

and fury and suddenly attack one another in fratricidal struggles, since one senses the approaching God in the other. So conceal the God that you have taken with you. Let them rave and maul each other. Your voice is too weak for those raging to be able to hear. Thus do not speak and do not show the God, but sit in a solitary place and sing incantations in the ancient manner:

Set the egg before you, the God in his beginning.
And behold it.
And incubate it with the magical warmth of your gaze.

49/50 HERE THE INCANTATIONS BEGIN. /

The Incantations¹²¹

Cap. x.

[Image 50]¹²²

Christmas has come. The God is in the egg.

I have prepared a rug for my God, an expensive red rug from the land of morning.

He shall be surrounded by the shimmer of magnificence of his Eastern land.

I am the mother, the simple maiden, who gave birth and did not know how.

I am the careful father, who protected the maiden.

I am the shepherd, who received the message as he guarded his herd at night on the dark fields.¹²³

50/51 / [Image 51]

I am the holy animal that stood astonished and cannot grasp the becoming of the God.

I am the wise man who came from the East, suspecting the miracle from afar.¹²⁴

And I am the egg that surrounds and nurtures the seed of the God in me.

51/52 / [Image 52]

The solemn hours lengthen.

And my humanity is wretched and suffers torment.

Since I am a giver of birth.

Whence do you delight me, Oh God?

He is the eternal emptiness and the eternal fullness.¹²⁵

Nothing resembles him and he resembles everything.

Eternal darkness and eternal brightness.

Eternal below and eternal above.

Double nature in one.

*Simple in the manifold.
Meaning in absurdity.
Freedom in bondage.
Subjugated when victorious.
Old in youth.
Yes in no.*

/ [Image 53]

*Oh
light of the middle way,
enclosed in the egg,
embryonic,
full of ardor, oppressed.
Fully expectant,
dreamlike, awaiting lost memories.
As heavy as stone, hardened.
Molten, transparent.
Streaming bright, coiled on itself.*

52/53

/ [Image 54]^{126, 127}

Amen, you are the lord of the beginning.

Amen, you are the star of the East.

Amen, you are the flower that blooms over everything.

Amen, you are the deer that breaks out of the forest.

Amen, you are the song that sounds far over the water.

Amen, you are the beginning and the end.

53/54

/ [Image 55]¹²⁸

One word that was never spoken.

One light that was never lit up.

An unparalleled confusion.

And a road without end.

54/55

/ [Image 56]

I forgive myself these words, as you also forgive me for wanting your blazing light.

55/56

/ [Image 57]

Rise up, you gracious fire of old night.

I kiss the threshold of your beginning.

My hand prepares the rug and spreads abundant red flowers before you.

Rise up my friend, you who lay sick, break through the shell.

We have prepared a meal for you.

Gifts have been prepared for you.

Dancers await you.

We have built a house for you.

56/57

¹²¹ The chapter title is missing in the calligraphic volume, and is given here following the *Draft*.

¹²² Images 50–64 symbolically depict the regeneration of Izdubar.

¹²³ Luke 2:8–11: "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

¹²⁴ Matthew 2:1–2: "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

¹²⁵ The attributes of the God in this section are elaborated as the attributes of Abraxas in the second and third sermons in *Scrutinies*. See below, p. 349.

¹²⁶ In "Dreams," Jung noted on January 3, 1917: "In Lib. nov. snake image 111 incant" [stimulus to snake image 111 in *Liber Novus*] (p. 1). This notation appears to refer to this image.

¹²⁷ Image legend: "brahmanapati" Julius Eggling notes that "Brihaspati or Brahmanapati, the lord of prayer or worship, takes the place of Agni, as the representative of the priestly dignity. . . . In Rig-Veda X, 68.9. . . Brihaspati is said to have found (avindat) the dawn, the sky and the fire (agni), and to have chased away the darkness with his light (arka, sun), he seems rather to represent the element of light and fire generally" (*Sacred Books of the East* 12, p. xvi). See also the note to image 45.

¹²⁸ The solar barge is a common motif in ancient Egypt. The barge was seen as the typical means of movement of the sun. In Egyptian mythology, the Sun God struggled against the monster Apep, who attempted to swallow the solar barge as it traveled across the heavens each day. In *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* (1912) Jung discussed the Egyptian "living sun-disc" (CW B, §153) and the motif of the sea monster (§ 549f). In his 1952 revision of this text, he noted that the battle with the sea monster represented the attempt to free ego-consciousness from the grip of the unconscious (*Symbols of Transformation*, CW 5, §539). The solar barge resembles some of the illustrations in the *Egyptian Book of the Dead* (ed. E. A. Wallis Budge [London: Arkana, 1899/1985]), i.e., the vignettes on pp. 390, 400, and 404. The oarsman is usually a falcon-headed Horus. The night journey of the sun God through the underworld is depicted in the *Amduat*, which has been seen as symbolic process of transformation. See Theodor Abt and Erik Hornung, *Knowledge for the Afterlife. The Egyptian Amduat—A Quest for Immortality* (Zürich: Living Human Heritage Publications, 2003).

Your servants stand ready.
 We drove herds together for you on green fields.
 We filled your cup with red wine.
 We set out fragrant fruit on golden dishes.
 We knock at your prison and lay our ears against it.
 The hours lengthen, tarry no longer.
 We are wretched without you and our song is worn out.

57/58

/ [Image 58]¹²⁹
 We are miserable without you and wear out our songs.
 We spoke all the words that our heart gave us.
 What else do you want?
 What else shall we fulfill for you?
 We open every door for you.
 We bend our knees where you want us to.
 We go to all points of the compass according to your wish.
 We carry up what is below, and we turn what is above into what is below,
 as you command.
 We give and take according to your wish.
 We wanted to turn right, but go left, obedient to your sign. We rise and we
 fall, we sway and we remain still, we see and we are blind, we hear and we
 are deaf, we say yes and no, always hearing your word.
 We do not comprehend and we live the incomprehensible.
 We do not love and we live the unloved.
 And we evolve around ourselves again and comprehend
 and live the understandable.

58/59

We love and live the loved, true to your law. /
 Come to us, we who are willing from our own will.
 Come to us, we who understand you from our own spirit.
 Come to us, we who will warm you at our own fire.
 Come to us, we who will heal you with our own art.
 Come to us, we who will produce you out of our own body.
 Come, child, to father and mother.

59/60

[Image 59]¹³⁰ /
 We asked earth.
 We asked Heaven.
 We asked the sea.
 We asked the wind.
 We asked the fire.
 We looked for you with all the peoples.
 We looked for you with all the kings.
 We looked for you with all the wise.
 We looked for you in our own heads and hearts.
 And we found you in the egg. [Image 60] /

60/61

I have slain a precious human sacrifice for you,
 a youth and old man.
 I have cut my skin with a knife.

I have sprinkled your altar with my own blood.
 I have banished my father and mother so that you can live with me.
 I have turned my night into day and went about at midday
 like a sleepwalker.
 I have overthrown all the Gods, broken the laws, eaten the impure.
 I have thrown down my sword and dressed in women's clothing.
 I shattered my firm castle and played like a child in the sand.
 I saw warriors form into line of battle and I destroyed my suit of armor
 with a hammer.
 I planted my field and let the fruit decay.
 I made small everything that was great and made everything great
 that was small.
 I exchanged my furthest goal for the nearest, and so I am ready.

[Image 61]¹³¹

/ [H1 62] However, I am not ready, since I have still not accepted 61/62
 that which chokes my heart. That fearful thing is the enclosing of
 the God in the egg. I am happy that the great endeavor has been
 successful, but my fear made me forget the hazards involved. I
 love and admire the powerful. No one is greater than he with the
 bull's horns, and yet I lamed, carried, and made him smaller with
 ease. I almost slumped to the ground with fear when I saw him,
 and now I rescue him with a cupped hand. These are the powers
 that make you afraid and conquer you; these have been your Gods
 and your rulers since time immemorial: yet you can put them in
 your pocket. What is blasphemy compared to this? I would like to be
 able to blaspheme against the God: That way I would at least have
 a God whom I could insult, but it is not worth blaspheming against
 an egg that one carries in one's pocket. That is a God against
 whom one cannot even blaspheme.

I hated this pitifulness of the God. My own unworthiness
 is already enough. It cannot bear my encumbering it with the
 pitifulness of the God. Nothing stands firm: you touch yourself
 and you turn to dust. You touch the God and he hides terrified in
 the egg. You force the gates of Hell: the sound of cackling masks
 and the music of fools approaches you. You storm Heaven: stage
 scenery totters and the prompter in the box falls into a swoon. You
 notice: you are not true, it is not true above, it is not true below,
 left and right are deceptions. Wherever you grasp is air, air, air.

But I have caught him, he who has been feared since time
 immemorial; I have made him small and my hand surrounds him.
 That is the demise of the Gods: man puts them in his pocket.
 That is the end of the story of the Gods. Nothing remains of
 the Gods other than an egg. And I possess this egg. Perhaps I
 can eradicate this last one and with this finally exterminate the
 race of Gods. Now that I know that the Gods have yielded to my
 power—what are the Gods to me now? Old and overripe, they
 have fallen and been buried in an egg.

But how did this happen? I felled the Great One, I mourned
 him, I did not want to leave him, since I loved him because no

129 In "Dreams," Jung wrote: "17 I 1917 Tonight: awful and formidable avalanches come crashing down the mountainside, like utterly nightmarish clouds; they will fill the valley on whose rim I am standing on the opposite side. I know that I must take flight up the mountain to avoid the dreadful catastrophe. This dream is explained in the Black Book in strange terms, in an entry bearing the same date. On 17 I 1917 I produced a drawing with red spots on page 58 of Lib Nov. On 18 I 1917 I read about the current formation of huge sunspots" (p. 2). The following is a paraphrase of the entry in *Black Book 6* for January 17, 1917: Jung asks what it is that fills him with fear and horror, what is falling down from the high mountain. His soul tells him to help the Gods and to sacrifice to them. She tells him that the worm crawls up to Heaven, it begins to cover the stars and with a tongue of fire he eats the dome of the seven blue heavens. She tells him that he will also be eaten, and that he should crawl into the stone and wait in the narrow casing until the torrent of fire is over. Snow falls from the mountains because the fiery breath falls down from above the clouds. The God is coming, Jung should get ready to receive him. Jung should hide himself in stone, as the God is a terrible fire. He should remain quiet and look within, so that the God does not consume him in flames (p. 152f).

130 Image legend: "hiranyagarbha." In the *Rig Veda*, hiranyagarbha was the primal seed from which Brahma was born. In Jung's copy of vol. 32 of the *Sacred Books of the East* (Vedic Hymns) the only section that is cut is the opening one, a hymn "To the Unknown God." This begins "In the beginning there arose the Golden Child (Hiranyagarbha); as soon as born, he alone was the lord of all that is. He established the earth and this heaven—Who is the God to whom we shall offer sacrifice?" (p. 1). In Jung's copy of the Upanishads in the *Sacred Books of the East*, there is a piece of paper inserted near page 311 of the Maitrāyana-Brahmana-Upanishad, a passage describing the Self, which begins, "And the same Self is also called . . . Hiranyagarbha" (vol. 15, pt. 2).

131 The face of the monster is similar to H1 29.

mortal being rivals him. Out of love I devised the trick that relieved him of heaviness and freed him from the confines of space. I took from him—out of love—form and corporeality. I enclosed him lovingly in the maternal egg. Should I slay him, the defenseless one whom I loved? Should I shatter the delicate shell of his grave, and expose him to the weightlessness and unboundedness of the winds of the world? But did I not sing the incantations for his incubation? Did I not do this out of love for him? Why do I love him? I do not want to tear the love for the Great One from my heart. I want to love my God, the defenseless and hopeless one. I want to care for him, like a child.

Are we not sons of the Gods? Why should Gods not be our children? If my father the God should die, a God child should arise from my maternal heart. Since I love the God and do not want to leave him. Only he who loves the God can make him fall, and the God submits to his vanquisher and nestles in his hand and dies in the heart of him who loves him and promises him birth.

My God, I love you as a mother loves the unborn whom she carries in her heart. Grow in the egg of the East, nourish yourself from my love, drink the juice of my life so that you will become a radiant God. We need your light, Oh child. Since we go in darkness, light up our paths. May your light shine before us, may your fire warm the coldness of our life. We do not need your power but life.

- 62/63 / What does power avail us? We do not want to rule. We want to live, we want light and warmth, and hence we need yours. Just as the greening earth and every living body needs the sun, so we as spirits need your light and your warmth. A sunless spirit becomes the parasite of the body. But the God feeds the spirit. [Image 63]
- 63/65 / [Image 64]^{132, 133} /

The Opening of the Egg.¹³⁴

Cap. xi.

[HI 65] ¹³⁵On the evening of the third day, I kneel down on the rug and carefully open the egg. Something resembling smoke rises up from it and suddenly Izdubar is standing before me, enormous, transformed, and complete. His limbs are whole and I find no trace of damage on them. It's as if he had awoken from a deep sleep. He says:

"Where am I? How narrow it is here, how dark, how cool—am I in the grave? Where was I? It seemed to me as if I had been outside in the universe—over and under me was an endlessly dark star-glittering sky—and I was in a passion of unspeakable yearning—Streams of fire broke from my radiating body—I surged through blazing flames—I swam in a sea that wrapped me in living fires—Full of light, full of longing, full of eternity—I was ancient and perpetually renewing myself—Falling from the heights to the depths, and whirled glowing from the depths to the heights—hovering around myself amidst glowing clouds—as raining embers beating down like the foam of the surf, engulfing / myself in stifling heat—Embracing and rejecting myself in a boundless game—Where was I? I was completely sun."¹³⁶

65/66

I: "Oh Izdubar! Divine one! How wonderful! You are healed!"

"Healed? Was I ever sick? Who speaks of sickness? I was sun, completely sun. I am the sun."

An inexpressible light breaks from his body, a light that my eyes cannot grasp. I must cover my face and cast my gaze to the ground.

I: "You are the sun, the eternal light—most powerful one, forgive me for carrying you."

Everything is quiet and dark. I look around me: the empty egg shell is lying on the rug. I feel myself, the floor, the walls, everything is as usual, utterly plain and utterly real. I would like to say that everything around me has turned to gold. But it is not true—everything is as it always has been. Here reigned eternal light, immeasurable and overpowering.¹³⁷

[2] [HI 66] It happened that I opened the egg and that the God left the egg. He was healed and his figure shone transformed, and I knelt like a child and could not grasp the miracle. He who had been pressed into the core of the beginning rose up, and no trace of illness could be found on him. And when I thought that I had caught the mighty one and held him in my cupped hands, he was the sun itself.

¹³² In "Dreams," Jung noted on February 4, 1917: "Started work on the Opening of the Egg (Image)" (p. 5). This indicates that the image depicts the regeneration of Izdubar from the egg. Concerning the solar barge in this image, cf. image 55.

¹³³ Image legend "çatapatha-brāhmanam 2.2.4" Satapatha-brāhmana 2.2.4 (*Sacred Books of the East*, vol. 12) provides the cosmological justification behind the Agnihotra. It commences by describing how Prajapati, desiring to be reproduced, produced Agni from his mouth. Prajapati offered himself to Agni, and saved himself from Death as he was about to be devoured. The Agnihotra (lit. fire healing) is a Vedic ritual performed at sunrise and sunset. The performers purify themselves, light a sacred fire, and chant verses and a prayer to Agni.

¹³⁴ The Draft has instead: "Third Day" (p. 329).

¹³⁵ January 10, 1914. In *Black Book 3*, Jung wrote: "It appears as if something has been achieved through this memorable event. But it is incalculable where this will all lead. I hardly dare say that Izdubar's fate is grotesque and tragic, for that is what our most precious life is. Fr. Th. Vischer's (A[uch], E[iner]) is the first attempt to elevate this truth to a system. He rightly deserves a place among the immortal. What lies in the middle is the truth. It has many faces; one is certainly comical, another sad, a third evil, a fourth tragic, a fifth funny, a sixth is a grimace, and so forth. Should one of these faces become particularly obtrusive, we thus recognize that we have deviated from certain truth and approach an extreme that constitutes a definite impasse should we decide to pursue this route. It is a murderous task to write the wisdom of real life, particularly if one has committed many years to serious scientific research. What proves to be most difficult is to grasp the playfulness of life (the childish, which each tend to wholly absorb the beholder or describer. / Our time requires something capable of regulating the mind. Just as the concrete world has expanded from the limitedness of the ancient outlook to the immeasurable diversity of our modern outlook, the world of intellectual possibilities has developed to unfathomable diversity. Infinitely long paths, paved with thousands of thick volumes, lead from one specialization to another. Soon no one will be able to walk down these paths anymore. And then only specialists will remain. More than ever we require the living truth of the life of the mind, of something capable of providing firm guidance" (pp. 74–77). Vischer's work was *Auch Einer. Eine Reisebekanntschaft* (Stuttgart, 1884). In 1921, Jung wrote: "Vischer's novel, *Auch Einer*, gives a deep insight into this side of the introverted state of the soul, and also into the underlying symbolism of the collective unconscious" (*Psychological Types*, CW 6, §627). In 1932 Jung commented on *Auch Einer* in *The Psychology of Kundalini Yoga*, p. 54. On *Auch Einer*, see Ruth Heller, "Auch Einer: the epitome of F. Th. Vischer's Philosophy of Life," *German Life and Letters* 8 (1954) pp. 9–18.

¹³⁶ Roscher notes that "As a God, Izdubar is associated with the Sun-God" (*Ausführliches Lexikon der Griechischen und Römischen Mythologie*, vol. 2, p. 774). The incubation and rebirth of Izdubar follows the classic pattern of solar myths. In *Das Zeitalter des Sonnengottes*, Leo Frobenius pointed out the widespread motif of a woman becoming pregnant through a process of immaculate conception and giving birth to the sun God, who develops in a remarkably short period of time. In some forms, he incubates in an egg. Frobenius related this to the setting and rising of the sun in the sea ([Berlin, G. Reimer, 1904], pp. 223–63). Jung cited this work on a number of occasions in *Transformations and Symbols of the Libido* (1912).

¹³⁷ In *Psychological Types* (1921), Jung commented on the motif of the renewed God: "The renewed God signifies a renewed attitude, that is, a renewed possibility for intensive life, a recovery of life, because psychologically God always denotes the greatest value, thus the greatest sum of the libido, the greatest intensity of life, the optimum of psychological life's activity" (CW 6, §301).