

Tracing a Red Thread: Synchronicity and Jung's *Red Book*

Nancy Furlotti

The Red Book, or *Liber Novus*, is C. G. Jung's personal journal that he wrote to document his inner exploration from 1913 to 1925. It is the *magnum opus* from which Jung formulated all his theories and to which he returned for study the rest of his life. It has recently been published by W. W. Norton, edited by Sonu Shamdasani and translated by Dr. Shamdasani, Mark Kyburz, and John Peck. This is the third book published by the Philemon Foundation, whose mission it is to raise funds to support the publication of all of C. G. Jung's unpublished writings. This article traces my personal involvement as an early member of the Philemon Foundation through the scanning of *The Red Book* in Zurich in November 2008. Synchronicities surrounded many of the events, indicating the involvement of the archetype of the Self. A discussion of the nature of these occurrences and their meaning is included, along with a detailed description of the events at the scanning of *The Red Book*. Dreams were collected during that special week from many in the participating group and are included in this paper. I amplify my dreams as a way to document the impact on my psyche, while leaving the rest to speak for themselves. The amplifications weave a personal experience of the theories Jung developed through his own descent into the underworld, which was carefully illustrated in his *Red Book*.

PART I: SYNCHRONICITIES LEADING FROM PHILEMON TO *THE RED BOOK*

From the start, my engagement with the Philemon Foundation has involved one synchronistic event after another, leading up to participating in the scanning of C. G. Jung's important personal journal,



The Red Book (Liber Novus), page 54. Mixed media on paper.
Folio size: 11.57" x 15.35" (29 cm x 39 cm). 1914-1930.

The Red Book. That momentous undertaking took place in Zurich, in November of 2008. In this article I describe this trail of events, offering meaning along the way with the intention of honoring the psyche's patterns that unfolded behind the project, as Jung's journal was making its way into the world. Because the activation of synchronous events was so frequent, my first step in making sense of how the Philemon Foundation contributed to the eventual publication of this most important book is to explore the concept of synchronicity. Once I had finally arrived in Zurich, I kept a journal of my own dreams and those of others to chronicle the movement of the psyche. Here I look for common themes and amplify my dreams in detail, while leaving the other dreamers to speak for themselves.

Tracing the nascence of the Philemon Foundation, described below, allows us to see how the thread of synchronicities led the way from the project's very beginning. Just as archetypes are ordered around the Self (the ordering archetype of the psyche), synchronicities relating to this project focused, in an intentional way, around the process of making *The Red Book* available to the world. Since synchronicities are archetypal manifestations in reality, it seems likely that the Self was the guiding force here. I could have never have orchestrated such linked experiences if I had tried. Jung states in *Synchronicity: An Acausal Connecting Principle*: "Meaningful coincidences are thinkable as pure chance. But the more they multiply and the greater and more exact the correspondence is, the more their probability sinks and their unthinkable increases, until they can no longer be regarded as pure chance but, for lack of a causal explanation, have to be thought of as meaningful arrangements" (1981, pp. 518–519).

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It all began when I received a phone call from an unknown analyst in Philadelphia. Steve Martin called to explain that he was starting a foundation to support the publication of all of C. G. Jung's unpublished writings, including his lectures, seminars, and correspondences. In thinking how to get the foundation going, Steve recalled Gilda Frantz, a friend of mine and someone with whom I had worked on a development committee at the C. G. Jung Institute of Los Angeles. He remembered a lovely conversation he had had with her years earlier. As a good Jungian, Steve listened to his intuition and gave her a call and she, in turn, suggested he try me as a fundraising resource. He called to explain his idea and how he had come to it.

Steve had a longstanding interest in Jung's letters and a desire to read and publish them. Because he'd had prior publishing experience, he was aware of the scope of this undertaking. He decided to contact Sonu Shamdasani, who was working on Jung's *Red Book* and had access to Jung's archive at the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology in Zurich. Steve thought that of all people, Sonu would most likely know of any unpublished letters. As a historian of psychology and psychiatry, Sonu has dedicated his life to studying Jung's works. He is currently the Philemon Professor of Jung History at the Wellcome Trust Centre for the History of Medicine at University College London. Over the years, he had developed a decent working relationship with the members of Jung's family foundation, most specifically with Herr Ulrich Hoerni, who oversaw the archive at the ETH. With this confidence, he had been given permission to work on the most important treasure: *The Red Book*. Steve decided to fly to London to meet with Sonu. There he learned that there were no less than 30,000 unpublished letters in the archive. He was dumbfounded by this huge number. They then talked about *The Red Book* project, and when Sonu revealed that he had run out of money and was going to have to put it aside to get a job, Steve immediately leapt in and offered to set up a foundation. It would support the publication of *The Red Book* and all of Jung's unpublished papers! Sonu's reaction was incredulous, and although the idea of setting up a foundation was impulsive, Steve was determined to follow through. Thanks to the suggestion of Sonu's partner, Maggie Baron, Philemon was chosen as the name for the foundation, and the beautiful painted image from *The Red Book* became the logo.

Philemon was Jung's inner guide or teacher, a wise old man who first appeared in a vision around 1913 when Jung was engaged in his confrontation with the unconscious (*Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, 1989). During this period, Jung explored images that appeared in his dreams as well as in his waking fantasies, which he wrote down to better understand and integrate into consciousness. Jung wrote: "In order to seize hold of the fantasies I frequently imagined a steep descent. I even made several attempts to get to the very bottom. The first time I reached, as it were, a depth of about a

thousand feet; the next time I found myself at the edge of a cosmic abyss” (1989, p. 181). Later, he named this method of working with the unconscious, *active imagination*. In *Memories*, Jung recalls the vision in which Philemon first appeared to him. He understood this guide as an outgrowth of Elijah in his vision:

There was a blue sky, like the sea, covered not by clouds but by flat brown clods of earth. It looked as if the clods were breaking apart and the blue water of the sea was becoming visible between them. But the water was the blue sky. Suddenly there appeared from the right a winged being sailing across the sky. I saw that it was an old man with the horns of a bull. He held a bunch of four keys, one of which he clutched as if he were about to open a lock. He had the wings of the kingfisher with its characteristic colors. (1989, p. 183)

Jung wrote down his fantasies and dreams in *The Black Book*, and then later transferred them to *The Red Book*, where he created a beautiful aesthetic representation of his inner material. But he did not understand his images and fantasies, or this figure that became Philemon. He realized for the first time that there were autonomous elements in the unconscious not produced by him. Because of his confusion and ignorance about the nature of the psyche, he welcomed this man of insight to help him unravel the mystery. The name *Philemon* is found in both Greek mythology and early Christian theology. In Jung’s vision, Philemon was a winged spirit with a lame foot. Jung says, “He exists outside of time and is the son of the maternal unconscious” (1989, p. 225). The archetype of the guide was activated in the depths of Jung’s psyche, and Jung’s partnership with this presence began to unfold. As he strolled in his garden in Kusnacht, Jung would often converse with Philemon, who taught his student about the objective reality of the psyche and the nature of the anima.

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During this intense period, when Jung's psyche was activated with archetypal material, the kingfisher appeared in his vision and then again in reality. Synchronicity was operating; Jung found a dead kingfisher, a bird rarely seen around Zurich, in his garden by the lake. Synchronistic experiences similar to this one occurred frequently in Jung's life. The fish image returned in 1949, when Jung was exploring the image of the fish as a symbol of the Self for his book *Aion* (1978). During a period of two days, he was presented with six occurrences of fish mentioned or shown to him in various forms. He realized that this was too frequent to be mere coincidence or a duplication of cases (Jung, p. 424). Because of these and other synchronistic experiences, Jung began examining the phenomenon.

From Jung's (1981) writings, it is clear that several factors must be present for an event to be synchronistic. First of all, there must be an interest in the observer's mind, and with that interest comes a heightened affect. Affect emerges from archetypes, which are the *a priori* ordering principles of nature, the world, and the psyche. When an archetype is activated, energy is put in motion that does not adhere to the laws of causality, or time and space. Instead it moves in its own way between psyche, or the unconscious, and matter, or reality. Jung calls this movement *acausal* (1981); von Franz calls it *field thinking* as opposed to causal or *linear thinking* (1980, p. 8). According to field thinking, certain events happen together at the same time. *Simultaneity* seems to be the uniting element of the events. In linear thinking, on the other hand, events happen *sequentially*, one after the other, along a continuum. For events to be synchronistic, the person must then be able to link them together in a meaningful way. Such events then bring about an actual change in the psychic state of the individual. In his paper "Synchronicity: An Acausal Connecting Principle," Jung clarifies that such acausal events are not governed by the causal limiting factors of space and time, but instead express an energy that can be both psychic and material. Without the parameters of space and time, the movement from psyche to matter is fluid.

Von Franz takes up this idea in her discussion of the *unus mundus*, or the one world, and further explains the nature of the synchronistic event. She says: "[For] the physical and the psychic realms [to] coincide within the synchronistic event, there must be somewhere or somehow a Unitarian reality—one reality of the physical and psychic realms" (1980, p. 98). The idea of *unus mundus* explains the nature of reality beyond a separated psyche and matter and points to one substance which manifests in different forms.

In experiments to test paranormal phenomena, J. B. Rhine used cards containing symbols and asked the subject to correctly identify what was on the card using extrasensory perception (ESP). It became clear that the subject's *interest* in the experiment was directly related to the outcome. When

interest fell off, so did the accuracy level. Jung goes one step further to explain the possibility that what is activated through interest, which then leads to a heightened affect, is the psyche's archetypal or *psychoid* level. Jung notes, "Where instinct predominates, psychoid processes set in which pertain to the sphere of the unconscious as elements incapable of consciousness" (1981, p. 184). It is here that the instinctual energy merges with the archetypal image and energy. At this level, there seems to be a psychic-organic link, which translates into a mind-body connection. This link or connection may be the key to a synchronistic occurrence. In a state of increased interest or affect, the activated archetype causes the movement of energy from the psychic realm into matter, and perhaps vice versa. These occurrences most likely happen frequently, but must be consciously recognized as meaningful to be synchronistic. Otherwise they remain chance occurrences.

The emerging archetypal web that constellated around the publication of Jung's works drew me in, and the elements necessary to synchronistic occurrences were activated in me. I became a participant in the creation that was to follow. When I heard about the foundation, my interest and affect were powerfully triggered. The archetypal pattern of bringing something new to life had been set in motion, and I was captured by it. The object of the birth would be *The Red Book* and all of Jung's writings. I was one vessel among many through which this pattern accomplished its goal. As events surrounding the new foundation unfolded, there were many synchronistic manifestations that no one discounted as mere coincidence. It seemed that the archetypal layer of reality was activated with implicit direction to help us succeed.

In piecing together my synchronistic involvement in the Philemon Foundation, I realized that the psyche had been setting me up to do for this for years. It seemed to want my involvement to make possible the publication of *The Red Book*. I trace the path back to my decision to put together a development committee at the C. G. Jung Institute of Los Angeles and working with Gilda Frantz. The call from Steve and my special interest in the *Children's Dream Seminar*, which turned out to be the first book the foundation would publish, were just the beginning. That synchronistic experience was the bait that hooked me. More such events were to follow.

I agreed to join the Philemon Board, which already consisted of Steve Martin, James Hollis, and Eugene Taylor. Sonu Shamdasani was the General Editor. Gilda joined a bit later. We received a couple of large multi-year grants: one from Carolyn Grant Fay and one from the MSST Foundation, to get us going. I was responsible for the latter, but we still had a lot of work to do. Sonu put together a stellar team of editors and translators as we moved ahead with *The Children's Dream Seminar* (2008). Meanwhile Philemon took over the support for the *Jung-White Letters* (2007), and Sonu

continued to work on Jung's *Red Book*. While Sonu swung between Zurich and London to meet with Jung's family, and especially Herr Ulrich Hoerni, Jung's grandson and head of the family foundation, our board traveled to Zurich two times. We established our credibility and determination to pursue this project to its completion—which would take, by our estimate, about 30 years. These visits were all in the service of publishing the immensely valuable archive.

Years before our first trip to Zurich, while I was attending the Center for Depth Psychology in Switzerland, I'd had the privilege of sitting next to Herr Hoerni, Jung's grandson, at the restaurant where Jung had spent his 80th birthday. I remembered that evening well, and I was delighted to have already met the man who oversaw Jung's papers, and with whom we would have many future meetings. I was no stranger to him.

Two synchronistic events in my life followed that proved instrumental to launching *The Red Book* project. I had lunch with an old friend, Sandra Elsdon Vigon, a Jungian psychotherapist who now lives in London, whose husband, Larry, had recently published a book of his own dreams and drawings. I had seen them on display at an art gallery along with Sandra's sculptures and the paintings of two other friends. At lunch, I spoke about my involvement with the Philemon Foundation and the hope that we would find a publisher for *The Red Book*. She thought of her husband's collaborator, who did an exceptional job and had expressed a real interest in these types of projects. Larry's *Dream Book* and *The Red Book* are not easy to sell: The audience is limited in its understanding of dreams or aspects of the psyche in general, and the cost of reproducing color images is prohibitive.

I received a call from Larry, and after describing what we were doing, he called his publisher, Jim Mairs, at W. W. Norton. Mairs is a very special, kind man who values this type of work. After much negotiation, a deal was struck. This was no easy enterprise, but he was willing to take the risk. *The Red Book* consists of 205 pages of text, 53 full-size paintings done in gouache, and 71 text images. Printing such a book would be expensive and would involve a special printer in Verona, Italy. Larry, the talented graphic designer living in London, went through the same process with his book, and agreed to work on ours to ensure the highest quality of replication. Watching the flow of interest and ideas put in motion over a casual lunch with an old friend was astonishing. I could not have made this contact if I had tried—it only was made available to me through the workings of the Self, manifesting through synchronicity.

The next piece of the puzzle fell into place when I was describing *The Red Book* project at an Interregional Society of Jungian Analysts (IRSJA) meeting in Boulder, Colorado. Unbeknownst to me, David Hamilton, an analyst from Maine in the audience, happened to be good friends with a writer

for the *New York Times Magazine*, Sara Corbett. Later, his interest led him to describe *The Red Book* project to her, and she was hooked. She proposed an article to the newspaper, and after interviewing the Philemon board members to gather information, she presented it to her committee. Her feature article appeared on the cover of the *New York Times Magazine* in September 2009.

With all the plans in place for the actual scanning of *The Red Book*, we converged on Zurich to participate in this final venture. I was very excited and steeped in the significance of this important event. On the plane from Los Angeles to Zurich, I sat next to a woman, Mrs. Bryce (not her real name), who worked for the State Department in Geneva at the Mission and had a lot to do with the United Nations. Interestingly enough, she had been in Jungian analysis years before with an older female analyst, so she was very familiar with Jung and excited to hear about the work Philemon was doing. She was saddened by the state of the world and hoped that publishing more of Jung's work would make a difference. From her perspective at the United Nations, Mrs. Bryce spoke about the destructive and hopeless Bush administration. She did not know how we would pull our country out of the decline into which it had fallen. She was observing our country from the outside looking in, and even I was surprised by her lack of hope.

The state of the Western world today seems to be a result of the split between spirit and matter in our Judeo-Christianity myth. Jung took this split seriously and thought that alchemy might correct it by merging spirit and matter. Yet, to this day this work remains unfinished. The seeds that Jung discovered during the years of inner exploration and the writing of *The Red Book* went unharvested by the world at large. Talking with Mrs. Bryce about the current state of the world reminded me that continuing to struggle with the opposites in ourselves is so important to society.

The day I arrived in Zurich we were granted permission to stop by the studio in the evening to see the set-up and the two copy pages from *The Red Book* used for it. The fact that this reality was upon us, after all the planning and anticipation, was a very emotional experience. Steve translated lines from the two copy pages taken from *The Red Book* selected by Herr Hoerni. The passage he read was about the shadow and the dark side of God. Was it a coincidence that Herr Hoerni had chosen those particular pages? I had focused on this very idea in my conversations with Mrs. Bryce, and here it was in Jung's own voice. I felt that this was another synchronistic occurrence. What Steve read on those pages is the important issue, and what is most crucial if we are to survive as a species. *The Red Book* had been held in a vault at the UBS Bank on Bahnhofstrasse for 25 years. It is this voice that the world needs to hear, which is the reason this book is now being liberated into publication with great love and care.

As I was writing this article and struggling to understand the concept of synchronous events, I had a dream that spoke to my concern:

I was sitting in my bedroom and the light was dimmed as if the shades were down in daylight. I was watching ethereal-like beings circling around me. As they flew, they passed through walls, in and out of reality. Nothing was an obstacle for them. I watched with interest, not at all afraid, and I seemed to know that they were an example of the permeability of psyche and matter.

Upon waking, the concept of angels was the closest description I could come up with for these entities. Angels are beings that travel as God's messengers from a spirit state and can manifest in reality as solid beings. They are figures that bridge the gap between psyche and matter and manifest in a *field* of time, not *linear* time. They could be synchronistic messengers from the ordering archetype, the Self. They appear in dimmed light, not the bright light of intellect or the darkness of unconsciousness. Von Franz describes the light of absolute knowledge as being dim, like candlelight (1980, p. 40). I think the dream was encouraging me to trust my belief that the events leading up to the scanning of *The Red Book* were, indeed, guided by the Self. Synchronicity was bringing about creation from the latent dimensions of psyche into the manifest world.

PART II: DREAMS AT THE SCANNING

After much negotiation, the publisher secured the contract and the go-ahead to organize the scanning of the precious book. At first it was suggested that the actual scanning be done in Los Angeles, where the company with the highest degree of expertise in this area resided. The cost was much less to transport *The Red Book* to Los Angeles than to transport the photographers, with all their sophisticated equipment, to Zurich. But Herr Hoerni never really felt comfortable letting the book out of his sight, much less allowing it travel to a foreign country. Nevertheless, he agreed. Just about the time of the scheduled departure, Los Angeles was engulfed in flames (the Griffith Park fire) and that put a quick end to that plan. There would be no putting *The Red Book* at risk. It would stay home and be scanned in Zurich. The team and their equipment would have to travel to the book instead. With all agreements in place, *The Red Book* would be scanned during a week at the end of November 2008 in Zurich.

The scanning of Jung's *Red Book* lured a diverse group from all over the world: Sonu Shamdasani, Philemon's general editor from London; his partner, Maggie Baron; Steve Martin, Philemon's founder and president; Tom

Charlesworth, Philemon's treasurer; Jim Mairs, the publisher from W. W. Norton; Ulrich Hoerni, Jung's grandson and president of the Jung Foundation; Hugh Milstein and John Supra, the photographers from Digital Fusion in Los Angeles and New York; Sara Corbett, from the *New York Times*; her friend Anja Hanson; Larry Vigon, the graphic designer and his wife, Sandra Elsdon-Vigon, from London; and me, from Los Angeles (I am a vice-president of the Philemon Foundation).

The morning after I arrived in Zurich and witnessed the setting up of the scanning platform for *The Red Book*, I woke up with a significant dream. Had others dreamed as well, I wondered? It occurred to me that collecting dreams from others in the group might shed light on our collective and personal responses to being in the presence of *The Red Book*. What follows are the three dreams I had and the six dreams I collected from others. I amplify my own dreams on personal and collective levels. For the others, I let the dreams speak for themselves. I did not know how the psyche would react and what themes would emerge, if any. But I was not surprised to see that the theme of descending into the underworld as well as the approach by figures or elements out of the unconscious were common motifs.

The alchemical concept of *circulatio* seems to express the movement of psychic energy in the dreams: the invitation to descend into an underground room or forest, or into the soil itself; to ascend stairs; or to remain stable in the middle ground between opposites. The movement in the dreams was down, up, and then down again in a pattern of circling back to the source and then ascending to see the new aspect objectively. Perhaps we could then assimilate it. We may hold the balance temporarily before we are inevitably drawn down to retrieve another piece of ourselves. This is the process of individuation, and it lasts until death. Some figures that emerge are frightening or disturbing, others are not. Each carries a message it is trying to deliver from the unconscious. Our own relationship to the unconscious determines whether that message is received. The messages are packaged for us alone and carry a personal flavor, and, at the same time, are imbued with a common residue.

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For one week the group of us was contained in a unique vessel with Jung's *Red Book*, just as he was contained in his own alchemical vessel during the creation of this precious manuscript. I imagine it as a container to help him pin down the images, figures, and energies emerging from his psyche. It might have been a stabilizing exercise that kept him connected to reality while the unconscious world whirled around him with a force great enough to take him down to his destruction:

The . . . years when I pursued the inner images, were the most important time of my life. Everything else is to be derived from this. It began at that time, and the later details hardly matter anymore. My entire life consisted in elaborating what had burst forth from the unconscious and flooded me like an enigmatic stream and threatened to break me. That was the stuff and material for more than only one life. Everything later was merely the outer classification, the scientific elaboration, and the integration into life. But the numinous beginning, which contained everything, was then. (Jung, 1960, p. VII)

This quote gives a sense of the dangerous struggle upon which Jung embarked to explore the underworld of his psyche. His struggle was constellated around two opposites within him: *the spirit of the depths* and *the spirit of the times*. For Jung, the struggle was no less than to regain his lost soul—which he did.

During the years 1914–1930, Jung saw patients during the day and after dinner went to his study to write. He worked with incredible care and precision on *Liber Novus* (New Book), Jung's name for *The Red Book*. Each page was carefully planned and laid out to receive his active imaginations copied from folio pages in calligraphic script. One can see pencil guidelines drawn across the pages. Small pinholes at the beginning and end of each line break through from one page to the next so that the lines are identical throughout the book. Each page of writing begins with an elaborately painted letter. Jung worked on this book until his final entry in 1959, when he closed it for the last time. The final page contains a sentence that ends abruptly in the middle of a thought: "I know how frightfully inadequate this undertaking was, but despite much work and many distractions I remained true to it, even if another possibility . . ." (Jung, 2009, p. 360).

The facsimile contains copies of the 205 pages. The translation, preface, and introduction fill the rest of the pages left blank by Jung. As a divining rod to help us find our way into this book, Sonu includes 1,500 footnotes. We need that help to follow Jung's thread that began with his synchronicities.

Now he will knock on the doors of our conscious perceptions to introduce us to the deep meaning hidden away in the book.

The night after arrival in Zurich I dreamt:

I was sitting around a large group of tables—four tables put together to make a large square—with the group of people in Zurich for the scanning. We were sitting on the tables in a casual, friendly way, talking. We were holding round glass balls with round openings. Each one was a vessel that contained strong spirit that we were drinking. The ice cubes were shiny, clear, perfect, and sparkled in the amber liquid. We were talking about killing or being killed, sharing examples calmly as if these acts were a normal part of life. Someone mentioned that he or she had bought a piece of property in a place like Colorado—a beautiful, remote location in the forest, which seemed like the center of the country, undeveloped and rural. We talked about wanting to go there.

The dream setting is a large mandala made up of four tables forming a square, and our group members are all present. We are participating in an event having to do with the Self, represented by the mandala image. The number 4 represents

wholeness, the four functions that we strive to integrate. Additionally, each of us is holding a round glass ball, another mandala, out of which we drink a strong spirit that is amber-colored. “Amber represents the psychic line between individual and cosmic energy, the individual soul and the universal soul. It symbolizes solar, spiritual and divine attraction” (Chevalier, p. 19). Amber is a synonym for gold and is related to Apollo, the sun god. In the dream we were to drink this substance cooled by ice cubes. A cube is a four-dimensional square, pointing to the material world and the four directions. These cubes were shiny, clear, and perfect, introducing the element of wisdom to the amber and the round glass balls. Water is also called

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mercurial water or water of life, and when it flows it regenerates and heals. Ice cubes are frozen water, used here to cool the amber spirit and in the cooling process to slowly melt and turn again into flowing water. For me, these images were a warning that I needed to cool the spirit getting activated in me by exposure to *The Red Book*, as well as the extraversion of participating with the group in the scanning. The unheeded warning ended up expressing itself in a headache—against which, surprisingly, amber is a talisman!

The dream refers to us as a collective at the center of the work, admonishing us to recognize and honor the Self's involvement in us as a group and individually. Although the dream seems to speak to the group, it is my dream and sheds a specific light on my individual journey. Our discussion around killing and being killed points to how much will be asked of us in the process. Not only will it not be easy, but deep transformation will be required. I will most certainly need to retreat to the forest for renewal.

Our mission at the scanning was to release the spirit that had been locked away in Jung's journal. His call to the depths and his struggle to map that terrain led to a system of thought that carries a numinous spirit for all of us. Through Jung's arduous task of becoming conscious, he opened the door to the workings of nature and the psyche. The process for him, as well as for us, is all about killing and being killed on a metaphorical level. In our individuation process, we are asked to kill off those destructive attitudes and behaviors that no longer serve the deep striving to express our true nature. The acts of killing and of being killed are metaphorically described as a necessary process in alchemy. The word *sacrifice* comes from *sacred*, indicating that killing represents the sacrifice that is required for this work. Sacrifice is the concept lived out in the stages of *mortificatio* and *putrificatio*, the dying and breaking down of the old, so that the new can be born. The journey begins with the golden spirit and then moves inward and down, represented here by entering the wild, undeveloped forest. In the dream the rural area was the center of the country, referring to the wilderness at the center of my being. This part of the Self is the unconscious, untamed, wild, instinctual realm: the realm of the great mother. From spirit, I am instructed to move into nature, into the land of the feminine. It is here that the work will take place: where I will be faced with unknown aspects of myself to integrate and transform. It is here that parts of myself will have to be killed for sacrifice before I return, renewed, to the land of the living. In this first dream I am with a group, not alone. This signifies my involvement with Philemon and the collective scanning. While my individual journey begins in a collective way, as the future dreams demonstrate, I move away onto my own path. With this theme presented in my dream, I knew I was being directed to descend into my inner forest to locate those elements in my psyche and conscious attitude that needed to be killed and

transformed. Yet, because of the excitement of the event at hand, it was difficult to withdraw from the collective, extraverted, and inflated spirit of the moment.

From this dream, one can see the impact that participation in this special event had on my psyche. For me, it was a movement to the center of what was most important, and that is where Jung spent his life. I felt Jung's presence with us as if he were leading us step by step to get the remainder of his work out so it could be further studied. It was such a privilege to be a part of this group and to be used as a vessel for a higher good. It was a moment when we could help give birth to a much needed piece of consciousness that had been gestating in a womb-like vault at the bank. It had waited for the consciousness of humankind to be ready.

At breakfast the first morning, I presented my idea of collecting dreams. Everyone thought it was a great suggestion and volunteered dream material. The first dream I received at breakfast that first morning was from Hugh Milstein, the incredibly talented photographer in charge of the scanning.

On an iPhoto screen I saw still pictures ranging from 20 years ago to just last week. There was an image of a childish and scary white face—much like Munch's image in *The Scream*—appearing on the screen every three hours all night long.

The next person to come to breakfast that morning was Steve Martin. He reported having a vision that someone was firmly patting him on the back. We both knew it was Jung! We felt his presence with us that week. Steve certainly deserved a pat on the back for setting the foundation in motion and carrying a piece of the burden of responsibility that contributed to making this happen. Next, Sara Corbett shared her dream:

My husband and I were throwing a party at my childhood home, which my father had recently sold. There were lots of people present. My daughter's kindergarten teacher was supposed to be the caterer, but she did not show up. Instead, I had to grill a small elephant's head outside.

When I e-mailed Sara to get her permission to include her dream, she remarked that she had not "had one quite so vivid and grotesque since that time!"

More dreams followed. At the studio, a photographer who had been hired to document the scanning event reported that he had had a dream

a week ago of an old lady dropping bones on him. On the second day of scanning Sonu Shamsasani reported this dream:

I went to the studio, which was an underground area with concrete steps, similar to those at a museum garden. The steps went down and had a concrete wall around them. I stood on one of the walls and could see that Herr Hoerni, in the studio, was still asleep. I did not want to disturb him, so I left to come back later.

Jim Mairs dreamed that he had to present prints to a doctor to prove that they were legitimate. Sandra Elsdon-Vigon reported this dream:

It was still dark, and Steve, Hugh, and a couple of others were waiting for the book to arrive. I was concerned that Herr Hoerni would not be happy that we were there. In the courtyard, where we waited outside the studio, were hanging lights. There was an area much like a tufa cave with calcium formations built up from the ground and making structures. This was very much like the volcanic tufa caves at Mammoth Mountain in California. I told everyone to hide in the cave and peek out to await the book's arrival. An ordinary white van arrived, and in it I saw Herr Hoerni walking around. A friendly dog lived in the cave.

Later we were celebrating and dancing. In the cave, Hugh found an old violin case under a workbench. The violin inside was not finished, and it was made of a horn that had animal faces on it—small with a snout and a stylized head. There were a couple of faces.

Each day we joined others for breakfast and then went to the studio to watch the scanning: a very slow and tedious process. Alternately, Herr Hoerni and his nephew Felix Walder slept in the studio at night, on a cot and in a sleeping bag, to protect *The Red Book*. For the set-up, Hugh Milstein and John Supra, the photographers doing the scanning, brought very sophisticated equipment with them, including computers, monitors, a homemade stand for the book, and very bright large lights whose purpose was to remove shadow from the book's pages. The room was a good size studio of about 20 by 30 feet. There was a smaller room at the entrance, with a black curtain separating this anteroom from the larger studio. There we always made sure we had food to eat and boxes of Swiss chocolate to keep up our energy levels. It was here we congregated to talk, without disturbing the focused work going on in the studio. Steve brought his digital camera along and took

photographs of the images as they were prepared for scanning, as well as the other goings-on in the studio.

We would arrive and start our day with Hugh and John already at work. Our job was to hold down the pages so that each could be scanned properly. One person at a time sat facing the book, which rested on a specially constructed wooden stand to support its spine. To streamline the process and reduce its stress on the book, *the boys*, as we called Hugh and John, decided to scan the odd pages from the back to the front and then flip it around and scan the even pages. Since each page had to be scanned twice, we would first place our two index fingers on the lower corners of the page and then move our fingers for the second scan one inch towards the center. We wore clean white cotton gloves to hold the pages down. By scanning each page twice, Hugh and John were able to manipulate the two images in the iPhoto program to remove our fingers from the picture and achieve a clean, perfect scan. Each scanned image showed up immediately on the computer screen, to everyone's excitement.

The scanning started early in the morning and went on all day for four days. A group of us rotated holding down the pages with the white gloves. On the third day, it seemed that the bundle of white gloves that Hugh and John had brought with them from Los Angeles had disappeared, and we were in need of more. Sara and I were given the task of locating photographic gloves. She found a photographic supply store on the other side of town. For the sake of efficiency, we decided to take a cab instead of the public transportation. It turned out to be on the opposite side of town in a remote industrial area. Because we knew we would not be able to locate another cab in this neighborhood and neither of us spoke German, we asked the driver to wait. As it turned out, the shop had just closed for lunch and would not open again for an hour. Sara, endlessly resourceful and determined, pounded on the shop window until someone came to the door. Then she begged him to let us come in and explained our plight. He was a willing young man; we bought all the expensive white photography gloves they had in stock. Happy to have solved an important task, upon our return we heard from Herr Hoerni that he had located an endless supply of inexpensive white gloves in the shop down the block! We felt exasperated, but at least we had clean white gloves with which to finish the work.

Herr Hoerni reported a dream he had had earlier of flames coming out of *The Red Book*. On the third day, I had another dream:

I was on the second floor of a house, which had windows all around it. I was in the kitchen with an island in the middle, and I was organizing pots and pans. Then Alex, my husband, arrived and came up the stairs into the house. He was wearing a red

mohair suit and seemed to be all red, himself. He could have been a man or woman. We were talking.

The setting of the dream is significant: a kitchen, where one is nourished. The room has windows all around, which would allow me to see in all directions and to be seen as well. The visibility and location on the second floor suggest a move toward extraversion. This moves away from the introverted prospect of entering the forest in the first dream. Again the central plan is a mandala, the square table set-up in the first dream and here, the kitchen island. The clear view and walking around an island in the center of the kitchen, circumambulating the center, point again to an image of the Self. My husband ascends and approaches me; we converse. Representing my animus, or inner masculine aspect, he could be male or female, a hermaphrodite figure. This points to the problem of the union of opposites and the role of the animus. The animus takes the place of the fourth function as *psychopomp*, the figure that bridges the conscious and unconscious worlds leading to the Self. The hermaphrodite figure arises in alchemical work and indicates the need to separate and differentiate two opposing attitudes. It appears again at the end of the work as the wedding of the opposites, the *hieros gamos*. In the dream he is covered in red mohair. Mohair is a strong, silky fiber that comes from the coat of the Angora goat. The goat, which is a solar creature by day and lunar by night, represents vitality and potency. The devil took the form of a goat as that which is sacrificed, rejected, and despised. The devil is also depicted as red. Yet this “goat,” as devil, is what comes back to haunt us, in the form of our inferior function and complexes, and represents part of the chthonic, instinctual earth of our being. Ultimately, as a mercurial figure, this goat seeks change. All the inferior and rejected aspects of ourselves strive to be included in our conscious awareness. These parts of ourselves come to greet us, either as scary faces, grotesque elephants that we must eat, or devilish figures that want to talk. They all long for a relationship with us.

Etymologically, the word *mohair* means choice. What is choice but a function of consciousness that involves seeing multiple sides and evaluating them before making a decision? The red color represents life, blood, passion, and the *rubedo* (reddening) stage of alchemy: the coming down into life and matter, the making real. The amber spirit has transformed into the red animus, as my own inner red devil that approaches to challenge me. The inner masculine ascends out of the unconscious to greet me and brings a fiery spirit into consciousness. Yet this consciousness requires me to differentiate and make a choice, having to do with my animus. How will it affect me and how will I carry it into the world? The redness of this inner figure may also reflect the influence on my psyche of *The Red Book*, which emanates its own fiery spirit.

The Red Book is a testament to this process of discovering the nature of the unconscious, integrating it, expanding the ego, and becoming more conscious.

be cooled that descended into the forest and now emerges. It was moving towards a conscious relationship with me. In other words, I was being shown the inner work I needed to pursue to transform an aspect of my inner masculine. That part, my inferior function, can ultimately lead to a relationship with the greater Self. The inferior function for me is extraverted sensation, manifesting in my life as a difficulty with the details of the small picture. This function tells me to pay attention to how stress is affecting me physically. This is a very personal way in which psyche manifests physically in me.

Jung descended into the unconscious and through his dreams and active imagination was able to coax up from the swampland affects and inner figures to differentiate and transform. In so doing he created a template for all of us. *The Red Book* is a testament to this process of discovering the nature of the unconscious, integrating it, expanding the ego, and becoming more conscious. The danger in walking among the archetypal figures (gods, really) is being infected by their powerful affects and lifted up into an inflation. Such a possession is always followed by a crash back to earth again. Yet it is through the circulatory movement of going up and down that we learn the extremes in our nature and eventually find our way to the middle ground: the *transcendent function*.

That same day, Larry Vigon reported a dream of walking in Zurich between two long lap pools.

The scanning proceeded, and I spent hours holding down pages. In the afternoon, Angela Graf-Nold arrived to be interviewed by Steve on the progress of the ETH lectures that Jung gave between 1933 and 1941. She had been working on those talks. This interview took place in a corner of the room and was recorded by the video photographer documenting the scanning event, hired by Jim Mairs to document the whole week.

Cary de Angulo Baynes's daughter, Ximena de Angulo Roelli, was invited to meet everyone, witness the process, and join us for dinner that night.

Pots and pans are round vessels suggestive of the alchemical processes that differentiate and transform states of being. I was organizing the cooking vessels in preparation to begin a process. The undifferentiated red animus was the *prima materia* that needed to be cooked and eaten. It represents the amber spirit needing to

Her mother was a close friend of Jung who participated in discussion with him about *The Red Book*, and in 1924–1925, she transcribed *Liber Novus* for him. Ximena reported that she had seen the book years earlier as a child when she was taken to Jung's house by her mother for a visit. While they talked, she kept herself busy looking at the images in *The Red Book*. She remembers it resting on a stand for anyone to look at; she was delighted to see it again after so many years. Ximena was full of stories about Jung and being a part of his world. We had a rousing evening, full of laughter and joking as a way of releasing any tension that remained around the wish for a successful scanning. It was an extraverted, busy week with one day to go. I was beginning to tire.

The next day I visited an old friend and Jungian analyst, Brigitte Jacobs, who lives just outside of Zurich in a charming suburb. Upon my return, I walked to the studio, not far from the train station, to see what was going on. There was quite a commotion on this last day. The actual pages of *The Red Book* had been completed and the extra folio pages were being scanned. Robert Hinshaw brought the drawing of the first mandala that Jung had painted, *Systema Munditotius*, corresponding to the *Seven Sermons of the Dead*, Septem Sermones, which Aniela Jaffé had given to Hinshaw years earlier. The original *Seven Sermons of the Dead* book was present and had been scanned also. This was the first time both had been in each other's company for many years. What an occasion! The room was full of observers, including many from Jung's family, who had stopped by to visit and see the process.

I arrived at the studio to all the commotion, the crowd, and the bright lights. This time, the lights seemed to blast into my head. This was not a good sign for someone who gets migraine headaches set off by stress and bright light. After greeting everyone, seeing the beauty of the original mandala along with the book and folio pages, I remained in the background observing the heightened level of energy. At the same time, I began to drift away into a veiled and intensely colorful realm of my own. I felt the all-too-familiar numbing of my right arm and the beginning of nausea. I knew a headache was coming on. Physically, I am very vulnerable to the combination of stress and bright lights. Psychologically, I realized that my psyche was giving me a message that I needed to retreat inwardly and get back down to the ground of my being. I needed to exit the heady enthusiasm of the occasion. It was too much spirit for me. I decided to walk back to the hotel with Sonu and Sandra. On the way, I told Sandra what I was experiencing and that I would not be able to go to dinner that night, but instead would stay in bed to recover.

I suffer from atypical migraine headaches periodically, which manifest first with a distortion of light in my vision, then a numbness running down my right arm to my hand. The most difficult symptom comes after these initial

indications: aphasia, where I lose my ability to connect thoughts to language. I have the words, but I am not able to connect the thinking part of the brain to the motor part. It is a frustrating and humbling experience that takes me to the furthest extremes of life, back to the helplessness of earliest childhood and forward to the loss of cognitive function that results in old age or from a stroke. This regression is not dissimilar to what we experience in our descent into the unconscious. Our ego is humbled by the imperatives of the psyche. Knowing that I have no choice but to follow the demands of my psyche/body, I disappear quickly to the calm, quiet darkness of my room to take medicine and sleep until the migraine passes. After I regain my thinking and speaking ability and the numbness leaves, I move into the headache phase, which is not terribly severe but will last for about eight hours. Then I am left disoriented for a few days, but am otherwise fine as I emerge into the world of reality once again.

The morning of this final day, before the headache hit, I dreamt:

A young man was chosen to be interviewed by a team of journalists, but he would not stop talking, so they finally asked him to leave. We arrived at a house that had a dirt front yard; the dirt was all turned up and was ready to be landscaped. The house was also ready to be refurnished. I spoke with the owner, a woman, in a much calmer and friendlier way, asking about the yard. She invited us all in. My hair, which was dirty, was held in a ponytail by a blue sock with gold dots on it. I pulled off the sock and asked Alie, my daughter, who was seated at a table, for a hairband, which she gave me. Then I pulled back my hair.

This dream and my headache were an interesting finale to the powerful week. What started out in my conversation with Mrs. Bryce on the airplane as a reminder of the importance of remaining grounded ended up with a migraine. I must have been carried away by excitement and spirit. It seems the amber spirit moved into the man/woman in the red mohair suit in the second dream, finally separating from the feminine in a regression to the inflated and exuberant adolescent animus with no connection to the other. The manic talking of the young man in this final dream could be the manifestation of my inferior extraverted side, which appeared in the absence of tending to my introverted needs. In the dream, the young man was dismissed by a team of journalists, representing collective logos. The team did not want to give him attention, which represents the withdrawal of attention from a complex.

The youth and I arrived at a house that was ready to be renewed, both in the front yard and inside. This time, I speak from my dream ego, which is in charge, instead of the unrelated animus. By this time the migraine had

taken me back into myself, so I was able to relate to the woman and ask about the yard and soil, ready for planting. Digging in the soil is a metaphor for grounding oneself in nature, and readying the soil to plant, to bring forth new life. My hair is soiled, as well, which is a good sign, representing an element of shadow that was allowed to remain on my head, symbolizing a mixture of soil and spirit. My exuberance of thoughts was now balanced by the humbling effect of the headache and my inability to think clearly. I had gone from one extreme to another. I remove the blue and gold sock from my hair. The colors of blue and gold signify spirit, whereas a sock is worn on a foot—again, opposites. Instead, I get a hairband from my daughter to wear, while seated inside the woman's home. Pulling my hair back is a symbol of marriage and its restraining commitments, in contrast to the loose-flowing hair of the young maiden. The younger feminine of a new generation makes her appearance: my child, who represents the result of the union of opposites between my husband and me. The hermaphrodite has separated into two and moved into three. I have returned to the world of the feminine, after being carried away by the subtle and slippery negative animus: my own experience of *Mercurius*.

With this dream I saw clearly how through excitement and extraversion, I lost connection with the fire of feeling and the solid earthy soil of my being. Instead I donned the blue and gold adornment of spirit on my head—intuition and thinking—which lifted me out of myself and required a migraine to bring me back down. This was my personal experience of being torn in two by the opposites, which often happens with unconsciousness.

Being so close to the actual expression and working papers that document Jung's own journey into the unconscious affected me on all levels of my being. The material is very much alive. *The Red Book* carries the residue of Jung's own experience of being torn in two by the opposites and discovering guides in the unconscious to help him understand the nature of the psyche. By comprehending the nature of such opposites, Jung gives us a compass with which to navigate the treacherous yet creative terrain. This book reflects his personal work. It enabled Jung to form an understanding of nature that had not been understood in this way before. His suffering and struggle are his gifts to all of us so that we might have the courage to embark on our own process of self-discovery, *individuation*. My journey of sitting in the presence of *The Red Book* was over; from it I received an important gift about what it means to be caught between the opposites.

The dreams recorded during the week of the scanning demonstrate a distinct influence on our psyches, through the engagement with Jung's profound work. The dreams point our way to relationship to the Self, the vessel of consciousness that requires our attention for its growth. This place is where psyche, body, and spirit intersect, where synchronicities manifest,

where the psychoid penetrates the world of reality. From my involvement with the Philemon Foundation the vessel I am became one meeting place for these occurrences. From my dreams at the scanning I was reminded of the hard work involved in grappling with a previously ignored piece of myself. It was only after I read the book itself that I realized the impact it had on my psyche. At the time of the scanning I had no idea of the content. Sonu did not talk about it, as he was under a strict agreement of confidentiality before the publication. What only revealed itself later was the appearance of three key motifs from *The Red Book* in my dreams: killing and being killed; the red one; and recovery of the feminine soul. This intersection of motifs exemplifies the archetypal nature of the psyche, whether seen in Jung's profound descent into the unconscious or in my dip down during a week in Zurich. The similarity reflects the nature of the individuation process common to all.

This book wants to live outside a bank vault to bring its wisdom and spirit to all. Will we have the courage to study its words and images, to allow its meaning and power to find a home in the real outer world? The activated archetypal energy that emerges from intentionality in the psyche has carved a path out of the shadows into the light of day to bring forth this book; it released the flow of powerful creative waters in my own psychological process and in the dream images of the other participants. I was privileged to be a participant and a vessel through which this journey was made possible.

After the publication, with my book now in hand, I stand in awe of Jung's courage and fortitude in undertaking his descent into the unconscious to recover his soul while having the clarity of mind to recognize that his fantasies depicted the functioning of general psychological principles in himself (Shamdasani, p. 207). I pay homage to Sonu Shamdasani for his recognition of the immense value contained in this book and for his incredible determination to bring it to us. His precise editorial work and poetic sensitivity in translating the text, resulting from the collaboration with Mark Kyburz and John Peck, leave us a key to the recovery of our own souls.

Nancy Furlotti, M.A., is a Jungian analyst in private practice in Los Angeles. She is on the faculty at the C. G. Jung Institute of Los Angeles, where she was past president of the Board of Directors. She is a member of the Inter-Regional Society of Jungian Analysts as well. Nancy is on the National Board of the Archive for Research in Archetypal Symbolism (ARAS) and has recently assumed the position of Co-President of the Board of Directors of the Philemon Foundation, whose mission is to prepare for publication all of C. G. Jung's unpublished writings. Since the foundation receives no royalties, it relies on donor support.

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