of cars. *See* Dreams, of automobiles
- of a castle, 123, 125, 126
- of a cat, 155, 156–157, 178
- of a cave, 180, 180
- of celebrities, 26, 27, 28, 120, 132
- of children, 138–139, 140–141
- of a Christ figure, 180, 180, 182
- of church, 119–120, 120–121
- of cleaning, 169, 170
- of clouds, 177
- of colored shingles, 220, 226, 227–228
- of a commune, 178
- of confinement, 115–116, 116–117
- of cowboys, 178
- of cows, 68
- of a cross, 119
- of crucifixion, 119–120
- of dancing, 27, 28, 169
- of a dead body, 147, 148
- of death/dying, 10, 17, 44–46, 215–216
- of dogs, 144, 145, 146, 180–182
- of doors, 90, 115
- of a dragon, 101–102
- of dreams, 219–221, 222
- of drinking tea, 167
- of driving, 110, 111
- of an eagle, 78
- of enemies, 81
- of escape, 168
- of falling, 45, 46
- of farm implements, 106
- of father, 24, 115–116, 118, 155, 156–157
- of fear, 90, 116
- of fighting, 105–106
- of fish, 39, 177
- of floating, 144, 145
- of flying, 18, 35, 39, 42, 43, 78, 166–167
- of food, 28
- of a foreign woman, 137, 139
- of friends, 78, 82, 83, 168–170, 170–171, 177
- of Garbo, Greta, 28
- of a geisha, 190, 191–193
- of a girl, 138–139, 140–141
- of girlfriend, 15, 83
- of God, 58, 220–221, 228, 229
- of golden eyes, 180, 182
- of grandmother, 24, 31
- of gray mist, 167
- of guilt, 36
- of hair, 100, 219, 221

- of hanging, 169, 170, 171–172
- of a hanging man, 148, 148–149
- of hiding, 173, 174
- of a hotel room, 138, 139–140
- of husband, 131, 132–133
- of interpreting dreams, 219–221, 223–224
- of intruders, 137–138, 139
- of invisibility, 167, 167, 220–221, 228–229
- of Jacob's ladder, 58, 58–61
- of jail, 167–168, 168
- of Japanese, 190, 191–193
- of Joan of Arc, 120, 122–123
- of jungle, 105–106
- of Jupiter, 110, 112, 117
- of a karate master, 150, 151–152
- of laundry, 169, 170–171
- of leaping, 147
- of legs, 132, 137
- of light, 220, 227–229
- of a living room, 137, 139
- of locks, 90, 115
- of lodestar, 183, 184
- of loss, 12
- of lovemaking, 28, 38, 89–90
- of a male voice, 183, 184
- of a mattress, 144, 145
- of mirror, 131
- of mist, gray, 167, 167
- of a moat, 122, 123–126
- of Monroe, Marilyn, 132, 140, 141–142
- of the moon, 67, 109–110, 112, 113, 113–114, 117–118
- of mother, 24, 78, 106, 147, 148, 149, 169, 172
- of the mouth, 190, 191–192
- of murder, 88
- of night, 110
- of numbers, 68
- of nuts and bolts, 219, 222
- of pain, 190, 192–193
- of parents, 24, 38, 78, 106, 113, 115, 147, 169
- of a party, 84
- of a penis, 86, 89
- of planets, 110, 112
- of a play, 119–120
- of police chief, 155, 157–158
- of pregnancy, 120, 177, 178
- of prison, 167–168
- of pursuit, 81, 86
- of pyramids, 220, 223, 225–229
- of rain, 89
- of rape, 138–139, 140–141, 163–164
- of red eyes, 190, 191–193
- of regression, 190, 192–193
- of a remote cabin, 155
- of a resort, 190, 190–191
- of rifle, 173
- of river, 122, 123, 220, 225
- of a rocket ship, 115–116
- of rocks, 15, 180, 219–220
- of a roommate, 168–169
- of a samurai, 190, 192–193
- of sand, 115, 118, 147
- of Saturn, 110, 112, 117
- of a sausage, 28
- of school, 37, 78
- of a screen, 190, 191
- of a screwdriver, 90
- of Seberg, Jean, 120
- of sex, 28, 38, 89–90
- of shadows, 190, 191
- of shingles, colored, 220, 226, 227–228
- of shit, 78, 79, 220, 227, 228–229
- of shooting, 46, 173, 178
- of skin peeling, 105–106
- of sky, 110, 111–112, 113, 117
- of snakes, 45, 46
- of a space ship, 115–116, 117–118
- of spouse, 37–38, 120, 131
- of a square in a walled city, 219, 221
- of stars, 48, 67, 110, 113
- of stealing, 37–38
- of a steep staircase, 147, 148
- of a storm, 177
- of the sun, 67

Index

- of a sunken living room, 137, 139
- of tea, 167
- of teeth, 90
- of the telephone, 155
- of theater, 150
- of the throat, 144, 146
- of thumbs, 116
- of a tiger, 82
- of transformations, 105–106, 107
- of translating a language, 183, 184
- of trees, 214–215
- of an unknown man, 173, 174–175
- of urine, 150, 151
- of a vampire, 89–90, 90–91
- of a village, 106, 147, 148
- of vomiting, 156, 162
- of a waitress, 137–138, 139–140
- of walking, 110, 112–113
- of a walled city, 219, 221
- of a washroom, 150, 150–151
- of water, 38, 122, 126–127
- of waves, 177
- of a weightless woman, 169, 170–171
- of a well, 122
- of wife, 120, 120–122
- of a window, 25, 100, 214
- of women, 100, 122–123, 123–126, 131–133
- Dream symbolism, 40
- Drinking tea, dream of, 167, 167
- Drinking water, dream of, 122, 126–127
- Driving, dream of, 110, 111
- Eagle, dreams of, 78, 78–79
- Ego consciousness, 123, 223
- Ego development, 211–212
- Eliot, T. S., 4
- Emotions, 153
- End of dream, 34–36. *See also* Lysis
- Enemies, dreams of, 81
- Eros, 107
- Escape, dreams of, 90, 168
- Excrement. *See* Urine, Shit
- Exposition, of dreams, 32. *See also* Introduction/exposition
- Extraverts, 78–79
- Eyes
 - golden, dreams of, 180, 182
 - red, dreams of, 190, 191–193
- Falling, dreams of, 44–45, 45, 46, 172
- Fantasies, 134
 - sexual, 91, 93, 95
- Father, dreams of, 24, 115–116, 118, 155, 156–157
- Father complex, 24, 155
- Fear
 - of dreams, 16
 - and the Self, 29
 - dreams of, 90, 116
- Feces. *See* Shit
- Feelings
 - differentiated, 198–200
 - of inferiority, 198
 - personal, 151–153, 195–197
- Feminine identity and animus, 132–133
- Feminine side of men, 25–26, 37–38, 92–97, 98, 117, 125. *See also* Anima
- Fidelity and freedom, 205
- Field of consciousness, 21
- Fighting, dream of, 105–106
- Fish, dream of, 39, 177
- Floating, dream of, 144, 145
- Flying, dreams of, 18, 35, 39, 42, 43, 78, 166–167
- Food, dreams of, 28
- Freedom
 - and predestination, 212–213
 - in marriage, 204–205
- Friends
 - dreams of, 78, 82, 83, 168–170, 170–171, 177
 - and the shadow, 77–78, 172–173
- Funeral rites, 103
- Gangster animus, 161
- Garbo, Greta, 136
 - dream of, 28
- Geisha, dreams of, 190, 191–193
- Genius loci, 59

Index

- Gilgamesh, King, 48–50, 117–118
 Girl, dreams of, 138–139, 140–141
 Girlfriend, dreams of, 15, 83
 God, 61, 219
 and dreams, 10, 11, 30, 57–58
 dreams of, 58, 220–221, 228, 229
 Gods, 61–62
 Gold, as symbol, 182
 Golden eyes, dream of, 180, 182
 Grandmother, dream of, 24, 31
 Guiding force, 210
 Guiding star, 184–185
 Guilt, dreams of, 12, 36
- Hair, dreams of, 100, 219, 221, 221
 Hands, dream of, 156
 Hanging, dream of, 169, 170, 171–172
 Hanging man, dream of, 148, 148–149
 Heart, liberation of, 195–197, 198–200
 Heathcliff, 165
 Hiding, dream of, 173, 174
 Hotel room, dream of, 138, 139–140
 Human relations, 96–97
 Husband
 dream of, 131, 132–133
 inner, 120. *See also* Animus
- Ideas, 11
 Illness, 14. *See also* Disease
 Images in dreams, 22
 Inertia, 95
 Infantile dependence, 52–53
 Inferior feeling, 198
 Inferiority complex, 51–52
 Inflation, 50–53, 134–135
 Inner center, 27–28, 223
 Inner husband/man, 120, 144. *See also*
 Animus
 Inner life, 72–73
 Inner wife/woman, 120, 121. *See also*
 Anima
 Insight, 209–210
 Inspiration, 10–11
 Instinctive life, 72–73
- Interpretation of dreams, 12–16, 31–40, 69,
 84, 222
 dreams of, 219–221, 223–224
 Introduction/exposition, 34
 Introverts, 78–79
 Intruders, dreams of, 137–139, 139
 Intuition, 196
 Invisibility, dream of, 167, 167, 220–221,
 228–229
 Invisible double, 63
 Irritability, 29
- Jacob's ladder, dream of, 58, 58–61
 Jail, dream of, 167–168, 168
 Japanese, dream of, 190, 191–193
 Joan of Arc, dreams of, 120, 122–123
 Jokes, dreams as, 14
 Joseph of Canaan, dream by, 66–69
 Joseph, husband of Mary, dream by, 70–71
 Jung, C. G., 3, 30, 57, 109, 209
 Jungle, dream of, 105–106
 Jupiter, dream of, 110, 112, 117
- Karate master, dream of, 150, 151–152
- Landscape, 58–59
 Language
 of conscious/unconscious, 48–49
 of dreams, 22–24, 42
 Laundry, dream of, 169, 170–171
 Law of compensation, 227
 Laziness, 54
 Leadership, 67
 Leaping, dream of, 147
 Legs, dream of, 132, 136–137
 Liberation of the heart, 195–197, 198–200
 Life after death, 216
 Life, inner, 72–73
 Life principle, 53
 Light, dream of, 220, 227–229
 Living room, dream of, 137, 139
 Locks, dreams of, 90, 115
 Lodestar, dream of, 183, 184
 Lorenz, Konrad, 181

Index

- Love, 202–205
 - dream of, 120
- Lovemaking, 200
 - dreams of, 28, 38, 89–90
- Lysis, 34–35
- Man
 - hanging, dream of, 148, 148–149
 - inner. *See* Animus
 - unknown, dreams of, 173–175
- Marriage
 - in crisis, 103
 - freedom in, 204–205
- Masculine side of woman, 25–27, 148, 173–174. *See also* Animus
- Matriarchy, 104–105
- Mattress, dream of, 144, 145
- Meaninglessness, feeling of, 29
- Meaning, search for, 211–212, 213
- Menopause, 103
- Metaphor, 22
- Midlife crisis, male, 103
- Mirrors, dreams of, 131
- Mist, gray, dreams of, 167, 167
- Moat, dreams of, 122, 123–126
- Monroe, Marilyn, 134, 136–137, 165
 - dream of, 132, 140, 141–142
- Moon, 113–114, 115
 - dreams of, 67, 109–110, 112, 113, 117–118
- Mother
 - complex, 87, 92–97, 98, 99–108
 - devouring, 16, 92–97, 98
 - dreams of, 24, 78, 106, 147, 148, 149, 169, 172
 - fixation, 90
- Motifs in dreams, 22, 38, 214
- Mouth, bloody, dream of, 190, 191–192
- Movie stars, 64–65, 136–137
- Mundaka Upanishad*, 77
- Murder, dreams of, 88
- Myths, 94–95
- Neumann, Erich, 119
- Neuroses/neurotic symptoms, 16, 29, 51, 102
- Night, dream of, 110, 110–113
- Nightmares, 10, 88, 88–89
- Numbers, dream of, 68, 69
- Nuts and bolts, dream of, 219, 222, 222–223
- Obscurity of dreams, 216–217
- Obsessive fantasy, 134
- Oedipus, 98–99
- Older persons, in dreams, 27, 30, 183, 225
- Outer reality reflected in dreams, 36–38
- Pain, dream of, 190, 192–193
- Parents, dreams of, 24, 38, 78, 106, 113, 115, 147, 169
- Party, dream of a, 84
- Pattern of dreams, 29–30, 210
- Penis, dreams of, 86, 89
- Peripeteia, 33
- Personal feeling, 193–197
- Personality and the shadow, 77–86
- Pharaoh, dream by, 68, 69
- Planets, dreams of, 110, 112
- Play, dreams of, 119–120
- Police chief, dreams of, 155, 157–158
- Positive animus, 176, 183–184
- Possession, 159–161
- Predestination, 212–213
- Predictions, 11, 215–216
- Pregnancy, 120, 179–180
 - dreams during, 176–180
 - dream of, 120, 120–121, 177, 178
- Pride, dreams of, 120
- Primitive cultures, 71–73
- Prison, dream of, 167–168, 168
- Projection
 - of anima/animus, 95–96, 109–118, 202–204. *See also* Anima/animus, Anima, Animus
 - of devouring mother complex, 98
 - of the shadow, 85–86

Index

- of star/Self, 37–38, 50–54, 59, 64–65, 136–137
- Psyche, 70, 117
- Psychopomp, 27, 181
- Puberty, 102
- Pursuit, dreams of, 81, 86
- Pyramids, dream of, 220, 223, 225–229

- Rain, dream of, 89
- Rape, dream of, 138–139, 140–141, 163–164
- Rationality, 70, 72–73
- Reality, outer, 37–38
- Red eyes, dream of, 190, 191–193
- Regression, dream of, 190, 192–193
- Relations, human, 96–97
- Religion, 57, 72
- Religious dreams, 17
- Remembering dreams, 12, 13, 18
- Resort, tourist, dream of, 190, 190–191
- Restlessness, 29
- Rifle, dreams of, 173, 173–174
- Rites of passage, 102–104
- Rituals, 103–105
- River, dream of, 122, 123, 220, 225
- Rocket ship, dreams of, 115–116
- Rocks, dreams of, 15, 180, 219–220, 222
- Roommate, dream of, 168–169

- Samurai, dream of, 190, 192–193
- Sand, dream of, 115, 118, 147
- Saturn, dream of, 110, 112, 117
- Sausage, dream of, 28
- Savior figure, 27
- Scapegoat, 84–85
- School, dream of, 37, 78
- Screen, dream of, 190, 191
- Screwdriver, dream of, 90, 90
- Seberg, Jean, dream of, 120
- Self, the, 24, 27–30, 52–54, 119, 144, 182–183, 219, 221, 224, 225, 226. *See also* Star
- Self-realization, 27–29
- Self-worth, 51–52
- Setting of dreams, 33–34

- Seven, as symbol, 69
- Sex, 193–195
 - dreams of, 28, 38, 89–90
 - opposite (figures in dreams). *See* Anima, Animus
- Shadow, the 24–25, 77–86, 170–171
 - awareness of, 79–81, 82–85
 - and close friends, 77, 172–173
 - denying, 81, 82, 172
 - emergence of, 80, 85
 - and personality, 78–80, 81–85
 - role of, 80, 83
- Shadows, dream of, 190, 191
- Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 109–110
- Shingles, colored, dream of, 220, 226, 227–228
- Shit, dreams of, 78, 79, 220, 227, 228–229
- Shooting, dreams of, 46, 173, 178
- Sickness, 14. *See also* Disease
- Skin peeling, dreams of, 105–106
- Sky, dreams of, 110, 111–112, 113, 117
- Slapping, dreams of, 137–138, 139
- Snakes, dreams of, 45, 46
- Solution of dream, 34–35. *See also* Lysis
- Songs of Solomon, the, 159
- Source of dreams, 10–11
- Spaceship, dream of, 115–116, 117–118
- Spirit of an age, 96–97
- Spouse, dreams of, 37–38, 120, 131
- Staircase, dream of a, 147, 148
- Star, 47–52, 60, 64–65, 110–114, 118, 184–185. *See also* Self
- Star of Bethlehem, 47–48
- Stars, dream of, 48, 67, 110, 113
- Stealing, dreams of, 37–38
- Stone, as symbol, 60, 61
- Storms, dreams of, 177
- Structure of dreams, 31–41
- Subconscious, the, 23. *See also* Unconscious, the
- Subjective consciousness, 57
- Sun, dreams of, 67
- Sunset, as symbol, 60
- Superiority complex, 51

Index

- Swinburne, Charles, 87, 98
- Symbolism, 22, 39–40, 42–54
- of cave, 180
 - of cows, 69
 - of crucifixion, 121
 - of death/dying, 44–46
 - of dogs, 145
 - of dragons, 98
 - of eagle, 78–79
 - of falling, 44–46
 - of gold, 182
 - of Jacob's ladder, 60–61
 - of numbers, 69
 - of river, 225
 - of Star of Bethlehem, 47–48
 - of stars, 47–51, 60, 118
 - of stones, 60, 61
 - of sunset, 60
 - of urine, 151
 - of water, 126–127, 150–151
 - of wheat, 66–67
 - of young boys, 140
- Tea drinking, dream of, 167, 167
- Teeth, dream of, 90
- Telephone, dream of, 155
- Theater, dream of, 150
- Throat, dream of, 82
- Thumbs, 116
- Tiger, dream of, 82
- Tourist resort, dream of, 190, 190–191
- Transformations, dream of, 105–106, 107
- Translating a language, dream of, 183, 184
- Trees, dreams of, 214–215
- Tribes, primitive, 71–73
- Unconscious
- collective, 73
 - devouring, 16
 - solution of dreams, 34–35
- Unconscious, the, 14, 21–30, 48–49, 57, 61, 62–64, 81, 88–89, 131, 162–163, 166, 181, 222
- and the shadow, 78, 131
 - and symbols, 42–44
- Understanding dreams, 13–16, 166
- Uniqueness of dreams, 73, 211–212
- Unknown man, dream of an, 173, 174–175
- Urine, dream of, 150, 151
- Valentino, 165
- Vampires
- dream of, 89–90, 90–91
 - myths of, 94–95
- Village, dreams of, 106, 147, 148
- Violence. *See* Attacks, Fighting, Murder, Shooting
- Voice, male, dream of, 183, 183
- Vomiting, dream of, 156, 162
- Waitress, dream of, 137–138, 139–140
- Walking, dreams of, 110, 112–113
- Walled city, square in, dream of, 219, 221
- Warnings in dreams, 11, 64, 79
- Washroom, dreams of. *See* Bathroom
- Waste Land, The*, 4
- Water
- dreams of, 38, 123
 - as symbol, 126–127, 150–151
- Waves, dream of, 177
- Weightless woman, dream of, 169, 170–171
- Well, dream of, 122
- Wet dreams, 100
- Wheat, as symbol, 66–67
- Wife
- dreams of, 37–38, 101, 120, 120–122
 - inner, 120. *See also* Anima
- Window, dreams of, 25, 100, 328
- Wisdom, 11, 29
- Wish fulfillment, 10
- Women
- dreams of, 89–90, 100, 122–123, 123–126, 131–133, 132–133
 - and father figure, 133, 134–136
 - foreign, dreams of, 137, 139
 - myths about, 95, 108
- Zeitgeist, 96
- Zen masters, 11, 199



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The way of the dream

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The Way of the Dream is based on an extraordinary series of films made by Fraser Boa, who collected first-person accounts of dreams in street interviews with ordinary men and women in various parts of the world. He then asked the eminent psychoanalyst Marie-Louise von Franz to interpret these dreams on film, just as she would in a private analytical session. The resulting text is a primer explaining and demonstrating the art and science of dream analysis for the general public. The material covered includes dreams of men, dreams of women, what dreams tell us about ourselves and our relationships, the historical significance of dreams, and dreams about death and dying. Dr. von Franz concludes that one of the healthiest things people can do is pay attention to their dreams: "Dreams show us how to find meaning in our lives, how to fulfill our own destiny, how to realize the greater potential of life within us."

FRASER BOA (1932–1992) was a Canadian Jungian analyst and the producer, director, and host of the documentary series *The Way of the Dream*. He is also the author of *The Way of Myth: Talking with Joseph Campbell*.

MARIE-LOUISE VON FRANZ worked closely with C.G. Jung from 1934 until his death in 1961. A founder of the C.G. Jung Institute in Zurich, she has lectured and published widely on subjects such as alchemy, dreams, synchronicity, and fairy tales.

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