


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?”

Contact!

Contact!

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.



Carl Jung, in search of the primal mind
on a trip through equatorial Africa,
found himself perilously close to the same experience.

“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?**”

“The primitive,”
Jung realized,
“was a danger
to me.”





So it is
to all of us, Dr. Jung.

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.

Like Thoreau atop Katahdin,
Jung found himself
poised to
as he was

KNOW

The phrase is St. Paul's, and it is a
bombshell.

