

SYZYGY

Crossing the Bridge to Self



BARBARA ANN JENNINGS

© 2016 All Rights Reserved



Introduction

THE MEMOIR (THE DREAM)

Scraping the chalky topsoil off trenches and craters in my war-torn psyche, the “Syzygy: Crossing the Bridge to Self” memoir explores the layers of environmental destruction and psychological damage after decades of abuse and Self-annihilation to exhume what remains, if anything. In search for home, for Mama, for Truth, for something, I didn’t know what—not to find fault but to find peace—I examine each piece of evidence under the light of prominent Jungian analysts.



Detonating explosives, long thought to be duds, forced me to rebuild the foundation of my psyche, a stone-by-stone metamorphism. Resurrected through the lenses of hundreds of dreams, fairy tales, myths, news clips, fiction, scripture, songs, and poems, as well as quotes from numerous scholarly journals, spiritual works, and psychology textbooks, this memoir doesn’t just tell you a story, it invites you to live it.

THE WEBSITE (THE JOURNEY)

While the memoir excavates the debris of a past life (a kind of therapeutic process of sorting and sifting and cleansing), the website is the journey that attempts to rebuild, replant, and rewire. Like a reality television show, www.syzygy-crossingthebridgetoself.com chronicles a life now in progress. Sometimes comic, sometimes tragic, sometimes clawing its way out of an abyss of abuse and addiction, sometimes bold enough to descend into the belly of the beast, it’s a life that seeks Truth yet hides from it.



Some days—as my life develops in a dark room of its own making—I cringe at the sight of me. Other days, I marvel. It’s both work and play. It is digging and burying, finding and losing, hurting and healing, loving and hating. It is dying and being reborn. Documenting this process of Self-discovery, which Jung coined “individuation,” this website explores avenues for

expansion of the soul, of the Divine, such as memoir writing, Jung's active imagination technique, alchemy, archetypes, astrology, dream analysis, psychoanalysis, I Ching, mandalas, psychological types, and shadow work.

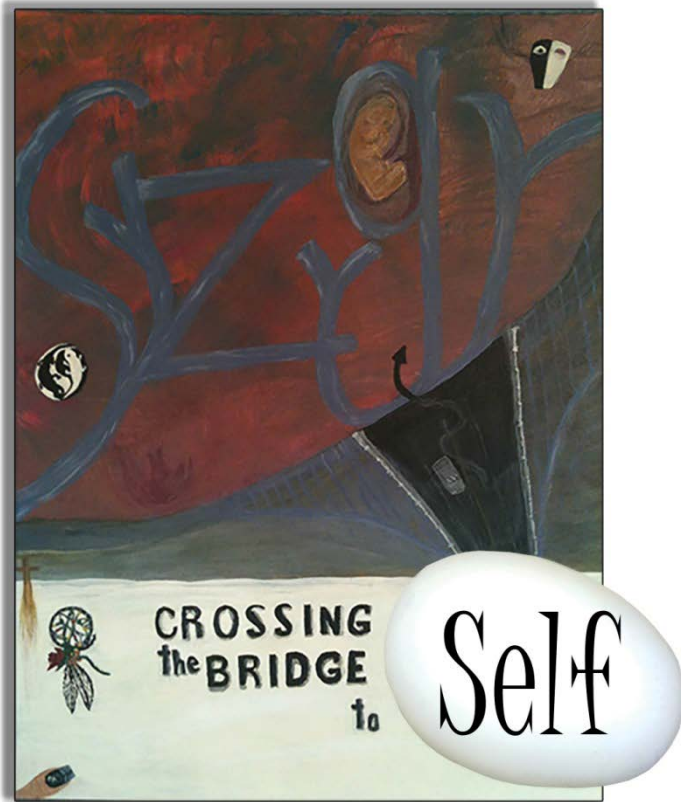
THE AUTHOR (THE DREAMER)

I am what I dream, what I feel, what I think, what I remember, and what I perceive, that is, my ego—good or bad, right or wrong, true or false, real or imagined. I am the mask I wear, which strives to influence your opinion of me while hiding my true inner Self. I am the faults I find in others, that is, my repressed desires and fears, what Jung coined the “shadow,” what I call my witch, who surfaces when I think I am under attack. I am at war because what I think and say often contradict what I do.

I am masculine energy (yang): fast, hard, dry, and aggressive. I am feminine energy (yin): slow, soft, wet, and passive. I am of God, of Divine Source, as the flame is of the fire, as the wave is of the ocean. And I am a vessel through which Divine Source expands to know itself through my human experience, that is, my mistakes, my revelations, my heartaches, my joys, my failures, my triumphs, my loves, and my hates. I hope that one day, as did Jung at age 10, I will step out of the mist, and know I am what I am.



Cover Art



JOYCE MAE WILSON

©2016 All Rights Reserved

(PLEASE NOTE: My mother followed my naïve instructions in the painting of this cover art, but—while I love each and every stroke—I later found it to be more suitable for the syzygy website, which is great considering at the time I had no idea I was going to build a website. However, I did derive great joy out of incorporating various elements of her work in the design of the book cover and its interior.)

Mom & Dad

In your honor, with gratitude,
compassion, and great love.

With our souls in sacred contract, one
with the other for the expansion of each
and, thus, the expansion of our Divine Source,
our reunion in another dimension shall be joyous.



Credits



Cropped fire and water images
from Free Images, www.freeimages.co.uk/.

See the story behind my creation of the syzygy logo
below the vertical navigation bar at <http://bit.ly/1HVMSFp>.

For further information on all footnotes,
please visit <http://bit.ly/1T97t9G>.

QUOTE FROM THE BACK COVER¹

“Jung himself did not see the purpose of life as being the victory of light over dark. Rather his own vision was one of wholeness, of all elements of the Self moving in a complicated dance, in and out of balance, in an endless, unfolding creative drama of growth.”

Notable Names Database
[<http://bit.ly/1I4FTKa>]

Alchemical Symbols of Self

Of my collection, I selected these stones to symbolize my four phases of Self-discovery, which may vary from one person to another. For me, they represent (clockwise) nigredo, the dark night of the soul; albedo, the enlightenment of the soul



(which also depicts the image of my soul in my mind's eye as a child); citrinitas, the new dawn (matter infused with spirit); and rubedo, or gold (a symbol of the soul's highest achievement, that is, individuation).

I Am What I Am



I AM WHAT I AM. I AM—AS ARE YOU—A DIVINE BEING EXPERIENCING WHAT IT IS TO BE HUMAN AS WE FULFILL OUR VERY SPECIAL PART IN THE EXPANSION OF OUR UNIVERSE, AN INFINITESIMAL DROP IN THE OCEAN OF THE DIVINE.

I WOULD LOVE TO TELL YOU WHO I AM in a nice, tidy little paragraph. But as much as I roll my eyes at the hackneyed phrase, “It’s complicated.” Yes, I know my name, although my character uses an alias. And it’s true I rest my head on a pillow in Tennessee as of this editing. But I can hear Virginia Beach calling me, not with human words, but with whistles. More like a dolphin calling its mate. I swear, I would tell you who I am—if I only knew. But my surroundings often obscure my identity. Find Waldo if you can.

Nonetheless, no matter where I am or how far I travel, my roots twist and turn in the depths of a ghetto on the West Side of Syracuse. Dumpster flies and rubber bands aside, I was born to be a writer. Like Hershey kisses, words have been melting in my mouth since spelling bees in grade school. And to this day I salivate every time I walk into a library or smell the fresh ink hot off the press in a newsroom. When diagramming sentences, dissecting clauses, and juxtaposing and analyzing words, I feel like a forensic scientist raising words from the dead. I revel in metaphors that add new dimensions to reality. And similes that are full of surprises delight me. But if you really want to get a good laugh out of me, just dangle a participle.

Throughout much of my 20s, my kaleidoscopic eyes blossomed with Ferris wheels and fireworks and pampered

pageantry. God and I huddled every day, and I gushed from room to room about the impossibilities—whether His answer was yes or no. With my childhood defects scuffed up like the etchings on a wind-battered tombstone, I had become best friends with my parents. And my husband, my best friend of all, cherished me. Together, we nurtured our chirpy little family in a cozy little village in a cheery little pink house, with perky tulips on both sides of the front walk waving at potential visitors. And in the backyard, modest marigolds tap danced along the perimeter of a six-foot privacy fence that assured them that one would have to climb a tree to see them. And my ocean of black and blue ink welled with waves of words, at first.

So much to see, so much to do, but my wanderlust words were shipwrecked. Sure, I could write eloquent, persuasive letters to anyone who outwitted me in an oral argument. But as I scribbled away my life, it occurred to me that I didn't know what I didn't know, and I damn sure didn't know how to write it. So I began taking night classes at University College. But I got smacked down by Therasia, my English 101 teacher, and by my sociology professor, who could have been my father's doppelgänger. I went on to defy them, or tried to anyway. But *summa cum laude* was knocked out of my reach when their grades came back to bite me at graduation.

Other than that crap, my little world was a candy land with cupcakes and peppermint stripes—until the day the doctors handed down death sentences for both my mother and my husband. I knew that prayer had saved my mother's life, but why hadn't it saved my husband's life? His death knocked the born again Christian right out of me.

I moved to Virginia Beach a year later and followed the White Rabbit down the hole, where I lost myself for the next three years in the masterpieces of English, American, and world lit, marveling at the wit, the literary devices, the genius. Everything intrigued me, from Plato and Aristotle to Emerson and Thoreau, from *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. And Herman Melville's *Moby Dick* overwhelmed me with an impossible number of thoughts for me to process in one short semester. Meanwhile Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* and Toni Morrison's *Sula* touched my heart, and Emily Dickinson's poetry touched my soul. And, of course, I was star-struck by everything Shakespeare.

But it was through my in-depth analysis of Walt Whitman's poem "Out of the Cradle, Endlessly Rocking" that I first saw the pattern, that I realized that all religions are one. The only difference was how various cultures interpreted the Great One—the devil was in the details. However, I had no time to milk that cow, any more than I had time to lap up Moby Dick's ocean, as much as I wanted to. I had 10 short fiction stories to write for two independent research projects, and I needed an 'A' on both to graduate *summa*. Piece of cake—the masterpieces were chomping at the bit. Although my professor slapped 'A's on both projects at the end of the semester, I knew they were shoo-ins. I saw my fiction wipe out, as if thrown from a horse at full gallop. Confounded, I drove deep the dread that I had misunderstood my destiny and that Therasia 101 and Professor Doppelgänger were right: I would not be a talented writer.

I had maxed out on English credits by the last semester of my senior year—and I wanted nothing more than to just be done with it—when I discovered Edward C. Whitmont's *The Symbolic Quest* and Carl G. Jung's *Man and His Symbols*. They took my "Out of the Cradle, Endlessly Rocking" revelation to a whole new level. If only I had discovered the symbolic life sooner I lamented, I would have changed my major pronto. Stupid life. Even a shirt comes with a tag.

Ten years later, I found myself writing puffery for a trade association and married to someone who kept missing the elevator in my dreams. And there were loads of other detours since then, too, like that job editing and designing a daily newspaper for three years and working at a publishing company for seven years, proofreading transcripts, and editing and rewriting outlines for college-level courses in literature, art, photography, music, science, history, math, philosophy, religion, psychology, and economics, not to mention all those stints at various companies, providing technical support for one and payroll services for another, updating and maintaining websites and databases at others, and writing SOPs, RFPs, and mission statements, and—yikes! As I thought about all this wasted time, as I wrote it in my head while I was stirring the rice for dinner one late afternoon—a little ghost jumped out of my blind spot and yelled, "Boo!"

As I scanned my life in my rearview mirror, I realized that all of those detours equipped me with the exact tools I would need

to write my Truth and to build the syzygy website. I realized that the 60 credit hours in literature required to graduate as an English major built a sturdy structure of bricks and mortar, but those three credit hours in philosophy established the cornerstone of my life.

Mastering clever literary devices to pen witty prose was not my destiny but just another tool to help me to get from point A to point B, like a very cool state-of-the-art satellite slash drone in my driveway, to help me to record and to interpret the endless data—but with a bum GPS. But first I had to get out of the house and behind the wheel. I was driven to be a writer. But I had misunderstood it as my destiny. It seems so obvious now. It's not about the destiny but about the journey, that space between leaving my driveway and arriving to my destination—the en dash on a tombstone—that is, not writing in and of itself but the message my writing hopes to convey.



Disclaimer

MY MEMOIR IS MY TRUTH, but I changed the names of most people to protect their identities. I also altered a few dates, sometimes creating composites of events, but only to avoid redundancy and/or identification. And where memory failed, artistry created dialogue, transitional details, and backdrops, but always in an effort to capture my Truth. I hope that for every quibbler, open minds and hearts will prevail and won't miss the deeper truth expressed between the lines. As part of this disclaimer, I quote Emily Dickinson and McKay and Fanning, who best illustrate my point.

Tell all the truth, but tell it slant—
Success in Circuit lies
Too bright for our infirm Delight
The Truth's superb surprise

As Lightning to the Children eased
With explanation kind
The Truth must dazzle gradually
Or every man be blind—¹

“Tell all the truth, but tell it slant—” [<http://bit.ly/1PSVJKB>]
By Emily Dickinson [<http://bit.ly/1NKcGkb>]



This work is licensed under the Creative Commons
Attribution-ShareAlike 3.0 Unported License.
[<http://bit.ly/1PSVJKB>]

To view a copy of this license,
visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/3.0/>
[<http://bit.ly/1Olbl8c>]

Or send a letter to Creative Commons,
PO Box 1866, Mountain View, CA 94042, USA.



I paraphrase the following from the work of Matthew McKay, Ph.D., and Patrick Fanning:

We rarely perceive reality with 100 percent accuracy and objectivity. Most often we filter and edit, as if our eyes and ears were a TV camera and we were seeing reality on a screen in our head. Sometimes the screen is not in focus. Sometimes it zooms in on certain details and omits others. Sometimes it magnifies or minimizes. Sometimes the colors are off or the picture shifts to black and white. Sometimes when we are remembering the past, the screen shows us old film clips and we see no 'live' reality at all.²

Matthew McKay [<http://bit.ly/21bQZn2>]
Patrick Fanning [<http://bit.ly/1Om9l8h>]
Self Esteem [<http://bit.ly/1lcGFKI>]

Table of Contents

I AM WHAT I AM ~ i
DISCLAIMER ~ v
SYZYGY DEFINED ~ xi
PREFACE ~ xiii



PART I ~ 1

Introduction

1. Woodman quote about God as the Dreamgiver—Jung calls it the Self.
2. Woodman quote about crumbling foundations.
Chapter 1: the red Jell-O [January 5, 2000] ~ 2
Chapter 2: the frying pan [March 7, 2000] ~ 7
Chapter 3: the art of dying [March 8, 2000] ~ 14
Chapter 4: the first day of spring [March 20, 2000] ~ 24



PART II ~ 35

Introduction

Woodman quote about a child's projection of "King/Queen" onto their parents.

- Chapter 5: the human bean [1959] ~ 36
Chapter 6: the dumpster riddle [Fall 1961] ~ 47
Chapter 7: the storks [Fall 1962] ~ 56
Chapter 8: the color of blood
[Fall 1963 to Summer 1964] ~ 69
Chapter 9: the string that broke
[Fall 1964 to Summer 1966] ~ 75
Chapter 10: the first bite [Fall 1966] ~ 83
Chapter 11: the fine line [1967] ~ 91
Chapter 12: the curse [1969] ~ 107



PART III ~ 117

Introduction

Woodman quote about how when a child grows up they will seek a partner like their parent.

Chapter 13: the color of my world [1970] ~ 118

Chapter 14: the trooper [1971] ~ 125

Chapter 15: the American pie [Winter 1971 to Fall 1972] ~ 130

Chapter 16: the rape (well, not a real one)
[Winter 1972 to Spring 1975] ~ 146



PART IV ~ 165

Introduction

Woodman quote about a mother not wanting the baby.

Chapter 17: the secret delivery [Fall 1975] ~ 166



PART V ~ 175

Introduction

Woodman quote about the bird who has lived in a cage.

Chapter 18: the golden dream
[Winter 1975 to the Early 1980s] ~ 176

Chapter 19: the blockage [Early 1980s to Fall 1985] ~ 193

Chapter 20: the praying hands [December 1985] ~ 205

Chapter 21: the athlete [Spring 1986] ~ 214

Chapter 22: the vulture [June 1986] ~ 222



PART VI ~ 233

Introduction

Jacobi quote on four as an age-old symbol.

Chapter 23: the dead babies awaken [1990] ~ 234



PART VII ~ 247

Introduction

1. Hall quote on anima/animus projection when 'falling in love.'
2. Woodman quote on projecting God onto your partner.
 - Chapter 24: the crack in everything [Early 1990s] ~ 249
 - Chapter 25: the repeat offender [Summer 1994] ~ 267
 - Chapter 26: the lie [End of Summer 1994 to Winter 1997] ~ 269
 - Chapter 27: the banana peels [Late 1998 to Early 1999] ~ 277
 - Chapter 28: the little rag doll [Summer 1999] ~ 283
 - Chapter 29: the brick in the head [Fall 1999] ~ 290



PART VIII ~ 301

Introduction

Woodman quote about how the return to the garden is about coming full circle.

- Chapter 30: the magical smile [Spring 2000, Part 1] ~ 303
- Chapter 31: the mess I created [Spring 2000, Part 2] ~ 309
- Chapter 32: the unexpected storm [Spring 2000, Part 3] ~ 316
- Chapter 33: growing pains [Spring 2000, Part 4] ~ 325
- Chapter 34: the healing mother [Spring 2001] ~ 336



PART IX ~ 345

Conclusion

Woodman quote about women dreaming about beautiful little boys as their inner masculinity is healing; how too, by finding their soul, they discover the soul of the Universe at its core.

- Chapter 35: the pond beyond [Fall 2001] ~ 346

IN RETROSPECT ~ 355

SYZYGY WEBSITE ~ 359

SYZYGY WEBSITE MAP ~ 361

EPILOGUE ~ 363

DEDICATION ~ 365

AFTERWORD ~ 367

SOURCE NOTES ~ 369

SOURCES & RESOURCES ~ 385

Syzygy Defined



sī'-zə-jē

LATIN: CONJUNCTION
GREEK: YOKED TOGETHER

Yin and Yang and Shiva and Shakti are just two embodiments that represent sacred duos, the Divine inner marriage—or the syzygy—of the masculine and the feminine.

“The syzygy seems to be an essential part of [Self], or like two halves of totality represented by the royal brother-sister pair, and hence the tension of opposites from which the divine child is born of the symbol of unity.”¹

Violet de Laszlo
Psyche and Symbol [<http://bit.ly/1Mw72V6>]



“The special structures of the personal psyche, both conscious and unconscious, are four: the ego, the persona, the shadow and the syzygy (paired grouping) of animus/anima.”²

“Anima (Latin, “soul”): The unconscious feminine side of a man’s personality.”³

“Animus (Latin, “spirit”): The unconscious masculine side of a woman’s personality.”⁴

James A. Hall
Excerpts from *Jungian Dream Interpretation* [<http://bit.ly/1NITnDH>]

Preface



I BEGAN TO WRITE THIS BOOK IN MY MOTHER'S WOMB, kicking and screaming every inch of the way. The magical green frost of March christened the union that bore my soul, but that was it. Reality slapped me right on the butt in the early hours of December 17, 1955. I could almost hear the bartender say, "Drink 'em up." As Daddy lifted his beer mug, Mommy pushed her hardest.

As Mars slaved away in the depths of Scorpio trying to satiate his glut for food and sex, Venus's heart hardened under Capricorn's dominion.¹ Torn between two worlds like a rope in a cosmic game of tug of war, I was schlepped from the other side of knowing to here. In those few seconds I forgot some important stuff, like where I came from and why.

So I wandered for 40 years in the wilderness before I actually sat down to write a word of it. Uprooted in birth like a child of Israel, I had lost my way to the Promised Land. But as the child who once clasped hands with little Lucy in the school courtyard long ago, I would keep searching for home, for mama, for truth, for something, I didn't know what.

I didn't know Lucy that first day of first grade, when I found her crying in the courtyard because she couldn't find her mother.

"I'm sure this is where she said to wait," Lucy had said.

The next thing I remember, I was marching her through the streets like a trophy. Yummy smells, like pork chops and brownies, took their turns up my nose as my stomach growled. I

had no clue which way to turn, but I kept on a brave face for Lucy. Just as I turned the next corner, sniffing the air for Mommy's burnt macaroni and cheese, I spotted the bar where Daddy sometimes pissed away his money.

"Hey, I got a great ideal! How about coming home with me? My mommy's real nice, and she can file a missing person report."

"Call the cops? Are you crazy? Mama would kill me!"

I led Lucy toward the curb to cross the street, knowing my mother would kill me if she knew I was anywhere near that bar. I shrieked when the barroom door swung open behind us. Lucy turned to look.

"Mama!"

I handed over my charge, and ran home, barging through the back door to tell Mommy about my adventure, rendering every detail, as to how this good little Samaritan, little ol' me, had saved the day. But Mommy and Daddy were not amused. Before I could finish my story, Daddy yanked me by my collar and hauled me up the stairs to give me the belt because he loved me, Mommy said later, because I worried them.

"Daddy wouldn't have spanked you, you know," Mommy said after supper, when Daddy was in watching the six o'clock news.

"But we never know when to believe you. You're always making up stories."

I stomped my foot, my hands on my hips.

"I'm telling the truth. I swear on a stack of Bibles."

"There you go, Gabrielle, lying again. And blaspheming too! When are you ever going to learn? Repeat after me, I'm a liar!! Say it!"

"I'm a liar. I'm a liar. I'm a liar, a liar, a liar, a liar—" When I couldn't stop blubbering, she clamped her hand over my mouth, pressed her knuckles up against my nostrils, and pushed my head into the chair rail.

"Now let that be a lesson to you," she said when I stopped squirming, her finger pointing at me, her other hand on her hip.

Mommy was my queen and Daddy was my king, but if even they didn't believe me, if everything I thought was just in my imagination, then what was real? What was true? Am I real? Am I just in my imagination? I don't get it! Who am I if I am not me?

Eventually, I learned to shut up and repeat after them. But I learned a few lessons from Hansel and Gretel, too. Like Hansel, I

had a hope, a shred of courage, a little genius, and enough common sense to leave behind a trail of shiny white pebbles. Someday I would remember once upon a time. Like Gretel, I would trick the wicked old witch into climbing into the oven. Then I'd slam shut the oven door, eat and run. I'd find my way back to that path of moonlit pebbles, and follow them all the way back home² [<http://bit.ly/1Lv7NtB>].

But after stuffing myself on a sugarcoated house, I looked around and realized that I had left behind breadcrumbs instead. And I was pissed, really pissed, so pissed I would sooner pop your head off than look at you. I tried to think back. I tried to remember what made me so angry. I remembered trying to tell anyone who would listen what I witnessed, what I experienced, and how it made me feel—and all I could hear was my mother and father wisecracking: “When you grow up, you should write fiction!”

Well, here it is, Mom and Dad, to the best of my fictitious memory—in my efforts to figure out who the hell I am and why the fuck I'm so pissed off all the time—I'm about to tell the biggest story of my life.



PART II

“If you are the child of parents who could not see you, could not really hear you, were very narcissistic, used you to mirror them—ordinarily a parent would mirror a child the child cannot develop his imagination because of the danger of not knowing what or who the parent is.”

“By nature, a child projects King/Queen onto the parents . . . It’s natural for that projection to take place. If the parents accept that projection and think of themselves as King/Queen, there is no boundary at all. The child has no way of distinguishing between reality and the imagination.”

“Father has accepted Kingdom. And if father has done that, he accepts the fact that he can take control over the child in whatever way he pleases. So the child is bound into this psychic incest with the parent.”

“They think that they are god and goddess, and they think that they have that power over their child, their child, not the child of God. . . . And some parents just violate—physically and spiritually—both the body and the soul of the child because they take on that power.”¹

Marion Woodman [<http://bit.ly/1PoTLrw>]
Excerpts from *Sitting by the Well* [<http://bit.ly/1OagpMK>]

5

the human bean

Childhood is not from birth to a certain age
and at a certain age
The child is grown, and puts away childish things.
Childhood is the kingdom where nobody dies.

Nobody that matters, that is. Distant relatives of course
Die, whom one never has seen or has seen for an hour,
And they gave one candy in a pink-and-green striped bag, or a
Jack-knife,

And went away, and cannot really be said to have lived at all.¹

Excerpt from "Childhood Is the Kingdom Where Nobody Dies"

[<http://bit.ly/1XjheDb>]

By Edna St. Vincent Millay [<http://bit.ly/1Sd3Tv8>]

I FIRST SAW THE REAL WORLD through the window of a Greyhound bus when I was three and a half, going on four. Living in a housing project on Syracuse's West Side, I was used to flies and dumpsters and holes in my socks. But as I waved good-bye to Mommy through the window, I held my chin up, looked down my nose as I had seen others look down at me, and pretended I was a rich girl on her way to some important event halfway around the world.

I didn't know my way around the block yet, true, but I'm sure I saw black cows roaming green fields outside little red farm houses somewhere. I swallowed my Adam's apple, though, when the bus driver cranked into high gear outside the city limits, because all I saw was a pack of lies around every bend.

Last night I posed as Mommy cut and sewed and fitted some pink fabric to my size. When she was satisfied with the bows and ruffles, she turned me to look in the mirror. I squealed and hugged her neck. But she shushed me. The other kids were sleeping. Then she trimmed my socks with pink lace and rubbed some white polish on my grimy shoes until they looked brand new. I waved my arms and grinned a lot.

"You're the greatest mommy in the world!" I told her. "Wait till the other kids see me."

As she scrubbed my hair, she said I was to leave this filthy city in the morning and see for myself that there was a great big world out there, a better world, a much brighter world.

So my heart drooped like a wilted dandelion at the sight of crumbling silos, worn farmhouses with boarded up windows, and endless piles of rusty fenders and old tires. Mommy will be so sad to see what had become of the rest of the world since she'd last seen it. Just as I was about to sink into my seat, a flock of geese passed my window, and a pond, and a field of cows, and horses, and another pond, this one with ducks. I sat tall. We had arrived at last!

"Pee-yew! Daddy," I said loud enough for everyone on the bus to hear. "What's that smell?"

I pinched my nose and craned my neck to look at the people sitting across the aisle, as if I wasn't used to bad smells. I especially didn't want anyone to think it was me. The nice man in the Army uniform, the one who winked at me as Daddy and I walked by, took a deep whiff, as if he could smell chocolate-chip cookies baking somewhere, and he sighed.

Daddy reached into his pocket and pulled out his hanky, which Mommy starched and ironed.

"That's the fresh air your silly mother's always saying you kids are so deprived of," he said, using the hanky to block the smell from getting into his nostrils, nostrils much larger than most I'd seen.

"There's a whole great big world out there," Mommy told me and Daddy this morning, as she ripped the brush through my hair. "Just because you grew up in the city, Zach, doesn't mean we have to live here the rest of our lives."

"What the fuck are you talking about, stupid? We don't have money to move. And even if we did, what am I supposed to do, drive a fucking jackass to work? Your mother's silly. Don't pay any attention to her."

Mommy sighed.

As the bus rounded the next bend, and Daddy's attention shifted from his hanky to his Timex, I unplugged my nose.

If Mommy likes that smell then—fuck you, Daddy—so do I.

He slipped his hanky back into his pocket, butted his cigarette in the ashtray, adjusted his daddy long legs for the umpteenth time, put his head back against the head rest, and shut his eyes. After a few minutes, his lips parted. I couldn't understand how he could sleep at a time like this. But good! Because his nagging about how long the ride was and how bumpy distracted me from my adventure.

I looked back out the window and saw my reflection skip across the glass, my thumb in my mouth. I spit the stupid thing out and wiped it on the inside of my hem. Not because Daddy might say I was a slob or a pig or smack me. He never did those things in front of people outside our family. But because I was a big girl now, and I was off to see the world, or Rochester, anyway, to my great-grandmother's house.

"Grandma Moses!"

I didn't suppose that was her real name, but that's what Aunt Velma called her. She often tells Mommy and Daddy about some crazy thing Grandma Moses did, the humor of it over my head. Then she'd say, "Grandma Moses!" I knew by the way Mommy and Daddy chuckled that Grandma Moses must be a wonderful but wacky character.

When we arrived at Grandma's house, it was like Easter or Thanksgiving, with everyone talking at once, laughing and kissing. They all shook hands and hugged as they tried to remember the last time they saw one another.

"What's your name, sweetie?" asked the lady in a pink and white frilly apron. The only people I know who wear aprons are Lucy and the Beaver's mom. Mommy never wore them. And she only had three dresses, which she made herself.

Why doesn't she make herself an apron?

I decided that when I grow up, I would wear a pink and white frilly apron, too.

"Gabrielle Hayes," I said, standing up tall.

"She looks like a Hayes, all right," she said, smiling, squeezing Daddy's arm.

Daddy's mother, Grandma Louise, was there, too. We called her husband Jerold, not Grandpa, because he wasn't our real grandfather. Our real grandfather died in the good old days, before I was born. Grandma Louise and Jerold always visit us on Sundays, which is the best day of the week because they always bring us candy, a whole bag of it. But this past Sunday when they stepped off the bus, I spotted something different as us kids ran up the street screaming, "They're here. They're here!"

Grandma Louise had the shiny bag with pink and green stripes on it instead of the usual brown paper bag. I knocked over everybody in my path to get to it. Of course, God saw me and tripped me, and I scraped my elbow and my knee. But even God couldn't tear my eyes from that bag of candy, kind of like now with those brownies.

"Come sit," said one of the old ladies, who was pleasantly plump, according to Aunt Velma. One step closer to the brownies, I climbed up on the stool and sat at the counter, which was cluttered with pill bottles and matchbooks.

“She’s got your olive skin color, Zach, and your thick brown hair, but those eyes! Are they blue or green? She must have got those from her mother.”

One of Daddy’s uncles slapped him on the back. “Damn, time flies, Speedy. Last time we saw you she was just a twinkle in your eye.”

I turned my head like I was shy, but I just wanted to roll my eyes. The only thing that twinkled at me was his shiny belt buckle, and word on the street was people with brown eyes were full of shit. Daddy’s aunt winked at me as I washed my brownies down with milk. When I licked the last crumb from my fingers, I sat on my hands so as not to forget and suck my thumb. Surely they thought me mature for my age as I looked with earnest from one speaker to the next. But my mind soon wandered to the skirted subject behind the ruffled curtain. I scooted off the stool and slipped into the other room, where Grandma Moses was sound asleep in her coffin, her gray hair clasped with pins, her lips tucked in, her hands wrapped in black rosary beads. A fly walked across her nose, and she didn’t even bat an eyelash.

“Mommy, Mommy,” I screamed, partly in excitement, and partly in fear, as I ran through the back door. I would never forget the day I came running in the backdoor and called her Mommy, and she said I must be lost, because she didn’t recognize me. She was not my mommy, and she would not relent until I was sobbing and had put on my coat, and had headed out the backdoor to go find a nice policeman to help me find my real home.

But this day she recognized me, thank goodness, and she clutched my arm, pinched her lips together, and turned the key.

“Tiptoe up to your bedroom and change into your play clothes,” she whispered. “Then you can go out and play—if you don’t wake anybody up.”

I did as she said, and by the time I tiptoed back out into the hall, Mommy and Daddy were in their bedroom with the door shut. I bent down and listened under the door.

“Squeak. Moan. Squeak. Moan. Squeak.”

I liked it when those sounds came from their room.

Down the stairs and out the back door, I searched for someone I could tell that I had seen a real live dead person and that farmers didn’t look anything like Mr. Green Jeans. But all the

little kids must still be napping. And all the big kids were still in school, lucky ducks.

I dragged my feet down to the other end of our housing row and gazed up in awe at the big shiny red complex across the street. St. Agnes's! I sat on the grass between the sidewalk and the curb and dreamed of the day I could get a taste of it, as if it were a giant candied apple, and thought it must smell like cinnamon toast inside.

I glimpsed into the past as pairs of horses drew elegant carriages through the majestic archway. One pulled up by the green lamppost, and a handsome young lad wearing a cape held out his arm for the young lady wearing white laced gloves. When he held wide the big red door, she stepped through. I knew at that very moment that wondrous mysteries were unfolding behind the great red-brick walls, where my brother, Zachary, was gobbling up big helpings of everything I wanted to know.

That night in bed, I told my little sister all about Rochester and Grandma Moses down to the finest details. She was almost two and I was almost four, and we giggled at the sound of our own voices.

"Get to sleep up there," Daddy yelled. So I whispered for a few minutes. But then I forgot, until the door burst open.

"I said get to sleep," he hollered, as he snapped his belt. We screamed and cried, and he left when he was done.

"Don't cry, Mariah," I whispered. "It only hurts for a few minutes. It'll be okay." I could see that he only patted her butt, but she cried as if her world had come undone.

"I bet it don't hurt no more. You're just sad. See me? I'm not crying. It didn't really hurt. I only pretended to cry so Daddy would stop—"

Daddy punched the door open, slamming the doorknob into the wall.

"It didn't hurt, huh?" he said, hiking up my nightgown. Then he bore down on me, his face twisted, his teeth clenched, his brown bedroom eyes, the ones most people had never seen, looked red with the night light shining in them, like the devil's eyes. I squirmed and screamed and cried. But this time he didn't stop until he crumpled me up into a sniveling little ball. By the time Mommy yelled for him to stop, I had nothing left. I tried to

pretend I was dead, that my name was Grandma Moses, but the trembles and sighs that wracked my body said otherwise.

Just fuck you, Daddy. Just fuck you. Just fuck you, Daddy. Just fuck you.

That's how I prayed myself to sleep that night.

As the days passed, they still told their Grandma Moses stories as if she had always been or had never been. I could only say for sure that she was dead. And my newfound knowledge of death earned me the right to the knowledge of life. And if it meant resorting to blackmail, so be it. What could they do if they caught me? Beat me? Hah!

I cornered Zachary, who turned six that year in the summertime. We were playing hide-and-go-seek after supper one night when I followed him to his hiding place behind the green dumpster in the parking lot, where we weren't allowed to play.

A kid chanted in the distance: "... eighty-five, ninety, ninety-five, a hundred. Apples, peaches, pumpkin pie, who's not ready, holler I."

"I!" I screamed, and Zachary spun around.

"What the heck are you doing here? Go find your own hiding place."

He didn't realize yet the full gravity of the situation.

"Tell me about the birds and the bees. Or I'll tell Daddy you were running in the parking lot."

"You promise to scram if I tell?"

"Cross my heart and hope to die."

"The birds and the bees is how they make babies. The man puts his pee-pee in the woman's pee-pee."

"Yuck! You're pulling my leg!"

"It's the truth, I swear. That whole thing about the stork is baloney. Now, scram!"

So that's what Mommy and Daddy were doing when we got back from Grandma Moses's house. Making a new baby? A person dies, so you make a new one? But what did any of it have to do with the birds and the bees?

Sure enough, it was true, though, because the next day Mommy told us we had to move to a bigger housing unit, two courtyards away, because she was going to have another baby. Up to my ears with babies, I decided it was time I got out into the world.

For the next year, I had one thing to say, “I wanna go to school.” I said it every morning when Zachary put on his coat. I said it every afternoon when he got home.

“Don’t be silly,” Daddy said. “Look at you. You can’t even put your shoes on the right feet. Now, shut up! The commercial’s over.”

I said it at the supper table every night, when the whole family sat as stones while Daddy sat there with one ear cocked, the volume on the television in the living room turned up.

“I wanna go to school!”

“You don’t even know how to tie your shoes, dummy,” Daddy said, flicking my head with his fingers.

I had so much to learn. So every morning when the big hand was on the 12 and the little hand was on the nine, I sat front and center of the television. But I wasn’t stupid like Mariah, who turned the magic key to the magic door to the wonderful magic toy shop—ta-dah! a smile—to see Miss Merrily and Eddie Flum Dum.

“Television is make-believe,” I yelled at her. “You dummy!”

Or so I thought, until one day, my luckiest day ever, Miss Merrily from *The Magic Toy Shop* invited me to be on her show. That’s right. I got to go on television, believe it or not! Me! A real live person in *The Magic Toy Shop* audience. If you don’t believe me, I understand. Most people didn’t. But I was there all right, waving into the camera at Mommy and all the little kids who watched from home. That was my claim to fame. And I told everyone I met. And if they didn’t believe me, I’d ask Mommy to prove it. And she would vouch for me.

“It’s true. I saw her on television. I saw her wave.”

And that satisfied me a lot.

But most days, I couldn’t find anyone to tell. After lunch, when all the daddies were still sleeping and all the mommies were watching the world turn, I’d wander around our housing project looking for Bazooka bubblegum wrappers that still had comics in them. I’d look for old shoe heels and for rocks you could write with. But a penny was the best find. I’d brush off the dirt, unsnap my pink purse, its status long since downgraded from an Easter accessory to a toy, and drop it in. Then I’d wait for the big kids to get out of school, especially for Maureen, who taught me the most that year.

I'd hide behind a tree, picking its bark until I saw the big kids coming around the corner. Then I'd run to my back porch, which was just a few doors down from Maureen's back porch. I'd sit on the step, my purse lodged between my ankles, and wait. As the kids walked across the commons, sometimes they'd look at me, much like one looks at a bump on a log. But I was patient. I'd wait until they all turned and waved good-bye. Then I'd wait some more until Maureen was halfway up the walk.

"Psst. Maureen. Can I come over? I'll help you with your chores."

She'd turn around to ensure all the big kids had turned the next corner and nod. Then she'd let herself in with her very own house key, leaving the door ajar for me. When I was sure no one was looking, I'd grab up my purse and follow her in. The first thing she'd do is switch my shoes and show me how to tie them. Day after day, I tried, but every time I took a few steps, they'd come undone. When I'd get frustrated, she'd tie them for me, nice and snug, and then together we'd do the dishes and laundry. She'd wash and I'd dry. I'd sort socks and she'd fold.

Then we'd drink root beer and eat potato chips while I dumped the contents of my purse on her kitchen table. She'd read the Bazooka comics to me. And when I didn't get the joke, she'd explain it. That's where I learned my sense of humor, from Maureen Johnson, who was 12 and had freckles and hair the color of pumpkin pie, my favorite.

She taught me the strategy of tic-tac-toe so the cat always wins. And she taught me how to sing rhymes while we clapped each other's hands and how to build houses of cards and how to make patterns by crossing large rubber bands over our fingers. It sure beat playing patty-cake and peek-a-boo and drinking Kool-Aid at my house. But Maureen wasn't all fun and games. Sometimes she was dead serious. Sometimes she told me secrets like the one about her daddy, and how he died.

"You know why I never let you sit there," she asked me one day, pointing to the captain's chair.

I shook my head.

"Because Pop used to sit in that chair, sometimes all night, and drink whiskey. He wouldn't eat or talk much, except sometimes he muttered stuff to himself. Ma said he was sick, and she was always telling him to get off his ass and go to the doctor's.

But he said no. Said he'd be fine if she would just leave him the hell alone. Then one night, when we were sleeping—”

Maureen stopped and looked around to make sure her brother, Jake, wasn't listening.

Jake, he's the one who taught me how to play hide-and-go-seek in the house when Maureen wasn't home. It tickled me to no end that we could turn off the lights, pull down the shades, and play in the house. Plus, imagine, a boy 10 years old taking time to play with little ol' me. My importance as a human bean skyrocketed.

Jake said we had to play in our socks. Of course, otherwise you could hear the other running to hide. And when we got found, we had to take off our socks, then unbutton our shirts, and then undo our pants . . .

“You hear me?” Maureen's voice was hoarse and urgent.

I snapped to.

Pointing at her head, she pressed down her thumb.

“Bang!”

“Holy cow!” I said. “Do you suppose he went to heaven?”

I hated my daddy, had since I could remember. I hated the way he called Mommy and us kids stupid. And I don't know if I feared for us or for him, but I sure hoped he didn't have a gun.

“For sure,” she said. “Can't prove it. No one believes me. But I was standing at my bedroom window that night when the ambulance drove off. My eyes were blurry, for sure, I was crying. But honest, swear to God, I saw Pop standing on the front walk that night. I started to open the window, to call for him. But I froze when I saw two angels glowing in the dark. They lifted Pop up into the air with them, and they floated away. I swear.”

The secret was too big for me to contain, so I told Mommy. But never again.

“Maureen's a liar,” she said. “She's filling your head with nonsense. I'll just have to have a little chat with her mother.”

“No, you can't,” I begged her.

“Why not?”

“Because I made it up, I swear. I was just bored.”

“You lie to me again, little missy, I'll wash your mouth out with soap. Now go play. And don't leave our courtyard. I feel like an idiot every time the police have to bring you home.”

That's how I learned to keep secrets, and by school registration day the next summer, Mommy and I had a secret, too. After I hounded her and Daddy for a whole year, she had two options: Take Daddy's advice and tape my mouth shut or, her alternative, erase the seven on my birth certificate.

"If anyone asks," she said. "Don't forget! Your birthday is December 1. If they find out you lied, they'll kick you out."

"It's our little secret," I said, then I pinched my lips and turned the key.

St. Agnes's didn't have kindergarten, so I had to start school at Sherwood, which wasn't my idea of real school. But it was so much fun singing "High-ho the derry-o, the farmer in the dell" and playing "I'm tall, I'm very tall." But my favorite part of each day was the milk and graham cracker breaks, followed by story time. We'd sit in a half circle on the floor around Miss Dollar, who sat in a chair, and she'd read us stories like *Curious George* and *The Little Red Train That Could* and *Green Eggs and Ham*. Before turning each page, she'd turn the book around to face us and move it from side to side so we could all see the pictures.

Even naptime wasn't so bad because Miss Dollar knew that I had outgrown naps a long time ago. I told her so. Plus, she was the nicest lady I had ever known. So I played along with her and the nap game, taking off my shoes along with the other kids, rolling out my nap towel, lying down and closing my eyes, pretending to sleep to humor the other kids because Miss Dollar said they weren't as mature as me. After naptime, I'd slip my shoes onto the right feet and tie them nice and snug. Then I'd help Miss Dollar tie the other kids' shoes. I was very, very tall.

Still, I couldn't wait to go to real school, where the nuns would put away all this silly nonsense. But little did I know that we would read real stories, true stories about the devil, and murderers, and thieves, and liars, and that I would find out I was one of them, one of the evil ones.

Source Notes

The links in the following entries were selected based on added information (and in some cases, reviews) that the sites provide about the author and/or the work. Most biographies are linked to Bio. True Story. And most poets and poems are linked to the Poetry Foundation and/or The Academy of American Poets. When available, a link to the author's website is also provided. Otherwise, most works are available through traditional and online bookstores. For additional publishing information, please see entries in Sources & Resources, p. 409.

SYZYGY DEFINED

1. de Laszlo, Violet S. Ed. *Psyche and Symbol: A Collection of Selected Works from the Writings of C. G. Jung* [<http://bit.ly/1Mw72V6>], p. 30. (Garden City: Doubleday, 1958.)
2. James A. Hall. *Jungian Dream Interpretation: A Handbook of Theory and Practice* [<http://bit.ly/1NITnDH>], pp. 9–10. (Toronto: Inner City Books, 1983.)
3. *Ibid.*, p. 120.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 120.

DISCLAIMER

1. Emily Dickinson [<http://bit.ly/1NKcGkb>]. “Tell all the truth but tell it slant—” [<http://bit.ly/1PSVJKB>]. This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 3.0 Unported License [<http://bit.ly/1PSVJKB>]. To view a copy of this license, visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/3.0/> [<http://bit.ly/1Olbl8c>]. Or send a letter to Creative Commons, PO Box 1866, Mountain View, CA 94042, USA.
2. Matthew McKay, Ph.D. [<http://bit.ly/21bQZn2>], and Patrick Fanning [<http://bit.ly/1Om9l8h>]. Kirk Johnson, ed. *Self-Esteem* [<http://bit.ly/1lcGFKI>], chap. 9, “Responding to Criticism,” subtitled, “The Myth of Reality: A TV Screen in Every Head,” p. 187. (Saint Martin’s Paperbacks: New Harbinger Publications, 1987.)

PREFACE

1. Gary Goldschneider. *Personology: The Precision Approach to Charting Your Life, Career, and Relationships*. Philadelphia/London: Running Press, 2005.)
2. Based on Hans Christian Andersen's [<http://bit.ly/1ML7eox>] "Hansel and Gretel" [<http://bit.ly/1Lv7NtB>].

PART I: INTRODUCTION

1. Marion Woodman [<http://bit.ly/118tNua>]. *Sitting by the Well: Bringing the Feminine to Consciousness Through Language, Dreams, and Metaphor* [<http://bit.ly/11a3nIr>], Session Nine: "Losing Your Life in Order to Find It, Part 1." Audio Series. (Boulder, CO: Sounds True, 1998.)
2. Marion Woodman [<http://bit.ly/118tNua>]. *Addiction to Perfection: The Still Unravished Bride* [<http://bit.ly/1X6OqTQ>], p. 126. (Toronto: Inner City Books, 1982.)

Dream Journal Entry: "The Black Xs," January 5, 2000.

Dream Journal Entry: "The Frying Pan," February 2, 1999.

CHAPTER 1: THE RED JELL-O

1. Judith Rossner. *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*. (New York: Washington Square Press Publications of Pocket Books, div. of Simon & Schuster Inc., 1975.)
2. Robert Moss [<http://bit.ly/1Se2Cnz>]. *Conscious Dreaming: A Spiritual Path for Everyday Life*, p. 78. (New York: Three Rivers Press, 1996.)

CHAPTER 2: THE FRYING PAN

Dream Journal Entry: "Circuit Breaker," July 12, 1999.

Dream Journal Entry: "Where Will the Next Bomb Go Off," November 17, 1999.

Dream Journal Entry: "Acquainted with the Dead," December 14, 1999.

Dream Journal Entry: "At the Crossroads," January 30, 2000.

Dream Journal Entry: "Body Bags," February 17, 2000.

CHAPTER 3: THE ART OF DYING

1. Sylvia Plath [<http://bit.ly/21cgLHZ>]. “Lady Lazarus” [<http://bit.ly/1MMwl3c>], *Collected Poems*, p. 244. (New York: HarperCollins Publisher Inc., 1981.)
2. Marion Woodman [<http://bit.ly/1I8tNua>]. *Sitting by the Well: Bringing the Feminine to Consciousness Through Language, Dreams, and Metaphor* [<http://bit.ly/1Ia3nIr>], Session Three: “Mature Masculine and Feminine Energy.”
3. Norman Vincent Peale [<http://bit.ly/1OntMXY>]. Download a free and updated eBook of *The Power of Positive Thinking* [<http://bit.ly/1NmLvSo>]. (New York: Prentice-Hall Inc., 1952.)
4. Wally Lamb. *This Much Is True I Know*. (New York: HarperCollins Publishers Inc., 1998.)

CHAPTER 4: THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING

1. Clarissa Pinkola Estés [<http://on.fb.me/21cfBMo>]. *Women Who Run With the Wolves: Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype* [<http://bit.ly/1Sd2y7B>], pp. 190–91, in a discussion on Hans Christian Andersen’s *The Ugly Duckling*, 1845. (New York: Ballantine Books, 1992.)
2. Ibid.

Dream Journal Entry: “Packing Stones,” January 30, 2000.

Dream Journal Entry: “Gifts,” March 1, 2000.

3. Mary Hopkin (<http://bit.ly/1N7oSwd>) “Those Were the Days” (<http://bit.ly/1N7oSMC>), 1968.
4. Adrienne Rich [<http://bit.ly/1NKbMUM>]. “Diving into the Wreck” [<http://bit.ly/1kPz2ds>], excerpt from *Diving into the Wreck: Poems 1971–1972*. (W. W. Norton & Company Inc., 1973.)

PART II: INTRODUCTION

1. Marion Woodman [<http://bit.ly/1I8tNua>]. *Sitting by the Well: Bringing the Feminine to Consciousness Through Language, Dreams, and Metaphor* [<http://bit.ly/1Ia3nIr>], Session Six: “Conscious Femininity, Part 2.”

CHAPTER 5: THE HUMAN BEAN

1. Edna St. Vincent Millay [<http://bit.ly/1Sd3Tv8>]. “Childhood Is the Kingdom Where Nobody Dies” [<http://bit.ly/1XjheDb>]. (Eugene, OR: The Edna St. Vincent Millay Society, 1937.)

CHAPTER 6: THE DUMPSTER RIDDLE

1. Emily Dickinson [<http://bit.ly/1NKcGkb>]. “They shut me up in Prose” [<http://bit.ly/1MJsPJ3>]. This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 3.0 Unported License [<http://bit.ly/1PSVJKB>]. To view a copy of this license, visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/3.0/> [<http://bit.ly/1Olbl8c>]. Or send a letter to Creative Commons, PO Box 1866, Mountain View, CA 94042, USA.

CHAPTER 7: THE STORKS

1. Hans Christian Andersen [<http://bit.ly/1ML7eox>]. “The Storks,” [<http://bit.ly/1Yoojs2>] *Tales*. Charles W. Eliot, ed. Vol. xvii, pt. 3 of 51. (New York: The Harvard Classics, P. F. Collier & Son, 1909–14.)
2. “Found a Peanut.” [<http://bit.ly/1YpoGMw>]. (However, in the version the leaders taught us at my summer camp, the gates of heaven were not locked.)
3. “Apostle’s Creed,” a shortened version of “The Nicene Creed” [<http://bit.ly/1NKVPxR>] (The version I recall is a cross between these two.)

CHAPTER 8: THE COLOR OF BLOOD

1. Martin Luther King, Jr. [<http://bit.ly/1QCneYJ>] “I Have a Dream” [<http://bit.ly/1XkJCVJ>]. (The speech King delivered on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial on August 28, 1963.)

CHAPTER 9: THE STRING THAT BROKE

1. Excerpts from the “suicide letter” to Martin Luther King, Jr., later proved to have been sent from the FBI, then led by J. Edgar Hoover. Found in the National Archives at College Park, MD, by Beverly Gates, and published in an article in *The New York Times Magazine* on Nov. 11, 2014 [<http://nyti.ms/1lCKfy2>].

CHAPTER 10: THE FIRST BITE

1. Emily Dickinson [<http://bit.ly/1NKcGkb>]. “Eden is that old-fashioned House” [<http://bit.ly/1TcgV5J>]. This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 3.0 Unported License [<http://bit.ly/1PSVJKB>]. To view a copy of this license, visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/3.0/> [<http://bit.ly/1Olbl8c>]. Or send a letter to Creative Commons, PO Box 1866, Mountain View, CA 94042, USA.

CHAPTER 11: THE FINE LINE

1. Charlotte Brontë [<http://bit.ly/1NlgPRs>]. *Jane Eyre* [<http://bit.ly/1Yo2Ls4>]. (New York: A Tom Doherty Associates Book, 1994.)
2. Authorized King James Version Online [<http://bit.ly/1N8pODH>], Matthew 17:15–18. (The fine line between devils and lunatics.)
3. Authorized King James Version Online [<http://bit.ly/1N8pODH>], Genesis, Chapters 1 & 2. (The two creation stories.)
4. Authorized King James Version Online [<http://bit.ly/1N8pODH>], Genesis 2:16–17. (Thou mayest freely eat...)
5. Authorized King James Version Online [<http://bit.ly/1N8pODH>], Matthew 6:9–13. (The Lord’s Prayer)

CHAPTER 12: THE CURSE

1. Clarissa Pinkola Estés [<http://on.fb.me/21cfBMo>]. *Women Who Run With the Wolves: Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype* [<http://bit.ly/1Sd2y7B>]. (Different ‘thicknesses of skin, different capacities for perceiving pain,’ p. 494.) (New York: Ballantine Books, 1992.)
2. Eddie Arnold. “My Daddy Is Only a Picture” [<http://bit.ly/1Obf3RH>].
3. Margo Smith, “How Far Is Heaven” [<http://bit.ly/21chaKt>].

PART III: INTRODUCTION

1. Marion Woodman [<http://bit.ly/1l8tNua>]. *Sitting by the Well: Bringing the Feminine to Consciousness Through Language, Dreams, and Metaphor* [<http://bit.ly/1la3nIr>], Session Four: “Leaving the Old Thresholds Behind”

2. Marion Woodman [<http://bit.ly/118tNua>]. *Sitting by the Well: Bringing the Feminine to Consciousness Through Language, Dreams, and Metaphor* [<http://bit.ly/11a3nIr>], Session Six: “Conscious Femininity, Part 2.”

CHAPTER 13: THE COLOR OF MY WORLD

1. “In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida,” Iron Butterfly, 1968. According to Doug Ingle, Iron Butterfly’s vocalist and keyboard player, the title was supposed to be “In the Garden of Eden.” But “someone had written ‘In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida,’ possibly while drunk, on a demo copy. A record company executive saw it and decided to use it as the title, since it sounded mystical and Eastern spirituality was big at the time, with The Beatles going to India and The Rolling Stones experimenting with Indian instruments.”
2. “Colour My World,” Chicago, 1970.
3. “I’m Your Captain/Closer to My Home,” Grand Funk Railroad, 1970.

CHAPTER 14: THE TROOPER

1. “The U.S. Marine Corps Hymn” [<http://bit.ly/1NKhNRE>], Unknown.

CHAPTER 15: THE AMERICAN PIE

1. “American Pie” [<http://bit.ly/1OmlWxl>]. By Don McLean [<http://bit.ly/1LunT6V>]. “America Pie” topped the billboard charts for four weeks in early 1972.

CHAPTER 16: THE RAPE (WELL, NOT A REAL ONE)

PART IV: INTRODUCTION

1. Marion Woodman [<http://bit.ly/118tNua>]. *Sitting by the Well: Bringing the Feminine to Consciousness Through Language, Dreams, and Metaphor* [<http://bit.ly/11a3nIr>], Session Eight: “Losing Your Life in Order to Find It, Part 1.”

CHAPTER 17: THE SECRET DELIVERY

PART V: INTRODUCTION

1. Marion Woodman [<http://bit.ly/1I8tNua>]. *Addiction to Perfection: The Still Unravished Bride* [<http://bit.ly/1X6OqTQ>]. "Once the door is opened, the bird who has lived in a cage..." p. 160. (Toronto: Inner City Books, 1982.)

CHAPTER 18: THE GOLDEN DREAM

1. "Those Were the Days" (<http://bit.ly/1N7oSMC>). Mary Hopkin (<http://bit.ly/1N7oSwd>), 1968.

CHAPTER 19: THE BLOCKAGE

CHAPTER 20: THE PRAYING HANDS

1. Franklin D. Roosevelt, "The Infamy Speech" [<http://bit.ly/21cfYqi>], December 8, 1941.
2. Newspaper Clip. "Terror strikes Rome, Vienna airports," published December 30, 1985. *Chronicle of the 20th Century, The Ultimate Record of Our Times* [<http://amzn.to/1NKQu9z>]. Clifton Daniel, ed. Foreword by Arthur M. Schlessinger, Jr. (NY, NY: Dorling Kindersley, 1995.)

CHAPTER 21: THE ATHLETE

1. "To An Athlete Dying Young," A. E. Housman.
2. Newspaper Clip. "Challenger explodes as horrified nation watches," published January 31, 1986. *Chronicle of the 20th Century, The Ultimate Record of Our Times* [<http://amzn.to/1NKQu9z>]. Clifton Daniel, ed. Foreword by Arthur M. Schlessinger, Jr. (NY, NY: Dorling Kindersley, 1995.)
3. Newspaper Clip. "Four killed as plane is bombed in Athens," published April 2, 1986. *Chronicle of the 20th Century, The Ultimate Record of Our Times* [<http://amzn.to/1NKQu9z>]. Clifton Daniel, ed. Foreword by Arthur M. Schlessinger, Jr. (NY, NY: Dorling Kindersley, 1995.)
4. Newspaper Clip. "Terrorists bomb Berlin G.I. hangout," published April 5, 1986. *Chronicle of the 20th Century, The Ultimate Record of Our Times* [<http://amzn.to/1NKQu9z>]. Clifton Daniel, ed. Foreword by Arthur M. Schlessinger, Jr. (NY, NY: Dorling Kindersley, 1995.)
5. Newspaper Clip. "Chernobyl accident releases deadly atom radiation," published April 30. *Chronicle of the 20th Century*:

The Ultimate Record of Our Times [<http://amzn.to/1NKQu9z>].
Clifton Daniel, ed. Foreword by Arthur M. Schlessinger, Jr.
(NY, NY: Dorling Kindersley, 1995.)

CHAPTER 22: THE VULTURE

1. Gabrielle Hayes. "My love in other veins, your heart I maimed," 1988.
2. Emily Dickinson [<http://bit.ly/1NKcGkb>]. "I lost a World—the other day!" [<http://bit.ly/1HgXUVw>]. This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 3.0 Unported License [<http://bit.ly/1PSVJKB>]. To view a copy of this license, visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/3.0/> [<http://bit.ly/1Olbl8c>]. Or send a letter to Creative Commons, PO Box 1866, Mountain View, CA 94042, USA.

PART VI: INTRODUCTION

1. Jolande Jacobi [<http://bit.ly/1l5eBmU>], *Complex Archetype Symbol in the Psychology of C. G. Jung*. Translated by Ralph Manheim. Bollingen Series. (Princeton: New York, 1959.) "Four is an age-old symbol, probably going back as early as the Old Stone Age..." (pp. 166–168).

CHAPTER 23: THE DEAD BABIES AWAKEN

Dream Journal Entry: "Dead Baby," January 1990

Dream Journal Entry: "Babies Drowning," January 1990

Dream Journal Entry: "Freddie Kruger Wants My Negatives,"
January 1990

Dream Journal Entry: "Baby, Dead or Alive?" March 1990

Dream Journal Entry: "The Baby I Love Versus the Messy Baby,"
April 1990.

1. Edward C. Whitmont, *The Symbolic Quest*, Princeton UP: New York, 1978. (I am actually quoting Whitmont in an assignment I wrote for class.)
2. Carl G. Jung [<http://bit.ly/1SdQJhc>], *Man and His Symbols* [<http://bit.ly/1l9CmFb>], "Part 3: The Process of Individuation," by M.-L. von Franz. (Doubleday: New York, 1964.) "The psyche can be compared to a sphere with a bright field on its surface, representing consciousness. The ego is the field's center....The Self is at once the nucleus and the whole

sphere; its internal regulating processes produce dreams” (caption on p. 161).

3. Violet S. de Laszlo, ed. *Psyche and Symbol: A Selection from the Writings of C. G. Jung* [<http://bit.ly/1Mw72V6>], p. 9. (Doubleday: New York, 1964.) I finally made the connection after reading the footnote, where the syzygy was defined as a joining together or conjunction, which reminded me of the word conjugal, relating to marriage.
4. *Ibid* (p. 30).
5. Complete dialogues of four active imaginations are available at [<http://bit.ly/1YpSBL9>].
6. Carl G. Jung [<http://bit.ly/1SdQJhc>], *Collected Works of C. G. Jung*, Bollingen Series XX, v. 11, 190–191, “A Psychological Approach to the Trinity,” Sir Herbert Read, et al., eds. R. F. C. Hull, trans. (New York: Princeton UP, 1969.)
7. Carl G. Jung [<http://bit.ly/1SdQJhc>], *Man and His Symbols* [<http://bit.ly/1I9CmFb>], “Part 3: The Process of Individuation,” by M.-L. von Franz, p. 213. (Doubleday: New York, 1964.)
8. Joseph Campbell, *The Power of Myth* (Doubleday Press: New York, 1988.) **Fetus:** “Otto Rank declares that everyone is a hero in birth, where he undergoes a tremendous transformation, from the condition of a little water creature living in a realm of amniotic fluid, into an air-breathing mammal which ultimately will be standing,” (p. 124).

PART VII: INTRODUCTION

1. James A. Hall, *Jungian Dream Interpretation: A Handbook of Theory and Practice* [<http://bit.ly/1NITnDH>]. “The usual way in which the anima or animus is experienced is in projection upon a person of the opposite sex...,” pp. 16, 17. (Toronto: Inner City Books, 1983.)
2. Marion Woodman [<http://bit.ly/1I8tNua>]. *Sitting by the Well: Bringing the Feminine to Consciousness Through Language, Dreams, and Metaphor* [<http://bit.ly/1Ia3nIr>], Session Six: “Conscious Femininity, Part 2.”

CHAPTER 24: THE CRACK IN EVERYTHING

1. Leonard Cohen (<http://bit.ly/1YoxF3x>), “Leonard Cohen: Selected Poems, 1956–1968 (<http://bit.ly/1I5fTOS>). Also listen

to Cohen's beautiful song "Anthem" (<http://bit.ly/1N7bI5s>), inspired by these words.

Dream Journal Entry: "Vehicle Out of Control/ Toddlers Drowning," undated from the early 1990s.

CHAPTER 25: THE REPEAT OFFENDER

1. Richard Marx, "Right Here Waiting" (<http://bit.ly/1PUwbuR>)

CHAPTER 26: THE LIE

1. Marion Woodman [<http://bit.ly/1I8tNua>]. *Addiction to Perfection: The Still Unravished Bride* [<http://bit.ly/1X6OqTQ>]. "Female writers prone to the demon lover," p. 136-137. (Toronto: Inner City Books, 1982.)
2. Marion Woodman [<http://bit.ly/1I8tNua>]. *Addiction to Perfection: The Still Unravished Bride* [<http://bit.ly/1X6OqTQ>]. "Appears as the perfect bridegroom...but still a boy looking for his mother," p. 137. (Toronto: Inner City Books, 1982.)
3. Michael Bolton, "Said I Loved You But I Lied" (<http://bit.ly/1PIVYI6>).
4. Pink Floyd, *Another Brick in the Wall*, Part 2. "We don't need no education. We don't need no thought control" (<http://bit.ly/1lda5bp>).
5. Pink Floyd, *The Wall*, "Good-bye Blue Sky" (<http://binged.it/1N7sjpP>).
6. Bryan Adams and Barbra Streisand, "I Finally Found Someone" (<http://bit.ly/21cfuR5>).

CHAPTER 27: THE BANANA PEELS

1. Pink Floyd, *The Wall*, "One of My Turns" (<http://bit.ly/1lda5bp>).

Dream Journal Entry: "Crushing the Baby," October 22, 1996.

2. *The Wisdom of the Enneagram* [<http://bit.ly/1OaQMLz>], Don Richard Riso [<http://amzn.to/1On8fPl>] and Russ Hudson [<http://amzn.to/1QZ7YEM>], p. 36.
3. Clarissa Pinkola Estés [<http://on.fb.me/21cfBMo>]. *Women Who Run With the Wolves: Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype* [<http://bit.ly/1Sd2y7B>]. (New York: Ballantine Books, 1992.) (Note 3 from section in back of book from Chapter 12, “Marking Territory: The Boundaries of Rage and Forgiveness,” p. 493.) **NOTE:** There was something very similar in *Controlling Parents* by Dan Neuharth, which is what I was actually reading that day but have been unable to find the exact quote.

CHAPTER 28: THE LITTLE RAG DOLL

1. Marion Woodman [<http://bit.ly/1l8tNua>]. *Sitting by the Well: Bringing the Feminine to Consciousness Through Language, Dreams, and Metaphor* [<http://bit.ly/1la3nIr>], “Session Three: Mature Masculine and Feminine Energy.”

Dream Journal Entry: “Bathing My Dirty Mother,” August 19, 1999.

CHAPTER 29: THE BRICK IN THE HEAD

1. Marion Woodman [<http://bit.ly/1l8tNua>]. *Sitting by the Well: Bringing the Feminine to Consciousness Through Language, Dreams, and Metaphor* [<http://bit.ly/1la3nIr>], “Session Three: Mature Masculine and Feminine Energy.”
2. Notebook entries I wrote while reading *The Wisdom of the Enneagram: The Complete Guide to Psychological and Spiritual Growth for the Nine Personality Types* [<http://bit.ly/1OaQMLz>] by Don Richard Riso [<http://amzn.to/1On8fPl>] and Russ Hudson [<http://amzn.to/1QZ7YEM>], which may be paraphrased or direct quotes. **NOTE:** Not sure if this is the book I quoted. I called the book *The Enneagram* throughout, but I cannot find a book by that title only. But the words match very closely to a blog referring to these authors.
3. Gary Zukav [<http://bit.ly/1PJaBez>], *Seat of the Soul* [<http://bit.ly/21cicpI>], pp. 78–79. Simon & Schuster, NY, NY (1989). **NOTE:** Zukav used the male as the mistrusting party, but he no doubt used the gender as generic, that is, he is not

differentiating between male and female in this example. I only changed the gender in the quote to a female voice in an effort to correlate the quote to the female narrator of this book.

Dream Journal Entry: "Crossing the Bridge," March 17, 1999.
Dream Journal Entry: "Soulmates and the Alternate Universe,"
Early 2000.

PART VIII: INTRODUCTION

1. Marion Woodman [<http://bit.ly/1I8tNua>], "Abandoned Soul, Abandoned Planet" [<http://bit.ly/1Xl7Uy1>]. Excerpt from Nancy Ryley's interview with Marion Woodman, 1998. "The return to the Garden is about coming full circle." Copyright, Quest Books, (800) 669-9425.
2. Clarissa Pinkola Estés [<http://on.fb.me/21cfBMo>]. *Women Who Run With the Wolves: Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype* [<http://bit.ly/1Sdzy7B>], p. 284. (New York: Ballantine Books, 1992.)
3. Carl G. Jung [<http://bit.ly/1SdQJhc>], "The Development of Personality" [<http://bit.ly/1MM8ctq>]: "Bidden or not bidden, God is always present." Vocation as a calling. *Collected Works*, vol. 17, pp. 180–181, ¶s 308–309. "The Development of Personality" is Volume 17 in *The Collected Works of C. G. Jung* [<http://bit.ly/1Xl9hgX>], a series of books published by Princeton University Press in the U.S. and Routledge & Kegan Paul in the U.K. It contains papers on child psychology, education, and individuation, emphasizing the extreme importance of parents and teachers in the genesis of the intellectual, feeling, and emotional disorders of childhood. A final paper deals with marriage as an aid or obstacle to self-realization.[1] SOURCE: Wikipedia.

CHAPTER 30: THE MAGICAL SMILE

1. Clarissa Pinkola Estés [<http://on.fb.me/21cfBMo>]. *Women Who Run With the Wolves: Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype* [<http://bit.ly/1Sdzy7B>], "During the darkest times...Nature feeds a woman's soul." (New York: Ballantine Books, 1992.)

2. Marion Woodman [<http://bit.ly/1I8tNua>]. *Addiction to Perfection: The Still Unravished Bride* [<http://bit.ly/1X6OqTQ>]. “But in her desire to sacrifice the old attitudes, she is experiencing a very real death.” (Toronto: Inner City Books, 1982.)
3. Clarissa Pinkola Estés [<http://on.fb.me/21cFbMo>]. *Women Who Run With the Wolves: Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype* [<http://bit.ly/1Sd2y7B>], “People converse with their soul all the time.” (New York: Ballantine Books, 1992.)
4. Marion Woodman [<http://bit.ly/1I8tNua>]. *Addiction to Perfection: The Still Unravished Bride* [<http://bit.ly/1X6OqTQ>]. “The dialogue between the ego and the Self creates soul,” p. 127. (Toronto: Inner City Books, 1982.)
5. Carl G. Jung [<http://bit.ly/1SdQJhc>], “Civilization in Transition” [<http://bit.ly/1HhSWaW>] vol. 10, *The Collected Works of C. G. Jung* [<http://bit.ly/1NL8GQG>], a series of books published by Princeton University Press in the U.S. and Routledge & Kegan Paul in the U.K. The link leads to abstracts of his Collective Works: “The work contains essays bearing on the contemporary scene during the 1920s and 1930s, and on the relation of the individual to society. It includes papers focusing on the upheaval in Germany, and two major works of Jung’s last years, *The Undiscovered Self* and *Flying Saucers*.”^[1]
SOURCE: Wikipedia. (A neurosis is by no means merely a negative thing; it is also something positive.)
6. Marion Woodman [<http://bit.ly/1I8tNua>]. *Sitting by the Well: Bringing the Feminine to Consciousness Through Language, Dreams, and Metaphor* [<http://bit.ly/1Ia3nIr>]. “You are an orphan—and the whole world is your orphanage.”
7. Adrienne Rich [<http://bit.ly/1NKbMUM>]. “Diving into the Wreck” [<http://bit.ly/1kPz2ds>] from *Diving into the Wreck: Poems 1971–1972*. “And the treasures that prevail.” (W. W. Norton & Company Inc., 1973.)

CHAPTER 31: THE MESS I CREATED

Dream Journal Entry: “The Magical Eyes,” April 3, 2000

Dream Journal Entry: “The Abandoned Child,” April 5, 2000

Dream Journal Entry: “A Glimpse of the Past,” April 7, 2000.

1. According to my notes, this event occurred on March 31, 2000, but I can't find the show or transcript anywhere. Did I mix it up with the date of Teddy's death?

CHAPTER 32: THE UNEXPECTED STORM

1. Luke Timothy Johnson [<http://bit.ly/1QZbzm5>], *The History of Christianity: From the Disciples to the Dawn of the Reformation* [<http://bit.ly/1kPhUVi>], part 1, p. 114. (Chantilly, VA: The Great Courses, 2012.)
2. Clarissa Pinkola Estés [<http://on.fb.me/21cfBMo>]. *Women Who Run With the Wolves: Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype* [<http://bit.ly/1Sdzy7B>], pp. 346–373, “Marking Territory: The Boundaries of Rage and Forgiveness.” (New York: Ballantine Books, 1992.)
3. Gary Zukav [<http://bit.ly/1PJaBez>], *Seat of the Soul* [<http://bit.ly/21cicpI>].
4. Carl G. Jung [<http://bit.ly/1SdQJhc>], *Man and His Symbols* [<http://bit.ly/1I9CmFb>], Part 3, “The Process of Individuation” (p. 215), by M.-L. von Franz.

Dream Journal Entry: “Replant the Debris,” April 21, 2000.

Dream Journal Entry: “Don't Drop the Baby,” April 22, 2000.

Dream Journal Entry: “The Murder of My Mother,” February 16, 1999.

5. Carl G. Jung [<http://bit.ly/1SdQJhc>], *Man and His Symbols* [<http://bit.ly/1I9CmFb>], Part 3, “The Process of Individuation” (pp. 189–195), by M.-L. von Franz. Paraphrased: The animus, which the father shapes in a woman, can convince the woman that she is not who she really is. When the destructive projection falls away, the woman will realize that she has reacted just the opposite of her real feelings and thoughts.
6. Ibid. Continuation of preceding quote.

CHAPTER 33: GROWING PAINS

1. *The Wisdom of the Enneagram: The Complete Guide to Psychological and Spiritual Growth for the Nine Personality Types* [<http://bit.ly/1OaQMLz>], Don Richard Riso [<http://amzn.to/1On8fPl>] and Russ Hudson [<http://amzn.to/1QZ7YEM>].

Dream Journal Entry: “The Color of the Soul,” April 7, 2000.

Dream Journal Entry: “Lizards in a Sphere,” May 19, 2000.

CHAPTER 34: THE HEALING MOTHER

Dream Journal Entry: “The New House,” April 9, 2000.

1. Carl G. Jung [<http://bit.ly/1SdQJhc>], *Man and His Symbols* [<http://bit.ly/1I9CmFb>], Part 5, “Symbols in an Individual Analysis” (p. 297), by Jolande Jacobi.

PART IX: CONCLUSION

1. Marion Woodman, “Slow Down and Meet Your Sacred Feminine,” in an interview with Jane Lister Reis. “The New Times.”

CHAPTER 35: THE POND BEYOND

1. “Stock Market History: The 10 Worst Days” by Amy Bingham, *ABC World News Tonight*, referring to September 24, 2001, published August 9, 2011. Full article available at <http://abcn.ws/1SUcOkZ>.
2. Paul Goldberger. “Building Plans,” published in “The New Yorker,” September 24, 2001. Full article available at <http://bit.ly/21cfGji>.

Dream Journal Entry: “The Radiant Baby Boys,” January 8, 2001.

Dream Journal Entry: “Too Beautiful to Be a Boy,” February 24, 2001.

Dream Journal Entry: “The Traffic Jam,” December 10, 1998.

Dream Journal Entry: “The Very Tall Building,” February 24, 1999.

Dream Journal Entry: “The Pond Beyond,” September 16, 2001.

3. Gary Zukav [<http://bit.ly/21cicpI>], *Seat of the Soul* [<http://bit.ly/21cicpI>]. “If you strike without compassion against the darkness, you yourself enter the darkness.”
4. “In 1998, bin Laden and Ayman al-Zawahiri (a leader of Egyptian Islamic Jihad) co-signed a fatwa (binding religious edict) in the name of the World Islamic Front for Jihad Against Jews and Crusaders.” Wikipedia [<http://bit.ly/1kUKnYI>].
5. Joanna Cocca, “Light Meditations.” Audio CD. “You are about to embark on a journey.” I derived great comfort listening to this CD in 2001, and I still do to this day. [Listen to a preview at <http://apple.co/1SdOv1m>].
6. The Beatles. “Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds” [<http://bit.ly/1Ro2Hgd>]

EPILOGUE

1. Marion Woodman [<http://bit.ly/118tNua>]. *Addiction to Perfection: The Still Unravished Bride* [<http://bit.ly/1X6OqTQ>]. (Toronto: Inner City Books, 1982.)
2. Ibid.
3. Caroline Myss [<http://bit.ly/1N3enbR>]. *Sacred Contracts: Awakening Your Divine Potential* [<http://bit.ly/1T9hdBr>].

Sources & Resources

Berg, Rabbi. *Wheels of a Soul: Reincarnation*. New York: The Kabbalah Learning Centre, 1995.

Buhler, Rich. *Pain and Pretending: You Can Be Set Free from the Hurts of the Past*. Nashville: T. Nelson Publishers (acquired by HarperCollins), 1988.

Campbell, Joseph (with Bill Moyers). *The Power of Myth*. New York: Doubleday, 1988.

Conway, Jill Ker. *When Memory Speaks: Reflections on Autobiography*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1998.

Cornell, Judith. *The Mandala Healing Kit*. The Mandala Universe. Boulder, CO: Sounds True, 2005.

Edinger, Edward F. *The Creation of Consciousness: Jung's Myth for Modern Man*. Toronto: Inner City Books, 1984.

Estés, Clarissa Pinkola. *Women Who Run With the Wolves: Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype*. New York: Ballantine, 1992.

Hall, James A. *Jungian Dream Interpretation: A Handbook of Theory and Practice*. Toronto: Inner City Books, 1983.

Jacobi, Jolande. *Complex Archetype Symbol in the Psychology of C. G. Jung*. Ralph Manheim, trans. Bollingen Series. New York: Princeton UP, 1959.

Jung, Carl G. *Man and His Symbols*. New York: Doubleday, 1964.

Keirse, David. *Please Understand Me II: Temperament, Character & Intelligence*. Del Mar, CA: Prometheus Nemesis Book Company, 1998.

Keirsey, David, and Marilyn Bates. *Please Understand Me: Character & Temperament Types*. Del Mar, CA: Prometheus Nemesis Books. Copyright © 1978, David Keirsey & Marilyn Bates. Copyright © 1984, Gnosology Books Ltd.

McCants, Glynis. *Glynis Has Your Number: Discover What Life Has in Store for You Through the Power of Numerology!* New York: Hyperion, 2005.

McKay, Matthew and Patrick Fanning. Kirk Johnson, ed. *Self-Esteem*, chap. 9, "Responding to Criticism," subtitle, "The Myth of Reality: A TV Screen in Every Head," p. 187. Saint Martin's Paperbacks: New Harbinger Publications, 1987.

Mellin, Laurel. *The Pathway: Follow the Road to Health and Happiness*. New York: HarperCollins, 2003.

Moss, Robert. *Conscious Dreaming: A Spiritual Path for Everyday Life*. New York: Random House, 1996.

Myss, Caroline. *Sacred Contracts: Awakening your Divine Potential*. New York: Harmony Books, 2001.

———. *Archetype Cards*. Hay House, 2003.

Neuharth, Dan. *If You Had Controlling Parents: How to Make Peace with Your Past and Take Your Place in the World*. New York: HarperCollins, 1999.

Read, Sir Herbert, et al, eds. R. F. C. Hull, trans. *Collected Works of C. G. Jung*. Bollingen Series XX, v, 11. "A Psychological Approach to the Trinity." New York: Princeton UP, 1969.

von Franz, Marie-Louise. *The Classic Jungian and the Classic Jungian Tradition*. Toronto: Inner City Books, 2008.

———. *C. G. Jung: His Myth in Our Time*. Toronto: Inner City Books, 1998.

Watts, Alan W. *Myth and Ritual in Christianity*. Boston: Beacon Press, 1968.

———. *The Wisdom of Insecurity: A Message for an Age of Anxiety*. New York: Vintage Books, 1951.

Whitmont, Edward C. *The Symbolic Quest*. New York: Princeton UP, 1978.

Wilhelm /Baynes (trans). *The I Ching (or Book of Changes)*. Bollingen Series XIX, 1950, 1967. New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1977. Foreword by C. G. Jung.

Woodman, Marion. *Addiction to Perfection: The Still Unravished Bride*. Toronto: Inner City Books, 1982.

———. *Sitting by the Well: Bringing the Feminine to Consciousness Through Language, Dreams, and Metaphor*. Audio Series. Boulder, CO: Sounds True, 1998.

Zukav, Gary. *The Seat of the Soul*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1995.



Please send questions and comments to
feedback@szzygyy-crossingthebridgeto-self.com.

