

contains the three gods. So when
er the pine-tree,⁹⁰ he is taking a
ing refuge with the mother whose
th. As in the battle with the whale-
eds the help of a bird, of one of
present the stirrings or intuitions
ul mother:

e boughs above him
he woodpecker:
Hiawatha,
egissogwon,
hair upon it,
long black tresses;
he be wounded!

touch this, one must own—hastens
e woodpecker also happened to be
. Remus, for he put food into their
e woodpecker owes his special sig-
hammers holes in trees. Hence we
honoured in Roman legend as an
who was the possessor or ruler of
otype of the *pater familias*. An old
ife of king Picus, changed him into
er. She killed and magically trans-
Picus was also regarded as a wood
a soothsayer.⁹³ He was sometimes
inseparable companion of Pilum-
lled *infantium dii*, 'gods of small
y was said to protect new-born in-
s of the wood-imp Sylvanus. This
nsels our hero to aim under the

significant word "Minne-wawal"
ful bird appears on the tree that grows out

2, 2496, 30.
rculus or Sterculius, a name which is obvl-
t.' He is also said to have invented manure.
the mother did so in the infantile manner,
I laid an egg, his mother, from which he
lchemy signifies the *prima materia*.

magician's topknot, the only vulnerable spot. It is situated on
the crown of the head, at the point where the mythical "head-
birth" takes place, which even today figures among the birth-
theories of children. There Hiawatha shoots in three arrows⁹⁴
and so makes an end of Megissogwon. He then steals the magic
belt of wampum which makes him invisible; the dead magician
he leaves lying in the water:

On the shore he left the body,
Half on land and half in water,
In the sand his feet were buried,
And his face was in the water.

548 The situation is therefore the same as with the fish-king, for
the magician is the personification of the water of death, which
in its turn stands for the devouring mother. This great deed
of Hiawatha's, when he conquers the Terrible Mother and
death-bringing daemon in the guise of the negative father, is
followed by his marriage with Minnehaha. He can only turn to
his human side after he has fulfilled his heroic destiny: firstly
the transformation of the daemon from an uncontrolled force
of nature into a power that is his to command; secondly the
final deliverance of ego-consciousness from the deadly threat of
the unconscious in the form of the negative parents. The first
task signifies the creation of will-power, the second the free use
of it.

549 We might mention, from a later canto (the twelfth), a little
fable which the poet has interpolated: an old man is changed
back into a youth by crawling through a hollow oak-tree.⁹⁵ The
fourteenth canto describes how Hiawatha invents writing. I
must confine myself here to the description of two hieroglyphs:

Gitche Manito the Mighty,
He, the Master of Life, was painted

⁹⁴ Spielrein's patient received three arrow wounds from God, through her head,
breast, and eye, "then came a resurrection of the spirit" (p. 376). In the Tibetan
legend of Bogda Gesser Khan, the sun-hero shoots his arrow into the forehead of
the demoniacal old woman, who then eats him and spits him out again. In a
legend of the Kalmucks, from Siberia, the hero shoots the arrow into the "bull's-
eye" that grows on the bull's forehead and "emits rays."

⁹⁵ This is synonymous with entering into the mother, becoming immersed in
oneself, crawling through something, boring, picking the ear, driving in nails,
swallowing snakes, etc.

As an egg, with points projecting
To the four winds of the heavens.
Everywhere is the Great Spirit,
Was the meaning of this symbol.

550 The world is enclosed in the egg (cf. fig. 36) which surrounds it on all sides; it is the cosmic birth-giver, a symbol used by Plato and by the Vedas. This "mother" is omnipresent, like the air. But air is spirit, so the world-mother is a spirit, the *anima mundi*. The hieroglyph is at the same time a quaternity-symbol, which psychologically always points to the self.⁹⁶ It therefore depicts the uttermost circumference and the innermost centre, the infinite and the infinitesimal, corresponding to the Indian idea of the atman, which encompasses the whole world and dwells, "no bigger than a thumb," in the heart of man. The second hieroglyph is as follows:

Mitche Manito the Mighty,
He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,
As a serpent was depicted,
As Kenabeek, the great serpent.

551 The spirit of evil is fear, negation, the adversary who opposes life in its struggle for eternal duration and thwarts every great deed, who infuses into the body the poison of weakness and age through the treacherous bite of the serpent; he is the spirit of regression, who threatens us with bondage to the mother and with dissolution and extinction in the unconscious. (Cf. fig. 35 and pl. LXII.) For the hero, fear is a challenge and a task, because only boldness can deliver from fear. And if the risk is not taken, the meaning of life is somehow violated, and the whole future is condemned to hopeless staleness, to a drab grey lit only by will-o'-the-wisps.

552 The fifteenth canto describes how Chibiabos, Hiawatha's best friend, the amiable player and singer, the incarnation of all life's joys, was enticed into an ambush by evil spirits, fell through the ice, and was drowned. Hiawatha mourned him so long that, with the help of magicians, he succeeded in calling him back again. But he comes back only as a spirit, and is made master of the Land of Spirits. More battles follow, and then comes the loss of a second friend, Kwasind, the embodiment of

⁹⁶ Cf. "Psychology and Religion," par. 97.

physical strength. These events are omens of the end, like the death of Eabani in the Gilgamesh Epic. In the twentieth canto comes the famine, followed by the death of Minnehaha, which is foretold by two taciturn guests from the Land of the Dead; and in the twenty-second canto Hiawatha prepares for the final journey to the Western Land:

I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest Wind, Keewaydin.

One long track and trail of splendour,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward, Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapours,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest Wind, Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!

553 The sun, rising triumphant, tears himself from the enveloping womb of the sea, and leaving behind him the noonday zenith and all its glorious works, sinks down again into the maternal depths, into all-enfolding and all-regenerating night. (Cf. figs. 3, 24.) This image is undoubtedly a primordial one, and there was profound justification for its becoming a symbolical expression of human fate: in the morning of life the son tears himself loose from the mother, from the domestic hearth, to rise through battle to his destined heights. Always he imagines his worst enemy in front of him, yet he carries the enemy within himself—a deadly longing for the abyss, a longing to drown in his own source, to be sucked down to the realm of the Mothers. His life is a constant struggle against extinction, a violent yet fleeting deliverance from ever-lurking night. This

death is no external enemy, it is his own inner longing for the stillness and profound peace of all-knowing non-existence, for all-seeing sleep in the ocean of coming-to-be and passing away. Even in his highest strivings for harmony and balance, for the profundities of philosophy and the raptures of the artist, he seeks death, immobility, satiety, rest. If, like Peirithous, he tarries too long in this abode of rest and peace, he is overcome by apathy, and the poison of the serpent paralyzes him for all time. If he is to live, he must fight and sacrifice his longing for the past in order to rise to his own heights. And having reached the noonday heights, he must sacrifice his love for his own achievement, for he may not loiter. The sun, too, sacrifices its greatest strength in order to hasten onward to the fruits of autumn, which are the seeds of rebirth. The natural course of life demands that the young person should sacrifice his childhood and his childish dependence on the physical parents, lest he remain caught body and soul in the bonds of unconscious incest. This regressive tendency has been consistently opposed from the most primitive times by the great psychotherapeutic systems which we know as the religions. They seek to create an autonomous consciousness by weaning mankind away from the sleep of childhood. The sun breaks from the mists of the horizon and climbs to undimmed brightness at the meridian.⁹⁷ Once this goal is reached, it sinks down again towards night. This process can be allegorized as a gradual seeping away of the water of life: one has to bend ever deeper to reach the source. When we are feeling on top of the world we find this exceedingly disagreeable; we resist the sunset tendency, especially when we suspect that there is something in ourselves which would like to follow this movement, for behind it we sense nothing good, only an obscure, hateful threat. So, as soon as we feel ourselves slipping, we begin to combat this tendency and erect barriers against the dark, rising flood of the unconscious and its enticements to regression, which all too easily takes on the deceptive guise of sacrosanct ideals, principles, beliefs, etc. If we wish to stay on the heights we have reached, we must struggle all the time to consolidate our consciousness and its attitude. But we soon discover that this praiseworthy and apparently unavoidable

⁹⁷ Cf. the Μεσοράνισμα ἡλίου, position of the sun at midday as symbol of the initiate's illumination, in "The Visions of Zosimos," pars. 86 and 95.

able battle with the years leads to stagnation and desiccation of soul. Our convictions become platitudes ground out on a barrel-organ, our ideals become starchy habits, enthusiasm stiffens into automatic gestures. The source of the water of life seeps away. We ourselves may not notice it, but everybody else does, and that is even more painful. If we should risk a little introspection, coupled perhaps with an energetic attempt to be honest for once with ourselves, we may get a dim idea of all the wants, longings, and fears that have accumulated down there—a repulsive and sinister sight. The mind shies away, but life wants to flow down into the depths. Fate itself seems to preserve us from this, because each of us has a tendency to become an immovable pillar of the past. Nevertheless, the daemon throws us down, makes us traitors to our ideals and cherished convictions—traitors to the selves we thought we were. That is an unmitigated catastrophe, because it is an *unwilling* sacrifice. Things go very differently when the sacrifice is a voluntary one. Then it is no longer an overthrow, a "transvaluation of values," the destruction of all that we held sacred, but transformation and conservation. Everything young grows old, all beauty fades, all heat cools, all brightness dims, and every truth becomes stale and trite. For all these things have taken on shape, and all shapes are worn thin by the working of time; they age, sicken, crumble to dust—unless they change. But change they can, for the invisible spark that generated them is potent enough for infinite generation. No one should deny the danger of the descent, but it *can* be risked. No one *need* risk it, but it is certain that some one will. And let those who go down the sunset way do so with open eyes, for it is a sacrifice which daunts even the gods. Yet every descent is followed by an ascent; the vanishing shapes are shaped anew, and a truth is valid in the end only if it suffers change and bears new witness in new images, in new tongues, like a new wine that is put into new bottles.

⁹⁸ *The Song of Hiawatha* contains material that is well suited to bring into play the vast potentialities for archetypal symbolization latent in the human mind and to stimulate the creation of images. But the products always contain the same old human problems, which rise up again and again in new symbolic guise from the shadowy world of the unconscious.

⁹⁹ Thus it is that Chiwantopel puts Miss Miller in mind of