



The Sister From Below

WHEN THE MUSE GETS HER WAY

*Naomi
Ruth
Lowinsky*

What Others are saying about *The Sister From Below*:

“Naomi Lowinsky has given us a remarkable, fearless, and full autobiography. Speaking in poetic, psychologically sensitive, scholarly dialogues with her shape-shifting muse, she has created a new form. Through it she beckons us to attune with her as she explores her own personal and archetypal journeys, sounding the passionate depths of the Self that Everywoman may traverse when she lives authentically. This is a beautiful book to treasure and spread among worthy friends.”

—Sylvia Perera, Author of *Descent to the Goddess*
and *Celtic Queen Maeve and Addiction*.

“*The Sister From Below: When the Muse Gets Her Way*, is in part a memoir of the author finding her poetic calling and in part a superb meditation on the creative process itself. Using as her vehicle conversations with various aspects of her own muse(s), Naomi Ruth Lowinsky offers us a superbly detailed investigation of the powerful, mythic forces of the world as they are revealed to the active creative self. Don’t miss this enlightening and fascinating book.”

—David St. John, Author of *Study for the World’s Body*:
New and Selected Poems and *Prism*.

“*The Sister from Below* is a major contribution to active imagination as encounter and dialogue with the gods within. At the same time it is interwoven with stories of travel as pilgrimage, travel as inner journey and travel through time. Naomi’s poetry and prose is infused with the suffering and joys of humans everywhere. Insightful and deeply moving, she brings us the food and water of life.”

—Joan Chodorow, Author of *Dance Therapy and Depth Psychology*,
editor of *C.G. Jung on Active Imagination*.

“*The Sister from Below* tells the complex story a woman poet has with her muse—“a nudge, a nag, an intruder, a banshee” demanding her time despite the challenges to her everyday life. Lowinsky brings us the voices of Sappho, Eurydice, the hungry ghost of her grandmother, and others who give her their lives to shape into images. A passionate love letter to those who yearn to be heard. A must read for every woman who longs to write poetry.”

—Maureen Murdock, Author of *The Heroine’s Journey*
and *Unreliable Truth: On Memoir and Memory*.

THE SISTER FROM BELOW

“In poetry and prose Naomi Lowinsky has created a biographical self-portrait. Being a sensitive, intelligent woman, born shortly after her German refugee parents escaped the holocaust and moved to the United States, it is little wonder that this child struggled with “being taken over” by emotion-laden forces she calls “her shape-shifting Sister from Below.” Slowly these two, Lowinsky and her “Sister,” begin to converse, giving birth to poetry.

“The central anchor of the book is located in the chapters related to her paternal grandmother, who died in a concentration camp in Holland—from cancer, not the ovens. Lowinsky makes peace with her grandmother and gains a capacity to bear the unspeakable suffering of her family. Through her recovered vision, she reinterprets mythic and historical reality in provocative versions of the stories of Eurydice, Helen, Ruth, Naomi, and Sappho. The voice of the Sister from Below argues, cajoles, prods, explains, and yes, loves her human counterpart, and becomes the inspiration for Lowinsky’s stunning poetry in this highly original book.”

—Betty de Shong Meador, Author of *Inanna, Lady of Largest Heart*
and *Princess, Priestess, Poet*.

THE SISTER FROM BELOW
WHEN THE MUSE GETS HER WAY

NAOMI RUTH LOWINSKY, PH.D.



Fisher King Press
www.fisherkingpress.com
info@fisherkingpress.com
+1-831-238-7799

The Sister from Below: When the Muse Gets Her Way

Copyright © 2009 Naomi Ruth Lowinsky

ISBN 978-0-9810344-2-3

First Edition

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system without permission in writing from the publisher.

Published simultaneously in Canada and the United States of America. For information on obtaining permission for use of material from this work, please submit a written request to: permissions@fisherkingpress.com

Many thanks to all sources that have directly or indirectly provided permission to quote their works, including:

“Eurydice” By H.D. (Hilda Doolittle), from COLLECTED POEMS, 1912-1944, COPYRIGHT © 1982 by The Estate of Hilda Doolittle. Reprinted by permission of New Directions Publishing Corp.

“Black Flakes”, “Deathfugue”, “Tenebrae”, “Psalm”, “Radix Matrix”, “Zurich, at the Stork”, from SELECTED POEMS AND PROSE OF PAUL CELAN by Paul Celan, translated by John Felstiner. Copyright © 2001 by John Felstiner. Used by permission of W.W. Norton & Company, Inc.

“Orpheus, Eurydice, Hermes,” translated by Stephen Mitchell, copyright © 1982 by Stephen Mitchell, from THE SELECTED POETRY OF RAINER MARIA RILKE, translated by Stephen Mitchell. Used by permission of Random House, Inc.

Chiron Publications for permission to quote from *Uncursing the Dark* by Betty de Shong Meador (1992).

The cover image, “Phases of the Moon” is an oil painting copyright © by Bianca Daalder-van Iersel.

CONTENTS

| | |
|--|-----|
| ON THE MUSE | 1 |
| THE ARGUMENT | 5 |
| WHEN THE SISTER GETS HER WAY | 13 |
| LADY OF FLORENCE, FIRST MUSE | 37 |
| HOW EURYDICE TELLS IT | 55 |
| A GRANDMOTHER SPEAKS FROM THE OTHER SIDE | 73 |
| OLD MOTHER INDIA | 97 |
| SAPPHO AT MIDLIFE | 123 |
| HELENA IS A ROOT VEGETABLE | 143 |
| THE BOOK OF RUTH: NAOMI'S VERSION | 163 |
| BELOVED OF THE BELOVED | 183 |
| ENDNOTES/BIBLIOGRAPHY | 203 |
| INDEX | 207 |

The cover image “Phases of the Moon” is an oil painting by Bianca Daalder-van Iersel, an artist and Jungian analyst practicing in Los Angeles, California. Learn more about the artist and her work at www.bdaalder.com.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

It is said that it takes a village to raise a child. I can tell you that it has taken a far flung community to bring "The Sister" from manuscript into print. I have been blessed by overlapping circles of Jungians, poets, family and friends who have given good counsel, read drafts, brainstormed, and kept the faith.

My husband, Dan Safran, has been a devoted friend to me and "The Sister"—helpful listener, amazing trip planner, and careful copy editor. My daughter, Shanti Dorfman, saved the day when my notebook from our Indian travels was stolen. I thank her for letting me quote from her beautiful journal. My children, step children, in-laws and grandchildren are always a source of nurture and joy.

Venezuelan poet Alicia Torres made her magical appearance just when I needed an editor. She saw "The Sister's" form before I did.

Robin Robertson has always believed in my writing, and always believed that "The Sister" would find her way into print. His faith has been a gift.

Diane di Prima helped me find my way back to my roots in poetry—another gift.

Leah Shelleda has been a deep friend and companion in poetry. She has seen many versions of most everything I've written. I am also grateful to my friends, the poets Lucy Day, Jane Downs, Patricia Damery, Marilyn Steele, the Deep River circle and the Cloud View Poets—you've provided much advice and encouragement. Thanks also to Cathy Valdez, Carolyn Cowan, Jan Robinson, for listening and caring. I'm forever grateful to Bill Fulton, who feathered my writing nest.

My deep gratitude to Gilda Frantz, Margi Johnson, Margaret Ryan and everyone on the board of Psychological Perspectives. You have given my writing a home. Most of "The Sister" first appeared in the pages of Psychological Perspectives. John Beebe gave my writing its start in the Jungian world. And the late Joseph Henderson helped me believe in my voice.

I am also grateful to my friends and colleagues at the North South meetings of Jungian Analysts, as well as my Jungian friends in Bulgaria, South Africa, Santa Fe, San Diego, Los Angeles, Portland and Seattle, who have been so responsive to earlier versions of this material.

Very special thanks to my friend, Israeli Jungian analyst Erel Shalit, who guided me to Fisher King Press. Thanks to Joseph Pagano, for his enthusiasm

and thanks to Patty Cabanas for her scrupulous copy editing. And deep appreciation to my publisher, Mel Mathews for his sensitivity and care for me and “The Sister.” Neither one of us thought we’d find a publisher who got us!

Many thanks to Jungian analyst and painter Bianca Daalder, for permission to use her image on the cover.

Eternal gratitude to Gareth Hill and Betty de Shong Meador, midwives to this blossoming.

I am grateful to the editors of *Psychological Perspectives*, *The San Francisco Jung Institute Library Journal*, and the anthology *Terror, Violence and the Impulse to Destroy*, who published some of the chapters of this book in earlier versions.

Chapter 1: The Argument. Parts were first published in *The San Francisco Jung Institute Library Journal*, in the essay “Song of Herself,” Vol. 14 no. 1, 1995. Parts were first published in *Psychological Perspectives*, in the essay “The Poetry of Soul,” Issue 33, Fall 1995.

Chapter 2: When the Sister Gets Her Way. Parts were first published in *Psychological Perspectives*, in the essay “The Poetry of Soul,” Issue 33, Fall 1995.

Chapter 4: How Eurydice Tells It. First published in *Psychological Perspectives*, Issue 38, 1998-1999.

Chapter 5: A Grandmother Speaks from the Other Side. First published as “Wrestling with God: From the Book of Job to the Poets of the Shoah” in *Terror, Violence and the Impulse to Destroy*, ed. John Beebe, Daimon (2002).

Chapter 6: Old Mother India. First published as “The Fire of India” in *Psychological Perspectives*, Issue 41, 2000.

Chapter 8: Helena is a Root Vegetable. First published as “What the Centaur Said” in *Psychological Perspectives*, Issue 45, 2002.

Chapter 9: The Book of Ruth: Naomi’s Version. First published as “Thy Gods and Mine,” *Psychological Perspectives*, Issue 34, 1996.

Chapter 10: Beloved of the Beloved. First published in *Psychological Perspectives*, Vol. 48, Issue 2, 2005.

On the Muse

The test of a poet's vision....is the accuracy of his portrayal of the White Goddess. The reason why the hairs stand on end, the eyes water, when one writes or reads a true poem is that a true poem is necessarily an invocation of the White Goddess, or Muse, the Mother of All Living . . .

—Robert Graves¹

Who is this She?

She inserts herself into everything I do. Everyday She insists on time from me, time spent listening to her. Even when I'm busy, on my way to work or preoccupied with the news, She says: "Give me just ten minutes. That's all I ask. Sit in a chair. Take a deep breath. Take pen in your hand and write down what I say!" And you know, I always feel better after I do: more grounded, more real to myself, creative and alive.

Who is this She? She is not about the ordinary business of life: work, shopping, making dinner. She speaks from other realms. If you let Her, She will 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. For She is a siren, a seductress, a shape-shifter. Why should you listen to such a trouble-maker? Because She is essential to the creative process; She holds the keys to your imagination and your deeper life.

The image of the muse who visits the poet and inspires the creative process is as old as poetry. She has been invoked since the first poet we know, the Sumerian priestess Enheduanna, invoked her fierce goddess, Inanna, four thousand years ago. Homer knew Her and called on her for help. The Greeks knew nine Muses, daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne, goddess of memory. Their names were Calliope, muse of eloquence and epic poetry, Clio, muse of history and writing, Euterpe, muse of music, Terpsichore, muse of dance, Erato, muse of love poetry, Melpomene, muse of tragedy, Thalia, muse of

¹ Robert Graves, *The White Goddess*, p. 24.

comedy, Polyhymnia, muse of oratory, sacred hymns, and poetry, and Urania, muse of astronomy and science.²

The 6th century BCE Greek poet Alcman, invoked Calliope and declared: “the Muse has raised her voice, the clear voiced Siren.” He knew Her to be a dangerous enchantress but essential to his creative process.³ The great lyric poet Sappho knew Her too, summoning the “Muses/ with lovely hair”⁴ to help her transform the torments of love into eloquent song.

Does the muse still visit poets and artists? Or did She disappear when people lost their faith in spirit and myth? Poets do not commonly invoke Her these days, so what manner of being is She who visits me? Do I mean the soul? Do I mean Atman as in Hinduism or the Self as in Jungian psychology? Do I mean inspiration? Or, with Robert Graves, do I mean the Goddess?

When a troubadour praised his Lady, was he invoking the muse? When the alchemists engaged in “meditatio,” which they described as an “Internal Talk...with another who is invisible, as in the invocation of the Deity, or... with one’s good angel,”⁵ were they being visited by the muse? When C.G. Jung engaged in active imagination with an inner figure he called Philamon, who explained to him the objective reality of the psyche, was he being visited by the muse?⁶ When Jacob, his head upon a stone pillow, found himself in the grip of an angel, who wrestled with him all night long, wounded him, and gave him his name, Israel, was he in the presence of the muse? Is an angel a muse? Is the beloved a muse? Is a god a muse? Or is the muse an intermediary between the worlds? It is not in my nature to sort out these complex distinctions.

What I want to convey are my own experiences of being taken over, seized, wrestled with all night long. I want to convey how a figure can emerge out of a reverie, a dream, a fleeting memory, a difficult emotion. If you let that figure speak you will learn what you didn’t know you knew, you will make sense of memories, or be filled with the urgency of a poem that demands to be written. The muse makes weird things happen, excites your passions, moves

2 Angeles Arrien, *The Nine Muses*, pp. 6-7.

3 C.M. Bowra, *Greek Lyric Poetry*, p. 29.

4 Sappho, translated by Mary Barnard, fragment # 25.

5 C.G. Jung, *Mysterium*. CW Vol. 14, p. 497. (CW refers throughout to *The Collected Works of C.G. Jung*.)

6 Jung, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, pp. 44-45.

your soul, lifts the veil on other realities, can send you into agony or ecstasy depending on her mood.

When the muse appears, as Robert Graves says, your “hair stands on end . . . eyes water,”⁷ you feel turned on, charged with erotic feeling. Colors are bright, images clearly faceted, words come as music to your inner ear. Do you know Her in yourself? Sometimes She is like a tug from a dreamy eyed child who’d rather wander in the woods, make-believe all kinds of wondrous things, than go through your to-do list. Sometimes She’s a bitch on wheels. My muse has not, like Dante’s Beatrice, *waited* patiently for me and lifted me to the heavens. She’s been a nudge, a nag, an intruder, a banshee—flying into a screaming rage if She does not get the time She considers Her due.

I write of nine manifestations in which the muse has visited me, stirred up creative ferment, found me my voice as a poet, filled me with stories of ghosts, mysteries, erotic teachings, the old religion. In my experience the muse can be an inner figure, a fleeting memory from early childhood, an ancestor, a figure from myth or from a dream, an image of a culture, a dead poet, or a ghost from one’s personal past.

The muse has come to me in the form of the “Sister from Below,” the inner poet who has spoken for the soul since language began. She has been trying to get my attention all my life. A visit to Florence, where I lived for a year as a young child, filled me with yearning for my first muse, a nursemaid whom I longed to meet again. The muse leapt into my reverie out of a poem I was working on, in the form of Eurydice, a figure from a famous myth. Eurydice was the beloved wife of the poet Orpheus. When she died he went down into the underworld to bring her back. Many poems have been written from his point of view. When Eurydice visited me, her story was a different and surprising one.

My muse came as the ghost of a grandmother I never met, who died in the Shoah, and had unfinished business with me. The muse visited me in the form of Old Mother India, whose culture I visited as a young woman. She cracked open my Western mind, and flooded me with Her many gods and goddesses. She came to me as Sappho, the great lyric poet of the ancient world, who entered my imagination with a lovely midlife fantasy. In a dream She appeared as Helena, a root vegetable, dressed in a flowery summer dress, and kept appearing again and again on a journey I took to the ancient land

7 Graves, *The White Goddess*, p. 24.

of Thrace, now called Bulgaria. She came as “Die Ur Naomi,” an old woman from the biblical story for which I was named, who insisted on telling me Her version of the Book of Ruth. And in the end, to my surprise, the muse came in the form of a man, a poet I’d loved in my youth, long dead.

There are many, Robert Graves among them, who would say that the muse is always female. At the beginning of my journey I would have agreed with him. But I was taken to places and given experiences that showed me another aspect of the muse. Graves, after all, writes as a man, a male poet. We know much of the male experience of the muse. We know how Orpheus risked everything to find his Eurydice. We know how that one glimpse of Beatrice illuminated Dante’s life and became the wellspring for the *Divine Comedy*. We know how the “dark lady” wanders through the sonnets of Shakespeare. But what of a woman poet? Since the days of Enheduanna and Sappho, what do we know of her experience of the muse? Perhaps, as women learn more about the white goddess in our history, and in ourselves, as we stand on the grounds of our own deep female nature, we will be freed to experience the muse as male, as well as female.

The Sister from Below is the story of my relationship to the muse. I imagine this book shaped as a mandala, a flower. Each petal comes from a different experience in my life. Each begins in a different place. But each connects at the core to the central theme of the muse. Or, I imagine this book as a necklace made of beads, each a different color and shape, but all held together by that common thread—the forms of the muse that have been revealed to me.

I invite you to enter my inner world, peopled by the figures of my imagination, to go with me on inner and outer journeys, to experience with me the tumult of creativity and weird visitations. I hope you will be inspired to listen to your own muse, in whatever forms She (or He) comes to you.

The Argument

She . . . she Who she?

—Judy Grahn⁸

The Woman You're Not

She's been persistent. We've argued for years. We don't have the same goals for my life. I thought She was a distraction, a frivolity. Who has time for poetry when the world is such a perilous place? And anyway, She was making a shambles of my life. She'd blast me with intense images, or send me careening off, intoxicated with the power of some word; I'd not be heard from for hours. The dishes wouldn't get done. The children's dinner wouldn't get cooked. I had to send Her into exile.

That was a long time ago. I was a single mother with young children. She'd come along in the form of ecstasy, of poetry, saying She'd always been there, that She was the true stuff of life. She broke up my first marriage. That was necessary. I had married too young and for all the wrong reasons. I had lost contact with the one I was, one I'd known from time to time, in childhood. Imprisoned in a false version of myself, She was a wild wind, or an earthquake, that knocked that prison down.

But, when She took over I couldn't get anything done. I needed to earn a living, to make a practical connection to the world, not wander about for days in her underworlds. She was a bad influence. I stopped listening to her, went back to school, became a psychotherapist and eventually a Jungian analyst. I had meaningful work now, an office, where I was useful.

But She refused to stay away, though I tried to fend her off. She was bad for my mental health, so I drew a line in the sand: psychology on one side, the safe side, the good side; poetry on the other side, dangerous, wild.

Nonsense! She cried, and did a fierce dance in the sand, obliterating my line, *poetry and psychology are fruits of the same world tree. This tree, She told me, has its roots in the eternal underworld, where dead souls wander and dark gods reign; its branches reach up into the realm of flight, into spiritual imagina-*

⁸ Judy Grahn, *She Who*, p. 5.

tion. Its fruits offer those who taste them what the Hindus call the “rasas” of life, life’s juices, life’s essential emotions. Long before psychology became its own branch of the world tree, poetry was the medium through which psyche knew herself, felt herself, tasted the fruit of the tree.

Slow down, I say. You’re blasting me with those big images again. I’m trying to keep my feet on the ground of everyday life.

So you should. But you can’t be grounded if you don’t know the ground you’re standing on. Poetry is psyche’s first language, everyone’s first language. It begins in our ancestral need to talk to the gods, to invoke, to evoke, to chant, to pray, to use the human voice to make a bridge between the inner and the outer realms. Those who want to know their roots, who want access to a creativity that comes from the depths, need to listen to me. I go by many names, I wear many faces. I am the poem that appears in the dark, when the fire has been lit. I am the trance that comes over you when you see the moon. I am that ineffable feeling you have when a boundary between the worlds has been crossed. I make my way through your throat to your tongue:

the woman you’re not

is sure of her great
breasted body
mermaid to this one
siren to that she knows

where to put her feet knows

each step

of the dance

and her voice from the deep

of her belly

how she flings it about

like her long fiery hair

her laugh that collides

with the stars

fear never touches her
whose dreams rise up like sap

and any man who knows her knows her teeth

and the back of her hand

I resist Her. She is so pushy. I'm not sure what you're trying to say here. The work of the poet is to make a poem. I can't be making poetry all the time. I have to make a living!

You'll make a better living if you keep me with you, see through my eyes, hear through my ears. You'll hear the mythic story behind the one you're being told; you'll see the images in the roots of the words, catch the spirit that moves behind them. Invoke me wherever you go, whatever you do. When you are washing dishes gaze out the window and see the light in the plum tree, recognize that it is blooming. In the grocery store see the beauty in the piles of red and green apples, oranges, grapes and bananas in the produce aisle. Children see like this all the time. The poet Robert Duncan understood this. He wrote:

The roots and depths of mature thought, its creative sources, lie in childhood or even "childish" things I have not put away but taken as enduring realities of my being....The child hears the heart of speech, the emotional and illustrative creation.... Like the poet, the child dwells not in the literal meanings of words but in the spirit that moves behind them.¹¹

He also said this beautifully in a poem:

From the beginning, color
and light, my nurse; sounding waves
and air, my nurse; animal presences
my nurse; Night, my nurse.¹²

But I am no longer a child. I am trying to be a responsible adult. If I get all involved in the spirit that moves behind words I'll never get anything done.

If you don't pay attention to the spirit behind words you'll lose contact with me, and with your deeper life. You have no life without me. Don't split me off. You'll feel deadened. You need me with you always. When you are moved, when affect and image come together, there I am. When you breathe deeply, and know what you are feeling, there I am. When a fragment of dream comes back and invades your daylight mind, there I am. When you're turned on, excited, there I am. I am the poet in you, your Sister from Below, the voice of what is deep in you, wild in you, erotic in you.

11 Robert Duncan, *Fictive Certainties*, p. 6.

12 Robert Duncan, *Ground Work: Before the War*. p. 96.

Poetry Head

She *is* convincing. She claims that in the beginning of my life, She, the poet in me, was ascendant. She thought I'd devote my life to Her, which was, She is convinced, Her due. It hasn't worked out that way. I've told Her, time and again, that I've done it all for Her. Neither one of us would have survived had I not. This argument does not impress Her. After a few years spent in a major pout she began staging Her comeback, guerilla warrior style, infiltrating the landscape of my consciousness, raiding my time and attention.

How has She managed this coup—the successful invasion of the life of a harried professional with children, stepchildren, grandchildren, a husband? Very simply: by inserting Herself into everything I think, write, teach, do. In every aspect of my life I hear Her voice, giving me *Her* rendition of my experience. She wants to slow everything down, to get to the heart of every feeling, the meaning under the meaning, the image within the word.

I finally surrender, even in my work as an analyst. She says there is no creativity, no transformation possible without her help. She puts her ear to the ground of the language I hear in my consulting room, helping me hear “the heart of speech” or dark intuitions reaching for “visible form.” I find that her impulse to get to the bottom of an image, a feeling, a presence in the room, to give voice to its deepest nature, supports my analytic concerns. You'd think She'd feel valued. You'd think our long argument would be over. But it's not enough for her. She's like the fisherman's wife in the fairy tale, who keeps wanting *more*. Next She told me she was tired of hearing the poetry in other people's voices; She wanted time for Her own poetry. But I didn't have that kind of time; when I put time in Her hands She takes forever, dreaming, dawdling, working for hours on a single line.

That was when She began intruding on my personal life. My husband Dan can attest to this. She began invading our vacations, putting me into a trance state which She calls “poetry head.” Dan could barely have a conversation with me, so much was I being called inward to listen to Her. She'd squeeze at least one poem out of every trip. She got bolder. She began sneaking her poems into my prose pieces for journals.

I struck a deal with Her. I made a time and place to listen to her everyday. And every week I gave Her a full day or two for poetry. I found I was happiest when a poem was cooking in the back of my mind. It brought luster to my ev-

eryday pursuits, and what the day brought, would often bring new light to the poem. Again I thanked Her, told Her she was right. Again She wanted more.

What more do you want? I cry, my soul?

Get off it! says She. *I am your soul and you know it. I want a legitimate place in your life. If I had a real voice in your calling I wouldn't have to be sneaky, wouldn't have to push my way in where I'm not wanted. If I could take the driver's seat, I wouldn't be a back seat driver!*

She's getting shrill. Give some parts of yourself an inch and they take a mile! I don't understand what more you could ask of me, I tell her. I've given you time. We now devote certain hours every week to writing. I give you attention. We read poetry, subscribe to poetry magazines. What more do you want?

It's very simple. When you give a talk I want it to be in my voice. When you write a book, I want to be its author. I want to come out of the closet. I want to be taken seriously.

What if you embarrass me?

What if I do? You embarrass me all the time! You insist, for example, on separating poetry and prose. Why should they have to go off and live in different books? Why shouldn't they cohabit the same pages? They are different ways into the same experience. Prose tells the story, and poetry breaks into song. Prose gives the background, the landscape, and poetry fills in the myth, the unseen, the divine and demonic presences. For example that poem called "Initiate" that I handed you after you'd been reading the poet H.D. It's in her style and it came out so clearly you needed to make few revisions.

White Temple cut in gray rock
 I have washed the stone floors
 I have put the full blown
 white peony
 in amber glass
 only Hecate knows the dark center

Through an arched window
 blood red madrone stains the rocky slope
 Snake is sacred here
 also mongoose

I await you
 daughter of Isis

lover of the blood lord
sister of the frenzied one

climb the mountain in your bare feet
bring me your mouth and young breasts
white cave is the place I have prepared for you
hot flame of female word¹³

I see. You want payback for giving me that poem without a struggle. I get it now, the poem is about you and me. I am the initiate in whom you have prepared a place for the “hot flame of female word.” So what do you propose we write about in our white cave?

The creativity I bring to those who make a place for me in their lives, my many voices, as they are revealed to you, for “I am large, I contain multitudes!”¹⁴

Hey! You stole that line from Whitman!

Of course. Poetry is, among other things, stealing. We borrow, join, rephrase our influences consciously or unconsciously. As Rilke said: “Ultimately there is only one poet, that infinite one who makes himself felt, here and there through the ages, in a mind that can surrender to him.”¹⁵ I want this to be a book about the one poet as I come through your particular life. My voice comes to you from myth, from dream, from journeys, from gods that have appeared to you, poems that have passed through you. I am your guide from below, from within.

Wait a minute. I didn’t spend all those years getting my roots into the ground of my real life, in order to be annihilated by you in my own book!

I’m not trying to annihilate you. I keep telling you, I have no life without you. The book I envision is entirely your book, your story. Much of it is in your voice, informed by how I know your life. I just make occasional appearances in various guises. I am your muse, your good angel. You are the flesh in which I manifest. I’ll take you all over the world, through the millennia. I will give you many different experiences of me. You’re a woman on a journey to gather up the pieces of your life, the myths that have shaped you, the eternal figures that visit you, and I will be your guide.

I don’t have a problem being the woman on a journey, guided by you, for I am that. But I also want to speak as the woman I am.

13 Lowinsky, *red clay is talking*, p. 121.

14 Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*, p. 113.

15 William H. Gass, *Reading Rilke*, p. 183.

You and your lived life are the ground I spring from. I would have no existence without you. So your perspective, your memories, your life experience are essential here. This is a dialogue.

And so it is that I and my “Sister from Below,” in her many shape-shifting forms, got together to write this book.

When the Sister Gets Her Way

I always knew that I was two persons. One was the son of my parents . . . The other was . . . old . . . remote from the world of men, but close to nature, the earth, the sun, the moon . . . and above all close to the night, to dreams, and to whatever “God” worked directly in him . . .

—C.G. Jung¹⁶

A Soul at the White Heat

As I’m sure you’ve gathered, it’s been a long struggle for me to find my way into my above ground sister’s life. Who are we to one another, we two parts of this one person? She is what Jung called the #1 part of the personality, the ego, the reality principle, the payer of bills, the listener to news. She belongs to this time. I am #2, what Jungians call the Self, the mysterious center of the personality, the vastness of the unconscious. I belong to all time.

She doesn’t realize it, my daylight other, but I am grateful for her green growth in the practical air, her roots in a particular time and place, the sunshine and rain realities of work and relationships. They feed us both. Without that, and more years than she’d want me to say of Jungian analysis, neither one of us would have survived. Jung wrote of the poet, in this case Rilke, that he “doesn’t have what it takes to make a man complete: body, weight, shadow.”¹⁷ Without my above-ground sister, I would not have the body, weight and shadow to make myself complete. I would be insubstantial.

She needs me to make her life complete as well, my above-ground sister. I love the analytic work she puts me to, deeply hearing the voices of others. But she also needs me to deeply hear herself, or she will dry up, lose contact with the wellsprings of her soul. When she gets caught up in planning dinners, worrying about money, dealing with politics, answering e-mail, she forgets who she really is.

It’s been a lifelong challenge for me, getting her attention. She knew me when she was a child, but hid me from her parents who would have called me “fresh” and sent her to her room. Do you remember, my above-ground sister, when you

16 Jung, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, pp. 44-45.

17 Jung, *Letters*, Vol. 2, p. 382.

were eight and your family moved from the cityscape of New York, to the country world of Princeton, New Jersey—I was released from the prison of streets and pavements. That was a good time for me. I spent many hours with you in the woods being the wild horse of your imagination. You knew me in the oak tree where you'd sit for hours, reading, daydreaming.

I do remember. To this day it's easier to connect with you in the woods, or by a body of water. To this day it's easier to find you when I'm alone. My family was so haunted, there were so many ghosts, I was afraid if I listened to you some terrible trouble would get stirred up.

I understand that. Your parents were German Jews who got out of Europe just in time, leaving behind so many who died in concentration camps, including your own father's parents. With ghosts like that it's hard for a girl to feel her own life matters. Time and again you've said to me, you could have been Anne Frank, dead at thirteen. Why weren't you, you wondered. Why did you get to live?

And when your body changed, when you developed breasts, and the time of your blood began, you did what so many young women do, you squelched me, except for the occasional impassioned English paper, or poem I gave you that was fierce enough to crack your resistance. I did not abandon you. I visited, even when I wasn't welcome. Do you remember that evening, you were about fourteen, when I stood behind your right shoulder watching the day fade away, the bay darken, fog flow in over the Golden Gate?

I do remember. There was that strange sensation of seeing one world with the eyes of another. Here I was in California which so recently had been a mythic land when I was still in New York and New Jersey. I'd heard stories about fruit trees in people's backyards, tall palms, bridges, a glowing bay. It had sounded like magic. Now, here I was, looking at it all. My parents were having a party and I was hiding out with you in my darkening bedroom. Remember the sounds: laughter, exclamations, voices being witty. It was Berkeley, 1957. Eisenhower was President; change was just beginning to happen. Eisenhower had sent troops to Little Rock to force desegregation. The Russians had launched Sputnik. My father's colleagues from the University would be talking about all that.

Yes, but what they wouldn't be talking about, which was of great consequence to you, was that Alan Ginsberg had come to Berkeley, Howl had been published, you had read it and your mind had been blown. You liked to put on

black stockings and hang out at the “Cafe Mediterranean” on Telegraph Avenue, hoping you looked like a beat poet.

Right. That was where I would have preferred to be, but I had claimed too much homework so I could get out of serving food at the party. My mother would be doing it, offering Ritz crackers with cream cheese, a circle of salami and a piece of parsley on each one. Also her sour cream and spinach dip. I know. I had helped assemble them. From my bedroom I could see the animated room below—signifying eyes, opening and closing mouths, elegant clothes. I could smell the women’s perfumes, and my father’s vivid European splash of 4711 Eau de Cologne. Smoke. People still smoked in those days. It was considered elegant to keep a container of cigarettes on the coffee table. Hard to imagine that the whole living room world was oblivious to the glory before me: the sky, the golden orb of the sun setting into a bank of fog streaming into the bay, sending fingers of white glowing across the darkening waters.

I was telling you a secret, revealing a mystery: there are always at least two worlds. Poetry comes in the dance between them, between the people in the living room and the angels who walked across the bay on fog fingers. I was whispering a poem to you, about all this, but you didn’t write it down. You just kept looking out the window, filled with inexplicable longing. I did my best to feed you. I gave you Walt Whitman:

“Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the origin of all poems”¹⁸

I gave you Emily Dickinson:

The soul selects her own Society—
Then—shuts the Door—¹⁹

I loved Whitman. I wanted to lie in the grass with him and invite my soul. Emily Dickinson took my breath away:

“Dare you see a Soul at the White Heat?”²⁰

She was a mystic, a priestess. When I read her the other world was touched, another dimension opened. I wanted to go there, to live where Emily lived,

18 Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*, p. 35.

19 Emily Dickinson, *The Complete Poems*, p. 143.

20 Dickinson, p. 173

to be in that intensity in which the most ordinary things, a butterfly, a bee, an anvil, connect one to eternity. I longed to know the White Heat. And yet I feared it. For I also longed for the red fire, the common fire. I did not really want a life like Emily Dickinson's, in her white dress, wandering the confines of her father's house and garden, knowing the body heat of no lover, knowing the sweet smell of no babies in her arms. As a young girl I had been able to go past "the houses—past the headlands—into Deep Eternity"²¹ with Dickinson. But now I had new breasts, strange yearnings. I had other plans besides listening to you. I wanted love. My ghosts demanded babies.

The Red Fire

Your two worlds were pulling me apart, threatening to rip open the sky, to sever my heart from my body. You were so wild and cruel, filling me with grandiose visions. I couldn't handle your poets and angels. Trying to catch the poems you were giving me on paper seemed like leaping into the ocean. I was so young, so unformed, so deeply afraid of life. I wanted security. Soon I was off, entwined around my young man, married at eighteen, pregnant at nineteen.

I thought I had successfully fought you off and found my own little life. I had no idea that I was possessed by ghosts until you explained it all to me years later in a poem. You came to me in the form of Hera, the goddess of marriage, and told me my story from the vantage of the eternal forms. It's called "Hera Reflects on the Anniversary of a Long Ago Dissolved First Marriage."²² I used an epigraph from H.D. which summed it up neatly: "I will rise/ from my troth with the dead."

White narcissus
pale blue
forget-me-nots
composed your wedding
bouquet

There were more dead
than living

21 Dickinson, p. 39.

22 Lowinsky, *red clay is talking*, pp. 38-42.

among the guests
and of the gods
I was the only one
who knew
a woman's
way

Demeter did not
come
she sat on her rock
she'd had enough
of daughters
in the underworld

I took the form of
the shadow cast
by a silver vase of lilies
on the altar
I took the form of
the ache
between your shoulder blades
the unholy
ferment
in your brain

Who else was there?
Besides the puffed up rabbi
the too young groom
the quarreling parents
on both sides
the only surviving
grandmother and those armies
of European dead
on their way
to Jerusalem?

Zeus came
on the groom's side
he sees it as his job
to kiss the bride
and organize her mind
into a small
neat package

lavender sachet
to fit inside a drawer
on the right side
of her husband's
busy brain

I won't allow it
I took the form of
snakes
I mixed the blood
and the milk
I waited for you
in the apple tree—

Aphrodite did not
come
her laugh
was not heard
all day
all night
her gold did not
shine
she took off
to the backside of the moon
that was her howling
you heard
her keening
her keeping wild company
with Lilith

Hestia sent you
no gift
Artemis
gave you
not even
a backward glance
having caught
not a glimpse
of you
in her woods
since you were ten

And I who received

no sacrifice
no offering
no song
no prayer
took the form of
that cold shadow
on your wedding night
no wild thing bloomed
no flower flowered
no blood to show
That was no marriage
that was a wooly blanket for cold feet
a pillow for a pain in the neck
a menstrual cave
for all those
European ghosts
fresh out
of the ovens
fresh out of
mass graves
they had

no stones
to lay down their heads
no baskets
for their bones
no grounds
for their roots
they spilled over
oceans
invading
demanding
new born
baby bodies

Demeter changed
her mind
she came
to live with you
every evening
she swept the ghosts
out of your house
every night

before the dawn
 they came back
 by the time the children
 went down
 for their naps
 ghosts had
 torn you
 into pieces
 in the midday sun

I took the form of
 the shadow
 that shielded you
 the shadow
 that froze you
 for seven years
 I had other plans for you
 So did Aphrodite
 So did Lilith

Even Hestia knew
 her time would come
 But it was Artemis
 who built a bark for you
 out of the wild papyrus
 down by the river
 in the dark
 of a new moon
 she who knew
 the wild ways
 the sacred ways
 showed you
 showed you
 your craft

Can Poetry Change Such a World?

I don't care whether dinner gets cooked or whether you study for exams. But I have no life unless you pay attention to me, bring me into your ordinary flesh and blood experience. Even in those years when, as Hera says in the poem, I

Bibliography

- Alter, R. and Kermode, F., Editors (1990) *The Literary Guide to the Bible*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
- Arrien, A. (2000) *The Nine Muses*. New York: Jeremy P. Tarcher/Putnam.
- Astrachan, G. (1992) "Orpheus, the Lyre Player." *Harvest*.
- Bhartrihari and Bilhana (1993) *The Hermit and the Love-Thief*. Translated from the Sanskrit by Barbara Stoller Miller. New Delhi: Penguin Books India.
- Bowra, C. M. (1961) *Greek Lyric Poetry*. Oxford University Press.
- Broch, H. (1953) *Die Heimkehr des Vergil*, Neue Rundschau 64.
- Campbell E. (1975) *The Anchor Bible Ruth*. New York: Doubleday.
- Celan, P. (2001) *Selected Poems and Prose*. New York: W.W. Norton.
- Celan, P. and Sachs, N. (1995) *Correspondence*. New York: Sheep Meadow Press.
- Daniélou, A. (1991) *The Myths and Gods of India*. Rochester, Vermont: Inner Traditions.
- Dante, *Inferno*, (1996) translated by John Ciardi. New York: Modern Library.
- Dickinson, E. (1960) *The Complete Poems*. Boston: Little Brown and Co.
- Doolittle, H. (H.D.) (1969) *The Gift*. New York: New Directions.
- (1982) *Notes on Thought and Vision & The Wise Sappho*. San Francisco: City Lights Books.
- (1988) *Selected Poems*. New York: New Directions.
- Doty, M. (2006) "The Singer Sung." Review of Rilke's Orpheus in *The Guardian*, Nov 11.
- Duncan, R. (1955) *Fictive Certainties*. New York: New Directions.
- (1984) *Ground Work: Before the War*. New York: New Directions.
- Eliade, M. (1978) *Zalmoxis, the Vanishing God: Comparative Studies in the Religions and Folklore of Dacia and Eastern Europe*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
- Eliot, T.S. (1971) *The Complete Poems and Plays*. New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc.
- Felstiner, J. (2001) *Paul Celan: Poet, Survivor, Jew*. New Haven: Yale University Press.

- Fol, A. (1994) *The Thracian Dionysus. Book Two: Sabazios*. Sofia, Bulgaria: Sofia University Press.
- Gadon, E. (1989) *The Once and Future Goddess*. Harper and Row.
- Gass, W. (2000) *Reading Rilke*. New York: Basic Books.
- Grahn, J. (1985) *The Highest Apple: Sappho and the Lesbian Poetic Tradition*. San Francisco: Spinsters Ink.
- (1977) *She Who*. Oakland, CA: Diana Press. p.5
- Graves, R. (1999) *The White Goddess*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux.
- Henderson, J. (1964) "Ancient Myths and Modern Man" in *Man and His Symbols*. New York: Doubleday.
- (1967) *Thresholds of Initiation*. Middletown, Connecticut: Wesleyan University Press.
- Henderson, J. and Oakes, M. (1990) *The Wisdom of the Serpent*. Princeton University Press.
- Hillel, R. (1997) *The Redemption of the Feminine Erotic Soul*. Nicolas-Hayes.
- Hirshfield, J. editor (1994) *Women in Praise of the Sacred*. New York: HarperCollins.
- Homer (1990) *The Odyssey*. Translated by Robert Fitzgerald. New York: Vintage Classics.
- Johnson, B. (1981) *Lady of the Beasts*. San Francisco: Harper & Row.
- Jung, C.G. (1975) *Letters*, Vol. 2. Princeton University Press.
- (1969) *Collected Works*, Vol. 9.i. Princeton: Bollingen.
- (1976) *Collected Works*, Vol. 14. Princeton: Bollingen Second Edition.
- (1965) *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*. New York: Vintage Books.
- Kerenyi, C. (1955) *Mysteries of the Kabeiroi*. In J. Campbell (Ed.), *The Mysteries*. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press.
- Levertov, D. (1995) 'Origins of a Poem,' in Hall, D. *Claims for Poetry*. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press.
- Lewis, R.B.W. (1995) *The City of Florence*. New York: Henry Holt and Co.
- Lowinsky, E. (1989) *Music in the Culture of the Renaissance*. University of Chicago Press.
- Lowinsky, N. (2004) *a maze*. Modest Proposal.
- (2005) *crimes of the dreamer*. Oakland, CA: Scarlet Tanager Books.
- (2000) *red clay is talking*. Oakland, CA: Scarlet Tanager Books.
- (1992) *Stories from the Motherline*: Los Angeles: Jermei Tarcher.

- Marazov, I. (1996) *The Rogozen Treasure*. Sofia, Bulgaria: Sekor Company.
- Meador, B. (1986) "The Thesmophoria: A Woman's Ritual" in *Psychological Perspectives*, Vol. 17 #1.802
- (1992) *Uncursing the Dark*. Wilmette, IL: Chiron Publications.
- Michaels, A. (1998) *Fugitive Pieces*. New York: Vintage International.
- Neruda, P. (1990) *Selected Poems*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.
- Otto, W. (1965). *Dionysus: Myth and Cult*. Dallas, TX: Spring Publications.
- Ovcharov, N. (2005) *Perperikon: Chronicle of the Holy City*. Sofia: National Museum of Bulgarian Books and Polygraphy.
- Patai, R. (1990) *The Hebrew Goddess*. Wayne State University Press.
- Perera, S. (1981) *Descent to the Goddess*. Toronto: Inner City Books.
- Prabhavananda, S. (1979). *The Spiritual Heritage of India*. Hollywood: Vedanta Press.
- Rilke, R. (1989) *Selected Poems*. Translated by Stephen Mitchell. New York: Vintage International.
- Sachs, N. (1967) *O the Chimneys*. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.
- Sappho Translated by Mary Barnard, (1958) Berkeley: University of California Press,
- Sappho: A Garland.(1993) Translated by Jim Powell. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux
- Shearer, A. (1993). *The Hindu Vision*. Thames and Hudson.
- Shelleda, L. *In the Shadow of its Wings*. Unpublished manuscript.
- Tagore, R. (1961) *A Tagore Reader*. New York: The MacMillan Company.
- Tukaram. (1991) *Says Tuka: Selected Poetry of Tukaram*. Translated from the Marathi by Dilip Chitre. New Delhi: Penguin Books, India.
- Warden, J. editor (1982). *Orpheus: The Metamorphosis of a Myth*. Toronto: University of Toronto.
- Watts, A.(1971) *Erotic Spirituality: The Vision of Konarak*. New York: MacMillan.
- Whitman, W. (2001) *Leaves of Grass*. New York: The Modern Library.
- Wright, C. (2002) *A Short History of the Shadow*. New York: Farrar, Straus, and Giroux.
- Zimmer, H. (1951) *The Philosophies of India*. Princeton University Press.

INDEX

A

Achilles 151
Adorno, Theodore 86
Aescclapius 151, 198
Agriope 62
Alcaeus 127
alchemical 30, 180
alchemist 136, 140
alchemists 2, 28, 31
Alcman 2
altar of the nymphs 63
Ammon-Ra 48
Anath
 “*She of the Womb*” 172-173, 176, 179
annunciation 37, 45
aphrodite 141
Aphrodite 18, 20, 124-126, 130, 135,
 139-140
Apollo 149, 152
Aristaeus 55, 63
Aristophanes 61
Arrien, Angeles
 The Nine Muses 2
Artemis 18, 20, 135
Asherah
 fertility goddess 169, 172-173, 176-
 179
Astrachan, Gary
 “*Orpheus, the Lyre Player*” 59
Athena 135
Atman 2
Atthis 128, 132, 139
Auschwitz 82, 86
Azazel 68

B

banshee 3, 6, 71, 138
basilisk 70-71
Beatrice 3-4
Bendis 149

Bhaktis 118

Bhartrihari and Bilhana

The Hermit and the Love-Thief 114

Bhrahma 98

Bly, Robert 118

Book of Judges 168

Book of Ruth 4, 163, 167-168, 170, 179

Bowra, C.M.

Greek Lyric Poetry 2, 127

Brahma 117

Brahman 99

Broch, Herman 22-23

Die Heimkehr des Vergil 22

Bronze Age 62

Bulgaria 4, 144-146, 148, 190, 193-194,
 196

C

Cain and Abel 41

Calliope - muse of eloquence and epic
 poetry 1-2

Campbell, Edward

The Anchor Bible: Ruth 171

cave of Orpheus 156, 158

Celan, Paul 84-95

 “*Radix, Matrix*” 91

 “*Todesfugue*” or “*Deathfugue*” 86

 “*Zürich, at the Stork*” 88

Selected Poems and Prose 86, 88-89,
 91, 93-94

centaur 151, 153-154, 158-159

Cheiron 151-152, 157, 159, 190

chthonic 149, 158, 184

 masculine 184

Clio - muse of history and writing 1

concentration camp 76, 82

Cotyttia 149, 157

Cronos 152

D

Damuzi 183

Danièlou, Alain
The Myths and Gods of India 106

Dante 3-4, 23, 40, 50
Divine Comedy 4, 23

Demeter 17, 19, 63, 135, 168

devadesi(s) 180
 sacred prostitutes 117

Dickinson, Emily 15-16, 31, 99, 129
The Complete Poems 15

Die Schreckenjahre - The Terror Years
 76

Dionysian 62, 145, 154, 183, 193

Dionysus 59, 61, 63, 143-145, 149-150,
 152-155, 157-159, 190, 192-195

di Prima, Diane 31

divine child 149, 183

Doolittle, Hilda (H.D.) 10, 16, 31, 37,
 48, 55-57, 60, 65-66, 68, 76, 125,
 129, 133
The Gift 48

Duncan, Robert 8, 23, 31, 143, 183
Fictive Certainties 8, 143
Ground Work: Before the War 8, 23

E

Edinger, Edward 168

Einstein 75

Eisenhower 14

elephant 99, 102-104, 107-111, 113-115,
 117-118, 163

Eleusinian Mysteries 183

Eliade, Mircea
Zalmoxis 145, 149

Eliot, T.S. 21, 99
 "Ash Wednesday" 21
The Complete Poems and Plays 21

Enheduanna 1, 4, 28, 31, 65

Erato - muse of love poetry 1

Ethnic cleansing 67

Etruscans 54

Eurydice 3-4, 55-62, 68-70, 145, 156-
 157

Euterpe - muse of music 1

F

Felstiner, John 84-86, 88, 94
Paul Celan: Poet, Survivor, Jew 85-86,
 88, 94

fertility goddess 169

Florence, monuments of
 Bargello 37, 39
 Brancacci Chapel 40
 Brunelleschi's Duomo 37, 39, 44, 45,
 54

Giotto's Campanile 39

Orsanmichelle 53

Palazzo Vecchio 37, 39

Piazza della Signoria 51

Ponte Vecchio 38, 40, 43, 52-53

Santa Croce 38, 40

Santa Maria del Fiore 37, 39-40

Santa Maria Novella 38

Santissima Annunziata 53

Santo Spirito 41

Florence, Italy 3, 37-45, 49-53

Florentine Renaissance 39

Fol, Alexander 152, 154, 158, 193, 197-
 198, 200
The Thracian Dionysius 152, 154, 158

Frank, Anne 14, 75, 82

G

Gadon, Elinor
The Once and Future Goddess 169

Ganesha 99, 107, 115, 163

Gardner, John 185-186

Gass, William
Reading Rilke 11, 57

Ghandi, Mahatma 100

Ginsberg, Alan 14
Howl 14

Gnosticism 180

Goethe 31, 64, 67, 84, 87

Golden Calf 164, 165

Golden Fleece 65

Golden Serpent 179

Goldensohn, Barry 55

Grahn, Judy 5, 124, 126, 129, 133
She Who 5
The Highest Apple 124, 126
 graven image(s) 163-165, 169, 171-173,
 177, 179
 Graves, Robert
The White Goddess 1-4, 151
 Great Mother 165, 198
 Great Whore of Babylon 180

H

Hanuman - the monkey god 99
 Hecate 10
 Henderson, Joseph 28, 59, 152, 157
Man and His Symbols 59
The Wisdom of the Serpent 28
Thresholds of Initiation 152, 157
 Hera 16, 20, 90
 Hercules 151
 Hestia 18, 20
 hetaera 173
 Hillel, Rachel 167-168
*The Redemption of the Feminine Erotic
 Soul* 167
 Hinduism 2, 98-99, 107, 114, 117
 Hirshfield, Jane
Women in Praise of the Sacred 118
 Homer 1, 7, 65

I

Inanna 1, 28-30, 60, 183
 Isis 10, 63
 Ixion 152

J

Jason the Argonaut 151
 Jewish mysticism 81, 88, 92
 Johnson, Buffie
Lady of the Beasts 165
 Jung, C.G.
*The Archetypes and the Collective Un-
 conscious*, CW, Vol. 9i, 65
Letters, Vol. 2, 13

Memories, Dreams, Reflections 2, 13
Mysterium, CW Vol. 14, 2, 136
Symbols of Transformation, CW Vol.
 5, 147

K

Kabbalah 180
 Kerenyi
Mysteries of the Kabeiroi 154
 Kluger, Yechezkel 168
 Krishna 104-105, 118, 120, 163
 Ksetrayya 188
 Kundalini 149, 159

L

Lakshmi 99, 105, 120
 Lascaux 143
 Lesbos 124, 128, 130, 132-133, 136, 139
 Levertov, Denise
Origins of a Poem 7
 Lewis, R.W.B. 44
The City of Florence 44
 libido 183-184
 Lilith 18, 20, 180
 Lowinsky, Edward
Music in the Culture of the Renaissance
 39
 Lowinsky, Naomi Ruth
 "a maze" 96
crimes of the dreamer 7, 54, 181
red clay is talking 11, 16, 27, 36, 48, 72,
 75, 80, 90, 92, 104, 111, 121, 138,
 165, 167
The Motherline 75-76

M

maenad 68, 70, 144-145, 154-155, 159,
 190
 mandala 4, 44, 143, 148
 Mandragora, cult of 145
 Marsilio Ficino - Florentine philosopher
 39
 Mater Dolorosa 40

matriarchal 114-115
 matriarchal consciousness 114-115
 Meador, Betty de Shong
 Uncursing the Dark 29
 "The Thesmophoria: A Woman's
 Ritual" 172
 Melpomene - muse of tragedy 1
 menopause 123, 126, 131, 133
 Michaels, Anne
 Fugitive Pieces 76, 90
 Michelangelo 40-41
 Mirabai 31, 118
 Mnemosyne - goddess of memory 1
 monotheism 98
 Multepulciano, Italy 41
 mystical union 183

N

Neruda, Pablo 32-33
 Selected Poems 32

O

Oakes, Maud
 The Wisdom of the Serpent 28
 Oppenheimer 75
 Orpheus 3-4, 55-56, 58-71, 135, 145,
 149-150, 156-158, 194
 The Metamorphoses of a Myth 64
 Orphic 64-65, 152, 193
 Osiris 63
 Ovcharov, Nikolay
 Perperikon: Chronicle of the Holy City
 195

P

Pan 150
 Parvati 106, 111, 115
 Patai, Raphael
 The Hebrew Goddess 169
 peacock's tail 30
 Pegasus 153
 Perera, Sylvia 30
 Descent to the Goddess 30

persecution mania 88
 Persephone 62, 168
 phallic root 184
 phallic tree 184
 Philyra 152
 Plato 39, 61, 62
 Polyhymnia - muse of oratory, sacred
 hymns and poetry 2
 polytheism 98
 Pope Boniface VIII 37
 Pound, Ezra 22
 Prometheus 152
 puberty 126, 133, 163

Q

Queen of Sheba 41

R

Raphael, the angel 68, 169
 Renaissance 39, 58-59, 64
 Rilke, Rainer Maria 11, 13, 31, 55-57,
 60, 64, 67-68
 Selected Poems 64

S

Sachs, Nelly 73, 84-85, 87-89, 92, 94
 "Chorus of the Orphans" 85
 "Chorus of the Unborn" 90
 O the Chimneys 73, 86-89, 91, 93
 sacred prostitutes 117
 Salustius 159
 Sappho 2-4, 31, 63, 65, 123-140
 Sarasvati 106
 Semele 149, 157-159
 Shakespeare 4
 Shakti 49, 99, 105-106, 116, 163, 183
 shaman 59, 62, 150, 184, 192, 194-195,
 197-200
 Shearer, Alistair
 The Hindu Vision 106
 Shekinah 49, 92-94, 180
 Shelleda, Leah 85
 In the Shadow of its Wings 85

- She of the Womb 172-173, 175-176, 179
- Shiva 98, 99, 106, 114-117, 163, 183
- Shoah 3, 74-76, 80, 84, 86, 89, 95
- Sholem, Gershom 88, 93-94
- Siren 2
- Sohar 88
- Sophia 49, 180
- St. Anthony 40
- Svetkaritsa 152, 155
- Swami Prabhavananda
The Spiritual Heritage of India 99
- T
- Tagore, Rabindranath 99
"Gitanjali" 99
- Tantric Yoga 183
- Terpsichore - muse of dance 1
- Thalia - muse of comedy 1
- Thetis 151
- Thrace 4, 143-145, 149-150, 158-160,
194
- Thracian mysteries 149, 154
- troubadour 2
- Tukaram
Says Tuka 113-114
- U
- Ulanov, Ann 168
- Urania - muse of astronomy and science
2
- V
- Valmiki 119
- Villa of Mysteries in Pompeii 65
- Virgil 22-23, 30, 63
- virginity 137
- virginity, losing 137
- Vishnu 98-99, 111, 117
- W
- Warden, John, ed.
*Orpheus: The Metamorphosis of a
Myth* 62
- Watts, Alan 107
*Erotic Spirituality: The Vision of
Konarak* 107
- White Goddess 1, 3-4, 49, 151, 190
- Whitman, Walt 11, 15, 99
Leaves of Grass 11, 15
- Whore of Babylon 180
- Williams, Carlos William 99
- Womb of Nenkovo 190, 195-197
- Wright, Charles 49
A Short History of the Shadow 49
- Z
- Zeus 1, 17
- Zimmer, Heinrich
Philosophies of India 97, 118

Also by Naomi Ruth Lowinsky:

***The Motherline:
Every Woman's Journey to find Her Female Roots***

ISBN 978-0-9810344-6-1



“(In) this perceptive and penetrating study . . . (Naomi Ruth Lowinsky) imaginatively applies Jungian, feminist and literary approaches to popular attitudes about . . . mothers and daughters and movingly, to personal experience.”

—*Publisher's Weekly*

“A combination of years of scholarship and recordings of personal journeys, this book belongs in every woman's psychology/spirituality collection.”

—*Library Journal*

“In this accessible volume, Jungian psychologist Lowinsky explores the pain that women feel when their mother-love is undervalued or erased.”

—*ALA Booklist*

JUNG JOURNAL

Culture & Psyche



Jung Journal: Culture & Psyche is an international journal offering readers a Jungian perspective on contemporary culture—including film, literature, art, poetry, music, and multimedia.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY
ONLINE AND IN PRINT

“for those seeking thoughtfulness and depth on the night-sea journey”

—CLARISSA PINKOLA-ESTÈS, Ph.D.
Author of *Women Who Run with the Wolves*

“it seems to embody the emerging creative spirit itself”

—JOAN CHODOROW, Ph.D.
Editor, *Jung on Active Imagination*

“a prime source for anyone wanting to keep up with thoughtful developments in the Jungian world”

—JOE CAMBRAY, Ph.D.
President-Elect, International Association for Analytical Psychology



www.ucpressjournals.com



Fisher King Press is pleased to present the following recently published Jungian titles for your consideration:

- | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------------|
| <i>The Sister from Below</i> | ISBN 978-0-9810344-2-3 |
| by Naomi Ruth Lowinsky | Jungian Perspective |
| <i>The Motherline</i> | ISBN 978-0-9810344-6-1 |
| by Naomi Ruth Lowinsky | Jungian Perspective |
| <i>The Creative Soul</i> | ISBN 978-0-9810344-4-7 |
| by Lawrence H. Staples | Jungian Perspective |
| <i>Guilt with a Twist</i> | ISBN 978-0-9776076-4-8 |
| by Lawrence H. Staples | Jungian Perspective |
| <i>Enemy, Cripple & Beggar</i> | ISBN 978-0-9776076-7-9 |
| by Erel Shalit | Jungian Perspective |
| <i>Re-Imagining Mary</i> | ISBN 978-0-9810344-1-6 |
| by Mariann Burke | Jungian Perspective |
| <i>Resurrecting the Unicorn</i> | ISBN 978-0-9810344-0-9 |
| by Bud Harris | Jungian Perspective |
| <i>The Father Quest</i> | ISBN 978-0-9810344-9-2 |
| by Bud Harris | Jungian Perspective |
| <i>Like Gold Through Fire</i> | ISBN 978-0-9810344-5-4 |
| by Massimilla and BudHarris | Jungian Perspective |

Learn more about the many Jungian publications available for purchase at www.fisherkingpress.com

Within the U.S. call

1-800-228-9316

International call

+1-831-238-7799

info@fisherkingpress.com



“Naomi Lowinsky has given us a remarkable, fearless, and full autobiography. Speaking in poetic, psychologically sensitive, scholarly dialogues with her shape-shifting muse, she has created a new form . . . This is a beautiful book to treasure and spread among worthy friends.”

—Sylvia Perera, Author of *Descent to the Goddess*
and *Celtic Queen Maeve and Addiction*.

“. . . Naomi Ruth Lowinsky offers us a superbly detailed investigation of the powerful, mythic forces of the world as they are revealed to the active creative self. Don't miss this enlightening and fascinating book.”

—David St. John, Author of *Study for the World's Body:*
New and Selected Poems and *Prism*.

“Naomi's poetry and prose is infused with the suffering and joys of humans everywhere. Insightful and deeply moving, she brings us the food and water of life.”

—Joan Chodorow, Author of *Dance Therapy and Depth Psychology*,
Editor of *C.G. Jung on Active Imagination*.

“A passionate love letter to those who yearn to be heard. A must read for every woman who longs to write poetry.”

—Maureen Murdock, Author of *The Heroine's Journey*
and *Unreliable Truth: On Memoir and Memory*.

“Naomi Ruth Lowinsky reinterprets mythic and historical reality in provocative versions of the stories of Eurydice, Helen, Ruth, Naomi, and Sappho. The voice of the Sister from Below argues, cajoles, prods, explains, and yes, loves her human counterpart, and becomes the inspiration for Lowinsky's stunning poetry in this highly original book.”

—Betty de Shong Meador, Author of *Inanna, Lady of Largest Heart*
and *Princess, Priestess, Poet*.

In addition to *The Sister from Below: When the Muse Gets Her Way*, Naomi Ruth Lowinsky is the author of *The Motherline: Every Woman's Journey to Find Her Female Roots* and numerous prose essays, many of which have been published in *Psychological Perspectives* and *The Jung Journal*. She has had poetry published in many literary magazines and anthologies, among them *After Shocks: The Poetry of Recovery*, *Weber Studies*, *Rattle*, *Atlanta Review*, *Tiferet* and *Runes*. Her two poetry collections, *red clay is talking* (2000) and *crimes of the dreamer* (2005) were published by Scarlet Tanager Books. She is the recipient of the first prize for poetry in the Obama Millennium competition. Naomi is a Jungian analyst in private practice and poetry and fiction editor of *Psychological Perspectives*.

ISBN 978-0-9810344-2-3

9 0000 >



9 780981 034423

