Each gender has power and primacy, as do the bodies of each gender. Potency, as I use the word here, is my way of speaking of the intensity of power grounded in male instinct, emanating from deeply within the conjunction of psyche and body. It is seen in erection, the energy of the male groin, leading to male penetration as a force standing behind ongoing life. An erection may be more or less subjectively powerful according to the mood of its perceiver but it is never, psychologically/emotionally, without power. That power is universal, or in Jung’s terms archetypal. It varies in cultures as in individuals. But it is always present as definition, mystery, prompt and metaphor. It moves a male beyond himself, into and around his opposite, bespeaking a man’s identity, his place and his function. Phallos evinces new life in reproduction, but also in excitement, the expression of male intensity and in the implication of a man’s purpose and his promise.

The English language does not ordinarily give gender to nouns, but since I use potency as erection in this work, potency inevitably has gender. Of course, females have yang or phallic psychological qualities, and in physical qualities as well, although usually in shorter supply since phallos is clearly a masculine attribute, fed by testosterone of which hormone the female has far less. Phallos and testes organically function to express male participation in life as present satisfaction and future consequence. Masculine characteristics always refer, or are attributed to, phallos as essential masculine signifier. An energized penis, full of blood and heavily intent upon the pleasure of penetration leading to ejaculation is an analogical god appearing from primal and inaccessible source in physical form – Michelangelo’s Sistine divinity touching man with his phallic finger - as a picture of that which gives male erection its spiritual and psychological importance.

C.G. Jung paid little attention to the psychology of masculinity since males were always in charge in Victorian Switzerland and Jung, in that sense, was a man of his time. Women were dependent upon men, the leaders. Psychoanalytic fundament, inherited from Freud, rested easily upon the presumption of male dominance—patriarchy. No one had to define or explain masculinity any more than one had to define or explain mountains.

As I write today, aware of an ever-enlarging international feminism as well as of democracy, and the enormous extension of individual freedom everywhere, one can no longer take inherent male supremacy for granted. The collapse, or impending collapse, of patriarchy—that is, the social dominance of males as an assumed cultural given—is on our doorstep if not already in the house. Men feel this change deeply as they experience their cultural authority challenged. Being born male, almost everywhere, has made a man feel entitled, so deeply has patriarchy been the common parlance of ego culture.

Becoming unentitled can make men insecure, angry and pathologically violent, as though they face the threat of castration, as though their metaphorical birthright were suddenly on the verge of loss, leaving them standing shakily.
without their familiar support for self-regard. For how can men contribute to life without their traditional ability to design, police and run things?

I intend this work to be a means of addressing that question.

This book is based upon my Jungian and, in some ways, Christian suppositions, for those, along with my liberal political leanings, are the main ideological factors in my life. It is more of a Jungian book than a Christian book and more of a Christian book than a liberal book. The reader has a right to know this from the start.

If the reader does not know Jung or Christianity, bookstores and libraries are full of resources. Read Jung himself. Start with Volume 7 of the Collected Works, Two Essays on Analytical Psychology, or Jung’s autobiography Memories, Dreams, Reflections. If one were to read Christianity in a Monickian direction—one that is traditionally Anglican and thus in the middle between ancient and modern, liturgical and prophetic, Catholic and Protestant, one might be well advised to avoid explicitly right-wing and/or fundamentalist commentaries.

For the purposes of this Introduction, I can but mention briefly one issue that draws upon both Jung and Christianity.

Jung, as I understand him, believed that nothing “exterior” to one’s personal psyche—and one’s personal psyche as imbedded in the collective unconscious—should dominate a conscious person’s life. To understand that statement requires knowledge that “one’s personal psyche,” my phrase, has a transpersonal dimension, an ability to reach or sense a reality that is beyond what Freud, and Jung after him, called the ego, the “I” quality of personal experience. The question of what is exterior, for the purposes of this note, has to do with ego and ego’s evaluations and ego’s essential connection to and expression of the exterior world. Without an “I” letter of Paul, having the capacity, due to its transcendent nature, to know that ‘the wisdom of the world’ cannot be depended upon if taken at its face value, that something other than “the world” is necessary and of greater value and that soul is the organ of that discernment. Soul is the way of knowing that a painting moves one, that a landscape has a quality of the ultimate, that a certain person is one’s soul mate. Soul, then, has a subversive effect upon ego. It can influence the ego to doubt itself. But only if one moves beyond ego and “listens” to the comforts and discomforts of soul.

For Jung, one’s reaction to symbol is an expression of soul’s impact upon ego. Symbol stands for that which rational ego cannot manufacture or understand since ego, by itself, does not go deeply enough into the collective unconscious.

Along with concrete ego reality in modest amounts, particularly ego’s capacity to discern importance, symbol is arbiter of psychic truth. Symbol tends toward abstraction in situations where literalism cannot express depth. One person can stare at symbol and never see more than is there in lines and colors and space. Another can see in what one is watching a kind of revelation.

The collective unconscious, specifically the realm of the archetypes, lying, as it does, beneath the personal unconscious, moves far beyond Freud’s concept of the unconscious as the repository of repressed and forgotten personal experience. Jung’s collective unconscious has a teleological function, bringing his thought close to the spiritual world acknowledged by religion, though religion it be not. It is soul. On a personal level, the way to find the second, internal religion it be not. It is soul. On a personal level, the way to find the second, internal world is through dreams, fantasy, imagination, feelings and affection—what happens in the privacy of personal awareness, where a man encounters anima, soul and his own closeness to the feminine.

Jung’s way was to find a way back to a possibility of primal wholeness without surrendering the accomplishments of modern life. This could happen through the union, or even more, for a modern person, the re-union, of the collective unconscious with the ego world, the two opposites Jung took pains to explicate and rejoin. That process Jung called transformation. ✪

Also by Eugene Monick:

PHALLOS
Sacred Image of the Masculine
(Title 27, 144 pages, $18)

CASTRATION AND MALE RAGE
The Phallic Wound
(Title 50, 144 pages, $18)
The Magical Other, says James Hollis, is in ourselves

An excerpt from his book on relationship, THE EDEN PROJECT:
In Search of the Magical Other (title 79, 160pp, $18)

One of the great ideas that drives human-kind is the fantasy of the Magical Other, the notion that there is one person out there who is right for us, will make our lives work, a soul mate who will repair the ravages of our personal history, know what we want and meet those deepest needs; a good parent who will protect us from suffering and spare us the perilous journey of individuation. Virtually all popular culture is fueled by this idea and its fallout—the search for the Magical Other.

Behind the search lies the archetypal power of the parental imagos. Our first experience of ourselves is in relationship to these Primal Others, usually mother or father. Consciousness itself arises out of that splitting of the primal participation mystique which characterizes the infant’s sensibility. The paradigms for self, for Other, and the transactions between, are formed from the fortuities of these earliest experiences. They are hard-wired into our neurological and emotional network, and later projected onto potential partners until someone comes along who can catch and hold them.

Sometimes one will be aware of a certain quality that derives from the field of conscious relationship with the parent. The partner sought must be steady and trustworthy, for example, or offer the sense of security a parent once did. More often, the pathology of the parent-child relationship is calling the shots. How many abused children have formed relationships with abusers, helplessly replicating the primal paradigm? How many adult children of alcoholics find addictive personalities with whom to bond? Often these patterns slumber in the unconscious and do not emerge for decades.

What is repetitive, of course, is the psychodynamic of the relationship, not its outer appearance. Who in their right mind would seek out someone and say, “I want you to repeat my childhood wounding. I will love you because you are so familiar.”

It is truly frightening to realize how unconscious one is in the formation of intimate relationship, how powerful is our programmed desire for what we have known. What is known is what is sought, even if what is known is wounding.

So it is that the Magical Other is loaded up with all the detritus of our psychic history. If there is an enemy that owns us, it is the power of that history, with its ability to usurp consciousness, warp perspective and contaminate choice. Among the several tasks of psychotherapy is the confrontation with such history, at least as much as may be brought to consciousness through the examination of behavior patterns, symptomatology and dreams.

The exploration of this theme obliges us to explore the polyfaceted character of relationships. We need to acknowledge that the character of all our relationships arises out of our first relationships, which we internalize and experience as an unconscious, phenomenological relationship of consciousness.

* 5 more by Hollis *

THE MIDDLE PASSAGE
From Misery to Meaning in Midlife
(title 59, 128pp, $18)

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Marion Woodman’s profoundly sensitive and intelligent analysis of women’s psychology, eating disorders and personal growth has firm grounding in Jungian psychology, literature, myths, religion and studies in physiology.

Her excellent books synthesize her experience with herself and thousands of analysands, putting a face on the agony of eating disorders, addictions and psychic disease, and she provides understanding by gently leading us into the darkness that generates them. When we find there our abandoned selves, our healing journey can begin.

In The Owl Was a Baker’s Daughter, her first and most formally psychoanalytic work, Woodman introduces her research on obese and anorexic women. She meshes insights about the physiology of obesity with personality profiles, case studies and dream analysis. Finally she holds out hope: Women must rediscover the feminine in themselves by taking possession of their bodies at a conscious level and learning to cherish the mysteries their bodies contain.

Woodman moves beyond the specific mechanics of eating disorders in Addiction to Perfection. Here she explores what happens when we accept external authority for inner reality. Full humanity requires ravishment, which happens when we allow the merging of spirit and love, masculine and feminine, within our hearts. When we fragment ourselves by rejecting the deep, the unknown and the mysterious, we lay ourselves open to rape by the unchecked notion that we are in fact God. And the spiritual impoverishment that follows drives us to eat, to drink, to numb ourselves to our own internal war.

Woodman shows how watching our dreams and listening carefully to inner signals can lead us out of perfectionism’s hell and into the risky yet vital realm of real living.

The Pregnant Virgin is at once the most broad in scope and the most personal of Woodman’s books. It begins with the metaphor of a chrysalis, in which one phase of life ends and another begins. Avoiding the pain of the old life’s death drives us to addictions of all sorts; but if we endure the darkness and the uncertainty we can emerge fresh and whole.

Woodman recounts her journey to India, where she began her own transformation. She peppers the text with dreams and telling comments by her analysands. Compassionate and eclectic, this is Woodman at her best. —DG

“Women have lived for centuries in a male-oriented culture which has kept them unconscious of their own feminine principle. In the attempt to find their own place in a masculine world, they have unknowingly accepted male values—goal-oriented lives, compulsive drivenness and concrete bread which fails to nourish their feminine mystery. Their unconscious femininity rebels and manifests in some somatic form.”

—from The Owl Was a Baker’s Daughter.
The magnitude of Jung’s life and work has not yet dawned on the world. Even some of his followers are reluctant to acknowledge his true dimensions. He is the carrier of a consciousness so magisterial that it has no peer. Quite understandably did he complain in a late unpublished letter that, “I am practically alone. There are a few who understand this and that, but almost nobody sees the whole.” There can be no question of a critical evaluation of Jung’s work at present for the simple reason that no one is competent to judge it.

Let someone appear who has gone deeper than Jung and has seen the psyche more comprehensively than he—to that person’s judgments I shall listen with respect. But so far such a one is not to be found. Jung thus becomes a kind of touchstone. Our reactions to him reveal the nature of ourselves. In my view, he embodies the highest level of consciousness yet achieved by humanity. Valid books on Jung at present, therefore, cannot be evaluative. They must explicate, exemplify and mediate the canons of Jung left us, and this is the nature of Dr. von Franz’s book.

Like the Philosophers’ Stone, the highly individuated personality has the power to replicate himself. By a kind of psychological genetics he generates a family tree—a multiple series of filiations—which reproduces his essence for future generations. Dr. von Franz is an example of this phenomenon. She is a true spiritual daughter of Jung, a carrier of the pure Jungian elixir, the next best thing to Jung himself.

And so it is with this book. We are given a distilled essence of Jung’s life and work which is rich, complex and profound as only Jung can be. There are precious gems of new information scattered throughout the book. For instance we are told that Jung once said, “Everything I have written has a double bottom.” Again, when he was once asked how he could live with the knowledge he had recorded in his mind, he replied, “I live in my deepest hell, and from there I cannot fall any further.”

Dr. von Franz organizes her presentation around the major guiding images that underlay Jung’s opus. A chapter is devoted to each of the following: The Underground God, The Storm Lantern, The Physician, Mirror-Symmetry and the Polarity of the Psyche, The Journey to the Beyond, The Anthropos, The Mandala, Coincidentia Oppositorum, Morning Knowledge and Evening Knowledge, Mercurius, The Philosophers’ Stone, Breakthrough to the Unus Mundus, Individual and Society.

What most interests me about this book are the implications of its subtitle. What is Jung’s myth? What is its relevance for our time? Dr. von Franz approaches these questions obliquely, chiefly through descriptions of Jung’s ideas. Where specific answers are offered, it is with quotations from Jung. The issue is faced most squarely in the chapter entitled, “Coincidentia Oppositorum,” in which Answer to Job is discussed. The high point of this chapter is a quotation from Jung’s autobiography, Memories, Dreams, Reflections:

“As far as we can discern, the sole purpose of human existence is to kindle a light in the darkness of mere being. It may even be assumed that just as the unconscious affects us, so our increase in consciousness affects the unconscious.”

These two passages convey the essence of Jung’s myth for our time. It is elaborated more fully in Answer to Job, which von Franz tells us is the only one of Jung’s works with which he was completely satisfied. A new myth can regenerate a society, and Jung’s myth offers Western civilization a sound container to hold the precious life-essence of meaning which has been spilled during the breaking of the vessels of traditional religion.

In this new myth, man is perceived as a necessary partner of God. Consciousness, whose only carrier is the individual, is the supreme value, goal and meaning of the universe. It has groped its way blindly out of the boundless chaos and laboriously fashioned a vessel to contain it—the individual self and its spatio-temporal incarnation, the human ego.

The ego, in turn, after a long series of mistakes and presumptions, with tortuous slowness, backslidings and perversities, gradually learns its purpose for being—to be the carrier of cosmogonic consciousness. The mythless ones who encounter this new myth and are gripped by its numinosity will be drafted into its service.
Narcissism and transformation

NARCISSISM and Character Transformation by Nathan Schwartz-Salant (title 9, 192pp, $20), reviewed by Lee Piepgrass in Chiron, May 1982

In the early part of this century Sigmund Freud maintained that narcissistic neuroses were untreatable by psychoanalysis. His reasoning was that the libido had been so withdrawn from the outside world that the development of an effective transference would be impossible. More recent thinkers have come to disagree with this position, however, and particularly the psychoanalytic self psychologists have made great strides in the understanding and treatment of the narcissistic condition.

Nathan Schwartz-Salant, New York clinical psychologist and Jungian analyst, has added yet another dimension to our understanding of narcissism, in the form of a carefully thought out Jungian approach. But the book is also much more.

It has long been apparent to this reviewer that the Jungian approach as a whole constitutes a more inclusive systemic viewpoint from which to examine individual psychology. This has never been more beautifully demonstrated than in Schwartz-Salant’s book.

Narcissism is a very fine piece of work, incorporating in an apparently effortless manner the work of the psychoanalytic self psychologists, the British object relations school, the traditional Freudian view of development, and the Jungian archetypal vision in one impressive overview of the origins and course of treatment of the narcissistic personality disorder.

It is impossible in a brief review to give adequate recognition to the careful scholarship and psychological insight that mark Schwartz-Salant’s presentation of mythic themes in support of his developmental paradigm. Similarly, the extent to which he welcomes and utilizes psychoanalytic views, integrating them into the archetypal process of transformation he describes, must be read to be appreciated.

Intimacy among men


In The Secret Lore of Gardening, Jungian analyst Graham Jackson uses literature, the arts and captivating case material to elucidate his insights into relationships between men. With mesmerizing erudition, he brings an archetypal perspective to the inner dynamics of homoerotic and homosexual relationships, expanding Jungian typology into new areas.

According to Jackson, intimate male relationships have two basic configurations: older man/younger man, in which one partner educates or initiates the other; and brothers- or comrades-in arms, in which two equal partners set about a heroic goal or task. The polarity in both kinds of relationships is between the “green man”—associated with earth, matter and mortality—and the “yellow man”—associated with the sky, spirit and immortality.

Jackson points out that green and yellow men have been attracted to each other since Gilgamesh and Enkidu. Their erotic bond belongs to nature and thus is normal. Indeed, he acknowledges that the forming of relationships is an important part of the individual’s search for wholeness; the seeker chooses a partner in whom he apprehends an undeveloped aspect of himself.

Jackson details how shadow and projection work to create an attraction between apparent opposites that fertilizes the “garden of the soul” in mysterious and wonderful ways. This is a credible idea, and I think men of any sexual orientation will welcome and utilize psychoanalytic views, integrating them into the archetypal vision in one impressive overview of the origins and course of treatment of the narcissistic personality disorder.

This slim volume, well written and very readable, contains two or three related books. It begins as a recounting, and Jungian interpretation, of one of the ritualized myths of Australia. The story of the Wawilak sisters and Yurlunggur, the rainbow serpent, provides the basic images and motifs for an analysis of the Australian psyche. Here the author emphasizes the deep separation between the white consciousness and the aboriginal consciousness.

The white culture and myths are concerned with the active, masculine energy and repress the balancing and unifying feminine (or anima) awareness. The aboriginal myths discussed show a strong identification with the feminine and a suppression of the masculine.

After a report of the process by which a native shaman learns to bridge the separated conscious and unconscious worlds, Gardner explores ways in which these historical and psychological splits can be overcome, and points to possibilities for integration.

The exploration of Jungian archetypes through the medium of a very old and non-Western myth serves to illuminate the conflicts in cultures called upon to hold and integrate strong polarities. Gardner’s analysis also shows the psychological relevance of what might otherwise be considered only as a historical and sociological phenomenon.

The result will be of great interest to those who wish to understand another cultural viewpoint, or themselves, better.

A brace of good books

1) THE SECRET GARDEN: Temenos for Individuation, by Margaret Eileen Meredith (title 111, 160 pp., $18)
2) NOT THE BIG SLEEP: On having fun, seriously (A Jungian romance) by Daryl Sharp (title 112, 128 pp., $18)
Reviewed by Norman Mercator

Surely one of the greatest pleasures of a serendipitous reader is to chance upon two new books simultaneously released by the same “boutique” publisher, but in content so vastly different as to require two almost entirely different vocabularies to review them—though only apparently so, for in fact they are both underpinned by the language of C.G. Jung’s analytical psychology.

Now to the point: If you happen to have had the good fortune to read that delightful novel The Secret Garden by Frances Hodgson Burnett when you were a tad, and if you now find yourself as a grown-up interested in mythology and the arcane world of Jungian psychology, then these two slim volumes are just your cup of tea.

Margaret Meredith’s engaging study The Secret Garden grew out of her abiding interest in gardening as a metaphor for the process of individuation, which itself, in Jung-speak, is the goal of life: to become what one was meant to be. It circumambulates the psychology and rich symbolism associated with gardens and secrets, with particular reference to Ms. Burnett’s much-loved novel.

We read here of the reality of the psyche, the importance of symbols, imagination and play in the pursuit of self-knowledge. We learn about sacred time (kairos) and sacrifice, and how these relate to the analytic process. We learn of gardening “Magic,” of rituals and how to address our fallow periods—times we feel flat and uncreative. We are reminded of how the mysterious transcendent function may manifest in our darkest hour. We read here of soul, with extraordinary dream interpretations and a summary of the Burnett novel—just to remind us of how it felt the first time.

Describing her path to become a Jungian analyst in Zurich, Meredith recounts a dream of her own:

In the dream I was told to go to the edge of the ocean. There, I was commanded to walk across the water.

Horrified, I stayed on the shore pondering this strange direction. I took it seriously. It was not that I refused to go. The problem was that I did not know how to start. Then I happened to notice a dark stone in the water, at a distance that I could just reach with an extra long step. Therefore I managed that one step. As I collected my breath, I wondered, “Now what?” Then, once again, I saw another dark stone in the water onto which I could step. This happened repeatedly before I realized that each time I stepped onto a stone, it rose up in the water so that I had a clear place on which to stand. Finally it dawned upon me that these were not stones at all, but turtles! It seemed that there would be turtles all across the water to the far shore. So I kept walking, one step at a time. That was my path across the ocean.

Meredith’s “path across the ocean” is a good entrée into Daryl Sharp’s Not the Big Sleep, which encourages us to keep working on ourselves one step at a time.

Not the Big Sleep is Sharp’s thirteenth book and it shows in his command of language and the near-seamless transition from didactic instruction to playful, self-denigrating storytelling that fuels a sassy love story salted with balls and ball games, Eros, desire contained and the unpredictable world of the psyche, grounded at all times in the classical precepts of Jungian psychology: individuation, typology, complexes, active imagination, projection, conflict, and more.

Sharp’s writing is insightful and informative, witty and shamelessly clever. This book lives up to its subtitle—“having fun, seriously”—with a vengeance. The protagonist (dubbed Razor, get it?) is aided and abetted in his romp by several companions who may or may not be simply inner personifications of his own teeming complexes. There is his factotum Luigi, his muse Rachel, loverNot Nurse Pam, and above all the redoubtable Professor Adam Brillig, with whom Sharp collaborated to create The Brillig Trilogy (see here, page 8, for reviews).

Norman Mercator is a map-maker and avid reader of Inner City Books.

New by Daryl Sharp:
ON STAYING AWAKE
Getting Older and Bolder
(2006, title 115, 128 pp., $18)
In his characteristic storytelling style, Daryl Sharp has created a wonderful trilogy. All three volumes are Jungian primers.

In *Chicken Little*, we are introduced to Sharp’s anima, wise old man, shadow and persona, all in the guise of “friends and relations.” With them he explores through dialogue and diatribe the issue of a projection of the “end of the world” onto the outside world, the search for the authentic self, and the nature of reality (which to Jungians includes the great below).

*Who Am I, Really?* explores the intricacies of persona, personality, anima and animus, the process of discovering one’s vocation, and the complexities of the process of individuation.

In *Living Jung*, Sharp extends his exposition to a consideration of neurosis, typology and complexes, always mindful of Jung’s words: “If better is to come, good must step aside.”

No one need be intimidated by the scope of this material. With passion and humor, Sharp and the feisty Professor Adam Brillig (the author’s familiar, and soon ours too) dialogue their way through these difficult concepts, differentiating between the pure principles (archetypes) which seek consciousness, and their manifestation as complexes.

Sharp could have delivered this material through traditional didactic methods. I’m delighted he chose a “better” way, as I have grown quite fond of ol’ Brillig and Sharp’s other personalities too, including his dog Sunny, who features throughout (in *Chicken Little* she throws snowballs, and in *Living Jung* she gets to speak).

Daryl Sharp’s most recent reflections on the insights of Carl Jung are populated by a variety of figures in his life, some living, some metaphorical, all conversing fluently on the writings of Jung. Admirers of Sharp’s previous books will recognize some of the same players and some of the main points about personality and psychological development. New readers will enjoy the delightful play of ideas and the view of living from a mature perspective.

Of all the psychoanalysts of our century, Jung has always had the most to say about later stages of development and personality integration. This enjoyable record of Sharp’s dialogues with 88-year-old Prof. Adam Brillig, together with his own reflections, gives readers a well-seasoned slice of Jungian thought.

— Robert B. MacIntyre, Canadian Book Review Annual, 1997

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**What Reviewers Say About CHICKEN LITTLE**

“Chicken Little: Messiah, Meshuggeneh or Metaphor?” That’s the intriguing title of the opening chapter, and the gist throughout, of this extraordinary adventure in Jungian thought.

*Chicken Little: The Inside Story* has more twists than a pretzel, but there is clearly method in the author’s madness. Without spoiling the party I can say you’ll learn more about yourself than about chickens.—*Changing Times*.

Inner City has long been known for its short, pithy books promoting the views of C.G. Jung, but *Chicken Little* is a special gem. It will engage your mind and heart no matter which school of psychology you favor. Entertaining and instructive, with a delightful cast of characters and an engrossing plot-line.

— Psychological Perceptions.

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**A “delightful play of ideas” in LIVING JUNG**

Anyone interested in good writing and the cutting edge of Jungian psychology should not miss *Chicken Little*. — *Stonehaven Review*.

The *Odyssey* pales beside *Chicken Little*. Sharp has simply set a new standard for Jungian writers, and in the field of world literature has hit a Homer.—*J. Gary Sparks, Indianapolis*.

“I am at a loss to understand your preoccupation with a matter that to many might seem trivial,” says one guise of the author to another in this witty and brilliantly crafted book.

The suspect “trivial matter” is the well-known children’s tale of an animal—Cassandra who under various names warns that the sky is falling. In Sharp’s skillful hands this fable is about as trivial as “the stone the builders rejected” (a.k.a. Christ). — *New Life Review*.

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