

## GATHERING FLOWERS



*'Anthology': from ancient Greek, literally: 'a flower gathering'*

In the eyes of many book lovers I am guilty of the terrible crime of turning down corners of pages and scoring paragraphs with my thumbnail when I come across something that strikes me as being important, because I find this by far the best way of relocating it later.

Many of the books on my library shelves have suffered in this way but three have had a particularly hard time as I have read them several times. One is Carl Jung's autobiography *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, another, his book entitled *Man and His Symbols*, and the third is van der Post's book about the great man himself entitled, *Jung and the Story of Our Time*.

Because these books have meant so much to me and have helped guide me over the last three decades in my effort to create my *Symbolic Sculptures*, I have gone through the three volumes and copied out a few of the paragraphs marked over the years.

**NB:** *The flower photographs are all from Margie's rose garden.*

### ***Memories, Dreams, Reflections***

Carl Gustav Jung

1. The life of man is a dubious experiment. It is a tremendous phenomenon only in numerical terms. Individually, it is so fleeting, so insufficient, that it is literally a miracle that anything can exist and develop at all. I was impressed by the fact long ago as a young medical student, and it seems to me that I should have been prematurely annihilated.

Life has always seemed to me like a plant that lives on its underground rootstock. It's true that life is invisible, hidden in the root. The part that appears above ground lasts only a summer. Then it withers away - a short-lived apparition. When we think of the unending growth and decay of life and

civilisations, we cannot escape the impression of absolute nullity. Yet I have never lost a sense of something that lives and endures underneath the eternal flux. What we see is the blossom, which passes. The rootstock remains.

2. Then, to my intense confusion, it occurred to me that I was actually two different persons. One of them was the schoolboy who could not grasp algebra and was far from sure of himself; the other was important, a high authority, a man not to be trifled with, as powerful and influential as a manufacturer. The 'other' was an old man who lived in the eighteenth century.

3. From the beginning I had a sense of Destiny, as though my life was assigned to me by fate and had to be fulfilled. This gave me an inner security, and, though I could never prove it to myself, it proved itself to me. 'I' did not have this certainty, 'it' had me.



4. Now I knew that No 1 was the light, and No 2 followed him like a shadow.

5. There was no doubt in my mind that No 2 had something to do with the creation of dreams, and I could easily credit him with the necessary superior intelligence. I was conscious of it only vaguely, although I knew it emotionally beyond doubt.

6. Although we human beings have our own personal life, we are in large measure the representatives, the victims and promoters of a collective spirit whose years are counted in centuries.

7. I have always advised analysts: "Have a father confessor, or a mother confessor!" Women are particularly gifted for playing such a part. They often have excellent intuition and critical insight, and can see what men have up their sleeves, at times see also into men's anima intrigues. They see aspects that the man does not see. That is why no woman has ever been convinced that her husband is a superman!

8. The kernel of all jealousy is lack of love.

9. The collective unconscious is common to all; it is the foundation of what the ancients called the 'sympathy of all things'.

10. Even to this day the believer has the opportunity, in his church, to live the 'symbolic life'. But to live and experience symbols presupposes a vital participation on the part of the believer, and only too often this is lacking in people today. In the neurotic it is practically always lacking. In such cases we have to observe whether the unconscious will not spontaneously bring up symbols to replace that lacking. *Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious*.

11. The finest and most significant conversations of my life were anonymous.

12. *Recalled Dream*. The ground floor stood for the first level of the conscious. The deeper I went, the more alien and darker the scene became. In the cave (under the house), I discovered the remains of a primitive culture, that is, the world of primitive man within myself - a world that can scarcely be reached or illuminated by consciousness. The primitive psyche of man borders on the life of the animal soul, just as the caves of prehistoric times were usually inhabited by animals before men laid claim to them.



13. My dream was obviously pointing to the foundation of cultural history - a history of successive layers of consciousness. My dream thus constituted a kind of structural diagram of the human psyche; it postulated something of an altogether *impersonal* nature underlying that psyche.

14. I said to myself, "Since I know nothing at all, I shall simply do what occurs to me." Thus I consciously submitted myself to the impulses of the unconscious.

15. When I was writing down these fantasies, I asked myself, "What am I really doing? Certainly this has nothing to do with science. But then what is?" Whereupon a (woman's) voice within me said, "It is art." I said, "No it is not art! On the contrary it is nature," and prepared myself for an argument. I was greatly intrigued that a woman should interfere with me from within. My conclusion was that she must be the 'soul' in the primitive sense, and I began



to speculate why the name 'anima' was given to the soul. Why was it thought to be feminine? Later I came to see that this inner feminine figure plays an archetypal role in the unconsciousness of a man, and I called her the 'anima'. The corresponding figure in the unconscious of woman I called 'animus'.

16. It was then that I delivered myself to the service of the psyche. I loved it and hated it, but it was my great wealth. By delivering myself over to it was the only way by which I could endure my existence and live it as fully as possible.



17. We no longer live on what we have, but on promises, no longer in the light of the present day, but in the darkness of the future, which, we expect, will at last bring the proper sunrise. We refuse to recognise that everything better is purchased at the price of something worse; that, for example, the hope of greater freedom is cancelled out by increased enslavement to the state, not to speak of the terrible perils to which the most brilliant discoveries of science expose us. The less we understand of what our fathers and forefathers sought, the less we understand ourselves, and thus we help with all our might to rob the individual of his roots and his guiding instincts, so he becomes the particle in the mass, ruled by the spirit of gravity.

18. Thus we are left with whether our ancestral components find an elementary gratification in our lives, or whether they are repelled. Inner peace and contentment depend in large measure upon whether or not the historical family, which is inherent in the individual, can be harmonised with the short-lived condition of the present.

19. It is as if a silent, great family, stretching down the centuries, were peopling my home. There I live in my second personality and see life in the round, as something forever coming into being and passing on.

20. Everything that irritates us about others can lead us to a better understanding of ourselves.

21. Nature, the psyche, and life appear to me like divinity unfolded - and what more could I wish for? To me the supreme meaning of Being can consist only in the fact that it *is*, not that it is not or is no longer.

22. A man who has not passed through the inferno of his passions has never overcome them. Whenever we give up, leave behind, and forget too much, there is always the danger that things that we have neglected will return with added force.

23. But when one follows the path of the individual, when one lives one's own life, one must take mistakes into the bargain; life would not be complete without them. There is no guarantee that we will not fall into error or stumble into deadly peril. *Anyone who takes the sure road is as good as dead.* [italics JR]



24. I have also realised that one must accept the thoughts that go on within oneself of their own accord as part of one's reality. The presence of thoughts is more important than our subjective judgement of them. But neither must these judgements be suppressed, for they also are existent thoughts that are part of our wholeness.

25. Rather, we must hold clearly in mind that there is no possible way for us to attain certainty concerning things that pass our understanding.

26. Leaving aside the rational arguments against and certainty in these matters, we must not forget that for most people it means a great deal to assume that their lives will have an infinite continuity beyond their present existence. They live more sensibly, feel better, and are more at peace.

27. I do not know for what reason the universe has come into being, and shall never know. Therefore I must drop this question as a scientific or intellectual problem. But if an idea about it is offered to me - in dreams or in mythic traditions - I ought to take note of it. I even ought to build up a conception on the basis of such hints, even though it will forever remain a hypothesis that I know cannot be proved.

28. While the man who despairs marches towards nothingness, the one who has placed his faith in the archetype follows the tracks of life and lives right into his death. Both, to be sure, remain in uncertainty, but the one lives against his instincts, the other with them.

29. I have become convinced that at least part of our psychic existence is characterised by the relativity of space and time. This relativity seems to increase, in proportion to the distance from consciousness, to an absolute condition of timelessness and spacelessness.



30. To Western man, the meaninglessness of a merely static universe is unbearable. He must assume that it has meaning. The Oriental does not need to make this assumption; rather, he himself embodies it. Whereas the Occidental feels the need to complete the meaning of the world, the Oriental strives for the fulfilment of the meaning in man, stripping the world and existence from himself (Buddha).

31. I would say that both are right. Western man seems predominantly extraverted, Eastern man predominantly introverted. The former projects the meaning and considers that it exists in objects; the latter feels the meaning in himself. But the meaning is both within and without.

32. Am I a combination of the lives of these ancestors and do I embody these lives again? Have I lived before in the past as a specific personality, and did I progress so far in that life that I am now able to seek a solution? I do not know. Buddha left the question open, and I like to assume that he himself did not know with certainty. In the meantime it is important to ensure that I do not stand at the end with empty hands.

33. In general, the conception people form of the hereafter is largely made up of wishful thinking and prejudices. Certain souls, I imagine, feel the state of three-dimensional existence to be more blissful than that of Eternity.

34. In the products of the unconscious we discover symbols, that is, circular and quaternary figures which express wholeness, and whenever we wish to express wholeness, we employ such figures. Our basis is ego-consciousness, our world the field of light centred upon the focal point of the ego.

35. Attainment of consciousness is culture in the broadest sense, and self-knowledge is therefore the heart and essence of the process. The Oriental attributes unquestionably divine significance to the self, and according to the Christian view self-knowledge is the road to knowledge of God.

36. Thus we demand that the world grant us recognition for qualities which we regard as personal possessions: our talent and our beauty. The more that man lays stress on false possessions, and the less sensitivity he has for what is essential, the less satisfying is his life.



37. In knowing ourselves to be unique in our personal combination - that is, ultimately limited - we possess also the capacity for becoming conscious of the infinite. But only then!

38. As far as we can discern, the sole purpose for human existence is to kindle a light in the darkness of mere being. It may even be assumed that just as the unconscious affects us, so the increase in our consciousness affects the unconscious.

39. The very beginnings of societal structures reveal the craving for secret organisations. The need for ostentatious secrecy is of vital importance on the primitive level, for the shared secret serves as cement binding the tribe.

40. In my medical experience as well as in my own life I have again and again been faced with the mystery of love, and have never been able to explain what it is.



41. As a child I felt myself to be alone, and I am still, because I know things and must hint at things which others apparently know nothing of, and for the most part do not want to know.

42. It is important to have a secret, a premonition of things unknown. A man must sense that he lives in a world, which in some respects is mysterious; that things happen and can be experienced which remain inexplicable; that not everything that happens can be anticipated. The unexpected and the incredible belong in this world. Only then is life whole. For me the world has from the beginning been infinite and ungraspable.

43. *I know only that I was born and exist, and it seems to me that I have been carried along.* I exist on the foundation of something that I do not know. In spite of all uncertainties, I feel solidity underlying all existence and a continuity in my mode of being. [italics JR]

44. There is so much that fills me: plants, animals, clouds, day and night, and the eternal in man. The more uncertain I have felt about myself, the more there has grown up in me a feeling of kinship with all things.



### ***Man and His Symbols : Part One***

Conceived and edited by C G Jung

45. Leonardo da Vinci wrote in his Notebooks: *It should not be hard for you to stop sometimes and look into the stains of walls, or ashes of a fire, or clouds or mud or places in which... you may find marvellous ideas.*

46. At this point it occurred to me that it might reasonably follow that dreams have some special and more significant function of their own.

47. Many artists, philosophers, and even scientists owe some of their best ideas to inspirations that appear suddenly from the unconscious. The so-called 'mystical' experience of Descartes involved a similar sudden revelation in which he saw in a flash the 'order of sciences'. Robert Louis Stevenson had spent



years looking for a story that would fit his 'strong sense of man's double being', when the plot of Doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde was suddenly revealed to him in a dream.

48. Primitive man was much more governed by his instincts than are his 'rational' modern descendants, who have learned to 'control' themselves.

49. The sign is always less than the concept it represents, while the symbol always stands for something more than its obvious and immediate meaning. Symbols, moreover, are natural and spontaneous products. There are many symbols that are not individual but *collective* in their nature and origin.



50. Logical analysis is the prerogative of the consciousness; we select with reason and knowledge. The unconscious, however, seems to be guided chiefly by instinctive trends, represented by corresponding thought form - that is, by the archetypes.

51. Life is a battleground, it always has been, and always will be; and if it was not so, existence would come to an end.

52. It is the role of religious symbols to give meaning to the life of man.

53. Imagination and intuition are vital to our understanding. And although the usual popular opinion is that they are chiefly valuable to poets and artists, they are in fact equally vital to all the higher grades of science. Even physics, the strictest of all applied sciences, depends to an astonishing degree upon intuition, which works by way of the unconscious.

54. Intuition is almost indispensable in the interpretation of symbols, and it can often ensure that they are immediately understood by the dreamer.

55. How different was the former image of matter - Great Mother - that could encompass and express the profound emotional meaning of Mother Earth.

56. As scientific understanding has grown, so our world has become dehumanised. Man feels isolated in the cosmos, because he is no longer involved in nature and has lost his emotional 'unconscious identity' with natural phenomena.

57. His contact with nature has gone, and with it has gone the profound emotional energy that his symbolic connection supplied.

58. The main task of dreams is to bring back a sort of 'recollection' of the prehistoric, as well as the infantile world, right down to the level of the most primitive instincts.

59. Man is bound to follow the adventurous prompting of his scientific and inventive mind and admire himself for his splendid achievements. At the same time his genius, the uncanny tendency to invent things, becomes more and more dangerous, because they represent better means for wholesale suicide.

60. Our private lives are dominated by the goddess of Reason, who is our greatest and most tragic illusion. By the aid of reason, so we assure ourselves that we have 'conquered nature'. But this is a mere slogan, for the so-called conquest of nature overwhelms us with the natural fact of overpopulation and adds to our troubles by our psychological incapacity to make the necessary political arrangements.

61. Certainly the conscious mind seems unable to do anything useful in this respect. Man today is painfully aware of the fact that neither his great religions nor his various philosophies seem to provide him with those powerful animated ideas that would give him the security he needs in face of the present condition of the world.

62. The meaning of life is not explained by one's business life, nor is the deep desire of the human heart answered by a bank account.

63. We should give in to this almost imperceptible, yet powerfully dominating, impulse - the impulse that comes from the urge toward unique, creative self-realisation. The guiding hints or impulses come, not from the ego, but from the totality of the psyche: the Self.

64. The fact is that each person has to do something different, something that is uniquely his own.

65. In its individual manifestation the character of man's anima is as a rule shaped by his mother.

66. But what does the role of the anima as guide to the inner world mean in practical terms? This positive function occurs when a man takes seriously the feelings, moods, expectations, and fantasies sent by his anima and when he fixes them in some form - for example, in writing, painting, sculpture, musical composition, or dancing. When he works at this patiently and solely, other more deeply unconscious material wells up from the depths and connects with earlier material.

67. The human being is as different as possible from a stone, yet man's innermost centre is in a strange and special way akin to it (perhaps because the stone symbolises mere existence at the farthest remove from emotions, feelings, fantasies, and reasoning by the ego-consciousness). In this sense the stone symbolises what is perhaps the deepest experience - the experience of something that is eternal that man can have in those moments when he feels immortal and unalterable. The holiest sanctuary of the Islamic world is the Ka'aba, the black stone of Mecca to which all pious Moslems hope to make their pilgrimage at least once in their life.



### ***Symbolism in the Visual Arts : Part Two***

68. The history of symbolism shows that everything can assume symbolic significance: natural objects (like stones, plants, animals, men, mountains and valleys, sun and moon, wind, water, and fire), or man-made things (like houses, boats, or cars), or even abstract forms (like numbers, or the triangle, the square, and the circle), in fact the whole cosmos is a potential symbol.

69. Man unconsciously transforms objects or forms into symbols and expresses them in both his religion and visual arts. The intertwined history of religion and art, reaching back to prehistoric times, is the record that our ancestors have left of the symbols that were meaningful and moving to them. Even today, as modern painting and sculpture show, the interplay of religion and art is still alive.

70. The recurring motifs which illustrate the presence and nature of symbolism in art are symbols of stone, the animal, the circle and the spiral. Each of these has had an enduring psychological significance from the earliest expressions of human consciousness to the most sophisticated form of 20th century art.

71. The emphasis on the 'spirit' in much sculpture is one indication of the shifting, indefinable borderline between religion and art. Sometimes one cannot be separated from the other as it appears in age-old works of art: the symbol of the animal.



***'Horses', Chauvet Cave, 35,000 years old***

72. Other cave art must have served magic fertility rites. Some show animals at the moment of mating; an example can be seen in the sculptures of a male and female bison in the Tuc d'Audoubert cave in France. The realistic images of animals were enriched by overtones of magic and took on a symbolic significance and became the living essence of the animal. *In the soft clay of the Tuc d'Audoubert cave footprints were found leading around the bison sculptures, perhaps indicating that dancing was part of the Ice Age rites.* [italics JR]

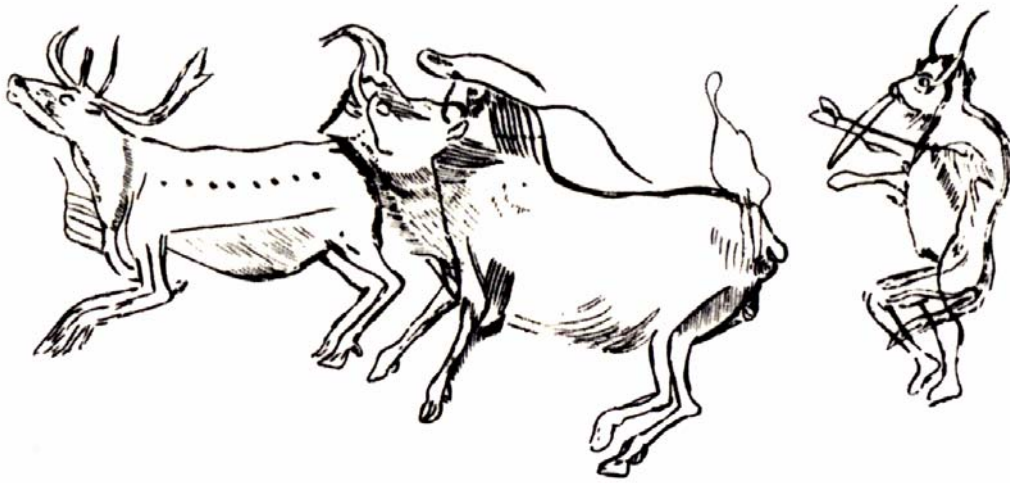


***'Bison', Tuc d'Audoubert, 15,000 years old***

73. Some of the most interesting figures in the cave paintings are those of semi-human beings in animal disguise, which are sometimes to be found beside the animals. In the Trois Frères cave, a man wrapped in an animal hide is playing a primitive flute as if he meant to put a spell on the animals. This figure



is unquestionably 'Lord of the Animals'. We probably should not go far wrong in seeing the dancing animal-man in the Trois Frères cave as a Shaman priest who has been transformed by his disguise into an animal demon.



*'Lord of the Animals', Trois Frères cave, France*

74. Kandinsky is reported to have said that in his eyes the importance of great works of art did not lie, "on the surface, in externals, but in the root of all roots - in the mystical contents of art. The artist's eye should always be turned in upon his inner life, and his ear should always be alert for the voice of inward necessity. This is the only way of giving expression to what the mystic vision commands. The impact of the acute angle of a triangle on a circle is actually as overwhelming in effect as the finger of God touching the finger of Adam in Michelangelo."

75. Paul Klee said, "It is the artist's mission to penetrate as far as may be toward the secret ground where primal law feeds growth. Which artist would not wish to live in the central organ of all motion in space-time (be it the brain or the heart of creation) from which all functions derive their life? In the womb of nature, in the primal ground of creation, where the secret key to all things lies hidden? Our beating heart drives us down to the primal ground."

76. *The artist is, as it were, not so free in his creative work as he may think he is.* If his work is performed in a more or less unconscious way, it is controlled by laws of nature that, on the deepest level, correspond to the laws of the psyche, and vice versa. [italics JR]

### ***Jung and the Story of Our Time***

van der Post

77. Carl Jung is almost the one person of whose greatness I am certain. Most of those regarded as great in their own lifetime diminish once dead, and only the truly great increase in stature.

78. The ancient Chinese have defined meaning as 'that which has always existed through itself'.



79. Lévy-Bruhl wrote, *The dream was the real god of primitive people.*

80. William Blake stated that when art declines, nations decay.

81. I saw art as a kind of magic mirror making visible what is invisible in us and the life of our time. An instrument also for making what is oldest in the human spirit contemporary and new. It was an unfailing source of increasing human awareness, and by such increase enabled life to renew itself in greater and more authoritative expressions of itself. Without art truth was not whole.

82. I began to have a firmer intimation of how much greater the role of symbolism was than either I, or my generation, suspected. I had already accepted that it had a dynamic, initiating function in the imagination of man. Symbols seemed to be the imposed first material out of which we fashioned new ways of thought and spirit in order to achieve greater quality of being.

83. I had a feeling that even our own capacity for thinking shrank into painfully humble proportions compared with another kind of reality which was, as it were, thinking through us. Yet even these reservations about human thought-capacity were trivial set against my conviction that we were utterly incapable of inventing the contents of symbols. They seem to issue straight out of our deepest nature as starlight out of the night. Whether we liked it or not these symbols were inflicted on us as a spur to a widening vision.

84. Fire was the great cross-road in the human journey. It was the event that set men apart not only from the other animals and the natural world to which, without self-doubt or feeling of guilt, he belonged.

85. In the jungle of south-east Asia I encountered a small yellow Aboriginal people who lived forever in a world of green leaves, sodden moss, dripping tree ferns and perpetual rain, and where making fire by friction, in the classical

primitive manner, could not possibly work. They had accordingly developed a method of making fire that I had not seen anywhere else. Each little man carried suspended from a leather thong tied around his naked waist, a longish square block of wood. This block was divided into two sections. It had a solid hard wood lid out of the centre of which protruded a long, tapering rod of wood with a deep niche carved into its end. This rod fitted tightly into a narrow tapering cylinder bored into the main block of wood. When one of these little men wanted to make a fire, all he did was to extract the rod from its cylinder, take some very fine dry moss from a leather bag, insert the moss into the niche at the bottom of the rod, fit the rod into the opening of the cylinder and then, with his hand, slam the rod hard and fast, as deep as it could go into the cylinder. That done, he would quickly pull the rod out and one would see that the moss was on fire. (*Diesel combustion engine!*) [italics JR]

86. I have always had a hunch that coincidences were a manifestation of the law of life of which we are inadequately aware and which, in terms of our short life, are unfortunately incapable of total definition.



87. Jung loved Africa because it finally settled whatever doubts he might have had as to the validity and universality of an area of the human spirit shared by all men, no matter how different their cultures, their creeds and their races and colours. This great hypothesis he coined the term 'collective unconscious'.

88. It is, perhaps, most creatively, the feeling that in the midst of our own partial knowing and experience of life there is the presence of something far greater than man can comprehend. Reality, no matter how widened and heightened our perceptions, never ceases to be an infinite mystery.

89. Jung said that as a child he was already convinced that no one could live without water. He meant the presence of water in a lake or river, and its unfolding significance within Man's awareness.

90. *I-Ching* emphasises that water represents the nourishment that comes from above for life on Earth, where it is transformed into an element which leads the heart of men to the soul locked up within the body, reflecting there a light that is enclosed in the dark.

91. Jung could never look at the mountaintops without looking at the valleys and their rivers and lakes and thinking of them all as a great and mysterious whole. The combination of physical externals made a lasting impact on him.

92. The Earth, in the imagination of man, whether of the Stone-Age bushman, the Greek of Homer or Roman of Virgil, was essentially feminine. A Great Mother producing and nourishing all forms of living things.



93. Awareness is nothing if it is not a dialogue between oneself and what one feels to be the 'Other' and greater than oneself. Inner dialogue exists between what one knows and one does not know: between what one is and what one is not. It exists between what one is called upon to be and to serve. It exists where the last horizon of a known self meets the mystery, which encloses it as does the universe the Earth. Indeed, one does not begin to discover oneself as an individual until such a dialogue breaks in on an hitherto undivided self and some great *forever* outside space and time and change to which we are all so irrevocably subjected, presents itself. This dialogue is a relentless process of enigmatic question and answer that is to run to the end of one's days. And the *forever* in the beginning at all times and places has had one of its most authoritative representations in imagery, *painting, sculpture, song and dance*.

94. Goethe: *Two souls are housed within my breast*. Jung gave the name of Philemon to his archetypal concept of a 'wise old man'.

95. Jung entered the world of mathematics through the same door as had Pythagoras and Euclid. All these symbols and patterns which form the foundation of the great science of mathematics issue unsolicited out of him as



they had done out of them and were sheer objective religious material. All the axioms in the minds of those who first formulated them, particularly those of Pythagoras whom Jung numbered as the greatest of men, were launched more as religious statements than scientific pronouncements, however great their applied scientific potentials were to prove. To define the mathematical concepts of infinity as that which is so great that it can be neither increased nor diminished is as good a definition of a God as one could possibly get.

96. The dream, I believe, is part of the unconscious made accessible to our waking selves in sleep; a potential form as it was of the conscious unconsciousness. The vision is an illumination from the unconscious so charged and powerful that it breaks with startling clarity through the watchful barrier of our wakened mind to become a dream experience in a fully conscious state.

97. Jung said, "I must stop talking to others out of my intuition. I must talk more out of facts. Somehow, somewhere, I must find facts to match my intuition." All his life he remained as in love with facts as he had been born in love with intuition.



98. Few of us to this day recognise the imperative of courage in the life of the imagination and how it alone can make us free from fear and open to the fullness of reality.

99. When Bach was asked how he thought of so many tunes, he answered, "I have no need to think of them. I have the greatest difficulty not to step on them when I get out of bed in the morning."

100. Jung said, "I myself have never encountered a difficulty that was not also truly the difficulty of myself."

101. He had taught himself to give an unimagined freedom to his imagination to go wherever it had to go on its descent into his own netherworld.

102. I sleep and my soul awakens. Imagination is the star in man.

103. Jung revealed that in the collective unconscious of individual man were infinite resources of energy, organised in definite recognisable patterns. Each of these patterns had at its disposal its own form of energy located, as it were, at the centre, between the unconscious and the conscious. There was a master-pattern to which all other patterns subscribed, and all their energies could be joined, in one transcendental orbit. He called these patterns 'primordial images' but later changed it to 'archetypes'.

104. The two archetypal patterns that have a unique importance in our times are the feminine in man and the masculine in women. Jung called the latter 'animus' and the first 'anima'.

105. *Black African sayings*: 'No one could be real and not throw a shadow. When I die he goes up into the sky to join the sun, but I go down into the earth where he now lies.'

106. Love in the last analysis is a feminine mystery.



107. Jung was possessed by a capacity for love so great that it included a love of all that life until now has rejected, reviled and persecuted. In all this he was more than a psychological or scientific phenomenon - he was in my mind one of the most momentous religious phenomena the world has ever experienced.

108. Cornelia Brunner's analysis of the works of Rider Haggard revealed the trail of *anima* in his books, which was his real achievement. (p. 1270 *SHE*)

109. Jung always held that one reason why modern man was so significantly poor in spirit was because he no longer lived a symbolic life.

110. Jung said specifically that, "Although one must not think the unthinkable, although one must never use the mind for a purpose for which it was not

intended we should always recognise that it was one's imagination that gave one the greatest guide: one had to follow it always with the greatest awareness. If, in the prospect of death, the meaning was derived from a feeling that death was not the end, one had to follow that and live that in terms of that feeling."

111. The natural reverence for life which the first man took for granted in himself is vanishing from all but a few.

112. The visual arts more and more have withdrawn from the objective without, severed their link with their counterpart within and see and portray in this dark averted dimension the symptoms of anger, rebellion and dissociation caused by stubborn neglect of our natural spirit.

113. [Carl Jung called the friendly old man whom he talked to in his subconscious by the name of Philemon. The name comes from a character in a Greek myth recorded by Ovid. Philemon and his wife were poor and pious. When Zeus and Hermes were travelling in disguise they gave them shelter after some rich people had turned them away. As a reward, they were saved from the flood that drowned the rest of the country; their cottage was turned into a temple and they became its priest and priestess. JR]



### *Quotations*

I find 'quotations' a bit like watching ripples in a pond when you throw a stone in the water. For me 'quotations' send out *mental ripples* that launch me off on adventurous journeys of interpretation into unknown realms of imagination.

I have always hoped that my *Symbolic Sculptures* would start those who see them on similar journeys of self-discovery, in the same way as *Quotations* do for me. Because some people find this hard to do I give each of my sculptures a 'title' to act as a key that hopefully will help them take the first step. I have never wished to enforce my own interpretation of my work on others, I would much rather they translate the image into a vision that fits their own lives.

I was once fortunate to come across a collection of *Quotable Einstein*.

## ***The Quotable Einstein***

A Calaprice

*Einstein did not learn to speak until he was three years old. It has been suggested that his lateness was the origin of his thinking in visual terms (i.e. his thought experiments).* A C.

114. A happy man is too satisfied with the present to dwell too much on the future.

115. Personally, I experience the greatest degree of pleasure in having contact with works of art. They furnish me with happy feelings of an intensity such as I cannot derive from other realms.

116. I have never looked upon ease and happiness as ends in themselves - such an ethical basis I call the ideal of a pigsty... The ideals which have lighted my way, and time and time again have given me new courage to face life cheerfully, have been Kindness, Beauty, and Truth.

117. Although I try to be universal in thought, I am European by instinct and inclination.



118. I never worry about the future. It comes soon enough.

119. When I examine myself and my methods of thought, I come to the conclusion that the gift of fantasy [imagination] has meant more to me than my talent for absorbing absolute knowledge.

### ***On Death***

120. I have firmly decided to bite the dust with a minimum of medical assistance when my time comes, and up to then sin to my wicked heart's content. I want to go when *I* want. It is tasteless to prolong life artificially. I have done my share; it is time to go. I will do it elegantly.



### ***Religion, God and Philosophy***

121. Look deep into nature, and then you will understand everything better.

122. Humiliation and mental oppression by ignorant and selfish teachers wreak havoc in the youthful mind that can never be undone and often exerts a baleful influence in later life.

123. The school should always have as its aim that the young (person) should leave it as a harmonious personality, not as a specialist.

124. The crippling of individuals I consider the worst evil of capitalism. Our whole educational system suffers from this evil. An exaggerated competitive attitude is inculcated into the student, who is trained to worship acquisitive success as a preparation for his future career.



### ***On Friends and Men***

125. What I admired most in him as a human being is that he managed to live for so many years not only in peace but also in lasting harmony with a woman - an undertaking in which I twice failed rather disgracefully.

126. *Isaac Newton.* His great and lucid ideas will retain their unique significance for all time as the foundation of our whole modern conceptual structure in the sphere of natural philosophy.

### ***On Humankind***

127. Children don't heed the life experiences of their parents, and nations ignore history. Bad lessons always have to be learnt anew.

128. It is people that make me seasick - not the sea. But I am afraid that science is yet to find a solution for this ailment.

129. Enjoy the joys of others and suffer with them - these are the best guides for man.

130. The true value of a human being is determined primarily by how he has attained liberation from self.

131. It is better for people to be like the beasts, they should be more intuitive; they shouldn't be too conscious of what they are doing while they are doing it.

### *On Life*

132. I believe that a simple and unassuming life is good for everybody, physically and mentally.

133. Strange is our situation here upon the earth. Each of us comes for a short visit, not knowing why, yet sometimes seeming to divine a purpose.



134. The life of the individual has meaning only insofar as it aids in making the life of every living thing nobler and more beautiful. Life is sacred, that is to say, it is the supreme value, to which all other values are subordinate.

135. When the expected course of everyday life is interrupted, we realise that we are like a shipwrecked people trying to keep their balance on a miserable plank in the open sea, having forgotten where they came from and not knowing whither they are drifting.

136. 'Religion' is an attitude of cosmic awe and wonder and a devout humility before the harmony of nature, rather than a belief in a personal God who is able to control the lives of individuals.

137. Since our inner experiences consist of reproductions and combinations of sensory impressions, the concept of a soul without a body seems to me to be empty and devoid of meaning.

138. I believe in Spinoza's God who reveals himself in harmony of all that exists, but not in a God who concerns himself with the fate and actions of human beings.

139. In my view it is the most important job of art and science to awaken this feeling (of cosmic religion) and keep it alive in those who are receptive to it.

140. No idea is conceived in our mind independent of our five senses ( $\therefore$  no idea is divinely inspired)

### ***On Science, Mathematics and Technology***

141. The state of mind that enables a man to do work of this kind... is akin to that of the religious worshipper or the lover; the daily effort comes from no deliberate intention or programme, but straight from the heart.

142. I believe that one of the strongest motives that leads men to art and science is escape from everyday life with its painful crudity and hopeless dreariness and from the fetters of one's own everyday desires... A finely tempered nature longs to escape from personal life into a world of objective perception and thought.

143. I was sitting in the patent office in Bern when all of a sudden a thought occurred to me: *If a person falls freely, he won't feel his own weight.* I was startled. This thought made a deep impression on me. It impelled me towards a theory of gravitation.

144. After a certain high level of technical skill is achieved, science and art tend to coalesce in aesthetics\*, plasticity, and form. The greatest scientists are always artists as well. (*Grandchildren: \* The ability to experience sensation, perspective and sensitivity.*)

145. The years of searching in the dark for truth that one feels but cannot express, the intense desire and the alternations of confidence and misgiving until one breaks through to clarity and understanding, are known only to him who has experienced them himself.

146. It follows from the theory of relativity that mass and energy are both different manifestations of the same thing - a somewhat unfamiliar conception for the average man. Furthermore,  $E = mc^2$ , in which energy is put equal to mass multiplied with the square of the velocity of light, shows that a very small amount of mass may be converted into a very large amount of energy... the mass and energy in fact were equivalent.

147. When you are courting a nice girl an hour seems like a second. When you sit on a red-hot cinder a second seems like an hour. That's relativity.

148. People like you and I, though mortal of course, like everyone else, do not grow old no matter how long we live. What I mean is that we never cease to stand like curious children before the great Mystery into which we were born.

149. I am content in my later years. I have kept my good humour and take neither myself or the next person seriously.

150. I have reached the age when, if someone tells me to wear socks, I don't have to.

151. The monotony of a quiet life stimulates the creative mind.

152. True art is characterised by an irresistible urge in the creative artist.



*On Miscellaneous Subjects*

153. The important thing is not to stop questioning. Curiosity has its own reason for existing. One cannot help but be in awe when he contemplates the mysteries of eternity, of life, of the marvellous structure of reality. It is enough if one tries merely to comprehend a little of this mystery every day. Never lose a holy curiosity.

154. It is important for the common good to foster individuality for only the individual can produce the new ideas, which the community needs for its continuous improvement and needs - indeed, to avoid sterility and petrification.

155. All great achievements of science start from intuitive knowledge, namely, in axioms\*, from which deductions are made... Intuition is the necessary condition for the discovery of such axioms. (\*g'children:*universally accepted truth.*)

156. The fairest thing that we can experience is the mysterious. It is the fundamental emotion that stands at the cradle of true art and of true science. He who does not know it and can no longer wonder, no longer feels amazement, is as good as dead, a snuffed out candle.



157. I have no doubt that our thinking goes on for the most part without use of signs (words), and beyond that to a considerable degree unconsciously. For how, otherwise, should it happen that sometimes we 'wonder' quite spontaneously about some experience? This 'wondering' appears to occur when an experience comes into conflict with the world of concepts that is already sufficiently fixed within us.

158. Wisdom is not a product of schooling but of lifelong attempt to acquire it. Do you know that your fervent wishes can only find fulfilment if you succeed in attaining love and understanding of people, and animals, and plants, and stars, so that every joy becomes your joy and every pain your pain?



*Attributed to Einstein*

159. I do not know how the Third World War will be fought, but I do know how the Fourth will: with sticks and stones.

160. Imagination is more important than knowledge. Knowledge is limited; imagination encircles the world.

161. Everything that is really great and inspiring is created by the individual who can labour in freedom.

162. Try not to become a man of success, rather try to become a man of value.

### **Dictionary of Quotations**

163. *John Dryden* Translated from Horace

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,  
He who can call today his own;  
He who, secure within, can say,  
Tomorrow do your worst, for I have lived today.

164. *Horace 65-8 BC*

To save a man's life against his will is the same as killing him.

Believe each day that has dawned is your last. *Carpe diem*: Seize the day.

When things are steep, remember to stay level-headed.

Qualis ab Incepto: **From the Beginning Onwards**



*Bloomsbury Dictionary Quotations*

165. *Samuel Johnson*

Difficult you call it, Sir? I wish it was impossible. (*On hearing a famous violinist.*)

The triumph of hope over experience. (*Referring to a hasty marriage of a friend following the death of his first wife, with whom he had been most unhappy.*)

166. *Thomas Malthus*

Population, when unchecked, increases in a geometrical ratio. Subsistence only increases in an arithmetical ratio.

167. *Plato 429-347 BC*

Let no one ignorant of mathematics enter here.  
*Inscription over the entrance to the Academy.*

168. *Proverbs*

After shaking hands with a Greek, count your fingers.

Although there are many subjects for conversation, there are persons who cannot meet a cripple without talking about feet.

The guest who outstays his fellow guests loses his overcoat.



169. *Christina Rosseti*

Come to me in the silence of the night;  
Come in the speaking silence of a dream.

Better by far that you should forget and smile  
Than you should remember and be sad.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?  
Yes, to the very end.

170. *Rossini*

Wagner has lovely moments but awful quarters of an hour.

171. *Jean Rousseau*

Man was born free but everywhere he is in chains.

172. *Virgil 70-19 BC*

Do not trust the horse, Trojans. Whatever it is, I fear the Greeks when they bring gifts.

173. *Terence 190-159 BC*

Fortune favours the brave.

174. *Voltaire*

I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to death your right to say it.



*Bloomsbury Pocket Edition*

175. *William Blake*

To see the world in a grain of sand,  
And heaven in a wild flower,  
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And eternity in an hour.

176. *Lucretius*

*Summarum summa est aeternum.* The sum of all sums is eternity.

177. *William Shakespeare*

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,  
Creeps in this pretty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time.

178. *Geoffrey Chaucer*

Love is blind.

179. *Alfred Tennyson*

'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.



180. *Oscar Wilde*

To love oneself is the beginning of a lifelong romance.

181. *Samuel Johnson*

Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasure.



182. *Aristophanes*

A man, though he be old, can always get a wife. But a woman's time is short.

183. *Aristotle*

Without friends no one would choose to live, although he had all other goods.

184. *Cicero*

A friend is, as though, a second self.

185. *Ben Franklin*

There are three faithful friends - an old wife, an old dog, and ready money.

186. *Leonardo da Vinci*

Reprove a friend in secret, but praise him before others.

187. *Edward Young*

Friendship's the wine of life.

188. *Henry Ford*

Exercise is bunk. If you are healthy you don't need it: if you are sick, you shouldn't take it.

189. *Plato*

Attention to health is the greatest hindrance to life.



190. *Virgil*

He destroys his health by labouring to preserve it.

191. *Samuel Goldwyn*

Anyone who goes to see a psychiatrist ought to have his head examined.

192. *Arnold Bennett*

A man of sixty has spent twenty years in bed and over three years eating.

193. *Cyril Connolly*

Imprisoned in every fat man a thin one is wildly signalling to be let out.

Obesity is a mental state, a disease brought on by boredom and disappointment.

194. *Cicero*

One should eat to live, not live to eat.

195. *Pierre-Augustin Beaumarchais*

Drinking when we are not thirsty and making love all year round, madam; that is all there is to distinguish us from animals. *Marriage of Figaro*

196. *Aristotle*

Art is a higher type of knowledge than experience.

In part, art completes what nature cannot elaborate; and in part, it imitates nature.



197. *George Byron*

Such hath it been - shall be - beneath the sun  
The many must labour for the one.

198. *R G Collingwood*

Perfect freedom is reserved for the man who lives by his own work and in that work does what he wants to do.

199. *Oscar Wilde*

Work is the refuge of people who have nothing better to do.

200. *Henry Menchen*

I've made it a rule never to drink by daylight and never to refuse one after dark.

The great artists of the world are never Puritans, and seldom even ordinarily respectable.

201. ***Ralph Emerson***

Art is a jealous mistress, and if a man have a genius for painting, poetry, music, architecture, or philosophy, he makes a bad husband and an ill provider.

202. ***Cervantes***

Good painters imitate nature, bad ones regurgitate it.

203. ***Edward Gibbon***

My early and invincible love of reading... I would not exchange for all the treasures of India.



204. ***Grandma Moses***

A primitive artist is an amateur whose work sells.

205. ***Duke of Gloucester***

Another damned, thick, square book! Always scribble, scribble, scribble. Eh! Mr Gibbon? (*Grandchildren: Author of 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire'.*)

206. ***Oscar Wilde***

You should study the Peerage, Gerald. It is the one book a young man about town should know thoroughly, and it is the best thing in fiction the English have done.



I never travel without my diary. One should always have something sensational to read in the train.

207. *Alfred Hitchcock*

The length of a film should be directly related to the endurance of the human bladder.

208. *Destouches*

Criticism is easy, art is difficult.

209. *Diogenes*

On one occasion Aristotle was asked how much educated men were superior to those uneducated; "As much," said he, "as the living are to the dead."



210. *Alexander Pope*

A little learning is a dangerous thing.

211. *Bertrand Russell*

Science is what you know; philosophy is what you don't know.

212. *Voltaire*

Democracy seems suitable only to a very little country.

In general, the art of government consists in taking as much money as possible from one class of citizens and giving it to the other.

213. *Socrates*

There is only one good, knowledge, and one evil, ignorance.

214. *Nehru*

The forces of capitalist society, if left unchecked, tend to make the rich richer and the poor poorer.

215. *George Orwell*

All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others.



*Holly, "Of course."*

One day *Homo futurus* will exist even if a similar disaster to the super volcano eruption of Mt Toba does occur, something that is extremely likely to happen according to our scientists! When such a disaster happens we shall return to a similar primitive state and the human race will have to start all over again down the twisted path of discovery. Such a scenario staggers the imagination! The Sun's hourglass shows that planet Earth has millions of years of life ahead of it, so no doubt the survivors would repeat the journey we have taken, and hopefully make fewer mistakes along the way than we have this time round.

One of the most fascinating men I have had the good fortune to meet Lord Rees, England's 'Astronomer Royal', 'Master of Trinity', Sir Isaac Newton's old College at Cambridge, and who has recently been appointed President of the Royal Society. Last year Martin was asked to speak at 'Aspen's Center for Physics' and has kindly agreed to my quoting a short section of the address he gave when there.



### *Martin Rees*

216. In the Twenty-first Century, humans and the global environment will confront extra hazards. Not only is science advancing faster than ever, it's causing extra dimension of change. Whatever else may have changed over proceeding centuries, humans and human nature haven't, not for thousands of years. But in this century targeted drugs, genetic modification, artificial intelligence and perhaps silicon implants into the brain, may change human beings themselves, that's something qualitatively new in our history.

217. *It will not be humans who witness the Sun's demise six billion years hence: it will be creatures as different from us as we are from bacteria.* Long before the Sun finally licks Earth's face clean, post human intelligence (organic or silicon-based) could have spread far beyond its original planet, taking forms that might see the destruction of our planet as a minor or sentimental matter. [italics JR]

218. Over nearly all that immense time, 4.5 billion years, Earth's appearance altered very gradually. The continental landmasses drifted; the ice cover waxed and waned; successive species emerged, evolved and became extinct. The only abrupt worldwide changes were triggered by asteroid impacts or volcanic super-eruptions, turning Earth transiently grey.

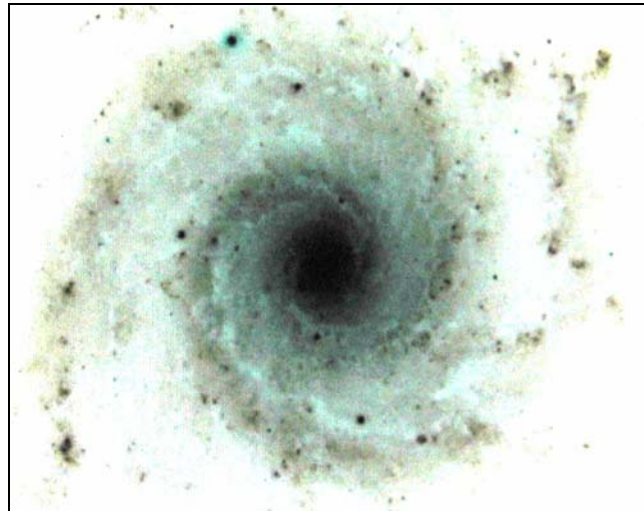
219. But in just a tiny sliver of the Earth's history, the last one-millionth part, a few thousand years, the patterns of vegetation altered much faster than before. This signalled the start of agriculture, the imprint on the terrain of a population of humans, empowered by tools. The pace of change accelerated as human populations rose.

220. But then quite different transformations were perceptible; and these were even more abrupt. The human impact on the global environment is unprecedented. Within 50 years, little more than one hundredth of a millionth of the Earth's age, the carbon dioxide in the atmosphere began to rise anomalously fast.

221. A race of scientifically advanced extraterrestrials watching our Solar System could confidently predict that the Earth would face doom in

another six billion years, when the Sun, in its death-throes, will swell up into a 'red giant' and vaporise anything remaining on our planet's surface. But could they have predicted this unprecedented spike less than halfway through the Earth's life, these human-induced alterations occupying, overall, less than a millionth of the elapsed lifetime and seemingly occurring with runaway speed?

222. If they continued to keep watch, what might these hypothetical aliens witness in the next hundred years? Will a final squeal be followed by silence? Or will the planet itself stabilise? And will some of the small metallic objects launched from the Earth spawn new oases of life elsewhere?



On reading something such as, *It will not be humans who witness the Sun's demise six billion years hence: it will be creatures as different from us as we are from bacteria*, said by one of today's leading intellects when addressing his fellow scientists we should all sit up and take notice! To see the outcome of Darwin's *Theory of Evolution* stated in this way is utterly startling, at least, it is so to me!

Wisdom certainly stirs the mind. One of the reasons my walks with Holly in the early morning are so enjoyable is because it allows me to have conversations with myself about things I have read, heard or seen on TV.

Reading Jung made me aware of *dreams*. Are they trying to tell us something and do they have a meaning or are they just random fantasies? The answer to that question is probably, "Yes!". At one time I started to record my dreams in a notebook, but gave up on discovering that the 'more recorded' the 'more remembered', leading to hours of writing instead of sculpting.

When reading van der Post on Carl Jung and his *Old Man Philemon*, I had an astonishing dream, and wrote it down in the back of the book. It was at the time that Lassie shared our lives and the dog appears in the dream.

The dream went like this: *I was walking over lush pastures of thick green grass on an undulating hill. Around the hill was a belt of trees and beyond, broad flat plains. The hills were humming a Mozart concerto! Sunshine, tranquillity, harmony, and an overpowering sense of well-being prevailed. I was following a thin path carrying Lassie, who was too old to walk, and came to a place on the side of the hill where men had been excavating to install a washbasin! There was no bowl, but a grey pipe was visible at the bottom of the hole that was obviously meant for one. The excavation had caused a landslide*



down into a quarry where lay pools of water fed by a little stream joining one to another. On looking down I realised we were standing on loose rock and we were in great danger. After lifting Lassie up out of harm's way a voice in my head said, "You will have to go down because you can't go up." Following this advice, although it felt wrong, I arrived safely back on the track. The voice then said, "See, always trust your intuition." On waking and recalling the dream I did wonder if my Old Man had been speaking to me!

Before putting too much emphasis on such a dream I have to tell you that in another dream I was a pop star with a shock of red hair, standing in an aeroplane's exit door at the top of the steps, waving to the crowd. Alongside me stood a stuffed leather, bright-green, six-foot high kangaroo!

However, recently in a dream I was having a very friendly conversation with an Old Man named Lucian. Not being able to recall any of the details of the conversation, I forgot about the dream.

A couple of days later when using a dictionary I suddenly thought of Lucian, so turned to the 'Ls'. Lucian of Samosata a 2nd century Greek philosopher! When I checked the *Britannica* I found two whole pages about the man! I read that he was especially noted for his satirical *Dialogues of the Gods* and *Dialogues of the Dead*. When I looked him up on Google I found 1,300 entries and an engraving showing the sculpture of his handsome head!

223. LUCIAN 'The Blasphemer' (circa AD120-210), Greek sophist and satirist, was born at Samosata, the chief town of Commagene in Syria, on the west bank of the Euphrates. Often called 'the blasphemer', because in his dialogues he alleges that things told of the gods are absurd...

As a child he was skilful at modelling in clay so was apprenticed to his uncle, a 'sculptor', but after being thrashed for breaking a piece of marble, he abandoned art for rhetoric and became an advocate! He travelled widely in Asia Minor, Greece, Italy and Gaul before settling in Athens. He denounced the practice of serving for hire! He died in Egypt after taking a paid job with the government, which probably was the cause of his death, according to his friends!

He is mainly remembered for his famous novel entitled *True History* describing the fabulous adventures of certain voyagers who are caught up into the air, fight for the men of the moon against the men of the sun over the colonisation of the morning star, are swallowed, ship and all, by a huge sea monster, from which they escape and travel to the 'island of the blest'. At the beginning of *True History* Lucian warns: *I write of things which I have neither seen nor suffered nor learned from another, things which are not and never could have been, and therefore my readers should by no means believe them.* (I found *A True History* on Google and I have never come across such an imagination. It is an amazing tale!)

He is recognised as the *Father of Science Fiction* as well as being a *Man of great Wisdom*. The *Dialogue of Menippus* is equally severe on the gods and philosophers; and paints, in the warmest colours, the glaring absurdity of the whole pagan system. The *Britannica* ends by saying that Swift probably took the idea for *Gulliver's Travels* from *A True History* and also the inspiration for his *Letter of Advice to a Young Poet* from Lucian's *Teacher of Orators*. In his literary criticism *How History Should be Written*, Lucian states, 'I would have the historian be fearless and incorruptible, independent, a lover of frankness and truth, one who, as the comic poet says, will call a 'fig a fig and a skiff a skiff'. He wrote a *burlesque comedy on gout!* (An infliction, that I personal can verify, is not funny!)

I would have loved to have met him, for if I were to have an *ancestral old man* of my own, Lucian of Samosata might be hard to beat!

I have often wondered if Carl Jung's human *collective unconsciousness* is not a highly developed mental branch of *animal instinct*, something I equate with an *instinctive memory* of events that happened in the past? Think of the cuckoo!

Since becoming interested in mtDNA and my own relationship to *Ursula*, one of the seven daughters of Eve, this fascination has been extended by following the route of the Clan that carried her mtDNA marker out of Ethiopia 85,000 years ago, and crossed over the southern end of the Red Sea to Yemen when the shore level was low enough to make it possible to island hop across the reefs. (With the present state of the world it seems to me very appropriate that the straits are now called 'The Gates of Grief!')

This Clan had descended from the gracile peoples of southern Africa that survives to this day as the Bushman of the Kalahari Desert. These people are the root stock of *Homo sapiens* and date back to 200,000 years ago. Today the Geneticists can follow the mtDNA and Y-chromosome markers of all non-Africans from this exodus to the extremities of the Earth, from Lapland, to Tasmania, to Patagonia. It is a fascinating story skilfully researched by Stephen Oppenheimer, and graphically illustrated with an animated map designed by Ben Dickins and son Peter for the Bradshaw Foundation website. (Do look!)

My point is that *Lucian of Samosata*, a citizen of a town on the west bank of the Euphrates, could have also been an *Ursula*? If this were so, why couldn't I be his direct descendant and therefore he be part of my *collective unconsciousness*, my *intuitive memory*, my *Philemon*?

The above is of course purely hypothetical, but it is intriguing to think about at the sunset of my life, waiting for the *green flash*.

The great Swiss psychologist, Carl Gustav Jung (1875-1961), lived and practised in Zurich. When he was aged 17, one of his most formative experiences came on a journey in the Alps with his Lutheran pastor father. They arrived together at Vitznau by steamship from Lucerne. Above the village towers the Rigi, which can be ascended by cogwheel railway.

Jung wrote the following after his trip: *My father pressed a ticket in my hand, saying, you can ride up to the peak alone. I'll stay here as it's too expensive for the two of us. Be careful not to fall down anywhere.*

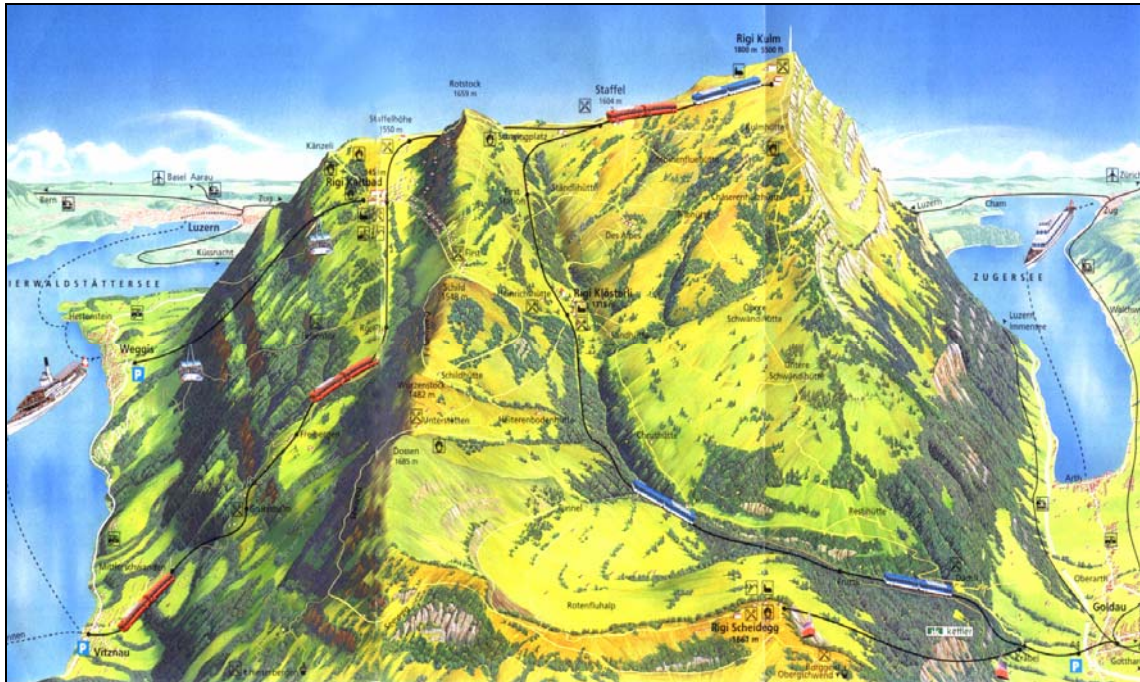
*With a tremendous puffing, the locomotive shook and rattled me up to the dizzy heights where ever-new abysses and panoramas opened out before my gaze. Yes, I thought, this is it, my world, the real world, the secret, where there are no teachers, no schools, no unanswerable questions, where one can be without having to ask anything. This was the best and most precious gift my father had ever given me.*

The mountains remained sacred to Jung. He said that mountains and trees are the symbols of *personality* and of *self*. Many years later, when Jung was visiting the Pueblo Indians in the USA, an old chief asked him, "Do you not think that all life comes from the mountain?" Jung's reply was, "Yes!"

According to the symbolism Jung revered, the mountain contains: *...every sort of knowledge that is found in the world. There does not exist knowledge or understanding or dream or thought or sagacity or opinion or delineation or wisdom or philosophy or government or peace or courage outside of the mountain.*

After reading Jung's *Memories, Dreams and Reflections* I hoped that one day Margie and I would make the same journey. It would make no difference that when he made the trip he had been a boy of 17 and I was now 71. [At 17 I had

just arrived in Australia an experience that certainly opened my eyes!] Now I was curious to experience what he had felt when he was 17 years old.



***Lac Lucerne - Vitznau bottom right - 'Rigi' 5,500 feet - Lac Zug***

The opportunity of visiting Jung's Rigi came to us only last year when I was in Geneva to show Mario Benbassat the first draft of this book. When he commissioned my autobiography it was not envisaged that it would turn into a three-volume elephant and take three years to complete! If I had, it most likely would not have been started! I felt it was about time Mario saw what I had been up to and had written so far!

We decided to turn the trip into a holiday and visit dear friends Geo and Pam Urban who had commissioned me to sculpt their granddaughter Genevieve when she was four, but was now a sophisticated young lady attending university in Geneva. We drove with our friends to Chamonix for lunch and ate in the sunshine gazing up at Mt Blanc. Many years ago we had brought our boys here to learn to ski and it was also the rendezvous for the *Grand Traverse* when we all walked from Geneva to Nice on the GR5 making a film for the French Tourist Board!

From Chamonix we drove over the pass to Verbier and spent the night with our friends in their chalet. The following day we set off on our own up the Sion Valley in their jeep to follow the Rhône to its source. From Brig we climbed the zigzag road up the Grimselpass. Above us we could clearly see a vast expanse of newly exposed rock face at the foot of the Rhône glacier as it retreats up the mountainside before the onslaught of *Global Warming*.

It was drizzling as we crossed the bleak moonscape of the watershed that was draped in icy mists that seemed to rise off the mountainsides like steam from a volcano vent. At this point a drop of rain landing on the south side would flow into the Mediterranean, while six inches to the north its' mate would join the waters of the Rhine and end up in the North Sea! We had crossed the great divide of the Jungfrau and Eiger Mountains.





*Brienzersee - Iseltwald - Grindelwald - Interlaken*

We carefully descended the tortuous road to Meiringen, braking all the way down, then turned west towards Interlaken. In the guide book we found a small hotel in a village called Iseltwald on Lac Brienz. The Chalet du Lac guaranteed *silence* and turned out to be a paradise. The hosts were charming and the room looked over a peaceful harbour sheltered by a rocky spit of land.





*Jungfrau - Wengen - Lauterbrunnen - Thunersee*

For centuries this village had been cut off at the end of a track out from Interlaken. A sheer cliff along the south side of the lake had made any further progress impossible so all traffic was forced along the north shore towards Brienz. Silence reigned supreme! On the south shore a four-foot wide walking

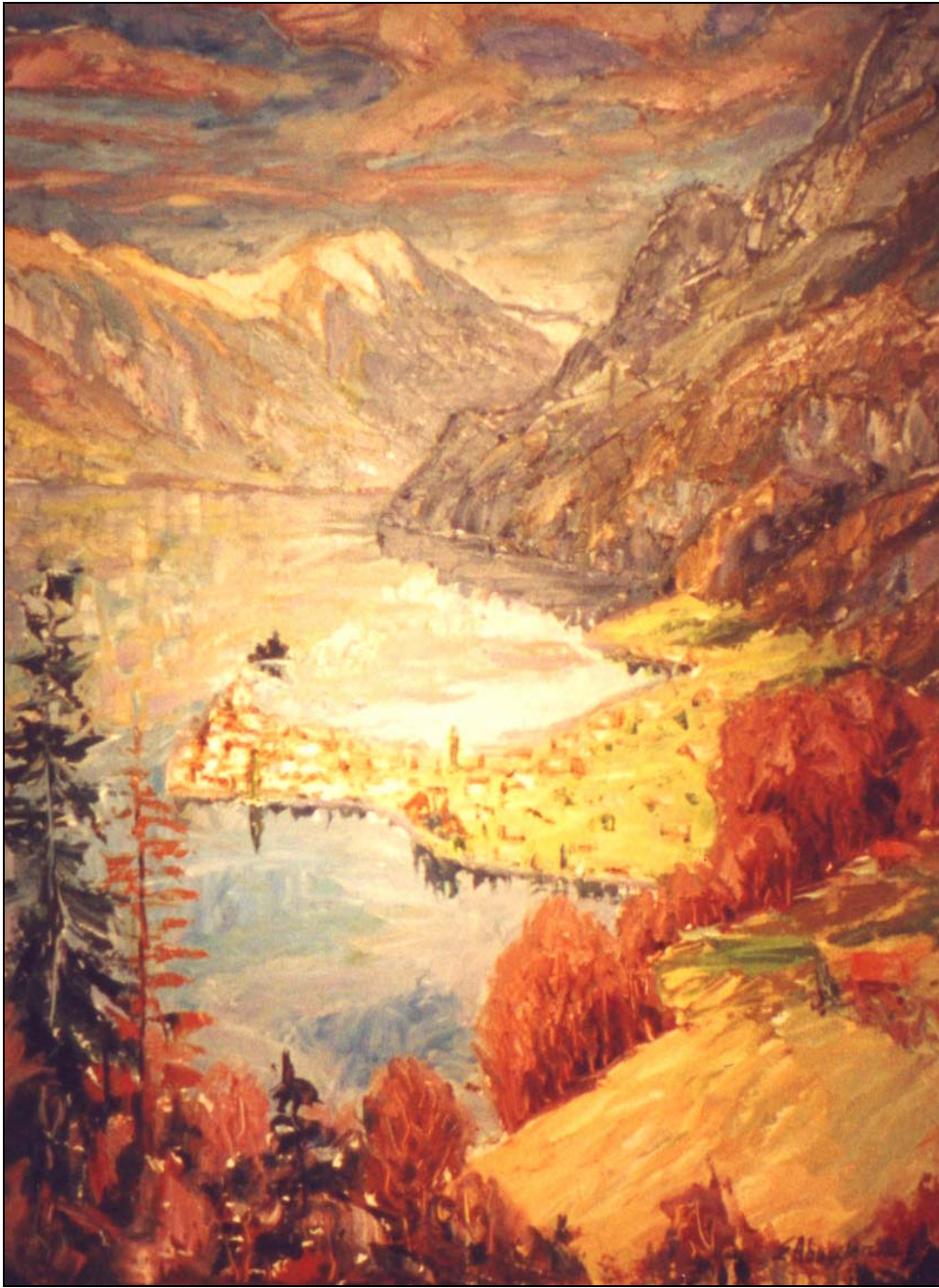


track, some three foot above the shoreline, runs from the village along the side of the 1,500-foot deep lake with a forest reaching straight up above you for a thousand feet. There is not a sound accept the crunch of your feet on the gravel path that follows the edge of the cloudy powder-blue glacier waters of the lake. It is as though you are in another world.



*Peace and serenity by 'Lac Brienz'*

As we walked wagtails flitted in front of us and at one stage we passed a robin sitting beside the path that was so unperturbed by our presence that we wondered if it had ever seen a human being before. To add to this bliss of blue harebells and violets, we saw not a single toffee paper during the whole of our two-hour walk and got a fright when we met a man coming the other way!



*A painting of Iseltwald on Lac Brienz*

We arrived at Giessbach, a tiny landing stage that services the gigantic Giessbach Hotel built in Victorian times. To get up to the hotel we boarded the first funicular that was ever built in Switzerland! A party joined us from the ferry that had just arrived, and the train started to claw its way up the track over a graceful iron bridge that spanned a waterfall that thundered beneath us, a breathtaking sight of sparkling white droplets, a cascade of feathered spray of unbelievable beauty. One of the men travelling with us in the funicular said this was the famous waterfall in which Sherlock Holmes had died. I confessed that I had not read a Conan Doyle story for 50 years and had completely forgotten how the great detective had met his end! The man also told us that there was a Sherlock Holmes museum in the town close by.





### *Sherlock Holmes*

After a superb lunch at the Giessback terrace-restaurant overlooking the lake from an eagle's eyrie, we returned to Iseltwald on the ferry and enquired about the museum. The receptionist handed us a pamphlet that told us all we needed to know. Our informer had made a mistake, as in fact it was the wrong waterfall, and not the scene of Sherlock Holmes's death. However, he was right about the museum in the town of Meiringen.

As the following morning was overcast and a trip up the Rigi quite pointless, we decided to visit the museum and the famous Reichenbachfall. After reading the pamphlet we had remembered something of the story of how Sherlock Holmes had fought his archenemy, Professor Moriarty, whom he described as the *Napoleon of Crime*, on a cliff face and that both had plunged hundreds of feet into a boiling cauldron of icy water in the ravine below, never to be seen again. Ghoulishly, we had to see the spot!

We drove round the north side of the lake to the Hotel Sauvage where Holmes and Watson slept on the night before the *Final Struggle*. The museum didn't open until the afternoon so we retired to the Sauvage Café and ordered a Holmes Burger! The chips were wonderful, but the burger...!

The museum was in the crypt of a tiny church! It is no ordinary church, but one specially built for the charabanc of English tourists who descended on Reichenbachfall in the late 1890s, to pay homage to the enemy of all criminals. A clergyman used to act as guide in those days and as there was no Church of England in Meiringen, one was commissioned from a London architect and erected in the hotel's grounds, on a spot now officially named Conan Doyle Place. Never underestimate the British tourist!





*Margie conversing with 'Sherlock Holmes' in Conan Doyle Place*

The church is purpose-built to take a single coach of worshippers while in the crypt is a replica of the sitting room of *221b Baker Street*. It's true! The interior of the room is perfect in every detail as described in the stories, from Holmes's tobacco kept in an embroidered slipper hanging by the fireplace, to Watson's portrait of General Gordon and the photograph of Irene Adler – “What a woman - oh, what a woman!” cried the King of Bohemia – reminding us how even the plans of Sherlock Holmes were once foiled by a woman's wit!



*The sitting room at 221b Baker Street*

We listened enthralled to the commentary while studying the sitting room through the window that filled what would have been the doorway into Holmes's bedroom. We purchased a 'collection of stories' so that after visiting

the Reichenbachfall we could read *The Final Problem* that recounts the fight on the cliff ledge between Holmes and Professor Moriarty that ended in the tragic demise of the most famous detective who ever lived; a fictitious man better known around the world than many a real hero!



*Reichenbachfall Funicular, 1899*

From the platform at the top of the funicular we gazed across at the spot that marks the ledge on which the *Final Struggle* took place and ended with both of them plunging into the cauldron of water hundreds of feet below.



*The three dots mark the ledge of the 'Final Struggle'*





***Holmes gave his life to free society of Europe's vilest criminal***

When Watson searched for Holmes on the ledge all he found was his alpenstock and a note stuck under the detective's silver cigarette case written by him saying that he foresaw a struggle that would require the *sacrifice of his life* as the price necessary to free society of the evil Professor Moriarty. Watching

the ferocious waterfall tumbling hundreds of feet down the cliff face was an unforgettable sight so when reading the story of *The Final Problem* we were able to visualise the scene vividly in our mind's eye.

On returning to England Margie bought me *The Best of Sherlock Holmes*, a Wordsworth Classic, as by then we were both confirmed Holmes addicts. Hopefully this story tempts anyone who has not read *The Final Problem* to do so, because when they read *The Empty House* they will be in for a surprise!

Enough of Sherlock Holmes. Next morning it looked quite bright in the east so we decided to drive to Lac Lucerne on the chance that Rigi would be in sunshine. Joy of joys, it was! From Weggis we took the cable car up to Kaltbad where we could change to the train for the remainder of our journey to the summit, the same train that Carl Jung had ridden as a boy from Vitznau!

So began our pilgrimage up Jung's mountain to experience, *my world, the real world, the secret, where there are no teachers, no schools, no unanswerable questions, where one can be without having to ask anything.*

As we ascended, the views from the cable car got wider and grander, the lake below smaller and the paddle ferry crossing it became a toy. We transferred to the old fashioned train and chugged up the track through lush summer pastures. It had snowed the night before so there was still a white icing-sugar coating in the areas shaded from the sun. From the terminal to the summit is a five-minute walk up to a 360-degree view of Switzerland. Lakes to east and west, rolling hills to the north and a ring of snow-capped mountains to the south. Olympia, home of the gods! Sunshine and silence, with the world beneath us, an awe-inspiring vastness.

We felt refreshed, invigorated and infinitesimally small. We had an insight into geological time, because millions of years of the Earth's past lay beneath our feet in rocks that had been deposited as silt in ancient oceans, but now raised to the skies. I could imagine what this must have meant to Jung on his first trip away from his parsonage home on the banks of the Rhine.

My mind went to an article in the latest *National Geographic Magazine* about the Indian descendants of the ancient South American Tayrona civilisation. They live 18,000 foot above the Caribbean coast of Colombia. The article quoted one of the tribal leaders as saying, *If the mountain is not cared for, the entire world will get sick.*

These Indians build their houses with two poles emerging from the roof to represent the dual forces they see throughout the universe that they consider their responsibility to keep in balance: *Spirit and Matter, Outside and Inside, Male and Female, Creation and Destruction.* How Jung would have loved these people!





On the return trip I watched Jung's *ever-new abysses and panoramas opened out before my gaze* as we travelled down the watershed backbone of the mountain. And then, as we passed through a small cutting where the sides of the bank were exposed, the most amazing event of the pilgrimage happened. I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw the bank was composed of *river pebbles the size of new potatoes*. Here on the top of the world had once flowed a river! I called to Margie in my excitement so she could share the moment. I have never been more thrilled by nature in my whole life.

Yes, the monasteries of Meteora in Greece had turned out to be stuck on the top of mountains of pebbles carved from a vast riverbed, and the Olgas in the centre of Australia had also been carved from an even older riverbed many millions of years before Meteora, but to find river pebbles on *Jung's Rigi* right at the top of the Alps, for some reason was beyond belief. Had he noticed them? I am sure he had. If only the train had stopped and we could have picked one up to bring home! One day, maybe, a grandchild will walk along the watershed and collect a pebble for me to place beside the one from Mt Agnes that sits on my study windowsill. I do hope so for their own enjoyment.

We arrived back on the lakeshore and drove around to Vitznau's Park Hotel to celebrate our *pilgrimage* and the *pebbles* with a glass of *champagne* and a slice of chocolate *gâteau*. What a day to celebrate, share and remember for ever!



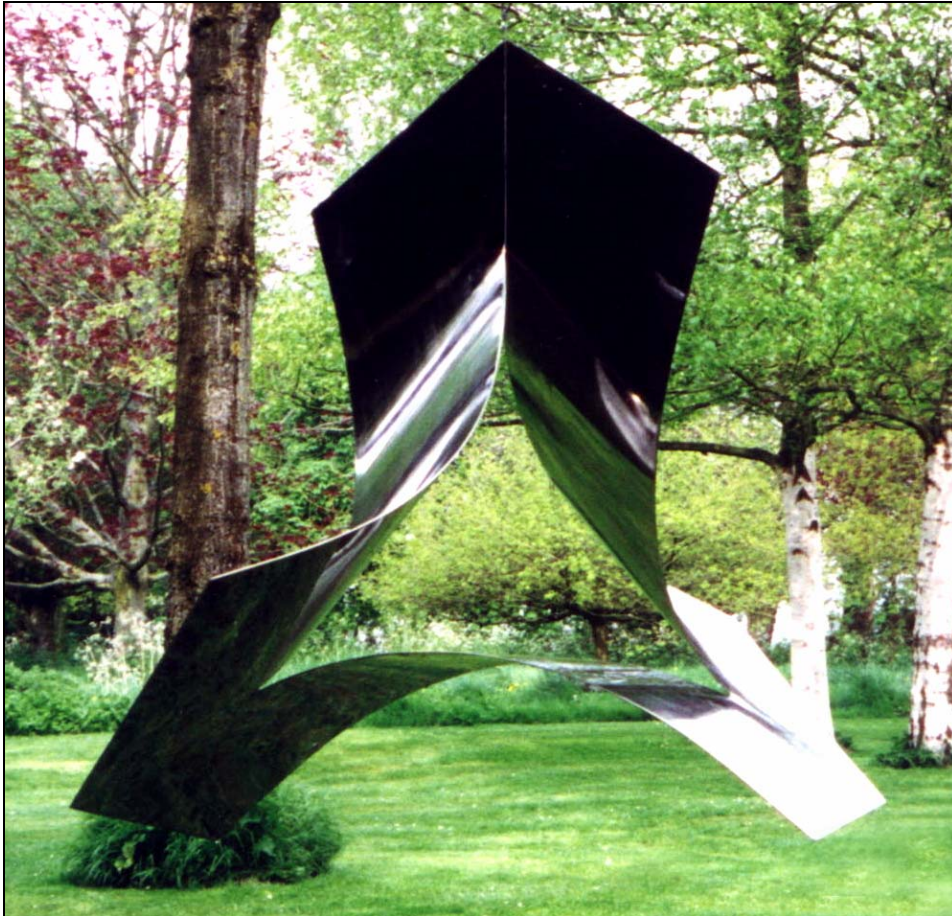
***'Dark Rigi', by Joseph Turner, 1841***

Quote from a catalogue: *Of all artists, Turner was the most sensitive to subtle inflections in the intensities and the gradations of colour. This watercolour is one of a series done by him during a visit to Switzerland in 1841. The scene is hardly sensational in its own right, but Turner must have felt impelled, as the sun sank behind the mountains, giving way to deepening twilight and, afterwards, to a moonlit night, to record with the utmost accuracy each passing phase of the changing light.*

Why not let Sherlock Holmes have the last word of what has turned into an over long history? In the tale of *The Greek Interpreter*, Holmes says to Watson, *Art in the blood is liable to take the strangest forms*. I am sure you will all agree with that after ploughing through this tome!

I would like to end with a final quote from *The Blue Carbuncle* in which Holmes asks, *Pray tell me, before we go any further, who is it that I have the pleasure of assisting?* *The man hesitated for an instant. My name is John Robinson, he answered, with a sidelong glance. No, no; the real name, said Holmes sweetly.*

I really must stop *gathering flowers* and mow the lawns!



### *Journey*

*Life is a journey* and we should rejoice in the *passage of time*  
and give thanks for the rich reward of *people we meet along the way*

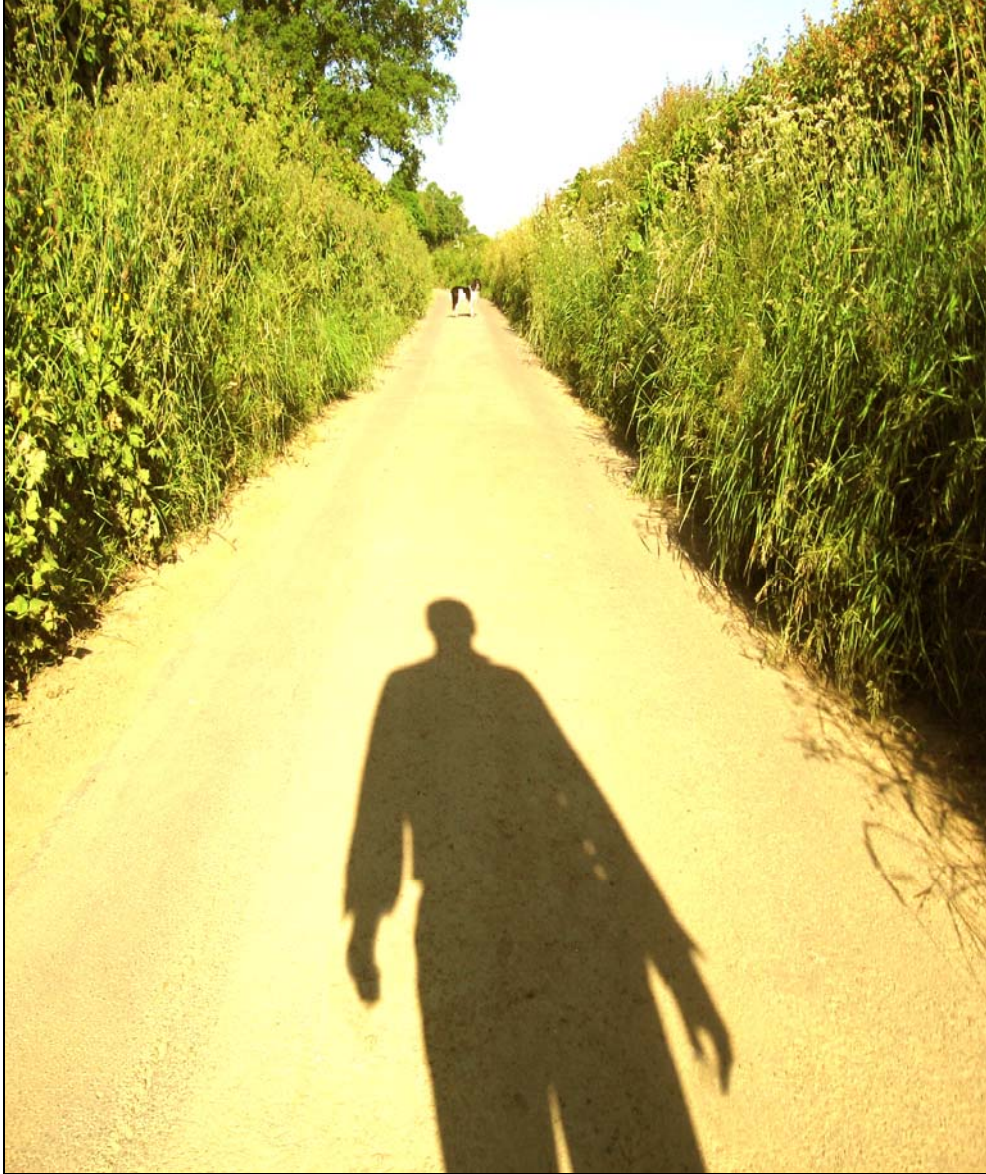
## **FROM THE BEGINNING ONWARDS**

By *sheer coincidence* this manuscript was *delivered* to the printers on  
----- August 19th 2005, *Lammas Eve* ! -----  
(See *italics* p. 1156)





*At twenty your shadow follows you...*



*...at seventy you follow your shadow*