Farming Soul
a Tale of Initiation
by Patricia Damery
ISBN 978-1-926715-01-8

A psychological and spiritual reckoning, *Farming Soul* questions theories and assumptions that date back to the early 1900's and the days of Freud, assumptions which have too often separated spirituality from psychology. Suffering the trials of her own individuation process, Patricia Damery finds answers through a series of unconventional teachers and through her relationship to the psyche and to the land—answers that are surprisingly deeply intertwined.

One strand of *Farming Soul* is about redeveloping a relationship to the land—Mother Earth—being rooted in a particular place and being guided by the tenets of Rudolf Steiner’s Biodynamic® agriculture. Another strand is about Patricia Damery’s professional path of becoming a Jungian analyst, which includes an exploration of four aspects of the body: the physical, the etheric, the astral, and the mental. We are acquainted with and have similar assumptions about the physical body, but we are mostly unfamiliar with the three supersensible bodies. Jung and two of his closest and well-respected colleagues, Marie Louise von Franz and Barbara Hannah, address the subtle body in their writings, but analytical psychology (and psychology in general) has avoided this aspect of Jung’s work.

*Farming Soul* is a courageous offering that will help reconnect us to our deeper selves, the often untouched realities of soul, and at the same time ground us in our physical relationship to self and Mother Earth.

Patricia Damery is an analyst member of the C.G. Jung Institute of San Francisco and practices in Napa, CA. She grew up in the rural Midwest and witnessed the demise of the family farm through the aggressive practices of agribusiness. With her husband Donald, she has farmed biodynamically for ten years. Her chapter, “Shamanic States in Our Lives and in Analytic Practice” appeared in *The Sacred Heritage: The Influence of Shamanism on Analytical Psychology*, edited by Donald Sandner and Steven Wong, and her articles and poetry in the *San Francisco Library Journal, Jung Journal: Culture and Psyche, Psychological Perspectives*, and *Biodynamics: Working for Social Change Through Agriculture*.

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Divine Madness
Archetypes of Romantic Love
by John R. Haule

A series of psychological meditations on the nature of romantic love and human relationship, this Fisher King Press publication takes the perspective that human love is a species of divine love and that our experience of romantic love both conceals and reveals the ultimate Lover and Beloved. John Haule draws on depth psychology, the mystical traditions of the world, and literature from Virgil to Milan Kundera to lead the reader inside the mind and heart of the lover.

Each chapter explores a characteristic aspect of relationship, such as seduction and love-play, the rapture of union, the agony of separation, madness, wound-edness, and transcendence. Focusing on the soulful and spiritual meaning of these experiences, *Divine Madness* sheds light on our elations, obsessions, and broken hearts, but it also reconnects us with the wisdom of time immemorial. As a practicing Jungian analyst and former professor of religious studies, John Haule masterfully guides his readers through the labyrinth of everyday experience, and the often hidden layers of archetypal realities, sketching a philosophy of romantic love through the stories of the world’s literature and mythology.

John Ryan Haule holds a doctorate in religious studies from Temple University. He is a Jungian analyst trained in Zurich and is a faculty member of the C.G. Jung Institute-Boston.
The Sister From Below
When the Muse Gets Her Way
by Naomi Ruth Lowinsky

Who is She, this Sister from Below? She’s certainly not about the ordinary business of life: work, shopping, making dinner. She speaks from other realms. If you’ll allow, She’ll whisper in your ear, lead your thoughts astray, fill you with strange yearnings, get you hot and bothered, send you off on some wild goose chase of a daydream, eat up hours of your time. She’s a siren, a seductress, a shape-shifter . . . Why listen to such a troublemaker? Because She is essential to the creative process: She holds the keys to the doors of our imaginations and deeper life the evolution of Soul.

The Sister emerges out of reverie, dream, a fleeting memory, a difficult emotion—She is the moment of inspiration—the muse. Naomi Ruth Lowinsky writes of nine manifestations in which the muse visits her, stirring up creative ferment, filling her with ghosts, mysteries, erotic teachings, the old religion—bringing forth her voice as a poet.

“The Sister from Below is a personal story, yet universal, of giving up a creative calling because of life’s obligations, and being called back to it in later life. This Fisher King Press publication describes the intricate patterns of a rich inner life; it is a traveler’s memoir, with outer journeys to Italy, India and a Neolithic cave in Bulgaria, and inward journeys to biblical Canaan and Sappho’s Greece; it is filled with mythic experience, a poet’s story told. The Sister conveys the lived experience of the creative life, a life in which active imagination—the Jungian technique of engaging with inner figures—is an essential practice.

Naomi Ruth Lowinsky is an analyst member of the C.G. Jung Institute of San Francisco and has a private practice in Berkeley, California. She is poetry and fiction editor of Psychological Perspectives. Naomi is the recent recipient of the Obama Millennium Poetry awarded for “Madelyn Dunham, Passing On.”

The Motherline
Every Woman’s Journey to Find Her Female Roots
by Naomi Ruth Lowinsky
ISBN 978-0-9810344-6-1

The Motherline takes the perspective of the mother who is always also a daughter. It is a book for women who have mothers, are mothers, or are considering becoming mothers, and for the men who love them. Telling the stories of women whose maturation has been experienced in the cycle of mothering, it urges a view of the psyche of women that does not sever mother from daughter, feminism from “the feminine,” body from soul. It argues that the path to wholeness requires us to reclaim aspects of the feminine self that we have lost or forgotten in our struggle to free ourselves from constricting roles. It describes a woman’s journey to find her roots in the personal, cultural, and archetypal Motherline. Our mothers are the first world we know, the source of our lives and our stories. Embodying the mysteries of origin, they tie us to the great web of kin and generation. Yet the voice of their experience is seldom heard. We have no cultural mirror in which to envision the fullness of female development; we are deprived of images of female wisdom and maturity. Finding our female roots, reclaiming our feminine souls, requires us to pay attention to our real mothers’ lives and experience. Listening to our mothers’ stories is the beginning of understanding our own.
Blessed Art Thou Among Women

by Nancy Qualls-Corbett

For two millennia throughout all Christendom the image of the Blessed Virgin Mary has been adored. From the lofty world's cathedrals to the smallest Christmas crèche that adorns a humble family dwelling her representation is present. Anthems are sung to her, voices are raised to praise her name, her very being. And yet standing back with some reflection, are we consciously aware of a deeper, more significant meaning of Mary? In re-imagining Mary, may we broaden our understanding of the profound psychological value her image holds for us.

Some years ago I was privileged to visit the caves at Lascaux in France to view the magnificent, bigger than life, prehistoric cave paintings. These depictions of noble beasts were majestic; some only in outline while others were painted in intricate detail with pigments made from minerals of the earth. I physically felt as I sensed this deep underground cave that it was permeated by the instinctual spiritual wisdom of twenty thousand years. It was as though the cave paintings were primitive man's first expression of his soul. A numinous sense surrounded me as I knew myself to be in this holy place. It was not so surprising after such an awe-inspiring experience that I had a dream the following night. The dream was this:

I was once again in the cave of Lascaux filled with wonderment while viewing the paintings of wild animals on the walls and ceiling. Directly in front of me on the cave wall I began to see a bare outline of a figure as if scratched into the wall. And then the outline became emboldened in black charcoal as if painted by unseen hands. While I continued to look with amazement, the figure began to take on more definition and color. I then realized I was viewing the image of the Virgin Mary... there on the wall of a most primordial setting.

I awoke from the dream with a start. As my conscious mind was reviewing the detail, the image of Mary created more than a little discomfort within me. I realized I had envisioned, in symbolic form, the archetypal aspects of the divine feminine nature. There in the earth's womb-cave, ever so deep and dark in the realm of the collective unconscious, was the image of the Great Mother, which we most often in our Christian culture depict in our mind's eye as the blessed Mother of Christ. We continue to look upon her image to understand her meaning in our modern day life, aspects of the feminine in our own psychologies.

Through the centuries the idealization of the blessed Virgin perhaps has inspired more masterpieces of art and great architecture than any living figure, as author Mariann Burke beautifully explores in the following pages. We see her as the youthful, blissful and serene Madonna, her adoring gaze on her infant child. Her slender fingers caress the child, as her long, slim neck turns gracefully arching downward. Or we see her as the Mater Dolorosa, the Pieta, her face wracked with pain and anguish or with a far away gaze of contemplative surrender. We also know her from myths and works of art as the Queen of Heaven seated on her throne or standing on the crescent moon with the milk flowing freely from her breast forming the Milky Way. We know of the lofty cathedrals painstakingly crafted throughout centuries that were erected in her honor and which bear her name. There is no question that her image has inspired artisans throughout all Christendom as did her image evoke prayers and supplications from kings and peasants alike. In our Christian mythology it is Mary's image that may be experienced as the archetypal mother goddess, the good breast, comforting and nurturing.

Pope Pius XII's proclamation in 1950 that Mary was taken up, body and soul, into heaven could not have been received with more understanding and joy than by Dr. Carl Jung. He writes:

When in 1938 I originally wrote this paper, [Psychological Aspect of the Mother Archetype] I naturally did not know that twelve years later the Christian version of the mother archetype would be elevated to the rank of a dogmatic truth. The Christian “Queen of Heaven” has, obviously, shed all her Olympian qualities except for her brightness, goodness and eternity; and even her human body, the thing most prone to gross material corruption, has put on an ethereal incorruptibility... The relationship to the earth and to matter is one of the inalienable qualities of the mother archetype. So when a figure that is conditioned by this archetype is represented as having been taken up into heaven, the realm of the spirit, this indicates a union of earth and heaven or of matter and spirit.1

Our ancestors had already expressed in their paintings praising Nature, as the caves of Lascaux demonstrate, this longing for union of matter and spirit. However, these primitive paintings today are becoming endangered, if not destroyed, by the presence of a pernicious fungus obscuring or even obliterating them. We, too, in our present day culture have all but lost the true image of Mary. It has become obscure to us through insidious means. Through patriarchal edicts Mary has been relegated to the adoring or grieving mother, the mother who was declared a virgin, meaning asexual. We often take her story literally, and ignore the symbolic, the psychological realm. She has been relegated to less than the whole of the Great Mother archetype, the feminine reflection that is sensuous and fertile, an icon of woman who is earthy and who is one-in-herself.

As author and analyst Mariann Burke wisely guides us and reawakens us to a renewed vision of Mary in Re-Imagining Mary, we consciously begin to understand the extent of what her image embodies.

Nancy Qualls-Corbett is a diplomat of the C.G. Jung Institute, Zürich, Switzerland. She is the author of The Sacred Prostitute: Eternal Aspect of the Feminine and Awakening Woman: Dreams and Individuation. Nancy lectures extensively and has a private practice in Birmingham, Alabama.

1 CW, Vol. 91, pars. 195-197. (CW refers throughout to The Collected Works of C.G. Jung.)
Artists plumb the depths of soul which Jung calls the collective unconscious, the inheritance of our ancestors' psychic responses to life's drama. In this sense the artist is priest, mediating between us and God. The artist introduces us to ourselves by inviting us into the world of image. We may enter this world to contemplate briefly or at length. Some paintings invite us back over and over again and we return, never tiring of them. It is especially these that lead us to the Great Mystery, beyond image. Re-imagining Mary: A Journey through Art to the Feminine Self is about meeting the Cosmic Mary in image and imagination, the many facets of the Mary image that mirror both outer reality and inner feminine soul. Jungian analyst Mariann Burke explores symbolic meanings of paintings and sculptures by several famous artists from the Renaissance period up to our modern age.

Aspects of Mary explored include: Mary not only as Mother of God, a title from the Judeo-Christian tradition, but as Mother God, a title reaching back to an ancient longing for a Female Divinity. In western Christianity this Mary bears the titles and the qualities worshipped for thousands of years in the female images of God and Goddess. These titles include Mary as Sorrowful One and as Primordial Mother. Recovering Mary both as light and dark Madonna plays a crucial role in humanity's search for a divinity who reflects soul. Also discussed is Mary as the sheltering Great Mother that Piero della Francesca suggests in the Madonna del Parto and Mater Misericordia. Frederick Franck's The Original Face and the Medieval Vierge Ouvrante also suggest this motif of Mary as Protector of the mystery of our common Origin. Franck's inspiration for his sculpture of Mary was the Buddhist koan 'What is your original face before you were born?'

What is spirituality? What does it mean to grow spiritually and psychologically closer to the Feminine Self? How can we begin to see the 'outer' image as a manifestation, a projection of the psyche? Can we be challenged by being 'betwixt and between' a male dominated Church without a recognized female divinity where God is generally imagined external to the soul and a more feminine depth psychological approach to the Marian mystery and to the Feminine Self?

Mariann Burke is a Jungian analyst in private practice in Newton, MA. She holds graduate degrees from the University of Pittsburgh, Andover-Newton Theological School, and the C. G. Jung Institute in Zurich, Switzerland.

Erel Shalit is a Jungian psychoanalyst in Ra'anana, Israel. He is the author of several publications, including Requiem: A Tale of Exile and Return, The Hero and His Shadow: Psychopolitical Aspects of Myth and Reality in Israel and The Complex: Path of Transformation from Archetype to Ego.
Transiency and the Culture of Plastic

by Erel Shalit

Our post-modern era is characterized by increasing dislocation and fragmentation. The sense of permanence and constancy of old, is exchanged for temporality and fluidity, i.e., a condition of transiency. Not only do cars, trains and planes carry us across continents faster than most people once could imagine – perhaps with the exception of Jules Verne, but we travel cyberspace in zero-time. Speed in the era of transiency, makes the soulful road of the wanderer seem hopelessly obsolete.

Likewise, we are over-exposed to stimuli, information and images: once upon a time we would sit down and quietly look through the pictures of the past, the reminders of our childhood, enjoy a memory, recall days long gone by, share thoughts and feelings from a time that could be brought alive by the one photo from that day. Today, we are flooded by digital photos, numbered almost into infinity. Rarely do we remain more than seconds to glance at each photo, and even more rarely do we return to them – often unaware that what warrants no return, loses its soul.

It is by reflecting on the events in which we partake that we induce them with depth and meaning, but speed and superficiality seem to supersede depth and reflection.

We are flooded with images, but the onslaught of external images disrupts the flow of internal imagery. Excessive exteriorty impinges upon the imagery of interiority.

In post-modern transiency everything is imaginable; yet, interiority is losing out to the externally produced image, which deceptively is taken for reality. The televised or computer-generated image no longer needs to be anchored in reality – it has become its own simulacrum, its own self-representation. As Baudrillard postulated, this may cause the erosion of our sense of the real.1

Among the consequences of transiency, we find a weakening of the sense of meaning and of internal anchoring. The interiority of imagination is exchanged for the exteriority of imitation. In fact, Internet plagiarism has become a booming industry, and as has been said, “the intellectual tradition of inquiry is getting lost.”2 Caught up in viewing images from afar (television), we tend less to look around, nearby, or within. We search less for the meaning that is carried by the images and the symbols that arise from within the depths of ourselves, from our meaning- and symbol-forming self.

Thus, when our ego, as center of consciousness and our sense of conscious identity, is detached from its internal roots, the risk is it may lose its relative sense of unity and wholeness. While this may seemingly increase the ego’s flexibility and speedy adjustment to changing circumstances, the consequence is that it also lends itself indiscriminately to a multitude of appearances. An unintegrated, fragmented ego will all too easily put on any dress, without appropriate judgment – is it moral, what are the consequences? These questions pertain to the required ego functions. In fact, the wide variety of personæ, of masks of appearance that are so easily accessible in cyberspace and the post-modern condition, easily take possession of the rootless ego, which may be drawn into a charade of transient (pseudo-) identities, such as blog-pseudonyms and second lives.

This, then, becomes a culture of plastic – plassein, i.e., “fit for molding,” to be cast into any shape, without character. Nearly half-a-century ago, Andy Warhol pointed at the culture of plastic, perhaps blurring the line between being a critical observer and a willing participator, his art embodying both an eye on the culture of production and the self-reproduction of culture. As Andy Warhol testified about himself, “Everybody’s plastic, … I want to be plastic.”

Plastic has its definite advantages, and we can no longer live without it. However, plastic reflects something being synthetic and artificial, rather than natural and genuine. Plastic can, as well, be recast out of proportion, but what grows out of proportion is carcinogenic. With the benefits of plastic, and the idea and the cultural attitude that we may call ‘plastic’, come its shadows, such as environmental harm, inauthenticity, imitation and reproduction rather than individual touch and feeling.

In a culture of plastic, the way we appear to the world, our persona, may be infinitely recast, find endless manifestations. In cyberspace, we easily hide behind pseudonyms and borrowed identities, whereby individual morality and responsibility are weakened. There is no function of the third, serving as intermediary, boundary and control.

For example, a man with a record of harassing women on internet chats, dreams that he is locked up in a prison cell. He hears the voice of an old man, who asks him questions that he must answer in order to be released. However, rather than listening and reflecting, he tries to escape, merely annoyed at the voice calling upon him. If he truly would wake up to understanding his guilt, the need for boundaries, and attending to his conscience, he might listen to the voice calling from within, that requires him to respond (responsibility; respondere, to pledge in return). The dream image portrays his avoidance of responsibility.

In a boundaryless space, where everything is free and accessible, and morality is weakening, everything can be borrowed, stolen, plagiarized or imitated. However, when imitation replaces imagination, representation is lost. Is not the ability to re-present basic to civilization? Did Einstein not claim that imagination is more important than knowledge, because knowledge remains limited, while imagination encircles the world?

Erel Shalit is a training and supervising analyst, and past president of the Israel Society of Analytical Psychology. He is the author of several publications, including Enemy-Cripple-Beggar, The Hero and His Shadow: Psychopolitical Aspects of Myth and Reality in Israel and The Complex: Path of Transformation from Archetype to Ego. He has a newly published novella titled Requiem: A Tale of Exile & Return and has entries published in The Encyclopedia of Psychology and Religion. Dr. Shalit lectures internationally at professional institutes, universities and cultural forums.

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1 Baudrillard, Simulations (1983), New York: Semiotext.
Who we most deeply are is mirrored in our artistic work. Our need for mirroring simultaneously attracts us to and repels us from our creative callings and relationships. It is one of life's great dilemmas. Artist's block and lover's block flow from the same pool. Often, we fear deeply the very thing needed to create original art, to experience intimate relationships and to live authentic lives: we are frightened by the impulse to be fully revealed to ourselves, and to others, as this most often entails exposing the unacceptable shadowy aspects of our humanity and risking rejection.

Mirrors in all their manifold guises permit us to safely see and experience ourselves in reflection and become better acquainted with the rejected, ostracized aspects of our personalities. Creative work is one of the few places where we can truly express and witness lost aspects of our authentic selves.

Within us a treasure beckons. This is what we spend our lives pursuing. What slows and distracts us is not the object we long for, but where we search. To find this precious gem, we must eventually return to our own creative spirits.

Topics explored in *The Creative Soul* include:
- opposites and creativity
- the creative instinct
- our unique identity
- some elements of creativity
- prerequisites of the creative process
- la petite mort
- the patriarchal/matriarchal conflict
- giving voice to many lives within
- dreams and active imagination
- creativity as an inner parent
- creativity within bounds
- the creative gap
- the power of small
- creativity and independence
- art and the quest for wholeness
- therapy as art
- fear of self-revelation blocks creativity
- intimacy and creativity
- the importance of mirroring
- creativity, guilt, and self-development
- creativity and loneliness
- life and the tension of opposites

With a spirit similar to what moved Galileo, Copernicus, Socrates, Rosa Parks, and Susan B. Anthony to violate conventional boundaries, *Guilt with a Twist: The Promethean Way* suggests that “Good Guilt” is incurred for the sins we need to commit if we are to grow and reach our full potential as individuals, as well as a society. “Sins that benefit us,” Staples claims, “could not be committed without a creative, Promethean spirit that is supported by an obstinate and irreverent insolence toward authority that is informed by a love of freedom.” Staples shows us how guilt may not particularly feel so ‘good’ at the time of a transgression, yet in retrospect the perceived ‘sin’ that originated feelings of guilt often turns out to be of great value materially, as well as spiritually. This timely publication sheds light and brings valuable meaning to feelings that for ages humanity has deemed ‘bad’ and undesirable and will benefit many who suffer from life’s existential pains brought on by divorce, separations, addictions, and a host of socially imposed rules that crush the spirits of those who challenge prejudice attitudes toward race, religion, gender, and other social norms.

Lawrence Staples is a diplomate of the C.G. Jung Institute, Zürich, Switzerland. He also holds AB and MBA degrees from Harvard. He has a private practice in Washington, DC. His special areas of interest are the problems of midlife, guilt, and creativity.
Opposites, the Creative Instinct, and Our Unique Identity
by Lawrence H. Staples

THE PROBLEM OF THE OPPOSITES

Jung recognized that the problem of the opposites is one of the most formidable obstacles to psychic integration. Even when we are able to integrate opposites there remains substantial tension between them. If the integration is so complete that the opposites literally merge, consciousness, as we know it, disappears. Consciousness of life depends upon the tension of opposites. So the problem is to bring them close together without a total merger in which one or the other of the opposites would lose its identity. This is indeed a challenging task.

To complicate, but also clarify, the problem of the opposites, I would like to share with you a quote from Jung that contains what for me is his most profound insight on the subject of guilt and its relationship to human existence. Jung said, “The one-after-another is a bearable prelude to the deepest knowledge of the side-by-side, for this is an incomparably more difficult problem. Again, the view that good and evil are spiritual forces outside us, and that man is caught in the conflict between them, is more bearable by far than the insight that the opposites are the ineradicable and indispensable precondition of all psychic life, so much so that life itself is guilt.” It is important here to note that “side-by-side” for Jung does not mean a merger, mutual absorption, or synthesis of opposites.

The idea that life itself is guilt is based upon conceptions of how human consciousness works. As noted earlier, consciousness itself depends upon the existence of polar opposites. Guilt, therefore, which attempts to keep us from our “evil other,” is closely related to the formation of the opposites in our psychic anatomy.

THE CREATIVE INSTINCT

Fortunately, there is a powerful tool that can help us resolve the problem of the opposites. This tool is creative work. Creative production in art, as in life, depends upon bringing two opposites, the masculine and the feminine, into close enough proximity to produce a “child” (i.e., a book, a symphony, a painting, etc.) without losing the identity of the opposites that created the “child.” When we begin to do creative work, we connect to the deepest forces that govern all creation. It connects us to God, to the self within, to put it in Jungian terms. Reflected in our language is the Judaeo/Christian idea and belief that God and the creator and sustainer of all existence are one. The words God and Creator are in fact interchangeable in English as well as in other Western languages, such as French and German. The ultimate product of this process of psychological, inner creation is a stronger ego that increasingly approximates a reflected image of the Archetypal Self, which is whole and contains all of the opposites.

The Archetypal Self, or God, represents the totality; no stone is left out, all the stones are included in this totality. But a colossal lie stands in the way of achieving this totality. This is not about the existence or non-existence of the opposites, the dark and the light. We know they exist. The lie is in labeling one side exclusively good and the other side exclusively bad, as we tend to do. We know that creation is enabled by the existence of, masculine and feminine opposites. If we make one side good and the other side bad, we reject one of the essential players in the creative drama.

There is an instinct deep within us, although difficult to access consciously, that tells us that embracing the one-sided formulas for salvation, including the Christian advocacy of the exclusive primacy of love, will actually keep us from the totality of our selves. It is an instinct that actually is our salvation. It emanates from our duality. It tells us that we must love and hate everything at the same time. We must love the dark and the light and we must hate the dark and the light. Wired as we are, light has no meaning without the dark and dark has no meaning without the light. Each of these depends on the other for its existence. Without the one, there can be no consciousness of the other, and nothing exists for an individual if he is not conscious of it. If we are unable to maintain simultaneously in consciousness both our hate and love feelings, we cannot protect ourselves if we are abused—physically, psychologically, or sexually—by those whom we deeply love and those whom we need to trust.

It is our duality that causes us to be drawn inerxorably to movies (e.g., Crash, Lawrence of Arabia, or A Civil Action) or to great art, literature, or music (e.g., the opera Tosca or the play Hamlet). In Tosca, we see Scarpia, on his knees, praying in church, while leering lustfully at Tosca. In the movie, Crash, a policeman saves the life of a black woman whom just days before he had humiliated and mistreated. We see Hamlet indecisively and cowardly one day, and the next brave and sure. In Lawrence of Arabia, Lawrence risks his life to save a man who he deliberately kills shortly thereafter. In A Civil Action, a greedy, money-driven, ambulance-chasing lawyer finds a cause for which he is willing to sacrifice his career and fortune. And then there is Peter loving Christ one moment and denying him the next. There is a Jekyll and Hyde in all of us, in all people. We are drawn, as if against our wills, to these conflicting portraits. We are drawn to them and have feeling for them because we see ourselves in them, whether we know it or not. We are drawn to images that reflect ourselves, but protect us from the direct experience. To know that we have the same base feelings in us as Scarpia, right along side all of our goodness, is difficult to bear. We are drawn, nevertheless, to these characters and images because nature seems to have planted deep within us a developmental process that, through the agency of feeling, attracts us irresistibly closer and closer to our opposites. It attracts us to our opposites so that we can come together with them, side by side, in an embrace of creativity that leads us eventually to wholeness. As we experience in literature, art, and life, we are ineluctably attracted to wholeness, to three-dimensionality, to wholeness.

Life might be easier, simpler, and less painful if our one-sidedness could be a sustainable reality instead of a wish. But, there are always two sides, regardless of whether we are conscious of them. The
solution to this dilemma involves finding a way to honor both sides of ourselves in consciousness. This is the answer, but it is not easy to hold on to it. It involves a creative solution to one of life’s most difficult problems. The answer lies in a creation that depends upon intimate contact of two opposites without either being lost or subsumed by the other.

**OUR UNIQUE IDENTITY**

Ultimately, the creative act of self-development results in the formation of our unique identity. It is the most particular manifestation of our self. We all have a unique identity, not just Picasso or Einstein or Beethoven or Frank Lloyd Wright. We are not conscious of our unique identity until we have done a lot of work on our selves. People who study art, music, literature, or architecture can identify the painter’s, composer’s, author’s, or architect’s work without seeing a signature. They know that the painting was by Caravaggio or Manet, or that a piece of music was written by Stravinsky or Wagner, or a book by Hemingway, or that a building was designed by Louis Kahn or Frank Lloyd Wright. The creative product of the artist is his signature, and we recognize it because we have studied his work.

Each of us also has a unique signature. But, we must pay attention to our selves and do our own work in depth, if we are to recognize our own signature. We must do this for the same reason we must study artists to know their works. Thus, an important part of the work of discovering our selves is creative production and in-depth analysis. With time and effort we can come to know and recognize our own special signatures. Our physical identity is more readily visible and accessible than our psychic identity. There is always something unique in our physical identity; for example, the parents and siblings of identical twins can usually tell them apart. We have mirrors and can see our physical selves.

It is far more difficult to “see” our psychic selves. There are no psychic mirrors readily available to us, unless we had exceptional parents who could fully, without harsh judgment, reflect our selves back to us. We may still be able to see our psychic selves if we find a therapist who will do for us what our parents could not. Creative work can also help us see our selves. Creative work is a mirror that can reflect our selves back to us if we pay enough attention. Therapists can help us in this regard, by helping us interpret our creative work.

In his book, *The Restoration of the Self*, Heinz Kohut wrote at length about psychically wounded people and the therapeutic methods he used to help them. He found none more effective, or so essential, as creative work. He found, importantly, that it made no difference whether the creative work was deemed good or artistic by any standards. The simple process of doing creative work helped restore the self. It is as if nature plants within us a built-in remedy for our worst afflictions, the affliction of being separated from large parts of ourselves. We experience this separation as a kind of inner civil war that divides us internally. It produces the pain and suffering inherent in any civil war, whether in our internal world or outside. It seems that the human urge to do creative work, to use all our stones to heal and restore our wholeness, is a compensatory impulse and blessing that arises from the psychic civil war that wounded us. In my own work as a psychoanalyst, I have witnessed the truth of Kohut’s findings. I have watched patients grow in wholeness as they began to work creatively in a variety of media that helped them recover and restore cut off parts of themselves.

Creative work actually serves as a kind of inner parent that compensates for the flawed parenting we may have had as children. Creative work mirrors us in a way we were often not mirrored by our parents. Creative work mirrors us for the simple reason that we can see projected in it, if we look and interpret carefully, our own psychological and spiritual selves. Mirrors in all their manifold guises help restore the wounded self.

1. Jung, C.G., *Collected Works* 14, par. 206
5. *Lawrence of Arabia*, David Lean (director), Robert A. Harris and Sam Spiegel (producers).

This article by Lawrence Staples is an excerpt from *Guilt with a Twist*.
In the present day, our culture’s evolving masculine spirit seems to be sputtering out. We began with a powerful, creative force, yet somewhere along our path, phallus has been rendered impotent. The unicorn, this wondrous masculine symbol, has been reduced to a limp-horned stuffed animal found in novelty stores or worse yet, discarded to a dusty old shelf of a second-hand thrift shop.

Resurrecting the Unicorn addresses the impoverished state of masculinity in the 21st century. Without a strong masculine image, our souls become fragmented and we lose our way. In fact, this is how many men feel today and women, too, as we all have these inner components. When we are in such a state of psychological confusion and imbalance, we must begin again to search for The Holy Grail; The Grail is the symbolic container of the psycho-spiritual contents that can nourish, balance, and renew our lives.

All the compensatory posturing, chest-pounding or drum-beating in the world won’t revive this great masculine spirit! This can only be accomplished by developing a deeper relationship to soul. The mental landscape of metaphors dreams, stories, myths, fairy tales deal with the eternal truths of human nature and are the language of soul. In Resurrecting the Unicorn, Bud Harris guides us deep into the realm of metaphors to examine the evolution and development of human consciousness and reclaim discarded, yet much needed, aspects of our humanity.

Like Gold Through Fire helps readers fathom the mystery of their own heart and guides them through life’s labyrinth toward fulfillment and joy. It emphasizes the transforming power of suffering, how it can change us and open our hearts to compassion and joy, and in turn provide for a more rewarding life filled with a wider range of experiences. Like Gold Through Fire helps us to find meaning and to function in a society filled with suffering—helps us to participate in the transformation, as opposed to being a victim of our rapidly changing world.

“A Herculean work . . . whose purpose is to help us fathom the depth of this mystery in our own hearts. The Harrises, in this marvelous book, help us begin this holy work.”

—Robert Sardello, Ph.D., Author of Love and the Soul

Massimilla and Bud Harris are diplomates of the C.G. Jung Institute in Zürich, Switzerland. They are practicing Jungian analysts and the cofounders of the C.G. Jung Center for Professional development in Asheville, NC. They lecture extensively throughout the U.S. and Europe. Bud Harris is the author of several publications including The Father Quest and Resurrecting the Unicorn.

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The Art of Love: The Craft of Relationship
by Bud & Massimilla Harris

Are you:
- seeking to renew a relationship?
- considering a new relationship?
- troubled with establishing a long-term relationship?
- divorced and trying to understand why your marriage failed?
- experiencing problems in love, romance, sex, intimacy or marriage?
- a therapist or counselor who would like to provide an accessible resource for your clients?

Millions of books on relationships have been printed over the years. Why do we need another? We need *The Art of Love: The Craft of Relationship* for the same reasons that over four and a half million readers wanted Spencer Johnson's *Who Moved My Cheese*. Following Johnson's methods of teaching to a broad, modern audience, *The Art of Love: The Craft of Relationship* presents the profound principles that form a loving relationship in an easily accessible manner. Using a very simple approach, it will help people shift their attitudes and provide them with the skills to create loving, long-lasting partnerships.

Massimilla and Bud Harris are diplomates of the C.G. Jung Institute in Zurich and co-authors of *Like Gold Through Fire*. Bud Harris is also the author of several other publications including *Resurrecting the Unicorn*, *The Father Quest*, *Sacred Selfishness*, and *The Fire and the Rose*.

Estimated Shipping Date July 1, 2010

Visitation in a Zen Garden
by Karlyn M. Ward

A zen garden is a sacred, meditative, and symbolic space—a microcosm representing the world. Every detail is meant to quiet the soul. Stepping stone paths and tiny bridges are deliberate means of slowing one down to enhance the meditative experience. In many such gardens, the whole garden cannot be viewed from a single vantage point. Rather, one discovers different views of the garden as one sits in a tea house, walks on a path, comes around a corner, or crosses over a bridge. There may be three prominent stones: a flat stone symbolizing earth, a large tall stone symbolizing heaven, and a stone lantern symbolizing the human element. And there may also be foxes!—as was the case for Karlyn Ward.

*Visitation in a Zen Garden* records in image and word what happens when a family of foxes takes up residence in the author's backyard zen garden. Using her analytic experience, Karlyn Ward links the visitation with biology, behavior, wonder, and depth psychology. What could be the meaning of this close encounter with little wild animals “simply” being themselves in her own back yard? What is the symbolic meaning of the fox, and what did Jung have to say about it? Why does the fox “happen” to choose this garden at this time?

Karlyn M. Ward is an analyst member of The C.G. Jung Institute of San Francisco and has a private practice in Marin county, north of San Francisco. She has written and lectured about the psyche and music. Her DVD, *Anchored in the Heart: Redeeming the Dark Feminine*, explores the figure of Mary of Magdala in word, art, and music. Recently she has developed a fascination for foxes and all they represent.
This past summer, Daryl Sharp of Inner City Books contacted us, explaining that he had edited a manuscript for Kehinde Ayeni. Daryl suggested that the manuscript was a real winner and encouraged us to consider it for publication. We had a closer look and soon contracted to publish this body of work. We are now pleased to announce the publication of Kehinde Adeola Ayeni’s Feasts of Phantoms.

In the theater of the mind where all springs forth, is there such a thing as an innocent victim, and a victimizer? Feasts of Phantoms is a novel that explores these questions, and more.

Kehinde Adeola Ayeni, MD., a public health physician, psychiatrist and psychoanalyst was born in Nigeria. A mother of two children, she is in private practice in Farmington Hills, Michigan. Her first novel Our Mother’s Sore Expectations explored the plight of women under dictatorship government in Nigeria. Dr. Ayeni founded the Foundation for Indigenous Development and Advocacy (Foundida.org), a non-profit organization whose goal is that every Nigerian child has at minimum an elementary school education, and she works closely with Educare Trust Fund based in Ibadan, Nigeria (Educaretrust1994.org).

How is a well meaning mother to protect her daughter from a culture where the birth of a baby girl is met with despair because the only future open to her is that of sexual assault and teenage pregnancy, which would doom her to a life of illiteracy and poverty as it has doomed her lineage before her? Genital mutilation has many causes but at the root of all of them is fear. A fear that pushes a mother to do the unthinkable to a daughter that she loves. What does a scapegoat do with the fate she has been handed? Accept and roll with it, or reject it? How is she to reject it when the acceptance of her role is needed for her culture’s psychic equilibrium?

Feasts of Phantoms
A novel
by Kehinde Adeola Ayeni
ISBN 978-0-9813939-2-6

Requiem
A Tale of Exile and Return
A novella
by Erel Shalit
ISBN 978-1-9267150-3-2

Requiem returns us to an eternal theme, a dialogue with Soul, and we know quite well what happens when one dialogues with Soul—we change, consciousness is enlarged, the impossible becomes possible and we no longer are compelled to blindly follow in the deathly path of our forefathers.

Requiem is a fictitious account of a scenario played out in the mind of many Israelis, pertaining to existential reflections and apocalyptic fears, but then, as well, the hope and commitment that arise from the abyss of trepidation. While set in Israel sometime in the present, it is a story that reaches into the timelessness of history, weaving discussions with Heine and Kafka into a tale of universal implications.

“This slim but incisive novella is a philosophical but completely comprehensible take on contemporary Israel. From a “litany of lamentations” drawn from the current generation which appears to be the antithesis of their idealistic founding fathers, the thoughtful narrator Eli Shimeoni (about to give a lecture in New York) recounts his overriding despair - but eventually concludes with hope. Elegantly and thoughtfully mourning today’s saga of Israeli disillusion without hope, bitter alienation, and collapse of Zionist ideals, Shimeoni indicts the present movement out of the country for profit and the concomitant surrender of “soul.” But relying on the consistency of past Jewish history and the “triumphalism of hope” the reader reluctantly puts the book down - and smiles!”

— Edith Sobel

Erel Shalit is the author of several publications, including Enemy, Cripple & Beggar, The Hero and His Shadow, and The Complex.
Main Street Stories
A novel by Phyllis LaPlante

Tales intertwine in the small town of Massey, Texas, whose quiet streets seem to breed infidelity, betrayal, mental illness, and violence, in Phyllis LaPlante’s highly entertaining character driven novel Main Street Stories. The townspeople love gossip even more than high school football. Nadine Coulter, a divorced hairdresser, fulfills her sexual desires with a much younger lover, while fretting about her teen-aged daughter who is quickly earning a bad reputation. Janice Tuttle commits suicide by drowning. Joe Eliot hallucinates enemies and nearly kills his brother-in-law. Did Danny Tomlin actually kill his illegitimate child? Wayne Pickens is whipsawed between the demands of his religion and the urges of his body. Dorothy Harmon agonizes over her lesbian lover’s penchant for young girls. Adam Robbins, the preacher’s son, is perpetually on the make, living out the shadowy un-lived life of his father.

Phyllis LaPlante is a Jungian analyst who lives with her husband in Fairfax, Virginia. She received a B.A. in English from Valparaiso University, MSW from Catholic University of America, and diploma from the C.G. Jung Institute of New York. She is on the faculty of the C.G. Jung Institute of Philadelphia and a training analyst with the Inter-Regional Society of Jungian Analysts. She edited When the Body Speaks (Routledge 2000) and lectures on the archetype of abandonment. She is on the Board of THC, a non-profit partnership that combats homelessness in Washington, D.C.

Sulfur Creek
by Thad McAfee

Drawing from a depth of knowledge and feelings, Thad McAfee masterfully delivers first-rate storytelling in Sulfur Creek. Twelve year-old Anna Marie Cochran has lost her life on the railroad tracks at the Sulfur Creek crossing in a small Midwestern town. For twenty years Sonny Mac has avoided his past. This successful corporate man has had no need or desire to return to his origins to face those old ghosts. But now he is called upon to support a childhood best friend and his grieving family. The local Sheriff, the Railroad Police, and the Coroner are quick to deem the case an unfortunate accident. But things just don’t add up to Sonny Mac, and he manages to drag his best buddy’s younger sister, Emmy Lou Cochran, into this amateur detective case that soon turns into a passionate love affair.

Unsettled by an incomplete accident report, Colonel Rupert Mason of the Ohio State Police decides to pay a visit to this small community and junior State Policewoman Rebecca Steen, the reporting officer who arrived on scene soon after the incident. At a small social gathering, Sonny Mac by chance meets Rupert Mason and expresses his unsettled sentiments about Anna Marie’s death to the Colonel, and from there on, things seem to unravel for the complacent Sheriff and the unsavory Railroad Police investigator, while sweet Emmy Lou helps to finally exorcise Sonny Mac’s old demons.

Sulfur Creek is the first in a series of novels by Thad McAfee.

Dark Shadows Red Bayou
by John Atkinson
ISBN 978-0-9810344-7-8

Johnny Boy Atkinson is at it again, but he comes at you from a completely different direction. In Timekeeper he gives you the moving story of a young man’s difficult journey to overcome illiteracy and the mean-spirited abuse of one’s own dysfunctional family. In Dark Shadows Red Bayou—with his masterful storytelling ability—Atkinson brings you the murder mystery thriller par excellence.

Here’s what Malcolm Cambell has to say about Dark Shadow’s Red Bayou.

“Somebody is killing prostitutes in the swamp.

“To Sheriff Coles Bleu, the “job was everything; never mind the formalities of protocol. By his rules, he always got the bad guys. His office achieved the highest crime-solving rate in Louisiana. Now, that record was being threatened.”

“John Atkinson, who brought us the unforgettable Johnnyboy in his powerful debut novel “Timekeeper” (2007), returns with three, rough-cut, equally memorable characters in the first book to be published under Fisher King’s new il piccolo imprint.

“Coles Bleu, Bennett Morgan and Francis Lovain grew up together in a small town in the delta country around Lake Pontchartrain. Coles grew into a 300-pound, brute-force sheriff who rules his county with an iron hand; he’s both loved and feared, and he likes the South because that’s where people know how to work together and get stuff done. Bennett’s family had money, and as a stockbroker, Bennett still has it, along with his Rolex,
large house, analyst and a powerful new convertible. The troll-like Francis, who lives in the swamp, sports platinum-capped teeth and a face not even a mother could love.

“The swamp, and its Put-In-Ditch channel where the bodies are being found, live and breathe through Atkinson's haunting word pictures as a wonderfully chilling location for this tightly written thriller. Francis loves the swamp, Bennett fears it, and Coles views it pragmatically as the place he went fishing as a kid and the place the murder investigation is luring him now.

“As adults, Coles, Ben, and Francis knew the catch basin held no prejudices when it came to nature's rules. A wrong move could cost a life. Gambling with death was fun when they were boys with boundless courage. But as Ben grew older he was less inclined to do reckless things.”

“Bennett thinks Francis knows something about the murders because Francis knows everything about the bayou. While Coles is inclined to give their strange childhood friend a little more slack, he concedes that Francis' friendship with the Goocha, the shaman of the swamp, is disturbing. Plus, there aren't a lot of leads and the last thing Coles needs is either New Orleans reporters or the Feds sniffing around his domain asking questions and causing trouble.

“The killer believes he is doing the Lord's work, showing wayward women the error of their profession. Like the other predators in the bayou, he kills with cold efficiency because the injunction is built in to his psyche. Then, too, there's the voice inside his head urging him to move ahead with the Holy task, but without its disparaging, profane language:

“Speak kindly, boy, you hear?”

“I hear. Ready or not, I'll teach her a thing or two.”

“My child, that's much better. Now mind your mouth.”

“When, or if, this killer is stopped, depends greatly on the strengths and weaknesses of three characters whose lives are more obstinately tangled together than the vines in Red Bayou. These men, the novel's rich location and non-stop action, and the liberal doses of off-beat humor make this dark mystery a satisfying experience.”

Malcolm Campbell's reviews have appeared in many syndicated publications. He is the author of The Sun Singer and Jock Stewart and the Missing Sea of Fire. Learn more about Malcolm Campbell at www.malcolmrcampbell.com

**Timekeeper**

by John Atkinson


From a USA Today Article:

Within the first few pages, John Atkinson's *Timekeeper* had weaved its essence around my heart and refused to let me go. Written in the same spirit as Sue Monk Kidd's *The Secret Life of Bees*, *Timekeeper* is a magnificent tale of a young boy who can't read, or at least he hasn't found the means to do so up to this point in his life. Misunderstood by his teachers and elders, and physically beaten into the ground by his father, Johnnyboy runs away from home at the age of fourteen and sets off into the unknown to find himself. What he couldn't find in his own father, the universe provides for him in a multitude of miraculous ways. In spite of all his suffering and adversities, Johnnyboy's spirit remains intact . . . better yet, like a boxer taking a relentless barrage of punches, he spits his beating into the ringside pail and comes out dancing like never before into the next rounds/chapters of this magnificent tale of redemption. Readers, Booksellers, Journalists, Reviewers, Critics, and even you Movie Makers, about all I can tell you is, 'Better get ready 'cause the *Timekeeper* is coming to town!'”

—USA Today

**“A magnificent tale of a young man who can’t read and his quest for self-discovery and a place at the table of life.”**

—Literary Aficionado

From the introduction to *Timekeeper*:

It's more humane to face a firing squad than a classroom, humiliated because of illiteracy. One is swift, the other leads to a lifetime of isolation and hardship. *Timekeeper* is my triumph over letters. Parts of my journey are no longer clear. Forty-eight years later, I have re-imagined events that seem most consistent to my memory. In 1959 ground swept under my feet like a starving man scrambling for his next meal. I fled a dysfunctional family in Virginia. I met many people along the way, but no one could compare with Chief in Oklahoma. He filled a void in me and taught me how to join together the many pieces of life. Chief wasn't surprised that I'd crossed the country at the age of fourteen. I was a big kid and had become hardened to the ways of the streets. Right away Chief understood why I didn't fit in. The main thing was, I couldn't read. He looked into my soul and saw the suffering I'd endured in the white man's world. He also saw into my future. Anyone with a lick of sense would've been frightened of Chief, an old medicine man with strange powers. But after everyone else had given up on me, he saw how else had given up on me, he saw how I could help myself. At first I thought he was foolish as a fish flopping on a riverbank when he said I should go north to a place he'd visited as a boy. Hell, that was back before we had automobiles. But he said I would go with a great power. I couldn't imagine where the power would come from. I thought it had to be a strong car, a big Buick Road Master. Every boy my age wanted a car. But the old man gave me a name, Timekeeper. I was no longer Johnnyboy, the affectionate name my Mama had called me. But the gift of the new name stayed a mystery for forty-eight years, the time it took me to figure out Chief's predictions. For all those years I've searched for his meaning, and now I know.
Lucina away from her linear scientific and psychological way of seeing and believing. By chance, she meets her real guide, Señora Labotta, who with the mysterious spirit of the Heart carries an eternal, universal message that many a lost-soul will turn to for comfort and meaning. This refreshing novel is sure to quench the thirst of many people, young and old, longing to find deeper meaning and greater fulfillment in life.

Nora Caron has been blessed with the ability to see through social, cultural, political, and religious illusions, and has built a large readership based on her foresight and unique storytelling abilities. Nora well understands that we evolve as human beings, and that often it’s important to not be fully understood. There’s charm in not having all the answers, in being the student as well as the teacher, and this comes through in Lucina and Señora Labotta, fictional characters in Journey to the Heart, yet without a doubt also living aspects of this writer’s soul.

Burned out, depressed, and let down by life and others, 25-year-old Lucina finally makes a break, leaving behind a neurotic mother, shallow friendships and other abusive dependencies and escapes, Lucina’s suffering is not in vain. A great deal of the world’s population continues to suffer in vain; yet, this type of suffering is meaningless. One never finds redemption in neurotic suffering—one may find false comfort, but not redemption! This is where Nora Caron shines, in leading her readers away from false comforts and into the unknown where one can obtain a renewed and authentic life. This refreshing novel is sure to quench the thirst of many people, young and old, longing to find deeper meaning and greater fulfillment in life.

At first it read like a simple story of this rather ornerry but ‘successful-in-life’ character stuck in the middle of nowhere in his fancy MG, which had allowed him to limp into a gas station with a diner-cum-motel on the other side of the highway. I quickly realized that the simplicity was only skin deep, the writing a sort of self-analysis, the old mechanic and gas station owner a study in laissez-faire and cool disdain that tried the patience of our hero. As a matter of fact, all members of the cast including the Queen who rules the diner, the pretty waitress and the lanky fast-order cook are highly complicated human beings, which some may consider to be ‘virtual’ or a projection of the storyteller.

“The enigmatic and moody old Chevy half-ton pick-up truck he borrows is unreliable, but does give him the freedom to get away from the confines of the motel and the frustration of his broken down MG. Ol’ Reliable guides him over a cattle guard, a mysterious unseen gateway into a deeply felt sanctuary. He has found the oasis of a river that cuts through this otherwise barren wasteland where he can cast a fly into adventure and misadventure, and beyond that, healing waters for the soul. Could this perhaps be a modern day model of the Grail Legend’s Fisherking?

“The depth of LeRoi is fascinating and frightening: it is full of magic, humor, but also inner suffering with terrible and seemingly perverted battles taking place that must be won to grant new life. It seems our protagonist needs this type of catharsis to free himself from the burdens of the past and restore his inner kingdom to prosperity.

“As I came to the end of this satisfying and easy to read tale of redemption, I wondered if the author’s future novels will be equally compelling sequels or completely different to the ‘tongue-in-cheek’ title of the novel LeRoi?

“The black cover with the French title in thick, bright red letters as if applied with a bricklayer’s trowel, and the crown that looked more like a jester’s cap compelled me to take a look at LeRoi in a book store in Zurich. It was neither expensive nor voluminous. ‘Could most likely swallow it whole in the two-hour train to Vevey,’ I thought, so I bought it on impulse and, as it turned out, wasn’t sorry.
Menopause Man
Book 2 of the Malcolm Clay Trilogy
by Mel Mathews
ISBN 978-0-9776076-1-7

Through the 21st Century Looking Glass
— USA Today by Grady Harp

“Mel Mathews is a sensitive observer of the human condition, with an emphasis on the Male Human Condition of our time. He has created a character in Malcolm Clay that is a baby boomer Holden Caulfield, a variation on John Updike’s Rabbit Angstrom, and he manages to take us by the hand and lead us through the bumpy terrain of current interpersonal relationships as well as anyone writing today.

“We first met Malcolm Clay in Mathews’ first novel LeRoi as a middle aged man trapped in a successful but boring occupation who becomes stranded in a dusty little truck stop where he is forced to slow his pace to adjust to the fertile characters he created there. Well, now Malcolm is living in Carmel, California, having been divorced, forgoing his childhood entrapping religious heritage, traipsing through many brief and physically oriented affairs while deciding to change his life as an alcoholic tractor salesman to that of a reformed AA writer (‘...he didn’t think anyone should be called an addict, alcoholic, codependent, or any other of the pathologized clinical diagnosis that propelled a person into another lie’). His existence is populated in this gorgeous coastline area of California by all manner of women and men whose connection to life is through tenuous strings tied to fairly shallow buoys. Most of the novel is conversational, with Malcolm discovering the intrinsic personality defects of characters ranging from his landlady Mrs. Shams to men on the make to physical therapist Jenny who manages to keep a physical distance between the lusty but controlled Malcolm and her fragile, purging diet, Zen-like self.

This is a journey so well written that the novel calls for pause to enjoy the sheer ebullience of the verbiage. Mel Mathews is a fine writer, finding his way through life in these times. He is a reliable companion on the trek we all are taking. And now on to the next volume in the series, ‘SamSara’, addictively!

SamSara
Book 3 of the Malcolm Clay Trilogy
by Mel Mathews
ISBN 978-0-9776076-2-4

About Malcolm Clay
an article by Joseph Madia

As an avid reader, writer, and writing teacher, I’m always on the lookout for new authors and new forms of literature, especially re-inventions of the novel. My own experimentations with what constitutes the novel form have paralleled the innovations found in film and music—using technology to aid with research, presentation, formatting, marketing, and all the rest.

In Mel Mathews’ novels I have found a new form that leaves modern innovations behind and instead goes for a simplification of the novel into its earliest roots—as a kind of hybrid journal, fairy tale, travelogue, and reiteration of fact thinly veiled as fiction. At least, it seems to be fact thinly veiled as fiction. The parallels between Mel and his main character abound, and the lines of reality are often crossed (“You’re in the next book,” his main character says do not fear Freedom but instead demand it as their individual right.

SamSara portrays the struggles of a man searching for freedom from his puritanical up-bringing and the existential traumas of his youth. Again and again, he comes up against dead-ends and frightening reminders of images from his past. His dream sequences are wonderfully portrayed. One in particular comes to mind, about tigers and how a number of these dangerous animals invade a house, and professionals are called to exterminate them. But instead of killing them, the tigers are tranquilized, and one realizes that the animals are symbolic of the sometimes overwhelming demons within us, energies that have to be subdued and sometimes even untangled so that we can slowly develop a relationship and come to terms with these integral aspects of ourselves.

The very essence of SamSara is about the transformation of images, and Mel Mathews masterfully moves readers through this process, building to high points of interest and excitement, before letting off, allowing the reader time to relax and enjoy a more normal flow of life as these old ghost are slowly transformed into vital companions.
to people along the way). *Samsara* (the third book in the series) opens with a potential clue: “The lies will be honest.” In *Menopause Man* there is even an extended discussion of the fairytale allegory of *LeRoi* that serves not only as a vehicle for an illustration of the narrow view of an “Old Mockingbird” named Mrs. Shams. I talk about later but as an explanation from the author to the reader about what he was trying to accomplish.

Toward the end of *Samsara*, Malcolm meets a drunk in a pub called “The Wicked Wolf” (names of places and people in the books always seem to have some underlying meaning—a long the way we meet women named Sarah and Sophia, a man getting married named Freeman, and a town called Five Points). The drunk, upon hearing his name, says “Malcolm, you know there’s a Saint Mel…[my emphasis],” to which Malcolm answers “‘That wouldn’t be me’, I proudly announced.”

If I am wrong, and the books aren’t thinly veiled fiction, then Mel’s work represents an ultra-realistic form of fiction that rides the structure of a nearly day-by-day accounting of the main character’s experiences over a relatively short amount of time—weeks, usually. *Samsara*, for instance, covers the time period December 21, 2000 to April 24, 2001 and is presented as a daily diary, with many days having multiple entries.

The parallels extend beyond the story to the storyteller as well. As Mel says on his websites www.melmathews.com he is a storyteller—an ex tractor salesman, and not a novelist. His counterpart in the novels, Malcolm Clay, also an ex tractor salesman, says in *Menopause Man*, “I write, but I’m not a writer.” Fair enough. Mel doesn’t concern himself much with the high artistry of the writer—the toiling for hours over the construction of the sentence, painstakingly taking out typos and finding the perfect rhythm and combination of words as proscribed by such literary luminaries as GB Shaw and Mark Twain—but instead he viscerally and straightforwardly relates Malcolm’s journey—a journey that takes place physically as well as metaphorically, using references to Jungian psychology, the trixter, Mary Magdalene, and the sacred feminine (e.g., Kali and Lilith), and the traps and trappings of being Male and Female. Along the way we are treated to both explicit and implicit explorations of such motifs as the slaying of the dragon, the rescuing of the princess, and the dethroning of the wounded, ailing king.

A unique element of Mel’s novels is that he has said that you needn’t read the three books in any particular order, even though they are all built around the same main character. The experiences happen somewhat out of time, and one book’s ending does not lead to the start of the next. Adding to this disunity is the fact that Mel has also broken convention by writing the first and last novels in first person and the middle novel, *Menopause Man*, in the third person. Given these facts, it seems pretty clear that taking this review novel by novel would be a mistake, so I am going to talk in generalities, considering the main character, the considerable amount of people who come in and out of his life, and the larger themes and symbols I found to be at work in these books. When appropriate I will mention specific passages from the three books and parallels between them.

Malcolm made his money young and has or had all the things that go with it—he is very proud of his Tony Lama boots, he owns a plane, which he is trying over the course of the books to sell, as he no longer needs what it once represented (i.e., he no longer needs to be the Eternal Child, the *Puer Aeternus* of Marie Louis von Franz), and he has an MG that certainly is more status symbol of middle-aged male virility than reliable mode of transportation (its breaking down is the preceding circumstance of the novel *LeRoi*).

Malcolm is somewhat the middle-aged American archetype in other ways as well—he is a recovering alcoholic and addict, divorced, and trying to realign his Maleness in the anti-macho modern world so carefully considered by the likes of Robert Bly in books like *Iron John*. His “rigid Calvinistic heritage” even applies if you insert your own applicable religious upbringing if it felt, like his, more of a prison sentence than a path to enlightenment. But he is trying to change and is making a committed search to do so. Over the course of the novels we find him reading such books as Joyce’s *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Hawking’s *Brief History of Time*, and Coehlo’s *The Alchemist*. A strong selling point of the books is that for Malcolm, like the rest of us Seekers who have read these and similar titles, the initial embracing of the theories is far, far easier than actually applying them as a means to profound and long-term change. Too often a character in a modern novel meets his or her guru/guide and within 200 hundred pages undergoes a wholesale transformation. If only it was that easy…

In the third book, *Samsara* (a Hindu word meaning the death and rebirth cycle), Malcolm takes a physical journey across several countries (Switzerland, France, Italy, and Ireland) in pursuit of the feminine—spiritually (at a conference on the Magdalene in Florence) and physically (as he pursues a woman named Kelli in Ireland).

*LeRoi*, published first, opens with the following unattributed quote: “Woman cannot be contained /Real or Ethereal/She cannot be harnessed.”

This pursuit of both the symbolic and physical woman (the “mystical union”) truly is the meat of the matter in these books. Malcolm talks in detail about the mechanics of the chase (“…it was always the woman who came to the man. Man chases, pisses on tires, jumps up and down like a baboon drooling all over his red-assed self, but if the woman doesn’t come to him and open herself to him, he might as well take his shriveled up hard-on back upstairs…”). I found it incredibly refreshing that Malcolm more often than not wound up back upstairs, alone. He also has many at-length discussions about matriarchal, patriarchal, and man–woman matters along the way, especially with the members of the Magdalene conference, a section of the books that provided the most thought-provoking and interesting passages for me. There is lots of good information on sacred feminine art in Florence, the symbolic union of Mary M. and Jesus as the nexus of the male and female aspects in all of us (the hieros gamos), the birth of the Divine Child, and issues of Gnosticism and the Gnostic gospels such as the one attributed to St. Thomas.
Along the way Malcolm meets many women who seem to be male-bashers—militant in their feminism to the extent that they find fault with any man simply for being one. This issue of Maleness in the postmodern world is one with which many men struggle. One of my favorite lines in any of the books is when Malcolm says in *Samsara*: “I love women who love men.”

Amen.

There is plenty of attention given to the child–parent (especially son–mother) relationship and the larger metaphors of how males and females relate. Characters like the diner owner Flo and the landlady Mrs. Shams (who fully lives up to her last name, at least in Malcolm’s eyes) represent the stuck-in-time, all too grounded matriarch who hands down proclamations of exactly how a middle-aged man like Malcolm should be living his life, while younger, more vital women such as Sarah in *Menopause Man* and Sheila in *Menopause Man* represent the continued evolution of the soul and psyche that comes with the adventure of fully living life, no matter one’s gender or age. Stuck unpleasantly in the middle (as is Malcolm) is Jenny, who wants a platonic experience with Malcolm. She has forsaken sex, claiming menopause at 30, and thus is neither male nor female, and yet somehow both. A pet name she uses for Malcolm in a letter in *Samsara* turns out to be the source of the second book’s title. Add in Cassi, the wife of his best friend, Turner (they have three children) and we have the Triple Goddess—the maiden (Sheila and Sarah), the mother (Cassi), and the crone (Flo and Mrs. Shams). There are plenty of other examples throughout the three books that reinforce this model.

Perhaps most intriguing of all, Malcolm is not always an easy character to like. Most disturbing to me was his homophobia. He makes remarks about “queers,” “gays,” and “fags” on numerous occasions (sometimes right on the heels of a philosophical–spiritual exploration) and there is even a point in *Menopause Man* where the narrator breaks into first person and describes a “faggy pair” of teal colored shorts. Malcolm also refers to someone as a “preppy little faggot.” He is absolutely vicious about the French (months before it became über-vogue after 9-11). Malcolm is also, at the end of the day, a wolf-like womanizer; a self-proclaimed “ass-end” man who judges women in very physical, sexualized terms, and he turns such disparaging phrases about unattractive women as “her pink polyester two-ton ass” over the course of the books. This turning on a dime from the spiritual to the physical, at times with unsettling speed, really makes his faults hard to overlook. He can be talking about making one woman “divine” and then make a biting comment about another woman who just came into his view.

He is nothing if not complex.

Characters like Jimmy, Sarah, and Flo, the staff at the diner/boarding house where Malcolm waits out the repairs to his MG in *LeRoi*, are all archetypes representing the different aspects of Malcolm’s ever-evolving psyche. Malcolm knows it, too, saying “...the people I encountered who had the ability to upset me were often reflections of unacceptable parts of myself.” This dovetails nicely with the Jungian dream analysis in *Samsara*. Jung said that every member of the dream-cast is an aspect of who the dreamer actually is.

**The Malcolm Clay Trilogy
“An introspective allegory about the search for prosperity of the soul . . .”
— Midwest Book Review

The idea of one’s identity is a key aspect of the books. Mel–Malcolm often comments about people making you into what they need you to be. It seems clear that this practice also applies to the gods and goddesses they choose to worship. Malcolm struggles with trying to find a definition of God, traveling back and forth between the Old Testament god of vengeance and wrath (Yahweh) and the New Testament god of compassion and forgiveness.

The novels all revolve around eateries and those that work in them, which is an excellent device for bringing a lot of different archetypes and life stories into the mix. There are philosophical and spiritual exchanges, long conversations over coffee and sandwiches full of the same, and plenty of “bullshit sessions.”

The transience of such an atmosphere also serves the overall theme that life is fleeting and it is the small moments rather than the big ones that chart the course of one’s life—a philosophy that informed Joyce’s work, especially in his collection of short stories, *The Dubliners*.

There is the very Jungian imagery of fishing in a stream in *LeRoi*, searching in the depths of the psyche for treasures and trophies. That elegant struggle to land the fish, whatever it may be—money, love, respect, actualization. Being a catch and release man (“all you get to keep of the fish is its tale”), Malcolm is trying to extricate himself from the tangle of material symbols he has anchored himself with in life—replacing them with experience and memory—so the metaphors of the fish and water are apt ones indeed. In many ways, as he sits in those myriad restaurants, he is fishing for tales—he is, after all, a writer, whether he chooses to admit it or not. Like Yeats, he knows about the Masks we all wear, and he is trying to change his—to transition from the lunar to solar phase, as we all must begin to undertake around our fortieth year.

Also in line with the Jungian aspects of the novels, Malcolm is increasingly interested in exploring and explaining his dreams (a practice that finds its full fruition in *Samsara*). Adam, his chief (although he has many older males with whom he engages in philosophical discussions), has been his biggest help in this way and it is Adam who brings us *Samsara*, after receiving it via mail from Ireland, where Malcolm spends a good deal of time in the third book.

Perhaps most compelling (and realistic) of all is the fact that in the course of three books and hundreds of pages Malcolm barely changes at all. He gets out of Mrs. Shams’ house in the third book (a major step) and begins to give away to strangers or leave behind many of his possessions—even his cell phone as he begins to become enlightened, and this manifesting of the spiritual with the physical is a very positive sign, but he still has a long way to go. And, no doubt, many more books to write.

Joseph Madia is an Author & Playwright for the New Mystics Theatre Company. Learn more about Joey and the New Mystics at www.newmystics.com.
To quote Norman O. Brown quoting Euripedes, “God made an opening for the unexpected,” and at long last we have what many of us have greatly desired: a collection of poems by Paul Watsky. His is a singular voice in contemporary poetry, with a range that encompasses the wry, the mordant, the laugh-out-loud funny and the deeply moving, often within the same poem. One of Ovid’s earliest critics complained that he did not know when to leave well enough alone. In this he resembles the eponymous hero of Watsky’s “The Magnificent Goldstein,” and, come to think of it, Watsky himself, for which we have cause to rejoice. —Charles Martin

We meet an observant poet telling a story, his story: wryly perceived incidents of family and history—all given with elegance, wit, and intimacy. A concise, carefully crafted, timely view of the world. —Joanne Kyger

A native of New York City, Paul Watsky moved to California during the late 1960’s, where, after teaching for five years in the English Department of San Francisco State University, he trained as a clinical psychologist and Jungian analyst. His haiku, longer poems, and translations have appeared widely in periodicals and anthologies, including Modern Haiku, A New Resonance: Emerging Voices in English Language Haiku, Asheville Poetry Review, Cave Wall, The Cream City Review, and The Pinch. He is cotranslator of Santoka (Tokyo, PIE Books, 2006).

The R.R. Document is a crime thriller concerning technological misadventure and political machinations. Throughout this well-written novel the reader will discover a kaleidoscope of cultural experiences. The charms of Zurich are explored, as is the city of Bogota with its millions of inhabitants - many of whom live in squalor and a few with great riches. The R.R. Document shows to what ends political power and riches can lead: to uninhibited treatment of human beings and the outer bounds of depravity and perversity, yet, more importantly the heights of love, affection, and astounding beauty.

'The Bridge' was the working title for The R.R. Document, referring to an actual event that occurred near Geneva in the seventies. A highway ramp leading from the lake to the Geneva-Lausanne Autoroute sank several centimeters under one of its very elegant slender pillars during the loading test. This accident, when combined with a great variety of actual and fictitious experiences, and peopled with many attractive as well as less attractive characters, turns out to be the nail on which this novel’s hat hangs.

Jack Moos resides in Küsnacht, Switzerland and spends most of his days—and many nights—working as a commissioned portrait and landscape painter. His last three one-man exhibitions 2007, 2008 and 2009 held in Erlenbach and Küsnacht were a remarkable success.

Beyond the Mask: The Rising Sign emerged from Kathleen Burt’s weekend workshops. It includes archetypal elder stories and examples taken from the lives of writers, artists, psychologists and several stories from Kathleen’s client work.

“Kathleen’s work looks through the lens of the astrological Rising Sign; through biography of creative writers and inspired people, through myth and archetype, through psychology, creativity and spirituality. She takes us on a journey toward creative possibilities and renewed spiritual life that is inherent in us all. And she does so with uncanny wit, humor, insight, and hermetical intelligence, doors open in our worldview and in our individual consciousness as we read along.” —Monika Wikman, author of The Pregnant Darkness

An astrologer in private practice for 30 years, Kathleen Burt is the author of Archetypes of the Zodiac, a book about Sun Signs from the perspectives of mythology, psychology, and esoteric astrology. A Fulbright scholar to India, Kathleen completed her graduate work in South Asian history at the University of Chicago. Patterns in Health, a two-year program on archetypes, dreams, ritual and Active Imagination led by Jungian analysts has influenced her life and client work.
The year is 1910. Sigmund Freud and his heir-apparent, Carl Jung, are changing the way we think about human nature and the mind. Twenty-two year old Toni Wolff enters the heart of this world as Jung’s patient. His wife, Emma Jung, is twenty-six, a mother of four, aspiring to help her husband create the new science of psychology. Toni Wolff’s fiercely curious mind, and her devotion to Jung, threaten this aspiration. Despite their passionate rivalry for Jung’s mind and heart, the two women often find themselves allied. Born of aristocratic Swiss families, they are denied a university education, and long to establish themselves as analysts in their own right. Passionate and self-educated, they hunger for another intellectual woman with whom to explore the complexities of the soul, the role of women in society, and the archetypal feminine in the affairs of nations.

Elizabeth Clark-Stern is a psychotherapist in private practice in Seattle, Washington. Before embracing this beloved work, she worked as a professional writer and actor. Her produced plays include, All I could see from where I stood, Help Wanted, and Nana Sophia’s Oasis. Out of the Shadows began as an independent study at Antioch University. Later revised, the International Association of Analytical Psychologists invited the original production to be performed at the International Jungian Congress in South Africa in 2007.
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