Thoreau’s crackup occurred on a camping trip in the Maine wilderness. Alone in the swirling mists at Katahdin’s summit, he felt a great energy moving near him.

“What is this Titan that has possession of me?”
he shouts into the pages of his journal.
Who are we?
Where are we?

The sober author of *Walden* was in a place not controlled by man—untouchable, impenetrable, and impalpable. The mountain awakened with “a force not bound to be kind to man.”
So did the untouchable, impenetrable, impalpable Uncertainty that wrestled with Jesus of Nazareth for forty days and nights.

“That kneaded him as if to change his shape.”
Forty days in the presence of something language cannot reach
—yet reborn,
in the end, into the Jesus of History.
The trip revealed itself as less an investigation of primitive psychology . . . than a probing into the rather embarrassing question: What is going to happen to Jung the psychologist in the wilds of Africa?

“... was a danger to me.”

“... the primitive,” Jung realized,
A scientific investigation into primitive psychology backfired into an explosive encounter with the First World of totemic consciousness—where consciousness is no longer exclusively human. In this eerie commonwealth of symmetrical, mirrored minds, the psychologist risked becoming something changed.

So it is to all of us, Dr. Jung.
Like Thoreau atop Katahdin, Jung found himself poised to know as he was. The phrase is St. Paul’s, and it is a bombshell.