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## Madness and Creativity

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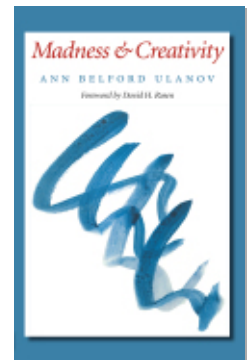
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## CHAPTER 3



# *Compelling Complex*

This third chapter begins our focus on creativity and its relation to madness. Just as madness lurks in our creativity and threatens to make dead its aliveness, so does creativity lurk in our madness. That is an astounding and heart-supporting fact. Clinical work over years brings me to see that the easiest way to get at this kinship of creativity and madness is to look into our own complex. There is one major complex that haunts our lives. It is like an ancestor that bestows on us both trouble and potential gifts. This is the central complex that overwhelms our ego's perception and functioning and bedevils us our life long. It defines the central theme of many smaller devils that we may succeed in ousting or assimilating.

### *Two Ideas*

Most of us know this territory in ourselves (and if you do not, only ask your enemy; he or she can tell you exactly where you are caught). I am aware again that this subject causes us strain. We know this major theme sounded and resounded throughout our lives. It is our inferiority complex, or our chronic vulnerability to feeling disrespected; or our erupting anger when made anxious, causing hurt to those we

love; or our lust for power, to be the best, the hub of any wheel because we fear we have no agency. We may even have repeating images of this state of bondage: the orphan, the thug, the power-mad bully, the frightened rabbit, the betrayed child.<sup>1</sup>

Meditations on clinical work with the complex as a major theme in our personalities has led me to two revolutionary ideas. First: our very problem that our complex embodies and repeats becomes part of what we come to as solution to our problem. The problem that haunts me becomes part of how I resolve the problem. This insight immediately lends a more positive tone to the complex—that there is something in it, some import, that contributes to the solution of the problem. It shelters something precious that is trying to be communicated to our consciousness. How can this good be found in this evil? An example is Bion describing himself in heartrending ways as markedly schizoid, that is, emotionally distant and severely guarded. That very schizoid quality shows up in his construction of the highly abstract “grid” to track the human exchange between analysand and analyst in a clinical session.<sup>2</sup> The most conceptual, impersonal scheme charts the most personal, emotional exchange. Second: our problem not only forms part of its resolution, but it also shows the path to transformation; it points the way, indicates the direction to go. Madness and creativity share a kinship.

Most of us experience our complex as the problem we cannot solve, indeed, as what bedevils us, calling up the image of evil, the devil himself. Reading Jung’s *The Red Book* strengthens this idea. He wrestles there with evil, destructiveness, what to do with the madness of meaninglessness his soul shows him, madness that lives in our own selves and collectively in our world. This question addresses each of us in our particular complex as the ancestor in the background of our whole lives. What is evil is no longer an impersonal question but a struggle at a profound personal level. I am struck that Jung’s book is published in the twenty-first century, when we are fraught with all kinds of devils throughout the world: financial shakiness, wars erupting, sex trafficking burgeoning, dictators fighting to retain power, revolutions breaking out, joblessness, famine looming. Evil is not abstract but in daily news.

Jung in *The Red Book* displays many complexes that bedevil him. He encounters them in personified forms and gives each a hearing, usually leaving him confused, lost, wandering.<sup>3</sup> Threaded through all his encounters is a line that emerges as the frontier between personal and impersonal psyche. We know too that the complex that trounces us again and again often feels like an impersonal happening that lands on us. We did not cause it, and it interrupts our most personal life, causing havoc, even destruction to ourselves and to others, even our children, whom we love. The complex that trumps all our understandings of its roots in family relationships (object relations theory), traumas (trauma theory), conditioning by dominant images in our particular culture and time in history (cultural and historical theories) often feels like an impersonal happening that taxes us like an insistent unsolved riddle. That frontier between impersonal and personal psyche forms the border between unknowable and knowable that our complex keeps us crossing and recrossing.

Jung repeatedly insists we must make the impersonal personal, make it our own, see our connection to it. He says, "I know I speak in riddles. . . . I want to tell you . . . so that you better understand which things the spirit of the depths would like you to see. . . . Those who cannot must live them as blind fate, in images." Yet Jung also says, we must give up "personal striving." Paradoxical intelligence replaces intellectual intelligence. On the one hand, personal living gives color to life and makes real in time and space, place and body, what we are living, what is to be lived, and what only we can live. On the other hand, an impersonal neutrality, a kind of nonattachment, secures a sense of enduring self, saves "the immortal in me." Although a "mysterious poison has paralyzed the quality of his personal relations," he is "rich because he is himself."<sup>4</sup>

This topic affects clinical work and our psychological work with ourselves. The goal to master our complex is not so much cure as realignment with the whole psyche, gaining an appropriate attitude toward the unconscious. That involves a feeling sense, a relationship more than a right answer, and makes the border between objective and subjective, impersonal and personal, familiar territory.

## *The Complex*

Complexes form a normal part of the psyche, but the ones that overtake our sense of I-ness (the ego) capture our attention, even hold us captive.<sup>5</sup> Their symptoms continue to interrupt our lives, seemingly without our causing them. They catch us again and again, happen to us as from something outside us. They compel our focus. We expend much energy over years to get our last foot free from the grip of our disabling complex, to understand and assimilate the guilt of breaking out destructively or breaking down internally, of causing so much trouble against family traditions, national mores, let alone stubborn moods, outsized affects, compulsive ideas, assaulting anxieties.

We suffer guilt for inflicting pain on others, for the immorality of complying with what we do not believe, for bad faith toward our own destiny. Complexes compel us to export our pain onto others and import false solutions as self-cures.<sup>6</sup> So we repeatedly let loose with anger, with moody condescension, with cutting off communication, with giving more than we can afford, with giving less than civility and courtesy require, with cheating on finances, swindling emotions, grabbing power, manipulating others as nonpersons.

How to find that nexus of inner and outer behavior, that interstice that grants space to find our way? The complex that will not be solved—whose traces persist in lingering symptoms of going blank, having to talk or drink or cause an escapade, or lie down in depression, or break out of a relationship because intimacy entraps us, or seize on a body problem to carry psychic conflict—may improve but never vanishes. The complex acts precisely here, like a sheepdog herding us to that space where we will not be allowed to evade the demands of a whole consciousness.

Jung's discovery of the complex from his Word Association Test, and his subsequent outline of the nature of the complex, helps us find a space between its compelling effect on us and our sense of I-ness.<sup>7</sup> It forms a cluster of image, behavior, and emotion that bypasses consciousness and interrupts its functioning. The interval of delay in the person's response with an association to the word reveals the presence of a complex. Thus, the complex shows its autonomy, as if it has its

own willpower and intentions to disrupt a course of action, a train of thought, a pattern of emotions. In this way the complex is like a fragmentary personality split off from the conscious I-ness of the ego that disrupts the ego's functioning, even though the ego, too, is a complex. The issue is whether we are overwhelmed by one of the fragments or we can relate to it.

We can gain a picture of our ego complex, with which we usually identify and hence do not see clearly, from how a dream displays our ego attitude. This dream-ego, as it is technically called, and which we usually presume is the same as our daytime I-ness (conscious ego), in fact portrays the unconscious view of how our ego presents itself and operates. The dream shows us our usual ego attitude as seen from another point of view in the unconscious. This other perspective inhabits our psyche; self includes other.

A complex has its own physiology as if it has a body and touches parts of our body. Some people get breathing problems; others, stomach upsets; still others, heart problems, and so on. The complex when touched speaks through our body, calls attention to its emotions and behavioral patterns by disturbing us through our body. We can go around groups we belong to and see how each person has her or his body weakness, the point of access where the unconscious complex can make its presence felt—for example, this person gets respiratory infections, that one blood problems, the other joint problems.

A complex dramatizes itself in dreams, fantasies, and hallucinations and in our writings, usually through imagery but also through pace, tempo, rhythm. For example, I tell my seminary students to look for the dominant images informing an abstract theological position as a way into the life of that theology. Tillich, for example, speaks of the boundary line as central to his three-volume theological exposition; Buber, of the “double cry” dream undergirding his I-Thou theology. In madness complexes can rend the personality into splinters of competing centers, each vying to capture the ego.

This independent other of our major complex that lives within our self pushes into consciousness with its archaic energies and contents, insisting on its recognition. Without the intervention of consciousness asking, Who are you? What do you want? Why do I keep losing

things? Going blank? Feeling fury because I imagine the other dismisses me? we remain unconsciously directed by the complex's "agenda." If we do not look into our complex, it intensifies as we age. One woman, grateful that her father found comfort in marrying again after her mother died, saw with dismay her new stepmother's anxiety about germs. She followed everyone around with detergent to spray the faucets after they had been used to wash hands. As she aged, her problem accelerated into a full-blown phobia that took up more and more time as she had less and less in her mideighties.

### *The Complex as Ancestor*

Etymology helps. Ancestor means to go before (*antecedere*), to be a forebear, a forerunner, precursor, prototype, procreator. Ancestry brings a stock, lineage, pedigree, genealogy, bloodline, thus indicating that through the complex lifeblood flows, gathering others into our single life, endowing energy as well as unsolved problems passed on generationally. We may be carrying a complex of our parent or culture—how to recover vitality after collective trauma, from being a soldier in combat, a child of a holocaust survivor. We may find ourselves participating in a ritual of a Civil War reenactment in an effort to heal the still hurting wound of our nation.

When we look at cultural complexes, for example, that come from trauma inflicted on one group by another, we see unfinished mourning, untransformed memories, wounded parts of self and community deposited in the children of the next generation. Volkan shows that such transmission can be manipulated politically to enforce an ideology, seizing on a past trauma to legitimate a present political oppression. Slobodan Milošević chose to resuscitate anger at the death six hundred years ago on September 12, 1389, of Prince Lazar in the Battle of Kosovo between Christian and Islamic Serbians by carrying the sultan's coffin to each village to justify hostility against the present enemy (deemed the Islamic Serbians), who were then murdered in a genocide.<sup>8</sup>

Cultural and individual complexes blot out the specific detail particular to the individual or the group. That detail elicits our con-

sciousness to differentiate instead of acting out violence to preserve a constructed sameness of “us” against “them.” We need to ask ourselves, What is the unique quality of rejection that ignites our rage in response? What are the special items that trigger our disturbance? It may be sexual theft in the nighttime that left us a mute child during the day, or weird footwork in which the other blots us out and then says, What are you fussing about? as if nothing had happened. Can we see the limitations of the other’s madness and the limitations their madness imposes? The worst version, for which psychology must also answer, is the person who says, “I am sorry you experience this as upsetting, that you feel this way,” but does not say, “I am sorry I upset you so badly.” Psychology can collude with this evasion, as if saying, “Oh, this is from an archetypal constellation, or your projection, or by fitting you to the theory,” not saying simply, “I did this and I am sorry.”

In *The Red Book* Jung insists again and again, each of us must suffer our violence within ourself and sacrifice the myth of justification for our violence by our version of the good. If we do not, then we make war on our neighbor.<sup>9</sup> Remember, Jung was writing this during the outbreak of World War I. Here we come back to madness of the complex, for to be in the grip of a complex is to feel mad.

### *Repetition Compulsion*

To see the major complex, like a theme of music, playing us throughout our lives, even up to death, is to know firsthand the humiliation of being caught in a force beyond our control. We dream, for example, of ourselves being chased, laughed at, attacked by aliens. In our daily behavior we perceive the same plot repeating again and again with different people, different jobs, but the same endings, the same conflict. Freud named repetition compulsion as our attempt and failure to master the anxiety of the original event that hurt and dislodged us from our identity. We replay the effort to master the pain by displacing its cause onto something else. So, for example, the student who fears he just does not have the goods, that he is missing vital talents—a surrogate here for Freud’s castration anxiety and its entanglement



with the oedipal complex—shifts the flooding anxiety onto getting the paper done, a task that blows up out of all proportion and takes on a life-and-death intensity. This repeats with every assignment. Worrying over getting the work done defends the student's ego from the pain of his original feeling that he does not have the goods, of castration anxiety. This repetition holds him in its grip, but its reasons fall outside his consciousness and manifest in emotion, behavior, and image but are not represented to his ego in word and understanding. The accent falls repeatedly on the wrong syllable. The problem is with the furnace in the basement, so to speak, and he is sweating every day over a succession of radiators: Will they work? So he suffers, but his suffering goes nowhere because it is not about the real problem.

Lest we think this stubborn difficulty is confined to students, we only have to think of leaders caught in repetitions, such as Hitler acting out in his behavior and emotional appeal to his whole country his displacement onto anyone who differs from his *ubermensch* credo (the mentally ill, physically crippled, ethnically or sexually different) as the false source of what the problem is. All feelings of unease, inferiority, repressed rage, and hatred for being made to feel small, beaten by his father, can now be shouted out in parade marches, gotten rid of in concentration camps, organized into lists of extinction by displacing onto groups of people the original pain that is defended against and aimed against the neighbor instead.

Although Jung heralds complexes as the "*via regia*" to the unconscious, as the "architect of dreams and symptoms," he acknowledges that they "are so unpleasant that nobody in their right senses can be persuaded that the motive force that maintains them could betoken anything good." Jung's complexes appear as persons and speak back to him in *The Red Book*, declaring, "We are real and not symbols." He must confront them and the other points of view that inhabit him. This creates a fissure in the unity of his self. We, instead, want to get rid of our complexes, lecturing to self and neighbor to "move on" from them. Such moralizing proves feeble against the power of the complex to assert itself against our ego, for "the demands of the unconscious act at first like a paralyzing poison on a man's resourcefulness . . . the bite of a poisonous snake." But, he continues, "it is a vital

necessity for the unconscious to be joined to the conscious as it is for the latter not to lose contact with the unconscious. Nothing endangers the connection more in a man than a successful life; it makes him forget his dependence on the unconscious.”<sup>10</sup>

We could take a small detour here and ask of our central complex: What if it is a positive one? I act the good mother, the wise one, the hero, the faithful servant; I carry on a tradition of my ancestors, or an ideal my culture endorses. Isn't this good? Yes and no. Certainly that is less painful than living in the grip of an inferiority complex, a persecution complex. But no, in that I live in the grip of behavior, emotion, and imagery over which I have no control. My humiliation is the same as from a negative complex: loss of freedom, no longer being a full subject in my own right. I live inside the unconscious instead of it inside me; I do not relate to it with all this energy inside me. I am driven to enact its agenda at the expense of my own small individual being. Think of Marilyn Monroe as a possible example. She had a genius for looking right into the camera and conveying the fantasy of sexual presence and fulfillment. It made her career. Yet her actual personal life was miserable, and she died a doleful, lonely death. In contrast, remember George Washington, perhaps the only powerful political figure who voluntarily stepped down from his leadership position. He related to his power.

Like a good dog, our complex shepherds us repeatedly into this central conjunction of conscious and unconscious, herding excruciatingly personal material together with the objective impersonal spirit of the age. When all that energy flows “back to the fountainhead” (the unconscious in us), Jung says, “That is the dangerous moment when the issue hangs in the balance between annihilation and new life.” There, “pressed down to death, groaning beneath the intolerable weight of his own self and his own destiny,” the crisis “is *himself*, or rather *the* self, his wholeness, which is both God and animal . . . the totality of his being, which is rooted in his animal nature and reaches out beyond the merely human towards the divine.”<sup>11</sup>

This “intolerable weight of [our] own self and . . . destiny” destroys our conscious composure and demolishes our plans, whether from the seemingly outside random impersonal event that changes our

lives—an accident that breaks our leg, an unguessed political sabotage of our policy, a chronic national tension that erupts in the shooting of a public figure and also hits us as an innocent bystander—or a personal depression that just knocks us flat, unable to get up off the couch.

### *The Gap*

A gap appears, a fissure, that destroys life as we have known it. As Jung says, “We are playing with something that directly affects all that is uncontrolled by man—the numinosum. . . . Where the realm of complexes begins, the freedom of the ego comes to an end, for complexes are psychic agencies whose deepest nature is still unfathomed.” The complex leads down into the depth of the unconscious, like a crevice through which God can get in. In *The Red Book*, Jung shows the courage to squeeze through the rock opening only to find a corpse floating by on the water and eventually sees that this is the murder of the hero and is his complex. He is both murdered and murderer.<sup>12</sup>

Our repeating complex lands us in our major life conflict. Everything in us wants to resist, protest, block going into that gap. For there another way of viewing life—from the point of view of chaos, disorder, magic, our incapacity—destroys our subjective vision of how things should be. We learn firsthand the entry of what Jung calls in *The Red Book* the worm: corruption—spoiling, defeating destruction that accompanies all efforts toward coherence. We must also include disorder as real as order. We are “tutored in the pain of incompleteness.”<sup>13</sup>

In this gap of upheaval, our complex exposes us to destructiveness in life. We meet madness. On the one hand, myriad possibilities like swarming insects blot out any order and defy comprehension; on the other hand, we are held fast in the grip of something we cannot master, entrapped in the fantasy of the complex. Analysands speak of such fantasies: I am damaged goods; I am nothing at my core; I am utterly alone; I am stained. As one analysand put it about her symptom of losing a bill or eyeglasses, she felt “tossed into the abyss”; indeed, “the most trivial loss . . . can induce the panic reaction of final irrevocable disappearance.”<sup>14</sup>

There is a straight line connecting the neurotic complex in us to the most shocking mass trauma of cultural complex. I think of the injustice in Argentina when the Mothers assembled against the oppressive military government of 1976–83. Marching peaceably to Plaza de Mayo donned in white scarves on which they had embroidered the names of their missing children, they stood before the Presidential Palace to bring the world's attention to “the Disappeared”—their sons and daughters abducted at night, imprisoned, tortured, gone. The move on the checkerboard is the same for personal and impersonal trauma. Our subjectness is obliterated, canceled, overridden. We are rendered disposable, not a person anymore but taken away to nowhere, not mattering. The Mothers witness to the subjectness of their children, even in their absence.

Facing the gap our complex opens is grim work indeed. We feel torn away from the life we have known, cherished. Our complexes constitute splinter personalities; we feel ourselves fragmenting. Every effort to compose a foundation is littered with cracks on the surface that widen into gaps that can split us apart. If we hold to our identity with defensive rigidity, we get stuck in our own personal equation—that our view is the only view—and then foist it onto others. For example, we fit a patient to our analytic theory instead of using the theory as a guide to the person of the patient, whose particular personal details always break open the theory. Every person is the exception.

In cultural complexes, a leader can capture an idealized group self-image—of patriotism, true belief—and exploit it to inflict the group ideology on others. When in groups we take a fundamentalistic position, we feel connected to archetypal truths of precious value but rigidly enforce those truths. We have fallen into unconscious identification with those truths, so we are in the unconscious. Then we want everyone else to be identified with our views of truth, too. This is cultural madness that does not recognize other systems of meaning, other entry points to truth. Milošević was ejected from the International Court of Justice while being tried for genocide against Islamic men and boys. It was reported on radio news that he kept yelling at the judge, Who are you? You do not exist as a court; I do not recognize you.

Whether in individuals or in groups, this kind of madness stems from our being entrenched in our complex in a rigidity of subjectivity: our view equals the truth. We live in the complex; it does not live in us. No objectivity checks our identification with the complex and its version of events and people. It holds our ego captive. Its pseudo-solution of the problem of where to put the bad dictates that we put it outside ourself into the other, into the other group. We lose objective reference points that balance our unconscious identification with our complex's perspective.

The opposite can also happen and bring its kind of madness: now we lose subjectivity.<sup>15</sup> We lose all personal reference points that balance compliance with cultural norms, collective shoulds and should nots. We feel scattered to the winds, that anything goes. In reaction, we conform to collective standards but at the cost of aliveness and generating our own thoughts and feelings. We lose the subjective personal voice to avoid the tension of the conflict of yea and nay within ourselves. Although we comply with collective morality, that feels immoral because we do not know if we believe it. We are afraid of what others think of us or of being caught being different. But underneath we do not know what we ourselves actually believe or feel, how we want to vote. We disappear in that myriad of splinters. How do we widen space between us and our complex so a gap becomes a space where new life generates, even if we are facing death?

But on the way to such release, we feel a tornness, a sharp discontinuity. Despite our understanding of our complex, it can still assault us. Before we know it, we lose something else. An analysand beginning a session says, "I don't know where to start" and spreads out all her papers to try to make a form out of formlessness. Then she remembers a dream of having to make a presentation and not being able to find any of her notes. So both conscious feeling and unconscious dream bespeak loss of intrinsic order, delivering her into randomness. We can hear the oppressive voice of superego (and in the transference) demanding an order be achieved, but it is worse than that. Working our way down to the crevice Jung talks about squeezing through in *The Red Book*, we reach the unhinged place that dislocates her again and again. She sums it up: I have lost my center; I am splintered.

Intensity of loss threads through all these examples—loss of I-ness, balance, peace, of generative thinking and feeling. Alienated from self, isolated from others, unable to make irreparable losses we have suffered our own, we live as displaced creatures, refugees from full livingness.

Even Jung makes big strides in facing his feeling complex in *The Red Book*, so that Salome, who personifies his feeling function, transforms from an insane, bloodcurdling creature into a loving woman who wants to give her love to Jung. In response, Jung gasps with wariness and rejects her, telling her to carry her own life, not give it to him. He remembers an awful dream he associates with her, of a brass wheel rolling over his chest as he lies on a bed of metal spikes. To give himself in love would crush his freedom. Even with all the progress Jung makes, he does not find self-care married to intimate love of another.<sup>16</sup> I find this encouraging, that Jung did not get that far. I don't get that far either. My complex may be different, but it is just as stubborn. One awful mark of being overwhelmed by a complex is the confusion it breeds. It may sound as if I can separate deadness from loss of objectivity from deadness from loss of subjectivity, but in the moment it is usually both, and it is deranging.

### *Captivity*

Three factors contribute to our being held hostage to our complex. First, when caught, our ego tries to do too much to get free. It does not work. Flailing about, we lose connection to the guiding instinctual base of the archetypal image at the core of our complex. We fall into identification with this archetypal energy, and it rules us; we live in it, it does not live in us. Unconscious identification with archetypal energy at the center of our complex overwhelms us with its impersonal iterations and clouds our perceptions. We thus feel defined by what our complex says, and its pumped-up force overwhelms us. We cannot find ways to live its energy in ordinary daily life. If the complex circles around an image of the betrayed child, that image dominates our ego; we are convinced that the other in the present has really betrayed us. No reasoning or attention to the present con-

text makes much difference; emotions overtake us. Some undigested personal wound from the past rises up into the present and occludes perception.

Second, as a result of identification with this splinter personality, archetypal energy has nowhere to go, no entry point into a person's life to be moderated by reflection on the context in which it is activated and in relation to our perception of the other. Complexes include personal material from our experiences growing up and cultural material from our locations in neighborhoods and time and place in country and historical era. But being driven by our complex's instinctual force, this personal and cultural material solidifies to entrench us in its narrow version of events and people or scatters our perceptions every which way, so we lose all markers and guiding instincts. Then we fall into the energy of the archetypal image at the center of our complex, feeling, for example, like the indentured servant of the mother, or, as one woman said, suicidal if her father got mad at her. She felt this is craziness. She is a grown-up woman, a parent herself, with a responsible job, a marriage. She knows this is loony, but she still believes it utterly. And I, as analyst, must believe it, lest an impulsive suicide occur. The archetypal image balloons with such power because we lack sufficient personal response to digest and domesticate its power and create meaning in relation to its force. So the energy just keeps pushing and pushing, causing reiterations of the same problem with her father.

The archetype is, so to speak, wounded. It keeps pushing in with the power of its instinctual base and spiritual trajectory because we do not give it enough space of relationship and response to particularize this energy in our personal life. This is our personal task: to grow with this good and bad and thus make oxygen for ourselves and the rest of the world. The impersonal drive of the archetypal image tyrannizes us. People refer to us as being on our hobby-horse again, Johnny one-note going on and on without relation to the actual situation, just repeating general headlines. The woman who could not stomach her father's getting mad at her had, so to speak, too small an opening to the power of the archetypal father image pressing for her individuation, her logos directing her life, her digesting all she finds

with her father to make it her own. So she both gets stuck as helpless daughter to his superior paternal power and gets scattered in locating her own fathering of her path, authoring it, begetting it.

Another example of noticing such archetypal coercion happens at retirement. Work no longer fills the hours. What needs tending stands right before us, often as a yawning gap. Is emptiness the image? We need our specific personal response to whatever the image is in order to bring into daily life what wants to be lived and what wants to let go, to die. This means we feel chaos, not-knowing, waiting as something emerges, being frightened nothing will.

The third factor that causes us to be overpowered by our complex is our neglect of one of the poles, so to speak, of an archetypal image. Archetypes are relational, body-based and spirit-aimed, impersonal and touching our personal lives. If there is an image of mother, then there is a child; a worshipper, then a doubter; a devil, then a god; deadness, then aliveness; emptiness, then fullness. Where is the other pole of the archetypal image? The archetypal image is relational in itself, with an arc from the instinctual to the spiritual. If in the grip of the instinctual behavioral repetition, such as chronic stomach cramping, then what is the spiritual meaning? Sometimes, as happens to one man, getting hold of the spiritual meaning allows him to do without medicine he has taken for fifteen years. If in the grip of spiritual ambition, then where is the grounding in the body? Which pole is missing here in our dread of retirement? Which partner is absent?<sup>17</sup>

### *Gap Becomes Space*

Jung's description of Hell in *The Red Book* as endless surging back and forth with nothing much happening is a good description of being pressured by a compelling complex. Like an evil disrupter that appears active, in fact, our complex just repeats the same plot, the same ending, going nowhere. Yet our bedeviling complex also marks a path to the archetypal, and the archetypal image particular to our complex is the major introduction of what Jung calls the self to us and us to it. The complex that intrudes with only its point of view, that makes us feel caught in madness, also brings archetypal energy that



describes a path to what the self is inaugurating. The particulars of the complex—of a food problem, for example—turn up in the solution to the problem. Appetite, feeding, being fed, being fully filled and not starved nor throwing up again, but feeding to build tissues, bone, muscle, both physical and psychological, translate into a metaphor of meaning of coming into one's ownmost self, that no one else can live but us.<sup>18</sup> Madness links with creativity.

A patient dreamt of an amoeba-like thing that kept enlarging as it ate up bits of this and that around it. She liked this creature, was not afraid of it, was curious about it, felt that something new, completely other was taking shape, growing. We can see how we could take this growing thing as either menacing or as new life forming, again showing the closeness of madness and creativity. It is never pure this side of the grave. Even Picasso shows a mixture of pathology and genius. In a small exhibit of the women in his life at the New York Museum of Modern Art, his brilliant painterly originality shines alongside a shadow quality of displaying women as exchangeable, even disposable, objects. Rothko, in his late red period, said a painting is a communication about the world to someone else, and after this communication the world is never the same. It changes.<sup>19</sup> Yet his genius vied with his depression that ended his life.

Despite fear that our complex makes us mad forever, imprisoning us in sterile rigidity or scattering us into chaotic fragments, in facing it our descent can turn into quest for redemptive force. We long for another way of seeing so that what falls apart may re-form into new wholes with different levels of meaning. In that nowhere place of disruption that our complex causes, we can speak of homelessness, contingency, irretrievable losses. We see the cost of our complex: ruined relationships, others hurt, spoiled opportunities. From such grief we yearn for reintegration. Our complex forces a path, speaking for completeness, bringing us what is left out, impelling us to integrate our wholeness.<sup>20</sup> Like the stone the builders rejected, the complex we hate gets forged into our new foundation. It turns up in our solutions and impels us to find them.

The female executive who sought analysis because her life was “suspended” uncovered a ruling principle that had to be destroyed.

Her mother urged her always to have something to depend on of her own: money, career, a path her mother in her cultural context had to forgo in favor of marriage. Her daughter, my analysand, gained her independence but sacrificed much of the eros side of her life. Mother and daughter each took half of the whole, and the life of the whole was now pressing the daughter for realization.

Think of our own lifelong complex, which includes the good of the ruling principle that guided us and the bad of the ruling principle that excluded its opposite, which has bedeviled us as our complex. That bedeviling is our lowest point, which is also “the eye of evil that stares at you and looks at you coldly and sucks your light down into the dark abyss.” We must develop the lowest in us, which means discovering and facing where we confront evil, and we must forge evil in some stonelike foundation on which we can now stand, ready for the life to come.<sup>21</sup>

I think of one woman whose childhood terror everyone took for granted, so my shock on hearing her mention it offhandedly, on the way to something more important, shocked my patient. All through her girlhood, every time she was alone in the house, she locked herself in the bathroom. Everyone in the family knew it; no one commented, no one discussed it. In analysis she forged that terror into her foundation. As an adult, she now lives alone and chooses to, presiding over her own grown family, having close relationships with them and her own friends, but preferring to live alone at peace.

Another woman facing chronic medical problems forges the evil of fearing no one would be with her or want even to listen to her if she was not attuning to them and making the connection work. Her serious bodily pain from medical afflictions now forces her to attune to herself first. Her body speaks the message of soul. She must face the dread of no one being there unless she is doing the work to be there for them. Her body insists she attune to her body, that she sacrifice the ruling principle of attuning always to others first. As she accepts the destruction of her ruling principle, her grave physical problems incrementally begin to improve. The evil of horror that she will not be able to cope and rise above her illnesses was second to her terror of not attuning to others, for then she faced nothing. The ruling principle of

attuning was sacrificed; the evil of facing nothing was forged into her new foundation.

### *How It Works*

Out of the mess from Jung's hammering of Satan and forging him into the stone foundation of new life comes offshoots of Satan called the Cabiri. These are dwarfish ridiculous-wise gnomes who come like worms as "the first formations of the unformed gold . . . from the liberated egg of the Gods"; they have their "origins in the lowest" and combine two opposite vectors. They are bad and good, of the devil and the first forms of the gold of the gods. They are both "the thousand canals through which everything also flows back again into its origins" and, as well, "the juices that rise secretly . . . sucked out of inertia and affixed to what is growing." They can represent the undoing of all our doing; it just flows back, down, away into the origin places in the body, the unconscious, the unformed in culture. But they are also the canals through which all that energy is extracted from the swamp of inertia and fed into life, bringing "what is dead and enters into living." In addition, they know the chaos side of life and are sons of the devil and hence want destruction. But because they are also Jung's creatures, because he forged them when he fit the devil into human form, they are the "first formations of the unformed gold," bearing "new arts . . . from the inaccessible treasure chamber, the sun yoke from the egg of the Gods." Because of this they want their own destruction, and they want Jung to destroy them.<sup>22</sup>

They complete what is impossible for Jung. They haul up stone after stone for a foundation on which he now stands and that cannot be undone again. He stands on firm ground, but only if he takes the sword they offer and destroys them. They insist against his resistance, saying he will then cut through his madness and stand above his brain, free from entanglements with his formations of ruling principle, God-image, science, privileging the masculine. The psyche is not Jung's brain; it is a reality in itself.<sup>23</sup>

We learn here crucial things. First, that we can deal with evil once removed better than straight on. The Cabiri result from Jung's ham-

mering the devil into a human form. They are derivative of the devil, not evil itself, and also the first manifestations of the gold of the Gods. Anchoring evil in the stone makes them appear both bad and good at once. In dealing then with the bad, with the destructive, we look for the worms of the gold of the Gods and for the representatives, the derivatives, of evil, not evil itself. We learn that we find these opposites together in growing. For evil and good unite in growing. The Cabiri exert opposite pulls on us: urging us to let it all go, flow back into unconscious origins, lose what promoted us to want to give to our children, to make a contribution to others, to make love, to rise above throes of death and despair, not just to consign oneself to impotence, nothingness, doom. And yet the Cabiri also are some chthonic part of us, bits of gold, dots of light, halfanimal, halfspirit, that bring what is dead into living, knowing things we do not know, moving us to the life we can live. What I call dots of light, indicating a pathway toward the creative in the midst of madness, we might see as represented by the Cabiri's dual nature.

This sequence is hard to grasp. I will give in some detail one example, which is still a shortened version of the countless details needed. At the core of a woman's compelling complex lies annihilation. She can be made to feel she is gone, erased, no one there, obliterated. She has worked hard in analysis to locate the terrible effects of the climate of her family on her as a small girl to see the whys and wherefores this annihilation happened to her. She compensated for the lack of being connected to by looking elsewhere than to her family members for loving, being in being. She built up a life full of activities in school, then work, with friends and with sincere appreciation for the givenness of things in nature and culture. But the nonbeing, as she came to call it, attacks her over the years. This is the personal level of her annihilation complex, which, when it strikes, knocks her out, flat, a speck in outer space.

The cultural level of her complex shows the influence of the being-nonbeing theme that was a major cultural question in the West of our twentieth century: How could we come to be at all with the horrors of world wars and all the "lesser" wars that killed people and robbed them of a life of thriving. Existentialism, Nietzsche preaching that

God is dead, nihilism, secularism composed a background tonality of nothing versus something that this patient suffered personally.

At the archetypal level, the image of loving actively, of feeling gratitude for what was there, given, became, in Jung's language, her ruling principle even though episodes of falling into gaps of what was not there occurred and recurred repeatedly throughout her life over years. She worked on this. Her "incapacity," the inferior in her, was lack of assertion of her worth, of registering anger at what was denied her that warped her personality. This assertion erupted when her marriage failed, even though she, too, wanted to end it. It was not what was wrong with their relationship while it lasted those years that outraged her, but how her ex-husband treated her after they agreed to separate. Her reliance on her "ruling principle" of loving manifested in her aim to end up in gratitude for the love they had shared and in wishing him well in his life. This did not happen. Rage erupted instead, fury, imaged in connection with archetypal furies, that is, beyond all bounds, its excess in direct proportion to his wiping out that they ever had a serious engagement with each other, that she had ever existed in his life or he in hers. To her horror she was obsessed in a frenzy of wrath and ferocious vengeance. She wanted to yell, "I do too exist!"

Like any of us, when the new breaks in, when what is left unconscious finally is admitted, it roars into consciousness in primitive form, excessive, florid. She felt like a terrorist and that she could identify even with terroristic acts. The severity of her chaotic emotional and mental state deeply frightened her. She lost her ruling principle in fact, but not in mind. She still wanted to come out with loving gratitude for what life they shared and well wishes for his future life. Hence, the conflict within her kept her in turmoil, tossed back and forth between that wish and the fact of her fierce anger. She felt she was in a mad state, that the reference point of her ruling principle was gone and that the bottom was dropping out. She had no markers to contain her distress and feared she might be losing her mind.

She saw in analysis that the present rupture reopened her earliest trauma of no contact in her original family, and hence the present merged with the past, multiplying the effects of both situations, and

returned her to the unfinished task of working through lethal bits of the past. She knew she was overrun by her reactions, that this influx of archaic energies was bigger than the ex-husband's behaviors, awful as those were. She knew better and she knew she also wanted their relationship to end. So abysmal confusion piled on top of hurt and rage.

When asked what she wanted for him, from him, she always answered that she wanted him to wake up. Wake up to his obliterating behavior, his wiping out his involvement with her, deleting her as well and their relationship. That erasure touched her core annihilation complex, which he had known about. And then his saying, "Let's be friends," without any acknowledgment of this destructive behavior, enraged her. He presented himself as guileless, creditable, logical: What was she so upset about? When she asked him why he sent her a long defense of his behavior in his next relationship, which came along very quickly and quickly went on the rocks, he did not respond.

What did help her and helped me respond to her tumultuous state is related to Jung's *Red Book* experience of having to give up identification with one's ruling principle and face all it left out; for her that was the influx of aggression, albeit in archaic form. Her failure to use aggression to secure a sense of her own worth was her lowest point, and there she found evil looking at her coldly. She had not secured the value of herself. But further, just as Jung saw that he colluded with evil in the murder and beheading of the small girl and had to force himself to take that in, she had to recognize her collusion with the evil in letting the ex-husband's eradicating behavior define her. She did not hold on to her own self-definition. She had not developed in herself enough aggression to hold on to the value of what was given her to be, but succumbed again and again to annihilation of who she was. She let the ex-husband's behavior of abolishing their former relationship, and denying any destructiveness that he was doing so, define her. She saw that by letting him and his problems define who she is, she colluded with women through the centuries in not claiming their worth. That is her guilt, her participation in a collective evil. Her personal captivity to feeling annihilated contributed to a cultural evil of viewing women and the feminine as a mode of being inferior

to men and the masculine. She had to ingest that fact and digest it, that her going out of being periodically, hostage to annihilation, conspired with women being made to feel they were second class, second rate, indeed, expendable. She felt remorse in failing to stand firmly for women standing for themselves. She had let that go, let it slip out of her hands.

In addition, just as Jung recognized he could not by his own volition sacrifice his ruling principle that guided his sense of life, but in fact evil had made the sacrifice, so a version happened to this analyst. Jung's experience helped me grasp this grave event. The woman took a treasure to the jeweler to be refashioned for her to see and wear daily. On leaving home, she thought, I should put my name and address in this package in case it gets lost. But she did not do that, and the treasure did get lost. She left it on the bus and only discovered the loss when again on the street halfway to the jeweler's shop. The treasure was irretrievably lost (despite frantic efforts with the municipal lost and found department). She was devastated by this carelessness and at first attacked herself for her unconscious act. But circling around the losing, we saw that it was totally unconscious, even forewarned, but to no avail. It was like an impersonal event that had happened to her, like being hit by a car, without any of her own conscious intention, even though she was the one who had caused the treasure to be left on the bus seat.

The treasure was something she prized for herself, a thing of beauty that she loved and wanted. She saw it stood for value, her value, her enjoyment, her pleasure in existing. It stood for the precious being of herself. And it stood for herself alive in a world and as a link to beauty in the world. That is what was lost, let go of. We slowly worked on this loss—slowly, because the pain of the loss was so great she could rarely even speak of the event. It was like an impersonal happening that took out her insides. She had no insides to deal with it. It reduced her to pain. Was this an emotional memory of what had not been found in her earliest childhood—herself? Herself in a world? But the jewels were still gone. She felt carved out of her a precious something that she needed to exist, let alone to be whole as herself.

She saw that the most treasured, priceless thing had been sacrificed

and that she had not done it; it had happened. In *Red Book* terms, I saw that evil had done it and that she was complicit in letting go of her priceless worth as a human being and as a woman existing and recognized as existing in the world. This loss had happened to her as a result of early and recent trauma, but also she had colluded in it. Like Jung, she was guilty and she had to atone. The unconscious act of letting go of the treasure made manifest, in her letting go of the treasure of her ownmost self as a female, the invalidating of herself by herself and not knowing she had done it. Now she knew that it had happened to her, a sacrifice had been made to atone; that is evil doing it to and for her. That severance also secured the cutting of her ruling principle, her God-image of loving.

Loving still existed and mattered to her, and she still wanted to emerge feeling it, but it was no longer the sole ruling principle. Now aggression, hate, rage, perceiving the other's madness had to be included as well, as real parts of her life and in the life of women. She could not have reached this state by herself and done it willingly any more than Jung could willingly eat the flesh of the small dead girl. He, and she, had to submit to what happened.

In *Red Book* terms, that is atonement for the lowest in you, where she, too, accepts that she contributes to the debasing of the female, of women, of the feminine as easily misplaced, disregarded, lost to conscious, embodied living. That impersonal event she must make personal to see concretely where she participates in collective human evil. She becomes a site of the innermost, where loss and return, hollowed-outness and rebirth, happen. The complex that hounds us also bestows legacies.

### *Creative Legacies of Our Complex*

Like an ancestor, our complex bequeaths legacies to us. It makes a path to the "unfathomable bottom," to that place where conscious meets unconscious, that nexus of meeting "that is the dangerous moment when the issue hangs in the balance between annihilation and new life," as I quoted Jung before.<sup>24</sup> For there we face the task of dis-identifying from the complex, which does not mean getting rid of it,



but rather getting in conscious relation with it. It lives in us; we do not get absorbed into it. We muster personal response to this repeating theme and thus gather into awareness our particular incapacity, where we are not in charge but dependent on the unconscious. Hence, the danger of being identified with a positive complex becomes clear, for we can fool ourselves into believing we do this, when in fact we are being done by it.

The complex repeats to get into consciousness, for, as Jung says in *The Red Book*, “My life wants itself whole.”<sup>25</sup> It speaks for our whole psyche’s reality and for reality outside psyche, outside forms of self and world that we have created. This wholeness Jung says is “both God and animal, the totality of his being, which is rooted in his animal nature and reaches out beyond the merely human towards the divine.”<sup>26</sup> So the solution to the complex includes animal parts, and it asks what is the god around which our life revolves? It repeats until we receive its communication and respond to it. With luck and work, its repetition that vexed us, made us discouraged, now functions as a signal that we have gotten off course again and need to align both inside and out. By that I mean, for example, we carry the pain of being a motherless child and remain susceptible to feeling again orphaned and homeless in our world. We recognize the signal our familiar complex gives: to meet that pain and to pull it into its place inside us so it inhabits us, and we do not get lost in it. The complex also opens us into that level of pain in others, close to home and around the world and leads usually in service of some kind to the suffering of orphanhood. Or our repetition of addiction to sweets signals that our appetite for life is off center. We feel deprived of a feeding truth that nourishes us with pleasing fatness. The complex shows us where to look: to look for the truth in what sweetens. Wallace Stevens’s line says it all in his discovery that imagination rules over prescribed truths, which he rejects:

*It was when I said,  
“There is no such thing as the truth,”  
that the grapes seemed fatter.*<sup>27</sup>

The closer to consciousness the complex is, the more intense its repetitions, as if its message is about to break through, to get into consciousness what had been hiding in the compulsive reenactment. This breakthrough into consciousness shows a first legacy of our complex: destruction of an old order and dots of light indicating “the way and the bridge to what is to come,” as Jung says in *The Red Book*.<sup>28</sup> For example, the tangle of bouts of stuffing in food and then throwing it up in bulimia, along with delinquencies, thrummed through an analysand’s college and postcollege life. She sees now she was then “on a train” to nowhere, striving to take in all the “right” things to attract the notice of an absent father encapsulated in his own complex. Her frantic effort toward “success” cost feeling real in herself and cost growth from her own root. This inner loss of meaning reached outer climax in a car crash that brought all her successes to a screeching halt. She convalesced at her parents’ home, and while faced with losing many teeth, an effect of bulimia, she told her parents of her eating complex and received treatment. The defeat of the complex forces destruction of meaning, hers being “on the train,” and being flung off it.

But such loss makes space for findings: emptiness hides fertile seeds beneath the surface. Sensing tiny dots of light, akin to Jung’s scintillae, fish eyes glistening in the dark unconscious, the analysand consents to knowing nothing yet is responsive to little intimations, whiffs, grains, traces, pointers.<sup>29</sup> She opened to flashes of insight, promptings of action. Recovering, she went off alone, to rely on herself, to see where in her travels she landed from her own resources. She had no map, no big plan. Like Jung in his crisis, not knowing what to do or where to go, she just did the next thing before her,<sup>30</sup> following a dot of light like a breadcrumb in the woods. These tiny sparks hint of possible meanings, spur body impulses indicating a direction, stir a willingness not to know but to do. The blank stare that follows destruction of our forms of meaning also neighbors a child’s wide-eyed looking without preconceptions, what Jung calls in *The Red Book* an astonishing openness that he wishes for himself, a childlike mentality. These promptings are like the Cabiri, who help Jung by bringing treasures up from Below, from the dead into living. For us, we feel creative gestures toward the new that “we do not yet know” that is coming into being.<sup>31</sup>

psyche's complexes is a form of social action. This is not individual development, although we are changed. It is service to the whole.

Interceding or space-making works both ways—toward the unconscious and toward consciousness. Through its repetition our complex intercedes for the unconscious content sheltered in the complex. It makes space for the unconscious as if having its own right, not to be just raided to add to ego strength. Hence, our complex will not simply go away and will not behave. It insists we take notice of its communication, even if that means making a mess. Look at former congressman Anthony Wiener pressing the send key on his computer with photos of himself in his underwear that destroyed his political career and threatened his marriage. The unconscious brings a left-out, despised part and yet a weird treasured part of us to the table. If we cannot make space for it, it will break in and cause havoc.<sup>34</sup>

Space-making consciousness intercedes on behalf of our conscious needs, too. Our complex tutors us in long wrestling with its trigger points, constructing alternative responses to our knee-jerk enactment of it. It widens the space between our I-ness and compulsive reenactment of our complex so that we stand outside captivity to our complex, which usually goes on at the same time we stand outside it. We acknowledge the complex, feel it, name it. That makes elbow room for it. The complex goes on in us, but we are no longer entrapped in its urgencies. For example, the woman executive gets space outside her suspended state on the couch watching mindless television. Registering now hints, impulses, imaginings, she dares a new action. She invests time and money in a country summer rental to provide a space for her big dog to run and to try another way of living. This sounds small; it is, and it is large; it is stepping out of a rhythm that has held her fast for decades. It costs money, it is for her animal, literally and psychologically, and it fills with risk and meaning leaning into the unknown. The woman who could not find her papers or got lost in spilling-over papers begins to write her memoir, her own paper. These risks that are not ours may seem small, even easy; only when they are our own do we feel their hugeness, a venturing into the unknown.

Space is made for the parts of self, not rubbing out any of them

The image of dots of light is not a position paper, nor a new theory. These small points of light inspire responsiveness to look and imagine, to consent to the inclusion of contingency, fragmentation, along with reintegration. We do not reach where we belong without the long tutoring, the ancestorship of begetting by our particular complex, haunting and bedeviling, never extinguished but rearranged, anchored. Through the eye of the needle of our complex come blessings bestowed on us that leave us limping but engaged in intensified living. We create our life at the same time it creates itself in and through us.

Our complex confers a second legacy in giving a new role to our consciousness. I have called it different things: double vision and synchronistic, simultaneous, interceding consciousness. I settle for the moment on spacemaking consciousness, which is what intercession produces—space for the unbearable and for the not yet here.<sup>32</sup> By repetition—of forgetting things, breaking down into sobbing, breaking out in sexual escapades, risking money, risking physical danger—our complex pushes into consciousness with its archaic energies and contents. Shadow stuff takes over, all the behavior and emotions that we reject. But more, also the large psyche, the image of the whole person, what Jung calls the *anthropos*, pushes in as well.<sup>33</sup> This image bespeaks all that we are and all that the human is, the whole human being reaching to animal and divine.

The insistent complex badgers us until we name and represent to ourselves what presses for our attention. It is not just the other who dismisses us as of no account, who transmogrifies our gifts into manipulations to improve him or her, and who rubs us out to preserve her or his own shaky autonomy. That is shadow material that we can see clearly in the other and in which we find the pertinent applications to our own dismissals of our self, our own need to stand firmly in our own agency to say, no, these were gifts, not manipulations. Facing our shadow stuff strengthens our sense of I-ness.

The *anthropos* image brings another force, stronger and persistent. In it the whole crowd of the human family presses upon us, moving us to enlarge and house all we had excluded. Here we are not so much enlarged personally as we are connected to others, moved to find and do our small part for the good of the whole. Working on our own

but not being stuck in just one of them. We stand outside the annihilating effects of our individual or cultural complex. We do not rationalize or propitiate the god of the complex, but suffer the effects of the complex yet no longer dwell within its maelstrom. Consciousness intercedes, giving space to stand between denial and absorption, repudiation and immersion, rigidity and collapse.

Our complex gives a third legacy. It is our ancestors, like a line of genealogy. We can see it making visible major motifs as they evolve and persist from generation to generation in our immediate families and in our cultural locations. Our individuality is embedded in a kinship system. We are inextricably interwoven with each other, across family groups, neighborhoods, cultural custom, and prejudices.<sup>35</sup> For example, a symptom of losing may communicate that a part of us has vanished. This problem may afflict a whole family—no one found their ownmost way; they lost it, just lived with the volume turned down. One's personal vexing complex insists that you find the missing part, not let your life disappear. Hence the problem of our complex gets woven into the solution to our complex.

I think of the famous example of the great twentieth-century Russian poet Anna Akhmatova, who witnessed vanishings perpetrated by a persecutory Russian government. Held in such great esteem that government officials dared not arrest her, they tortured her through the arrest of her son. Her famous poem *The Requiem* witnesses the sufferings of whole generations of people. It begins with

### Instead of a Preface

In the terrible years of the Yezhov terror, I spent seventeen months in the prison lines of Leningrad. Once someone “recognized” me. Then a woman with bluish lips standing behind me, who, of course, had never heard of me called by name before, woke up from the stupor to which everyone had succumbed and whispered in my ear (everyone spoke in whispers there):

“Can you describe this?”

And I answered, “Yes, I can.”

Then something that looked like a smile passed over what had once been her face.

April 1, 1957<sup>36</sup>

The recent rash of powerful men in governments and international agencies accused of sexually assaulting women employees in hotels suggests that this behavior brings to light an element in them that breaks out periodically. It is as if a hidden part, discredited as unimportant and disowned when made public, insists on being noticed, even to making a shambles to get recognized by the man and by the culture. Even when the case is not clear-cut, it broadcasts publicly this missing segment, even if it is still denied privately. To grasp it is to acknowledge a gap opening in one's ego and persona displayed to the world. This gap feels like a disaster, even maybe an injustice, but definitely a mess. But it also announces an opportunity, not just how to get out of this wreckage, but to ask, What is this part of me, what does it bring? How does it belong to me, and why do I assume it is harmless? The prominence of the men ropes in a cultural and cross-cultural custom of viewing the feminine and of treating actual women as if they live at the disposal of men, to be grabbed when needed and discarded like Kleenex when used.

Analysis offers shelter to such an opportunity. Witnessing with another what the complex brings can transform the gap into a space of inquiry, curiosity, and eventually conversation. Who is this who attacks women? What relation does this part bear to my success in the world of power, prestige, and talent shown on my job? An analysand who began the first session saying he was there to grow, not because of pressing problems (a comment that alerted me to big work ahead), soon brought a dream of a killer who strapped a murdered corpse of a woman to his car to deliver to his mother. Two years later, the killer emerges as a definite personality; active dialogue begins between him and the man. The analytic container within the man and between the two of us enables this tense, violent conversation full of energy that points toward a solution. The complex, all but denied, turns out to be part of its resolution. The killer brings the energy to sustain the work to get him included. And he keeps the door open to the other half of life, as Jung says, that has no laws.

Three legacies, then, come from our complex: dots of light sketch a path through dark enthrallment to our complex; space-making consciousness intercedes for our unconscious missing bit hiding in the complex and for our conscious needs, thus freeing us from being hostage to the complex; and the problem of the complex, the killer, is included in the solution to the problem. We need the killer energy to house the complex and to gain its access point to the chaos side of life, to animal instinct and reaching toward the divine.

But our complex not only participates in solutions we reach for its devastating effects; it also shows our path through it and toward creativity. This is the fourth legacy of our complex. It uncovers the path we find and create in our wrestlings with the complex. The very fissures it creates in our surface functioning deliver us into the unconscious. We reenter its womb, bereft now of parental protecting powers, having lost meaningful prescribing traditions as surrogate parents and having lost the ordering forms of meaning we have consciously constructed. We are like a small human version of the image of the self-creating divine child; we experience rebirth from an oceanic level outside space and time: "The divine child usurps the creative function of the womb." As Jung puts it in *The Red Book*, "I am the servant of a child." With this legacy we move from repetition to creative return, the subject of chapter 4.<sup>37</sup>