

**C. G. JUNG—
Some Memories and Reflections**

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(The following article is based upon the tenth Jung Memorial Lecture, delivered by Dr. Keller at the C. G. Jung Institute in Zurich, July 8, 1971.)

I

I was asked to give this talk on my memories of C. G. Jung because I am one of the few people left who knew Jung in the early days when, just after his separation from Freud, he was finding his own standpoint. I was present at “open evenings” at the Jungs’ house in Küsnacht even before the official separation. My husband participated in the Congress in Munich where Freud, after hearing Jung’s paper, declared that this was not psychoanalysis as he understood it. Jung had formulated in that paper his own ideas, as they had come to him, and he was quite prepared to find that Freud could not accept his way of thinking and that this would lead to the separation. But there followed a very difficult period for Jung. He stood almost alone, isolated, and flooded with a stream of thoughts that at times seemed overwhelming.

I have been recalling once again those early years and have looked forward to telling you about Dr. Jung the pioneer, as I knew him then, the explorer who was constantly lighting upon new ideas. Everything at that time seemed fluid, forever changing and developing, for this was long before he began formulating his theories and writing his books.

As I tried to put down what I could say, I realized that most of my reminiscences were fragmentary and colored by my feeling- reactions; I then decided to tell you something about my own analysis with Dr. Jung, in the hope that what was of essential value in it would arouse an echo in you.

I well remember the atmosphere of expectation that emanated from Jung and seized the circle around him: I carry to this day the impress of a powerful experience. One felt that here stood a man who had heard a message and who struggled to put into words that which stirred him, so that others could hear it also. He was well aware of the great gap between what he felt and what he could communicate. That which overwhelmed him from the unconscious had first to be clarified, so that he could translate it for himself and then for others. I have read and reread in his autobiography, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, the chapter on “Confrontation with the Unconscious.” In this chapter I can read in context many of the things I once heard from Dr. Jung himself. However moving that chapter may be for its readers, it only mirrors in part the powerful impression made by Jung’s own words and person when he spoke of those experiences, as he did frequently while I was in analysis with him during the first world war.

I wish we knew more about the special constitution of a person who even in childhood is permeable to collective images. I wonder if many more children than we know do not have collective dreams but entirely forget them? At any rate I feel that the childhood experiences of C. G. Jung are quite astonishing and pose a number of problems. Even at the age of eleven he showed the qualities that enabled him to pioneer in this field, an openness and at the same time objectivity. It may be that because for generations all interest has been centered on the outer world, pressure has built up in the neglected inner world, and that consequently in our day a breakthrough is apt to occur in especially sensitive persons. Many people are harmed by such an experience, some because they are desperately afraid of the unconscious, others

because, being overly fascinated, they identify with it and are carried away. A breakthrough of the collective unconscious can be like an explosion of chaotic contents and may even resemble a psychosis. It was Dr. Jung's great achievement that he withstood such powerful irruptions; he allowed the plenitude of thoughts and visions to emerge, while at the same time he maintained control, consciously observing and reflecting, as he himself described it.

II

I heard of psychoanalysis for the first time when, in the fall of 1911, I became acquainted with Adolphe Keller, then pastor of St. Peter's in Zurich. He told me of this new movement, of Freud and his teaching, and how he and another minister, Oscar Pfister, had participated in a study group of doctors at the famous Burgholzli Clinic, when Dr. Jung was working there as second in command. Both ministers were sure they had found in psychoanalysis a most valuable tool for their pastoral counseling. Both had already witnessed some spectacular results; through the new technique, symptoms that had resisted medical treatment had disappeared. It was only later that people realized how the disappearance of symptoms is not identical with healing.

Public opinion was still very critical of psychoanalysis. When my parents announced my engagement to Adolphe Keller, the local minister warned them that this pastor was involved in a very dangerous movement! Happily my parents did not pay attention to this warning because Pastor Adolphe Keller had a very good reputation and was highly esteemed.

In January 1912, while we were on our honeymoon, a violent discussion on the subject of psychoanalysis took place in the leading Zurich newspaper. Dr. Jung was now in private practice in Kiisnacht on the Lake of Zurich and he invited to his home a circle of men and women for "open evenings," at which he expounded his ideas. He used this group as a sounding board and my husband, with his solid philosophical and theological background, was much appreciated for his contribution, especially on the question of values. Though I could not follow much, I was fascinated by the discussions: I felt that something very important was being discussed. At first, Oscar Pfister had also been among the guests, but after the separation from Freud, he remained with the Freudian group. My husband was attracted to Jung's ideas; he never doubted but that he belonged with the Jungian movement. For both ministers, psychology was something that did not touch religion. They thought of psychoanalysis as a method, a tool, comparable to a plough which prepares the field (namely, the soul) that it may better receive the seed (the Christian message). My

husband's great interest in Dr. Jung's thinking in no way affected this religious outlook. To me, on the other hand, Jung's belief that the seed is already inherent in the soul seemed a more natural idea: "Anima naturaliter Christiana."

When I entered analysis, it took the form primarily of a religious discussion. If there is today a solid something in me that I can trust, I owe it to this discussion. I had come to analysis because of painful anxiety. All through my childhood I had suffered from anxious fears. I had been almost freed, in my early twenties, when I worked for two years as a nurse in hospitals. Then anxiety came back in full force during my first very happy years of marriage. I had no difficulty in adapting to marriage, I enjoyed having children, there was no inhibition to cause my fears. My husband was irritated and consulted Dr. Jung, who advised analysis.

Looking back, I cannot really understand Dr. Jung's advice, but at that time many pioneers were much too optimistic concerning analysis. My husband believed that my state of anxiety would disappear after a few sessions and dream interpretations, just as he had seen physical

symptoms disappear in some of the people he treated. But Dr. Jung knew that real analysis would take a long time; he knew it would affect my religious attitude, and this might easily endanger my marriage. My husband's concern was that I should be freed from fear, but Dr. Jung knew he could not take my fears away. He said so to me and added that fear and anxiety were only symptoms, that I was in an "individuation process" and the symptoms would only diminish as the individuation proceeded. They might well not disappear for a very long time, for they were needed to force me to go on and not abandon the enterprise. Thus I was actually inside a lifelong individuation process without knowing what was happening to me and without my full consent. Although I know this was part of my destiny, I have not yet found an answer to the question I ask myself: Is the individuation process really tied to analysis and to regular sessions with a therapist? In this context I must say that analysis did not touch my fears. It was when, later on, I took regular lessons in movement and body awareness that I very gradually gained a new contact with my environment-fear and that this fear became lessened. It was certainly a healthy instinct on my husband's part not to let me pour out my inner problems to him; no husband can be a psycho-therapist to his wife, not even if he is a professional. My married life was separate from my inner struggle and analysis. My husband was fully absorbed in his work; he had told me beforehand that his work would always come first. He was thus able to put me in touch with a variety of interesting experiences which were a great enrichment to my life. I often felt that his own way of living was like that of an artist: he never forced himself, he could fully relax and enjoy life, and afterwards turn to put his whole interest into his work again, so that he never really tired.

I began analysis with Maria Moltzer, a woman collaborator of Dr. Jung's. Then, as the result of a dream, I transferred to Dr. Jung. I was sorry to leave my woman analyst but I felt this step also was part of my destiny.

Dr. Jung quickly gained my confidence, because he spoke to my innermost self. In spite of my happiness, and although I was keenly interested in my everyday life, there was in me a secret longing that I had felt even in childhood. This longing had drawn me to religion, but somehow anxiety was also related to it. I did not speak to anyone about these inner feelings, they were so vague; I myself did not understand what was going on inside me. So it seemed almost a miracle that Dr. Jung addressed himself to this secret core. We did not speak about it—how could we since it was nothing concrete? But it meant so very much to me to feel that Dr. Jung knew about that invisible mysterious reality in me and always treated it with respect and as a factor to be reckoned with. This attitude toward the reality of the psyche set the tone that permeated all our conversations. I had now to learn how to make a place in my visible life for the invisible reality of the soul.

However much I was drawn toward an invisible world, my reason had misgivings about the non-rational. My father's firm conviction that reason must rule, though I had my doubts about it, still acted in me as an inner tyrant, making me violate my own nature. Through my father I was stamped by the age of reason; yet non-rational elements made themselves passionately felt. Dr. Jung honored the non-rational, but to me it was confusing that he often seemed to contradict himself. I would say: "but last week you said just the contrary." He would agree and then add: "Life is a paradox; this is true but the contrary is also true." And gradually one began to see things as relative and to give up many of one's rigid concepts. He himself had experienced the daily battle between his own opposing tendencies. He wanted full commitment and patient work. He accepted no excuses; he was sure that when one seriously wants something, one can find ways and means to attain it. One had to prove by what one put into the endeavor the high value one attributed to the psyche.

So I learned to deal with my moods and discomforts. Instead of trying to get rid of some disagreeable condition by medication, I learned to ask the question: "What is this trying to tell me?" When one could not sleep, for example, Dr. Jung believed that the unconscious had something to say and one should get up and write to find out what was waiting for expression. I noticed that if I fought a depression, it tended to get worse and last longer. If I gave in and felt the depression as "going through a dark tunnel," I would more speedily emerge into the light.

Sometimes painting would free me from inner pressure. I did a lot of painting. In those early days, when one arrived for the analytic hour, the so-called "red book" often stood open on an easel. In it Dr. Jung had been painting or had just finished a picture. Sometimes he would show me what he had done and comment upon it. The careful and precise work he put into these pictures and into the illuminated text that accompanied them were a testimony to the importance of this undertaking. The master thus demonstrated to the student that psychic development is worth time and effort.

Soon I was involved in the religious discussion which continued through the years. I complained that evidently I had no real faith; otherwise I could not be afraid. Dr. Jung voiced his arguments, similar to those he later incorporated in his book *Answer to Job*. I used my husband's arguments and those of other Christian apologists. When he attacked the Christians, I well remember how I countered that I did not mean the majority, who are Christian only in name, but those who are really carried by their faith through misfortune, sickness, and death. Dr. Jung maintained that these had acquired their faith in some crucial life situation. He was convinced of the necessity of a personal religious experience. My husband, on the other hand, believed that the life and death of Christ had brought the proof of God's love for man once and for all, so that personal religious experience seemed unnecessary. Besides, he would add, how can we know whether a religious experience is authentic or not? Do not mental patients often believe they have been vouchsafed a divine revelation? My husband, indeed, had not won his faith through crisis, but had grown into it naturally from childhood on. He was convinced that his feeling of basic trust was due to his creed, but I became convinced that, through his own and his parents' relationship to Nature and natural life, he had grown up feeling at one with all things as part of the cosmic whole. As I did not have such a relationship to Nature, or such basic trust, the attitude of my husband and his family seemed very enviable to me. I am convinced that it was extremely helpful for me that this part of my analysis was a real battle. Dr. Jung wanted to strengthen my ego, for he believed it was overwhelmed by the strong personality of my husband. (Of this, however, I am not so sure.)

I remember Dr. Jung's telling me: "Follow that which is alive in you." He felt this would lead toward God, even if at first it seemed to lead in another direction. He believed that whatever was a vital interest or need was legitimate and must be pursued, or at least examined carefully. I wondered if he identified the "life stream" with God: it seemed so. I felt this was dangerous doctrine; yet I knew also that by trying to suppress some living interest, I had at times crushed an urge of great importance. Something in me was in deep accord with the individuation process. I wanted to become that which it was in me to become; I was ready to commit myself wholeheartedly to this development toward an inner design. The fact of standing between my husband and Dr. Jung, and between their different outlooks on life, helped that 'something of my own' to grow and gain strength. Bit by bit Dr. Jung succeeded in making my unconscious doubts conscious. I realized that I had nothing to hold on to and I was confronted with naked fear. It was a very painful situation, yet out of it was born in 1926 a true personal religious experience. Of course, it was only a beginning, a seed that had to grow, but it was genuine and has proved its reality over the years.

It was probably in 1915 that I first went to Dr. Jung. But there were many interruptions to my analysis. The first world war was raging and the Swiss, though neutral, were called up. Every man in his turn stood guard on the frontiers. Dr. Jung was often away on military service for shorter or longer periods. He did not do his service in a mental hospital; I think it was characteristic of him that he served as a general practitioner, following the army on horseback. Of course he always had opportunities to meet people on his own terms and to treat special psychiatric cases outside hospitals.

Quite early in my analysis I was allowed to attend one of the first seminars held in Dr. Jung's library; my woman analyst had asked that I might be admitted. Dr. Jung's book *The Psychology of the Unconscious* was being discussed. Each member of the Seminar studied the chapter for the day and one of the participants gave a short outline of it. Then Dr. Jung would elaborate. I remember being astonished at the amount of new material he would bring, beyond what was in the book; it was as if one could watch his thought growing and developing before one's eyes.

I do not remember when I, of my own free will, interrupted my analysis. I knew I would in time have to go much deeper, but I knew I could not go further just then. I was impressed by the way Dr. Jung respected my wish and never spoke of resistance. He felt that an inner need was speaking, and he could always wait when something was not yet ripe.

Probably the most valuable result of my work with Dr. Jung is that I have today a technique that allows me to connect unconscious elements with my thinking and my actions in a continuous way. You will have read in Jung's autobiography about his "black book." What I am trying to describe began with a similar effort on my part to obtain release from stress by spontaneous writing—just writing as fast as possible without any reflections. Having done that during my analysis as a means of giving vent to inner pressure, I later began to do it as regular daily meditation. When I neglected this daily exercise, pressure would build up again. Then, on re-starting to write, I could indeed find release, but it took time before I could recover the very satisfactory small comments that give the daily meditations a special meaningfulness.

Through many years of this experience, I have noticed that what comes through under stress is most often not useful material. I think of it rather as being like rocks and dirt that have collected after an explosion. It is perfectly natural that one feels a resistance against the confused, even chaotic utterances one may find oneself penning; they may even make one feel sick! But by dint of writing every day I found a technique which resembles taking regular breaths of fresh air. I then seem able to combine my rational thinking with intuition, which makes me see things in a different light; now and then a whole new vista seems to open up.

Dr. Jung had told me quite early in my analysis: "You must begin preparing for the time when you will not be coming here. You always have questions; even as you leave my office, new ones come up. Write these questions out as letters to me. But you need not mail them; in the measure that you really want an answer and are not afraid of it, an answer will emerge from deep inside yourself." I tried, but nothing came. I told Dr. Jung, and he answered very seriously: "But surely you know what it means to pray." I thought of Jacob's struggle with the angel, when he said "I will not let thee go except thou bless me," and I began to find the appropriate attitude. I wrote down questions, in particular as they touched on my growth process, and allowed a spontaneous commentary to emerge. At first there came chaotic fragments, as I have said, and it took time and much patient practice before more and more meaningful sentences appeared. Now and then there would come a fragment like a story or a fairy tale. A fresh insight might emerge or something might point in a new direction. All

depends on how serious and dedicated one is. I have often found, when I am puzzled and seem to stand before an insoluble dilemma, that if I ask: Is there something I am shirking? I will suddenly recognize a specific step forward that I am afraid to see or take. Sometimes it is helpful to imagine a person to whom I direct the questions; then the technique resembles what Jung has termed “active imagination.” We can now see the implications of the “way of individuation” in a new perspective. At first I had been delighted with the idea that Dr. Jung excluded nothing, that he seemed to set no limits to one’s psychic development. Now I came to the place of choice. One was required to make a creative and responsible choice, to take a step in a definite direction, just as an explorer, on discovering a new country, may have to decide whether to turn north or south, east or west. Freedom from conventional restrictions, I found, obligates one to find one’s unique path in accordance with one’s own inner laws.

To change the metaphor, I felt like a whole family holding many different opinions but obliged to reach a joint resolution. I was perplexed to find inside me all these “persons” pulling in different directions. More and more frequently, however, I would get a reliable answer to a question, one that seemed to be a synthesis born of patiently listening to the various voices.

A word of warning: to use this method effectively, one has to simplify the questions one poses. Furthermore, they must be related to oneself; one cannot ask questions about other people. For example, I have found it helpful, after an unsatisfactory consultation, to ask honestly what I had done wrong. I have then seen the situation over again and recognized where I should have been silent, or when I had missed an opportunity of saying the right thing. After many years of daily practice, I am ever more grateful for this helpful technique.

III

After I had interrupted my analysis I felt a great urge to study. I had had a very incomplete education, as was customary for girls at that time. For several months Mrs. Jung and I together took lessons in physics; she also had come to feel the need for more education. With the help of a few domestic changes, I was enabled to go to a school where I prepared for what in Switzerland is called the maturity examination, the prerequisite for university studies. My husband helped me; he had not believed I would persevere and when I passed the exams he showed his pride and appreciation. I felt glad that I could now be a better partner for him, he was so widely read and so well informed in many fields. Yet the “way of individuation” reveals ever new possibilities, and the idea of studying medicine began to obsess me! I tried to repress it as being quite impossible, since by then I had three small children. But the obsession persisted.

I told my husband that if he forbade it I would obey, but if he did not definitely veto it I would have to try. Reality would soon tell whether this idea was just a fantasy. Perhaps, after all, it was a real vocation? And indeed my husband could not forbid it, but he was much annoyed, even shocked.

Dr. Jung also saw my studies as quite unnecessary. He considered one’s own deep analysis to be the essential preparation for becoming an analyst. He was in favor of “lay” analysts and there were at the time a number of therapists who had no academic training.

Around this time I needed to go back to analysis. But Dr. Jung was shortly leaving for New Mexico to study an Indian tribe. So I went to his best collaborator, Toni Wolff. I thought of her as an intellectual and I planned to ask her to teach me some theory while I was waiting for Dr. Jung’s return. But to my surprise, she was quite different from my idea of her. Her

intuition knew that unconscious images were ready to emerge in me, while all I felt was pressure and discomfort. I experienced the most important part of my analysis with Toni Wolff. The work with Dr. Jung had been the preparation, strengthening my ego so that it could withstand the impact of the unconscious images.

Toni Wolff created a special atmosphere and a sheltered place where one felt protected. For certain persons, including me, she became a catalyst; in her presence the emotions I felt as tension were translated into images. She stood as mediator between imagination and outer reality; she was fully with the process, and at critical moments she intuitively said the right words. Her action was certainly beyond psychology; I think of her work as “art” and she was a most gifted therapist. She was aware of the difficulties involved in an analysis and allowed a patient in distress to call her at any time. I think with intense gratitude of my work with Toni Wolff and of the way she was able to meet the very real dangers that threatened me. During this analysis I often felt that there was something inside me (I even felt it in my body) that wanted to express itself, but I knew words were quite inadequate. As we were both trying to think of other means of expression, I suddenly said, “I could dance it.” Then, and on several other occasions, I danced a kind of psychodrama that was much more satisfying than all the sessions in which we merely talked. It was a pity that the idea came to neither of us at that time that taking movement lessons might help to make my rigid body into a more flexible instrument and thus more capable of expression. A few years later, at a seminar that Dr. Jung was giving, I met Lucy Heyer, a dancer working with patients. She urged me to take movement lessons, but she added that I should go to real artists for whom each movement has meaning. From that time on I have almost always taken movement lessons. Even now in California, giving and taking movement lessons are among my most valued experiences. Gradually I have found a closer relationship to my environment; year by year, while enjoying the beauties of nature in California, I have felt that instead of viewing it from the outside, I have been more and more becoming an integral part of it.

Toni Wolff, who had no academic degree, did all she could to encourage me to finish my medical studies. I too was very eager to continue them and, despite the many difficulties, I finally passed in Zurich the two preliminary medical examinations and was admitted to the clinics.

But then circumstances altered radically. I had a fourth and, later, a fifth child. I was full of joy, I welcomed the babies—Nature and motherhood had taken over for the time being. On top of that, my husband, who had meanwhile become head of an international relief effort on behalf of the churches that had suffered through World War I, was transferred to Geneva in 1928 and Geneva became our home for the next twenty years.

I was afraid I could never resume my studies. But just as at the beginning I had felt I had a vocation, so now I knew that my studies were not my concern : If I was meant to go on, the opportunity would come. And it did. After a while, my husband suddenly wanted me to finish, and this removed the biggest obstacle from my path. In December, 1931, I passed my State board exams and became licensed to practice in any part of Switzerland. As Dr. Jung had already referred some patients to me, I set up a private practice for psychotherapy in January, 1932. As the English language was more familiar to me than French, I often had English or American patients as well as Swiss. For sixteen years I was the only Jungian analyst in Geneva, and one who had been trained by Jung himself. Today, however, I have some questions about this training. One’s own personal deep analysis is certainly essential, but few patients came with the same preconditions as mine and there were only a few cases where a similar analysis in depth was indicated. I was very grateful for my medical studies.

A pioneer is not apt to be at the same time a systematic teacher. Jung's pioneer work had originated when, after separating from Freud, he was entirely on his own and had to discover new ways and methods. At that time he expected his students likewise to stand on their own. I remember one excellent seminar which was addressed to professionals only. Dr. Jung urged us to approach every new case, even every dream, as if no theory existed, and as if we had to discover everything on our own. Of course he had in mind his own beginnings. You remember that in his autobiography we learn how, when he felt at a loss, he decided to see what his patients would spontaneously produce. They told him their dreams and fantasies; he put a few questions to elicit their thoughts and associations and found that interpretations followed naturally from these answers. I am very glad to have been Dr. Jung's student at that time; I am fully convinced that the dream itself contains the key to its own meaning. On the other hand, I see the considerable dangers, especially for an intuitive, in being thus encouraged to find one's own way. I was only too ready to see ever new possibilities and I attempted more than was prudent for a beginner. When Dr. Jung referred patients to me, he seldom gave indications or advice. Of course, when I had the opportunity, I discussed my cases with him, but I did not often go to Zurich and he seldom came to Geneva, so that I did not have as much guidance as would have been desirable.

Dr. Jung had predicted that, after terminating analysis, one would probably find oneself in a critical situation which would call for the use of one's inferior function. A onesided attitude would land one in an impasse where, through the crisis, the inferior function would at last emerge. I remembered later having heard this statement, which at the time I could not grasp. Only after I had been for several years in practice did I come to such a crisis. Much stimulated by Dr. Jung's encouragement to go ahead on my own, my intuition saw ever new prospects and promises ahead. As my sensation-function was weak and did not keep me sufficiently oriented to reality, I did indeed reach an impasse. I experienced bitter disappointment and I was obliged to thoroughly rethink my work. I had something like a breakdown, but then suddenly there came a break through of quite another side of me. Where I would formerly have brooded over my mistakes and felt frustrated and humiliated, healthy anger now rose in me like a cleansing storm; I felt new strength, and decided to prove my mettle. This fundamental inner transformation is certainly one of the most important parts of the individuation process. I lost my former sentimentality; for a time I seemed to have lost my feelings, and yet my work with patients was effective. From that time on I had a new feeling of wholeness. I have also noticed that since then outer circumstances seem more and more frequently to come to meet my inner needs: outer and inner complement each other in an almost un- canny way.

As a result of this crisis I had become much more independent; thus it was that I found myself reviewing critically what I had learnt and what I was practicing. In the course of time many doubts and questions presented themselves. I noted, for example, that the results of my work were often not directly related to my knowledge or action; there seemed to be many incalculable factors involved. Only a small proportion of those who came to me for help needed long-term analysis, and amongst those who required it and with whom I could use all I had learnt from Dr. Jung, there were persons who responded well and others whose results were disappointing. Even then I had the feeling, and have it still more today, that we lack some basic knowledge, and that this lack hinders progress at certain definite points.

Now and then there was a case which seemed hopeless. I remember one woman who lived out of town. She could not come regularly and seemed unable to express herself. In spite of all the handicaps, I made contact with her and was able to evoke her self-confidence. This helped her to do better in her work; she advanced and I had the joy of witnessing an astonishing development, although I had done very little.

It seems essential in each case that the patient have a real desire for health and wholeness. In case this desire is absent or too weak, what can the therapist do, I asked myself, to awaken and foster such a desire?

I remembered that after my movement lessons, particularly after working with really artistic teachers, I used to come away with a true wish to become whole, happy, and strong. These teachers could awaken in me a desire for health in a way that analysis was never able to do. It seemed again and again that analysis faced me with a heavy and interminable task. And other persons I knew, who had gone through a long psychological analysis, did not radiate the kind of atmosphere that attracted me elsewhere, in particular amongst artists. Again and again I turned away from Jungian psychology because amongst its adepts I missed certain human and religious qualities that I met at times in other circles.

These are questions I have wrestled with over the years. I am sure Dr. Jung would agree that when we honor his great pioneer achievement, we should not try to hide its shadow-side. When a surgeon introduces a new operation that may later save many lives, some patients become victims of a new technique that is not yet perfect. So Dr. Jung also had casualties. There were some who were bitterly disappointed and left. No therapist indeed can help all patients, but I found it hard to accept Dr. Jung's certainty that an innate fate prevented such people from being helped. There was, for example, an English doctor who came with a very serious problem over which Dr. Jung could not help him. He went to several other psychiatrists in vain. Then one day he found a doctor of no great renown who found a key to this man's trouble and enabled him to find release. I myself knew a man for whom Dr. Jung made a hopeless prognosis; happily, he was proved wrong, for although the man underwent no psychological treatment, the struggle with reality seems to have been a good teacher and the man is today successful and respected.

This case challenged me with the question: how far do some people need to wrestle with concrete difficulties in order to find their way of individuation? When I think of the crisis that brought me to wholeness, I realize that no therapist could have led me to the impasse as life itself did. Is not the trouble with us and with many of our patients that we try to avoid just such crucial situations?

IV

Jung lived and worked at the frontiers of knowledge. I said at the beginning that my husband, as a theologian, drew a boundary line between the science of psychology, and religion, which deals with our relationship to a transcendent reality. Dr. Jung himself differentiated carefully, holding that he was making statements within the science of psychology and not proclaiming transcendent truths. He spoke, for instance, of the "God-image" in the human psyche, not of God as He might or might not be in an ultimate sense.

When I heard Dr. Jung in the early days, I knew nothing of such subtleties. I was quite naive and was experiencing my fantasies as reality. Dr. Jung appeared to me as a hero who dared to explore a world behind the visible. I imagined he was discovering another reality which my intuition had longed for and yet feared. Though I understood little of what he said, I was quite convinced that he was determined and ready to make any effort to discover more about the background of life. This thought had an immense fascination for me; it seemed incontestably to denote a religious quest. During my analysis our discussions, as I have said, were mostly about religious matters; those conversations were certainly religion and not science.

Later on, I was disappointed when I heard Dr. Jung's scientific expositions, but I argued that this was his way of getting his thoughts across to scientists. I remained convinced that his real concern was to discover basic religious truth.

I found it very helpful, for instance, to be assured of the futility of approaching religion primarily with one's reason; if reason could understand "God," said Dr. Jung, God would be no greater than the human mind. This put an end to my seeking for rational proofs or trying to gain religious conviction by reading theological books. So here I came to the limit of human understanding and had to recognize and accept this boundary. But I made a discovery: once the boundary is accepted, it would seem that new (extrasensory) organs of perception develop; or perhaps it is our intuition that becomes refined, until very gradually we become able to apprehend a different quality of reality.

Dr. Jung lent me, when it came out in the late '30's, *The Betty Book* by Stewart Edward White. I read it with profound interest and I bought and borrowed the series of books that followed, *Across the Unknown*, *The Unobstructed Universe*, and others. I read and re-read them; they were in harmony with my own mentality, bringing a religious attitude to bear on the problems of everyday life. Betty White, the brilliant woman who had accidentally discovered her mediumistic gifts, dictated to her husband, the writer and explorer Stewart Edward White, a long series of teachings, full of wisdom and salty humor, for practical application in living. They were communicated by different personalities or quasi-personalities whom the Whites dubbed "the Invisibles." It was stated emphatically that only those who really practice the teachings can, through experience, come to understand them. My own experiments, based on the books, proved this to be both true and extremely important.

In 1944, after Dr. Jung's almost fatal illness, I was allowed to visit him before he left the hospital, and once again I met the man (I would like to say the seer) whom I had known in the early days. Dr. Jung was full of his visions; he said he had seen that ideas are realities. It was as if he were anxious to hold on to the powerful revelation just granted him. Here was an overwhelming experience, and one which is beyond scientific explanation.

Dr. Jung saw in grand, far-reaching visions. He has left to his students a capital which we must put to use in every-day matters. The vast design he perceived in images has to be brought into reality step by step, to give it an impact upon the dilemmas of men and women today. Betty White saw in homely but telling images from daily life, that brought universal truths vividly close to home. It is in this connection that I see the primary importance of including the body in our psychological work, for there are small yet very significant experiences that can come only via the body. For instance, when we think about the opposites we mostly see them on too huge a scale and thus as incompatible, whereas during work with the body everything gets reduced to body size and then the opposites can be experienced as complementary. Many aspects of Dr. Jung's teaching became living experience during my movement lessons and in my simple daily exercises.

A case in point is the "Tai Chi Chuan," a kind of Chinese Yoga. It consists of a movement sequence between Yin and Yang (it can also be used for self defense). A friend of mine who teaches it had gone through a long Jungian analysis and had found it very helpful; but only when she began studying Tai Chi and practicing it regularly every day, did she feel all she had learnt in analysis becoming alive for her and penetrating her whole person. She told me before I left Los Angeles how her pupils at the Jung Club were finding it very difficult to unite the opposites of 'doing' with 'non-doing', which is indispensable for learning Tai Chi. But when the nerves and muscles get this idea, progress becomes possible in mind and feeling too, and the union of opposites becomes a reality.

When a new idea is expressed, such as ‘union of opposites’, people try to fit it into the habitual pattern of their thinking, so that its real meaning gets lost. We are so used, for example, to thinking in contrasts that we constantly evaluate opposites as if they represented positives and negatives. Thus we establish a linear scale going from a minus to a plus, and onward to the ever ‘bigger and better.’ We have this habitual value system in moral as well as in material things. Yet in modern times it should be evident that every progress in one direction is compensated automatically by a counter-movement in the opposite direction. At the present day it is becoming clearer that the opposites are relative, and even complementary. During analysis many of us become aware that if we follow any onesided goal a spontaneous counter-reaction sets in. The more we try to live in a purely unselfish fashion, the more certainly our friends will feel the unconscious egoism undermining our efforts. Or if, as is our habit, we assume onesidedly that progress comes only through hard labor, so that individuation seems an enormous task like climbing a steep mountain, we may overlook occasional happy people who seem to grow organically, whose life unfolds naturally and without strain. I get the impression that some creative artists demonstrate such a union of opposites: they enjoy life and yet have depth. One may recapture something of this harmony if in one’s daily exercises one combines playfulness with serious intent.

In his autobiography Jung speaks of perceiving that all the paths he followed led him back to a center, that there was no linear development, but only a circumambulation of the numinous center*. Only very gradually does one realize the meaning of these words. Slowly we have to change our habitual mental image of Process from a line extending before us to a circle completing itself. If this change in our thinking can be realized in big and in small matters, surprising transformations will follow. But it may take a very long time and meet with as strong resistance as when, in Galileo’s time, the mental image of a static Earth had to be exchanged for that of our Earth as one in a system of planets rotating around the sun.

It is quite impossible in this short hour to bring out the importance of such a mental change. Yet I believe that in these ideas is contained the core of Dr. Jung’s teaching.

Perhaps some of you have read the small book that Miguel Serrano, Chilean diplomat and writer, wrote about his meetings with Jung and with Hermann Hesse in the last years of their lives.** There is a passage in the book which I would like to remind you of. I believe that Serrano, as a poet, was able to reach a special side of Dr. Jung. In one of their interviews, Jung seems to have gone into an almost dreamlike monologue, which ended with the words: “No one understands what I mean, only a poet could by intuition get an inkling.”

Books, New York, \$1.75. Serrano, on his way back along the lakeside, meditated on these words and came to the conclusion that hidden behind Dr. Jung’s words, even behind his idea of individuation, there were still further meanings to be discovered. As I read this small book I was keenly reminded of the early Jung, as I knew him, when fresh ideas were constantly welling up or exploding out of him. I believe that today he would still ask us to go beyond his words, to keep on discovering. He would still be reminding us that psychology is a very young science, that we know so very little and that we are only at the beginning.

*Memories, Dreams, Reflections, p. 196

**C. G. Jung and Hermann Hesse: A Record of Two Friendships, Schocken