

CHAPTER

SEVEN

Mother and Daughter
Relationships

Mary Briner

Prepared by Mary Briner at the request of the Institute for the Humanities at Salado and adapted from her seminars on "The Psychological Aspects of the Mother-Daughter Relationship" at the C. G. Jung Institute, Zürich and Küsnacht. Mary Briner, an American Jungian analyst, lives in Kilchberg, Switzerland.



About Mary Briner

Mary Briner is a lecturer and training analyst at the C. G. Jung Institute, Zürich. Born in the United States and a graduate of Smith, she married a Swissman and moved to Switzerland. Living abroad poses many difficulties for American wives, among them housekeeping, education, and integration with the native culture. In response to these problems, Briner became active in founding the American Women's Club of Zürich. Seeing the need for cooperation with other American women's clubs in Europe, she took a leading part in the founding and growth of the Federation of American Women's Clubs Overseas, FAWCO.

During World War II she worked for the OSS under Allen Dulles. By war's end FAWCO no longer existed, its president dead following her internment in a concentration camp and all the records destroyed. Mary Briner undertook the responsibility of gathering surviving FAWCO members at a reorganizational meeting in Copenhagen in October, 1949.

FAWCO's initial goal of building bridges of understanding among nations has now expanded to include working for American citizens abroad concerning voting, citizen rights, taxes, etc. Mary Briner became its first postwar president, and the now thriving organization numbers thousands of women in its 35 member clubs worldwide.

Before moving to Zürich she had been interested in Jungian psychology and was therefore pleased to find herself living across the lake from Professor Jung. She attended the Vision and Zarathustra seminars in the 1930s. Professor Jung was her analyst, and she worked also with Mrs. Jung and Toni Wolff. She was one of the seven Zürich graduates who founded the Association of Graduate Analytical Psychologists of the C. G. Jung Institute in 1954. Mary Briner is also a member of the Swiss

Society for Analytical Psychology, on whose executive board she has served. She is still active in the C. G. Jung Institute, Zürich.

The mother–daughter relationship is one of the most vital of all human relationships, resolving itself into the relationship each woman has not only to her mother, but also to her own feminine psyche. The mother, or the mother image, is at least a determining factor, if not *the* determining factor, in a woman’s relationship to herself as a woman—and particularly to her instinctive side. This inner attitude is reflected in the outer relationship both to her mother and in turn to her daughter. But most important is the inner relationship—the relationship between the mother and daughter within her. This mother–daughter aspect of the feminine psyche is determined by three factors. First, she is born with her own feminine structure. For just as we have a type structure—feeling, sensation, thinking, and intuition—so too, women seem to have a psychological structure of feminine functioning. Second, there is the cultural pattern of her time and country. Within its framework she will be influenced by education and any changes that occur in the masculine–feminine patterns. Here we find the influence of public opinion, of what tradition expects of a woman, of her conventional role. This is fertile ground for the animus, her contrasexual side. Third, the influence of her own individual mother and how it is constellated in her life affects the daughter. The mother–daughter relationship colors, or even distorts, the two other factors.

All women are daughters, but not all women become mothers—and some who do never become mothers psychologically. Nonetheless, the capacity for motherhood is nature’s primary gift to woman—and it determines her functioning in the order of things. Regardless of what she does with nature’s gift, it is woman’s distinguishing characteristic. In each and every woman, there is always present the daughter from whom she cannot escape and the potential mother from whom she cannot escape psychologically. The mother represents the maturity of the daughter. When a daughter becomes a mother, then she is no longer a child, but grown up (or she should be), as if this were the goal of nature. I shall discuss the psychological goal later.

The biological function of reproduction has far-reaching and inescapable consequences for the lives of women because it is at this level that the instincts function. In modern times consciousness has under-

mined instinctive reactions, while the rational tries to eliminate the irrational. We no longer need to “feel” storms coming ahead of time when we can simply turn on the weather report. Nonetheless many vital decisions and actions in our lives are still conditioned by our instincts and their corresponding archetypes. The biological function drives us to the maturity we are meant to have.

Most women have a better relationship to their bodies than men do, despite the loosening of the instinctive connection. Women can accept bodily functioning, blood, and suffering more naturally, like animals, without fear—unless they are very neurotic. Yet I have never seen a woman with a difficult mother whose own body was not a problem. I wonder if the different psychological relationship that women have to their bodies does not have its roots in the very nature of those bodies: their ability to bear children and the accompanying menstruation.

In a split between instinct and consciousness the relationship to the mother is vital because it determines how well a woman tolerates this split. It is through the mother that women first contact their feminine nature and consciousness. Whether this contact is positive and supporting or negative and destructive can change a woman’s fate. Many women are divided between home, children, and domestic life including relationship to a man, and work, career, and their own development. This double life with its demands from both sides can create conflict for women; but the problem is by no means limited to married women, for an unmarried woman’s relationship to her instincts and her feminine consciousness is equally important to her life and fate. The problem of feminine consciousness is especially the *bête noire* of the “animus woman,” who frequently has a negative mother.

How the modern woman copes with this problem is fascinating. Involved are the past and present attitudes of each woman to her own mother, and consequently her own attitude to herself as a woman, and the mother image as it is changing in the world. The mother of today does not seem to pass on to her daughter what we are wont to call the old-fashioned values of womanhood and so it becomes a collective problem for most women, with the archetype of the great mother in its broadest sense lying behind it.

It is doubly difficult for women to find a new point of view, for we have no archetypal feminine pattern in our culture or tradition to guide us. We have no goddesses who reveal themselves to us and differentiate women’s nature. So each one of us has to experiment, seeking our own path.

Today this shows itself in the struggle of women to free themselves from the bonds of domestication in which many feel that the role of

mother and housewife keeps them imprisoned. A woman must also struggle against being imprisoned by man's anima projections onto her. Thus, both the instinctive and traditional sides are in conflict with something else struggling to come to life within her.

How does she handle this practically in her everyday life? One woman told me that she wanted a full-time job and to be only a part-time mother. Another gifted woman said she would sacrifice all her outside activities if they in any way endangered her home and marriage. But the trend seems to be for women to be not *just* wife and mother, dissatisfied and frustrated, even if they want to be married more than anything else.

Woman's position has been in transition since the upheaval of forces which culminated in the French Revolution and the Age of Enlightenment at the end of the eighteenth century. At the same time there have been changes in man and his needs. The pace of modern life demands earning a living in a competitive and tough world. Men need help. Economic demands are forcing women out of the home even as pressure upon women to change comes from the natural process of growth within.

Woman's position is still in a state of confusion and no one seems to be quite clear about it—not even women themselves. Perhaps it is a matter of consciousness, and there is still a great deal to be brought to light. A woman's consciousness develops on her own terms in relationship to her values as a woman. A woman naturally projects her animus upon a man and all too often fails to separate herself from her animus side which causes her to think that she must throw out the instinctive woman and to try to be like a man—to ape him. This danger is greater when the mother is negative. A woman needs to respect the feminine values which reflect how she values herself as a woman. Undervaluation of her feminine nature causes a woman to feel inferior and she then overvalues the masculine. I knew a woman with feminine values and an independent mind who was in the top management of an international airline in New York. When she left to be married, her employers told her they were particularly sorry to see her go because she had never come to a meeting without bringing something that no man would ever have thought of. She had a balanced sense of her worth as a woman.

Once I was at a small meeting where only women were present. We were discussing whether a certain man was properly qualified for a job or not. Some women thought not. I was urging that he be given a chance. Probably I was not too objective and let my feelings run, as one of the women turned to me and said: "Why Mary, how like a *woman* you are talking!"

The University of California's third symposium, "Man and Civilization: The Preface to the Potential of Women," began with these words:

Whatever problems one may wish to lay at the door of the twentieth century, the substantial emancipation of women that has taken place in these sixty-odd years is surely an example of significant human progress. In the past, women necessarily defined themselves by the relationship they established with men. There was surely some choice available to women in previous periods. They could choose to be complacent or shrewish, domineering or submissive, efficient or burdensome. But their choices were very limited, and they were always made in terms of the masculine figure in their lives. Today, a great number of women can, if they choose, define themselves as independent, self-determining individuals. They can become fully human, since self-definition is the capacity marking human beings off from the rest of the universe. (Farber and Wilson 1963, p. vii)

Woman's' relationship to herself and her self-definition is psychologically exceedingly complicated, and care must be taken not to apply masculine standards here. For a woman to define herself in relation to another human being may be an expression of her eros nature, as contrasted with the logos nature of man. If she is conscious of what she is doing, there may not be a lack in her personality at all, nor a failure of self-determining independence. We must not forget that for women relationship is all-important. Whether to people, to the world with its physical and/or spiritual objects, or to the inner life and her own center, relationship is the keystone of a woman's psychological life. Without a living relationship she does not live—somewhere inside. But woman's eros knows many forms of expression.

The secret is that she is not just the daughter, the mother, or the wife. If she does not identify wholly with any one role, but realizes that she is something more, a woman may choose her life freely and with consciousness. Then she will be independent and self-determining. Many women in their attempt to find themselves get stuck trying to live up to collective masculine (animus) expectations instead of exploring what suits each one of them. The American woman is particularly vulnerable to this double bind, so that while she is looking for her own form of expression, the animus may trick her into a collective role.

Once I met a group of female American economists in the home of the president of the Swiss National Women's Organization. I thought that they were all professional women. I had grown up in the dark ages of prewar America when a career was the accepted thing and few of my college classmates thought of marrying early—in fact we pitied our friends who had the misfortune to marry before the age of 25. I

innocently asked one woman what her work was. She smiled at me much too sweetly and reprovably, and replied, "You know, I am only a homemaker." Making a home is one of women's greatest gifts, but the way she said it was artificial and animus-y, apologetic and sad, for she was caught in the collective role of the homemaker—dreadful word—and was ashamed of it.

This problem of self-definition is not so simple. It goes back to a woman's inner psychology and her relation to the divergent currents and conflicts of her own feminine self. It is cultural as well as individual. Psychologically we usually formulate it in terms of the animus, which undoubtedly plays a role, but taking it a step further back we come to the mother and the mother image, to a woman's relationship to herself. In analysis I can see its implications and demands in all of the women with whom I work. We are constantly working to clarify this self-definition, though we call it consciousness.

It is not only the so-called homemaker who realizes this problem, but also many professional women. Virginia Woolf wrote about it in her book *A Room of One's Own*, and Joanna Field in another book called *A Life of One's Own*—but the book with the most beautiful insights is Anne Lindbergh's *A Gift from the Sea*.

A woman's attitude toward her own feminine psyche, first experienced through her mother, is the foundation of her psychological house. Everything else is built on it. Even the animus can show the mother's influence, and an awareness of this side of her shadow is one of the best safeguards a woman can have against a devouring animus.

The first psychological stage in a woman's life is identification with her mother. It is through this mysterious process of identification that she learns what a woman is and how to be one. The chances are that as she was treated, so will she behave for good or bad, and so will she treat others. This, of course, is modified by her psychological structure and by her father. Behind the real mother looms the archetype of the great mother with the whole range of feminine nature from which to choose. What and how she chooses seems to depend upon her mother relationship and her psychic constitution. The tremendous and fateful power that the mother seems to wield is not due to the human mother—though its victim always passionately believes this to be the case—but to what the mother has awakened in the unconscious of the daughter, which then proceeds to lead a secret life within her. The daughter absorbs like a sponge from the mother in accordance with her own nature.

In order that a woman grow up properly, incorporating and integrating in herself her psychological mother and daughter, she has to come to terms with some of her personal inheritance from her mother and

determine whether or not it fits her nature. She has to look at what she has unconsciously absorbed and differentiate it, asking herself why she chose what she did.

The mother is basic in determining the daughter's fundamental attitude toward life. A positive mother image and a good instinctive connection—other things being equal—can give her a belief in life and a will to live. She is thus equipped with an attitude that trusts life, even though it may be wary. On the other hand, the daughter of the negative mother is often lamed by fear of life, a fear of death, and a fear of risking; her instincts are crippled and she is at a loss to know where to risk. Too often when she does risk it turns out badly, because something stands between such women and their own natures. For when a woman feels negative and rejects her mother, she becomes in her own eyes the rejected child. She then in turn rejects herself as a woman—on some level. One of the first things this rejection seems to affect is her own body and her feminine instinct; then the animus comes in to take their place. Observing such women, one can easily see this by the way they handle their bodies, by the way they move, walk, and sit. There is something unnatural about it for a woman. There are women who hate their female bodies, and often try to ignore, deny, or abuse their bodies. Instinctive disturbances and illnesses grow from such roots.

For example, frigidity is often conditioned by a woman's relation to her body and to her mother. Rejection of the woman within herself can cause a woman to be cold and unresponsive to a man. She has rejected the part of herself that responds. Or she may handle her sexuality like her image of a man, cutting it off from her feelings and becoming promiscuous. I have seen many daughters troubled by their sexual responses because they could not swallow what they considered their mother's immoral way of life. Not being able to identify with her mother on this score, the daughter unconsciously rejects her own sexuality, and becomes blocked and frigid.

Many women who want children do not conceive. Jung once commented that to have a child is an attitude of mind. Where this is a psychological problem, it is safe to say that it is connected to the mother relationship. On the other hand, women who have children easily, who are not frigid, yet who feel themselves to be negative mothers emotionally are therefore burdened with guilt. Having no proper pattern to guide them, they handle their children wrongly. They either neglect their children or overcompensate by being too "good" a mother, knowing in their secret hearts that they are "bad." A negative mother complex lies within such women.

A mother often passes on to her daughter the burden of her un-lived and unconscious life. The dutiful daughter accepts her dear mother's burden, which is given her through the magic channel of *participation mystique*. This may be positive but more often it is not, and the mother passes on her darkest shadow. These are the children who do the exact and shocking opposite of what the mother hopes and wants. They are promiscuous, immoral daughters of upright, moral mothers. Such a heritage, positive or negative, grossly distorts the life of the daughter.

As I observe people's lives, I am more and more impressed at the way the relationship to the parents forms patterns which determine the fate of a child. The pattern of relationship to the mother (or father) sets up in the unconscious of the daughter certain expectations that she will be treated by life as mother treated her. It is sad and amazing to see how a woman can maneuver herself into situations where this expectation is fulfilled at all cost, many times against her better judgment. If she was rejected by her mother, or if she rejected her mother, she knows and sees to it that she will be rejected. These conditioned reflexes ingrained in childhood have appallingly long arms and influence many more of our decisions and actions, perhaps even our fate, than we are often aware of.

In analysis we have to go very deep to reach the level where this expectation can be found, confronted, and changed. To deal with the maternal heritage demands a ruthless honesty in facing the shadow, for such a mother can pass on a nasty shadow. Also the daughter must be willing to sacrifice a cherished immaturity, to give up the masochistic pleasure of being the victim of life as she was mother's victim, in other words, to stop being the daughter psychologically. When she realizes that the forces within her are creating her fate, she can begin to take over responsibility for her own unconscious. This means to stop blaming mother, father, husband, or children for her suffering and for cruel fate. As I have said, the goal of biological maturity is for the daughter to become the mother and have her own children. That she accept responsibility for her own unconscious is the goal of psychic maturity.

At this point, a woman has found the mother and daughter within herself. Until now, her life has been a search to bring the lost pieces together. The myth of Demeter and Kore (Persephone) underlies this particular drama of women: the mother looking for the daughter lost in the underworld and finding her again. It is also the night sea journey of women leading to the unity of their feminine psyche. Jung says in *Essays on a Science of Mythology*,

Demeter and Kore, mother and daughter, extend the feminine consciousness both upward and downward. They add a “younger and older,” a “stronger and weaker,” dimension to it and widen out the narrowly limited conscious mind bound in space and time, giving intimations of a greater and more comprehensive personality which has a share in the eternal course of things. . . . We could therefore say that every mother contains her daughter in herself, and every daughter her mother, and that every woman extends backward into her mother and forward into her daughter. (Jung 1949, p. 225)

Women’s mysteries in Greece dealt with this. The Thesmophoria at the time of the sowing and particularly the mysteries at Eleusis, which were basically of a transformative character, were important for a woman’s understanding of herself.

Neumann, in *The Great Mother*, writes,

The woman experiences herself first and foremost as a source of life. . . . She is bound up with the all-generating life principle, which is creative nature and culture-creating principle in one. The close connection between the mother and daughter, who form the nucleus of the female group, is reflected in the preservation of the “primordial relationship” between them. . . . In the unique relief of a feminine cult both enthroned goddesses appear as the twofold aspect of the mother–daughter unity. Their significance is clear. . . . by the abundance of familiar symbols that belong to this context: flower, fruit, egg, and vessel. The whole is permeated by the self-contained transformative unity of the mother and the daughter, Demeter and Kore. This unity of Demeter and Kore is the central theme of the mysteries of Eleusis. . . . The one essential motive in the Eleusinian mysteries and hence in all matriarchal mysteries is the “Heuresis” of the daughter by the mother, the “finding again” of Kore by Demeter—the reunion of the mother and daughter. (Neumann 1955, p. 305–307)

No longer on a biological level, the union takes place on a different level. For the transformation of the mother and daughter is a psychic reality, and its fruit is the inner child.

To follow how these things unfold, form and transform, we begin with the reaction of the daughter to her mother at birth. Does the baby feel warm and protected, accepted and loved, and so sleep peacefully and take the offered breast trustingly? There are babies who cry from the moment of birth. The babies I know of who did this were not really

accepted or perhaps even wanted by their mothers. One mother said that her daughter started contradicting her in the womb. A baby seems to feel immediately how its mother feels about it. When the daughter senses that she is rejected by her mother, her feminine psyche reacts, causing a negative mother complex with all its consequences. When such a woman comes to analysis, the unconscious may be allowed to bring into balance the repressed contents and create a different and more positive attitude to her feminine nature.

Lucina

The story of a patient whom I will call Lucina gives us glimpses of how the mother and daughter come together to form the woman, and how the unconscious goes about mending this split. Lucina came into analysis at the age of 26 because of her fears. She was afraid at work. A dietician in a hospital, she was afraid of the doctors. She was afraid in every sphere of her life even though she was competent and gifted. Fear robbed her of all incentive, and she longed to lie in bed all day long and do nothing. She had a friend, Hans. As soon as she realized that she was in love with him she became afraid of losing him, and consequently grew doubly possessive. She suffered from depressions. Her grip on life was none too secure: she could well have walked in front of a car one day.

An attractive, tall, lean girl with lovely dark hair and eyes, Lucina was highly intelligent and honest. Psychologically she was introverted and intuitive. Her friend Hans was a law student working for his final exams. Although he came to see her regularly, he was unsure about whether he wanted to marry her. Her insecurity was increased by her animus, which was always trying to force him to make a commitment.

Lucina had reacted violently against her mother. Her parents had been divorced when she was three years old. They had planned to get a divorce several years before, but instead had had a baby, hoping to live happily ever after. So Lucina felt guilty for having failed in the task life had given her. Adding to this burden, her mother kept telling her that she should have been a boy, and that she had asked three times, "Are you sure that my baby is not a boy?" Consequently Lucina felt that she could never show herself as she was. Something else was expected of her and she had to play a role. Not being accepted by her mother as she was, she did not exist for herself, but led a phantom life. As a child she became ill when separated even for a night from her mother.

As a teenager she and her mother lived with her grandfather in Germany. One day during the war when she and her mother were

crossing a large deserted square, her mother instantly disappeared as if whisked away by magic. At first it was a relief that her mother was not there; she made no effort to look for her. Then a second bomb struck and she realized what had happened: it was her first air raid. Her mother was not hurt; she had simply been lifted up by the vacuum. But it was a traumatic experience for Lucina because it acted out her unconscious wish to get rid of her mother. Somehow she had done this magical thing, so it alarmingly increased her fear and guilt. After this she became so nervous that she had to be sent to school in Switzerland.

At school she had a frightening dream in which she saw a large spider ascending the stairs to her room. With each step it grew bigger and bigger. She wanted to kill it, but though it moved slowly and deliberately, she was crippled and could not. Strangely, the next morning, in front of her door, in exactly the same spot, was a spider. This and the bomb "magic" are two interesting examples of synchronicity: the mother problem being constellated in her psyche, something happens in outer life. The bombing and the spider dream, although for years bygone, remained actual and full of power. Lucina experienced terror amounting to panic whenever she saw a spider. She was caught in the web of the negative mother, and in turn was busily spinning her own web. The spider is symbolically associated with the sympathetic nervous system, which reaches far down in reactions beyond our control. The spider symbolizes the mother and can represent the negative aspect of the unconscious mother image. The spider is closely connected to the witch. I mentioned to Lucina that the female spider eats the male, that it is a predatory, bloodsucking insect. It was as if she herself was sucking Hans in an effort to free herself by gaining power, and Lucina quickly understood this.

As always, the mother relationship played itself out in the little things of everyday life. She wondered whether she should write home every day, as her mother wanted her to, or only when she felt like it, which would be almost never. Should she send her laundry home? How often should she go home? Should she accept money from her mother? Her mother was constantly offering to pay for this or that. Lucina resented her mother's offer of the money as a kind of blackmail, as indeed it was.

Lucina swung between sacrificing herself too much and getting angry at herself for ignoring her own feelings. This conflict increased her resentment and resistance to her mother. She felt guilty when she did not go home, and hated herself when she did. With no standpoint of her own she fell victim to her mother's power game. She used the word

“blackmail,” but when I referred to her mother’s power motives, she took exception to this, and was resentful—revealing her identification with her mother. This is typical of the negative mother complex, where the dependent daughter torn by love and/or hate is trying to escape to freedom. She must first disentangle herself from the identification. Suffering and struggling with these contradictory feelings is part of the process.

The more intense the daughter’s feelings about her mother, negative or positive, the more closely bound she is to her. Hate is an active emotion that drives us to do something, while love lulls us into a comfortable unconsciousness. Fixation in one or the other is harmful when the time has come for growth and independence.

The baffling thing is that the daughter has learned through this identification with her mother what a woman is and how to behave. Often it seems to make no difference whether the learned pattern is for good and growth or for power and destruction. The old rule holds: as one is done unto, so one does unto others—unless one becomes conscious. Lucina railed against her mother for trying to hold her, devour her, enslave her. All the while she in turn was busily doing the same to Hans. Such women unconsciously go right on treating husband and children as they feel they were treated. This is the negative mother at work within the woman. Light must be thrown on the woman’s own shadow if she does not wish to lead a meaningless and destructive feminine existence.

Such mothers use all kinds of tricks to hold onto their victims. Lucina’s mother had no life of her own and she played the martyr—“life has treated me badly, poor me, who, of course, is in no way to blame—therefore everyone must be kind to me, to make up for my cruel fate, and particularly my daughter must.” Lucina saw through this, but her own guilt, and the collective expectation that we ought to take care of the parents who have made so many sacrifices for us, bit deeply into her insecure soul.

These mothers consider their children part of themselves, because they once carried them within their bodies, and they can commit horrors of invasion upon another’s personal rights and privacy. Sensitive children like Lucina suffer tortures with such an insensitive mother.

In therapy, we talked about how she and her mother were both playing the martyr and how such people characteristically try to maneuver themselves into situations where they will be hurt, forcing others to hurt them. Lucina saw that she should not play her mother’s negative power-game of trying to get what she wanted by helpless suffering. Lucina commented that she had always felt that her mother was full of

power, but until now she had never been able to see how it worked. We came to the conclusion that her mother was this way because she wanted love and was completely unconscious of her demands.

The daughter's answer to this was: "Yes, but I can do nothing about it. She freezes me. All I want to do is to run away and get as far away from her as I can. My mother keeps telling me I am brutal and feelingless, but I know that I am not really that way, but she makes me this way." When she told her mother that she wanted to be left alone for a while because she was working on her problems, her mother took the next train to Zürich, demanding to know what was wrong. It helped Lucina to begin to stand up for her own feelings when she understood that her reaction was a natural defense against such an unfeeling invasion of her personality.

The unconscious reacted with two dreams. The first:

I was working in the hospital and a woman came in crying, "Come quick, there is a man down in the cellar who has a machine to make earthquakes! With the help of balloons, he can make them as strong as he wants." A great blast went off and the walls shook and cracked.

The day before the dream she had had a fight with Hans; he had not telephoned, and she had blown that up—like the balloons—into a bad quarrel. The man down in the cellar is the animus in the unconscious who is capable of shaking her very foundations if she lets him blow things out of proportion.

The next day she dreamed that she took the Number 15 streetcar to see Hans and was rammed through by the Number 7 streetcar which was the one her mother took to come and see her. The motorman in Number 7 was the dream man who made the earthquakes. Here again is the destructive animus from the mother, ramming into her feelings for Hans. She felt very threatened as her relationship to Hans was the one positive thing in her life.

In the second dream an aspect of her mother problem came up in her relation to her own body: she is nowhere in the dream. The woman who warns her in the first dream, described as being earthy, now is simply not there. In part it was her earthy shadow side that drew Hans to her. It was as if her intuition made her leap out of her body, as if a hole was left within her by having no real contact with her mother, who often represents for the daughter both the body and the earth principle.

An intense desire now rose within her to be rid of her mother. To reassure herself that her mother was taken care of she even put a

marriage ad in the papers for her mother, compensating for the desire to destroy her.

Lucina began to fear her own magical thinking, as if thoughts could kill. She scarcely dared to act, for action would awaken the witch, and then she might really become the witch. When the destructive side is released, people become afraid of themselves, for a spark can start a fire. There was the danger that if she could not stand the rebellion against her mother and to look at her own shadow problem, her aggression could turn against herself, perhaps in the form of suicide.

In "animus women" whose feelings have been destroyed, relationships are often pictured as machines or prehistoric animals, and she had had two such machines in her dreams. Her relationship to Hans became of vital importance because he was the counterbalance to this negative side in her life. Hence she gave no thought at this time to dealing with her projections onto him; she could not have stood a reality-based relationship. Now he was her refuge and had to be safeguarded.

Lucina was at a point where the mother image had to be changed. Many daughters know derogatory things about their mothers which they cannot quite admit to knowing. They dare not give up their illusions of what a mother should be. It is part of the unifying process that when daughters give up the mother as an ideal image, they have to find that image in themselves. Her unconscious took care of it in a dream:

I am in my mother's house. I go to her room, but I cannot quite get the light to stay on. It keeps flickering on and off. I see my mother lying on her bed and realize that she is dead drunk. Then my mother staggers off the bed and falls to the floor. I beg her to talk to me, but she can't. I cry bitterly.

When I asked her if she were finding out things about her mother which she had never recognized as true, she first denied it, and then confessed that that was the case, that her mother had made her a confidante some years before by telling her that she had had a lover for many years. She had even been tactless enough to tell Lucina that once Lucina had almost caught them in bed. Until this dream made her look at it, Lucina had repressed how she felt about this. The dream compensated for her too-high ideal of her mother by pulling her down. The flickering light points to her weak ego, her flickering consciousness. Being drunk one may be in the arms of Bacchus and lose sexual inhibitions. The mother's revelation of such an intimate affair shows how she regarded her daughter as part of herself. It was an invasion of the child's privacy as well as an unnecessary burden. Learning of her

mother's conduct shocked Lucina's feelings more than her morals and she was able to withdraw her ideal projections. Consequently Lucina had a hard time expressing her feelings with Hans, and her erotic response was partially inhibited. The dream told her, too, that her mother cannot talk to her because contact and understanding is impossible, her mother being as she is. The object was for her to disentangle herself from her mother's shadow side by herself, and so to give up her mother. It became clear in the analysis that she was afraid of separating the mother archetype from her real mother because she might then lose her mother altogether, and therefore she had refused to look at the negative things.

After this her depression lessened noticeably, but now Lucina was putting the whole weight of giving meaning to her life on Hans and demanding more than he could give. Her aggressive animus was on the loose, and when a woman frightens a man's feeling side with her animus, the man retreats, leaving the woman alone and her feelings in the belly of the animus. Fortunately Hans exploded one night when she became too difficult. He told her that he was fed up, made love to her rather roughly, and then left. She was hurt and cried—like a little girl. Then it dawned on her that she had been playing a power game with him and was even grateful that he had reacted by putting her animus in its place.

Another heritage from her mother was the notion that all men are bad and will leave one sooner or later. To understand that there might be something between desertion and absolute unswerving faithfulness was beyond her. Many women project their own roving eye onto men and fantasize that they themselves are by nature towers of fidelity. Slowly Lucina could see that she was doing to Hans what her mother had done to her. She could also see that having made Hans her universe, she was presenting him with the bill. Women often find it hard to believe that when they give a man so much love, admiration, and devotion, when they sacrifice their lives, they are setting their own terms.

But she was beginning to value herself more and was looking for a new pattern for her feminine life. One night she dreamt:

A very blond, made-up, hard-boiled woman, a typical vamp, drove a tiny car into a girl who was weak because she had had rickets as a child. I kept picking her up each time she was knocked down.

The night after she had this dream Lucina went out with Hans, dressed to play the vamp, which was her idea of how to hold a man. But after having made the effort, she was absolutely poisonous and made fun

of him all evening. For of course she had no idea how to be the siren and was simply attempting to use her power under a different guise.

The night after this misdirected effort, she dreamt:

An old woman with a kindly face, full of human understanding, came to me, gave me some flowers, and said, "I am sorry but they are a bit faded, but perhaps you can make something of them anyway." I was happy to have them, and answered that all I needed to do was to put them into a pot with new earth, and they would bloom.

These two dreams tell us the story of what is going on in her feminine development and how it works in the life situation. The weak girl who is knocked down by the vamp and has rickets because she never had enough sun and warmth is Lucina's weak feminine nature which never received enough love and care to grow properly. The hard-boiled woman is the collective idea of how to play a man's anima and so gain power over him. We often find such a reaction in women without differentiated feelings, who cannot relate personally. When this happens a role takes over which tries to knock down her growing side. But things change, and the little car is not nearly so dangerous as the street car, nor so collective. A feminine figure, however misguided, and not a diabolical motorman does the driving. Lucina's ego is now in the action, supporting the growing girl.

In the second dream there appears the archetype of the wise old woman; she understands human frailty and shows Lucina the means to her end. The flowers the old woman gives her are her feelings, which their names—forget-me-not, bleeding heart, etc.—show clearly. The night before with Hans, it had been *feeling* that she could not express. The wise old woman is exceedingly important, revealing her own basic feminine pattern so that Lucina can relinquish her personal mother. As in the mysteries of Eleusis, it is the flower that belongs to the daughter as a gift from the mother. The flowers are faded because she has not taken care of her feelings, and she realizes that her feelings—the flowers—need fresh earth, that is, she needs a new relationship to her instinctive side, to reality, to the earth mother.

We discussed this in the same hour, and in a nap after that hour Lucina had a dream.

Mrs. Briner is in my room talking to me. I am lying on my couch. I see she has only a head, and her body has disappeared. I wonder, "Why doesn't she realize that she has no body?"

Then her face changes to that of a very old woman, all wrinkled up like a dried apple, but kind and full of wisdom. Finally I say, "but you have no body!" She answers, "Oh, that makes no difference, people like you often see me that way." This quiets me, and I see her body again. When Mrs. Briner gets up to go, I take a handful of pomme chips (potato chips) and stuff them into my mouth. I am shocked at my rudeness, first because I offered none to Mrs. Briner and second because I cannot say good-bye properly.

This dream tells her—and me—that she does not see my body. I must give her more, because for her the body does not exist. That is precisely her problem, both as an intuitive person and as a woman. What we do not see in ourselves, we often cannot see in others. This body-earth-mother problem has been coming closer like the spider. Now it comes unmistakably into the analytical relationship. Up until this dream we had been relating through our heads as she had with everyone else. She was a thinking intuitive type and had to understand through her head, and I had probably been giving her too theoretical explanations. It was clear to me that she was projecting this problem, for I may not know I have a head, but I know I have a body. Her projection was mixed up with the archetype of the wise earth mother met in the flower dream. The apple face refers to the wisdom of life, of eating the apple of good and evil. Lucina described a peasant woman with a red handkerchief tied around her face, again making the connection with the soil, with the earth. The pomme chips, potato chips, also suggest this. Apple in French is called *pomme*, and potatoes are called the apples of the earth—*pommes de terre*. In Switzerland, potato chips are called pomme chips—or translated, apple chips. All Lucina had to eat was the fried or dried apples of the earth, the apple of good and evil. This probably means that she cannot yet stand to see the wise earth woman in herself—although that is what she is seeking.

In the mysteries of Eleusis, it is the daughter Kore who has the flower and the mother Demeter who has the fruit, pomegranate or corn. The *granate* is a fruit full of seeds, or potential, and *pom* is the old French word for apple. Here Lucina is trying to unite the daughter and mother in herself in order to make up her womanhood. She was given the flower in the other dream and now receives the fruit. Such fruit and flower symbolism runs all through her material. When I tell her in the dream that others who have this body problem see me with only a head and no body, she withdraws part of the projection and can see me whole. Her rudeness in the dream—she would never be rude in person—is an

unconscious reproach to me for not giving her enough body: an invaluable hint to the analyst.

There followed a dream in which her grandmother, who died when she was 14, appeared to her asking,

"Why does no one give me any spring flowers?"

"But grandmother," Lucina answered, "How can I give you anything? You are dead."

"Just so, no one thinks of giving anything to the dead."

Here again the unconscious links her difficulty with feeling to both the archetype of the great mother and flowers. She took this dream to mean that she had not yet realized her feelings enough, indeed, that this side of her nature was still dead. Her own comment was that this dream brought home to her that she had not given enough trust and confidence to Hans.

A curious thing was that Lucina's love life had been more or less normal until she came to analysis; then she became frigid and had to make a whole new adjustment to Hans on the basis of her new knowledge of herself. She was discovering how inhibited and blocked she was and how cut off from her own feelings. She had also discovered that she was ashamed of her mother's erotic life. Her animus told her that sex is bad and immoral and that she should not be like her mother. Consciously she denied this, but it became a conflict that was getting in the way of her natural, animal side, especially to the extent that she looked down on sex. Whether we like it or not, sex belongs to the body and has the smell of the animal. But it belongs to our totality, and when we look down upon it, we become distorted. A man cannot make love to a spirit, but this is what a woman with too much animus likes to believe—that she appeals to a man with her spiritual nature. This is not to say that there is no spirit in love; quite the contrary, but a woman's real eros spirituality gets twisted when the negative animus dominates the picture.

Naturally she had trouble keeping her real feelings for Hans alive and not being demanding in a power way. After these dreams, the negative side reasserted itself.

Lucina had a kitten whose pure play and boundless energy became for her an expression of the joy of being alive just for the sake of living, something quite new to her. She saw the kitten as feminine, reflecting woman's natural animal nature in the best sense. But the old and the new

were at war within her, and long-repressed emotions erupted in an attempt to destroy her new efforts.

In a dream she took a long, sharp knife and, holding her kitten over the edge of her bed so that she could not see it, she cut off its head. She was under the influence of the animus, which gave her the knife to destroy the spontaneous, natural woman within her. The knife is a favorite weapon of the animus with its cutting destructive remarks and thoughts.

At this time Lucina became greatly concerned about the meaning of life. It was a deep religious problem for her. She felt that suffering was meaningful and creative—she had to seek on her own and within herself a natural instinctive belief in life which should come from the mother. But the animus was out to try to destroy this. In another dream an airplane was coming toward her, shooting knives at her kitten to kill it, while she tried to protect it. Ever since the bombing raid of her childhood, she had associated airplanes with her secret, guilty death-wish against her mother. This secret death-wish had never before been admitted. The destructive aggression had been turned against the kitten as herself. Once again the whole problem that had erupted at the beginning with the bombing had to be reexamined. Lucina recalled once more that she had found her mother, with her dirty, bloody face, so repulsive that she could hardly bear to touch her.

She was afraid, afraid of those knives. She was afraid of that dissecting, destroying intellect that allows nothing natural to live. She could at last see that it is natural for a child to feel hostility, and that a child's way of getting rid of anything is to say that it is dead. On the one hand, she hated her mother for thwarting her life, while on the other hand she was desperately afraid of losing her, the only security she knew. It was her lack of security that had caused her to repress her destructive desires against her mother, which then turned against her cat, that is, against her own animal life, her body. In the next dream she was trying to commit suicide, but only wanted to kill her body, not her head. Here we see the fear of her body. The black masked figure of the executioner, a nightmare from her childhood, reappeared. Dreams of homosexual relations with her sister and of her cat producing sticky bubbles—like soap bubbles—of semen ended this frightening series. A chain of negative psychotic experiences and dreams is linked to the mother—first the bombing, then the spider, the earthquake man who blows up her world and rams her feeling life, the killing of her cat, and the aggressive animus—all indicating a desire to destroy her feminine side because she is afraid of it.

Finally Lucina has come to that nameless fear that she announced in her first hour. But all the while the unconscious has been building up the other side with the flower and fruit dreams, first the old woman who gave her flowers to plant in new earth, then the apple-faced woman mixed up with the analyst who brings knowledge of good and evil and, closer to home, her own grandmother to whom she should give flowers, expressing feeling.

Yet her latest dreams frightened and disgusted her, they were difficult to swallow, but as they were no problem for me to accept, she could make a bridge to herself through me and come to some understanding of her conflict.

At this time, exactly nine months after the beginning of the analysis, Lucina had a dream that proved to be the turning point.

I had arranged to meet Mrs. Briner in my room at midnight. I was asleep and awoke when she came in. The window was open, the room was cold. I told Mrs. Briner to wrap herself in a fur robe. I got out of bed to close the window. When I turned around she had slipped into bed. Suddenly it was quite dark in the room, though not entirely. It was as if a small light or candle was burning. She took me in her arms as if I were a small child and was tender to me. Then it was completely dark in the room, and she stroked with both hands the sides of my body, gently and softly. It was as if she were bringing my body to life. It is inexpressible, but was full of wonder and well-being. She said, "This is good for you and is what you need." I was filled with thankfulness and happiness. It was as if a supernatural, healing force flowed into me. I felt protected and contained by it.

Here it is, the experience itself, very real to her, which counts and transforms. Little interpretation was needed. Midnight is a turning point, the end of an old day, the beginning of the new, the hour of darkness, of secret intimacy, the hour when spirits released from darkness can walk the earth. Ghosts of the past can be redeemed. Many rites are held at midnight, for it is the hour of transformation. Here the rite is the unifying of the mother and daughter to make the woman. The archetype projected on the analyst is that of the life-giving mother. The dreamer becomes alive, growing from a child into a woman in the dream. The room was old because the window was open. The vessel of transformation, in this case her room, must be closed, and the cold air of the animus shut out. As in all women's rites, the man often forbidden on pain of death, cannot be present, for it is a strictly feminine matter.

In the first step, Lucina is held as if she were a child, which she actually still was emotionally. The changing light parallels the descent into the unconscious. At the beginning there is light, though the dreamer is asleep—in the conscious situation, she is unconscious. But the confrontation of her problem through analysis awakens her—the arrival of the analyst in her room. Then the light grows dim, ending in complete darkness. Both are in the unconscious for the purpose of transformation. Here healing takes place through touch, an archetypal experience familiar to us from the Bible. Jesus touched the eyes of the blind to make them see (Matthew 20:34, Mark 7:33). They begged Jesus to lay hands on her who was deaf and dumb. People who have the gift of physical healing do so with their hands.

The numinosity of the dream reveals its archetypal quality. Lucina was filled with wonder and well-being. Thankfulness and happiness arose within her. But more than that, a supernatural healing force flowed into Lucina, containing and protecting her. The unconscious as the matrix and the spring of life are familiar images in Jungian psychology. Through analysis she came in touch with this deeper side of her creative, feminine nature. It was natural that in this process the analyst was an instrument of the unconscious, an image upon which she could project until she found this in herself. In this dream she takes to herself what belongs to her. As in the other dream where the analyst appeared, the body is a problem. But here the body is much more than physical sensation, sexuality, or soma itself. It is the ground of her feminine functioning, her feminine consciousness, a new awareness of life of which she is a carrier: the real reunion of the mother and daughter takes place within her. After this dream none of the matters we have been talking about were problems any longer. The emphasis soon shifted to her religious inquiry, and the analysis came naturally to an end. She was no longer just a daughter. She had become a woman.

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