From:


**CHAPTER 6**

**The Soul and Power**

In the soul, power doesn't work the same way as it does in the ego and will. When we want to accomplish something egoistically, we gather our strength, develop a strategy, and apply every effort. This is the kind of behavior James Hillman describes as heroic or Herculean. He means the word in the bad sense: using brute strength and narrow, rationalistic vision. The power of the soul, in contrast, is more like a great reservoir or, in traditional imagery, like the force of water in a fast-rushing river. It is natural, not manipulated, and stems from an unknown source. Our role with this kind of power is to be an attentive observer noticing how the soul wants to thrust itself into life. It is also our task to find artful means of articulating and structuring that power, taking full responsibility for it, but trusting too that the soul has intentions and necessities that we may understand only partially.

Neither ego-centered will on the one hand nor pure passivity on the other serve the soul. Soul work requires both much reflection and also hard work. Think of all the ancient cultures that poured masses of money, materials, and energy into pyramids, megaliths, temples, and cathedrals on behalf of sacred play or holy imagina-
tion. The trick is to find the soulful perspective that feeds action with both passion and imaginal contemplation.

I am reminded here of Jung’s constant attempt in both his theory and in his own life to discover the “transcendent function,” as he called it, a point of view that embraces the mysterious depths of the soul as well as conscious understanding and intention. This, for Jung, was exactly what self means: it is a fulcrum of action and intelligence that feels the weight both of the soul and of the intellect. This is not a mere theoretical construct. It can be, as Jung showed in his own soul work, a way of life. The power that comes from this relocation of the source of action has profound roots and is not destructively caught up in narcissistic motives. The Tao Tê Ching (30) says, “The good general achieves his result and that’s all; he does not use the occasion to seize strength from it.” Tapping the soul’s power has nothing to do with the need to fill gaps in the ego or to substitute lamely for its loss of power.

What is the source of this soul power, and how can we tap into it? I believe it often comes from unexpected places. It comes first of all from living close to the heart, and not at odds with it. Therefore, paradoxically, soul power may emerge from failure, depression, and loss. The general rule is that soul appears in the gaps and holes of experience. It is usually tempting to find some subtle way of denying these holes or distancing ourselves from them. But we have all experienced moments when we’ve lost a job or endured an illness only to find an unexpected inner strength.

Other sources of deep-rooted power are simply concrete peculiarities of personality, or body, or circumstances. One person has a deep resonant voice that takes him places in the world. Another is clever, intelligent in his own way, and imaginative. Some people have a sexual attractiveness that doesn’t have to be exploited in order to bring power into life.

Sometimes a young person in need of power will look to conventional places for it and overlook her own inherent qualities. She
tries self-consciously to talk smoothly and to appear comfortable when in fact she's anxious and full of self-doubt. The assumption in some quarters is that if you can effect a "cool" appearance, power is sure to follow. But these crude evocations of strength and confidence inevitably fall apart, and the person is immersed even more deeply in a vat of insecurity.

Writers are taught to "write what you know about." The same advice applies to the quest for the power of the soul: be good at what you're good at. Many of us spend time and energy trying to be something that we are not. But this is a move against soul, because individuality rises out of the soul as water rises out of the depths of the earth. We are who we are because of the special mix that makes up our soul. In spite of its archetypal, universal contents, for each individual the soul is highly idiosyncratic. Power begins in knowing this special soul, which may be entirely different from our fantasies about who we are or who we want to be.

A friend once introduced me to an audience I was about to lecture. "I'm going to tell you," he said to the group, "what Tom isn't. He isn't an artist, he isn't a scholar, he isn't a philosopher, he isn't . . ." I felt somewhat mortified hearing all these things I wasn't. At the time I was teaching at a university and was supposed to give the illusion at least that I was a scholar. Yet I knew I wasn't. My friend's unusual introduction was wise and absolutely correct. Maybe we could all use an emptying out of identity now and then. Considering who we are not, we may find the surprising revelation of who we are. Again, the Tao Te Ching (ch. 22), that absolute testament of soulful emptiness, says in words that also echo sayings of Jesus, "When twisted, you'll be upright; when hollowed out, you'll be full."

Soulful emptiness is not anxious. In fact, power pours in when we sustain the feeling of emptiness and withstand temptations to fill it prematurely. We have to contain the void. Too often we lose this pregnant emptiness by reaching for substitutes for power. A
tolerance of weakness, you might say, is a prerequisite for the discovery of power, for any exercise of strength motivated by an avoidance of weakness is not genuine power. This is a rule of thumb. The soul has no room in which to present itself if we continually fill all the gaps with bogus activities.

I knew a young man who wanted to be a writer. Something in him urged him to travel and to live the Bohemian life, but he looked around and saw all his peers going to school. So he decided to overrule his desire for travel and take some college courses. Not surprisingly, he flunked out, and then went on a long trip. It is easy to overlook the obvious, persistent indications of soul, in this case the fantasies and longings for travel, and instead try to manufacture power with demanding and expensive efforts.

The Logic and Language of the Soul

One of the central difficulties involved in embarking on care of the soul is grasping the nature of the soul’s discourse. The intellect works with reasons, logic, analysis, research, equations, and pros and cons. But the soul practices a different kind of math and logic. It presents images that are not immediately intelligible to the reasoning mind. It insinuates, offers fleeting impressions, persuades more with desire than with reasonableness. In order to tap the soul’s power, one has to be conversant with its style, and watchful. The soul’s indications are many, but they are usually extremely subtle.

Two Sufi stories demonstrate how odd the logic of the soul can appear to the reasoning, heroic mind. In the first, Nasrudin goes to a teacher for music lessons.

“How much do the lessons cost?” he asks.
“Fifteen dollars for the first lesson, ten dollars each after that,” says the teacher.

“Fine,” Nasrudin replies, “I’ll begin with lesson number two.”

I don’t know if there is a canonical reading of this story, but to me it describes the mercurial wit of the soul from which a great deal of power can arise, as well as the special logic which goes against natural expectations. The alchemists taught that soul work is an opus contra naturam, a work against nature. This story is an example of how the soul’s understanding of things is “unnatural.” In some ways it is like the parable of Jesus in which laborers who arrive to work at the end of the day are paid the same as those who have been at work since sunrise.

The soul doesn’t necessarily benefit from long, hard work, or from fairness of any kind. Its effects are achieved more with magic than effort. Just because you have worked a long time and are fair about it doesn’t mean you will have the benefits of soul you want. Nor should you enter such work innocently, agreeing to work hard, and then expecting something for your labor. You may have to be like Nasrudin, shrewdly trying to get the most for the least expense. In therapy a person will say, “I’ve been at this work for a year. Something should have happened by now.” Another will think: “I’ve chosen a high-priced analyst. I should be getting the very best treatment.” This consumer logic, based on fairness and reasonableness, has nothing to do with the way the soul operates and may be the least effective way to seek out its power.

The other Sufi story is more mysterious.

Nuri Bey was a reflective and respected Albanian who married a wife much younger than himself.

One evening when he had returned home earlier than usual, a faithful servant came to him and said, “Your wife, our mistress, is acting suspiciously. She is in her apartments with a huge chest,
large enough to hold a man, which belonged to your grandmother. It should contain only a few ancient embroideries. I believe that there may now be much more in it. She will not allow me, your oldest retainer, to look inside.”

Nuri went to his wife’s room and found her sitting disconsolately beside the massive wooden box.

“Will you show me what is in the chest?” he asked.

“Because of the suspicion of a servant, or because you do not trust me?”

“Would it not be easier just to open it, without thinking about the undertones?” asked Nuri.

“I do not think it possible.”

“Is it locked?”

“Yes.”

“Where is the key?”

She held it up. “Dismiss the servant and I will give it to you.”

The servant was dismissed. The woman handed over the key and herself withdrew, obviously troubled in mind.

Nuri Bey thought for a long time. Then he called four gardeners from his estate. Together they carried the chest by night unopened to a distant part of the grounds, and buried it.

The matter was never referred to again.

This is a captivating and mysterious story. Again, I don’t know if there is a canonical reading. To me it shows the soul, typically represented by the woman, as the vessel of mystery. The older man, the senex, wants to open this vessel and have the mystery explained. Also, as in the story of the music lesson, there is some shadow in the story, the suggestion that there could be a man in this chest. Or is it that whatever vessel the wife has can hold humanity or a person, as though it were the envelope of the human soul? The wife, again speaking for the soul, inquires into the fantasies of her husband about the chest. But, in typical Hercules fashion, he wants to dis-
miss the “undertone” and go directly to a literal solution: just open the box.

How many times do we lose an occasion for soul work by leaping ahead to final solutions without pausing to savor the undertones? We are a radically bottom-line society, eager to act and to end tension, and thus we lose opportunities to know ourselves for our motives and our secrets. From the wife’s point of view it’s simply not possible just to open the chest without taking the undertones into consideration.

But she has the key. Jung says that the anima is the face of the soul. In this story she is the one who can open and close the container. The tension centers around whether or not the man will force an opening of the box. Do we need to expose everything that is hidden? Do we need to understand all mysteries? We are used to hearing about the great revelations of science—the discovery of atoms, particles, and DNA—and so quite naturally we think that mysteries are there to be solved. The alternative seems strange, but at the same time it has its own appeal: use our intelligence and skill to preserve the mysteries.

This is a teaching story, because we are taught in the end how to deal with the stuff of the soul. Nuri Bey thinks for a long time. He creates his own inner space with his reflection, and then he is ready for the kind of action that is appropriate for the soul. He calls four gardeners—Jung would have understood the number four here as a symbol of wholeness. They carry the chest at night to a distant place where they bury it and never discuss it again. We think that power comes from understanding and unveiling. But we should know from the story of Oedipus that this approach only goes so far. Oedipus solved the riddle of the sphinx, but then he was blinded, and only afterward slowly came to appreciate the mysteries that are beyond the scope of reason. From the point of view of soul it is just as important, maybe more important, to check the urgency of curiosity and suspicion, to allow certain things to remain
distant and buried, to trust one’s soul mate or mate soul with things that shouldn’t be brought to the light of day.

A man told me once about the woman he was in love with. They had had a quarrel and he had sent a rash, thoughtless letter to her in the heat of his distress. Before the letter arrived by mail, he telephoned her and asked her not to read the letter. She told him later that the letter had arrived and she had torn it up immediately. She had felt enormous curiosity, and on the torn, crinkled paper lying in the waste basket she could see the scribbles of his writing. She confessed she was tempted, but she let it go unread. At that moment, the man told me, he felt they had an unbroken bond between them. Their relationship had been tightened by her reverence. When he told me the story, I thought of Nuri Bey, and the special lesson in the power of soul he learned in his moments of thought when it was decided for him that the chest would remain closed.

Those stories show that power is not always revealed in action. Nuri Bey could easily have overpowered his wife and discovered her secrets, but by preserving her privacy he maintains his power. In general, we keep our power when we protect the power of others.

**Violence and the Need for Power**

The word *violence* comes from the Latin word *vis*, meaning “life force.” Its very roots suggest that in violence the thrust of life is making itself visible. If that fundamental vitality is not present in the heart, it nevertheless seems to appear distorted by our repressions and compromises, our fears and our narcissistic manipulations.

It would be a mistake to approach violence with any simple idea of getting rid of it. Chances are, if we try to eradicate our violence, we will also cut ourselves off from the deep power that sustains cre-
ative life. Besides, psychoanalysis teaches, repression never accomplishes what we want. The repressed always returns in monstrous form. The life current of the soul, *vis*, is like the natural force of plant life, like the grass that grows up through cement and in a relatively short time obliterates grand monuments of culture. If we try taming and boxing in this innate power, it will inevitably find its way into the light.

"Repression of the life force" is a diagnosis I believe would fit most of the emotional problems people present in therapy. These days it is common for therapists to encourage their patients to express their anger, almost as if doing this were a panacea. But I suspect that anger and its expression are only a route into the force of life that has become attenuated and difficult for people to feel in our modern society. Renaissance doctors placed both anger and the life force under the aegis of one god, Mars. All people, they taught, have an explosive force ready within them to be unleashed into the world. Simply being oneself—letting one's individuality and unique gifts come forth—is a manifestation of Mars. When we allow ourselves to exist truly and fully, we *sting* the world with our vision and challenge it with our own ways of being.

In entertainment and in politics we sometimes see persons of exceptional talent burst onto the public scene with irrepressible energy and imagination; just being themselves, they stagger us with their brilliance. A metaphor often used for their appearance on the scene is "meteoric." They flash, burn, and streak across our tame and timid world. We say these people have "charisma," a word that means divine favor and gift. Their power is not from the ego. What we see in such people is a divine light burning in their personalities and in their actions.

But throughout human history the expression of individuality has been felt as a threat to the status quo. For all its expressed championing of the individual, our culture in many ways favors conformity. We are pleasantly sedated by the flatness and predict-
ability of modern life. You can travel far and wide and have a difficult time finding a store or restaurant that is even mildly unique. In shopping malls everywhere, in restaurant districts, in movie theaters, you will find the same clothes, the same brand names, the same menus, the same few films, the identical architecture. On the East Coast you can sit in a restaurant seat identical to that you sat in on the West Coast. Yet, as psychoanalysis says, repetition is death. Repetition defends against the rush of individual life. It seeks the deadly peace of a culture that has banished surprise.

So simple a thing as new food can be threatening, and it is well known that fashions in dress can be statements of either conformity or anarchy. Political groups have identified themselves through the length of their hair. Such choices in everyday life have genuine power, and a society concerned about order and smooth functioning may gradually and unconsciously flatten itself out for the apparent good of the whole.

It is not unusual for repressed forces and symptoms eventually to reappear as objects; that is, our fantasy becomes crystallized in a thing that has the power and lure of a fetish. In this sense our nuclear arsenals with their mystery and threat are dark carriers of what has been ignored in the soul. Bombs and missiles give us a constant, daily association with our own destruction. They are reminders that everything cannot be contained and controlled, that as a society we can kill ourselves and obliterate other peoples and the planet itself. This is an unprecedented fetish of power. The Jungian analyst Wolfgang Giegerich has drawn a parallel between the bomb and the “golden calf” of Genesis. Both are idols. Giegerich notes that the calf was actually a bull, an image of unlimited animal power. But, he says, in that mythic moment when Moses destroyed the bull, we banished dark power and set up altars only to the light. Our bombs, then, are a continuation of the ostracized golden calf. Because we have refused to associate our-
selves with the darker forces, they have been forced into fetishistic form, where they remain, fascinating and lethal.

I see a connection, therefore, between our seemingly insoluble violence and our treasured repetitious flatness. The soul, tradition has taught us for centuries, needs the profound and challenging grace of Mars, who reddens everything in his vicinity with the glow of passionate life, brings a creative edge to every action, and sows the seeds of power in every moment and event. When Mars is overlooked and undervalued, he is forced to appear in fetish and in violent behavior. Mars is infinitely greater than personal expression of anger. Creative and destructive, he is life itself poised for struggle.

There is nothing neutral about the soul. It is the seat and the source of life. Either we respond to what the soul presents in its fantasies and desires, or we suffer from this neglect of ourselves. The power of the soul can hurl a person into ecstasy or into depression. It can be creative or destructive, gentle or aggressive. Power incubates within the soul and then makes its influential move into life as the expression of soul. If there is no soulfulness, then there is no true power, and if there is no power, then there can be no true soulfulness.

Sadomasochism

When the soul’s power is neglected, usurped, or toyed with, then we fall into the truly problematical condition of sadomasochism, which can range from being an extreme clinical syndrome to a dynamic at work in the most ordinary, simple transactions. Genuine power, in which there are no tyrants and no literal victims, breaks, in sadomasochism, into two parts: violence and victimization, controller and subject. Sado-
masochism, though it may look superficially like genuine strength, is a failure of power. Whenever one person victimizes another, real power has been lost and replaced by a literalistic drama that is dangerous for both parties.

The sadomasochistic splitting of power has the characteristics of all symptomatic behavior: it is literally destructive, and it involves a polarization in which one side of the split is apparent, while the other is hidden. People who turn to violence are visibly controlling; what is less obvious are their weakness and feelings of powerlessness. On the other hand, those who habitually play the victim may be quite unaware of their own more subtle methods of control. This is why issues of power are so difficult to deal with: things are not as they appear to be. Weaklings puff themselves up and try to act strong; tough people hide their vulnerabilities; the rest of us fail to look past the surface. We assume that the fabrications of power all around us are genuine, and we fall victim to them.

As a therapist, I deal with this split every day. A woman came to me once in tears telling me her husband of ten years was having an affair. It was obvious from the beginning that she wanted me to sympathize with her terrible feelings of betrayal, to curse the man, and then to find some way to set him straight. But I kept my distance. From the very first moment I was aware of two things—her exaggerated feelings of victimization and her forcefulness in trying to control me. As she talked, these two aspects became even clearer. She had fallen so far down into the victim role and identified with it so fully that she was completely unaware of her efforts to control both her husband and me. When I pointed this out to her, she told me I was wrong and that she wouldn't come back. I didn't cower in the face of this apparent threat, and eventually we began to sort things out. Within a few weeks her husband ended the affair and some harmony was restored. I was surprised how quickly things settled down, but the woman told me that issues of
control had been brought up in previous therapy years ago. She had thought, as so many of us do, that she could “solve” these problems once and for all. Her real strength lay in her ability to check her outrage and look into herself at a time when it was easy to put all the blame on her husband.

*The Dark Angel of Destruction*

Violence has a great deal to do with shadow, in particular the shadow of power. For many people born and raised in modern America, innocence—the absence or rejection of shadow—is a strong obstacle to realizing the soul’s power. When people talk about power and innocence, they often refer to their religious upbringing, which in one way or another taught them to turn the other cheek and to suffer. David Miller has pointed out that the image of churchgoers as a flock of sheep in a subtle way maintains the notion that to be good is to be weak and submissive.

Another way power is lost is by identifying with the *puer* fantasy that is so strong in the American psyche. The youthful spirit of idealism, the melting pot, everyone has a chance, all people are equal—these tenets of the American ideal not only cast a dark shadow, they also make power seem undesirable to many people. It gets repressed as shadow material, and as a result many power struggles take place in secret, in an underhanded way.

Dreams frequently present images of dark power in which the dreamer is either the wielder of weapons or their victim. For example, a middle-aged man told me this dream: He was standing outside the door of a bank, waiting for it to be opened. A woman was standing with him, along with a few other people. Suddenly he noticed that two men near him had guns in their pockets. He could see the tips of the handles sticking out, and he saw that the men were slowly sliding them out to go into action. Instinctively he be-
gan to run away in panic at the thought of gunshots. He left his friend in the dust, without a care for her, and he woke up feeling guilty about his cowardice.

The man understood his dream as a portrait of his fear of violence. He had great difficulty in the most ordinary confrontations. It would be characteristic of him, he told me, to be overly solicitous about his companion, but in the dream panic overshadowed his altruism, and he made an amazingly speedy retreat. He mentioned other dreams in which he felt panic in the presence of guns, when his only concern was his own protection. In his dreams he never joined battle, and he thought this was a weakness of character.

Sometimes it is useful to understand that dream figures are like angels. They look human, but their world is the realm of imagination, where the natural and moral laws of actual life are suspended. Their actions may be mysterious, not to be taken literally. I saw the two men as dark angels, doing something the dreamer would never think of doing. He was frightened by their guns and ran from them, but maybe he wasn’t being cowardly. Flight seems like a sensible response in the presence of guns, especially when you yourself don’t have one. We could also see his move away from the woman as something that happens when he senses violence. He is no longer close to the feminine, sensitive world he habitually thinks he should protect.

The dream wasn’t just about guns, it also involved robbing a bank. The dream could be seen as a lesson in the necessity of thievery. Sometimes you have to put on a dark mask, carry a weapon on your pocket—in the phallic region and in the female pouch—in order to get along.

Religion is filled with puzzling tales of amoral financial arrangements. As we have seen, Jesus tells the story of the manager who paid the same wages to people who worked for an hour as to those who worked an entire day. The Greeks celebrated the tale of Hermes, who on the first day of his life stole the cattle of his brother
Apollo. In order to enjoy the gifts of Hermes, it may be necessary to have our Apollonic values robbed. The story of Nasrudin and the music lesson sounds like an invitation to cheat. In the Gospel story and in countless paintings of the crucifixion, Jesus is shown on a cross between two thieves, one of whom he says will be in heaven with him. This image is sometimes interpreted as the humiliation of Jesus, but the story may also be an elevation of thieving.

Oscar Wilde's letter from prison known as "De Profundis," "from the depths," is an extraordinary example of Romantic theology, and in it he discusses the place of shadow in the image of Jesus:

The world had always loved the saint as being the nearest possible approach to the perfection of God. Christ, through some divine instinct in him, seems to have always loved the sinner as being the nearest possible approach to the perfection of man. His primary desire was not to reform people any more than his desire was to relieve suffering. . . . But in a manner not yet understood of the world he regarded sin and suffering as being in themselves beautiful holy things and modes of perfection.

If we let Oscar Wilde be our guide in the theological understanding of the man's dream, then we might look at the two gunmen as the two thieves joined with Jesus. They may be fallen angels whose job it is to rob banks. They may be portraying the difficult truth that in order to become wealthy in soul one sometimes has to steal, forcefully and darkly, from the reservoir of wealth. It isn't enough to get what you expect, or work for, or have suffered for. You may find yourself, as Jesus did, in the company of thieves and gunmen exactly when you think you are most innocent, in your protective mode and close to the woman.

The shadow is a frightening reality. Anyone who talks glibly about integrating the shadow, as if you could chum up to shadow the way you learn a foreign language, doesn't know the darkness that always qualifies shadow. Fear is never far removed from
power. And genuine innocence is always to be found in the vicinity of blood-guilt. The three crosses on Golgotha do not simply represent the triumph of virtue over vice. They are a reflection of Christianity’s most treasured image, the trinity. They hint at the great mystery Oscar Wilde points to: the fact that virtue is never genuine when it sets itself apart from evil. We only sustain violence in our world if we fail to admit its place in our own hearts and identify only with unaffected innocence.

People frequently tell me dreams of guns and other kinds of weapons. I don’t think this is a compensation for innocence in life as much as it is a sign that the soul loves power. Dreams give us a less censored view of the potential of the soul than a person’s conscious self-analysis. There are signs in society, too, that the gun is a ritual object. Guns are both banned and adored. A gun is one of the most numinous—mysteriously fascinating and disturbing—objects around us. Those who protest its banishment may be speaking for a rare idol of power that keeps the strength of life, viris, before our eyes. A gun is dangerous not only because it threatens our lives, but also because it concretizes and fetishizes our desire for power, keeping power both in sight and also removed from its soulful presence in our daily lives. The presence of the gun in our society is a threat, and we are its victims—a sign that our fetish is working against us. Those old painted cannons that sit in a privileged spot in our towns—there is one down the road from my home in a quiet village—demonstrate the piety with which we honor this holy object, the sacrament of our capacity for murderous power.

It is often said that the gun is a phallic symbol. It is more likely the other way around: the phallus is a gun symbol. We are fascinated by the power of a gun, and it’s interesting to note that the word fascinating originally referred to the phallus. But I don’t think the gun is as masculine as it would appear to be. The word gun comes from the name of a woman, Gunnhilda, whose name in Scandinavian means “war.” Another famous gun was called “Big Bertha,” sug-
gesting that a gun may be the power of the feminine soul shining forth.

The soul is explosive and powerful. Through its medium of imagination, which is always a prerequisite for action and is the source of meaning, it can accomplish all things. In the strength of its emotions, the soul is a gun, full of potential power and effect. The pen, expressing the soul’s passion, is mightier than the sword because the imagination can change the life of a people at their very roots.

If we do not claim the soul’s power on our own behalf, we become its victims. We suffer our emotions rather than feel them working for us. We hold our thoughts and passions inward, disconnecting them from life, and then they stir up trouble within, making us feel profoundly unsettled or, it seems, turning into illness. We all know what it feels like to hold anger in our hearts, as it builds and transmutes into corrosive resentment and rage. Even unexpressed love creates a pressure that demands release in some kind of expression.

If violence is the repressed life force showing itself symptomatically, then the cure for violence is care of the soul’s power. It is foolish to deny signs of this power—individuality, eccentricity, self-expression, passion—because it cannot be truly repressed. If there is crime in our streets, it is due, from the viewpoint of soul, not just to poverty and difficult living conditions, but to the failure of the soul and its spirit to unveil themselves.

Socrates and Jesus, two teachers of virtue and love, were executed because of the unsettling, threatening power of their souls, which was revealed in their personal lives and in their words. They did not carry guns, yet still they were a threat, because there is nothing more powerful than the revelation of one’s own soul. Here is another reason for placing Jesus between two thieves. He was a criminal in the eyes of a soul-denying authority. Criminality and
transgression, when not acted out in violence, are dark virtues of the heart, necessary for the full presence of an individual on earth. Only when they are repressed do we find them roaming the streets of a city as incarnations of the rejected shadow.

A soulful life is never without shadow, and some of the soul’s power comes from its shadow qualities. If we want to live from our depths—soulfully—then we will have to give up all pretenses to innocence as the shadow grows darker. The chief reward of surrendering innocence, so that the soul may be fully expressed, is an increase of power. In the presence of deep power, life becomes robust and passionate, signs that the soul is engaged and being given expression. Mars, when he is honored, gives a deep red hue to everything we do, quickening our lives with intensity, passion, forcefulness, and courage. When he is neglected, we suffer the onslaughters of uncontained violence. It is important, then, to revere the Martian spirit and to let the soul burst into life—in creativity, individuality, iconoclasm, and imagination.