



# marked by fire

Stories of the Jungian Way

edited by  
Patricia Damery  
Naomi Ruth Lowinsky

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*This life is the way, the long sought after way to the unfathomable,  
which we call divine.*

—C.G. Jung, *The Red Book*, 232.



# Acknowledgements

Naomi's recurrent dream:

*Naomi and Patricia are in a large country kitchen, cooking up a batch of potatoes to feed the Jungians.*

“What could this mean?” we mused over the years. As we began working on this anthology the dream's meaning was revealed—it is our task to feed root vegetables to the Jungians, to provide nourishment from the depths—from the roots of our lineage—to our community. The dream showed us our path. We are grateful for the mystery of the unconscious. That is the Jungian way.

We are grateful for the Jungians—our ancestors, our analysts and consultants, our colleagues and friends—who have helped us cultivate this harvest of root vegetables. We are particularly grateful to our colleagues who join us in this endeavor, who have harvested the root vegetables of their own lives and contributed their soul nourishing stories to this collection.

We are deeply grateful to our publisher, Mel Mathews, whose idea it was that we collaborate, and whose press has brought so much life energy to our community of writers. Patty Cabanas of Fisher King Press is a vital support. We are grateful for her steadiness, her web savvy and her warm spirit.

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We are grateful for our husbands, Dan Safran and Donald Harms, who have supported this endeavor—listened, advised, consulted, carried bags, driven steep roads, kept the faith.

And finally we are grateful for the magnetic path that led us to the Cardona-Hine Gallery in Truchas, New Mexico, and to Barbara McCauley, whose painting “Flight Into Egypt” expresses the soul of this collection so eloquently, and whose generosity allowed us to make it our cover.





*Dedicated to our Jungian ancestors  
especially Don Sandner*



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## Beginning

*An opus is needed, that one can squander decades on,  
and do it out of necessity . . .*

—*The Red Book*

We write this from Opus House in Truchas, New Mexico, where we have come to work on *Marked by Fire: Stories of the Jungian Way*. We are friends and colleagues who have known each other for over twenty years, and we both have strong spiritual connections to the high, pristine desert of New Mexico, and its Pueblo and Spanish traditions of the living divine.

Nevertheless, as is the way with any soul journey, we have been surprised and blessed by several synchronicities (meaningful coincidences). We opened the brochure from El Santuario de Chimayó to find the quote: ***“Life is a journey and you choose to be a pilgrim or a tourist.”*** That says it all.

It is fall, and we are entranced by the flaming beauty of the aspens and cottonwoods. Each morning as we sit looking out at the Truchas Peaks, those Precambrian mountains formed by the Ice Age whose core of quartzite is hard and ancient, we light a candle before a carved Virgin Mary we happened upon in a local craft shop, a small piece of quartzite warmed by the sun at her feet. We ask her help, she who knows the penetration of the divine, she who bore the fruit of that annunciation and then suffered the loss of a son. We call to our elders, now ancestors, in this time of the thinning of the veil, late October into early November, asking for their help and guidance as we work. We listen to the suffering of these writers, the mystery of transformation in their lives, and how they found their way to Jung and to themselves.

As we work, we consider these questions: How do those of us who dedicate ourselves to Jung’s psychology as analysts, teachers, writers, understand Jung’s imprint on our psyches? If we believe, with Jung, in “the reality of the psyche,” how does that inform our lives?

The writers in this anthology address these questions in unique and vivid ways. We are at once struck by the diversity and the similarities of their stories. They are very good storytellers, telling about their inner, sometimes secret lives—how each came to maturity and developed a living relationship with the psyche. There are several cultures and countries represented, and yet there is a common theme of being drawn mysteriously on one's path. These are not abstract essays steeped in rationality, but embodied accounts, often beginning in childhood, but always describing a crisis, or a sudden death, or the early abandonment by a father or mother. Reading these papers aloud we are impressed by the resilience and creativity of these writers who were able to navigate difficult fates. They show us that destiny is getting to be who your soul wants you to be.

When Soul appeared to C.G. Jung and demanded he change his life, he opened himself to the powerful forces of the unconscious. He recorded his inner journey, his conversations with figures who appeared to him in vision and in dream, in *The Red Book*. Although it would be years before *The Red Book* was published, much of what we now know as Jungian psychology began in those pages, when Jung allowed the irrational to assault him. That was a century ago.

The papers in this collection reflect how this process continues in the lives of the writers, often with the imprint of Jung. Many times their first experience of Jung came when he or she found a copy of *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, or *Man and His Symbols*, two of the earlier books that made it to broad populations in the late 1960s and early 1970s. Always there was a feeling of relief, of finding a way when it seemed the individual was lost or dead-ended. Several tell of experiencing the numinous or the divine when this occurred.

These papers portray direct experiences of the unconscious, not those of a “tourist.” Jungian memoir—writing that includes and illuminates the inner life, the Spirit of the Depths<sup>1</sup>—is an emerging genre that speaks to the questions Soul brings. How do we answer Soul's demands, knowing that the inner world is more real to her than all our worldly garments? She wants us to track our dreams and visions, to follow our spiritual yearning, to make meaning of the stuff of our lives. Those dark nights, in which you wrestle with a dangerous angel, those bad days on which you are thrown off your path, are more precious to her than all your outer achievements and titles.

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1 Jung, *The Red Book*.

She wants your obsessions, your nightmares, your wanderings in the wilderness, your ghosts and demons.

Because we have been in the creative fire together we include stories from our time here in Truchas to introduce sections.

Carey Baynes said of Jung's writing in *The Red Book*:

I always knew he must be able to write the fire he can speak—and here it is. His published books are doctored up for the world at large, or rather they are written out of his head and this out of his heart.<sup>2</sup>

These stories, too, are from the hearts of these writers.

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<sup>2</sup> Jung, *The Red Book*, 214.





## Section One

### Might of the Earth

*Life has always seemed to me like a plant that lives on its rhizome.  
Its true life is invisible, hidden in the rhizome.*

—C.G. Jung

A Truchas story: We were invited to a brunch yesterday by a group of local artists whom Dan, Naomi's husband, had met earlier in the week. The hostess Trish was guided here by a dream in which her grandfather told her that she needed to paint in the desert. She and her husband Leonardo found an old adobe house overlooking the mountainous, spare landscape, the landscape she paints. "I figure you can think as far as you can see," she says, "so I need to be able to see far off, into the horizon." The land she paints is a Spanish land grant, loved by Spanish families for over two centuries, and embroidered with mysterious rules, boundaries, and shared irrigation ditches. Before that it was home to the Tewa, the Tiwa, and the Towa, all pueblo peoples, and before that, to cliff dwellers who disappeared some eight hundred years ago. P.D.

Patricia Damery: *The Soul is a Riddlemaker: Three Lessons*

Jerome Bernstein: *My Second Tallit*

Claire Douglas: *Bear Creek Farm 1976-1982: Finding Jung—Finding Myself*

The land is alive, sacred and essential in these stories. Patricia Damery awakened to soul on the farm where she was raised. Jerome Bernstein, a city boy, had an experience of merger with the land when he began working with the Navajo. Claire Douglas credits a farm she had in Oregon with saving her soul. That terrain nourished and cultivated her, and helped her find her circuitous way to Jung.

# The Soul is a Riddlemaker

## Three Lessons

by Patricia Damery

When I was a child, I found an old powder tin of my mother's in the junk pile. It was shiny black with slightly raised red and yellow flowers painted on the lid. I immediately saw the tin for what it was, a treasure box, and set about storing treasures in it, although I forget what these were. I then buried the tin in the chicken yard, drawing a treasure map of the location: four steps toward the house from the old tree snag on the eastern border, then three steps to the right. Occasionally I dug it up, examined its contents, perhaps added to them, and then reburied the tin, drawing another map. I found such satisfaction in this process. I don't remember the last time I did this, but I do remember feeling compelled.

Long after I forgot the powder tin buried in that Illinois prairie, I drove across the great plains and mountains of the West to go to graduate school. Like the fool in the tarot deck, I stepped blithely into the unknown: the early 1970s in California was a far cry from my Midwestern small-town farm life! At the time, I had never heard of C.G. Jung, but I had read Carl Rogers' most recent book, *Student-Centered Learning*. I had just finished one difficult year of teaching physical science in public high school near Chicago with the realization that teaching science was not my path. I wrote to Rogers, asking for a graduate school structured around this style of learning. He graciously sent me a list of schools, most highly recommending an experimental program at Sonoma State University, Humanistic Psychology Institute, calling it a "hot bed of humanism." I packed my '63 Volvo with everything I owned and drove to California.

In 1971, northern California was erupting with new ideas and approaches, and this program fashioned itself as cutting edge. I was fascinated but overwhelmed. Warner Erhard gave a seminar long before he was famous, getting rid of students' headaches using the meditation techniques of Erhard Sensitivity Training, or EST. An art therapist had students paint their bodies; several ran around the campus nude. Dance

therapies sprung up everywhere, with anyone who wanted to teach presenting a class. Every Friday, we were introduced to yet another “edgy” development in psychology: core therapy, in which primal conflict was screamed out while being held down by one’s classmates; sex therapy, in which sexual hang-ups were openly discussed. My Midwestern sensibilities were blown away! Even the smells of the landscape were different: pennyroyal and bay laurel, tar weed and the dried grasses of the Sonoma County hills.

One of these Fridays, I learned of C.G. Jung through a BBC interview with him, which, to be honest, at age twenty-three and immersed in this hotbed, I found to be boring. Yet I also remember a centering feeling in the sight of this face and the sound of this Swiss German accent. A year into my graduate program, one of my roommates was killed in a bicycle accident. Her best friend gave me my deceased roommate’s book, *Man and His Symbols*,<sup>1</sup> a popular book just reprinted with pictures and chapters by Jung and other high-profile Jungians. Here the *archetypal* was named, given form and definition. Here, at last, was a language that addressed a level of experience I had always kept private: my many confounding dreams. Soon after reading *Man and His Symbols* I sought out and read Jung’s autobiography, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*.<sup>2</sup>

The actual story that changed my life was in *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*. At about the same age that I had buried the powder tin, Jung described carving a wooden manikin and placing it in a pencil box with its own specially painted stone. He then hid it in his attic, occasionally visiting it, a practice that he continued for about a year. When I first read this story, something within me was suddenly very awake, something I have come to know as my soul. So I came to Soul’s Lesson One: “Pay attention to what compels you!”

Jung stated that this experience of carving and then hiding and visiting the manikin occurred at the conclusion of his childhood, when he was trying to reconcile his inner world with the outer world of school and his friends, in which he experienced himself differently:

I found that they [his friends] alienated me from myself. When I was with them, I became different from the way I was at home. ... It was as if I sensed a splitting of myself, and feared it. My inner security was threatened.<sup>3</sup>

1 Jung and von Franz, *Man and His Symbols*.

2 Jung, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*. (noted as MDR throughout this publication.)

3 Jung, *MDR*, 19.

Of course, he was also suffering the instability of his parents' marriage, his mother's psychological illnesses, her metaphysical abilities, and then, at age nine, the birth of his sister. "My disunion with myself and uncertainty in the world at large led me to an action which at the time was quite incomprehensible to me,"<sup>4</sup> Jung said of the manikin experience. "The meaning of these actions, or how I might explain them, never worried me. I contented myself with the feeling of newly won security, and was satisfied to possess something that no one knew and no one could get at."<sup>5</sup>

I remembered the angst of the time period when I had buried the treasure tin. I hated school, feeling it ruined me. Now I know I had an auditory processing problem and had trouble learning to read. My class was divided by cliques; the teachers frightened me with their punishments. I did not want to be there. My happiest times were home playing outside with my sister.

I developed a school phobia in second and third grades, often getting sick. There was too much trauma at home, and I feared for my mother's and grandmother's lives. Just before I started first grade, my beloved maternal grandfather died suddenly, my mother became mysteriously withdrawn. My grandmother was diagnosed with leukemia shortly thereafter. This was the beginning of a series of illnesses for my mother and grandmother. Two more siblings were also born during this time, both of whom had medical conditions that required hospitalizations and surgeries. My mother's health deteriorated further while my grandmother was dying.

Those years were a prolonged period of horror. Like Jung, I unconsciously turned to play, to rituals such as burying the powder tin, and to my dreams, to soothe and contain my anxieties. Now reflecting on the traumas of my elementary school years, I saw how play had helped me. In the state of mind in which we play, we are open to the unconscious, in communication with inner—and perhaps outer—daemons offering guidance. Until I read Jung, play's importance remained outside of awareness, yet afforded me the space to follow what was compelling, all the way to California! Jung, and Goethe before him, stated the importance of this kind of direct experience unencumbered by the intellect. Live out what is lively and only then reflect. In the personal inner crisis of Jung's midlife (1913–1916, between the ages of thirty-eight and forty-one), *The Red Book*, his record of his play activity using a technique in

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4 Jung, *MDR*, 21.

5 Jung, *MDR*, 22.

which he sought images for unresolved emotion and interacted with inner figures,<sup>6</sup> illustrates how much Jung trusted this process.

This is not a popular stance in our culture. As we grow older, we live more and more in our heads. Whatever is received by means other than the intellect is suspect. Jung offered a model for how to attend to images and figures one meets through such activities, which leads to Soul's Lesson Two: "Protect what you receive in this process from disparaging eyes, in yourself or others."

As long as the boy Jung kept his experiences in his play secret, he said he felt safe. I understood this. Big dreams had formed my inner life, dreams I also kept secret. One of the earliest, most formative, of these, "The Dream Pond," I first dreamed at about age three. In the dream I wander from a grassy cemetery west of our small country church into an area where I have never been, an area rich with vegetation. There in a cup of land I find a pond with two mallard ducks swimming in the water. The most remarkable feeling of the dream is that of being inseparable from everything around me: the ducks, the pond, the dense vegetation, the horizon. My body is still my three-year-old body, yet also stretches to the horizons, and I feel completely whole and at peace. This dream opened me to a state of oceanic consciousness that has sustained and guided me into the present. Like Jung, I, too, was having experiences of what Rudolf Steiner would call the "supersensible world,"<sup>7</sup> experiences no one else seemed to have and which I felt would be diminished or discounted if I spoke of them.<sup>8</sup> These dreams and experiences were riddles, riddles that I have come to associate with Soul. Now here was a distinguished scholar telling me his own experiences, similar to mine, and saying,

This possession of a secret had a very powerful formative influence on my character; I consider it the essential factor of my boyhood .... The little wooden figure with the stone was a first attempt, still unconscious and childish, to give shape to the secret. I was always absorbed by it and had the feeling I ought to fathom it; and yet I did not know what it was I was trying to express. I always hoped I might be able to find something—perhaps in nature—that would give me the clue and show me where or what the secret was. ... I was constantly on the lookout for something mysterious.<sup>9</sup>

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6 He later termed this "active imagination."

7 Steiner used this term in describing developed perceptions of spiritual worlds perceived by the mind, not the five senses.

8 Damery, "Shamanic States in Our Lives," 71–77.

9 Jung, *MDR*, 22.

And this leads to Soul Lesson Three: “We are rooted in eternity. Most of us don’t know it.”

Jung spoke of his childhood as having the quality of being absorbed by eternity, afforded in part by the state of mind accessible through this play.<sup>10</sup> When Jung spoke of both his mother’s and his two personalities, the temporal one in the present day and the uncanny one with roots in eternity, he named something for me that I had long experienced: the distinction of that aspect of myself that was temporal, in the present and developing, and that which is ancient, capable of communicating with the divinity of all life, with the collective. At age three, I remember thinking, *I know I did not begin three years ago!* Even at that age I experienced visitations of a larger consciousness, visitations that would last a few seconds, that I knew were aspects of my self, but older and larger. I would feel that larger self seeing through my eyes. I consciously *felt* that Presence in me. These moments were precious to me, and when they passed, I would consciously review every time they had occurred before, so I would remember them forever. Now, in reading Jung, I found someone else who reported a similar revelation.

“In the end the only events in my life worth telling are those when the imperishable world irrupted into this transitory one,”<sup>11</sup> Jung wrote in the prologue to his autobiography.

Life has always seemed to me like a plant that lives on its rhizome. Its true life is invisible, hidden in the rhizome. The part that appears above ground lasts only a single summer. Then it withers away—an ephemeral apparition. When we think of the unending growth and decay of life and civilizations, we cannot escape the impression of absolute nullity. Yet I have never lost a sense of something that lives and endures underneath the eternal flux. What we see is the blossom, which passes. The rhizome remains.<sup>12</sup>

The experience of eternity often involves strange synchronicities. When Jung researched for his book *Symbols of Transformation*, he described reading about the soul-stones of Arlesheim and the Australian *churingas*. It was then he remembered his manikin and pencil box and realized he had participated in a ritual of archetypal

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10 Jung, *MDR*, 20.

11 Jung, *MDR*, 4.

12 Jung, *MDR*, 4.

dimension, having had direct access to “archaic psychic components,”<sup>13</sup> an early experience of what he would later call the “collective unconscious.”

Again, this helped me address Soul’s riddle of my dreams. At about the time I was reading *Man and His Symbols*, I dreamed of a young black child who brought me an egg with wings, held delicately in his palms. The image nauseated me, an experience I have come to understand as an indication for me that Spirit is present. Dream snakes visited me nightly, frightening me. As the unconscious heated up with the outer activities of my psychology program, my psychic life screamed. I sampled several therapies before a friend suggested the Jungian analyst who was to lead me from the quagmire of outer chaos into the inner chaos.

Shortly after I had made the first appointment and before I met with my analyst, I had one of the more important dreams of my life, one with deep roots in the collective unconscious. The night of the dream, my husband and I had gone to a hot springs that had no electricity. We went to bed early and I awoke from a dream at 4:00 a.m. having slept eight hours. I got up and wrote down the dream.

In the dream there is a war and devastation and I am trying to escape the police. Two groups of people have united, and a grandmother has died. Her body is laid out in a room upstairs. I try not to look at the body. The casket of a grandfather is also being carried about. I am still seeking escape when I see a black and white picture that shatters. I then understand the only solution is to die, to surrender. I am shot, killed.

At this point I become a man and a beautiful primitive woman comes to me and kisses me. She has blue snakeskin on her neck, a small head, and a huge graceful body. We have sex, unite. Then my parents and family help us find furnishings to reconstruct a house somewhere after the war. All we need is a *manitou* (a huge, black, penguin-like bird) and driving out we see one hiding in the cliffs on our left.

Stunned by the imagery of the dream, I went out into the dark of the early morning hours to soak in the pools of the hot sulfur springs. Emerging from one of the baths, I was shocked to see that I had turned entirely black! Later I learned that the hard water of my home had left mineral deposits on my skin that interacted with the sulfur of the spring’s waters to coat my skin, which remained black for a couple of days! This dream was truly about a darkening, a moving into matter, the *nigredo*. After

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13 Jung, *MDR*, 23.



this blackening experience, I slept another eight hours. It was also the beginning of a terrible depression that lasted a year.

The dream continues to be one that I return to periodically. It was neither analyzed in my analysis nor by any other consulting analyst. In fact, ten years later, when as a candidate I presented it in a seminar group with Edward Edinger,<sup>14</sup> he had little to say about it. I felt shamed and humiliated. I had offered up one of the bigger dreams of my life, and he said almost nothing! I feared it showed something pathological about me, that I should have kept it secret (Lesson Two). In effect, though, the best happened. As Joseph Henderson<sup>15</sup> later told this same seminar group, individuation does not begin until personal analysis ends. This dream remained a riddle for me to live on my own, a significant mystery in my own path of individuation.

Of course, the dream illustrated the problems I was facing as I began analysis. I overvalued the intellect, having majored in both chemistry and math and then teaching both. I often think chemistry's draw for me was alchemy, but that connection was still deep in the unconscious. Science as it is taught in our schools is heady. I identified with those masculine qualities of discriminating thought, reasoning, and linear thinking. My mother was an extraverted thinking sensation type,<sup>16</sup> insisting we children perform well academically, and I had been able to develop my thinking enough to please her.

But I also was suffering. My typology is quite the opposite of hers: introverted, intuitive, feeling. As in the dream, I tried to escape conflict by being "good," pleasing my mother and others by taking a path that was not mine. At the time of the dream, although I had earned a Masters in Clinical Psychology, my ways had not changed. I continued to devalue the feminine ways of approaching life: that consciousness that spreads out through matters of the heart, one in which multimodes of consciousness are acknowledged and valued for their differing fruits, the experience of the eternal. The inner alchemist was obscured in the matter of my psyche!

14 Edward Edinger, M.D., was a well-known Jungian analyst in Los Angeles and interpreter of Jung's work and of alchemical symbolism.

15 Joseph Henderson, who had worked directly with Jung, was a first generation analyst and one of the founders of the C.G. Jung Institute of San Francisco .

16 Jung's typology describes four types: thinking opposite feeling, intuition opposite sensation. We tend to have a primary function that we are best at, plus an auxiliary function that we also have more accessible. The opposite of the primary function would be the "inferior" type, most rooted in the unconscious, and most feral.

My “blackening” in the sulfur springs remains a shocking synchronicity to me. I am reminded of Jung’s discussion of the Shulamite of the Song of Songs. “I am very dark, but comely,” the Shulamite says,<sup>17</sup> being “the feminine personification of the prima materia in the *nigredo* state.”<sup>18</sup> It is only through various alchemical operations that her beauty is released:

It is clear from this text that the “hidden” thing, the invisible centre, is Adam Kadmon, the Original Man of Jewish gnosis. It is he who laments in the “prisons” of the darkness, and who is personified by the black Shulamite of the Song of Songs. He is the product of the conjunction of the sun and the moon.<sup>19</sup>

Edinger draws parallels with the Shulamite in the Song of Songs to the gnostic Sophia “caught in the dark embrace of matter, ... or the Shekinah, the feminine presence of God who is in exile from Yahweh, lost in the dark world, separated from her divine consort. Or she’s the anima mundi, the animating spirit that permeates all things. Or, to be completely psychological, she is the primordial psyche in its dark, unregenerate, infantile state as we encounter it in analysis.”<sup>20</sup> But what about that word *manitou*?

I had never heard of manitou, but the word was so compelling that I searched indexes. I pondered how my psyche ever came up with this word. The term is not familiar in the English language but is important to native peoples who had populated the area in which I grew up and to the east: the Algonquian-speaking peoples, who are linguistically connected with those of northern California, where I live now: the Wilkit and Yurok and probably the Hoopa and Kurock. Manitou defies translation, perhaps because it is a concept so old and deep-rooted in our Western European culture that it no longer reaches the light of consciousness. It is tempting to equate the word with what Westerners refer to as the Great Spirit, but “Great Spirit” reflects the Western European concept of the divine, one of polarity: Great Spirit—and His creations.

Early Europeans visiting the continent noticed how the placement of so-called manitou stones revealed a harmony of sky and earth through many astronomical

17 Song of Solomon, 1:5 (Revised Standard Version).

18 Jung, *CW 14*, ¶592.

19 Jung, *CW 14*, ¶44.

20 Edinger, *The Mystery Lectures: A Journey Through C.G. Jung’s *Mysterium Coniunctionis**, 254.

alignments. In 1636, a Jesuit missionary in Canada, Father Paul Le Jeune, observed that the Indians addressed themselves to Earth, River, Lake, dangerous Rocks, and especially Sky, believing that all of these are animate. Manitou may best describe the animating spirit that is All. Later, Western European interpretations define manitou as “any one of the spirits which control the forces of nature.”<sup>21</sup>

This is the paradigm of cause and effect. The Native American view of the world is a whole of which we are one part, and a newer part at that. Humans are not to dominate and change the world, but to live harmoniously in it. This suggests another meaning of manitou, best articulated by James Mavor and Byron Dix, two scientists who studied the manitou stones of New England:

We perceive manitou as the spiritual quality possessed by every part or aspect of nature, animate or inanimate. Things relate to each other by means of this quality, which may be good or evil, temporary or permanent, fixed or changing. Manitou includes aspects of the natural world that are sensed but not understood.<sup>22</sup>

These men surmised that these stones might be placed in areas to increase the manitou of a place. Many of these stones look very much like a human torso—or penguin! By setting the stone, the human was interjecting self into the equation. Perhaps the placement of the stone established the intention of harmonious balance.

In my dream, manitou was needed for the reconstruction. As a Jungian analyst, I might interpret it to symbolize the transcendent function, that marrying of opposites that were at war. Yet I wonder how the native wisdom of our land can inform me? Sioux scholar Vine Deloria, Jr. describes Westerners’ tendency to symbolize what is actually a representation of autonomous spirit. Perhaps finding the manitou is not symbolic but an expression of the dire need for “an invocation or invitation by humans to higher powers to enter into a special kind of event.”<sup>23</sup> For me, this “special event” has to do with the relatedness of nature and the otherness of it, while also experiencing myself as a harmonious part of the whole, an embodied experience of individuation. It necessitates an opening of the heart to all, human and nonhuman, or, as the Lakota say, to “all my relatives.” For me, it has also meant a *rapprochement*

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21 Mavor and Dix, *The Sacred Landscape of New England’s Native Civilization: Manito*, 2.

22 Mavor and Dix, *Sacred Landscape: Manito*, 343.

23 V. Deloria, Jr., P. Deloria, and J.S. Bernstein, *C.G. Jung and the Sioux Traditions: Dreams, Visions, Nature, and the Primitive*, 197.

with the earth through farming, but this time through the spiritual discipline of Biodynamics, a system developed by Rudolf Steiner in 1924, also, as with Jung's work, with a foundation in the philosophy of Goethe.

The soul is a riddlemaker. It says: *Tell me why I do this: why I compel you to bury this tin, why I bring you this egg with delicate white wings, insist you find a manitou.* Soul presents us with questions that must be lived, and in so doing, opens us to the Mystery, determining our lives' paths. As I look back, I see how the sparks of life and lack thereof (Lesson One) led me into chemistry and math and then on to Roger's student-centered approach to learning and across the West to wild California. The road maps were images and dreams I could not explain. I see the importance of eventually developing the capacity to hold the anxieties associated with the imagery and experience on my own, not relying on others—or intellect—for validation (Lesson Two).

I see how Soul's Lessons inform my work as a Jungian analyst. Mystery is the medium. Developing trust in that which washes up upon the shores of consciousness is an important part of healing. To my delight, I have learned that even in my work as an analyst, what Einstein stated is true: *Imagination is more important than knowledge.* In analytic work, play is key to bringing balance and wholeness. A guiding light for my work as an analyst continues to be the alchemical paradox I experienced those many years ago: *when all is black, you know, at last, that you are on the right path.*

Jung was the one to introduce the tools to negotiate that which the psyche gave me. He continues to be fresh and present for me. In *The Red Book*, I see Jung's trust of the psyche, his careful attention to the egg of the image it presents, his knowledge of the need for incubation and protection until the egg is ready to "open." His acknowledgement that the psyche has its own time, rooted in eternity. (Is there collective wisdom in *The Red Book's* fifty years hidden away?)

I take heart in Jung's respect for the fires of eternity. We are so much more than our egos and our egos' agendas. We are Spirit interconnected with all creation. The task of individuation demands an awareness of this creative, embodied experience of the interconnectivity of all life, our hearts, a portal to eternity. In this gnosis the Soul sings: "Set me as a seal upon your heart, ... for love is strong as death ...."<sup>24</sup>

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24 Song of Solomon 8:6 (RSV).

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# Glossary

**Active imagination:** The practice of connecting to inner figures or relating to inner realities through the arts.

**Alchemy:** Ancient practice dedicated to the transformation of matter and spirit.

**Analysand:** The patient of a Jungian analyst.

**Archetype:** Patterns or motifs that recur in myth, religion, dreams—and the human psyche. Example: the Trickster.

**Anima/Animus:** Contrasexual figure in one's psyche.

**Calcinatio:** Alchemical process of burning the dross, used to describe a psychological state.

**Coagulatio:** Alchemical process of coagulating, used to describe a psychological state.

**Collective unconscious:** Archetypes, memories and other material shared by all humanity across cultures.

**Complex:** Intense feeling-toned pattern with an archetypal core and connected to personal history, e.g., mother complex.

**Daimon/daemon:** the spirit of place or person.

**Feminine Principle:** Receptive (yin) energy.

**Hermetic:** Secret knowledge as in alchemical or other esoteric practices; insulated from outside influences.

**Individuation:** The long road to becoming oneself.

**Kinship libido:** Feeling related through a sense of emotional or cultural resonance.

**Masculine principle:** Phallic (yang) energy.

**Nigredo:** Alchemical process of descent into darkness, used to describe a psychological state.

**Persona:** How we present ourselves to the outer world.

**Prima materia:** In alchemy the most primal, unworked matter, the subject of the transformation.

**Projection:** Psychological content projected outward onto others rather than acknowledging that this is one's own material.

**Self:** Central organizing principle of the psyche, mostly unconscious.

**Shadow:** the parts of ourselves that we are unconscious of or reject.

**Synchronicity:** Meaningful coincidence.

**Transcendent function:** Where unconscious and conscious meet and creativity begins.

**Transference/Countertransference:** What the analysand projects onto analyst/what the analyst projects onto analysand.

**Typology:** Jung's system for understanding peoples' orientation to reality. He posits four functions: thinking, feeling, sensation, and intuitive.

**Solutio:** Alchemical process of dissolving, used to describe a psychological state in Jungian psychology.

**Unus mundus:** One world. The interpenetration of all things.

## Biographical Statements

**Henry Abramovitch** is training analyst and founding president of Israel Institute of Jungian Psychology. He has served on ethics and program committees of the IAAP and provides supervision to a Developing Group in Poland. He is a professor at Tel Aviv University Medical School and served as president of Israel Anthropological Association and as co-facilitator of Interfaith Encounter Group. He is author of *The First Father* (2nd edition, 2010) and forthcoming volume on brothers and sisters. His special joys are poetry, dream groups, and the holy city of Jerusalem, where he lives with wife and family.

**Jerome S. Bernstein, M.A.P.C., NCPsyA.**, is a Jungian analyst in private practice in Santa Fe, New Mexico. He is a senior analyst on the teaching faculty of the C.G. Jung Institute of Santa Fe of which he is a former president. He was the founding president of the Jungian Analysts of Washington (D.C.). He is the author of *Power and Politics, the Psychology of Soviet-American Partnership* (Shambhala 1989), *Living in the Borderland: The Evolution of Consciousness and the Challenge of Healing Trauma* (Routledge 2005) and is co-editor, along with Philip Deloria, of the groundbreaking book, *C.G. Jung and the Sioux Traditions* by Vine Deloria, Jr. (Spring Books: 2009), in addition to numerous articles concerning international conflict, shadow dynamics in the collective psyche as well as various clinical topics and lectures internationally on these and other subjects.

**Patricia Damery** is an analyst member of the C.G. Jung Institute of San Francisco in private practice in Napa, California, where she and her husband farm a Biodynamic organic ranch. She has published numerous articles, as well as a book detailing her analytic training and simultaneous entry into Biodynamic farming: *Farming Soul: A Tale of Initiation*. Her novel, *Snakes*, the story about the demise of the family farm and the impact on one family, told through the mythology of the snake, was published by Fisher King Press in March 2011. Her forth coming novel *Goatsong*, a story of the resilience of love, is to be published 2012.



**Claire Douglas** is a clinical psychologist and Jungian analyst. She trained at the New York Association for Analytical Psychology and has been a training and supervisory analyst with the C.G. Jung Institute of Los Angeles since 1992. She lectures and writes books and articles on Jung and on women's psychology. Her latest, *The Old Woman's Daughter*, was the fourteenth of the Fay Lecture Series. She is deeply grateful to live and still practice in a house on a bluff looking out over the Pacific Ocean.

**Gilda Frantz** is a writer and Jungian analyst practicing in Santa Monica, California. She is co-editor in chief of *Psychological Perspectives*, a Jungian Journal of World Thought, and is a director of the Philemon Foundation, Emerita. She served on the board for five years, during the planning and publication of *The Red Book*. Gilda lives with her mixed poodle/terrier, Spike.

**Jacqueline Gerson** is a Jungian analyst with a private practice in Mexico City, where she works as an analyst, teacher, and supervisor. With a life long passion for dance and movement she first approached dreams as spontaneous choreographies created by the psyche. That discovery led her to the study of analytical psychology and eventually to become an individual member of the IAAP. She lectures on topics related to analytical psychology throughout the world and has been published in *The San Francisco Jung Institute Library Journal*, with Daimon Verlag, Brunner-Routledge, *Spring Journal*, as well as the Mexican Magazine *Epoca*.

**Sharon Heath** is a Jungian analyst in private practice and a faculty member of the C.G. Jung Institute of Los Angeles. She writes fiction and non-fiction exploring the interplay of science and spirit, politics and pop culture, contemplation and community. She has given talks in the United States and Canada on topics ranging from the place of soul in social media to gossip, envy, secrecy, and belonging. She served as associate editor of *Psychological Perspectives* and guest editor of the special issue *The Child Within/The Child Without*. Her novel *The History of My Body* was published by Genoa House in 2011.

**Jean Kirsch** is a psychiatrist and Jungian analyst practicing in Palo Alto, California. She is married to the Jungian analyst Tom Kirsch, the son of Hilde and James Kirsch, who were instrumental in founding the C.G. Jung Institute of Los Angeles. She is past president of the C.G. Jung Institute of San Francisco, where she continues teaching as a member of the faculty. Her current interests include grandmothering, writing, and teaching analytical psychology, both in San Francisco and for the several developing Jungian groups in Taiwan and mainland China.

**Chie Lee** is a Jungian analyst with a private practice in Beverly Hills and West Los Angeles. She received a Master's degree in counseling psychology in 1990 from Pacifica Graduate Institute. She was trained at the C.G. Jung Institute of Los Angeles and received her diploma in 2000. Chie has been an active member of the Los Angeles Jungian community. She teaches and supervises in the Institute Training program and serves on the Board and many Committees. She has given seminars on Chinese fairy tale, movie and Avant-Garde art. Chie served as the president of the L.A. Institute from 2010–2012.

**Naomi Ruth Lowinsky** is an analyst member of the San Francisco C.G. Jung Institute, and a widely published poet. Her recent memoir, *The Sister from Below: When the Muse Gets Her Way* tells stories of her pushy muse. She is also the author of *The Motherline: Every Woman's Journey to Find her Female Roots* and three books of poetry. The most recent is *Adagio & Lamentation*. Lowinsky has written many essays in what she considers her "Jungian memoir" mode. They have been published in *Psychological Perspectives* and in the *Jung Journal*. She teaches and lectures in many settings. She is the winner of the Obama Millennium Award for a poem about Obama's grandmother.

**Robert D. Romanyshyn, Ph.D.** is a senior core faculty member of the Clinical Psychology Program at Pacifica Graduate Institute and an affiliate member of the Inter-Regional Society of Jungian Analysts. Author of six books, numerous chapters in edited volumes and journal articles, he is currently working on a series of small books that explores outside the boundaries of academia various ways of *saying* soul. Two works in this series are his recently completed DVD, *Antarctica: Inner Journey in the Outer World*, which explores the chiasm among images, music and words, and a book of poems, *Leaning Toward the Poet*.

**Dennis Patrick Slattery, Ph.D.** is core faculty in the Mythological Studies Program at Pacifica Graduate Institute. He is the author, co-author, editor or co-editor of 17 books, including four volumes of poetry. The author of dozens of articles in journals, magazines and newspapers, Dr. Slattery continues to work in the cross-currents of poetry, myth and depth psychology. He offers Riting Retreats on one's personal myth across the United States and in Europe. His new book, *Day-to-Day Dante: Exploring One's Personal Myth Through The Divine Comedy*, is available on his website. His most recent publication, *Riting Myth, Mythic Writing: Plotting Your Personal Story*, has just been published by Fisher King Press.

**Karlyn M. Ward, Ph.D., LCSW**, is an analyst member of The C.G. Jung Institute of San Francisco, and is in private practice in Mill Valley, California. She writes and teaches on the relationship of music to the psyche, works with music as an entrée to active imagination, and is a Fellow in the Association of Music and Imagery. Her DVD, *Anchored in the Heart: Redeeming the Dark Feminine* explores the implications of the figure of Mary of Magdala in word, art, and music. Her book *Visitation in a Zen Garden* almost wrote itself after a family of grey foxes (parents and four kits) took up residence in the backyard zen garden designed by her husband, Richard Ward. She is continuing to write about her archetypal experiences.

**Barbara McCauley** lives in Truchas, a mountain village in northern New Mexico where she and husband, Alvaro Cardona-Hine, both write and paint and exhibit their work. Barbara works spontaneously with the paint, and the *Marked By Fire* cover image, "Flight Into Egypt" is one of several paintings of women that simply appeared in the underpainting, and which she then fleshed out. Raised Catholic, she always felt that the depictions of Mary were idealized; when this one appeared, she was delighted to see her as a simple, but strong, woman, Mediterranean in origin, as, if she existed at all, she must certainly have been. Learn more at: [www.cardonahinegallery.com](http://www.cardonahinegallery.com)

## The Fisher King Press Story

A great deal of seduction has been called for to lure me away from the selfish pursuits of fortune, fame, and a vast array of many other vices that I once believed could relieve my existential angst. I must confess that Fisher King Press is the child of one of these many selfish forays.

Several years ago 'by chance' I met a Jungian and began analysis. We worked together for sometime before I gained the courage to leave a well-paying career and the security of an antiquated identity behind. The analysis continued and within a few weeks of leaving this old life, I brought a dream into our session. My analyst suggested a dialogue with one of the dream characters. Little did I know that this would lead to the expansion of my miniature world, the writing of eight novels, and much more.

The writing, like so many other things before, overtook me. I didn't care about publishing a book. I only wanted to write, to create, to selfishly express myself (and my 'self') and for several years I enjoyed the good fortune of just this, living in Europe, frequenting cafes in Italy, France, Switzerland, Ireland . . . encountering characters and weaving tales.

People would ask what I did for a living and my answer would be "I used to be a John Deere tractor salesman." "Yes, but what do you do now?" "Oh, I just live, just enjoy life now." "Yes, but you must do something with your time?" "Well, okay, I write." "A ha, so you are a writer!" "No, I'm not a writer. I just write." "What do you write about?" I'd hesitate and occasionally answer, "I write about dreams. Every morning I get up and write about my dreams, and then I write about life, about how dreams . . . well, about how dreams intersect our lives, our waking lives, how they are tied together . . ."

I sincerely meant what I said, about how dreams intersect our lives and so forth. I believed it and at the same time couldn't completely understand it, as is often still the case. But that was part of the fun, knowing and not-knowing, being in that in-between place, where the mysterious takes holds, where one cannot wrap one's mind around an idea or concept and instead simply must follow the words and images.

So, I continued to follow the words and images when they came in dreams and when they came in waking life. I also continued to explain to others of how I once was

a tractor salesman, and then on into the writing thing. Finally one day I grew tired of having to explain about who I once was and how now I wrote, but no, they could not read my writing, and no, I had never published a book . . . So, I sent query letters to a few publishers, expecting to be received with open arms, but quickly learned that I might well spend the rest of my life waiting for someone else to say yes, waiting for someone else to validate me, my existence, who I was becoming, and I said the heck with all that!

Soon after came Fisher King Press and the publication of my first three novels, The Chronicles of a Wandering Soul series: *LeRoi*, *Menopause Man—Unplugged*, and *SamSara*. Then it was time to find and publish another author, so up went a basic website and not long after came a query from John Atkinson and we contracted to publish *Timekeeper*, Atkinson's novel/quasi-memoir, a coming-of-age tale, describing the experiences of a 14-year-old runaway boy's hardships, victories, and all the inspirational people who guided him on his journey and helped him to triumph over illiteracy. Critics have since praised *Timekeeper* as a deeply moving book written in the spirit of Sue Monk Kidd's *The Secret Life of Bees*.

But what about Jung, how do Jungian publications fit into the Fisher King scheme of things? Well, over the years, I've enjoyed the pleasure of building meaningful and lasting relationships with several Jungian analysts and I also hold a deep respect for the many Jungian publications that have brought understanding to the darker periods of my life. So, it was time to obtain a Centerpoint newsletter and send out a query to the listed Jungian societies and organizations.

April Barrett, executive director of the Jung Society of Washington was quick to forward the request to Lawrence Staples and we soon agreed to publish *Guilt with a Twist: The Promethean Way*. Erel Shalit and *Enemy, Cripple, Beggar: Shadows in the Hero's Path* came next. From there, kind of like following words and images, things began to unfold, and what was originally created from an unconscious inflation to serve my own selfish desires, Fisher King Press finally became what it was meant to be—'Self' Serving.

*The Chronicles of a Wandering Soul* series is available from Fisher King Press and my other novels will be published as the years unfold, where you'll learn about what an ornery rascal I can be in my endless pursuit to reclaim soul, or should I say, be reclaimed by soul. Sure, there's some goodness in me too, but enough about 'me' and

'I' and all my selfish exploits, and please don't hold this against the other Fisher King Press authors whose worthy publications deserve to be widely read.

We are most grateful to the many readers who purchase Fisher King Press publications and we look forward to bringing you more books as the years unfold. On the next few pages, you will find our current list of publications. You are also invited to visit our website at [www.fisherkingpress.com](http://www.fisherkingpress.com) and you may enjoy the many articles posted to our online newsletter at [www.fisherkingreview.com](http://www.fisherkingreview.com).

Mel Mathews,  
Publisher, Fisher King Press

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by Mel Mathews, Rev. Ed. Paperback, 280 pp, 2012  
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***Requiem: A Tale of Exile & Return***

by Erel Shalit, 1<sup>st</sup> Ed. Paperback, 106 pp, 2010  
— ISBN 978-1-926715-03-2



# Truchas Peaks Place

A Northern New Mexico Retreat & Conference Center

*Stunning Natural Beauty • Luxury Accommodations  
Meeting & Event Rooms • Wireless Internet*

**Seminar? Group retreat? Small conference? Family reunion?** Are you looking for a unique venue to gather your family or a group of friends? Planning a workshop, an off-site company retreat, or a small wedding? Truchas Peaks Place is the perfect facility for small to mid-size groups, offering exquisite tranquility, luxury bedrooms, meeting rooms, an extensive library, a full-service kitchen for self-catering, and an abundance of possibilities for exploration.

**Location, location, location**—Truchas Peaks Place is nestled high in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, with panoramic views of the Truchas Peaks, the Jemez Mountains, and the Pedernal, made famous by Georgia O’Keeffe’s paintings. At the midway point between Santa Fe and Taos, we are easily accessible from either city, yet afford the peacefulness and pristine natural surroundings of a secluded retreat. We are part of Spanish colonial village Truchas, settled in 1754 and now a vibrant community of locals of Hispanic origin, artists, and craftspeople. Truchas is a place to go to recalibrate. To escape stress, city noise, traffic, and everyday worries. To paint, read, walk, think, and spend time with loved ones.

**What do you do here?** Whatever you want. Draft your next short story. Follow in the footsteps of the many great artists, past and contemporary, who have chosen North Central New Mexico as their base for its inspirational mix of peacefulness and majesty—Truchas is a favorite of poets and writers. Truchas Peaks Place houses the Donald Kalsched – Robin van Loben Sels 10,000-volume library and has more than enough space to allow group members to undertake individual work undisturbed, yet boasts excellent facilities for shared sessions.

**Free your inner artist.** Sit on the porch at sunset and watch the sun paint the mountains red. The landscape surrounding Truchas would inspire a painter at any skill level to new heights. Why not put together a painting workshop or retreat that includes

the annual High Road Art Tour—or your own version of it? Our rich culture and its creative output of sculpture, paintings, photography, pottery, weaving, jewelry, and crafts are sure to inspire you.

**Explore the regional cuisine, hands-on style.** Try your hand at cooking green chile stew with fresh produce from the farmer's market. The gourmet kitchen at Truchas is the ideal setting for a food-lovers' retreat, a fine cooking workshop, or simply a meal your family will never forget.

**Listen to the yipping of the coyotes at dawn.** The birds are not the only wild things greeting the stunning morning scenery of North Central New Mexico—though you will find plenty to delight over if bird-watching is a passion of yours. Our state boasts one of the richest lists of resident birds in the nation; around 500 all told. But song-birds share the region with many other animals, from muskrats and turtles to coyotes, deer, and bighorn sheep.

At Truchas, the choices are endless and all yours.

Truchas Peaks Place, 1671 State Road 76, P.O. Box 471, Truchas, NM 87578

[www.truchaspeaksplace.com](http://www.truchaspeaksplace.com) — [info@truchaspeaksplace.com](mailto:info@truchaspeaksplace.com)

1-866-561-1671

## Opus House

A place for Solitude and Creative Work

**Opus House** is a comfortable adobe home near the old Spanish village of Truchas in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains of Northern New Mexico. Sitting at 8300 feet elevation, 45 minutes from Santa Fe on the High Road to Taos, Opus House is offered to selected individuals of all callings and backgrounds as a place of solitude and creative work. It is seen as a place to be for a week or so to concentrate on a chosen creative process. For those interested in exploring this offering, contact:

Opus House, 1671 State Road 76, P.O. Box 471, Truchas, NM 87578

[www.opushouse.org](http://www.opushouse.org) — [truchas@opushouse.org](mailto:truchas@opushouse.org)



## Truchas Learning Center

A Project of the Community for Creative Work, a Non-Profit Organization

The Truchas Learning Center's mission is to provide educational courses in computer literacy, business and the arts to enable students from the rural communities of Northern New Mexico to gain employable skills and become an attractive workforce to American businesses currently sending jobs overseas.

The highly qualified instructors at the Truchas Learning Center are chosen for their expertise and their willingness to donate their teaching time. The founders have sought and received commitments from expert instructors in the fields of computer literacy, computer software design and applications, computer business accounting, computer hardware and networking, Microsoft Office suite, Photoshop, web design, digital media, photography, ethics, and the arts. In exchange for their generosity, the instructors are housed at no charge at the beautiful Truchas Peaks Place Retreat and Conference Center, [www.truchaspeaksplace.com](http://www.truchaspeaksplace.com) or at Opus House, [www.opushouse.org](http://www.opushouse.org)

Courses offered by the Truchas Learning Center are at *no charge* to Northern New Mexico students. Long Distance Learning is available in conjunction with local universities and community colleges.

Truchas Learning Center, P.O. Box 442, Truchas, New Mexico 87578  
[www.truchaslearningcenter.com](http://www.truchaslearningcenter.com) — [info@truchaslearningcenter.com](mailto:info@truchaslearningcenter.com)  
1-505-689-1112



*A soulful collection of essays that illuminate the inner life.*

“This life is the way, the long sought after way  
to the unfathomable which we call divine.”

—C.G. Jung, *The Red Book*

When Soul appeared to C.G. Jung and demanded he change his life, he opened himself to the powerful forces of the unconscious. He recorded his inner journey, his conversations with figures that appeared to him in vision and in dream in *The Red Book*. Although it would be years before *The Red Book* was published, much of what we now know as Jungian psychology began in those pages, when Jung allowed the irrational to assault him. That was a century ago.

How do those of us who dedicate ourselves to Jung’s psychology respond to Soul’s demands in our own lives? If we believe, with Jung, in “the reality of the psyche,” how does that shape us? The articles in *Marked By Fire* portray direct experiences of the unconscious; they tell life stories about the fiery process of becoming ourselves.

Contributors to *Marked by Fire: Stories of the Jungian Way* include: Jerome S. Bernstein, Claire Douglas, Gilda Frantz, Jacqueline Gerson, Jean Kirsch, Chie Lee, Karlyn M. Ward, Henry Abramovitch, Sharon Heath, Dennis Patrick Slattery, Robert D. Romanyshyn, Patricia Damery, and Naomi Ruth Lowinsky.

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