FOREWORD BY GAIL GODWIN

Knowing the QUESTIONS Living the ANSWERS

A JUNGIAN GUIDE THROUGH THE PARADOXES OF PEACE, CONFLICT AND LOVE THAT MARK A LIFETIME

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I would like to beg you, dear Sir, as well as I can, to have patience with everything unresolved in your heart and to try to love *the questions themselves* as if they were locked rooms or books written in a very foreign language. Don't search for the answers, which could not be given to you now, because you would not be able to live them. And the point is, to live everything. *Live* the questions now. Perhaps then, someday far in the future, you will gradually, without even noticing, live your way into the answer.

– Ranier Maria Rilke

Author's Note

All stories, dialogues, and dreams in this book, except those I specifically designate as being my own, reflect material people have shared with me. To protect the privacy of those people, I have carefully altered anything that might disclose the identity of particular individuals or permit the identification of actual relationships or circumstances. Any similarity between the people and situations I have used for illustration and actual people or situations is unintended and purely coincidental.

9 (excerpt)

JOURNEY TO THE EAST

HOME

One of the deepest patterns in human nature is that of departure, return, and the journey implicit in between. I have used Jung's allegory of the sun traveling from sunrise to sunset as a framework for a psychological discussion of this departure and return, looking at our lifespan and at some of the crossings and voyages inherent in it.

Recalling our symbolic day leads us to understand that our morning journey is a quest for adulthood. Psychologically, I have presented it as a time for developing the *form* of our personality. The epic tales of humankind, symbolically chronicling this period of life, invite us to envision the birth of the world out of chaos, the dawning of light out of the dark void, and the power of a creative force bringing life into being. As these tales of our origins continue, giants are encountered, primeval monsters must be subdued, kingdoms are established and defended against barbarians. The tales are heroic, reminding us that we are split against ourselves and that creating our personality requires a heroic developmental effort and protection against the potentially unbridled aspects of our inner nature.

The second age of our development, that of mid-morning and early afternoon as I have presented it, may be considered a quest for life, during which we infuse our personality with vitality and the experience of establishing a life in the family of humanity. Such an enterprise furthers our identity as we grapple with how to be men and women—or, in other words, how to be adults in this family. During this quest we strive to further develop and finally to fulfill the form of our identity, only to find, as we pass the noon hour, that we must begin to release the strictures of that form. Often we find this journey doubling back on itself, returning us to the morning time, leaving us lost and wandering there until earlier wounds are healed, thus enabling us to re-establish our bearings.

This period lives immortally in the tales of adventurous developmental journeys typified by the tumultuous voyage of Odysseus; the travel downward into the cataclysmic

depths by Orpheus in his search for the lost Euridice; the earlier search of Inanna, the Sumerian goddess, for her dark sister—all searches that still haunt us in our interior recesses. The later quests of Arthur and his knights, traveling alone into the dark medieval forests continue to call our attention to the elemental truth that we must persist in seeking life and that this adventure requires a lonely courage.

In the third age of our development, that of mid-afternoon, we find that our journeys and our odysseys bring us home again to a broader realization of who we are. We return home, to ourselves, with a knowledge of our mortality, as Gilgamesh did in humanity's first recorded epic tale, a tale in which his earthy brother Enkidu illustrated another pattern in our experience of living—the journey into the knowledge of sexuality.

We experience the symbolic elements in these stories as archetypal patterns in our unfolding life. We first fear love, though as we learn to love we learn to fear death and, we hope, go beyond our fear, finally relating to death as a companion. Like love, death threatens our existence by always beckoning us toward the far unknown, but our consenting to be consciously human allows death to become a friend, adding a salty flavor to life.

Each of these journeys revolves around great turning points in our life, some of which are organic in our being (like coming into adulthood, getting married, becoming old, and dying) while others seem to be born from the pattern of our particular destiny. Each, if fully lived, brings us to a new level of consciousness and a new perspective on life.

Returning home to ourselves and to a fully developed awareness of our mortality is what is symbolized by the journey to the center. The return home and the simultaneous loosening of the bonds of our provisional personality—the form we constructed to assure that we could function successfully in the world—prepares us for the next and, perhaps, the last turning point in our life. With direct knowledge of our inner Self and an awareness that life is greater than and goes beyond our transient personal identity, we are faced with the task of *living* our awareness, of actually giving up our ego-centered approach to life.

Few of us realize how dearly and deeply we want life to be as we think it should be, to respond to us and others as we would like it to—that is, in accordance with our own value system. Adamantly we resist recognizing these inclinations within us, these characteristics we summarize in terms of *egocentricity*. But this underlying structure in our personality must loosen its hold, allowing new consciousness and guidance from our center to be expressed through it. Thus, the constitution of our personality is transformed, as water might be when deep red wine is added to it. Egocentricity must be

replaced by ego-*consciousness*, a growing awareness of our totality and of our place in the web of life.

The mythic stories of the ages depict the patterns of human life and how we experience them in terms of metaphors. If we take these metaphors literally or see them as historically factual tales reflecting undeveloped phases of our spirituality, we have simply robbed our inner life of its more comprehensive values. We serve ourselves better by bringing the moral perspectives and the meanings of these metaphors into our own lives and our own passages.

These ancient stories seem to declare symbolically that each life is a story of creation transforming into being and that each such transformation marks another step toward the essential nature of what we consider human. Our experience and consciousness are the thin edge of a new world, and our journey is one of ongoing discovery. These mythic tales of humanity give us access to the accumulated traditions and wisdom of human experience, guiding us toward a realization that the story of the world is a story of love and a story of death, leading to eternal beginnings.

Within this context, Odysseus' passage is one that moves through the same waters as does our development today, haunted as we are by the interior forces of psyche and destiny. His adventures depict the beginnings of the Western intellectual tradition and the sufferings that life and our nature impose upon us all, upon the homeward-yearning human. In the anxious atmosphere of today, all of the psychological elements of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are present in excess: the driving will to conquer and to achieve, both supported by technological ingenuity. Then, as now, in the rejection of the feminine and in the midst of violence, some deep, almost unheard voice echoes Odysseus' cry in silent desperation: "There is nothing worse for men than wandering." Yet, paradoxically we are reminded by the Prince of Peace, "The birds have their nests and the foxes have their dens, but the son of man has no place to lay his head."

Once we have said yes to our odyssey and our humanity and returned home to our center, we find that we have traveled into self-realization. We have become conscious of the elements of our life, within and without, and conscious of our consciousness of them. Having found our center and come into relationship with it may even cause us to wonder if our journey is over. Some writers have suggested that Odysseus might give up his oar, planting it far inland where the sea is unknown, and stay home, tending the kingdom and living in mature balance. Others, such as Kazantzakis (in *The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel*), see that we may sail on until only the constant state of adventure has meaning—a process that led his Odysseus to a polarized and frozen death. This kind of

fate awaits the person living life as a mercenary, who is addicted to adventure or who is trapped in the morning tasks of development and is never able to find or feel comfortable in the inner homeland. Herman Melville demonstrates a different attitude, as Captain Ahab, ignoring the ancient Greek lessons of hubris, drives onward into a dark personal obsession against nature.

All of these stories possess a measure of wisdom, as they show us that when our odyssey is over, it must end—or we place our fate at risk. Psychologically, we must make another turn or we face the peril of Kazantzakis' Odysseus or Melville's Ahab, though this prospect does not necessarily mean we have found a place to lay our head.

Consciousness is a prize we must fight to gain, for the most part fighting against ourselves since we have an unfathomable predilection to resist it. As the idea of an inner teacher unfolds, we are led to realize that something within us has caused us to fight our longing for a non-demanding, unconscious life. An unconscious life may appear in many guises: demanding, unselfish, filled with accomplishments, flooded with busy activities. Often it may seem challenging and interesting, even self-actualized. Such a life may appear valid on the surface while, in fact, it is a suitably practical and apparently ethical excuse for avoiding a deeper call to meaning and the moral choices imposed by conscious awareness, as conscious awareness grows. Our inner teacher represents the urge for life and will lead us to seek understanding and meaning as naturally as the sunflower turns toward the sun—if we are willing to listen for even a little while. Our inner teacher represents a *knower* and a *seeker*, both speaking to us from within the guise of what we term the Self.

Our journey to the center, our seeking a personal relationship to the Self, enriches and enlarges our capacity for life. It brings us to a "seeing through" of our life, but not necessarily to happiness. Seeing through our life means to see through the practical, everyday realities in which we live into a world of Eternal Reality. Seeing through begins at noontime and, as our vision turns inward, we start to comprehend the world from which the creativity and vitality of life truly flow.

Early humanity reflected this world in the drawing and worship of elemental figures on the walls of caves—the great animal deities that they believed imaged the master forms of life. Evelyn Underhill, in her studies of Western mysticism, considers this world of master forms that nourish and inform life to be the world of Eternal Reality and Eternal Values. For the Jungian psychologist, this is the world of the archetypes in the collective unconscious, and this Reality is represented by the Self in each of us. It is expressed in form by the mandala and, in the Christian tradition, by the image of Christ.