

yourself. It is with you all the time and demands fulfillment. If you pretend to be blind and dumb to this demand, you feign being blind and deaf to yourself. This way you will never reach the knowledge of the heart.

The knowledge of your heart is how your heart is.

From a cunning heart you will know cunning.

From a good heart you will know goodness.

So that your understanding becomes perfect, consider that your heart is both good and evil. You ask, "What? Should I also live evil?"

The spirit of the depths demands: "The life that you could still live, you should live. Well-being decides, not your well-being, not the well-being of the others, but only well-being."

Well-being is between me and others, in society. I, too, lived—which I had not done before, and which I could still do. I lived into the depths, and the depths began to speak. The depths taught me the other truth. It thus united sense and nonsense in me.

I had to recognize that I am only the expression and symbol of the soul. In the sense of the spirit of the depths, I am as I am in this visible world a symbol of my soul, and I am thoroughly a serf, completely subjugated, utterly obedient. The spirit of the depths taught me to say: "I am the servant of a child." Through this dictum I learn above all the most extreme humility, as what I most need.

The spirit of this time of course allowed me to believe in my reason. He let me see myself in the image of a leader with ripe thoughts. But the spirit of the depths teaches me that I am a servant, in fact the servant of a child. This dictum was repugnant to me and I hated it. But I had to recognize and accept that my soul is a child and that my God in my soul is a child.<sup>57</sup>

*If you are boys, your God is a woman.*

*If you are women, your God is a boy.*

*If you are men, your God is a maiden.*

*The God is where you are not.*

*So: it is wise that one has a God; this serves for your perfection.*

*A maiden is the pregnant future.*

*A boy is the engendering future.*

*A woman is: having given birth.*

*A man is: having engendered.*

*So: if you are childlike beings now, your God will descend from the height of ripeness to age and death.*

*But if you are developed beings, having engendered or given birth, in body or in soul, so your God rises from the radiant cradle, to the incalculable height of the future, to the maturity and fullness of the coming time.*

*He who still has his life before him is a child.*

*He who lives life in the present is developed.*

*If you thus live all that you can live, you are developed.*

*He who is a child in this time, his God dies.*

*He who is developed in this time, his God continues to live.*

*The spirit of the depths teaches this mystery.*

*Prosperous and woeful are those whose God is developed!*

*Prosperous and woeful are those whose God is a child!*

*What is better, that man has life ahead of him, or that God does?*

*I know no answer. Live, the unavoidable decides.*

*The spirit of the depths taught me that my life is encompassed by the divine child.<sup>58</sup> From his hand everything unexpected came to me, everything living.*

*This child is what I feel as an eternally springing youth in me.<sup>59</sup>*

*In childish men you feel the hopeless transience. All that you saw passing is yet to come for him. His future is full of transience.*

*But the transience of the things coming toward you has never yet experienced a human meaning.*

*Your continuing to live is a living onward. You engender and give birth to what is to come, you are fecund, you live onward.*

*The childish is unfruitful, what is to come to him is what already has been engendered and already withered. It does not live onward.<sup>60</sup>*

My God is a child, so wonder not that the spirit of this time in me is incensed to mockery and scorn. There will be no one who will laugh at me as I laughed at myself.

Your God should not be a man of mockery, rather you yourself will be the man of mockery. You should mock yourself and rise above this. If you have still not learned this from the old holy books, then go there, drink the blood and eat the flesh of him who was mocked<sup>61</sup> and tormented for the sake of our sins, so that you totally become his nature, deny his being-apart-from-you, you should be he himself, not Christians but Christ, otherwise you will be of no use to the coming God.

Is there any one among you who believes he can be spared the way? Can he swindle his way past the pain of Christ? I say: "Such a one deceives himself to his own detriment. He beds down on thorns and fire. No one can be spared the way of Christ, since this way leads to what is to come. You should all become Christs.<sup>62</sup>"

You do not overcome the old teaching through doing less, but through doing more. Every step closer to my soul excites the scornful laughter of my devils, those cowardly ear-whisperers and poison-mixers. It was easy for them to laugh, since I had to do strange things.

## On the Service of the Soul

[HI ii(v)]

Cap. iii

<sup>60</sup>On the following night I had to write down all the dreams that I could recollect, true to their wording.<sup>64</sup> The meaning of this act was dark to me. Why all this? Forgive the fuss that rises in me. Yet you want me to do this. What strange things are happening to me? I know too much not to see on what

<sup>57</sup> In the 1925 seminar, Jung explained his thoughts at this time: "These ideas about the anima and animus led me ever further afield into metaphysical problems, and more things crept up for reexamination. At that time I was on the Kantian basis that there were things that could never be solved and that therefore should not be speculated about, but it seemed to me that if I could find such definite ideas about the anima, it was quite worthwhile to try to formulate a conception of God. But I could arrive at nothing satisfactory and thought for a time that perhaps the anima figure was the deity. I said to myself that perhaps men had had a female God originally, but growing tired of being governed by women, they had then overthrown this God. I practically threw the whole metaphysical problem into the anima and conceived of it as the dominating spirit of psyche. In this way I got into a psychological argument with myself about the problem of God" (*Analytical Psychology*, p. 46).

<sup>58</sup> In 1940, Jung presented a study of the motif of the divine child. In a collaborative volume with the Hungarian classicist Karl Kerényi (see "On the psychology of the child archetype," CW 9, 1, §278) by its mythological nature. It compensates the oneness of consciousness and paves the way for the future development of the personality. In certain conditions of conflict, the unconscious psyche produces a symbol that unites the opposites. The child is such a symbol. It anticipates the self, which is produced through the synthesis of the conscious and unconscious elements of the personality. The typical fates that befall the child indicate the kind of psychic events accompanying the genesis of the self. The wonderful birth of the child indicates that this happens psychically as opposed to physically.

<sup>59</sup> In 1940, Jung wrote "an essential aspect of the child motif is its futural character. The child is potential future" ("On the psychology of the child archetype," CW 9, 1, §278).

<sup>60</sup> The Draft continues: "My friends, as you can see, mercy is granted to the developed, not the childish. I thank my God for this message. Do not let the teachings of Christianity deceive you! Its teachings are good for the most mature minds of bygone time. Today, it serves immature minds. Christianity no longer promises us grace, and yet we still need mercy. That which I tell you is the way of what is to come, my way to mercy" (p. 27).

<sup>61</sup> I.e., Christ. Cf. Jung, "Transformation symbolism in the mass" (1942, CW 11).

<sup>62</sup> In *Answer to Job* Jung noted: "Through the indwelling of the third divine person in man, namely the Holy Ghost, a christification of the many arises" (1952, CW 11, §758).

<sup>63</sup> November 15, 1913.

<sup>64</sup> In *Black Book 2*, Jung wrote down here the two pivotal dreams he had when he was nineteen years old which led him to turn to natural science (p. 13f), they are described in *Memories*, p. 105f.



swaying bridges I go. Where are you leading me? Forgive my excessive apprehension, brimful of knowledge. My foot hesitates to follow you. Into what mist and darkness does your path lead? Must I also learn to do without meaning? If this is what you demand, then so be it. This hour belongs to you. What is what you where there is no meaning? Only nonsense, or madness, it seems to me. Is there also a supreme meaning? Only nonsense, it seems my soul? I limp after you on crutches of understanding. I am to myself, to my smallest things. I saw the things of my soul as them large. Is that your aim? I follow, but it terrifies me. Hear my doubts, otherwise I cannot follow, since your meaning is a supreme meaning, and your steps are the steps of a God.

I understand, I must not think either; should thought, too, no longer be? I should give myself completely into your hands—but who are you? I do not trust you. Not once to trust, is that my love for you, my joy in you? Do I not trust every valiant man, and not I not sought to love men and trust them, and should I not do this with you? Forget my doubts, I know it is ignoble to doubt you. You know how difficult it is for me to set aside the beggar's pride. I take in my own thought. I forgot that you are also one of my friends, and have the first right to my trust. Should what I give them not belong to you? I recognize my injustice. It seems to me that I despised you. My joy at finding you again was not genuine. I also recognize that the scornful laughter in me was right.

I must learn to love you.<sup>65</sup> Should I also set aside self-judgment? I am afraid. Then the soul spoke to me and said: "This fear testifies against me!" It is true, it testifies against you. It kills the holy trust between you and me.

[2] *How hard is fate! If you take a step toward your soul, you will at first miss the meaning. You will believe that you have sunk into meaninglessness, into eternal disorder. You will be right! Nothing will deliver you from disorder and meaninglessness, since this is the other half of the world.*

Your God is a child, so long as you are not childlike. Is the child order, meaning? Or disorder, caprice? Disorder and meaninglessness are the mother of order and meaning. Order and meaning are things that have become and are no longer becoming.

You open the gates of the soul to let the dark flood of chaos flow into your order and meaning. If you marry the ordered to the chaos you produce the divine child, the supreme meaning beyond meaning and meaninglessness.

You are afraid to open the door? I too was afraid, since we had forgotten that God is terrible. Christ taught: God is love.<sup>66</sup> But you should know that love is also terrible.

I spoke to a loving soul and as I drew nearer to her, I was overcome by horror, and I heaped up a wall of doubt, and did not anticipate that I thus wanted to protect myself from my fearful soul.

*You dread the depths; it should horrify you, since the way of what is to come leads through it. You must endure the temptation of fear and doubt, and at the same time acknowledge to the bone that your fear is justified and your doubt is reasonable. How otherwise / could it be a true temptation and a true overcoming?*

Christ totally overcomes the temptation of the devil, but not the temptation of God to good and reason.<sup>67</sup> Christ thus succumbs to cursing.<sup>68</sup>

You still have to learn this, to succumb to no temptation, but to do everything of your own will, then you will be free and beyond Christianity.

I have had to recognize that I must submit to what I fear, yes, even more, that I must even love what horrifies me. We must learn such from that saint who was disgusted by the plague infections; she drank the pus of plague boils and became aware that it smelled like roses. The acts of the saint were not in vain.<sup>69</sup>

In everything regarding your salvation and the attainment of mercy, you are dependent on your soul. Thus no sacrifice can be too great for you. If your virtues hinder you from salvation, discard them, since they have become evil to you. The slave to virtue finds the way as little as the slave to vices.<sup>70</sup>

If you believe that you are the master of your soul, then become her servant. If you were her servant, make yourself her master, since she needs to be ruled. These should be your first steps.

During six further nights, the spirit of the depths was silent in me, since I swayed between fear, defiance, and nausea, and was wholly the prey of my passion. I could not and did not want to listen to the depths. But on the seventh night, the spirit of the depths spoke to me: "Look into your depths, pray to your depths, waken the dead."<sup>71</sup>

But I stood helpless and did not know what I could do. I looked into myself, and the only thing I found within was the memory of earlier dreams, all of which I wrote down without knowing what good this would do. I wanted to throw everything away and return to the light of day. But the spirit stopped me and forced me back into myself.

## The Desert

[HI iii(r)]

Cap. iv.

<sup>72</sup>Sixth night. My soul leads me into the desert, into the desert of my own self. I did not think that my soul is a desert, a barren, hot desert, dusty and without drink. The journey leads through hot sand, slowly wading without a visible goal to hope for? How eerie is this wasteland. It seems to me that the way leads so far away from mankind. I take my way step by step, and do not know how long my journey will last.

Why is my self a desert? Have I lived too much outside of myself in men and events? Why did I avoid my self? Was I not dear to

<sup>65</sup> In *Black Book 2*, Jung noted here: "Here, someone stands beside me and whispers terrible things into my ear: 'You write to be printed and circulated among people. You want to cause a stir through the unusual. Nietzsche did this better than you. You are imitating Saint Augustine'" (p. 20). The reference is to Augustine's *Confessions* (400 CE), a devotional work written when he was forty-five years old, in which he narrates his conversion to Christianity in an autobiographical form (*Confessions*, tr. H. Chadwick [Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1991]). The *Confessions* are addressed to God, and recount the years of his wandering away from God and the manner of his return. Echoing this in the opening sections of *Liber Novus*, Jung addresses his soul and recounts the years of his wandering away from her, and the manner of his return. In his published works, Jung frequently cited Augustine, and referred to his *Confessions* several times in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido*.

<sup>66</sup> The first letter of John: "God is love. Whoever lives in love lives in God, and God in him" (1 John 4:16).

<sup>67</sup> Christ was tempted by the devil for forty days in the desert (Luke 4:1–13).

<sup>68</sup> Matthew 21:18–20: "Now in the morning as he returned into the city, he hungered. And when he saw a fig tree in the way, he came to it, and found nothing thereon, but leaves only, and said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever. And presently the fig tree withered away. And when the disciples saw it, they marvelled, saying, How soon is the fig tree withered away!" In 1944 Jung wrote: "The Christian—my Christian—knows no curse formulas, indeed he does not even sanction the cursing of the innocent fig-tree by the rabbi Jesus" ("Why I have not adopted the 'Catholic truth'?" CW 18, §1468).

<sup>69</sup> The *Draft* continues: "They may serve for your redemption" (p. 34).

<sup>70</sup> In *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, Nietzsche wrote: "And even when one has all the virtues, there is still one thing to remember: to send even these virtues to sleep at the proper time" ("Of the chairs of virtue," p. 56). In 1939 Jung commented on the Eastern notion of liberation from virtues and vices ("Commentary to the 'Tibetan Book of Great Liberation,'" CW 11, §826).

<sup>71</sup> November 22, 1913. In *Black Book 2*, this sentence reads "says a voice" (p. 22). On November 21 Jung had given a presentation to the Zürich Psychoanalytical Society on

"Formulations on the psychology of the unconscious."

<sup>72</sup> November 28, 1913.



myself? But I have avoided the place of my soul. I was my thoughts, after I was no longer events and other men. But I was not my self, confronted with my thoughts. I should also rise up above my thoughts to my own self. My journey goes there, and that is why it leads away from men and events into solitude. Is it solitude, to be with oneself? Solitude is true only when the self is a desert.<sup>73</sup> Should I also make a garden out of the desert? Should I people a desolate land? Should I open the airy magic garden of the wilderness? What leads me into the desert, and what am I to do there? Is it a deception that I can no longer trust my thoughts? Only life is true, and only life leads me into the desert, truly not my thinking, that would like to return to thoughts, to men and events, since it feels uncanny in the desert. My soul, what am I to do here? But my soul spoke to me and said, "Wait." I heard the cruel word. Torment belongs to the desert.<sup>74</sup>

Through giving my soul all I could give, I came to the place of the soul and found that this place was a hot desert, desolate and unfruitful. No culture of the mind is enough to make a garden out of your soul. I had cultivated my spirit, the spirit of this time in me, but not that spirit of the depths that turns to the things of the soul, the world of the soul. The soul has its own peculiar world. Only the self enters in there, or the man who has completely become his self, he who is neither in events, nor in men, nor in his thoughts. Through the turning of my desire from things and men, I turned my self away from things and men, but that is precisely how I became the secure prey of my thoughts, yes, I wholly became my thoughts.

[2] I also had to detach myself from my thoughts through turning my desire away from them. And at once, I noticed that my self became a desert, where only the sun of unquiet desire burned. I was overwhelmed by the endless infertility of this desert. Even if something could have thrived there, the creative power of desire was still absent. Wherever the creative power of desire is, there springs the soil's own seed. But do not forget to wait. Did you not see that when your creative force turned to the world, how the dead things moved under it and through it, how they grew and prospered, and how your thoughts flowed in rich rivers? If your creative force now turns to the place of the soul, you will see how your soul becomes green and how its field bears wonderful fruit.

Nobody can spare themselves the waiting and most will be unable to bear this torment, but will throw themselves with greed back at men, things, and thoughts, whose slaves they will become from then on. Since then it will have been clearly proved that this man is incapable of enduring beyond things, men, and thoughts, and they will hence become his master and he will become their fool, since he cannot be without them, not until even his soul has become a fruitful field. Also he whose soul is a garden, needs things, men, and thoughts, but he is their friend and not their slave and fool.

Everything to come was already in images: to find their soul, the ancients went into the desert.<sup>75</sup> This is an image. The ancients lived their symbols, since the world had not yet become real for them. Thus they went into the solitude of the desert to teach us that the place of the soul is a lonely desert. There they found

<sup>73</sup> *Black Book 2* continues: "I hear the words 'An anchorite in his own desert.' The monks in the Syrian desert occur to me" (p. 33).

<sup>74</sup> *Black Book 2* continues: "I think of Christianity in the desert. Physically, those ancients went into the desert. Did they also enter into the desert of their own self? Or was their self not as barren and desolate as mine? There they wrestled with the devil. I wrestle with waiting. It seems to me not less since it is truly a hot hell" (p. 35).

<sup>75</sup> Around 285, St. Anthony went to live as a hermit in the Egyptian desert, and other hermits followed, whom he and Pachomius organized into a community. This formed the basis of Christian monasticism, which spread to the Palestinian and Syrian deserts. In the fourth century, there were thousands of monks in the Egyptian desert.

<sup>76</sup> John 1.1: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

<sup>77</sup> December 11, 1913.

the abundance of visions, the fruits of the desert, the wondrous flowers of the soul. Think diligently about the images that the ancients have left behind. They show the way of what is to come. Look back at the collapse of empires, of growth and death, of the desert and monasteries, they are the images of what is to come. Everything has been foretold. But who knows how to interpret it? When you say that the place of the soul is not, then it is not.

But if you say that it is, then it is. Notice what the ancients said in the images: the word is a creative act. The ancients said: in the beginning was the Word.<sup>76</sup> Consider this and think upon it.

The words that oscillate between nonsense and supreme meaning are the oldest and truest.

## Experiences in the Desert

[HI iii(r) 2]

<sup>77</sup>After a hard struggle I have come a piece of the way nearer to you. How hard this struggle was! I had fallen into an undergrowth of doubt, confusion, and scorn. I recognize that I must be alone with my soul. I come with empty hands to you, my soul. What do you want to hear? But my soul spoke to me and said, "If you come to a friend, do you come to take?" I knew that this should not be so, but it seems to me that I am poor and empty. I would like to sit down near you and at least feel the breath of your animating presence. My way is hot sand. All day long, sandy, dusty paths. My patience is sometimes weak, and once I despaired of myself, as you know.

My soul answered and said, "You speak to me as if you were a child complaining to its mother. I am not your mother." I do not want to complain, but let me say to you that mine is a long and dusty road. You are to me like a shady tree in the wilderness. I would like to enjoy your shade. But my soul answered, "You are pleasure-seeking. Where is your patience? Your time has not yet run its course. Have you forgotten why you went into the desert?"

My faith is weak, my face is blind from all that shimmering blaze of the desert sun. The heat lies on me like lead. Thirst torments me, I dare not think how unendingly long my way is, and above all, I see nothing in front of me. But the soul answered, "You speak as if you have still learned nothing. Can you not wait? Should everything fall into your lap ripe and finished? You are full, yes, you teem with intentions and desirousness!—Do you still not know that the way to truth stands open only to those without intentions?"

I know that everything you say, Oh my soul, is also my thought. But I hardly live according to it. The soul said, "How, tell me, do you then believe that your thoughts should help you?" I would always like to refer to the fact that I am a human being, just a human being who is weak and sometimes does not do his best. But the soul said, "Is this what you think it means to be human?" You are hard, my soul, but you are right. How little we still commit ourselves to living. We should grow like a tree that likewise does not know its law. We tie ourselves up with intentions, not mindful of the fact that intention is the limitation, yes, the



exclusion of life. We believe that we can illuminate the darkness with an intention, and in that way aim past the light.<sup>78</sup> How can we presume to want to know in advance, from where the light will come to us?

Let me bring only one complaint before you: I suffer from scorn, my own scorn. But my soul said to me, "Do you think little of yourself?" I do not believe so. My soul answered, "Then listen, do you think little of me? Do you still not know that you are not writing a book to feed your vanity, but that you are speaking with me? How can you suffer from scorn if you address me with those words that I give you? Do you know, then, who I am? Have you grasped me, defined me, and made me into a dead formula? Have you measured the depths of my chasms, and explored all the ways down which I am yet going to lead you? Scorn cannot challenge you if you are not vain to the marrow of your bones." Your truth is hard. I want to lay down my vanity before you, since it blinds me. See, that is why I also believed my hands were empty when I came to you today. I did not consider that it is you who fills empty hands if only they want to stretch out, yet they do not want to. I did not know that I am your vessel, empty without you but brimming over with you.

[2] This was my twenty-fifth night in the desert. This is how long it took my soul to awaken from a shadowy being to her own life, until she could approach me as a free-standing being separate from me. And I received hard but salutary words from her. I needed that taking in hand, since I could not overcome the scorn within me.

*The spirit of this time considers itself extremely clever, like every such spirit of the time. But wisdom is simpleminded, not just simple. Because of this, the clever person mocks wisdom, since mockery is his weapon. He uses the pointed, poisonous weapon, because he is struck by naive wisdom. If he were not struck, he would not need the weapon. Only in the desert do we become aware of our terrible simplemindedness, but we are afraid of admitting it. That is why we are scornful. But mockery / does not attain simplemindedness. The mockery falls on the mocker, and in the desert where no one hears and answers, he suffocates from his own scorn.*

*The cleverer you are, the more foolish your simplemindedness. The totally clever are total fools in their simplemindedness. We cannot save ourselves from the cleverness of the spirit of this time through increasing our cleverness, but through accepting what our cleverness hates most, namely simplemindedness. Yet we also do not want to be artificial fools because we have fallen into simplemindedness, rather we will be clever fools. That leads to the supreme meaning. Cleverness couples itself with intention. Simplemindedness knows no intention. Cleverness conquers the world, but simplemindedness, the soul. So take on the vow of poverty of spirit in order to partake of the soul.<sup>79</sup>*

*Against this the scorn of my cleverness rose up.<sup>80</sup> Many will laugh at my foolishness. But no one will laugh more than I laughed at myself.*

*So I overcame scorn. But when I had overcome it, I was near to my soul, and she could speak to me, and I was soon to see the desert becoming green.*

## Descent into Hell in the Future

[HI iii(v)]

Cap. v.

<sup>80</sup>In the following night, the air was filled with many voices. A loud voice called, "I am falling." Others cried out confused and excited during this. "Where to? What do you want?" Should I entrust myself to this confusion? I shuddered. It is a dreadful deep. Do you want me to leave myself to chance, to the madness of my own darkness? Wither? Wither? You fall, and I want to fall with you, whoever you are.

The spirit of the depths opened my eyes and I caught a glimpse of the inner things, the world of my soul, the many-formed and changing [Image iii(v) 1]

*I see a gray rock face along which I sink into great depths.<sup>81</sup> I stand in black dirt up to my ankles in a dark cave. Shadows sweep over me. I am seized by fear, but I know I must go in. I crawl through a narrow crack in the rock and reach an inner cave whose bottom is covered with black water. But beyond this I catch a glimpse of a luminous red stone which I must reach. I wade through the muddy water. The cave is full of the frightful noise of shrieking voices.<sup>82</sup> I take the stone, it covers a dark opening in the rock. I hold the stone in my hand, peering around inquiringly. I do not want to listen to the voices, they keep me away.<sup>83</sup> But I want to know. Here something wants to be uttered. I place my ear to the opening. I hear the flow of underground waters. I see the bloody head of a man on the dark stream. Someone wounded, someone slain floats there. I take in this image for a long time, shuddering. I see a large black scarab floating past on the dark stream.*

In the deepest reach of the stream shines a red sun, radiating through the dark water. There I see—and a terror seizes me—small serpents on the dark rock walls, striving toward the depths, where the sun shines. A thousand serpents crowd around, veiling the sun. Deep night falls. A red stream of blood, thick red blood springs up, surging for a long time, then ebbing. I am seized by fear. What did I see?<sup>84</sup> [Image iii(v) 2]

fol. iii(r) / iii(v)

<sup>78</sup> In "Commentary on 'The Secret of the Golden Flower'" (1929), Jung criticized the Western tendency to turn everything into methods and intentions. The cardinal lesson, as presented by the Chinese texts and by Meister Eckhart, was that of allowing psychic events to happen of their own accord: "Letting things happen, the action through non-action, the 'letting go of oneself' of Meister Eckhart, became the key for me that succeeded in opening the door to the way: One must be able to psychically let things happen" (CW 13, §20).

<sup>79</sup> Christ preached, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven" (Matthew 5:3). In a number of Christian communities, members take a vow of poverty. In 1934, Jung wrote: "Just as in Christianity the vow of worldly poverty turned the mind away from the riches of this earth, so spiritual poverty seeks to renounce the false riches of the spirit in order to withdraw not only from the sorry remnants—which today call themselves the protestant 'churches'—of a great past, but also from all the allurements of exotic aromas: in order, finally, to turn back to itself, where, in the cold light of consciousness, the blank barrenness of the world reaches to the very stars" ("On the archetypes of the collective unconscious," CW 9, 1, §29).

<sup>80</sup> The Draft continues: "This, too, is an image of the ancients, that they lived in things symbolically: they renounced wealth in order to have a share of the voluntary poverty of their souls. Therefore I had to grant my soul my most extreme poverty and need. And the scorn of my cleverness rose up against this" (p. 47).

<sup>81</sup> December 12 1913. The Corrected Draft has: "IV The Mystery Play: First Night" (p. 34). Black Book 2 continues: "The battle of late was the battle with scorn. A vision that caused me three sleepless nights and three days of torment has likened me to G. Keller's druggist of Chamounix (from start to finish). I know and acknowledge this style. I have learned that one must give one's heart to men, but one's intellect to the spirit of humanity. God. Then His work can be beyond vanity, since there is no more hypocritical whore than the intellect when it replaces the heart" (p. 41). Gottfried Keller (1819–1890) was a Swiss writer. See "Der Apotheker von Chamounix: Ein Buch Romanzen," in Gottfried Keller, *Gesammelte Gedichte: Erzählungen aus dem Nachlass* (Zürich: Artemis Verlag, 1984), pp. 351–417.

<sup>82</sup> The Draft continues: "A dwarf clad entirely in leather stood before it, minding the entrance" (p. 48).

<sup>83</sup> The Corrected Draft continues: "The stone must be conquered, it is the stone of the torment, of the red light" (p. 35). The Corrected Draft has: "It is a six-sided crystal that gives off a cold, reddish light" (p. 35). Albrecht Dieterich refers to the representation of the underworld in Aristophanes' *The Frogs* (which he understood to be of Orphic origin) as having a large lake and a place with serpents (*Nekyia: Beiträge zur Erklärung der neuentdeckten Petrusapokalypse* [Leipzig: Teubner, 1893], p. 71). Jung underlined these motifs in his copy. Dieterich referred to his description again on page 83, which Jung marked by the margin, and underlined "Darkness and Mud." Dieterich also referred to an Orphic representation of a stream of mud in the underworld (p. 81). In his list of references in the back of his copy, Jung noted, "81 Mud."

<sup>84</sup> Black Book 2 continues: "This dark hole—I want to know where it leads and what it says? An oracle? Is it the place of Pythia?" (p. 43).

<sup>85</sup> Jung narrated this episode in his 1925 seminar, stressing different details. He commented: "When I came out of the fantasy, I realized that my mechanism had worked wonderfully well, but I was in great confusion as to the meaning of all those things I had seen. The light in the cave from the crystal was, I thought, like the stone of wisdom. The secret murder of the hero I could not understand at all. The beetle of course I knew to be an ancient sun symbol, and the setting sun, the luminous red