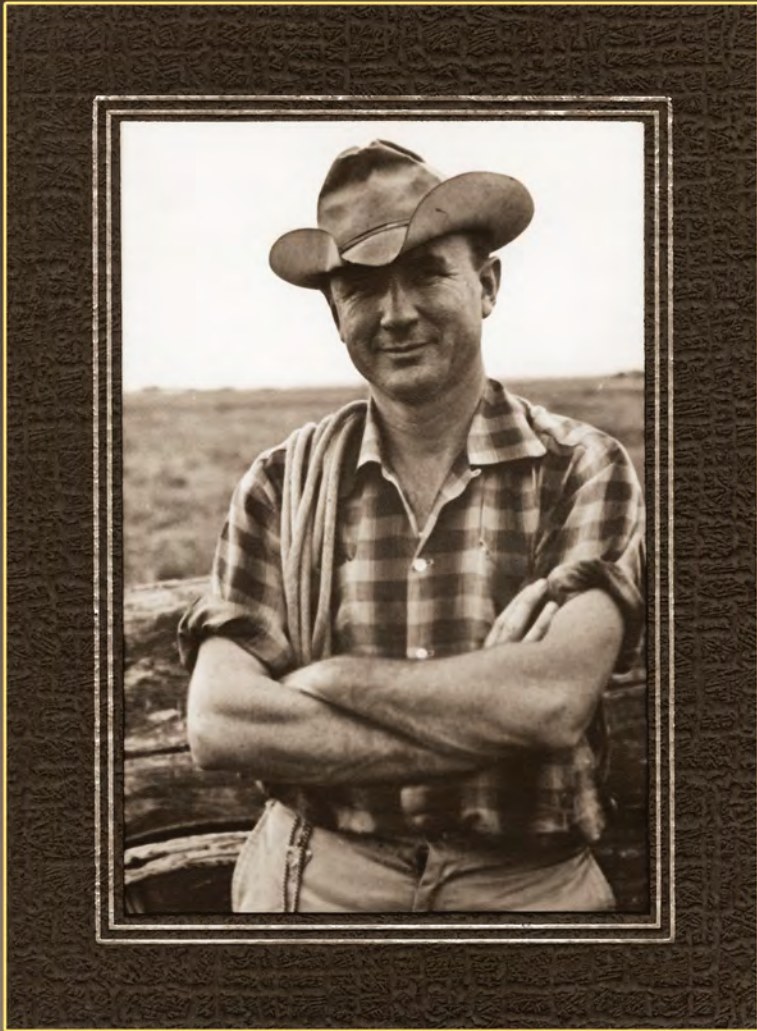


# *Finding Jung*

FRANK N. MCMILLAN JR.,

A LIFE IN QUEST OF THE LION



**Frank N. McMillan III**

*With a Foreword by Sir Laurens van der Post*

Number Seventeen

**CAROLYN AND ERNEST FAY SERIES  
IN ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY**

David H. Rosen, General Editor

The Carolyn and Ernest Fay edited book series, based initially on the annual Fay Lecture Series in Analytical Psychology, was established to further the ideas of C. G. Jung among students, faculty, therapists, and other citizens and to enhance scholarly activities related to analytical psychology. The Book Series and Lecture Series address topics of importance to the individual and to society. Both series were generously endowed by Carolyn Grant Fay, the founding president of the C. G. Jung Educational Center in Houston, Texas. The series are in part a memorial to her late husband, Ernest Bel Fay. Carolyn Fay has planted a Jungian tree carrying both her name and that of her late husband, which will bear fruitful ideas and stimulate creative works from this time forward. Texas A&M University and all those who come in contact with the growing Fay Jungian tree are extremely grateful to Carolyn Grant Fay for what she has done. The holder of the McMillan Professorship in Analytical Psychology at Texas A&M functions as the general editor of the Fay Book Series.

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# *Finding Jung*

A SPECIAL VOLUME

*Carolyn and Ernest Fay Series in Analytical Psychology*



*Frank N. McMillan Jr., 1952*

# *Finding Jung*

FRANK N. MCMILLAN JR.,  
A LIFE IN QUEST OF THE LION



Frank N. McMillan III

*Contributions by David H. Rosen*  
*Foreword by Sir Laurens van der Post*

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In loving memory of Frank N. McMillan Jr., this book is dedicated to Ella Wall McMillan and Frank N. McMillan. Their abiding love, everyday lived examples, and authenticity of personality were the spiritual soil that nourished the roots of its story and today allow a thriving canopy of ever widening meaning to climb for the heavens and beyond.

—*Frank N. McMillan III*



In memory of my dear friend  
and sage of Calvert, Texas.

—*d avid h . r o s e n*





I'd not give way for an Emperor,  
I'd hold my road for a King—  
To the Triple Crown I would not bow down—  
But this is a different thing.  
I'll not fight with the Powers of Air,  
Sentry, pass him through!  
Drawbridge let fall, 'tis the Lord of us all.  
The Dreamer whose dreams come true!

—*r udyard Kipling, from Kim*

I have often had the fancy that there is some one  
myth for every man, which, if we but knew it,  
would make us understand all he did and thought.

—*W. B. Yeats*

It is always possible that what lies in the dark-  
ness beyond our consciousness is totally different  
from anything the most daring speculation could  
imagine.

—*Carl Jung*

Jung saved my life.

—*Frank N. McMillan Jr.,  
in conversation with David H. Rosen*



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## ≡ *Foreword* ≡

I found myself<sup>1</sup> reading Frank McMillan's<sup>2</sup> journals, as I might have done the log books of a lone sailor who had completed, after many a rough season, a circumnavigation of the world, or for that matter, an explorer who had come back with unbelievable news of the dark continent which Gerard Manley Hopkins described as the "inscape" of man. It was, all in all, a brave and rare thing to have done, for Frank had set out without models or outside aids of maps and manuals of navigation to help him in this long and hazardous voyage, and he had to rely entirely on the improbable intuition and unfamiliar instincts which prompted him.

That he succeeded in doing this seemed due in great measure to the courage which was unique and so outstanding a feature of what I know of the story of his ancestors in Texas. They all, and Frank McMillan especially, possessed not just great physical courage, but courage of the imagination, to such a degree that it never occurred to them to be anything except what was natural to them.

Dante, in his journey down into the depths of the human soul, so far and so deep that the going down became a way of going up and on until he stood at last, complete and accomplished, in the heart of Paradise, exhorted human beings to follow and obey without question those images and symbols which occur of their own accord in their mind and spirit. The great Leonardo asked somewhere by someone important enough to extract an answer, how he came to do what his many-sided genius demanded of him, simply declared: "I am what I am because nature has predisposed me."

So it was that Frank McMillan, like his father and grandfather, following his natural Texas self, found—though he had no manuals

of navigation, no maps left by other explorers—that he had, in the images and symbols that arose, starlike, in his dreams and their unexplored dimensions, access of the experience of all that life had ever been to keep the human being on a course of self-discovery and meaning for which he seemed intended.

It was as if he had always known that there was all the trigonometry he needed in his dreams, and logarithms for their measure in the amplification of their imagery. By the time he came across Jung, he had already served his apprenticeship and instantly recognized Jung as his master mariner and could henceforth be obedient to his natural compulsion to obey the classical exhortation from the gods, which is written high over Apollo's great temple at Delphi: "Know thyself," and to go from there, renewed and reaffirmed, to follow on not only intuitively but with increased awareness, the quest begun, it would seem today, at birth.

Indeed, looking back on this period of his life before reading Jung, he once said to me, with a light ironic smile, that the inscription Jung obtained from a reading in Latin of Erasmus at the age of nineteen (which the great Erasmus had himself obtained from the Greeks) that, "Called or not called, God shall be there" seemed for him as though this inscription had been written over the house of his imagination from the beginning.

The readiness for this journey toward wholeness, in a far more conscious manner than before, was illustrated by the way in which he had first heard of Jung. Somebody he did not know,<sup>3</sup> somewhere in Texas, came to him full of excitement, waving a letter about and saying that it had just come from Jung, in Jung's own hand. When Frank McMillan asked him about Jung, it was almost as if he knew already what Jung was going to mean to him, and from that day onward not only Jung but all the great spirits who had supported Jung in his own journey—from Heraclitus some six hundred years before Christ, all the threads that are woven together in what is most inspired and timeless in the weave of our Hebraic/Greek/Roman spirit, up to Dante and his Beatrice, Petrarch and his Laura, on to Goethe and his Faust, and so into the highly disciplined and stern exactions of the quickening scientific spirit of the nineteenth century—all this, and more, like an

equinoctial storm urging the reluctant transitional seasons into a real spring and summer of the spirit, already in tumult within him.

I myself had met Jung shortly after the Second World War, and we instantly became friends. I think it is not presumptuous to say here that my own spirit and imagination had a natural root in this vast new area which Jung was making accessible to us and our time. I had known at once that one could not really be contemporary unless one took seriously all that his great hypothesis of the collective unconscious, which he had formed with rare moral courage and increasing conviction, sustained with growing objective proof that one could not be truly modern oneself without it.

I realized that our time, although obviously in danger of bursting with its potentially millions of people who physically and, I am inclined to say, technically were of this age and thought and called themselves “modern,” yet in the same measure of this new psychology in depth were still lagging somewhere far behind, trapped in the spirit of spent eras; indeed, in spirit far behind even the Stone Age people I was beginning to get to know in a new way in my exploration of the deserts of southern Africa. I remember one of the rare dreams I had which truly startled me, and has remained with me ever since; it was about the crucifixion, and I woke up deeply disturbed thinking, “Dear Heaven, there has been only one truly modern man and we crucified him 2,000 years ago.”

But then, suddenly, through my meeting with Jung, I seemed to get objective proof and recognition with an authority I could not have hoped for of all the instinctive gropings of my own spirit, and the first became a last, the last a first, all paradoxically new and infinitely renewable.

This sense of affirmation from Jung, which I immediately recognized in Frank McMillan, was, I think, a great bond between us. Also of immense significance was a bond in the fact that he came of pioneering stock in a great pioneering country, just as my family did in the interior of Africa. There has always been a question of immense importance to me, not yet fully answered, to what extent the constant thrust from the Cape of Storms into the heart of darkness of the darkest continent in the world had produced a thrust into the dark

and undiscovered territory of one's own spirit. Believing as I had that there is no thrust into the interior, no thrust into the reversed and hidden universe of the mind, and beyond the surfaces of the physical forms and phenomena of life, of even the most despised matter which does not also include an equal and opposite thrust into the mind and spirit of men, I was believing more and more that these two thrusts were interdependent and that the physical traveling and travail of one's ancestors, as well as of oneself, had produced inevitably the compulsion for a similar journey into the regions beyond the horizons of minds and reasons.

Gerard Manley Hopkins's great sonnet had made the hair at the back of my head, when I first read it, tingle with joy and revelation with its lines: "Oh the mind, mind has mountains, cliffs of fall frightful, sheer, no man fathomed." In that sense, this feeling of kinship, which I had on meeting Frank, was therefore not so very strange. But what was truly strange, "Too strange," as T. S. Eliot put it somewhere, "for misunderstanding," was the way in which our meeting had been brought about. Even now, it seems almost prearranged by something beyond the two of us and the normal processes of causal behavior and planning.

It was in 1979 that I first met Frank McMillan at the Jung Educational Center, which had been founded by Carolyn Fay and some friends, and which has blossomed into one of the most truly rooted institutes of Jungian psychology in the United States. My first journey to Houston had been initiated more than twenty years earlier as a result of an American dreamer who had been writing to me about a dream that would not leave her alone, a dream about a praying mantis. She had been worried about the dream and consulted many psychologists and religious spirits, including masters of Zen and gurus of Hindu religion and philosophy, but could not get any enlightenment until somebody at a conference in Europe suggested that she write to me, who was described to her, she said, as "someone who knows praying mantises socially." As a result of this correspondence, I had come to the United States.

I had not met Carolyn Fay, who was my hostess, before, we met for the first time on my arrival by train from California, and she drove me to her unique home in Post Oak Lane. Immediately this pattern

which I have called “too strange for misunderstanding” took over. As we got out of the car and walked toward her house, she exclaimed with amazement, if not alarm: “What is that by the door?”

I looked and there, hard against the entrance, was a praying mantis. It was sitting there for all the world to see as if it still were part of the once-upon-a-time atmosphere of my childhood, when my Bushman nurse, Klara, first drew my attention to one. Hands folded in front and head cocked sideways, it sat as if listening to a wind of time coming up from the other side of the world, a mixture of prayer, meditation, and contemplation of a vision which made the Greeks give him their name for a seer and prophet, as well as the keeper of the door to what St. Augustine called the wide mansions of the great memory.

I thought from Carolyn’s exclamation that she was not just startled, but almost overwhelmed with awe. I was myself deeply moved because I had come to Houston not only to meet Carolyn and the founders of the institute, but also to talk to them as I had at Jung’s request in Zurich about the primitive pattern in the first people of Africa. At the heart of this pattern always there was the Stone Age god-hero, the praying mantis, the “Kaggen-agona,” the Promethean bringer of fire, “Old Tinderbox,” as the Hottentot argot at the Cape would have it.

That a mantis should therefore appear as a keeper also of the door to the first home I was to enter in Texas, seemed something of a significance I may not be able to analyze, but could not ignore. In fact I had long since abandoned the word “coincidence” for this phenomenon, because it seemed too feeble to explain these little happenings which kept on recurring in my own life as I grew older, and for which I had substituted the old Chinese term of signs of confirmation. Of course, today both psychologists in depth and physicists call it synchronicity, and judging, for instance, by the correspondence that Jung had with the great Swiss physicist and Nobel Prize winner, Wolfgang Pauli, on the subject which figures so prominently in their book,<sup>4</sup> it has a significance which I, for one, feel we are only at the beginning of understanding. So from there with, as it were, this Stone Age sign of confirmation, the sort of blessing on the journey of exploration I had just begun in the heart of the Kalahari Desert, I spent some truly

memorable days in Houston, which was then still a small city, and the remarkable Jung Educational Center of which Carolyn Fay, my hostess, was one of the principal founders, had only barely begun.

It seemed to me, as the years went by, more and more appropriate that I should have started my relationship this way, a relationship which has lasted without a break until today. It was a sort of beginning, as near as one could get to the beginning of everything in creation, and these talks which I was able to give there, and subsequently developed over other years, seemed an appropriate foundation and a proper contribution to what has consistently been one of the great themes of psychology in depth, the theme which presupposed, as Jung had called it, "the two million-year-old man" which every human being, whether he knew it or not, had within his spirit, and a theme which has to prove of such relevance that Dr. Anthony Stevens was able to express it in a more contemporary and immediate sense in the lectures (and book that followed<sup>5</sup>) he gave in the series of lectures Carolyn Fay has endowed at Texas A&M University.<sup>6</sup>

So it was that nearly twenty years to the day after that first trip to Houston I met Frank McMillan at the beginning of my talks there, and over the days we had decided to speak and meet again alone when the talks were finished. I was immediately impressed by the extent to which his own instincts, and particularly his dreams, had taken him, so far down the road that all this immediacy of what was so true and dynamic in the first spirit of man as to be a "forever now" was already an axiom of his mind and being. The impression of how far a man had taken himself on the Jungian road was most moving and reassuring to me and was a testament to the validity of what Jung had already revealed to us both with increasing authority in his scientific and psychological exploration of the human soul.

The ostensible cause of our meeting was a dream which had haunted Frank McMillan from his childhood, and it seemed to me to demand understanding with great and almost frightening urgency. I am afraid at the outset I had to start in what must have sounded a most discouraging way. In the time I had spent at Zurich, and made friends not only with Jung but with many of his foremost collaborators and coworkers, I had been impressed with the unanimity with

which they, one and all, warned that one could never enter the world of interpretation of dreams unless one had been through the fire, as it were, of the analytical process. Moreover, one could never really interpret accurately the problem for the dreamer, no matter how crucial the dream, on just one dream, because the dream was always part of a great dreaming process, a part of the wide prophetic soul of life, ultimately, dreaming of things to come, dreaming of a wholeness of spirit and being which was not yet but still to be, as Shakespeare so incomparably put it. All that I could promise him was to listen to what he had to tell me about this dream with great respect and interest, and we would see what happened when he had told me the dream.

I lean on this incident somewhat heavily, not only for the reason that it showed me so clearly how far Frank McMillan had traveled on his own, on his journey of self-discovery, but because, looking back today, I was to be as impressed by the dream as I had already been by some of Jung's earliest dreams of the uncompromising and ruthless way in which creation inflicted dreams on those marked out, as it were, for a special mission in this business of living life steadily and living it whole.

I thought in particular of the great phallic dream, set in the underworld of the earth, which was inflicted on Jung when he was barely three years old, a dream of such archaic, naked, and unashamed power that Jung could not talk to anybody about it until he was in his sixties. Not only was the numinous power of the dream so great and terrible but, for the innocent and vulnerable imagination of a child, of such a terribly obscenity it is surprising his spirit was not permanently unhinged by it. Instead, it was firmly anchored in what is perhaps the most archaic imagery and symbolism of creation. Somehow, Jung was able to contain the dream, and all that it started of imagination and amplification in his mind created the profoundly religious climate of all his work and the essential nature of the task he was to perform for both creator and creation.

Happily, Frank McMillan was not tested in quite that extreme form of imagery but was tested, I think, in a manner quite savage enough to strike terror in the heart of the grown-up, let alone the child in man. He told me of how in a dream when he was still just a boy a lion had appeared and presented itself in the terrifying shape of a fully developed



and mature African lion, charged with muscular as well as what he called nuministic power. Its imagery pursued him, and was still pursuing him in various forms up to the moment in which we were speaking.

All through my talks I had drawn extensively on the stories and legends of the small group of Stone Age people I had encountered in the heart of the desert. Theirs was a world of the imagination almost entirely peopled by animals, birds, reptiles, insects, of which Mantis—who had appeared so dramatically in Houston when I first arrived those years ago—was greatest of all. For me, one of the most inspiring features of the Stone Age story-mythology was that if one knew what role the animals and the insects played in the lives of the first people of Africa, as in a measure had come to know them through my Bushman nurse and work in the desert, one had an anticipation, a parallel with Greek mythology, and what set it apart and made it much more differentiated than the rest of the spoken literature of Africa was a sense of the importance of the small. Their imagination was singularly inspired by the small, and when Blake spoke about “infinity in a grain of sand” he was speaking out of the first man within himself. They felt that the greatest of all this immense assembly of animals, birds, reptiles, and insects which were the heroes, and even divine images, of their mythology, were not the physically great and impressive, but the small, and this love of the small was singularly symbolized in the vast saga of the praying mantis. He was to preside over their imaginations until, in what I think is the last great story told, the story of the “Mantis and the All-Devourer.” Mantis himself vanishes from the scene after a confrontation with his divine shadow in which he perishes but is reborn and vanishes with his family and intimates on a journey to a new country, far away, to a new form of being of which the Bushman story, as far as I know, has no conscious record. But when this God-Hero of this ancient world vanished, and the last fragments of authentic Stone Age life were abandoned, as it were, also by their god, the story was left behind in which the god himself does not figure, but in which his meaning and his power is there by proxy and is vested in the most differentiated of all the animal world: the Lion.

The lion was in all the earliest stories and mythologies, as it is to this day in the imagination of men and women, the image of the high-

est meaning and values to which the human spirit can aspire. It has this image because, of all the animals of the natural world that one knows, it is the most differentiated. It is first of all a personification of that which is individual in life. We talk to this day of “the cat that walks alone,” and the cat in so many lonely domestic homes in the metropolitan context of our sophisticated and unnatural culture does serve as a kind of proxy of the lion. The lion is the greatest cat that walks alone. It is not for nothing in the world of Mantis that it should be selected as the greatest of the beasts, but is so everywhere, from the oldest forms of heraldic imagery in Western man, in the Greek fables, and Chaucer, Spencer, and on, it walks as the most royal of singular of the animals of the world.

It is a kind of animal Odysseus, just as Odysseus was not the bravest of the brave who fought on the great plain of Troy—Achilles for one surpassed him by far, and warriors chosen just for their warlike qualities, like Ajax and Diomedes, outclassed him. Nor was he the wisest to represent the wisdom for which he was famous. Nestor was there on the plain to represent it with a talent and experience that Odysseus did not possess. But if one looked for all these qualities—courage, imagination, wisdom and the many gifts that invest the human spirit, none possessed the qualities that made the spirit of the man whole in the same diversity and measure that Odysseus did and that is what the lion represents in the world of animals.

In sum, Frank McMillan was a modern and contemporary expression of the process of individuation and search for the Self—the discovery of the area, the objective area, where the divine in life meets the battered ego of man, embraces and heals it and makes it whole. He is the clearest example of what Jung hoped for, the so-called man of life, outside the professional and academic walls, to have received the word as Jung received it, and followed it to the end where what is divine and humanly accessible in the brief here and now is made truly human and humanly transcended. I think that what he did, therefore, is of immense importance to the Jungian search and is important, I am certain, to the evolution of the cosmos.

I always felt that mandalas, which we perceive as patterns on painted scrolls, are so fundamental to life that they have a four—if

not five—dimensional shape which goes from the here and now and the timeless area beyond and before. The most wonderful one I know is the one painted by Jung above his bed at Bollingen where I saw it again a few months ago. The breakthrough in the spirit it represented, though I had seen it perhaps a dozen times before, was so immense that I could only describe it to my friends as the birth of a supernova on the wall. Frank McMillan's life has that sort of pattern for me . . . for rounding off the McMillan and the Bushman stories in such a generous and perfect way, so that it resembles almost a circling of the square of life. It makes such an image of complete meaning and fulfillment of Frank's tremendous feat of pioneering in the world of adventure, taking the story of Bushman imagination, heaven knows how many centuries ago, and in the story of young Frank and the lion. It is for me awesome with meaning and fulfillment. The lion as a symbol and image of the divine in creation wanting to become man, and the divine in man wanting to be reborn in the full and total image, and what the ultimate value in the lion represents of the divine, of the Self.

It is important for us to see how the pattern of the lion is deeply woven into our own individual patterns as well, and will continue until the lion represents as an image that is crowned in us, and the moment has come for us as it did for Dante, when Virgil has taken him on a journey into Hell and up to Paradise and has to leave and says to him: "Over thyself I mitre thee and crown." Frank McMillan did so much, more than anybody I know of, on his own and we should never forget to celebrate what I'm certain was the coronation of his own royal Self.

I hope that by reading this book other people will realize what a marvelous piece of pioneering, in a contemporary sense, Frank McMillan did. The originality of Frank's life has startling meaning, and what an important witness he was to Jung's discovery of the collective unconscious and the emancipation of the human spirit and mind, and therefore to the enlargement of our awareness.

*Sir I laurens van der Post*  
*London, 1994*

## ⌘ Preface ⌘

What follows is the provenance of how Frank N. McMillan Jr., a farm boy steeped in the traditional culture of rural Texas, was summoned to a lifelong quest for meaning by a dream lion sent in the night, synchronistically encountered the wisdom of Carl Jung embodied in the guise of an eccentric artist in a small town café, founded the world's first professorship in analytical psychology, advanced the creation of consciousness around the globe, and thereby, as his friend Sir Laurens van der Post once said, "transformed the evolution of the cosmos." Of course, a well told story, as this one ought to be, and rather more importantly, one that is true, as this one is, should always commence at its proper beginning . . . so for our tale we shall need to go back almost 14,000 million years ago to when the *potentia* for all that now exists in this universe tens of billions of light-years across—all time, space, energy, and matter—was contained in an infinitesimal point. Suddenly, for still unknown and probably ever unknowable reasons, in a trillionth of a second this speck, so small that it defies reasonable comprehension, exploded into being with an orgasmic *cri de amour* whose echo reverberates still at the furthest margins of the receding night. Rather amazing, that fact. And yet here only the first in a whole string of wonders and natural mysteries that inform this story begin . . . for if the four fundamental forces created in this initial spasm—the cosmological constants we call the strong nuclear force, the weak nuclear force, electromagnetism, and gravity—were any less finely tuned, then the new universe would have either expanded too rapidly and its atoms would have flown apart before any stars and galaxies could appear or, conversely, shortly after its birth it would have collapsed back onto itself and disappeared into nothingness. Curious,

for sure, are these exquisitely tuned four forces, any one of which if its physics are slightly modified with even trivial differences would lead to a universe that is inhospitable for life and, far more dramatically for our story, inhospitable to consciousness. And remember that last word. It's the main thread in this tale. Yes, to quote physicist Paul Davies, in an uncanny way it's almost as if "the laws of the universe have engineered their own comprehension."<sup>1</sup> While such an observation is outright heresy in the precincts of today's postmodern temple with its grim catechism that all is meaningless and without purpose, it still seems stubbornly apposite. Facts often are . . . stubborn, that is. Like Galileo said when confronted with his own heterodoxy, "Yet still it moves." Before proceeding, as an aside, it might also do well to note that four is the archetypal number of completion as Jung so richly observed, and, as such, is seen expressed across the globe in an array of exquisite cultural creations as diverse as Tibetan Buddhist mandalas, Navajo sand paintings, The Book of Kells, and Jung's own magnificent *red Book*. So, there we are then . . . the first in a cascade of "just so" coincidences, almost too many to count, is born along with the universe itself.

It is at this very first beginning, this Big Bang as it is now commonly known, that our story commences. And in the most real of ways, this primal "once upon a time" is the womb of all "once upon a times," for in this twinkling of an eye when Time herself first uncoiled from that primordial speck and stretched, there were no Befores at all . . . only Afters to come. Regarding what existed before Time's inception, in that forever shrouded, ancestral no-time, regardless of whether it's known as the Dreamtime of the indigenous Australians or the phase space of the quantum physicists (a nonlocal, higher dimensional space consisting of fields of probability where every past and future event is a possibility), or the cosmological singularity of the astronomers (an entity beyond space, time, and matter that is not subject to any physical law known or unknown, i.e., the uncaused First Cause), or any other name its magic compels, we can only lay our hands over our mouths like Job and take Wittgenstein's counsel that "whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent." That said, maybe it wouldn't hurt to meditate on that silence for a moment before we

move on, for it is out of that utterly immaculate Void, that timeless, spaceless, eternal presence—so well reflected in both the Buddha’s enigmatic smile and Plato’s sacred realm of Forms—that all created beings emerge and one day return to, and where, as a poet sensed, in our end is our beginning.



Time passes and 200 million years after the Big Bang all across the universe the first stars are being born. Mainly composed of hydrogen and helium, these massive, early stars create new elements like oxygen, silicon, and iron that form from nuclear fusion in their burning cores.<sup>2</sup> At the end of their lives, after flaring into supernovas, their dying fireballs shotgun these new elements across the universe, and in this dispersing stardust that enriches and fertilizes all that exists is the most essential element of all, carbon, esteemed by many scientists as the best of all possible molecular carriers for complex information . . . yet another felicitous detail worthy of meditation.<sup>3</sup>

Nine thousand million years later, in a remote celestial corner of the by now already immense universe, a chaotic cloud of dust and gas collapses into a gigantic spinning mandala, and under the influence of gravity, the mighty rotating disk accelerates and condenses into a dense inner region that begins to generate white heat like a massive beating heart. From this heart diffuse, outer bands cyclonically stream like an advancing army’s banners. Looking like nothing less than an eye of Horus, the sacred “udjat” painted on ancient tomb walls up and down the Nile Valley, the heart of this spinning nebula coalesces into our sun and the dust particles in its flying outer regions collide and accrete to form planets and, therein, our solar system is born. Earth, the third planet from the sun, is so fortuitously placed that an envelope of gases forms around it, creating a protective atmosphere that helps regulate its temperature, and most of its rocky crust is covered in a sheath of water, that most wondrous and abundant chemical compound in the universe and, in another lucky twist of fate, one that just so happens to be the best of all possible solvents for chemical reactions.

And then after it makes 1,000 million trips around the sun, the strangest thing of all suddenly happens on Earth. Life appears. Stardust is made animate. And as to the how . . . well, again, the answer is unknown. Scientific speculation abounds, of course, but that is all it is, speculation. Life's origin remains a mystery as silent and as deep as that void from whence it first emerged, and its promissory explanation remains ever tantalizingly over the horizon. Did it first appear from amino acids carried in comet dust that rained down from space like the celestial shower of gold that Zeus used to impregnate his mortal lover Danae? Or was its origin terrestrial instead? Did simple organic compounds accumulate in shallow areas of the Earth's oceans not long after their creation, and, as some suggest, were these primitive molecules floating in a "primordial soup" literally shocked into life like a Frankenstein's monster by lightning strikes issuing from the planet's violently raging early atmosphere? Again, the true answer is that no one knows, but that doesn't really matter, for however it arrived, today life flourishes all over the planet, covering it in a biosphere of green chiaroscuro, an animated patina that coats the Earth and tenaciously exists in all climatic conditions and across every latitude, ranging from the frozen wastes of glacial ice sheets to the lips of ocean sea floor vents spouting water boiling from within the planet's molten core.

There it is, then, the start of our story. A remarkable sequence of coincidences spread out over 10 billion years, and each and every one of them, strikingly improbable from a stochastic standpoint, yields life on this third planet orbiting the Sun. According to Nobel laureate physicist Steven Weinberg, life as we know it would be impossible if any one of several physical quantities had slightly different values. Supporting this observation, Stephen Hawking notes, "observed values of all physical and cosmological quantities are restricted by the requirement that carbon-based life must exist." Framing it a slightly different way, he says, "The remarkable fact is that the values of these numbers (i.e., the constants of physics) seem to have been very finely adjusted to make possible the development of life."<sup>4</sup> Why it's almost as if it's all the handiwork of a rational intelligence, and yet . . . and yet the rest is silence.<sup>5</sup> At any rate, from this standing start, over time

living forms of simple complexity and organization gradually evolve, coming and going in the inferno of this early world with its violent landscape of crackling lightning, spurting lava, and steaming geysers bursting from ruptured rock. For eons the situation is precariously touch and go, as simple organisms arise and then fade into extinction. Then comes the biggest bang since the first, the so-called Cambrian explosion, a spectacular eruption of creatures half a billion years ago, wherein a rapid and almost hallucinatory proliferation of multicellular diversity comes seemingly out of nowhere in what can only be described as another *creatio ex nihilo*. Over time, a phantasmagoric array of organisms “able to move freely with well-developed sense organs and nervous systems capable of interpreting all manner of signals” takes center stage.<sup>6</sup> Encephalization—growing brain size—then occurs in anthropoid apes and hominids on the African savanna and in their cetacean mammalian cousins, the whales and dolphins in the murky depths of the planet-girdling oceans. On land and sea then, mind and intelligence are on the move . . . and not only there, for in the air among the rain-soaked canopies of the Central African forests gray parrots display abilities exceeding even those of the monkeys cavorting in the branches around them, and in distant Pacific islands crows learn to craft twig hooks to get at insects, an astonishing tool-making and goal-directed activity rivaling that of Jane Goodall’s celebrated chimpanzees. Scientifically speaking, it appears that this emergence of intelligence was a relatively robust, species-neutral phenomenon. Metaphorically speaking, over time cognitive sophistication tenaciously works its way through matter, evolving and sharpening its acuity across a rainbow of species as it creeps and crawls and walks across the planet, flies above its treetops, and swims along its coasts and roams its watery abysses. Something new in the realm of nature is embodied in this beautiful and majestic thing called Mind, laying the groundwork like an evolutionary John the Baptist, preparing the foundation for the advent of something greater yet, still unnamed, that is struggling to be born, biding its time, waiting for its proper opportunity to emerge and step into the light and assume its rightful place in a blooming, buzzing cosmos. To employ contemporary AI phraseology, evolution almost looks to be a search engine



laying the groundwork for this approaching and most mysterious of ends. And then one day it finally happens: contemplative consciousness appears. Mirroring that first cosmic blast, this most supreme of all detonations occurs and in that very instant the universe is remade anew, but this time the parturient moment happens not with a bang but with a thought, quiet as a smile and quick as light. The date of its nativity will ever go unknown and unobserved, but its legacy now touches the most distant stars and sounds the inmost depths of every man, woman, and child on the planet, uniting outer and inner space in a psychological sacred marriage whereby macrocosm and microcosm are made well and truly one. The divine child of this delivery is an ongoing encounter, sometimes a rhapsody of bliss, sometimes an agony of crucifixion, wherein the objective Psyche is revealed and Meaning enters history. And it is this world-changing revelation that brings us another step closer to the heart of Frank McMillan's tale.

Where did this second Creation, as Jung called it, this *mysterium tremendum et fascinans* that changed everything always and forever, first happen? Where was the setting for this prophetic encounter between Psyche and Physis? Again the answer is unknown. Did it first take place in the sea? Possibly, for we now know that dolphins recognize themselves in mirrors, a maker for self-awareness, so one cannot prohibitively rule out a submarine setting. Was it in the air or on the leafy branches? Alex the late gray parrot's amazing and extraordinarily well-documented existence certainly attests to this setting as an option. From her three-decade-long experience with him, the famous bird's researcher, Irene M. Pepperberg, says in her book *Alex & Me*, "Animals know more than we think and think a great deal more than we know."<sup>7</sup> Most surely from what evolutionary biologists now understand, this second "making of the world" could have come to pass in any of these spaces, for natural history now confirms that for millions of years all of Mother Nature was converging on this single moment, this very special point in time that would begin the world anew. Mind and intelligence were fortified by the first stirrings of culture and transmitted innovative learning, ever quickened and evolved in the thousands of species that flew and crept and walked and swam in, above, below and through this three dimensional theater of wonder

that is Planet Earth. So where was it then? Where would this Second Coming be most likely? Where did this natural renaissance begin? Where did the most divine of all fires descend?

My intuition is that it had to be Africa, and science supports this view. As human beings have mental states that transcend any other sentience on Earth, it seems only natural that this greatest of all awakenings first occurred in the birthplace and original home of *homo sapiens*. When and how did it happen? More unknowns these, but I like to imagine it may have gone something like this: It happens on an early morning in that first purple light of dawn some seventy or more thousands of years ago as a band of hunter-gatherers stretches single file—winding among the acacias and southern Africa’s natural pelt of waist-high golden grass—and begins to disappear over a rocky western ridge as the coals of last night’s fire still smolder red in their wake, a single wisp of smoke curling toward the heavens like incense in a cathedral. Maybe this morning’s journey is the beginning of the long wander that would eventually take the little family group from their ancestral home and eventually disperse their descendants to the north, west, and east, to Europe and Asia and eventually the Americas. Or maybe it is just a short hike to a better campsite, where game is more plentiful and precious water less scarce. But no matter what, this day is different, for this day, at the end of the group there is a young mother with her firstborn child, her pride and her love and only new to walking, straggling, falling farther and farther behind the others, drawing a frown from one of the hunters who is standing watch over the tail end of the column from his post on the ridgeline, ensuring that no one is left behind for lion, leopard, or hyena. Just as the pair finally crest the hill, the toddler suddenly bolts from his mother’s grip to chase a beetle scuttling among the rocks. As the iridescent green insect nimbly changes directions, dodging the little one’s clumsy attempts at a capture, the young mother pauses and then turns and gazes east, taking one last look out over the savanna spreading below her. The rim of the sun’s disk paints the lip of the far horizon, silhouetting its breast of hills ebony, and the sky goes from purple to orange to azure and the ocean of constellations that dusts Africa’s night sky like a spray of blowing sand gradually dims and recedes. As her little

boy's delighted squeals peal in her ears she feels happy, washed in that elemental love that, in Dante's words, moves the sun and the other stars, and then right at the foot of the hill, only a few feet away from the ghostly trail her people had just pressed down in the tawny, dew-wet grass, a kudu bull suddenly materializes from behind a tangled thorn bush. When he spots her, he freezes, taking her in, wary, watchful. His horns spiraling above his head like a crown of twin miters, he then tilts back his head and snorts a salute of recognition, his breath steaming from his nostrils in the crisp morning air like a dragon's smoke. Simultaneously with his greeting, the sun breaks over the far range of hills; she blinks and her child laughs, and when she looks for the bull again he is gone, vanished into the surrounding bush, but what remains behind is a Cosmos, a world known for the very first time. Transfixed in wonder, the young mother gazes at the vista filling her field of vision, the dome of the sky, the dappled savanna with its herd of gazelles pronking in the distance, and then a steppe eagle screams over her head and her child gurgles in delight, squatting on his dimpled haunches over his catch. For the first time she knows that she is at once a part of and apart from all that surrounds her, and she smiles and in that smile the universe becomes self-aware. In that loving instant, consciousness enters history and begins its walk upon the face of the Earth. Then our mother turns for her boy and scoops him up in her arms with a kiss and deposits him on her hip, and as she does, she takes one last lingering look out over the plain and then hurries to join her people descending the far slope of the hill, striding into a future where nothing will ever be the same again.<sup>8</sup>

On that long ago morning on an African hilltop, a door opened and a conversation began. A conversation in which the universe is in dialogue with itself through the consciousness of its creatures, and the most direct portal is the psyche of Man, a conduit from the no-time before Time into the Now, a medium wherein, as Jung said, "The creator sees himself through the eye of man's consciousness."<sup>9</sup> In the bright light of day, this experience comes in signs and wonders, thoughts, musings, and intuitions, seined through perceptions and presuppositions, but in the night it descends in awesome primal power, unfiltered by the ego's discriminating net. Transcending time

and space, it comes in the Dream . . . the lingua franca of Nature and her Creator. Dreams that come alive in the elands and giraffes so lovingly etched on the rock walls of the Tsodilo Hills, in the visions trance danced in circles beaten into the sand around innumerable campfires until innumerable dawns, painted in the glorious herds of horses galloping across the sooty cave ceilings of Lascaux, or energetically splattered on a Jackson Pollock canvas, scored in a Mozart concerto, sculpted in the smooth maternal granite of Henry Moore, and voiced in the soaring, world-creating prose of Shakespeare and the anguished verse of Sylvia Plath.

Dreams come in the night . . . and on one of those nights in Depression-era Texas, tens of thousands of years removed from that prophetic savanna dawn in Africa, in the frigid early hours of a winter's darkness as seemingly freshly minted stars glittered overhead like diamonds strewn across black velvet, a dream descended on an isolated farmhouse in the form of a massive African lion. Comet dust still trailing from his tail, red Kalahari dirt clinging to his mane, the dream lion materializes in the bedroom doorway of a sleeping seven-year-old boy. For a moment the spectral beast pauses, alert, watchful, and then stalking in and out of the shadows without a sound, muscles rippling, the big cat pads across the moonlit floorboards over to where the child, struck dumb by the arrival of his fearsome visitor, shivers under a mound of quilts, witnessing the beast's approach in awe and primal terror, a fear so mesmerizing that he is unable to cry out, captive to the dream and certain he is about to be eaten alive. Looming at his bedside, this wildest of all wild things regards the child with his yellow eyes, those piercing orbs that see in the dark and from which no one and nothing is hidden, and the moment of crisis is at hand. The enormous maned crown, billowing from side to side like a sea anemone caught in the midst of an ocean current and the living embodiment of that regal image depicted on countless heraldic devices and tribal totems since the dawn of history, bends toward the boy's face, and the fierce eyes squeeze into slits and the whiskered jaws swing open . . . only to reveal not the expected and dreadful ivory-colored incisors long as daggers, but a sandpaper rough tongue, moist and warm and heavy, that then licks the boy up one side of his face

and lovingly affirms him as one of the dream creature's own cubs. The tension broken, the dreamer awakes and lets out a mighty yell mimicking that first roar that called the universe into existence. His startled father rouses, the kerosene lamps are lit, and in their flickering glow the ordinariness of a simple farmhouse is restored . . . but the dream visitor's claim is staked and his seal is forever imprinted on the prey that he came so far to seek. Marked for the rest of his life, when that terrified boy under the quilts grows to be a man, his every step becomes an answer to this nighttime summons. His whole existence becomes a quest to respond to this calling that emerged from eternity into the now and to answer it, step by step, day by day, in his own being. And so he does, until the very afternoon he dies. Today, years after his passing, his dream still lives and continues its walkabout around the Earth, making it a wiser and saner and better place wherever the pads of his dream lion tread and in whoever's heart his roar reverberates. This, then, is the story we are here to tell, one that began that first moment when something appeared from nothing, a story whose ongoing revelation continues on into the present . . . and, if my guess is right, will do so in every moment to come until that day when all Befores and Afters are gathered as one and return again to that timeless Void from whence Meaning issues, that home of all that is and ever was, where all stories are born and where all dreams are real and true.

Yes, dreams do come true. That country boy knew it and he lived that reality in his own life to the full. And I know it, too. In fact, I witnessed it . . . for that boy grew to be my father. But it wasn't always easy, for I also know that for many years his dream lion's visit was simply a nightmare to him, "just a dream" as his busy elders would pat his head and say. And that's understandable, for in a Depression-struck America they had a lot more to worry about than dream animals that scared children in the night. To quote scripture, as many in Texas still do, for them the "troubles of the day were sufficient thereto." As my father discovered, adults of that era and place didn't have time to worry over bad dreams. Reality was harsh enough. So a nightmare the dream lion's visit remained, but one that my father never forgot, one that he returned to again and again in his imagination, turning it around, desperately trying to fathom what it meant,

because more than anything, unlike his elders and peers, he knew that it meant something, something real and intended for him. Even more troubling, yet somehow moving in ways he couldn't quite put into words, he also felt that whatever sent that lion—and what that lion was in itself—was also real, powerful, and autonomous. It was alive. It wasn't "just" anything, much less a "nothing but"; it simply WAS, with no diminishing qualifications whatsoever. It was something awe inspiring, purposefully active and independent, something untamed . . . something wild. But what was it? He didn't know. For twenty years, then, through his days as barefoot boy lost in a rural idyll, and later as a high school football star, a sailor steaming across the Pacific in the Second World War, a college student earning two engineering degrees, and, finally, as a freshly minted oilman and husband seeking his fortune in a wider, abruptly practical world, he set the dream aside as a curiosity, tossing it onto the back shelf of his mind. But in the off moments of an increasingly busy life, he would return to it like it was a secret treasure, pick it up and examine it, slowly poring over it, still in awe of its powerful image, desperately trying to discern its hidden meaning, one that he somehow knew deep in his heart and soul that it possessed.

And then in the midst of this conventional, busy life, it came to pass that, like Dante, the poet he loved so much, he lost his way and "went astray from the straight road and woke to find himself alone in a dark wood." His outer world felt mundane and its salt had no taste. It was a world that all too often seemed too prosaically materialistic, too off point, and, deadlier still, too bereft of meaning. Paradoxically, more than anything he still somehow felt, in the core of his being that existence was imbued with purpose and, more than that, was underlain by a deep, abiding compassion—his earlier experience with the dream lion told him that—but his reason, his whole inner psychological integrity, increasingly rejected the conventional explanatory myths of his youth. One might say that as beautiful as they were, the old songs no longer sang to him. But where was Meaning's provenance? That was a hard question, and in a very real way his life depended on its answer. Deep within him, a spiritual crisis boiled like massing thunderheads. As it did, a sense of aloneness crept over

him, for as loving as his friends and family were, they were bound by the familiar chains of tradition, and these ties kept them from going where he had to go.

Born into the rock solid assurance of his Texas frontier faith, the stoic Methodism of his ancestors, none of whom lived out its tenets more dutifully than his paternal grandfather, a man he likened to a saint, my father felt himself not so much drifting away from that devout spiritual anchor, but, more dramatically, orienteering away from it like the psychological explorer he truly was, cutting through the psychic undergrowth, blazing a trail in his inner wilderness, creating a freshly cut path where the twin compasses of his intellect and intuition led him, no matter how thick and forbidding the wood in front of him, a tangled maze that like the Grail-questing knights of Arthurian legend, he had entered at its darkest point. As time went by, his search led him further and further away from that childhood assurance toward a strange horizon over which lay he knew not what. Approaching such an unknown frontier, many would have halted and turned back for the comfort and security of the old ways, frightened by what would happen if they didn't. Others confronted with this same barrier, behind which all was obscure, would scoff and say there wasn't anything there to begin with, and scientism, the reigning demiurge of the grim Cold War landscape, would comfort them, and bestow upon them the toxic kiss of its fashionable, knowing superiority with its creed of, "Our Nada, who art in nada, nada be thy name . . ." Yet that country boy now grown to be a man took neither of these two roads, easy and safe as they may have been. He blazed a third way . . . his own. He followed the rough trail that he'd cut through the wasteland and in so doing discovered his own personal myth . . . and he found that he wasn't alone after all.

An unseen companion seemed to go before him, for right there at his feet, at that strange boundary to where his reason ultimately led him, was the spoor of his dream lion that he had been unknowingly following all along, and its wide prints crossed that horizon ahead of him and disappeared into the undiscovered country that lay beyond. Trusting implicitly in his conscience, in the natural engine of his mind with all its scientific training, and even more implicitly in the numinous power

of his childhood dream, and with an intellectual courage that can't be overestimated, an authentic spiritual bravery that literally confronted going to Hell for rejecting the frontier fundamentalism with its naive literalism in which he been raised on the one hand, or the bleak, existential nihilism that was the logical consequence of materialistic modernity on the other, he tracked those paw marks and stepped over the border, leaving his former world behind . . . forever. And what did he find on the other side? A whole new universe and himself.

Feeling born anew in a cosmos infused with purpose, over time he grew into a personality that was complete, not perfect, mind you, but, in its light and shadows, what that stardust made animate that was Frank N. McMillan the individual was ultimately meant to be. He found himself at home in a fresh landscape, one where the objective reality of the psyche, in all its transtemporal, transspatial, and autonomous glory, made him a partner in that making of consciousness that started on that ancient African hilltop dawn and made him an actor with a role to play in that ongoing creation myth with its remarkable sequence of "just so" synchronicities that began 14,000 million years ago and continues to this very moment. Under this new dispensation bequeathed by his differentiating consciousness, he raised a family, worked hard and made money, and found himself at home in the practical world in a way he never had before, for now life's ordinary events were uplifted and transformed by the lens of this new vision and were revealed for the little miracles that they are for those who have eyes to see. Beauty was instilled in the mundane, suddenly making even the most familiar things mysterious and wonderful. In every way he could be, he was reborn. Not that this new life was easy, far from it.

Beyond the routine disappointments that everyone experiences, in his last years he suffered serious physical affliction, enduring repeat neurosurgeries and losing his sight before he died at an age that society today considers lamentably young. Even during those trials, however, and the psychological valleys into which they plunged him, my father never renounced his early revelation with its message incarnated in a dream beast that claimed him as his own, and in that claiming showed that there is a living personality that makes itself felt



in this universe in which we daily move and have our being, a power that is autonomous, intelligent, purposive, and, above all, it seems, compassionate, acting as an immediate presence that has our best interests at heart, interests that we can discern if we are conscious and humble enough to pay attention to the messages it sends in the night. As my father recognized, too, sometimes the old names really are the best, and he simply called this sender of dreams God.

What you are about to read, then, is a narrative of the spiritual pilgrimage of that dreaming boy and what he discovered on that journey, some of it in his own words, some of it in the words of those who knew and loved him. You will learn how shortly after he set his course and took those first steps over his antique psychological horizons and into the unknown, he met an eccentric artist in a small town diner who introduced him to the name of Carl Jung, the famous sage of Bollingen, and how this prophetic meeting near the muddy shores of the Gulf of Mexico literally saved his life in every possible dimension it could. You'll learn how against long odds he founded the world's first professorship in analytical psychology and thereby advanced the creation of consciousness from Texas to the United Kingdom, Switzerland, China, Japan, and New Zealand. You'll also see how the uncanny pattern of meaning instigated by his dream lion's arrival forged his friendship with the British author Sir Laurens van der Post, and how, after McMillan's death, it inspired the creation of the first analytical psychology library on the African continent. Most of all, I hope, as I know he would, too, that what you read will in some way, however large or small, encourage you to live your life as authentically as he lived his, that it will help you see your own role in this incredibly improbable "just so" story unveiled 14,000 million years ago anew and make you aware of how you are, in my father's words, "God's partner" in the continuing creation of consciousness, this great healing that we are all called to do. Most of all, I hope that this story affirms your own participation in a universe of meaning, a universe of endless wonders whose messengers come in the night and are interested in you, messengers that incarnate the transcendent power emanating from that Void before Time where all Befores and Afters are gathered as one, and that continue to leave the pattern of their Creator's prints

before you as signs in the night, as both companions and pathfinders, leading you on into the future of the blessed pilgrimage that is your unique life.

*Frank N. McMillan III*  
*Corpus Christi, Texas*



Frank N. McMillan Jr. endowed a professorship in analytical psychology at Texas A&M University, which was the first such permanent academic post in the world.<sup>10</sup> In 1986 I was honored to have been selected to be the first holder of this professorship. Indicative of Frank's character was his insistence that the professorship be in analytical psychology rather than in general psychology. Further demonstrating Frank's individuality was his insistence on being involved in interviewing applicants who were being considered for the professorship. The genesis for Frank's decision to endow the professorship goes back to his childhood when he had a terrifying dream of a huge lion approaching him and then licking his face.

It was this dream that Frank once shared with Sir Laurens van der Post. Their encounter is recorded for posterity by Sir Laurens, and he calls Frank a "white Bushman."<sup>11</sup> Frank and Sir Laurens initiated a friendship and correspondence. After Frank's death, the connections have remained strong between the van der Post and McMillan families. An indication of this is that Sir Laurens was the godfather of Frank McMillan IV. Another sign is that Sir Laurens informed me in a letter that he forwarded a copy of a eulogistic "Tribute to Frank N. McMillan" (which I had sent to him, accompanied by his correspondence with Frank) to the Archives in the Frank N. McMillan Library at the Cape of Good Hope Centre for Jungian Studies in Cape Town, South Africa.

But how did Frank get to the C. G. Jung Educational Center in Houston where he met Sir Laurens van der Post? This is a most interesting tale, which Frank shared with me when I asked him how he came to know Jung's work. The context for this incident is important. Frank was living in Corpus Christi, Texas. Although happily

married with an excellent job and a growing family, Frank questioned the meaning of his life. At times he even felt lost. Dante expressed it so well when he wrote in his *Inferno*: In the middle of the journey of our life / I found myself in the dark wood, / For I had lost the right path.

At the time, Frank was working near Bay City, Texas. It was in Wadsworth—a village nearby—that Frank's Grail quest began. He was in a country store and café having lunch when a local eccentric artist came in.<sup>12</sup> The artist was ecstatically waving a letter in the air as he shouted out: "He wrote back to me!" After the fellow calmed down, Frank asked, "Who wrote back to you?" The artist said: "Carl Jung from Switzerland." Frank responded, "Who's that?" The artist said, "Jung is a master psychologist, a soul doctor, an esteemed writer, and one of the greatest healers of all time. Just read his books." Frank asked the fellow if he could buy his books in Bay City and the painter answered, "Oh no—you'll have to go the Jung Center in Houston."

The search for personal meaning led Frank to the Jung Center in Houston where he bought *The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*, volume 9, part 1, of the *Collected Works*. He took it home and read through it several times. He was moved and felt that Jung was writing to him. This led Frank to buy and read the rest of the *Collected Works*, and he attributed his rebirth and becoming his "true self" to Carl Jung. Frank used to say, "Jung saved my life." Frank followed Jung's example and read widely: he was self-educated in the humanities (especially literature and philosophy) as well as in the sciences.

Frank impressed me, and others who got to know him, as a wise man. He was born and raised on a ranch in Milam County near Calvert, Texas, which is not far from College Station. He followed the lead of his father who also graduated from Texas A&M University. Frank was an Aggie through and through, with degrees in geology and petroleum engineering. I will never forget when I first met Frank, in his rancher clothes (khaki pants and long sleeve shirt) and wearing a black eye patch. His handshake was firm and his embrace genuine. Frank was a warm and engaging person. His endowment of a professorship in analytical psychology was an act of individuation, a giving of himself so others could learn. Already thousands of students and citizens have heard about Carl Jung and his ideas because of him.

Frank died, after a long illness, in 1988; but his legacy and spirit live on. A fitting tribute to Frank, which now hangs on the wall along with two photographs and memorabilia about him as well as a plaque regarding the endowed professorship, was presented on April 12, 1992, at a ceremony dedicating a Frank N. McMillan Jr. Reading Area, endowed by Frank's widow, Mabel McMillan Williams, contiguous to the Shirley Bazar Steer Analytical Psychology Book Section in the Department of Psychology's Sells Resource Collection and Seminar Room. He touched many people, one of whom was Carolyn Grant Fay, who, while she was president of the Jung Center in Houston, endowed the Annual Lecture and Book Series in Analytical Psychology at Texas A&M University. The Fay Lectures, like the Terry Lectures at Yale (which Jung gave in 1937), are subsequently published by the Texas A&M University Press. This scholarly activity extends Frank McMillan's dream that analytical psychology be at the heart and soul of the university. In 2009, the bold move by Charles Backus, director of Texas A&M University Press, to digitize the Fay Book Series further extends Frank's vision from thousands to millions who can download these books at no charge. Sadly, Frank did not live to see these developments, but he made it all possible.

There is another grassroots endowment, open to all, honoring Frank's dream—the forever enlarging Circle of Friends of Analytical Psychology at Texas A&M University. This group's philanthropic commitment complements the McMillan, Fay, and Steer endowments and supports graduate students studying analytical psychology. Frank sowed the seeds for researching and teaching Jung's psychology, and the epilogue herein outlines all of the activities that have grown and developed since the beginning of the McMillan Professorship.

Frank was one of the main influences for my coming to Texas A&M University. In March 1986, during my first visit to A&M, I spent two uninterrupted hours with Frank, riding from College Station to Houston. We talked about Carl Jung and his psychology, spirituality, and the Tao. Frank considered Carl Jung "The Old Man" and felt very close to him. That evening at the Houston Jung Center, Frank introduced me as his friend, and it was mutual.

Analytical psychology at Texas A&M University? How did Frank know that it would work? He felt that there was no better place than Aggieland, a rural setting with ranch terrain, to sow the seeds of Carl Jung's psychology. Frank said to me, "You'll be like Daniel Boone coming over the Cumberland Gap. The students will respond: they are searching for meaning in a world that seems increasingly meaningless." It also is common sense: there are no urban distractions, and Aggies respond to Jungian ideas and archetypes that speak of something that is growing and developing (using an agricultural model) or of something that is being developed and constructed (using an engineering model).<sup>13</sup> Frank used to say that Texas A&M is the "real frontier," and he was correct. To be a pioneer, like him, is rejuvenating. Frank has allowed me and many others to experience, as he once called it, "the leading edge . . . where opportunity lives." He was accustomed to "taking the road less traveled," and his gift, by example, encourages each of us to embark on our own journey, which brings new life, knowledge, creativity, and joy to oneself and one's significant others, whether they be family, students, patients, or colleagues along the way. For this opportunity, I will be forever grateful to Frank N. McMillan Jr.

Frank was an inspiring man, discovering another world in life, death, and beyond. My hope and prayer is that much peace and love accompany and surround Frank as he continues on his journey, and my sense is that this is so. Frank McMillan's testament will live on forever. He helped bring analytical psychology into the mainstream of university life. His action has illuminated the dark halls of academic psychology. A fitting amplification of Frank's deed would be for others so moved to endow professorships in analytical psychology at universities around the world.<sup>14</sup> Frank did his part, now it is up to us.

*d avid h . r o s e n*  
*College Station, Texas*

## ➤═ Acknowledgments ═➤

While I am a firm believer in the individuality of all beings, personally I have never adhered to the rather tired and, quite frankly, depressing adage that “we are born alone and we die alone.” Birth seems a fairly obvious partnership and it is my intuition that death will be like walking through a strange door into a brightly lit room full of dearly loved and deeply missed friends and relations, whereupon a joyous celebration ensues in the presence of the Author of Nature. And I can’t help but feel sure that our animal companions, these our sentient brothers and sisters and fellow participants in life’s great adventure, are somehow included in this blissful reunion, too. To my way of thinking, then, anything significant, anything truly valuable one does in life is a cooperative effort of some sort. Indeed, this book is only in your hands today due to the love, wisdom, and hard work of many people, and foremost among them are my father and mother, Frank N. McMillan Jr. and Mabel Hall Williams.

More than twenty years on, not a day goes by that I don’t think about Dad. I’ll read or see something that I’d like to share with him, hear a joke that he’d be sure to laugh at, or just want to ask his advice about something. Not that these conversations don’t take place; they most assuredly do . . . they’re simply one way for the time being. Silence isn’t the only response, however. No, his presence surrounds and accompanies me in all that I do and is something real and comforting and a source of endless inspiration and encouragement, so much so that sometimes the barrier separating us seems as transparent and thin as a soap bubble. That said, an unbridgeable chasm nevertheless exists, bottomless as the sea and soundless as deep space. What remains behind is his example and how, to quote what the British

author George Eliot said about Dorothea Brooke, her idealistic heroine in her masterpiece *Middlemarch*, “incalculably diffusive” its effect was on all with whom he came in contact, and, in so many ways, none more so than me. He was the single greatest influence on my own life, and this effect is carved in an unerodible stratum, one that time and circumstance can never change or degrade, for it is chiseled in that rock of the heart, that spiritual mineral that crystallizes and distills all that we are and ever will be, in or out of Time. As the years go by, I realize with ever-increasing acuity what a truly unusual person he was. I can’t say I ever took him for granted, but for many years he was just my father, very much himself and, in any number of ways, different from those other parents and friends around him, but still, at the end of the day, just “Dad,” his endless fount of stories, remarkable interests, and diverse bundle of talents notwithstanding. For example, I never found it odd that he read Chekhov’s short stories aloud to the family in the evenings after dinner or quizzed my siblings and me with Latin vocabulary flashcards at breakfast. Those were just things he did. Now, long after he’s gone, it seems as if I am really beginning to see him for the first time, in his light and shadow, without projections or misapprehensions, illuminated in a radiant circle that emanates from the core of the Self that he finally reached as the ultimate destination in an inner journey filled with both suffering and rare meaning, a quest that in the end transcended more ordinary realities and left behind his own personal myth as one of its greatest legacies. Part of what I see is told in this book. If through its story I can pass on a portion of the blessing that this man bestowed on my life, and if this transmission in some way, however large, small, or unforeseen it may be, inspires you to walk your own path as authentically and courageously as he walked his, then I will feel like it has done what I want it to do.

What I owe my mother, Mabel, is something not easily conveyed in words. In fact, I don’t know that it really can be, for words with their inherent restraints are poor vehicles to fully express its message. My debt can only be truly communicated via that most ancient of idioms, the one that preceded language and even all existence itself, and that is to say, Love, the native dialect of the heart. However, any reciproc-

ity I can deliver will never match what I've received. At its best, it can only approximate it. As long as I can remember, and, as I know, well before, my mother has loved me unreservedly and without qualification of any sort, in my youth and adulthood, in my happiness and sorrow, in my successes and failures, and in my right and wrong alike with a power that almost defies belief. Her support for me extends to every dimension, professional or otherwise, and her encouragement is a well that never runs dry. I could not—and would not—have completed this book without her backing. For years it was a dream of hers that it would happen, and now it is so. As I've experienced it for over fifty years, her daily love in action mirrors and is a manifestation of that cosmogonic love that sang all space and time into being and sustains it still. It's the single greatest gift I've ever received and it's the single greatest evidentiary demonstration I've ever seen that confirms for me that behind this 14,000 million year old story of which we are all a part there is indeed a storyteller and that this divine narrator is keenly invested in our fellow creatures and us, her individual children, and has our best interests at heart.

I get up every morning because of three people. My beautiful wife, Sheryl, has been in my life for nearly thirty years, and as those years pass I don't count them so much as anniversaries as I do birthdays, for the day I met her I was born again as a new and better person. She is the most honest, the most talented—across any number of fields—and, without a doubt, the hardest working and most capable person I know. In particular, her daily outreach to the homeless, the abused, the addicted, and the most rejected members of a wider society obsessed with celebrity, money, and power is an ongoing and continually inspiring example and has helped to make the lives of literally thousands of people better. As few do in this all too often fallen existence, she genuinely and selflessly answers that divine call “to heal the world.” And then there are my sons, Frank and Rob. Although I've made my share of mistakes over the years, I wouldn't alter the overall course of my life in any substantial way, because every step I took on that road, every turn I made, led me to them. I see their grandfather in them every day, but I see something greater still—their own exceptional personalities and abilities that I am certain will transform and



make better the future as bravely and genuinely as he did. This book is for them. As my father once said it to me when I was young, I know that in their own lifetimes they will each in their own way “add to its pages” in a manner that can’t yet be predicted, but that will be singular, indeed.

David Rosen is not only a vital contributor to this work; he is also a dear friend, as he was to my father before me. In fact, in every dimension of affinity that means something real except mere accident of birth, he is my brother. It has been a genuine pleasure to work with him on this project, and his passion, wisdom, and foresight have been critical to seeing it through and to it being the very best it can be. Beyond that, as the first McMillan Professor of Analytical Psychology, his evolved personality, well-known abilities, scholarly research, and talented graduate students have made Dad’s prophetic vision a reality. Today, the fact that Jungian psychology flourishes and expands on every continent on the globe is in many instances due to David. Dreams do walk the earth, you see . . . and David answered that long-ago summons issued by my father’s dream lion and made it become, as the San people of Africa so beautifully say, “truer than true.”

Very special and deeply felt thanks are extended to Lucia van der Post. My friendship with her family has been one of the great joys of my life, and Sir Laurens’s magical foreword to this work is profoundly appreciated. Heartfelt thanks go to Carolyn Fay, as well, for her legendary generosity, most especially embodied in her Fay Lecture and Book Series at Texas A&M University. Thanks, too, to Charles Backus, Mary Lenn Dixon, Thom Lemmons, Dawn Hall, Garland Watson, and Patti Henderson for their valuable contributions. Finally, sincere appreciation and love to my sister and brother, Molly and Andrew, for always being there, and to the late Lawrence Hoover, the late Barcus Moore, the late Leroy Taylor, Irvin Hatridge, J. W. Gary, and Tom Jones for what they meant in my father’s life. Last, but not least, many thanks to my good friend, Tom Wolter, for never failing to remind me of what’s really important.

—F.M.

My deepest thanks to my family and my second family, the McMillans, for their love and support—and especially to that visionary, Frank N. McMillan Jr., who made it all possible. Frank’s gift and Carolyn Fay’s extension has made Jung’s psychology at Texas A&M University a permanent beacon of hope in our blessed and troubled world. Also Charles Backus, director of Texas A&M University Press, by digitizing The Fay Book Series in Analytical Psychology has made this volume and all the others accessible at no charge to everyone, and this actualizes Texas A&M’s Vision 2020—clearly making it a key member of the global community sharing its knowledge with all who desire it. In addition, I sincerely thank Sir Laurens van der Post for writing the foreword and realizing early on that Frank was a change maker. Finally, heartfelt thanks to my soul brother Frank McMillan III—a dear friend, teacher, humanist, and writer—for the privilege of contributing to this book.

—*d.r.*



# *Finding Jung*



# ⇒ *Introduction* ⇐

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF MY FATHER—  
HOW HIS PERSONAL MYTH UNFOLDED

Frank N. McMillan III

There is dream dreaming us.

—*Kalahari bushman to Sir I. aurens van der Post*

The myth of the necessary incarnation of God . . . can be understood as man's creative confrontation with the opposites and their synthesis in the Self, the wholeness of his personality. . . . That is the goal . . . which fits man meaningfully into the scheme of creation and at the same time confers meaning upon it.

—*C. G. Jung*

In 1985, Frank N. McMillan Jr. donated funds to his alma mater, Texas A&M University, to endow a professorship in analytical psychology, the first such academic seat of its kind in the world. As time goes by, it becomes ever more apparent what a turning point this was in the history of the international Jungian community. For the first time, analytical psychology was given a proper faculty position in the insular world of academic psychology, theretofore a realm dominated to an extreme and almost prejudicial degree by its experimental and cognitive/behavioral schools. The provenance of this professorship is

in some ways even more remarkable than the fact that it exists at all. And thereby hangs a tale. It is one I know well, for it is the story of my father and his lifelong inner quest for meaning, a journey toward individuation that soon transcended the limits of a traditional background steeped in the culture of frontier Texas and propelled him into a firsthand encounter with the autonomous reality of the psyche.

To better appreciate the truly visionary, even radical, nature of what my father did, I think it is first important to understand something about the *Weltanschauung* from which he emerged. As a frame, this background is crucial, for without a real grasp of his cultural patrimony with its legacy of frontier violence, religious fundamentalism, race-haunted psychology, and its provincial ties to the soil and the practicalities of this world, it is difficult, if not impossible, to fully appreciate the depth of the spiritual suffering he endured in rejecting that same past and the genuine psychological bravery it took to make a such a radical break with tradition and chart his own unique course.

Paradoxically, however, it was this very ancestral heritage with its uncompromising individualism, self-reliance, sheer guts in the face of adversity, and a willingness to fight, oftentimes literally, for what one perceived to be right—a heritage that carved a rough civilization out of the wilderness, faced down the most feared warriors in aboriginal America, and defeated a tyrant bent on extermination—that steeled him in his struggle to become his own authentic self and accomplish what he did. Finally, sculpted from the individuated granite of his true personality by his reason and consciousness, and chiseled into what his Maker surely intended for him to be from eternity, in the last years of an all-too-short life, he sought to light a torch for other lonely seekers like himself to follow in the midst of a contemporary intellectual landscape that was in its own way just as prejudiced, close-minded, and conventional as anything he'd left behind. Discounted by some for his rural background and plain speech, he persevered and that torch was lit. And how could it not? The played-out scientism of an obsolete materialist paradigm and its condescending practitioners had just collided with the future incarnated in a rugged Texas cowboy. In retrospect, they really didn't stand a chance.

Today, that flame is a bonfire on a hill for all to see, and its scholarly glow warms and quickens the creation of consciousness around the planet. Based at a major research institution that is an international leader in the sciences, agriculture, and engineering, the Frank N. McMillan Jr. Professorship in Analytical Psychology is housed in a tradition-bound university that on the surface is the most unlikely place for it to have been born and in a real way the only place it could have emerged, for, as befitting a cradle of husbandry and nurturing tillage in the heart of what some contemptuously term “flyover country,” it is the bearer of a way of being open and eager for what is most new and organic in life, unlike so many of its jaded and too sophisticated by half peer institutions. Rooted in the fertile soil of the Brazos Valley, the same sandy loam that now cradles that one-time country boy’s remains, the cutting edge of contemporary Jungian thought—the frontier where *Physis* and *Psyche* meet—flourishes there to this very hour, spreading its runners of enriching scientific inquiry across the continents, and in a fitting touch for my father and his dream, this great circle of meaning of which he was a part came round not thirty miles from where his pioneer ancestors’ covered wagons stopped for the last time.



Frank N. McMillan Jr. descended from Scots-Irish settlers who arrived in the first wave of Anglo-Celtic immigration to Texas in the early 1830s when the newly independent Mexican government liberalized its colonization policies. After casting off Spanish rule ten years before, Mexico suddenly found itself in charge of a vast northern frontier that it had no idea how to efficiently administer, particularly in the panther-haunted forests of its northeastern borders, an unsettlingly alien realm compared to the familiar, arid plateau of the Mexican interior. Worse luck yet, this environmentally baffling wilderness was also adjacent to a young and aggressively growing United States. A frontier in every sense of the word, the heavily wooded country east of Bexar was therefore shunned by a people more comfortable with the open, drier ranching and grazing landscapes to the southwest, and this posed a critical problem. Essentially uninhabited by Mexican



citizens outside the lone outpost at Nacogdoches, this vast and rich eastern expanse of trees, water, soil, and game was wide open for the taking, and the neighboring infant United States was in a taking mood for everything between the Atlantic and the Pacific. As a solution to the dilemma posed by this vulnerable borderland, the bureaucrats in the national palace in Mexico City embraced a rather desperate policy, one ultimately fatal to their own interest. This grievous policy misstep was the re-ignition of the *empresario* land grant system initially conceived by Spain in 1820. Interrupted by the Mexican revolution, at which point only one such concession had been let, that to Moses Austin, father to Stephen F. Austin, later known to generations of fidgeting seventh-grade Texas history students as “The Father of Texas,” this innovative system was hastily restored by the new government to settle the remote northeastern hinterland of the vast province it called Coahuila and Texas. In short order after 1821, substantial property rights were granted to a stream of suitably approved Anglo-Saxon and Irish entrepreneurs, titled *empresarios*, engaged to settle Americans and other newcomers in Texas in exchange for the understanding that these same individuals surveyed the lands so granted and then recruited and took responsibility for the immigrants in their charge. As it turns out, the politicians in Mexico City had no idea of what they were letting themselves in for and it cost them Texas, and later much more. The peculiar people they opened the door to were like none they’d ever encountered before, not even in their wildest dreams . . . or, somewhat more to the point, as later events warranted, their worst nightmares. They were the Scots-Irish and it was their blood and iron and homicidal tenacity that broke open trans-Appalachia America and forged the new Texas on that blood-soaked prairie at San Jacinto and wrested it from Mexico forever.

Composing the diaspora that fled the glens after the brutal post-Culloden English oppression of the Highlands that banned their bagpipes but never broke their will, Gaelic-speaking Scots became the shock troops of the emerging British Empire, driving the bayonet and the Union flag deep into the deserts, savannas, and mountains of India, Africa, and Afghanistan. Joining them in this late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century explosion out of the British Isles were

the Scots-Irish, their Presbyterian cousins who'd been transplanted to northern Ireland's Ulster to hold that region as a bastion for the Crown against the culturally "other" south. Once they arrived on American soil, their burning hatred of their English rulers finally erupted into full flame and they became the fiercest of revolutionaries. After conflict began at Lexington, one of their more genteel New England brethren at the time remarked of the Ulster Scots that they were "the most God-provoking democrats this side of Hell."<sup>1</sup> Possessed of a robust sense of personal honor, these Scots-Irish Americans were by nature a combative people, ferociously independent and defiantly egalitarian. Self-reliant individualists, they were suspicious of human authority and social elites in any vestige, bending a knee only to the stern fundamentalist Christianity to which they adhered, and it was their idiosyncratic combination of faith, guts, stubbornness in the face of long odds, and combative valor in the face of death that in large part settled America's frontier, fought its wars, gave birth to more than one-third of its presidents, and carved out a national identity still recognizable to this day.<sup>2</sup>

Fellow members of the Scottish diaspora, originally from the Highlands' Loch Arkaig region by way of Ulster, the McMillans sailed to the Carolinas in 1821, put down roots there only to move to Alabama eight years later. Then in 1833 the McMillans made the dangerous overland journey to Mexico's province of Texas to become founding inhabitants of the earliest settlement in *empresario* Sterling C. Robertson's colony, an untamed break in the hills and uplands of the post oak forest they named Staggers Point, meaning Striver's Point in their Irish dialect. A state historical marker near Benchley, Texas, in present-day Robertson County on the site of the Old King's Highway lists Ann McMillan as one of the original pioneers who were granted a league (4,428 acres) of land. Recently widowed by the loss of her husband James, Ann herself took the reins and drove the ox-drawn wagon that carried her four children (Andrew, Elizabeth, James Jr., and George) through the wilderness to their new home in this newest of lands. A single mother with youngsters was at a disadvantage in this place and time, especially on the frontier with its constant threats of starvation, disease, and sudden death, but with unwavering faith

and what had to be nerves of steel, Ann surmounted these obstacles and came to Texas. Nearly two hundred years later, the McMillans still call it home.

Situated in fertile country well to the north of Stephen F. Austin's older and more established community, Robertson's Colony and its original Scots-Irish colonists, Ann and her children among them, discovered a gently rolling savanna teeming with deer, quail, bear, wolves, wild turkey, and even buffalo depending on the season. Thickets of wild plums, berries, and mustang grapes choked the shadows of the surrounding bottomlands. Upon arrival, every family felled trees to build log cabins, split rail fences, and planted crops. Not long thereafter, however, another even more pressing need soon became obvious: a refuge from Indian attack. Only months before the McMillans' arrival, a wooden stockade had been hastily constructed on the nearby land of James Dunn, and the rickety structure soon became known as "Dunn's Fort." In 1960 the Boy Scouts of America erected a monument on the spot reading "Site of Dunn's Fort, Built in 1832 Against Raiding Comanches." As the Boy Scouts' monument noted, the structure, rude as it was, was built none too soon, for the colonists' very survival was at stake. Unknowingly, the intrepid band of settlers had journeyed straight into land bordering the southeastern corner of the incredibly dangerous indigenous empire known as Comancheria.

Ostensibly under Mexican governance, the true rulers of the Texas frontier in the early 1830s were the Comanche Indians, the nomadic warriors once called the best light cavalry in the world, and the frequency of their raids soon ensured that the McMillan women became as proficient as their men with the flintlock rifles they carried west with them. For a hundred years, roughly from 1750 to 1850, the Comanche were the dominant people in southwestern North America, imposing their will on a succession of Spaniard, French, Mexican, and American intruders alike in a sophisticated and incredibly organized imperial reign of raiding, plunder, slaving, and extortion that stretched from the southern Rockies down into the northern Mexican plateau villages framed by the rugged Sierra Madres.<sup>3</sup> In point of fact, even beyond the environmental reasons mentioned earlier, more than anything it was the Comanche presence that kept the Spaniards,

and later their Mexican heirs, from ever effectively settling Texas. Linguistically and ethnically related to the Shoshone of Wyoming, by the 1700s the Comanche people had migrated to northern New Mexico where they soon perfected the art of nomadic warfare based on the horses they plundered from Spanish haciendas in the northern reaches of the Rio Bravo (Rio Grande). Mounted fighters par excellence, in the early nineteenth century the fierce, nomadic warriors organized themselves into autonomous tribal bands and prospered off the buffalo herds that migrated across the southern Great Plains in the millions, and they quickly established an empire that ranged from Colorado to northern Mexico. Europeans and Amerindians paid the price alike for this expansion. After sweeping aside their aboriginal rivals, the sedentary Jumanos and less warlike Lipan Apaches and Tonkawas, the Comanches soon concentrated on exploiting the isolated and lightly populated Spanish settlements in Texas and northern Mexico, essentially creating their own independent power base smack in the middle of North America. Far from being the passive victims of European hegemony without agency, as the first Americans are so often depicted in contemporary politically correct fantasies, the Comanches were formidable rulers of their domain, one they seized and held by force and administered by trade, parley, theft, and, when necessary or so motivated, terror. Ranging over one of the largest Native American realms ever amassed, the various Comanche bands formed sophisticated trading networks, massacred the inhabitants of isolated haciendas, stole horses, rustled cattle, took captives, and made slaves of whites and Indians alike, negotiating hostage taking for ransom; they often rode straight into the middle of dusty Mexican towns and demanded money and goods, or else. Everyone knew what the “else” was . . . death at the tip of a lance or arrow if the raiders were in merciful mood, and torture if they weren’t. This elaborate Comanche economy combining a constantly shifting mix of parley and sudden death went on relatively unchallenged for nearly a hundred years . . . and then it met its match. The Scots-Irish settlers on the Texas frontier weren’t much for negotiation with aggressors and they decidedly didn’t countenance extortion. They fought back with everything they had, with flintlock, knife, and axe, and the women were right there beside the men, loading and firing, and, when it came down

to it, resisting with teeth and nails, for they soon realized who their opponents were and what awaited their loved ones and themselves if they lost: captivity for life, or, even worse, maiming and death. It was there on the Texas frontier that for the first time in their history, the feared Lords of the South Plains ran into a force that they couldn't intimidate or overpower, and it was to prove their eventual undoing.

The early Texans of Robertson's Colony experienced regular Indian raids well into the 1840s and sporadically thereafter. In 1839 a large band of Comanches nearly wiped out a patrol of rangers on the banks of the Little River, a tributary to the Brazos, only a few miles west of Stagers Point,<sup>4</sup> and for years isolated farmsteads in the area were burned and scalps were taken. On nights when the sky was clear and the moon was bright, a meteorological phenomena the settlers dubbed a "Comanche" moon, whole families kept watch until dawn, watching the shadows on the edge of the brush, listening hard for the dog bark or horse whinny that heralded a raid. One of the more notorious Indian attacks in Texas history occurred less than fifty miles away from the McMillans' land in a bloody incident known as the Fort Parker massacre, which took place in present-day Limestone County in 1836 when a Comanche war party caught the Parker family by surprise early one morning just as the men were heading out to the fields for the day. With the wooden stockade's front gate open behind him, patriarch Ben Parker went out on foot to parley with the warriors, suspecting that they maybe just wanted some beeves to rustle before they moved on. This proved a fatal mistake. After spearing Parker clean through before the horrified eyes of his family, the painted raiders put the quirt to their ponies and rode whooping into the compound, where in a few frenzied minutes they killed everyone they could find by lance, arrow, and war club. Lucy Parker and her four young children attempted to escape out the back gate but were caught out on the open prairie. Little Cynthia Ann and her brother, John, were hoisted up on the saddles of two of the braves and taken captive and carried off as their screaming mother watched from the dust. Later, as a young woman, Cynthia Ann was rescued—not that she would have called it that after years being acculturated as an adopted Comanche and wife of the war chief Peta Nocona—by a detachment of Texas

Rangers under the command of Sul Ross. Nocona and Parker's son was the famous Quanah Parker, who in 1874 was destined to lead the Comanches in their final struggle against the Americans, a last gasp that died in the blizzard of lead spat from the white hunters' buffalo rifles at the desolate place in the Texas Panhandle known as Adobe Walls. After this final doomed charge of the Comanches and their Cheyenne allies, Parker became one of Native America's most famous leaders, one who embodied all that was noble and honorable in the indigenous American way, and in later life became an esteemed friend to American icons like cattle baron Charlie Goodnight and President Teddy Roosevelt. However, dramatic as it was, the Parker Massacre was not the most significant event of 1836, for that same year Texas suddenly revolted against Mexico and once again the McMillans were right in the thick of it. On March 2, 1836, at a tiny huddle of cabins called Washington on the Brazos located not forty miles from Staggers Point, a convention of assembled delegates declared Texas's independence from Mexico.

From the very start, substantial cultural and political differences existed between the Texas colonists and their Mexican hosts. Beyond the surficial linguistic and cultural contrasts, in a still exceedingly religious time one of the most obvious psychological differences was Mexico's hierarchical state-sanctioned Roman Catholicism, in contrast to the colonist's headstrong Protestant fundamentalism. In many ways, the civil and judicial distinctions may have been even more profound. Mexico, in a series of historically prescient and morally advanced fiats, sanctioned slavery to varying degrees of prohibition over time, and this was a huge roadblock to the view of the overwhelming majority of settlers that keeping African-descended men, women, and children in bondage was simply part of the natural order, whether they owned any slaves themselves or not. And as ever in American history in regard to such subjects, Mexican insistence on tax duties and officious customs collectors also rubbed the colonists the wrong way. The Scots-Irish and Anglo-American newcomers particularly disliked the Mexican habit of billeting troops among them and using the military to enforce civil law, two of the exacerbating injustices that had prompted the Americans' split from their British

rulers. The Scots-Irish were particularly disinclined to the subjection of civil to military power and to any link between church and state, as was the case in Mexico's official recognition of Roman Catholicism. Furthermore, the self-reliant colonists rejected what they judged as the average Mexican citizen's all too hasty acquiescence to authority, and, for its part, the Mexican government remained permanently frustrated by the immigrants' hard-headed insistence on living as they pleased and by their ornery assumption that liberty was their birthright. This last difference of opinion may have been the key flash point that dropped the hammer on the first shots of the revolution. Internal Mexican governance traditionally relied on the acquiescence and cooperation of a few landed families and the unquestioning obedience of the vast majority of its population, a dispossessed peasantry. In fact, this endemic inequity remained a part of Hispano-Mexican society for centuries and ultimately became the precipitating fuse to its own 1910 Mexican Revolution, when, as late as the turn of the century, 95 percent of rural families owned no land whatsoever and lived as *peones* on the property of others.<sup>5</sup> The free-thinking yeoman farmers on the Texas frontier were definitely no peasantry, and when they were ordered to give up their armory at Gonzales in 1835 they had four terse words for the Mexican authorities: "Come and take it." Throughout the 1820s, despite all these increasingly widening philosophical, sociological, and political divisions, figuring it was worth the price the Mexican government took a calculated risk to allow immigration of more and more of these belligerent foreigners to stake down their naked northern frontier against Indian and American incursion. In a desperate political move, they rolled the dice . . . and lost.

Generally happy with the liberal Mexican constitution of 1824, the colonists in Texas, Scots-Irish, Anglo, and Latino alike, continued to adhere to basic governmental dictates emanating from Mexico City until the middle of the 1830s, when a series of minor disturbances began to escalate, foremost among these the incident at Anahuac, where ill will over tariffs and what the colonists viewed as Mexican Army violations of property rights caused some skirmishing and first introduced the name William B. Travis to history. Events came to a head in 1835. The point of no return was reached when Antonio López

de Santa Anna dissolved the Mexican constitution and made himself dictator, a reactionary fiat that kindled the latent Texas Revolution into full flame (often forgotten is the fact that the Mexican states of Coahuila and Zacatecas also revolted against Santa Anna's oppression, but were soon suppressed). In December 1835, in a shocking military achievement, five hundred ragtag volunteers led by Ben Milam captured Bexar from a professional army twice their number. Flush with victory, the triumphant Tejanos stood on the adobe walls of La Villita and cheered that the conflict was over and freedom was at hand. They couldn't have been more wrong. Vowing a swift and dreadful vengeance, Generalissimo Santa Anna, the man who styled himself the "Napoleon of the West," and his army of thousands—among them units of his crack infantry, siege artillery, and mounted lancers—crossed the Rio Grande and tramped north in the bitterly cold winter of 1836, dead set on strangling the rebellion in its crib and making sure that the colonists paid so high a price that they'd never think about questioning his authority again.

In February, against better military judgment, the Texans occupied and fortified the crumbling mission known as the Alamo and thereby martyred themselves into secular sainthood forever, canonizing names like Travis, Bowie, Bonham, Seguin, and Crockett. In the cold predawn of March 6, 1836, after suffering tremendous punishment from the rebels' cannon and long rifles, Santa Anna's army finally breached the walls and put the entire garrison of 182 men to the sword. Even revisionist historians acknowledge that Santa Anna ordered any survivors butchered. The victory was total for the Mexican strongman, and completely Pyrrhic, for the samurai-like stand at San Antonio bought time for the disorganized colonists to form an army in eastern Texas under the command of Sam Houston, the famous Indian fighter known by his adopted Cherokee brothers as "The Big Drunk." It also gave the settlers time to flee Santa Anna's rapidly advancing troops in the touch-and-go episode that became known as "The Runaway Scrape," where the colonists, the majority of them women now left behind by their men gone to war, loaded their wagons with their furniture and children, burned their corncribs, and took a panicked and hasty flight in the middle of a wet and frigid



winter, now all too aware of Santa Anna's bloodthirsty bent. Not everybody ran for the safety of the Piney Woods, however. Some of the Staggers Point community holed up in Dunn's Fort and waited out the storm like they always had. Before it was Comanche war parties, now it was Santa Anna. In their own rough Scots-Irish way, I imagine they figured it was all the same. If somebody wanted a fight, they thought, well, then, let them bring it . . . and a fight was coming their way all right.

It was at Goliad that Santa Anna cemented his historical reputation as a cold-blooded killer. On the generalissimo's direct and unambiguous orders, orders vigorously protested by many of his officers, the nearly four hundred men of the unlucky rebel commander James Fannin, prisoners of war taken on the tall grass prairie in an earlier, desperate engagement outside the limestone walls of the old Spanish presidio La Bahia, were marched out the fort's front gates in three columns on the morning of Palm Sunday, 1836, and then were gunned down and bayoneted in an act of premeditated murder. Three hundred and forty-two men died, but a handful escaped into the brush and carried the news east. What had started as a political revolution was now a fight to the death. In poker terms, everybody on the Texas side went all in and they went all in with a vengeance. Drunk as he was with power and total victory, by the end of March 1836, the dictator thought his triumph over the rebellion was complete. He couldn't have been more wrong. A nemesis was coming for him, and the relatives of the men butchered at the Alamo and Goliad were bringing it . . . and sooner than he ever could have dreamed.

The hastily mustered Texan army included Ann McMillan's sons, Andrew, James, and Edward. While Andrew and James served in the rear guard at Harrisburg and saw no action, their brother, Edward, who'd arrived in Texas after them in 1834, was a participant on the field at San Jacinto, that plain on the banks of a sluggish bayou where history descended on Santa Anna with the vicious retribution of all the mythological Furies in eighteen minutes that changed the world. By late April 1836, the Texan army and its fleeing families had gone about as far to the east as they could without crossing the border and escaping into the sanctuary of the United States. Controversy still ex-

ists about what General Sam Houston's military strategy was. As some historians suspect, was he seeking to hug the Louisiana border, hoping that after word of the Mexican Army's brutalities in Texas reached the United States its troops would come to his aid? Or was he—as he himself did at the time and his supporters still posit today—seeking to draw the Mexican Army deeper and deeper into Texas, stretch its supply lines, and then strike at a place of his choosing? The verdict still isn't clear. Whatever the case, on the late morning of April 21, his troops, those iron-headed frontiersmen never much happy with authority in any form, had had enough. The Mexican Army was dug in across the tall grass four hundred yards away from where the Texans were camped, and arrogant to the end, its leader assumed he could crush the Texans at his leisure, and his tents went quiet with the mid-day siesta. Still grieving for their dead relatives at Bexar and Goliad, and infuriated at the suffering their women and children endured during the frantic "Runaway Scrape" during the previous winter courtesy of the hated despot sleeping only a quarter of a mile away, the men and boys of the Texan army informed Houston that they were going to attack, and he could come along if he wanted to or not. Later that afternoon, with Houston mounted in the lead, sword drawn, the Texans quickly crossed the open ground between the two camps, paused to fire one volley, then broke into an all-out run, charging the Mexican barricades, rifles clubbed, Bowie knives drawn, and tomahawks hacking. In a little over a quarter of an hour the battle was over, but the killing had only just begun . . . and it kept up until dark. Nearly seven hundred Mexican soldiers died to the cries of "Remember the Alamo!" and "Remember Goliad!" ringing in their ears as their own screams of "Me no Alamo! Me no Goliad!" went unheard. They'd been there, however, and they paid a terrible price for Santa Anna's atrocities as the Texans exacted a dark and bloody revenge. The unleashed shadow is a terrible thing, and those who were on the field that afternoon remember the splintered rifle stocks and spilled brains covering the grass as the enraged Texans beat their begging victims to death without even taking time to reload.<sup>6</sup> When dusk came, the exhausted Texans stopped what had become nothing but an orgy of out-of-control slaughter and it was all over. The next

day, with Edward McMillan there to see it, the self-styled “Napoleon of the West,” once lord of all he surveyed, was captured cowering in the undergrowth wearing the stolen uniform of a lowly private. Texas was free.

Yes, Texas was free . . . but not for everyone. During the era of the Republic and then the early years of entry into the Union, the moral cancer of slavery became more and more entrenched in the young and growing state. A spiritual sickness progressed west with the expansion of the cotton plantation system, which was brought by wealthy planters from the deep southern states of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi who migrated toward the setting sun carrying their “peculiar institution” deeper and deeper into Central Texas, theretofore the domain of the generally slaveless, yeoman farmers from the upland South who’d originally settled the area.<sup>7</sup> Environmentally, the western margin of North American cotton cultivation based on natural precipitation is approximately coterminous with the Brazos River, and by the 1850s the planter families had arrived in Robertson County and the old pioneer realm of Staggers Point was transformed overnight. Using their hundreds of slaves to clear the bottomlands’ snarled thickets, wealthy elites set up their plantations and became even richer on the backs of the men, women, and children they enslaved. The planter class now ruled Robertson County, and, as the old saying goes, money changes everything.

As the wider Texas economy mutated around them, growing ever more integrated into the pernicious slavery-based plantation system, the McMillan family simply did as they had always done and eventually came to till more and more acreage all over what is today Robertson County, enough so that when the new county seat of Franklin was platted they donated the land. Relatives who later settled nearby included the Wheelock’s, descendants of Eleazar Wheelock, founder of Dartmouth College. And then, after a relatively peaceful twenty-five-year interlude, war again came to Texas.

The four years from 1861 to 1865 were the most cataclysmic in American history, a traumatic agony of death and suffering that kept the Union intact, decided what kind of nation this country would be in perpetuity, and eradicated human slavery on the North Ameri-

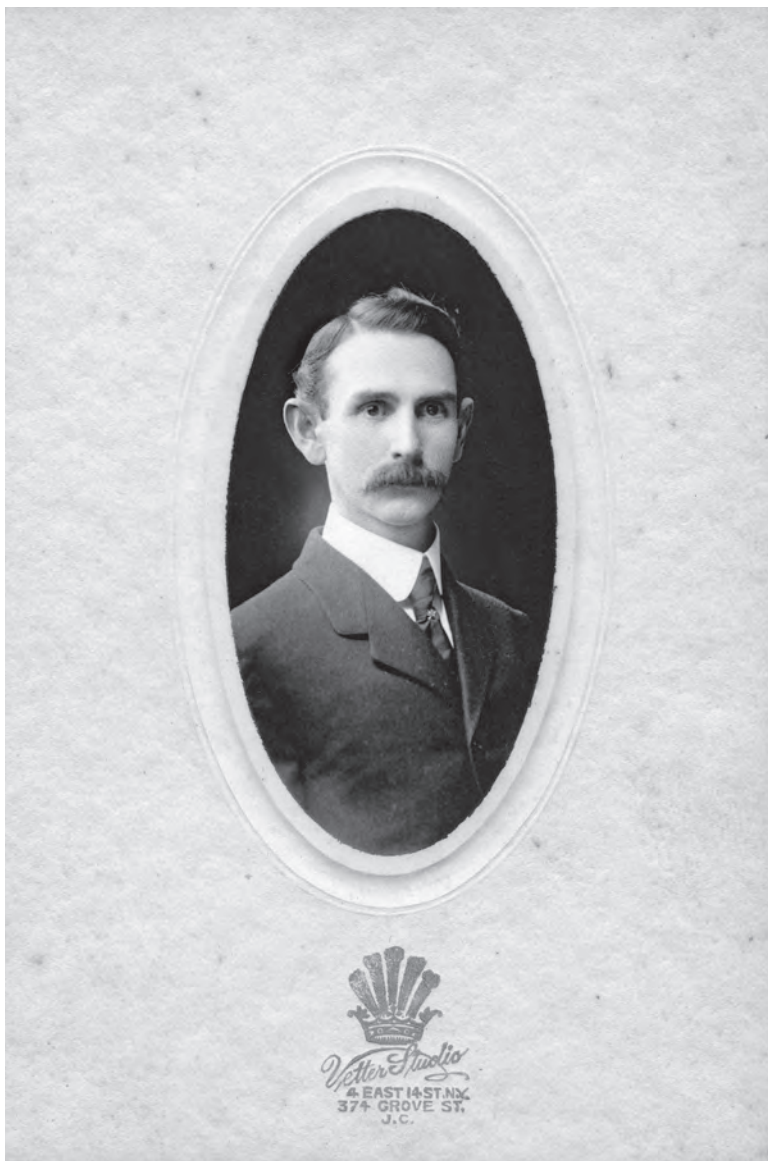
can continent. Blessed to have the nation's greatest president exactly when they needed him the most, the American people somehow kept their nation together and defined their modern identity in the Civil War. In the end, the North was victorious and the South paid dearly for its deformed sense of honor, economic backwardness, and moral blindness. By war's end, the South was burned, devastated, bankrupt, and nearly bled to death. While Texas escaped the physical destruction that was visited on Georgia and Virginia, it paid dearly in the lives of its men and boys. Men from Robertson and nearby Milam County served in Hood's famous Texas Brigade, Lee's foremost assault unit, the one that he depended on in his most desperate fights, and their corpses carpeted far-flung battlefields like Antietam's notorious cornfield, the rocky hell of Gettysburg's Devil's Den, and the killing ground on the slope in front of the Union artillery topping Malvern Hill. Relatives from both sides of my father's family served in the 6th and 7th Texas Cavalry, and they were blessed at war's end to return unharmed to their farms at what could only be described as the dawn of a new era.

Reconstruction brought previously unimaginable change to Robertson County. Nearly 50 percent African American after the antebellum implementation of the plantation system, it saw one of the highest rates of political participation by recently emancipated blacks in the state. Voting and serving in public office for the first time in their history, the newly freed citizens ensured that the recently built railroad towns of Hearne and Calvert (home of the local Freedman's Bureau) became bastions of progressive politics and the Republican Party.<sup>8</sup> This period was a brief, shining window, and it closed quickly. With the end of Reconstruction and the removal of Federal troops from Texas in 1876, the old, dark night of prejudice and disenfranchisement descended again over Robertson County, this time in the guise of Jim Crow laws and the Ku Klux Klan.<sup>9</sup>

In the last years of the century, William Andrew McMillan, my father's grandfather and Ann McMillan's grandson, owned an insurance business in Calvert. New from the ground up in 1868, Calvert was the railhead for the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, which had ceased construction farther south at the town of Millican in 1861

with the advent of the Civil War. In its early years as railhead it grew meteorically, particularly attracting people from surrounding rural communities like Sterling and Staggers Point, who saw the economic writing on the wall when the rail lines bypassed them. The town's rowdy twelve blocks along its dirt Main Street also attracted hundreds of other people looking to make a quick dollar, and land speculation, saloons, and gunfire flourished alike. Named the county seat in 1870, it soon boomed into the largest city in the state between Houston and Dallas. After evolving into a more refined manifestation at the turn of the century, Calvert embodied the high aspirations of the Victorian era. Gothic, Italianate, and Queen Anne-style mansions, whitewashed clapboard churches, and a tamer Main Street lined with prosperous brick storefronts sat near the banks of the Brazos River. Cotton was the economic lifeblood of the community, and by the early 1900s Calvert boasted a European-style opera house and the largest cotton gin in the world. While the fertile bottomland that was the source of the wealth was still mostly owned by the planter families who came to Texas from the Deep South in the 1850s, the crop itself was cultivated and picked by their African American tenant farmers, themselves the children of the men and women freed thirty years before, a freedom that was, for the most part, in name only.

Decidedly cosmopolitan for its setting, Calvert was home to citizens of German, English, Alsatian, French, Czech, and Polish nativity, among others. Its Main Street featured an opera house, a theater, and a substantial hotel. Near the city limits sat a well-maintained country club with its own golf course and artesian-fed swimming pool. Some of Calvert's leading citizens were Jewish, and the town maintained a Jewish school and cemetery. Befitting notorious Southern practice, the town was divided geographically, with its African American population sequestered literally across the tracks, as every aspect of community life, social, economic, and educational, was segregated along racial lines. At its economic and demographic height around 1910, Calvert never recovered from a string of natural and economic disasters that followed on the heels of the First World War. A depression in cotton prices and a series of disastrous floods combined to deal the previously thriving small town a blow from which it never recovered. Today, the



*William Andrew McMillan, 1898*

place is almost deserted and is mainly known for its antique stores and outstanding examples of Victorian architecture, but economic sparks are being struck anew along its crumbling Main Street, as entrepreneurs as visionary and bold as any of their predecessors of 120 years prior are refurbishing its crumbling stores and brick-fronted banks. Their creativity, talent, and hard work may yet usher in a more successful, more progressive, and more enlightened age for the faded grande dame. May it be so . . . and soon.<sup>10</sup>

Frank McMillan Sr., my father's father, grew up in Calvert when it was at its peak and graduated from the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas in 1912. His great love was animal husbandry, and as a young man he won prizes all over the United States for the cattle, sheep, and horses he showed. After serving with honors in the American Expeditionary Force's 6th Cavalry in France in 1918, he was offered a position in the agricultural faculty at A&M, but declined. He was a self-effacing gentleman with an abiding love of the countryside and an inveterate disinclination toward crowds and large institutions. An office job just didn't suit him. Instead of the A&M post he accepted a position as manager of the Sneed family farms, which comprised substantial acreage in the Brazos River bottoms and surrounding uplands. My father regarded his father as the most capable man he'd ever known and said he could ride and rope better than any wrangler, could doctor and deliver livestock, dig a well, graft fruit trees, flawlessly keep double-entry account books, and quote Shakespeare and Robert Burns. Physical and intellectual gifts apparently ran in the family. His younger brother was W. G. McMillan, who played football for A&M in the celebrated "12th Man" game against Centre College in 1922 and later became a construction magnate in Lubbock, Texas, and an internationally recognized big game hunter.

My father's mother, Ella Wall, herself of hardy pioneer stock (her notoriously irascible father is reported to have killed two people in Old West style shoot-outs over affairs of honor) who, at the same time, was the proud bearer of her own silver and china patterns and other civilized refinements, nurtured her only child with Dante's awesome Love that "moves the Sun and the other stars." A genius in her own way in the kitchen and home, she was an extraordinarily talented



*Frank N. McMillan Sr., senior portrait,  
A&M College of Texas, 1912*



*Ella Wall McMillan, 1912*



*Frank and Ella  
McMillan with  
“Mitzi” at the  
McMillan  
farmhouse  
side gate*

*Ella and Frank  
McMillan Sr.,  
mid-1950s*





woman whose vibrant intellectual and organizational gifts shone in all that she did despite the limitations imposed on her by her culture, place, and time.

My father was born at the family farmhouse in Milam County, Texas, on September 23, 1927. From the stories he told me when I was a boy, I know his childhood was an extraordinarily happy one. He grew up among the everyday activities of a busy farm, and later in life he loved to reflect back on the early mornings when the frost was on the ground: the milking, the egg gathering, and the longing bleats of the lambs in the fields. When he was barely old enough to ride, he climbed atop a saddled donkey and followed his father on his daily rounds. Later, by horseback and afoot, he roamed across the pastures, orchards, and surrounding woodlands, where he hunted, fished, swam, and spent nights along the sandy banks of the Brazos River. To hear him tell it, it was an idyllic upbringing, all bare feet, shorts, overalls, and surreptitious puffs on corn-silk-packed corncob pipes, and more than once he likened it to something straight out of Mark Twain's *huckleberry Finn*.

Today, Texas is one of the most urban states in the union, and there are few left who remember how hard life could be in the countryside, where, in fact, most Texans resided until after World War II. The McMillan family homestead had no electricity until Roosevelt's Rural Electrification Act of the 1930s, so when my father was young the house was heated by fireplaces and lit by kerosene lamps. His mother cooked meals on a wood-burning, cast iron stove, and his first bathroom was an outhouse, the celebrated "privy" of rural lore. Despite this lack of now taken for granted amenities, my father said life was good . . . very good, in fact. The local doctor still made house calls, and when the roads were too muddy for his Ford, he appeared in a horse-drawn buggy. The family had no money to speak of, but even during the depth of the Great Depression they had plenty of clothes and more food than they could eat, and all of it fresh. Remember, this was a working farm. Dairy cows rendered a steady stream of thick cream, milk, and butter, hogs were rendered into ham and salty bacon, chickens produced eggs every morning, and a fryer could be chased down in the barnyard and dispatched for surprise lunch guests. Gardens



*McMillan  
farmhouse,  
Milam  
County, Texas*

*McMillan  
farmhouse,  
Milam County,  
Texas*



*Frank  
McMillan, age  
three, atop a  
“jenny” donkey*



*McMillan family portrait, circa 1934, the period of his "lion" dream  
(left to right, Frank McMillan Sr., Frank Jr., Ella McMillan,  
William Andrew McMillan, Maggie McMillan)*



*Fireplace room, McMillan farmhouse, early 1950s (left to right,  
Frank McMillan Sr., Frank, Ella McMillan)*

produced mountains of fresh greens, carrots, corn, beans, and other vegetables, while rows of fruit trees yielded sugary peaches, grapes, plums, and figs for jams, jellies, pies, and canning.

With a firm belief in learning and the life of the mind, my grandparents (they were both college educated, somewhat of an anomaly for their era) always kept stacks of books around the house, principally classics like Homer's *Iliad*, staples of English literature like the works of Shakespeare and Dickens, and volumes on American history. When I was a child I was particularly impressed that they had the complete set—bound in leather, no less—of National Geographic magazines going back to 1911. As to my father's early education, his parents eschewed the local "one room" schoolhouse and sent him instead to the more academically rigorous schools across the Brazos River in the town of Calvert. Not that he always attended. Lots of hooky was played. In one famous episode, my father recounted how he jumped on the school bus (a modified Model T sedan that had been chopped and stretched beyond all reasonable proportion) that served his rural route one morning with a shotgun and a bird dog in tow and then bailed out on the next stop, lighting out for the woods. And it was in those woods and on the banks of the nearby Brazos that most of his childhood was spent when chores weren't an issue. In the summer there was always skinny dipping in Pearson's Branch, a favorite waterhole, or fishing with cane poles up and down the banks of the muddy Brazos, and in the fall and spring he roamed the forests with his best friend from Calvert (Cooper "Bo" Allen) with a .22 rifle in hand and a bottle of homemade barbeque sauce—a potent mixture of Tabasco, tomato paste, and spices—in his hip pocket to spice up the unlucky squirrel or rabbit that happened to cross his sights. Once a kill was made, the two boys skinned and cleaned it on the spot and then cooked it on a spit over a campfire built right there in a clearing in the woods. And in the 1930s these woods were truly wild. In one vivid memory, my father recalled coming home from town one night in the car with his parents; he lay halfway asleep in the backseat. As they rumbled down one of the sunken roads that wound through the surrounding forest, a shape suddenly appeared in the dim, yellow light cast by their old Ford's headlights, and his mother gasped. His

father hit the gas and there it was, a mature gray wolf loping ahead of the car. For a few glorious seconds, the beast was right there, taken by surprise and running full out, only inches in front of the Model T's radiator grille until he nimbly leaped up one side of the sandy, roadside bank and vanished into the trees. Other memories were just as dramatic. One humid summer night, his buddy Joe Bill Barrett and he were fishing along the river after a recent rainfall when the clouds of mosquitoes that filled the air got to be too much for sleep. Since it was a much anticipated overnight campout and they didn't want to give up on it, the boys decided to swim to a sandbar in the middle of the river and bed down there to escape the swarming pests. As an idea it worked, but then the trouble began. After settling down for the night, my father said he got the worst stomachache he'd ever had. As he rolled side to side on the sand spit, doubled up in pain, his friend wasn't sure what to do. However, somebody else was. My father's little mixed breed mutt that was accompanying the boys promptly swam the river, climbed the steep riverbank, and then ran the two miles back to the farmhouse where his frantic barks awoke my grandparents. Not long thereafter, the two frightened boys were relieved to see car head-



*Frank McMillan, 1941*



lights crawling down the riverbank. My grandparents had arrived with the plucky canine in tow, and my father was taken straight from the sandbar to Scott & White Hospital in Temple, Texas, where he underwent the emergency appendectomy he so desperately needed. Even on her best day, I don't think Lassie of 1950s TV fame topped that one.

Despite their isolated location, his family wasn't short of company, far from it. Relatives from both sides of the family lived scattered around the countryside and in nearby Calvert, and city relatives were always glad to make the pilgrimage over the dusty country roads to visit. His paternal uncle, Jack Pate, a laconic New Mexican cowboy, was probably his most admired male relative outside the immediate family, and Dad worshipped him for the last vestige of the open range

way of life he embodied. My father's mother was one of fourteen children, and her brothers were also much-admired and much-loved role models. My father's taciturn Uncle Oliver taught him to drive when he was only twelve, and in a particularly old-school manner. One day when they were out in a pasture attending calves, Oliver brusquely said, "Frank, go get the truck." Dad had never touched a steering wheel before in his life, but when Uncle Oliver asked you to do something you did it. Dad hustled over, jumped in the pickup's cab, gunned its engine, popped the clutch, and promptly hung the vehicle up on a stump hidden in the tall grass. I guess he had to learn some way. Quiet and unassuming, Uncle Henry was a First World War veteran who saw some of the worst action at Chateau-Thierry and the Argonne Forest. To an imaginative boy, his stories were spellbinding. He'd been gassed and shelled, charged into machine gun fire that scythed down his buddies like wheat, and, although he didn't like to talk about this part much, he'd killed Germans in hand-to-hand combat in the trenches. Because of all the infiltration and subsequent throat-cutting that went on be-



*Jack Pate and Frank  
McMillan Sr., 1950*

tween the lines at night, for the rest of his life he couldn't bear to have someone come up behind him unexpectedly. Uncle Frank Wall was dashing; he was a fighter pilot in the war, although according to family legend, the only damage he caused were to the seemingly endless series of Jenny biplanes he crashed in stateside flight training.

An only child, my father was particularly attached to his cousins, and his favorites were Betty Lou (Dudley), Alfred Wall's daughter, and Carolyn and Jacque Leonard. A renowned beauty at the University of Illinois, and wild and free and game as any boy when she was a girl, Betty was almost exactly my father's age, and they were inseparable whenever an opportunity presented itself. She was like his sister, only better, because they got on so well they never fought. Until the ends of their lives, I think they both truly idolized each other in the highest and best sense of that word. Actually, I don't think that . . . I know it. From Houston, Carolyn and Jacque Leonard were Dad's "big city" cousins, and along with their delightful and inspiring parents, Allison and Evelyn, they were dubbed "the laughing relatives" for all the fun they had. Urbane, Roman Catholic, extraordinarily fond of well-made martinis and blessed with the witty, even hilarious, sense of humor that was their familial trait, the Leonards personified a wider, more cosmopolitan universe for my father; they seemed to be everything his hard-working parents with their sober purpose and sometimes dour Protestantism were not. They were just fun . . . full stop. For their part, Carolyn and Jacque worshiped Dad. They nicknamed him "Hoss," and for them he embodied everything mythically cowboy, and he had it all: rugged good looks, the Stetson, boots, spurs, honor, integrity, quick to fist fight and quicker to laugh, and always up for a good time. Their absolute favorite activity was when he would take them horseback riding, something exotic for two city girls never off concrete. Even ordinary, everyday chores like feeding the chickens or churning butter became magical adventures as long it was in his presence. The Leonard family seemingly had a story or funny saying for everything, and one of their more famous appellations was "Ker-blam weather," that is to say, cold weather, the kind that attended Texas's famous "blue northers" with their driving, bone-chilling winds and plunging temperatures. The term derives from winter days at the farmhouse when



someone would come in the front door, letting in a bitterly cold blast, which then generated universal cries of “Shut the door!” by the other guests, prompting whomever had entered to quickly slam the door shut, hence the resounding “Ker-blam!” There was something symbiotic between the Leonards and my father, I think, something important, for in him they experienced a living link to a vanished frontier past, and in them I think he got his first inkling of the more exciting world that lay just over the horizon of the farm’s oak-covered hills. Something in them set him on his way . . . and their joie de vivre and love accompanied him on that journey until its end.

Apart from his parents and grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins, the most significant people in my father’s early life were the African American tenant farmers who worked the surrounding countryside; his earliest playmates were the children of the twenty or so families that lived nearby in cabins little changed from the Civil War era. When I was in college, I explored some of these modest ruins and with my own eyes saw the tattered 1920s newspapers still hanging there that were used as wallpaper to keep out drafts. In a situation representative of Depression-era Texas, all cultivation was accomplished by plows pulled by mules, and the raw cotton was picked by hand. The men didn’t seem to mind if a wide-eyed youngster tagged along, and my father loved to listen to them as they worked. In later life, he retained their unaffected laugh, and you could hear the accent and cadences of their speech in his own voice. From memory, he could still relate many of the expressions and parables that were at the core of this profoundly humane, profoundly spiritual, now all but extinct, oral culture. For example, something that tasted good “eats right where you hold it,” and when something got your attention it “grabbed you right where Katie wore the beads.” A formidable man was a “tush hog,” and when it was time to take a moral stand it was “time to grab a root and growl.” When dinner was ready and you were hungry it was “done or raw, due to chaw.” Speaking to someone who wouldn’t listen was “like talking to a stump,” and when I was a boy and did something without thinking, Dad was always quick to remind me to “use your head for something besides a hat rack.” Only a few years before he died, I accompanied him up country on a journey to

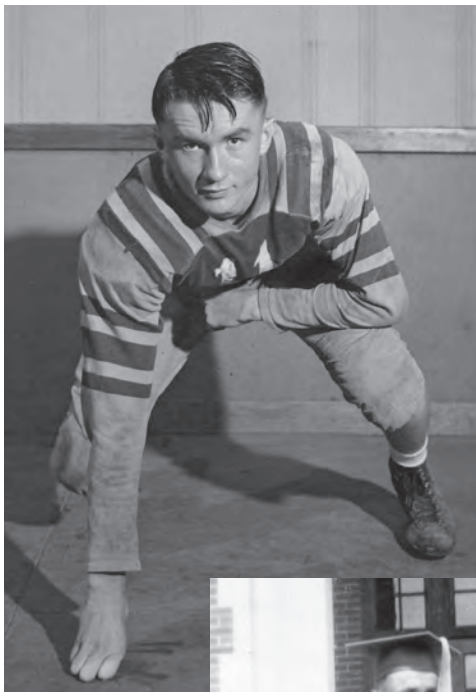
seek out some of those old tenant families who were such a special part of his early life. Most were long gone, moved to cities or dead, and those who remained were elderly. I especially remember the precious time we spent with Mattie and Henry Laury, a couple well up into their eighties, if not nineties. Dad knocked on their door, and when Henry answered tears flowed on both sides. Time melted away like mist on a pasture in the face of the rising sun, and we spent the afternoon with them there on the sofa reminiscing about days gone by. One person who featured prominently was “Mister Frank,” my grandfather, whom Henry remembered for his honesty and kindness and whom he very obviously loved, as he did my father. At one point in the conversation, Henry even asked Dad to come back and work with him to restore the farm into what it once was, with its bountiful fields and orchards, something that was impossible, alas. And that powerful emotion was reciprocal. In ways too many to count, my father was who he was because of those African American families. Their love, faith, and good will lived deep in his very bones and soul. I will never forget how it all came out that afternoon in the country with the Laurys. My intuition is that the reunion for my father and those old friends now continues in another dimension; a reunion that can never be interrupted again, one where black and white are united as one in the presence of that Love that sang the universe into being, that greatest Love of all



*Man with mules, Snead Plantation, circa 1940*

that dissolves all past hurts and divisions, restores all that is good and whole, and makes them eternally present. My prayer is that the legacy that Dad left behind, his dream for more consciousness to be born in the heart of men, will hasten to end some of those same divisions in this present world and bring more of that same great Love to earth, ushering in a healing reunion in the here and now for us all.

In high school, Dad was captain of the football team and valedictorian in a graduating class of only ten students. That last one made him laugh. He delivered his valedictory address in the guise of the famous Antarctic explorer Admiral Byrd, fur coat and all, surrounded by hay bales that were draped in white sheets to resemble icebergs. As you might imagine, he laughed a lot about that, too. Upon graduation, he enrolled in the A&M College of Texas while he was still only sixteen years old, but in the midst of his freshman year, shortly after he turned seventeen, he enlisted in the US Navy because he feared World War II would end before he was able to take part, a not uncommon motivation for young men of that era. He'd originally wanted to join the marines, but seventeen-year-old enlistees required parental consent, and his mother refused to give hers after the hecatombs endured by the marines storming the beaches at Tarawa and Peleliu, marines who in their dead and maimed thousands were still only teenagers, just boys really . . . boys like hers. In this she was prescient, I think, for, only a few months later, in February of 1945, the savage hurricane of shrapnel and high explosives the Japanese unleashed upon the volcanic sands at Iwo Jima, those hated black shores that steamed and stank of sulfur like the devil's breath, swept away a schoolmate of my father's who'd gone directly from the baseball diamond at Calvert High to basic training. From there he was shipped straight across the ocean in the bowels of a troopship to die on those vile sands, a heartbreak made all the more bitter by the fact that the need for fresh troops on the far-flung Pacific islands was so great at the time that since enlisting the boy had never gotten leave and hadn't seen his parents since he'd left home, a home he'd left for the first—and last—time. If my father had done as he wanted—wanted more than anything he said—and enlisted in the marines, he may have joined his schoolmate and been doomed to remain a teenager in memory forever. Maybe his mother did know



*Frank McMillan, captain,  
Calvert High School foot-  
ball team, 1943*

*Valedictorian  
Frank McMillan  
and "Bo" Allen,  
graduation day,  
Calvert High  
School, 1944*



something, for befitting her Scots forebears from time immemorial all the way back to the blue-tattooed Picts in the Highland mists, she claimed the “second sight” or precognition. She just “knew” things; sometimes mundane things like when she needed to set another plate for supper because an unexpected visitor was about to arrive, and sometimes, well, sometimes she knew more . . . and that was all there was to it.

In the final months of the war, then, thanks in the main to his mother’s tenacious love, he safely served in the Pacific Theater as a machinist’s mate on the USS *Bushnell*, a sub tender, dropping anchor at San Francisco, Pearl Harbor, Guam, and Truk among other ports of call and bomb-blasted atolls. He frequently likened his wartime experience to the now-classic Henry Fonda movie, *Mr. Roberts*. Bouts of boring deck swabbing and paint chipping marathons were followed by swan dives off the side of the ship and swimming in the blue Pacific. Shore leave was occasion for chaotic recreation that included boozing, brawling, and general mayhem. Gab-Gab Beach on Guam was always memorable for young men who’d been at sea for weeks, as was Honolulu’s entertainment district with its topless hula girls and other enticements. There was one story he told that I loved in which the sailors somehow



*Frank McMillan, Motor  
Machinists Mate 3rd Class,  
United States Navy, 1945*

got inside an admiral's mansion in Hawaii and proceeded to enjoy the contents of the liquor cabinet to the extent that most of the residence's interior was wrecked and the furniture ended up on the front lawn before the Shore Patrol arrived. One thing Dad especially liked was cave crawling. On more than one island when shore leave was granted, his shipmates and he would explore the caves out of which the Japanese troops had only recently been blasted. As a matter of fact, as it turns out, some of them were still hiding there during Dad's explorations, although he luckily never encountered them. The Japanese helmet and Arisaka 6.5 mm rifle he brought home as souvenirs from one of those expeditions featured prominently in my childhood play.

Discharged after V-J Day, Dad returned to A&M, and in 1950 he graduated with degrees in geological engineering and petroleum engineering. His A&M experience was one of the high points of his life; he was fond of reminiscing about those days, and when I grew old enough to hear of them he busted out some of the really good stories: hitchhiking all over the state (in those days every town had an "Aggie" corner where the cadets queued up, thumbs out), wild games in Baton Rouge where the whiskey flowed like a river, an overnight stint in jail in a small town outside Amarillo after a classmate and he got a little too exuberant at a local watering spot (they were released the next morning on their own recognizance because the classmate's father was the local postman and he needed his car back to make his rounds), and plenty of fisticuffs wherever the Aggies appeared. One ongoing source of friction at away-game campuses was the fact that the local coeds always went for the senior cadets in their Sam Browne belts, riding breeches, and knee-high cavalry boots and spurs, much to the displeasure of the indigenous fraternity boys who decidedly paled in comparison. At a postwar game at Rice Stadium in Houston, the Aggies and a swarm of sailors still stationed at the nearby campus got into it, and in a big way. However it started, the Aggies and the sailors emptied the bleachers on their respective sides of the stands and met in the middle of the field for an old-fashioned knock-down, drag-out knuckle duster. Peace was restored when the Aggie band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and everyone stopped punching and came to attention. Yes, there was a time when things like that still



*Frank McMillan and friends, A&M College of Texas, Mothers' d ay, 1947 (left to right, John Cochrane, Frank McMillan, Joe Mueller, Glenn Bell, Bob Martin)*



*Frank McMillan, senior portrait, A&M College of Texas, 1949*

happened. His college experience wasn't all fun and games, however. In fact, for most of his time at A&M, Dad worked very hard indeed, earning two degrees from what had become one of the best engineering schools in the country. His professors were memorable, and many of them earned nicknames from the cadets, foremost among them "P-40" Scruggs and "Cube Root" Jones. Back then classes were still held on Saturday, and one semester Dad took twenty-four class hours, a record I never even came close to matching thirty years later. I also saw his college report cards. He was damned smart and it showed. Growing up as a boy, I felt like he could do anything he set his mind to, and, as it turns out, he was so intelligent I think he probably could. A staff officer in the Corps of Cadets while at A&M, he remained commissioned in the United States Naval Reserve until 1959.

After graduation, he began work for the Southern Minerals Company as a petroleum landman and oil scout. Mentored by an older man who became his lifelong friend, Paul "Pete" Smith, a tough ex-mortar team sergeant who'd seen ferocious combat in the Philippines but was as kind and patient as he could be, he set to work along the upper Texas coast in such remote locations as the mosquito-friendly Swan Lake and the single stop-sign hamlet of Wadsworth. Pete essentially became a second father to Dad, and their early days together in the oil fields were colorful to say the least. Oil scouts spied out prospective properties, some that other companies were already developing, which was always interesting work, and when Pete and he went to buy leases out in the boondocks more than once they were greeted by packs of snarling farm dogs or shotgun-toting landowners not especially appreciative of trespassers, however economically promising their presence might ultimately prove to be.

A few years earlier, my father had met Mabel Hall of Hearne, Texas. Their first meeting rivaled anything depicted in the romantic black-and-white movies of that era. In the fall of 1947, an A&M classmate who was dating a local girl asked Dad if he'd like to tag along with him and attend a dance at the high school in the nearby railroad town of Hearne. Not having anything better planned for that evening, on a whim Dad hopped in his friend's coupe and away they went. It was a ride that changed his life. As he later told it, once there, he took an ini-



tial bearing, looking around the gym where the hop was in the middle of its jitterbugging progress, and then walked over to the punch bowl . . . and that's when lightning struck. Just as he lifted the ladle, on the far side of the gym he spotted the prettiest girl he'd ever seen, all dark hair, red lips, and blue eyes. For her part, she recalled noticing the handsome boy standing there in his pressed cadet's uniform almost as if he were at attention and eyeing her intently from across the basketball court's board floors. It was an instantaneously electric mutual attraction, and in a few quick strides, he was across the floor and at her



*Mabel and Frank McMillan on their wedding day, San Marcos, Texas, June 7, 1952*



*Photographic portrait of Mabel McMillan taken by Frank McMillan, 1961*



*Frank McMillan family, Corpus Christi, Texas, Christmas day, 1981 (left to right, Andrew, Molly, Frank McMillan, Mabel, Frank III)*

side. He never left it until he died. As hard as it is in this more cynical time to imagine, love at first sight does happen. It surely did that long-ago night in that dusty gym. Even more remarkably, love can last. Not long before he died, Dad told me he was glad I had found someone (my wife, Sheryl) I loved as much as he loved his Mabel. In every dimension, they were one. They married in the Episcopal Church at San Marcos, Texas, on June 7, 1952, and after spending their early married years in a series of rough-and-tumble oil patch towns like Bay City and Port Lavaca, in 1955 they moved to Corpus Christi, a port city on the Gulf of Mexico, where they raised three children, my younger sister, Molly, my younger brother, Andrew, and myself.

After working for Southern Minerals for seventeen years—years



*Frank McMillan (right) being awarded “Corpus Christi’s Outstanding Landman” by the Corpus Christi Association of Petroleum Landmen, 1962*

*Frank McMillan, Quaesta  
Energy portrait, 1967*



spent buying leases across the state, presenting papers at professional conferences, and winning honors such as “Outstanding Landman of the Year,” my father founded his own oil exploration company, Quaesta Energy, in 1967. From then on until his death twenty years later, he successfully developed oil and natural gas properties all over South Texas. Quaesta geologist Tom Jones was not only a contributor to the company’s success, but he also became a good friend of Dad’s, and many of their biggest strikes were developed in partnership with the late Lawrence Hoover, a legendary local oilman with an unmatched reputation for integrity and professional expertise and someone who later became one of my father’s closest friends.

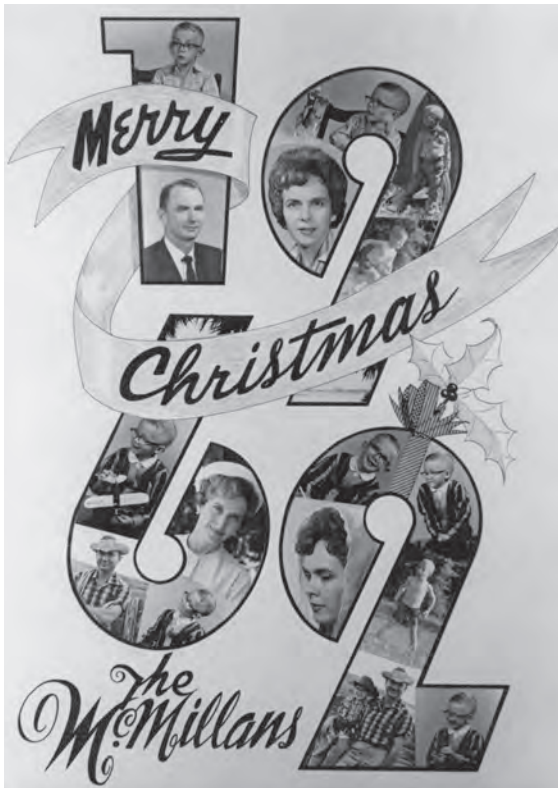
When he wasn’t at the office or in the field, Dad devoted his substantial energies and talents to things like photography, woodcarving, and the handcrafting of wooden furniture. An accomplished nature photographer, he built a darkroom off the garage (a mysterious and fascinating space for me as a five-year-old with its murky, coppery light and exotic smells) in order to be able to develop the photos he



*Frank McMillan with one of his beloved Leica cameras, San Antonio, Texas, 1961  
(also pictured, Frank McMillan III, age four, and an unidentified female)*



*Photograph of a green anole lizard by Frank McMillan*



*McMillan family  
Christmas card  
photographed and  
created by Frank  
McMillan, 1962*



*Photograph of a hibiscus flower by Frank McMillan*

took of the birds, animals, and plant life he shot with his prized Leica cameras. In the early 1960s his work was printed in *Texas Game & Fish*, the precursor to *Texas Parks & Wildlife* magazine. One spectacular spread of the beautiful flamingo-pink-hued birds called roseate spoonbills was the result of weeks of crouching in a coastal marsh in a blind he'd built in our backyard. And every family occasion, large or small, was commemorated on film, moving and still. Christmas was especially hallucinogenic for the kids in our family because our predawn rush to see what Santa left under the tree was always illuminated by studio-grade lights perched on tall tripods that lit up our living room like the interior of the Sun . . . only brighter.

Although my father was an unassuming man, his professional expertise and personal integrity were well known. Shortly after he died, one of his oil field colleagues told me that Dad, who was hailed on the downtown sidewalks of Corpus Christi as “Cowboy” for the Stetson he always wore, was widely regarded as the best landman in South



*Frank McMillan Sr., watering his horse near the Brazos river, Milam County, Texas*



*Frank McMillan Jr., campfire near the Brazos river, Milam County, Texas*

Texas. Another confided that in his opinion he was the most honest person in Corpus Christi. In regard to this, after he died my mother told me something that Dad never mentioned. It is a small thing, but it is one of those anecdotes that convey the very essence of a person. When I was not yet two years old and my father was still young, my grandfather collapsed with heat stroke after he had been roping cattle in the August sun. My father desperately attempted mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to no avail. As he held his dying father in his arms, my father promised him that he would never be dishonest. To my knowledge, he never was. It's small story, but, better than anything else I can think of, it tells what kind of man he was.

Devoted as he was to his family and career, my father also faithfully served his community. Over the years he held a number of volunteer positions at the First Methodist Church, Rotary Club, and other charities. He was a longtime trustee for the C. G. Jung Educational Center in Houston, Texas, and was a member on the Development Council for the College of Liberal Arts at Texas A&M University. At the request of his friend, Jungian analyst James Hall, he also helped



plan the founding of the Isthmus Institute for Science and Religion in Dallas. Higher education was especially important to Dad, and along with the McMillan Professorship in Analytical Psychology he also gave a President's Endowed Scholarship at A&M in honor of his parents, who'd always encouraged him to learn as much as he could. He always kept that pact. After suffering a heart attack, he died on March 4, 1988, in Corpus Christi, Texas.

In the end, however, outer accomplishments are of far less importance to an appreciation of what my father did than a review of the milestones of his inner life, for it was there that his greatest work was achieved. To employ the language of alchemy, this interior work was his magnum opus, and its labor and what it gave birth to is his real story. Inspired by an early archetypal experience so electric and immediate that it shattered his old view of the universe, he set out on a healing journey that soon transcended the limits of his traditional upbringing and in so doing plunged him into what the Spanish mystic St. John of the Cross so aptly called *la noche oscura del alma*, the dark night of the soul, the desolation of which drove him to a firsthand encounter with the autonomous reality of the psyche. This quest for spiritual meaning ultimately led him to the work of the Swiss psychiatrist C. G. Jung . . . and, like so many world-renewing narratives since the dawn of time, it all began with a dream.

Years later he recorded this dream in one of the leather-bound journals he kept for most of his adult life. Early each morning, he arose in the predawn dark and then recorded his dreams and thoughts by hand in a series of small identical volumes (many of these entries follow). Several hundred pages scripted in black ink chart the course of his inner life, and in them he identifies the "Big Dream" that visited him when he was seven years old, the one that set his feet on a path that ultimately led him far beyond the psychological boundaries of his youth and proved critical to the unfolding of his personal myth. The dream that stoked the furnace of his individuation and changed his life forever. It was his lion dream. Here it is in his words:

Setting: My mother is in the hospital in Temple, Texas for an operation. My father and I are alone on the farm.

The Dream: My father and I go to the house of one of the Negro tenant families for supper. The people there are black and hospitable. After returning to our house and retiring, I awake to see a huge, maned lion standing in the bedroom door and looking at me with great yellow eyes. I am paralyzed with terror—unable to move or speak. The great lion slowly approaches and licks my face with his huge tongue. The terror is released and I let out a mighty yell (which, in actuality, scared my sleeping father half to death).

Interpretation: For many years, this was simply a nightmare, but I never forgot it. After becoming acquainted with Carl Jung, I began to see the symbolism. The meal with the black folks (a thing not done in those days) was a meeting with and acceptance of my “shadow.” The lion was the autonomous part of the psyche, the collective unconscious. When faced and recognized consciously it proves to be a powerful and friendly force. In later years, this dream has become a comforting and sustaining force.

Dad often mentioned this most significant of dreams, and its imprint on him remained forever fresh. For many years it was just a nightmare, but, as he later came to understand it, the dream lion with its piercing eyes and rippling muscles was his first summons from the collective unconscious, his call to seek the Self; the imagery of the shared meal with his African American neighbors with its warming fire crackling and popping in the hearth and soft candlelight illuminating the modest cabin that was the dream setting was a symbol of reconciliation with the rejected aspects within us all, and impressive, too, in its joyous sense of brotherhood that was ahead of its time. Instead of devouring him as he feared, the lion walked over and in the dignified ease of the wild, licked his face in the loving seal of a natural creature claiming one as its own. To the Lakota people of the Great Plains this dream would have been “big medicine,” an initiation and call, with the lion acting as my father’s guardian spirit, an archetypal essence appearing in animal form. To the Lakotas, such a vision brought certain responsibilities with it, for the one who received such a vision was obliged to share it. The dream had to be made to walk the earth, its message actualized in time and space. This was a lot to ask

of a small boy, and, in truth, to my father for many years the dream was only a nightmare. “Just a dream” was the expression his practical elders used. Yet before he died, at the end of a spiritual quest that demanded his all, the pattern of the lion that came in the night was made real, transformed into that most rare and most real of all things, a dream come true. Like anything worthwhile, however, it came at a price.

Raised in a religious culture that was essentially unchanged from that of the Texas frontier his McMillan ancestors settled a hundred years before, my father was heir to a granite-solid, visceral, Christian faith, intuitive and almost childlike in its beautiful simplicity of expression. It was a trust that had sustained his forebears well in the face of brutal English persecution; bequeathed them courage for the long, dangerous voyage to a new world; consoled them in the face of sickness, hunger, and hardship; and steeled them in their desperate battles with the fierce Comanche and despotic Santa Anna. A living, breathing fundamentalism that functioned as an organic mythology, it contained its believers in an unthinking narrative that provided meaning, spiritual sustenance, and an answer to every question. Most of all, it furnished an all-encompassing *Umwelt*, a complete worldview, and woe to those who dared to step off its map and breach its psychological boundaries, for in the unknown regions beyond the edge of that spiritual realm “there be monsters” as the old cartographers penned, and, worse, for those who believed, the gates of a very literal Hell.

As a boy, the center of my father’s family was the certitude and strength of the Methodist Church. His paternal grandfather, William Andrew, was a pillar of the local church, and he was a tremendous influence on his grandson. More than once, Dad said that his grandfather was the most truly “saintly” man he’d ever met, and he lived a life of supreme Christian devotion. The family possesses letters that he wrote to my father on the occasions of birthdays and other special events, and these warm missives are unique examples of love for, and trusting obedience to, Jesus Christ. On his deathbed, William Andrew said he wasn’t afraid to die because soon he would “gaze on the face of the Master.” That is real belief. And it was a belief that was harder and harder for my father to share as he matured. Its literalness was a

stumbling block to his growing reason, education, and differentiating consciousness. In conversations with me over the years, he more than once described how in his twenties he suddenly found himself no longer psychologically contained within the comforting embrace of the orthodoxy in which he'd been sheltered as a boy. As he put it, "My reason wasn't in sync with my feelings," and from that disconnect a soul-troubling purgatory ensued. Over time, more and more doubts crept in, multiplying like a whirling flock of crows, and as these cascading images grew bleaker and more profound he came to the grim realization that he could no longer be satisfied by mere belief. For someone immersed in his place and time, he was treading dangerous ground here, firewalking on the coals of an all too certain damnation that was said to await those who rejected his culture's literal interpretation of Christ. And in a way he was in Hell already, for in his despair he felt that infernal heat, and the mental agony it engendered caused a real and true suffering that cannot be believed by those who have not experienced it. However, even at the risk of endangering his immortal soul, he pressed on, flying true to the God-given instruments of his reason and heart. He had to know what was real, not just accept it on faith, and as much as he loved the old comforting myth within which he had been long contained, its flame had grown cold in him. I can imagine that the going out of this light must have felt like the death of an old and dear friend, and it was a passing that I think he grieved in some way for the rest of his life. His former credence extinguished, he found himself spiritually wandering along the frigid shores of a black mere, that deep, dead lake where belief had drowned and sunk to the bottom, only to resurface as a rotten corpse that threatened to fester into full-blown atheism. A decision had to be faced, then, for he was at the pivot point—one central to contemplative consciousness. All too many individuals avoid facing it, or thinking about it at all, but he was too morally brave and too intellectually honest to avoid draining the cup before him, however bitter. Whatever the chalice contained, he would drink it down to the dregs. So here it was then, the most important question of all, and he had to answer it on his own: Does God exist? Maybe to put it in a somewhat more psychologically discriminating phrase, does Purpose exist? Or, on the other hand, is

the universe a racketing nothingness, an ongoing, pointless celestial accident, its poor inhabitants doomed to eternal meaninglessness. On an intellectual level, at least this latter argument had the accepted scientific worldview of the day on its side. And yet as much as he felt anything, he felt—no, he knew, just as Jung did—that existence was not meaningless. The numinous dream lion of his boyhood implied a purpose in the universe he could trust, a purpose he felt to be transcendent, immediate, and real, and, moreover, concerned with him as an individual. But from whence did this meaning, and, more particularly, his own personal meaning, derive? That was the real question. With genuine fear for his soul, he began a search beyond the horizon of comforting tradition, a search, or, really, more like it, a hunt, a hunt for meaning. Again I quote from his journals:

This has recently become apparent in my own understanding. I admit it with inner fear and trembling because of the powerful spiritual force that flows through Christ. But the historical Christ encumbered and overlain by dogma and frozen tradition has for me become an obstacle to direct experience with the Holy Spirit. I say Holy Spirit instead of God because a direct experience with God is too awesome to be easily spoken of.

To remain authentic to his intellectual integrity and his dreaming self, my father knew he had to venture beyond the limits of mere belief and be open to the sea of experience, no matter the anguish it caused him. Confronted with this crisis of purpose and meaning and girded by the unflinching sense of courage to face the unknown that was bequeathed him by his pioneer ancestors and his own natural personality, he plunged into this turbulent, inner sea, the abode of the unconscious, and then swam, stroking straight into the raging waves of doubt whose crests threatened to break overhead and drown him at any moment.<sup>11</sup>

The first thing he did on his quest was to broaden his intellectual horizons. As he said, “The only way I knew was to do what I had not done before . . . read deeply.” One early effort provided an amusing yet rather telling anecdote. Finding himself in the midst of a gath-

ering of chattering sophisticates (think hip pseudo-intellectuals and “arty” types) at an early 1960s Houston cocktail party (imagine a miasma of cigarette smoke hovering over a noisy drawing room full of skinny ties and boomerang-shaped coffee tables) and hungry for what he surely hoped would be a discussion at a somewhat more elevated cultural level than he generally encountered in the oil fields, Dad mentioned a book he’d just finished reading, one of the classics of world literature. A woman stifled a giggle and then another person shook the ice cubes in his glass, cleared his throat, and then sighed and kindly deigned to correct Dad’s admittedly Brazos River bottom pronunciation of *l es Miserables*, which I imagine came out sounding something like “lez miserabelz,” except worse; let’s face it, very likely much worse. Dad took the tutoring in stride and then went on a little scouting mission. It didn’t take him long to discover that he was the only one in the entire group who’d actually read the book, much less in its unabridged entirety. I tend to think everybody present learned something valuable that evening . . . like the philosophically rather profound concept of the differences between appearances and reality and why those jokes where slow-talking country boys get the better of city “slickers” still exist.

Occasional mispronunciations aside, in the best tradition of the genuinely self-taught, Dad resolutely plowed ahead with his reading program, picking up steam, pacing the deck with Ahab, sounding the symbolic depths of Mann and Joyce, laughing aloud at Cervantes’s bumbling Don, and suffering with Dostoevsky’s Russians he loved so much, be it in the frozen hell of Raskolnikov’s *Crime and Punishment* prison cell or in Father Zosima’s soulful confessions in *The Brothers Karamazov*. Until he died, he returned to Dante and Goethe again and again; his favorite bedside copies of the *divine Comedy* and *Faust* were dog-eared and penciled into graphite-smudged origami. The beneficiary of an excellent scientific education, he began to make up for lost time in the more liberal arts, particularly philosophy, as Plato, Aristotle, the Stoics, St. Augustine, Kant, Schopenhauer, Spinoza, Nietzsche, Bertrand Russell, William James, and Albert Camus became intellectual tutors, and, later, as he called them, companions. He also studied the sacred texts of the world’s great religions and

mythologies, acquainting himself with Taoism, the Upanishads, the *Bhagavad Gita*, and the Enlightened One's glorious *d hammapada*.

When something beyond words was necessary, he turned to Mozart, Bach, and Beethoven. And often as possible, he tried to remember his dreams, from that first numinous encounter with his dream lion he was ever respectful of the power that emanated from the unconscious. Yet even as his career and outer life prospered in a widening circle of friends and associates, psychologically he felt increasingly isolated. As his own consciousness expanded and his struggle with fundamentalist doctrine intensified (deputed members of our local church were once set upon him in our living room to try to bring him back into the fold), he experienced the tension of the opposites that is, in its own way, a kind of crucifixion, and he descended further into a great spiritual loneliness. Leaving behind the habitual unquestioning in which the majority of his peers lived rendered him solitary, and this awareness weighed on him. The way he haltingly explained it to me one time was that there was "no one he could talk to." Not that he was placing himself above his colleagues' intellectual level—he didn't mean that at all. It was something deeper, more intense, more heartfelt and wounding. Simply put, there was no one with whom he could share his encounter with the living Psyche and have them consider it as anything more than a fantasy or a passing mood; there was no one who would consider it real . . . as real, autonomous, wild, and truly alive as he had personally experienced it to be. The resulting isolation was crushing. He was as lonely and marooned as Crusoe on his desert island. Yet, as in many a myth and legend, at the very lip of the precipice where the abyss looms, rescue finally came.

At the climax of the American Indian vision quest, when one is thirsty, tired, and most alone in the wilderness, the spirit helpers arrive. To the suffering young brave, soaring eagles, bear warriors, or bison trailing stardust appear to provide the healing vision. In psychological terms, the collective unconscious provides the material to forge a new way of being. From the unconscious, the Self makes its presence felt and one's sense of alienation disappears and the unity of all created beings is revealed. One is known again and isolation vanishes like dew before the sun. As forlorn as any Lakota warrior crying for a vision, my father had reached a crisis point . . . and then grace struck like lightning.

The year was 1954. The place was a roadside café in Wadsworth, a small town located near East Matagorda Bay on the upper Texas coast. As is often the case in rural areas, the local café was the community gathering spot. Business was transacted, gossip exchanged, and news of the world debated over scrambled eggs at breakfast, chicken fried steak at lunch, and coffee and cigarettes at any time. My father had stopped for lunch. All morning he'd been driving dusty back roads, trying to lease oil and gas properties from local landowners. Happy to find a spot at a table in the cool dark, he had just sat down when the course of his life changed . . . forever.

Suddenly, a man deemed by his fellow citizens as an eccentric burst through the door. Although he called himself an artist—and was laughed at all the more for that—he barely eked out a living fishing for shrimp and gathering bait out on a nearby mosquito-infested, weed-choked peninsula accessible only by boat, where he lived like a hermit in an improbable structure constructed in part of a beached, ramshackle barge covered with tarpaper and oyster shells for insulation. Heads turned as he removed the pipe he nearly always kept clamped between his teeth and waved a crumpled sheet of paper high in the air. He exclaimed, “He wrote back to me! He wrote back to me!” As the man hurriedly went from table to table, presenting the letter like an offering at an altar, the other diners simply chuckled, exchanged a few knowing glances, and then went back to their plate, but my father was intrigued. Who could send such a letter, a letter that moved someone so profoundly? And who was that man who had received it? The impact of the letter on the stranger was so emotional that his eyes burned like a prophet's. My father intuitively felt something important was happening . . . and he was right, for this was no ordinary man and this was no ordinary letter. The man was Forrest Bess, the abstract expressionist painter, and the letter was from Carl Jung, the world-renowned Swiss psychiatrist. The spirit helpers had arrived.

Possessed of an intuitive personality of Old Testament dimensions and the powerful, fiery abilities to match, Forrest Bess was a visionary modern painter whose small oil canvases framed by his own hands in weathered wood featured symbolic images that came to him in waking visions, hypnagogic states, and his dreams. Born in Bay City, Texas, in



1911, the son of a rambunctious oil field roughneck, Bess first experienced the power of the unconscious on Easter morning when he was four years old. It was an encounter that marked him for life, and it was as if it opened a floodgate in his mind from which the unconscious roared unchecked for the rest of his years. It was a flood sometimes welcome, inspiring him to ecstatic heights of a dreamland creativity outside his time and place, while at other times it nearly snapped his last tether to objective reality and sent him sailing into a swirling inner realm, nearly drowning him in the unsummoned waves of raw and powerful imagery that surged in his tormented psyche. And it all began with his own vision of a lion.

Rubbing the sleep from his eyes on that morning in 1915, the young Bess yawned, sat up on his cot, and glanced across the room to his mother's sewing table, which was illuminated in the confetti-colored sunlight refracting from a cut-glass vase perched on a nearby window sill. Bess blinked in amazement. Spread upon the spool table was a miniature tableau; a European village, perfect in every detail, with its town well, plodding dray horses clip-clopping over cobblestoned streets, and costumed inhabitants busily making their daily rounds. The boy crept from his bed to take a closer look, only to be struck dumb by the sight of a tiger perched on the chair next to his cot. Undaunted, and still yearning to inspect the intriguing village up close, he circled around the table from the other side, only to be stymied again. Looming above his head like a mountain sat an African lion, alert and ready and watching the young Bess with his yellow eyes. This second imposing visitor proved too much for one day and Bess let out a holler. The image evaporated as his frightened parents hustled in from the kitchen.<sup>12</sup> The resemblance between this scene and my father's own boyhood dream is striking, particularly the vision's denouement into a scream that wakes the house.

Inspired by his early vision, as a boy Bess taught himself to draw—influenced by his mother and two cousins who were artists—and he later became an exceptional student and football player in high school like my father. After graduation, he enrolled at the A&M College of Texas, which was to be Dad's alma mater years later, too, where he studied architecture. In college, Bess quickly became fascinated with

geometry, English literature, Hinduism, Greek myths, and writers as diverse as Darwin, Freud, and Jung. Two years passed, and after he determined that he wasn't cut out to be an architect due to the math and physics requirements at A&M, he dropped out and enrolled at the University of Texas at Austin, although shortly thereafter he became so immersed in his reading about the world's great religions and mythologies that he quit school altogether and began to paint, taking up the skill that ran in his family. With these brush strokes, he entered modern art history.<sup>13</sup>

Inspired by the writings of Jung, with whom he later corresponded, along with other scholars in fields as diverse as psychology, anthropology, and art, Bess kept a loose-leaf notebook by his bed in which he sketched his iconic, nighttime visions—primarily wild splashes of color, bold lines, dots, zigzags, and geometric shapes startlingly reminiscent of the trance visions with their entoptic phenomena (phosgenes and form constants) depicted in the Paleolithic rock art of Africa's San people<sup>14</sup> or the nearly hallucinogenic Dreamtime paintings of Australia's aborigines—before he translated them to canvas. In his now lost notebook, Bess kept extensive notes about his painted symbols, rife with diagrams and explanations reflective of their archetypal nature, and his ideograms were keenly in keeping with the almost volcanic eruption of glyphs that came to him in his sleeping and waking moments. It was nothing less than pure nature struggling to become conscious. One of America's most provocative and challenging "outsider" artists, with an avant-garde following that still grows today, during his lifetime Bess exhibited at the Corcoran Gallery Biennial, showed at the famous Parsons Gallery in New York along with titans of abstract modernism like Mark Rothko and Jackson Pollock (who was also influenced by Jung), and was praised by Columbia University's acclaimed art historian, Meyer Schapiro, who became his personal friend. His one man exhibitions ranged from the Contemporary Arts Museum in Houston to Stanford University and the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum in San Francisco. While his eccentric belief that literal hermaphroditism—not just some form of psychological androgyny—was the path to spiritual transcendence (a credo that increasingly became an obsession as he grew older)

prevented him from gaining a wider audience among the general public, by the 1960s Bess's paintings had been discovered by collectors as diverse and astute as the architect Philip Johnson and the international arts patrons Dominique and John de Menil, who specialized in the surrealists, indigenous African art, and the Old Masters. In his last years, he was supported in part by a grant from the foundation Mark Rothko established to aid elderly, low-income artists.<sup>15</sup> After his death in 1977 from a skin cancer no doubt engendered by years spent fishing under the bright and hot coastal sun, his work featured in solo exhibitions at the Whitney Museum of American Art and the Hirschl and Adler Modern gallery in New York—in a show that later traveled to the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago. Today, Bess's canvases are housed in the permanent collections of the Whitney Museum of American Art, Cornell University, Houston's Museum of Fine Arts, and the Menil Collection, among other places.<sup>16</sup>

Idiosyncratic, virtually estranged from not a few of his fellow citizens, and troubling, almost frightening, to many due to his philosophical/spiritual beliefs and self-developed mysticism, to others Bess was a solid and wise presence: a mentor, even. He made good friends over his life in his local community and even charmed far-away metropolitan sophisticates like Meyer Schapiro and Betty Parsons, who became close to him. His artist's eye saw enchantment in the ordinary and made the everyday and commonplace world of a remote, backwater village come alive as a blessed space for those who were open enough and compassionate enough to listen to him with the attention he deserved. His love for and knowledge of the natural world of sun, sea, and sky and the multitudinous creatures that swam, flew, and crept over it was contagious. Those who "had ears to listen" could truly appreciate what he had to say and were the better for it.

As a young person, Dr. Garland Watson of College Station, Texas, got to know Bess and spend time around him in a way few people did. Below are some fond recollections Watson forwarded to me in a personal communication about the dream-driven, kind-hearted man and radically creative talent he remembers as "the artist at the end of the road":

September the sixteenth was a Saturday, and my thirteenth birthday was on Monday the eighteenth. My father and uncle promised to take me fishing at a place called Chinquapin down on the Intracoastal canal on the Texas coast. Since we lived in Bay City, it was not a long drive and even though it seemed so far for a thirteen year-old. My uncle had purchased a small building, an old liquor store to be exact, and he and my dad had leased a lot down there to put it on. The cabin was pretty rustic but it kept us out of the weather and was comfortable.

We left early as my dad always woke early, around five, and got fishing reports from Dewey Compton on the radio so we had an “edge” on the rest of the guys. The road to Chinquapin took us south to the little town of Wadsworth where we turned left, crossed the railroad tracks, and turned right on a shell road which seemed to go on forever. Finally we stopped at the water at the end of the road.

We walked out on a small shaky pier and my dad signaled to a man walking out on a pier across the small bayou. The man waved back and shortly was on his way across the waterway in a wooden boat. Although he was sitting down, he was a tall figure of a man with ruffled hair and a moustache and a pipe billowing smoke under a large nose. He approached us and him and my dad and uncle greeted each other as old friends naturally would. My dad called me over and said, “Son, I want you to meet an old friend of ours, Mr. Forrest Bess.” Dad inquired as to the fishing and Forrest said it was good, so we rented a boat, bought some bait, waved goodbye to Forrest and set out for a day of fish taking.

The fishing was not so good and we motored up to Forrest’s pier sometime after noon and Forrest walked down to “see what we caught.” Dad told him we caught one fish, a speckled trout and he wanted Forrest to paint it! Forrest said, “I don’t paint fish. I paint things I dream about, you know, you’ve seen them.” Dad said, “Well, I want you to paint that one!”

Several months later in the spring of 1951 Forrest showed up at our home in Bay City and I happened to answer the door. He

handed me the painting of a speckled trout. It was something I'll never forget [note: titled *Trout Medicine*, Watson's trout painting is one of the few known naturalistic paintings done by Bess].

Over the course of the next few years, my friends Chuck Baker, Gary Ezell, Gerald Ludwig and I would head down to Chiquapin and we would spend time with Forrest. He would have us over to his homebuilt cabin, cook us some fresh shrimp or fish and we would talk. He would pile us in his small homemade boat and take us down to the Indian mounds to look around and wonder. He proudly showed us his latest paintings and talked about why the images stuck in his mind. He talked about Carl Jung and how he was communicating with the famous psychologist. He also talked about his friend Frank McMillan and how he too was influenced by Jung's teachings. We talked a lot about Jung.

He had little money and seemed to be content with life but also was driven to seek answers to the meaning of it. He encouraged us to read and learn. He presented me with a book, *The Lost Continent of Mu*, which he signed, and I still have it. I also have the painting of the trout and I wish I had more.

I lost touch with Forrest as I moved on to college and professional school. I relied heavily on the medical dictionary he gave



Trout Medicine by Forrest Bess

me in 1955 and know he didn't give many people graduation presents. His bait camp/home at Chinquapin was destroyed by Hurricane Carla in 1961 and he moved to Bay City. There were a lot of rumors about him among the locals, but he remains the most famous of them all. He remains a positive force in my life and I enjoy sharing those times with my children and I still fish and share those memories with the same friends.

As for Carl Jung, my father had never heard of him before that momentous afternoon when he encountered Forrest Bess in that seaside café. But, when he witnessed the almost magical, transformative effect the letter that Bess clutched created, he knew he had to find out about its author. Ever since his childhood encounter with the lion that came in the night, Dad had become alert to clues and hints from the dream beast's realm, and he felt there was something significant here. He asked the elated man in the ragged clothes, fixed in the middle of the crowded room like an island in a lonely sea—the strange figure who everyone else ignored or rejected with a sneer, or, worse, turned their backs on with a laugh—over to his table and invited him to sit down. Then, for the first time, he learned about the renowned Swiss doctor, who later transformed him. Again I quote from his journals:

One of the few things of which I am absolutely sure is that we live and move and have our being in the midst of a mystery that is beyond our imagining. The more we explore the mystery, the deeper it becomes. It is, I think, the chief responsibility of mankind to carry out that exploration with its utmost ability. It is not limited to technological or scientific exploration. It is better defined as an expansion of consciousness. The individual human being is the only carrier of the differentiated consciousness of which I speak. The expansion of consciousness gives meaning to my existence. I could not have said these words before becoming acquainted with the works of C. G. Jung. Maybe I would have eventually come to the same conclusion. I don't know. I do know that I have found my experiences confirmed by him and this gives me the confidence to trust the ideas resulting from

these experiences.

Later, he put it more succinctly to David Rosen: “Jung saved my life.” One tends to think Jung himself would have been pleased by the synchronicity involved in this serendipitous café encounter as what he termed “meaningful coincidence” was a central concept of his, not to mention the role that the vibrant products of Bess’s active imagination played.

Six letters exchanged between Bess and Jung still exist in the Jung archives at the Eidgenössische Technische Hochschule in Zurich (more commonly known as the ETH, or Swiss Federal Institute of Technology). Additional letters by Bess are held in the Archives of American Art at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, DC. The letter that Bess carried with him into the café in Wadsworth, the one referred to when he yelled “He wrote back to me!” is almost certainly the one in the ETH archives dated December 15, 1953. It’s also the only one personally signed by Jung. It’s the letter that changed my father’s life . . . and history.



After that synchronicity at the crossroads, that fateful meeting in a country café with an ecstatic stranger wrestling with his own visionary summons from the unconscious, my father was on his way. What he learned about there that afternoon from the artist Forrest Bess became the pole star to his quest, the one by which he navigated until he died. And the first place it guided him to was the Jung Center in Houston. Throughout the 1960s, with gathering speed he read everything he could get his hands on, either written by, or about, Jung. By 1970 he very probably owned one of the largest personal libraries on analytical psychology in Texas. This took some real doing in that it was done long before the Internet and chain bookstores existed, and in a place that was remote and removed from the mainstream of American intellectual life, to say the least. But assemble a library he did, with all the care and effort the most dedicated medieval alchemist devoted to his art.

As a boy, I often accompanied him to our neighborhood bookshop

to pick up those Bollingen Series books with the mysterious, black dust covers. I particularly recall his anticipation the day volume 9, *Aion*, arrived. But all this was only preparation, only a prelude to the real task. Entire passages were meticulously underlined in his firm hand, any unknown terms defined in the margins. He tilled the pages like a field, and the resulting harvest was full measure. Nearly every page of his battered copy of *Memories, dreams, reflections* was scored with handwritten notes and underlinings. Due to his own health issues later in life, he found particular resonance in *Answer to Job*. He sifted Jung's words like a prospector, seeking the transforming gold. To paraphrase Jung, however, he did not try to ape the Swiss psychiatrist's "stigmata," but, rather, strove to authentically live his own life. Jung once commented, "Thank God I'm Jung and not a Jungian." My father understood that.

The great contribution of Jung is not that his ideas form any final explanation . . . but that they are penetrating insights that open doors and lead the way for further elaboration and understanding.

And there was no whitewashing. My father realized Jung cast a long shadow. He was aware of the man's countertransference issues and especially of that most grievous failure of all in which Jung inadequately and with a still lamentable diminution of feeling all-too-late said he "slipped up." Dad was well conscious of his own human weaknesses, too, particularly his quick temper, and he wrestled with that dark angel until the end.

From the 1960s onward, Dad recorded a rich and varied dream life. One dream from this period is amazingly similar to one Jung shared with Freud on their famous voyage to America in 1909. Jung dreamed of a multistory house where he found two skulls in a dusty cave beneath the cellar. My father dreamed:

I am in a well-lit, pleasant barracks. I go down to a lower level. It is something like a church (I seem to remember colored windows and a choir). I continue down to about the fourth level and it is a dusty cave, like a catacomb with old bones on the dusty floor. Despite all this, it is an interesting place, and not totally unpleasant. I pass through this place and am in the sunshine outdoors.



In a reassuring message from the collective unconscious regarding his break with dogma (“In truth I tell you, in very truth, the man who does not enter the sheepfold by the door, but climbs in some other way, is nothing but a thief and a robber.” John 10:1), one memorable dream seemed to offer an affectionate acceptance of his individual journey toward wholeness. Of it, he wrote:

Important dreams can sometime be humorous. I dreamt that Christ, in his white robe, stood in the door of the sheepfold on the farm where I was a boy. I approached the sheepfold, but, instead of going in through the door, I climbed through a side window. Christ turned to watch me and laughed. I felt good about that.

Another dream saw him peeling back the bark of a gnarled oak to discover the grinning face of “Mercurius,” the Trickster, carved on the inner surface of the green wood. In another, he witnesses the creation of a new way of being.

A man is relaxed on the beach. He is a man of high rank. He starts to leave when he sees a large black funnel cloud. The tornado approaches an old, large square multi-story house and completely destroys it. Out of the debris a new, simpler structure is fashioned and occupied by women and children. There is no lapse of time between the destruction of the old house and the appearance of the new, very simple structure (like a fade-in and fade-out in the movies).

Dallas-based Jungian analyst James Hall later published one of Dad’s dreams in a scholarly journal (interestingly, Dad never underwent a Jungian analysis). Received in 1976 prior to what he called one of his “medical episodes”—in this case open heart surgery—its primary image is of a quartet of beings who proceed to weigh my father’s heart on the scales in judgment, an action prefigured in ancient Egyptian mythology. A solid, a translucent,

and a transparent being are accompanied by the presence of a disembodied consciousness that in a quiet, strong voice renders the verdict that the heart “looks all right.” The three figures along with their ghostly observer form an archetype of quaternity, representing the totality of the Self. Dad recounted the dream in a 1985 letter to his friend, Sir Laurens van der Post:

The dream setting is a tableau of three figures, A, B, and C. All three figures are me. Figure A is my temporal body of flesh and blood. Figure B is identical except that it is a translucent body. Figure C is identical except that it is a transparent body. All three stand in a field of tall, waving grass across which the wind is blowing. In the background there is the music of an old hymn, “This is My Father’s World” (“ . . . in the rustling grass I hear Him pass. He speaks to me everywhere . . .”).

Figures A and B stand at arm’s length facing each other. Figure C stands about 20 feet to the rear of Figure B observing the scene. Without saying anything, Figure A voluntarily reaches into his chest, removes his heart, and extends it in an open hand to Figure B (the heart appears to be healthy, although I have been diagnosed with coronary artery disease). Figure A then expires and sinks into the grass. The three figures seem capable of merger to become the “three in one.”

The feeling tone of the dream was very positive. For some time I pondered where the fourth might be—and then it dawned on me. The fourth was the Observer, which was a “presence” without any body at all. The astonishing thing is that it was only after the dream that I found in the literature references to the soul as a translucent body and to the spirit as a transparent body. Over the years, I have worked with the dream and a number of interpretations have presented themselves. The last one is, I believe, the most satisfying and it was presented to me by you in one of your phrases, “That which lives through me.” I continue to be fascinated by the awesome mystery in which we live and move and have our being.

Through this night messenger, all the years of my father's questioning had received an answer emanating from the dream lion's realm. Painted in the beautiful, symbolic imagery that is the dialect of the collective unconscious, an annunciation was delivered: Via the steps of his inner journey, some halting, some bounding, some agonizing, some joyous, through his dark nights of the soul and in the piercing light of his consciousness, he'd found a new Way. In truth, he'd been bequeathed his very own Philosopher's Stone . . . the natural totality of his personality. He was alive in a meaningful universe. He was finally whole, his reason and feeling made one.

By the end of the 1970s, my father's intellectual curiosity broadened to embrace the world. No longer simply a provincial son of the frontier, by his own efforts he'd become a spiritual citizen of the world. He came to love the writings of Chuang Tzu and Lao-Tzu's *Tao Te Ching*, and he particularly favored the Wilhelm/Baynes translation of *The I Ching, the Book of Changes*. Noted Sinologist Richard Wilhelm was one of Jung's most significant and influential friends, and his translation of the *Secret of the Golden Flower* provided Jung the "bridge between the dead end of Gnosticism and the great unknown represented by alchemy."<sup>17</sup> Jung's foreword for Wilhelm's *The I Ching*, the ancient Chinese oracle, is widely regarded as a masterpiece. Its original trigrams legendarily gifted to the Chinese people by the god Fu Xi,<sup>18</sup> when appropriately consulted via a series of coin tosses (antique Chinese coins are suggested in some texts) or the more traditional yarrow stalk method, *The I Ching* yields sixty-four hexagrams that do not so much predict the future (although some naively use it this way) as they—more properly understood—render judgments and commentaries that synchronistically mirror interior psychological states with events in the outer world. These judgments and commentaries grace a moment in time with a benediction of purpose emanating from the outer world that seems to complement an individual's inner psychological landscape. This mirroring phenomenon that manifests itself in *The I Ching* is a facet of that mysterious something more formally known as synchronicity, or meaningful coincidence, the famous "acausal connecting principle" that Jung and his collaborator, the Nobel laureate

in physics, Wolfgang Pauli, described in their groundbreaking work devoted to the subject.<sup>19</sup> Meaningful coincidence hints that there is something seemingly intelligent at work in existence, a thread that connects humans and the world around them beyond the confining restraints of time and space and confers meaning on unrelated events, thereby weaving purpose into the woof and warp of the universe. Conversely, rather than just a single instance, a number of such clues may scroll themselves into a pattern over the years, linking persons and places in a web of significance. In all cases, something seems to be at play to aid and abet a construction of purpose between unrelated events, swirling the grains of random experience into a mandala of connected meaning that manifests itself in the consciousness of the individual, that mysterious medium wherein Physis and Psyche meet and where the universe both knows and is known. As Jung notes in his foreword, “The ancient Chinese mind contemplates the cosmos in a way comparable to the modern physicist, who cannot deny that his model of the world is a decidedly psychophysical structure. The microphysical event includes the observer just as much as the reality underlying *The I Ching* comprises subjective, i.e., psychic conditions in the totality of the momentary situation. Just as causality describes the sequence of events, so synchronicity to the Chinese mind deals with the coincidence of events.”<sup>20</sup>

Ever careful not to abuse this most esteemed and venerable of texts as some sort of cheap conjurer’s trick, my father frequently consulted it for the psychologically profound insights it confers on those who approach it in a respectful manner and with all their analytical consciousness intact. I was in the room with him when he threw the yarrow stalks for the first time. His question was: “In what way may I best utilize the wisdom of *The I Ching*?” The resulting hexagram was *Ching*, The Well, with its “inexhaustible dispensing of nourishment.” Appropriately impressed, Dad consulted the oracle as situations merited until the end of his life.

Active imagination sessions also furnished signposts on my father’s inner path. The following vision, wherein his lion reappears, describes a step on his road to individuation:

On a broad prairie of waving grass, I meet a wise old man riding a horse and accompanied by a lion and an eagle. He befriends me and takes me to where I find my lion and eagle. I am on horseback and they stay with me—the eagle soaring overhead and the lion alongside.

In agreement with Gödel's theorem that arithmetical truths are independent of human activity, and a fan of Marie-Louise von Franz's *Number and Time*, Dad loved the realm of mathematics, or "God's language," as he phrased it. One of the many fellow seekers who somehow seemed to find him as if by instinct or some sort of spiritual propinquity was the late Hobart Huson, an attorney, historian, and proud owner of one the greatest collections of Texana ever amassed, who, among his many other talents, was also an expert on the Greek philosopher Pythagoras. More than once I made the journey with Dad to the small town of Refugio, Texas, site of Huson's crumbling, oak-shrouded Victorian mansion he'd lovingly christened "Dawgwood" where, ensconced in his high-ceilinged drawing room, the two friends would talk for hours on the old Greek, the mystery of numbers, and nearly everything else under the sun.

Putting his math background to good use, during the last decade of his life, with an ever-increasing enthusiasm, Dad explored quantum physics and the new universe it revealed: where consciousness comes to the fore. This intrigued him, convinced as he was that the making of consciousness was humanity's main role to play in creation, and it only helped confirm his intuitions. Toward the end of his career, Jung often mentioned his view that the frontier of knowledge in the future would be the meeting ground between the Psyche and the "new physics," and his collaboration and resulting book with the Nobel laureate physicist Wolfgang Pauli (*The Interpretation of Nature and Psyche—Synchronicity: An Acausal Connecting Principle*) is well known. And in point of fact, quantum mechanics with its particle/wave duality concept of matter is the most successful scientific explanation of reality ever devised by the human mind and has never been proven to be wrong by experiment, and within its Copenhagen interpretation, it is a perceiving consciousness (the observer effect)

that causes the wave function to collapse. As the famous Nobel Prize-winning physicist Eugene Wigner said, “It was not possible to formulate the laws of quantum mechanics in a fully consistent way without reference to the consciousness.”<sup>21</sup> Consciousness, then, is where the game is afoot, and in this particular game the final scoreboard shows that “common sense” classical physics with its naive nineteenth-century materialism (under which viewpoint, it may safely be assumed, most educated people still presently operate, however unconsciously) as a definitive final explanation of reality is as obsolete as spats and straw boaters and it’s not coming back. Indeed, quantum mechanics’ rebuke to old-style materialism is profound and definitive. Contrast the new physics’ radical and even liberating lens on reality with modernity’s more conventional insistence that existence is only matter in motion and that the universe with its 300 sextillion burning stars is pointless. This latter view is the philosophical rubric under which essentially the last century and a half has been run, and it still remains the fundamental presupposition—the faith, even—of many, if not most, scientists. However, scientific truth doesn’t reside in consensus. As Oxford University professor John C. Lennox says, scientists are not supposed to prefer anything except what is true, and truth emerges through proof, not belief. As to that, the laboratory track record of the new physics has broken the back of the established reductionist religion on an altar of unyielding fact. Local realism and determinism are now proven to be empirically unsupportable and are therefore scientifically untenable theories. As an epitaph for these erstwhile dogmas with their antique positivism and ever-promissory materialism, one may borrow from Eliot and say, “Mistah Kurtz, he dead.” Not that the news is easily swallowed. Einstein himself resisted quantum mechanics’ counterintuitive theories with every fiber of his being, and in his *Gedankenexperiment*, forever enshrined in the scientific literature as the Einstein-Podolsky-Rosen Paradox, argued that quantum mechanics was not, in fact, a physical theory, that it was incomplete. Quite frankly, the old genius personally hated the new physics with a passion and its implication of “spooky action at a distance.” Geniuses can be wrong, however. In 1964, Irish physicist John Bell’s now famous paper challenged the EPR Paradox by proposing the consistency of

quantum mechanics' predictions, and his paradigm-shattering theorem was proven valid in 1982 by Alain Aspect and again in even stronger fashion by Nicolas Gisin in Geneva fifteen years later. The breathtaking concepts of nonlocality and entanglement confirmed in these experiments are essentially beyond average comprehension; their privileging of consciousness in a seemingly intelligent universe that is interconnected as a whole beyond the speed of light is too mind-boggling and, quite frankly, far too radical in its philosophical implications for most laypersons—let alone scientists—to swallow . . . and yet it's the most successful scientific explanation of reality ever devised. As Niels Bohr said, "Anyone not shocked by quantum theory has not understood it."<sup>22</sup> Well, there it is. However wrong he was in retrospect, Einstein nevertheless stubbornly resisted until the end, issuing his familiar saying, "God does not play dice with the universe." Fewer people are familiar with Bohr's possibly apocryphal retort to him, "Quit telling God what to do." Touché, indeed.

In what was an admittedly rather eccentric form of recreation, Dad like doing calculus problems, and he kept a small spiral notebook in his front shirt pocket that he would produce at slow moments like someone else might a book of crossword puzzles. And though he would have



*Boxes, letter openers, figurine, and wooden jewelry handcrafted by Frank McMillan*



*Collection of wooden carvings by Frank McMillan*



*Trio of wooden carvings by Frank McMillan*



denied it, like Jung he had an artistic side to his personality that blossomed into full bloom as he aged. In his much-loved and much-frequented workshop with all its magical tools and buzzing machinery that seemed to have personalities all their own, he carved smooth wood, producing an array of human and animal figures. His handcrafted pieces of furniture, sculpture, and wooden-beaded necklaces strung with crosses and lotuses are still treasured by family and friends. For the first time in his life, I think he was at peace. The wandering was over. In every dimension it can be said, he'd come home . . . and that home was the entire world.

In the spring of 1979, Dad met the British writer Sir Laurens van der Post at the C. G. Jung Educational Center in Houston, Texas. For years, my father had been coming to this oasis of sanity, art, and culture in the midst of boomtown Houston that was the brainchild of its founder, Carolyn Grant Fay, a generous visionary. Carolyn and my father were fast friends, and Dad served on the center's board of trustees for many years. *Jung and the Story of Our Time* was Dad's favorite biography of Jung, and when he learned its author was coming to Texas to speak he made plans to attend and asked me to come along. When the two men met, their connection was immediate and profound. Over lunch at a Houston hotel, Dad shared his lion dream with Sir Laurens and its effect on him was magnetic. Animation rising in his voice, Sir Laurens replied how uncannily it mirrored the old Bushman tale recorded by Bleek<sup>23</sup> wherein a lion licks the tears of a young hunter, claiming him as his own. In this sharing of stories, an affectionate exchange that forevermore forged a link between Africa to Texas and united the Paleolithic past with the here and now, the friendship between Sir Laurens and my father was sealed on the spot and was from then on contained in the pattern of the lion. They corresponded frequently until Dad's death.

A world-renowned author, storyteller, explorer, war hero, filmmaker, environmentalist, lifelong foe of racial hatred, mentor to world leaders, and close friend of C. G. Jung, Sir Laurens was one of the twentieth century's most remarkable figures. Born in what was formerly known as the Orange Free State of South Africa in 1906, he grew up on a working farm and from boyhood was steeped in the culture and mythology of his native continent, particularly that of the

quickly vanishing San (Bushmen), the “first people” of Africa. An artist from the start, as a young man he moved to Cape Town to pursue a career in journalism, where he started the radical magazine *Voorslag* (English: *The Whiplash*) with his friends the writer William Plomer and the poet Roy Campbell. After the satirical magazine’s outspoken vision for the equality of all people became too much for the racist local authorities, van der Post left South Africa for London in the 1920s. His first novel, *In a Province*, a searing indictment of the bigotry of his homeland (the first such denunciation made in print by a white native of Africa) and a paean to the redeeming power of love, was published by Leonard and Virginia Woolf’s Hogarth Press. Through the Woolfs he became involved in the Bloomsbury group, and he later befriended T. S. Eliot, E. M. Forster, J. M. Keynes, Henry Moore, and Benjamin Britten. His new English life as a writer and farmer, however, was then interrupted by ten years of war and soldiering. Leader of a commando team in the Second World War, he conducted a series of daring raids behind enemy lines in Abyssinia and was then transferred to the Far East, where he commanded guerilla units against the Japanese. Taken prisoner of war in Java, he spent the rest of the conflict in a prisoner of war camp, suffering torture and deprivation yet also rising to become an inspiring and influential leader among his fellow prisoners, even establishing a school in the camps where the “diplomas” were issued on scraps of toilet paper. This dark time became the crucible that forged his stirring parable of courage and forgiveness, *The Seed and the Sower*, a work later made into the motion picture *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence*, starring David Bowie. After being freed at the end of the war, he went straight back to active service for Lord Mountbatten, and when British forces withdrew from Java he remained behind as military attaché. In the postwar years, he undertook several official missions for the British government, exploring remote parts of Africa, one of which he chronicled in his best seller, *Venture to the Interior*. His independent expedition to the Kalahari Desert in the 1950s in search of the last free-ranging bands of San Bushmen led to his most famous work, *The Lost World of the Kalahari*, along with an award-winning documentary film series he produced for the BBC of the same name. Through his second wife, the English actress and author Inga

Giffard, he met Carl Jung in Zurich after the war and their friendship was instantaneous based on their mutual love of nature and particularly, and most of all, Africa. Jung's secretary, Aniela Jaffe, said that no one ever understood Jung as deeply as Laurens van der Post, and this was borne witness by his touching biography of the Swiss healer. Van der Post also dedicated his masterpiece *The Heart of the Hunter* to Jung for "his great love of Africa and reverence for the life of its aboriginal children." He continued to publish books well into his eighties, and his adventure *A Far-Off Place* was made into a film by that same name released by the Walt Disney Corporation in 1993.

During his last years, Sir Laurens became well known for his close friendship with Margaret Thatcher, his role as mentor to the Prince of Wales, HRH Prince Charles, and by being godfather to Prince William. He died in December 1996, shortly after celebrating his ninetieth birthday at a gathering at the London home of his much-loved daughter, Lucia. He was surrounded by a sea of family and friends, some of them fellow prisoners from his war days, illustrating in a dramatic and genuine way that maybe his most profound legacy of all was the almost alchemical transformation that contact with his magical storytelling and wise and profoundly humane presence, shadow and all, had on the lives of thousands of individuals from around the globe, and how his commitment to all that was authentic and whole in life extended as well to the planet's vanishing wilderness, whether that wildness manifested itself in the natural world without or the soul of Man within.

After Dad died in 1988, the relationship between the McMillan and van der Post families continued to deepen. Shortly after Dad's death, the whole family—my mother, Mabel; my sister and brother, Molly and Andrew; and my wife, Sheryl, and I—traveled to England and spent time with Sir Laurens and Lady van der Post at their penthouse flat floating high in the sky above the Chelsea streets (Sir Laurens affectionately called it his "spaceship"), making it into a sort of pilgrimage of friendship in a living testament to what Sir Laurens and my father shared, thereby fulfilling something my father's illness never allowed him to do. For many years, Sir Laurens had wanted my father to join him on safari in Africa, but Dad's poor health had sadly

prevented that, too. Shortly after our London visit, I think in some way making this African journey for him, if only in spirit, my mother endowed a library for the C. G. Jung Centre in Cape Town, South Africa—the first such library of publications on psychology on the African continent—in my father’s name, both as a memorial to him and as a commemoration of his friendship with Laurens.

At Laurens’s urging, as part of the library’s founding, I flew to South Africa in that hope-filled spring of 1990, only weeks after Nelson Mandela was freed from prison. Generously billeted at first by Laurens’s close friend, the conservationist Ian Player (founder of the Wilderness Leadership School and the person responsible for saving the white rhino from extinction), at his lovely farm, Phuza Moya, perched high in the blue-green hills of Natal, I then spent six weeks traveling all over southern Africa. I went on on safari in Botswana’s palm-studded Okavango swamp, the last natural refuge of wildlife on the continent, backpacking and camping on trails with Ian in Zululand’s rugged Umfolozi game reserve, walking the ghostly battlefields at Isandlwhana and Rorke’s Drift, and I toured the majestic Cape region, where I spent some much-treasured time with the talented analysts at the Cape Town Jung Centre (among them the late Vera Buhrmann, Julian David, Patrick Tummon and Astrid Berg<sup>24</sup>), an institution that today is a leading incubator of Jungian thought. The Centre has played a profoundly critical role in the successful transition to the new postapartheid, multiracial South Africa.

On the last leg of my tour, I flew to Windhoek, Namibia, where I rented an all-wheel-drive pickup and made the long drive across the arid veldt of the interior and then up the foggy shore of the desolate Namib Desert along a road made of salt to the Skeleton Coast Park ranger station, a remote outpost situated near the Angolan border. Throughout my African sojourn, which remains one of the most seminal experiences of my life, every few days or so at key points along the way I talked on the phone with Sir Laurens back home in London. He was always keen to hear about my progress, and it was in our final phone call before I returned to England that I relayed an incident that still remains as numinous and uncanny as the moment it happened. On my last morning in Namibia, ranger Rod Braby and I left camp

in the 4 x 4 I'd rented to track a collared lioness by radio telemetry. We first drove to an oasis made famous in television nature documentaries as the place where the "elephants slide to the waterhole on their bottoms," as Laurens like to say, and as they very literally, in fact, do. On the dune ridge above the pool, the whisper of silence, broken only by the occasional bird cry, was like the first day of creation. After resting there a bit and scoping the landscape with binoculars, we then drove down into the desert, across an ancient floodplain, and then into a dry riverbed, wide and white, where, throughout the rest of the afternoon, we spotted a parade of gemsboks, springboks, ostriches, and giraffes . . . but no lioness. Then just as dusk approached, we got a hit on the tracking radio. Apparently the lioness was somewhere nearby and the signal's frantic beeps suddenly became closer and closer together. And then it happened. Emerging from the bush directly in front of the slowly rolling pickup, the lioness stretched into a full run, blasting into the sandy riverbed; striding right beside her was a hefty mate, a male in his prime, thickly muscled as if he were sculpted out of ocher desert sandstone, his mane flowing like a banner with every graceful pace. Rod was visibly excited; he had no idea that a wild male was within a hundred miles. In fact, he admitted that he'd never expected to see one again because the farmers and pastoralists outside the sanctuary of the reserve—be they black or white—shot or poisoned the big cats at every opportunity to protect their cattle and sheep. I was equally as moved, but for a different reason. There before my very eyes was my father's dream lion made real. United with his bride like partners in a sacred marriage, male and female together, there in the midst of a great wilderness in the softening light of the setting sun, he actualized a natural symbol of wholeness and bestowed it like a blessing. In a journey where Dad's spirit had accompanied me every step of the way, the impact of the sighting on me was tremendous and provoked emotions that I still feel twenty years later. When I called Laurens that night and described the experience to him the line momentarily went dead, as he, too, seemed overcome with feeling. A silence descended on us like in a place of worship, and then his voice gently rose and our conversation resumed, contained yet again as another thread of meaning in the pattern of the lion.

Not long after my Africa trip, my father's lion made his presence felt once again when Sir Laurens became godfather to my older son, Frank IV, who was born in July of 1991 under the astrological sign of Leo (coincidentally, or, maybe, synchronistically, Jung was a Leo). Over the next five years until his death, we continued to see each other on a regular basis whenever an opportunity presented itself on either side of the Atlantic. Every year or so, Sheryl and I brought his godson to see him in London, and we didn't miss his annual Advent addresses at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. In 1993 we met him in Washington DC for a series of lectures he gave, and a year later I had the privilege to introduce him when he spoke at the Jung Center in Houston. Afterward, we rode to Corpus Christi where he stayed with us before I drove him back to Houston for his return flight to London. Those all too short hours in the car with him as we rolled through a rural Texas landscape much like the one my McMillan ancestors first came to are memories like few others. His quiet observations about the countryside, his African stories, and his shared reflections on mythology and meaningful things of the spirit transformed the interior of that car into something like a sacred space, sealed off and set apart from that outside, modern world clinging to a desperate and outdated materialism that we passed through as if in a dream—a good dream, and one all the better for being true; truer than true, as Laurens might have said. Close to the end, Sheryl and I joined him for his 1996 Festschrift in Boulder, Colorado and then at his ninetieth birthday party in London a few months later. Three days after that magical celebration, he was gone. As I do my father, I miss him every day. Not in sadness, exactly, or at least not as that's commonly understood, but in quiet recognition that their presence is transformed and that our dialogue must continue in a different dimension . . . for now. My father and Sir Laurens are the two spiritual pillars that support and shelter all I do, and I am grateful, indeed, for that dream lion's role in bringing them together. Today the two families keep the relationship immediate and warm, and as often they can, the McMillans reunite with Laurens's daughter, Lucia, a gifted and successful writer in her own right, and her husband, Neil Crichton-Miller, and their children and grandchildren as the dream lion's pattern richens and continues into the day beyond.



*McMillan family visiting at the home of Sir Laurens and Lady van der Post, London, 1988 (left to right, Mabel, Frank III, Molly McMillan, Lady van der Post [Ingaret Giffard], Sheryl Robinson McMillan, Sir Laurens van der Post)*

Throughout the 1970s and '80s, in a time when his inner world was so brimming over, my father experienced significant health problems. For the last decade and a half of his life, he suffered from recurrent pituitary tumors and heart disease. The last two years of his life he was nearly blind. He bore this affliction with courage and used its suffering as grist for his ongoing individuation. Although sorely tested by this *Nekyia*—this horrific descent into an underworld of darkness—he would not curse God. No, like Job, he said, “Though he slays me, yet I will trust Him.” And his psychological tenacity was matched by his physical bravery. Operation after operation—and some of these were life threatening and challengingly complex neurosurgeries, particularly those of 1976 and 1985—found him the same and he became somewhat of a legend among his close friends (Irvin Hatridge, the late Lawrence Hoover, and the late Reverend Barcus Moore were with him until the very end; something I will never forget and for which I will always be grateful) due to his hard-to-believe durability. In truth, he often likened himself to one of the



*Bookplate for the library at the  
C. G. Jung Centre, Cape Town,  
South Africa*

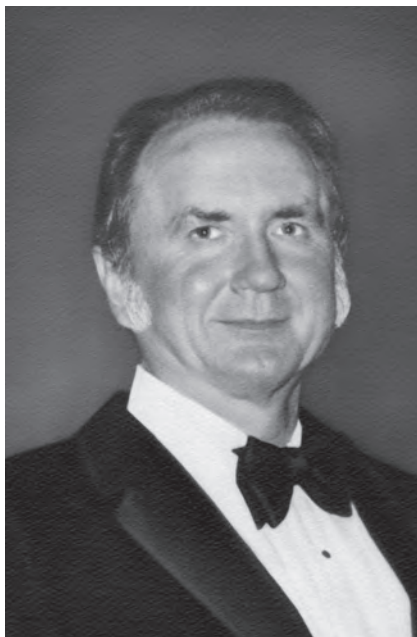
*Frank McMillan IV  
with his godfather,  
Sir I aurens van  
der Post, Corpus  
Christi, Texas, 1994*







*Frank McMillan at home, 1980*



*Frank McMillan, 1983*

tough plow mules he'd known in his youth. Despite experiencing pain and fatigue on a daily basis, with his dream lion alongside and his eagle overhead, he nevertheless endured and stayed the course his early vision had set for him.

When Dad was in San Francisco for medical treatment in 1981, my mother and he made a tour of the psychology departments at several Bay Area universities, including Stanford and Cal-Berkeley. An idea was stirring in him. He'd worked hard and had done well in his business, but he had no interest in the commonly accepted benchmarks of American financial success, such as owning an island off the coast of Maine or a ski chalet in Aspen. Preferring the simplicity of his daily uniform of khakis and boots to what society deemed fashionable, he was not materialistic, to a degree to almost defy belief. There was an expression he liked: "Money is a poor master, but a good servant." And this is where his idea came in, an idea born of a question. To what service could he best put his money? To employ the query poised in the legendary quest, whom does the Grail serve? Another



*Frank McMillan at his office desk, 1982*

*Mabel and Frank  
McMillan, 1983*



question lent the answer. To what better service could he put his money than the service of the Self? Yes, but how best serve the Self? And that's when he knew. He would use his money to endow the world's first professorship in analytical psychology. He would use his money to bring light to other seekers who were entering the forest at its darkest point, just as he had done so long ago. Foremost of all, he would use his money to create consciousness, what he saw to be humanity's foremost role in Creation. He would use his money to serve the pattern of the lion.

While his reconnaissance of the Californian universities provided useful information on the disposition of contemporary academic psychology, there was no real question for my father as to where his gift would be made. He would endow the money at his alma mater, Texas A&M University, the oldest public university in Texas. Founded in 1876 as an all male military and agricultural college rooted in the soil of the Brazos Valley, it has grown into one of the select few academic institutions in the United States to hold the triple designation as a Land, Sea, and Space Grant university. Currently one of the largest research institutions in the world (it was the only Texas university to rank in the National Science Foundation's top twenty schools for 2009), it is also one of only three Texas universities to be a member of the prestigious American Association of Universities and is the only school in the United States ranked in the top ten in each of three categories; student enrollment, enrollment of National Merit Scholars, and financial endowment. While the long wall of Congressional Medal of Honor winners in the school's Memorial Student Center speaks to the university's storied and heroic past, its Nobel Prize winners in fields like agriculture (the late Norman Borlaug, father of the Green Revolution and deemed the man "who saved more lives than anyone in history" was on the A&M faculty) and physics chart its rising future. Dad knew his revolutionary professorship would also put it on the cutting edge of the exploration of inner space, the universe of the living psyche. The campus would go from frontier to frontier, from its early days on the Texas prairie to the modern frontier of that last great wilderness, the dreaming Self of Man. The circle would come full.

When the university administrators learned of his idea, they were understandably pleased about the prospective gift, but they had a suggestion. Why not use the money to create two professorships, one in Jungian psychology and another in a field of their choosing? I imagine they felt that by splitting the baby they could honor their donor's rather unique wish with one-half of the gift and then do something "really useful" with the other. Two for the price of one, as it were. My father refused. It was all or nothing. In his opinion, to divide the donation would dilute its power. It would weaken its ability to do what he envisioned, which was to bring Jung to academe on an equal footing. For the first time in history, analytical psychology would occupy a full and proper faculty position in academic psychology, by long tradition the dominion of rat experimentation and classical conditioning, a dominion many of whose practitioners, if they knew anything about him at all, condemned Jung as a mystic at best and a charlatan at worst. Dad won his case. I cannot have imagined him doing otherwise.

Rumors immediately began to fly. In the spring of 1985, my wife was taking an introductory psychology course at A&M. One day her professor told the class about this mysterious cowboy who had tried, in the professor's words, to "buy" the Psychology Department at Berkeley and was in the process of attempting to do the same at A&M. Enrolled under her maiden name, she was incognito. We had a good laugh after she carried that story home. And there is another story. This one is mine.

Shortly before Dad told me about the professorship, I had a dream in which I found myself walking in the public park across from my childhood home. An attractive young woman playing a flute and leading a procession of white ducks and geese approaches and then passes me. A black hen hurries to catch up to them. I go around the side of our house to find that our previously manicured back lawn has been transformed. The yard's sod and shrubbery have all been dug up and piled into a volcano-like mound out of the top of which gushes a cataract of clear water. The feeling tone is warm and comforting and I stare in wonder at the spring rushing out of the mound until my attention is suddenly drawn to a scraping sound off to my right. I turn to see Dad, sweating and bent to his task, using a shovel to dig a hole in the hard concrete driveway in front of our garage. He

smashes through the cement, turns the dark, rich soil below with his blade, and then thrusts a green-leafed sapling into the earth. A visual pan across the drive reveals a series of similar holes and from each one a young tree rises. Between the yard and the drive, he had been hard at work. A few days after this dream, when he made his plan for the professorship known to the family, I felt I already knew. The haunting image from the collective unconscious with its underground spring and new life arising from sterility made sure of that.

Throughout 1985, a search committee with international reach looked for the right person to fill the new position. It was a critical decision. The training, expertise, and personality of the candidate would go far in determining the professorship's success. Of course, my father participated in the process and made his opinions known, but he exercised no veto and was wise enough to defer to the professionals when vetting credentials and backgrounds. Toward the end of the year, the committee reached a decision. I cannot imagine a better one. The person selected was Dr. David H. Rosen.

To frame it in a Taoist context, Rosen, a psychiatrist from the University of Rochester Medical Center, was the right man at the right time at the right place thinking the right thoughts. What he has done in the first twenty-five years of his tenure with his groundbreaking research and agenda of hope and healing I can only call a dream come *more* than true. His graduates bring light wherever they go, and his own writings and presence have created a series of deep professional relationships between Jungian psychology at A&M and the world, encompassing China, Japan, Europe, Central and South America, Australasia, and beyond. Carolyn Grant Fay's generous 1990 endowment of the Fay Lectures and Book Series enriches and strengthens this global connection.

Rosen made his debut at A&M in February of 1986 when he came to deliver an introductory lecture. It was there and then that he first met my father, and they became friends on the spot. After the lecture, Dr. Rosen and my father drove to the Jung Center in Houston and over the course of that two-hour car ride, as they talked, their camaraderie flourished and deepened. At the end of the journey, my father called David his friend, and I believe the feeling was mutual.

Prior to Rosen's arrival on campus, in the fall of 1985, my father did the bravest thing I ever saw him do. The professorship had just been announced and some members of the psychology faculty were dead set against it. As mentioned, rumors about the position circulated and there was real concern, misunderstanding and, even, fear about what was coming to the department. To clear the air, and, I think, to let them have a look at the root of all the trouble, my father offered to speak to the assembled faculty members face to face, alone and unaided, without any administrators or departmental officers to smooth his path. His offer was accepted and a date was arranged. In his life, my father had gone to war, fought to establish a successful business, and endured painful physical illness. All these things he'd faced courageously and borne stoically. This episode was different, however. This was a test of his intellectual powers. He had to walk into a room full of agitated, and, it has to be said, unreceptive, minds and state his case. In a real way, it was a showdown. If the faculty rebelled against analytical psychology coming to campus, the whole plan would go wrong. The fate of the professorship hung in the balance.

Just before the meeting began, I met with Dad in a hallway of the old Academic Building on the A&M campus. Dressed as usual in rumpled khakis and boots, he wore his Stetson cowboy hat and a black patch over his blind right eye. The only thing he carried with him was a sheaf of papers with a few typed quotes from Jung, Goethe, Einstein, and William James. These he would borrow and the rest of his statement would be in his own words. For the first time in my experience, he was visibly nervous. I wished him good luck and he disappeared behind the door. In a way I couldn't really put into words, I feared for him.

Long after he was dead, I was cataloging some of his papers when I found the handwritten notes he used to state his case to the faculty members waiting for him behind that fateful door. As I sat cross-legged there on the floor before the open filing cabinet drawer and read his notes, the slow cadences of his voice came back to me, and suddenly, it was like I was there in that room with him.

After asking "A natural question: Why a Professorship in Analytical Psychology?" Dad started off with a quote from the British author

G. K. Chesterton, “There are some people—and I am one of them—who think that the most practical and important thing about a man is still his view of the universe . . . we think the question is not whether [his] theory of the cosmos affects matters, but whether in the long run anything else affects them.” He went on to say that one of the functions of a traditional culture is to furnish just such a Weltanschauung, or cosmic view. Most people function unconsciously, contained within the central myth of their birth culture, but when that cosmic view doesn’t satisfy, one finds oneself adrift in Dante’s “gloomy wood, astray.” What then? Well, he replied, among other things, one may become resigned to a meaningless universe, fall into existential despair, spiral into hedonic dissipation, or, if the matter is of sufficient psychological importance to the person, he or she may start on a quest . . . a spiritual quest, to be more precise. He then referenced the Holy Grail legend, and said, “That’s what happened to me.” As a young man, his reason didn’t—in all honesty, it could not—accept the orthodox fundamentalist Christian explanation of his culture, and so his quest began. As I mentioned earlier, on this inner journey he read and kept reading, and then one day a chance meeting brought him to Jung, for whom he discovered an immediate affinity. Dad said that Jung’s analytical psychology is not a religion, but, in its own way, it allows the individual to be devout because it presupposes the Psyche to be real. Feeling is in sync with reason and the person finds herself living in a meaningful universe once again. Regarding that, in his notes Dad wrote, “All opinions are based on presuppositions. Mine is that the Psyche is real. It is autonomous and it affects me. That is my confirmed personal experience.”

The next section in his notes is titled, “Why the interest in the Psyche?” He answers by saying, “Psychology should be the queen of sciences. All disciplines meet there. It is where we live and move and have our being. It is where the world without and within is made objective. It is also one of the greatest mysteries. We must know more about our psychology, because we are currently in a race with technology. Our technological capabilities outstrip our understanding and if we are not to destroy ourselves and the planet, we must understand the world within, yet we continue to ignore it at

our peril.” He then quoted Jung: “The psyche is the greatest of all cosmic wonders and the *sine qua non* of the world as object. It is in the highest degree odd that Western man, with but very few—and even fewer—exceptions, apparently pays so little regard to this fact. Swamped by the knowledge of external objects, the subject of all knowledge (the Psyche) has been temporarily eclipsed to the point of seeming nonexistence.”<sup>25</sup>

From there, Dad moved on to “Why Analytical Psychology?” Its chief advantage, he said, is that it considers the Psyche to be real—not an epiphenomenon. Furthermore, it is a psychology for both the healthy-minded as well as the neurotic. Most critical of all, it places the emphasis on the unique, individual human being—the only carrier of reality. Buttressing Dad’s contention, here’s Jung again: “The individual is the only reality. The further we move away from the individual towards abstract ideas about *homo sapiens*, the more likely we are to fall into error. In these times of social upheaval and rapid change, it is desirable to know much more than we do about the individual human being, for so much depends upon his mental and moral qualities. But if we are to see things in their right perspective, we need to understand the past of man as well as his present. That is why an understanding of myths and symbols is of essential importance.”<sup>26</sup> Unfortunately, in today’s society, a fundamental schism exists in worldviews—that of the collective versus the individual. Here my father quoted the literary character Ivanov, the Marxist commissar in Koestler’s *Darkness at Noon*: “There are only two conceptions of human ethics, and they are at opposite poles. One of them is Christian and humane, declares the individual to be sacrosanct and asserts that the rules of arithmetic are not to be applied to human units. The other starts from the basic principle that a collective aim justifies all means, and not only allows, but demands, that the individual should be in every way subordinated and sacrificed to the community. Humbugs and dilettantes have always tried to mix the two conceptions; in practice it is impossible.” In such a world, the need for analytical psychology is vital.

Our present world, however, is a bastard child of the worst aspects of the French Enlightenment, the period when the West, instead of



organically growing beyond its ancient spiritual tradition and transcending it, keeping what was good and leaving what was nonrenewable behind, violently broke with it and, as actually occurred, saw the Parisian revolutionaries enthrone an “actress”—that is to say, a prostitute—in the guise of the Goddess of Reason in the Virgin’s former seat at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, an act of philosophical hubris that soon devolved into the decidedly irrational blood orgy of the guillotine and Napoleon’s dictatorship. As he so often does, William James says it best regarding such a cautionary tale: “Beautiful is the flight of conceptual reason through the upper air of truth. No wonder philosophers are dazzled by it still, and no wonder they look with some disdain at the low earth of feeling from which the goddess launched herself aloft. But woe to her if she return not home to its acquaintance . . . every crazy wind will take her, and, like a fire balloon at night, she will go out among the stars.”<sup>27</sup>

With the old dispensation gone (that is to say, the unitary worldview of the Middle Ages), we have yet to recover, and for those who think and question, for those who are intellectually honest, we are living in a culture without a central myth. Into that lack, a one-sided scientism crept in and now reigns with its hag-ridden brood, deconstructionism and moral relativism among them, and its deformed rule has ushered in a nihilistic despair that still hangs over the postmodern landscape like a noxious smog. In my father’s words, we have made the most pervasive mistake of all—“we have mistaken the partial for the whole.” And this is where Jung comes in, he said. Analytical psychology restores balance. Its recognition of the relationship between the reality of the Psyche (Consciousness) and the leading edge of contemporary thought and the most successful scientific theory in history, quantum physics with its now proven concepts of the observer effect, entanglement and nonlocality, brings reason into sync with feeling and thereby restores wholeness of meaning, and in an empirical manner that satisfies an open mind. Jung anticipated this as early as the 1920s, and as his later intellectual partnership with the physicist Wolfgang Pauli attested: “Microphysics is feeling its way into the unknown side of matter, just as complex psychology is pushing forward into the unknown side of the psyche. . . . But this much we know beyond all doubt, that empirical

reality has a transcendental background. . . . The common background of microphysics and depth psychology is as much physical as psychic and therefore neither, but rather a third thing, a neutral nature which can at most be grasped in hints since in essence it is transcendental. . . . The transcendental psycho-physical background corresponds to a 'potential world' in so far as all those conditions which determine the form of empirical phenomena are inherent in it."<sup>28</sup>

Analytical psychology is the ground where *Psyche*, consciousness, and *Physis*, the new physics, meet. It is at the leading edge of scientific exploration in the twenty-first century. As my father said in his closing statement to the faculty members gathered behind that closed door, "Gentlemen, Analytical Psychology is where the frontier is . . . and that's where I want Texas A&M University to be." Yet as much as he appealed to their minds, he knew he had to reach their feelings, which are, in so many judgmental but very bright intellectuals, oftentimes overridden and repressed into utter unconsciousness. He wanted them to see another way, this time not with their minds but with their hearts. Understanding that many if not most the professors in the audience, if only by a sort of cultural osmotic peer pressure and intellectual crowd following, adhered to the contemporary creed that the universe as revealed by "science" is a meaningless and apathetic place, he did this. He picked out a friend in the crowd, someone he knew personally and well, someone who was an internationally recognized scholar in his field and who also happened to be a very typical believer that the universe was pointless and without purpose, and said this, "Postulate One: Dr. X. is the possessor of a magnificent mind—one of the best to which I have ever been exposed. Postulate Two: Dr. X. is part of the Universe. Postulate Three: Dr. X is not apathetic and without purpose. Conclusion: Therefore, the Universe cannot by definition be apathetic and without purpose."

I would like to have been there to see his audience's reaction. Maybe Dad's example did touch someone's heart and allow him to see the universe in a new way. I suspect that it did. More than anything, my father believed that humanity's chief role in life was the creation of consciousness, and I think he generated some that October afternoon over twenty-five years ago. As he demonstrated by his own example,

we are part of the universe, this 14,000 million year old miracle, our atoms born in the burning cores of the galaxies, stardust made animate and aware. As he liked to say, we are God's partner in creation, starring players in the divine ongoing drama. To me, no greater meaning can be conferred on human existence, for it endows humanity with a cosmogonic significance, a *raison d'être* without price. What an honor. What a trust. So, yes, along with minds, I feel sure he opened some hearts in that classroom, too, and, for someone, at least, the world was then seen anew, and fresh, as if for the very first time.

When it was all over, he found me waiting there in the hallway and gave me a report as we made our way downstairs and then walked back to his car in the fading autumn light. As I listened, I knew I was listening to the future. Not unexpectedly, the initial reception was hostile, but by the time he emerged from that room an hour and a half later, he said he'd made a whole new group of friends, friends who supported and encouraged him in his intention to create the revolutionary post. Friends who said they would be proud to welcome a new colleague in their midst. From that very moment, the professorship was off and running and the pattern of the lion began to leave its prints in the waking day.

Through the fall of 1987, with increasing speed, my father's health deteriorated. By then he was almost completely blind and essentially homebound. In September, he did travel to College Station to deliver a talk to the recently established Jungian Society of the Brazos Valley. Slowly, with effort and in pain, he told them about what Jung meant to him and about his vision of what it was to be a human being. It was a bravura performance that demanded his all. As I watched from the crowd, I saw his great light fading.

Confirmation of this fear came to me one night in February of 1988. In a dream, Dad and I stood on the rocky precipice of a crescent moon-shaped cove and looked out to sea. Suddenly, over the bay rose a black sun, the *Sol Niger* of the alchemists, the solar eclipse of the astronomers, a terrible ebony disk framed by a rim of shooting white light. Simultaneously, heads in and tails out, a school of fish formed a mandala in the clear water below us. In South Texas, these fish are known as redfish; however, this is a misnomer. Their

Frank McMillan with  
big “redfis ” he caught  
in the surf off Padre  
Island, Texas, 1979



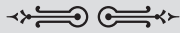
scales are actually a silvery gold and on their tail fin, in an uncanny mirroring of the *Sol Niger*, is a round black spot. As we gazed at the living mandala, my father slipped and fell into the water, nearly submerging. I clambered down the rocky slope and pulled him out and the dream was over. I awoke with a bad feeling. That’s when I really knew. He died from cardiovascular failure on March 4, 1988. He was only sixty years old.

Today, however, I view this anniversary as the last page of an important chapter in the book of my father’s life, rather than the end of his story. Jung himself said the psyche seems to regard death as more of a transition than a conclusion. Evidence for this observation arrived the week before my father died. In a final dream he described to me, he saw white cranes flying on the horizon. In Taoist mythology, these birds symbolize immortality. In this last “just so” story of his life, the unconscious showed him the way. It was time for him to walk over to that far horizon.

The coming of the dream lion and the flight of the cranes I see as the bookends on my father's inner journey. On either side lies mystery. As Wittgenstein said, "Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent."<sup>29</sup> So, instead of commenting on the nature of this mystery, like Job, I find it wiser to clap my hand over my mouth. I can say this, however. Three years after he died, my father appeared in plain view before a person whom I trust unreservedly. Quite frankly, I do not pretend to know what this sighting implies. Yet, it happened. It is a true story, one more true "just so" story, if you will, and from it I take solace. Jung observed that the psyche often behaves transtemporally and transspatially. I am content to leave it at that and let the rest remain unsaid, but felt. Always felt.

In every dimension, the story of my father's journey and his creation of the world's first professorship in analytical psychology is the story of a dream come true. Emerging from the mystery that gave it birth, the dream arrived in the guise of an African lion that came in the night to a Texas farm boy and claimed him as his own. Marked with the seal of this awesome encounter, the boy later set out on a quest to discover the wellspring of Meaning and, like a Grail knight, he entered the forest at its darkest point. Grown to be a man, he found himself lost in those dark and tangled woods until an experience of synchronicity provided him with a wise companion who lent him a map to show him the way. And so, after planting a torch to light the path of the other lost seekers who were sure to follow him, he went on and on, until one day his journey took him over the far horizon and he disappeared from view. And although he was out of sight, when he came to the end of his search, somehow I know his dream lion was there to greet him. And I think if you look back at the footsteps he left on his path, and squint your eyes just right, you will see not only the prints of a man but also those of a lion, pressed deep and firm into the earth, and this spoor weaves a pattern, a pattern that is its own map to that far horizon over which Meaning is born, and to that blessed place where all dreams are real and true.

*The Words of  
Frank N. McMillan Jr.*



**ACTUALIZING HIS  
PERSONAL MYTH**

# *The Summons: Early and Middle Years*

**DREAMS AND REFLECTIONS  
ON REALITY, CONSCIOUSNESS, RELIGION,  
AND INDIVIDUATION**

One of Frank's first journal entries in his middle years (ages 39–47) will set the stage for what is to follow. True to Carl Jung's psychology, Frank experienced a midlife crisis; he questioned life's purpose and meaning. Once Frank had read Jung, he reinterpreted an early dream that proved to be critical to the unfolding of his personal myth. Frank was tested by bouts of illness—heart disease and a pituitary tumor—but he endured with his lion alongside and his eagle overhead. His journey toward wholeness truly represents the individuation process at its best.

A healing nightmare from childhood initiated this shaman from Calvert, Texas. This powerful dream of an African lion befriending Frank turned out to be prophetic. Frank's high school valedictory speech, which follows the "Prelude" and "An Early Dream" below, outlines his "dream of a better world: honor, justice, freedom" and "making glorious the story of civilization." It also overlaps with theologian Paul Tillich's "ultimate concerns."

## *Prelude*

One of the few things about which I am absolutely sure is that we live and move and have our being in the midst of a mystery that is beyond our imagining. The more we explore the mystery the deeper it becomes. It is, I think, the chief responsibility of mankind to carry out that exploration with its utmost ability. It is not limited to technological or scientific exploration. It is better defined as an expansion of consciousness. The individual human being is the only carrier of the differentiated consciousness of which I speak. The expansion of consciousness gives meaning to my existence.

I could not have said the above words before becoming acquainted with the works of C. G. Jung. Maybe I would have eventually come to the same conclusion. I do know that I have found my experiences confirmed by him and this gives me the confidence to trust the ideas resulting from these experiences.

Jung and other men of the past have spoken of their daemon. Daemon is defined by Webster as an attendant, ministering or indwelling power or spirit. Because of them I have the confidence to trust my daemon. I do not possess my daemon. It more nearly possesses me. It would be wrong to attempt to ignore it; therefore I have resolved to listen to it. I do not know the consequences of having made that resolve; I do not know whether or not I shall be able to maintain it. I shall endeavor to do so.

The expansion of consciousness is a lifelong process and was called by Jung “the process of individuation.”

### *An Early dream (about 1934 at the age of seven)*

Setting: My mother is in the hospital in Temple for an operation. My father and I are alone on the farm.

The Dream: My father and I go to the house of one of the Negro tenant families for supper. The people there are black and hospitable. After returning to our house and retiring, I awake to see a huge maned lion standing in the door and looking at me with great yellow eyes. I am paralyzed with terror—unable to move or speak. The great lion slowly



approaches and—licks my face with his huge tongue. The terror is released and I let out a mighty yell that scared my father half to death.

Interpretation: For forty years this was simply a nightmare—but I never forgot it. After becoming acquainted with Carl Jung, I began to see the symbolism. The meal with the black folks (a thing not done in those days) was a meeting with and acceptance of my “shadow.” The lion was that autonomous part of the psyche, the collective unconscious. When faced and recognized he (it) proved to be a powerful and friendly force. In later years, this dream has become a comforting, sustaining force.

*These Things Will Endure*  
(*Valedictorian Address, Calvert High School, 1944*)

Nothing can shake men loose from their dreams of the ages—a dream of a better world. This dream will endure through the annals of time. Honor, right and justice. These things will endure. No matter how hard the men with warped minds may scheme to get control of the people and their governments, eventually the flag of justice and right will fly from every masthead of every nation.

It has been a long time since man first started down his long trek for a perfect world. But always the rainbow has been in the sky. Always the Sun of hope has come with each new day. Time has been going around the clock for centuries; but man has never ceased his quest. He never will. Man’s desire for a better world will endure.

There will always be forces which we must combat in this world. It is but natural with so much activity that once in a while there is born into the world an individual who gets the wrong slant on his mission in life. Man comes to know his own strength when he has to combat evil.

Man is made for achievement. There will always be opportunities to achieve. Even in the cloudiest of days there will be work for each one of us to do. We can achieve if we but put forth the effort. We may come near failure. But by grim determination we can overcome the obstacles. An opportunity for achievement will always endure so long as time continues. Life’s greatest reward is achievement after struggle.

Your obligation and my obligation to mankind will always endure. That is to say that each member of each generation has a duty to perform to society. There will never be an age in history in which the individual will not be responsible for his contribution to society. We would not want to live in a world where we did not count, where we were not held responsible. We are thankful that such an obligation will always endure.

Man's love for freedom. Man's hope to achieve greater things for himself than his forefathers had. Man's desire to leave the world better than he found it. These things will endure.

There is something in man which causes him to seek the high road instead of the low. There is something in man which causes him to strive to reach the mountain peaks. There is something within man which causes him to reach out a helping hand to a weaker brother and give him a lift. There is something in man which gives him a feeling of nobility toward labor. This something in man will endure.

The greatest challenge of time to man is the challenge for man to reach out and conquer the environment in which he lives, to use his abilities and talents toward fashioning a better world, toward producing a nobler race, a finer piece of handiwork of art, making more glorious the story of civilization.

This great challenge will ever remain—it will endure. As young people, we hold the ambition of youth, to enter into a field of activity in the world which is ours. This is the ambition of youth that will always endure as long as time itself. In that spirit we take our departure from high school and pick up our responsibility toward the job of making a better world, and helping the dream of ages to come true.

### *Selected Journal Entries*

JULY 17, 1966 (AGE 38): EARLY NOTIONS AND INSIGHTS

A people's culture (particularly its religious, economic, and political institutions) develops from certain basic assumptions as to the nature of man and God (Reality). These assumptions can rarely be proven; therefore they are in essence Faith. Cultures change, either by

evolution or revolution. The total revolutionary must first smash and destroy all existing cultural institutions and ideas, hence the ruthlessness of Marxism. Likewise the individual born into a culture must:

- (1) Accept and Absorb it.
- (2) Evolve slowly over the years to more personal and contrasting points of view at variance with the basic assumption
- (3) Rebel against and violently reject the basic assumptions (Faith) of this cultural environment.

#### SUMMER 1968: A HIGHLY SYMBOLIC DREAM

I am in a well-lighted pleasant barracks—my comrades are outside engaging in some kind of athletics. I rush to join them but am unsure how to get out of the barracks.

I go down to a lower level; it is something like a church (I have forgotten the details, but I seem to remember colored windows, and a choir). I continue down to about the fourth level and it is a dusty cave—like a catacomb with old bones on the dusty floor. Despite all this it is an interesting place—not totally unpleasant. I pass through this place and am in the sunshine outdoors.

Some companions (two, possibly three) and I cut down a green post oak tree about 14” in diameter. While thus engaged, my father and two cowboys (Mexican?) come by on horses. We exchange pleasant greetings and they ride off across the waving grass of the prairie.

Then the strongest part of the dream: We (my companions and I) peel the outer bark from the tree. On its inner surface is a perfectly clear picture of a smiling medieval European. He has on a blue beret and wears a mustache. Below this smiling picture is written the date 1366 (I believe). I am not sure about the date, but I am sure the man pictured on the tree and the date were contemporaneous. The episode with my father and the picture was a very pleasant experience. I awoke with the feeling that very strong symbolism was involved. Later, I thought the figure in the oak tree is very obviously *Mercurius, the trickster!*

JULY 1, 1970: A DREAM

I was at A&M. Astroturf was being installed on Kyle Field (this is in fact being done). In the general clean up some old (students') baseball caps were discarded. I admired them but did not decide to take one until they were all gone. Older students were in the classroom and mess hall. It was a pleasant place. I somewhat envied them. I am on a fresh clean running creek—something like an enlarged Pearson's Branch. A friendly stranger is fishing with no luck—I explain to him that the creek almost dries to a trickle in the dry season and for that reason there are no sizable fish in it. Nevertheless, on my first attempt I catch a nice fish (white with dark stripes) identified as a "Gaspergoo," a freshwater drum fish. The creek is crystal clear and fast running. Interpretation: Lament—missed opportunities for intellectual pursuits. Consolation: Rich psychic resources discovered from unexpected source—day to day living.

JULY 2, 1970: THOUGHTS WHILE DRIVING TO WORK  
AFTER READING JUNG

To appreciate a savior it is necessary to have an awareness of the dark forces. The autonomous devil (dark force) is blurred or blotted out by intellect (the conscious mind). He is nevertheless present in the subconscious. The subconscious attempts to deal with him through recourse to saving archetype. The more intellectual the individual the more obstructing clutter and encumbering the action of the saving archetype. It is a case of consciousness hampering the action of the unconscious. If we know the devil only intellectually, then we know the savior only intellectually; which is not at all. (This would be externalizing archetypes.) The forces of light and darkness are obscured by hanging definitions and dogma over their shapes.

JULY 23, 1970: DREAM FRAGMENTS

Fragment One: In a room with an old man, who at first appears to be Mr. Maston Nixon (my former boss at Southern Minerals Corporation) and later seems to be Franklin D. Roosevelt. He is obviously a man of

authority, still dignified but now old and not in his former position of power. Nixon is of the opinion that I represented him in a real estate conveyance (2.65 acres) some years ago. He has the deed on old parchment with a notation by the other party to the conveyance that he dealt with his “avatar” (or some similar word). I don’t know the word and never use it. This seems to settle the matter and establish that I did not make the trade since I would never use the word. I never heard of it. [Frank’s note: avatar means an incarnation or embodiment of a deity in human form.]

Fragment Two: In a corral with a number of farm animals. I try to identify two of my old horses “Jack” and “Sailor Boy.” Then in a larger pasture with many animals and people. I’m carrying a little boy (about 2 years old). A horse roughs up a little girl, hitting her with his head and nipping in the manner of a stallion. I run him off. She runs across the pasture and I see him again nipping at her at a distance. I sprint to her rescue looking for a stick or some weapon on the way. The adversary then seems to be a man in a cave or old stone corridor. I get set to brain him with a rock when he comes around the corner. Another man is with me. The adversary turns out to be friendly and we go into a room or cavern where there is a group of people—fades out. (Protecting anima and confronting shadow.)



*Frank McMillan Sr. with the American quarter horse, Poco d ale, nicknamed “Jack,” circa 1955*

Fragment Three: (the strongest images of any of the dreams. It's like I'm watching a performance of a picture show and not actually in the picture) A man is relaxed on the beach. He is a man of high rank. He starts to leave when he sees a large black funnel cloud. The tornado approaches an old large square multi-story house and completely destroys it. Out of the debris a new simpler structure is fashioned and occupied by women and children. There is no lapse of time between the destruction of the old house and the appearance of the new very simple structure (like a fade-out and fade-in in the movies). (Death-Rebirth theme and contact with anima and a simpler life.)

SEPTEMBER 28, 1970 (AGE 43): DREAM FRAGMENTS

Fragment One: While away at a congenial meeting with a large group of people, someone in authority (Maston Nixon) whom I am with has brought a live fish (small shark) in a tank of water to show or instruct the crowd. My task is to clean the fish for display. On opening the fish we are surprised expecting only "milch" (fish roe) since we expected the fish to fast or refrain from eating on the trip. However, the fish has continued to eat during its transportation. It has consumed dried shrimp and bread that the authority figure (Nixon) provided. Strangely, the bread is still in the fish's mouth when I gut him. I leave the party to go where I am lodging to put on more appropriate clothes. I ride a strange vehicle (like a lawn mower) backwards. The vehicle stalls when we are pursued by a large dog. I fall on my back and am in a helpless position before the dog but he does not attack me. At our lodging my son (Frank) is with me and I am attempting to get dressed. I am embarrassed because a group of women and children return before I get on my clothes. (The fish is a symbol of transformation. Changing persona and the confrontation with the dog which like the serpent is a healing symbol.)

Fragment Two: I am driving a pickup truck down the highway in the Midwest. Bo Allen, a male companion of my own age is with me. We follow a Mexican family in an older car pulling a grain auger. I recognize the driver as one who usually drives a pickup at reckless speeds. We stop at the home of some friends. They are a Midwest farm family. Male members are on the porch. We do not go in. Three of us, Bo (childhood

friend), me and a male companion walk out to look at the countryside. We are impressed with its rolling beauty and truly to imagine it when it was all grass and full of buffalo. It is now plowed up (freshly) and obviously very fertile. Remnants of last year's wheat (oats?) crop are standing. We walk to a singularly high promontory, exclaiming at the fine view of the countryside. We are startled by the far side of the rolling hill as it is a sheer drop (vertically) of hundreds of feet. We admire the view, but retreat from the brink because it might slough off. We go to one side where the precipice may be viewed without such danger.

We are joined by a couple, one of whom is a young woman who exclaims at the beauty of the view. Suddenly there is before us a great stone wall of a large building (is it a church?) with crystal clear living water cascading down its side. Water also cascades down the vertical slope of the precipice. It is magnificent. There is no apparent entrance to the building. This is a very strong and pleasing symbol.

(At first confronting and accepting shadow figures, getting very high and danger is involved—ego inflation? Then, when in a safe place, the couple appears, i.e., inner marriage to the anima. Finally, the powerful stone wall—religious—and the living water images suggest flowing contact with the collective unconscious, the Self and the healing waters of the feminine.)

JULY 16, 1974

Two important concepts: (1) Perspective and (2) Projection.

(1) Values depend on *perspective*. That is, if we equate reality with the limits of ego-consciousness, our values are those of the phenomenal world—that is the material world. If we include the eternal spiritual world in our perspective, then the worldly values are inverted and stood on their head—that is, they are reversed. If the spiritual dimension forms the larger part of reality our values change radically.

(2) *Projection*. The psyche is *real*. It embodies powerful archetypes. The Self or the God-Image is the most powerful. The real attributes of this archetype are projected onto and into a human being, i.e. Christ. Christ then becomes an intelligible object of adoration, love and worship occupying time and space. The collective unconscious exists in

all individuals; therefore, the emotion of the constellated archetype may find expression in any man—and it may be focused in Christ as the God-man with form, body and physical reality.

Why Nietzsche is no longer as disturbing as he once was: (1) He holds Christianity to be a “religion of the weak: a ‘slave morality.’” He may be right, but, I, restricted to my ego consciousness, am weak. I have been shown this in my recent illness. All men, deprived of the strength of the spirit are weak. So it is right that men seek to find strength in the only place it can be found—in the realm of the spirit, which is the realm over which Christ reigns, the Kingdom of God. His (Nietzsche’s) view of the Overman may be a projection of attributes of an archetype onto man, but no Overman exists unless it is Christ!

JANUARY 6, 1975

The philosopher seeks to discover and ask the important *questions*. The ordinary man feels that he *answers* but, he is unaware of the *pre-suppositions* upon which his answers are founded.

Two major questions of concern to a person:

1. During life: the question of meaning versus meaninglessness.
2. After death: the question of being versus non-being.

And a third question: Why is there something instead of nothing?

One answer: There is something because God *is* and always has been. So I suppose the question is better put: God being eternal and outside of time and space, why did he create the stuff of the Cosmos and set it in time and space?

MARCH 2, 1975

This has recently become apparent in my own understanding. I admit it with inner fear and trembling because of the powerful spiritual force that flows through Christ, but the *historical* Christ encumbered and overlain by dogma and frozen tradition has for me been an obstacle to direct experience with the Holy Spirit (Ghost). I say Holy Spirit instead of God because a direct experience with God is too awesome to be easily spoken of.



MARCH 14, 1975

Presuppositions are the chief (maybe the only) cause for difference in concepts developed by modern man and primitive (archaic) man. The common man is not aware of the extent to which the thinking man has internalized the world. Example: The rose is not beauty in itself—it is the observer who attributes beauty to it! Who is right?

An analogy that occurs to me: In the middle (dark) ages religion withdrew from the world and was preserved in the monasteries. Possibly now, with the old icons shattered, religion is being ‘internalized’ by men to emerge at some future time in external observance. Witness the last 55 years in Russia—the overt practice of religion has been driven from the field, but it is still lodged in the hearts of the people. Will it emerge again? If so, in what form? How? The “internalized men” will be the carriers of the Spirit.

A worthwhile study would be the symbolism of the traditional Roman Catholic Mass. This is the externalization of religious activity par excellence.

By unknown processes the collective unconscious seeks to heal us (individually and collectively) much as the body, by unknown processes, seeks to heal physical wounds. Psychology takes the psyche for its subject matter, and philosophy, to put it briefly, takes the world.

MARCH 18, 1975

The first question I ever asked myself as a child was this very question of being. Why is there something instead of nothing? How did something come from nothing? Or has there always been something? It is a complete mystery. A notion to play with: Suppose there is such a thing as anti-matter as some astronomers say:

Then: Matter	+1		
Anti-Matter	-1		
Therefore:	$1 + (-1)$	=	0

So there still isn't anything!"

MARCH 18, 1975, CONTINUED: COPY OF A LETTER  
TO THE REVEREND BARCUS MOORE<sup>1</sup>

*dear Barcus,*

*Thanks you for the book "Priests to Each Other" by Carlyle Marney. I will try to catch his central point of view and then we can talk about it.*

*There are a couple of other ideas that are of interest to me that I would like to have benefit of your understanding on. Carl Jung says it much better than I can. The following are quotes from his book, Modern Man in Search of a Soul.*

We Protestants must sooner or later face the question: Are we to understand the "imitation of Christ" in the sense that we should copy his life, and, if I may use the expression, ape his stigmata; or in the deeper sense that we are to live our own proper lives as truly as he lived his in all its implications? It is no easy matter to live a life that is based on Christ's but it is unspeakably harder to live one's own life as truly as Christ lived his.

The living Spirit grows and even outgrows its earlier forms of expression. It freely chooses the men in whom it lives and who proclaim it. This living Spirit is eternally renewed and pursues its goal in manifold and inconceivable ways throughout the history of mankind. Measured against it, the names and forms which men have given it mean little enough; they are only the changing leaves and blossoms on the stem of the eternal tree.

*Writing on such questions is too much trouble. Maybe we can get together for lunch sometime.*

*Yours truly,  
Frank*

APRIL 1, 1975

Dynamics of the growth of consciousness: Unconscious content of the psyche, i.e., archetypes, find expression in feeling or belief or symbols. Consciousness attempts to assimilate, i.e., conceptualize, this material and is thereby forced to grow or expand. Reason must not bulldoze feeling or belief. Feeling or belief must not bulldoze reason. It is best when they can work in conjunction. Reason is limited. At its boundaries it becomes the function of faith or trust to support belief.

The urge for utopia must be an archetype. In Christianity it is expressed as Heaven. In Marxism it is the classless society of communism.

APRIL 3, 1975: TWO DREAM FRAGMENTS

(1) I go to the parking garage to get my car (brown Buick). The attendant does not bring the car and it is necessary for me to go get it. The parking garage is constructed underground and it is necessary for me to go down successive ramps until I reach the 10th level beneath the surface where I find the car. Each level is progressively less organized, less spacious and more cluttered as I descend into the depths of the garage. This could symbolize a deeper delving into the unconsciousness.

(2) We (Mabel and I) have a fourth child born to us. I don't remember other details of the dream. This is probably a symbol of the quaternity or completeness beyond the Trinity.

APRIL 12, 1975: A DREAM FRAGMENT

An old black man wounds himself in the ball of his foot with a butcher knife at the "Star Point." His intention is to provide a place for the "evil daemon" to enter. Immediately a white nurse comes to his aid with a bowl of oil (disinfectant) and bathes the wound thereby preventing the infection (daemon) from entering. I then take the knife and stick in into a column in front of the house with the admonition "Let this be sign unto you."

I take this to mean not to overemphasize mystery and the unconscious at the expense of the conscious; that is, make use of the con-

scious and rational mind as much as possible and not let it be swallowed up by the unconscious.

Comment: Frank's shadow wounds himself in the "Star Point" of the sole. He plans to confront the evil daemon. His anima cares for his sole (soul) and prevents the evil daemon from entering his wound. Frank's ego takes the sign as the symbol that it is!

APRIL 14, 1975

We should not be afraid of Reason, if for no other reason that just the fact that spirit draws its breath from regions inaccessible to Reason.

APRIL 16, 1975: COPY OF A LETTER TO FIRST METHODIST  
CHURCH PASTOR DON PEAVEY:

*dear don,*

*This is in the class of those things that we say, "Of course, I was aware of that," but it has become especially apparent to me lately.*

*a. Adam was created in God's image, i.e., unblemished.*

*b. The Second Adam (Christ) was in God's image, i.e., unblemished.*

*Question: What is it that flows man? Reason? Ego-consciousness? The hubris of self-will?*

*Man feels this flow, whatever it is, to be something that separates him from God. And that creates tension. Tension is a motivating energy that causes a man to grow or die.*

*One of the chief archetypes in man is a yearning for wholeness, i.e., reunification with the unblemished God-image. The pagan sees it in the Golden Age. The pantheist sees it in being absorbed by the Absolute. A Christian sees it in Christ.*

*Along these lines, the following is a quote from Jung, ". . . there is an ever present archetype of wholeness which may easily disappear from the purview of consciousness or may never be perceived at all until a consciousness illuminated by conversion recognizes it in the figure of Christ."*

*Be of good cheer and go forth rejoicing! It just has been driven home to me: The Spirit draws its breath from regions inaccessible to that seductive siren, reason. So we can flirt with her all we want to.*

*Yours truly,*

*Frank N. McMillan*

APRIL 24, 1975

The “Push” or “Pull” theory of the cause of history:

*Push*—mechanistic—the universe is a great machine with cause and effect working to grind out history—deterministic.

*Pull*—teleological—all processes work toward a predetermined end—also deterministic.

Neither is a satisfactory explanation, because both preclude freedom or chance.

Henri Bergson has a concept of the “vital impulse” (or vital impetus) working in the reality of time or “duration.”

A concept which came to me: *reality is constructed as time unfolds in space*. This is worth thinking about and refining.

As true appreciation of the Spirit grows and I am able to bear the loss of dogma and at the same time acquire a growing reverence, *The reality*—the mystery—is vast and beyond comprehension.

By unknown processes, the collective unconscious seeks to heal us (individually and collectively) as much as the body, by unknown processes, seeks to heal physical wounds.

Psychology takes the psyche for its subject matter, and philosophy, to put it briefly, takes the world.

Adam was in God’s image, unblemished. The Second Adam (Christ) was in God’s image, unblemished. Question: What is it that flaws (blemishes) Man? Knowledge? Reason? Ego-consciousness? Man’s struggle to substitute will for instinct? Whatever it is that separates Man from God creates tension. This makes Man grow or die. Man strives for “wholeness,” i.e., reunification of the unblemished “God image.”

MAY 5, 1975

Aphorism: The produce of the earth is stored in a barn for later use. The produce of the mind is stored in language for later use. Therefore, grain is to granary as words are to language.

MAY 6, 1975

It is a mistake to define the ineffable God a priori in a concept and then expect confirmation or denial from reason and experience. In other words, don't pour reason and experience into a preformed mold. Allow life to be fluid and mobile as it really is and in it we may continually discover by intuition, by reason, and by experience the great God who transcends our human consciousness.

As Albert Schweitzer said: "He comes to us one unknown, without a name, as of old by the lakeside, He came to those men who knew Him not. He speaks to us the same word: Follow thou me. And sets us to the tasks which he has to fulfill for our time. He commands. And to those who obey him, whether they be wise or simple, He will reveal Himself in the toils, the conflicts, the sufferings which they shall pass through in this fellowship, and as an ineffable mystery, they shall learn in their own experience who He is."

DECEMBER 12, 1975: EARLY MORNING IMAGERY THAT COMES TO ME

The living cosmic tree in Norse mythology (Yggdrasil)—symbolic of reality—reaches from its roots in Hell (evil) to its topmost branches in Heaven (good). Reality includes good and evil in its wholeness—both aspects are necessary for its Wholeness—but there is an abiding and overwhelming presence of Love (God). This presence is not overwhelming in the sense that it must abolish evil—it seems able to abide evil without threat.

DECEMBER 21, 1975

A notion that comes to me: Is it possible that as a man is approaching individuation or wholeness that he actually prefers (likes) Yahweh, the God with a dark side, to the absolute Good God with all evil separate and away from Him? Can we be terrified of, and at the same time be more drawn to, Yahweh because He has a shadow or dark side as we do?

DECEMBER 31, 1975

If, as I believe, the sensible world is only a part of a vast Reality, the dimensions of which we have no means of appreciating or even suspecting, then life and death become simply “events.” They are not the Alpha and Omega. They are parts of the whole. In our better moments they both can be accepted and even anticipated with equanimity.

Religious statements are, without exception, statements of the Psyche. Physical events belong in the realm of natural science.

How is it that the “true believer” can limit God’s omnipotence to expression in only one dogmatic system?

Religious experience is universal. The name we give it depends on the time and place of our birth and who our parents are.

Any faith can be ridiculed on the basis of what small minds do to it.

A structured, dogmatic creed becomes a Procrustean bed for the Self aware of its interpenetration with the transcendent ground of its Being.

Polarity is inherent in every self-regulating system. The psyche is self-regulating; it demonstrates polarity or “enantiodromia.”

The unconscious does not speak in the rational language of consciousness. It is necessary to have the magic of the “symbol”—the language of the unconscious. The unconscious speaks to consciousness through the symbol. The process of Individuation requires the integration of the two and their communication is via the symbol.

JANUARY 6, 1976

I have passed through the “narrow way” and have glimpsed the “great vision.” It is too vast to be rationally comprehended but intuition knows it is there. It puts a new interpretation (for me) on what Christ meant when he spoke of the narrow door into the sheepfold and the shepherd that stands in it. Christ, above all others, had experienced the vision and knew the way to be narrow. This is not to say that there is only one door through which all men must pass, but the task is for each man to have the courage to seek and find “his” door (whether by grace, intuition, action of archetypes, or whatever, I don’t know). The Christian finds the door because he “recognizes” the Shepherd. It matters not that the more philosophically inclined may say that this is a projection of the archetype of wholeness onto an external God-man, the underlying Reality is the same. We have that ability. C.G. Jung called it Individuation.

In our better moments, it gives us the courage to say with Christ (but with our human heart still quaking in fear) “Thy Will be done. Into Thy hands I commend my spirit.”

I believe that I have experienced the above “acceptance in trust.” I have been advised by doctors that I have severe heart disease and a brain tumor. Given the grace of God, I can accept it in trust.

Immediately after Christ’s petition in Gethsemane, Luke 22:43 says, “And now there appeared to him an angel from Heaven bringing him strength . . .”

Whether this strength is represented symbolically as an angel or experienced as an assurance from the depths of the Psyche, the transcendent Reality from whence it comes is the same.

“The first thing to do after discovering the narrow way is to overcome the hubris of pride” (Dante, *Purgatorio*, Canto XII).

JANUARY 7, 1976

Important dreams can sometimes be humorous. I dreamt that Christ, in his white robe, stood in the door of the sheepfold on the farm where I was a boy. I approached the sheepfold but, instead of going in



through the door, I climbed in through a side window. Christ turned to watch me—and laughed. I felt good about that.

JANUARY 11, 1976

“Acceptance in Trust” is a worthy goal of Individuation or wholeness. The orthodox Christian may say “obedience in Faith.” The archetypal experience of this is Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane.

Because of his acceptance in trust he was able to say, “Father, if it be Thy Will, take this cup away from me. Yet not my will but Thy will be done.” To me this seems to be acceptance in trust.

Individuation—or wholeness of Self—is a psychic totality consisting of both conscious and unconscious contents. It is a transcendental concept, for it presupposes the existence of unconscious content which is unknowable and cannot be described. It presupposes the existence of unconscious factors on empirical grounds and thus characterizes an entity that can be described only in part, but, for the other part, remains at present unknowable and illimitable. It does not exclude God and it is from these unfathomable depths that God approaches.

Immediately following Christ’s petition in Gethsemane, scripture (Luke 22:43) says, “And now there appeared to him an angel from heaven bringing him strength.” Whether this strength is represented symbolically as an angel or experienced as assurance from the depths of the soul (psyche) the Transcendent Reality from whence it comes is the same. God can approach us from the depths as well as from the heights.

JANUARY 17, 1976

A cluster of quartz crystals is a good illustration of the “oneness” of the material (matter) and the immaterial (psyche) if we understand the crystal to be a phenomenal manifestation of the preexistent lattice that pre-figures and determines the growth of each crystal. The crystalline lattice represents the archetype—the crystal is its material expression.

JANUARY 26, 1976

I am struck by the fact that men who think and confine their thinking to the ego-consciousness often commit, or at least contemplate, suicide. They are like gladiators who must fight in an arena against overwhelming odds. They tragically don't realize, or won't accept, the fact that they have a powerful ally waiting to come to their aid. They are afraid that the powerful ally, if they suspect its existence, may be another enemy.

The powerful allies are the archetypes of the collective unconscious—the ground out of which the infantile ego-consciousness is growing. The intellectual is in danger if he is severed from the ground of his being because that is the route by which God reaches him, (i.e., the lion in my childhood dream).

Symbolic Examples:

(1) The intellectual Faust is about to drink poison in despair when the sound of church bells on Easter morning saves him.

(2) Tarzan is saved by his animal friends—usually elephants.

The whole man includes *more* than the ego-consciousness. The thinker who confines himself within his boundaries is crippled.

FEBRUARY 6, 1976

We must experience defeat (suffering) to truly appreciate the gift of this life or the one to come. Only the lost and the overwhelmed experience or understand *redemption*.

FEBRUARY 13, 1976

It comes to me that the way to wholeness or Individuation is by an expansion (a growing and thickening) of Love, an enduring love capable of abiding the undeniable presence of evil without being threatened by it. Love is the best word we have to describe the spirit that animates the world.

After perceiving the above, I read in Dante's *Purgatorio* Canto XVII,

“Neither Creator nor his creatures move, as you well know, but in the action of animal or of mind-directed love. Thus you may understand that love alone is the true seed of every merit in you and of all acts for which you must atone.”

And in the closing lines of *Paradiso*, Canto XXXIII, “. . . now my desire and will, like a wheel that spins with even motion, were revolved by the Love that moves the Sun and other stars.”

FEBRUARY 15, 1976

Question to the fundamentalist: “Who needs trust if one possesses certainty?”

FEBRUARY 19, 1976

Proposition #1: Morality is not existent in the absence of consciousness.

Proposition #2: God is whole, i.e., encompasses good and evil.

Can it be that God is amoral and seeks to achieve consciousness through His creation?—and man is the only creature that we know of with a consciousness of morals?

Is Creation then a present and ongoing process with new things coming into existence—a teleological rather than a deterministic mode, that Man with his fragile consciousness is the carrier of the struggle for more consciousness?

What a responsibility! What a burden! What an opportunity for real meaning in existence!

MAY 10, 1976

After years of spiritual striving, there are times now when I feel as if I have broken out of the forest and found myself on the royal road—the King’s Highway. I know there will be further obstacles and times of bewilderment and maybe even defeat—there is always that chance, else the struggle would not be real.

The road is not the objective—only the way—and our sight down it is finite, but, like Faust, I have “glimpsed the tremendous.”

The word “believe” implies a body of dogma, and this some souls of goodwill cannot adopt as their own. It is not “real” for them. A better word for such people is “Trust” (*pistis*). They see the creative process, of which they are a feeling part, going on around them. They feel a presence. They see good and evil, joy and inspiration, love and hate, sublime order and chaos. They do not comprehend it all and do not pretend to explain it. Nevertheless, they have experienced a reality beyond themselves and call it God; they do not define Him in dogma, but say with Job, “Though He slays me, yet will I trust Him.”

MAY 13, 1976

Using my individual experience as prototype, the realization by modern man of the archetypal nature of Christ can be the royal road that leads to a dynamic new growth and expansion of Christianity. Jesus of Nazareth is historical but the vision of the Son of God or Redeemer is innate in man and moves with him through history. The vision can grow—but not if it is nailed to a historical event that occurred once and once only.

JUNE 12, 1976: SOME NOTIONS WHILE IN THE HOUSTON HOSPITAL

Jesus is our elder brother—God is incarnate in all men but Jesus is the prototype. He is the one without sin. To be more precise, in my understanding, Jesus is the symbol of the archetype. He occurs externally as the historical Christ to some (most) but to others He is experienced inwardly in the psyche—as the “God Image” or “Image of the Self.” The important thing is that the Reality underlying both the outward projection and the inner image is the same.

The expression of this archetype existent in men to experience the “God Image” occurs in all times, in all places and in all cultures, although its symbolic manifestation may be different in each case.

JUNE 18, 1976

The problem for the doctor of the soul is not to “program the soul” but to help integrate the existing fragments.

JULY 5, 1976

All worry is of the devil—it is one of the chief ways he works on me—usually about probabilities of the future that never actually occur. With God’s help, I resolve to recognize worry for what it is and to overcome it as nearly as possible.

JULY 30, 1976

Without the necessity of proof, we know that there is a Creative Force imminent in the cosmos—because we are each part of this reality we feel its presence in our depths. Our differentiated consciousness struggles to form a concept of the Ineffable Presence, but it is forced to rely on symbols of the mystery. We search for the numinous symbols—those with life and meaning that afford an authentic communion with the spirit. The search is not ours alone—“Summoned or not Summoned, God will be present.”

SEPTEMBER 1, 1976

The great contribution of Jung is not that his ideas form any final explanation or structured system but they are penetrating insights that open doors and lead the way for further elaboration and understanding. For instance, the word archetype does not really explain anything. It is, however, a concept which points the way for exploration and better questions.

OCTOBER 22, 1976

Four things to be developed:

- 1) Self-confidence.
- 2) Self-esteem.
- 3) Patience.
- 4) Optimistic expectancy.

DECEMBER 4, 1976

I have lost my vision because of a suspected pituitary tumor.

DECEMBER 6, 1976

Surgery for pituitary tumor by Dr. William Cheek in Houston.

DECEMBER 9, 1976

Vision restored by a good surgeon and the grace of God. Amen!

Dynamics for Growth of Consciousness: Unconscious content of the self, i.e., archetypes, find expression in “feeling,” “intuition,” “belief,” etc. Consciousness attempts to assimilate this material or conceptualize it in symbolic form and is thereby forced to grow and expand.

Reason must not bulldoze feeling and intuition. Feeling and intuition must not bulldoze reason. It is better when they can work in harmony. Reason is limited. At its limits, it must abdicate to trust.

“Acceptance in trust” should not fear Reason. Spirit draws its breath from regions inaccessible to Reason.

Question: What is it that flaws man? Reason? Ego? Hubris?

Notions: Man feels the flaw, whatever it is, to be something that separates him from God and that creates *tension*. Tension is the motivating energy that causes man to grow or die.

One of the principal archetypes in man is the yearning for *wholeness*, i.e., reunification with the unblemished God image. The pagan sees it in the Golden Age. The pantheist sees it in being absorbed into the Absolute. The Christian sees it in Christ.

# *Tension of the Opposites: Creative Crossing*

## TRANSFORMATION THROUGH *THE I CHING*

The unconscious has a symbol creating function only when we are willing to recognize in it a symbolic element. The products of the unconscious are pure nature.

The artist is not a person endowed with free will who seeks his own end, but one who allows art to realize its purposes through him.

*C. G. Jung*

Prompted by Jung, who wrote the foreword to the first English translation, after reading *The I Ching* (as translated by Richard Wilhelm and Cary F. Baynes; see bibliography) and taking notes (see below) on it, Frank first consulted *The I Ching* on August 7, 1977, when he was almost fifty years old. Note: The presence of Xs and Os in some of the hexagrams indicate the presence of moving lines that are in the process of changing or transitioning into their opposites. As a consequence, additional hexagrams result for the questioner's consideration.

Frank's notes on his reading follow.

*The I Ching* (Book of Changes)—counsels for correct conduct—does not foretell a fixed future; therefore, the individual may influence “fate.”

*The I Ching* allows the unconscious in the individual to become active—that is, in the receptive mind.

*The I Ching*’s greatest significance is as a book of *wisdom*, not just an oracle. It was a source for both Lao-Tzu and Confucius.

Presupposition—the world is a cosmos, not a chaos. This is the foundation of Chinese philosophy.

Creative and Receptive complement each other—not dualism.

A system of order pervades the cosmos—the object is to be in harmony with it.

The purpose of the *Book of Changes* is to demonstrate the laws of change in the cosmos by laws of change operating in the hexagrams.

The images of the hexagrams are forecasts that may be influenced by freedom of choice.

Good Fortune—action in harmony with laws of universe.

Misfortune—action out of harmony with laws of the universe.

Remorse—if a trend is wrong and we feel sorrow in time we can correct it.

Humiliation—carelessly slip from right trend; admonition to exercise forethought and care and turn back to correct trend.

Primal Powers—Heavens, Human Being, Earth.

Man’s duty—acceptance of the situation as presented by the laws of change and become harmonious with it.

Judgments can refer to the hexagram as a whole or to the individual lines which refer to changes taking place in the situation.

Good Fortune—Gain.

Misfortune—Loss.

Remorse and Humiliation—Minor imperfections.

No blame—mistakes may be corrected.

Tao—an all embracing entelechy (immaterial agency that regulates or directs vital processes of an organism toward maturity).

Image—the situation (knowledge of the diversity of things).



Judgments—distinguish between good fortune and misfortune (knowledge of the direction of movement).

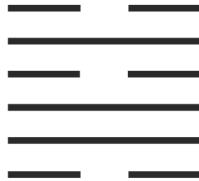
*Frank's Specific Journal Entries related to The I Ching*

AUGUST 7, 1977

Question: In what way or ways may I best utilize the wisdom of *The I Ching*?

#48 Ching—The Well

Resulting hexagram:



The Well—inexhaustible dispensing of nourishment . . . the meaning of the hexagram is the nourishment of the people. The well abides in its place yet has influence on other things.

Judgment: The well. The town may be changed, but the well cannot be changed. It neither decreases nor increases. They come and go and draw from the well. If one gets down almost to the water and the rope does not go all the way, or the jug breaks, it brings misfortune.

Image: Water over wood: The image of the well. Thus the superior man encourages the people at their work and exhorts them to help one another.

Commentaries: The well means union. The well shows the field of character. The well abides in its place, yet has influence on other things. The well brings about discrimination as to what is right. The well is the image of a tranquil dispensing of bounty to all who approach it.

AUGUST 10, 1977

Question: What is an important insight that will help me to understand and use *The I Ching*?

Resulting hexagram:



#35 Chin—Progress

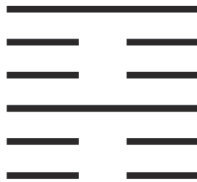
The sun rising over the earth. Rapid, easy progress and an ever-widening expansion of clarity. What is innately light rises over that which darkens.

Image: Progress—the superior man himself brightens his bright virtue.

AUGUST 10, 1977

Question: What advice may I give Frank McMillan III who is going away to college?

Resulting hexagram:



#52 Ken—Keeping Still, Mountain

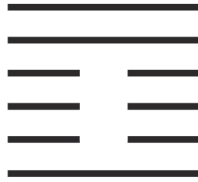
Judgment: Keeping Still

Image: The superior man does not permit his thoughts to go beyond his situation.

AUGUST 20, 1977

Question: What should be my attitude toward living with heart disease?

Resulting hexagram:



#42 I—Increase

To rule truly is to serve.

Increase shows fullness of character. Increase shows the growth of fullness without artifices. Increase furthers what is useful.

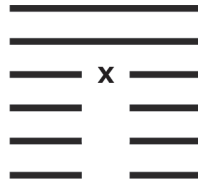
Judgment: It furthers one to undertake something—daily progress without limit.

Decrease what is above, increase what is below.

AUGUST 20, 1977

Question: How does *The I Ching* view open heart surgery for me?

Resulting hexagram:



#20 Kuan—Contemplation

Judgment: Full of trust they look up to him. The holy man uses the divine way.

The hexagram changes to:



#12 P'i—Standstill

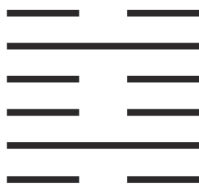
Judgment: The great departs, the small approaches.

Image: The superior man falls back upon his inner worth in order to escape difficulties.

AUGUST 25, 1977

Question: Should I go to Houston for testing of my heart?

Resulting hexagram:



#29 K'an—The Abysmal (Water)

K'an means a plunging in. If you are sincere, you have success in your heart, whatever you do succeeds. The effects of the time of danger are truly great—action results in good.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1977

Question: What is *The I Ching's* comment on my present situation before open heart surgery?

Resulting hexagram:



#2 K'un—The Receptive

The perfect complement to The Creative.

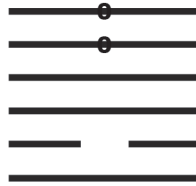
The Receptive brings about sublime success.

The hearings indicate action in conformity with the situation.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1977

Question: What basic advice can *The I Ching* give me toward fulfilling the opportunities I have to become myself?

Resulting hexagram:



#13 T'ung Jen—Fellowship with Men

Judgment: Fellowship with men in the open. Fellowship with men finds love. Success. The perseverance of the superior man furthers the universal brotherhood of man.

Hexagram changes to:



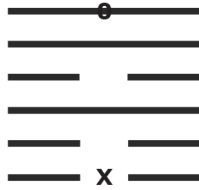
#55 Feng—Abundance

Judgment: Abundance has success. Be not sad. Be like the sun at midday. One should give light to the whole world.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1977

Question: I will have some time to recuperate and want to use the time for a growth of personality and purpose. What is *The I Ching's* advice?

Resulting hexagram:



#53 Chien—Development (Gradual Progress)

Judgment: Perseverance (personal moral effort) furthers.

Image: The superior man abides in dignity and virtue in order to improve the mores.

Hexagram changes to:



#63 Chi Chi—After Completion

After Completion, success in small matters (a time of cultural development and refinement).

OCTOBER 19, 1977 (AGE 50)

Question: Will I continue to have good results from my tumor operation?"

Resulting hexagram:



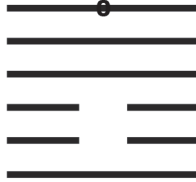
#33 Tun—Retreat

Judgment: Success. Commentary: One does not attempt to force anything but shows perseverance.

OCTOBER 24, 1977

Question: Should I go to Houston this week to see Dr. McCrary the eye specialist?

Resulting hexagram:



#25 Wu Wang—Innocence (The Unexpected)

Innocence. Supreme Success. Wait quietly.

Judgment: Perseverance furthers. Great success through correctness.

Hexagram changes to:



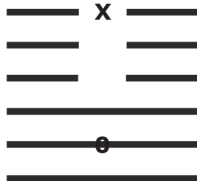
#17 Sui—Following

Following has Supreme Success. Adapt to situation. Perseverance furthers. No blame. Be guided by the laws of Nature.

NOVEMBER 3, 1977

Question: What should my attitude be towards my business now?

Resulting hexagram:



#11 T'ai—Peace

Judgment: Peace. The small departs. The great approaches. Good fortune. Success.

Hexagram changes to:



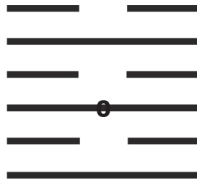
#22 Pi—Grace

Judgment: Grace has success. In small matters it is favorable to undertake something.

NOVEMBER 18, 1977

Question: What is the important meaning that lies in 'the time of constructive retreat hexagram #33?

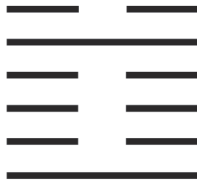
Resulting hexagram:



#63 Chi Chi—After Completion

Image: The superior man takes thought of misfortune and arms himself against it in advance.

Hexagram changes to:



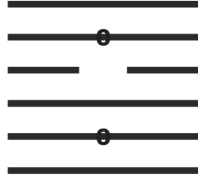


#3 Chun—Difficulty at the beginning

Judgment: Difficulty at the beginning works supreme success. Furthering through perseverance.

APRIL 18, 1978

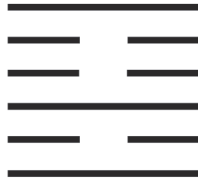
Question: Regarding my health, what should be my proper attitude?  
Resulting hexagram:



#9 Hsiao Ch'u—The Taming Power of the Small

Judgment: Strength coupled with gentleness. This is the way to achievement.

Image: The superior man refines the outward aspect of his nature.  
Hexagram changes to:



#22 Pi—Grace

Judgment: Grace has success. In small matters it is favorable to undertake something.

FEBRUARY 17, 1984

Question: How should I take into account recent psychic experiences?

Resulting hexagram:



#36 Ming I—Darkening of the Light

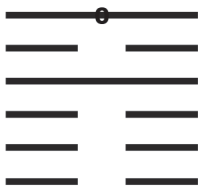
Judgment: Maintain the inner light regardless of events. Veil the light—don't try to appear all knowing.

Image: The light has sunk into the earth; the image of darkening of the light. Thus does the superior man live with the great mass; he veils his light, yet still shines.

JULY 26, 1985

Question: How shall I apply the wisdom of *The I Ching* in my life and in my actions?

Resulting hexagram:



#35 Chin—Progress

Judgment: Progress

Image: The sun rising over the earth. Rapid, easy progress and an ever-widening expansion of clarity.

Hexagram changes to:



#16 Yu—Enthusiasm

Judgment: Enthusiasm. It furthers one to install helpers and the set armies marching.

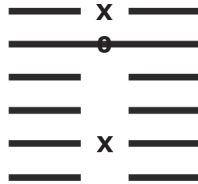
Image: Thunder comes resounding out of the earth.

When one possesses something great and is modest, there is sure to be enthusiasm.

OCTOBER 1, 1985 (AGE 58)

Question: I request *The I Ching* to please advise me and/or comment on the Professorship in Analytical Psychology set to begin at Texas A&M University.

Resulting hexagram:



#8 Pi—Holding Together

Judgment: Holding together brings good fortune. Holding together means mutual help.

Hexagram changes to:



#4 Meng—Youthful Folly

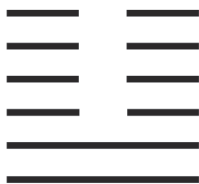
Judgment: Youthful folly has success—one who succeeds hits upon the right time for his undertaking.

Image: A spring wells up at the foot of the mountain—the image of Youth. The superior man fosters his character by thoroughness in all that he does.<sup>1</sup>

OCTOBER 7, 1985

Question: May I have *The I Ching's* comments on my efforts to bring my thoughts and actions into closer harmony with the Tao?

Resulting hexagram:



#19 Lin—Approach

Judgment: Approach has supreme success. Perseverance furthers.

Image: The earth above the lake: The image of approach—thus the superior man is inexhaustible in his will to teach, and without limits in his tolerance and protection of the people.

From the commentaries: When there are things to do, one can become great; hence there follows the hexagram of Approach. Approach means becoming great.

# *Wholeness and Transcendence: The Circle Comes r ound*

## **MATURE DREAMS AND REFLECTIONS ON THE PARADOX OF CONSCIOUSNESS AND INDIVIDUATION**

The highest achievement to which a man may attain is conscious understanding of his own thoughts and feelings, and then he will be able to understand and accept those persons around him.

*Goethe*

Contemporary Jungian thought offers a spectrum of practitioners, opinions, and innovative research methodologies, and with it we approach the threshold of a new cultural paradigm. The heart of this emerging worldview is its emphasis on spiritual meaning, which is being rediscovered today after its long exile from scientific thought. The conduit for this renaissance is the human psyche, where purpose in the universe makes itself known, manifesting in the dreams and imaginations of children and adults alike, revelations that sometimes charge from the unconscious with all the natural power of a lion, and, at others, lilt along the boundaries of one's awareness with the subtlety of a butterfly carried on a passing breeze.

In the last decade of his life, Frank McMillan's psyche became the crucible whereby his individuation was forged and his legacy was created. These final journal entries reflect his courageous and creative confrontation with the opposites and their ultimate union in the Self. Tested by the fires of physical suffering and graced by uncommon psychological gifts, his inner being—the very core of what he most was in himself—became the alchemical vessel that rendered his version of the Philosopher's Stone, that magical substance of myth and legend that transmutes lead into gold. The metaphorical stone he bequeathed was a deep and compassionate consciousness, and what it produced was even more precious than any earthly metal, for it was a gold of the spirit, a rare and profound meaning that to this very moment works its transformative good in the hearts of people all over the world as our 14,000-million-year-old universe becomes ever more conscious through their own inner quests. His friend, Laurens van der Post, may have said it best: "I think what he did, therefore, is of immense importance to the Jungian search and important, I am certain, to the evolution of the cosmos." Sir Laurens also realized something else about McMillan: The ancient inscription at the oracle at Delphi, "Called or not called, God shall be there," had been "written over the house of his imagination from the beginning."

### *Journal entries*

MAY 9, 1978

The unconscious does not understand the rational language of the conscious. It is necessary to have the image of the symbol—the language of the unconscious. The unconscious speaks to the conscious through the symbol. The process of *Individuation* requires integration of the two and their communication is via the symbol.

MAY 11, 1978

Religious statements are, without exception, statements of the psyche. Physical events belong in the realm of natural science.

MAY 18, 1978

How is it that the True Believer can limit *his* (God's) omnipotence to expression in only one dogma?

JUNE 12, 1978

Religious experience is a universal phenomenon. The way we interpret it depends on the time and place of our birth, our culture and our parents.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1978

When positive intellectual content becomes associated with a faith state, it is immutably stamped into belief. Intellectual content can become associated with a faith state, but not vice-versa. The experience of intuition comes first.

Perceptions make Reality psychic. In the whole field of religion, a great variety of thought exists—but the feelings and the conduct are similar. The lives of Stoic, Christian or Buddhist saints are practically indistinguishable.

MAY 14, 1979

Nature does not withhold her art from the small and hidden. In fact, it is just here that She seems to lavish her attention. Should not we then consider each task, no matter how small, a commission from God? Do the thing at hand—and then think out beyond the edges.

It seems to me that a result of "Individuation" or wholeness is an expansion (growing and thickening) of Love, an enduring Love capable of abiding the undeniable presence of evil and suffering without being threatened by it. Love is the best word we have to describe the spirit that animates the universe.

The word "believe" implies a body of dogma and this some souls of good will cannot adopt as their own. It is not real for them. A better word for such people is "trust" (*pistis*). They see the creative process, of which they are a feeling part, going on around them. They see good and evil, joy and depression, love and hate, sublime order and beauty,

and chaos and absurdity. They do not understand and don't pretend to explain. Nevertheless, they have experienced a reality beyond their consciousness and call it God. They do not define Him in dogma but say with Job, "Though He slays me, yet will I trust Him."

Thought is a Goddess, unfettered, on shimmering wings.  
From Soul to soul lightly she springs.  
Flying above time and boundless space  
Two hearts entwining in sweet embrace  
And with quiet resolution, made Eros' lusty desire.  
She transforms to worship by her celestial fire.

Helena, the eternal Feminine, of Divine  
Nature's work the most sublime,  
Whose Grace and Beauty suffer not  
The wear of time.  
Where will I find thee,  
The jewel of all Creation?  
Not without, but within,  
the Heart of man is thy habitation.

*Goethe*

Einstein: Relativity and Jung: Synchronicity<sup>1</sup>

MAY 15, 1979

A common mistake of the consciousness is to perceive the partial as the whole.

Mathematics: Physics and Archetypes: Psyche  
(Ordering factors in their respective realms)

MAY 22, 1979: VISION (ACTIVE IMAGINATION)

On a broad prairie of waving grass, I meet a wise old man riding a horse and accompanied by a lion and an eagle. He befriends me and takes me to where I find my lion and eagle (a step on the road of individuation).



MAY 25, 1979

The archetypes are reference points outside of consciousness which define in a general way the essence of being. Otherwise, the unrestricted conscious mind could float off in any direction—into any absurdity.

Although the archetypes originate outside of consciousness, they are capable of flowing into the conscious mind to some degree by means of symbols.

The healthiest situation occurs when the conscious mind can accommodate the urging of the archetypes as they seek expression and throw light on them—this moves the individual toward wholeness, toward individuation.

MAY 27, 1979

Visions (experience of the spirit) are primary—Reason supplies the supporting forces (arguments).

JUNE 24, 1979

Testimony of the times: The propagation of the Christian dogma by rational discourse is a dead letter. *Reason alone will not restore the numinous meaningful symbols.*

JULY 4, 1979: MUSINGS

It has been said by some that geometry is not inherent in Nature but is imposed upon it by mind, but, if so, does this not then nevertheless imply that geometry (number) is archetypal in the mind (psyche)? I would answer, yes!

Brahman, the ultimate reality without, merges with Atman the ultimate reality within. They are the same.

Do acausal (synchronous) events occur in “fields of force” of an activated archetype? Are they miracles? Again, I have to answer yes!

JULY 8, 1979

The great and continuing threat to Man is loss of communication with God and thereby becoming lost in mere consciousness or rationality (the hubris of consciousness). This is nothing new, after all—the snake in the garden. The modern person's task is reinterpretation of the symbols.

JULY 10, 1979: REFLECTIONS ON JULY 4, 1979'S MUSINGS

If number (geometry) is archetypal in the mind, is it not therefore inherent in Nature?—Mind being a part of Nature! What then about the discontinuities of quanta? Is the discontinuity apparent or real? Is this aspect a part of Nature that is exempt from order? Is there Chance or even Creation? We discover number in the mind and then apply it to reality (Nature). Is it our application that is incomplete?

Remember the vision: First, the old man with the lion and the eagle. Then he leads me to my lion and my eagle. I am on horseback and they stay with me, my eagle soaring overhead and my lion alongside (a step toward individuation).

The psychological approach is not available (it is nonsense, or worse, sin) to the believer as long as he operates from firmly held postulates that are themselves unquestionable concerning the ultimate (transcendental) things.

JULY 12, 1979

We have given names to certain moral principles, i.e., virtue, honor, integrity, loyalty, truth, courage, and steadfastness. Can we then call them archetypal? If so, are they not accompanied by their opposites? I would answer, yes. The process of individuation then is the individual's conscious choice of virtue, honor, etc. But these values are not absolute, and, because of the gift of consciousness, the individual must assume the burden of choosing. To be whole, he must recognize and accept the opposites and then, using all of the wisdom available to him, the reason of the conscious and the intuition of the subconscious, decide and act.

The archetypal urge is for virtue. In the actual case, however, the crux comes when it is difficult to determine wherein lies virtue.<sup>2</sup>

JULY 14, 1979

There is this vast unexplored region—the psyche. The “I” explores with the small light of consciousness. The lighted area is small and beyond all is shadow and darkness.

JULY 23, 1979

Somewhere along the way the tyrant Yahweh became the loving Christian Father. Who and what changed? God Himself or the God-image in Man’s psyche? Most likely the latter changed. A better answer: In a continuing Creative Process, God, immanent in Creation, is achieving consciousness through man.

Individuation is a “mysterium coniunctionis”—a nuptial union of opposites.<sup>3</sup>

APRIL 6, 1980

It is a philosophical question as to whether or not absolutes of virtue, honor, and integrity exist in reality. It is a certainty, however, that each of us should conduct our lives as if they did exist. They can be brought into existence by an enlargement of our consciousness.<sup>4</sup>

APRIL 15, 1980

The Nag Hammadi Library (Gnostic) is the “pot shards” of Christianity. We can learn something by poking in the ashes.

APRIL 29, 1980

The alchemist projects psychic content (spirit) into matter (The Philosopher’s Stone).

The Christian projects psychic content (God image) into Christ.

## UNITY

SCIENCE

INDIVIDUATION

ALCHEMY

CHURCH

GNOSTICS

CHURCH FATHERS

In both instances, the psychic content is part of the Self and may be withdrawn during Individuation. The energizing archetype remains the same.

MAY 8, 1980

Quantum mechanics have forced the physicists into metaphysics. Here they find many of the ancient ideas of the East. Physicists (at least those who are thinkers and not just technicians) are the modern theologians. The world is not only stranger that we suppose—it is stranger than we *can* suppose!<sup>5</sup>

MAY 15, 1980

C. G. Jung Letter, Vol. 2, letter to Josef Rudin, 4–30–60, page 553:

“... for it has long been my dearest wish to build a bridge—or at least try to—between the two disciplines which accept practical responsibility for the *cura animarum*: theology on the one hand and medical psychology on the other. However different their point of departure may be, they both converge in the empirical psyche of the human individual.”

It occurs to me that the new physics with its quantum mechanics may be a significant part of the bridge.

MAY 26, 1980

Creation is the ongoing objectification of the Creator. Therefore, in man God is achieving consciousness! What greater meaning (purpose) can an individual have than to bring more consciousness into the world?

Rather than petition God for worldwide improvement by fiat, the individual should turn towards the Ground of His Being seeking wholeness and individuation—a bringing of consciousness to the unconscious—and, when a sufficient number have done this, God will have improved (changed) the world by ongoing Creation. The individual is the carrier of the reality of the psyche. It is through the psyche that God touches man.

God ⇒ Psyche ⇒ Matter ⇒ Unity

MAY 27, 1980

The reading of many books is confusing. But there are some books that make plainer the Inner Way that reveals itself to us. As the Way becomes clearer, the books become fewer. If maturation (individuation) occurs, the broad way (ways) perceived by the masses becomes narrow. Projections are withdrawn and “The Way” becomes the “Narrow Way” perceived by the Individual.

MAY 29, 1980

A radical statement: Another person cannot create a new truth for you. Another may point to, articulate, or amplify, an idea, but for it to be “real” and “true” for you it must already exist—no matter how dimly perceived—in your psyche.

JUNE 7, 1980

For Christianity, it is Christ and Christ alone that is the sufficient symbol. Reason, institutions, good, works, etcetera, while honorable in themselves, have not the capacity or power to hold and contain the central myth of an individual or a culture. There is nothing comparable to the words of Christ to speak to the human spirit. As consciousness grows and the Christian projections are withdrawn, the inner Christ, the Self, must be found. To stop short is to become lost and adrift—although some “ism” may serve as a temporary raft.

JUNE 13, 1980

The supplicant for whom the old symbols are no longer numinous, but who remains religious still, may discover the inner Christ. If this quest is successful the old wine is rediscovered—only the wineskin is new and Christ is again a living, life-giving, redeeming Reality.

JUNE 21, 1980

If the creative act is still in progress, God may be present in, and transcendent, to the act—not separate and apart from it. Then the human psyche may be the means by which the Creator is achieving consciousness.

JULY 10, 1980

Marxism is inadequate in both its economic and political aspects. It denies the reality (autonomy) of the psyche and imposes plan after plan to bring in the “Golden Age” by perfecting the economic and political environment. It is the common mistake of seeing only a part and considering it the whole.

AUGUST 18, 1980

As consciousness increases, the individual’s perception of Reality—his world view—must be disturbed. As the collective consciousness of a culture increases, the creed and dogmas of that culture must be disturbed.

JANUARY 12, 1981

Without attempting to define Consciousness—may it be the common receiver of “feed-in” from the outer world, i.e., sense perceptions, and the inner world, i.e., the unconscious? Both occur in the individual. When the preponderance is from the outer, the personality type is extraverted. When the preponderance is from the inner, the personality type is introverted.

The inner is as “real” as the outer. Exclusion of either results in

an imbalance. Feed-in from the inner (unconscious) which the conscious mind identifies in an external object is a projection. When a projection is withdrawn, consciousness is enlarged—if it is recognized as a projection. If it is not recognized as such, its content may be re-projected onto a different object or into a symbol.

Evolutionary Theory: Darwinian Evolution and Quantum Mechanics: Newtonian Physics.

New Evolutionary Theory yet to be discovered will be a Theory of the Continuing Creation.<sup>6</sup>

JANUARY 24, 1981

For our western culture, multitudes have lost the historical Jesus as Christ and have not yet found the narrow way to the inner Christ, the image of the Self, by and through which God persists in the continuing act of Creation. As the light of consciousness penetrates deeper into the darkness of the subliminal unconsciousness, perhaps the “narrow” way will become better marked and easier to find. Religious experience happens to believers and to unbelievers. It is numinous and therefore “real” to both. The Christian believer immediately makes a projection of the constellated archetype onto the *historical* Christ, but what about the unbeliever who does not have the sureness of a concrete, historical Christ? If the reality of the experience convinces the unbeliever of the reality of the psyche, there is available to him the *symbolic* Christ. The transcendent reality that produces the symbol in consciousness is then of prime importance. And that reality (the God image) has found expression in men of all cultures in all ages. Images obviously change, but does the reality behind the images change?

JANUARY 28, 1981

I cannot claim to have plumbed the depths of the psyche of C. G. Jung. But I can testify to the fact that no matter to what depths of the Mystery I have wandered, I have found him there as a wise old man clearing away the underbrush.

JANUARY 31, 1981

The creative power of God is evident. But if God makes moral judgments between good and evil, where is that choice evident other than in the conscious mind of the individual human being?

Man is not only a creation of God but also by incarnation a vessel of the Holy Spirit. Is it through man, then, that God is achieving consciousness? Is the conscious mind of the individual man the place where the opposites (good and evil) confront each other and is it there that the choice is made?

Does God place this terrible burden on His poor creature (man) alone? No, that would be too much. By His incarnate presence the Almighty shares the burden and thereby becomes conscious. God is all things—light for strength to confront the dark—and man may appeal to God to confront God. That is man's responsibility.

The focus of the ego-consciousness may move from the material world (the five senses) to the psychic (the extra sense) without moving from the "real" to the "unreal." We have no reason to believe that there is "nothing" outside our sensual perceptions.

FEBRUARY 1, 1981

Our basic presuppositions are "given." We are seldom consciously aware of them. Whole systems of "opinions" are built on subliminal presuppositions. The recognition of a presupposition is an enlargement of consciousness.

FEBRUARY 4, 1981

The archetypes must be very conservative, i.e., very slow to change. How else could a Brazos Bottom Methodist become sympathetic to ancient ideas and presupposition of the Gnostics? The archetypes abide in the individual and may find expressions similar to those experienced by individuals who lived two thousand years ago. How could the Gnostic ideas be foisted upon the individual by an orthodox culture? The orthodox culture is a source of conflict and denial of such ideas.



The first question I ever asked myself was “Why is there something instead of nothing?”

Why should the fundamentalists oppose psychological interpretation of religious (psychic) phenomena? The physicist’s attempt to understand light does not diminish the light.

FEBRUARY 6, 1981

On the question of religious belief, it seems to me that most of us are caught in an unnecessary dilemma. We perceive the question as being an “either/or” situation. Either we adopt some creed and “believe” some dogma (thereby defining God) or we reject the whole business altogether and limit reality to those things perceptible to the five senses.

There is another way; and, I think, for modern man, it is the “narrow way.” At some point most of us become convinced of a Transcendent Reality or Ground of Being. Convinced means “to know” and we can be convinced of and know of the Presence without being able to define it. It is ineffable. It cannot be reduced to words and encapsulated in our limited consciousness. The things that are available to consciousness are images and symbols. The Reality abides but the symbols change and thereby remain alive. To recognize the symbol as a symbol is an enlargement of consciousness. To recognize the symbol as subject to change does not threaten Reality. To equate the symbol with Reality is the mistake of the fundamentalist. The fundamentalist or dogmatist perceives a threat to (or a change in) the traditional symbol as a threat to Reality.

FEBRUARY 11, 1981

Consciousness is the greatest mystery. It is but a fragment of the psyche, yet it is the meeting ground of sense perceptions of the outer world and instinctive urgings from the inner world. It has the burden of choosing between good and evil. Consciousness expands by becoming aware of contents issuing from the unconscious and the burden increases. In growing, it withdraws unconscious contents formerly projected onto external objects. Increase of, growth of, consciousness is the individual human being’s greatest responsibility—and hope.

FEBRUARY 15, 1981

In our grandfathers' day most folks kept a milk cow. It was the practice of the folks in the small towns where grazing was limited to stake their cows along the railroad right-of-way. Each cow could graze to the end of her rope. Of course, the ropes being different lengths, some cows had more territory to graze than others. You can see the advantage of a long rope—unless, of course, the rope was too long and the old cow got on the track itself. That could be bad news.

It strikes me that we human beings are sort of like those cows—in the way we see the world around us, I mean. Each of us is on a rope and therefore limited. Some ropes are just longer than others and allow us to take in more territory. If the rope is too long, however, we may wind up in the same fix as the old cow that got on the track.

FEBRUARY 22, 1981

There is no greater mystery than the psyche of which consciousness is but a part. We make careful observations of phenomena and call it science. Usually the word “science” is reserved for the observation of events occurring outside the psyche, but what of the inner events, the events that occur within the psyche without any apparent external origin? Might not the close observation of such intra-psychic events also be a science? Consciousness has the unique ability to “stand aside” and observe itself. Regardless of the origin of the event, whether inner or outer, the individual's perception of it is a psychic function. A most interesting new science would be the science of consciousness.<sup>7</sup>

FEBRUARY 25, 1981: A FUNDAMENTAL DIFFERENCE

Freud described the unconscious as sort of a cellar or refuse bin for rejected or repressed contents of the conscious mind.

Jung took the opposite and much more dynamic view. The unconscious is primary and is the ground out of which consciousness emerges. The unconscious is the source of psychic energy or libido, which gives it a certain autonomy in the form of archetypes. It is any-

thing but an inert dust bin! Jung's view allows for the union of God and man in the Psyche—Incarnation!

The foregoing is probably the reason most theologians are more receptive to the Freudian approach. Freud's view is a negation or denial of the spiritual dimension of the psyche, especially any autonomous spiritual dimension. Theologians can then regard Freud as dealing with physiological processes only and still stay with their (the theologians) dualistic systems of Man and God.

Freud simply denies God which makes him easier to refute. Jung constantly deals with the God image and the Reality behind it.<sup>8</sup> To view the Creator as innate in Creation requires a shifting of the theological foundations. Therein lies the threat to established religious dogma.

MARCH 14, 1981

When a rock breaks from the matrix of a mountain ridge, it (the rock) is rough hewn and covered by sharp edges. As time and weather (Environment) move the stone down the mountain slope, the rough edges are blunted and it becomes smoother and less abrasive and comes to resemble other stones in the stream bed which have also been smoothed and rounded by the environment.

There is an analogy to personal religious experience. The original experience is individual, rough hewn, and sharp. In the social environment, the rough edges, in time, are blunted and become smoother and less abrasive.

The rocks, each distinctive in the beginning, become a conglomerate of gravel at the foot of the mountain.

The rough hewn religious experience, weathered by society, becomes a rounded, less abrasive mythologem.

The analogy may be pushed further. In time the gravel becomes sand and, eventually, silt, but there are always new rocks breaking off the mountain ridge matrix!

MARCH 21, 1981

When one is pushed beyond his cultural inheritance, he must discover a secret—maybe not “the secret” but at least a secret. It will be a secret because there will be few, if any, to whom it can be communicated. It will afford the basis for the discoverer’s existence.

A. Adam was created in God’s image, i.e., unblemished.

B. The second Adam (Christ) was created in God’s image, i.e., unblemished.

Question: What is it that flaws man? Reason? Ego? Hubris?

Notions: Man feels the flaw. Whatever it is, it is something that separates him from God. And that creates tension. Tension is the motivating energy that causes man to grow or die.

One of the principal archetypes in man is the yearning for wholeness, i.e., reunification with God. The pagan sees it in the Golden Age. The pantheist sees it in being absorbed into the Cosmic whole. The Christian sees it in Christ. Along these lines, the following quote from C. G. Jung:

“. . . there is an ever present archetype of wholeness which may easily disappear from the purview of consciousness or may never be perceived at all until a consciousness illuminated by conversion recognizes it in the figure of Christ.”

Thought and feeling are both determinants of conduct. The same conduct may result from either thought or feeling. In the whole field of religion great variety of thought exists—but the feelings and the conduct are similar. The lives of Christian saints or Buddhist bodhisattvas are practically indistinguishable.

It is a man’s vision that is important. The thoughts in support of it assemble themselves.

MAY 16, 1981

All reason (logic) and opinion is in the end based on basic presuppositions. The opinionated are seldom conscious of their most basic presuppositions—and argue opinions only. Agreement is unlikely if presuppositions differ.

DECEMBER 4, 1981

Morality cannot be legislated or coerced in a free society. It is, therefore, one of the functions of culture—maybe the most important function—to place its highest values on traditions of individual responsibility for virtue, integrity, honesty, truthfulness, loyalty, and courage.

MARCH 2, 1982: A LETTER FOR PANCHO<sup>9</sup>

*d ear Son:*

*From time to time, I have written notes to myself concerning things that seem important to me. With this little book, I give these notions to you*

*You will recognize, of course, that these are the thoughts of a man in the middle years. You are a young man and your immediate task is to deal with the “Ten Thousand Things.” It might be well to put this aside for a time. By doing, you will discover your own reality.*

*As you know, I have found reassurance from (among others) Jung, James & Goethe. Goethe has the following to say; which seems to me to be a good instruction for a young man.*

*“How can we learn to know ourselves? Never by reflection, but by action. Try to do your duty and you will soon find out what you are. But what is your duty? The demands of each day.”*

*Love,  
dad*

MARCH 10, 1982: A LETTER FOR PANCHO<sup>10</sup>

*d ear son:*

*In the front of this little notebook, I have included letters written to me by my grandfather on my 16th and 21st birthdays. From them, I think you will understand the kind of man he was.*

*I would like to have included something written by your grandfather, but he didn't write about such matters—he just*

*lived them; better, I think, than anyone I have ever known. he was, in fact, a "good man and true."*

*For these little notes, I deliberately chose a loose-leaf book. Just as life is, it is open, flexible, and is added to one page at a time. It is not bound and closed. Perhaps you will want to add to its pages*

...

*love,  
dad*

JANUARY 24, 1984

Traditional institutional Christianity is in the same stage as the railroads—still operating, but not building new lines. God is incarnate in the individual. If we can only recognize the inner God-image as a symbol of the Reality, then we as individuals and as members of the Christian community can grow.

FEBRUARY 8, 1984

In the macrocosm of the universe, consciousness has emerged over the millennia. In the microcosm of the individual human being, consciousness emerges over a lifetime.

If through Creation the Creator is achieving consciousness, is it through the individual human being that the Creator is achieving a differentiated consciousness with the capacity (responsibility) to choose between good and evil—right and wrong?

Myth: a symbolic expression in the conscious mind of underlying content and/or processes of the unconscious, or an expression in the conscious mind in symbolic form of an archetype in the Collective Unconscious.

Archetype: patterns in the Collective Unconscious which are universally valid.

FEBRUARY 10, 1984

It is a function of art to express a culture. All too often, modern art expresses an absence of culture.

FEBRUARY 16, 1984

It is my feeling, not knowledge, that the Creator (God) is innate in Creation and that God is incarnate in the individual human being. God is also without environment. That is, without limits. The individual is an individual yet part of the whole. Is this another of the paradoxes of Reality? It is also my feeling that Creation is a present and ongoing event. The differentiated consciousness carried by the individual human being is a late appearing mystery. Is the Creator becoming conscious through the creative man? It is my feeling that this is so.

FEBRUARY 18, 1984

The God-image is inherent in the psyche of the individual human. It is an archetype, maybe the chief archetype, of the unconscious. The orthodox Christian projects this image onto Jesus of Nazareth. It can be, and is, projected onto other externals. It is the task of modern man to expand consciousness to become aware of this projection and to withdraw it to its proper domain—the realm of the psyche. Did not Christ say “I must leave you so that the Holy Spirit may come”? The psyche is real. Where else can the Holy Spirit dwell? God is incarnate in the psyche of the individual human being.

FEBRUARY 24, 1984

Scientists are unable to describe a clearly defined boundary line between the material world and the immaterial world. The smallest particles seem to become “events.”

We consider that the unconscious is the ground out of which consciousness emerged. Is it outrageous then to at least conjecture that the immaterial (i.e., spiritual) may be the ground out of which the material has emerged?

The body of the individual human being is material (matter). It is the “vessel” in which consciousness is carried. The psyche of the individual, then, may be considered a conjunction of reunification of the material and immaterial, both of which emerged from the spiritual (Creator).

A “daemon” drives an unconscious person. On the other hand, it counsels a conscious person. One of the chief responsibilities of an individual is to become conscious.

JULY 31, 1984

Marxist-Leninism is a complete (but false) world view. It includes within its system religion, politics, and economics. Capitalism is an economic system based on the individual. To function properly it must be in an environment of political and religious freedom. It must be furnished with a religion that esteems the individual and supplies moral and ethical codes.

Christianity is a religion that can function in the heart of an individual—but not necessarily as a public institution—in any political or economic environment.

The builders of this great Republic were seeking opportunity. The heirs to their success are seeking security—the guarantee.

DECEMBER 14, 1984

I cannot know “THE TRUTH” about ultimate things, but I can know the “truth for me” that violates neither my intellect nor my feeling.

DECEMBER 22, 1984

Via the collective unconscious, we are continuous with the cosmos.

FEBRUARY 26, 1985

What is it that causes the individual to set out on the Quest (Process of Individuation)? It is when FEELING and REASON are out of synch! If reason violates feeling or if feeling violates reason, a tension exists in the inner man. It is that tension that motivates and energizes the Quest. The individual may or may not respond. It is hazardous to undertake the Quest—but the greater hazard is to ignore it!

The ego-conscious is the CEO (Chief Executive Officer) of the psyche, but, in order to operate successfully, it must take into account



the advice and counsel of, and act in cooperation with, the Chairman of the Board and Chief Stockholder—the unconscious.

“For Thou hast created us for Thyself and our heart cannot be quieted till it may find repose in Thee.”—St. Augustine, “Confessions”

The following entry is an addendum to the entry above and was written by Frank while he was in the hospital right before his death in 1988:

To me, this confirms one of the chief archetypes in the collective unconscious as described by Jung: “Humankind possesses a natural religious function.”

APRIL 16, 1985

Here, again, is a paradox. I am convinced that, as to the ultimate questions of life and existence, I cannot know absolute truth. Nevertheless, I can know the truth(s) in which I find meaning and upon which I am willing to act and base my existence. What are the requirements that such a personal truth must meet? I find the requirements to be: insight or intuition, reason, feeling and courage—but not necessarily in any given order.

1. Insight and/or intuition.

Insight and/or intuition originate in the depths of the psyche and emerge into consciousness. They may originate as dreams, visions, or ideas.

2. Reason.

Reason is an aspect of consciousness. For a thing to be true to me, it must be reasonable. Being reasonable does not mean that it must be confirmed within the reach of my senses. Human senses are limited. Therefore, I cannot consider all things beyond my senses and outside of consciousness to be unreasonable. Neither can I consider a thing to be true that appears to me to be in violation of even such extended reason.

### 3. Feeling.

For a thing to be true to me, insight, intuition, and/or reason must be confirmed by feeling. Feeling is just what it is. I don't know how to describe it. It is as important as reason.

### 4. Courage.

A truth arrived at armed with the above ingredients may or may not be in harmony with the cultural truth(s) of its time. If such an unharmonious truth presents itself, it requires considerable courage to admit it and, more importantly, to act upon it. Sometimes, I can only work up the required courage when and if I find that "truth" experienced and confirmed in the life of another human being whom I respect and admire. That is usually done by the truly great men of our present and of the past. They are the pioneers and from the marks they leave in the untrod and untreadable regions, I draw courage.

In the preceding, I am only referring to being a human being. That I am is a mystery—but the greater mystery is THAT which lives in and through me and every other human being.

#### MAY 6, 1985: THE CONSEQUENCES OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Awareness is a synonym of consciousness. Among other things, it means being aware of the awesome mystery in which we live, move, and have our being. It means asking questions. The ultimate questions are those concerning life and existence. It also means being aware of the mystery of consciousness itself.

It is a function of culture to answer the ultimate questions. But what of the individual who is unable or unwilling to make the "leap of faith?" The questions remain. If the questions are of sufficient interest and cause a sufficient tension in the psyche of the individual, a quest must be undertaken to find answers that satisfy both reason and feeling. The best myth we have to express this need is the Quest for the Holy Grail.

Here, again, we are faced with a paradox. I am convinced that I cannot know absolute truth concerning the ultimate questions.

Nevertheless, I can find the answers upon which I am willing to base my life and existence. This means an increasing self-knowledge and is termed by C. G. Jung as the Process of Individuation. Properly carried out, this is a life-long process and expands consciousness at the expense of the unconscious. Consciousness is the late born child of the unconscious and both are components of the psyche. If, as I suppose it is, creation is a present and ongoing process, and if the Creator is innate in creation, then is it not through the creature, man, that the Creator is achieving consciousness? What higher meaning can be given to the life of a human being than being God's partner?

MAY 10, 1985: A PARADOX

We cannot know absolute truth concerning the ultimate questions of life and existence. However, we can know the personal truths upon which we are willing to base our lives and in which we find meaning in our existence. It is a function of culture to furnish answers to these questions and that is the first place to look. If these answers are sufficient, well and good, but what about that individual for whom the cultural answers are not sufficient? To be sufficient, an answer must satisfy both feeling and reason. Feeling is just as important as reason, and reason is not limited to consciousness. Our senses are limited and a thing may be outside of consciousness or beyond our senses and still not be unreasonable.

If the cultural answers are not sufficient and if the matter is of sufficient interest; in other words, if enough tension is created by the question, then the individual must embark upon the quest. The best myth we have to express such a quest is the quest for the Holy Grail. It is not undertaken lightly, for it is hazardous. When properly carried out, it is a life-long quest called the Process of Individuation. It presupposes the psyche to be real, and it presupposes consciousness to be the late born child of the unconscious in which it still has its roots. It also presupposes that creation is an ongoing event.

That we live and exist is a fact. It is not unreasonable for me to presuppose that there is a Transcendent Reality, Creator, or God, that is beyond our knowing which lives in creation and, since I am a part of that creation, lives through me and every other individual human being. I do

not pretend to describe that Reality by giving it a name. The finite cannot encompass the infinite.

So far as we know, the individual human being is the only carrier of a psyche with a discriminating or differentiated consciousness. There, it seems reasonable to me that the creator is achieving consciousness through the creature, man. For me, that gives meaning to my existence. It makes me a junior partner of God.

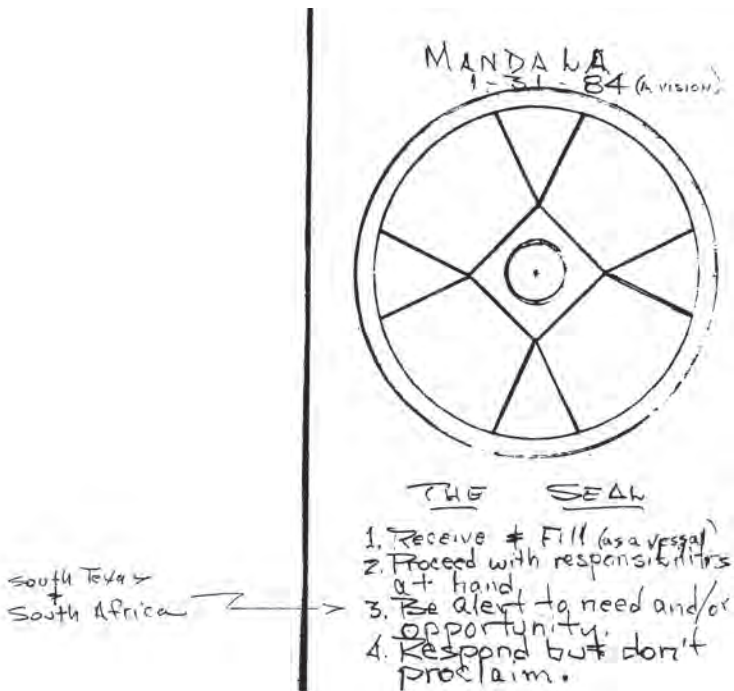
JULY 26, 1985

One of the greatest dangers that we currently face is the almost universal collectivist approach we take to the solution of our problems. I think that it is imperative that more individuals discover the reality of the psyche and rediscover the sanctity of the individual human being. I am aware, of course, that this is a slow process and is accomplished one by one. It is my great privilege to endow this professorship with the hope that it will be one step in that direction.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1985: PORTIONS OF A LETTER TO SIR LAURENS  
VAN DER POST COPIED INTO A JOURNAL ENTRY

It is with great pleasure and encouragement that I received your letter of September 3, telling me of your efforts to establish an outpost of Jungian notions in South Africa. I shall be honored to do anything I can to assist in this endeavor. As I see it, the one best hope for humankind in general and the problems presented by South Africa in particular is a rediscovery of the sanctity of the individual human being, the realization of the reality of the psyche, and the development of the individual through the process of individuation. I am encouraged by the fact that this way to the Holy Grail is available to us. I am discouraged by the fact that, by definition, it is a very slow process—evolutionary rather than revolutionary. Nevertheless, you, better than anyone else, knows that a walkabout of many miles starts with one step. I am also encouraged by a quote from Goethe's "Faust" when Helena says, "Unto the wise, wide-seeing mind is verily shown the Impossible oft as Possible."

Analytical Psychology and Dr. Jung are as little known in South Texas



January 31, 1984, "Mandala Vision"

as they are in South Africa. Nevertheless, I, too, detect a growing hunger for the food they can supply. I think we are in harmony with the Tao. The time is right and the opportunity is great. An interesting thing to me is that the most scientific of the scientists, the micro-physicists, are being forced into the eon of the Psyche—there seems to be some ordering background outside of Time and Space. Being familiar with Dr. Jung's synchronicity, it is like seeing someone excited over the rediscovery of the wheel.

The opportunity to correspond with you is a great benefit to me. I am going to take advantage of that opportunity by sending a Xerox copy of a page from my notebook. It represents a vision of a mandala I had in the early morning hours of January 31, 1984. I would say that my favorite time of day is the early morning hours when all is quiet and I am alone—except you, I, and the Bushmen know that one is never alone. I felt that the seal was put on me much as we branded calves on the ranch when I was a boy.

I requested a comment from *The I Ching* on the professorship at Texas A&M University. Its reply was hexagram #8, Pi, Holding Together. It confirmed my conviction of the tremendous importance of finding the right person for this post. Part of Wilhelm's comment is "The yielding lines hold together because they are influenced by a man of strong will in the leading position, a man who is the center of union." The fifth line is a 9, an old yang, and again part of Wilhelm's comment is "There is depicted here a ruler, or influential man, to whom people are attracted. Those who come to him he accepts, those who do not come are allowed to go their own way." The second line is also a moving line, an old yin, and the hexagram becomes #4, Youthful Folly. Analytical Psychology is certainly in its youth at Texas A&M. This is another reason that it must be presented correctly. The wrong man in the right job will do more harm than good. However, I think the right man is out there somewhere and he will know it and we will find him (or her).

*The I Ching* continues to be a startling discovery to a fellow from Milam County. I discovered it in 1977 and asked my first question, "In what way or ways may I best utilize the wisdom of *The I Ching*?" The hexagram was #48, The Well. I can't imagine a more appropriate answer. Since that time it has been a source of increasing nourishment for me.

On one of your tapes, you told the story of approaching the mama rhinoceros to within arm's length—and she let you get by with it. I



*rhinos carved by Frank McMillan*

figure that a rhinoceros with such a serene disposition is due some sort of recognition. I carved some figures in her honor and have enclosed some pictures of them. There is also a picture of a carving of one of my fellow Americans (note: see page 67) enclosed. Before becoming too critical of South Africa, maybe we Americans should consider returning this country to him and his kind. It's a hard question.

NOVEMBER 20, 1985: WHY ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY?

Postulate 1:

The psyche of the individual human being is real. It is to some degree autonomous and it affects us.

Postulate 2:

It is an inclusive term and includes both the conscious and unconscious aspects of the individual human being. The external world of the cosmos and the inner world of the inscape both become objective in the human psyche. It is the greatest of mysteries.

Postulate 3:

In the millennial process of evolution, consciousness is the late born child of the primal unconsciousness. Humankind's greatest responsibility may be the expansion of consciousness at the expense of the surrounding darkness of the unconscious. It may be that it is an integral part of an ongoing creation.

Conclusion:

Analytical Psychology treats the psyche as being real. It is a psychology with a psyche. It is counterpoised to the "nothing but" syndrome that presently afflicts the materialistic world.

Technology is a product of consciousness. It has placed vast powers in the hands of humankind. We will need all of the consciousness that we can muster to deal with this power.

And on a more personal basis—the individual who ignores the reality of the psyche or who treats it as "nothing but" is like a gladiator who enters the arena with one hand tied. He or she is handicapped in the life-long process of becoming the Self (wholeness), or in Jungian terminology, "The Process of Individuation."

# ⇒ *Epilogue* ⇐

**THE DAY BEYOND: IMPACTING  
THE GLOBAL VILLAGE**

and

**SCHOLARSHIP OF THE SOUL:  
TEACHING AND RESEARCHING ANALYTICAL  
AND POSITIVE PSYCHOLOGY**

David H. Rosen

One step, a thousand new pathways.

*Confucius*

This afterword<sup>1</sup> summarizes the impact of Frank McMillan's endowment of the first professorship in analytical psychology in the world. Texas A&M University is an applied university, and today more than ever we need to develop practical solutions to difficult problems, such as despair, alienation, and meaninglessness, so we must develop ways to facilitate optimism, human connection, and purpose in being. This epilogue has four parts: Prelude (Caveat); Research is Mesearch (Maxim); Academic (Educational); and Research (Basic and Integrative).



## *Prelude*

The 21st Century will be spiritual or it will not be at all.

*André Malraux*

In this age of terrorism and nuclear peril, it is vital that we brighten the dark halls of academia with Jung's psychology and carry out research that promotes hope and spiritual meaning. It is imperative for individuals and nations to face their shadows so we can get beyond war.

## *r esearch is M esearch*

There is meaning in what for long was meaningless.  
Everything depends on inner change; when this has  
taken place, and only then, does the world change.

*Martin Buber*

Through classes, public lectures, and research activities, the challenge is always to look within before we can address outer issues. The value of Jung's psychology is that it calls on each individual to be his or her authentic self and to serve the community with purpose and meaning. This is Jung's theory of individuation, which is an ongoing process toward wholeness.

## *Academic*

Academic refers to educational and scholarly activities. *Education* etymologically comes from the Latin *educare*, to lead out, to nourish, and to bring forth. *Scholarly* implies extending the knowledge gained at the university to the community at large. This is the seed that Frank McMillan planted, and students, citizens, our nation, and the world will benefit.

## CLASSES

When teaching Jung's psychology to undergraduates in Psychology of Self and graduate students in Analytical Psychology it is essential to

focus on each student's personal myth and mandala as well as their own unique purpose and meaning in being and how they will serve society. When teaching medical students in Humanities in Medicine, there is a focus on the Philosophy of Life and Death. Using active imagination, students produce creative art products and explain what they mean. This often leads to insight and transformation.

#### ADVISING GRADUATE STUDENTS

Similar to *The Wounded r esearcher* approach of Robert Romanyshyn at Pacifica Graduate Institute, students who work on their master's and PhD research projects are encouraged to study something that is personally meaningful and that they have passion about, that is, which causes them suffering and will be healing. Here are some examples:

Holly Huston's dissertation (1997) was "Personality Characteristics Influencing Archetypal Dream Recall in Vivid Dream Types," and she has published on this topic. "My research on recalling vivid archetypal dreams grew out of two powerful and healing dreams that were related to my recovery from serious chronic illness. In the first dream, I met an Oriental male priest and took part in healing rituals. I woke from this vivid dream feeling better than I had felt in months. In the second dream I encountered an Oriental woman in a forest who wore a flowing white gown. She approached me and smiled. Again, I woke with an intensified feeling of well-being and that things were going to be okay. After a month of treatment with traditional Chinese herbs, and following these two dreams, I fully recovered from my longstanding illness."

Michael Luebbert's dissertation (1999) was "Relational Hurts and Coping: An Attachment-Psychosocial Approach to Forgiveness," and he has published on this subject. "My research on forgiveness was born of a terrible journey into a wound that, prior to my graduate studies in psychology, I had already explored through years of introspection, prayer, relationships, and therapy. I sought to understand what had kept me from forgiving others authentically for so many years. What I wanted in my psychological research was to produce a map that could explain the development of my difficulties with forgiveness and provide me with insight into the process of my eventual

breakthrough to more authentic forgiveness. In addition, through the research process, I hoped to gain a deeper understanding of how to help others go to this terrible place and return safely themselves.”

Nathan Mascaro’s dissertation (2006) was “Longitudinal Analysis of Existential Meaning’s Relationship with Hope and Depression,” and he has published on this subject. “Regarding my own [existential] Spiritual Meaning, it was not something I was searching for or something I felt I was lacking. Yet when IT FOUND ME, I then realized how empty and lacking I had been. So I was wounded but did not realize I was wounded until my wound had been cleansed.”

Alexander Quiros’s dissertation (2006) was “The Development, Construct Validity, and Clinical Utility of the Healthy Humility Inventory,” and he plans to submit a manuscript for publication. “My research on Healthy Humility stems from my fear of becoming yet another arrogant psychologist. Through this research I have learned that the path to humility requires us to focus on others, have faith in a higher power, seek to truly know ourselves, and challenge our every belief.”

#### PUBLIC LECTURES AND BOOKS

The Fay Lecture and Book Series in Analytical (Jungian) Psychology was established by Carolyn Grant Fay to further the ideas of C. G. Jung among students, faculty, therapists, and citizens, as well as to enhance the scholarly activities related to analytical psychology. This is the centerpiece of our outreach to the world community. The Lecture and Book Series addresses topics of importance to the individual and to society. The annual Lecture Series consists of four lectures with subsequent publication by Texas A&M University Press. Since 2009 these volumes have been digitized and are available to all at no charge.

#### *Fay Books Based on Previous Fay Lectures*

1. *Joy, Inspiration, and hope* by Verena Kast (1991), paperback edition (2003)

2. *Integrity in depth* by John Beebe (1992), paperback edition (2005)
3. *The Two Million-Year-Old Self* by Anthony Stevens (1993), paperback edition (2005)
4. *The Stillness Shall Be the dancing* (audio book), by Marion Woodman (1994)
5. *Buddhism and the Art of Psychotherapy* by Hayao Kawai (1996), paperback edition (2008)
6. *Gender and desire: Uncursing Pandora* by Polly Young-Eisendrath (1997)
7. *Transformation: Emergence of the Self* by Murray Stein (1998), paperback edition (2004)
8. *The Archetypal Imagination* by James Hollis (2000), paperback edition (2002)
9. *Soul and Culture* by Roberto Gambini (2003)
10. *The Black Sun: The Alchemy and Art of darkness* by Stanton Marlan (2005), paperback edition (2008)
11. *Memories of Our lost hands: Searching for Feminine Spirituality and Creativity* by Sonoko Toyoda (2006)
12. *The Old Woman's daughter: Transformative Wisdom for Men and Women* by Claire Douglas (2006)
13. *Ethics & Analysis: Philosophical Perspectives and Their Application in Therapy* by Luigi Zoja (2007). Winner of the 2008 Gradiva Clinical Book Award by the National Association of Psychoanalysis.
14. *The Therapeutic relationship: Transference, Countertransference, and the Making of Meaning* by Jan Wiener (2009)
15. *Synchronicity: Nature & Psyche in an Interconnected Universe* by Joseph Cambrey (2009)

### ***Forthcoming Fay Books***

1. *I la Curandera: healing the Two Worlds* by Clarissa Pinkola Estés

2. *Active Imagination: healing from Within* by Joan Chodorow
3. *Emotion and Transformation: From Myth to Neuroscience* by Beverley Zabriskie
4. *The Soul of Art: Analysis & Creation* by Christian Gaillard
5. *Connecting with South Africa: Inter-Cultural Communication and Understanding* by Astrid Berg

### *Future Fay Lecture Series*

1. George Hogenson (United States) 2011
2. Ann Ulanov (United States) 2012
3. Henry Abramovitch (Israel) 2013
4. Kathrin Asper (Switzerland) 2014
5. Thomas Elsner (United States) 2015
6. Jo Ann Culbert-Koehn (United States) 2016
7. Heyong Shen (China) 2017

### *r esearch*

Research is about careful, patient, and systematic investigation that concerns looking for vestiges or traces, and the purpose is to establish facts, principles, and meaning. Frank McMillan wanted his professorship to be used to carry out research to establish a basic science of analytical psychology as well as to study the clinical value of Jung's psychology. For twenty-five years, I have worked with numerous students, both graduate and undergraduate, as well as other faculty to carry out a variety of research projects, which has helped to realize McMillan's vision. I have listed below a wide range of research activities and publications conducted and authored by A&M faculty and students involving analytical and positive psychology,<sup>2</sup> spirituality,<sup>3</sup> well-being,<sup>4</sup> and healing:

- "Androgyny, Ego Development, Individuation, and Self-Actualization," Sharon Julsonnet's PhD Dissertation Research Project (1991), with David Rosen.

- “Psychological Well-Being among African American College Students,” Robin Nottingham’s PhD Dissertation Research Project (1991), with David Rosen and Carlton Parks. Article by same name published in the *Journal of College Student Development* (1992).
- “Empirical Study of Associations between Symbols and Their Meaning: Evidence of Collective Unconscious (Archetypal) Memory” (1990), David Rosen with Steven Smith, Holly Huston, and Gilbert Gonzalez. Article by the same title published in *The Journal of Analytical Psychology* (1991).
- “Inborn Basis for the Doctor-Patient Relationship” (1991), David Rosen. Article by the same title published in *The Pharos* (1992).
- “Transforming Depression: A Jungian Approach Using the Creative Arts” (1992), David Rosen. Book by the same title (1993), revised as a paperback, *Transforming Depression: Healing the Soul through Creativity* (1996 and 2002).
- “Innovative Approach to Treating Suicidal Depression” (2002–3), David Rosen. A presentation was made at the American Psychological Association Annual Meeting, Honolulu, Hawaii, July 28, 2004.
- “Further Evidence Supporting the Concept of Collective (Archetypal) Memory,” Holly Huston’s Master’s Thesis Research Project (1993), with David Rosen.
- “Neuroticism, Psychological Type, and Self-Esteem,” Donna Smetana’s Master’s Thesis Research Project (1993), with David Rosen.
- “Jung’s Psychological Types and Color Preference,” Senior Honor’s Research Project by Laura Anderson (1993), with David Rosen and Holly Huston. Article by the same title published in the *Journal of Psychological Type* (1994).
- “The Self and Other Connection: The Relationship between Attachment Style, Capacity to Forgive, and Defensive Style,” Michael Luebbert’s Master’s Thesis Research Project (1995), with David Rosen.

- “Taoism and Jung’s Psychology” (1994–95), David Rosen. Book titled *The Tao of Jung: The Way of Integrity* (1996), revised as paperback with the same title (1997).
- “Measurement of Jungian Personality Typology,” Randolph Arnau’s Master’s Thesis Research Project (1997), with David Rosen. Article titled “Alternative Measures of Jungian Personality Constructs” published in *Measurement and Evaluation in Counseling and d evelopment* (1999), with Bruce Thompson and David Rosen. A related article, “Reliability and Validity Scores from the Singer-Loomis Type Deployment Inventory,” published in *The Journal of Analytical Psychology* (2000), with David Rosen and Bruce Thompson.
- “Personality Characteristics Influencing Archetypal Dream Recall in Vivid Dream Types,” Holly Huston’s PhD Dissertation Research Project (1997), with David Rosen.
- “Archetypes of Transformation: Healing the Self/Other Split through Creative Active Imagination” (1997), David Rosen. Chapter by same title in book, *The Fantastic Other: An Interface of Perspectives* (1998).
- “Relational Hurts and Coping: An Attachment-Psychosocial Approach to Forgiveness,” Michael Luebbert’s PhD Dissertation Research (1999), with David Rosen.
- “Evolution of the Psyche,” international conference held at Texas A&M University (1996) resulted in a book, *Evolution of the Psyche* (1999), edited by David Rosen and Michael Luebbert.
  - “Evolutionary Memory,” a chapter by Holly Huston, David Rosen, and Steven Smith.
  - “The Survival Value of Forgiveness,” a chapter by Michael Luebbert.
  - “The Evolutionary Significance of Archetypal Dreams,” a chapter by Holly Huston.
- “The Tao of Medicine” (1999), David Rosen. Article by same title published in *The Pharos* (2000).
- “The Tao of Wisdom: Integration of Taoism and the Psychologies of Jung, Erikson, and Maslow” (1999), David

- Rosen and Ellen Crouse. Chapter by same title in book, *The Psychology of Mature Spirituality* (2000).
- “Carl Gustav Jung,” section in *Encyclopedia of Psychology* (2000), David Rosen (published by the American Psychological Association and Oxford University Press).
  - “Archetypal Symbolism and Meaning of Cultural Icon Elvis Presley” (1996–2001), David Rosen. Book, *The Tao of Elvis*, published 2002.
  - “Hope: Its Measurement and Relationships with Personality and Mental Health,” Randolph Arnau’s PhD Dissertation Research Project (2001), with David Rosen. Article in *Journal of Personality* (2007) titled, “Longitudinal Effects of Hope on Anxiety and Depression: A Latent Variable Analysis,” with David Rosen, John Finch, Jamie Rhudy, and Vincent Fortunato.
  - “Are Jungian Preferences Really Categorical? An Empirical Investigation Using Taxometric Analysis” (1998–2001), Randolph Arnau, Bradley Green, David Gleaves, David Rosen, and Janet Melancon. Article by same title published in the journal *Personality and Individual Differences* (2003).
  - “Picture Interpretation and Jungian Psychology,” Senior Honor’s Research Project by Derek Bergeron (2000), with David Rosen, Randolph Arnau, and Nathan Mascaro. Article by same title published in *The Journal of Analytical Psychology* (2003).
  - “A Symbolic Meaning of Space Domain: Empirical Study of the Jungian Picture Interpretation Quadrant Method” (2002–3), J. Yuanhong, T. Sakaki, and D. Rosen. A presentation was made at the American Psychological Association Annual Meeting, Honolulu, Hawaii, July 29, 2004.
  - “The Relationships between Meaning, Purpose in Life, Hope, and Psychosocial Development,” Senior Honor’s Research Project by Annahita Varahrami (2000), with Randolph Arnau, David Rosen, and Nathan Mascaro. Paper



presented at the 2nd Biannual International Meaning Conference, Vancouver, Canada, July 18, 2002. Revised article has been submitted for publication.

- “Humor and Hope: Can Humor Increase Hope?” Senior Honor’s Research Project by Alexander Vilaythong (2001), with David Rosen, Randolph Arnau, and Nathan Mascaro. Article by the same title published in *Humor: International Journal of Humor Research* (2003).
- “Assessing Meaning and Its Relationship with Mental Health,” Nathan Mascaro’s Master’s Thesis Research Project (2002), with David Rosen. Paper by the same title with Nathan Mascaro and Les Morey presented at the American Psychological Association Annual meeting (August 10, 2003), Toronto, Canada. Article titled “The Development, Construct Validity, and Clinical Utility of the Spiritual Meaning Scale” published in *Personality and Individual Differences* (2004).
- “Spiritual Meaning: Subtle Measure of Jung’s Concept of the Self” (2002–5), Nathan Mascaro and David Rosen. A presentation made at the 2nd International Academic Conference of Analytical Psychology and Jungian Studies, Texas A&M University, College Station, Texas, July 8, 2005.
- “The Healing Spirit of Haiku” presented by David Rosen as the Annual Fallon-Marshall Lecture, College of Liberal Arts, Texas A&M University (2001). Book by same title coauthored by David Rosen and Joel Weishaus (2004).
- “Investigating the Impact of College on a Person’s Faith,” Senior Honor’s Research Project (2004–5) by Katherine Guenther with David Rosen and Nathan Mascaro.
- “The Healing Impact of Mandalas,” Senior Honor’s Research Project by Patti Henderson (2004–5), with David Rosen, Nathan Mascaro, and Tiffany Skillern.
- Patti Henderson’s Master’s Thesis Research Project (2006–7), “Empirical Study on the Healing Nature of Mandalas.” An article by the same title was published in *Psychology of Aesthetics, Creativity and the Arts* (2007).
- “Longitudinal Analysis of Existential Meaning’s Relation-

ship with Hope and Depression,” Nathan Mascaro’s PhD Dissertation Research Project (2006), with David Rosen. A related article, “Existential Meaning’s Role in the Enhancement of Hope and Prevention of Depressive Symptoms” by N. Mascaro and D. Rosen was published in the *Journal of Personality* (2005). The subsequent related articles, “The Role of Existential Meaning as a Buffer against Stress” was published in the *Journal of Humanistic Psychology* (2006); “Assessment of Existential Meaning and Its Longitudinal Relations with Depressive Symptoms” was published in the *Journal of Social and Clinical Psychology* (2008).

- “The Development and Construct Validity of the Healthy Humility Scale and Its Relationship to Depression and Anxiety.” Alex Quiros’s PhD Dissertation Research Project (2006), with David Rosen.
- “Depression in Medical Students: Gene-Environment Interactions,” Research Project (2003–8), David Rosen, Nathan Mascaro, Randy Arnau, Michael Escamilla, Ming Tai-Seale, Allison Ficht, Charles Sanders, Patti Henderson, and Uyen Hoang. Article submitted for publication in *Annals of Behavioral Science and Medical Education*.
- “Two-Minute Mental Health Care for Elderly Patients: Inside Primary Care Visits,” Research Project, Ming Tai-Seale with T. McGuire, C. Colenda, D. Rosen, and M. A. Cook was published in the *Journal of the American Geriatrics Society* (2007). This paper was named the Article of the Year by *Academy of Health* (2008).
- “Research Is Me-Search: Valuing the Wounded Researcher.” Presentation part of a panel “Honoring the Wounded Researcher,” with Robert Romanynshyn, at the 3rd Multidisciplinary Academic Conference of the International Association for Analytical Psychology (IAAP) and the International Association for Jungian Studies (IAJS) at the ETH (Swiss Federal Institute of Technology), Zurich, Switzerland, July 4, 2008.
- “Symbols of the Self: Creating Mandalas.” Workshop presentation at the 3rd Multidisciplinary Academic Conference

of the International Association for Analytical Psychology (IAAP) and the International Association for Jungian Studies (IAJS) at the ETH, Zurich, Switzerland, July 4, 2008, Patti Henderson with D. Rosen.

- “Empirical Study of Kanji as Archetypal Images: Understanding the Collective Unconscious as Part of the Japanese Language.” First Year Graduate Student Research Project (2007–8). Presented at the 3rd Multidisciplinary Academic Conference of the International Association for Analytical Psychology (IAAP) and the International Association for Jungian Studies (IAJS) at the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology (ETH), Zurich, Switzerland, July 5, 2008. Milena Sotirova-Kohli with D. Rosen, S. Smith, S. Taki Reece and P. Henderson. Article submitted for publication.
- “The Healing Nature of Haiku: An Empirical Study.” First Year Graduate Student Research Project (2007–8). Presented at the 3rd Multidisciplinary Academic Conference of the International Association for Analytical Psychology (IAAP) and the International Association for Jungian Studies (IAJS) at the ETH, Zurich, Switzerland, July 5, 2008, with D. Rosen and P. Henderson. Kitt Stephenson’s Masters Research Project on the Same Topic (2008–9), with David Rosen.
- “Archetypal Creativity and Healing: An Empirical Study of Floral Design (Ikebana),” Milena Sotirova-Kohli’s Masters Research Project (2008–9), with David Rosen.
- “Empirical Study of the Healing Nature of Artistic Expression Using Mandalas with the Positive Emotions of Love and Joy,” Patti Henderson’s Doctoral Dissertation Research Project (2009–10), with David Rosen.
- “Inner and Outer Peace: The Ultimate Transformation” (2010), David Rosen and Milena Sotirova-Kohli. Chapter by same title in book, *Buddhism and Psychotherapy*, edited by Mark Unno.
- “Is Writing Haiku Poetry Healing?: An Examination of the Writing Paradigm and Its Theories,” Kittredge Stephenson’s Doctoral Dissertation Research Project (2010–11), with David Rosen.

- “Beyond Language: The Zen Practice of Tea Ceremony from a Jungian Perspective,” a book by Milena Sotirova-Kohli with Foreword by David Rosen (in press).

Additional research is needed in the twenty-first century to further establish a basic science of and therapeutic value for analytical psychology. For instance, the following should be studied: Persona (Stereotyping and Roles); Shadow, Racism, and War (Projection and Scapegoating); Anima and Animus (Inner and Outer Balance, that is, Androgyny); Ego-Self Connection and Individuation (Hope and Spiritual Meaning); Active Imagination (How Art and Science are Interrelated); Healing Nature of Art and Drawing (Mandalas); Writing and Poetry (Haiku); Floral Design (Ikebana); Ceramics, Dance, Music, and other forms of art.

#### INTEGRATIVE RESEARCH NEEDED IN TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY

- Linking Jung’s Psychology with Humanistic, Transpersonal, and Positive Psychology as well as the Psychology of Religion/Spirituality
- Verena Kast is a pioneer in the field of Positive Psychology with her scholarly book, *Joy, Inspiration, and Hope* (The inaugural Fay Book in Analytical Psychology)
- Taoism and Jung’s Psychology (Rosen 1996)
- Integration of Taoism and the Psychologies of Jung, Erikson, and Maslow (Rosen and Crouse 2000)
- Investigation of Hope and Humor (Vilaythong et al. 2003) and Mental Health: Depression and Anxiety (Arnau et al. 2001, 2007)
- Existential Meaning’s Relationship with Hope and Depression (Mascaro and Rosen 2002, 2004, 2005, 2006)
- Healthy Humility’s Relationship to Depression and Anxiety (Quiros and Rosen 2006)
- The Relationship of Ikebana (Sotirova-Kohli and Rosen 2008–9)
- The Relationship of Mandalas and Love and Joy to Mental Health (Henderson and Rosen 2007–10)

- The Relationship of Haiku Poetry to Mental Health (Stephenson and Rosen 2008–11)

LINKING JUNG'S PSYCHOLOGY WITH OTHER DISCIPLINES

- Jung's Psychology and English (Rowland 2005) and Humanities (Rowland 2010)
- Jung's Psychology and Political Science (Samuels 1993, 2001)
- Jung's Psychology and Anthropology (Adams 1996) and Mythology (Adams 2001)
- Jung's Psychology and Religious Studies (Jung 1938, Stein 1985, Edinger 1996, Kawai 1996)
- Jung's Psychology and Philosophy (Clarke 1992)
- Jung's Psychology and Physics (Franz 1974, 2002, Cambray 2009)
- Jung's Psychology and History (Ulanov 1992)
- Jung's Psychology and Business (Stein and Hollwitz 1992, Berens et al. 2002)

*A Summing Up*

Frank N. McMillan and Carolyn Fay have sown the seeds for Jungian and positive psychology to continue to grow and develop in academia and beyond. Their actions and those of the Circle of Friends in Analytical Psychology have led to twenty-five years of teaching and researching analytical and positive psychology at Texas A&M University. I thank and honor these two humble and gracious individuals and the many students and faculty I have had the privilege to work with as well as the hundreds of members of the Circle of Friends of Analytical Psychology. Keeping faith with Frank and Carolyn's vision, Jung's psychology at Texas A&M University is truly changing the world through its ongoing creation of consciousness, innovative scientific research, and international promotion of hope and spiritual meaning.

# Notes

## FOREWORD BY SIR LAURENS VAN DER POST

1. Sir Laurens van der Post, author of *Jung and the Story of Our Time* and many other books. He died in 1996. He was a dear friend of Frank McMillan, his son Frank McMillan III, and the godfather to Frank McMillan IV.
2. Frank McMillan always refers to Frank McMillan Jr.
3. Forrest Bess, the artist.
4. See Jung and Pauli, *The Interpretation of Nature and Psyche—Synchronicity*.
5. See Stevens, *The Two Million-Year-Old Self*.
6. By the end of 2010, twenty Fay Lecture Series have been given and fifteen Fay books in Analytical Psychology have been published. See [www.tamu.edu/press](http://www.tamu.edu/press) or contact Texas A&M University Press, College Station, TX, 77843–4356, USA.

### *Preface by Frank N. McMillan III and David H. Rosen*

1. See Davies, *The Fifth Miracle: The Search for the Origin and Meaning of Life*, 246.
2. Rees, *Universe*, 51.
3. Ibid.
4. Hawking, *A Brief History of Time*, 125.
5. Today that silence is being broken as more and more researchers are unafraid to confront the reigning materialist myth that has dominated science for the last 150 years. With these challenges, the old dispensation with its bleak nihilism is on the verge of being dethroned. In fact, it appears there is something more to life than reduction to material accident, something more than chance and necessity, and a growing array of experimentally verified facts across a variety of scientific disciplines testifies to this reality. Discoveries in physics

pave the way for this emerging view of the universe, particularly quantum mechanics' paradigm shattering concepts of quantum entanglement and nonlocality that flatly contradict the classical deterministic catechism. Recent work in mathematics and computer science indicates that unguided chance on its own is a statistically unlikely method of producing the semiotic intricacy one finds in the complex specified information of the double helix (see Oxford University Professor of Mathematics John C. Lennox's *God's Undertaker: h as Science Buried God?*). And piling on in what could only be described as a shock to an already tottery materialist reductionist worldview, a few years before he died in 2010, Antony Flew, the esteemed professor of philosophy and an atheist icon for decades, admitted that he had become convinced that the genetic structure of life is too complex to have evolved by chance alone. The late Allan Sandage, often described as one of the most influential astronomers of the last half-century, agreed, saying, "The world is too complicated in all its parts and interconnections to be due to chance alone. I am convinced that the existence of life with all its order in each of its organisms is simply too well put together" (Lennox, *God's Undertaker*, 188). And it's not just physicists, mathematicians, philosophers, and astronomers who are going where the evidence leads. Cambridge evolutionary paleobiologist Simon Conway Morris observes, "Not only is the universe strangely fit to purpose, but so, too . . . is life's ability to navigate to its solutions" (Morris, *Life's Solution: Inevitable humans in a lonely Universe*, 327.)

6. Morris, *Life's Solution: Inevitable humans in a lonely Universe*, 243.

7. Pepperberg, *Alex & Me*, 219.

8. While brains are material and demonstrably a product of evolution, something profoundly more mysterious is afoot with the provenance and nature of consciousness. In fact, to date nobody knows what it is or what causes it, although a purely materialist explanation is looking less and less likely, for, while it interacts with matter, it cannot be reduced to matter, and it cavalierly disregards classically accepted physical restraints. Empirical research into human consciousness during a loss of all brain function (NDE) suggests that it may be, in fact, nonlocal (Lommel, *Consciousness beyond life: The Science of the Near-death Experience*, 259). As Jung put it in his famous BBC television interview with John Freeman, "the psyche is not under the obligation to be confined to time and space."

9. Jung letter to Morton T. Kelsey, in Jung, *Letters*, vol. 2, 436.

10. Based on an article by D. H. Rosen, "In Memoriam: Frank N. McMillan Jr."

11. Van der Post, *A Walk with a White Bushman*, 4–5.

12. This was Forrest Bess, the abstract expressionist artist, as outlined later in this book.

13. Texas A&M University, founded in 1876, is the oldest university in Texas. Originally, A&M stood for agriculture & mechanics, but in the 1960s A&M was to be dropped from the name with a plan that it be renamed something on the order of Texas State University, like Ohio State. Aggies protested, so A&M was kept by a state-level edict. However, it became a symbol. I quietly wonder if it stands for analysis & meditation!

14. There are two similar professorships: One endowed by the London Society of Analytical Psychology at the University of Essex; the other was endowed by Marion Woodman at the University of Toronto. It would be most fitting for one of these to be located in Zurich, Switzerland, at the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology, ETH, where Jung was a professor for many years.

### *Introduction*

The introduction is based on a presentation given at the Second International Academic Conference of Analytical Psychology and Jungian Studies, held at Texas A&M University in College Station, Texas, 2005.

1. Herman, *How the Scots Invented the Modern World*, 250.
2. For more on the Scots-Irish's contributions to the history and culture of the United States, see Webb, *Born Fighting: How the Scots-Irish Shaped America*.
3. Hämäläinen, *The Comanche Empire*, 2.
4. Webb, *The Texas Rangers: A Century of Frontier Defense*, 45–47.
5. De Blij and Muller, *Geography: Realms, Regions, and Concepts*, 220.
6. Smithwick, *The Evolution of a State: Recollections of Old Texas Days*, 92.
7. Jordan, "The Impact of the Upper and Lower South on Mid-Nineteenth Century Texas," 667.
8. Baker, *A History of Robertson County, Texas*, 161–63.
9. *Ibid.*, 256.
10. For a detailed longitudinal study of Calvert's socioeconomic trends and demographics, see McMillan, "Calvert: An Historical Geography."
11. In answer to any future queries, my father never saw any analysts, counselors, or therapists. As a young man he navigated his confrontation with the unconscious by recording his dreams and reading many of the seminal texts in Western philosophy and Eastern religions. Later on, he kept journals and read deeply in analytical psychology, especially the *Collected Works* of Jung, which he consumed over and over, nearly penciling the margins of the pages of his Bollingen editions into atoms. In conversations, he often affectionately referred to the Swiss psychiatrist as the "Old Man."



12. Yau, *Forrest Bess*, 11.
13. *Ibid.*, 11, 51–52.
14. Lewis-Williams, *The Mind in the Cave*, 127.
15. Ennis, “His Name Was Forrest Bess.”
16. Kendall Curlee and Rebecca H. Green, “Forrest Clemenger Bess,” *The Handbook of Texas Online*, 1999. Texas State Historical Association, February 20, 2010. At <http://www.tshaonline.org/handbook/online/articles/BB/fbeaq.html>.
17. Bair, *Jung: A Biography*, 370–72.
18. Wilkinson and Philip, *Mythology*, 277.
19. Jung and Pauli, *The Interpretation of Nature and Psyche—Synchronicity*.
20. Wilhelm and Baynes, *The I Ching or Book of Changes*, xxiv.
21. See Wigner, *Symmetries and Reflections: Scientific Essays of Eugene P. Wigner*.
22. Barad, *Meeting the Universe Halfway: Quantum Physics and the Entanglement of Matter and Meaning*, 254.
23. Van der Post, *The Heart of the Hunter*, 245.
24. With Astrid Berg’s selection as a Fay Lecture Series lecturer/author, the pattern of the lion and its circle of meaning were once again fulfilled. Berg delivered “Connecting with Africa: Inter-Cultural Communication and Understanding” as the 20th Anniversary Fay Lecture Series at Texas A&M University on April 9–11, 2010.
25. Jung, *The Structure and Dynamics of the Psyche*, 169.
26. Jung, *Man and His Symbols*, 58.
27. James, *The Meaning of Truth*, 42.
28. Jung, *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, 538.
29. Wittgenstein, *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*.

*The Words of Frank N. McMillan Jr.: Actualizing His Personal Myth*

## 1. THE SUMMONS

1. The late Barcus Moore was district superintendent of the United Methodist Church in southern Texas and a close friend of Frank’s. Moore delivered the eulogy at Frank’s funeral in 1988.

## 2. TENSION OF THE OPPOSITES

1. This symbolic image of a welling spring uncannily mirrors the dream Frank III had just prior to Frank’s announcement of the creation of the McMillan professorship to the family in 1985.

### 3. WHOLENESS AND TRANSCENDENCE

1. As documented in a new book, *Synchronicity: Nature & Psyche in an Interconnected Universe* by Joseph Cambay. Einstein did influence Jung, as Cambay notes.

2. Read Luigi Zoja's *Ethics & Analysis: Philosophical Perspectives and Their Applications in Psychotherapy* for an in-depth discussion of ethics, particularly their application in the clinical setting.

3. See Jung's masterpiece, *Mysterium Coniunctionis*. The capstone to his brilliant career, this magisterial work illuminates Medieval, Renaissance, and post-Renaissance alchemy as a precursor to modern depth psychology's efforts at psychological transformation and its reconciliation of the opposites within the Self.

4. Analyst John Beebe's superb *Integrity in Depth* is an insightful treatment of the nature of psychological and moral integrity.

5. For an excellent reflection on the philosophical meaning of the quantum revolution, see Bernard d'Espagnat's *On Physics and Philosophy*. The 2009 winner of the prestigious Templeton Prize and professor emeritus at the University of Paris–Orsay, Espagnat is one of the world's leading authorities on the subject. Also recommended are the works of Paul Davies, the award-winning physicist, cosmologist, and astrobiologist. See his *God and the New Physics*, *The Mind of God: The Scientific Basis for a Rational World*, and *The Fifth Miracle: The Search for the Origin and Meaning of Life*. Menas Kafatos and Robert Nadeau's books, *The Conscious Universe: Part and Whole in Modern Physical Theory* and *The Non-Local Universe: The New Physics and Matters of the Mind* are also excellent introductions. Equally helpful is Bruce Rosenblum and Fred Kuttner's *Quantum Enigma: Physics Encounters Consciousness*. For a slightly more speculative version of the meeting between physics and psyche and its far-reaching implications, see journalist Lynne McTaggart's *The Field: The Quest for the Secret Force of the Universe*.

6. Once again, Frank is years ahead of his time here. Read George Vaillant's recent book, *Spiritual Evolution: How We Are Wired for Faith, Hope, and Love*. Vaillant is a psychoanalyst and a research psychiatrist at Harvard University, where he directed its Study of Adult Development for thirty-five years.

7. This is a growth area in science. Reference the *Journal of Consciousness Studies*, a peer-reviewed, academic journal devoted entirely to the scientific study of consciousness, including the fields of cognitive science, neurophysiology, and philosophy.

8. See Jung's now classic *The Red Book* for an absorbing artistic and written

record of his own harrowing journey through the unconscious and his transformative experience of the God image.

9. The original of this letter accompanied a handwritten copy of a selection of Frank's journal entries that he made as a gift to his son, Frank III, whom he affectionately called "Pancho."

10. This letter was an addendum to the gift mentioned above.

### *Epilogue*

1. Based on two presentations: "Jung at the University: An Academic Challenge" and "Perspectives from the Heart of Texas," as part of a panel on "Contemporary Academic and Research Issues for the 21st Century" at the 126th and 127th Congresses of the International Association for Analytical Psychology held in Barcelona, Spain, in 2004, and in Cape Town, South Africa, in 2007, respectively.

2. For an outstanding introductory survey of the field of positive psychology, reference Seligman and Csikszentmihalyi, "Positive Psychology: An introduction."

3. To read more on the psychology of spirituality and its emergence in the human personality, see Vaillant's *Spiritual Evolution: how We Are Wired for Faith, hope, and love*.

4. Perhaps the most moving description of the psychology of well-being in the history of literature is found in *Man's Search for Meaning* by the internationally acclaimed Austrian psychiatrist and Holocaust survivor, Viktor Frankl. Considered the masterpiece of Frankl's long career, this profoundly wise and touching work is a soaring achievement of the human spirit.

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