

THE DEEP WELL TAPES
THE SECRET OF THE
POMEGRANATE

Marc Bregman

with
Susan Marie Scavo

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Dedication

To my mother Doris
whose courage and innate spiritual intelligence
led her to choose her husband's love over her son's need,
saving me from the almost certain incest responsibility
and allowing me simply to have her love.

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THE SECRET OF THE
POMEGRANATE

**The Banished -
One Unheard or One Unhearing?**

And I, the garden bird,
 wing of the underbrush,
spliced song of flower. I am
 the shadow's body, the hidden
made flesh, what veers between
 the branches of your thoughts.
And look, you are walking away
 as if I was not your answer.
Come back, the garden is lonely
 for you. The beebalm reddens
as the gaillardia sets sunward.
 To your turned back,
I fling my song.

Karla Van Vliet

INTRODUCTION

This book began with the intention of exploring what keeps us all from the journey to our true nature. To explore and expose the Big Lie that whirls inside and outside keeping us from the light at the end of the tunnel, from the treasure at the rainbow's end.

Because of the Big Lie, the chances of reaching the treasure are, unfortunately, unlikely. As part of the process of understanding and stepping outside the lie, it is important, of course, to discuss both the construct of the lie and its ramifications for the individual as well as the personal historical significance of family life in this dynamic.

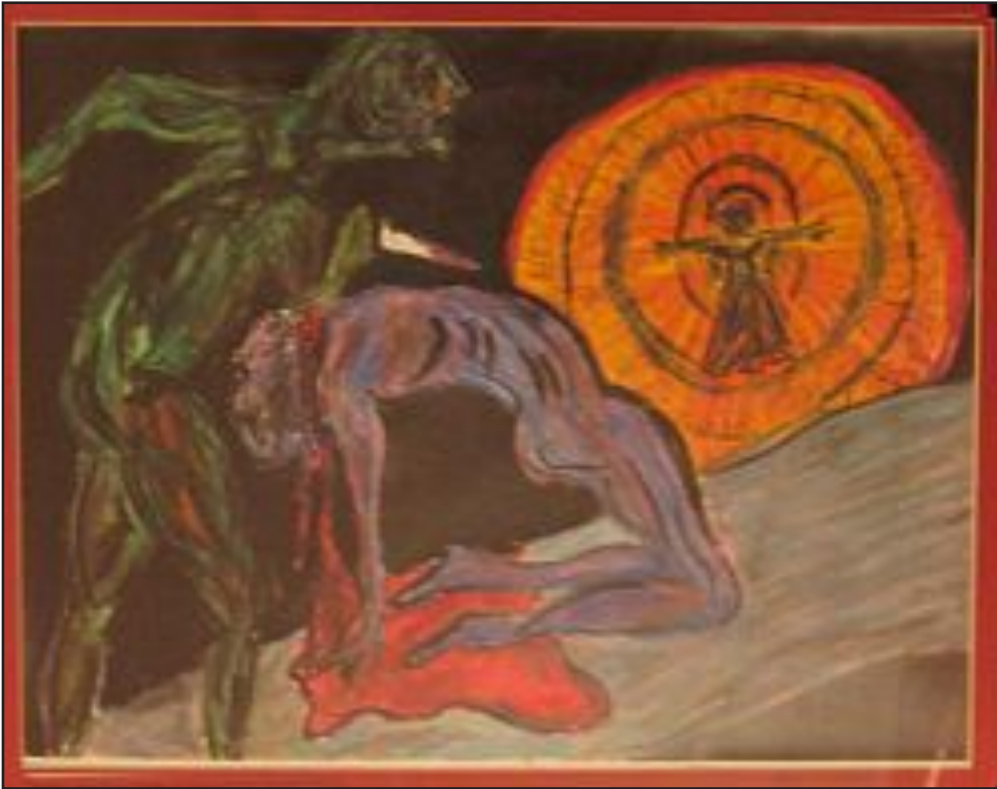
But the intention of the book changed, for more important than understanding that we have been lied to and that we have believed the lie, is the treasure. The unlikely treasure of the journey to the soul self and the connection with the Archetypal Realm. To stay with the Big Lie is, of course, much easier, for negative issues and problems are more obvious to see and face. The Big Lie is where we live, where we are confronted every day in the world and in ourselves. It is easy to be smart when it comes to looking at the problems. It is difficult to understand the solution when the solution has not been reached and experienced.

So, the book is not really about the lie. It is easy to throw another arrow into Orpheus' head, to take another pot shot at the Buddha's belly. The endeavor is not just to undo the Big Lie, but to touch the face of the solution, the essence of the self. It is the essence of the self that is the solution, that dissipates the lie and that frees the living light that can touch all who will know it.

The secret of the pomegranate is revealing the mystery of the light in us all and the journey that is revealed in the process of Dying to Self.

The Throat is Cut

Julianna O'Brien



In Julianna's painting, she is kneeling on the ground with a demon behind her slitting her throat, while, in the background, the Archetype, the Animus, is coming. The slitting open of the dreamer's throat is the unconscious capitulation of the dreamer to pathology, the consummation of the deal with the devil. The throat is cut, the blood drains out, and the demon enters the body, enters the psyche and takes refuge in the soul. This is the beginning of the Big Lie.

For the dreamer, the cut is subtle and unseen, triggered by an event, a hurt, a fear. Within that moment of feeling, there arises a moment of hesitation, a moment of uncertainty of feeling, and in that hesitation, the throat is cut.

When the wound is not met and faced, when the hesitation happens, one cannot help but fall prey to the moment of seduction. That hesitation is the moment of the slashing of the throat, the moment when trauma begins, the moment when innocence is lost.

This moment is relived over and over again in the unconscious of the individual. It often comes up through projection when the event is experienced and seen through the most minor of occurrences in the world. Each one of those moments is an opportunity to return to the moment of separation from the Divine.

For the slitting open of the throat is the severance of the individual from God, the severance of self from the soul, the severance of the mind from the heart. In the aftermath, the disjointed nerves reroute themselves around the pathology/alter ego, which is the demon. The soul is replaced by pathological thoughts and emotions, and the individual loses track of the true soul self, poisoned by the blood of the demon's yellow essence, bile. The poison surges through our veins. This is also the Big Lie.

To separate from the poison of the pathology, it is necessary to return to the moment when the throat was first slit, the moment the individual lost connection with the Divine and the soul self within. Although this moment may have occurred years before in a person's past, it is always present and alive, ever waiting for the person to return. Its malignancy is a reminder of the everyday suffering, calling the individual to wake up, showing the projection which can then be reworked to the incident that sparked the separation from the true self. It is not what happened that is the issue, not the event, but that the true self was lost in the process.

Whether the event was a major trauma with repressed fear or a minor event such as an incendiary comment at a moment of great vulnerability, the slashing of the throat is inevitable for everyone. Pathology is always waiting for an opportunity and it invariably finds something to cover its tracks to keep the individual unaware of its presence. In that moment, the individual loses innocence and the Big Lie becomes believable.

The inevitability of this moment, however, is also its demise, for the psyche anticipates and understands that it must lose itself before it can be found again. Everything in the psychological dream process is present to reclaim that moment once again. It does not matter that the breach occurred for the breach must always occur. This is destined from the beginning of time, when we left heaven in shame. That wound is configured in every individual at some point in life. It is as inevitable as the sun coming up.

In the Big Lie, the loss of self and the compensation for the loss of self is made more manageable in the individual's relationship with the mother, whose goal is to soften the blow of this mortal wound. It is the mother's heartfelt desire to maintain the innocence of the child, but the mother cannot keep this breach from occurring. She cannot protect her child's throat from being cut. In fact, her efforts to prevent the breach actually place the knife in her own hand and she may herself inadvertently cut her own child's throat in her effort to keep the child safe.

The mother, in fact, may even see the father as the enemy of innocence, for she herself is already lost and does not understand her own loss of self. In her lost state, she also does not see her own experiences that she projects onto the child. Her projected experiences do not reflect the interior existential loss but rather some occurrence in her own life that she attempts to circumvent with her child. Or, worse, she may compete with her child because of her loss.

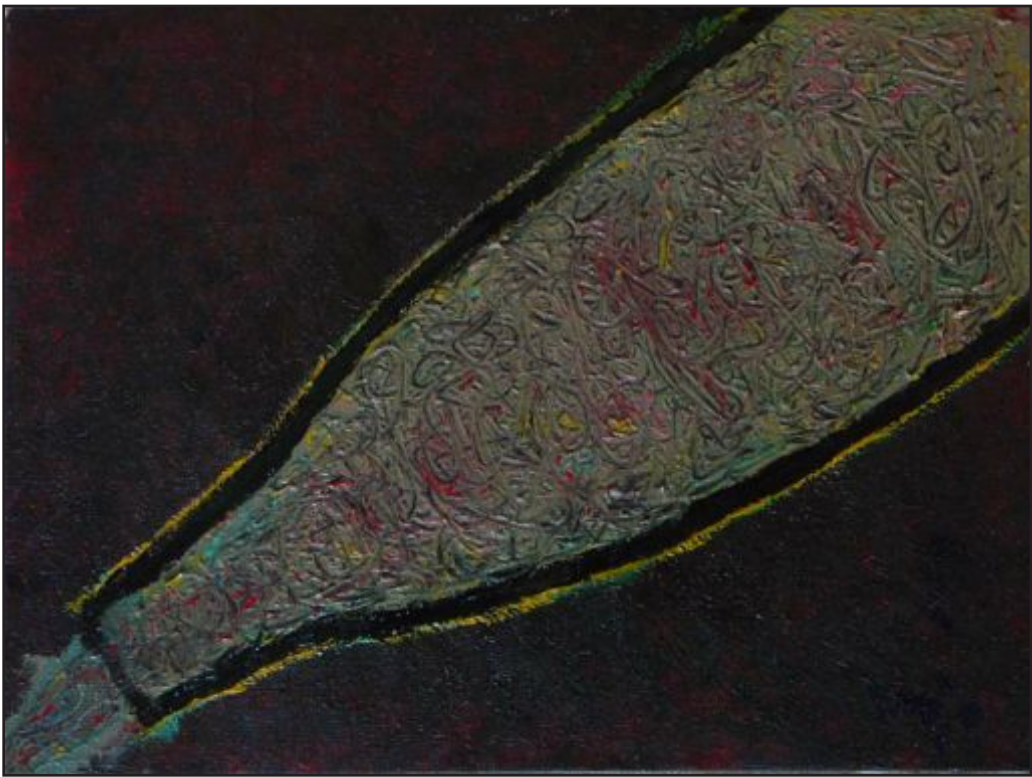
Regardless, there is no way for the mother to keep the child innocent so the

lie and the cutting of the child's throat occur under her watchful eye. The child sees the deeper truth of the love lost in her parents, sees the lies. The parents can say and do nothing but watch in horror as the child's world crumbles.

These moments when innocence collides with necessity occur over and over again in the child's innocence, and each time more nerves are cut. The child's survival depends on this innocence, but the pain of standing in the breach of the suffering of others is too great.

Poison

Susan Marie Scavo



Dream:

I am in a crib – preverbal but just able to stand up. On the floor by my crib are three little boys between the ages of two and four playing. Through an open door, I can see the mother in the kitchen making spaghetti, but I see her pour some kind of poison in it. I start to scream in horror. She brings the poisoned food to the children and they eat it while I scream, trying to stop them. They all fall into a catatonic state and two men in white lab coats come in. They lift the boys and take them into the kitchen with the mother so that they can

do experiments on them. All the while, I scream. Meanwhile, the father enters and sees what is happening but does nothing. He falls into an easy chair. The plates with the poisoned food are still on the ground and red ants have come and are swarming it. The father takes a plateful of food that is covered with ants and puts his arm on it so the ants will bite him. He wants to poison himself, too. I scream and scream as I watch the ants bite him and he falls into a catatonic state.

Switch

I am grown-up. I see my friend Joe, who is a father of a young daughter, catatonic on the floor. I go to him to try to wake him up. Shaking him a little, saying gently, Joe, Joe, Joe.

Because it is too great for the child to accept the horror of the reality all around, as in this dream, the child too accepts the compensation for the travesty. The compensation, no matter what it is, requires some kind of capitulation or turning away from what was seen and felt. That moment, that knowing, that capitulation creates a loss by which the throat is cut a little bit more. And the child forgets piece by piece what he or she once knew.

The breach is not so much about good or bad; it is simply what is needed for an individual to find a way to his or her true self. Dying to Self is merely accepting this wound and reconnecting through a healing process with the self and with the Divine. In such a way, Dying to Self is really the awakening of the self that may have briefly flowered in youth or may have been stillborn before birth. In all cases, it can be reclaimed.

This is the underlying meaning and potential of our existence. It answers the question asked by everyone at some point – why are we here? The answer can only be understood if we know who we really are. Only through the awareness of the soul can the knowledge be understood. Only the child soul self can truly know itself and can be resplendent in God's creation of its very existence.

In Julianna's painting, the Animus comes to the rescue of the act of the throat cutting. But the rescue is dubious for the dreamer. In order to be rescued, the dreamer must lose all sense of the identity that was created after the throat was cut and the blood drained. Most people do not know themselves in the polymorphous innocence they once embodied as a child. Such innocence exists before memory.

Memory is linked to self-awareness and since self-awareness occurs only after the severing of the soul from being, every one of us is over-identified with the false self that emerges in the aftermath. The innocence is too far away, too distant from adult reality for most people to be able to recapture it.

It is as if we must go through a second death. The first death is the loss of self through the severing of the soul from the Divine, the moment when the throat

is slashed. The second death is the emergence of the Archetypes which causes us to die to the false self, the false self that we believed was our real self.

Therefore, the Animus as a rescuer is often unwelcome in the psyche and to the individual even though He comes to save, because He brings with Him the second death. We do nothing but fear Him, for we no longer know the self He is trying to save.

Because of this, the ultimate good often seems frightening and evil in dreams while the ultimate evil seems comfortable and even pleasurable. The painting, however, shows the truth. Regardless of what the dreamer thinks and believes, the throat is cut and the Animus attempts rescue, over and over again, despite any and all efforts by pathology and by the dreamer to resist the rescue.

This rescue effort occurs throughout the individual's entire life and is the motivation behind every single dream. This moment is repeated thousands of time in a lifetime, often with no success. The throat keeps getting cut and the created self that results remains in place until the next opportunity to confront the same moment. It is the work to face that moment and to move through the intense loss of self with all of its incumbent feelings. This is the deepest part of this journey. The dreamwork is comprised of all the work that is done to prepare for this moment as well as the unfoldment, the blossoming and fulfillment of the promise in the soul that does happen once the healing is allowed.

From the Depths

Karla Van Vliet



Dream from Amy Newman:

I am a man, standing in shallow water. There are people around, many mythological figures. There is a king speaking far in the distance and everyone listens. I do not want to be there and want to go beyond the metal fence that surrounds us and into the deep water to be free. I think, “Okay, I will turn into a fish.” Just then the king yells, “And THAT bastard wants to become a fish, and we cannot let that happen!!” A woman near me takes me in her arms as if to shield me from the king. She is a demon and I easily get away. I fall to my belly and wiggle into a fish and start swimming.

From Amy:

In the dream, the king is the shamemaster. He does not want me to expose the demon – the pathology of hardness, coldness and constant talking. This demon is a doer, not a feeler. The king is afraid that I will become the fish. If I go with the shame instead, I am the demon, shut down to my precious child, my soul self. I try to become the fish and I can feel the shamemaster trying to get me before I become the fish. Then I become the fish.

The truth is, becoming the fish is like breathing out. I just let go and I am me, swimming. It is scary for me to say that it is not hard at all. It is just me.

As a person dies again to rediscover what was lost, the journey through the rungs of Jacob’s Ladder – Essence, Sensuality, Grace – and its evolutionary spiral to know the true self and its relationship with the Divine can be reclaimed.

It is the dream that guides us ever deeper to places in the unconscious that we would never otherwise journey to. Such is the promise of the dream and the prerequisite for true spiritual enlightenment.

Setting Out the Bowl

I.

From the lake-waters

I come, drowned.

I come in faith. For breath.

Your hand brushes back the wet hair clung to my cheek,
stills the shudder of my body, turns the weir of my throat
so a thousand waves may break into breath.

I come emptied to the tireless air.

To be emptied one must trust
the awkward hand of god.

Karla Van Vliet

THE BIG LIE

Crying in the Face of God's Eternal Love

Robin Chase



Dream:

I am on a hike with Scott. It is a quest to learn. I reach the top of the mountain and it is so incredibly beautiful. The top is a wide expanse of green meadow with brilliant light. A woman/spirit appears as Laura. I am sobbing on my knees as I say to her that I realize in every

atom of my being that all language, culture, and thought are only about learning from and talking to God. She smiles at me. I ask her if she is an angel. She says “Yes!” She is walking away and turns towards me and asks me if I want to dance. I say “Yes!” We waltz together through the meadow.

From Robin:

In my current work, the is Anima coming for me in my vulnerability, my knowing from that place that I am a man of God. Only from that place of being broken and in tears can I feel the full knowledge of His love and care. In any other place I am limited by some projection of my fear and isolation. For me, this becomes the issue of choice. My will is still very much tied to my pathology of managing, controlling, and working from a place of isolation. Yet, in my vulnerability with the Anima, I have the choice (and desire) to be with God. In the dream, I am not with Him, but wanting Him, returning to Him.

In the drawing God is represented as a spiral vortex with tears streaming outward. As my work has deepened, I feel the distance and pain with my own children in spiritual understanding, realizing that God carries this pain for all of His children that are lost in the Big Lie.

This is the Big Truth. The dreamer breaks down in an awareness of his love and yearning for the Father. Where does his love and yearning come from? This deep resonance of feeling took many years to be awakened. If the wellspring is in the soul of the dreamer, then this would make the dreamer the center of the universe. Is the wellspring, then, in that which created us all – the Divine love coming from the Divine? In this case, the Father beyond all fathers, the being in the end.

The Father feels the pain for the loss of His children just as Robin feels the pain for the loss of his son who grew up far away from the spiritual understanding Robin has finally obtained. Robin feels the loss that the great Father feels for him. He feels the pain from his own separation from the Father, the Father who feels the pain of the separation from His son and awaits his return.

The Big Lie

The Big Lie occurs in the absence of the love of the Divine. It is both what a person creates in an attempt at well-being and survival in the world as well as the outer structure of the world. In this place, the great wound of separation exists – the cavernous split between the knowledge of love and the empty void where one may fall into the never-ending black hole of lovelessness. Without the love, the outer world structure is all we have to hold onto, or so we think. Demons live in this place. They

come to us, helping us to not fall into the abyss.

But there is no abyss. Once we are guided in the work to fall, we awaken to our souls. The fear of the fall keeps us from going, so instead we buy the lie. We want the support to maintain our little perch above the black, dark, deep well. We do not want to enter the underworld to reclaim the wound, to heal the rift in the psyche. We do not even know that we can. So we pull back in fear and confuse demons with angels, demons who are very willing to support or perpetuate our perch on the edge of the cliff. As long as we choose to stay on the perch, they are more than glad to support us.

The outer world structure is represented by the mythological realm of Zeus, Chronos and Rhea.

The Story of Zeus, Chronos, Rhea and Uranus:

Gaia, the earth mother, falls in love with Uranus, the heavenly sky father. Gaia gives birth to their children, the Titans and the Cyclopes. Uranus sends the Cyclopes to the underworld of Tartarus. The underworld is symbolic of the Archetypal Realm, the place where it is impossible for ego consciousness to survive. Since the world does not value or even acknowledge this place, Gaia, who is of the world, sees their descent as unjust. She seeks revenge upon Uranus through her son, Chronos. While Uranus sleeps, Chronos castrates his father with a sickle and replaces him as king.

Uranus predicts that Chronos will be dethroned, just as he was, by one of his sons. To try to prevent this, Chronos swallows all of the children his wife Rhea births. Rhea is enraged and seeks help from Gaia. They succeed in hiding one son, Zeus, who grows up without his father's knowledge.

When Zeus is grown, Rhea helps him challenge and fight his father, Chronos. Zeus defeats his father with a thunderbolt. He places Chronos in chains under a mountain and assumes the throne. After the battle, Rhea forbids Zeus to marry. In anger, Zeus rapes his mother, then marries his sister Hera.

While most people are busily engaged with the nuclear family of Zeus, Chronos and the dark mother, the Animus, who is Prometheus, is chained to the mountain (by Zeus) getting his liver pecked out every night. Prometheus is the giver of fire, but he is removed from the Pantheon, removed from what is modern day civilization, removed from the outer world. When a person is engaged in the Big Lie, it is impossible to be in the realm of the soul self.

This is the place that pathology has its resting place in the psyche of every individual.

The soul child of the self, the boy and girl, are co-opted into the bedroom of Rhea and Zeus who have foiled the dark father Chronos. In this place, the incest of the psyche is achieved. Everyone is lost somewhere in this drama, their wounds and fears kidnapped, held and imprisoned by the ignorance of their existence.

How does this happen that the interlife of the person that was divinely thought, inspired, created and procreated loses its progeny to this corrupt lie of a life? What happens that the internal struggle to work through deep hurts and uncertainties has to become power and control without regard to any feeling? What happens that there is such great denial of the inner feeling life? What happens that there is such refusal to see that this denial can create such evil and the person is not even conscious of this process even having happened?

The gatekeeper for those who have not plunged into and through their own feeling state will always be the twin gyroscopic powers of Zeus and Chronos, for they hold the fulcrum point for compensatory psychological health. A gyroscope is an instrument that has a wheel spinning at high speed, like a top, with the speed of the spinning working to resist changes in direction. It remains oriented in one direction always, keeping its equilibrium based on the spinning. The suppression of the feeling spiritual soul self requires the person to need the gyroscopic powers to maintain psychological stability.

Without Archetypal connection to the love and the essential material of the unconscious, known as essence and Jacob's Ladder, the ego has nothing to reference its existence upon. It becomes nothing more than a clandestine shadow of itself, like a double agent always trying to make a deal with both the good and the bad, never knowing its true place in any of it. The ego in this situation has no true place because it is lost from the Divine that created it. This loss strikes to the very core of the primordial pain and fear that precedes Jacob's Ladder. These feelings are buried under trauma and personal memories that help to form the present circumstances. The focus becomes the circumstances rather than true self because the ego has no self. The self is defined as just the circumstances that are part of the current situation that the ego finds itself in. Therefore, if things are going well, then the ego temporarily feels better. The situation is either terribly conditional or it has no link to the past or the present except through neurotic fear and the inconsistent projection of the pain into the world around it. Like the stock market, it unpredictably reacts to first one thing and then the other. The balance of the gyroscopy, that is, the sense of well-being (Zeus) and the sense of order and neurotic doubt (Chronos), creates a bipolar relationship that, through projections into the world, allows the ego to approximate a sense of its own value. This can be in relationship to a multitude of variables depending on the nature of the individual.

Pastels by Molly Silver
The Prison of Perfection



Dream:

I am standing in front of a mirror. An old man comes up behind me and hugs me tightly. I feel like I have hugged him before, but now his arm is across my breast and it is uncomfortable, almost sexual. I turn my head and tell him that I am uncomfortable with how he is touching my breast. He smiles a huge lopsided grin and squeezes tighter. I tell him again more forcefully, saying, “I was okay with how you touched me before. I am not okay with this now. You need to let go of me.”

From Molly:

I feel disgusted, creeped out by the old man touching me sexually, but I do not push him away. I accept the abuse because he seems to be a father figure to me and I do not want to be a “bad” daughter. I also feel scared being with him, like he could hurt me if I offend him. This is how I believe the lie that “men get to do what they want.”

I knew as I drew the images that the mirror in the dream is my prison; this is where I live in the shame. Obsessed with being the perfect woman, I am in league with the whoremaster, controlling and managing the fear with shame. I also learned to believe the lie of the dark mother, that all men are dark and violating, and found a man as an adolescent who would act out the sexual and emotional abuse I witnessed between my parents. Living in trauma fear and shame prevents me from being open to receiving the Animus' love. Marc said to me: "How can you be in a loving relationship with the Animus when there is always the fear of violation?"

I feel trapped in the prison of perfection, where I have to be perfect. Even the image of me has to be perfect. If the whoremaster had his way this would be the only image I would show anyone because it is the only one where I look "good."

Not so Bad – The Seduction and Sullyng



From Molly:

In this image, the whoremaster has come to me almost innocuously, more like my own father than the old man from the dream, but I can feel his malevolence, his desire to sully my heart. He looks handsome and I look discombobulated here because this is how he would like me to see myself in relationship to him. He is seductive and cool and I am an unworthy wretch.

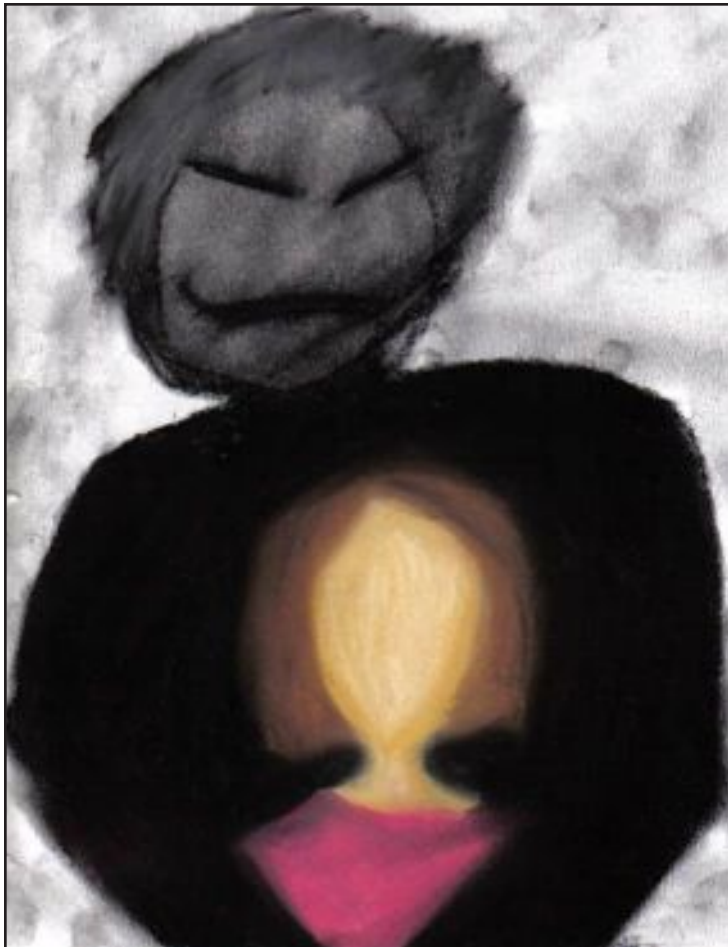
Shame



From Molly:

With this image, I feel the welling up of deep sadness for how I live in league with him, in shame, in the darkness.

Separation Anxiety



From Molly:

The other images led to this one, the final image in which the whoremaster has me as a child. The wall went up when I agreed to choose his shame and fear over the pain of separation from God. This is why I have no features – I have no feeling anymore.

This slow awakening is necessary for Molly to find her heart for she cannot descend into the underworld and claim the Divine without knowing her true feelings. First, she has to come out from under the rock where she lives with the whoremaster.

Molly was deeply incested by her father whose presence of being rather than any actual physical assault claimed her early youth. He was a very powerful, unyielding man with strong libidinal needs – pornography and nudity were common in the household. His naked aggression created fear and trauma for young Molly. Her mother, being alcoholic and semi-hysterical, lived in various levels of control and rage

and was no solace for Molly. Molly's father had a more even temperament and an element of charm and intimacy that she could not find with her mother.

Young Molly found herself in love with her father even though she was being unconsciously raped. In this case, her issues with the Big Lie are through the father. The mother's part, however, was that she also tolerated this man. For the abused, to be abused and to accept the abuse was a tyranny through which the feminine gained power. The purpose of this power was to destroy the feminine and create justification for the mother's rage or hatred created by the relationship. Although this did not transfer into a hatred of men in Molly, it did become the basis for Molly's addiction to a dynamic of violent men and an unconscious relationship with the whoremaster. It is as if the mother's relationship to the whoremaster, which created rage for her, became the illness with the daughter. The daughter succumbed to the same whoremaster, but in Molly's case, her rage was directed against herself as shame.

These vile twists and turns of the pathology show how the pathology can use men and women in creating the lie. It is not that mothers create the Big Lie, nor is it that fathers create the Big Lie. It is created by both parties of the relationship who both live outside their true souls. In so doing, they are manipulated in a myriad of ways to live their lives in suffering which sets the hook for the next generation. Whether the dark mother creates a rejecting attitude in a woman towards the possibility of abusive men or moves to the extreme and creates a tolerating attitude in a woman toward abusive men, it is still about separation from the Animus, the origin of all suffering.

Molly now notices the whoremaster, the pathology, and is beginning, as shown in her pregnancy dreams that follow, the long road back to reuniting with her soul.

Seeing the Prison for the First Time



Dream:

I am suddenly very pregnant. I feel full in a way that is very new and bigger than me. I feel full of love in my womb.

From Molly:

This is when I realized that the mirror is the prison, and the shame about my bodily beauty is the shame of the whoremaster. By seeing the prison I can also see the choice, and the breach between. He wants me to believe that the only way is to stay with him or else go down into darkness. But there is also this other way, through layers of feeling that are available to me at any point. Through the feelings is my pregnancy, receiving Divine love into the warm spinning inside my belly.

Melting in the Ice Cream



Dream:

I come home to an empty house but the lights and television are on. I am paranoid and anxious that someone is waiting in the house to hurt me. I walk from room to room swinging a metal rod as “protection.”

Shift

I realize that I am playing out the paranoid behavior and accept that no bad man is in the house to hurt me. I turn to climb the stairs to my bedroom and they are stacked with dozens of amazing new flavors of ice cream. I open the corner of one and dip my finger in it, hoping that my mother will not notice I have done it. I want to taste them all, but I will not let myself.

From Molly:

The way out of the prison for me is to be in my pregnancy, eating the ice cream and receiving the love from the Archetypes into my womb, nourishing the child within me. When I am in the prison, I cannot fathom that all this ice cream is just for me. I need to learn to receive the Archetypes' love by choosing to eat the ice cream. Pathology did not want me to include me as the pregnant woman in the drawings, acknowledging this potency and the choice I have to be pregnant and eat the ice cream. I need her. When I feel my pregnancy, my swollen, warm belly, the whoremaster has no power over me. I was feeling the love of the Archetypes strongly while I made these images. Their love gives me the strength to stay with the pictures as more feelings emerge with each.

Underlying everything, a person is in absolute pain or fear, for at the deepest level of the psyche, the person is lost. As these feelings crack up into the surface more and more, the person begins to suffer what psychiatrists call depression. In this work, it is simply the breakdown of the gyroscope (Freud calls it the superego) and the emergence of the true sense of the fundamental meaning of its existence which tries to make itself known to the fledgling ego.

It is as if the soul is trying to say, "WAKE UP! I am the real you down here! Pay attention to me!" The ego is not just lost from the Divine, but from the soul self as well. It is the soul self that is capable of the journey beyond the mother's door. If Zeus is to leave his mother, he must understand his deeper self. It is of little use to examine the prison if the person believes the prison is his or her only home. It is "better" to believe that the prison is wonderful rather than to see the truth of it without any answer.

The true existentialist knows the nature of his suffering but believes there is nothing outside of this knowledge. He knows that all is false and, in that, he is right. But he believes there is no other reality. The gyroscope does not care if a person is in strawberry fields forever or a person is a depressed, lost existentialist. All it cares about is that the true nature of the soul is never known. Until then, the ego attempts to maintain some form of equilibrium in a chaotic flux. To surrender these beliefs and to dismantle the gyroscope leads to a sense of disassociation and possible psychosis.

It is this fear that keeps many from delving too deeply into their own selves. The reality is that through a person's dreams, the Archetype is benevolent in giving to the ego a new sense of itself as it leaves the old supports. In such a way, the death of the old self is also the very genesis of its true nature.

Such revelations are not for the feint of heart, however. Most are often so used to the prison cell that they are adverse to leaving it, even if leaving it means leaving the suffering. This inertia means avoiding pain at any cost.

Why should we choose the same old story even though we have smelled its

noxiousness and gleaned its lies through decades of living? Most people still prefer it to the uncertainty of the self that has never been truly known or was only glimpsed as a child.

Dream:

I am on a boat with a Captain heading out to sea. Behind us on the beach is a party. The Captain is going full speed ahead when a maelstrom opens directly in front of the ship. The Captain struggles to keep the boat from sinking. I jump off the ship and head back to the party on the beach.

The Captain may just say, with his beard flying in the wind, “Gyroscope be damned! Full speed ahead into the unknown future!” The client refuses to trust the Captain and his death-defying plunge into the maelstrom. This is a dream of a client who, like many, decided that such an invitation into the unknown was not what he wanted. It was a great sadness to say goodbye to him and to his opportunity lost.

But for those who would plunge head-on into the unknown with the Animus leading the charge or for those who are just hopeful for the idea of His presence, carry on! The journey has no parallel in this world. It is the ultimate experience to be had. For those who can taste the salt in your bones, this journey is for you.

When People Blame Themselves

Narcissistic Projection

When projection is used by a person to blame the world and others for what happened to him, this is narcissistic projection. It allows the person to blame or find stories in the world that reflect the issues one has not been able to confront in the self. Projection is an all-around workhorse for Psyche, the figure in Greek mythology who had a chance to enter and stay in the underworld, but chose to pursue Eros and chose to follow the direction of the dark mother of Aphrodite instead. Psyche projects onto Eros the lovelessness in her life. Psyche is the psyche in all of us that uses this method to function and live through its dysfunctions.

Nihilistic Projection

Without projection, we would have to face ourselves and our own specific reality the dreams try to confront us with every time we close our eyes to sleep. When narcissistic projection begins to fail, pathology has another secret weapon ready – nihilistic projection. With nihilistic projection, the pathology that is in danger of being found out blames the person for what has happened. For example, when a person has suffered trauma, rather than blame the other, the person blames himself. This self-

blame comes because the event was great enough to trigger feelings that open the individual to a psychotic state that parallels the spiritual domain. Pathology, ever threatened with anything associated with spirit, triggers the nihilistic projection so that the person will not have to encounter those feelings at all. This “benefits” the person because it prevents feeling the feelings of fear, horror or pain that may have been engendered by the event.

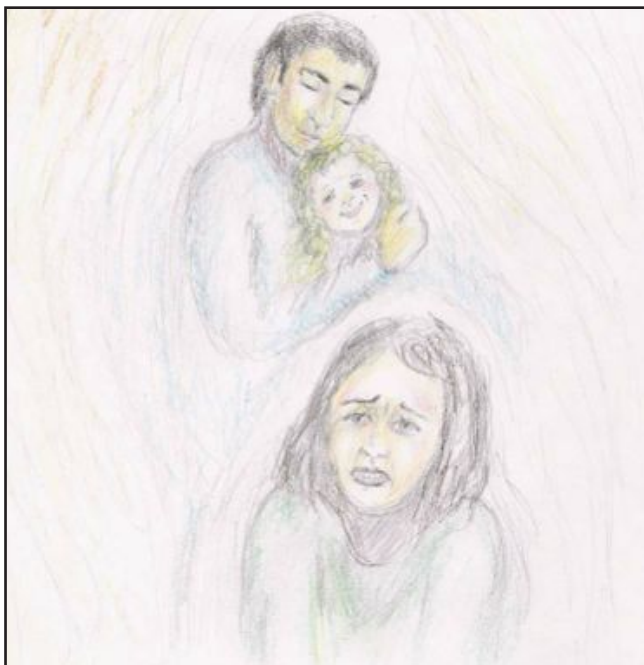
The pathology does not desire to protect any individual from feeling because it cares for the person. It only wants to keep the person from the feelings because the feelings would take him into the spiritual realm, where those feelings exist even without the trauma event. The initial trauma is the separation from God and the events surrounding birth and childhood experiences.

In nihilistic projection, the person feels responsible and hopeless, depressed and desiring to be lost in any form of avoidance. Addictions often occur and psychological abnormalities develop quickly like thorns on a rose bush. These are more malevolent forms of projection that usually debilitate the capacity of an individual to function in the world.

It seems that blaming others is preferable to a healthy psyche. If a person is a high functioning person, he has the capacity to judge others. If a person is a low functioning person, he finds himself filled with self-hate and doubt. Both narcissistic projection and nihilistic projection are fundamental aspects of all neurosis, regardless of a person’s capacity to function in the world. Both cripple the individual for any inner growth.

Wincing in Vulnerability

Jane MacKenzie



Dream:

I am outside at what seems to be the edge of a Mardi Gras celebration. I enter a house and join a man, his family and parents. They all seem like ordinary people. I feel comfortable in the house, but when we sit at a dining room table for a meal, I feel uncomfortable and almost immediately go to the girl, the man's daughter, who is in the bedroom. I think she wants a story before napping but she refuses the book and just wants to snuggle. I am surprised – I had wanted to please her – and I am surprised she wants to snuggle with me. The man is at the bedroom door and says something about his daughter to me. I feel shy.

Shift

The same man is cleaning a wood floor while another is mopping. I think the second man is complaining and warning the first man against me. I am afraid the first man will believe him and not like me anymore. The first man is kind and seems to be singing.

Shift

The first man (who has the daughter) takes my bare feet as we sit on the couch together and begins to massage them. I am surprised and embarrassed, saying, "No," explaining that my feet are in terrible shape/rough. I do not feel worthy of his attention. He says, "I thought you would enjoy this." I stay put as he continues massaging my feet, wincing. I know he is right.

In Jane's next painting, alchemical triangulation is apparent. In this piece, Jane is facing into her wincing by admitting to her real feelings under the wincing – her fear and acute pain. She cannot believe the man would love her, unless she accepts the feelings of uncertainty and fear and does not turn away and does not wince. In the Alchemy of this moment, she is rapidly becoming the other face where she loses her shame, where she melts into his arms and becomes the beloved.

The Girl Being Loved by the Father Jane Mackenzie



The source of both forms of projection comes from the desire to recreate the past. It would seem that this desire is linked to the need to perpetuate the issue – it is Psyche’s desire to keep living it out. But it is Persephone’s desire to challenge the individual to leave it if she is willing to go into deeper feelings of vulnerability, fear and pain. Therefore, when Psyche journeys to the underworld, Persephone offers her the chair of forgetfulness so that she may remember who she really is. Until then, the psyche keeps living out the wound in various projected ways with the pathological hope that it will never really change. Once the person stops blaming herself or others and can get to the source of her feeling, she becomes free to open to her deeper soul.

The advantage of nihilistic projection is that the individual may be more open to self-reflection and self-examination. After all, there is nothing left to lose. Whatever it is that this type of individual discovers about himself in the process of his work, it is nothing compared to what he has suffered in the experience of this malaise. Turning to his dreams, being shown the source of his problem is the least of his worries. Many who turn to self-hatred often have had parents who made themselves more important than the child. However, if there is also an association with guilt and responsibility for what has happened, it is only another form of narcissism and control and must be broken. In either case, most people have a combination of both

narcissistic projection and nihilistic projection, and pathology can always use one when the other fails.

Of course, all of these projections are lies. Once the soul receives the love, there is no need for projection. The feeling of connection to the Divine allows for the soul to “fill up” and the cup runneth over.

Projection only comes from the lack of soul’s presence in the ego. To make up for this lack, the psyche seeks its soul self in the world – in relationship with another person, a child, a job, a lifestyle, values, and on and on. It seeks the magic of the lost self in the world. It feeds on the world to be supported and at the same time falls prey to the projections that come from impoverishment and loss. This is why all utopian life must fail for life can only reflect what is inside and, if what is inside is nothing more than isolation from the self, then sooner or later, this becomes reflected in the world. From this place, all beauty must turn dark, all possibilities must end in ruin, all hope must end in failure. But, if the soul is found and discovered, then surely goodness and mercy will follow all the days of one’s life.

Facing Him and Dissolving

Charlie Kehler



Dream:

I am in a group of men. There is an older Japanese man in the group. He owns the assets of the place. He wants to give the assets away to us, to me, little by little until we own the place. He wants me to accept, so I do. I accept each time he wants to give. I feel honored and wealthy. As these gifts flow from him to me, I feel more identified with him, as I am becoming him and he is becoming me. I am losing myself in him, dissolving.

Setting Out the Bowl

II.

The heron lifts free of water.

Gray body pressing

into your dream,

like a hand, reaching—

Like the stream I

cut a place for myself.

When you wake,

remember.

Karla Van Vliet

HADES

TRANSFORMATION THROUGH THE POMEGRANATE

Seeing the underworld of Greek mythology as representing the Archetypal Realm shifts perspective on the myth of Hades and Persephone:

Persephone, the goddess of the harvest and daughter of Zeus and Demeter, was such a beautiful goddess that everyone loved her. One day, when she had wandered off from her companions, collecting flowers on the plain of Enna, the earth split open and Hades arose in his chariot drawn by black horses and abducted her, taking her back to his underworld realm. Only Zeus and Helios saw what happened.

Demeter wandered the earth, looking for her daughter, until, finally, Helios revealed what happened. In grief and rage, Demeter withdrew in loneliness, causing the earth to stop being fertile. Zeus sent Hermes to Hades to secure the release of Persephone. Hades agreed but he gave Persephone a pomegranate, of which she ate. The eating of the seeds bound her to the underworld forever. She spent part of the year in the underworld with her husband, during which time Demeter refused to let things grow – the birth of winter – and part of the year on earth with her mother.

In the Divine mythos of the dreamwork, Hades is an aspect of the Animus. He joins with Persephone in sacred conjunctio and makes her the queen of the underworld. In the process, Persephone separates from her mother, as all daughters must.

In most interpretations and presentations of the myth, Hades is portrayed as a rapist and a misogynist because the story is told from Demeter's point of view. In her view, which is rooted in the gyroscope realm of Zeus/Chronos or the senex/puer world, the upper world, Demeter sees the story as an abduction, insisting that the girl is too young to make up her own mind.

But what of Persephone's viewpoint. Just as Hades is an aspect of the Animus, Persephone is an aspect of the Anima. For Persephone, she goes willingly with a partner who is potent, deep and powerful with the result of becoming a queen in her own right of the underworld. It is Demeter who turns her running away with Hades into abduction and rape.

The relationship between Hades and Demeter is the dynamic between the underworld realm of the Archetypes and the upper world realm of the waking world. The abduction of Persephone is really the transformation of a weak figure into an Archetypal figure. The transformation, however, is brutal.

Spiritual transformation through Hades is often felt as brutal because it deals with pain. The horror of pain cuts through the veneer of consciousness. The real horror is life without the Divine because the soul self and God are related. Therefore, without God, a person is without self. To have the self, it is necessary to face into the horror. Greater acknowledgement of pain increases the capacity for compassion. Hades' invitation is to see the truth of the heart, bringing the self into higher love through pain or power and potency. Not love in the romantic sense, but rather in the ability to feel and receive Archetypal love. This requires a profound shift in consciousness.

Transformation through Hades is the process of the death of the ego self and the rebirth of the true self. Most spiritual paths do not work deeply enough to kill the ego. No one wants the death of the ego without the understanding of what it truly means. Entering the underworld of the Archetypal Realm requires dreamers to journey where they cannot survive without consciousness of the ego self. The outer world does not acknowledge a place with ego consciousness. Because of this, Hades is seen by Demeter and Zeus as evil and demonic.

The Encounter With Hades

Fear as the Necessary Agent of the Alchemical Relationship with the Animus

Ka (The Bull)

Karla Van Vliet



Dream:

I am with others in a bull pen. There is a bull, a very big and dangerous bull, dangerous because it is so powerful and big. The man who takes care of the bull is there. I have won something and it has to do with the bull, I think from being near the bull. The man comes and stands next to me. One must move carefully because of the unpredictability of the bull.

Switch

Still in the stockades, I must walk by the bull in a sensual way. It is meant to sexually excite the bull. Then the man runs up to the bull and collects the bull's semen and then runs to me and somehow, maybe through ejaculation, delivers the sperm into me.

After the Dark Mother's Funeral
Nancy Mosher



Dream:

The event for John is going to be at camp followed by a memorial service for my mother. Various members of my mother's family are there. I feel responsible but things are disorganized. We take a boat to a dock and try to decide where to have the event and the service. We find a small building in a meadow. We have a boring memorial service, so much so that all the relatives fall asleep. I go outside and meet John, realizing that there is no one there for the event except my sleeping relatives. He is unperturbed. He gives me a steamy look and asks, "How are you?" I say, "Your hair is different," but he is giving me a penetrating look. He grabs my hand, and I feel undeserving.

Belonging

Annie Wattles



Dream:

He is making exciting and passionate love to me. We are making love. My heart is completely open and I only have eyes for Him. He then takes me into the world and introduces me to everyone and everything as His. I am shy, but my heart is open and I am receiving.

From Annie:

This is Him teaching me that I am in the world with Him for all to see. He is teaching me that I am His in all ways and that I never have to be anywhere without Him. He will be with me wherever I am, in any situation and with whoever I am with.

I learned to meet the world without Him. I learned to meet the world managing and controlling and alone and scared. I had a persona that hid me, one that could morph into what was needed. I learned at my

mother's knee that my needs should not even be in the equation.

Pleasing others and caretaking would be the way to feel love. I lived in this lie and without the support of the Archetypes until I began having dreams showing me that I could have this connection.

Now He is teaching me how to bring this private connection into the world, to live it in the world. He is teaching me that I have the choice to be in the world while receiving Him. He is showing me that believing I belong to Him, I belong everywhere.

The mother is dead! In Nancy's dream, the people at the memorial are bored and fall asleep because they all know that the mother that is dead is the dark mother. Indeed, for this client, the mother was nothing but dark. Pathology through the mother has made Nancy feel she has no worth, so that when the Animus confronts her at the end of the dream to celebrate her freedom from the dark mother, she is terrified and uncertain about why He would want her.

Thus the damage is done. Having spent her entire life in doubt, is she really willing to let it go and feel the real feelings underneath? The death of the pathology does not mean that the pathology is really dead; it is just that Nancy can see it and that it is no longer a factor. It can no longer control her. Because it is no longer a factor, the door is open for Nancy to feel into her real feelings and have an unobstructed relationship with the Animus. She can become Persephone and move forward in the emerging relationship. The emotions she has experienced do not have to turn into feelings any longer. Her feelings are now free to be felt, but they are perceived as obstacles.

Feelings are really feeling corridors for they need to be moved through. Feelings change and alter as we move through them and move through our experience of them. Fear becomes joy and ecstatic experience, anger becomes sadness, sadness becomes love and yearning. Uncertainty may become the sense of being valued. We must start at some unpleasant feeling part of the wound about to be healed and transformed.

While feelings such as fear, anger, sadness, uncertainty, are not obstacles, they may be perceived as such and the person may avoid them. No longer having the emotions to mute them, to turn them into something else more destructive, the person can easily get caught in the act of this avoidance. The returning of the psyche to accept feelings not in a judgmental way but as what is real often requires some adjustment and acclimation.

This is an important part of the developing relationship with Hades. If one is to be Persephone, the blushing bride of His eye, then one must be ready for all experiences of the soul's rainbow of feelings.

This leads dramatically to a conclusion of all these feelings to conjunctio, union of the self with the Animus, as in Annie's dream. Such union is simply the expression and receiving of one's own feeling self as the vessel for all that He might pour into her. Her ability to feel through her feeling corridors creates a container of such power and complexity that she may understand and receive all that He may give her.

For Karla, the moment she faces the bull and faces the sensual nuance that passes between them is only the precursor of the union that awaits around the next corner. To be taken, mounted and to receive the full expression of His potency in this way requires profound preparation, appreciation and readiness for such love, such consciousness. In Karla's case, the fear of the bull is part of the preparation for the conjunctio and part of her ability to accept the fear. This is the first step in engaging the feelings.

Feelings are perceived as obstacles only when we do not understand that, unlike emotions, feelings change and can be passed through from one expression to another. The uninitiated often feel that the feeling will never go away. If one cries, it feels as if there will always be tears. If one is terrified, it feels as if there will always be terror. This is only true in the unredeemed state people find themselves in when they are in the early stages of the work.

In the advanced stages of the work, what awaits the journeyer who is willing to be open, who is willing to see feelings not as obstacles but as passages to move through and change by, is the change and transformation when feelings are experienced. What awaits is the process of feelings becoming other feelings more profound than the last.

Expression of the conjunctio has profound meaning for a woman's sensuality, which is a large part of her sexuality. A woman's sensuality, as illustrated in Jacob's Ladder, is not about a moment of conquest or release but rather an ongoing expression of a human experience by which one meets the world in terms of relationship with others. The sexual encounter with the Animus in women perpetuates and creates an ongoing experience of personal intimacy with the world that is never-ending and long-suffering.

Sexuality for a woman and early experiences around sexuality can determine her entire emotional outlook for the rest of her life, including her sense of identity and how she feels into being herself. This is why sexual abuse has incalculable, profound effects on a woman's capacity for intimacy. Conversely, her encounter with Hades can completely reverse such damage and open her to herself and to her sensual experience within the world to an expression of understanding beyond any mere sexual orgasmic release.

Entry
Molly Silver



From Karla:

In the pen with the bull, I am very aware of how powerful the bull is. I am aware of my fear and of the bull's size and power, and I recognize that my fear comes from this awe of the bull. Later, when I walk by the bull to excite it, I just feel part of what needs to happen. I am still stunned by the power of the bull.

The idea of being with Hades and the issues surrounding it are difficult enough, but more difficult still is once one has surrendered to the Animus/Hades, the transformational process that awaits is complicated and different for each person. Not only does the person die to self, but the rebirth of the psyche, which happens in a myriad of ways through Alchemy, is all part of the mystery of what occurs when one accepts the process that the Animus will reveal. For it is the process that allows the person to die to self, a death that does not occur just because one has come to face Him.

Since each journey is different regarding the Alchemical process, the example of Karla's dream is not to be understood as the way in which every person will pass through and be transformed. In this particular case, Karla cannot be directly mounted or entered by the bull for many reasons, one of which is the dynamic in which the whoremaster has played a strong role in Karla's sexual life. Her confusion and fear around a truly potent male may, at this point, be too overwhelming for her to receive a direct connection through the phallus.

When it is necessary that a child self needs to be resurrected from the unconscious, typically because there is no memory of such a child in one's life, one must birth this child. Sometimes the Anima may bring the child into manifestation and sometimes the dreamer. Since Karla is being given the sperm, it is to be expected that she will carry the child to full term.

Once the child is born, the person must become the child. This is another step in the Alchemical process – the birth of something and then the becoming of that which was birthed. The tendency to caretake that which is born or relate to that which is encountered in a dream is understandable since, in the world, we are always in relationship with everything we see. But often, in dreams, when it comes to children and animals, we must become them. Or, better yet, we must die to self and then they become us. In so doing, their consciousness becomes our consciousness.

Birthing and becoming or encountering what we need to become and then becoming is a two-step Alchemical process. It is this new part to be born of the seed of the Animus/bull that will allow Karla to reconnect with the part of her self that has been lost. This part is a missing piece of her soul and will allow her a much deeper relationship with the Divine. The Archetype is aware of the missing parts and the different ways the person must die, be healed and be birthed, in all the complexities of this. There is no one way for this process for each person has a singular Alchemical process that is unique and particular.

The encounter with the Animus/Hades requires the complete acceptance of the relationship so the true Alchemical process can begin. There is no mythology for this process. All of the steps and the passages that people go through in dreams such as breathing water, falling off cliffs, dying in fires, are preparation for this encounter. As the relationship with the Animus gets deeper and deeper, more profound aspects of Alchemy can emerge.

It is often premature to believe that an encounter with the Animus is Alchemy. Not until the deepest realms of the work are encountered does Alchemy truly begin. Thus, the splitting of the heart and the revealing of the pomegranate is the final opening of all the feelings the individual possesses, which are absolutely necessary for Alchemy to occur at its deepest levels.

Once all of the ingredients are brought into the soup, this deep level of Alchemy can occur. The mystery of this work reveals the complicated process of a journey that is understood, more or less, only after it has occurred.

In His Hand

Bill St.Cyr



Dream:

I am in Boston. I see a girl and she tells me about this ride (like a carnival ride) that this man has given her downtown. She suggests I should go and do it. I go, even though I do not like carnival rides. When I see the man, I am up over Boston before I even know what is happening. I am looking down on the Prudential building and holding a long cord with both my hands. I see the man who is pulling me. He is flying below and ahead of me. I am intently focused on his hand, one hand, holding the cord. I am terrified.

From Bill:

It is a new place for me to step toward the fear in this way, but then I do not allow myself to enjoy the ride. I am held by Him but I am not trusting Him. In session, when Marc asked me to feel into that place, to let myself trust Him, it was the coolest thing – to be flying over my childhood city held by Him with no control and no fear. As I write, I can feel the rush, the energy of letting go and trusting Him with my life. I have never let myself be loved in this way, and there is an odd sensation of silliness, strength and vulnerability all interwoven together in this place, in His hand.

Living Through Breaking

Katherine Fanelli



Dream:

I am driving along a coastline. I see an island in the distance. I tell my passenger that it is the most wonderful place and I know where there is a bridge to get there. I press down hard on the accelerator and aim at the island. But there is no bridge. In seconds we are in the car in mid-air. I feel fear of what is going to happen and great pain of having thought I knew something.

From Katherine:

When I drive the car, I am in my ego self and disconnected from Him. From that place, I am competent, managing, controlling, and often think I “know” something. After six years in the dreamwork this is my first dream that shows the possibility of the dying of this pathology. Since I wake up before the car hits bottom, I have the assignment of being in that moment of coming off the road, of being in that moment of feeling great fear and pain.

Marc says when this shows up in the world it is not about knowing something or not knowing something. It is about me avoiding feeling the fear and pain of my trauma wound. The Alchemy of my connection with Him is in my feeling in this place. The pathology does not want me to be in this place and will do everything to carry me around the feeling. One of the ways that pathology shows up in my life is this “knowing something” place.

I am familiar with that place only too well. This other place of falling off the cliff is wrenching me away from that familiar place and thrusting me into feeling the pain and fear. Because it is nonspecific, it feels as big as the ocean and the sky that surrounds me. I am terrified and devastated and it feels endless. In that place of “not-knowing,” in that deepest part of my wound, the feeling is infinite.

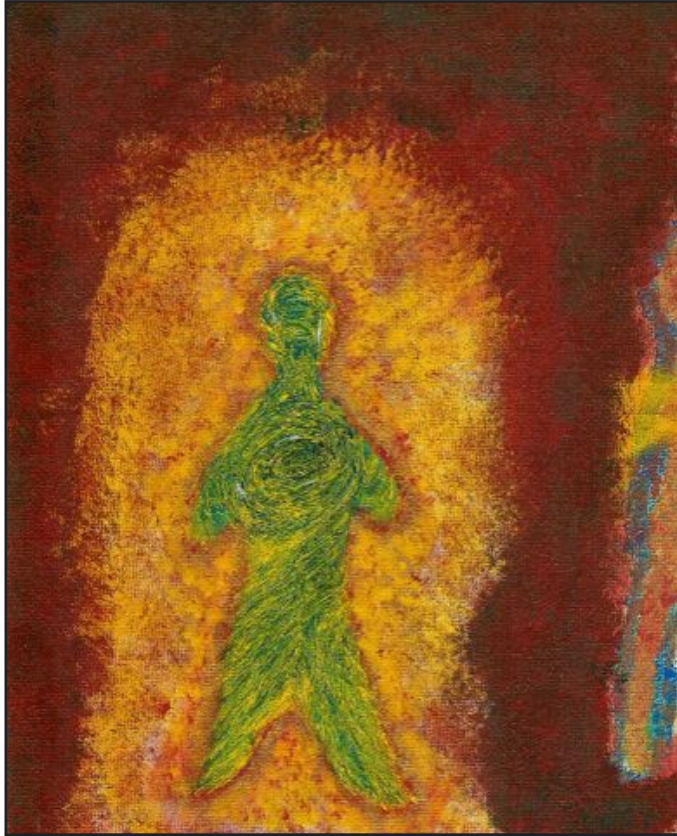
In the case of Katherine, this is the ultimate moment where she is forced to let go. The road is gone and she is at the moment of Alchemical choice, the choice to drop into her deeper feelings to the fear and uncertainty of being separate from whatever grounded her in the past. For the vertical drop is into the Deep Well where Hades resides. The primordial power that awaits to heal her torment.

This is the moment of choice. This moment occurs repeatedly in her life where she will either react and project her pain into the world and, in so doing, blame others for what she herself is unwilling to feel, or become Persephone and acknowledge her feelings and vulnerability and descend into the Alchemy of unknowing.

This same moment occurs for Susan Marie in the following picture. When she makes the choice to say yes, even though it plunges her into the trauma of the past, the choice allows for the final dissolution of her pathology and egoic self. This begins the formation of a new experience and connection to the Divine.

Changing Every Cell

Susan Marie Scavo



Dream:

I experience inside my body a vibrating, electric, almost sexual energy that begins to spread to every cell. I know that it is changing, in some physical way, every cell, and I recognize the feeling as the feeling of Alchemy. When I realize this, I clench my body tight to stop it. Then I remember that I do not have to stop it and simply relax, letting it move through my body even though I feel afraid. A man watches me.

From Susan Marie:

This dream shows how, at the moment of change, the moment when Alchemy is happening in my physical body, I want to stop it. The moment of trying to clench down on my body to stop the Alchemy is the residual of a NO that has been stuck in my throat since I was a girl.

The NO comes from my trauma, from the moment when something happened with my oldest brother, when a line was crossed. There was a yes in me before the line was crossed – I adored my brother, projecting godlike things onto him and onto all of my older brothers. But when the line was crossed, there was in me a NO WAIT that got stuck. Just as there was a NO in me about what I saw in my family as a young child and did not want to see.

Because the wound with my brother was based in sensuality, sexuality, the NO has gotten stuck around my sensuality. Whenever He tries to come to me, whenever the Animus tries to give me a gift, I feel the surging energy of that NO. It screams in me NO NO NO NO NO. Whenever He tries to gift me with anything, whenever He asks me to do exactly what it is that I want to do, what comes up is the NO NO NO NO NO.

Here He is, offering me the greatest gift, the process of Alchemy, of true change where I can drop into being more truly myself, where I can drop into a deeper relationship with the Divine and my knee-jerk reaction is to try to stop it. It is as if the gift is an act of violation. I cannot even have Him entirely in the picture.

With any gift I have ever received – the gift of love, of friendship, of trust, the gift of being shown my gifts by Him – the first thing that comes out is the NO. It is a subtle trick of the pathogen – it uses the NO that got stuck in my throat against me. The NO that I could not get out when I was a girl, or if I did it was not heard/believed. Pathology would have me believe that if I say YES to the gift, then I am saying YES to my brother – that I am saying YES to being violated.

Mining the Ore

One of the most difficult feelings is fear. Fear is the necessary agent for Alchemical change, without which any encounter with Hades/Animus is superfluous. It is even more difficult than pain. Pain ultimately reveals a deeper layer of hurt, yearning and need, often linking to a deeper trauma, which reveals deeper pain.

With Him Dying to the Pain of My Trauma

Ellen Urman



Dream:

As I am leaving the small room to go back into the main area, three camera men brusquely come in. I almost trip on the large cable one has attached to his sound machine. The guy with the camera falls backward, hits his head and goes into what appears to be a seizure, right in front of me. I am horrified, immobilized, traumatized.

I feel the terror of my sister/trauma and the pain of the loss of myself which takes me through the trauma.

The trauma feeling expressed by Ellen is a precursor to deeper Archetypal feelings/ore that is needed for Alchemy. The trauma feelings mark the spot by which an obstruction has been created – in a sense, the wound holds the place through the trauma for an entrance to the deeper psyche, allowing the psyche to go deeper than it may have gone without the trauma. Trauma is like a cave linking the earth's deeper caverns with the surface. A trauma event produces such a crack, an opening, a

porthole into the necessary deep well. Trauma itself may help the seeker find the way deep inside. By descending into the trauma and moving through it, one finds the lost aspect of her soul and also finds herself much deeper in her psyche where the richer, deeper ore is ready to be mined. Trauma itself leads one to the deeper place of the unconscious.

And deeper fear is present even at these deepest regions of the psyche where Persephone encounters Hades. Fear does not have to be about anything that happened or will happen, for at these deepest regions, everything that will happen will be nothing but a blessing.

Then what is fear? Again, if it is not about trauma, then it is the uncertainty of change and the fear of what the change may mean. Or, in the more primal sense, it is about confronting the Divine with all of its unspeakable power. If that does not scare you, nothing will.

But this kind of fear is not the true purpose of fear. Fear is the agent of Alchemy and without it there is no capacity of receiving Divine relationship or conjunctio. There must be a sensitivity to the Divine in order to feel into the primacy (primal sea) which is the deeper levels of vulnerability such as pain, yearning, insecurity.

Fear is not something to be feared. It is to be mined like an ore, sought after, and, when it comes, used, for it is the raw material that allows for transformation.

Without fear there can be no change for fear is the consciousness that is potential, just as oil and coal are potential. Fear's power and "primal sea" are released as we move through it in the concentration of issues that are presented to us by the Divine. These issues, which come in the form of often terrifying moments in dreams, allow us the opportunity to take risks. It is part of a choice point, necessitating an opportunity for commitment and an opportunity for change.

With both of these opportunities, the outcome is unknown to us for our fear blinds us to any knowledge of outcome. This knowledge would only come from the self which is conscious only of itself, the soul self. The soul self has no knowledge of outcome, just beingness. When we have fear, we do not understand being.

Fear becomes being. Fear becomes consciousness, consciousness of the Divine and ultimately consciousness of love. Without fear, one simply cannot feel the Divine love. Without fear, one cannot transform and know the essence of relationship.

Connected to the Bees

Robin Chase



Dream:

My dog Oggi runs outside toward my honey bee hives. I follow her outside. I cannot see the hives, but I notice a large plume of bees rising. I think she must have knocked over a hive. Then I see another plume of bees rising and wonder if a bear has come to the hives. I see that I am naked. The light is brilliant as bees begin to swarm around me. I feel very calm. Bees, by the thousands, land all over my body. I feel and hear their humming calm down. I am clothed in bees. I walk slowly back to my home as I feel connected to this swarm.

From Robin:

In this dream, the bees are spirit. As my soul awakens I feel my entire body becoming one with spirit. My whole being calms down in that spiritual connection. Nothing else matters. There is nothing I need to know or do. Just be in that connection. When I operate from a place of independence, I am out of the bee yard.

The Girl in the Trolley

Robin Chase



Dream:

I am at college. I am starting new classes. I go outside to take an open air trolley to my first class. There is a little girl sitting in the back. The light is brilliant. Bees begin to gather around the trolley. I feel very calm inside. I get on the trolley. Suddenly, I hear a terrible, terrifying sound. It is an alien destroyer machine from *War of the Worlds*. I know it is going to destroy the trolley. I jump out and am in the air when I see the young girl in the trolley. I also see the alien machine as it blows up the trolley. I do not know what happened to the girl.

In Robin's first dream, he is infused by the bees. The consciousness of the other has taken hold and he is infused by the love, he is part of the family, part of the tribe, the bee mind, the collective unconscious – the BE. He is infused with their love and, in return, loves back with devotion.

In this state of conjunctio, he must also face the arduous aspect of the connection. Now that he is in conjunctio, he can see the world through the reciprocal nature of love. He can see what is not love, the evil incarnate in all of us. This seeing is the downside of the connection. When with the Divine and removed from the

world in such a way, the lie is visible with all of its evil intent.

In Robin's second dream, he watches as the little girl, who is the soul aspect capable of union with the Divine, is obliterated by the alien war machine. From this position, he understands the nature of all fear. Once we face our own fears, we are able to see that in the separation from the Divine, we fear the Divine, but when we are in Divine conjunctio, we see the truth and, although the truth is terrible to behold, we are not terrified.

In the place of love, we can see where people are held as slaves and tricked by their own fear of the Divine. In the fear, they believe they are better off in the state of obliteration. Once removed from the obliteration, we no longer see the separation from the Divine as anything less than obliteration. But without Divine conjunctio, obliteration seems the only way to live.

In this state of obliteration, we fear that which is love, grace and beauty. This paradox of being lost from the Divine and the fear of the Divine that tricks us into preferring the perpetuation of ourselves even though we are lost is the lie that we never see until we are completely removed from it. How could it be possible to see through the lie which, by its very nature, obliterates our consciousness and blinds us from the truth.

We cannot live the lie and live the truth at the same moment. There is no middle ground. We are either the child with the Divine or, like the child in the trolley, we are lost and obliterated, with no memory and no connection to what once was. So great is the loss of this memory that the loss is truly an obliteration.

By mining the fear, we discover the pain of that obliteration and the separation from what was once true and what we could not live without. When we fear the Divine, the feeling is really the memory of the horror of being without the Divine. Since we have forgotten the memory of obliteration, however, we project it as fear of the Divine and falsely believe that we are scared of the love, scared of the union. We fear that if we connect with the Divine, we will be lost, we will lose something. But we are already lost and we have forgotten we are lost.

Somewhere in the deeper self, we know we are lost. Somewhere we know that the terror in us is being projected and manipulated by pathology to make us feel terrified of the very thing that would bring us peace and completion.

Hades does no harm. He just loves and, in that loving, kills off what is not of one's own true soul. But even after the death of the self, there is still fear. As long as there is work to do, as long as there is learning and change, as long as there is teaching and revelation, as long as there is submission and growth, there is fear. Fear is the portal of grief; grief lubricates the gears to the Alchemy that drives all change. It is never the enemy. Once accepted, fear is always the ally of change.

Change always involves fear and uncertainty and, when standing in such a place, there is nothing to do but surrender. This creates a deeper opening of the self, the vessel that contains and allows the alchemical process with the soul to happen and then the miraculous to unfold. But we are always the vessel that allows for creation.

When fear can be stepped into, it is also what helps make that vessel.

In the deeper levels of transformation and encounter, fear always produces immediate affirmation and miraculous encounter. In the case of Bill's dream, the learning is immediate. Through his terror he learns he must hold onto the only man who can save him. This is an experience he can introject easily into his daily challenges and his own calling.

In Katherine's dream, she believes she can be a tourist in her own journey to the Animus, to heaven, to the Divine, but soon learns she must give something up. In that moment, the road disappears and she finds herself terrified – even though the car will be guided and supported to the destination without her control.

The Animus needs us to be afraid so we can learn to let go and surrender that much more, creating a deeper opening within. This deeper opening allows for a deeper understanding of His presence in the soul.

Encountering the Animus can simply be the beginning of an ascent into the Alchemical world, or it can be the beginning of a revelation of consciousness so profound that one loses all awareness of one's previous life. Persephone offering Psyche the chair of forgetting is such an opportunity.

But who wants to forget who they are, even if it opens the door to something completely new and wonderful? Most find it terrifying to give up what they know.

In Karla's case, the necessary fecundating principle of the Animus' ultimate need to complete with the dreamer must wait until later as the psyche continues to be rebuilt with the promise of a new birth that will reveal a new capacity for relationship. We often do not understand how we can possibly be more than what we are because in our understanding of ourselves, we understand we are not truly enough. But in the meeting with the Animus within and the true surrender to His world, we can be made over to become the things we always were but forgot. Whether we remember or transform to become in new ways we have never been is not something we can control. We simply bring ourselves to the Teacher and, in the miraculous reality of dreams, to new unimaginable awakenings of experience and understanding, intimacy and love.

Zeus wants to preserve life: the life of the ego structure, the life of right and wrong, shame and pride. The life of the ego structure offers goals and structures to work with and/or fight through giving a sense of power and control. This structure can seem necessary and exciting, but it deceives the person from the real opportunities presented by the psyche. The ego self loves this concept of freedom, seeing all forms of surrender as tyrannical and cultist. This may be true in the outer world, but it is in direct conflict when the person is faced with the Archetypal dream reality.

The spiritual life represented by the unconscious inner life is not reflected in the world. To know it, an individual must journey inside, into the subterranean realm to all the sources of the true self instead of through the illusion of projection that play into the world. The journey is to live freely in true aspects that bring a person to a spiritual life within the psyche.

The Hades dynamic in a dream always seems negative initially. The psyche is contained in reaction to the elements of the myth which make them seem “bad” to the dreamer. This is particularly true with clients in the early stages of their work because of their beliefs around their reality. Hades confronts the misperceptions and dispels the blind spots.

Dreams illustrate how essence within a dreamer is used to serve pathology. Meeting the enemy of pathology within is simply part of the journey and is without judgment – every dreamer faces the demon inside. The dreams reveal that drama. If a pathological figure appears in a dream, such as the dark mother or whoremaster, it is because that particular pathology is in the dreamer. The realm of Zeus, the senex/puer realm, works to create justifications for people about why they are the way they are. Hades is the power to break that chain of self-justification.

The Shy Girl and The King

Paintings by Deb DeGraff

Dream:

I am being flown through a spiral cave down into caverns in the Earth. I am carrying Bill in my arms. We are shown things in each cavern. I think it is for Bill. We get to the lowest cavern and there are mice and chipmunks. It is creepy and I want to leave. We are flown out and up into another cavern. Behind a rock I see the head of a King wearing a golden crown.

From Deb:

I am shown how thinking it is for others blocks my ability to be the girl and feel my desire to stay with the King. Caretaking has penetrated the deepest reaches of my psyche, and “serves” me by “protecting” me from feeling my real feelings.

My homework is to stay with the King. I go back to my dream and remember the moment when I saw the King with His golden crown.

At first, I am a little girl peeking around the rock. I see the King and His golden crown. I feel my heart’s passion arising when I see the King. I want to stay with Him. I feel shy to ask Him, “Can I stay with you?” Shy to trust He wants me.

Shy Girl Peeks at the King



From Deb:

I don't want to come out from behind the rock. I don't want to feel exposed, vulnerable, scared. I want to stay the shy girl who peeks at the King.

Part of my work now is to follow through. What keeps me from following through is that I am scared. I do not want to feel scared so I resist. I make excuses. I am disobedient. I hide behind the rock and don't tell the King I want to stay with Him.

To follow through, I need to climb into His lap. Then I can be scared and follow through anyway.

Sitting in the King's Lap



From Deb:

When I climbed up on the King's lap what I felt was the pain and hurt of not feeling special to my dad.

When I am sitting in the King's lap, feeling my hurt and pain, I also feel loved and enough. I feel secure and supported. It is what I wanted with my dad. I have been mad at my dad for not being able to give me this.

I wanted my father to love me in the way only God can love me. I projected the loss of God's love onto my father, just as I have projected it onto my husband. I am disappointed in my father and my husband when instead of being God they are fallible human beings, just like me. When I stop looking for them to be God, I can love and appreciate them as they are. Which is, by the way, what I want, to be loved for who I am, warts and all.

When I found myself in the chasm, entering the anxiety and fear, pain and hurt, I lost faith in the invisible world, lost faith that there was a Divine force that could intervene on my behalf and heal me. I lost faith that my dreams were guiding me, and I was still on the journey.

I had a choice to know myself as a soul living in the inner world, a water-breather, or to know myself as a physical body in the material world, an air-breather.

Dream:

I jump in the ocean. A man calls after me, “Can you swim?” I say “No,” but I float on the current. The man jumps in after me, I grab onto him and he swims with me. This feels good. He pulls me down under the water. I get scared, let go of him and come to the surface for air. He comes back, takes me by the waist and pulls me under. I go down with him, feeling good holding onto him, but I come up sooner than he does. I know I belong to him.

He Pulls Me Under



From Deb:

In the dream I know I belong to Him, yet out of habit, I continue to leave Him and come back to the surface, away from feeling scared and into my head. He claims me, and still I leave.

My work is to stay with Him under the water and let myself drown, to stay under long enough for the anxiety to transform to peace. It does happen. The peace comes. I just have to stay with the anxiety and not project it, let Him grab my hand and pull me under. Then something that has been held in my belly releases and my breath comes freely and that wave of fear has moved through. He has transformed it, and I am at peace. Sometimes this takes all day. Sometimes it takes ten minutes.

I even look forward to the waves moving through because I know each wave brings me closer to being with Him all the time. When the anxiety is moving through, I sometimes think I cannot bear it. Then I feel him grab my hand and pull me under, and I breathe and hold onto Him until the peace comes.

Deb is willing to allow herself to drown and be with Him by the end of the sequence of dreams. The process of connecting to Hades in these ways are all aspects of Persephone's vulnerability and involve the cutting away of all aspects of the dark mother/Demeter's control in the world. This process for Deb was the death knoll of what has been a vicious cycle of being lost in projection and lost in self-deception wherein the blaming of the father became her living reality, making all men the enemy.

The living out of this through men in the world would create the certainty that no connection could occur with the Animus. The self-hate was driven deep into her soul, then projected back out through an irrational fear that no man would ever accept her. These images reflect an end point, an intense descent through pain and fear and shame that has led her finally to the King's lap.

Once this kind of descent is made, the miracle of Alchemy can begin uninterrupted by Demeter's lies and hateful assumptions that feed on the wound of her victims – the daughters and sons. Once the cycle of the dark mother is broken, the door opens for the Anima to manifest herself in relationship to Deb. The Animus is never without his female counterpart; both principles of gender are fully alive in one's relationship with the Divine.

In the story of Hades and Persephone, Demeter as the dark mother reacts with fury over the "loss" of her daughter, blaming others and destroying everything on earth. Even though she appears to want only the best for Persephone, her wanting is really only a veiled enslavement of the daughter. Demeter wants to control her daughter, naming that control undying devotion. She actually wants a world of no conflict. Before Persephone leaves, there are no seasons, just endless summer. This is

a place of no duality, a place of living in the Garden where there is no self-reflective examination of the self. The mother wants the daughter to stay innocent and ignorant, to not enter into any sacred conjunctio relationship so she, the mother, can remain in control. It is an element of motherhood that all women who become mothers must face.

Setting Out the Bowl

III.

It is you I've spelled
 across the pine laid land.
Dark bird, storm along the horizon.

Here is my body
 I have carved for you, a nest.
Body which fits mine, complement.

I want to teach you
 my language blue as sky.
One yet to speak outside the wind.

To live against the night,
 my existence, a terrible hunger,
is to sleep in your twisted arms.

Karla Van Vliet

THE KILLING OF THE FATHER THE SUFFERING OF THE SON

The Killing of the Father

The loss of the father, the slaying of the father, Zeus killing Chronos, is the first great sin of humankind. When this happened historically is unknown, but it is often reflected in families when the mother competes with or is threatened by the relationship the father has with the son. This threat may have been present before the beginning of time, it may be part of the flaw in everyone. It is unclear how the child separates two such competing parents.

There is a time in all families when the love of the woman for her husband is powerful and even all consuming for a while. What does it mean that this becomes part of the relationship with the son? When does the woman's love for the husband tip to the love of the son? Is this the struggle of the woman to find the Animus, the male soul within herself that she projects from one man to another, finally resting with great impurity on her son? The "advantage" with the son is that she has an aspect of power and control she does not have with men. The son is no phallic threat – he can be molded. He is bonded to the mother's breast and the blood of the womb.

In many tribal societies, this bond between mother and son is broken by the son being taken from the mother as a child and given to a family friend or uncle. He learns to live without his mother and his mother learns to live without him. This relationship, however, is often not challenged in the nuclear family of the West. When does it happen that the son stands up to his mother, whether she is attempting to control him and separate him from his father or whether she is using him to compensate for her lack of relationship with the father? However it manifests in the myriad of dynamics, where is the son who stands up and says "No!?" Where is the mother who stands up and says, "No!", who acknowledges her relationship with her husband as the primary, not secondary, relationship? Who knows that loving her children does not mean that this love is her predominate relationship, but is rather part of the intimacy and caring of the family? Who

knows that loving her husband is the predominate relationship?

Where is the husband who stands up and says, “I want to love every one of you and I will be a part of this family! I will not be just the provider, but the lover as well!”? There are not enough of these people to save children from the ravages of their own compelling future where they will play another sordid role in the ongoing, similar drama as the father or the mother. Once the son rejects the father for the mother, he will one day be sacrificed to his wife for his son. And on it goes.

Patricide, the killing of the father by the son, is inherent in the Freudian philosophy and psychology rampant in the neurosis of our parents, and is the seed for all of us who would become parents. In short, the soul child, the self within the self, knowing the true love of the Father, the Animus and the Anima, can only sit back as the child forgets who he is, growing to become an aberration based on the woundedness of the negativity of this relationship or some variation thereof.

In this dynamic, the lie of the false self is born. In the absence of intimacy and trust, in the unknowingness of love, one begins to learn to survive and to take on the coping mechanisms learned from parents. The thread to the inner self is broken having never been supported and nourished by parents who themselves never had the love to give. The lack of love leads to threat and fear, leads to manipulation and the visages of control.

None of this coping exists in the soul self. The soul knowing Divine love, strongly connected to both the principle of the male and the mother, who balances along with the Animus the mechanisms of the male and female principles, this soul/child self is held in harmonious support in the internal gyroscope of the internal caring the child is birthed from and continues to thrive with.

Once broken from the world, this inner self is lost as is the inner knowing, creating a split into the ego self and the unconscious soul self – the ego self that is increasingly lost in the world and the unconscious soul self that remains hidden in the unconscious.

The drama that is the pantheon itself or the multiple variations of this perverse, deformed creation, is manifested as the drama throughout the mythological stories of the Greek world, stories that illustrate the coping mechanisms resulting from the split. Stories that at times seem to be a rallying point for a new world order for the psyche. The coping mechanisms fail, of course. They only serve as compensation for the psyche for the fundamental truth that is lost once Zeus lay with Rhea. The only way to save that moment from eternal tribulation is to go back to the broken time in the self in which some form of the debacle was encountered.

The Suffering of the Son

First and most important is the boy, Zeus. What happened to Zeus when he lay with his mother and killed his father? He became a great “king” with an even greater queen at the helm – for the dark mother is behind all kings and all kings are fools because they are lost from their fathers. They are boys without fathers. What became of Zeus with no father. What became of the boy in Zeus who loved his father? What would that boy have grown

up to be?

The clue is Prometheus who, every night, was torn apart, tortured, punished and chained to the rock, paying a price for the power and the Divine gift he might give to others. Prometheus is the second son of the father and is punished because of his relationship with his father.

In order for Zeus to be a brother or to understand the right relationship with Prometheus, he must first know who he is in relationship to the Father. It is believed that Chronos was evil and dark, but we do not know that to be true. There is a dark side to all men and Chronos reflects that dark side to a large degree. But we do not know who Chronos really was. As a son of Uranus, it is easy to believe that he did know the father, that Uranus was a loving husband and father, and that Chronos did know the love. From this, it can be assumed that, contrary to the stories, Chronos was a good man and a good father. What happened with Chronos and Rhea is uncertain.

In the Archetypal representation of Chronos, he was the son of Uranus which means he did know the father's love. But somewhere in the process of descent into the world, the love became lost or at least never transferred to his son, Zeus. Did Rhea deliberately break the link between father and son or was she herself subject to issues that left her broken to the wheel of manipulator? In either case, the true Zeus can only be discovered through relationship with Prometheus. That split in the male principle is felt in every psyche in every man on this planet. It creates the ideal in all men that it is up to them and them alone to save the universe. The architects of video games know this well and attract boys throughout the world who struggle mightily to save the world.

Such expectations destroy the very marrow in all men. Even the great ones who manage to actually do some saving of the world have skeletons in their closets that typically involve sexual promiscuity – with young boys, children, whores or through multiple affairs. This is all part of the Big Lie. If there are men who can truly support in the world, then they are men who probably had some male support, either spiritually or through relationship in the world, that helped guide them in their life. Failing that, the search for a woman as savior is paramount. This can take many forms that often manifest as sexual in nature. It is not that men are “pigs,” it is only that they are boys without support. Boys without support need to be saved before they can save the world.

The relationship that a man must have is with the Animus, but he cannot have it. If he has that relationship initially, then the man is in competition with Prometheus and in a competition with Prometheus, who is the Animus, the man always “wins.” He loses, of course, because he does not enter into relationship, but he “wins” because the Animus cannot break his will, which would allow him to surrender to the new idea of being supported.

Once the boy loses the support of the father, he has to be a savior for his mother. From here, pride is born, the pride of being in a position where he must be the savior. Therefore, Zeus is the sin of pride, a pride based on a profound separation from the Father and a profound sense that at any moment he will fail or be found out as the failure he is. It is pride that has him take the father's position of authority – this is where the projection is

on his father. The son judges him. In fact, this judgment results from the pride that comes from his position that he has to save the world.

This is where, for a man, pride becomes shame. If such a boy had a relationship with the Father, in a loving way, then there would be no shame. In fact, through the relationship with the loving Father, a man can fail and he does not have to save the world because ultimately it is the Father who saves the world. All the son has to do is try. In trying, he understands his relationship with the Father and the Animus who is also seed of Uranus. Pride and shame come together out of the separation of the love from the Father. Once there is a breach in the relationship, the only support a man gets is through the mother – which is why a man looks for a relationship with a woman who will save him.

In turn, when a woman saves the man, the man must save the woman, which he cannot do, of course, for the only way for her to be saved is through her relationship with the Animus. A relationship she has probably projected onto her lover and her son.

In this dynamic, the woman becomes the man's mother and he becomes the woman's son. Maybe they can even be happy and grow old together. She can support him to the end of his days and, in so doing, he can support her to the end of her days. But, he is still lost to the Father and she is still lost to the Animus.

Father, on the Uranian level, is not a man or a woman – it is simply love, a fecundating principle of genesis, of creation that the Animus and Anima rejoice and participate in. Human beings are a combination of both of these, although male functions and psychology differ from female functions and psychology.

Zeus and Prometheus are brothers in a generational sense because their fathers are brothers. Zeus is the son of Chronos and Rhea, and Prometheus is the son of Iapetus and Clymenes (an Oceanid Nymph). Chronos, Rhea and Iapetus are siblings, all children of Uranus and Gaia. The feuding brothers of Zeus and Prometheus are typical of feuding brothers or men, as seen in competitive sports, for example. It is the “rooster syndrome” by which most men compete for a place in the gene pool. How many relationships between two male friends have been ruined by the interest of one for a woman.

The issue is not one of feuding over women, but rather of the men trying to one-up each other. It is doubtful that Prometheus needs to prove anything to Zeus, but it is probable that Zeus has much to prove because he is incested by the mother. The big kick for Zeus is to have affirmation by the woman in order to feed his sense of self-worth, which in a puer sense is pride.

Most male clients in the dreamwork are probably “Zeusmen” in that they have a natural antipathy to the Animus. Zeusmen who try to curry favor with women and even with authority figures typically feel they have to be worthy of love and acceptance since they have no intimacy with the Divine. It is only through Prometheus/Animus that one can know the truth of that love. The power of this love renders all need for affirmation outside the Divine superfluous and ridiculous.

Such awareness is hard fought, for Zeusmen feel they must prove and dominate or they will be rejected. In the psychological sense, the male dreamer must be broken, and to do that he must face into difficult feelings. The process by which a Zeusman is broken

through the acute vulnerability of the son's relationship with his father is called "inadequacy" – in the adequacy of the love. This inadequacy is not to be confused with shame or unworthiness. As such, this underlying feeling of vulnerability with the male is the most difficult feeling a man can feel, although it is pervasive and underlies almost all male relationships once the competition and other forms of relating to each other are broken.

Men's lack of vulnerability with one another goes back to this feeling of inadequacy with the father. The inadequacy of the little boy who runs to his daddy to see if he is okay, not knowing if he is going to be met with a scowl of rejection or a pat on the back. This level of vulnerability is almost unheard of in the male world. It is unlikely that this feeling is acceptable in the psychological community – hence the need to invent the term inadequacy/in the adequacy for want of a better word. Often one of the most important avenues for the love to enter is through the reclamation of the love of the Father.

Instead of running to the Father, Zeusmen run to the mother. Jung called this type of male a puer. Puer males, like Zeus in Greek mythology, are tied to the mother, supporting the mother not only against the father but even against their own selves. Their acute vulnerability, which they cannot face in relationship to the Father, becomes the Achilles' heel in their relationship with women.

Often, these men can overly love women to the point where they have no love for themselves. Self-love comes from the Father. Men like this often become too sensitive in the sense that they are somewhat passive aggressive. Underneath the need for the mother is a misogyny that in one extreme can manifest as violence, stalking, serial killing or neediness which is actually a form of obsession. This is why men stalk women, why they cannot allow their ex-wives to have another relationship, why they are jealous to a fault.

At the other extreme are men who become cold, distant, numb and uncaring towards women. These men are Chronos men in that they operate from the sense that women failed to protect them. They may also feel violated by men so that they live in a state of perpetual shame. In this shame dynamic, there is nothing left for the man to do but to be the same jerk in the same way his father was a jerk. If the father was cold and aloof, the son will also become cold and aloof.

Corridor of Feeling

Scott Fortney



Dream:

I am in the high mountains with two men on a fishing trip. The terrain is precipitous, and we hike down to the river below along a narrow path that only the men know about. We come to a broad river valley where there is standing water. I try to keep on the drier ground as I follow them. We end up along the river where there are other children playing in a sieve that is catching gravel and empty water bottles from going into the dark opening of an aqueduct. I play with the other children in this cool water in my underwear. Some of the kids are naked.

After a while, it is time to leave and we go back to our cabin at camp where I am a camp counselor. A small black boy enters, and some of the kids harass him – asking if he has the money to pay the fee. The other kids are looking to me to respond and I feel I need to intervene, so I walk over to him and he averts his gaze. I ask him his name and he says, “Smoke.”

“Well, Smoke, can you look at me when you are talking?” He nods his head. I ask him if he has the fee, and he says the agency is taking care of it. All the other kids are watching to see how I handle this, so I ask what the name of his worker is, and he tells me, “Dana.” I say, “Let’s give him a

call.” I get Dana on the cell phone, who says he is working on the money. I tell Dana there will be out-of-pocket expenses for which Smoke will need money. Dana is annoyed and tells me he is on it. I close the cell phone and put my arm around Smoke’s shoulder and walk away from the other kids, telling him that everything will be okay. I feel his fear of being a lone black boy in an all white camp.

Shift

I am in a bed and breakfast sitting in the lobby. There are two women also in the lobby with their boys. I know these women and their boys – the women are overly mothering types. One of the boys waves to me and says, “Hi, Mr. Fortney.” I wave back and smile. I go down the hall – no one is around. I walk past the den where people usually congregate, but no one is there. I go into the bathroom to pee. There in the mirror is a black man looking at me, but then it is suddenly me again. I think, wait a minute and look again and it is a black man again. I think it is me and to be sure I move my arms and then start to dance. Everything I do, the man does. He is wearing elaborate pimp style clothes from the 1970s. The more I dance, the stronger I get. I think, “I hope this being a black man lasts!”

At the end of the dream, Scott cannot face the fact that he is not alone in the bathroom. He thinks that the man in the mirror has got to be him. He believes this because he thinks of himself as alone. Earlier in the dream, he tells the boy Smoke that all is okay, but he is in control at that moment and acting Animus-like. He can be with the boy, but in fact, Smoke is the real Scott, the estranged black boy who does not fit in anywhere, the one that stands in the river naked with the water flowing through the grate. The grate is Scott’s mind that attempts to differentiate feelings from thoughts, all the while keeping the unconscious at bay. For the rest of the dream, he does just that – keeps the unconscious at bay, constantly managing attempts of the Animus to have “control” over him.

The triangle of the boy, the Animus and himself can trigger a fourth point that appears in the dream as the woman Scott sees as controlling. Of course, this is related to his relationship with his own mother, who gave him the dubious honor of taking his father’s place while he was still a young boy. This situation created a foundation for all of his relationships with women, covered over by his fragile incapability to be the father. So, all the time he takes care of women at his own expense, he is both attached to the idea of being the father as well as angry and hostile about his own loss of self.

But to be the naked boy will allow him to be relished by the Divine and to be true to the goal of following his heart back home as the Prodigal Son. No Anima work can happen here, for it is a great demand for him to understand his wound which is steeped in the shame and loss in the cleaving of himself to his mother and to his father.

To be the boy and feel his vulnerability will bring him to a feeling corridor that will allow him to be with the true Father, which is a naked and raw place. Without being able

to be the boy, he suffers the loss of the Father. His anger does not give him any clue to this lost place and so his suffering eludes him. The wound, however, never abates. His anger comes out as a misogynistic attack against women. Even in the face of a more loving feminine, he is still lost from the boy who seeks only his Father's love.

In his corridor of feeling, it is unclear what his feelings would be, the feelings carried by the boy Smoke. His inability to connect to the world seems to provide some clue to what those feelings are, for the feelings and the separation from the world are really the same feelings as the separation from the Father. In an attempt to find meaning in the world for his feelings of isolation and alienation from the world, he further loses his connection, which is already lost, to the boy. And therefore, further loses his connection to the Father.

This is an example of a feeling corridor through which a dreamer descends and through which the feeling of inadequacy evolves to love. There are several feeling corridors – core fear is a feeling corridor that evolves to essence and core pain is a feeling corridor that can evolve to become passion, true needing, potency and hurt. It is as if the feeling corridor is a bridge in the Alchemical process of triangulation that allows for the Alchemy to manifest its changes.

Prometheus' roots to the Father go back to Chronos, his father's brother. Prometheus knew this love. His role as the ascending male consciousness for that understanding is one of his most important transformational efforts.

Zeus, on the other hand, the son who rebels, who knows not the father's love, relates Chronos and the father to shame and unworthiness. Therefore, he works against the father in league with his mother to claim the great prize of well-being, self-worth and the ability to belong to the matriarchal world. In the lower octave variation of the father and the son, the son seeks to compete with his father without the father's love. If such a son is successful, he learns duty, responsibility, suffering of self for others, stoicism and a numbness bordering on depression. This boy cannot become a father that feels, ironically, for the boy who has lain with his mother cannot know his own feelings. The feelings he has with his mother are not feelings – they are simply emotions dipped in pride, sentimentality, etc. He becomes cold and officious like his father as he ages further and further away from himself. His greatest fear, although he would never say it, is to have a son and, in doing so, lose his position with the mother as was done with his father.

In the story of Prometheus, Prometheus is freed from his chains by Zeus when he informs him that Thetis, a goddess that Zeus wants to marry, will bear a son who will overthrow his father. In return, Zeus allows Hercules to slay the eagle and free Prometheus. This is a fear all men share. In this story, a crack in the light of the Big Lie is revealed to Zeus. Prometheus shows him that rather than being the devil incarnate, he is nothing more than a victim of the mother. All men know this on some level – Prometheus only tells Zeus what he already knows. Zeus knows the sin he committed on his father with his mother would be recommitted on him. All men know this at some level and fear it.

The illusion is that Prometheus is the one chained and suffering. The fact is that Zeus is the one who is chained and suffering. As long as he has his mother to soothe him, he may not even know it. For the Animus, Prometheus, is always living the golden life and

his appearance in any suffering is only a mirror of the the person who is seeing the Animus through his own psyche. Since Zeus is “king,” this is Zeus’ dream. For anyone who has a dream of the Animus in chains, it is the person who is truly in chains. This is basically the male condition that hooks together the shame and the pride.

In the biological imperative, once the woman marries and has a baby, her hormones tell her to give up the husband and lover for the baby. In this scenario, the object of her relationship is to take care of the baby. The man, on the other hand, is filled with vigor and wants to continue to spread his seed. Her rejection gives him the opportunity to find other women, which is part of his attraction to others, for nature wants him to seed all the women who will allow it.

The hormonal forces that direct human beings are attended to by pathological forces that encourage the unfoldment of this unfortunate tragedy. It is unlikely that if people were whole human beings with knowledge of their hearts and spirits and Divine love, that they would allow hormones to dictate their story. It is the emotional aspects of repressed feelings that drive us all. The emotions surrounding hormones and the most primal aspects of those emotions are the underlying wellspring of what drives a human being. This has recently been termed the “reptilian” side, the side that is fueled by the immediacy of hormonal and primordial urges.

The male principle in an awakening of the male dreamer through his connection with the true Father, the Father with grace, allows the man to rise above his primal needs of linkage to his mother and encourages him to investigate the loftier enterprises of his lost soul, which sits at the right hand of the Father. The soul which awaits the return of the Prodigal Son to claim his position both with the Father/Chronos/Uranus and with the son/Prometheus. The feeling of inadequacy having manifested as Divine love.

The natural tribulation of the hormonal and primordial urges is the Big Lie, wherein the pathology, through the biological imperative, weaves its web into the psyches of the lovers, like Romeo and Juliet. Their unrequited love is also part of that Big Lie, for it is not the tragedy of the warring families that kept them apart, but rather the tragedy within themselves that would have torn them apart had they actually gone off to live their lives together. This romanticization of men, women and unrequited love that most people carry (“Oh, if only I had Sylvia,” “Oh, if only I had John,” if only, if only...) only denies the Big Lie that the relationship would have failed. The reality is that the romanticization and cuckolding of the ideal of love that motivates continuing efforts to find the perfect soul mate leads to a tragic failure through the flaw of not realizing the Big Lie that is within the self.

In this way, Zeus and his Rhea weave a web of high hopes and higher dreams, mighty aspirations and noble schemes that work to seduce most people. This is sentimentality – the most pernicious aspect of Zeus’ bag of tricks which falls under the heading of pride. Once a man has fallen into not knowing his own lost soul with the Father, he is bound to disappoint himself and his relationships. For he lives believing the ideal that he must become something in order to earn something, to be something rather than have the Father’s love. If he had the Father’s love, he could aspire to find the something that

would truly be an expression of his being. An expression of what God intended for him to want, find and create. Rather than seeking approval and belongingness from a world that would know him not except by his deeds that serve the romantic inclinations and values of others. This is the collective aspect of the unconscious that has nothing to do with spiritual consciousness but is rather a mutation of all the neurosis bound in a belief that most people aspire to without understanding the lie of which they are a part.

And the biggest lie of all is the lie foisted on everyone – the lie of the Father. The lie that Zeus and his mother Rhea hatched to make the father, Chronos, look bad in order to justify the murder and the other part of the crime, the murderous intention. The murdering of the Father was not the greatest crime. The greatest crime was the undermining of His credibility. Most know the father as dark, cold, unyielding, caring for nothing except that his rules be obeyed. This interpretation of the Father’s actions is an example of not understanding the grace that is part of His effort to bring His children back to the spiritual fold. In the reclamation of the soul, it is important to understand that there are things that every person is responsible for in order to dig himself out of the mire. The idea that a person just needs to be coddled comes from the doting mother who wants to leave the man in the web of her womblike support which is really only a trap. It is a trap that once it ensnares the man, keeps him for all of his life. The trap can sometimes feel pleasant and supportive for it does not require much from the person ensnared.

Here, the man loses track of the Divine grace that would be his if he would endeavor to meet it partway. What is considered “conditional” love of the Father is only the necessary step that the man needs to make in order to meet the Father partway.

Isolation from the Father

Michael Keene



In the dream I go along, I feel afraid and excited but the only thing I say to anyone is, “Is this a man’s or a woman’s cloak?” I am not in relationship with anyone, not Christa, not Jeremiah, not the woman running the transport center, not the tall man next to me. All Archetypes and I am relating to none of them.

I am isolated in my job, in my family, in my life. I hate it when anything intrudes on my isolation. I defend against intrusions by projecting a false sense of well-being, by withdrawing, by judging myself and others, by getting angry, by hiding the fact of my isolation.

The lie the pathology tells me is that if I see and feel and expose myself as isolated, then I am hopelessly worthless and I will never go anywhere. The rest of that lie is that I can bypass the pain of my isolation, see myself as one of the chosen, and then I will be in with the Archetypes.

Unlike Scott, Michael has not created a fatherly exterior but rather is lost, confused, scared and managing reality. The fact is, he is lost from the Father as well but refuses to accept the feelings of isolation and separation. Rather than being a misogynistic, angry, responsible, caretaking, supportive personality, he is simply a bundle of emotional split ends that spark incessantly every time the world calls his name. Ironically, the sense of isolation and the feelings it engenders would give him the capacity to find the Father and receive the Animus’ support. Like Scott, Michael is too busy to be the erstwhile male attempting to prove himself in a disinterested world.

Despite a loving and supportive wife and close intimate friends, Michael remains numb to the touch and does not feel into the love that is there for him. By being caught up in his worries, he is truly isolated, but he does not know it. This is another example of the suffering of the son who does not know why he suffers. Perhaps if suffering sons knew of their sufferings, they would be able to move through to their hearts and reclaim their birthright.

The mother claims that the man is just fine the way he is, which is part of the lie of the mind called pride. This idea makes the Father’s love appear conditional in the negative – “I will not love you unless . . .” The truth is, he cannot give the love because the man cannot receive it unless . . . unless the man does his part by meeting the Father halfway. The mother seduces him to do nothing, not because she loves him or her love is unconditional, but because she does not want him to be close to the father. This is the biggest lie of all. She only wants to use the son in order to gain power and to discredit the father for her own gain without any regard for the great possibility that the father offers the son. Many men believe this lie and many women believe this lie about their men without realizing they are in a lie.

Men who grow up hating their fathers will eventually be hated by their wives, and as Zeus dethroned his father, they will find themselves dethroned by their sons and their

wives, the sons' mothers. This is what Prometheus spoke to Zeus.

Chronos, with great compassion, had to sit back while he was misunderstood. Many men, in the same way, must sit back while they are misunderstood, but unlike Chronos, who died because he did not live the dark father, many men become dark fathers and replicate the sins of their fathers. Is this because the mother, his wife, turned on him, as his mother turned against his father? It is not as simple as this, for otherwise, loving women would be loved by their husbands and supported for that love, and many are not. The problem is too deep, too many generations deep, to get rid of the sin that both men and women carry in their primordial genes. Many have to die to self to reawaken the soul, the love lost through the generations of pain and disloyalty. Turning back the hands of time means going back to the wound that was felt as a child. Only when felt from the innocence and fragile sensitivity of the child, does the person understand the crime that was committed. The child may not have known the players and how the crime played out, but certainly the emotional violating sin of it was felt.

How a person coped as a child is how the pathology is recreated. The coping is not the way out – it is only a temporary means of survival. Every person must go back to these states where the soul self is known and felt in that environment, for only in the moment of the greatest wound can a person be healed of the greatest lie. The complicated way parents play this out is not the same in every family, of course, but there are certainly elements of this issue in most of them.

The father, severely damaged by his father, becomes incapable of righting the wrongs even in the face of a loving wife and obedient children. The problem goes beyond the mythology of which both men and women are victims. This is why when one person gets closer to the other and shows too much vulnerability, the other runs. The balancing act/the gyroscope tries to maintain this subtle mechanism of survival so that the wound is never experienced. Everyone, both men and women, is terrified to rediscover the childhood place of vulnerability, for some form of betrayal will follow, as it is and as it always was.

Who is courageous enough to open to the love, which means going back to a core confrontation with that pain, regardless of whether or not the current spouse or relationship triggers it? For it is the nature of all relationships, the relationship with the Divine, to raise from the bowels of the self the deepest breach of what was once a fruitful union between heaven and earth and all life partaking of those realities.

The way back into the Father's love, to meet him halfway, requires that a man feel into the breach, the place where he has believed the lie. In that place, he will not feel shame or unworthiness or condemnation, for that is just the story told to him. Rather, he must feel into the insecurity and uncertainty of the love from the Father. This uncertainty, the inadequacy, is a door to His grace, reflecting an optimum relationship with Him. Inadequacy is the cure to this issue between fathers and sons.

As long as the boy believes his mother's stories that his father is evil or bad, he aligns with the mother. The mother's stories come from her frustration or disappointment with her husband and from her desire to align herself with the son. The son learns how to control or attempt to control his life in relationship to surviving his mother. If he can

survive his mother, then he can use what he learned to survive in the world.

Of course, this is not true. Such men make terrible husbands with a whole host of issues, not the least of which is the issue of integrity. Once this is lost, there is very little that holds the male psyche together as a man. He senses his weakness and his own self-loathing. This gets lost in his desire to prove himself to women through their acceptance or a misogynistic desire to destroy them. When he wants to destroy them, he unconsciously blames them for the situation that was created by his mother. In either case, he moves further down the path of self-hate which can manifest in many ways, such as alcoholism. It can also be tied into the biological imperative that drives him into infidelity, seeking to integrate into life by having multiple relationships to keep from falling into an ever-widening pit of self-hate and depression. It can also manifest by falling in love with a woman who may reject him in some way that is akin to the way his mother controlled his father. There are a myriad of ways in which this can manifest.

In the end, however, it is the same. He is lost from himself and, more important, he is lost from the Father. Not the birth father, of course, but the spiritual Father. Such men believe that the Father is the enemy and have no idea that their salvation rests with Him. Birth fathers, in all likelihood, could not help or give them the support they needed (though there are exceptions). The separation from the spiritual Father comes through the beliefs that the man has about the birth father. He cannot imagine that the spiritual Father is anything more than what he has known the father to be.

This, of course, gives great power to the dark mother, whose hold on the son is only as strong as the boy's ignorance of the love of the true Father. It is relatively easy for the mother to deter the son from the father because of the feeling of insecurity every boy feels being so small in relationship to someone so big. In a Freudian sense, the comparison of the penis is an easy metaphor to reflect the insignificance the boy feels against the backdrop of the father, who looms like a god, a tall building miles high to his own smallness.

All of this is projected into the world where he seeks his mother's approval. If he receives her approval, he does not have to face his sense of insecurity and the smallness of feeling inadequacy. It is through the feelings of inadequacy that he could feel the Father's love – in the adequacy of the Father.

It is in this exact place of feeling small and in his inadequacy of the other that the mother's voice can ply him with illusions of the gyroscope. The voice that inflates him with feelings of bigness that drive him further and further from the sense of being small. Why feel small and uncertain with the Father when he can feel big with the mother? In this moment, the fear of castration by the mother is thrown aside for the more immediate "gain" of distancing himself from the feelings of inadequacy he has with his father. In this moment, he is castrated and lost, seeking the ever-demanding hit of approval, which is an appetite that can never be sated. This appetite can never be sated for in the moment of being lost, the boy is separated from the spiritual Father.

The pain of this separation from the Father is what drives the man to seek the approval he will never succeed in finding. It is the pain of this separation that is projected

out into the world. The more love he receives in the world, the more love he wants. The more love he gets, the less adequate he feels, for he feels he must prove himself more and more for the love he does get.

He can never succeed, of course, because he is only seeking to avoid feeling the pain of the separation. Eventually he will turn against the love, often hating the woman for loving him. In a sense, he seeks a woman who will reject him so he does not have to be responsible for the fact that he cannot receive or deal with the love he does get in the first place. He cannot receive the love because he does not have the potency of the Father to love a woman from the place of his own strength. His love for the woman is only to get something for himself, is only a way to compensate for the pain of the separation from the Father. This love for the woman is not nearly enough to satisfy what he thinks is her craving for him in order to be worthy of the love she is giving him. While it may also be true that the woman may never be satisfied with the love given, which is the recreation of the proverbial dark mother, it does not matter, for even in the most loving scenario, he could not accept the woman's love. This can make him feel worse for he knows he cannot handle her love. It is so much "better" to be with a rejecting woman to whom he can be the victim and to complain about the inequities of women – "All my ex's live in Texas, Oh, woe is me."

The Boy's Journey to the Father – The Prodigal Son

The solution for the boy, and for the man to become the boy, is to find the place of inadequacy with the Father which will surely be presented in a dream and in life. To find the place where he can accept the feeling of inadequacy that will allow him to feel the pain of the separation, to find the door to his heart and to find the acceptance and support he truly, sorely, yearns for. In this way, he breaks through his vulnerable wound and, instead of being the victim, he finds himself, through a place of grace, in his inadequacy. Here, he is never more vulnerable, he is never more open to the Father's love. Unlike the girl who goes to Hades to discover her potency in the face of her vulnerability, the boy is the Prodigal Son who returns home with the newfound belief in his Father after having rebelled and lost himself in the Big Lie. Upon his return, the Prodigal Son now understands his problem, now feels the core pain and is gladly reinstated with his Father, who joyfully welcomes him. The Prodigal Son can then take his place working in the Fields of Abraham. The Father and son are reunited and the Prodigal Son becomes the Son of Abraham.

This is a pivotal step in the evolutionary journey because it is on this foundation of deep connection with the Father, through this most fragile and vulnerable feeling of the uncertainty the boy has with the Father where he is met with absolute love, through the primordial pain of the original separation from the Father, that the boy now knows what the other son knows. That both he and the Animus (the other son to the Father) share the lineage of the Father's love. In this way, the son, having returned home, can take the next step by meeting the Animus from a place of mutual acceptance of their spiritual link to the Father.

All Boys Welcome
Ken Davis



Dream:

It was nighttime and I was with several people older than me. A man was showing me a meadow that the town had restored. I could not see very well but I reached down and touched the heavy grass. I told the man that I remembered when we first moved here the field was brushy.

Shift

Then we were in a place where all around was a very beautiful panorama of hills and mountains, lit by moonlight on big puffy clouds. I run further up the hill and see that a village surrounds the meadow. It is very inviting. I start running down the hill toward home. I see a sign that says: "Come Play Baseball, All Boys Welcome."

From Ken:

Marc said these were the fields of heaven that I was running through. It was very wonderful and beautiful. The sign, "Come Play Baseball, All Boys Welcome" has been a key ingredient in my healing, a very nourishing salve

for my childhood wounds. It has made me, the boy before the wounds, welcome to be in this world. It has been a notice of God's intent for me, that I am welcome to be with Him in the fields of heaven. I know I am loved by Him. Before I came to this, I was sure I had been banished from heaven. I was just too wrong, too bad, too stupid, too fat, too ugly, too much a geek to play baseball in school. I never made the team. I was just a dork, a whipping boy for bullies after the game. I was scorned by the coaches. When I turn in to feel His love and support, I remember, "Come Play Baseball, All Boys Welcome."

When a dreamer encounters the boy, sometimes he is with the Father and sometimes he is not with the Father. Sometimes he is alone or sometimes he is with a dog. The boy always points the way home. He is, in essence, the Prodigal Son who never left home. He is part of the boy that waits as the dreamer leaves and comes back to the Father. When the man returns to the Father, he is also coming back to himself, the boy who never leaves his Father's side.

This is why men become the Prodigal Son. Every man must confront the boy and come to terms with the boy, but ultimately, the man is to become the boy, the Prodigal Son. A man cannot return home except through the boy.

It is difficult for men to face the boy because the boy is on the opposite side of the inadequacy – the boy is in the adequacy of the Father and the Father accepts him as adequate. The boy is loved. A man does not understand this love and feels he has to go out and prove himself. In so doing, he leaves his Father's house, often forever.

In the myriad of choices, the man may try to validate his lost connection to the boy by filling himself up with women, wine, song, power, job, responsibilities – or any of the all-encompassing puer or senex lifestyles. He can become inceded with women to the point where he becomes like a Johnny Appleseed, flying from one thing to another. He can become devoted, obsessed around one thing, seeing it through to the end, completing every task, dotting every "i" and crossing every "t," proving himself to be dependable unlike his father before him. He may be caught up in rebelling and taking on altruistic causes, flying into idealistic rages and seeking answers outside the realm of the norm. Always the seeker but never the finder. In the end, he is lost, broken and exhausted like all other men.

The only redemption for men is through the boy. The boy's innocence mirrors Persephone's vulnerability – the boy seeks the Father and Persephone seeks her lover.

Yearning for the Father

Scott Fortney



Dream:

I am getting out of a war that has gone on a long time. I am waiting at the demobilization barracks with other soldiers. There is talk that two guys that were separated at birth and just discovered to be in our unit may be adopted by a father. It is Andy and another soldier who is very young. The room we are waiting in is large and someone decides we should draw closed the folding curtain that runs down the center of it so that we can all move to one side and be closer. All I can think about is how wonderful it would be to be adopted.

From Scott:

This is my yearning for the father. I remembered back to when I was maybe four or five growing up on the edge of the cornfields in northern Illinois. I remember one day I was standing looking out on the vastness of the plains and I became self-conscious – outside of His creation. I remember thinking, “Where am I and how did I come to be here?” I felt responsible and afraid and there did not seem to be any way to be part of this vastness. I turned my back on this.

I have spent the rest of my life trying to fill up that void with activity and adventures and roles. From my dream I took the army camouflage and put

me back in that place, because I used to play army as a kid and I really did go and “fight in the war” in a manner. It is a choice point. I am turning back now and my heart yearns for the Father, to be adopted back into His creation.

The Anima underlies this process for her love accepts and abides the child’s soul self in such a way that her Divine nurturing acceptance allows for the seeking of the ultimate male principle. That which provokes the phallic love that all children seek. Without the principle of the mother, there is not enough support in the individual to accept the child self. This is why it is much more damaging for a mother to reject a child than it is for a father to reject a child. The deeper unconscious layers that the bonding with the mother supports are in these deeper regions of the child self.

When those bonds are broken with the feminine, a powerful corruption takes place in the soul, creating a paralysis in the individual’s ability to seek the male principle. Ironically, rather than being repulsed by the mother in this situation, the child becomes more dependent on the mother. Even in the cases where the child tries to escape the mother, it is an escape from the child self for the wounds of abandonment render the individual impotent by virtue of the shame and uncertainty of self-worth.

The child self can only exist in its purest form and its ultimate innocence must be supported by the Divine or by people in the world the child can feel that connection with. Once this is broken, the child self recedes into the unconscious and is lost to the individual. The child self is extremely fragile and only reluctantly emerges in dreams when it feels that support either through the therapy or once the healing aspect of the therapy has been achieved. Once the child begins to find its way back into consciousness, it is typically met by shock in the dreamer. The dreamer will want to caretake, rescue or push the child away.

We have lost the capacity to understand the child and its capacity for vulnerability. In time, we can learn to accept the child self. The vulnerable nature in which women relate to men and the tendency for women to desire children maintains a suppleness in the female ego that allows the child self to be somewhat more readily available. The tragedy for men is that no such opportunities are available to the psyche as they struggle to prove their own value in the world with women. The boy is a special issue and requires a connection to male figures for the boy to be able to maintain itself in the ego of men.

Also unlike women, men do not have the capacity for the seductive quality that may allow for some form of relationship that will help them to survive with other men. Except for camaraderie with men, men tend to be isolated from each other and they also tend to know little of their own natures. It is as if the isolation leads them further and further away from other men.

With men, the boy is the most serious challenge, for the deep level of vulnerability of the boy has long since been lost. Perhaps even more difficult is when the boy is a teenager for the teenager boy is not just innocent, he is also full of energy, full of heart, full of passion, full of aliveness.

For all children, the time between seventh grade and ninth grade is the most

difficult. Junior high school is the dark hole of the educational system. We ask the prepubescent boy to graduate from elementary school and to suddenly have the capacity to tend to his own affairs. The insensitivity of our culture toward this time in a boy's life is part of the rejection of the puberty of boys. It is a blind spot on a cultural level that seeks to deny the most powerful human energetic self that is the prepubescent boy.

Not only is this energy ignored and suppressed in the culture, it is a pariah in the psyche. The prepubescent boy is not only vulnerable – he is nakedly aggressive. When this aspect in the psyche begins to emerge in men or in women, it is difficult to accept for the ego has already managed to create a structure in which, with neurotic intention, it knows that it can get what it wants. The ego perceives this boy as volatile and unpredictable. He may suddenly leap onto the table, drop his pants and crap on someone's lap. The ego cannot have that or that energy. The boy is seen as too dangerous and too untrustworthy.

But this boy's energy and power are also aligned with the Father. He is another example of the innocence and naked aggression.

In a dream, the boy's relationship with his dog is important because just as the boy wants to lead the dreamer back to the Father, so does his pal, the dog. The dog is a psychopomp who always wants to lead the dreamer to the Father or the Animus or somewhere further down the journey. Dogs are always to be followed. When a boy is in a dream, we are always to become that boy and in this way find connection with the Divine.

Shafts of Ruby Light

Ken Davis



Dream:

I am with a man. We are in the midst of a vast number of columns of ruby colored light. He tells me that the columns support something very essential. He tells me that his job is to arrange the shimmering columns and that his task is about two thirds complete. I am awed.

Where is the man who can love himself enough, who knows the Father's love and can stand with other men without the inadequacy? Where is the man who can live within the acceptance of himself as a man while including other men in the acceptance. The camaraderie that men exhibit is a profound alienation all men share of self-hatred received through the Big Lie and the mother. The perpetuation of inadequacy projected as competition creates nothing more than a camaraderie of misfits – high fives and loathsome grabs.

Where are the men who can look into each other's eyes with sensual hearts and nonphallic expression? They are few. There are moments in the heat of battle, in the heat of competitive sports, when a man may look at another man and say, "Great job." When a man can recognize the male power in another man. These moments, however, are fleeting. Rather than being the basis for friendships and the beginning of true relationships, they are quickly swept away in the next moment when the crowds have cleared and the dust has settled.

Women who are not Valkyrie tend to choose men who have no connection with their fathers. Because of this disconnection with the Father, these men are shut down sexually and emotionally or they tend to allow their libido to bring ruin to all who would love them. Unlike the Valkyrie, these women are not following Persephone's path to spiritual growth with the Animus. They are like Psyche, lost in their wounds and fulfilling the projection of the wound in the unrequited lovelessness in their lives.

Again, men who are attracted to such women generally have very poor links to their fathers. Only the father can raise the son who loves himself enough to have the bond of the heart and the libido work together. The mother's love creates an unconscious split that cannot be healed without the father's love. This is a great mystery of gender dynamics that reveals the necessity of the father's place in a child's psyche. The demon attacks the father precisely because of this dynamic in order to create the rift between the father and the son, setting up the split between the libido and the heart in the son. The libido split from the heart manifests as abuse in every woman he touches, proving, once and again, that the mother was "right."

Women also prove that the mother is "right" by choosing men who prove the mother's belief about men. A woman's idea of a role model for men comes from her mother. Through the mother, she absorbs the psychic and RNA encoded beliefs that make up the Big Lie.

Setting Out the Bowl

IV.

I have this. Folded like a letter,
tied in red string, your words.

Untied, a ribbon of blood to follow
like a trail to your body.

Karla Van Vliet

THE PROBLEM WITH MEN: THESEUS, ADONIS AND HERCULES

The Myth of Theseus:

Theseus went to Crete as one of fourteen Athenians who were to be sacrificed to the Minotaur. The Minotaur was a half-man, half-bull creature who lived in a labyrinth constructed by his father, the king. When Theseus arrived, the king's daughter Ariadne fell in love with him at first sight. She promised to help him kill her half-brother if Theseus would marry her. He agreed. She gave him a ball of thread to help him escape the labyrinth after he fought the Minotaur. Theseus killed the Minotaur and, using the thread, found his way out again. He took Ariadne with him initially, but he abandoned her on the way on the island of Dia where they had stopped to replenish supplies. He snuck away and left her alone on the island while she slept.

After slaying the Minotaur and abandoning Ariadne, and after capturing an Amazonian and having a child with her, Theseus decided with his friend Pirithous that they should marry daughters of Zeus. First, for Theseus, they kidnapped a young Helen (who was later retrieved by her brothers). Then they journeyed to the underworld so that Pirithous could kidnap Persephone for his wife. When they arrived in the underworld, Hades offered a chair in hospitality, but it was the chair of forgetfulness. When they sat down, they both forgot who they were and why they were there. They remained in the chair until Hercules came to the underworld and used his mighty strength to lift them from the chair and carry them back to the world.

Theseus, as well as Adonis (as discussed later), represent men who have defined their maleness from their mothers, not from fathers who are enlightened of

the male principle. They feel they must be heroes and slay the dragon – or other men. These kind of men tend to be homophobic or homosexual because they have no understanding of intimacy with the Father. They are either afraid of intimacy or they sexualize the maleness. But men are capable of intimacy without sex.

The Minotaur, the half bull/half man, is the power of connection to the soul self and the potency that comes from the connection. He, like Hades, lives in an underworld – a labyrinth. The underworld is actually a place of light, beauty and heavenly warmth, not darkness. But since this is Zeus' pantheistic reality, anything from the Archetypal Realm is portrayed as dark and bleak.

The idea of the hero's journey as going into the labyrinth, killing the Minotaur and then finding his way back out is the fool's journey for the true journey of the hero is to not come back out. The labyrinth is there to become lost in. The Minotaur knows where he is – one needs not find the Animus for he will find you.

The job of the hero is not to track down the Minotaur as the hunter. As the hunter, the hero by necessity must fathom the labyrinth and understand the mystery. The reality is that the hero only needs to enter the labyrinth. He does not need to find anyone. In a dream, a psychopomp, often a dog, may lead him into the labyrinth to find the Animus. The Animus may appear as a bear or a lion, but however the Minotaur appears, He finds the true hero in the most vulnerable moment in the dream.

It is the mind that wants to turn everything into a labyrinth, into something to be understood, figured out, strategized, dealt with and completed. The true journeyer is no hunter, is not looking for a carcass to prove his worth to his father. He is looking only to understand the meaning of his soul. Often, the hero must die to find the Father because the hero is created through the inflation or judgment of the mother or the concept of the mother's perception of what the hero should be for her. This concept includes all of her disappointments and hurts, for she is wounded like Psyche and hopes her son will be the man that she lost. This is the man that the son has become. This is the man who is the fruit of the mother's conception, which was planted in the boy. This is the man, the fruit, that must die.

The man with the ego-driven mind and who inherited the maniacal male anger of the father that becomes the passionate anger of the son, must prove himself by killing the thing he can no longer receive. If the son is not receiving the love from the father, then what else could a father be good for other than for proving the son's value by being slain by him.

Long for the Father or Stay in Prison

Ben Newman



Dream:

I am reading a book about Theo, a boy my age who used to live in the apartment below mine when I was growing up. In the book there are pictures of him as a kid and then a picture of my dad.

Shift

I sneak into a prison. I am walking its hallways, feeling scared. I think I am going to get caught. I peek around a corner and see a man screaming at another man on the floor, "I am going to cut off your balls if you do not follow directions!!!"

From Ben:

Theo is the boy who longs for the Father. When I feel the longing, I am the boy. When I do not feel this longing, when I do not want my Father, do not long for the love of the Father, I am in prison. I am tortured. I am in hell, constantly under pressure, expectant of some horror. But in the dream I choose to go to the prison. This is what I have been doing. I do this instead of longing for the Father. Instead of becoming the boy who wants his Father, feels the longing, the pain of not having him, I choose to not stay with the feeling. I would rather

be in prison than feel the longing, stay in the hell I have been in since the age of three when I realized how separated I was from my father, when I realized that he was so damaged a man that he was not going to be able to be a dad for me in any way. Somehow, even as a baby, I knew this. My longing – the boy’s longing – for my father was created then. And instead of feeling that hurt, that pain, I too abandoned the boy. I aligned with my mother against my father.

She helped to keep him in a state of diminishment. I learned to hate him like she did. In doing so, I learned to hate myself. In order to do this, I had to learn to hate the boy. The way out of this thirty-five-year-and-counting prison sentence is to become the boy with the Father, to feel the longing.

Ben’s reluctance to be the boy is reflected in the dream since the only way he can see the boy is to see him in a photo album. Yes, he is that reluctant. When the damage done by the relationship with the father leads a person to hate his child self, it is a serious wound, for not only is the person separated from his boy child self, he actually hates the boy.

There is no greater wound for a man than to hate his boy child self because of the disdain he experienced from his father when he was a child. This disdain eats at the very sense of the man’s acceptance of his own vulnerability. This difficult issue works to alienate men and accelerates the excessive qualities of men as they move through puberty and into adulthood.

If a man is able to have the love of the boy through the father, the testosterone-driven energies are muted and directed through the intimacy with the father. It is also true, of course, that the son must leave home and find his own way, for over-dependency on the natural father is a problem as well. The boy needs to leave home with a sense of being supported so that finding his own way is not fueled by reaction or rebellion based on the wounding with the father. Men who are driven by the wound of the father engage the world in a much more narcissistic and misogynistic manner than men who have the support. In either case, however, men need to leave their fathers to be Prodigal Sons. It is not a question of should the boy leave the father, but how should the boy leave the father.

In Ben’s case, he never really left home for he brought his mother with him everywhere he went and in doing so abandoned his need for the father. His mother was abusive to his father, which reinforced Ben’s hatred of men and therefore his disdain for his own maleness. Not only did he hate the boy because of the shame of his experience with his father, but he also hated the boy because the boy was like his father in the same ways that his mother disdained his father. He not only hated himself because of his father, he also hated himself because his mother hated his father.

It is often said that the sins of the father are handed to the son, but really it

is the relationship the father has with the mother that is the sin handed down to the son. If the father feels shame of himself through the mother, then he will often shame the son. For if the son has been cuckolded by the mother, then the father is in competition with his son. This competition includes all the competitiveness that comes from two competing males.

The father may disdain the son for taking the mother's side, he may disdain the son for taking his place with the mother or the son may have put himself between the mother and the father creating even more alienation between the mother and father. No matter the scenario, the son often takes the mother's side against the father, which dooms the relationship with the father forever. It is a vicious circle wherein once the separation between the father and the mother takes place, the son's involvement creates a greater tear in that relationship. It is unclear if the rift is between the father and the mother or between the father and the son. The pathology prefers it to be seen that the rift is between the father and the son, so that the mother can be the mitigating source of balance and support.

The mother, herself, may feel caught in the middle of two warring men, a passive victim to an overabundance of testosterone in the family. In fact, she may be the cause of the rift in the first place.

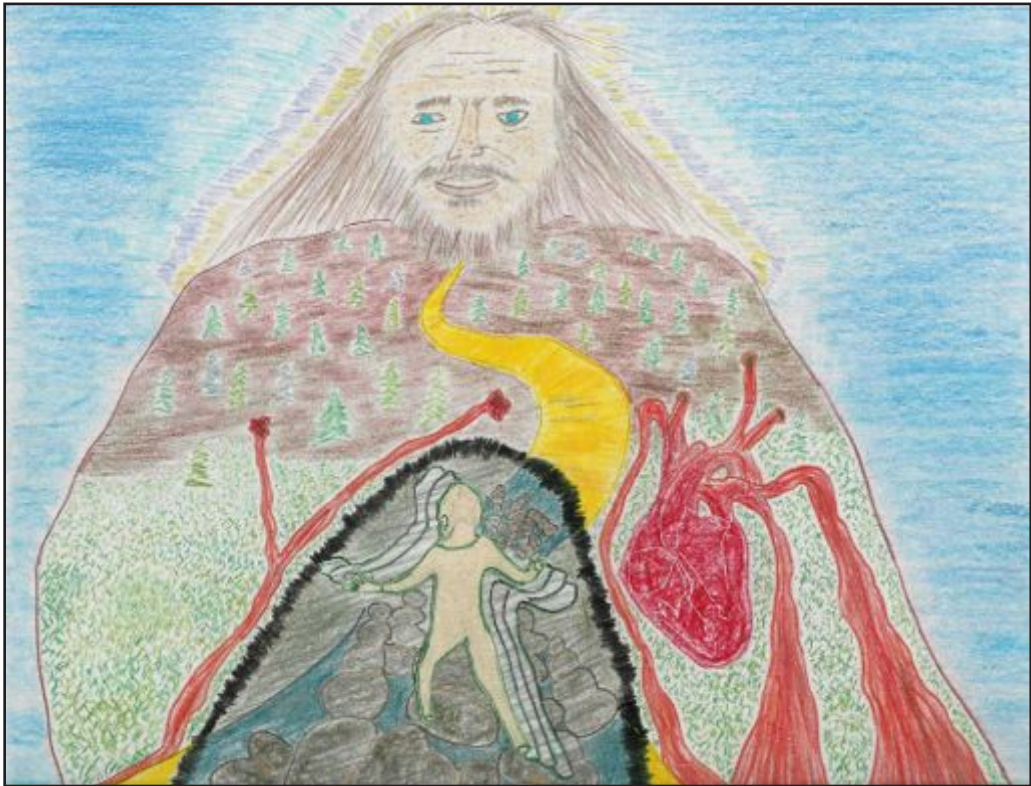
This does not mean that men are not responsible for the healing of family dynamics. However, men often have little power in the developing relationship the mother has with the son, which occurs in the first months and years of the child's life. It is clear that men need to be much more involved in their son's rearing to help offset the unconscious tendencies for sons and fathers to be disconnected. It is not the mother's intention to cause this rift, but it is certainly the intention of the pathology.

When the son understands the necessity of his own death, however, the mystery is solved – there is no labyrinth. There is only becoming lost. The Divine Minotaur will find him and sweetly kill the anger, the passion, that is the unrequited love of the Father.

After slaying the Minotaur, Theseus is given the opportunity to forget his life in the chair of forgetting when he descends into the underworld of Persephone. He does take the chair, but only by being tricked. He is rescued by Hercules, the personification of “manliness” – a combination of intelligence, prowess, physical potency and the strongest man on earth. This is what men equate to being a man but it has nothing to do with the potency of the heart, the potency of the soul or the capacity for relationship.

Lost on God Mountain

Michael Keene



Dream:

I am driving down a mountain road with Tom. I am trying to get somewhere partway down the mountain, I am not sure where. But we end up at the bottom of the mountain at a motel. Tom says he once got a ticket for pitching a tent here.

Shift

Now I am walking through a crowded, zigzagging elementary school hallway trying to get back up the mountain. I see the road up the mountain through a window. I ask teachers in the hallway if I can make it back up the mountain by following this hallway. I say I have lost my car. They tell me I can go this way but that it will take a very long time. They say they could maybe sell me an old car.

Shift

I am on the road by the motel again, it is night, I am on foot. The road is covered by people sleeping in sleeping bags. I step carefully around and over them, trying not to step on them, trying to get back up the mountain. This is very slow going. I feel frustrated.

From Michael:

My work is to feel my isolation from the Father. In the dream, as in the picture, I am isolated, totally unaware of the Father. I am in a dark place, lost in my frustration, focused on obstacles. This is how I live my life, alone, focusing on and often overwhelmed by obstacles, asleep (like the people in the sleeping bags) and totally unaware of the Father who is just on the other side of my shell. My life, like my task in the dream, feels like one frustration after another. Marc asked me why I wanted to get up the mountain. In the dream I did not know, I just felt an urge, almost a panic to get back up there. In the same session, he asked me if I felt a desire to be with the Father. I said no. It is hard for me to admit this because my pathology wants me to convince the people around me that I am on sunny God Mountain. I do not want to be seen as lost and isolated. I want to fake it so I can get a contact high from the seekers around me since I lack the direct connection to God myself.

If a son had a relationship with his father that he could aspire to, the initiation of entering the labyrinth in order to die to self would not seem so daunting. For the Father would not be the monster that is projected onto all men. The Chronos father of Rhea's projection as a part of the Big Lie would not exist for the son would know the beauty of the Father. He would not need to be the hero, he would not need to slay his father for his mother.

In the world of the male, betrayal plays a part, just as in the story of Psyche. As Psyche betrays her sisters, so Theseus betrays Ariadne who helps him find his way out of the labyrinth. How many men, once they have achieved success in the world, have betrayed the supportive and loving wife for another woman? Psyche chooses Eros as the Hercules of the world, the man who claims manhood, and Adonis chooses Aphrodite for the same reason, the goddess who claims womanhood. They try to prove/possess because they are not the thing they need to be.

For the man, it feels certain that the love of a woman will be as deep as the love of the mother who bore him into the world and saved him from the horrible specter of the father he learned to hate. The mother who saved him from those feelings of uncertainty that he squandered away as if they were a poison to be buried. This uncertainty that he buried is the vulnerability to the father, the inadequacy, that allows him to know the love of the Father as well to know the mother's scorn of the Father that may have happened.

Deep inside the bowels of the child self, the child never bought into the scorn of the Father, never bought into the mother's interpretation of the Father's rage, for the child knows the suffering of the Father. In the deep recesses of his memory, he knows there is a true, loving Father who waits for him to find his way home.

The Valkyrie

The Norse Legend of the Valkyrie:

Valkyrie, (which translates *choosers of the slain*), were warrior maidens of Odin (the supreme god of wisdom and war in Norse mythology) who presided over battles. It was their job to choose who were to die in battle and also to choose the souls of the warriors killed in battle to bring back to the halls of Valhalla, Odin's Great Hall. These handpicked warriors would fight with Odin at the end of time. Valkyrie were often depicted in full armor riding on winged horses or riding wolves. They were also associated with the crow. They were considered foster daughters of Odin. The slain warriors are considered foster sons.

The idea that Valkyrie are endowed with capabilities that are not derived from birth is clear from the fact that they are adopted as foster daughters of the Divine. This means that all women who embark on Persephone's quest of enlightenment can be daughters of the Divine. These are the women who have worked through their issues, have worked the work that has allowed them to procure a place in the heart of the Divine.

This procuring of a place is simply the manifesting of the soul self in such a way that the woman returns to the Archetypal parent. These journeyers of the work have succeeded in their homecoming. In turn, they look to lead the courageous men they find in the world who personify and manifest the same capabilities they have discovered in themselves and then whisk these men from the battlefield. They bring men to the awakening they themselves have so recently received.

In this way, women have the power to lead men to a state of grace with the Divine. This aspect of the work has not been discussed for the struggle of the woman to escape from the dark mother can seem to be the greatest struggle. In fact, men are at a far greater risk of never recovering from their fallenness.

When the Libido is Connected to the Heart

It often happens in men's dreams that the Anima comes and softens the damage caused by the lack of the father or the unhealthy relationship with the father and/or mother. The Anima recognizes that testosterone is fueling pathology and can

entangle the best-intentioned man. This is why the man leaves home in the first place – the Prodigal Son. The Prodigal Son is the son that reclaims his past prior to puberty. The boy’s innocence, even before the testicles drop and even in the best of circumstances if it is not already lost, is usually lost at puberty.

Men are inhibited by early puberty hormonal dynamics that render them incapable of feeling sufficiently and which leaves them at odds with the Archetypes. In fact, men do not just compete with the Animus, they often “become” the Animus themselves in the most horrendous, dysfunctional manner. For anyone who would feign to be God is the most lost of all. Spiritual tyranny is in its most destructive form when human beings get lost in the belief that comes from not being truly part of a family, the belief that they can create their own. The most obvious aspect of this is seen in cults whose darkest functions revolve around the sexual appetite of the leader. The fact that the Animus will often sleep with and marry women in their dreams creates a powerful inner magnet toward living this out in the outer world. Women fall prey to this quite easily for they feel the power of attraction to the Animus most strongly but their natures cause them to project this into the world – just like Psyche. Psyche’s perpetual desire for relationship with Eros destroys her capability for an inner life.

A man’s folly is even greater in this for he is driven by much more profound psychological forces that fuel men’s attention through the natural biological imperative. His hormones are easily manipulated by the pathology for they are driven by the most fundamental of needs – the need to plant seed and in this way be a part of the gene pool as well as the need to claim the self through the claiming of a woman. These most fundamental of needs really have no relationship to the higher understanding of the Animus. The Animus’ relationship to humanity is nothing less than the pure breath of love that empowers all living things. The survival of the species may depend on men planting seed, but it is not this power that fuels the Animus’ love. In fact, it is the complete opposite. This fundamental biological need has no relevance in this work.

It is also true that men who are impotent in their functioning may need this testosterone energy. The empowering of this in the deepest spiritual manner is possible in those ways in which a man learns to become himself. This type of work is usually fueled by the Anima who comes to such a man to love and cherish the wounded libido in him. When such woundedness is healed, of course, the man can still go astray. But being connected to the Anima should help give him the opportunity to manifest his libido in a spiritual manner.

This intervention and/or support of the Anima in a man’s life not only empowers the libido that has been damaged by shame or incest, but also supports the power inherent in the man’s heart. The Anima will never support a man in his libido who is not open in his heart. She is not interested in supporting the libido of a man whose damage would awaken an old pathology of excess.

When the libido is connected to the heart, the penis becomes respondent to

love. It may even become erect when a father's feelings of love for his daughter emerge, creating the impression that the man is a pedophile of sexual deviation. The mother layers in shame in this area through the lie that the penis is only a driven one-eyed monster. Because of this shame, the father may remove his love because he sees his own penis as a threat. Many women who had loving fathers have had significant traumas when the father removed himself when the daughter started to develop. The daughter, as a result, feels there is something wrong with her emerging sexuality because the father becomes cold and withdrawn. In reality, he is often only feeling shame, which consequently shames his daughter.

In this case, the Valkyrie/Anima would seek to remedy the man's shame. If it is connected to the heart, she would want to validate his feelings of sensuality. It is important to clarify again that if any possibility of sexual acting out exists in a man, this type of support from the Anima would never occur. The Archetypes only support sensuality when it is grounded in strong fundamental, moral principles that respect the boundaries of others. This is not about following some moral code or rule, but is rather a deep understanding that makes it impossible for a man to confuse his arousal with anything else but a caring, intimate expression of warmth and tenderness for the woman in his life. The libido in this case is not for "fucking." It is an extension of the energy of the heart manifesting through all aspects of the body and vibrating finally through the penis. In this case, the heart is the fundamental energy that excites the body. This is the essence of true sensuality. Sensuality is not the penis exciting the body creating an arousal. This kind of arousal, which is not sensuality, can extend through the heart but is not of the heart.

This distinction may be easier for women than for men but men can achieve this ability of sensuality and in turn can be trusted to serve the Animus without being swept up in the driven nature of testosterone. Through service to the Animus, a man can know his true place in relationship with women and others who trust him as husband, teacher, father, son, student, friend, etc. The Valkyrie/the Feminine knows the heart of such a man and is attracted to him. These are the men the Valkyrie lifts up from the fields of battle, leaving the others to slowly suffer their wounds in the war-torn world.

It may be tragic to leave men in their suffering. The Archetypes will try to awaken them to the ways in which they are bound up with pathology and to the ways they are suffering. The Archetypes cannot rescue them without this awareness. The Valkyrie know this for they themselves have been in both the place of being lost, incapable of rescue and in the place of waking, where they could be rescued.

These stricken men who die in battle and who the Valkyrie attempt to resurrect are stricken because they have lost the capacity to understand their male root. It is not that they have given in to the enemy – it is that they have lost their way and fallen. These men have the potential, if awakened properly, to serve the Father and be empowered once again as true men.

It is much easier to extrapolate Persephone's journey and understand her

future embodiment as a Valkyrie, for women's potential is seemingly unlimited. But since men have appeared to corner the market on empowerment, it is difficult to understand how a true man would in fact be truly empowered. It is easy to say that men with feelings could be some variation of a Valkyrie, but in this day, men are "in touch" with their "so-called" feelings and, although more sensitive and more caring, are still lost, still devoid of any capacity to know the Divine and still distant from the Animus.

The answer is not just for a man to be open to his so-called feelings. These so-called feelings are "so-called" because the feelings men are called to really feel are not known since so-called feelings are initially guided by the changes of the society. Changes predicated by empowered women, who some men do take their lead from.

The man's journey is simply less clear than the woman's journey. Persephone's journey is a journey for all women, but there is no male equivalent in the Greek pantheon. The journey of the hero, as discussed, is simply a journey for men to prove themselves to women. In the end, these men become concubines to Psyche. Eros and these men who fit into Psyche's brokenhearted alternatives are no more the answer for men than anyone Psyche would engage with, because women without the journey cannot know the heart of true men. A woman must tread the path of Persephone to discover who she really is in relationship to herself before she can know a true man. That is why the Valkyrie knows a true man and a lesser woman cannot.

Psyche is a lesser woman who either finds men who would betray her, who she "falls madly in love with," or men she will tolerate who are willing to be slaves to her whims. This is not love for either type of men. These women may say that there are only men who will not commit or nerds who will.

It is hard to say what a true man would be – he would probably not be recognized by Psyche as a man of interest. Persephone, however, would know him just as a Valkyrie would know him. True men are not born; they are created out of the pain and broken places of the world.

Men may discover themselves as true men in the heat of a great battle, whether it be a sports event or a war or some other highly competitive moment. Men might discover their truest selves as fathers and sons coming together in a caring way of recognition. Men may discover themselves with each other, moving past the insecurities that all men feel with one another, reaching down into the souls of each other, beyond homophobic reactions, to a place where they stand penis to penis, chest to chest, eye to eye.

In such a moment, there is no competition, just a recognition of shared suffering and shared love that men can begin to understand when they are no longer looking for solace from women, no longer looking to complain and hide from each other. When they are ready to really face each other and accept each other as men. Men do not accept each other; therefore they do not share their pain. It is part of the lie through the mother that not only is the father a competitor, but so are all men.

Unfortunately, men confuse this meeting of the minds and heart with one

another with an “out on the town” hanging out with each other. These get-togethers are camaraderie based on getting women, fooling women, hating women or competing among themselves.

The Individuated Woman as Valkyrie

The Anima is the true Valkyrie. She can also guide women, empowering those that are already slain of Psyche. These women who know the Animus, who know His love and who know His consciousness that directs them are given the ability to enter the world like the Anima. They help claim the defeated men who have in them the necessary separation from the narcissistic, compulsive drivenness and the possibility for the libido with a heart.

Since most women do not understand the issue of libido with a heart in men, they are unable to be Valkyrie. As non-Valkyrie women, they fall for men who are not resolved because they are not resolved themselves. A woman who is surrendered to the Animus knows that the Animus is pure and has resolved her issues with men.

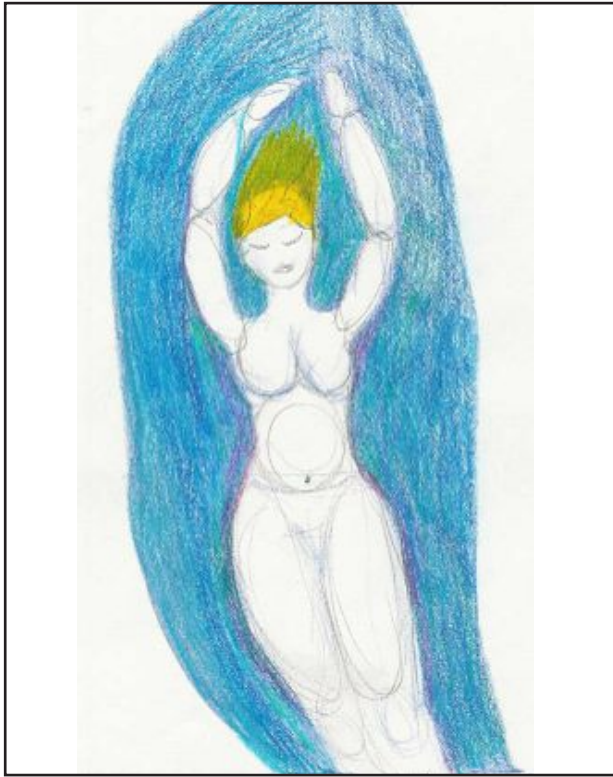
From Betrayal to Passion

Christa Lancaster



Plunging

Christa Lancaster



Dream:

I am eating in a dining hall in a retreat center. I go outside and a man greets me. He shows me a huge fleshy wound in the earth. I wonder if it is bleeding, is it a heart or is it a vagina? It is very raw and fleshy. The flesh is unmistakable. The man goes inside the wound and reemerges. He tells me it is no longer bleeding and it is time for him to close it up. He picks up a shovel and covers it completely with sand and gravel. I am not sure if I can trust him. Does he really know what he is doing? A young teenage girl arrives with her family on a flatbed truck. Her pelvis is inflamed. They walk past the closed-up wound to the ocean. I return to the dining hall to resume eating the meal.

The Animus covers the wound only because the wound has changed. The wound is no longer the wound; it is the inflamed vulva. The woman's passion having come from the wound is no longer the dysfunctional passion of Psyche, mixed with hurt and rage, disloyalty to self and the lover. The wound having been healed through Persephone's descent allows for the true expression of the dreamer.

The wound transforms into the shape of the vulva and the woman is inflamed with the newfound passion. From this place, she enters the water to drown, to breathe the water, to become one with her passion, to become the Valkyrie. She can receive. She can be entered and receive. She can be entered and received and empowered by what she receives. She becomes part of the ouroboros circle with the Animus – he gives and she receives, she can receive and give more, he can give more and she can receive more and she can give more. It is difficult to put this mystery into words. It can only be lived and experienced.

This mystery cannot be accomplished without going through one's core hurts, for all vulnerability comes with a price, the price of the bloody wound of the pomegranate. All things flesh have been wounded. It is the very act of becoming flesh and the life of flesh that is wounding. Manifesting the immortal spirit of the Divine into the world must involve the world of the flesh, the world of the human wound.

All evolution requires pain. All growth requires change. The trick is to let go of all the ways we cope with our fear of receiving more pain and more hurt. The trick is to let go of the past, to be forgiven, to forgive others and in this way become naked and vulnerable and healed. To be able to receive the healing, the love and the pain as all one clear energy, for love is all of these things together.

A woman such as this is capable of seeing the most precious gift men have to offer – the gift of love with the libido. Women who are free to receive this love can recognize this in men. Even though it may be broken and shattered, these women can see the wellspring. A woman such as this is the product of the Anima, is capable of living as Anima and through this is a Valkyrie adopted into the Archetypal family. In this vision, she is capable of defining, discerning and reaching out to the men in her midst who are seeking. Those men who seek the guidance to find the feminine inside through a woman whose understanding goes into the very real truth of her capacity to receive love.

The old woman always complains about not having the love but she is actually not capable of having it. The new woman does not complain about not having it – she only takes what is. And in receiving the love, she can take it and encourage it in others around her. The Valkyrie lives the miracle and avoids those that are fallen and apparently lost, passing them by on the battlefield. It is the Animus who will attempt to find and reclaim these men first. These men would only project some variation of negative female experiences on the Anima and open her up to abuse. The Anima, being the true Valkyrie, passes these men by.

In the myth of Hercules, many of these dynamics are expressed.

Hercules was born of a mortal woman and Zeus. Hera was enraged and jealous. As an infant, she put two snakes in his crib to kill him, but because he was the son of Zeus, he was the strongest man on earth even as a child. He crushed them with his bare hands.

As a young man, Hercules killed the Cithaeronian Lion using his skin as clothes and his gaping jaws as a helmet. After proving himself in battle, he married Megara, a daughter of the King of Thebes, and had several children. Hera, still full of rage, infused Hercules with madness so that he killed his wife and then killed his own children and his brother's children by flinging them into a fire. When he returned to his senses, he went into exile, finally going to serve Eurystheus in Tiryns at the bidding of a priestess.

Eurystheus had Hercules perform a series of labors/quests, many against terrifying animals such as a hydra, impossible for any human to perform. In addition to his labors, he fought in many battles, including with the gods in their war against the Giants. He also broke the chains that held Prometheus and freed Theseus from the chair of forgetfulness in Hades. And he had many children with many different women.

At the end of his labors, he again was infused with madness and killed a son of Eurytos. He served the Queen Omphale of Lydia as a slave for three years to be cured of the illness (with some authors claiming that she had him wear women's clothes and spin).

When he returned to his senses, he set out on a campaign to revenge all the people and peoples who had wronged him during his labors and adventures. During this campaign, he married Deianira in Calydon. They had to go into exile because Hercules killed a youth by mistake out of rage. On the way, a centaur tried to rape his wife. Hercules shot him, but as the centaur was dying, it told Deianira that his blood could be used as a love charm. There came a time when Deianira was afraid that Hercules loved another woman more than she, so she took the centaur's blood, which she had saved, and dyed his clothes with it. When Hercules put the clothes on, the poisonous blood of the dead centaur burned his skin endlessly. He was told by the oracle at Delphi to climb to the top of Mount Oeta and erect a pyre. He was burned on the pyre, but Zeus carried him up to Mt. Olympus and made him immortal. He was reconciled with Hera and given Hebe as his immortal wife.

Hercules' life is an example of male drivenness in which he is blinded by his need to challenge the world around him and his need to procreate. This does not come from a place of obedience to the Divine, but rather from an absolute need to create, regenerate and manifest his essence in the world. The very beingness of male

passion is inherently blind and ignorant when it is undiluted by the devotional relationship with the Animus. Without devotion, the man is easily lost. As Frank Sinatra sang proudly of his life and the lives of men who learned to lift themselves up by the bootstraps:

To think, I did all that,
 and may I say, not in a shy way.
 On no, no, not me.
 I did it my way.
 For what is a man, what has he got?
 If not himself, then he has naught.
 To say the things he truly feels
 And not the words of one who kneels.
 The record show, I took the blows
 And did it my way.

All men fall prey to this. It is not just the money-crazed, Mercedes-driving sex addicts – it is all leaders who, in their crying for peace and justice, are really just fulfilling some self-aggrandizement. There is no way out of this for a man but to bring himself to the Animus and move through the process of Dying to Self, as Persephone's courage has shown the way. Women have a greater capacity for this than men because they are set up to love a man – in heart, in womb and in the soul they are open to the principle of receiving.

Persephone's Rage

Persephone's rage is not the rage of the heart broken by loss, but the rage of passion fueled by love and driven by the painful certainty that Psyche's suffering is unnecessary. Persephone's rage/passion is the Animus' attempt, through zeal itself, to move through the projected lie of the pathology that has made its home deep in the bowels of the repressed pain. To remember again the self that was forgotten would ignite the pain not only of abandonment in that initial moment of loss, but also of the life lost in the intervening years between the initial repression of pain and the finding of it once again.

Persephone's rage is reflected in the myth of Adonis:

Adonis was born from an incestuous affair of Myrrha with her father Cinyras which was brought about by Aphrodite. Aphrodite became angry at Myrrha for neglecting to properly worship her. As punishment, Aphrodite caused Myrrha to be stricken with insatiable lust for her father. In this state, Myrrha went to her father's bed in

disguise when he was drunk in order to sleep with him. When her father discovered the deception, he went to kill her but she was changed into a Myrrh tree. Adonis, however, was born of the union.

Adonis was beautiful. Aphrodite gave him to Persephone to care for and raise in order to hide him from the other gods/goddesses so she could keep him for her own. When Aphrodite demanded the youth later, Persephone was unwilling to give him up. Zeus decreed that Adonis should spend one third of the year by himself, one third with Aphrodite and one third with Persephone. Adonis gladly gave his one third of the year alone to Aphrodite so that he could spend two thirds of the year with her.

Persephone's rage is her love for Adonis and her attempt to wrestle him from Aphrodite. She is circumvented by Zeus, Aphrodite and even Adonis himself who finds little time to commit even the smallest percentage of his time to Persephone. For it is the desire of men to be lost in a woman and her beauty rather than to be lost in the beauty of Persephone and the beauty in him that she sees. It is her rage that encourages Persephone to fight for Adonis and in this way fight for all of us. We are all like Psyche or Adonis (who is the male version of Psyche), seeking beauty in another. Aphrodite and Eros are both illusions that lead a person away from the true self.

Psyche's desire to possess beauty is really just her desire to possess Eros. And her desire to possess Eros is really just a desire to control him. Many people spend years trying to change/control the person they love, believing that they have the love and if the other just does the right thing, then they will be fine. This is Psyche's way – to manipulate love for her own use in order to be fulfilled from the outside rather than being fulfilled from the Divine within.

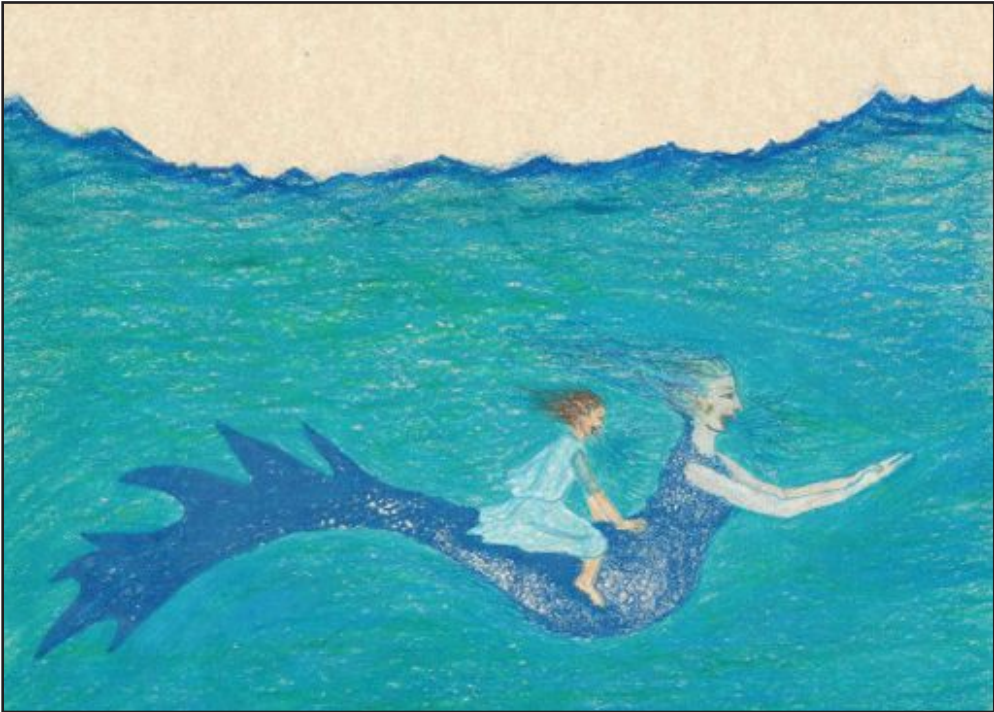
It is impossible to possess the Animus, the true beloved. It is easier to try to change another than to be loved from within and to die to that love. To die to the love of the Beloved, the Animus, whose love is pure, is Persephone's way.

Divine love can only be known through one's own self-acceptance. The loss of pain throws a person into unworthiness and from there a desire to be loved simply as a compensation for the unworthiness. Adonis, like Psyche, seeks the trophy beauty rather than the beauty of himself.

Persephone understands the miracle and fights with all of herself and all of her passion for us – in vain. We look outside the soul at the beauty that can be possessed while the Divine feminine loves us for our own beauty inside. This beauty can only be experienced through an openness to our own initial pain. Of course, Adonis and Psyche take the easier path of putting salve on the wound by virtue of another's beauty, rather than taking the difficult quest of discovering their own beauty.

Riding on the Fish Woman's Back

by Ellen Keene



Dream:

I am with a woman in the blue water. I have my legs wrapped around her body like she is a fish/dolphin and I am riding on her back. She is gliding down into the deep and up onto the surface of the water and back down again. I am holding my breath every time she goes under water and even explain to her later how I cannot breathe under water.

From Ellie:

I have had many dreams where I breathe water, so this dream was disturbing. What is it in me that is completely and utterly resisting my work? I am on the back of the Anima blowing it, willfully holding my breath. In the dream, I feel anxious and afraid descending under water. I react to those feelings by worrying, by being in my “knowing” mind which is air breathing. When I am breathing air, I rely on old patterns of evaluating and measuring: Am I good or bad, how do I compare, how is “it” supposed to look? I am keeping score. All those compensations lock me into the outer world. This is how I jump out of being the girl who is loved and supported by the Divine. I am left feeling isolated on the outside looking in. From that vantage point, I

see the dream itself as proof that I am bad and wrong. Believing that Big Lie is me resisting the work, holding my breath. It is where I live when I do not pay attention and I get lost in the habit of my symptoms and negativity. In the world of air, what matters to me is how I measure up on some external scale. In the watery world, what matters to me is feeling my soul in relationship to the Archetypes.

The Anima, acting as Persephone, is asking the dreamer to breathe the water. Ellie holds her breath, bobbing up and down in the waves. In this way, she is never able to access her own inner beauty and life. The Anima/Persephone is training her to know herself and to experience the inside of her being by breathing the water. This will allow her to feel her essence.

Essence is simply the nature of one's inner life. This nature comes from God and carries with it feelings of beingness and the intangibility of this beingness, simply known as being. It is the life-affirming love with the pulsing breath of existence. In this way, each individual can begin to know the wellspring inside. Essence is like a portal that transforms the fear into a knowing of the inner life. It is as if the inside stands in the world of heaven and the outside stands in the physical plane.

Somehow, we have forgotten the inside. We look to the outside and only see the outside – the world of form. The ego becomes trained in perceiving itself in relationship and in response to the form. “Mirror, Mirror on the wall, who is the ugliest of them all?” or “Mirror, Mirror on the wall, who is the fairest of them all?”

The world will let us know, moment by moment, who we are. We either work to manipulate the outcome or project what we already feel about the self into the world, creating the self-perpetuating prophecy of our belief system that we “see” reflected in the world.

All of us learned from childhood, like Psyche, that the love that we wanted we could not have. But this is the Big Lie. Everyone can have the love by becoming the innocent, vulnerable Persephone who knows love in its simple form – Essence, Sensuality and Grace. Persephone does not confuse love with money, power, fame. She only knows it in the simple truth to which her childlike heart is open. The death experience is the process of turning back the hands of time to become that innocent self, to reclaim the soul, which is the only part capable of being fulfilled by Divine love. Psyche was not given a chance. She was tricked, as we have all be tricked. But we can voluntarily follow our dreams to reclaim the necessary vulnerability in order to be welcomed into the inner world. The inner world which is the true home for Psyche and for all lost, wandering souls who have tired of the battle and are ready for the merciful death that will lead back to the self. The true self worthy of the connection with the Divine.

Setting Out the Bowl

V.

I have tired.

Under the sun

lost to branches,

I watch for you.

Lean to the wooded

song of bird, water,

the smallest detail

will alert me.

When the singing dies

my sleep grows restless.

Karla Van Vliet

WHY THE LIE

The Anger of the Father

Adonis never finds the way home. He falls in love with Aphrodite who does not love him or loves him in a way in which her mother loved her father. Even though his mother may have turned against the father, as women tend to do, the dynamic was felt and internalized by the son as shame about himself since he is male, too. How could he not feel the same shame that his mother directed at the father as directed at him?

In an attempt to accommodate the mother and her view, he may somehow turn the shame against himself sexually. Some men experience this as premature ejaculation or, worse, as the inability to ejaculate at all, impotency. Sometimes the son feels his ejaculation and its joyful release as an act of violence against the mother based on the mother's comments and reactions to the father's desires. Consequently, he unconsciously withholds at the moment of his release, believing that the woman is somehow wounded by the sexual act.

He may not realize how much he hates himself until he is rejected by his wife the way his father was rejected by his mother. Adonis will, at some point, be betrayed by Aphrodite and he will rue the day that he turned Persephone away from him. The Anima's love can only be appreciated by a man who knows that he is worthy of being a man, a knowing which can only come from the father's support. Without this, such a man could become a misogynist and either hate the woman who would love him or want a love that is more incested and needy as was the love from the mother. In either case, he cannot accept the love for himself by Persephone/Anima because he does not see his own value.

When the father senses the mother taking the side of the son over him, he becomes enraged. Being incested himself, he may leave the family, taking the passive way out or, in discovering his mistake, may fight for his children often creating an intensely adversarial relationship with his wife. He may have so much self-hate that he

redirects it out at his wife (who may remind him of his mother) and, in the projection of this self-hate, try to wrestle the children from her.

In Place of Heart

Anders Pytte



Dream:

I am with Sarah and we are coming to a huge school. I speak of my children and Sarah seems to dismiss them. I feel diminished, angry. I leave her and go into the school. The auditorium is so huge it is breathtaking. I have four children in the school and I feel my love for them – or is it pride in them? They are pictured in a plaque on the wall that identifies them as belonging. I feel that sense of worth and belonging – or am I pridefully using them to compensate for my own feeling of worthlessness and isolation?

I am up on a hillside with the children from the school. There is a fence that seems to separate us – most of the children are on the other side. Then I am on a cliff with rock exposed by road construction and enter a little cavern. There is a narrow opening to the land on the other side. It is so narrow only my arm fits and does not reach all the way

through. Something is obstructing the opening on the other end so I cannot see and I try to dislodge it by throwing a stone through. I can barely see out to where the children play.

From Anders:

The pride and vicarious feelings of worth and belonging substitute for relationship with the spiritual Father and with my heart. The natural vitality of the children covers up my inner deadness as I derive a sense of purpose from meeting their needs. My heart is filled with pain so I do not want to feel it. I lack the courage to go through that pain in order to feel my needs and reestablish relationship with the Father so I can benefit from His love and support.

The dark mother sits at the center of this sinister design. I hate her for shaming and controlling and suppressing me, but I like the sensation of the pride I take in the children, in being their father and providing for them. Who needs a father when one can be a father! To help maintain this arrangement I disassociate what I hate from what I like inside myself by projecting the former onto Sarah. She becomes the villain in place of the dark mother.

Since I have invested myself in my children this way, since I feel dead inside and see my children as my soul, I want Sarah to have a relationship with them instead of with me. When Sarah asks for me instead – wants me to feel my heart so we can be in relationship – my mistaken experience is that she comes between me and my soul. Her love threatens the entire arrangement, so I bully her into feeling ashamed or guilty for not loving my children.

I am not really protecting my children, though that may be how things outwardly appear. Rather, I am protecting my pride and my relationship with the dark mother, who persuades me that any movement away from her toward the spiritual Father is a betrayal of my children and thus myself. Meanwhile, I am feeding on my children in a way that prevents them from accepting their own hurts and disappointments and ultimately could separate them from their hearts, so they might end up like me. Obviously, my relationship with Sarah is doomed, and if my projections do not cause me to leave her, she will leave me. In either case, I will start this drama all over again with another woman.

I have been blithely unaware of all this. When Sarah and my therapist initially confronted me, I saw outward symptoms of this inner reality and made some corrections in my behavior. But my isolation continued, and I remained complacent. In the dream, I look out curiously from my place in the rock through a narrow hole to where the children laugh and play. They are infused with the Father's love, but I do not feel a longing to be one of them. I am looking through the hole into my heart, but I seem to prefer to stay safe where I am.

More important than his projections onto his wife, the father unconsciously projects his own attachments to his mother, the insipid, incested, repulsiveness of it, onto his son and in doing so directs his hatred of his mother and his wife onto the son. Seeing his son's sick attachment to the mother reminds him of his own attachment to his own mother. He hates the son for the very thing he himself felt for his own mother. The disgust that is felt here by the father either toward the son or his own projected self-disgust, creates a split in their relationship that strikes at the core of the insecurities that the son tends to feel toward the father anyway.

These insecurities, the inadequacies, are helpful and healing in the process of the son becoming more open to the father's love. In this case, however, there is no love from the father, just disdain. The son's feelings of inadequacy, which are very fragile in nature, can become violent as the father's anger, driven by self-loathing, makes the boy feel that he is nothing. The fragile door of inadequacy ceases to exist, and the son forever hates himself and in turn hates the father. It is in this moment that psychological patricide occurs – in the son's mind, he has killed the father forever. In so doing, he himself is lost from heaven.

Wounds that are not understood from a place of vulnerability and potency become projected into the world as shame. Persephone's pain and vulnerability became a door to the Animus for there was no shame in her being. Shame says, "Your feelings do not matter." The person can become angry, passive-aggressive, judgmental, distrustful, nihilistic, etc. On the other hand, vulnerable innocence leads to hurt and potency. The son needs the inadequacy to be vulnerable and therefore to become potent. The father's anger or the son's mistaken belief of the father's anger creates an absolute barrier against which the vulnerable, insecure boy can never go home as the Prodigal Son.

Many men perceive the Prodigal Son as the hero's return. Fresh from killing the Minotaur, proving himself a man, he comes home to take his place in the kingdom. These initiation mythologies and practices are common in the history of most peoples. However, the son does not kill the Minotaur these days to prove himself to the Father, laying the carcass at the Father's feet, saying, "Father! I give this carcass to you in honor of my commitment to you and the love you show for me." This happens only rarely. More commonly, the son lays the carcass at the feet of the mother saying, "Mother! This proves that I am a man, more than my father! I am now

worthy to be in your bed.” The Prodigal Son today returns home to his mother, his wife, his lover to make claim for his worthiness.

It will not work. He will never get what he needs to be the man that he needs to be. He will fall from grace because he never had it in the first place. Grace can only be received from the true Father. The true mother gives nurturing and provides, with the Father’s love, a profound wisdom and sense of trust in one’s self. Often the Anima will come to the broken son to support him in his brokenness. She will not come to heal him and empower him, for that is the Father’s job. The Anima can help heal the shame from the mother that has corrupted his being. As long as the son can prove to women that he is supreme, the Anima will stay away from him. She cannot support an ego that justifies itself without the Father’s love.

The Prodigal Son is the boy who returns home when he understands the Big Lie and finally understands his need for his father – either his natural father or his Divine Father. It can be both, but ultimately, it is the Divine Father who awaits the son’s return. The son broken to the boy who innocently followed his Father around looking for his approval, looking to know if he is truly adequate, looking to the Father to see if he is okay. This is the son that returns home. He is not the hero for he has slain no Minotaur. The Minotaur is also the Father’s son who waits to support the son upon his return.

The hero’s quest is part of the Big Lie. Adonis claims the prize of a woman that would scorn him later for he believes that she best personifies the hero’s worth. Not the love of a woman who sees the soul of the man as the Anima does, but the love of a woman who asks the question, “What have you done for me lately?” Such a boy will attempt to do the next thing and the next thing and the next thing until he realizes he is a slave to nothing and is beaten down by his own slow-growing awareness that he is not living from the passion of himself. From the boy who would know the Father. Instead he is beaten down from trying to perpetually prove his value on his own through his disconnection from his boy. The boy who never stopped loving and needing the Father.

It is not the case that the Prodigal Son becomes broken in the world and returns, as is told in the story. The Father does not want a broken man/son. Such a man would be too proud and ashamed to come home anyway. The true Prodigal Son does not find a desire for God by reaching bottom. Those who reach bottom and then reach for God find something akin to God, but it is not God. God does not want a broken man knocking at his door at 2 a.m. Such a man is not ready for the Father, for at the first sign of renewal and healing, he will turn away.

The Devouring Father

In the story of Chronos, Rhea and Zeus, Chronos devours his own children. The idea that the father eats his own children is part of the Big Lie of the mother which sets the stage for the father’s anger in the first place. The father does not want

to eat his children, but in the state of disempowerment that comes from the projection of his incested past being seen occurring with his own children and not coming to terms with it, he hates the very thing that he himself is guilty of participating in with his own mother.

In either case his anger proves the mother correct – he ends up fulfilling the prophecy of the mother. The self-fulfilling prophecy is part of the way pathology covers its tracks. It always tries to be correct so that the ego self will feel justified in this course of action. Generally speaking, no one does anything that would intentionally cause harm, of course. We always believe that what we have done was unavoidable and the best that we could have done under the circumstances. This, however, is rubbish, but since most people do not know any better, it can easily play into the darker intentions of the demon in their effort to do the right thing.

To believe in advance the Big Lie of the bad man or the dark mother only serves to perpetuate its existence, which is called plausible deniability. This is when there is enough information that the pathology is right regarding trusting that which needs to be trusted in order for a person to move forward. All the pathology has to do is plant ideas that often go back to what a person heard as a child. The reaction to those ideas helps to create the very scenario that the person is terrified of having occur. This is not just true with others and the reality created in relationship with others, but also in the self of the person. A person often ends up being the very person and living the very life he never in his heart of hearts would have desired for himself. Yet, he finds himself in the exact place he did not want to be.

Those less honest avoid this powerful sense of regret and act as if nothing happened in the first place or blame others for the circumstances. This is understandable for they are trapped and do not see a way out. When trapped, how could it be otherwise that forces and circumstances impinge? Such projections are impossible to unravel by themselves. The person must first find the light within that shines a different perspective. This light is the opening of the consciousness through the child soul self that allows the person to receive life and the self in an entirely different manner.

Until that happens, the fear of the father is real. Chronos does eat his children, so the children must protect themselves from him. This is why most people find themselves with dreams where they are running from things in their psyche that would grant them the very freedom they seek. Very few are running from their demons because most of us are already lost in our demons. We are already devoured – we simply project out onto what would save us the fear of being devoured. This fear comes from the fact of already being devoured. This is the nature of projected fear; to have had something terrible happen, only to believe and feel that it is yet to happen and we must fight against it. Since it has already happened, fighting against the future happening does nothing more than reinforce the pathological devouring that has already occurred. The very redemptive agent that would save us, we believe is going to destroy us.

And in a manner of speaking it will, for it requires us to change who we are. In the neurosis of survival, every person has adapted and created a self in a manner that has to change once the person is liberated, brought back to the soul and is facing the possibility of renewing spiritual development. The fear of the devouring father is ultimately the fear of Divine love. The love of the mother is actually the true devouring love for it controls the very essence of the child's soul and the call to spiritual development.

This is more than just the call to the Father and more than just an issue for men. The pathology does not care about gender. But people care about gender, so pathology can use it. Pathology only cares that the soul never knows the transgender power of Divine love. It is not the father or the mother who is the enemy. The enemy is whatever asserts itself pathologically through a person under control of the pathology, manifesting out into the person's orb. A father could be a dark mother and provide the same lie about the mother to the child, eschewing necessary relationship with the feminine. It is more common, however, because of the relationship between mother and child, that the influence of the mother is more pervasive. The pathology, therefore, finds the corruption of the mother an easier path for creating a split in the gender psyche of the child.

The devouring father is actually a loving father. There is also an aspect of the feminine that represents the true love of a woman for her daughter. In this case, when the daughter becomes more important than the mother, the child can receive the gift from the Father or Animus or any of the myriad of supporters that are available. The true Anima love does not desire to be the only mother. It only desires to help and prepare the soul of the child to be the vessel that can receive the knowledge, wisdom, essence, grace and sensuality that will empower and individuate the person. Only parents who truly find these gifts inside will be able to support that process in their children.

Living vicariously through the success of the child, spiritually or otherwise, and wanting for them what they did not have is the inverse of the jealous mother or father who never wants the child to be more than they. It is the same problem in reverse. Often, the child feels pressure to fulfill some expectation or soul need of the parent, which further distracts from the child's own journey. It is as if all parents unconsciously, because of their lack of fulfillment, serve to work into the pathological attempt to corrupt children's need to be supported for their own effort.

Even in cases where the support may be present, there is no guarantee that the pathology will not find some other way or mechanism to twist the wound of initial separation from the Divine into the multi-varied messages that are spoken inside the psyche of the individual. These pathological messages confuse and corrupt the memory of the life that the child once knew and then did not live.

The Devouring Mother

The Cut Susan Marie Scavo



Dream:

I am with my mother and she has a small circular saw in her hand. I say, “What are you doing with that?”

Switch

I am looking down at my body and see I am naked. The circular saw is between my legs against my pubic area. It turns on and my mother says, “Why did you turn it on?” I am terrified. It turns off. I say, “Oh, I think it is okay, I don’t think it hit skin.” But then I see the blood.

From Susan Marie:

At the end of the dream, I am in total shock when I realize there is

blood and I did not even feel the cutting. Not only did I not even feel the cutting, I am convinced that I did it to myself. I cannot fathom that it could possibly be my mother who turned on the saw, that she could possibly do something like this.

When I was in my thirties, my mother finally told me that she was jealous of me. I felt relieved at her honesty, relieved that it was finally spoken. I did not realize then that the jealousy went all the way back. That it was, in a way, impersonal. I can see now that I was a competitor for her for my father's love. My father really wanted a daughter and after four boys, they finally had me. My mother has told the story that when she brought me home from the hospital, she leaned over the crib the first night and said, "If you don't sleep through the night, I am going to smother you."

In some ways, it was understandable – I was the fifth child in five and a half years. My older brothers ranged from one to five when I was born. She was exhausted.

But it was not that. It was that I was competition for my father in a way my brothers were not.

My parents married when they were nineteen and immediately had five children in five and a half years. Their marriage was difficult from the start – two kids dropping out of college to get married because my mom became pregnant. Two people who had to grow up too fast, who did not have a strong foundation with each other or with themselves, two people who ended up equally betraying each other along the way before finally divorcing when I was thirteen.

They both walked into the marriage with their own versions of the Big Lie solidly in place. They both walked into the marriage lost. The lie worked on both of them from the start. My father doubted whether my oldest brother was actually his child, believing for years that my mother "trapped" him into a marriage, that the marriage forced him to leave college and leave behind his future. My mother believed that she had to give up her dream of becoming a singer/actress because she became a mother. She has told us over and over again, "If it wasn't for you kids, I could have been a star on Broadway."

I do not know what happened to my parents, what happened to my mother, my father before they became my parents. I do know they

were lost, so lost. When I was born, the fifth of five and the only girl, my parents were already deeply estranged. They kept having children because my father really wanted a girl. My father really wanted a girl. Did he not want my mother anymore?

After my father finally left my mother, I worked on keeping a relationship with him. Every time I have visited my father, from the time I was in high school until even now, my mother has felt angry and betrayed. She told me, “After everything your father did to me, how could you even want to see him? Every time you see him, it is like a knife in my back.” She hated that I loved him. She hated that he loved me.

When my mother had a full mastectomy a few years ago because of breast cancer, we had a conversation about how hard it was for her to take in the great outpouring of love for her that happened. Her many friends pitched in and cooked meals, came and took care of her, all her children were by her side. I finally asked her, “You don’t believe any of this do you? You don’t believe that anyone really loves you.” She said, “No, I don’t. I don’t really believe it. I don’t believe it at all.”

I really felt I got to see the girl in her at this moment. The girl who somehow learned that she was unlovable, that she was not enough. That there was something wrong with her. I got to see how she does not see the golden light that is her. That she has wanted to have that golden light be somewhere else.

A few years ago, she said to me, “Why don’t you write plays?” I could feel that it was her trying to give me her light, trying to have me live up to the potential that is in her. Wanting to live through me instead of through her own creative self. She even suggested one time that I bring her dreams to a dream therapy session, pretending they were mine, so she could find out what they meant. Instead of going and having a session herself.

I can feel how my mother could not face into her own creative and vital self, her own gorgeous light, and by not being able to do so, turned it against her children. How she had to have someone to blame for her own inability to step into her own true self. She blamed my father, still blames my father, and she blamed her children. We grew up hearing her say, “If it wasn’t for you children...” and “You children sucked the lifeblood out of me.”

She projected all of her possibility onto us, all of her light. Her main identity became that of being the mother of the five of us, of being the beloved mother.

When I first told my mother, in my mid-twenties that I was beginning to feel that something had happened to me as a child, something sexual, the first thing she said was that it was probably my father. I did not know what to say. Because I have no clear memory of the event, just the feeling memory, it opened the door for a great deal of speculation. I knew it was not my father, but she told me, “There were times when I was downstairs and you were upstairs when I would hear strange noises – I bet that’s when it happened.”

When I started the dreamwork, I was convinced I was the victim of some kind of childhood sexual abuse. But after a year, I had had no dreams, or so we thought, that showed this. I was really relieved to let it go. Relieved to write off all my terror and shame around my own sexuality as part of the process of my separating from the Divine. It took another several years for the dreams to take me back to it. To show me that something did happen. It took a long time for me to be able to receive what happened.

Because what happened was something with my oldest brother. Something probably before I was in second grade, before my self-conscious memory begins. In the house that we lived in until I was seven, my bedroom was in the attic, across the hall from my two oldest brothers. My other two brothers were downstairs, across a landing from my parent’s bedroom.

I do not remember the details, just the feeling. The terror and the absolute conviction that it was my fault. The way that I believe in the dream that I must have turned on the saw. That it must have been me that cut myself. Just like in the dream, it does not enter into my reality that my mother had anything to do with it.

How could my mother have had anything to do with it? After all, what happened with my brother was with my brother. We were two young kids. We were probably just curious about our sexuality, innocent in our curiosity. The feeling I have is that a line was crossed and I did not know to stop it and he did not know that it was not okay to cross it. That I was projecting the Animus onto him, the way I projected the Animus onto all my brothers, making him big and powerful in some

way because of the projection. It is not as if she were there, making it happen. Not as if she wanted something to happen.

My mother told me that she often wondered what happened up in the attic. I wonder why she did not go up to find out. I wonder why a little girl was in the attic with two preteen boys whose hormones were just beginning to flood their bodies. I wonder why my room was in the attic, far away from my parents, instead of in one of the three bedrooms on the second floor that were next to their bedroom.

What was I doing up there? What was my mother unconsciously doing leaving us in the attic by ourselves?

And where was my father? My father reacted to his difficult marriage, to the stress of having many small children at such a young age, by working a great deal, by not being around.

My family was crippled by the dynamics of the Big Lie. My mother blamed my father, my father blamed my mother. My father acted out by leaving, justifying his action through shame, "You are all better off without me." Then feeling betrayed by his children. My mother acted out against her children.

The dream of the circular saw graphically illustrates what happened in my psyche with my mom. How in the dynamic of our relationship, unconsciously and sometime consciously, she cut me at the very place that I receive, at the heart of the feminine. Trying to cut off all possibility for me to feel anything sensual.

My mother has spent her life trying to find love in the outer world, feeling she needed to manipulate to get that love. Living the life of Psyche. First with my father and other men and then with her children. The terrible seed that was planted in the place of her separation from her true self, her relationship with the Divine, with me was that of competition, jealousy. She did not want me to receive the love she did not have. A seed that has grown to sprout rage and resentment and deep sadness in her. Every risk I have taken in my life has been met with her rage and disdain.

I learned not to have needs, or if I did, to try to hide them, manipulating to get those needs met. I grew up chasing after the love in the outer world, just the way my mother chased the love. I learned

well how to be Psyche, eagerly embracing the search for love in the world rather than feeling the deep grief, the deep bereftness. Rather than feeling the deep fear of facing into the Divine. I became utterly lost to my true self in the same way my mother was lost to her true self. My complicity in what happened with my brother was probably me chasing after the love with him, a little girl innocently offering myself to him in desperation to receive love, projecting the Divine onto him.

When I entered my marriage, I was as lost as my mother was when she entered her marriage. Utterly bereft of my true self, utterly bereft of the love from the Divine. I did what my mother did – I worked to create a fairy tale out of the marriage. I projected the Divine onto my husband instead of allowing him to be his human self. And when I became a mother myself, I worked to create a fairy tale around motherhood as well. I did exactly what my mother did, just in a different way.

I grew up believing the lie that you could not have a life if you had children. I felt I had to make a choice between myself and any child I would have – so I choose to not have children for a long time. I did not want to have a child who was needy needing me. It seemed that it would have meant giving up my soul. And I was afraid that I would only hurt a child that was under my care.

My soul was already lost, but I did not know it.

When I had a daughter, Samantha, I swore that I would not give up my life to have her. I also swore that I would love her in a way that my mother could not love me. I was going to do it differently.

But I have not done it differently. I have done only a different version of the Big Lie. I have projected my brilliant white light, my luminous child self onto my daughter. Wanting her to have everything I did not have, wanting her to have the best, wanting her to feel she is loved.

When she was born, I immediately became the mother bear in a horrible way, not wanting her to be very far away from me. I felt that when she slept, she needed to be touching me in order to feel safe. I hovered over her. I had many, many moments where I did not trust my husband with her. Instead of threatening to smother her with a pillow, I was smothering her with my “love.”

The dreams have worked to correct this in me. But when I do not know my true self, when I am not being the girl, not receiving His love, His specific love for me, I then project my child self onto my daughter.

I have projected the abandoned girl, the scared girl, the lost girl. I have wanted to protect her from everything, everyone. I have wanted to protect her from her own feelings, her own experience, including her feelings around the falling apart of my marriage. I have wanted to blame my husband for her pain around the breakup of our marriage. All projections.

The seed that was planted in the separation from the Divine in my mother manifested as rage, jealousy, control, manipulation, meanness. The seed that was planted in my father manifested as withdrawal, rage, silence, shame. The seed that was planted in my separation has been a combination of what I learned and inherited – I have hidden my feelings, hidden who I am. I have manipulated my husband, not telling him my true feelings, my true needs. I have betrayed friends out of my fear of intimacy. I have abandoned people I loved and who loved me, the way I abandoned my true self.

I have hidden behind the shield of victim – just as my mother and father both have hidden behind the shield of victim. I have used the shield of victim of abuse, victim of my mother, victim of my father, victim of my brother. I have used my childhood experiences as an excuse to not feel, as an excuse to stay hidden, as an excuse to not face into taking responsibility for my own failings, as an excuse to not accept myself, as an excuse to not enter into my relationship with the Divine. As an excuse to say no to God. Even when I was no longer frozen.

I have given myself away by diminishing and hiding my own needs, making the other's needs more important. Making the needs of my mother, my father, my brothers, my husband, my friends, the stranger walking down the street more important. Manipulating all the time to get my needs met.

With my daughter, I have made her needs more important than mine as well. I have done the same dance of manipulation I have always done. Doing what many mothers who are surrendered to the Big Lie do – try to live my light through her.

Delivery

Susan Marie Scavo



Dream:

I am very small and in a bar with three of my brothers. A large man comes and says it is time to go home, that he will drive me. I leave with him, leaving my brothers behind. They do not notice. In the car, he tells me that he has an errand to run before taking me home and that it is a little out of the way. I say, okay. I feel complete trust and have no worries about where we are going or why. We drive for a long time through city streets that look vaguely familiar. Finally, he stops at a small apartment building, like the apartment building my parents lived in when I was born, gets out and goes into the building. I stay in the car, waiting for him.

I am just waiting, not thinking of anything, not wondering where he is or what is happening. All I need to do is wait for him. It is a very quiet feeling. Then, a brilliant white light shoots out of the building and comes toward me. As it gets closer, I see there is a shape to it. When it stops in front of me, I see that it is a white dove. I am filled

with awe. All of the rest of the dream falls away – it is just me and the white dove hovering in front of me, both of us surrounded by white light. Then the dove gives me something – I look down and it is a perfect infant girl, bathed in the light, looking directly at me.

From Susan Marie:

I can feel a protectiveness around my mother that is part of the girl who still wants her mother to love her, who still cannot believe that her mother would take a saw to her. When I protect my mother, I am really just protecting myself from feeling and knowing what I know. But, when I let go of my mother, when I let go of needing my mother to be any other way than she is, to feel any other way than she feels, when I let go of my brothers, when I let go of needing to be something to others, what I can receive is my child self. My child self that comes from the Divine, that does not come from any mother. The child self that is not encrusted with the wounds and betrayals of generations of RNA code inherited from the matriarchal line.

The child self that comes from the Divine is simply the child, my child. I am the child who only wants the love, only wants to be with the Divine. Only wants to wait in the car for Him, only wants to be taken home to my true father, my true mother.

When I am this child self, I only want the same thing for my mother, for my father, for my brothers. I only want them to know themselves, to know their own, beautiful, true child soul selves.

It is when I am this child that I can feel the full force of the pain of how my family was crippled by the setup of the Big Lie. How the seed of rage grew in my mother toward my father. How the seed of rage grew in my father toward my mother. How that rage was planted and acted out on all of their children.

I can feel the full force of how this rage was acted out on me. I can receive the horrifying image of the saw slicing into my vagina, cutting off all of my feeling. Cutting off the possibility of receiving the Divine. I can receive the reality that I accepted the cutting, that I even accepted the lie that I cut myself. I can even receive that after a while, I readily took over the cutting of myself.

When I am my true child self, receiving the Big Love instead of the Big Lie, when I am receiving the Divine love, then I am stepping away

from being Psyche chasing after love in the world, then I am stepping away from being Demeter. I am stepping into my particular version of Persephone's journey moving to being united with the Divine.

When I am my true child self, then I can step into loving my daughter without projecting my light onto her. I can love her for her light, I can love her and support her in all of her experiences. Not making her bigger or less than me, but honoring her in her journey to find the Divine love in her.

When I was pregnant, I had the feeling that the child in me did not really belong to me. That I was being given the opportunity to cherish and witness this glorious being as she moved into and through her life. I am returning to that feeling, knowing that she is her own light and it is only my job to love her as her.

The only way I can do this is by being the girl myself. By being the girl delivered by the dove, the spirit, the one directly from the Divine. By being the girl, I can step into my creative, sensual life with Him. And I can be an example of that for my daughter as she finds her way to her creative, sensual life with Him, however that looks for her.

When I am the girl delivered of the spirit, the dove, then I am home, then the wound of the cutting done first by my mother, as it was probably done to her, and then by my own hand, can be healed.

There are two versions of the story of Chronos. One is the better known story of the father who devours his children. The other, lesser known, is that Chronos was not a tyrant who devoured his children, but that he ruled over a golden age.

Why does the mother accuse the father of such a heinous crime? Because it is her crime. It is her unconscious desire to kill her children, a desire that comes from her ownership of them.

On Children

Kahlil Gibran

Your children are not your children.
 They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.
 They come through you but not from you,
 And though they are with you yet they belong not to you.
 You may give them your love but not your thoughts,
 For they have their own thoughts.

You may house their bodies but not their souls,
 For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow,
 which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.
 You may strive to be like them,
 but seek not to make them like you.
 For life goes not backward nor carries with yesterday.
 You are the bows from which your children
 as living arrows are sent forth.
 The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite,
 and He bends you with His might
 that His arrows may go swift and far.
 Let our bending in the archer's hand be for gladness;
 For even as He loves the arrow that flies,
 so He loves also the bow that is stable.

Because children come from her being, the mother projects her soul child self onto her children and therefore, in a moment of enigmatic tragedy, she births herself and loses herself, often forever. Whatever potential she had for herself as a virginal bride becomes lost in motherhood and she forgets the virgin inside of herself.

Pregnant women often become angry at their husbands even as they are giving birth. This rage is really the loss of innocence and the pain of the final nail in the coffin of putting Persephone's journey suddenly out of reach. For the mother cannot be Persephone. She is Demeter, watching her daughter, claiming the prize and unable to let go of her. She condemns the daughter's actions by condemning the male who would love her. She condemns her husband for loving the daughter and she condemns the daughter for receiving the love. Deep in the bowels of her own soul, she has been betrayed. From this betrayal, she is not the one but she still yearns to be the one. For the Demeter mother, if motherhood is the price to be paid, then it must account for something – power, prestige, love – something.

None of these things are real, of course, for the only love that is real is the love given to one's self. The pain of watching the daughter receive the love is often too much. Jealousy and competition seep in. The mother cannot let go of the daughter or she lives vicariously through the daughter or she hates the daughter or she may even attempt to sicken and/or kill the daughter. The extreme of this last example is Munchausen Syndrome by Proxy in which a mother will poison or kill the child in order to gain attention for herself. Examples of this may seem to most to be an anomaly, but symbolically it is inherent in the suffering of many women and how they quietly grieve their own losses, watching their daughters attempt to live the life they gave them.

In fact, the mother has lost nothing. The child self still awaits inside of her. A woman can have a child and still be the beloved, she can have a child and still be her child self, she can have a child and still be a lover. Perhaps it is easier to project that

child self onto the child rather than claim it for herself. Perhaps she never knew the potential within, but when she sees the love of her child, she begins to remember the love she herself is worthy of.

In this complexity of emotions and projections, it is to be remembered that the mother is always the little girl waiting to be found, waiting to be loved and carried and prized. Waiting to grow in the bosom of the Divine love. If only she would remember and travel in Persephone's footsteps. This deep and urgent unrecognized need becomes the fabric of evil that is woven around a woman's heart, often without her even knowing it. It creeps inside her in the middle of the night, when she least expects it. She forgets herself, forgets her need, lives for her child. She forgets herself, forgets her husband, lives for her child. She forgets herself, forgets her child, forgets, forgets, forgets.

But the pathology is "good." It lavishes great things onto the mother, encouraging the soul to forget its loss. Psyche's lament is that she got to be the goddess. She lost her soul, but she became the goddess. It seems like a good trade-off, for there is power and wisdom in the hierarchy of the matriarchy. The daughter, on the other hand, is weak, powerless and vulnerable. In this setup, one would rather control the daughter than be the daughter for it seems to be the better position.

The child, however, does not want to be the mother, does not want wisdom, does not want power, does not want control, does not want responsibility. The child wants the Divine, wants love, wants the Father. The child wants to be cherished and lifted up. The child wants to ride the white stallion, to join with the Divine.

The hurt and rage inherent in this split in the woman who is both child and mother, the mother lost from herself who projects her own beauty onto her children, is one of the most painful experiences and terrible splits in the human psyche. So great is this tragedy that great harm is unconsciously done to both mother and child if the set of circumstances is not corrected. If the mother can only find her soul once again, if she can only let the child be the child and let herself be the child, too, she could navigate through this complicated projection.

A woman's desire to give birth to a child seems powerful and poignant, but the truth is that the desire to be with the Divine and to be the child being birthed in the psyche is also a powerful need. Unfortunately, this need comes later in life, if at all.

The biological imperative sees to it that bearing children is a woman's first need. Her goal is to be married, mated and with child because that is her sense of her womanness. It is not the sense of womanness of a Valkyrie. Whether or not a woman is aware of this, she carries the seeds of her own pain for the true nature of her soul cries out for liberation. Ignoring it does nothing but create depression, suffering and the unconscious acting out onto the child.

In Susan Marie's dream, the violence reaches a crescendo as the mother takes an electrical saw to her daughter's vagina. Postpartum depression is exactly this repressed rage. It is as if the children have kept the mother from the fulfillment of her own need. The mother who finds the love becomes the best mother. The mother who

does not find the love is a threat and a danger to her children.

The mother who does not find the love cannot truly love her child for she has no love to give. She hopes others will love her child, but she secretly hopes for that love herself. She becomes jealous and hurt and resentful, for the happiness her child receives pricks her soul and reminds her of her own state of being bereft of the love. How can she revel in her child's success when she herself is lost from the love?

This blind spot allows pathology tremendous range to commit a great deal of emotional damage without the mother's awareness. Therefore, the dark mother that feeds on the corpse of the soul's separation piles one betrayal after another onto the poor woman who brings life into the world.

It is not the father that devours the children. It is the mother. It is the greatest horror and an unintentional fact of life, for she could not live with herself, could not live with the sin of it, if she knew what was happening. Because of this, someone else must be blamed. The weight of this tragedy becomes the judgment upon the male.

This is the Big Lie.

It is only when the heart is broken, like the pomegranate, revealing the tears of pain that this truth is revealed and the innocence of this need is accepted. Until that moment, the lie must go on. For the results of this denial are so great that it cannot be faced. The mother could never see the damage she does to her children, for it is her very essence of belief that she loves her children and would never do harm.

Only when she herself becomes the object of love can she be able to see the damage she may have caused and accept the horror of her actions. Buoyed by the love and the forgiveness, she is allowed to be human and young. Buoyed by the love, she is allowed to make mistakes. She is just a child who grew up too fast, like everyone else.

Into My Hands

Susan Marie Scavo



Dream:

I am returning from some event and enter the house of an older couple instead of entering my brother's house. I know that it is time to do something and I have a feeling that it is suicide. I go to a small plain bedroom, get under the covers, lie on my side and wait. I know it is time. I put my feet together and my hands together, then hear two loud pops under the covers. I can feel that my feet and my hands have been shot through with something. I think, "Thank God, it is finally done." I wait, wondering if I will bleed to death, not really able to move. I feel in a different place entirely, like the room has faded away even though it is still there.

Then, two women enter the room. I am scared of them, afraid they want to give me a blood transfusion and I do not want them to do that. They pull back the covers and I am surprised that there is little or no blood. One woman lies down facing me but does not touch me. The other leans over, moves my arm and writes a symbol on my left breast, just above the spot where a pre-cancerous tumor was removed several years ago, just above my heart. I am afraid she is marking me for some kind of medical procedure. I am too weak to move.

From Susan Marie:

I woke up knowing that this was a stigmata dream. Even before the dream, I knew something was happening, knew He was doing something inside of me. I felt like I was waiting. Felt that once I could pull back the projection of the pain, once the pain was just what it is, that something would happen.

After this dream, the grief and the sadness moved into fear. The kind of fear that enters my body with sensual electricity. It has been entering me all week, filling me up even when I am working at my software job, even when I am walking my daughter to school.

In the dream, I am so glad it is done. I am so glad it is done.

Marc and I spoke of the stigmata as a way of stepping deeper into His consciousness.

My fear of the women in the dream shows how I still have residual trauma. That there is still in me the knee jerk reaction that something terrible is going to happen. The two Anima figures have come to be with me, have come to help me to accept this gift of the dream, to accept the wounds. I still have the knee jerk reaction that something bad is about to happen and project onto them that they want to harm me. The women are there to help me accept the gift. When the one woman writes a symbol on me, the residual trauma tells me that she is going to do something terrible, some experiment, she is going to cut me. I see the symbol as a door as if there is something to go through, as if there is some big awful thing on the other side.

The symbol she wrote on me was not a door. When I showed the symbol to Marc, he saw immediately that it was the Jewish Chai symbol – the symbol of peace, of God’s love. And she placed it directly on the place where I had had a tumor, directly on a wound, a wound over my heart. She was giving me God’s love, giving it specifically to me and specifically on the place of my wound. She was showing me that my wound is done, that it is healed. That it is time to accept the gift of His wounds. With the gift of His wounds, comes the ever deepening gift of His love.

In my knee jerk, I was even scared that there was no blood. Why was I not bleeding? I asked Marc. He said because He already shed His blood. Because receiving the stigmata is not about shedding blood, but about receiving. It is about Dying to Him, Dying to God.

By falling into the deep well of my trauma, falling through my experiences, falling past them, falling past any connection of the pain to anything in the world, by falling all the way down, I fall through. From the wound of my separation, the wound of my trauma to receiving His wounds. I fall into receiving His love.

I am learning to receive His love, learning to receive the healing of my wounds, learning to receive Him, His consciousness, learning to be the monk in the world that I am. Learning to wake up in the morning not under the shadow of pathology's darkness, but held in His love. Waking up as the woman of God that I am.

Waking up to the familiarity of this feeling, waking up to the remembering of it. My body is remembering. I am remembering.

I am remembering because it is time to remember. I am remembering His love and His passion. I am remembering my grief and my love and my passion. I feel I am just now beginning.

Untethered

Susan Marie Scavo



Dream:

I am at a house with others who are gathering, some couples. I feel extremely ill so I run into the house, into the bathroom and throw up with great violence. I know that there is no one there who is there to help me with this and, strangely, I feel relieved. I feel untethered.

Switch

I am living in an attic of a house when some men arrive. They claim they are there to do renovations. I wonder if I will be able to live there while they do it. They are good-natured, joking a bit and do not really say. They are gutting the place, taking it down to bare bones, then they talk about taking off the roof. I realize I cannot stay there, so I leave. As I leave, the three men lean out the window and croon a song to me.

Switch

I am walking down a beach and I can feel how right it is that I left the house. The beach is edged with an ancient forest, the trees higher than redwoods. They are gorgeous. Some are dead and some are still alive. One is sitting out in the water on its own little island with a great deal of the roots exposed. Some have little plaques with information about the specific tree. I notice that the handwriting is my handwriting. Then the forest ends and there is a big open beach. On the beach, a man is playing in the shallows of the water, running really fast, then throwing himself onto his back and gliding on the water. Sometimes he glides on his feet. I want to do that, too. When he turns, I notice that he has a penis growing out of the back of his neck.

From Susan Marie:

When I woke from this dream, the words untethered and unfettered were bouncing around in me. I also woke feeling completely emptied out, completely exhausted. Purged. As if I had spent the night actually throwing up.

I am remembering Him, remembering my relationship with Him, the feeling of being in relationship with Him. The more I remember Him, the more I receive Him, receive myself with Him, the more I feel as if I have walked through a threshold, one that I cannot go back through anymore. And the more I receive, the more He can help me to purge out what is not of me, what is not the true me.

I have spent a great deal of energy looking to the outside world to anchor me. Frantic energy. I have looked to my mother, my father, my brothers, my friends, my lovers, my husband, even my daughter. I have looked to my writing, my work, my independence. And I have looked to my stories to anchor me - to tell me who I am in relationship to the world. I have used all of this, especially my stories, to shape who I am.

Because when I am unanchored in my connection with my self, unanchored from the Divine, I am desperate to sink an anchor somewhere else. When I am unanchored from God and I look elsewhere to be anchored, I anchor in pathology. I become tethered to pathology out of my desperation.

I remember my connection with God as a child. It was terrifying. I could not contain it. I do not remember the moment of losing the connection, but I do remember suddenly realizing I was alone for the first time. That the presence I had felt was gone. I remember that this was even more terrifying. In the vacuum, I turned to the world, turned to my mother, turned to my brother, turned to the construct and gyroscope of the lie and allowed pathology to become anchored in me. In the vacuum, I turned to pathology. I allowed the pathological dark mother to lead me through my life, tethered on a leash.

I have been tethered to pathology and I have desperately clung to that tether.

In the dream, this is being purged out of me. The tether to pathology makes me sick now. I feel relieved that it comes out of my body, relieved to feel what it feels like to be untethered and unfettered.

I am remembering Him and when I do, then my anchor is inside with Him. When I remember Him, nothing else matters, not even the stories. I do not need them.

When I am untethered and unfettered, when the anchor pathology has in me is purged out, I am just me. A woman of God in all my quirksiness, all my messiness, all my fierceness, all my passion, all my grief. I can return to the ancient forest in the dream where I have been before, a place I vaguely remember. I can find the notes I wrote trying to explain everything. I can find my way back to Him.

He is reclaiming me and I am reclaiming Him.

Setting Out the Bowl

VI.

What comes from winter's dreaming
leaves its interpretation like tea in a saucer.

Here, a ladder rises toward dark sky,
here, love falls like a leaf toward water.

Karla Van Vliet

THE SUFFERING OF THE DAUGHTER

In contrast to the son, the daughter often looks to the father as her first boyfriend or lover, for her instincts as a little girl are powerfully connected to the instincts of a woman, at least for a time. This period of time is called polymorphous perverse. It is the developmental age of innocence in which a child (either male or female) knows most purely the gender self and the feelings associated with it. The girl's vulnerability and the healthy attraction to her father sow the seeds of her later relationships with men. Most often, she is disappointed, which follows her through her life and creates distrust with men.

Beneath the Wave, I Fall into Your Arms

Christa Lancaster



The father can react in various ways: he loves the daughter back in a way that is frightening because of his own need that looks to her to replace his failed relationship with his wife; he becomes threatened by her intoxicating infatuation/invitation; he becomes threatened by her alignment with her mother. The alignment with the mother picks up on his own guilt and devalued sense of male impropriety, for he has hated the father, just as he becomes the hated father now. No matter how he reacts, he turns on the daughter by pulling away in a failed attempt to protect her from his own feelings.

The daughter interprets the pulling back as a rejection. She misunderstands the father's fear and confusion, his shame, in the belief that he finds her lacking in some way when, in fact, it is her own beauty that creates the tension he feels.

Now she, too, carries the sin of hate against Chronos, and she begins to fall into the dark mother's lair, having learned it is not safe to be just herself. In this way, she gives herself to men. To the degree that she does this, she will betray the man that might love her or set up a similar dynamic that she had with her father to be betrayed once more. The bottom line is that she never meets the true innocence, the door that opens.

The daughter does not realize that her father finds her attractive. She believes he finds her repulsive or, worse, that he is lusting after her. Somehow, his reaction to her womanly development becomes part of the material that later is used to fuel a hatred of men. She may react by aligning with her mother's bitterness, if the mother is struggling with the father. She may react by aligning with men's desire and lust for her and therefore use her sexuality accordingly. From here, since she equates sexuality and beauty with the barter of gender relationship – that is, her worth is related to her vagina – once the biological imperative has been accomplished and her focus is on her offspring, she is an easy victim to the hormones that give her new meaning, a failed sense of belonging. She is no longer a sex object, for she is now a mother. Her job is to love the child or children.

Her insecurity of not being loved in the first place by her father may drive her to either reject her child and seek relationships with men who are not her husband, or to use her children to completely indulge her need for love by engaging in a kind of countertransference with her child. In this case, she is in danger of becoming a narcissistic mother whose desire for meaning is reflected in the mirror of her child's desire to be loved by her. In either case, she enters motherhood in the same way she entered the dating game, bereft of personal meaning and spiritual love.

This makes her easy fodder for the Big Lie, to be easily taken over by the dark mother and in this way perpetuate the wounding of her children. There are two great wounds possible – one with the son and one with the daughter. The greatest of these wounds is the daughter wound in which the mother becomes jealous of the daughter's attraction and relationship to the father and punishes her for all the un-lived life that she herself never experienced. The daughter feels she is wrong having her life and either becomes a caretaker of the mother, crippling her capacity for intimacy, or she

rails against her mother, becoming bitter, independent and deprived of the nurturing. She will even reject nurturing as irrelevant. Daughters who rail against the mother become officious and cold, often dominating male relationships.

On the other hand, if the daughter supports her mother at her own loss, she may marry self-destructively by choosing men who will reflect a similar betrayal that she had with her mother. In so doing, men are wrong once again, and she will never suspect that her mother had anything to do with it. It is amazing how many women protect their mothers from the reality of the mother's most vile abuses.

In this way, the daughter puts her mother on a pedestal and believes that everything her mother says is wise and true. It is as if the most irrelevant and superficial know-it-all suddenly has the wings of an angel and the voice of a saint. If the daughter was not a slave to the mother's psyche, she would be able to see her mother clearly, the way Persephone views her mother Demeter, as a quacking duck.

The Quacking Duck

Ellen Urman



It often happens that such a woman becomes identified with her mother and then she too becomes a quacking duck, believing that her words taken from her mother's bosom are as wonderful and as important as her mother's. After all, if the mother is so wonderful, then she must be wonderful too since she is like her. Such women are completely unaware of how absurd they may truly appear.

The most costly of the abuses from the mother is when a mother supports the son's or the father's sexual advances towards the daughter. It is as if she is punishing the daughter on a primal level for the wound that she carries as a woman. If the mother no longer feels innocent, then she sees to it that the daughter will not

be innocent either. The rage against men takes a new form in which she allows the daughter to become a victim, further substantiating that “men are pigs.” Worse than the father or the son who does the abusing is the mother who places the noose around the daughter’s neck in the gallows hall. “Heav’n has no rage like love to hatred turn’d/ Nor Hell a fury, like a woman scorn’d” (William Congreve) is an apt description of a mother acting out in this way.

When the Mother is More Important than the Daughter

A daughter in this position often feels that the mother is more important than she is because the mother made certain that the daughter feels it. The mother may subtly communicate to the daughter that she cannot have any more of a life than what she had and that the daughter must limit herself, must limit her dreams, must limit her passions, must limit her goals to be nothing greater than what the mother achieved. Such a daughter has learned to limit herself by the shame of the mother.

Shame gives the daughter the power to exercise control. If she knows she has shame, then she can strategize and control – she believes she can change things by her own effort. Beyond the shame is the place of fear where there is no control. It is “better” to have shame which can be strategized and controlled, than fear which is out of control.

If the mother is more important than the daughter, the daughter’s strategy is to simply exercise the control of mediocrity, the control of accommodation, the control of acceptance, the control of accountability. If the daughter is more important than the mother, then she has nothing to control. She is simply facing into the wind, facing into the love.

To confront this shame with the mother is to enter uncharted territory where the soul would have naturally gone as a child had she developed in a nurturing environment. In adulthood, after many years, this natural growth becomes stunted. Our greatest capacity for change and advancement is when we are little. To face new changes as an adult requires facing fear about losing everything that has been built up. This process of building up a self, as dysfunctional as it may be, is all that is known to the daughter. Opening up to what is real in an Archetypal sense is frightening.

Facing into the love and all the feelings that come with it can become overwhelming – there is too much love, things are too good, too much sensuality, too much aliveness, too much passion. It is overwhelming, too much for the daughter because she has never known herself in this way. Anything beyond the point of self-knowledge becomes too much self-knowledge. Anything beyond the point of self-knowledge is the point where the daughter faces into new things, her new self, new feelings.

The capacity to face into the fear and receive all of these things requires an ability to receive. This capacity to receive is the vessel, that which holds or contains the new life, the seed of the burgeoning self and all the associated feelings. If the

mother did not nourish the child and the mother is more important, then there is no vessel in the daughter. The daughter is unable to receive anything and in this place is forever driven by compulsive emotions fed by the wound of the vacant emptiness of the unsupported self.

Persephone's effort is to empower the self to greater vulnerability, which is the way the child is capable of receiving, for the child self is the vessel. All children have the capacity to receive, just as they have the innate ability to suckle at the mother's breast, hungrily, thirstily. In the same way, the child would suckle from the mother's heart. But if there is nothing given to the child from the mother's heart and the overriding threat is that the child must change in order to receive support, then the child is forced to accommodate to receive any nurturing at all. The daughter intuitively knows that she cannot leave the mother for it would mean that she would face death. So, she gives the self up for the sake of the continuing relationship with the mother. In this case, when the mother feels more important than the child, it is the mother suckling from the child's heart, the mother suckling from the very marrow of the child, draining her of her own life, of her own intuitively driven direction.

When the daughter faces into the feelings of aliveness as an adult, she is faced with the fear of the vacuum of the self that never lived and faced with the self that was created in order to survive. This can create an energy that can thwart a woman's efforts at reclaiming the child self that once was innocently craving its destiny.

The true vessel is the vessel of self-acceptance. To accept the love, the passion, the aliveness, the joy, the daughter must first be something. She must accept who she is in order to accept the feelings of what she feels. The lack of self-acceptance results in the inability to be the vessel in which to hold any of it. Learning to become the vessel is the job of being Persephone. In this way, she can contain the love, hold the love, let the love seep into her bones. It is the love that is the killer of the old self, the old habits, the old beliefs. And this is very frightening.

This return to love, to feeling, requires feeling the pain of abandonment and separation from a time when the daughter knew God's love. She fears returning to this love. Because of the love that is lost, she associates it with abandonment and the pain of abandonment. When this pain is avoided, it leads to the fear of loss, which has actually already occurred. The shame can then be overlaid, giving the daughter control by allowing her to believe that she can get better by her own effort.

This is how women become agents of the dark mother in the Big Lie. For no woman is the dark mother – she becomes one by being a victim, then returns to the RNA link from generation to generation. The seed of the wound through the mother from daughter to daughter is carried to fruition, allowing the pathology to project and do its damage to the male principle and to the absolute corruption of the Divine nature of the feminine principle.

It is the innocence that the Anima and the Animus protect, the same innocence that allows them to fully connect in the way that makes them androgynous or hermaphroditic. For the Anima and the Animus are incapable of holding anything

back. They can only allow their beauty and their inescapable vulnerability to merge with one another. Human beings, on the other hand, cannot merge in this way with others or with the Divine until they have completely accepted and allowed themselves to be accepted in the place of absolute vulnerability. This place is absolute zero. Or simply absolute. Or simply absolution.

Or simply the solution of the problem of the Big Lie.

From this vantage point, it is obvious that the Big Lie can only exist if people are kept from their child soul selves. The vulnerability of childhood that becomes the whetstone for adulthood and spiritual growth sees through all the lies as just mean-spirited isolation. Unlike people who take on sins by believing they are wrong in the face of that meanness, unlike people who lose themselves in this way, the child self never wavers. The child self is both the little boy and the little girl. They know the love of the Divine and even in the face of trauma, even in the face of severe damage to their own being through interaction with the world, they remain undeterred in their understanding of the crime that was committed upon them. They wait for generations for the moment when they will be called back into the world to lay claim to what will become the foundation of the human experience.

The Tender Heart – The Valkyrie

It is often thought that vulnerability, the tender heart, is fragile, can easily be broken and therefore cannot live in the world of “men and machines.” This is true of childhood beyond the tender heart to the degree the child is traumatized and typically wounded and cannot survive the rigors of childhood as a child resplendent in her vulnerable, open-to-the-Divine self. The great fear is that if this vulnerability is discovered, the person will be crushed once more. Why would the Divine cull a person out, cull her back to this child place to be crushed once more? Of course, it is necessary to revisit the vulnerability and the wounds in order to make the connection, but it is doubtful the Divine will leave the person as she was found. The child’s vulnerability is the vulnerability of a child who is incapable of facing into the world. Instead, the person is reawakened to this child state in order to finish the job – to become the child whose vulnerability can be potent and powerful.

Potency and vulnerability are not often equated as the same thing, for it is rare to find this combination in a human being. This powerful aspect can be seen in bears who are often intensely protective of their cubs; their vulnerability with their cubs can turn to protective violence if anyone gets within range of their acute nostrils.

Typically, potency and power, rather than potency and vulnerability, are created as part of the denial or protection of the deep wound. Potency is rarely with vulnerability, but in the finished product, vulnerability and potency are really the same. The journey of the female, the little girl, starts with her breaking away from her mother. In the Big Lie, when the mother is no longer the girl herself, her potency is vicious and never-ending. Maybe the dark mother is more like the bear mother in that

way; but in human form it is not as attractive. For when a person is protective, it is because her connection to the vulnerability is lost and therefore projected out as fear onto the child who is “protected.” But it is the person who is being protective who is really being protected. Her fear emanates not from concern for the child but from the deep betrayal of her own soul. After engendering fear, this betrayal creates a pathology of protection that comes from the loss of vulnerability, which often gets confused with vulnerability.

It is not the mother’s job to protect the child. It is the mother’s job to be vulnerable like a child with the Divine and in so doing have the connection that supports both her and the child. Therein lies the course of potency. Rather than coming out of a narcissistic sense of personal fight, one’s power comes from a knowing support that underlies her relationship with her child. In this way, her acceptance of her own vulnerability allows for a profound acceptance of the child’s vulnerability.

There is always a betrayal of the child by the mother unconsciously when she herself has lost the connection to that most vulnerable part of herself. Whether she knows it or not, she is acting as her mother acted on her in some way. Sometimes in reaction to her mother, she tries to be different, to right the wrong of her betrayal. Sometimes she tries to be identical to her mother in the belief that her mother sustained and supported her in some way in which she did not. The way she was not supported by her mother becomes a blind spot for her own way of betraying her child.

This betrayal of her children is the same as her betrayal of her self, the self that she lost a long time ago, the self that is nothing less than her own soul. This soul that was open and available when she was young and with her mother is now projected onto her own daughter. In doing so, she is completely bereft of herself. The separation from her inner self provides the perfect ingredient for pathology to make its play. For in the vacuum of the lost self, something must take its place.

When a daughter becomes a mother, two things are possible that serve to replicate the past – either the mother plays out the mother or her daughter plays out the mother. To the extent the mother does not recognize her mother’s betrayal of her, she runs the risk of becoming her mother. She may not see that her mother did anything wrong and sometimes is even encouraged to continue the abuse she received. After all, in this case, the daughter sees the mother as an excellent role model for her, finding nothing wrong with the way her mother raised her. She may even laud the way she was raised. So, she plays out the abuse with her daughter and the daughter may even play out the abuse when she becomes a mother. Through this, the traumatic hurt is kept at bay.

The greatest threat to the daughter’s peace of mind is the pain she carries from the betrayal by her mother. The pain of this abuse comes out as a sadistic reaction to her daughter. She mistreats the daughter in the same way she was mistreated by her mother. This abuse of her daughter fulfills the need for a band aid

for the pain, for the pain has to go somewhere. If she does not feel the pain of the abuse, then someone else has to feel it. In this case, it is the daughter.

The grown daughter may cover up her pain by being angry at her mother and protecting her daughter or son from her mother. She may also become fearful that she will become like her mother and in so doing overly identifies with her child. She feels as if her life is somehow ruined and that the only precious part of her life is her daughter. Her desire is that her daughter will have all the love and support she never got from her mother. This sounds noble and loving to most people, but it is actually the deadliest strain of mother hate, for it is the hatred of one's self that defines the relationship.

A woman who seeks happiness from her children creates the infamous stories of the meddling mother-in-law who cannot let go of her children and tries to live vicariously through her reactions to her child. The mother might feel as if she has no life save for her children's lives, becoming even more hurt and resentful at the apparent loss of their love when they grow up and try to find their way into the world. Often, these children cannot get far enough away from their mothers. For many doting mothers that believe their children love them to death, the children actually live as far away as possible, as if they cannot get far enough away.

There must certainly be fear when such a mother makes the yearly visit from across country, completely oblivious that her daughter would find her meddling or in any way a problem. The blind spot is linked to the blind spot that is part of the loss that was projected onto the daughter. It is inconceivable to the mother because her children are her soul. This neurotic behavior makes her isolate herself with her children. If she could see into this blind spot, she would feel she had nothing since her own soul is living in her children. These women often die pitiable deaths, lost in fantasies and illusions about how loved they are when in fact their children barely even care about their whereabouts in some nursing home in a different state. Many of the daughters of these types of mothers feel guilty if they do not understand their mother's woundedness. They do not understand this woundedness because their mothers protected them from their own hurts just as they protected themselves and denied having any issues with their mothers.

Another way this may manifest is when the wounded daughter creates a separation from her mother and, in separating, insulates herself from her own feelings. She then becomes incapable of loving her own children. In this circumstance, the children are rewounded in the same way their mother was wounded but in an oblique version. The children may experience their mother as depressed and not present and feel that they are unwanted, feel that they have done something wrong or horrible. This shaming by the mother is unintentional and it reflects both the shaming that the mother felt from her mother and the denial of her pain. This kind of mother has no relationship with her mother, nor does she hate her mother. She has just learned to function. Many of these women are high functioning, but they develop psychological depressions and/or immune disorder diagnoses – illnesses that

befuddle modern medicine and psychological efforts of healing.

The long-term effects of all the types of separation between mothers and daughters and the myriad of ways daughters attempt to compensate with their own children become perpetually more foreboding and destructive. Alzheimer's disease is an example of how the psyche attempts to heal itself by virtue of the child emotional state that is free to emerge as the mind deteriorates. Of course, this is seen as a curse and a disease to be cured, but it can be seen as the disease is being cured when the mind finally collapses, allowing a foray into feelings and memories that are suddenly released and felt. Clearly, this happens at the end of life, not in the manner in which therapeutic healing is intended. I believe that sometimes these late diseases have their causes in a final breakdown of a mind encrusted by its separation from the self. It is unfortunate that people are so repressed that it takes these kinds of diseases to release the deepest feelings.

In some way, many women's experiences of the monthly ups and downs of menstruation can be seen as another attempt by the psyche to express deep, unmet feelings that often go back to youth with the mother. There is no greater wound than the mother/daughter lack of bonding. There is no greater travesty than the mother's bonding of what is neurotic and unhealthy in her upon her daughter. These unhealthy alliances with mother and daughter allow the pathology free rein in the handing down of the Big Lie from one generation to the next. Although there are a myriad of examples, each one unique to the individual mother/daughter dysfunction, these examples give a feeling of the landscape regarding this issue.

The great tragedy of all of this is that without the positive cherishing of the daughter, the path of Persephone is lost for the daughter's life journey. The reclamation of innocence that can be found only in the love of the mother cannot be healed by the male principle via the Father or the Animus, making this a very difficult path. Persephone had to leave her mother first to find the secrets of her soul. Somewhere in the underworld, there is also the Anima, the feminine principle, that, along with the Animus, has interwoven herself with Persephone's tortured history with Demeter. How else could she have played a role in supporting Persephone's attempt to reclaim her innocence in the mother's vile attempt at betraying her daughter?

The innocence the child may carry for the wounded mother has its final, most devastating reflection in Munchausen Syndrome by Proxy wherein the mother not only is jealous of the daughter's happiness, but will do anything to block it so that the daughter never receives the love she herself never had. This mother is driven to literally sicken her daughter as she was sickened and destroyed by her mother. This extreme example is actually, in a lesser form, a current that runs through all mother/daughter relationships when the mother's soul has not been allowed to live by and for herself.

At the other extreme, to support one's child at the expense of the self carries its own sense of violence. The innocence of the child wants to bask in the mother's

fulfillment. The child does not want to suck of its mother's love – the child wants to live in the love the mother has for herself from the Divine. Children know when they become the thing worth living for and they often feel it as a form of violence. Even when they are fooled into interpreting that kind of love as the real love.

Persephone's Journey – The True Nature of Dying to Self

Escaping the dark mother as Persephone did Demeter is no easy task for the woman who has lost her connection to her child self. In this way, the Archetype must kidnap the daughter, tearing the child from her mother's bosom. This creates the perception that the Archetype is dark and evil, which reinforces Demeter's hold on our consciousness that she is the agent of good, the goddess of mercy and love, instead of the parasite she truly is.

Persephone is taken to the underworld, which is really the overworld, the place of the Divine that appears to the world as dark and evil. For Demeter, anything but the mother's bosom, her bosom, would be the wrong place. In fact, it is the mother's bosom that perpetuates the lies from generation to generation. Hades is really the dark side of the Animus as perceived by the world, whose sole purpose is to redeem the child self, to reclaim that which was given the woman, her very soul. No longer overshadowed by the lie of the mother, she is free to reconstruct her own life and rediscover her memories that are free from the mother's interpretation. The role of Hades is to bring the child self into Alchemy, nothing short of the death of the ego self, the self contaminated by the mother's plan.

The mother's relationship with her daughter is simply to extend the disease of the Big Lie. This disease is contempt for her self, projected through her relationships with men. Such contempt for self first occurs with the relationship to the mother, but the lie is that the daughter believes it happens with the father or the brother or some other male figure. There is no doubt that women have issues with their mothers knowingly and some cannot get away from their mothers fast enough. But a daughter can never escape the mother, can never escape the dark presence. Or, if she knew enough to escape the mother, the daughter is already damaged. She knows she has no mother, that she is without a mother. Without the mother, she is without the child

The Persephone self can live without the mother. It is the Psyche self who cannot live without her mother. She holds onto her or hates her or rebels against her, but the mother is always the reason for her existence. Persephone can leave the mother, for the love she seeks is not in the world. Persephone finds the truth with Hades, the Animus. She needs Him, finding love and in so doing, she dies to the world she learned through her mother. This world crumbles, and she no longer is identified with what she has known of love as construed by her mother. In her heart, the fear of nonexistence shoots through and it breaks open, becoming truly immortal – the love she receives from the Divine is as old as the universe itself.

My Heart Broke Open

Karla Van Vliet



Dream:

I am by a river and I am with a man. There are many boats in the river. He says I must push back all those boats I have arrived on. We are on a bridge over the river. He places his forehead on mine and it breaks my heart and I am broken open.

From Karla:

The last part is the part that has stayed with me. I felt this energy surge through me and the clear sensation of my heart being broke open by the light which entered me the moment his head touched mine.

In this moment, Karla encounters the Animus and her heart breaks open, encompassing all aspects of the dream motif process: falling off a cliff into oblivion and never reaching the bottom; breathing the water; burning up in a fire; being taken into a tornado; feeling the body reconstructed at a molecular level; being swept into a tidal wave. All of these are examples of different aspects of the same moment of Alchemical transformation. It is part of a single-minded effort of the Divine to create this breach of consciousness that is necessary in order to allow the unconscious world in. This undermines projection into the outer world, which is the sole form of knowledge. It works to destroy the outer-looking Psyche and brings the awareness back to the inside where all self is contained and from which the self emits itself into the world. It is the inside that is being awakened in the psyche. The heart that is broken is the heart on the inside waiting to be felt. It is the child self, the soul self that lives inside this heart that, once breached, is accessible to the world.

The center of gravity of the ego that was located outside the portal of reality in the world suddenly plunges into the deep well. Suddenly, its awareness is not with the world and the way the psyche relates to the world, but rather the awareness is on its experiences of itself, of the heart, of the soul. Of the child feeling the Beloved and feeling beloved. The dream images become real, the Archetype is no longer a fantasy but an actualization of a truth – the true life and the true experiences of self. The ego that is no longer in the world no longer sees the Archetype as an aberration or projects the Archetype as an aberration into the world. The ego self collapses into the unconscious, which now becomes conscious as the feeling of the heart, the soul and the essence of the true psyche with all of the profound linkage and connection with the Divine and the Archetypes. Karla's moment of the breaking of her heart is all of this opening up in her. And the great flood of the unconscious will drown out the outer world with the song of the angels. The self now is free. Persephone knows who she is – she is the beloved of the Animus. In Karla's dream, she knows nothing less than this.

Once the heart is open, we can look at the world and see it for what it truly is. Demeter is nothing more than a stain of lies and deceit that is part of the world, the physical plane, when one is lost from the Divine. The stain is no longer seen as Hades – it is seen as Demeter. The Big Lie is seen now for what it is.

Death Star Cat



The psyche that does not know this about the mother, whether she loves or hates the mother, has no choice but to create a self that is always in some form of relation or reaction to the mother. The pathology does not care whether the daughter hates or loves the mother, for in all cases the Big Lie is solidly in place. Without the love of the Divine, one is always in reaction to the mother.

The Renaissance Woman and the Amazonian

Motherless women have to rebuild their own sense of identity, often building this identity from the deep memory source of the RNA code. Because of the complex variability of personality style that evolves from the essential core of pathological separation, the rebel daughter may find herself just as contaminated by her mother in spite of her knowledge and attempts to escape the mother.

The rebel daughter often gains power to rebel against the mother by aligning with the father. Such an alliance is often deeply ingrained in the mind of the father, since the father is connected through a mental function with the male. This is seen in the figure of Athena who springs forth from her father's head, fully grown and fully armed, spending her life in service to her father. Such a woman has no soul and is incapable of relationship with the Father. Her autonomy is lost through her inability to bond with a mother in a loving way. In a vain attempt to establish some connection with her father, she chooses the male mind, which is often more available for her than the emotional connection of the mother.

In this way she grows to hate herself as a woman, with tendencies toward issues such as anorexia. She may even disdain her own menstrual cycle. Thus aligned

with the male, she may seek authoritative males. This may manifest as having affairs with married men, thereby recreating the split between the mother and the father (and the threatening alliance with the father). It could also manifest by the daughter losing her identity so completely in the male that she marries him and falls into a deep depression or some manic variety, which Freud termed hysteria.

With the emancipation of women and their right to be anything they want to be, it is far easier for women to not necessarily have affairs with married men but to become such a man instead. Such a woman can be highly officious, can multi-task and run circles around men (women are more intelligent than men anyway), but she is also lost to her soul self. Many women aspire to be like this, to be the Renaissance Woman. The power of the Renaissance Woman comes from emulating men. In her zeal to be accepted, she becomes just like them and consequently resents her feminine side. Her own vulnerability is denied.

Another way for the girl to deny her vulnerability is to deny her projection onto men that they are not open to her vulnerability, which they may not be. The result is the rejection of the male. Such a woman is Amazonian, which is amply covered in Jungian discussions and mythology.

In the Amazonian mythology, women live as warriors in a culture that aggressively rejects men. These women only want to become the best warriors, even cutting off their right breasts in order to be better archers. They have sexual relationships with men only in order to have female children to perpetuate their society. (If a male child is born, he is either killed or sent to his father.)

Although the Amazon and the Renaissance women are very different, they both hate men. They either perceive them as cold and unfeeling or they become like men and become cold and unfeeling themselves. Through this projection of the male being cold and unfeeling, they are lost from their own male principle.

Both the Amazon and the Renaissance Woman also lose sight of their femaleness. If a woman decides to become an Amazon and eschew all men, she cuts off her own breast to be a warrior. If she decides to become a Renaissance Woman, she cuts off both her breasts in order to become a man that fits into a male world. The Renaissance Woman may believe that she is a woman who loves men and may feel offended by the comparison to the Amazon. She may even believe that she is an individuated person. But, in fact, neither the Amazon woman nor the Renaissance Woman understands men or her own Archetypal female qualities and nature.

The social perception of this problem is that there are only two choices. One choice is to be co-dependent, which means vulnerable and victimized. The other is to become the Renaissance Woman or the Amazon. The idea of power coming through vulnerability is not even possible in this paradigm as there is no figure that represents potent vulnerability.

In the Greek Pantheon, the goddess of sexuality, Aphrodite, is not the vulnerable woman. She is attracted to harsh men, for she marries Hephaestus, the lame blacksmith god, and she is cut off from her feelings. For her to shine, she must

find another man. She is never happy with her lover and her life is perpetual change. She is, instead, the Amazon. Even though she uses the power of erotic love to toy with the other gods and with mortal men, there is no man who can really touch her. She is actually an aspect of the dark mother, Rhea's twin. As a mother, she gave birth to a human child, Aeneas, through a mortal man, but immediately abandoned him at birth to be raised by nymphs and then his mortal father. The Renaissance Woman makes the son her concubine for the power it gives her in the world, while the Amazonian woman abandons her son. These are the two faces of the dark mother – devouring or abandoning.

The abandoning mother, as personified by Aphrodite who abandons her mortal son in complete disgust of his humanity, is the Amazon who thinks nothing of her progeny. She is completely separate from her own humanity, not able to be a true woman. She has cut off her breast for battle, having no use for it, in the same way she has no room for her children. This is not an example of individuation, but of the Amazon way in which the woman distances herself from vulnerability and feeling needs. The Amazon is the true “heretic,” for she cares for no one, not even herself.

The Renaissance Woman is personified by Rhea. For the Renaissance Woman, there is a powerful coldness in the world in which she must be a master or at least part master in service to the father, herself and the principles of society. Her nurturing is in service to this end. She must have her children with her for her ultimate vulnerability is dependent on having support from others that she would nurture. In a sense, she uses those dependent on her to maintain her elite and distant status. There is no end of dependent, needy individuals who will cling to her for support. In this way, she does not need to be vulnerable because she surrounds herself with people who are needy of her. She is just as broken and as much a victim as those around her who are victimized.

Aphrodite chooses a lame husband because he is someone she can control, take care of and abuse. His lameness (withered legs) comes from his complete separation from the father, for he is born from the mother only. Hera bore him without sexual intercourse, in a rage after Zeus gave birth to Athena from his head. Disgusted with his lameness, she threw him into the sea. As a fatherless child, he is harsh, cold and abusive and at the same time he is needy and dependent. He cannot share his feelings because he is too needy. This is the wounded side of the projected father. The father who is incested has no power and the son looks upon the father who is lame because of the feminine as weak. For such a boy, the only way to learn how to be a competent male is through what the mother teaches him, which is not true. A woman cannot teach a man how to be a man. The dark mother's vision of a man is simply an illusion that creates the same lameness in her son when he gets married.

When a woman begins to awaken and does not want to be a violated person, she often becomes angry. This anger is sometimes a necessary vehicle for the birth of the vulnerable self, the tender heart, because it acknowledges the necessity for the

woman to advocate for her own soul and to break the cuckold of victimization. Unfortunately, a woman will often extend her sense of anger into a Renaissance Woman or an Amazon twist, in which these appear to be the only role models for an individuated woman. The anger often excites the senses in this age of immediacy that many feel. The anger and energy that comes of it is often confused as power from the heart. At best, it is only a precursor to the heart. It is the heart asking to be defended and believed. Vulnerability only has to be believed by the ego. Ultimately it is the Archetype who will defend it.

This is the lesson that Persephone learns with Hades. She learns that He is a powerful man who will defend her vulnerability. Her surrender to Him completes the longing that all women have for such love and support. Demeter, the dark mother, turns this most loving moment into a perception of a rape, defiling and limiting the most sacred moment of completion as nothing more than a cheap thrill or a date rape. Of course, many women have experienced being treated by men in this way. The lie of the mother is to never allow the girl to know the true love of the Archetypal male.

In both cases, whether it is the rebel daughter or the misaligned self who is lost in the mother, the daughter is lost from her self. In her failed attempt to regulate ego, she is always the victim. The Animus to the rescue brings such a woman bit by bit through the wounded, traumatized self, which lies far underneath the pathological ego defense. This ego defense may persist for a long time in the initial stages of the work. Once broken, however, this deep self is free through the acknowledgment of its woundedness and its inherent beauty in a new and profound way that can face the male.

The Animus Bursts In

Kristin Kehler



Dream:

I live alone in a long, rambling house. I am lying in bed at night. A man bursts in and climbs on top of me, covers my mouth with his hand, and thrusts his penis inside me. I am scared, “overpowered” and “upset.” It happens very fast; I do not struggle.

Shift

A few days later, I hear voices of another man and maybe a child in the house. I feel scared and sneak out. I run to a massage therapy appointment. Three women are there and they want to meditate. I tell them I am much too upset to meditate because I have been raped. They are not horrified. I get upset because I think they are not listening to me, not helping me. Should I have gone to the police? It never occurred to me and now it is too late. The massage therapist asks me, “What about being with this beautiful man was a rape?” This makes me even angrier.

For Kristin, the moment of union with the Animus is perceived in the dream as a rape, allowing her to jump into the role of being a victim. She believes the lie of

the mother, Demeter, who says that the union of Persephone with Hades is a rape. When the women challenge her perception and her victimhood, she reacts with anger. When working with the dream from the different perspective, the client was able to go back to the moment when the man burst into the room without the projection of a rapist but with a sense of awe instead. To be in the moment as the vulnerable girl.

In doing so, this experience suddenly can become an experience of joy and energy that the rape is no longer a rape, but a joyful, explosion of passion, intimacy and free exhilaration of the child being expressed. In Jacob's Ladder, this child waking up is the rung of sensuality. A key component of vulnerability is this innocence of flesh. Without this, she is limited in her ability to feel the other key aspects of essence and grace.

This expression of empowerment, joy and the excruciating sense of one's own worth begins to undo the damage from the narcissism of the mother or any of the abusive relationships encountered through the male's violence. This abuse can be linked to a separation from the Father, as already stated. Misogyny is linked to being overly dependent with the mother, which creates the abusive dynamic. The issue of shame with women is often tied to a desire to be accepted by men. But why should such a desire to be loved by men be so tinged by shame? Why is it that her tender heart has been so broken? Where is the warrior in her that can kill the demon?

Dream:

I am loving two kittens. I see the evil mother cat and kill it by smashing its head against the concrete.

This is a woman who has discovered her vulnerability, as shown in her loving of the two kittens, and at the same time can challenge all that is unloving, as shown in the killing of the dark mother embodied as the evil mother cat. This tender, shameless potency is the Valkyrie. Instead of projecting wimp into the world and being wounded and victimized, the vulnerable wimp is turned into vulnerable potency. The vulnerability no longer breaks when she is wounded or shamed for it knows itself through the potency derived from relationship with the Animus. He empowers her being through and through with the knowledge of the Divine love, both feminine and masculine. In the following dream, the teenage girl is the vulnerable girl.

Dream:

I am with a small group of woman warriors. A man gives us silver needles or knives that make us invincible. One of the group of women is a teenage girl we are training. We fight and destroy groups of demons, and although some of the demons are ugly and fierce, we always win. We are beautiful, powerful and confident.

The agent of change, the Dying to Self and the Alchemy of rebirth through experiencing Hades' regenerative fires, emerges as the phoenix, the manifested child self, the Valkyrie who is student, lover, daughter of the Divine and powerful warrior, an agent of the great change. In this change, she stands in the most compassionate love and the most vulnerable caring. She may bend with the rigors and winds of the great pain, but she never breaks in the face of the vileness that is often engendered by people who are incapable of feeling the pain. All denied pain becomes a form of violation. The Valkyrie's acceptance of pain through the Divine love of the Alchemist's sword allows her to stand alongside the Anima and be guided and supported through her tears and joy and sense of eternal support.

The Valkyrie is not comparable to the bear mother. In fact, the Valkyrie has little to equate itself with. Just as the perfection of the Father or the Animus has left very small imprints in this world, so she stands as small evidence of the capability of humanity.

The Alchemical journey ends at this point. Such a soul is ready to take her place alongside the Divine and feels marshaled for the calling that comes not from duty or responsibility but from her very loins in which resides the heart and soul of her desire to be with Him. It is this knowing that transcends all passion to create change. For in the Valkyrie, there is no change or changing of anything in the world without first feeling the emancipation of the self that has no boundaries in its connection with the Divine. She does not lead the attack. She simply extends her relationship with the Divine into the world wherein she finds a purpose whose meaning resides only in her marriage with Him. This bond is similar to the androgynous and hermaphroditic nature of the Animus and the Anima and their inextricable spiritual link.

What is the Feminine Principle

Men and the male principle are always seen as potent, dynamic, energetic and alive. Women are more than the antithesis of this – soft, vulnerable, sensitive, exposed. They, too, are potent, dynamic, energetic, alive, passionate. This potency has nothing to do with gender. It is only society's aesthetic rendition that compartmentalizes gender in these ways. In fact, women can be as potent and as passionate as men just as men can be as sensitive and vulnerable as women. In fact, the phallic aspect of women is no less potent than the phallic aspect of men.

Then what makes a woman a woman as a human being in relationship to the human gender relationship in marriage and intimacy? The conflict of genders as discussed in books such as *Men are from Mars, Women are from Venus*, reflects differences that actually have nothing to do with the consecration of relationship and its potential for developing human growth and evolution. Women, when they are healthy, provide the spark, the wisdom, the direction, the energy and the openness to the Divine that allows men to be swept up. Thus blessed, a man can follow in a woman's footsteps in

his own manner.

The idea that women lead the way for men is unique in the male hegemony of three of the biggest religions of the world. Judaism, Islam and Catholicism have sent women to the dung heap, not allowing them entrance to the realm of the Father. None, historically at least, allow women to become spiritual leaders – rabbis, Muslim clerics or priests. Although these ideas are changing, it is merely a social cosmology that is changing.

It is doubtful that most women understand how their very essence of being a woman offers them a unique opportunity to affect men with the power of being spiritually connected to the feminine self in them. Many women feel that they must be like men and, like men, relegate the feminine into the dung heap, denying what is truly their greatest asset.

For the dark mother to flourish, it is not men that she must kill first, but women. The greater link to God and the Animus is a woman. By destroying her capacity for this open potential to both connect with the Animus and be potent in the world of men, there is little opportunity for men themselves to find redemption. Men feel they must carry it on their own, attempting to compensate for their own wounds with the father, bringing them ever more far afield from such connection. Women who know the Divine, in the intimate manner in which the Animus brings them to themselves, would awaken the most powerful, nurturing, supportive, caring heart the world could know – the heart of a true mother and the heart of a wife who acknowledges her value through the Divine connection with the Father. Such a woman would be a turnkey, helping to free and empower the men in her life. And a daughter of such a woman would have as a role model a woman with an undying understanding of what it truly means to be a woman.

This potential of the feminine is part of an ecosystem that is missing from the planet. Women strive to find their value as women, but miss the mark because the corruption of the Big Lie sends them further and further away from their feminine side, believing that the innocence they have makes them unworthy. Women get slammed by fathers and brothers. The mother, if enlightened, would protect her not from the father, but rather from the place of the bear mother. The bear mother who does not hate the father and is not the enemy of the male principle. She loves all the clan. Such love is a prize that is seemingly lost to creation through the interminable disease of the pathology.

The very beingness of the soul child of the self, the boy and girl, carries not just spiritual enlightenment, but also the traumas and feelings that are unwanted by the newly formed psyche whose sole purpose is to survive in this hostile environment. As long as these feelings are excluded, the Big Lie will continue – Rhea and Zeus will be king and queen.

Every person carries the potential of the individuated self comprised of God's intention. That intention is the desire to be what He created each person to be. The memory is ever present of what a person once knew about this intentioned self – the soul that is the boy and the girl who wait for their call to descend into the psyche that is lost without them in the profane world. The person must accept these feelings of separation, as terrible as they may be, in order to reclaim this knowing. Only then is it possible to move through the layers of woundedness to begin the alchemical process necessary to being the ascent of Jacob's Ladder – the prongs of Essence, Sensuality and Grace – the psychological experiences of true emotional freedom that culminate in the ascension to the Divine and the knowing of its love.

Setting Out the Bowl

VII.

I come from the sky,
echo blue,

drop upon myself, like rain,
song into an open mouth.

Small bird-bodies lifting
open their shadows across me,

moments of darker blue, rips
into an inner language.

Karla Van Vliet

THE PROBLEM WITH PSYCHE

There are three layers of vulnerability: the denial of the wound, which serves Demeter; wounded vulnerability, which also serves Demeter; and innocent vulnerability where the wound is love, pain is knowing and passion is being. The innocent vulnerability is the Valkyrie.

In the first layer, the denial of the vulnerability encourages repression – of the wound, of difficult experiences, of trauma, of feeling. In the denial, Demeter empowers the woman with the capability of becoming either the Renaissance Woman or the Amazonian. This serves both Demeter and the ego, working to have the person find their sense of power and well-being in the world.

Giving Up the Scarf

by Makela Kahlil



Dream:

I am in a department store to buy a handkerchief bandanna. A salesperson directs me to the lower level of the store. I walk to a counter filled with a variety of beautiful scarves. I am attracted to a black scarf woven with silver threads. As I reach for the scarf, a hand from behind me reaches over my shoulder for the same scarf and we both pick it up at the same time. I turn around and face the person – a young, tall, slender white woman wearing sunglasses. We both tug at the scarf, refusing to let it go.

I finally break the silence, saying, “If you take off those sunglasses, you could see that I picked up the scarf first.” She says nothing, but her body language says loud and clear, “Just who do you think you are? Let go of the scarf, girlfriend.” She removes her sunglasses and places them on the counter with her car keys, never letting go of the scarf with her other hand. As we stare into each other’s eyes, waiting for the other to let go of the scarf, something comes over me. As I look deeper into her eyes, I decide that I no longer care what she thinks of me. I gently let go of the scarf, turn back to the counter and continue to look for the bandanna I had originally come into the store to buy.

In this dream, Makela suffers, as many black people suffer, from the racial oppression of the white world in which she lives. The pathology loves this and uses it to project all the unworthiness that the person feels onto this issue. Makela does not realize that white people experience the same unworthiness except that it is about things other than race. Through her work, she realizes that she does not have to project her unworthiness onto white people. White or black, it is irrelevant, but through this issue she is learning to let go of control and beginning the process of self-acceptance. This process allows her to become more vulnerable to her self, to accept her self and therefore accept her vulnerability as the precursor to Persephone’s journey. As she gives the scarf up, not needing to be better or worse, to win or lose, she accepts herself as she is and is ready to go deeper in her work.

Until Makela felt her vulnerability, she did not benefit from Demeter’s empowering aspects – she was neither a Renaissance Woman nor an Amazonian. She felt herself as a black woman who was an utter failure as a human being.

When the empowering aspects that Demeter offers from the repression of the wound do not take, the wounded vulnerability manifests is a threat to Demeter because the person remains vulnerable through the wound. In response, instead of empowerment, Demeter works instead to perpetuate and maintain the wounding of vulnerability in order to keep the vulnerability from finding its true nature of the third layer – innocence, potency and fulfillment.

In this case, Makela could not go deeper into her self because she was

convinced she had no value. She could not find her deeper vulnerability because she felt like a nonperson. Her choice was simple – to emulate and become like the white people around her, creating her particular version of being a Renaissance Woman. Failing that, there was nothing.

This is what Demeter wants. Either we play the game and become control artists with a false sense of identity that props us up, giving us a sense of value, or we feel we are nothing, looking over our shoulder and only wanting to be like those “wonderful” people all around. In either case, we are lost from the Divine love and incapable of the vulnerable self that is the pomegranate. There is no true love and passion, no true intimacy and acceptance, in either extreme.

The white woman represents the successful Renaissance or Amazonian woman while Makela, the black woman, represents the loser. This split occurs in all people in one form or another. This is the gyroscope, the ego’s attempt to balance itself. Demeter is the scales of justice holding the balance. Justice is not blind – we are if we allow ourselves to be held in that balance with her sense of correctness on one side of the scale and her sense of self-worth on the other.

Our true sense of self needs to come from the Divine and we need to know our value based upon the Divine’s view of us. To do this, we must allow ourselves to be exposed to the core of our raw self. The gyroscope does not allow this. Therefore, Psyche’s dilemma is to lash out in anger and pain for the harm done to her or to feel as if she is nothing in the face of her woundedness. This is the Big Lie. Psyche is blinded by the dark mother’s sense of justice for there is no support for her pain. The dark mother cares nothing for the pain of the daughter. She only wants the daughter to fight for the mother’s kind of self-acceptance or to be a rubber stamp for any man who would want her.

Most of us are lost in Psyche’s dilemma and in Demeter’s sense of justice. We believe that her support comes from her outrage at our misfortune, but she does not support us for our pain, only the sense of rightness as shown and defined by her balancing scales. This is support only by the proxy of a mother’s sense of justice, not by any true sense of compassion.

In this way, the dark mother holds Psyche in her grasp. Without any awareness of true vulnerability, Psyche becomes lost in her hurt and in her emotional response to her hurt.

This is reflected in the Myth of Psyche:

Psyche, the youngest of three daughters, was so beautiful that people came to see her and pay her tribute instead of paying tribute to Aphrodite. This so enraged Aphrodite that she sent her son Eros (Cupid) to make her fall in love with a horrible beast. Instead, Eros fell in love with her and made it so no man would fall in love with her. While her sisters got married to kings, Psyche had men who wanted

only to pay her tribute but who did not love her. Her parents consulted an oracle and through it Eros told them to leave her on a mountainside alone where she would become the bride of a monster. When Psyche was left on the mountain by her parents for the monster, Eros instead had her taken by the wind to a beautiful palace. Her every need was looked after during the day by invisible hands and he came to her at night shielded by darkness. He warned her that she must never look upon him.

When she missed her sisters, Eros allowed her to have her sisters come visit, but warned her that they would try to persuade her to look at him. When the sisters arrived at her splendid palace, they became filled with jealousy, even though they were both married to kings, and told her that her husband must be a horrible monster and that she must kill him. That night, she lit a lamp when her husband was sleeping with the intention of killing him, but saw that he was Eros. A drop of oil burned him and woke him up, so that he saw her and fled to Mt. Olympus, leaving the world to become gray and brown. Psyche was left in the wilderness filled with grief.

First, she sought revenge on her sisters. She went to each of their kingdoms and told them separately that Eros had divorced her and wanted to marry the sister. Both sisters immediately went to the mountainside where Psyche had been left and flung themselves into the air, expecting the wind to take them up. Instead, both sisters fell to their deaths. Psyche then set out into the world in search of her lost husband. After searching the entire world, she finally threw herself at the feet of her angry mother-in-law, Aphrodite. As punishment, Aphrodite gave her a series of impossible tasks to perform, each one more difficult than the last. When Psyche was helped with each task, Aphrodite became more enraged.

Aphrodite gave her a final task – to take a box to Persephone in the underworld to ask her for some of her beauty, saying that Aphrodite needed it because she lost some of her own beauty caring for her sick son. Aphrodite believed, of course, she was sending the girl to her death. But following the advice of a tower, Psyche journeyed to the underworld. While there, again following the tower's advice, she refused both the food offered and the cushioned throne offered. The tower had warned her that if she ate, she would have to stay forever and that the throne was the seat of forgetfulness, causing any who sat in it to forget who they are and to forget they want to return to the

world. So, Persephone filled the box and Psyche began her journey back. But on the way back, she decided that she wanted a little of the beauty for herself and opened the box. Immediately, Stygian sleep poured from the box and Psyche fell into a deep slumber.

Eros, in the meantime, decided to take Psyche back. Finding her in the deep slumber, he awakened her and carried her up to Mt. Olympus to Zeus, begging him to intercede. Zeus offered her ambrosia to make her immortal and worthy of being married to Eros. When she drank, she became immortal. Eros and Psyche then had a child, Pleasure.

Psyche is Persephone caught up in the world of unrequited love, a seeking of that which cannot be revealed. The seeker always yearns and strives and wants and never finds. These seductive qualities are a version of nihilism that keeps the girl in a state of constant hope that she could possibly fulfill the requirements set by the dark mother, even getting some help in the process, so that she can redeem the love of her husband. If only she could be other than she is – other than human – then she could have her dream. It never occurs to her that maybe there is nothing wrong with her. That the dream is hers for the picking. It is not just Eros, for Eros is nothing more than Zeus as a teenager. He is no man and is incapable of fulfilling anyone. He is only an illusion, a fantasy of what tomorrow could be, a tomorrow that is never to be found or lived. These are the “best” tomorrows because if a tomorrow is truly lived, it is disappointing. But with the tomorrow that is never lived, with each turn of the wheel, with each passing year, with each passing decade, the search and hope can be renewed. Or, the flip side, the search and hope can be given up, leaving only a hope for an early death.

In either case, it is a fool’s errand, for Psyche is the answer to herself by her own namesake. She possesses inside herself the love of the universe, if only she could look inside instead of looking outside. When she looks outside, she seeks something that remains hidden and, in that hiddenness, remains seductive. If she ever could really know Eros, she would be disappointed. Maybe then she would look inside. But she is tricked into chasing a face, an image that has no meaning and is simply a reflection of the Divine love within her.

This is the problem with Psyche. She possesses it all but sees it not. It is Persephone, her other half, that looks inward and thus descends into the underworld. The underworld is simply what is inside, what is underneath the outer veneer. There are no monsters inside – they are all outside devouring us as we live. But Demeter/Aphrodite convinces us that the inside is filled with danger and that Hades and even the Minotaur are evil and devouring of all who would enter.

In the myth of the Minotaur, the hero Theseus is given a ball of thread by Ariadne (daughter to King Minos) to use to escape the labyrinth in which the bull/man lives. He succeeds in killing the Minotaur and finds his way out by way of

the thread, but he later abandons Ariadne. Theseus, the hero, is no more than Zeus in another form of treacherous illusion. The Minotaur, like Hades, is the Divine Love cast in the shadow of Demeter's lies, which creates fear. Her hero, the son/lover, here as Theseus, will always save the day. The true hero, however, is Persephone who descends into the underworld and finds herself lost and found in the mystery of Minotaur/Hades.

Psyche does not descend, but instead ascends into the heart of Zeus' world, drinking the ambrosia offered by Zeus in order to become immortal. In the process, she loses herself, loses her humanness and loses her vulnerability.

Psyche's vulnerability is a continual wound that becomes co-opted by hope and misery. This is not true vulnerability but a form of control. When she loses her humanness and her vulnerability, she becomes a goddess and she reverts to the mother. All goddesses are nothing more than the mother whose caretaking and nurturing do not come from vulnerability but from the power of being in control. When Psyche becomes a mother, she is more than happy to give up her passion for her lover.

In order to maintain vulnerability, the vulnerability must maintain its innocence. That is, it must know itself as innocent and in this knowing, know it is vulnerable. To replicate this dynamic, the soul must exist in relationship to the Beloved. By virtue of the Beloved's all powerful, potent, loving nature, Persephone is always vulnerable to that which is more powerful than she. When Psyche becomes a goddess and an immortal mother, she loses her vulnerability and becomes a Renaissance Woman or an Amazonian.

Persephone never becomes the mother or a goddess in the pantheon, but maintains her vulnerability as she lives in her relationship with the Animus/Hades. This is the third layer of vulnerability. The mystery of this dynamic is not reflected in any mythology or story. Even Tolkien's Frodo, in *The Lord of the Rings*, is seen at the end of his journey beginning a new one. At the beginning of this new journey, the story ends. For us, it is at this point that our story begins.

The one who is in relationship with the Animus and the Divine begins life anew. A life that is unknown and unseen. Persephone is only seen half of the time, six months of the year, when she returns to the earth. What is seen is only the part of her that is reflected in the world. The part of her that is in relationship to the underworld, in relationship to the Animus, is not seen. This relationship is hidden because it is not something that can be known in another. Another's journey in the Divine is always hidden for the experience can only be known by taking the journey.

Power in the world reflects the power of the goddess. Power of the spirit reflects an unknown relationship with the Divine. This relationship remains a mystery, but a mystery available to any who would discover it. This unknown is reflected in the six months Persephone is in the underworld.

The goddess, on the other hand, has no anchor to the underworld. Such an ego is either lost in the attempt at control or under the thumb of another who is in

control. In either case, she can never know her own soul. Psyche has no soul in the end for she loses it when she drinks the ambrosia offered to her by Zeus. The ambrosia is nothing less than a feeling of well-being that approximates spirit. It is a pale image of what Persephone experiences.

However, in looking at Psyche and Persephone, how many would choose Psyche? It appears as if Psyche's journey is the hero's journey and that Persephone is living a tragic life. This is part of the Big Lie.

Our psyches are manipulated to believe in Psyche. Her failing is ours. The problem with Psyche is the problem with all of us. Those who do not find the solution of Psyche, which is achieving the status of a goddess as a Renaissance Woman or an Amazon, suffer the unending, unyielding pain of unrequited love. This is the root of Psyche's suffering even though she is made an immortal. It is a powerful choice to give up unrequited love to be a Renaissance Woman or a mother, but it is a failing in the journey to remain chained to the suffering of Aphrodite's incested son, Eros. Being chained to the yearning for him is another form of suffering. The question could be – which one is the better choice? The problem with Psyche is that both choices are failings.

The unrequitedness of her suffering underneath is something that is felt by everyone. At some level, everyone "buys into" whatever needed to happen in order to leave their innocence. It is a necessary step. But everyone, somewhere inside, remembers once seeing the Beloved's face, remembers once reveling in that love, remembers the innocence that is at the core of the soul. The soul that truly desires to be reunited with the Divine.

Psyche was tricked. It is not her fault for her choices were bad choices. In fact, she actually had no real choice. Her love was used against her by the mother.

The good fortune of Persephone is that she is kidnapped by the Animus, taken from the world by force. Unfortunately, this is not going to happen for most people. We must make the choice to go with Him, to be a Persephone and descend into the underworld. Not like Theseus who slays the Minotaur, keeping a tie to the outer world in order to return, but as the hero who is vulnerable going into the labyrinth, allowing himself to be killed. It is the sacrifice of the hero, the ego, that compensates. The wounded vulnerability has to be killed. With this death, the innocent vulnerability is revealed and the Persephone inside can be reclaimed. From this clear innocence, there is no doubt that the soul will be accepted and loved.

Because of our overidentification with our own necessary ego compensation for the treachery given, it is Psyche's choices that must be given up. It does not matter nor is there blame for how a person becomes the person they become – a Renaissance Woman, an Amazonian, etc. But it is this that needs to die. The monsters seen inside are a reflection of the fear of reversing the process, the fear of giving up the choices made after learning that there was no love for us.

Psyche's choices reflect the human condition in all of us. Having lost the love, having been betrayed and tricked, Psyche becomes the thief and the treacherer

causing treachery to others as treachery was caused to her. Her punishment of her sisters reflects the projection of her own pain as resentment and anger of the loss of her beloved. Because of her pain, she became ill and diseased and passed this on through her betrayal of her sisters to their deaths. How like Psyche we all are in the acting out of our own pain, buying into the illusion that we must make others suffer for what we ourselves have suffered.

Persephone offers Psyche the opportunity to forget the past and all the lies of that past when she offers her the seat of forgetfulness. But Psyche refuses because she is completely lost in her own world, lost in the decadent belief in the power of the projected pain. All she could do now was live it out through her retribution at the same time she perpetually looked to possess what she lost.

The act of possessing destroys any opportunity for receiving love. The love comes only to the innocent. It does not come from an attempt to possess it, but from the act of dying to it. Persephone could receive the love because she had no desire to possess or control it. She was innocent in the face of her own possible rape so much so that she surrendered herself willingly. The story of the kidnapping of Persephone was her mother's attempt to cover the truth that Persephone always wanted to know Hades. That she held a secret love in her heart despite the fear of the unknown and that this love led her to face an almost certain death. Through the sacrifice of the death of the self, she was able to pass through and receive the love. It was simple for her, for she did not have as much to lose as Psyche.

Psyche's act of projecting her pain into unrequited love, perpetual yearning for something she could not have and the vicious determination to punish those who had what she did not all work to form the deepest alliance with pathology. All who delve into their own souls must pass through the arduous and painful truth of seeing how they have been the betrayer. The moment pain is projected, one is lost in the revenge/victimization cycle.

Psyche was given the opportunity to forget, but she refused. Instead, she took the beauty that was given to her rather than see the miracle of her own beauty. She wanted to possess the beauty in order to use it to possess the man of her dreams. Through the attempt to possess it, she rendered her beauty impossible.

Eros was not truly for Psyche anyway. Her yearning for Eros is not rooted in her pain. If Psyche were to know her real feelings of pain and fear, to know love truly offered and beauty truly seen, she would be terrified of the opportunity. It would mean the absolute loss of the identity she created the moment she projected her pain into the world.

This human condition allows the pathology to twist into a person like a corkscrew, finding its way inside, burrowing poison seed deep into the cells of being. If Psyche were to forget herself, she would die to self and remember the self that may have innocently yearned to see Eros' face in a moment of true desire for the Divine. By refusing to forget, all was lost.

Pride of Victimization as a Form of Will

In the gyroscope, once a person is absent from the Divine love, the ego desires to know its place in the world, attempting to find relative worth and value in terms of feeling good or not feeling good in relationship to the world itself. This binds the person to issues that support well-being outside of the love. The reversing of this requires the understanding that anything that is done in order to feel better that is not from Divine love is pride. Whether or not pride is in the form of some shallow superiority based on worldly acceptance or failing, the most common form of pride is becoming a victim of the world or of others.

The undercurrent of finding a place in the gyroscopic world is a reaction to the primordial pain that arises from the separation with the Divine. Rather than feeling the deep pain of the separation from the Divine, rather than facing the deep fear of God's love, the person has to find a reason out in the mortal realm for the pain, a wound that can be touched and explained. Pride wants the person to remain a victim in terms of the pain.

It is easier to choose this kind of pride because it creates a wound that is more easily faced. It is the only way to feel the real wound of separation without actually addressing it. When it is felt in this way, it becomes a melodrama that is projected into the world.

People become attached to this emotion of pride of victimization rather than facing the fear of having a new life with Him. It is a pride of being a victim versus the fear of love which spans a chasm of uncertainty. This pride must die in order for one to accept a new life with love. Here, in the connection to the soul self, the deepest vulnerability that allows the receiving of the great love, here in this place the Valkyrie is born in the feminine and the Son of Abraham is born in the male.

One place where this pride of victimization fails is when an individual is involved with another person who is more vulnerable. The pride would then have him believe that the person is co-dependent or overly needy – whether the other is or is not. Because a person with this pride already so hates his own vulnerability, already takes pride in being abused, his reaction may be to betray and annihilate the other person, using the belief of co-dependency as the cover.

People with great pride of victimization have no real sense of their own vulnerability and no understanding of what it means to be open and raw, what it means to have feelings, to have the capability for intimacy. It is always a shell game – someone is always hiding the pea. But in this game, there is no pea. It is all pretense. The vulnerability is something bandied about as if it were known and understood. As if, like a possession, it could be classified, interpreted, discussed, argued.

Vulnerability does not allow for any of these things because vulnerability is simply an expression of being. It is not something that can be gotten from someone else. Nor can a person who is truly vulnerable be betrayed. Betrayal only occurs when a person does not accept his own self-worth. Without this acceptance, there is no love.

Where there is no love, there is no capability for relationship. One feels never met. This game never ends. Either the person is not being met or the person is not meeting the other.

As often happens, not only is the person betrayed or being betrayed, but he is also betraying others. This can be a shocking experience, especially when the person's pride has for many years fed off the idea that he is a loving person always wanting relationship, but for some unknown reason is unable to find love in the world.

This idea that one is not at fault and can do nothing to remedy the situation gives credibility to pathology in such people and to the world. They get to feel as if they can make no difference in affecting their lives. No matter what they do, they are constantly defeated at every turn. They have no idea how their own loving personage could ever affect the world and could ever be changed. The experience is to feel trapped in an unyielding reality with little or no love. They feel disempowered and overwhelmed in the face of the world around them, in the face of other people's needs and in the face of their own needs.

When need comes from the lack of love, it is nothing more than demands of a drowning soul projected onto others. The projection causes the person to hate himself for having the needs or to manipulate and control others with those needs.

Like Psyche, women who are attached to abusive men are able to believe that they themselves are ready for relationship. Does Psyche know that the mother, Aphrodite, put Eros up to the game? Does she know that Eros' obedience to his mother is his real illness? And even if she does know all this, does she hate the mother for it and wonder why she would attack her, the potential daughter-in-law of the family? Or does she even care to know? Does it suffice for her to believe that Eros betrays her, giving her the sense that she is a loving, open, sensual being who is looking for the right man? Is this belief more important than seeing the truth of the mother's complicity with the son and the mother's jealousy of her, the mother's desire to destroy her very essence?

Does she know that she does not understand herself enough to know that she is not truly innocent and capable of relationship? Does she know that, like Persephone, she must find Hades and confront her fear of men or does it suffice for her to stay in the drivenness of Eros and in the staying, knowing that she will be betrayed? Is it not inherent in her desire to be betrayed? To taste the wormhole of her own death, to feel into the greatest of loss, to be a victim of that which would rob her of her very soul? Do all women possess an aspect of "Waiting for Mr. Goodbar," in which they desire their own destruction through the arms of a man who, himself, has been lost because of his mother, who has lost his own wellspring of manhood? Does she desire the sickly sweet lust of a man's loss of selfhood, a loss in which his drivenness portends to a greater emasculation of his soul? Is she attracted by her own desire to emasculate or participate in the emasculation of the man, all the time knowing, all the time desiring the lie of intimacy but really yearning for betrayal, so that she may believe that she and she alone possesses the love?

Could this woman stand up to the Divine love of the Animus? Could this woman meet the right man and throw herself willy-nilly into his arms, into the uncertain terror like Persephone? Is it not fortunate that Eros rescues her from that possibility so that she could be another lost soul, so that she could not test herself, so she could not surrender and be loved, be loved, be loved? Is not her greatest fear to be loved, to be loved, to be loved?

Pride of Victimization as a Compensation for the Wound from the Mother

These issues all fall under the realm of Psyche's woundedness with her mother. Generally, wounds with the mother require some form of compensation. If the mother is not going to support the child, then having some form of pride around not having been supported can work just as well. It may seem absurd that a person would prefer to be a victim, but love requires vulnerability. The woundedness of the vulnerability which occurred in the past is reason enough for most to not seek getting more hurt by being vulnerable again.

Being a victim allows one to have a sense of rage and to justify a myriad of violations against others, predicated on the indignation of the previous hurt. Psyche, whether she is angry, vengeful, in a state of unrequited love, feeling abandoned by the world, manipulating and finding opportunities to be loved (all on her own terms, of course), never faces into the issues of her feelings. She never really deals with her abandonment by her mother. In fact, all of her issues never mention the mother. Instead, it is all about men and what they did to her, which follows the pattern of blaming men anyway, just like her mother before her.

This is a convenient excuse to avoid her real issues with her mother and in doing so, she avoids the most fundamental of all feelings: the excruciating hurt of a mother who abandons or competes with the daughter. In a sense, almost all forms of pride evolve from the denial of the wound from the mother.

Setting Out the Bowl

VIII.

Here, the mountains reach toward possibility.

At dusk, crows number the uncountable
and move like a thunder cloud.

To the west, light breaks.

Karla Van Vliet

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN MEN SEEK SALVATION FROM WOMEN

When a man's wound is through the mother and the man then seeks salvation through women, the man can become misogynistic. This emotional dependency keeps men from feeling into their own pain because there is no male context to create a container for the autonomous self. Without the autonomous self, a man cannot contain his feelings. Instead, he seeks women to do this for him. Then, in the face of the women's betrayal or perceived betrayal, he can become misogynistic and a stalker lost in the cycle of dependency and abuse. He can become like an alcoholic who cycles through binges and feeling guilty but always keeps going back anyway.

This cycle of self-debasing addiction to women is the same drive that fuels many addictions in men such as gambling and drugs. The underpinning of a man's reality, if not grounded in a male love for himself, provides no context for the driving emotional need that runs out of control in any of these ways. The libidinally driven male without guidance and support from the heart is essentially testosterone out of control.

The productive management of this emotional hormone can lead to success in sports and business for some men. A man may become a good father and provider, but ultimately he is driven to do these things not by his heart but by the forces that can easily lead to self-destructive behaviors and/or deep, neurotic depression. Even in healthy relationships, which may prevent the cascading violence by the man whose passion of the libido is not connected to the heart, it can still be felt as an abiding superficiality. This superficiality is usually tinged with obsessive/compulsive impulses that reflect the soulless relationship the man has with the tasks he attempts.

The remedy for this is to replace the lost connection with the Father instead of having to fulfill a woman's expectations with the hope that he will be loved in order to fill the vacuum of his soul. This only serves to deaden the pain of the separation from the Father. The remedy is to acknowledge the painful disconnection with the Father. This could be difficult for the most deeply buried secret of a man may be his need for a loving Father. Testosterone may obliterate this feeling through its own libidinal drive for physical release through a woman.

In the Taxi
Ed Havard



Out of the Taxi
Ed Havard



Dream:

I get into the back seat of a white taxi and there are many lacrosse sticks next to me. I initially feel eager to get in the taxi and we are going down the road, but then I see the driver has a cup in his hand and I also smell whiskey inside the car. I immediately do not feel safe getting a ride from this man as he seems to have been drinking. I ask him to stop first and then I get out of the taxi. He slows down just enough for me to get out and I barely get my backpack out as well. He drives off as I watch and he holds his cup out the passenger side window in a sort of “Cheers!” gesture. I feel relieved to have gotten out of the car.

The feelings of distrust and fearfulness that the son has with the father, in this case that the father is drunk, is common in boys who are estranged from their fathers or who had little relationship with their fathers. For the father is a mystery that is difficult to understand once the opportunity is lost. This period of time during which the boy knows his father from a place of innocence is extremely brief – it may only be a matter of a few days or a few months when the boy is open to the mystery of the father. It may take only one or two small rejections to shame the boy’s interest in finding out more about this need for the rest of his life. This may be true for girls as well.

Even though a mother may disdain her own children, there is a bond with the mother that is inherent in being a child that began when the child was in the mother’s womb. There is no such bond with the father. The child may even be not interested in pursuing the relationship with the father unless circumstances are brought to the child’s attention where the love and intimacy is presented by the father. It is easy for a child to remain attentive to the mother regardless of the way the mother treats him.

It is as if the father has to be on his best behavior to be believed. Mistakes and even gross violations of the mother are somehow accepted because of the bond of the womb whereas the father has very little room for error. This is especially true if the mother is against the father or if the father’s absence invites fearfulness when the father does return.

There seems to be an innate distrust of the father from birth. It is an uphill battle for the father to have a relationship with his children even in the best of circumstances. Ed’s relationship with his father was not that troublesome and yet it is very easy for him to walk away from the Father in the dream. The odds are stacked in the mother’s favor from the beginning, and unless she works to encourage the children to love and trust the father, the naturally occurring situation will easily perpetuate the mystery of the father for the child.

In the wake of this is the acute feeling of uncertainty and distrust that accentuates the uncertainty of the Father’s love. There is no evidence that the man in Ed’s dream was drinking whiskey. The dreamer projected his uncertainty onto the

drink in the man's hand because he could not handle the uncertainty. Instead, the uncertainty turned to distrust.

This avoidance of the uncertainty can set the child on a road that leads further and further from the ultimate lesson of returning to the Father's home as the Prodigal Son. How can one even imagine returning home to the Father when one does not even understand the mystery of the Father? The mystery of the Father is probably what most people react to when they think of the Divine – any unknown powerful entity easily carries the projection of their feelings for their own fathers. It is easy to be an atheist when the Father is avoided.

In all cases, the feminine principle is corrupted when a man's groundedness in himself is not based upon an abiding inner child connection with the Father. No love can replace this love. Often a woman will try to replace the father's love with her own in the belief that a mother's love can heal all wounds. This is not the case. It may be easier for a woman to survive the loss of the father because she may naturally seek it through her lover. A man, on the other hand, cannot find solace through his sexuality, for the connection of his libido and his heart is profoundly split. This is different than women for although they may struggle with their own splintered hurts, women have a natural relationship between their hearts and their sexuality.

It is as if puberty completely separates the man from his child self. The damage done by the testosterone infusion into his brain has shown that it lessens the feeling component and the capacity to feel. This, of course, is the sole prerogative of the boy. The boy's natural tendency to love his mother may survive through the epoch of change through the redirection of the mother impulse to a lover, with all of its incumbent damage. But the boy's love for the father, which may not have been felt by the conscious ego, is inherently the greatest mystery the boy will have in his young life. The boy cannot fathom himself in the being of a woman.

Dying to Self

The Man Coming to Find Me

Ben Newman



Dream:

I have just witnessed a gunfight. Numbers of people have been shot and killed. I am standing near some bushes. I think that the man who led the gunfight is on the other side of the bushes and is coming back to find me. I am scared.

The boy can only know himself fully through the man that he learns to be and the guidance he intuitively and inherently wants and needs. This natural inclination is so terrifying to the boy that he may seek the mother out of this fear. This fear of the Father is also the fear of Archetypal passion, the infusion of energy and life-affirming power that comes from the boy's connection with the Father. This current of energy is like an exploding volcano, powerful in its hopefulness and promise of manifesting in a large life, a life imbued by the Father's love and support. Before the boy can go back to the Father's house and be the Prodigal Son, he must face into the terror and the potency of the Father's gift.

Accepting the gift of the Father may sound easy, but in the receiving, the self must learn to die. Dying to Self is an intricate part of the work. The intimacy of this process with Persephone and the boy, the Prodigal Son, is apparent – it is the soul self that the self dies to.

For many people, there is no remembrance of such innocence. It has long been squashed and muted under the tremendous weight of ego coping and learned behavior. All of which become spliced into the ego self as bits and scraps of old and new material and then used to piece together a functional self. We learn to not need the child and, even, to hate and despise the child. Often, there is such deep shame that the self-loathing does not have to come from inside a person for it is gift-wrapped from the outside. Either way, most people learn to hate their vulnerability, even those who were loved as children.

It is unclear why we turn on ourselves. Whether it is normal developmental process or the natural wounding of everyday life or some kind of genetic time-release developmental capsule, we all fall away from the true self.

The ego self must die. Demeter is right in this regard – Hades is the killer. For the hero to live, the Minotaur must die. But the hero is simply what a person creates, not the genesis of what God created in the soul. Even if it is perverted and deformed, most hold onto that ego self like a raft in the middle of an ocean, clinging to it, fearing that if it is let go, they will dissolve into the great unknown.

Showing Up

Michael Keene



If we knew our soul self, we would know we are immortal, part of God's plan, and we would not fear the endless ocean. Dying to Self means dying without this knowledge, without the belief that in the moment of death we will find our new self. This moment in Ben's dream is the moment we all must face to become the Prodigal Son or Persephone who journeys deep within.

Psyche's truth is that she is terrified and would rather suffer the sin of hurt and rejection, would rather suffer the mother's despotic reign over her being than risk losing her "precious" identity. We are all Psyche's, literally, that must die. We are the conscious aberration, like a tumor on a brain, that must be exorcised, removed so that our natural instinctual self can emerge and play a part in our conscious lives.

Rather than die to self, many would rather make friends with the self, even help it, support it, nurture it. But not die to it. This is the step that makes this work particularly difficult. But it is impossible to be the Prodigal Son without returning to be the son. It is impossible to be Persephone and find the Animus while hiding in the deception of rejection, the pride of victimization, the self-hate of rage, the anger of shame. Most of our ideals and hopes for belief unfortunately come out of this one failing: that we have not died to self. In order for the spirit to flourish, one must find the soul. The soul cannot grow if we stand in its way.

Without the gift from the Father, the boy is weak, isolated and struggles to find his own identity in the world. Whether he succeeds in achieving or digresses into an alcoholic-like dependency on the feminine is irrelevant because he is still separated from the Father.

To fully face into the passion and the power of the father/son relationship is not only the ultimate goal of the work for the male, but it is in and of itself a complicated journey with numerous twists and turns. Sending the boy from feelings of acute inadequacy and uncertainty bordering on shame to a sense of passion and energy beyond what he could achieve on his own.

This is not the kind of dependency on the father where the boy follows in his father's footsteps, like the practice of apprenticeship from the dark ages where the boy obediently learns his father's trade. This is the Father supporting the unique, individual nature of the son. The Father lives for the son, but not through the son, and the son lives for the Father but through himself. His own purposefulness belongs to him but through the support of the Father, he is acknowledged enough in the unique way of being himself.

This uncertain needing of the Father is terrifying to men because it is not to be understood until the end of the journey where the sun meets the top of the mountaintop, where the clouds cannot linger, where there is only the purity of love and support. This support does not reduce the son to a supplicant, but raises him up to being a true man.

Vortex

Ken Davis



Dream:

I am with Jeff and a woman on some kind of massive structure out in a place in the ocean where the currents are awesome. The structure is a power plant. I gradually become aware that I am looking at a mammoth vortex of water surging into the power plant. I ask the woman, “Is this the inlet to the power plant?” She says, “Yes.” I ask, “Is the plant’s energy the source changing currents?” She says, “That is only part of it. The plant’s energy is derived from many aspects of the water’s movements, the wind and the manner in which the plant itself adapts to what is needed to make power.” Jeff talks again about renting a place for “a couple hundred bucks” for his shop. I say, “I am not going in the water out here. The currents are massive.” I feel I am so out of shape I will surely die.

From Ken:

I know these people Jeff and the woman, Animus and Anima. I like being with them. I gradually become aware of the awesome power that they are showing me. In my waking conscious mind I want it. My homework/prayer is to know in my heart His love, support and this power. Yet I still fear for my safety, I am too out of shape to go into this water, I will surely die. In truth I am not ready for it yet. I know this. I am willing but not yet ready. It is just where I am in my relationship to Them, to my own power.

Because of the fear, the son also may not know the deeper drive for pursuing the Father's love. Regardless, in all cases, boys need a loving father. Loving fathers, unfortunately, are in short supply. It is understandable that young boys quickly turn away and seek a more nurturing, loving environment with the feminine.

It is this drive of men and this disconnection from the heart that the boy is so painfully aware of and that so terrifies his young heart. If only men's drivenness were muted by the connection to their own child soul self that in their own lives had not become lost to them, they would prize the boy. The boy, feeling prized, would return to the Father.

Setting Out the Bowl

IX.

Yes, the sky came close,
I am wet to the bone.

What remains against the body,
I love with that dampness.

Karla Van Vliet

THE SECRET MEANING OF THE POMEGRANATE

If all the things we care about come from some capacity to love, then why is it that all those things we care about cause us so much grief and suffering? Is it God's will that we suffer about the things we care about? Or, is it that the things we care about are only a substitute for God's love?

By not having God's love, we want our children to love us, our spouses to love us, our jobs to be meaningful, our hobbies to be fruitful. All of our values and ideas to build a better world, to live a better life come from the aberration that is part of the disconnection from Him.

It is not that the things we care about do not matter. If we had the Divine love, we would still care for our families, our children, our pets, our jobs, our community but we would not use them to replace the love. The absence of God's love creates the pain, and will comes from that pain. Everything we care about then carries some degree of pain and will, which comes from the separation from the love.

The less love, the greater the will, the greater the caring, the greater the obsession for those things that we feel will give us the love. These attachments, in this way, are unhealthy, again, not because of the things themselves, but because they are used as replacements for the love. Anytime an attempt is made to replace God's love with something else, suffering is created. When an individual's love is not anchored with the Divine, pathology can use that love against the person. It infuses the person's love with will or anger or hurt or nihilism and controls with this false sense of passion and caring.

The irony is that in order to feel and receive the Divine love, the person must let go of the things she most cares about because they carry will fueled by pathology in this way. The difference between the passion for caring that comes from being loved and the passion for caring that comes from not being loved is immense. Because of the nature of confusion in all of us, most people are consumed by the passion that comes from not being loved.

The seeds of the pomegranate that were given to Persephone are the blood tears of the broken heart. The blood tears are from the separation from the love.

These blood tears/seeds are simply the love that has been missing. The suffering of Psyche as well of the suffering of the son is a manifestation of this separation.

Blood Tears

Gerette Buglion



The dark mother takes advantage of the separation from the love by taking over the individual's soul. She is the active will that controls and infuses people with immense power to create and manage the world in an attempt to create the love that they do not have from within. Every attempt to achieve this gives the demon that much more power – it creates that much more caring and more things to care about. She perpetuates her lie by convincing the individual that this caring is love rather than the shadow of suffering it truly is.

People who do not care about anything are also love-lost souls, but this is only a different variation of the same theme. Many, of course, compare themselves favorably to these “unfortunate” souls who care for nothing, but they are truly no better off. The dark mother soothes a person's pride here, telling her that her caring does matter and that it does make her superior to others who do not care about what she cares about. This creates will infused with pride that further binds the soul to pathology and to the dark mother. The dark mother's aspect of the gyroscope is always to make a person feel either not good enough or better than everyone else. This creating of love as compensation for the lack of love is her greatest victory.

My Heart Broke Open, Detail

Karla Van Vliet



The pomegranate split open is the broken heart and the Divine grief for this greatest of all lies. The lie which creates a blindness that devours all who believe it. The devouring that, in the act of devouring, says that it is true and that the person is a better person for it. Once the lie is believed and once a person is identified with the lie, she is truly lost in the world and in the maelstrom of the mother's curse.

Persephone, on the other hand, has no will. She becomes the heart lost from her mother who failed to teach her this attachment. Persephone cares little for Psyche's trifling affair with Eros. She is too young, too open, too innocent to replace God's love. Beyond treachery, she enters the underworld and confronts the Animus as the child soul self that she is, the child soul self that is in all of us. The truth beyond the truth, the truth beyond values, the truth beyond right and wrong, the truth beyond all attachments and all objects of love.

She becomes as herself, an empty vessel waiting only to be filled. The Prodigal Son, too, comes home, having left the world behind as Persephone has, and as an open vessel comes to the Father to be filled. The two of them find that their only value is to know the love of the Divine. It is the blood tears of the pomegranate that truly belong to the child soul self in us all.

These blood tears represent the passion and yearning that is the cause of all of our suffering. Most people have forgotten all about this yearning. Instead, it is projected onto disembodied objects in the world, onto people, onto jobs, onto money, etc. And, with the projection is an attachment to or a level of complaining about every aspect of the object of the projection that is looked to in order to fulfill this need. Every complaint and every need and every apparent moment of fulfillment is a projection of the blood tears.

Hades/Animus asks Persephone to ingest these blood tears that are the seeds of her holiest and most painful self. It is the self that the mother denies, which makes her into the miserable creature she becomes. To deny the feelings of the true self, the woman must become the goddess that Psyche becomes and in this way become a

matriarch and possessor of those things that can be controlled.

All things that can be controlled cause suffering and pain. All things that cause pain are projections of the true yearning which is the only thing that will be the fulfillment and the end of the suffering. When Persephone ate the pomegranate seeds, she rediscovered her yearning.

From the Myth of Persephone:

Before Persephone was to return to the surface world to be with her mother, Hades secretly gave her a pomegranate to eat, knowing that if she ate of the seeds, she would not be able to ever fully return to the surface world.

Hades knew that the seeds were her own heart and would dissolve the toxic lie of the mother. The dark mother uses guilt, lies and subtle manipulations of the mind to distract those who would follow in her footsteps. She lies and blames Chronos for the death of her children. She lies and sends Psyche a lover that would only cause her grief, that would cause her to become like her, a cold, lying husk of a woman. She lies telling Persephone that there will be no spring if she does not return, holding her responsible for the demise of the world. The dark mother lies and lies and lies.

Every person can hear the lie by listening to the voice inside that always explains, always cajoles, always excuses the sickest self. If only the person could see that sick self, then the lie could be seen. Most people are too ill to know that they are ill. Therefore, they believe the lie and the treachery that tells them that the surrender of the self to the Divine will destroy them, or they will be asked to give something up that they do not want to give up, or they will be asked to do something they do not want to do.

The truth is, when the dark mother is given up, the person gets to have Him. There is nothing to lose but the dark mother and all the attachments that only serve to cover up the true yearning. Nothing to lose except empty needs the person has become attached to because she feels she can control them.

In the moment Persephone is about to receive the seeds, Hades is unclear with her about why she should take them at all. This is the moment when the dreamer wants to know what will happen if she takes the plunge, if she takes the seeds. Hades does not want her to know because no one can know this until it is felt. Any attempt to explain it gives the dark mother the opportunity to manipulate the words and tell more lies.

Uncertainty and fear are the greatest tests, for through them a person must let go of control. It is only in the moment of letting go of control that the true soul's nature can gain power over the ego, over the fragile ways a person holds onto power over herself and, in so doing, represses her true nature.

This moment of Hades' "treachery" is designed to keep the dark mother out and the mind at bay. In that moment, there is only the mystery to be revealed, the secret to be known if only the person would take the chance. This is the moment of free will, for Hades/Animus' treachery is not meant to trick the person into ingesting the seeds, but rather to offer the opportunity to take them with an absolute uncertainty in the result.

At this moment, one is given the absolute final choice. Like Psyche, however, most people will opt out of the opportunity. They will not want to forget themselves as Persephone later asks Psyche to do. Most will be afraid to leave their known selves behind. The pomegranate seeds will remain uneaten and the secret of the pomegranate will remain a secret.

But, if a person gives up the need to control, she will not need the dark mother. If a person needs to control, then she needs the dark mother. The dark mother will teach everyone about control and if the person is "lucky," she will become a goddess, a matriarch, a powerful woman who can rule, or he will become a powerful man who can rule. That is, until the moment of death when the person lies in a naked heap on the floor, shrieking in terror and agony as the shell that repressed the yearning is taken away and the pain, ignorance and regret are revealed.

To eat these seeds, one must be like Persephone – totally open and vulnerable. Otherwise, the seeds will not be wanted. Once the seeds are ingested, then one knows that the blood tears open the heart, one knows what has always been wanted. One knows there is nothing more than Him. The love pours in and fills the empty chalice. Starving, the person gulps it down in insatiable need.

Both Persephone and the Prodigal Son have arrived at the same place. They both know the never-ending thirst and yearning for the Divine. The Prodigal Son returns home to fill his soul with his Father's love and Persephone fills her soul with her lover's love. The Anima supports the entire process by defeating the dark mother with her truth, her essence, her grace and her sensuality. For she is Jacob's Ladder. To climb her rungs leads into the opening of the soul that allows the love to enter. It is the Anima that is the vessel that prepares the soul to receive. It is the Anima that is the pomegranate. It is the Anima's love and need that is ingested, by both men and women, so that they may seek the fulfillment.

Through the Anima and the need, one becomes a vessel that can be filled. This is the secret of the pomegranate – that the blood tears become the chalice that is one's very own soul to be filled with Divine love. Through the Anima's impeccable self-acceptance that guides a person to know self-worth, one can open up like a flower to become the chalice that can receive.

The Vulnerable Self, The Child Self, The Soul Self

The split pomegranate is simply a reflection of the separation from the soul self. The self that often appears as the child self in dreams is necessary for

vulnerability and true give-and-take in relationships to occur. The journey of Persephone and the son's final resting place as the Prodigal Son are simple stories that reflect the inner journey to the child or soul self, a journey that is required before love can be truly felt and truly given.

Most people try to train their egos to learn the lessons of childhood, but in doing so, only words, values and deeds are created. The ego separated from the child soul self cannot experience beingness as intimacy, vulnerability or love. The ego can only talk about these things and live within ideas, values and beliefs.

Often, people confuse loving ideas with true vulnerability. The results are profoundly devastating to family members, especially children. The world runs mainly on ideas but a deep, intimate family needs experience and beingness.

Children are never fooled by their parents belief systems until they get older and are damaged. They care little for what parents think, do, believe or how they act in the world. Like the soul itself, they care only for the feeling of intimacy and connection as it relates to each individual moment.

The truth of the moment can only be defined by one's capability to be in the soul or child self, which is being in essence. Without essence, there is no true experiencing of any moment, just the external chasing of the ego's attempt at managing itself in the world.

The Boy and The Girl

Sarah Lyda



Dream:

I find Marc at his office wrapped in blankets on a cot, sleeping. When I approach him and try to talk, he seems angry at me. I feel something is wrong, not necessarily with me.

Shift

I am outside in a gathering of people. A plane flies over us. It is extremely low and everyone is frightened. I believe they are trying to kill us. I wait to be killed as it flies over and over us. But, as the attack does not seem immediate, I try to run, hoping to get away. I am terrified. As I try to run, I find I actually cannot. Instead, I can only drag myself away. I see a man hide beneath a lean-to, so I go there. I believe he is the man who has upset Marc. He is a man whose

marijuana smoking has gotten in the way of his work. I am still feeling terrified, wanting to run but completely paralyzed, barely able to move my body.

Dream:

I am an adolescent boy swimming with my friends. We hear that a hot girl is being sent to the principal's office. We want to go too because of her famous breasts – we want to see them! We talk to each other underwater, referring to her breasts as “hot tuna.” I am amazed at how loud talking underwater is and wonder if everyone could hear us. At the principal's office, we are just who we are – teenage boys. The girl is there, plump with balloons taped to her chest. Everything feels just as it should when boys are being boys. Two girls get together and realize they want to perform together. We need to get away, still in the sense of fun, and so race down the hall. I am not quick enough and duck into what turns out to be the boys' bathroom. A person chasing us reaches his arm in and tries to feel for me in the dark bathroom. I realize in this moment that I am not a boy, but, in fact, I am a girl in the boys' bathroom. Suddenly, I am afraid of being caught – and then I get caught.

Before becoming the girl, I felt the absolute innocence and oblivion of a twelve-year-old boy. No sense of being in trouble for my desire – no shame, no perversion. Just fun-loving and curious.

Dream:

I am swimming in a big pond and want to rest but the edges are yucky. I suspect that near the big rocks are biting things. I feel like I am a little girl. I swim to the man standing at the water's edge. I hope to climb in his arms so I will not have to touch the bottom. I feel that, of course, the man is there to save me from the creepy crawlies. Just as a little girl knows the ever-loving presence of her father.

These dreams demonstrate first the soul self being separated from the ego self, then the person becoming and experiencing the child soul self. This is the heart of the pomegranate, the soul before it is split in two, before it becomes decimated by doubt and loss that in turn creates the fear of beingness. The fear of beingness comes from no longer being the soul self. When a person is no longer the soul self, the pomegranate is split and the suffering, the tears of separation, begins.

Self-Awareness and the Child Self

The child self essentially does not “exist.” It is the quintessential aspect of what we call the soul self. It has no external reference point except perhaps to how we lost track of it in the course of things happening. But it has no self-awareness – it does not know itself as a self. It does not look at itself and say, “I am THIS,” or, “I am good,” or, “I am bad,” or, “I am pretty.” It does not even say, “Oh, now I am glad. Now I am sad.” It just is.

This state of being without “morality” or “values” is polymorphous perverse. Like a flower, it responds only to light, to dark, to pain, to love, to fear, to uncertainty, to desire, to sleep. We grow to understand this self as we become self-aware. Whether it is a tragedy that jolts us to self-consciousness early in life (like early childhood trauma which sets the awareness to be fear based) or changes to lifestyle that bring up the desire to survive, when we do emerge from this state, we suddenly have a reference point to ourselves. From this reference point, we can examine and look at the child self.

But when we do this examination, there is no child. For the moment of self-examination or the self-awareness of the existence of the child self preempts its existence. Therein lies the pristine truth, the diamond key that opens the door. Self-awareness is the shame that let us out of heaven in the first place. The biggest lie of all is that we have to be self-aware in order to be conscious and the bigger lie is that without self-awareness we do not exist.

The Child

Elaine Russell



Dream:

I see a little girl, not even two years old, standing unsteadily. She is wearing a deep midnight blue velvet dress and is surrounded by flower bushes. She is wobbly, like she has just learned to stand up. Not ready to walk.

From Elaine:

This is a very shaky, vulnerable place. I woke up loving her beauty. When I was told I need to be her, I felt a lot of fear about having my own feet support me.

The child is very content without self-awareness. She does not need to fit herself in and amongst the world to define her existence because she knows she is loved. The child's sense of identity is infused with the love she receives so she does not need to be self-aware to sustain itself. The child does not need to find meaning in the world or an identity or a purpose for she already is everything she can be because of the love she feels and because of the defining nature of the love in showing her

her own value as an individual. She receives her sense of purpose, her definition of self, her own meaning from the love itself. Most profound of all is that it is individual and unique for each and every one of us.

In this very moment of child wisdom and knowledge, the pomegranate is no longer split. It is whole and holy. What splits it is self-doubt that comes from objectifying the ego in order to examine itself, entering into self-awareness. This split is inevitable and necessary for it is our nature to ask ourselves the question of who are we and why are we here. It is our nature to forget the child. It is our nature. And it is our defining meaning of life to find that child self in order to answer these questions. But the pathological trickster ego has already encased the self in such a labyrinth of confusion that it may never find its way out. Except, perhaps, through guidance from within.

A major breakthrough in the work is when the dreamer becomes the child self and loses the self-awareness, loses the identity that is the labyrinth of self-awareness, loses the gyroscope of balancing worth against lack of worth. Suddenly being the child and knowing the love of the Divine. Therein lies the truth of relationship with the Divine. We cannot have relationship with the Divine when we are split and self-aware for we are not able to be the vessel necessary to receive the love. A broken pomegranate cannot hold very much. For the vessel to hold the love, it must be whole. Once whole, it becomes holy.

The Splitting of the Pomegranate and the Quest for Wholeness

The pomegranate must be broken; self-awareness inevitably must occur. This may happen through a traumatic event that inadvertently wakes the person up from the polymorphous “sleep,” or it may happen when puberty is reached and innocence is suddenly lost. In all cases, the loss of innocence seems to be an inevitable loss that must be accepted.

The problem with the moment of lost innocence is that it is accompanied by shame which covers up the deeper feelings of pain and fear. The pain and fear are rooted in the existential awareness that we are alone and the Divine is not here. Either we stop trusting our parents or we awaken to the larger world where even loving parents cannot support us. This existential reality lives in us whether we deny it or not. It is the wellspring of our anxieties, our insufficiencies and the basis for the way we recreate our lives.

The splitting of the pomegranate is inevitable and necessary for it creates the opportunity to act from the place of free will and the place of choice to choose the Divine over the world. Somehow this choice is important in our development. The psyche works to bring us back through our pain and fear to the place of the split, to the initial wound that is the pomegranate split.

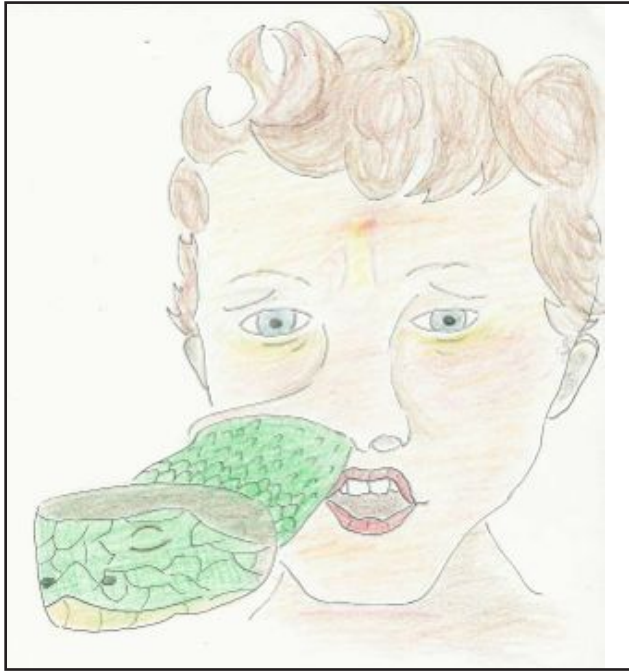
We feel as if we will die if we give up our precious sense of self. We wonder how we can enjoy a moment if we cannot place our selves in that moment in a way

that contrasts us with others or in relationship to our own sense of experience that comes from the past. As if in order to experience reality, we must compare it to something else. To say, for example, “I can appreciate this bountiful meal because others are starving,” or “If only I had this or that, I would be as good as the other person.” We never really feel successful by virtue of ourselves being who and what we are. Instead, we need others around us who have failed in order to demonstrate to our self-awareness that we are special and different. This need to compare and contrast and judge in order to find our place in the universe or social universe seems necessary, even though most of us find it aggravating and annoying. We believe we cannot appreciate ourselves without it.

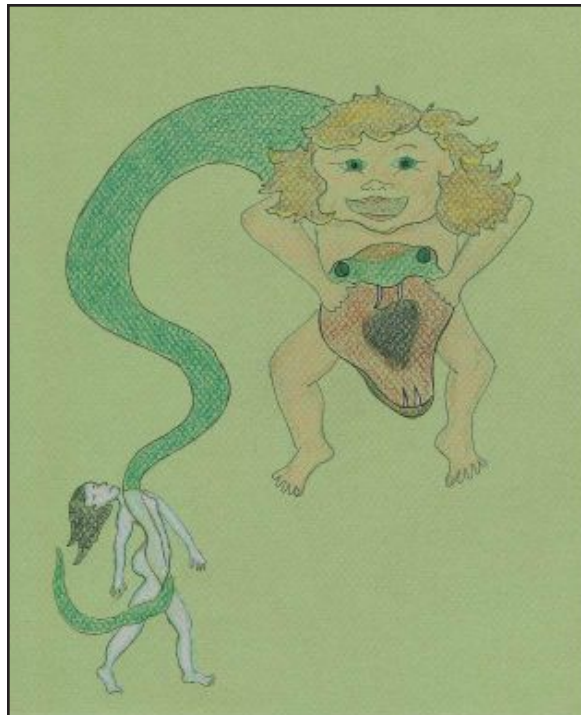
This is the problem. We feel we need to appreciate ourselves or we need to love ourselves or somehow have others love and appreciate us. Our maniacal side says we are better and luckier than everybody else, while our unworthy side says we will never be as good as the people next door. These warring factions of the gyroscopy are never really in balance or harmony for they are merely reflections for the love that is not there. The reflection of the split in the pomegranate in the psyche. The gyroscopy is unwieldy, volatile and impermanent. The merest hint of wind can shift the balance from feeling good to feeling bad to feeling good to feeling bad again.

We become conditioned by every circumstance that comes our way. If we are lucky, we figure out that ultimately good things cannot really change our attitude or the feeling of what we are. Perhaps people who become wealthy and famous are more prone to drugs and other abuses because they find they are no more happy than before they became successful in the world. One is always split, no matter the circumstances. The suffering of the blood seed drips, drips, drips down the cheeks of all who remain in the state of perpetual self-awareness.

Snake Woman
Patsy Fortney



Riding the Snake
Patsy Fortney



Dream:

I am a five-year-old girl sitting in a circle with other five-year-olds. A woman in the middle of the circle is going around asking the kids their names. I realize with excitement that I can say any name I want. As my turn approaches, I try to think of a name I have always wanted. Lots of nonsense words go through my head. When the woman gets to me, I blurt out, “Wacko!” I am leaning forward, every nerve on fire. She speaks to me about my excitement and asks, “Is this your first time?” I say “Yes!”

From Patsy:

This dream is about my first time of embodying the wild girl-child, of feeling her unleashed passion. How many dreams – thirty? eighty? hundreds? – have I had of this child, girl and boy, wild and tender, baby and teenager and everything in between? This time, I stepped in. I felt her excitement, her absolute trust in Him as she falls headlong into a life as His. I knew her hunger for what is next and for the joyful play that should always have been my life and my work.

Last year I had my first snake dream. I dreamed I looked in the mirror and a snake was protruding from my nostril. I was terrified. I had done many years of dreamwork at that point and had grown in my connection to the Archetypes, but I was still living in the Big Lie. I still believed that I had to protect myself, that I had to meet the world with my competence. I was full of insights, even spiritual insights, but everything I did was tainted by my continued reliance on my manufactured self. I lived my life in survival mode, in a constant projection of fear that I was so used to I thought it was okay.

My first snake dream began the process of uncovering how lost I still was and how endemic my pathology continued to be. No one knew how much trouble I was in – not Marc (my therapist) and not me. My dreams kept telling us, but where was the problem in my outer life? The biggest handicap I had was my enormous capacity to cope, to seem okay, to function, to help, even to mentor others in the dreamwork. But all the while I was falling deeper into the life of projection I had not been willing to give up. The question was, where was the girl?

As I continued to dream about snakes, my functional life became increasingly dysfunctional until finally it was clear that I could do nothing until I learned to receive the love that was so lacking in my

life. I gave up many of my responsibilities and began to dream about wild children and teenagers: a girl firing a machine gun into bleachers full of kids, a teenage girl on a motorcycle, kids swinging baseball bats and demanding my money. Finally, a girl named Wacko.

The snake brought the knowledge, the gnosis, that was finally able to separate me from my old self, revealing the Big Lie and finally the girl-me. I continue to fall into old patterns of behavior, but I have felt that girl now. I know her, and I sometimes know not-her. I choose her.

The child self demands that this split ends so we can find the place of essence and begin the ascension of Jacob's Ladder that occurs through such acceptance. In the case of Patsy, the mind refused to let go and the gnostic snake forced itself into the ego structure, shattering the psyche. This shattering is seen in Patsy's Snake Woman drawing and shows an advancement of this state. This is a psychotic state for it produced an unwanted visitor in the form of the snake.

Once Patsy learned to accept this new reality and the necessary disassociation from the ego self, the created self, the snake could then morph into the child, leaving in its wake the dead woman which is the old self, as shown in Patsy's second drawing, *Riding the Snake*. The child's emergence through the snake demonstrates the emancipation of the child by reversing the shame occurring through the existence of the old self.

This occurrence of the snake goes back to the Garden of Eden when the snake gave knowledge. In that moment, pathology came in and introduced shame for having the knowledge. The snake reclaims the individual back to the innocent state before the creation of the split mind, the split in the pomegranate.

When the pomegranate splits, when self-awareness emerges, shame or personal self-doubt also emerges. It is a necessary product of the split and it serves a dual purpose. First, it helps to mitigate the effects of the split by numbing the feelings of pain and fear that triggered the split in the first place or that emerged by virtue of the split. Second, the existence of shame requires, in its very essence, the separation from the connection with the Divine.

One cannot be self-aware and aware of God at the same moment. This is a trick of the psyche that does not allow both things to occur simultaneously. The slippery slope of living in a state of essence and childhood innocence requires one to surrender the pathological will that is the product of the split. Of course, the child self emerging in the self does exercise will. In fact, the child self has more will because it is connected to the inner world of the self and the Divine, imbued with both its individual nature and that which supports its immortal self. This creates an internal context for the individuation process by which self emerges both as an individual ego as well as one in constant relationship with the Divine.

Any connection the self-aware self would have with the Divine would never really know the peace of the connection except in fleeting moments.

Once this relationship is achieved, the core wound is healed and will, desire, passion, joy, ecstaticism, compassion become the rule of the day. The wound is a thing of the past as the split in the pomegranate heals. As long as the pomegranate is split, as long as there is self-awareness, as long as there is separation from the soul, there is a wound. No matter how we try to cover it up by trying to be the right person to be worthy of love, by having a successful gyroscopy of acceptance of others or ourselves, we only succeed in insulating ourselves from the split and the feelings of the split. The more functional a person, the more successful in creating that separation.

But the split continues and is reflected always in some aspect of life that may be hidden from others. The way in which the wound has become infected and has poisoned the soul.

Therefore, at the center of the pomegranate is the eternal moment that is the knowledge of one's soul. The knowledge is one's own living and experiencing of the soul. Persephone's final step toward enlightenment, after becoming the product of essence and sensuality, is to now know God's grace. Grace is the final secret of the pomegranate. No longer a wounded, bloodied tear, in its whole form it is the soul of the psyche.

The journey ends here. This is the vessel that will be filled and reactivated by God's love. This is the self that allows one to experience the Divine love while being in the world. The mystery of the pomegranate is grace, the final rung of Jacob's Ladder and the most precious of all attainments. As such, it requires that all things that are replacements for the Divine be surrendered. Psyche looks for love in the world – Persephone looks for love within the realm of the Divine.

This split is in all of us. The pomegranate is split and the suffering is inherent in the struggle. The road back requires the loss of will, the reclamation of the pain that the will caused and the deeper pain caused by the separation from the Divine. The road back requires the splitting of the pomegranate and the bloodletting within the suffering of the soul that needs to be felt. This deeper pain of the psyche runs parallel with the fear of letting go of the will. The dark night of the soul ends when the person has died to self, not with everlasting pain and loss, but as a phoenix rising. The dark night of the soul ends with the awakening of a new life that waits inside the pomegranate soul to explode out and reclaim its place in the world through the emancipation of the soul.

Relationship as Conjunctio

This epicenter of union involving the child self with the Divine is called conjunctio, a Jungian term meaning “to come together.” This coming together is not a normal coming together. This is the essence of Divine relationship, which requires

that the vessel of the individuated soul be separate from the Divine at the same time it is actually of the Divine. This complicated mechanism emerges out of Alchemy and cannot be replicated or managed or created in any way except through the process of Dying to Self.

When self-awareness ends, awareness of the Divine begins. Since the Divine manifested the self, the cycle of relationship begins. As the Divine creates the self, the self receives the Divine and recognizes the Divine and, from the position of acknowledging the creator, actually creates the Divine in terms of its own consciousness of itself. This constant reflection of the Divine reflecting itself in the individuated soul and the soul reflecting the Divine back to the Divine is the nature of conjunctio. It is as if both things derive power and consciousness from each other. The Divine needs the soul's own unique perception of itself to become complete within itself.

This relationship is infused by love and recognition moving both ways. This can be seen in a parent's relationship with his or her child. The child is loved by the parent and the child reflects that love back by loving the parent. The parent receives the love and is filled by that love. This is more than simply a projection. In its most exquisite moment, parent and child are in conjunctio, in a mutual reciprocity where the love passes back and forth.

Since this relationship is dependent on the individual soul's ability to reflect the love back to the Divine, it is necessary for the soul to have depth and to have clarity. The Divine works the soul, clarifying it so that it may receive the love and, in turn, reflect the love back to its creator.

The sense of purposefulness that the Divine has in its need of us is extraordinary and even shocking to believe. We do not often perceive ourselves as having anything to offer and wonder why the Divine would tolerate us in the first place. It is not that we are sinners – we are just damn troublesome. Clearly, there is something to be gained by the Divine, despite our difficult natures, that motivates it to work tirelessly towards this union. It is difficult to perceive beyond the point of why any of this is necessary. I would not indulge myself or the reader in such fantasy since I do not have that vision nor could I understand it even if I did. I do understand that we are important and needed in the procreative genesis of the universe. For every pomegranate that is made whole, for every soul that becomes immortalized and infused with the Divine, there is a deepening and empowering growth of love that is greater than it was before the inclusion of that individuated soul.

The Gift
Karla Van Vliet



Setting Out the Bowl

X.

The new green of what lingers underground:
bulb, tuber, intention—

I'll wait.

I have come emptied.

I am the arched abandon
of the bowl set out.

Karla Van Vliet

THE VALKYRIE MEETS THE PRODIGAL SON

The Archetypal Anima and Animus often appear as hermaphroditic or androgynous. They are really part of a whole and together, united, form the basis for the male and female together and the Divine love in the harmony of the union. These two genders, once split into opposites, form the basis for all life in the physical world. These opposites, in an attempt to strive for the unity they once had, create the procreative power that continues life on this planet. The procreative power is part of the attraction, brought together by the two opposites drawn together in some form of intended love.

Regardless of psychological issues and the complexity of humans, the underlying principle is to come together and heal the opposition, to come back to the nascent state which all come from. It is not the goal to unite these opposites, but rather to create the third dynamic which allows Alchemy to occur. This is the evolutionary spiral process, the primal desire for reunification with the third force that spirals into a new consciousness. This evolutionary spiral is the absolute and undying goal of the psyche – and is manifest in the totality of the dreamwork.

In the healing of the projections manifested through the breach in the psyche, which is the initial separation from the Divine, it is possible to obtain the journey that would allow one to be part of the evolutionary spiral. Not the coming together but the manifestation of the awareness. This is the apparent will of the Divine whose love for us is so great that its will challenges and engages us to grow in that very knowing that produced us.

This advance in consciousness requires us to withdraw all projection and so confront the Big Lie. This confrontation enables us to deal with our own journey.

The woman, having finally faced her fear of love, becomes the Valkyrie whose job is to reach down to the lost men, reach down into where its very principle had been used to create treachery that is part of the Big Lie. The feminine principle, now united in this connection with the Father/Valhalla, can manifest its great purpose – the ability to salvage the broken male.

The male's gift of the rib in the story of Adam and Eve reflects a loss of his

consciousness to the woman who would one day either destroy him or be part of the process of waking him up. The Valkyrie serves the purpose of waking him up.

The woman who is a Valkyrie discovers her true self and no longer needs the male to complete her self. Complete in herself, she now has the compassion to truly love a man and to stand in the breach for him. With her consciousness grounded in the Divine, she is able to fulfill her promise in the world around her.

The broken male, having shown his mettle on the field of battle, but who is no match for the dark mother, is swept up on the golden wings of the Valkyrie and through her shining love is presented to the Father. The Prodigal Son returns home not only by his own merit but by the feminine intention to help him return home.

The irony of this is that the very female principle that was part of the destructive agent of men in the first place now becomes a redeemer. The broken man cannot be healed by the Valkyrie but through learning the lessons of his own worthiness, he can begin to find his way back to the Father. Since his ultimate worth is tied up with the love of a woman, he often needs some support of the feminine to reinvigorate his libido which, by virtue of his worthiness, allows his heart to be touched. Such men who have a healthy connection between their libidos and hearts are just the men that the Valkyrie seeks out, broken though they may be. The shame is exposed, the wounds run deep, but this does not tarnish the linkage in the male psyche between his heart and his desire.

The Wave

Ken Davis



Dream:

I am wading in the water with a woman, feeling curious, innocent and vulnerable. She tells me about the force that pushes up the waves. I ask her if this is what makes the roaring sound that waves make. The waves and the woman are beautiful.

From Ken:

I was saturated with these blues for days. The force of the waves pulls me into ecstasy. I am so lucky that I can suggest even a hint of what I am feeling as I make these paintings. And I get to return to this place over and over doing this homework. Anima is there accepting me, inviting me to this feeling place. Wow.

For such a man, the healing art of the feminine can aid in a quick release of understanding through which those same desires touch the child inside, touching his desire to seek the Father. For the deepest level of a man's need is when he first laid eyes on his dad and sought his approval. When the father is noble and the mother loving, that linkage can occur unfettered despite subsequent transgressions of the child later on in adolescence.

The Prodigal Son's "mystery" is the Valkyrie who subconsciously or consciously leads him home to the Father. In this way, he comes to know that he has worth, for he may have major wounds around his value as a man in relationship to his father. After all, a man is always hounded by the memory of how small his penis is compared to his father's. How could he ever be a man like his father?

He cannot compare himself to his father, so he compares himself to women. Here he has value or believes he does. He does not realize that a woman either cares little for his penis or only cares about his penis and that the validation he really wants is in his heart. This validation can only come from the Father.

Somehow, through it all, he finally wakes to this realization. In that moment, like Persephone, he is ready to travel to the underworld, in a man's case, to the Father. The Father does not seek him. The son must return on his own and the Father can only wait. This is a different moment than the moment for Persephone, for the son left home believing he would never return, that he had to find his own way in the world. To become a man means lifting himself up. He does not want to apprentice to his father. He wants to find his own way, believing he will always be the son with the father and in this way never know his own true power.

At some point, he realizes that his true power rests with his Father. Not his birth father, but the Divine Father. When he leaves home and leaves his father, he is really looking for his true Father, if he is awake. If he is not awake, he may one day awaken to who he is seeking. Leaving the birth father's house to find the Divine Father is a trick few men figure out.

Leaving the father's house is not the same as killing the father and staying in the house with the mother. Rather, it is the leaving of the house of both parents. Many men never leave home. They leave their fathers but not their mothers. They are out in the world, but they look

for the mother in the women they seek, looking for the bond they had as children. Consequently, leaving home for most men is simply going to the Alma Mater, which means nourishing mother. Most men in the world who leave home never really leave their mothers. To leave the father's house necessitates leaving the mother. A man who has never left his mother will never find his way back to the Father. Women will always play a part in his salvation.

For a man to come home, he must come to terms with his separation from the Divine. Seeking women to fill that hole will always keep him yearning for the Father. The price he pays to have such a woman is identical to the price his father paid which is to lose his own soul and consequently his son. For, like the mother, the father too lives vicariously through his son. And if he was rejected by his father and never recognized his loss, he probably will disdain his son as a way to numb the pain of his own loss. When a father denies his inner child self, he denies his own flesh and blood.

The Boy Singing

David Ducharme



Dream:

I am going to church. There is a challis on a table at the entrance. I feel I need to take it to the altar. I leave it there and walk in. There is

a priest there singing. There is no one else. I want to sing. I start singing. I am very self-conscious as I sing. People appear around me singing until the church is full.

From David:

I knew Him.
 As a boy, I knew Him.
 In my innocence and vulnerability, I knew Him.
 I was a child of God. I felt his presence in my life and longed to serve Him.
 I trusted.
 I trusted a man of God.
 A wolf in sheep's clothing.
 He hurt me, deeply, profoundly, spiritually, emotionally.
 I began a new journey, one without the boy, without Him.
 I believed the lie. That it was me. That I was bad.
 I lived the lie.
 My life slowly spiraled out of control as I spent all my energy isolating.
 Without Him.
 Without the boy I lost my connection, purpose, meaning.
 He is who I really am.
 He is with Him.
 I want the boy.
 I want Him.

To return home, the son must have eaten the pomegranate seeds somewhere along the way. Otherwise, he is returning home for the wrong reason. He may return home looking for the Divine to give him something other than love. It is the pomegranate seeds, the blood tears, that awaken in the son the absolute yearning for the love that was lost so long ago. This is what the Father waits for when the son returns home.

The boy that David refers to is the boy he was when he was nine just prior to a sexual abuse incident with a priest. The shock of this encounter was enough to destroy the link to the Father and abolish the boy to the realm of the deep subconscious. The demon had won and the link between Father and son was lost.

Pathology targets those who are uniquely positioned in life to experience the possibility for spiritual connection. It is the child who is open that is most likely to be attacked. David has lived under shame and mire, never intending to retrace his tracks back to an event he would rather not remember. But the trauma always possesses that which was innocent and that which needs to be reclaimed. Past the layers of shame and rage is the little boy who sings his love for the Father. This moment in this dream is one of the seeds of the pomegranate for David. By feeling through his pain, he is

able to remember who he was and reclaim the seedling that was in his heart, allowing it to continue its aspiration for Divine love, reclaiming his purpose in life.

The son becomes the Prodigal Son because the Prodigal Son knows this yearning for his Father. Any other reason for coming home is not truly coming home. The Father must wait for that yearning to be manifest. Once the yearning is manifested, the Animus, his brother, will join him in this relationship. It is through the Father that the man ceases to compete with the brother and with men in general. The Father helps to bind and bound the relationship with the Animus. Generally, this connection with the Father must happen before a man can know the bonding with the brother/Animus.

The inadequacy that the son feels with the natural father is the vulnerability of the five-year-old who seeks his father's approval. But the inadequacy becomes shame-based and filled with trepidation as time goes by. The question, "Am I good, Dad? Am I good enough?" becomes, "Do I perform well enough?"

The son must find his yearning through the inadequacy, his need to be loved by his Father. As long as the son attempts to prove his own worth, he is not ready to return home. His attempt to prove himself is an act of competition with the Animus and proves nothing.

The Anima's attempt to encourage the son to accept himself is treacherous because of the damage done by the dark mother. His options are few and he is easily lost in a myriad of attempts to find his manhood and his self-worth. This self-worth is ultimately solved when he becomes the five-year-old boy needing to be filled with his Father's love. The Prodigal Son's yearning comes from such a deep child past. This vulnerability is so deep and intense that most men shy away from it. But it is, in fact, the way home.

Once home, the son understands the meaning of the Father's purpose in all things.

The following is a prayer written by a client who awoke from the shock of another failed dream then suddenly felt into the knowledge of the soul self's yearning for Him. He suddenly burst out the prayer to his amazement. First, the dream:

Dream:

Henry Miller, a fatherly figure from my teenage years, is doing magic tricks with cards under an old tree. His sons Josh and Steve are with him. I am there, too, watching the tricks, amazed. Sometimes the cards disappear entirely and I do not know how he does it. He does a trick and it seems like he had three hands. I say, "I don't know how you did it!" He smiles to his sons and laughs. He says, "Let that be the trick then." They know his tricks better than me. I know he tells fortunes with these cards on occasion too, but because he is a magician, he can make the fortunes come out any way he wants.

Prayer

Rodger Kamenetz

Blessed are you lord our god king of the universe who shuffles the cards of life and death. In our ignorance we call your miracles tricks and you laugh with your sons who know your true tricks are invisible nor are they tricks. All of our lives are in your hands and our souls are in your keeping. Under the tree of life you shuffle the cards, and divide them in two and in three. The tricks are very old but your hands move nimbly; even the cards appear and disappear as you will. You tell our fortunes with kindness as the cards tell the future and change the past; you shuffle time. Thank you Father for showing me your face in this dream, and letting me sit with your sons under the tree of life.

I have had a good dream, may it be for the good.

In Both Worlds

You see, I am this pool.
And I am the sky, reflecting, too.

Between the one me
and the other, I am the heron lifted.
I am the bird lifting into myself.

Can you hear me? My wing
striking the cool spring air.

What is below and now what above,
extending the body in flight,
this is how to live in both worlds.

And still I need the water,
place where what feeds me resides
where in the chilled dusk: mist,
the slowed bodies of fish.

And the air too, sounding
the songbirds evening shuffle,
and now my startled voice.

Karla Van Vliet

EPILOGUE

Toward the Light

Karla Van Vliet



The Issue of Choice

The greatest gift of the work is the gift of being able to make a choice. It is one of the greatest achievements. Even if the choice is the wrong choice, at least there is the opportunity to make the choice. Like Psyche who had the choice to sit in the chair of forgiveness forgetfulness when she went to the underworld, who had the choice to begin her own journey to the center of the earth, who had the choice and chose otherwise. At least she had the choice.

To have a choice is to not be a victim of life. If the choice is the wrong choice, at least you can go out swinging, at least you can die knowing you messed up, knowing you could have found God, but chose not to. Then, no one is to blame – just you, just you, just you. It is a kind of victory to leave life with the knowledge that you had a choice and that you made a choice, no matter what you did with it.

Standing Up to the Demon

Rita Murphy



Dream:

I am deep inside a mountain cave. There is a dragon standing at the entrance to the cave howling at the moon. I howl, too. He turns around and picks me up. He squeezes me to see if I am tender enough to eat. He starts tasting me and sucking on my arm. I am not afraid. I know that whatever he does, even if he decides to eat me, I will not be harmed.

From Rita:

It is hard for me to put into words the feeling of this dream beyond saying that I am grateful and amazed at my fearlessness with this beast. Though, of course, as Marc reminded me, dragons do not really exist.

This choice is not without tremendous fear. We often see our fear as a huge beast blocking the way, but it is really nothing more than the uncertainty of change. Of course, there may be trauma mixed in with the fear, there may be fear of reprisal from the past, but there is always fear. It is the lubricant of change. One must accept and surrender to this passage, as illustrated by this dream.

The most difficult thing about choice is that it involves the issue of free will. Ultimately, it is our choice, but it is not our will. Will is often infused with the resistance of the pathology. When combined with our fear of fear, we use our will to hold back and resist the unknown. Because of our fear of the fear, we become willful and unwilling to make the right decision – the decision to face into our fear and go forward.

Waiting for the Man

Kate Smith



Dream:

I am at a retreat center and I want to stay but I am supposed to go to New Jersey to visit my mother and father. It starts to snow and I am glad that I may get snowed in and not have to leave. Someone hitches up some draft horses to a sled and it is a beautiful sight. There is a man that I want to be with, but I am afraid to ask to see him. I am in a room with Annie, Laura and another woman waiting for the man to come. Annie asks if I want to be with him and I deny having any feelings or desires. She shows me a piece of paper with a quote of mine that she had written down, “I want to be naked with him.” The man is coming. I think that he wants the other woman. I am afraid. Laura whisks the other woman out of the room, and I have no choice but to stay.

From Kate:

It has been a long road for me to get to this point where I am conscious of a real desire to be vulnerable and exposed with the Animus. But, as the dream shows, I still try to deny my feelings and this desire and expect that He will certainly want that “other” woman.

This has been one of the edges of my journey in the work, the constant saying of NO to my needs, feelings and desires. I have become a master caretaker, an expert in excuses and a perfect adept in denial all to cover this incredible fear that I have of saying YES. Somewhere in the midst of all of those refusals, the longing of my soul self has been crying out and is now being answered. I am then left to just take a deep breath and stay where I am – in my trembling fear – as He comes to meet me.

There is a choice in every dream to undo any bad choices and make things right again. Making right choices brings up deeper feelings, and in these deeper feelings the way of the journey is revealed. Once we are in the passion of the pomegranate, there is no more choice. Passion is no longer about choice – it is about power, desire, need, yearning, want, all of which have nothing to do with choice. They are the energy of our own expression of life's affirming passion for itself.

It is like the child taking her first steps, running across the room as if in full flight, then crashing into a leg of a table. She gives a short cry, picks herself up and does it all over again. The child makes no choice; she only knows that she must run because she must. The child is alive. This affirming power, this passion, is the essence of the pomegranate seed that returns the child that may have been lost. When this undeniability of the human spirit is released, there is no choice, there is no fear. There is just a never-ending release from imprisonment and a renewed expression of one's essence, of one's soul self into the world.

After Persephone finds her soul self, after eating the seed, she is always in the passion of her relationship with the Divine. She can enter the world without ever leaving Him. Her mind may think she is stuck in the underworld, isolated from the rest of us, but this is another dubious explanation for the fear we do not understand, giving the pathology a chance to speak. Fear is just fear and we can pass through it. Nothing happens except that we find ourselves anew.

As long as there is fear, there is a choice to go through the fear or not. The greater the fear, the greater the will to avoid the fear. Since our passion is on the other side, we may not have the potency or the wherewithal to rush through it, surrender to it, fall into it. Because of this apparent paradox, we must trust without knowing, surrender without answers, divine without knowledge, seek without exploring. We must just be obedient – accept the journey ahead and simply say yes.

Saying Yes to the Friday Night Theater Group Ellen Keene



Dream:

I am with Marc and another woman. Marc asks if I have been attending the acting event that meets every Friday night. It seems he wanted me to do it as part of my process. I have not been going. The other woman says disparaging things about the group. I say disparaging things about myself, like, “I am afraid I will not be cast in a part,” and other excuses why I have not gone. Even as I do this, I know in my heart I am to go. Then Marc and I are outside. We are goofing around. I say, “Look Marc! It’s the Green Mile Man!” I run and jump into midair as if the man is there even though he is not.

From Ellen:

In this dream, I am pretending the Green Mile Man (the character of John Coffey in the movie *The Green Mile*) is there but he is not. There is some way the Animus wants me to show up that I am not. Pathology wants me to know the answer: what does it mean to show up, what am I doing wrong, etc. When I let go of that control and my need to know answers, then I just feel afraid. Then I can feel He just

wants me to trust Him and show up from there. He wants me to open to the unconscious where He can use me, direct me, lead me, where I can feel His presence and love.

I am an actor by training. I love the magic of waiting in the dark wings offstage for my entrance into the light. Through my process in the dreamwork I had to let go of performing. My pathology had contaminated my relationship to theater. Now, through my work I get be in my passion for that form of expression again. I feel such awe at this homecoming. I feel so blessed to rediscover my capacity as an actor through service to the Animus.

My work is to accept my fear of the unknown and jump in anyway. Feel my fear of His bigness and say “Yes! I am coming!” He is pointing where He wants me to go. It is time to step out of the dark wings and into the light center stage.

“Many are called but few are chosen” has long been confusing. It seems to say that one can be called and then not chosen. This is absurd. If one is called, one is chosen. The only question is – do you heed the call, do you make the right choice, do you make the choice at all – Psyche or Persephone?

To make the right choice means to accept the love, to accept the fear of the love, the fear of being potent, the fear of dependency, the fear of passion, the fear of pain, the fear of yearning, the fear of aliveness. We are all terrified of these things. Being depressed, having judgment, being overwhelmed, having control, being a victim, being in charge, being hurt, hurting others, helping others are all aspects of control. We get to decide the story or to accept the story and then play the role that is there for us to play. We do not know what it means to be the one who is chosen. To be in relationship with the Divine, to let the love touch us, change us, make us into something we do not remember or barely remember, this we cannot control. All wonderful, but we are not in control.

One of the greatest fears is the fear of being the one. Not the only one, but the one who is loved, who is special. This is terrifying.

I am The One Dorothy Korshak



Dream:

I am at a large gathering. There is a man who is clearly the Animus. He hugs a few people and then comes to hug me. Suddenly music is playing and we begin to waltz together. In the moment, I know that He has chosen only me. He then whispers in my ear that at the end of the song the group will form a circle. A woman will pull out a sword and slash it through the air three times. After the third time, she will put a gash in the dress of the woman who is chosen by Him. He tells me that I am to hold my dress out just above my right breast and the woman will know it is me. When the music stops and the circle forms, I hold my dress out above my right breast. Very quickly the woman whips her sword three times and then there is a small slice in my dress. The crowd gasps when they see that I have been chosen. In that moment, I feel the love and awe of being the one He has chosen.

From Dorothy:

In the dream, I am able to totally believe that He has chosen me. Shortly after I awake, the voice of doubt begins to speak. The dark mother is telling me that I cannot have it all. I will have to choose. How can I be chosen by Him and still have the love of my husband, my children, my friends . . . and there it is, the Big Lie. The one that wants to keep me from the love of the Divine. Even though there is only one percent doubt, it is enough to keep me from totally surrendering to His love.

In this moment, I do not believe the lie. I know I can have it all. I can be His chosen one and still have my life. He will not ask me to be more than I can be. He will not ask me to give up anything from my heart for Him. In this moment I know that I can have it all.

When you are the one, you are the one with Him. You are the beloved, the betrothed, the student, the child, the daughter, the son. From this place, you can be whatever you need to be in the world to reflect the creativity, the essence, of who you are and the fulfillment of your calling. Everything stems from this relationship with Him.

When you are the one, you are one with Him.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS

Alchemy - The transmutation of the basic material of feelings into deep, inner spiritual change.

Amazonian - A compensatory persona adopted by women after separation from the soul self that manifests as a rejection of men and a rejection of the feeling self.

Anima - The Archetype who embodies the feminine principle. Her role is to support and nurture the dreamer in preparation for a relationship with the Animus. Part of this role is as a healer through acceptance of the true self.

Animus - The Archetype who embodies the male principle. His role is to empower the dreamer through relationship and to bring the lie of the ego self into awareness. For women, the relationship is as a lover and a teacher; men usually work with the Father to begin with, for the Animus is also a son of the Father. Once a man has become the Prodigal Son, he comes into a younger brother relationship with the Animus.

Archetypal Realm - The unconscious realm of the psyche where the Archetypes live and where the dreamer is in the soul self and thus can be in relationship with the Archetypes.

Archetypes - Beings in dreams and in the psyche whose role is to bring the dreamer into relationship with the Divine. Archetypes are vessels of love and essence.

Big Lie - The beliefs held by individuals about their particular lives and by society as a whole that keep the individual from the journey to the soul self and relationship with the Divine.

blood tears - In the myth of Persephone, the seeds of the pomegranate that bind Persephone to the underworld forever; a motif for the love the dreamer has been missing.

child self - See *soul self*.

conjunctio - A Jungian term meaning “to come together”; the essence of Divine relationship which requires that the vessel of the individuated soul be separate from the Divine at the same time it is of the Divine.

dark mother - A dark feminine aspect of pathology that can manifest in many ways including the devouring mother, the shaming mother, the needy mother, etc.

demon - See *pathology*.

Dying to Self - The process of letting the persona/false self, which is created in compensation for the separation from the Divine, die in order to become the true self, the self that is in relationship with the Divine and knows the love of the Divine.

ego - A field of consciousness that has the capability to contain consciousness from both the subconscious and the world.

essence - An individual’s particular capacity to feel God’s love in a direct and personal way. A person in essence has the heart that can know God and can experience God’s love through the feeling realm; one of the rungs of Jacob’s Ladder. Jacob’s Ladder also includes sensuality and grace.

grace - The direct encounter with God and the highest octave of receptivity of the Divine; one of the rungs of Jacob’s Ladder. Jacob’s Ladder also includes essence and sensuality.

gyroscopy - The ego’s attempt to continually balance itself by keeping the dreamer oriented in the outer world where the warring factions of pride and shame, worth and unworthiness, reign supreme. See also *puer*; *senex*.

Jacob’s Ladder - A motif for understanding the elements of receptivity of the Divine. The rungs of Jacob’s Ladder are essence, sensuality and grace. To be entirely receptive to the Divine, the dreamer must have all three receptors open.

pathology - A force within the psyche whose intention is to keep the person from feelings that would open him or her to the Archetypal Realm.

plausible deniability - The pathology's ability to plant ideas in the psyche from the lie based on and reinforced by past experiences. Reactions to these ideas often create the very scenario the person is afraid of.

polymorphous perverse - The period of development in early childhood when the child is freely amoral and has no self-consciousness. The child is open to his or her immediate sensual exploration and all the feelings associated with it.

primacy ("primal sea") - The deeper levels of vulnerability, such as pain, yearning, need, passion that represent the flow of energy from the realm of personal need and expression.

Prodigal Son - For male clients, after having rebelled and gotten lost in the Big Lie, it is the return home to the Father as the boy, with all the feelings of inadequacy – in the adequacy – with the Father. Upon his return, the Prodigal Son understands his problem, feels the core pain and is gladly reinstated with the Father, who joyfully welcomes him.

projection - The justification of why people feel the way they feel by believing that their fear and pain are the result of something external - others, the world and life situations. When projecting, an individual is avoiding true feelings that would ultimately lead to the Divine.

psyche - The vessel that holds the imagination, soul, dreams, feelings and even the pathology of a person; the container for the dreamwork journey; an inner room where the theater of transformation can take place.

psychopomp - The Animus' helper who comes to guide the dreamer; usually appears as a dog.

puer - One of the gatekeepers of the psyche that attempts to keep the person grounded in the outer world; the puer creates a barrier to the Divine through a feeling of well-being and a failure to take responsibility for oneself in an immature or falsely innocent way while ignoring deeper feelings. The puer separates from the core feelings through sentimentality and is a manic aspect of the gyroscope. The puer is not to be confused with the child self. See also *gyroscope*.

Persephone - For female clients, the embodiment of the descent into the Archetypal underworld, a Dying to Self, to become the beloved of the Animus, leaving behind the shadow of the dark mother.

Renaissance Woman - A compensatory persona adopted by women after separation from the soul self that emulates men and often manifests as cold, officious and manipulative.

second death - Dying to the Divine; coming into direct relationship with the Divine; experiencing congruency between the self and the Divine.

senex - One of the gatekeepers of the psyche that attempts to keep the person grounded in the outer world; the senex creates a barrier to the Divine through guilt, shame, overresponsibility, duty and structure. The senex is a depressive aspect of the gyroscopy. See also *gyroscopy*.

sensuality - The ability to feel God's love in the body in a way that is unique to each person; the capacity to sense the power, passion and intensity of being in relationship to God through the tactile self; one of the rungs of Jacob's Ladder. Jacob's Ladder also includes essence and grace.

soul self - The true self capable of relationship with the Divine; often manifests in dreams as a child.

trauma - Occurs when a person becomes disassociated from the soul self and feelings through the repression of fear; the point at which the person stops being the child; the place in the psyche where the child self waits to be reclaimed. Trauma is not a traumatic event but the repression of feelings that can happen as a result of a traumatic event. It is possible to have experienced traumatic events without having trauma in the psyche.

triangulation - The appearance in dreams of three elements: the dreamer, the Archetype, and a feeling or being (often a child) through which the dreamer can come into relationship with the Archetype; precedes Alchemy.

Valkyrie - The manifestation of Divine connection and relationship in women; the capacity to be entered and received and empowered by her relationship with the Animus; the Valkyrie wields the sword of discernment and leads others to the Divine.

whoremaster - An aspect of the pathology that manifests as a pathological figure that can be either male or female and resides in a place in the dreamer's psyche that specifically has a sexual root. Having whoremaster pathology typically, but not always, manifests as a person acting out in promiscuous ways.

wound - The place in the psyche where the original hurt or trauma that caused the separation from the Divine resides.

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