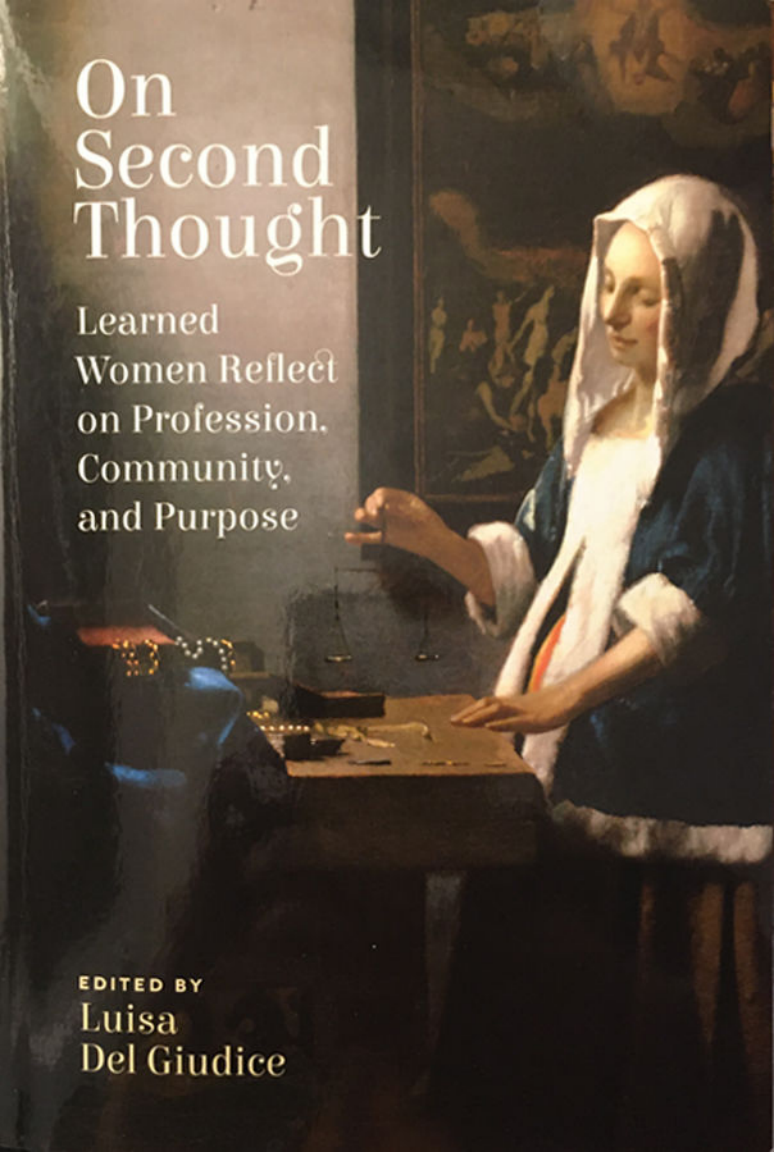


On Second Thought

Learned
Women Reflect
on Profession,
Community,
and Purpose

EDITED BY

Luisa
Del Giudice



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The Defiance House Man colophon is a registered trademark of The University of Utah Press. It is based on a four-foot-tall Ancient Puebloan pictograph (late PIII) near Glen Canyon, Utah.

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Eleven

THE ARC OF BECOMING

WILLOW YOUNG

There are truths glimpsed early on that needed a whole lifetime to be rediscovered and authenticated.

—Marguerite Yourcenar (1981)

Tell me, what is it you plan to do with your one wild and precious life?

—“The Summer Day,” Mary Oliver (1992)

These last lines from Mary Oliver’s poem “The Summer Day” continue to awaken in me a sense of wonder, curiosity, and awe. In particular, the words “your one wild and precious life” resonate and reverberate within my soul. They call me to value this one wild and precious life that is dear to each of us. I reflect here on the threads that have been interwoven into my life and life work, the pattern of which was not consciously planned or rationally scripted. My life’s work has unfolded as I have become more myself and increasingly comfortable with myself. Certainly there have been periods of challenge, of unknowing and despair, of confusion, and all the entanglements that spur one toward greater consciousness and clarification around the quest of exactly what it is that I am supposed to be doing with my life. It has taken many years to glimpse and understand the full meaning and the full beingness also referenced by Mary Oliver (1992): “You only have to let the soft animal of your body love what it loves” (“Wild Geese”).

“If life has a base that it stands upon . . . then my [life] without a doubt stands upon this memory” (Woolf 1984: 5) of black dark Vermont earth and little carrots weeded in late spring plantings; goslings and early spring.

Of water in many forms—icicles, snow cups with maple syrup poured over, crunch of morning snow, spring brooks, the powerful force of the rivers, springhouses from which people filled water jugs. As well, the Vermont seasons of dark nights and the clear arc of the Milky Way high above alternate with images of spilt milk in spring mud. How is a life made from these experiences and images that smell, feel, and captivate the imagination? How does our ever-present psyche respond in the young life of a child to not only the experience of being alive on the planet but to the experiences of accompanying parents and other family members on their errands and engagements to the bank, farmer's market, town meetings, hardware store, church socials, and long walks of one sort and another from here to there and back again?

My early childhood memories are contained within the experience of living in relative isolation on a farm five miles off a country road near Corinth Corners in rural Vermont. My parents had come to Vermont in the mid-1940s from Reed College in Portland, Oregon, to found an economic cooperative movement based upon the International Cooperative Alliance birthed in Manchester, England, in the late 1800s.¹ My father had studied at the economic cooperative schools in Manchester, taught the subject in Copenhagen, Denmark, in the late 1930s, and was initially a participant in the Conscientious Objectors camps facilitated by Lewis Mumford and Stuart Chase in Vermont.² My mother's intellectual foundation and dedication to progressive exploration combined with training and skill in Swiss handicrafts and her love of the written word.

FATEFUL ENCOUNTERS

I use the word "fate" to describe the inexplicable confluence of events and occurrences encountered in the process of becoming as well as to indicate that forces other than will and intention propel us forward to our becoming.

[W]e know there is no human foresight or wisdom that can prescribe direction to our life, except for small stretches of the way. . . . Fate confronts [us] like an intricate labyrinth, all too rich in possibilities, and yet of these many possibilities only one is [our] own right way (Jung 1977 [1917]: 48).

The term "Individuation" best describes the process of becoming oneself, wholly individual, and integrated with the collective norms. Individuation "is a process of differentiation, having as its goal the development of the individual personality" (Jung 2008 [1938]: 118). And it is the process of becoming our essential selves by separating ourselves from others through an articulation of the significant elements unique to oneself and often experienced as inner promptings from the unconscious. This constitutes a fundamental conception of psychology. C. G. Jung (1950 [1935]: 79), in *The Tavistock Lectures*, distinguished the personal unconscious (characterized by contents that are of a personal origin and make up the personality) as a whole from the collective unconscious, which consists of

another class of contents of definitely unknown origin, which cannot be ascribed to individual acquisition. These contents have one outstanding peculiarity and that is their mythological character. It is as if they belong to a pattern not peculiar to any particular mind or person, but rather to a pattern peculiar to mankind in general, and are therefore collective in nature.

My Pacifica Graduate Institute colleague Lionel Corbett has described these inner promptings as the messages the Self sends to the ego, from the unconscious to the conscious part of our selves. The Self is defined as the inner God force in humans. Individuation then could be considered the process of incarnating the inner God into the flesh of human beings. The Self is incarnated or contained within each human being, and individuation is the fulfillment of the Self in the individual. The idea is that the incarnation occurs slowly over time, unfolding both consciously and unconsciously. I have experienced the process of my becoming, as prompted by the unconscious, through the symbolic language of soul, dreams, dream images, and intuitions.

"Much of our adult life is busy with differentiation. St. Paul considered discrimination a valuable virtue. Jung defined individuation as a process of differentiation: differentiation of consciousness, differentiation of self from the collective" (Hillman 1999: 79). In reflection or "on second thought," this essay is an exercise in differentiation. I distinguish the parameters of the life I was born into and the historical context of the times and the pursuits of my parents, which have had a defining impact on my experiences and my

values, and the outer influences from the inner impulses and forces, which have provided their own compelling experiences and impact on my life.

I have been visited by dreams from a young age and consistently throughout my life. Had I not been, mine might have been an altogether different life. I might have been quite happy to be a social worker in Boston, which was my fantasy when I was eight and nine years old. At that time my imagination was fueled by a short novel (title forgotten), which described a young red-haired graduate, working in the tenements of South Boston. Her smart, capable, sexy personality riveted me. She was full of heart and sensibility. Her big city adventures and encounters with various characters further revealed a passion for human life and experience. But the wellspring of living waters lapped at the shores of my young life with a recurring dream.

I dreamt I was out by a pond. The air was exceptionally clear, the sky a remarkable blue. Huge cumulus clouds billowed above and were reflected on the surface of the pond where two swans glided idly. Then I saw a cross-sectional view that included the sky, the clouds, the swans, the still water of the pond, and the murky waters below the surface. At the bottom of the pond was a gnarly little man in a rough hooded outfit, who threatened the swans.

I was terrified of this figure and would awake feeling very shaken. I thought of this man as a "burlap man," gnome-like, in his hooded coat. The dream ceased recurring somewhere around the age of nine or ten. In late adolescence the feeling of the dream would recur—I would feel overwhelmed by the presence of the burlap man, as though he were the size of Gulliver in *Gulliver's Travels*. I worried that I might be going crazy and "held on for dear life." Years later I would come to appreciate how dear life held onto *me*.

It would be years before I developed enough of a relationship with the psyche to understand that the fierce calling of the unconscious required a deep appreciation of even the most frightening figures. I learned this in Jungian analysis, which I began at the age of twenty-four. With the valuing of the unconscious came a change in the attitude of the inner figures themselves. The burlap man appeared more frequently as a helpful figure, not unlike the ancient forms of the Phrygian Cabiri or the Greek Telesphorus, who is depicted as the companion of the Greek god Asclepius, the father of modern medicine.³ An inner figure of this sort may serve as a bridge to the unconscious, if the right attitude is cultivated. In befriending this inner figure I relied upon the practice of active imagination, engaging him

FIGURE 11.1 Statue of Telesphorus found in southern France and now in the Archaeological Museum of Nîmes. Wikimedia Commons, Creative Commons Attribution-Share Alike 3.0 Unported License.

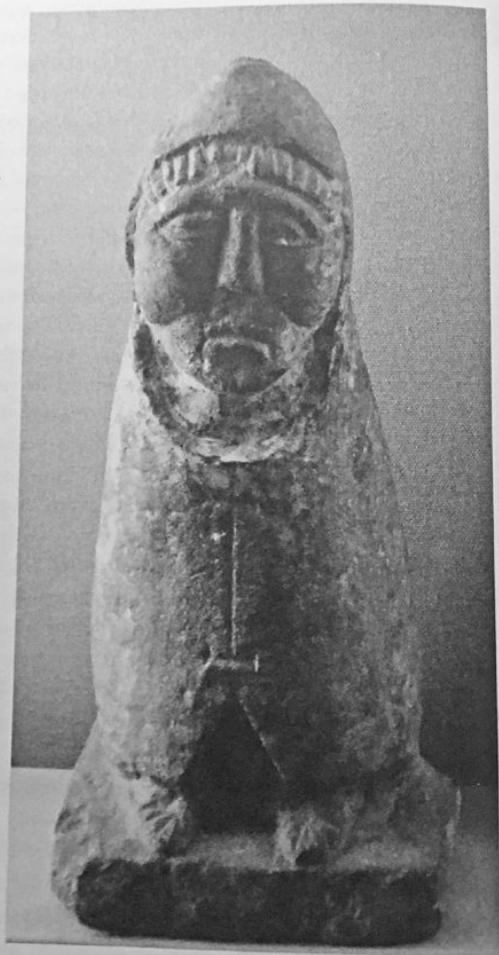




FIGURE 11.2 A Roman diptych of Asclepius and Hygieia with Telesphorus, ca. 400/430 AD, Museum on Merseyside, Liverpool. Hellenica at www.mlahanas.de, GNU Free Documentation License.

in dialogue, leaving him offerings on my altar, and engaging in attempts to externalize him, to give him form in clay and paintings. I argued with him, exhorted, made pronouncements, cajoled and teased him, gave ultimatums, set limits and boundaries, and eventually humbled myself in the face of his wise counsel. In my mind, he was both a terrifying figure and a small god who must be honored, tended to, and loved.

In my eighteenth and nineteenth year I rented a room in a wonderfully spacious apartment that backed onto the National Zoo in Rock Creek Park, Washington, D.C. From my bedroom facing the park I could hear sounds of the zoo animals at night and early in the morning. The photographer who owned the apartment kept a large library. There on the shelves were the impressive eighteen volumes of the black cloth-bound *Collected Works of C. G. Jung*. I would look at the illustrations and read a paragraph here or there. One day I selected volume 9, *Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*. I loved reading it and would lie about, reading and napping, drifting in and out of sleep, and then reading some more. It was an odd experience. I finished the book and wondered, "How can it be that I so deeply loved reading this book and yet I don't understand a word of it?" So I

read it a second time. I still could not make rational sense of it. A couple of months later, after reading Jung's purported autobiography, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, I again read *Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*; with the rational context of Jung's life in mind, I finally grasped the work in a rational way. Thankfully, the experience of the first readings continued to resonate.

In my late teens and early twenties, when I lived near the beach in Ocean Park, California, in a compound of five houses neighbors would gather in the common garden, cups of tea or coffee in hand, chat, and tell our dreams. One neighbor casually mentioned that the Jung Institute was some miles up the road. I had been trying to decide on a career path and needed to talk with someone other than my friends and contemporaries. So the journey of analysis began. Little by little a conscious awareness of my life and of life around me began to develop. I slowly found my personal containment and orientation within the collective and became more consciously engaged in my life, making more conscious decisions about its direction. Through the creative commitment to the expressive arts of sculpture, painting, and writing, I ever so slowly began to emerge from the unconscious and murky terrain of the burlap man, which had held me captive since I was a child. A memory of my paternal grandmother, who aspired to be and became a woman of society, is of her telling me that I was a "pygmy Aborigine." Dark from being in the sun and often dirty from playing outdoors, crawling around in the underbrush, and climbing trees, my wild childhood appearance may have resembled her idea of Aborigines. She had seen me when I was very little running around naked in the summer sun with the goats at my parents' farm in Vermont. I probably did look like a little Aborigine. Perhaps she sensed something of the presence of the primal "burlap man" in me. I felt cast out of the acceptable family strata and carried an identification with those less fortunate and culturally different. Family photos confirm the difference. There the clan is assembled in best dress. My parents and the three of us children look remarkably different in handmade clothes and moccasins, which were in contrast to the store-bought clothes of Aunts, Uncles and Cousins. I was born into the black sheep strata of the family. My parents, in their way, encouraged our individuality. A natural ethical orientation developed in me, one that guided and sustained me for many years. Even as in my early teens I was actively working in the Civil Rights Movement, for example, serving lunch to committee members of

the Congress on Racial Equality. I attended Martin Luther King Jr.'s March on Washington in August 1963, and was present for his "I Have a Dream" speech. I felt a natural and powerful connection with the tide of humanity that I experienced there.

The Ethnic Arts Program (now called the World Arts and Cultures Program), an undergraduate multidisciplinary degree program at UCLA, hosted my interests in world cultures and provided the ground and support for my education of the archetypal as it surfaced in world mythologies, dance, theater, music, folklore, and art. I felt deeply content during those years of study. It was not an easy path to navigate. In the logos-dominated world of the university, I functioned intuitively and thus experienced deep feelings of alienation and inferiority. The struggle to persevere was aided by the engaged process of active imagination in a dialogue with the self-critical voice, which would prefer that I stop the preposterous activity of education altogether. For a year, between classes, with the support of analysis, I sat on a knoll, writing dialogues with my inner critic. Only in this way was I able to get through the demands of course work. The benefits of being in analysis were inwardly valuable and were becoming outwardly evident. I felt it was saving my life. I felt supported and valued. My interest in the cultural life of the Hopi and Navajo led me to study the Snake Dance Ceremony. I traveled three times to participate as an observer of the ceremony with Katie and Sandy Sanford, Jack and Linny Sanford, and others. Experiencing enactments of the archetypal world of the Hopi was deeply meaningful for me. Feelings of being at home in the world of archaic pueblo life and feeling I was also of the contemporary urban world led me to express the experience in a painting (now lost) that featured an infinity strip lying on its side with images representing the two worlds contained within the circles. It became for me a living mandala of evolving consciousness.

With a desire to formalize my education, I volunteered at the Craft and Folk Art Museum in Los Angeles, which well suited my eclectic and multidisciplinary background. A President's Grant from UCLA supported my research on masks, mask-makers, and festivals in Guatemala. The image of the red-haired Bostonian social worker came to mind during this time. Upon my return from Guatemala in 1979, the museum hired me as the producer of the annual Festival of Masks. This began a ten-year period of intense involvement with many ethnic communities in southern California and with their many cultural traditions. This profound work took my

colleagues and me to the heart of the city's cultures, peoples, and neighborhoods and into the heart of the living wisdom tradition of each culture. I was born with a natural interest in people and drawn to the way and presence of being that was pervasive in each cultural group. The World Arts and Cultures program deepened my knowledge and respect for the people I encountered and their ancestors, while the Craft and Folk Art Museum provided an extraordinary container for the development of community relations that evolved as different cultural groups encountered and learned from each other. The deep respect that each group felt for its ancestral culture was extended to the others. It was this sense of deep respect that enabled many to endure the tensions that would arise in the course of the multifaceted relationships that would develop and were sustained year after year.

The range of cultural diversity and the people I encountered were all concerned with meaning and well-being, whether someone was tending a personal ancestor shrine or tending the judging mask of his tribe; or, as the Dalai Lama does, tending the living religious tradition of his country; or cultivating the expressive hearts of the children in the stateside Hawaiian community as Auntie Mary did; or cultivating bamboo and gourd gardens that ran out along the unpaved alleyways of Mar Vista, like the Filipino lantern maker. The expressive arts of the cultural groups and people that I worked with communicated the interior experience of being alive. As a result of the focus, a dedication and imaginative engagement intimately expressed the felt sense of being alive as communicated by each artisan. In some ways the community work in the arts was a religious experience shared by many.

The National Endowment for the Arts selected the museum as the regional organizing hub of an international cultural exchange program. I was for many years involved in what was known as Arts Management and Community Leadership. I became a multicultural facilitator and worked as a consultant with many cultural organizations in Los Angeles, Chicago, San Francisco, and Fresno.

Although I continued in Jungian analysis for a number of years, I was so busy that I felt disconnected, exiled from my own inner process. I needed contact with a community of people who strove to relate consciously and were engaged in that commitment. In 1982, I found that group in James Kirsch's Monday evening seminar.⁴ The respect for the nature of the psyche

that prevailed during these sessions was renewing for me. I participated in this group for a number of years, until my work schedule became too demanding.

Marriage in 1985, the birth of my daughter in October 1986, and the experience of motherhood initiated a profound personal shift for me. I took an extended leave from the museum, which coincided with a respite from analysis. I wanted to sink into my mothering experience, wanted my instincts, intuition, and gut responses to have free rein. I was beginning to trust myself and was both returning to and arriving at a deep way of observation and quietude. I read the writings of body-worker Bonnie Bainbridge Cohen and engaged in bodywork and in writing the internal experiences of my body-mind journey.

My family tradition was steeped in psychology. My maternal grandfather had been a psychiatrist, my uncle a psychiatrist and mental health director in the state of California, and my mother a counseling psychologist. For years I had been dancing around the edges of the field. I struggled with the meaning that psychology had for me personally, as distinct from my family's multigenerational involvement in the field. I reentered analysis, first with James Kirsch and then with Maud Ann Taylor. In 1989 I had a dream that evoked a strong response in me. I decided, finally, to pursue the study of depth psychology and explore work as a therapist. I had continued to read Jung and the writings of his students and colleagues and had been attending the Friday night lectures sponsored by the Analytic Association for several years. In the spring of 1990 I attended a three-day symposium dedicated to exploring the myth of Hera with James Hillman. The symposium coincided with the dedication ceremony at Pacifica Graduate Institute's new site. It was as though I had found a new home. My psyche appreciated the experience.

I enrolled at Pacifica in September 1990, completing my course work in 1992. Eventually, after a hiatus for healing from cancer, I completed my thesis, "In the Care of Artemis: Nurturing a Girl's Journey." I received my MA at last in 1995 and was licensed in 1999. I began working as a staff psychotherapist at Devereux in Goleta, California, treating severely emotionally disturbed children and adults and those with pervasive developmental disabilities, while establishing a small private practice, all of which was a complex process. I learned to integrate object relations theory, self-psychology, and cognitive behavioral approaches into my Jungian background. This was

like learning to speak different languages. Further, I began a private practice internship. The work with my clients has been deep and engaging. I have learned from them. I earned my MFT license in 1999.

While studying for the licensing exam I dreamt: I was at James (Kirsch's) house. It was around the Christmas season. There was a knock at the door. I opened the door and saw James Hillman standing there. He handed me a bunch of sealed envelopes to deliver to the analysts and one unsealed one, stating: "This one is for you." The exchange was formal. He turned to leave and I shut the door. I looked in my envelope and found the most beautiful collection of ancient seeds and beans. As I was setting out the envelopes on a counter in the garage, facing a window, I looked out and saw him on the stoop of a house three doors down, leaning back and grinning at me.

The atmosphere of the dream and the numinosity of the collection of seeds and beans reminded me of my relationship with the archaic and ancient life of the psyche. With the presence of the dream I felt the affirmation that I could integrate my two worlds: the timeless world of the psyche and the contemporary world of life and work. I facilitated a small dream group hosted in my private practice office in Santa Barbara. It became a place for me to share my background in the arts and expression of world cultures, my developing understanding of the archetypes of the personal and collective unconscious and of psychology more generally. Working on dreams involves reading the dream aloud. As we do so, we listen to the dream figures, observe the specificity of the dream images, make note of the dream atmosphere, and become aware of the feelings present in the dream. In this way we hear the symbolic language of the psyche. The emphasis is not on the interpretation of the dream so much as it is on the living experience of the dream and its exploration, as we elucidate personal associations and cultural amplifications. Inevitably, meaning emerges through this process.

My dream of Hillman at James Kirsch's house and my viewing of the Fraser Boa film *The Way of the Dream* (1988), with its focus on Marie Louise von Franz as she worked with dreams, reawakened my desire for additional training in dream work. I applied and was admitted to the Analytic Training Program at the C. G. Jung Study Center of Southern California. I selected it over other graduate programs because it was known that the Study Center analysts continued to engage in personal and transpersonal work with their individual psyches as well as the collective psyche. As I had hoped, the Study Center supported my process of cultivating consciousness

and encouraged my developing relationship with the psyche. For me, the diploma in Analytical Psychology and the Analytic Certification serve as an ultimate acknowledgement of the long journey toward consciousness, which was constellated in the unconscious and which I eventually consciously chose and cultivated. The relationship, conscious and unconscious, that I have with psyche has been an enduringly private and sacred journey over deeply personal and meaningful terrain. I dove into the training and hence continued a long and meaningful journey, which has supported my work as an analyst, educator, and organizational leader.

More recently, I serve as chair of the master's in counseling psychology program at Pacifica Graduate Institute in Carpinteria, California, where I tend the educational development of students who are in training to be psychotherapists and engage in the building of a solid programmatic infrastructure that supports the process of individuation for faculty, staff, and students. I integrate my training and work with psyche as I support the mission of Pacifica and the hopes and dreams of the students. The outer world challenges continue to provide the material with which my own individuation is forged. I was accustomed to working with my own complexes, navigating my way through personal psychic material. It is much more difficult to encounter the complexes of others. I have found myself repeatedly exploring the territory of my own shadow and power complexes while encountering those of my colleagues and have experienced the intolerable and painful heat of an inner forge. Somewhere between work that is guided by mission-centered core values and the organizational shadow that naturally exists we stand, holding and enduring the moving tension of the multifarious opposites while breathing, consciously and easily breathing.

The process of lifelong learning continues for me, as well, as I attend seminars and presentations by analytical colleagues and prepare to teach seminars to analytic candidates at the C. G. Jung Study Center in Culver City, California. As it is, I am in leadership positions that further ask for and require deeply considered responses. I learn from coworkers and from each situation as it asks something uniquely specific in response to the core demands made on us.

The struggle continues: to live the truth of my being, to stand on my own ground, consciously *choosing* a life in relationship with the psyche and not just live abducted by it—as I did as a child, adolescent, and young adult. At that time, I did not feel “called”; rather I felt kidnapped and invaded.

I had no choice in the matter. The wrangle to live an engaged life in relationship to the multiplicity of opposites expressed in psyche and therefore the world we inhabit has been made possible through whatever gift of strength and endurance the struggles have forged. It is a gift to tend the living image of the psyche as it makes its presence known in my dreams and in those of my patients, students, and colleagues. If I feel called at all, it is to learn more deeply the language of the psyche, to enter deeply into an engaged relationship with psyche as I live my life. To become ever more conscious as a companion to the people I work with in a more knowledgeable and present way. I remain awed and humbled by the poetry, the beauty, the terror, and the archetypal images of psyche. It is the forever-profound process through which we cultivate "one wild and precious life."

NOTES

1. Most scholars recognize the business of the Rochdale pioneers of England as the first cooperative. In 1844 this group of twenty-eight men (weavers and skilled workers in other trades) formed a cooperative society. They created business principles to guide their work and established a shop in which to sell their goods. Increased pressure from the changing market system was a driving force in their decision to move toward cooperation (Birchall 1997). See more at <http://www.culturalsurvival.org/publications/cultural-survival-quarterly/none/cooperatives-short-history#sthash.GLTyzZkA.dpuf>. Accessed 12-27-13.
2. Writer Lewis Mumford was an early advocate of American participation in World War II, in which his son Geddes lost his life. Stuart Chase was a noted economist and writer who wrote the first "popularization" of general semantics, *The Tyranny of Words* (1938). Chase included *Science and Sanity* as one of the top three books in a national magazine article, noting the most influential developments of the first half of the twentieth century.
3. The chthonic gods of the eighth century BCE Phrygian archetypal Great Mother were referred to as Cabiri, also spelled Cabeiri and Kabeiroi. In the Greek myths they were identified as the sons of the blacksmith Hephaestus and therefore associated with metallurgy, handicraft, and dexterity. From this they are associated with alchemy, transformation, and the psychological process of individuation. The Cabiri are also said to have originated the Orphic mysteries. They were associated with the Dactyls, a race of divine beings associated with the Mother Goddess and Mount Ida, a mountain in Phrygia sacred to the goddess. In the Samothrace mysteries the Cabiri are depicted as small boys who served the Great Mother. The fairy tale "Snow White and the Seven Dwarves" exhibits similar archetypal patterns.
4. James Kirsch was a Jungian analyst and founding member of the Los Angeles Jung Institute. He held a Monday evening seminar in his home, reading line by line the various volumes of Jung's *Collected Works*.

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