

Katherine E. Cook. Papers

Letters to Jung, 1927, 1930-1931, 1936-1938

FOLDER 16
BOX 4331
COLLECTION VA 10.3.68

210 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y.
Oct. 12, 36.

My dear Mrs. Briggs: -

I cannot understand why your dealer should not be able to secure "The Secret of the Golden Flour". It was published in 1931 by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., 68-74 Carter Lane, E. C. London. The publishers in this country are Harcourt Brace, ^{Madison Ave., New York.} It may be listed under Richard Wilhelm's name as well as Jung's as it was a collaboration.

The Commentaries on Zarathustra have never been published but only mimeographed for private circulation among the members of Jung's English Seminar. But I believe that an extra mimeographing of this is to be brought out. The matter has not ^{yet} been decided. It will be like sort of a second edition and if this is done I will put your name on the list of those desiring a copy. These Commentaries, however, fill 7 volumes and the cost will be about \$30. For the volumes are not printed

but are more like typed MSS.

Sincerely yours,

Kristine Mann

I shall be glad to answer any
further question^{that may occur to you} in regard to these
remarkable Commentaries.

I hope most warmly that every thing will turn out this time favorably for you, all the more because of your disappointment at missing his Perseusenary lecture.

The Bailey's Island conference will come to an end day after to-morrow, after which I shall be at home for a while.

Sincerely yours,

Rosamund Clark

Bailey's Island, Maine,
Sept. 23, 1936.

Dear Mrs. Briggs,

Wanting to make assurance of your seeing and hearing Dr. Jung doubly sure I have taken the liberty of getting you a ticket to the lecture he is going to give on Friday, October second, in the Plaza ballroom in New York. I have paid for it - a dollar and a half - as others here are doing.

As it is expected that all
the seats will be sold, I will
ask you, if you are unable
to use it, ^{please} to return it at once
to

asking him to credit it to me
and sending him my Boston
address, 40 Commonwealth Ave.
me. I realize that I am taking
a liberty in acting for you; but
am so warmly in sympathy
with your wish to hear Dr. Jung
that I believe you will be glad

to have me do so:

I told Mrs. Jung the very day after
Dr. Jung's Harvard address about your
long devotion to and application of
Dr. Jung's psychology. This morning,
to my delight, she told me she would
make one of your having a half hour's
appointment with him on the day of
his New York lecture, as presumably
that day would be most convenient
for you.

Return to:
R. Clark,
40 Commonwealth Av.,
Boston, Mass.



Mrs. Katharine C. Briggs,

3208 Newark Street,

Washington,

D. C.

Küssnacht-Zürich. Sept. 13th 1927.
228 Seestrasse.

Dear Madam,

I understand intuition and sensation as being "perceptual" functions. Sensation would be sense perception of external (^{ultimately} non-psychological) processes, intuition would be perception of internal (ultimately unconscious) processes. ^{The latter} Those processes would be partially ~~of~~ psychic ~~processes~~, partially of physical (external) origin, as your intuition does not only perceive internal things, but external things just as well; think of Telepathic phenomena f.i. which surely cannot be demonstrated as entering our mind through known senses. The internal object of intuition is "phantasy activity" or whatever name you like to give to the image series of the unconscious. The image series is the exact counterpart to the series of external events perceived by the senses. And as you would not identify sensation with the series of external events, so you ought not to identify the internal image series with the function of intuition.

This would be my explanation of the passage you quote from p. 547.

Normally intuition perceives all the things, that are not or cannot be perceived by the senses.

It is perfectly true, that phantasy activity can ~~pe~~ appear in all four functions, but so does the external series of events too. It is also true, that an inferior (undeveloped) thinking (or any other function) can appear in a disguised or distorted form in any other function, but that has nothing to do with your question concerning intuition.

Intuition can give us anything, that is coming up from the unconscious, mere memories ~~or~~ or symbolic contents. As all functions are needed in any creative mental process, you naturally will find also intuition in it. But intuition does not make it, as it is perceptual only, unless you use the term "intuition" in the way certain philosophers do, who take it as a "producer of knowledge" or "generator of notions", equal to thinking. But it is just the point I make, that intuition is merely perceptual and therefore never an "organ of knowledge".

Again the "transcendent function" is quite definitely not an intuitive process merely, but it is the result of the conflict between the conscious and the "unconscious". The transcendent function has as a matter of fact to do nothing at all with the question of the four functions. To understand my ~~sub~~ concept of the transcendent function is of course extremely difficult, but if you study the chapter about Schiller and Spittler, you will get an idea of what transcendent function means.

There is quite a number of German publications

since the "Types" have appeared. But the next English publication will appear next winter probably with Kegan Paul & Co.

You are of course quite right in assuming that intuition is not "nobler" than any other function. But it appealed to my feeling, that intuition can see through walls and round the corners and into the deepest obscurities of the human heart. And thus it came that I made that emotional exclamation. I am not yet so dried up that I could not wonder any more at the amazing facts of human psychology. I admit that the attribute "noble" has nothing to do with science.

Hoping to have answered your questions satisfactorily I remain, dear Madam,

Yours very truly

C.G. Jung.



Mrs. L. J. Briggs,

3208^mNewark Street., N. W.,

WASHINGTON, D.C.

U.S.A.



Küsnacht-Zürich
Seestrasse 228

THE COLLEGE CLUB
40 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE
BOSTON

Sept. 28, 1936.

Dear Mrs. Briggs,

Thank
you for your kind let-
ter and the check for the
sickles, which I found
waiting for me when
I reached home last night.

Dr. Jung says he has been
"inundated" by calls upon
his time by individuals
and by scientific societies.

Today to arrange a schedule
which will make his
time go as far as possible
is proving quite a task
for Mrs. Jung. If you have
not yet heard from her I
am sure that is the explan-
ation, for I understood
she was going to reserve
a half hour ^{for you} or near
the day of the lecture to
save your lingering un-
necessarily in New York.

About the use you might

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like to make of the appointment, - you may be interested in Dr. Jung's assistant's remark about an analyst in New York. When asked who was especially good he said "for exposition Dr. Esther Harding." Her address is 108 East 38th Street. If, as I have every reason to think, she could answer questions on psychology,

giving points of Dr Jung's
theory, you might like
to give your time ^{him to} with
more personal matters.

It would be the expect-
ed course of events for you
to have an especially im-
portant dream in anti-
cipation of seeing him.

One more point: It could
do no harm to ask him,
or Mrs. Jung, if you should
have occasion to talk
with her, if you might
be given a chance to sub.

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BOSTON

scribe to the forthcoming
notes of the seminar he
has just given at Bailey
Island. The invariable
rule applying to the notes
on his weekly lectures in
Gürich is that his pupils
shall not allow them
to be read by any one out-
side the immediate
group of pupils. This is
because, as they are not

edited for publication,
but taken down by a lay
secretary and gone over
only enough to obviate
evident errors before being
duplicated, he feels that
his reputation as a thinker
might be based un-
fairly upon them by per-
sons not already famil-
iar with his psychology.
However this last course
was given not only to
past patients and pupils
in Zürich but to pupils

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of theirs. It seems very possible that you might have an added opportunity through this new set of notes to extend your acquaintance with his thought, as it has developed most recently.

I found at Bailey Island that Mrs. Jung also was giving analytical ap-

appointments here. If you
would like to consult
her you could reach her
through Dr. Eleanor Ber-
trine, who lives with Dr.
Harding. Mrs. Jung is
of a temperament com-
plementary to Dr. Jung's,
her approach therefore dif-
ferent. I never knew any-
one so work with her,
even after having worked
at length with Dr. Jung,
who did not feel she had

5.
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a contribution all her
own. I worked with her
for some months in Zü-
rich and found her
most helpful as well as
most kind and under-
standing.

You may be sure I look
forward with you to your
first immediate person-
al experience of analysis
from outside, as to speak,
according to Jung. I need

hardly add my hope
that the experience
may be a significant
and precious one.

Very sincerely yours,

Rosamond Clark.



Mrs. Katharine Briggs

3208 Newark Street

Washington

D. C.

THE COLLEGE CLUB
40 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE
BOSTON

Hotel Ambassador
New York

Miss Mary Foote

Thomas Scherrweg

Küsnacht - 2
near Zürich

Thus Spake Zarathustra.

Junger's commentary

Dr. Christine Mann
will advise how
to get them

Miss Mary Foote

permission + promise

Secret of the Golden Flower

Harcourt Brace + Co.
Wilhelm + Jung

9th Century Chinese
Nature of Symbol

The Trident, Bailey Island
Sept. 23^d

Dear Mrs. Briggs,

I am writing you on
behalf of Dr. Tung, to tell
you that he can see you for
a short interview on
Friday Oct. 25 at the
Ambassador Hotel New
York (Park Avenue).

I also enclose a ticket for
Dr. Tung's lecture on Friday

went 8. P. M. Plaza Hotel,
the prize of the ticket being
1 1/2 \$.

Yours very sincerely
(Mrs) Emma Kemp

Prof. Dr. C. G. Jung

*Küsnacht-Zürich
Seestrasse 228*

May 19th, 1936.

Mrs. L. J. Briggs,
3208 Newark Street,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mrs. Briggs,

As I shall spend about three weeks at Harvard
I'm sure to find a spare moment for a consultation.

Sincerely yours,

C. G. Jung.

Mrs.L.J.Briggs,

3208 Newark Street,

WASHINGTON D.C.

U.S.A.



Küsnacht-Zürich
Seestrasse 228

My dear Mrs. Briggs,

A copy of the notes on Prof. Jung's spring Seminar (Zarathustra, part 8) was mailed to you yesterday.

The price, covering postage and packing, is 16.25 Swiss francs. Will you please pay this amount as usual to Frau E. Köppel, Dübendorfstr. 169, Zürich, 11.

Sincerely yours,

Mary Doot

Thomas Scherrstr. 14,
Küsnacht/Zeh.

11th November, 1937.

THE COLLEGE CLUB
40 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE
BOSTON

Sept. 14, 1936.

Very dear Mrs. Briggs,

I have
thought of you so very
many times, hoping
your writing direct-
ly to Dr. Jung resulted
in an appointment
or appointments to see
him here. I presumed
you were at his address
at the Harvard Tercenten-

any, but thought it would
be quite useless to look
for you in the crowd.

I did seize an opportu-
nity the very next day to
speak of you to Mrs. Jung,
telling her of your devo-
tion to Dr. Jung's thought
over a long series of years.
She responded cordially,
feeling that you ought
certainly to have an op-
portunity to get in
touch with him. She

2.
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BOSTON

has no voice in the making of his appointments, but no doubt repeated to him what Hold her.

Asked particularly whether he would lecture any time anywhere during his stay in this country.

She said he would probably do so in New York City after his seminar at Bailey Island, that is, some time

after the twenty-fourth.

In case you have not his
address there, letters will
reach him in care of Dr. El.
eason Bertine, Bailey Island,
Maine.

You will not, I am sure,
think me officious. I
hope very much you
have named him already
so that all this is known
to you.

Sincerely yours,

Rosamond Clark



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Mrs. Briggs,
Care of Dr. Briggs, Director,
U. S. Bureau of Standards,
Connecticut Ave.,
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My dear Mrs. Briggs,

The following copies of the notes on Prof. Jung's Seminars were mailed to you a week ago.

The prices, covering postage and packing, are:

Vol. 3	19.45	Swiss	francs.
4	20.25	"	"
5	<u>23.40</u>	"	"
	<u>63.10</u>		

Will you please pay this amount as before to Frau E. Köppel, Dübendorfstr. 169, Zürich, 11, at the same time letting me know whether you wish your name to be on the list of regular subscribers to the Seminar Notes.

Sincerely yours,

Mary Foote

Thomas Scherrstr. 14,
Küsnacht/Zürich.

27th March, 1937.



Mrs. L. J. Briggs,
3208, Newark Street,
Washington, D.C.
U.S.A.

May 3/37

Dear Mr. Briggs.

I am sorry to say that I know of no way of keeping track of any stray articles that may appear by Dr. Jung. I asked his secretary & she didn't know.

The Bailey Island notes are out I believe & I think you could get a copy from Dr. Kristine Mauer, 210 Madison Ave. New York.

Excuse my delay in answering your note. I have been away on my vacation. Sincerely yours
May, 3/37



Mrs. L. G. Briggs,
3208 Newark St.
Washington, D.C.
U.S.A.

14 THOMAS SCHERRSTRASSE

KUESNACHT - ZURICH

210 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y.
May 19, 87.

My dear Mrs. Briggs: -

I received a letter from you last fall and am sorry that I could not manage to answer it. I was quite overwhelmed with work at the time as I was attempting to carry on my profession and edit the Bailey Island notes at the same time.

I am sure there would be no objection to your having the Bailey Island notes. But when we published them we had Dr. Jewe's permission to do so without his seeing them first, provided they would be sold only to those present at the lectures. So we had almost the exact number of copies printed as would be required to supply the members.

~~Now~~ As a matter of fact we have a few copies left over (from people who had taken down their own notes & did not subscribe) and I will put your name in a waiting list until such time as I am sure these copies are not wanted by any member of the Seminar. I can appreciate how hard it must be for you to

be so far removed from analytical
contacts.

I and my two colleagues have been
analyzing here in New York for nearly
twenty years now. We are all pretty
busy so that if one desires ^{hours of} analysis,
one should write as early as con-
venient. Our price is \$20 for each
consultation of an hour. But we all
try to bring our fee within the reach
of those who are seriously anxious
to take up analysis.

It might be desirable for you to
take a trip to New York some time
and call in, when in a very short
time the questions regarding the
possibilities of analysis could be
answered so much more satisfactorily
than by letter.

Sincerely yours,

Kristine Mann



Mrs. Lyman J. Briggs,
3208 Newark St.
Washington
D. C.

Washington, Friendship Sta., D. C.

1301

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My dear Mrs. Briggs,

I find that I still have copies of vol. 6 & 7 of the Zaratustra notes, so I am sending them to you at once. The prices, covering postage & packing, are:

Vol. 6	14.75	Swiss francs
" 7	16.85	" "
	<u>31.60</u>	

Will you please pay this amount by international money order to Frau E. Köppel, Greibelackerstrasse 4, Zürich 6.

Copies of the new edition of the first five volumes will be sent you as they come out unless I hear from you to the contrary. They will probably be a little more expensive but the price cannot be calculated ahead. My sincere regards
Mary Doote



Mrs. L. J. Briggs
3208 Newark St.
Washington,
D.C.,

U.S.A.

14 THOMAS SCHERRSTRASSE

KUESNACHT - ZURICH

14 Thomas Scherrstrasse
Küsnacht
bei Zürich
Oct 21 '15

My dear Mrs. Briggs.

Your note of Oct. 6th
was forwarded to me, & I am
so sorry to tell you that all the
reports on Dr. Jung's English
Seminars in Zurich are gone.

As you know the number of
copies authorized is very
limited on account of the
informal nature of the
material. This makes the
prices very high, averaging
from 17 to 25 Swiss
francs for each volume,
according to the number of
lectures given in the term.

There has been such a
demand lately, however, for
the seven volumes already
out on Nietzsche's Zarathustra

that we shall probably make
a small new Edition of
those in the course of this
Autumn & next winter.
Since Dr. Jung will not
continue his English Seminars
till next spring, we shall
have that time to do it.
These would be sent out as
each volume appeared, with
the bill, & I should be happy
to mail one or all of
them to you if you will
let me know that you
find the prices not too high.
In these hard times, people
are sometimes unable to
afford them.

Sincerely yours
Mary Doole



Mrs. Lyman J. Briggs
3208 Newark St
Washington D. C.
U. S. A.

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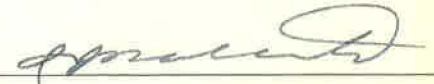
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2318	\$3.77	.25	\$4.02

210 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y.
Sept. 13, 37

My dear Mrs. Briggs,

I do not know whether you
have been informed of Dr. Jung's lectures
here in New York. I am enclosing an appli-
cation blank to be filled in and returned to
Dr. Esther Harding, 108 E. 38 St. at your earliest
convenience. I hope you may be able to
attend and that, if you do, you will introduce
yourself to me at the meetings as I shall be
note taking at the front of the hall.

Sincerely yours,
Kristine Mann

FORTHCOMING SEMINAR ON ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY

BY DR. C.G. JUNG

Dr. C.G. Jung will be in this country next October and has agreed to give five lectures along the line of last year's "Bailey Island Seminar," but in New York City. The subject will probably be "The Individuation Process as shown in Dreams" and will be a continuation of last year's course.

The lectures will be of two hours' duration and will be given on October 16, 17, and 18 and October 25 and 26 at 8:00 p.m. at the MacDowell Club, 166 East 73rd Street, New York City.

There will be opportunity for about 250 people to attend. Preference will be given to those who have been analyzed, but if there is space other suitable applicants will be considered. If you wish to attend, kindly fill in and return immediately the accompanying blank, together with the fee of \$10.00, to the secretary.

A report of last year's seminar was brought out by the Committee in book form. It is desirable that all members of the New York City Seminar should read these lectures before attending the second course. However, there are only a few copies available at present. If there is sufficient demand a second edition will be printed. The price will be \$5.00 per copy.

Communications should be addressed

Until September 6:

Dr. M. Esther Harding, Sect'y
Bailey Island
Maine

After September 6:

Dr. M. Esther Harding, Sect'y
108 East 38th Street
New York City

SEMINAR COMMITTEE

Eleanor Bertine, M.D.
M. Esther Harding M.D.
Beatrice M. Hinkle, M.D.
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ASST. MANAGER

February 24, 1938

Mrs. Katharine C. Briggs
3208 Newark Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mrs. Briggs:

As instructed we enclose herewith a draft on
Zurich, Switzerland in favor of E. Koppel for Fcs. 16.50
for which we have charged your account in amount of \$4.10
in cover of the same.

Very truly yours,



Assistant Manager

KBE

Hotel Sonne,
Küsnacht-Zürich.

9th February, 1938.

Dear Madam,

A copy of the first volume of the notes of Prof. C. G. Jung's lectures at the E. T. H. has been posted to you today. The cost of this volume worked out at 16.50 Swiss francs including postage.

Will you please send remittances direct to Frau E. Köppel, 169, Dübendorf Strasse, Zürich, 11. Kindly note this request in order to avoid risk of loss in the event of our absence from Switzerland.

Yours very faithfully,

Barbara Hannah.

Elizabeth Welsh.

For I.B.M.



DR. JUNG IN THE GARDEN—"I'm not a bit taken in by intellectuals—I'm one myself, you know. And academic people don't read my books. The people who read them are quite often ordinary."

Advice for Living

*Last of psychiatry's great pioneers,
Dr. Carl Jung, at 85, still has young ideas*

By GORDON YOUNG

Dr. Carl Gustav Jung, who will be 86 next July, sat in an old wicker chair on a lawn lapped by the waters of the Lake of Zurich, and gave one of his characteristic deep-throated chuckles.

"Visitors?" he said. "Why, I keep away from them, of course. Especially the high-brows. Most of 'em haven't the remotest idea of what I am talking about. I'm not a bit taken in by intellectuals—I'm one myself, you know."

Dr. Jung broke into a broad and impudent grin. The Swiss pastor's son, who is today the last living member of the "Big Three" of psychology—Freud, Adler and Jung—was giving me a characteristic demonstration of the endearingly light-hearted way in which he takes his immense store of wisdom.

Dr. Jung's teachings have affected the lives and thoughts of thousands of people who have never read his books. His concepts of "introvert" and "extrovert" have become household words. His deep understanding of the basic roots of human nature has been his special contribution to psychological thought. It was this, too, which led, in 1912, to his decisive break with Sigmund Freud, after the two men had been associated for six years and had exchanged some 300 letters (never published).

For Freud, sex is at the root of everything. But Dr. Jung reached the conclusion that it was impossible to view the brain, as

he put it, simply as "an appendage to the genital glands." Other factors, he felt, are at least equally important—hunger, the drive for power, the need for religion. His quest for the basic roots of human behavior has taken him into the study of yoga, astrology, fairy tales, Zen Buddhism and even flying saucers. His days are placid, his larder is full, and his library is stocked, not only with learned books, but with many of the mystery thrillers he loves to read. At 85, he is still living his physical—as well as his mental—life to the full.

He maintains two homes. One is the typically Swiss villa on the shore of the lake at Kusnacht which he and his late wife, heiress to a Swiss watch fortune, built for themselves 50 years ago, and where he is still often visited by his five children, 19 grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren. His other residence is outside the little village of Bollingen, further up the lake, a strange, unkempt stone tower, with only the most primitive comforts, where he retires to rest, meditate and write.

I interviewed him at Kusnacht, and he was saying, "It's not academic people who read my books. Oh, no. They think they already know everything. The people who quite often read my books are ordinary people. Why? Because there's a deep need in the world just now for spiritual guidance."

He waved an expressive hand. "Look at the popularity of astrology, just now. People read about astrology because it offers them one form of mental inspiration, perhaps with



THE 85-YEAR-OLD psychologist, still on his toes physically as well as mentally, chats with author Gordon Young at his villa in Kusnacht.

AT HIS OTHER HOME, in Bollingen, he relaxes amid primitive surroundings, playing cards, reading detective stories, or stone-carving.



ERICA ANDERSON

limitations, but better than nothing.

"After all, what can possibly be more important than the study of how men's minds work? Everything which happens today is the result of men's minds. But how many people are taking the trouble to consider the minds of, say, Khrushchev or Kennedy, or the psychological reasons for Nazism, Communism or anti-Jewish trends?"

He smiled wryly. "But I mustn't get on to politics."

I took my cue and asked Dr. Jung: "Although people are living much longer nowadays, they are still expected to retire at the age of about 60. Then they often get inactive and lonely and tend to just fade away. How do you think that elderly people can best come to terms with life?"

Dr. Jung answered without hesitation. "For a long time," he said, "I have advocated schools for the adult. After all, we try to equip young people with all the education they need for the building up of a successful social existence. This kind of education is valid for about as far as the middle of life—say 35 to 40 years. But when you approach the ominous region around the 40th year you look back upon the past and the silent questions approach: Where am I

today? Have my dreams come true? Have I seized my opportunities, made the right choices? And then the final question comes: What is the chance that I shall fail again in fulfilling what I have been unable to accomplish in the first 40 years?"

"And then?" I asked.

"And then," said Dr. Jung, "a change imposes itself, subtly at first, but with ever-increasing weight. What was once adventurous effort—with the hope that tomorrow will fulfill what today did not—becomes routine. Gradually, looking back becomes a habit, your energy is no longer attracted to its former objectives in the way it was.

"And then unconscious fantasies begin to play with what might have been, and these become quite troublesome. If one has nothing to look forward to except the habitual things, life can not renew itself any more."

I asked: "Then what do you advise people to do who pass that ominous age of 40?" His answer could be boiled down into that single ancient phrase, "Know thyself."

"If you should find in yourself, for instance, an ineradicable tendency to believe in God or immortality, do not allow yourself to be disturbed by the blather of so-called 'free-thinkers'—and if you find in yourself an equally resistant tendency to deny all religious ideas, do not hesitate to deny them, and see how that suits you."

"Then you do not think it is necessarily futile for people to place their hopes on the possibility of a life after death?" I asked.

"As there is no possibility of proof," replied Dr. Jung, "it is just as legitimate to believe in life after death as it is to doubt it. We have experiences which point both ways. The only important thing is to find some philosophy to live by."

I switched the talk to the very young: "Young people today are often accused by their elders of being obsessed by a philosophy of despair. Do you agree?"

"It would be far more important," he said, "to concentrate on parent-psychology instead of child-psychology. Parents should marvel at nothing except their naivete and their ignorance of their own psychology, which is, in turn, the harvest sown by their grandparents. My solution to this is to educate the educator—a school for the adults who have never been taught the requirements of human life after 40."

"And human happiness as a whole," I asked Dr. Jung. "What do you consider the really basic factors for that?"

He listed five for me:

1. Good physical and mental health.
2. Good personal and intimate relations—such as those of the family and friends.
3. The ability to perceive beauty.
4. Reasonable standards of life and work.
5. A philosophy or religion capable of coping with the vicissitudes of life.

But happiness, Dr. Jung added, is "an exceedingly individual phenomenon, for which there could be no completely reliable rules. One should rather call it a gift of the Gods. No good health, no favorable family conditions, for instance, can protect you against unbearable boredom."

Only one thing seemed certain, said Dr. Jung. "There are as many nights as days, even in a happy life. The word 'happy' would even lose its meaning if it were not balanced by sadness. The more you deliberately seek happiness the more sure you are not to find it. It is far better to take things as they come, with patience." ●

3208 Newark Street,
Washington, D.C.
U.S.A.
December 8, 1930

My dear Dr. Jung:

Could you find time to answer a few questions concerning an apparently successful -- or at least initially successful -- effort on my part to help a sixteen-year-old girl threatened with a serious introversion neurosis? I am going to take the liberty of stating the situation anyway, leaving it to your judgment as to how much of your time may well be spent in advising me. I know of nobody whose time I would be more reluctant to waste. But if you were acquainted with my little friend Mary Tuckerman I feel quite sure you would regard her as a 'valuable personality', and indirectly, through my effort to understand and apply your teachings, she is in a certain sense your patient.

For about six months I have been trying to do for her not of course what you would do, but what, if you knew us both, you would advise me to do. I have aimed constantly to find ways to 'entangle her in life', always keeping in mind your two questions, What is necessary? What is possible? And a beginning has certainly been made. For the first time in her life she has been teachable, has applied herself diligently to obvious duties, has developed a happy relationship with her father and mother and brother. To those who know her the change seems a miracle. But I realize that she still has a very long way to go, and the wish to make my friendship as helpful as possible to her is my purpose in writing you.

Without professional training or experience, and guided solely by my none too perfect understanding of analytical psychology, I feel very deeply the responsibility I have taken upon myself only because everything else had failed, and the worst seemed probable unless I could do something, and do it quickly. One of her symptoms was a rather exaggerated sense of the value of money. She was almost too careful about small expenditures, and that being one place where she was responsible, it seemed the logical point at which she might begin to be adult. Believing she would like to earn money, I was able to get her a job in the thermometer testing division of the Bureau of Standards, where my husband is Assistant Director, and where her father, Dr. Tuckerman, is one of the most brilliant research men, regarded by his fellow physicists as an analytical genius. This was rather daring, since the child had never been reliable or willing to accept responsibility, but it worked. The idea of earning money appealed to her at once as a desirable way of putting in her vacation, and she started in with earnestness and resolution. My problem then became that of keeping up her morale that she might be able to endure for the three months of her appointment.

To this end I called for her at the Bureau each day with my car to drive her home through the park or country-side, and talk, and get acquainted. She seemed to like to talk to me, and she loved the motoring, and so there was daily reward when her work was done. At first she was frightened and tense, and I felt quite sure the situation would have been impossible to her without the moral support and emotional outlet I was able to give her in this way.

Without attempting any amateur analysis whatever, I encouraged her to tell me about the very remarkable mythological dreams she has been having since childhood about 'The Prince', a typical sun-god miraculously born from an egg long cherished by his people, builder of a wonderful city in the deep caverns of the earth, leader of the winged immortals. Realizing what dangerous ground this might be, I ventured only to say that these dreams were religious, very beautiful and very significant. My reverence for them seemed to serve as a key to her feeling life, and helped me to win her friendship. For though they were just as real to her as the outer reality, she had never dared tell them to anybody.

In the second month of our intimacy, and on the day following her second pay day -- the pay envelopes made her feel very adult and capable -- she brought fourth out of the unconscious what I believe to be her symbol. "I have a poem!" she exclaimed getting into my car. "It's right there, but I can't get all of it. The title and the first verse came this morning in the street car on the way to the Bureau, but I haven't had a minute since!" I drove slowly and as quietly as possible that she might introvert for the other verses, and the following is what came:

BROTHERS

A boy from the depths of the ocean,
A boy from the mountain heights --
We met by the side of the water
And pledged our friendship there.

There is nothing can part our friendship
Or destroy our brotherhood,
For we are the sons of the ages
And our tie is of more than blood.

Though race and time and space and death
May part us from each other,
We are brothers still till the end of time,
Going arm in arm together.

We were born of different races
And neither understood,
Yet we met and gave without asking
The pledge of Brotherhood

There are barriers beyond all knowing
Between your race and mine;
But they cannot divide our friendship
For we have seen the sign

We are Brothers now and forever,
That our races may always be friends.
And though we may die we are deathless --
Brothers though Worlds may end!

For even in death lives deathless
 Our love and our Brotherhood --
 A never dying symbol
 of Loyalty, Love, and Good.

Was I not right in regarding this as an Epimetheus-Prometheus reconciliation? With the exception of the fourth verse, which brought no vision, the entire poem was accompanied by the most elaborate imagery, which Tucky was kind enough to write down for me. The following is what went with the first verse:

"As in most of the mind pictures which I get through introversion, the picture which is an integral part of this verse is pervaded by a feeling of intense peace, stillness and quiet, as if everything was trying to be still inside, not just a surface smoothness. The picture is of the shore of the ocean, on a rather narrow, boulder-strewn and sandy beach. The observer is facing the ocean and knows, though his back is toward them and he cannot see them, that behind him are mountains, with the sun to the left and a little to the front of him.

"Standing on the beach with both hands on the shaft of a strong staff is a boy in khaki shorts and a sleeveless khaki shirt. He is apparently about thirteen years old and carries an axe and a claspknife in his belt. He is holding his staff diagonally across his body, with the lower end in the sand; and he is smiling just a little at another boy who is lying on his back some six inches below the surface of the water.

"There is a sharp contrast between the two boys, for the one who is standing is solidly built, broad shouldered, dark haired, dark eyes, and tanned by the sun, giving a general impression of sturdiness and vigor. The other boy is slender and very fair, entirely untanned as though he had never been in the sunlight before, and his hands and feet are webbed for swimming. His hair is long in contrast to the short hair of the boy in khaki, and he wears a straight white tunic reaching almost to his knees. This tunic is held in at the waist by a strong, light belt which is the same color as the tunic, and to which is fastened a knife made of some hard, white material, as is also its sheath. Both the sheath and the haft of the knife are carved so that they look as though they were covered with slender, twining vines, and feathery, frondlike leaves.

"Around the boy's forehead, and partially for the purpose of keeping his long hair from his eyes, is a band of the same material as the belt. It is a little less than an inch wide, and in the front, over the center of his forehead, is a deep red, slightly oval stone which glows with a steady light, and is used by him as a lamp in his home beneath the ocean where the light never penetrates. He gives the impression of princely aristocracy, culture and spirituality as he smile up at the boy whose home is in the heights, but who is nevertheless his friend"

I thought I saw in all this an opportunity to teach Tucky something about herself -- some practical psychology to be applied to her daily life. And so with many a prayer for inspiration I began writing for her as interestingly as I could, what her poem

meant to me. So far I have written a chapter for each line of the ~~first~~ first verse, and another about the education of her persona boy, aiming directly at her adaptation to school life. Not knowing what the effect of this might be I went very slowly with it at first -- giving her only a little at a time. But she was so enchanted by it without apparently any undesirable effects, and I decided it was a real help. Her comment was -- "People have been telling me all my life that I ought to do, but nobody ever told me before why I didn't do what I ought to do!"

In this way the summer passed, she completed faithfully her three months of work in the Bureau, and I took her for a motor trip of about one week before school opened. During the trip she had another poem which because of unfortunate interruptions we failed to bring into consciousness. All we know about it was that its theme was death, and I suspected a sacrifice dream or vision. On this trip we visited a summer camp and spent several days with my married daughter, her husband and two children, and family of their intimate friends among whom I had opportunity to observe Tucky's reactions to social contacts. She did a good deal of growing up then and there, for she had to decide whether she belonged with the four little children or with the five adults. At first she wavered back and forth, and then took the adult attitude and became a part of the older group -- the four young married people and myself. "This is the first time I have ever been trusted with children," she told me a little proudly, as she took the adult attitude in relation to my grandchildren and their little friends, all under five years of age.

Then came school with all its terrors and difficulties, its dead weight of bad habits to be shaken off. She was admitted to the third year one of the Washington high schools on six weeks trial. Satisfactory work would automatically give her credits for the first two years, which was a strong incentive to effort. For though she had attended many school she had failed miserably in all of them, stubbornly refusing to work or even to be attentive in class, and therefore had no credentials to offer. But she has a really powerful intellect -- I.Q. of 140 -- if she will apply it, and apply it she did so that at the end of the six weeks she became a regular student of Western High School. During this six weeks of work came the finish for the time being at least of the myth she had been dreaming for years. The Prince, her sun-hero, and his city in the caverns of the earth, discovered that they were threatened with the collapse of the mountains above them, which were likely to cave in and cut off for ever their possible exit to the outer world. However the Prince was not seriously worried about it, for his engineers had developed a 'working model' (the Bureau of Standards achievement?) for the prevention of the catastrophe. It worked on a small scale, and therefore there was no reason to suppose that it would not work on a large scale. And so with his engineers, he took to his wings and flew up and out of the opening to the outer world to look the ground over. They found that the mountains were honeycombed with small caves all of which could be strengthened and braced according to the 'working model'. If the small caves were properly braced the mountain would not give way. Then there was a final dream which contained the accidental firing off of one of the engineer's deadly weapons, fire encircled the Prince and the ground gave way beneath him so that he was plunged down into a terrible pit full of water containing repulsive animals, from which

after a horrible experience he soared upward to freedom, and has not been seen again.

Would that not be the sacrificial death of the hero? The fact that he is dead has been confirmed by a little game of 'imagery' which Tucky loves to play. You give her any abstract word whatever, and an image immediately forms so she can describe the picture. For example her mother gave her the word 'immortality', and she at once responded with the following: "It is dark; with just enough light to see; there are rocks jumbled about; one pile is bigger than the rest; there is a man sitting on this pile; there is an ocean at the foot of the pile, smooth and still; the man is looking out over the ocean. there is more light upon the ocean than at the place where he is sitting, so that he is scarcely visible. All that can be seen of him is that he is strong and fine. There is all through the picture a feeling of peace and quiet which is so strong and so much a part of the picture that the picture would be empty without it." Tucky can go on producing that sort of thing indefinitely, as fast as you will give her the suggesting word. And when her mother gave her the word 'death' she said: "There are two pictures: One is an ugly one of a heap of human skeletons falling apart and crumbling in a black, damp, stagnant, musty-smelling hole. There is no light. ... The other one is of the Prince: He is lying with his left arm holding his shield, and his right hand is lying by his side. His eyes are closed and he is sleeping what is called The Silent Sleep."

About the time of the ascension of the Prince she had a dream of a much more normal type -- or least a very different type. She was with her mother in a shop, intent upon buying a necklace for herself. She wanted a very beautiful one -- some sort of jewel -- but her mother insisted that she choose one in which the beads were like dominoes, except that upon them were carved images of the death of Christ -- the whole story of the Christian sacrifice! She thought it ugly and did not wish to wear it, but preferred the beautiful one. That dream seemed to correspond with her conscious regret at losing her myth -- a very real regret. "Don't you suppose I'm going to have those dreams any more at all?" she asked her mother, who explained that probably the ending of the old dreams meant the ending of the old unhappy, troubled life, and the beginning of a new and better life.

Since then there have been the first signs of weakening in the the new life. Tucky was sick for a week with the grip, which left her somewhat weary and depressed, and also behind in her school work which consequently has fallen below the satisfactory grade in two subjects. She became discouraged, full of the old fears, and began to neglect her duties in the old way when her mother discovered what was happening and consulted me -- since in such a state I still have more influence with her than her mother. I persuaded her that things were not so desperate as they looked, that if she would trust her mother, who is a wonderfully capable of teacher, and be absolutely teachable, letting her mother take the responsibility of bringing up her back work, everything would be going well again by Christmas time. Such is the state of affairs at present. And now for my questions.

1 To what extent is it wise for me to develop for her the symbolical thought of her poem -- as I understand it? There are about one hundred pages in the manuscript I wrote for her last summer, but I didn't leave it with her, and she wants a copy to keep. The question is whether, in newriting it with a carbon copy I shall

finish it up briefly without stressing its importance, or whether I shall really finish it to the best of my ability, making of it as fine a piece of work as my all too limited ability permits. It is a chance to teach her a great deal of practical psychology in a manner interesting and acceptable to her, but is it a dangerous thing to lead her interest further in this direction? You could answer this better of course if you knew what I have written, but I must not burden you with details of such length. I feel quite sure that the psychology I have put into this work is essentially in accordance with your teachings, and Tucky's mother who is a very cultured woman, far my superior in intellectual training and education, would me to go on with this writing. It amounts to a searching criticism of Tucky's mental attitudes, which she recognizes as true and just, and accepts without offense. "I can see," she told her mother, "that it applies to me, but it doesn't make me mad!" If I finish it as thoroughly as I can, it will be a book-length manuscript. What do you think about that?

2 Am I right in believing that Tucky has unusual possibilities, possibly even genius, which may develop into something of value if only she can develop sufficiently her function of reality? I base my belief in her upon the products of her unconscious, her dreams and imagery, her ability to express herself as shown by the passages of hers which I have given you. Those passages were dictated by her, written down by the person to whom she was dictating, and given to me without revision. Considering that they are not studied or toiled over, they seem to me quite remarkable for a girl of sixteen. And her heredity seems to make unusual ability quite possible. Her father is a very gifted man, her mother seems to me a remarkably gifted woman. Her mother's father was a writer and poet considerable reputation.

3 In case Tucky should not be able to meet the requirements of the high school, and should become discouraged in a serious way, what would be the effect of coming out frankly with the fact that her difficulties and peculiarities are due to a serious mental illness from which she is convalescent, and that her convalescence, not her school work is the vital matter, and that failure to persist in her new mental attitude will be a desperately serious matter. I think she knows this vaguely, for she has mentioned insanity to me several times. I sometimes wonder if we have not been unfair to her in pretending to assume that she is normal and can do just what other girl do. She is not normal, and she knows it. It is extremely difficult for her to do many things that other girls do easily, and while in order to get well she must learn to do what others do, would it not be better to have the difficulty frankly recognized as extremely difficult though absolutely necessary? It seems only fair to recognize the greatness of the task she must perform as well as the necessity of the performance. Should not a convalescent patient who must submit to an exacting regimen, know what is at stake?

4 In what way can I best proceed in order to become a bridge to life for this young friend? Should I aim to continue and foster the intimacy? Or should I be merely a comfortable person in the offing, to be relied upon in emergencies? Or should I aim to step out of the picture as soon as possible? She seems fond of me and always glad to be with me, though there has never been any display of affection beyond a sort of understand grip of the hand she always gives me upon her own initiative at parting. Her mother asked

her once if she ever felt like kissing me, and she said, "NO! That would spoil it all!" Although I am in the middle fifties, ~~made~~ more than old enough to be her mother, she insists that to her I am ageless -- young when she wants companionship, mature when she is in need of counsel. She is not yet beginning to make friends at school beyond mere friendly acquaintanceship. I am so placed that I can arrange to give her whatever time and attention it is best for her to have from me, but I don't want to over-do the relationship, or allow it to become a substitute for other contacts she might make. Perhaps I ought to state in this connection that I have not wholly solved my own psychological problems. There is certainly a progression in my dreams, and I have sense of directedness, as if I were following an unknown guide toward a wholly unknown goal. I am freer from compulsions, the all-or-nothing attitude than I have ever been before. But it is a very halting and groping and tedious progress I am making, and at times consciousness is appallingly empty. I don't think Tucky is at all conscious that I have difficulties with myself, for I am outwardly calm. But I often ask myself, "Who are you, to be talking to anybody about personals and souls!"

This is not the first letter I have written you. A few years ago I wrote asking questions which you answered with such completeness and kindness that I was very much ashamed to have troubled you, and yet glad I had. You had been to me a mind between the covers of a few cherished books, and to communicate with you by letter, outside my books gave me a feeling as strange as it was unreasonable. The letter has since been as cherished as the books, and if I am writing you now as to an old friend that is precisely what you are to me. I can hardly imagine what life would be to me without the friendship of your mind in my books.

Very gratefully yours,

Dr. C. G. Jung

Küsnacht-Zürich 1. Juni, 1931.
Seestrasse 228

Mrs. L. J. Briggs,
3208 Newark St.. N. W.,
Washington, D. C. , U. S. A

Dear Mrs. Briggs,

I am very sorry indeed that I have not yet answered your letter. The reason is, as you may guess, an absolute lack of time. I am still unable to go into the matter, but in my Summer holidays, I shall be able to look into it. Generally I had the impression as if you were handling the question as well as it could be done under the circumstances. For the time being I just wanted to tell you that I received the request and that I am willing to answer it, when I am able to do so.

Sincerely yours

C. G. Jung.

3208 Newark Street,
Washington, D.C.
June 18th 1931

Dear Dr. Jung:

Your letter promising to give a part of your vacation time to answering my letter has been gratefully received. You are kind. But lest you be kinder than the situation justifies I feel that you should have a few additional facts. Three local physicians have given me to understand that I am more or less wasting my time over my little friend Mary Tuckerman. One says, 'But of course she will never be normal.' Another, much less directly, says the same thing. The Tuckerman family physician is 'very much afraid' the girl will eventually go into a praecox condition.

Wholly without experience as I am personally, knowing only what I have learned from an almost religious study of your books, I can see that the situation is rather desperate. But whatever the the future may bring, Tucky's immediate need is for friendship, and I am willing to give her that -- must give it. Since my letter to you was written her mother has been devoured by the monster, and is in a local hospital with a paranoiac insanity. It seems to me that she was living her psychosis in the child, and that as soon as the child began to pull out of it the mother had to live it herself. She naturally both loved and hated me for helping her child. There was for a time a thorough-going transference to me, and when her persona went to pieces she wanted me constantly with her. And so I witnessed the battle between god and devil in her, and had the shocking experience of seeing the devil win. And I fear I am myself the storm center of her psychosis, the devil persecuter, who has brought all this on her. She very adroitly put me in a position where I had to say either that

she was insane or that her husband was. Somebody was. Now what do you think? Well, I couldn't tell her that her husband was, and her attitude immediately became one of such deadly hatred that the moment can never be forgotten. She is now in the hands of an extravert, Freudian physician, and on the one occasion when I visited her she was just as insulting as she could make ^{herself} ~~her~~. So there seems to me nothing I can do for her. But a very fine, gifted personality has been buried within her, and I feel a deep personal loss of her friendship.

The Husband is very neurotic, one of these brilliant but impractical people who hate and shirk responsibility -- the introverted thinker I should say, intensified to the nth degree! He has neglected his family life for years, making an excuse of 'work' to avoid going home to dinner -- going home only to sleep and eat breakfast. The marriage has never been ~~been~~ successful. His wife married him because he was a 'genius', but unfortunately it was not the genius who married her, but the hungry, childish, primitive man behind the genius! Instead of the satisfaction of bringing genius to her feet, she had a very primitive being on her hands. And she married in a state of complete ignorance of sexual matters -- knew absolutely nothing!

When the children came all her passion for domination found, or tried to find, an outlet in them. Every breath they drew was her breath as much as theirs. It was so horrible to the little girl that she rejected life entirely and refused to grow up at all. The boy took the other way and conformed, becoming an excessively introverted book worm and a brilliant student. He is absolutely satisfactory to his parents, but I can't help having misgivings about him too, sweet and gentle and studious as he is. I seem to see that same passion for domination merely taking another course.

The mother has been in the hospital now for months, and since there are no servants the children are at home alone when not at school, although Buddy is a boy scout, and makes valuable contacts through his scout activities. But even under these circumstances the father cannot bring himself to come home and eat dinner with his children. They go out to a little eating place around the corner, and very often have gone to bed before he gets home. He asks them at breakfast, which is prepared by Tucky, whether they have done their school work, and that is about all they get out of him except a little time on Sundays.

The school year came to an end yesterday, and Tucky for the first time in her life has really made the motions of doing the work and has actually passed in all her studies -- just barely passed, however, for much of the time she should have been studying was spent in the library reading childish literature. The librarian tells me that about half of the many books she takes home with her are adult fiction, the rest just children's stories, and that if she really reads what she takes home, she would certainly have very little time for school work. When her mother was there she did not do all this reading of fiction, but now, with no supervision, I suppose the temptation is irresistible -- especially as she must be very lonely.

Tucky has one other intimate friend besides myself -- a Mrs. Gish, who is also my friend and has studied analytical psychology with me. Mrs. Gish a very fine woman, highly intelligent, the mother of four children all younger than Tucky, who with very little help does her housework and looks after her family in an efficient sensible way. She takes the Tuckerman children under her wing when Dr. Tuckerman is out of town. That is they go and live in her family, and I

feel that that is about the most valuable relationship they have -- just to be a part of such a family. It is a very real sacrifice on the part of Mrs. Gish to do this, as Tucky is no a pleasant person to live with. She has outrageously bad manner without knowing it, is self-centered and arrogant without knowing it, acting out the infantile role still in many ways. I can quite enjoy the girl when I have off alone, but in a social group she is all but 'impossible' -- that is she is tiresome when she talks, for her conversation is boastful and always about herself. As a four-year-old she would seem natural enough, but a little spoiled. She is wholly lacking in graciousness and tact, talking, I think, ^{instructively,} about as her father talks to her -- bruskiy and with condescension. And yet when I correct her bad manners she is humble and teachable in her attitude. Intellectually she understands, but the intellectual understanding finds its way only very slowly into her behavior.

Nevertheless, considering what a little savage she was a year ago, the improvement in has been very great -- so great, that her father seems to think her normal. Mrs. Gish and I feel that if in the coming year, she could improve as much as she has in the past year, she has possibilities. We are times very much discouraged, at times more hopeful. Of course any suggestions you are able to give us will be fully appreciated and acted upon to the best of our ability.

But while my time is not so valuable that I cannot afford to take a chance on wasting some of it if this thing must end unhappily, it is quite different with your time. I am wholly sincere in not wishing you to spend more of your precious holiday time on the problem than you feel is likely to be well spent. If I could wish just

one wish for humanity it would be for some half million Dr. Jungs scattered at convenient intervals over the face of the earth. I do not wish to impose upon the kindness of the only one we have.

Gratefully yours,

Dr. C. G. Jung

Küsnacht-Zürich

Seestrasse 228

4. Juli, 1931.

Mrs. Briggs,
1208 Newark Street N.W.,
Washington, D.C.
U.S.A.

Dear Mrs. Briggs,

Thank you for your news of the Tuckermans family. It is indeed an unfortunate end to your attempts, yet an almost unavoidable one in such a case. You overdid it. Your attitude was altogether too Christian. You wanted to help, which is an encroachment upon the will of others. Your attitude ought to be that of one who offers an opportunity that can be taken or rejected. Otherwise you are most likely to get into trouble. It is so because Man is not fundamentally good, almost half of him is a devil.

If you should write another letter to me, please take into consideration, that a letter abroad costs more than two cents.

Sincerely yours

C. G. Jung.

3208 Newark Street,
Washington, D.C.
July 24th 1931

Dear Dr. Jung:

I hope you will accept apologies for the insufficient postage, and thanks for your reply to my letter. Your suggestion that Mrs. Tuckerman is the victim of my too Christian zeal is a good deal of a shock, for if I encroached upon her will or offered anything she was not free to reject, my picture of what happened is alarmingly untrue. It seems to me that what I overdid if anything was compliance with her will and expectations, ~~rangings all the way~~ from the use of my car with myself as chauffeur when she had guests, to psychological demands which kept me reminding her that I was not a physician and could not speak with authority upon psychological problems or attempt the analysis of the Tuckerman dreams.

The only thing I took it upon myself to teach her was the nature of the perceptive attitude as contrasted with her exclusively judging attitude, and how she could use it to ameliorate the mutual terror and antagonism often resulting in physical violence between her and her sixteen-year-old daughter. The idea that it was possible to use any but a decisive, judging attitude with a child seemed to astonish her, but her situation was so desperate that she experimented according to my suggestion and succeeded beyond my hopes. Before the summer was over they appeared to be living happily together.

I am a studious, home-staying woman, learning to be guided by my dreams and much awed by the experience. As such she found me interesting. In contrast to me she had an exaggerated persona, ~~busy with matters~~ which impressed me with the superiority of her intellect. When our friendship began, about a year and a half ago, she was already living so plausibly in a dream of superiority and persecution that even when I learned ~~that~~ she had a brother suffering from delusions of persecutions I failed to suspect the truth. Along with her husband and ~~with~~ others, I was convinced that valuable discoveries of hers about Wordsworth were being withheld from publication by a university professor who wished to appropriate them for his own renown. I chanced to become ~~a~~ new enthusiasm as the close of the university year brought the Wordsworth excitement to an end, and quite unwittingly fell heir to the Wordsworth libido. She had found the university professor first useful and to be admired, then enviable and to be surpassed, then a persecutor to be hated -- and she repeated the program with me so exactly that each step stands out clearly in retrospect. In the phase of imitation and and surpassing she dreamed that she was taking silverware from my drawer -- my knives and forks, which in the drawer were clean and shining but in her hands became immediately soiled and disgusting.

When I wrote you last December things were not going quite so well with her daughter, and I wondered if there was anything more I could do. The urgent question, whether ~~or not to turn~~ 'Christian' was answered by dreams instructing me to mind my own business which I did. For nearly six months before the dissolution of her persona I had given the Tuckerman family no more attention than any other of my friends.

Although I cannot as yet see this as you do, I am glad to have the matter stirred up again. I want to see it straight. I don't want to repeat the experience or let it make a coward. *of me*

Very sincerely yours,

3208 Newark Street,
Washington, D.C.
May 8, 1936

Dear Dr. Jung:

I am looking forward with pleasure to hearing you speak at the Harvard Symposium in September, but wish very much that I might have a personal conference, if only for half an hour, while we are both at Cambridge. Though I have not had the privilege of studying with you, your books have been my Bible for more than fifteen years, and life without what I have learned from them would be unthinkable. As a mind which lives between the covers of my most valued books, I feel as if I knew you better than I have ever known anybody else, but as a human being you are not real to me. I had a distinct feeling of astonishment when several letters I wrote you years ago were actually answered, proving your concrete existence. But it is not merely to make your acquaintance as a human being that I wish to meet you personally. I want to ask:

(1) About a few of my dreams, to see what you think about my understanding of them. (2) About an unconscious guidance aside from dreams which seems to have been in control for a very long time, and to be still in control, giving me a strong sense of being directed, of going somewhere -- destination as yet unknown. (3) About the urge to write which so possesses me that to go long without writing makes me almost ill, filling me with an oppressive sense of emptiness and loss. (4) About my relationship with friends who know I have found something I value religiously, and want me to share with them.

I enjoy sharing. It is lonely business to keep what amounts to a religion entirely to yourself. Friends ask what all this writing is about, and if I tell them it is chiefly for my own education they demand to be educated too, and that leads to the subject of dreams, and they too have dreams, and the intimacy grows and is likely to lead to a transference. That happened in the case of my friend Mrs. Tuckerman, about whom I wrote you five years ago. At that time I didn't know a transference when I saw one. Her physician told me about it and asked my help, but it was too late. My chance was gone. I thought I had neglected her. You said in your letter that I had done the opposite and forced my help upon her instead of merely offering an opportunity. I'd like to be sure not to make either mistake -- to acquire the correct attitude if possible. Right now there is a very neurotic woman who wants to make Jesus Christ out of me. I appear to be her help and her salvation. She has gained fifteen pounds in weight, is beginning to understand her dreams, and talks about "the new life." I don't think I have made any serious mistakes so far in the friendship I have given her, but I have a lot to learn about such a relationship, and I need to learn it soon. If you could spare me a little time none of it would be wasted.

Sincerely yours,

My dear Mrs. Briggs,

Copies of the notes on Prof. Jung's
Seminars (Zarathustra, parts 1 and 2)
have been mailed to you today.

The prices, covering postage and
packing, are:

Vol. 1	19.85	Swiss francs.
2	<u>22.80</u>	" "
	42.65	" "
Less	<u>2.40</u>	overpaid last time
	<u>40.25</u>	

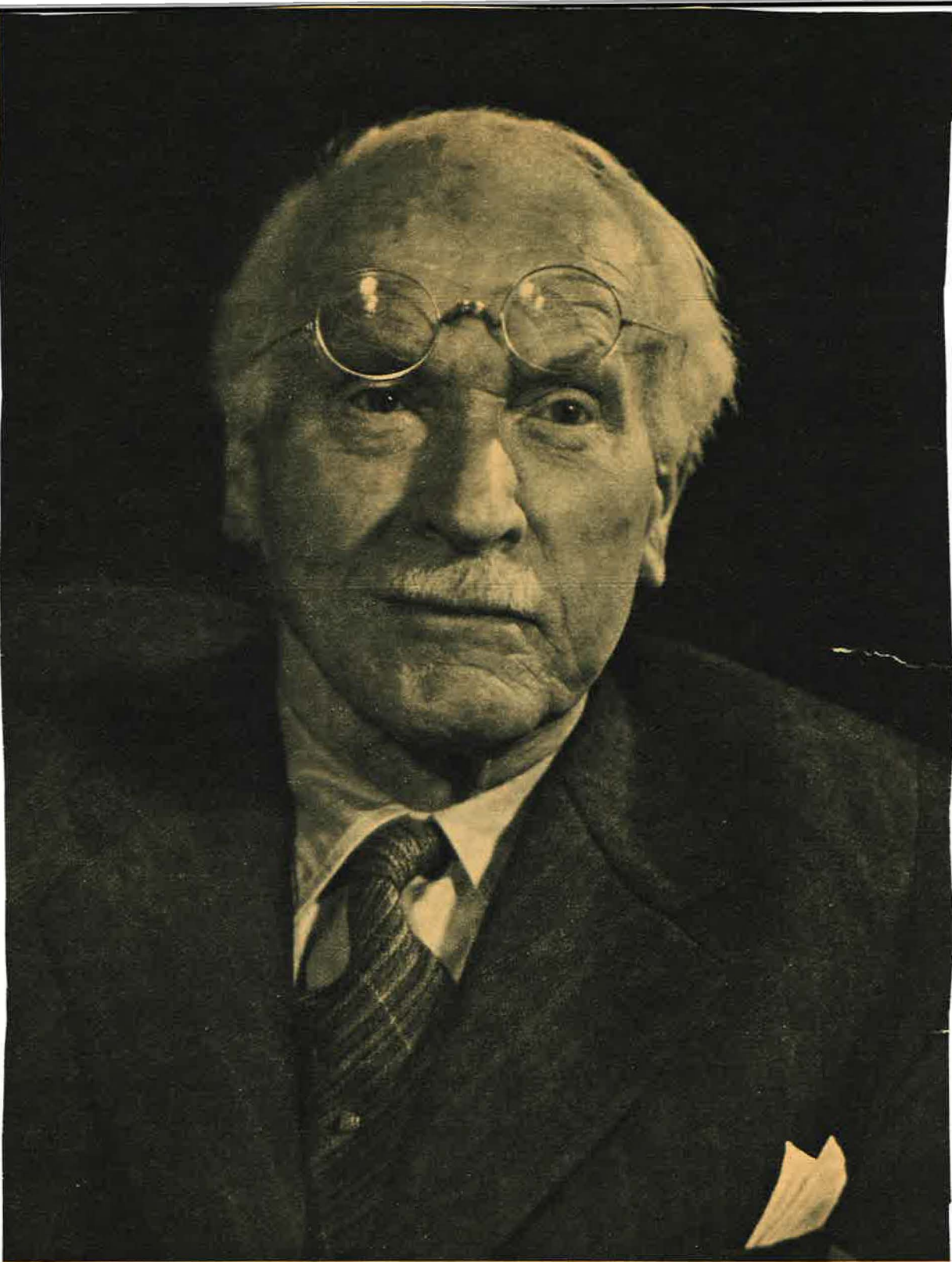
Will you please pay this amount as be-
fore by international money order to Frau
E. Köppel, Grebelackerstr. 4, Zürich, 6.
Postcheck Account Vlll/11784.

Sincerely yours,

Max Zoller

Thomas Scherrstr. 14,
Küsnacht/Zch.

18th January, 1937.



C. G. Jung: For more than 50 years he has studied the human mind and emotions

Karsh

A Famous Psychiatrist Says:

Among all my patients in the second half of life . . . every one of them fell ill because he had lost what the living religions of every age have given their followers, and none of them has been really healed who did not regain his religious outlook.

— C. G. JUNG

The meaning of life: This penetrating comment by Dr. Jung is part of our "Meaning" series. It was originally selected for THIS WEEK by the late Dr. Edward A. Strecker, noted author and professor of psychiatry.

Herr Prof. C.G.JUNG hielt im Wintersemester 1936/37 an der Eidgenössisch Technischen Hochschule in Zürich ein

Psychologisches Seminar über Kinderträume.

Es wurden ausschliesslich Träume mit reichem archetypischem Material behandelt, welches Prof.JUNG in gewohnter, fruchtbarer Weise interpretierte. Ausserdem wurden von Seminarteilnehmern zu vielen Traumemotiven die mythologischen Parallelen gesammelt, und in sechs kurzen Referaten ein Ueberblick über die wichtigsten Erklärungen und Deutungsmethoden der Träume seit der Antike bis zur Gegenwart gegeben.

Von verschiedenen, hauptsächlich solchen Personen, welche an den Seminarien an der E.T.H. nicht teilnehmen können, wurde der Wunsch geaussert, diesen reichhaltigen Stoff in Buchform zu haben, ähnlich den "Notes on the English Seminar in Psychology". Einige Seminarteilnehmer haben sich bereit erklärt, aus ihren sorgfältigen Notizen diesen Band zu schreiben, wozu Prof.JUNG sein Einverständnis gab. Der Umfang würde ca.100-120 Seiten, vervielfältigt, engzeilig (was einem Band der engl.Seminarnoten von 200-240 entspricht), gebunden. Der Preis hängt von der Anzahl der Subskriptionen ab und beträgt

bei minimal	50 Exemplaren	Schw.Fr.	15.50
"	"	100	" " 12.50
"	"	150	" " 10.50.

Die Arbeit kann nur begonnen werden, wenn genügend Subskriptionen, d.h. mindestens 50 einlaufen, doch hoffen wir, dass das Interesse die grössere Auflage von 150 Exemplaren ermöglichen wird.

Wir gelangen deshalb mit der Einladung zur Subskription an alle Freunde und Interessenten der Psychologie von C.G.Jung, mit der Bitte, auch Ihre Bekannten, Clubmitglieder etc. auf die Sache aufmerksam zu machen. Wir bitten Sie, Ihre Subskription bis spätestens 20.April a.c. einzusenden an:

Herrn H. BAUMANN, Pestalozzistrasse 29, Zürich 7.

Die englisch sprechenden Subskribenten machen wir darauf aufmerksam, dass wir uns um eine leichtverständliche, einfache Abfassung bemühen werden.

Hochachtungsvoll

Zürich, im März 1937.

H. B A U M A N N .