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Archetypal Patterns in Fairy Tales

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Marie-Louise von Franz, Honorary Patron

Studies in Jungian Psychology
by Jungian Analysts

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The Princess with the Twelve Pairs of Golden Shoes (Danish)

The first fairy tale, from Denmark, is called "The Princess with the Twelve Pairs of Golden Shoes."¹ It goes like this:

There was once a young man who went out into the world to find his luck. On his way he met an old man who begged him for some money. The young man said, "I have no money, but I will certainly share my food with you." And the old man accepted, so they sat under a tree and the young man distributed his food. When they had eaten, the old man said, "You have shared with me what you have; now I will give you in return this stick and this ball which will bring you luck. If you lift the stick before you, you will become invisible. And when you hit the ball with the stick, the ball will roll before you and show you where you should go."

The young man thanked him for the gift, threw the ball to the ground and hit it with the stick, and the ball quickly rolled ahead of him. It rolled and rolled until he came to a big town. Here he discovered that on the wall surrounding the town, there were many heads stuck up on display cut-off human heads! He asked a man he met what the matter was. The man told him that there a great worry in this country because every night the princess of the country was tearing twelve pairs of golden shoes to bits. Nobody knew how it happened. The old king was sick of this affair and had sworn to find out what was the matter. Whoever would find out would get the princess and half of the empire, but if he could *not* find out what was the matter he would be killed. Many noble men had come already and tried, because the princess was very beautiful, but they had all been killed, and the old king was very sad about it.

When the young man heard this, he felt a great desire to try this adventure, and he went to the castle and said he would try the next night. The old king was very sorry for him and told him not to do it, for he would succumb like all the others. But the young man insisted, so the king said he must sleep for three nights in the bedroom of the princess and find out if he could discover something. If he hadn't discovered anything by the third day, he must be killed. The young man was satisfied. In the evening a servant led him to the room of the princess where there was a bed for him. He put his stick against the bed, put his rucksack next to it and climbed into bed, determined not to close an eye. For a long time he didn't sleep,

¹ MDW, *Nordische Volksmärchen*, vol. 1, Dänemark, no. 8 (Jena: Diederichs, 1922). [MDW refers to *Die Märchen der Weltliteratur* (Fairy Tales of World Literature)]

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but still he didn't notice anything. Finally he slept. When he woke up suddenly, he found it was morning, and he was furious because he had missed seeing anything. He swore he would be more attentive the next night.

The next night it went the same way, and now the young man had only one night left to save his life. The third evening he pretended to sleep, and before long he heard a voice asking the princess if he was asleep. The princess said yes, and a girl in white clothes came to the bed of the princess and said, "I must still try to see if he really sleeps." She took a golden needle and pricked him in the heel. He did not move, though it hurt, and she left the golden needle in his foot. Then he saw how the princess and the girl pushed the bed aside and a stair appeared in the wall and they went down. So he quickly took the needle out and put it into his rucksack. Then he took the stick that made him invisible, and the ball, and followed them down the stairs until they came to a forest where everything was made of silver: the trees, the flowers and the grass. When they came to the end of the silver forest, he broke off a twig and put it too into his rucksack. The princess heard some noise in the trees and looked around but couldn't see anybody. She said to the white girl, "I think somebody is behind us." "Oh, that's only the wind," the white girl said. Then they came to a wood where everything was made of gold: the trees, the flowers and everything. Again he broke off a twig, and again the princess had a feeling somebody was behind them, but again the girl said it was only the wind. Next they came to a wood where everything was made from diamonds, and again he broke off a twig.

Then they came to a lake, where there was a little boat. The princess and the girl went into it, but when they pushed away from the land, the young man quickly jumped into the boat. But the boat wobbled so badly that the princess became terrified; this time she was sure that somebody was behind them, but again the white girl said, "Oh no, that's only the wind." And then they went over the lake and came to a big castle. When they arrived at

the door, a very ugly troll received the princess and asked why she came so late. She said she had a terrible fear that somebody was behind them and had been spying, but she couldn't see anybody. They sat at a table and the young man stood behind the chair of the princess. When they had eaten, he took her golden plate and also her golden knife and fork. These he also put into his baggage. The troll and the princess couldn't explain how these things had disappeared, but the troll didn't bother about it any more, and they began to dance with each other. They danced twelve dances, and in every dance the princess tore or used up a pair of golden shoes. And when they had danced the last dance, and she had thrown the last pair of golden shoes in a corner, the young man took them and put them in his baggage. Then the troll accompanied the princess back to the boat, and the young man came along and jumped first on land. He quickly ran back to his bed so that when the princess arrived in her room he was already seemingly sleeping.

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The next morning the old king asked if he had seen something, and he said no, he hadn't discovered anything. The old king was very unhappy, but the princess was triumphant and wanted to see his execution. So the young man was led to the gallows, and the king and the princess and the whole court went along. When he was standing on the gallows, he asked the king for permission to tell a strange dream which he had had the previous night, and the king agreed. So he told that he dreamt a white girl had come to the princess and asked if he slept, and then had pricked this golden needle into his foot to find out. Then he said, "I think it is *that* golden needle," and he showed it. He continued: "I dreamt how I went down the stairs, and we went through a silver forest, and I think *this* is the twig from the silver forest." He did the same with the golden forest and the diamond forest. Then he told about the dinner party with the troll, and then he said, "I think *this* was the plate she ate on," and he showed the plate and the fork as proof. Then he told about her dance, and showed the golden shoes. "And then I dreamt that the princess came home again but that I had come home earlier and was already in bed when she arrived." When the king heard all this he was terribly happy, but the princess was half dead from fright and couldn't understand how it had happened.

Now the king wanted the young man and the princess to marry, but the young man wanted first to find the troll. He asked the princess to lend him a golden thimble. She gave it to him. He went out to seek the troll. When he found him, he took the golden needle and pricked it into his heart and killed him. Then he extracted from his heart three drops of blood and collected them in the thimble. On his way back, he went through the diamond forest. Here he dropped one drop of the troll's blood on the earth, and all trees and flowers and grass became men and women and children who were terribly happy that they were redeemed from their curse. They said he should now become their king, for the forest was a whole kingdom. Then he went to the golden wood, and there again, with a drop of the troll's blood, he redeemed all the people of this kingdom who had been turned by the troll into those golden trees, flowers and grass, and they also elected him king. Then he went to the silver wood and did the same thing, and the same thing happened.

All the people thanked him for having been freed, and they wanted him to be king. Then they went to the old king and told him about it, and the princess was now very happy that she was also now redeemed from her curse. The young man married the princess in great pomp, and he became king over all three kingdoms.

We have a parallel to this story which is a bit more complicated, a Grimm fairy tale that in German is called "Die Zertanzten Schuhe,"² which means "the shoes ruined by dancing" or "the shoes danced to bits." There are certain differ-

² MDW, *Kinder und Hausmärchen*, Die Gebrüder Grimm, vol. 2, no. 166 (Jena: Diederichs, 1922). The English version is called "The Shoes That Were Danced to Pieces," in *The Complete Grimm's Fairy Tales* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1944), p. 596.

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ences, but the German version is more difficult to understand than this one, which is simpler and clearer. Therefore I will take the Danish story I just told you as the basis, and use the other only for amplifications.

I will tell you the main difference. In the German story there are twelve princesses who dance every night. They dance not with a troll in the beyond, but with twelve princes who are under a curse. After they dance with the princesses, these princes are cursed again in the end. There are a few other variations. The main one is that the hero is an old soldier who is dismissed from the army and goes out for adventure.

One motif we find in the Danish story, which I think is essential here, has really given me the clue about what I never understood very well in the German version: here the silver, golden and diamond forests are cursed kingdoms which are turned back into human kingdoms with a drop of the troll's blood. That motif is completely missing in the German version. It is very advisable, therefore, to persist whenever you meet a fairy tale with motifs you can't figure out. You should ask yourself, "Now how does that fit in?" And if you get into difficulties, it is very important to look up parallels, because sometimes in the parallel it becomes clear. Then you will also understand the more complicated version.

This is important advice: whenever you get stuck, don't only look up amplifications of the motifs, but also look up parallel stories, because when you do this you may discover not only amplifications of single motifs, but also amplifications of a *sequence* of motifs. Parallel stories very often provide a clue you would not be able to find any other way. With the German version of this story I was mystified until I discovered the Danish one.

The first sentence is simply, "There was once a young man who went out into the world to find his luck" to find adventure. It is as impersonal and just so as all that. Or you can begin with the three-and-a-half kingdoms. If you are a thinking type, and that kind of approach amuses you, then it is quite advisable to make a scheme in which you will have four kingdoms. First you have the kingdom of the king and the princess. And then you have the three other kingdoms: the silver, the gold and the diamond. Of these three the young man becomes king. In the beginning, the king had promised also that the young man would get half of the first kingdom, but that is not mentioned at the end, where it merely says he becomes king of the other three kingdoms. It is probably assumed as self-evident that he gets half of that first kingdom.

So, a young man begins nowhere just, "There was a young man . . ." He has no parents, not even a name. He achieves the whole opus with the help of an old man. The silver, diamond and gold kingdoms were under the curse of the troll,

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but the young man kills the troll and wins the three kingdoms in the end.

We also have the white girl. She and the troll must have something in common because she comes, so to speak, as a messenger to fetch the princess. She doesn't go back with her, just fetches her. They have something else in common: the princess is always terribly nervous when she feels somebody is behind her, but the white girl and the troll always say, "Oh, that's nothing." They are insensitive to the danger; they aren't aware of what's going on. Also, the golden needle with which the hero kills the troll comes from the white girl.

If you are a sensation type, it is better to start not by trying to use your inferior function, but by just sticking to the facts, beginning sentence by sentence: "A young man without a name . . ."; "What does the hero represent?" and so on, step by step.

If you are intuitive, you might have a flash of insight by looking at the general structure or at the whole. And, if you are a feeling type, you must first say to yourself, "How does this story affect me? . . . What a strange story!"

This *is* a strange story. From the feeling standpoint, for many years I never liked it very much. I had a kind of uncanny feeling of something not agreeable about it. And now I know why, but I will tell you that only later.

A story is only really properly interpreted if you circumambulate it as much as possible with all your functions. You must consider the structure. You must consider how it affects you from the feeling standpoint whether it is an agreeable or disagreeable story, or whether it conveys something redeeming to you or leaves a sort of uncanny malaise. And then, of course, you must consider all scientific interpretations: facts, facts first, and facts again! You have to stick to the text and not put your subjective fantasy into it. But you sometimes also have to use your intuition to perceive the overall structure and to pick the right amplifications. There you must have the lucky eye of the intuitive.

Now, if you have some experience with fairy tales, you will see that very often you have either heroes like princes and princesses or you have anonymous nobodies as in our story, or socially underprivileged people, a poor devil, a soldier

who has deserted, or someone stupid whom everyone despises, a Dummling, or a dwarflike, crippled person. So it's either the prince and the elite, so to speak, or the underprivileged. A third class which also appears sometimes is that of the more "ordinary" sort of person: a peasant or a peasant's son, or sometimes a fisherman or a hunter. These make up about ninety-eight per cent of all fairy tale heroes. Sometimes you have a businessman, but that is very, very rare.

Therefore, we have to look really closely at this angle: What is the difference in meaning if we have a peasant or a fisher-hunter, or an underprivileged per-

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son? In most cases, that person becomes the next king by marrying a princess, so the story describes the hero's ascent from a very low or anonymous collective personality into the leading position at the king's court. Naturally, the implication is always that after the old king's death, he will become the future king. Sometimes we have a prince who becomes the future king, but generally he has some trouble. For instance, he might be the third of three brothers, the one everybody despises. He would be the one who wouldn't get the throne in his home country, being the youngest, but can only achieve sovereignty in another kingdom. Or, he might become king in his own kingdom quite unexpectedly. Sometimes what happens is that a simple, socially underprivileged person just marries the daughter of a very rich man and becomes a rich ruler but not a king. Yet this is also a major social ascent.

Now, the great temptation, and a kind of half-legitimate thing to do, is to identify the hero of the story with the human ego. This is legitimate only insofar as the naive hearer does that very often. I once tried an experiment with a school teacher. She was to tell our fairy tale to her drawing class, and then have the children paint one scene from it, any scene of their choice. It became quite clear that the girls identified with the female figure of the story, even though she was not the heroine. They would paint the princess going in the boat over the lake, not the young man sharing his bread with the old man under a tree. On the other hand, the boys would choose the scenes where the young man, the real hero, was in the center, clearly with an underlying tone of identifying with him. And I am sure, if you men remember your childhood, you would have probably identified with the hero quite naturally. And then, you see, doing that, you will go on to take Jungian concepts like anima and shadow and tack them on to the fairy tale figures and you will be all wet! If you start by saying, "This is a man who is looking for the anima, and the white girl is the anima's shadow, and the troll is his or the king's shadow," and so on, you are off the track completely. Because I could just as well say, "No, excuse me, the princess is the old king's anima, that's a girl with a father complex." Or I could just as well say, . . . Ah, you see? we just get stuck in projection!

You must never forget that Jung built up his concepts of shadow, animus and anima, and Self from looking at the single individual an individual Mr. Meier or a Mrs. Miller experiencing the unconscious. But a fairy tale is *not* that. A fairy tale is *not* simply the tale of a personal experience. Fairy tales normally come into existence in one of two ways. Some fairy tales, as far as we can trace them, are created by people who had parapsychological or dreamlike or visionary experiences. They relate these again and again, and then these experiences

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become enlarged in the community into stories. The other way fairy tales come into existence is the same way as literature does: among those of the population who are not writers, some people are gifted with a strong imagination. The tales originate in what you could call the active imaginations of certain individuals in the folk population. In both cases, whether the nucleus of a fairy tale was a visionary experience, a big dream or a parapsychological experience, or whether it came originally from some folk poet or storyteller, it was something that had to fit the psyche of the whole collective. Otherwise it would not have endured.

In primitive tribes there is still generally a storyteller. When you gather round a fire in the evening, they pick one person and say, "Come on, tell us a story." And then the teller relates stories heard in childhood. Sometimes, a poetic storyteller invents, adding new details or whole stories. In primitive societies, stories were even sold, and that was still so until the eighteenth century in Alsace-Lorraine and other countries. You weren't even allowed free access to them, much less freedom to alter them according to your own whim! Certain peasants owned certain stories, and they lent them to certain friends. No one else was allowed to tell the story. Or if so, they had to pay a lot of beer and wine or even money for

official permission to retell that story. It was the possession of a certain group or individual.

For instance, in the introduction to the volume of Austrian fairy tales collected by Father Bramberger,³ a Catholic father, you will find that he got about a fourth of the beautiful fairy tales he collected from the so-called "old dog girl," a beggar woman who went up and down the country selling shoe laces and the like. Wherever she went, she called the children and took them aside and told them stories, and no adult was ever allowed to listen. But in return for telling the stories to the children, she asked for a meal. That's how she earned her living. The parents paid the meal and then she took the children aside and told them stories. Father Bramberger himself had to pay her with many sausages before he was allowed into the presence of the children to write down those stories.

So, when you see how they originate and understand the way they are handed on, you realize that anything *personal* which might come from the complexes of the person who had the vision or invented the tale from an active imagination, and which would make the story deviate from the archetypal pattern these things would be discarded or corrected by retelling, because what does not fit the psyche of the collective doesn't stick.

We were visited here once by a young American school teacher who tried an

3 MDW, *Märchen aus dem Donaulande* (Jena: Diederichs, 1926).

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experiment. One day he read to his class a novel a good, short novel by a modern writer and then he also read them a fairy tale. A few days later, he made them write down by heart what they remembered. There was absolutely no comparison between how well the students remembered the fairy tale as opposed to the novel, although the novel was a good, real and poignant one.

This shows that in fairy tales there is a pattern which fits into the unconscious of everybody and is therefore retained more securely. We know now that memory formation has to do with emotion. The more emotionally impressive something is, the more it sticks in the memory. And therefore, because the kind of fairy tale that expresses collective structures touches the emotions more deeply, it stays better in one's memory. Also, this happens naturally in the autonomous retelling process; only those things which express a generally human structure stick in the memory of the people and are handed on, while those things that are somehow influenced by the personal problems or complexes of individuals spread only in circles that have the same problem.

For instance, the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen, who was a neurotic personality, had a tremendous success in a society that had the same problem. He had mainly a terrific sex problem absolutely, well, as big as a cathedral. And he never solved it. If you know how to read his fairy tales, you see that there is a tone of unredeemed neurotic sadness going right through his stories. And it spread in Scandinavian and European countries insofar as that problem was the problem of the whole society. But I would venture to assume that by now they are very seldom read, and I would predict that in about two or three hundred years nobody will know about them any more. One of his best stories, one he became most famous for "The Traveling Companion"⁴ is based on a Scandinavian folk tale. He didn't invent the story himself; he only retold it. But those which express his problem are unsatisfactory for a more general public. There is still a lot of writing going on, and quite a bit of publishing of new fairy tales. Generally, they are so close to the classical pattern that they pass, but sometimes you see that they are influenced by a definitely neurotic trait of the inventor. Those, I think, will never have any success in the long run, when they are put through the process of collective selection.

Then there is also a collective process of rechecking. For instance, if a chap in a peasant country comes to an inn and the people there say, "Tell us a story," and he tells a story but perhaps he has drunk too much or is a bit in a sloppy mood so that he leaves something out, or tells something differently, then the

⁴*Fairy Tales* (Cleveland: World Publishing Co., Rainbow Classics, 1946), p. 21.

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public says, "No!" They do just like children: "No, it isn't like that, it is like *that*." And sometimes there are big quarrels in

an inn. "No, my father always told it like *that*, and you must tell it *this* way." And they are indignant if the storyteller doesn't tell it in the right way. It is just the same when you try to tell fairy tales to children. They are furious if you vary them. They interrupt you at once and say, "No, it is like *that*." They say you must tell it again; they want to hear it literally the same way. It is like a ritual.

So, in the folk tradition, there are two powers at work. There is one that tends to eliminate what is only personal and doesn't click or make sense to the general public. And there is another that tends to preserve the form: "No, you must not vary it, you must keep it the way it is."

In these two ways the constancy of the archetype manifests. You could call the archetype the "nature constant" of the human psyche. It is eminently conservative, and furthermore it always eliminates impurities that have been added by individual problems. On account of that, we have in the classical folk tales an end product which represents in the form of symbolic images certain typical collective unconscious processes. Since fairy tales have a form by which they naturally repeat themselves, they are one of the best kinds of source material for studying the "nature constants" of the collective psyche.

There is one strange thing, however. When I became acquainted with the symbolic material of alchemy, I was struck by the structures pointed out by Jung in *Psychology and Alchemy*,⁵ namely, the mandala, the quaternary structure, and the whole basic structure of the process of individuation as a process of becoming conscious. In fairy tales, too, we find all the elements of the process of individuation, or sequences that are clearly parallel to what we can observe in the process of individuation of humans.

But somewhere in fairy tales there is very often an unsatisfactory note. In this Danish fairy tale it is not very clear, but it is much clearer in the German version; that's why I had a disagreeable feeling about it. There it is said that the princess with whom the twelve princesses dance in the Beyond are pulled back into the realm of the kingdom. They are forbidden to go on dancing. In contrast to the troll, the princes are not killed, but it is said that they have now to remain cursed for as many nights as they had danced with the princesses. So the partners of the dance are badly cursed. Now they are called princes, cursed princes, which means they are decent human beings who have been put under a spell or

5 CW 12. [CW refers throughout to *The Collected Works of C.G. Jung* (Bollingen Series XX). 20 vols. Trans. R.F.C. Hull. Ed. H. Read, M. Fordham, G. Adler, Wm. McGuire. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1953-1979]

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bewitched by black magic. They have danced with those girls many nights and now they are *punished* for it; that revolts one's feeling. An unsatisfactory end. Besides, the hero is an old soldier who marries the oldest princess, which is absolutely not the normal thing. The hero always gets the young, the innocent, the most beautiful one. At the end of the German story, the old soldier says, in a rather melancholy way, "As I am an older man, I'll marry the oldest princess. That is completely atypical. It's again slightly unsatisfactory, especially since the youngest behaves far the best in the story so one would want her to marry the hero, from one's fairy tale expectations.

Very often fairy tales contain such a question mark: "Now what about those princes?" They aren't explained. They are cursed. They are cursed again at the end of the story. We don't know why.

In our Danish version too, there are two unsatisfactory aspects. We have that strange white girl, who is simply forgotten in the course of the story, and there is no mother figure. We have a king and a princess, but where's the mother? In a whole story, somewhere you always have the father, somewhere the mother, somewhere the son, somewhere the daughter. So in this Danish version there is a satisfactory solution in one way, and a lot of question marks in another.

However, this is not unusual. I would say that eighty-five to ninety per cent of the stories I have read have left me with such questions. When I tried to squeeze them into what we understand to be the process of individuation, they didn't fit. There was something disquieting about this until Jung, in a discussion in the Psychological Club, gave me the explanation.

Namely, in alchemy the alchemists experimented with the processes of the collective unconscious in themselves. That is, they experimented with the projected forms that they made with chemical substances by means of their active

imagination. You could call alchemy a work of active imagination made not by painting or writing but with chemical substances. But not only did the alchemists have a *laboratorium*, a laboratory where they worked with the substances; at the same time they tried to construct a *theoria*, a Weltanschauung or theoretical explanation. They nearly wrecked their heads to interpret or to understand what they were doing.

Naturally, looking back from our modern standpoint, their *theoria* is mythological and symbolic and not very clear to us. With the exception of, perhaps, Gerhard Dorn and a very few Arabic mystics, the alchemists did not realize that their work was really an experiment with their own inner psyches, a religious experiment they were making with their own personality. In most of the alchemists we miss that, but at least they had some kind of *theoria*, and they puz-

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zled how that fitted with the Christian Weltanschauung they tried!

In alchemy you have all the beginnings of natural science. They had the concepts of matter, of energy, of energetic processes, and of particle. All the intuitive images or thought models that are still used in modern physics and chemistry already existed in alchemy. They were meant to explain what the alchemists were doing, to bring their experiences into consciousness as much as they could. And therefore, in alchemy, it's also individual. If you study two hundred alchemists, you find that each one has his different *theoria* in which he tries the best he can to explain to himself what he is doing.

This attempt to understand and integrate one's experiences into a conscious collective Weltanschauung, or into general scientific or religious concepts, is lacking in fairy tales. Fairy tales are like dreams pure nature phenomena of the collective unconscious. Therefore, in a way, they are illuminating, but their light then peters out and disappears again in the unconscious. They are really as Jung explained when he quoted from Goethe's *Faust*: "Gestaltung, Umgestaltung des ewigen Sinnes ewige Unterhaltung" "Change and change and transformation, the eternal meanings, eternal transformation."

Fairy tales are a play of nature. They are as meaningful or as meaningless as nature is when we look at it or when we don't. They are like the products of the unconscious of someone who is not analyzed.

Somebody who does not analyze and does not look at dreams can have the most marvelous dreams repeating themselves over a series of years, as though there is no beginning and no end. This is because such people do not try to bring them into a dialogue, to connect them with consciousness. And those storytellers, they function in folklore as representatives of the unconscious. They compensate the collective consciousness, and they have much the same healing function as a not-understood dream.

We do know that dreams have a healing function even when they are not understood. From experiments in dream laboratories we know that if we stop people from dreaming, we could even kill them. This has been seen in some animal studies as well. There are heavy physical and psychic symptoms if we wake sleepers each time they have a REM (Rapid Eye Movement) phase. So we know that dreams have a biologically and psychologically restorative function. They affect us positively, even when we don't understand them. What we do as dream interpreters is simply to reinforce the healing function of the dream by providing a kind of sounding board, so that it has a stronger restoring quality than if it happened by itself. It is just like when a mother hen wants her chick to eat: she pecks with her beak on the floor, and that stimulates the chick to eat; that's how

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it learns to eat when it comes out of the egg. A Prussian chicken breeder once got the idea of putting his young families onto sounding boards. When the hen pecked, the sound was much stronger, and those chickens fed much better. They became fat in a much faster time because they ate double the normal portion.

It seems to me that our dream interpretations are like that Prussian's sounding boards. We simply try to reinforce the healing effect of the dream by our interpretation. That also explains why it is that the interpretation must never be intellectual and must never really resolve the meaning of the dream, so that one feels one *has* it. A dream interpreter should never feel as though the dream is now completely understood, because that would kill its resonance. A dream

interpretation should be a way of talking *around* it, so that its own message becomes better heard. Only then does it have a healing effect.

Obviously, the telling of stories in primitive societies was also felt to have a healing effect. There's a beautiful story that Laurens Van der Post tells about a Bushman who was punished with a sentence of twelve years in prison for stealing sheep. A German scholar redeemed him from prison, for otherwise he would have died there at once. One can't imprison Bushmen they die.

So, the German rescued this Bushman and made him his servant and explored the Bushman's language, and he wrote the first Bushman grammar. And as far as the servant could be happy, the German made him happy. But he was never *really* happy, because he was homesick. In a very moving way, he once said to his master, "You know, I have only one longing, and that is to be back with my tribe and to hear the stories of my tribe." He didn't long for the people; he didn't long for his native kind of food; he didn't long for the kind of hut he had lived in with his tribe oh, he longed for these too, I'm sure, but what he really longed for, and what he missed to the point of feeling he had lost his life, was to hear the stories of his tribe. He had said, "Stories are like the wind." Well, the wind is the healing power of the spirit. His one wish was that before his death he could once more hear the stories of his tribe.

Such stories are healing because they express life dreams and the compensatory processes in the collective unconscious that balance the one-sidedness, the sickness, the constant deviations of human consciousness. And these stories have this healing effect although there is no attempt to understand them. They are simply *told*.

Yet, you must not expect to find in them certain elements you can only find in religious systems or high cultures or in alchemical or gnostic symbolism, where those elements are consciously understood. With tribal stories like the stories of the Bushmen, or with folk tales and fairy tales, there is no wish for

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conscious understanding. These stories are told in order that the people can *feel* the refreshing, vivifying effect not for them to *think* about it.

But if we put many stories together, we see that each one enlightens some typical archetypal process in the collective unconscious. If you put two or three hundred together, then you get a kind of intuitive mapping of the structure of the collective unconscious and the possible structures and processes in it. This knowledge is invaluable for an analyst. That's why Jung said that studying fairy tales is a good way to study the comparative anatomy of the collective unconscious, the deeper layers of the human psyche.

We return again to our fairy tale. We start with the fact that we have a prince or a young man. The young man in our story has no name, and so we see that we cannot identify him with an ego. I remarked earlier that if you consider the story from a feeling standpoint, the men will identify with the young man and the women will identify with the princess. But from the standpoint of interpretation this is not correct because the men and the women are individuals who have names and individual identities, but our young man hasn't. Therefore, from that simple fact, already we see that it's not right to identify him as the ego. It is said, "A young man . . ." And "*a* young man" therefore means something general, something typified. So you have to amplify and explain the young man motif as if you do not know what "a young man" is. You must not assume naively, "Oh, a young man that's me, or any young man."

The best way to understand a hero figure is to look at what he does. Because, as Max Lüthi has explained, fairy tale figures are very abstract.⁶ They have very few personal traits. For instance, nothing much is said about our young man's feelings. Was he afraid when he slept? Was he angry with the troll? Was he pleased when he got the princess? not a word! All that is said is that a young man *does* this, he *does* that, . . . this, . . . that, . . . that and becomes a king. That's terribly impersonal, really. So you can say of the young man motif, that it explains itself best in terms of what he *does*.

Now what does he do? He goes into the world to find his luck. He shares his bread with a poor old man. He has a desire for an adventure, to find out about the princess. We don't know if he wants the princess or not. He just has a desire to go for that adventure. And then he does the necessary things to have that adventure, and unintentionally he becomes the king of three-and-a-half kingdoms. So we must assume that he is an archetypal collective "something" which is seeking adventure, which has a kind of zest for life, a certain enterprise, a certain

male initiative, a spirit of adventure. Also, the young man has a certain charitability; he has a good heart, for he shares his bread with the old man.

So you can say of the young man that he wants to live; he is looking forward toward life and is a generous person. Then he goes on to do everything right and in the necessary way. He is intelligent too, and courageous. But that's about all we know about him. He is a typical anonymous hero, and the result of his activity is that from being an anonymous young man, he comes an enormously powerful king, a king who is more powerful than the ruling king of his country.

This rise in status is typical for most fairy tale heroes. But therefore, we cannot explain what it means before we look at what the king is. We cannot explain the young man separately from the king. Or we can first, as a kind of working hypothesis, suppose that he represents a masculine content which is moving toward building up the future, by the right means. And now let us go on to look for the meaning of the king because that's the end result of all that the young man does in the story.

In general, in primitive societies the king represents *the* magic individual on whom the life of the tribe depends. He is the one who sticks out against the background of the many. The many are, so to speak, the "soulless" many, and the king is the One. For instance, in the ancient Egyptian kingdoms only the king was embalmed, and in their liturgy he became immortal, while the Millers and the Johnsons, the ordinary folk, also died but nobody knows what happened to *them* after death!

At first, an individual spiritual destiny was attributed only to the king. But already in the Middle Kingdom, the higher society shared in this fate, and in the latest kingdom of Egypt, every Egyptian (at least those who had the money) could be embalmed and have a whole tomb and liturgy of the dead and thus have their immortality guaranteed. So you see that in the beginning, to be an individual and to be more conscious than the masses was the prerogative only of someone "chosen," either by heritage, by election or by some other means. This call, however, was paid for very dearly in that, in most primitive societies (as you can read in James George Frazer's "The Dying God"),⁷ a king was always killed after a certain period five, ten, maximum fifteen years. They were killed ritually, or whenever they showed signs of impotence or illness, or when things went wrong, like a big drought or a cattle disease. The king was killed not only because he was the One, the only conscious individual of the tribe; he was killed also because he was the only human being who had connections to magical and

⁷*The Golden Bough*, part 3 (3rd edition; New York: St. Martin's Press, 1966).

divine powers. In the earliest societies he was archpriest and king all in one.

And you know that our kings in Europe were "from *Gottesgnaden*," "by the grace of God," king of so-and-so. And even in the eighteenth century, they were still believed to have healing power: they could heal illness by touch. They were still king-priests to a certain extent, although the Pope had taken some of that power to himself. And therefore, we had the big battle in the Middle Ages between the sacerdocy and the worldly power of the imperium.

The king draws his power not only from his physical strength and from his armed support, but also from his connection with the powers of the Beyond. A most spiritualized interpretation was that of the Chinese emperors. Up to the time of Mao, it was believed that when the emperor was in harmony with the Tao, the spiritual world principle, then things in the Chinese empire went right. And if something went wrong, for example if the Yangtze flooded, it was the emperor who had to change his habits and do penitence in order to overcome that evil. He was, so to speak, the *axis mundi*, the axis around which the whole empire the whole world, for the Chinese revolved. Everything depended on his right or wrong attitude. He had divine power; he was an incarnation of the central divine principle. If we translate this into psychological language, we can say that the king represents that aspect of the God-image, or the Self, which has become a ruling concept in a society.

However, in myths and fairy tales, kings are always aging, and there is always something wrong in their kingdoms. If you count how many kings in myths and fairy tales have kingdoms where everything is right, you will find that such kings practically don't exist. They wouldn't be worth talking about.

When the story begins, it is always the king who is ill, or his daughter is making mischief, or he can't find a follower; he's become evil, or the devil has attacked him or stolen his son. Something is always wrong with the king. The story begins always with a state of imbalance, and balance has to be restored through a compensatory process.

Now, in our fairy tale, the story does not actually begin with the king in trouble; rather it begins with a hero who breaks off from the unconscious and looks for adventure. And that, I think, is a very interesting variation. Generally, the story will begin with an ailing kingdom. But occasionally it begins with a young man who, just for the sake of adventure, goes out and *stumbles into* an ailing kingdom. That brings up questions I have often asked myself: Is the unconscious only reactive? Is every dream action only compensatory or complementary to something wrong in consciousness? Or is the unconscious a creative, spontaneous matrix that also corrects various individual conscious premises?

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From looking at myths and fairy tales, I know I would say both. Sometimes it works one way (compensatory) and sometimes the other way (creative). You can never understand unconscious processes *only* as a reaction to something found in consciousness. The unconscious is equally capable of just producing something on its own, out of a "spirit of life," so to speak. And here, in our fairy tale, this is very clear. The young man represents something that spontaneously breaks up in the unconscious psyche: an unknown male initiative something powerful. It is then, luckily, and only after certain events, guided and maneuvered into having to compensate for some diseases of psychic consciousness. Our story stresses the fact that the action of this power from the unconscious is spontaneous, that it arises by itself.

If you read Arnold Toynbee, you see that he has a very convincing and spirited description of how a civilization looks when it's flourishing, when it is on its rise, so to speak, and then when it is in decline.⁸ And one of the characteristics of a civilization on the rise is that, in general, all the different fields of life law, religion, political order, social order, art, etc. express the same symbol. They are all on the same wavelength.

Think, for instance, of early Christianity and early Christian art. Whether or not you like it, whether you think it's good or bad, you must admit it all expresses the basic religious and psychological concerns of the people of that time. Their religion and their social order were all one. In these early Christian communities, no one would say, about medicine, for example, "Oh, that doesn't concern us! That's a field in itself where you just go the old Roman doctors, the pagan doctors. Medicine is just a science, and that has nothing to do with the coming of Christ."

In fact, the early Christians ruined antique medicine because of this attitude. All of antique medicine, with all its knowledge and its high achievement, went out the window. Instead of using that ancient knowledge, they slept at the graves of martyrs and hoped to be cured that way. If you look at it negatively, their attitude was destructive. But if you look at it positively, you could say that with the rise of Christianity, once again all of humanity's cultural expressions were unified. It is as if a light fell upon the whole world from one center and gave it a wholeness. And oneness as pervasive as this imparts a sense of oneness to the individual also.

Now, in civilizations in decay, one can observe a compartmentalization. They are like a businessman who behaves like a shark from Monday to Friday, and on

⁸ See, for instance, *A Study of History* (London: Oxford University Press, 1988).

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Sunday goes to church. If you say to him, "Now how do you put that together? your Sunday and your week days?" he will say, "Look here, they've nothing to do with each other. In business, everybody behaves like a shark. You *have* to. You have to, because otherwise you would succumb." Or they are like a medical doctor who says, "I am a surgeon, and being a surgeon has nothing to do with my Weltanschauung. When I remove an appendix, that's a purely technical job. What I feel or think as a human being doesn't come into it."

We know that's not true, but the surgeon claims it is so. In many American hospitals, and here in Europe too, often the great surgeons don't even know their patients any more. All the preparation is done by the assistants and the nurses. The surgeon just goes into the operating room with a mask and, disinfected from tip to toe, takes a knife, does the cutting and walks out again.

Once I knew a doctor who revolted against this way of doing things in a hospital in New York, so he decided that he would pay a visit to every one of his surgery patients on the evening before their operations and have a good, human talk with them. Later on he did a statistical survey and found that the mortality rate of these patients was infinitely lower than before. So what the compartmentalized people say, that these things have nothing to do with each other, is simply not true.

In a decaying civilization you find compartments, each with its own ruler, its own rules of behavior, its own team-work, its own basic Weltanschauung, and its own ultimate hierarchy of values. And each is neatly kept apart from the next compartment. For instance, sometimes you have military people who simply play with weapons. Naturally, they are deeply interested in how they function. So, even in Russia, where they pretend to have a one-kingdom affair, one Weltanschauung, all Marxist-Leninist and so on, they really have two kingdoms, the military and the political. In other words, here you have many kings. The people are compartmentalized. Such a situation in an individual, where one's relationship to the Self isn't alive, is typical of what leads to neurosis.

I have a friend whom I've known since I was eighteen. Though she likes me, she has never gone near Jungian psychology. Periodically I dream of that friend. And I have found that every time I dream of her, I had behaved the day before in a certain compartmentalized way, as if I had never heard of Jungian psychology. So now, when she comes in a dream, I know! I say, "Hah!" and then I ask myself, "Now yesterday, what did I do?" And I always find that in some situation the day before, I had thought to myself something like, "Well, that has to be decided by reason. That's not worth thinking of in terms of the unconscious or the Self, etc. That's just obviously so-and-so."

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I have now been in Jungian psychology nearly thirty years, and it is still so: certain compartments in me still have never heard about it. You may laugh, but I bet you have them too. And it's just absolutely amazing how that is so. There are little "kingdoms" that just organize themselves and have their little rules; and you take them so much for granted that you don't even notice.

So we can say, the deeper or greater the impulse toward individuation or higher consciousness, the more kingdoms it will unite. We could take the hero in our story, for the moment, as representing an impulse toward reaching a higher state of consciousness, starting from the unconscious. Not only does that impulse redeem a kingdom, restore it and bring new life into it; also it might suddenly "pull in" certain other kingdoms which have until now just scraped by on their own badly in this case.

Jung once said that in an analysis it is most important that the analysand is honest and listens to what one says and to the dream interpretations, but that it is also crucial and the analyst should also listen for this that his other *complexes* listen. Sometimes there are people who come into analysis quite benevolently and with good will, generally because they want to get rid of some nasty symptom from which they suffer. But their animus or anima or some other complex says, "Oh, pooh!" You can see this, sometimes, in the cold, mocking look that comes into the analysand's eyes. I've seen analysands listening to me as if the Holy Ghost Himself were speaking, and then suddenly there's a twinkle: "You talk! You talk! I know better!" And then sometimes I say, "Now, now, now . . ." I mean, I've temporarily stopped these things from interfering. So then I ask the person, "What have you thought now?" and the analysand couldn't say anything. In such cases I don't think they lied or wanted to hide anything from me, but their complex did. *It* thought like that, but *they* (the analysands) didn't. *They* were listening, but *it* thought, "Oh, pooh!"

You must look, therefore, at the face. It is sometimes visibly trembling, and at such times it is very, very difficult to do something about this interference. Generally, if by the grace of God something very powerful comes up from the unconscious for example a deep and moving dream and if again by the grace of God you succeed in expressing it in a way that hits the emotions, then those walls or barriers fall down. There's a unification and the person is shaken into a new perspective.

I once talked to a man who had been in analysis many years, and he said, "I don't know what it is. Sometimes the penny drops, I do understand it. And then it goes away again. When I read my dream book through during the holidays, I found that certain insights I thought I had seen just recently for the first time, I

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had already had three years ago, but I just forgot them again." They didn't stick the first time. Only the deepest ones do.

Something can happen only when the Self is activated, when the deepest layers of the personality are activated. But sometimes we don't seem to have the power to hold on to these insights and to keep on making things happen.

This problem is very much like the old quarrel which, in theological language, is the issue of works versus grace: Is man redeemed by good works, or is man redeemed by God's grace? That issue has been debated endlessly. And in psychological language you would raise this question by asking, "Can a person be cured simply by working with the analyst honestly and with good will, or is one cured only when the Self and the unconscious want it?" We psychologists can't solve the problem, either. All we've done is to reformulate an old paradox in a new way.

As far as I can see, there is always an interplay of both, works and grace; you can't do without either one, they are both needed. Neither the analyst nor the analysand has the matter in hand completely. But when someone works on and on over years, with devotion and patience and in spite of great disappointments, seemingly with no results, I have never seen that all that work has not finally helped. But then, on the other hand, there are those lucky ones who make very little effort and yet have it all given to them by the unconscious. No one can understand it; at least I can't.

In our fairy tale, the stress is on spontaneity. The primary fact is that the young man feels the need for adventure, and it is only secondary that he stumbles into the situation of deficiency. He seems to be very unconscious because he doesn't know what he wants; all he wants is "to find his luck," the text says. He's just like a young man breaking away from home, looking at the world and wanting to experience life. But he isn't quite on his own, because an old man has an eye on our youth, coming to meet him and begging for food. He then gives the young man magical gifts, the stick and the ball.

I want to refer you to Jung's paper, "The Phenomenology of the Spirit in Fairy Tales."⁹ There you will see that most frequently, what Jung calls the "spirit" appears mythologically as the Old Man. He could be the wise old man, or he could be the Wicked Old Man, because the phenomenon of spirit has a double aspect. Usually it's either a wicked old man or a wise old man, but most puzzling of all, it is sometimes both. For instance, Mercurius, the trickster of alchemy, is both good and bad; it depends on the human being he meets, which

⁹*The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*, CW 9i, chap. 5.

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of these he is going to be. Also, Jung tells several stories from the Eskimos, where an old man comes to help the hero and then another old man comes and behaves destructively to the hero. But actually, from certain signs in these fairy tales you can quite clearly see that both of these old men are really one and the same. It is as if he would slap the hero with the left hand and help him with the right (or vice versa). So the spirit, in the form of the old man who is both good and bad, is a pure nature phenomenon.

Jung defines the spirit/Old Man as the active power of the unconscious which invents and arranges or orders images. You could therefore say that the spirit, for Jung, is that in the unconscious which makes dreams, because a dream is a series of symbolic images arranged in a definite sequence. And we know *we* don't make them. No one can make a dream. If, after the event, you analyze a dream, you find that it is a highly intelligent arrangement of symbolic pictures which you haven't made. That is how Jung defines or describes the spirit.

Therefore, you could also call it the active intelligence of the unconscious that aspect of the unconscious which strikes us, when we experience it, as a kind of intelligent activity. It doesn't manifest only in dreams. It sometimes manifests in the most strange arrangements of fate, in synchronicities and in all those experiences where one has an uncanny feeling

that one is being manipulated by a higher intelligence. Sometimes it appears in an evil trickster form to make you fall down, and sometimes in a helpful form, but always it comes most surprisingly. Generally when it appears in an evil form, it's because you are all wet, and then the trickster makes you stumble over your own feet; you feel there's quite an intelligence at work, a wicked intelligence in that case. In other cases, you feel it is a helpful intelligence. And that same thing is what arranges dreams. Because it is something active, it is represented by a masculine power, as in the archetype of the spirit god. And in fairy tales, it appears as the old wise man or as the little old dwarf who always comes in helpful moments. And he generally comes, as Jung points out in his essay, when the hero badly needs intelligence and doesn't have it.

Jung tells of one fairy tale where an orphan boy is ill-treated by his parents. He blindly runs away from home. Soon he is nearly starving in the forest. Suddenly an old man stands before him and gives him good advice about how to get on. As Jung says, that helpful old man is activated when consciousness badly needs advice but finds that it cannot produce it on its own. In other words, we get this spiritual help from the unconscious only when we have made our utmost effort ourselves. If, out of mental laziness, you simply sit back and hope that the spirit of the unconscious will maneuver you through all the difficulties of your

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life, then it will play you tricks. But if you make your utmost effort to face life on your own with great courage, but find that you can't, that you are up against a wall and it's beyond your capacities, then, generally, these helpful gifts emerge from the unconscious.

In our story, the young man obviously has not enough purpose or insight into the meaning of life. He's too much enterprise and not enough thought. And so thought comes to him because he's a "called" one, he's the hero. He's meant to do something great. What he's meant for comes in the form of the wise old man, as an independent unconscious figure who first asks that young man share his food. In so many fairy tales you find that same little old woodman, or that wise old man or old woman in the woods, or a dwarf, who comes to the hero (generally at the start of the story) and asks for food.

Sometimes you have three brothers: the two elder ones say, "Oh no, I haven't enough myself," and they eat up all their own bread and wine, but then they are cursed. The old man or the dwarf or the old woman says, "Well, you will run into disaster" which they do. The youngest brother is the one who says, "All right, we'll share." And then he receives the magical gift.

The hero in our story had this same attitude of willingness to share his food with the powers of the unconscious, in the guise of the wise old man. This shows the basic law which the alchemical Mercurius expressed so beautifully in one of the old texts by saying, "Help me, and I will help thee." It is as though the unconscious were saying, "Give me my right, my share, and then I will give you your share"; if we do not give the unconscious its due, if we do not pay attention to it, then it can't do a thing.

Perhaps in your life you have already met people who have an awful neurosis, who come to howl to you about their symptoms and about the great fix they are in, and you know exactly how you could help them, if only they would turn to the unconscious. But they won't do it. And then, after a while, you can only shrug your shoulders and say, "Well, sorry! If you don't want to do that, if you don't want to do your share, and do something for your own psyche and make the effort, then I can't help you." With some people, it's hopeless; they prefer to wallow, maybe for twenty years, in their neurotic symptoms. You see, they are required to have a certain generosity, a certain willingness to risk something, to give away something. They must also have a spirit of adventure, in a way, so they can say, "Well, why not, let's try! Let's make an effort! What have I got to lose only an effort; no more than an effort is at stake. So why not?" This kind of generous attitude is needed in order that these powers of the unconscious can come to help.

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Now, you see what a dirty trick I have played! I've slipped into treating the young man as if he were a conscious human being who is sharing what he has with the spirit. But that's not true, because the young man is an archetypal image, and the old man who represents the spirit is an archetypal image too. That's where students, in interpreting fairy tales, always

"slip off." And now I've slipped off myself consciously, because I noticed it while I did it, but I thought, "I'll just carry on to show you how one slips off."

But how does one keep from slipping? I could have said, for instance, "Archetypal image A gives his bread to archetypal image B." Well, it's quite crazy if one begins to think like that! You see, that's why I said it's only half bad to identify the hero with the conscious ego because one just can't understand what's going on, at first, without this naive identification.

But now, after we've done that, and know that we've been slipping, we have to correct ourselves and say, "In the collective unconscious rises an archetypal impulse, an *élan vital* toward higher consciousness. That *élan vital* isn't yet coupled with insight and wisdom. In the unconscious itself, it couples with insight and wisdom."

That's what the sharing really represented. And that's what happens all the time in the unconscious: certain contents couple themselves with (or repel themselves from) certain other contents. The collective unconscious or the inner human being altogether, the unconscious is like a field of particles in which certain particles attract each other and others repel each other. They form links and then fall apart again. That is the eternal play, and it seems to have a certain directedness toward the compensation or complementation of consciousness.

You see now that that happens in our story. The old man gives the hero a stick and a ball, and the ball leads the young man to the court where things are so wrong, to his task. So the old man, *via* the stick and ball, gives the young man a direction. He moves him toward the place where things are wrong, where he has to put things right. So, you can say that in the collective unconscious there is first just a creative *élan vital* toward new possibilities, but in itself it has as yet no direction. Then it couples itself with the higher wisdom of the unconscious. The wise old man here is a higher potential, that is, something greater than the young man. The wise old man is the wisdom of the unconscious, the archetype of the spirit, which gives that undirected *élan vital* of the young hero the life drive in the unconscious an opportunity to move in the right direction, toward where it could help to correct some wrong things in collective consciousness. The wisdom of the unconscious helps the young man because he is willing, in his exuberance, to share food, to impart some energy to the older figure.

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This linking of archetypal figures is very strange. For instance, I recall a Russian fairy tale where the hero has to rescue a princess from the clutches of an evil dragon. In a way, that story is similar to ours, but the old dragon who has cursed the princess did so because *he* has fought with the ruling king. So, the enmity in the Russian fairy tale is between the Czar the ruler and the dragon. As for the hero, he just goes on a "straight way" and gets orders from the ruler to kill that dragon. Things happen in the way we would expect, but with a few detours: the dragon doesn't revenge himself on the king but rather on the princess, the king's daughter. The hero falls in love with her. He himself has no animosity toward the dragon at all, but he's forced to kill it.

So there's a funny kind of play of fate between the contents of the unconscious. Sometimes the healing process doesn't occur directly, but happens via certain detours. It is as if a disturbance at one place brings about a disturbance in another place. So, too, the healing process sometimes has to begin indirectly, in a more remote corner of the psyche, and then slowly find its way to the central area. It's as though the light doesn't go in through the shortest route, by a Euclidean straight line, but rather by the shortest route in the sense of the path with the least resistance even if this means the path is more circuitous.

So, the healing process in the psyche always takes the shortest possible path, but that sometimes involves a detour. And often the detour is necessary because there are certain blockages that the "straight" healing process can't surmount.

For instance, a person will come to analysis and say in the first hour, "My marriage is impossible. I have to get a divorce. And that is my whole problem. Let's be honest. I'll just start with the real problem." And then they howl for an hour about their marriage and represent their spouse as being so impossible that, at the end of sixty minutes, you too are convinced they must get a divorce. Naturally you say nothing about this; you just say to the person, "Well, let's see what your dreams say." And you expect the person has been dreaming about that horrible partner or at least about a horrible animus or anima problem.

But instead you find that the dreams are concerned with a creative problem. So you tell the analysand, "Well, you have a creative problem. You should do some writing or painting." And then they look furious, because *they* want to decide:

"But I have to decide if I divorce or don't divorce!" They have no libido to even listen to the other possibilities. But they have to take a risk and give the unconscious credit. It is like taking a completely new medicine and watching the result; then, most likely, the creative new process will begin.

Later, when you have watched such a development, you see that that was the only point where the unconscious could communicate with the ego. And from

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that point on, all the other parts of the whole problem become solved in their own way. In such cases, you discover that the solution actually began in a corner where you might have least expected anything important to happen or to be constellated. So you have to ask yourself, "Now why on earth does the dream not speak about the conscious problem?" Perhaps we become so accustomed to having things happen in one certain way that we lose sight of the fact that sometimes we have to just adventurously look forward.

Thus, if someone tells me of a big problem, I say, "Okay, that's the conscious problem. Now let's see what's underneath . . ." And then sometimes I try to guess just how the healing process will progress. But I have never guessed it right, never in my life. It's always so incredibly intelligent and so incredibly creative and unexpected that you *never* guess it. It's just a wonderful thing to say, "Now I wonder what the *dreams* will speak about," after I have been told the conscious problem.

By studying such processes afterward, you see that they move absolutely without loss of time or energy, in the straightest possible line in each specific situation. A detour is the straightest possible line. One can only try to formulate it that way. In fact, I often think that one's whole life unfolds circuitously as on a detour, but that it is nonetheless still following along one's straightest possible line. I often think that's really the pattern. It's a paradox.

To get back to our story: The unconscious, or this wise old man who is the wisdom in the unconscious, directs the young man's life impulse to where he is needed to where a change is needed. And he does not simply tell the young man, "You must go and redeem this princess or kill this troll." He only gives him a stick which makes him invisible when he lifts it up, and a ball, and says, "If you push the ball with the stick, and then follow it, the ball will guide you rightly." So now we have to take a look at this stick and this ball.

The stick is probably the oldest instrument human beings have ever used. It is also used by chimpanzees. It's the oldest instrument the animal kingdom has invented. There are certain apes who live in the Congo forest who love to eat a certain type of big ant. These ants are very good food, but they sting diabolically. And so the apes break off a twig, make a long stick, and then, from a safe distance, they dig into the ant hill. The ants attack the stick and when the stick is full the apes gobble them up by licking them off the stick. In this way they avoid getting bitten by the ants. From the behavioral standpoint, this exemplifies a clear use of an instrument. So the characterization of man as having made a great leap out of the animal kingdom is a myth we now must discard. Even birds can use sticks as instruments. The stick is therefore certainly the simplest in-

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strument, and also the very first. It's a kind of extension of one's hand, and thus an extension of one's will power or purposiveness beyond the body a tremendous invention, really.

Now in the oldest civilizations, the stick is most frequently used for driving animals. From that evolved the use of the stick as the king's scepter: the king is the good shepherd of his people. Therefore, like a good cattle driver, he has a scepter-stick with which he rules. The scepter became the symbol of the ruling power. It is simply a shepherd's stick that has been formed into a greater thing.

Bishops in the Catholic Church, for instance, have a stick. The medieval interpretation of the bishop's stick in the Catholic Church is that it represents the authority of the Church doctrine. So you see, the bishop is also a spiritual shepherd and with his stick, the authority of the doctrine, he gives spiritual direction so that people do not fall into error.

We discover another aspect of the stick, one I think is important, in an old Germanic ritual. In medieval times, the

Germans had folk courts for trying cases of murder and serious theft. These were judged not by the ruler or the king but by a group of men of the tribe. Before they judged, another man went out and peeled hazel sticks and gave one to every man in the group who was going to judge. They were all made to swear an oath by taking the stick in hand and saying, "I will not judge according to subjective sympathy or antipathy. I will judge according to objective rule."

So here a stick signifies a kind of directing, objective rule which ensures that the judge won't take the wrong attitude: "Oh, I don't like the chap, so I'll condemn him." Again, the stick here gives the judging man a feeling of being in the presence of an authority which goes beyond his ego, beyond his fluctuating thoughts and sympathies, to something objective just as the authority of the bishop's stick is meant to preserve objective truth against personal opinions, and just as the stick of the king represents his rule to which everyone must submit. So the stick has to do with an objective orientation, an objective direction. Thus it extends one's will power and one's purposiveness to a greater, more objective goal, beyond mere momentary impulses.

A stick that makes one invisible is unusual; most often it is a cap or a cloak. So one has to separate the functions of conferring invisibility and giving objective direction. Making oneself invisible must have to do with annihilating or wiping out, or putting into the background, the personal subjectivity, the individual concrete features. In French, if someone is very good, or very modest, or if he can "put himself behind his task," they say, "Il s'efface" "he takes away his face." He becomes, so to speak, anonymous; he disappears. "S'effacer" in

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French also means "to disappear," but only in a metaphoric way. For instance, if someone works at the big task, and does not constantly put his own ego into the foreground but puts the task in the foreground, he "disappears" in this sense.

If we're talking about an artist, it would mean he gives himself completely to the painting. He himself is only a vessel. Until the painting is finished, he isn't there. A friend of mine, a painter, always said to his wife, "First the painting, then the women." He gave himself completely to his creative task. He had that attitude where one says, "My own needs and reality do not matter now."

Of course, this attitude has been advocated by Christianity so much that now it is generally considered to be a very bad quality. Eighty per cent of the time, we have to teach people to be visible again, to be themselves, to be *there*. But in itself, for anyone who has a great task or a call to be a creative person, this attitude is still valid: sometimes one has to sacrifice one's momentary personal desires. If you talk to someone who is creative, be it a scientist or an artist or whatever, he or she will bear witness to this; you have to put yourself aside.

Even in hunting, if the animal is approaching and you want to sneeze, you have suppress your sneeze. You have to put your ego and physical needs aside. Otherwise your greater purpose, the hunt, is lost. So there are always moments where you have to suppress something the ego or the natural impulse wants, for the greater thing. At such times this "disappearing" attitude is meaningful.

So, one function of a stick is to represent an attitude that puts the ego aside. But, as we saw, a stick is also used to find one's direction. To lift the stick means that one spiritualizes that direction, puts aside any personal desires.

In other words, through the interference of the wise old man, the *élan vital* that breaks away from the collective unconscious attains a spiritual, not a visible or concrete, purposiveness. This is a decisive, creative moment. This kind of creative energy would not lead to, say, a political revolution; that would be an earthly purpose. Rather, it would lead to a psychic revolution, a change that takes place on a higher level.

Throughout the history of mankind, only psychological changes have brought about the great creative changes. The purely concrete changes, such as political or sociological reorganizations, have always brought about as much evil as good; generally the people land in just the same kind of soup as they wanted to avoid. I don't think I need to give you examples of this. If there is no psychic change going on together with such movements, nothing really changes. You can change the external, concrete aspects of life in a society; on that level, you can change everything. But if people are still the same inside, then nothing really changes. Therefore, the great innovator of consciousness and of culture in hu-

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man life is always the one who can lift the stick and become invisible put its purpose into the invisible realm of the psyche.

The stick is important because it points to something like an objective directedness, a transpersonal purpose, a means to a goal beyond mere temporary personal intent. Because of this, it also represents the scepter of the king, the symbol of sovereignty. The king must not take personal advantage of his position as top dog of his nation. What makes him a true king is rather that he espouses some transcendent purpose or rule of which he is the representative.

Now, the things which make one invisible have to do with a similar fact. That is, in order to get through certain situations, one has to eliminate all egocentricity. For instance, the *I Ching* says in one oracle that in order to achieve a great goal, one has to set aside any superficial or personal gratification and then, so to speak, disappear from the scene. On the personal level, if you have such a transcendent goal in your own life, that goal can make you, too, become invisible: people will be unable to make you out. They won't see you any more. Often they will say of such a person, "So-and-so is obviously seeking such-and-such a goal," or "So-and-so wants only this-and-that," or "So-and-so has such-and-such a plan" and it's all off the point. They don't really see you, and because of that you can quietly go on to do what you have to do, for nobody is really aware of what you're doing. People would perhaps prevent you from doing it if they knew where you were. But they don't. They can't interpret you psychologically any more and therefore they can't manipulate you or stop you in your purpose.

That is true too for collective, archetypal processes. For instance, if you read the letter Pliny wrote in the year 119 to the Roman emperor Trajanus, you find that he was called upon to investigate a certain sect of so-called Christians which some people had accused of being revolutionary and dangerous to the state. Pliny writes the most naive letter to the emperor. He reports that he picked up some of those people, including some women slaves whom he had tortured (Roman citizens weren't allowed to be tortured). Yet, he says, "I couldn't find out anything except an odd superstition, a kind of distorted superstition, so I thought those people are completely harmless, and we can let them go."

So, you might say those early Christians became invisible to the Roman Empire. Nobody knew where they were, and yet they were the carriers of a new light and a new civilization to come. In a way they were the carriers of that new consciousness which is here represented by the hero of our story. But because of that, they became incomprehensible to the others. They weren't seen as what or who they really were; otherwise there would have been a great panic in the Roman Empire and they might have been squashed. As it happened, that panic only

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came later, when the Christian movement was already so powerful that it couldn't be squashed any longer. But in the beginning it profited from being invisible. What made it invisible is that the Christians were "lifting the stick": they had not an earthly but rather a transcendent purpose.

You see, to lift something away from the ground, to put it into the air, means you elevate it so it is not in contact with material reality. Now there were great temptations in the early Christian movement to pin it down to earth. St. Paul was asked, as you know, what his attitude toward slavery was.¹⁰ That was a trick question: they tried to make him take a stand about slaves so he would be caught propounding a certain political idea. He would then become embroiled with earthly political issues. But as you know, he very wisely evaded the question. That is an example of how to lift one's stick, and by doing so become invisible. The key is to refuse to allow oneself to be pinned down. One must not be too hasty to ask, "Now what does that mean concretely, and what are the concrete consequences of this attitude?" For in certain situations, and before the time is right, one should not try to "pin down" the messages from the unconscious.

This applies too when you interpret a dream to certain rather concrete-minded people. They nod and say, "Yes, that makes sense, but what shall I *do*?" The animus of women especially loves to ask that question, and Jung therefore said that if a woman asks such a question she's already in the animus. There are certain dreams which in their symbolism clearly contain no concrete hint as to what to do. Their message should be taken in as a purely psychological message. It should sink into and change one. And then when one has become a different person, one quite naturally knows what to do and what not to do "outside." If you are a different person, all your outer problems look different. But if you always want to deduce from every dream, "Now what does that mean concretely?" then you are trying to use the dream like an oracle, which is an infantile attitude toward the dream or the unconscious. Therefore, if a dream does not clearly point to

a concrete outer step, one should not interpret it in that direction. One should leave it in suspense, in mid-air so to speak.

I would say that in eighty per cent of the cases when I had spent an hour with Jung, I went home very pensive, wondering, "Well, that's very impressive, that's very moving, but where does it link up with reality?" But I did not force myself to link it up with reality. I focused on the emotional message of the dream. And then, generally, there came the next dream and the next, and then one day, finally, there came a dream that pointed to a step in reality. Before that, the stick

10 1 Corinthians, 7:20.

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was guiding me: that would be the transcendent purpose which the dreams were driving at. That purpose was not yet standing on the ground; it was in mid-air.

So, lifting into the air always denotes spiritualization. You have the same, for instance, in the symbolism of the Mass. There you have the elevation of the chalice, which is officially interpreted as an ecstatic placing of the chalice into the spiritual realm, lifting it up into an elevated space.

You could say that the young man in our fairy tale, by lifting the stick, represents a transcendent purpose, a movement toward a renewal of collective consciousness. Because he's going to become king, he has a means of pursuing his goal in a nonconcrete form. Thus he can pass unnoticed by those around him who would otherwise pounce on him at once, just as, for instance, the Romans would have pounced on the early Christians if they had known what they stood for, and what that germ of new consciousness they were carrying would achieve in the end. If they had known that, they probably would have wiped them out.

At that time, there were already many concrete issues that could have ensnared them. One of the groups to accuse the Christians most adamantly were the dealers in sacrificial animals. They complained that their business was going bad, because with the rise of the Christians the demand for sacrificial goats and cows plummeted. They became upset and made a stink about it. If they had known that the Christians would win out and that in a few hundred years all those animal sacrifices would be completely stopped throughout the Roman Empire, you can imagine how they would have screamed. For the Christians it was essential that they always pointed out Christ's word, "My kingdom is not of this world." By that they remained literally invisible.

That's only one historical example, but it is always so. Whenever something new and creative comes up in a culture, it is generally not discovered right away. The public are concerned with everything else, but the savior is always born in a dilapidated stable at a time when nobody cares about what happens there. That seems to be a law of nature, that the saving new impulses come from the corner where nobody looks.

It is the same thing in an individual. Let's say, for instance, you have a tremendously intellectual analysand who is caught up in his head. Then all the healing or redeeming possibilities pop up in the area of feeling. Now if you make them too visible, then the person's intellect would grab that feeling thing and try to organize it intellectually pull it, so to speak, into the intellectual realm and thereby destroy it. Generally if you tell an intellectual, "You see, that has to do with feeling," he says, "Yes, yes," because he doesn't want to admit he doesn't understand. And because of that, the process for the moment can

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go unhampered. You have told the truth, but the real thing is still completely invisible, and one should not break through that. One should not want to say, "Now you've got to know what that means." He isn't yet ready. He would only destroy it with his intellect if he saw what it meant.

In many, many fairy tales, the hero has either a cap or a coat that he gets from animals, or from some magic powers, that permits him to pass unnoticed. If you read the context, you know why the young man in our story has to become invisible: it is because he could never find out what the princess was doing if he couldn't pass unnoticed through all the

doors.

The other gift our hero receives is a ball, which is a symbol of the Self. But there is one point I want to stress. If you look at many fairy tales, you find there are countless symbols of the Self. The hidden treasure is a symbol of the Self. So is the unobtainable treasure. Many magic objects with which one can transform or redeem people (wands and so on) are symbols of the Self. The mandala formations, like castles and towns if they have a mandala shape, are symbols of the Self. The diamond, golden and silver forests in our story could be interpreted as symbols of the Self, as we will see later. You could, in a way, take the old wise man as a symbol of the Self. So I get absolutely furious if students who interpret fairy tales for me are satisfied merely by calling all these things symbols of the Self. It's just too boring! One cannot say only, "With the help of a symbol of the Self, he found a symbol of the Self." One has to say, "Yes, okay, that is true, but which specific aspect is stressed?"

For instance, in a ring, the specific aspect of a relationship and being bound, or being bound negatively or positively through an obligation, is stressed. In a ball, what fascinates children and even young animals so madly is that the thing by its shape is touching the ground only at a small point of its body; so it can overcome the laws of gravitation and friction. You give a ball a little push, and if you have a smooth surface, it runs God knows how far! If you play billiards, you know that's the whole fascination of the game: you give a pointed little push and the thing will roll on forever and even make certain mathematical angles if you know how to do it. And if you have never played it, even to watch is exciting. You feel as if those billiard balls have a life of their own, a secret life, which you have only to start in motion, and then they take over. It is amazing to see how a master player pushes the ball in one direction, and how it bumps off here and goes over there and pushes the other ball. That's the fascination of a ball. You throw it against the wall and it comes right back into your hands. No other object does that. So the ball stresses, within the idea of being a symbol of the Self, the possibility of autonomous movement. It can move on its own much further than

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any other concrete object. That gives it a spiritual or magical quality.

The ball is also a symbol of the cosmic structure. In most world models, the cosmos was conceived of as an enormous sphere composed of different layers. It is also historically a symbol of the soul, beginning with the atomist Democritus, who said that the soul consisted of round fiery atoms. Because those fire-ball soul atoms were small and because they had no angles, they could roll through all the other matter. That's why our souls are spread throughout our whole body, because the soul has this ball structure.

As well, the ball is a symbol of the godhead. "God is an infinite sphere whose center is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere." That is a deep saying which since the age of Plotinus has been quoted by practically every great Western philosopher, as Jung often noted.¹¹ It's one of those fascinating images that have always been used to describe the godhead, and also sometimes the innermost center of the human soul.

In the context of our fairy tale, we have to limit ourselves mainly to the fact that the ball can roll on its own. Here, it obviously has a guiding function: it rolls right to the town where the hero meets his task. However, there is a subtle detail that I have never come across before. The rolling ball is a very widespread fairy tale motif, but generally the hero or heroine meets a wise old man or woman in the woods, like we have here, who then gives them a ball or more frequently a rolled-up ball of yarn. In such cases the ball will roll ahead and they follow the thread; they have only to hold the end of the thread and follow. In European fairy tales there are over a hundred examples of this, but in all of them the ball begins rolling by itself as soon as the hero has it in hand.

In our story we have an additional nuance, namely that the ball does not begin rolling on its own. The young man first has to give it a little push, although from then on he doesn't have to push it again once it starts rolling, it doesn't stop. So there is a very different picture here, because the autonomous activity of the Self, the process of individuation, does not start without an initial push.

Now, you know that is what people often have to do. One of the main ways in which the process of individuation becomes a continuous activity, something more visible than if one merely writes down one's dreams, is active imagination. But you have to get it going. You have to start, and the starting effort has to be exerted by *you*. If you don't make the first try at active imagination, you don't start the process rolling. Once it gets going, it goes so much on its own that you

cannot even stop it. Then you know: "Now I am in for it!"

That may be why so many people never get started, or have such strong resistance they have an unconscious hunch that this is the kind of thing where once you are in it, you can't get out. You can leave it alone for a while if it leaves *you* alone but you can never really stop it. And if you do, if you drop an active imagination and leave it alone because you have too much to do for a few weeks, you find that when you resume there has been a complete standstill. You have not really lived during those times. You have to start all over.

I've seen people who for various reasons had abandoned an active imagination for three or more years. For instance, I had an analysand who married and in the first years of marital adaptation and having two children, just dropped working with her active imagination. Then she became severely depressed, and the same image came back which she had left several years before. So it seemed that on an unconscious level nothing had happened during all that time. Active imagination is a continuous process that goes on according to its own laws, but it is essential that consciousness initiate the contact.

Returning to our hero, we can't interpret him as an ego, so you must just imagine that what he represents is a process that, because it is portrayed in a fairy tale, happens entirely in the collective unconscious. Think of the collective unconscious as an electromagnetic field. Then you could say that there are certain excited points, points in which the energy of the field is bundled, so to speak. These points are the archetypes. And now, in some corner of that field, a vital impulse springs up: that is our young man. He is an indistinct force in the unconscious, which is an overflow of vital impulses. That force then connects with some traditional wisdom in the unconscious, which begins to give it a direction. Through that link it acquires a certain directedness the stick and a certain capacity to start the ball rolling. The hero has started a continuous and autonomous movement, a flow of life which he is now following. It is as if first, in the unconscious, energy swings up and slowly makes contact with other contents of the unconscious and literally snowballs on toward consciousness.

Jung thought that the origin of greater consciousness in human beings compared to those higher warm-blooded animals that exhibit some flickering traces of consciousness is due to an overflow of instinctual energy which was not used up in survival occupations.

You see something like this even in zoo animals. Because they have not so much worry about fighting enemies and getting their food, they are relieved of certain biological instinctual occupations. And therefore they play much longer and much, much more frequently than do animals in the wild, who rarely play

except when they are very young. Adult animals practically never play. They are much too harassed by the worries of survival. Zoo animals, for whom man takes away the worries of survival, play.

Play is certainly the beginning of all spiritual and civilizing conscious occupations. This is not Jung's idea but my own guess: that the prehistoric geometrical lines and scratchings we have found which are even older than the cave paintings were put there by a rhythmical movement or banging which probably was some kind of playful amusement. This would mean the people dwelling in those caves felt relatively safe from attack by other animals. Since they had fire, they could light their cave and if they weren't too tired after hunting all day, perhaps on winter nights, they sat together. They had no instinctual occupations to perform at those times. What did they do? They began to bump against the cave walls and to make lines or rhythmically scratch patterns. Then slowly, they began fantasizing into these etchings, and there finally emerged those famous Paleolithic cave paintings. So you could say those marks represent a more consistent or continuous form of awareness, the beginnings of consciousness.

You can see this evolution also in children. The first thing a child does is to make rhythmical movements. That's why you generally give it a bell or something similar, which the child swings to and fro, up and down, for hours. If you give the child a pencil at the age of about one or two years, it will first only move it up and down on the paper, with the greatest pleasure just scratching in rhythmical movements up and down, up and down, with a great feeling of gratification and delight.

The rhythmical games you play with very small children generally have to be repeated twenty or thirty times. They won't let you go until they're exhausted. It is as though the child repeats on an individual level the same developmental route mankind has followed as a species. And if you observe the play of zoo animals, you see that a lot of it too is a rhythmical kind of movement.

Now, the hero in our story represents that same overflow of vitality which is not meant to be invested in any concrete purpose of life. Then it snowballs by assimilating all these other things: the old man's wisdom, the stick and the ball. It grows or it amplifies itself in the unconscious until finally it becomes a figure with a purpose in life who is led to the center of the problem.

So you see that the new healing process in the collective unconscious is guided by certain regulatory processes, of the collective unconscious, toward the place of conflict. It is just as if in a single individual who has one huge conflict, a new impulse of life springs up in the unconscious, which seems to have no connection with the conflict itself. I've amplified that in discussing how the

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dreams speak, as when someone comes and says he has an enormous marital problem, but his dreams speak about something completely different. Yet eventually the process slowly enriches itself, and comes to land where the conflict really is in consciousness. And then you begin to see that this whole preparatory process in the unconscious where the dreams spoke about different things finally builds up a foundation from which the conscious conflict can be solved.

Our hero is in such a position. He can enter the realm of collective consciousness (that is, the kingdom), and undertake the task of putting right what is wrong there, which is that the king has an only daughter, the heiress of the kingdom, on whose marriage its prosperity depends. She disappears every night and tears up twelve pairs of golden shoes, and no one knows what's behind that. It upsets the old king so much that he promises his daughter to whoever finds out what she is doing in the night; but if a man should try and fail, he must be executed.

In most fairy tales where similar situations arise, the king is evil. He has an ambiguous attitude. Secretly, he doesn't want to marry his daughter to anybody because he doesn't want to give up his throne. Therefore, he surreptitiously plots to prevent his daughter from marrying, and he really enjoys executing all her suitors because that way he himself can remain king.

In our fairy tale we have an exception to this rule; namely, the old king is frightfully unhappy that this vicious game of his daughter's has not been stopped. He seems to be altogether a good-hearted fellow, because when he supposes he will have to condemn the hero to death he is very, very unhappy about it. So he doesn't like what he's doing. He's doing it, but he doesn't like it at all. He has a heart, and he would very much prefer not to execute those suitors.

The princess, on the contrary, is evil. As we soon see, she is not evil in and of herself, but she's bewitched. She wants all those men to be killed, and she does not want to be found out. Her evil comes from the troll. But the king seems to have no part in it. It is just that in his despair, he becomes cruel. What I mean is that he creates a situation where spying on his daughter becomes a matter of life and death: "Either you find out what's wrong, or I'll kill you!"

On a primitive level, you can say that the king does this simply to reinforce the eagerness of those suitors to succeed. The old king probably feels he needs to put such pressure on them because otherwise they would not find out what is the matter. Underneath, obviously, he himself is in mounting despair. He is desperate, and desperate people, as we know, will do anything. They are dangerous.

Now, if we look at it psychologically, we see that in general theories of neurosis, one speaks of the "pressure of suffering." In German the technical expression is *Leidensdruck*, the "suffering pressure." You usually find that if a person

goes into analysis without having such a suffering pressure, not much comes of it. Someone can come and say, "I'm just bored at home and I've read a bit of Jung and I think I'd like to get a bit deeper into it, so could you take me in analysis?" and then in the third hour, they confess that that wasn't the truth at all; they were in an awful fix, suffering like hell, only they didn't want to admit it.

But then there are those who are not under that suffering pressure, and in my experience I have found that nothing comes out of analysis for such people. Generally, after a few weeks they telephone: "I've too much to do! Do you mind if I don't come?" and then they come sporadically, and then they go traveling, and then they say, "I'll phone again in the autumn," and so it goes over the years. Maybe they have not much wrong, but nothing happens either. Either they discontinue analysis completely, or one day God blesses them by hurling a brick on their head and *then* they come running back; then they pull up their socks and work seriously but not before.

It seems to be that we are innately lethargic. Our tendency to be satisfied with getting on in the way one gets on anyhow is very strong. In fact, this sort of lethargy is probably found in all of nature; it is a strong, conservative force that tends to preserve the status quo, so that one needs a terrific bout of suffering to bring about any progress. Perhaps the fishes would never learned to walk on land if they hadn't been under such a pressure. Loren Eiseley, in his book on evolution,¹² states that probably all the great mutations and jumps in evolution have been caused by absolutely crucial situations where it was a matter of, "Now change, or disappear from the face of the earth!" And this is so in the life of nations and of collective groups as well as in the lives of individuals.

Jung once said that the strongest passion in humans is not hunger, sex or power, although these are quite strong; the very strongest passion is laziness. The longer I study human beings, including myself, the more I am inclined to agree. Laziness is the strongest passion. Therefore, the king acts perhaps not quite as cruelly as we initially thought. He makes up his mind to say, "Now it's either-or. It's a matter of life and death, and we can no longer be friendly about it. We *must* find a man who will really get to the bottom of this damned secret."

This reminds me of how Jung, at a certain stage of his active imagination, in the beginning, felt one evening before going to bed that if he could not find the solution to a certain problem in that active imagination, he would have to kill himself. He felt that the problem became a matter of life and death, as though he was saying, "I can't go on living like this, there's no more meaning." Through

¹²*The Immense Journey* (New York: Random House, 1957).

giving himself the spurs this way, so to speak, he finally realized how to go on.

One of the greatest problems in analysis is that you often see people dawdling along with their problem, and you have the feeling something awful is going to happen to them if they don't wake up. They are in for some shock treatment. And then the question is, should *you* give the shock treatment, or should you leave it to fate?

I often discussed that with Jung. He said that sometimes it's a good thing to try to give the shock treatment oneself because one can control how much or how little of a shock to give, while God seems to be not quite aware of the human side. He (or you can call it Nature or the unconscious) sometimes bangs a bit too much, and then the catastrophes are sometimes too big for our human feelings. So one sometimes tries to apply the shock by throwing the person out, or shouting, or giving awful threats: "You will be dead if you don't . . ." and so on. But very often it doesn't help. One just makes an enemy, and then fate has to take its course, something awful has to happen. You get a letter: "I have cancer of the breast and I'm in hospital; please help!" or some such thing. You had seen it coming five or six years before, but you could not get through.

So you can say that in our fairy tale, what the king faces is a situation that must be taken as a crucial one. He also stands in a certain relationship to a special primitivity, the brute primitivity of the troll.

Whenever such a brute, barbaric primitivity threatens to emerge from the unconscious, whether in a nation or in a single human being, then an accordingly strict discipline of consciousness is needed. You see, therefore, in history that whenever a population rises out of a state of natural primitivity to what the historians call the beginnings of high civilization, their rules of behavior and their military discipline are extremely severe. A good example of this is the medieval Japanese Samurai civilization, with its extremely strict, formalistic rules of conduct. Japanese films often portray conflicts between explosive forces of brute primitivity and this absolutely chivalrous formality of the Samurai. To a certain extent, the European chivalry of the Middle Ages is another example. The behavior of the knights was very formalistic. Even the armor they wore represented their inner attitude of absolute loyalty, absolute obedience, absolute this, absolute that, and breaking any of these rules meant expulsion.

Such strictness is always necessary where there is much primitivity. Modern ethnologists are often terribly shocked by the legislations of primitive tribes; they cut off the hand of a thief and such things. But one must understand these acts in context. They are a symbolic representation of the fact that against brute forces in the unconscious, only absolute brute firmness helps.

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That is true for us as well. Whenever someone is confronted with, let's say, letting oneself go into drinking, or into fits of rage or promiscuity, such a person can become a slave of primitive impulses. He or she will come into analysis wanting to be understood and treated as sick, pitiable. But the moment always comes one day in such a person's life when they must face a brute either-or; they have to say to themselves, "Now you understand why you drink, why you enjoy your fits of rage and don't want to pull up your socks or whatever, now you see the whole context, it's all understood. But now you still have to take the last step, namely to say *no!*" And that must be an absolutely firm decision. Naturally, when people are facing such a firm decision, they always say, "But I *can't*. I want to but I can't. I want like hell to do it, but you see, when I get into such-and-such a situation, I *can't*. It's stronger than me. It overruns me."

One has to weigh such feelings very carefully, because it is often true that people cannot deal with certain cravings or desires. They are bewitched by trolls, so to speak, and the trolls *are* stronger. They possess and dominate one. In order to make a firm decision against primitive impulses, one has to know for sure that it is possible. And that is very difficult to know. One can partly know it from dreams, for the dreams sometimes tell you it *is* now possible.

Sometimes it's only ill will or laziness that is causing the bewitchment to continue. Then, when the person tells you that he or she can't do it, you notice a strong flicker of bad conscience in their eyes. You can often see this and then you know: "Bah! I don't buy *that!* Even you don't believe it. You say you can't but you don't believe it yourself!" That is the moment where the building-up processes of the unconscious have reached the point where now consciousness *could* change.

That's why individuation must be seen as an ethical problem. To understand is not enough. Again and again, in certain situations, everything depends on the ethical attitude of consciousness.

In the kingdom of our story, to compensate or to keep on top of the troll, the king has to make several severe rules, against his will. When our young man comes to the king, the king is sorry for him and says, "Don't try," because he likes the young man. This shows clearly the nuance I mentioned before, that the king really is in a fix. He doesn't want to kill his daughter's suitors. He tells the young man what he has to do: he may sleep three nights in the bedroom of the princess, and if he can't find out what she's doing, he must be killed. The young man goes there, puts down his clothes and his knapsack and decides not to sleep, but twice he falls asleep anyway. Only on the third night does he stay awake.

This is an exceptional story in that it is not explained why he can't stay

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awake. In most other versions, and also in the German parallel, the princess secretly gives the hero a sleeping potion, but on the third night he notices her game. Then he pours the sleeping potion down his shirt and only pretends to sleep; that way he is able to find out her secret.

Here, this motif is skipped. It's just a fact that our hero can't stay awake. Perhaps, although the princess has not given him a sleeping potion, he nonetheless meets some bewitchment. Maybe because she's bewitched, he got pixilated too, so that he's now under that influence.

You see that again and again, and it's something to really watch out for if ever you become an analyst. The unconscious problems of people can have such a suggestive influence that they can blind you or put you to sleep. Sometimes in an analysis there is a strong resistance to bringing up a certain problem. Then this attitude infects you. You become absolutely stupid. There is a certain something that prevents you from getting at the problem. And only after the event, if you do wake up, do you discover that you too have been bewitched. You say, "But why didn't I see that before?" And then you realize that a kind of drowsiness in which the patient lives had spread like a cloud over you. It is as if you couldn't see what was right before your nose, because there was somehow a resistance in the atmosphere against its being seen.

That is the witch work of unconscious complexes. The patient is bewitched. He can't help it. He's not lying or hiding anything; he's just bewitched. It's terribly infectious. I have noticed that sometimes, even hours after being with such a person, I'm still in a bit of a daze; not really tired, but not quite there. And if it happens frequently that I am in such a funny state after the hour, then I sit down and really try to figure it out: "Now why am I affected like that? What do I feel during that state?"

I once had an analysis who has a very strong effect on me that way. She was a very sympathetic, friendly person. We got on very well, which perhaps explains in part why this happened. She had an inexplicable problem: several times, more or less against her better judgment and will, she had slept with men and become pregnant and had aborted the child. That had happened outside the rest of her life, so to speak, like an autonomous left-hand action. And when she came to me, she had few but rather pleasant dreams, all quite clear. Some shadow things and so on the usual; nothing pointing to those tragedies. The dreams didn't touch them, but what struck me was that after the hour I was always in a daze. I always had that feeling, but I didn't understand it, I didn't see it clearly. She got much better. She had a severe physical symptom which completely cleared up, so that she already thought of herself as cured. She thought

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she'd had a wonderful, successful analysis. But I still hadn't understood what had happened. And I thought, "That really makes me mad!"

On the day of our next meeting I was driving home from having lunch with friends. Just as I approached my garage, I said to myself, "Damn it all, what's the matter with her!" Distracted, I got out to open the garage door, then back into the car. A few seconds later *bang!* I had not shut my car door and it was ruined. That cost me a hundred francs at the time, which I couldn't afford. At that point, I really felt I had *had* it!

Later I asked Jung, "Now how are these things connected?" I was sure there must be some connection. He laughed and said, "Don't you see? The unconscious gave you the diagnosis. She became pregnant and ruined her body by sheer stupidity. And that's what you did with your car! That was sheer stupidity. And the unconscious made you do it to tell you that's how it happened with her, just in a moment of sheer stupidity. There's nothing more behind it. That's why the unconscious doesn't comment on it." Later on, I found out that her father's brother was an imbecile. She wasn't an imbecile at all, but somewhere she must have had a little touch of that. So there Jung taught me that you must always watch what your body does when you don't understand an analysis. Your body often tells you what's the matter.

When such drowsiness is present a shock treatment is needed, but again there is that problem of whether Nature or the analyst should supply the shock. It's a very ticklish problem because in deliberately causing a shock, one is wielding power. I would say you should do it only if you have an urgent feeling of real danger. Sometimes in such a situation I get upset and say, "Damn it all, you *must* wake up!" Sometimes I nearly say too much because I desperately want to wake the person up. I share in the feeling of panic because I feel concerned. I feel, "My God, this is going wrong!" It is just like when you see a child about to run into the street in the way of an oncoming car. You don't pull it back gently and say, "Look here, you shouldn't do that." You say, "*Damn!* You'll be *dead* if you do that!" because you want the child to learn and to remember.

So much about drowsiness, which often calls for a shock. In our story the hero wakes up by himself. On the third night he makes a real effort to stay awake, and he does. In the room he sees a girl wearing white clothes. She comes to his bed

and says to the princess, "I'll find out whether or not he really sleeps." She takes a golden needle and puts it in his heel and, although it hurts, the young man doesn't give himself away by reacting. Then the girl and the princess go off to visit the troll.

This girl in white does not exist in the other versions. In the German version,

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for instance, although the princess doesn't go alone, she goes with eleven other princesses. But here the princess has only one companion this very hazy figure of a girl in white. She simply appears and tests the young man with a golden needle, with which he later kills the troll. She's also the one who, on the way to the troll, always calms the princess by saying no one is following them and that what she hears is only the wind. Otherwise, the white girl has no function at all. She is a specter that appears and disappears.

Let us amplify this motif as well as we can. We can't make much out of the figure of the white girl, because the context doesn't reveal what she is, except that she belongs to the troll, spreads unconsciousness, and carries the weapon with which the troll will finally be killed: the needle. So we have to look around in related mythology to see if we can find something similar to this girl.

There is a Norwegian fairy tale called "The Princesses in White Land."¹³ In it, a young man has to redeem three princesses who have been bewitched by a troll. He is washed away from the seashore to the far, far North, and he lands in a completely snow white country. There he finds three princesses stuck in the earth right up to their heads. They are in the clutches of a troll, whom the young man fights and kills. He thus redeems them and marries the youngest.

So there you have the same combination: The troll has to do with a country of pure whiteness. Again, he has imprisoned the feminine principle in a land of whiteness. Whiteness there is obviously something negative, associated with curses and bewitchment, just like the whiteness of the girl in our Danish story. The color white in itself is like black, a "no-color." In German the word *blank* means "shining" and is the root for the French word *blanc*, "white." It is the same root that produced the English word "black." So you see, even in semantics, black and white are interchangeable. Also, throughout the world, the color of mourning is mostly either white or black. The ancient Greeks, mainly the Spartans, wore white mourning clothes, and there are still many countries where people wear white clothes when mourning. We have the habit of wearing black. So the colors of death white and black are again interchangeable.

J.J. Bachofen pointed out that black and white are colors of the Beyond, of the ghost world.¹⁴ Even in sketches that make fun of ghosts, we generally represent them as a kind of skeleton in a white sheet. Spooks walk about in white. There is a legend of the Prussian imperial family according to which a white woman lived in the castle. Whenever a member of the family died, she would

¹³ MDW, *Nordische Volksmärchen*, vol. 2, Norwegen, no. 24 (Jena: Diederichs, 1922).

¹⁴ *Versuch über die Gräbersymbolik der Alten Bahmeier* (Basel: C. Detloff, 1859).

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appear as a harbinger of death.

In psychological language, white and black have to do with the remotest depths of the unconscious, where it becomes an almost abstract, pure structure with no human feeling.

Sometimes, in dreams that go very deep, you find representations of the Self, for instance, where it is a stone of some kind. Or people dream of cold, cosmic space filled with strange abstract structures of a secret order. Sometimes people have strange mathematical dreams which point to mysterious paradigms representing the deepest level of the psyche, the collective unconscious. But these are all characterized by having no connection with life; you can have no empathy with these things. You can't feel what they mean. They may be very interesting and fascinating, but they're far away from human experience.

Sometimes these dreams come before death or close to death. People who are dying have already begun to leave this earth and its human concerns. So if the context of the story evaluates black or white negatively, we have to remember this association with death. Naturally, in Norway the far north is the land of the Arctic, a white land. There the animal life thins out until there is almost none left. You can't live there. It's the land of eternal ice and snow, a land we can scarcely penetrate. The color white is also associated with snow, with the negative aspect of coldness, with the weird inhuman coldness of the unconscious psyche. I would therefore assume that the troll is a secret power that has frozen up, so to speak, estranged from all human warmth.

The white girl is perhaps one of his first victims, and now she is his messenger. She might even be the troll's wife we don't know. But there must be some vital connection between them, because she has the weapon that can kill him. She knows his secret; she has that thing on which his life depends. So this is the one who fetches the princess down into the troll's kingdom.

Now we must reflect on the fact that in the beginning of the story there is no mother figure. The young man has no father or mother. In the forest he finds the old man, a spiritual father, but there is no mother figure. Where is the archetype of the mother?

Generally, when the archetype of the mother is not represented in the realm of collective consciousness, you find its equivalent somewhere in what is characterized as the compensatory unconscious realm, but I can't find it in this story. There is one symbol that points to archetypal mother symbolism, and I'll come to that later. But for the most part this whole story is characterized by a tremendous weakness of the feminine principle. I think, in a way, the white girl is the very symbol of that. The feminine is practically nonexistent. The troll has taken

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all its vitality. What we would call the mother figure, the archetype of the maternal, has not taken a shape of its own. It could be mixed up with the troll, however, because trolls are sexually neutral figures. They can be male or female. We don't even know what this troll really is, but likely he is male because he flirts with the princess.

This tremendous weakness of the feminine principle is a specific Germanic inheritance. Those German tribes that have not been Romanized by being for a time under Roman rule tend to show a lack of formed femininity. Of course, you might say there is just as much femininity in them as in any other human group or society, but it's not formed. That would mean the men have no anima culture. You notice this more if you are a woman.

If you live for awhile in the German part of Switzerland or in Germany, you slowly develop a vague feeling that you have to apologize for being a woman. The men in Germany treat you much more politely than they do in Switzerland: they hold the doors, help you into your coat and so on. It isn't that you aren't treated correctly. But there's a certain vague feeling that something is missing.

Then you go to Paris, and after three days you feel absolutely the cat's meow! because the way the French treat you plays partly on a very low level. The taxi chauffeur and the porter at the station look at you as though they are thinking, "Hmmm . . . ?" It is not always pleasant, but at least they notice you are a woman! It might be on a low level or on a better level; that depends on the person. But they always let you know they are thinking, "Ah, that is a woman!" And if you are old and have gray hair, still you are a female; you are not a male, and you are not a neuter. There is a kind of anima atmosphere. That's why one enjoys so much to be in Italy or in France or in the Latin countries. There is a certain anima culture where men are aware of women.

In the Germanic countries you have the feeling that the men, like in the traditional English clubs, are much happier when they are among themselves: "Yes, let's retire from the ladies and have some nice serious relationships with each other. And the ladies can gossip in their own corner." This is due to certain cultural developments and perhaps to a backwardness of the Germanic tribes that immigrated into Europe. They have kept their primitive patriarchal warriors' social order, while other tribes that settled earlier have, by becoming agricultural and settling on the land, developed the feminine and the anima qualities.

You might say that there is a bleeding wound represented in this story, this strange "not-there-ness" of the feminine principle. There are also certain Nordic women who are a bit like trolls or pixies; they are very nice and good-looking and polite, but you don't feel a human contact with them. They seem to be living

in a dream. I'm sorry, I'm probably hurting some people's feelings here by saying such things, but I assure you I could say just as many negative things about other countries too! It's just that each country has its own weak spot. After this we will have a Spanish fairy tale, and there you'll see the weak spot is something quite different so don't be hurt! Also, like all generalizations, of course there are a lot of personal exceptions. But the feminine is a problem in the Germanic countries. I think that is why the feminists are especially fierce now. It is because the women feel uncertain in their own femininity. They don't feel recognized and this is just as true for the anima in men.

So, this white girl is a cool, deadly feminine shape, ghostlike, that lures the princess to the troll. But she also has that gold needle which can kill it. And that is always so: the healing factor is generally hidden in the very factor that is making one neurotic. A neurosis is always a package with an unpleasant outer shell, and when you open the package you find the elixir that cures the neurosis. The neurosis itself contains the healing thing. You need not look elsewhere, for neurosis, according to Jung, represents a failed attempt of nature to cure a psychic imbalance.

Nature works in a double way. You see how Nature means well and does healing things, but sometimes it goes too far and kills you. For instance, fever is in itself a symptom that the healing process is going on. It's the fight of the leukocytes against intruding bacteria. So the fever is in itself something very healthy. But if you have too much of it you can die. Thus the healing process in Nature sometimes goes astray. All internal medicine is really based on the idea of supporting and regulating the already existing healing processes in nature, helping them along so they don't go astray. And that, in a way, is true also in psychotherapy. Therefore, that very same cold white cruel girl, who pricks the hero, also has the healing needle. The image of the golden needle itself will be amplified a little later.

Thus, we come again to the fact that when something cold in the unconscious is overpowering, it sometimes needs an equally cold attitude to overcome it. That is something people have often misunderstood in Jung. Both inside and outside analysis, he could be very sarcastic; he made a lot of enemies that way and often shocked onlookers who might have overheard him make a caustic remark. But if you knew what was really going on, you realized that he always said those things in situations that needed a cold determinedness in order to wipe out a wrong attitude.

Naturally, it's better to refrain from doing this unless one knows how. It is better not to play around with those golden needles, at least not until you have

tried them out on yourself.

Many people simply cannot be cynically sarcastic with themselves. They can't face themselves or sit down and really reduce everything to brass tacks. But that is sometimes needed. Naturally, a woman mustn't do this with the animus, for that would mean pulling down one's true values and destroying them. That's what the animus adores to do to pull a woman's true values down, telling her everything she hasn't and isn't and so on when it is not so. That's the troll. The troll destroys the real values. To prevent the troll from destroying some real values, one sometimes needs an absolutely reductive sarcasm toward one's own shadow and one's own animus. One must then have no sentimental self-pity about really putting it down in one's dream book and looking at it. Otherwise one can't finish cleaning up certain dirty corners. There are always certain things no one else can tell one; one has to tell them oneself. They are so negative that one couldn't stand to hear them from somebody else, so one must have the honesty to say them to oneself.

Now we come to the needle. We can begin on the surface, with language association. You have all heard the phrase, "to needle someone." Now what is it to needle someone? Needling, or picking on someone, generally has to do with stinging that person's complexes; one needles people, for instance, by making specific personal remarks. And if needling remarks are to work, you have to make them about something you know the person has a complex for. Whee! they hit the ceiling! That is the colloquial meaning of the term "needling."

There are witchlike women who love to do that (and some men too!) they spy around on people's complexes and then turn up to make personal remarks about them, thinking that if they aim right the person will become helpless. And this

does happen when a complex is hit. Then you can't answer, you are confused and the needle witch goes on. She aims a stream of directed psychic energy onto your complex.

Ninety per cent of the essence of archaic witch work and curses that made people ill was made up of the same kind of activity. In my book on projection,¹⁵ I talk at length about projectiles that make one ill. In the oldest and most universal form of witch work, the illnesses were produced by either needlelike thorns or pointed stones or anything shaped so that it could be used for pricking. Through these needlelike objects illnesses were sent by evil demons or evil people to other people. And most archaic medical cures amount to finding out the

¹⁵*Projection and Re-Collection in Jungian Psychology*, trans. William H. Kennedy (La Salle, IL: Open Court, 1980).

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place where the person was pricked or needled, and then having the medicine man suck it out. Certain medicine men or shamans would then even produce an object to represent the illness, and they would say to the audience, "Look here, this is it. Now the patient is cured." (They had put it in their sleeve beforehand.) Always, we find the idea that a projectile has made the person ill. It can come, as I say, from a god or from a human being, and it is closely linked with negative projections. You can project negative things onto other people, and such projections can hit them and make them ill.

Needles are used in witch work, and it is often mentioned in fairy tales that a witch has used a so-called sleeping needle. They means they put a thorn or a needle into a person's head (generally behind the ear). You can find recipes for doing this in works on black magic. The person then falls asleep and can't wake up for a hundred years or whatever.

So there are needles that make one ill, needles that make one sleep, and there are needles which prick one into confusion. When you make personal remarks aimed at a person's complex, you can completely knock them out. In a way, that is also giving them a sleeping needle, for they are no longer composed mentally. They can't answer your questions. They are confused. They are pushed, for the moment, into the unconscious and made helpless. The art of needling is still used today in diplomatic and political discussions. Some use it unconsciously and some use it consciously, but always this bringing out of a needling remark at a certain moment is the thing that throws the other off balance. Some people are real wizards in that way. But they are only putting to work the same forces that spring up by themselves in the unconscious.

In our story the white girl uses a needle in an evil way. But one must not overlook the fact that though the needle here is negative, it is also one of the most useful instruments ever invented. Even in primitive societies, the sewing of fur to make shoes or clothes made the needle an object of vital importance.

A needle makes it possible to join pieces of cloth together, therefore it also signifies connection, eros joining things that would not hold together otherwise. In a psychological context, even if one needles another person in a negative way, one is at least showing directed interest. Often the first love play between young people begins by teasing, and by that indirectly shows a certain interest. If a girl always needles a particular young man, then he may conclude that she is interested in him. She wants to find out how he is; she wants to provoke his reactions, and she wants *him* to be preoccupied with *her*.

Certain hysterical women do that all the time. Whenever they want to arouse another person's interest, they start by making negative personal remarks. As

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Jung once said to me, they don't care if the other person thinks about them positively or negatively; the main thing is to make that person think about them. When one does this, it is the beginning of a transitional state where the needle also begins to show its positive aspects of making a connection linking one's life thread with that of the other.

In our fairy tale the needle is golden. Gold always signifies the highest value, and sure enough, later we find that it is the ultimate weapon, the one thing that can kill the troll. So we are justified in interpreting the needle as a positive object. In spite of being a negative figure herself, the white girl carries the instrument of redemption.

I also amplified the needle motif in terms of the psychology of Scandinavian women, since we are studying a Danish fairy tale. Though many Scandinavian women have an underdeveloped, cool femininity due to a lack of goddesses in their religion, they also have a certain genuineness; there is a truthfulness about them that supplies a potential from which their femininity could develop. They may have a less developed eros than women in Latin countries, but they also have less of the Latin "cattiness" and a more straightforward character. The needle also points to this quality, this capacity to really get to the bottom of the evil within oneself. On a personal level, it means that Scandinavian women are able to see their own negative animus and recognize their own shadow.

The white girl sticks the needle into the heel of the hero. We know from the famous story of Achilles that the heel is a particularly sensitive spot; it has thus become the proverbial weak spot of the hero. First, the heel is on one's back side; it therefore signifies a place where one doesn't see oneself very well where one is unconscious of oneself. Such places are unguarded and vulnerable to evil forces. Secondly, the heel has to do with the foot and therefore is associated with one's standpoint. Where the hero is blind in his standpoint is precisely where the white girl strikes. But she does not get him because he stays awake and pulls the needle out. By doing so, he gets possession of the needle for future use. In other words, he is aware of his own weakness since he knows he must struggle to stay awake.

After he takes the needle, he sees the princess and the white girl push aside the bed to reveal a door in the wall. Through this they go down some stairs and come out into those woods of silver, gold and diamonds. Next, they cross a lake in a little boat. This is obviously a descent into deeper layers of the unconscious.

Again and again we find it is helpful to imagine the unconscious as having several layers. The higher up, the closer to consciousness; the deeper down, the further away. Those layers also correspond, more or less, to the historical evolu-

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tion of civilization. Each layer blends into a yet deeper, more primitive and earlier stage of humankind.

Very often in fairy tales, one gets into that deeper layer by falling down a well or into a chasm or a hole in the ground. But sometimes this motif is characterized by a hidden door beyond there is a stairway leading downward. When there is such a human construction, it points to the fact that the deeper layers of the unconscious were once connected with consciousness, though they have long since been forgotten or repressed. But the structure, the possibility of going deeper, is still there. You don't need to fall; you can go step by step. In our fairy tale, the journey made by the princess, the girl and the young man clearly signifies a descent into the deeper layers of the unconscious, because they come to the nature kingdom, the woods and the kingdom of the troll. In the pre-Christian religion of Scandinavia, the unknown powers of the collective unconscious had already taken shape.

Jung points out in one of his letters that the situation of the Germanic people is very different from, for instance, that of the Indian people, where you have a continuous development from a nature demon cult to an elaborate polytheism, and from there to a philosophical monotheism.¹⁶ In the Germanic countries, however, and especially north of the borders of the Roman Empire, the people had never quite had the opportunity to develop an elaborate polytheism. The lower layers of the population were still of the level of worshipping a vague diversity of nature spirits such as the trolls. No sooner had they begun to develop a more structured polytheistic religion with cult, priests and an organization, than that structure was brutally cut down by the much more developed Christian religion which was superimposed upon it; the Oaks of Wotan were felled, so to speak, and over them was implanted a religion of highly spiritual quality that had already matured within the Roman Empire as the end result of a long period of development.

Because of this, the Germanic people lack a full, harmonious connection back into the lower layer of the unconscious represented by the pre-Christian religion. As a result, these people suffer from repeated outbursts of primitivity from this lower layer of the unconscious, which is not organically connected with the upper layers of the psyche. This is just what has happened here, where the troll in our story has taken over three of the four kingdoms, plus a bit of the fourth.

Still, the Scandinavians have preserved some connection to the lower layers

¹⁶C.G. Jung *Letters*, vol. 1 (trans. R.F.C. Hull, Bollingen Series XCV:1; Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1973), p. 39.

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of the unconscious, for there are many folk tales and traditions about trolls and nature spirits still very much alive in the culture. These tales and traditions are like the stairs going down: by them the people have preserved a means of reconnecting to the unconscious, though the stairs have become hidden or invisible.

Now the trio comes to these strange forests of silver, gold and diamonds. They are completely unnatural, inorganic kinds of forests, and, as we hear later in the story, the troll has bewitched the people and the animals and every living thing in these three kingdoms, transforming them into lifeless matter.

This is a very strange motif because mythologically silver, gold and diamonds generally have tremendously positive implications. Think, for instance, of the alchemical symbolism specifying the stages of development and purification of the *prima materia*. There, diamond or gold is the highest achievement, the goal to be reached. Here, on the contrary, this motif has a completely negative connotation. It is a cursed state that is represented by those forests.

There is a Norwegian fairy tale with the same motif, called "Kari Wooden Frock."¹⁷ It is the story of a princess who is ill-treated by her stepmother. She runs away with the help of a blue bull from home, and they have to pass through a silver, gold and diamond forest. The bull tells the girl never to touch a leaf because if she does there would be a catastrophe. But in each forest she can't avoid touching a leaf, and each time a three-headed, six-headed, and finally a nine-headed troll appears. So here we have again this connection between silver, gold and diamond forests and a troll. The blue bull has to fight with the troll and can only overcome him with the greatest difficulty. All ends well in fact this is a later version of the Cinderella story but we should be careful to note this motif of negative silver, gold and diamond forests.

The only other parallel I can think of (and there may be some historical connection here) is that in the so-called novels of Alexander the Great, Alexander comes to different places of paradise, each made from silver or from gold or diamonds. Then he is summoned by a voice from heaven or by some ghost voices to go back and return to earth. These stories were very popular in the Middle Ages and they sank deep, even into the layer of folklore, for you can find many of their motifs there.

I would guess that our three forests therefore originate from them. That would give us an indication that these silver, gold and diamond forests have to do with the paradisaical state, with perhaps a state of completeness after death, but in our

¹⁷ MDW, *Nordische Volksmärchen*, vol. 2, Norwegen, no. 27 (Jena: Diederichs, 1922); also in English entitled "Katie Wooden Cloak," in Stith Thompson, *100 Favorite Folk Tales* (Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press, 1974).

story they have a negative connotation. We could say *cum grano salis* that the troll bewitched the inhabitants of these three kingdoms into the land of death, which is also paradise. But he dehumanized them too early, before their span of life had been fulfilled.

We can also look at it from another angle. Somewhere in the make-up of every human being and in every culture you will find a "paradise dream." Sometimes, on the one hand, this is projected backward in history onto some Golden Age where everything was perfect and since then human reality has slowly degenerated. On the other hand, the fantasy of paradise might be conceived as an eschatological goal. For instance, the Heavenly Jerusalem in the Apocalypse occurs at the end of time. It comes down from heaven to earth, as a future goal. It is as if we come from a dream of paradise and are walking toward a dreamland of paradise, but it makes a great difference whether this paradise lies behind us or ahead of us.

Paradise in itself, with its fourfold structure as a mandala or as a zoological garden, or later in the Apocalypse where it is identified with the Heavenly City, is a feminine symbol. Now, you remember I pointed out that nowhere in our whole story is there a mother figure. The maternal element is completely lacking. The princess has only a father. The hero has no mother. He has a spiritual father, the old man who advises him, but where is the mother? I would guess, therefore, that this paradise or these three forests contain the maternal element, but in a completely negative and regressive form.

That means we have to give this dream or ideal of paradise a negative connotation and suppose that it is a childish dream of happiness, of nonsuffering, or becoming happy on earth a neurotic utopia as Jung so aptly described in *Symbols of Transformation*.¹⁸ The paradise ideal the three forests in our story thus represents a regressive longing to return to the mother's womb, which prevents one from living with purpose, from looking forward to the future.

An interesting detail in the history of the paradise motif is that in medieval sources and patristic literature, we often find it pointed out (for instance, in Hippolytus) that the paradise in which Adam and Eve lived and picked the apple was in the West. But after the Fall, paradise was secretly transferred to the East. The West is the part of the horizon onto which is projected the sunset, death, going down into the underworld, the end of life, the end of a culture. East, the place of the dawn, is always the place where the new illumination comes from, where the light is born or where mystical enlightenment takes place, for example

18 CW 5, esp. chap. 6, "The Battle for Deliverance from the Mother."

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in the Persian, Arabic and Christian mystic traditions. The famous title, "Aurora Consurgens," which plays a great role in alchemy, in Arabic mysticism and in Jacob Boehme's books, points to the fact that the East is the place of the dawning, the new form of consciousness, where cultural consciousness will be reborn after a time of decay and darkness. You have that same symbolism in the Egyptian religion, where the old sun-god goes down in the West as a decaying old man and is reborn as Horus, the young sun-child, in the East.

Paradise, therefore, has two distinct connotations. When it is in the East, it is the locus of the rebirth of a new form of consciousness. But when it is in the West, it is regressive, the past that lures us into childish and utopian fantasies.

One is tempted to make a little poisonous excursion into more modern times and remark on how interesting it is that the dialectic materialism of communism is basically devoted to this utopian dream of a paradise of earthly happiness, of bringing back a heaven on earth, but on a primitive, material level. That would be an illustration of such diamond, gold and silver forests in the hands of the troll. That would be a tremendous unredeemed primitive spirit linked up with a kind of childish dream of luck and happiness, materialistic because it is in the realm of mater, materia, matter. But not only in dialectical materialism do we find this fantasy. You could write a whole history about the utopia fantasy in European politics. Each one contains this doubleness: the regressive, childish dream of bringing heaven back to earth in an unreal way, connected with the most primitive drives, which here are personified by the troll.

Trolls in Scandinavian mythology are very strange creatures and there is little agreement on what they look like. From time to time I have bought or been given modern illustrated children's books from Scandinavian countries. I always search passionately through them to find out how those damn trolls look! But they are always depicted according to the completely subjective fantasy of those who did the illustrations. Some draw them like big bags, more or less giantlike. Others draw them like funny little dwarfs. There is no standard viewpoint, no consensus on how a troll looks. In *Peer Gynt*, for instance, the troll is a kind of cloud; it has no shape at all. It is something that comes from the sea or the fjords and envelops you in a confusing fog from which shapes arise. So the troll is, so to speak, the tricky side of nature.

Then there are genuine folk tales in Finland, Lapland and Norway where the trolls are represented more like mountain giants. In an Icelandic story called "Trunt, Trunt and the Trolls of the Mountains," it is told that a man went once with two comrades to look for berries. But then he went a bit further away, and when he came back he had a strange look and just disappeared. After a year he

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reappeared in his village, still with that strange look on his face. The people were quite frightened, and someone asked him, "Do you believe in God?" He shook his head and once again disappeared. In the third year, he appeared again for a day, and was asked again, "Do you believe in God?" He said, "No, I believe in Trunt, Trunt and the Trolls of the Mountains." Then he disappeared again.¹⁹ So the troll is something that makes people dissolve in a strange way into nature. They leave their human community and dissolve into the stones, the glaciers and the forests.

This still happens in a similar way in some of our desolate Swiss mountain valleys. Edward Renner, a doctor in the Canton Uri, who was a very good man and in contrast to modern general practitioners still took the trouble to walk for hours and hours up the Alps to visit all his poor patients in their huts, collected such stories in a book called *Goldener Ring über Uri* (Golden Ring over Uri).²⁰ In this book he says that although Uri peasants officially are all Catholics and pretend to be Catholic, if you scratch a bit below that layer you find that they believe much more strongly in something which he calls the "id." This "id" has nothing to do with the Freudian id. It simply is "it." When they say, "It rains," or "It snows," this has the implication that the "it" rains, or the "it" sends snow. Or, the "it" sends avalanches or the "it" sends a mountain crashing down on your hut. We too say "It rains," "It snows," but for us there is no such implication.

You can sometimes talk to the Uri's "it." The "it" is not benevolent, nor is it malevolent. It's just indifferent. For instance, one cattle herder was with the cows on high land by the mountains. He had his boy to help him. One evening, after having driven the cows into the stables, he went out again and looked around, and suddenly he heard a voice high up on the mountain slopes saying, "Shall I let it down?" The herder replied, "No, you can keep it, you can hold it." The boy heard it and was very frightened. The next evening the same thing happened. The voice said, "Shall I let it down?" and the man said, without respect and that is the horrible part; you should be very respectful if you experience such a thing "Oh, you can hold it." The next evening, the boy was so frightened that he decided to run away. Just as he finished packing up, he heard the cattle herder go out again, and the voice said, "I can't hold it any longer!" And the boy ran off. At that very moment, the whole mountain slid down and buried the cattle, the herder, everything. The boy escaped just in time to be able to tell of it.

You see what a great role "it" plays in that story. It's shaped, it's not shaped,

19 MDW, *Isländische Volksmärchen*, no. 37 (Jena: Diederichs, 1923).

²⁰ Zürich: M.S. Metz, 1941.

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it's personified, it's not personified; it isn't evil, because after all it had been challenged. It actually half warned the cattle herder! If he had been as wise as the boy he could have escaped. You have to be very careful with "it" powers.

There's another story, in Seelisberg, that when you go around a certain turn of the mountain with your cattle, they regularly disappear. Now the "it" wants to play you a trick, and if you lose your head and begin to shout and become confused, you might fall down the mountain or something else awful might happen to you. Therefore the rule is, you have to just pretend the cows are still there; you have to just quietly walk on, pretending you notice nothing, and say, "Huh, huh, huh!" to your cows, and then suddenly they'll turn up again. In that case, the "it" hasn't gotten you.

I once went around that corner of the mountain because I wanted to find out if I would experience something like being without cattle. And I must say it *is* quite amazing! At first, one has no view of the higher Alps and the upper part of the Vierwaldstättersee at all. But when you come round that corner, you are suddenly in front of an overwhelming panorama of the entire range of higher mountains, with the lake spreading below and glittering in the sun. It's an absolutely awe-inspiring sight, so I can well understand that one could become ecstatic and forget all about oneself. If I had had cattle, I might not have seen them in front of me for ten minutes. I would have lost any awareness of my earthly situation. You get a glimpse of paradise when you come round that corner. And although our peasants never look at the view consciously they don't care in the least about the beauty of the country they live in, because they are stuck in the earth right up to their necks they are probably still gripped by the numinosity of this place on a deeper level. One cannot help being gripped when one turns round that corner; you are suddenly in a completely different world. And that is bewildering. It can put one completely out of oneself.

So you see, the "it" in our mountains is similar to the trolls in Scandinavian nature. They both show the mysterious way in which the genius of *place* affects us, through which we change for good or bad. It's an unexplained phenomenon; we have no rational idea, really, how much we are part of the geographical surface of the earth, and how much our psyche still completely lives in it. Trolls are personifications of these local powers that live in the mountains and forests and streams, especially where human civilization hasn't yet spread, where we haven't chased away the gods, so speak. When you feel that strangeness, that uncanny numinosity of nature, you suddenly feel completely lost and small. You cannot cry out for help. You're alone and small, either happy or shivering from cold in an overwhelming greatness of nature. It is a religious experience, perhaps

one of the earliest forms of religious experience humans had.

This is the way one sometimes experiences the spirit of the troll, but in our fairy tale he is evil; he has dehumanized three kingdoms. Now, you see from that parallel, "Trunt, Trunt and the Trolls in the Mountains" that the trolls have the effect of estranging one from human society. The man became queer and said he didn't believe in God any more. He doesn't talk to the villagers; he completely fades away into nature. That is the effect of the trolls. If we translate that on a psychological level, the troll would represent a spiritual primitiveness so great that it kills all relatedness.

We need not go far to find that. We see again and again in our history, right up to the present, that if an individual or a group or even a whole nation is filled with the primitive spiritual possession of some ideological ideal, a paradise dream, for instance, they feel absolutely and unashamedly justified in killing other people for it. They are dehumanized. If you try to argue with such people, they say it is right to kill everyone who is against that ideal or tries to prevent its realization. They lose their human feeling and their conscience, their relatedness to others. It is a state of possession by an ideal, one that is not transcendent but generally on a very concrete, earthly level. So our story has something to tell not only to the Danes but to many others as well.

Our hero breaks off a twig in each forest, and these twigs he takes with him in order to be able to prove afterward that he was there. This is a motif you may know from Aeneas' descent into the underworld in Virgil's *Aeneid*. To have access to the world of the dead, Aeneas has to pick a golden bough. (That's where Frazer got the title for his twelve-volume book, *The Golden Bough*.) This motif shows also that we have to interpret these forests of silver, gold and diamond as the land of the dead. The people of those forests are, so to speak, in Hades. They have been bewitched and taken out of life. They are like people who are possessed by a paradise ideal: as human beings they are dead.

In order to reach the troll's castle, the hero, the princess and the white girl take a boat. The hero is still in his invisible form because he holds his stick up, as you remember. He gets into the boat, and each time the boat wobbles, and also when breaks off those twigs, the princess has a moment of nervousness and says, "I have the feeling somebody's behind us." But the white girl always says, "Oh no, that's only the wind." You see here the difference between the two. The white girl, who belongs to the realm of the troll, has no awareness of human presence. But the princess, who is more human and only the unfortunate victim of the troll, has a kind of hunch that something is following her.

It's an amusing reversal. If we are here on earth and a ghost follows us, then

we have this feeling, "Something is behind me!" You may remember having had in childhood those uncanny feelings of being followed by a "something" in the dark. But here it's the other way around: the living are to the ghosts as the ghosts are, usually, to the living. I could bring in a lot of amplification of that from spiritualistic and parapsychological literature. It's a widespread archetypal motif that the country of the living and the sphere of the dead interpenetrate. They are, so to speak, simultaneously present all the time, but we, the living, are not aware of the dead except in those situations where an uncanny shudder creeps up our back. And for the dead, it seems to be vice-versa.

Psychologically, we can say that the princess is a bit more human and therefore more capable of sensing the human being, which the white girl just calls "the wind." We could perhaps interpret that best by saying the princess has a kind of conscience left, because when one is doing something one oughtn't do and then has this kind of feeling "Somebody is following me, someone is watching" this is typically a symptom of a bad conscience. One feels seen. It is our higher conscience that watches us and whose presence we feel in this way. So, since the princess keeps having these feelings, we know she is not completely in thrall to the troll, and her bad conscience is reinforced by the invisible presence of the hero.

The ugly troll receives the princess and asks why she is so late, and she says she was afraid someone had followed them. But he doesn't believe it, and so the troll and the princess have dinner together from golden plates. And when they finish, the hero steals the princess's golden plate, her knife and her fork, and puts them too in his bag in order to prove later that

he had been there. The troll and the princess can't explain how that stuff could have disappeared, but they don't bother about it and begin to dance.

Here the princess has communion, so to speak, with the troll in an unholy way, and then they dance. The golden plate again shows that there is a kind of divine or royal quality around her relationship with the troll, as if he were a secret king or even a godhead of the underworld with whom she communes.

If we switch for a moment to a more personal level, it is interesting to note that this same situation presents one of the greatest difficulties in dealing with women who are completely possessed by a negative animus. At the bottom of a negative animus possession, one very often finds a secret religious element. It is like serving or communing with a god, an underworldly god, with all the ecstasies and absoluteness of so doing. That is why such women cannot easily pull out of it. They cannot simply wake up and say, "Well, that's the negative animus, and that's that! I'll finish with it now." It is a question of disentangling the

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positive spiritual and religious values in this figure from their negative connotation. The negative connotation generally comes from the fact that the animus tends to have opinions about outer and human affairs. That's where a woman's animus becomes so completely destructive. And then all the judgments about what other people think or feel, or how one ought to behave in this or that way all these judgments are just off the point.

You can really diagnose animus possession by the fact that from morning until night such women tell absolute truths, but they are applied at the wrong moment. You can never argue, therefore, with an animus, because he's always right. Generally the animus produces such general bits of wisdom that you can't even argue against them. You can only say, "Yes, yes, *in general* you are quite right, but look here! In this specific situation it is not so!" If you want to argue at all (which is always unwise!), you have to keep your eyes and ears, your whole attention, concentrated not to determine whether what the woman says is true or not, because it's *always* true, but whether it's true or not concerning *this specific point* she's arguing about. That's where it goes off the track.

So, we can say that the animus contains the general truths or collective wisdom of the unconscious. But these truths cannot be simply, inhumanely applied to outer reality, especially not to human relationships. In itself the negative animus is not wholly wrong. There is sometimes deep wisdom in what the negative animus says deep, ruthless "nature truths" that one cannot reject out of hand. But one has to sort them out.

When I illustrated how the troll affects people possessed by an ideology, we had an example of the same thing. In most political utopian ideals, there is a tremendous amount of general truth. That's why they sound so emotionally convincing to so many people. But when we come to the way they are put into practice, that's where the devil appears, where the troll shows his hand. The most primitive impulses, criminal impulses lust for power and so on get loose and destroy all chances of realizing the ideal on earth. That's why in revolutions you always have forerunners who are more the intellectual/ideological type. They are idealists. But shortly after the revolution has begun to spread, it is overrun by power-possessed criminals. That's the troll in action.

Returning to our three forests, note that they are made from inorganic matter. Jung says the forest symbolizes the layer in the unconscious that is very close to the somatic processes.²¹ One could call this the psychosomatic layer or area of the unconscious. That is because, just as the forest draws its nourishment from

21 "The Spirit Mercurius," *Alchemical Studies*, CW 13, par. 241.

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inorganic matter, so this layer of the unconscious is in immediate living contact with the physiological processes of the body matter itself, so to speak. This has to do with the individual. We generally project onto our body the "just so" reality of our existence and personality. That is why symbols of inorganic matter, like the diamond body or a golden sphere, are so often symbols of the Self, of achieved individuation.

In our story, again, the inorganic state of these forests has a negative connotation. This points to what Jung describes so well in the symbolism of the transference, where he shows that if one who is called to individuate does not take up the problem of individuation consciously (and that always goes with the problem of the transference), then that process fulfills itself negatively.²² If I am called to it, the process of individuation cannot be avoided; I can either do it consciously or it will happen to me unconsciously.

Jung says that the unconscious process of individuation results in an incredible hardening of the individual against others, while consciously working on the problem of individuation and the problem of transference leads to humanization, to greater consciousness, wisdom and relatedness. Some stupid people reproach Jungian psychology, saying we are making people into solipsistic individuals. In fact, it is just the other way around. The further the process of individuation goes, the more socially adept and positively related a person becomes. On the contrary, however, if one does not take up the process of individuation consciously, one becomes a diamond body all right, but only in its hard aspect. Then we have this incredible hardening of the heart against others. Such people can shoot you down for no reason other than for fun, or execute millions in gas chambers without the slightest remorse in order to fulfill some utopian ideal.

One can hardly understand it because, as Konrad Lorenz says so clearly, most animals don't go beyond a certain degree of aggression against members of their own species.²³ Only humans can do that to such an incredible pathological extent. The reason for this lies in part in the pseudo-religious convictions with which people arm themselves. Charles Manson, for instance, was absolutely convinced that he represented Satan and the Antichrist and that was that! He is an example of a religiosity turned negative. You see, the religious instinct is one of the most basic instincts in a human being. If it is warped, if it is not taken up consciously and that has to do with the process of individuation then it leads to that inhuman hardening, to the incredible, incomprehensible cruelty we see

22Aion, CW 9ii, par. 125.

23On Aggression, trans. Marjorie Kerr Wilson (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1966).

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spreading everywhere.

And now we come to the dance. There again, we have a religious element. As we know from ethnology, the dance is one of the most essential elements of all ancient cultures and religions. The dances of primitive tribes are almost never just for fun, although they are also for fun, admittedly. They always have a deeper, transcendent meaning. They are danced for the purpose of helping the sun rise, or helping deities of fertility, or for some other specific purpose. Even in the apocryphal Gospel of St. John, Jesus dances a mystical dance with his apostles while his body is crucified on Golgatha.²⁴

Dance represents or reproduces a cosmic rhythm. Throughout the Middle Ages and until the rise of modern astronomy, the turning of all the heavenly spheres and of the planets around the sun were considered to be parts of a great cosmic dance. Very often it was believed that those bodies did not move on their own accord, but were moved by some angel or by a planetary or cosmic soul. Together with the music of the spheres, they were all performing a huge dance around the center of the cosmos or the deity. Therefore, most ritual dances, with their circular movement, expressed the image of the deity or of the Self in its eternal rhythmical manifestation.

The Self is not static. Although it is sometimes represented by a crystal or a diamond, which stresses its eternal nature and its indestructibility, it is more often represented by some moving or dancing body. The Self is in constant movement. Continuous change in Chinese Taoist philosophy expressed the very meaning of existence. According to the *I Ching*, you cannot relate always to the Tao in the same way; you must relate to it differently at every minute. And so it is with the Self. You cannot have an experience of the Self and then stick to it for once and forever. It is well known that if you have an experience of the Self, after one or two days, or even after only a few hours, it has already disappeared. The goal, therefore, is to be able to hold on to it when it transforms itself to follow it in its dance. If you stand still and say, "Now I have it!" while the Self moves on, then you lose it. The secret is to be able to follow it, to dance with it, because the Self is constantly performing a dance, a circular movement of internal renewal. It constantly changes and yet always remains the same.

Another aspect of the dance is human communion. Nothing brings people closer together, into a kind of communicating

spirit. Practically nothing expresses as close a psychic relationship as people dancing together. That's why

24 Acts of John, 94-96, *Apocryphal New Testament*, trans. M.R. James (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1966).

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dance can be so restorative. For instance, if a tribe performs a holy dance, it restores its social coherence. It unifies the people in their feeling and in their spirit.

So dance expresses the movement of life, and to dance in a right way would be to go along with this movement, with the psychic movement of life.

The dancing princess fulfills all these things with the ugly troll. But here something that could be of redeeming religious significance has turned negative. Her dance with the troll reminds one of the witch dances on the Blocksberg, where witches dance with the devil himself in riotous nocturnal parties. Margaret Mead and others think that the negative connotations of such dancing represent merely the bedeviled remnants of an older fertility-mother cult that has been given a negative accent through Christianization.²⁵ I think there is some truth in that theory, but I don't believe it is the whole story. For beyond that, as for all great religious archetypes, there is always both a positive and a negative aspect, and the negative aspect forms just as integral a part of the archetype as the positive.

To dance with the devil is an archetypal motif we find all over the world. You can say this expresses negative possession. In practical psychology, you sometimes see the extremes of such a phenomenon in acute schizophrenics who lie in bed completely catatonic. But after they come out of such an episode, you can communicate with them about what happened, and you often find that they had the most ecstatic meetings and dances with demonic figures. Far from being immobile and half dead, as they seem to be, their soul is far away, dancing a devil's dance with some semidemonic, semidivine figure, having the most ecstatic experiences. There you see how a religious archetype that is positive in itself can negatively affect those who aren't up to meeting it in the right way. One must never forget that it is the very same archetype which in other connections, if understood and assimilated without losing one's humanness, is of the highest positive value. That is what makes these things so terribly paradoxical.

The princess and the troll dance twelve dances during the twelve hours of the night, and the princess wears out twelve pairs of shoes. It is the hero's task to find out how that happened. In the German parallel, as I mentioned, one princess does not dance for twelve hours with one troll, but twelve princesses dance with twelve cursed princes; so the number twelve is distributed onto the figures of the dance themselves. In both cases, the number twelve plays an essential role.

If you know a little bit about Egyptian religion, you know that the sun god Ra

²⁵ See, for instance, Margaret Mead, *Coming of Age in Samoa* (New York: William Morrow and Co., Inc., 1928).

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runs through the upper hemisphere of the earth and the sky in twelve hours, and transforms himself through twelve hours into twelve different shapes. Then he goes down in the West and runs under the world where again he takes on different shapes for twelve hours. During the twelve hours when he runs through the underworld he has to fight the battle with evil the Apophis snake and he is then reborn as the new sun, Horus, in the East. We can therefore associate the number twelve as it occurs in our fairy tale with the twelve nocturnal hours spent with the dark sun.

In *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, in the chapter on the sun, Jung goes to a great extent into the strange mythology of the shadow of the sun, the "black sun" or *sol niger*.²⁶ Contrary to all astronomical facts, the alchemists spoke of a black shadow of the sun, or even of a "pitch black sun," with very negative and destructive qualities. This stands in contrast to the moon, which is always a bit light and always a bit dark; it is full, then it is half, then it is new, and then it is a full moon again. And Jung, in commenting on the principles of sun and moon, shows that the sun principle is the archetype of consistent or continuous consciousness. It is more typical of the Logos principle, for a masculine rather than a feminine consciousness. But because it is so extremely bright, it builds up an extremely black shadow. So now we begin to realize what the shadow of the principle of consciousness is.

Think of it: after more than two hundred years of the Age of Enlightenment, we have practically destroyed the surface of the earth. We have practically annihilated most of its animal and plant life, and we are on the way toward annihilating ourselves. To what or whom do we owe *that*? why, to our enlightened consciousness! It's like this: If a plant doesn't grow, you dump fertilizer into the ground and, enlightened, the plants grow well. But after a few years you realize what you have destroyed. You see, to the extent that we carry on with our light of consciousness, to that same extent we refuse to tolerate ambiguity or inconsistency or discontinuity.

For instance, nowadays whenever something goes slightly wrong with us, we immediately set out to "do something" about it, not realizing that the more we do to correct it, the more we pile up the blackness and the evil on the other side. Instead, we should always ask, "Is that an evil we can tolerate, one that probably, if we tolerate it, will balance itself out after awhile?" For in that case, one ought not do anything about it. There are still plenty of situations where one clearly has to do something to fight against evil. But one should note that to do

26 CW 14, pars. 110ff.

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something rational against anything that is evil is a half-devilish measure, and more liable to disturb the balance of the whole than to improve the situation. If we would realize that, our sun would not be so bright, but its black shadow would not be so dark either.

The moon, on the other hand, with its ever dim and changing light, is identified with the conscious attitude or principle of feminine consciousness. It tends to be not so overly bright and clear but more vague and more poetically dim, so to speak. Yet because of this, it does not carry with it such a black shadow. We could therefore say that the troll in a way represents the midnight sun, the shadow of consciousness, the dark principle. That would explain his role very well in relation to the old king, for the king is the ruling, dominant symbolic idea that carries collective consciousness, while the troll is then its shadow side which has not been realized and which has attracted to it everything that has been rejected by the ruling conscious attitude. And now the princess has fallen for it and dances with it through the twelve hours of the night.

The number twelve is also interesting in that it is the product of three times four. Therefore it contains the famous relationship, *proportio sesquiteria*, between three and four which, as one knows from the study of Jung, is central to the problem of individuation. Twelve also points to the time factor. It is interesting that in China as well as with us, there is a twelve-unit counting system for time, while in the West we use a decimal system for almost all other measures. In number symbolism, twelve is always connected with time.

Dance too is intimately linked with time, for when one dances one must continually "keep time" maintain a rhythmical movement. In the same way, as discussed before, one has to keep time from moment to moment with the movement of the Self in the process of individuation. When it becomes conscious, the Self establishes a whole new attitude toward time. It changes one's conscious attitude from a static one to a more flexible attitude: one knows that one has to live from minute to minute in the right way and at the right time.

Now, one of the main characteristics of traditional Christian consciousness is that its dogma is generally taught as a completely static body of eternal truths, principles that are in themselves absolutely true. But if you read a theological book on moral casuistry, you see how the poor theologians get into trouble when they try to apply these eternal and absolute principles to special single cases. Then it all becomes ridiculous!

For instance, when the Host is transubstantiated you have to treat it with great reverence. That is obviously quite justifiable from the Catholic point of view. But then, I once found in a book a long discussion about what happens if a priest

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gives the transubstantiated Host to a woman and lets it drop into her bra! a very tricky problem: how does one go about retrieving it? You see, when it comes to the moment, the actual detailed fact of the matter, how strange and antithetical

such things become just impossible! The book I read devoted two pages to describing what has to be done in such a case.

What Westerners have not bothered enough about the old Chinese civilization is infinitely further ahead in this respect is to work out an attitude according to which ethical and religious principles are not considered to be absolutes. We ought to realize that moral decisions are not independent of their context, the situation at the moment. In Zen Buddhism, for example, one distinguishes between enlightenment as an inner experience and what is called "functioning." A Zen pupil is enlightened when he experiences satori, and becomes a master. But after he has been enlightened, he must be capable of doing the right thing from moment to moment in every situation. He does not go around teaching his enlightenment as a static principle to which others must adhere; if he did this, he would be getting off the track.

We can therefore say that the dance of the troll and the princess contains in a compensatory form what the ruling consciousness, which seems to be the Christian Weltanschauung, is lacking.

Northern countries seem to lack an ability to adapt to the specific moment. As we saw in the stories of the "it" in the Swiss mountains and in the stories of the trolls, the people involved all had momentary religious encounters in everyday life, but they were pagan, non-Christian experiences. In repressing paganism, the Christian missionaries destroyed that exceedingly alive and positive element of the former nature-cults. If you read any representation of a pagan religion, for instance of some African tribe, you see that the religion is completely built into the way they live. It's built into the moments of their life, what they do every morning or every day, what they do in every situation. There is a complete interpenetration of one's religious functions and actual life, minute by minute. Such a religion is not some abstract metaphysical belief-system that the tribe has to believe in on a theoretical level while being allowed to behave completely differently in day-to-day life.

Of course, there have been repeated attempts in Christianity to correct its overly abstract, absolutist attitude. This has succeeded more in Catholic countries than in Protestant ones. In Catholic countries, generally, the lower layers of the population live in a half-Catholic spirit but also in a half-pagan folklore spirit where everything one does is still somehow connected with the right moment and the right religious attitude. For instance, you wash your vinegar bottle and

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start a new "mother" on Good Friday because Jesus was given vinegar on the cross, and so on. You must do many specific things on certain days, and these things have a religious connotation.

But such practices are rapidly dying out, even in Catholic countries, under the pressure of so-called enlightenment. And because of this we have a split between abstract religious belief on the one hand, and on the other a completely profane and meaningless everyday life that therefore quickly falls into the grip of some unconscious archetype or regresses, in other words, into the grip of the troll.

Now, after each dance the princess's shoes are torn up. Well, perhaps just because she dances so long, the shoes become worn out. But since this motif is also in the German version and others, it must have a more special meaning.

Shoes generally have to do with one's standpoint in life. For instance, in German we say that when a boy or girl grows up, they should put off their childhood shoes. Or if a son follows exactly the life pattern of his father, we say he steps into his father's shoes. And if a woman has her husband completely under her thumb, we say, "He's under the slipper." Traditionally the victor, as you know, puts his shoe on the neck of the vanquished enemy, as if to say, "It's my standpoint to which you now have to bow. *I* say how it should be and you must bow to it." That's what is expressed by this gesture.

So, if the princess ruins all those shoes, it means she progressively loses more and more of her standpoint on earth. She becomes estranged from reality by those nocturnal escapades. She's really dancing in the realm of the dead. You might say she has become completely fascinated by the ambiguous, if not dark, side of the unconscious, and so more and more she loses her grip on reality.

Losing one's grip on reality can happen not only to individual, but collectively as well. For instance, regressive ideological possession demonstrates how whole groups of people with some childish fantasy of bringing heaven to earth can also lose their grip on reality and kill off their surroundings in the process. You see this quite clearly in the development of the Nazi movement. The "blessed" Fuhrer, and with him the whole circle of Nazi leaders, became more

and more unreal. They lost their grip on reality and that, naturally, led to their downfall. That is what happens in the long run to all such movements: they slowly lose their grip on reality and have to defend their ideal by more and more criminal means, until finally they go completely off the rails.

The princess brings back her torn shoes in the morning. That is what makes the king suspicious. He begins to think, "My daughter must do something strange at night," and that's why he gives the order to find out what's going on. On the morning after the third night, the old king asks the hero if he has seen

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anything. The young man pretends he hasn't, and so is led away to his execution. The old king feels miserable, but the princess is triumphant. You see how inhuman she is. So the young man is led to the gallows, but before he is to be killed he asks the king if he might tell the dream he had in the night.

Then he relates everything he experienced, but as if he had dreamt it all. He brings out the twigs to prove the dream was real; then he brings the golden plate out of his bag and all the other objects he brought back. He wants to show that although he tells his experience in the form of a dream, it was still real.

This is a mythological motif you often find in fairy tales: a dream is shown to be not merely a dream but something real, by the hero's collecting some object of proof. For instance, there is a Nordic fairy tale in which a shepherd sleeps under a bush. As he falls asleep, he sees a rat hole. Then he dreams that a rat comes out as a beautiful princess and gives him a golden girdle and says he should go by a certain route to a castle and redeem her. He wakes up under the bush and everything has disappeared, but he still holds that golden girdle. From that he knows the dream was more than just a dream, and so he goes and redeems the princess. These kinds of motifs are widespread and always stress that the dream is more than a dream, it is reality.

I think I can save myself a lot of work in finishing this fairy tale, for we could say, briefly, that the hero knows about the reality of the psyche. And he can give proof for the reality of the psyche, which the ordinary person thinks is nothing but a dream. So the young man shows the proof and the princess is horrified, but the king is happy and says he should now marry the princess. If that had actually happened, the catastrophe would have been complete, because we can be pretty sure the princess would have killed him on the wedding night or soon thereafter.

But the hero knows what he has yet to do you see, the troll is still around. So he refuses to marry the princess right away. He asks her for her golden thimble. Then he goes down and kills the troll with the golden needle, catches three drops of blood in the thimble, and with that he exorcises and redeems the three kingdoms and also the princess. Only then can he safely marry her.

It is interesting that in the medieval Grail legend one of the main motifs is the lance. According to certain versions it is the holy lance used by Longinus to open the side of Christ. And the Grail contains the blood of Christ. These are the central holy symbols of all the different versions of the Grail legend.

In our story we have a similar combination. We have the lance, only here it is very small, a needle, and the vessel is a thimble, but their function is essentially the same. These two symbols also represent the masculine and the feminine. The one is piercing and aiming, the active masculine principle; the other is receptive,

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the feminine principle. Because the thimble as vessel is a feminine thing, the hero asks it from the princess. He has to get it from her because she has to give something toward that process of redemption. Also, a thimble protects one from the pricks of the needle; that's why we wear thimbles when we sew. As well, the thimble protects against witch influences.

In those two symbols are the basic essence of the Self: its uniting, penetrating, directed activities and its receptive, containing qualities. The hero needs them both to get the blood of the troll, with which he brings back to life everything the troll had dehumanized.

Trolls very often have no blood, but this one has, and on account of this I tend to think it is blood he has sucked out of his victims; he has the blood his victims are lacking. I make that guess because by sprinkling the blood over them they come alive again. So we could say the troll has stolen or attracted all life and emotion away from the human realm where it belongs, and thus brought the people into a state of possession.

People who are possessed, be it by some religious or political fanaticism or something else, are often physically pale. It is as though they literally have no blood. And they certainly have no blood in the sense of having no warm feelings, no normal human affects. You cannot make such people laugh, you can't even make friendly contact with them. Their vitality is drained by their fanaticism. Therefore, they can't enjoy life. They have no private life, no moments of joy, and because of that they lack the enjoyment of life.

When their blood is returned, the kingdoms are redeemed. With the troll gone, the hero becomes ruler of the three kingdoms and it is implied that later on he will also rule the fourth. You will remember he was promised half of it, and although it is not actually said that he receives it, we can guess that at least after the death of the old king he will get the fourth kingdom as well.

So the hero first becomes the ruler of those kingdoms that had been neglected and which therefore had fallen into the grip of the troll. This means that within the total cultural situation, the accent shifts into previously neglected areas that now become important, and only perhaps later will there be a renewal of the dominant cultural center. For now, other centers are vivified, but life will slowly emanate into the main center, the last kingdom. You find that moments of renewal and new life generally do not come up where one expects them to, but rather in other previously neglected areas.

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