

Your father was great in that he lived to the full a life of meaning. In this sense, he represented the best of the whole of a tremendously fateful era in the life of Japan and the world. There is a saying in England that those whom the gods love die young. That in history, has often proved to be so. But I also believe that those whom the gods love most live longest of all, so that for me, all that I say about your father is confirmed by the fact that the gods made him live to celebrate his 100th birthday, still so conscious and alert that he could recognise men around him whom he had not seen for forty years.

We should look no further for signs of the fact that your father was "not two." We are blessed to have known him, and I perhaps most blessed of all, because we started from such remote and far away places that all the odds were against our meeting. Yet we met and we remained friends to the end, despite many things that divided other men and, in a sense, your father proved that deep down in all our natures there is a hunger everywhere in the world for an increase of bonds such as these. I feel myself singularly blessed not only to have known him, but to be still alive to go on knowing him and speaking about him to one and all who did not, as my memorial of him.

Yours ever,
Laurens

An African Tale

Frances Baruch

This is a tale from Africa. There are several versions of it among the indigenous peoples of South Africa, and this version was told to me by a friend who heard it in the kraal of a great African prophet in 1927. He heard it at a moment when the emergence of a new prophet was still an unrivalled spiritual event in the lives of primitive peoples in Africa, far more than that of governors.

The moment the news came to my friend, he went to see the prophet and the prophet asked him why he had come to see him, and he replied: "To talk to you about the great first spirit of your people, Umkulunkulu."

The prophet had looked at him sadly and said, "How strange, because people no longer talk of Umkulunkulu. His praise names are forgotten. They talk today only of things that are useful."

I mention this because it illustrates the natural spiritual background in which this story was told.

Once upon a time, among the people who had their kraals near a certain river, there was a girl called 'nKogilidane who was very beautiful and who kept herself well, and who roused the envy of all the other girls in her generation. They therefore tended to be rude to her and to push her aside. She was very sensitive, and she felt this to be hurtful and did all she could to appease her critics, but the more she tried, the more they seemed to reject her.

One day when she discovered that all the girls had already gone down to the river, she decided to follow them and join them. When they saw her coming, their jealousy became more powerful than ever. They quickly hid all their jewels and headbands in the sand, and when she joined them, they said to her: "Why do you walk about always dressed like that? Why can't you be like the rest of us? Look, we've

thrown all our ornaments into the river." The girl immediately undid her jewelry and finery and threw them into the river, whereupon the other girls laughed at her and said things like: "You're not only vain, but stupid. We would never have done anything so foolish. Look, here are all our things." And the girls laughed mockingly at her, gathered up their jewels, and fetched the water.

The stricken girl thereupon went to the river alone and in tears, and she cried out: "River, show me please, show me the beads that must have passed this way." But the river merely said in a firm, commanding voice: "Pass on." She went along, calling out in this way to the river, until she became tired and increasingly despairing.

She came to a large deep pool, and she called out the same question she'd asked of the river: "Oh pool, please show me the beads that must have passed this way." The pool was silent. She spoke even louder a second time, but again the pool was silent. Then she spoke more loudly than ever a third time, and there was a great swell of water in the pool, so dark with the deep blue of the day, and it opened completely and said to her: "Enter. Your beads are here."

She immediately obeyed the voice and without hesitation entered the pool and went deep deep down until she came to the bottom, where there was hardly any light to see by. But in this light, she saw a horrendous old lady covered with the most terrible sores. The old lady called out to her and said without further ado: "Come and lick my sores." The girl was so moved by the plight of the old lady that she completely forgot about her own mission, and went over and licked the old lady's sores.

When she had done so, the old lady told her that, although she was young and beautiful, she had something more important: a compassionate heart. "You have shown such pity for an old thing like me. I shall from now on protect you. I am living here with the monster, Dimo. He is away at the moment because he's gone out hunting human beings so that he can eat them. You will know when he's on his way back here by a light wind that will blow and a few drops of rain that will fall. So, for the moment, quickly take some of my food and eat, and when you have finished, I must hide you behind this wall of mine. But you must be quick, because he won't be long."

When the girl had eaten, the old lady took her behind the wall and hid her in such a way that she couldn't possibly be seen by anyone. She'd hardly done so when, as so often happens in Africa when there is a false rainfall and all the hearts of people stricken by drought are

grievously disappointed, a swirl of wind took all the clouds away and only a few drops of rain fell, and Dimo appeared.

He looked awful. He had nasty long hair and a great big red mouth with bulging lips, and teeth that were more like the tusks of wild pigs than that of any human being. He immediately confronted the old lady in a most belligerent manner and said that he could smell there was a human being about somewhere. He went over and stirred the fire, and made it throw a light all around the place, and kept on sniffing, saying, "I can smell a human being. What have you done to hide it from me? Tell me at once or I'll kill you."

And indeed, he looked as if he were about to kill her and devour her. But instead, he took out a stick, glowing with fire at the end, and tortured the old lady with it, carefully putting its burning end into all her sores. Again he said he would devour her, because although he'd hunted all day, he had been most unsuccessful. He'd found no human being to eat and was very hungry. In the end, what stopped him from eating her was the realisation that, if he did, he would no longer have anyone to keep his place and cook for him. So he had to content himself with the food that the old lady had already prepared for them. When he had eaten, and done another sniffing session all around the house, still muttering about the smell of human being, he was so tired and full of food that he went to sleep.

The old lady quickly darted behind the wall and took the girl out. To the girl's amazement, from somewhere the lady produced her beads, but not only her beads: she added to them beads and decorations of the most beautiful kind. In addition to all these lovely bracelets and beads, she anointed the girl's head and rubbed in it the finest hippopotamus fats and finally put some lovely brass rings around her ankles and some lovely bracelets on her wrists. She undressed the girl, and in the place of the clothes she'd worn, produced a most beautiful skirt made of the finest duiker skin and stitched with drawn copper wire which glowed even in the dim light of her place. She gave her a cape made of the finest skins of mature young silver jackals.

Finally, last of all, the old lady instructed her, saying: "This is the most important of all the things to do. When you come out again on the banks of the river, promise me, whatever happens, you will not look back. Find a round stone which you can just hold in your hand. When you've had time, you must pause, remember not to turn your head round, and rub the stone well under your armpits. When you've

done so, without looking back, throw the stone over your left shoulder into the pool so that it will come back to me. You must walk on steadily until you will meet someone who will give you some water to drink. Drink deeply, and when you've done so, you can look about you normally. Dimo will never again get a whiff of you and be able to spoor and follow you. You will be absolutely safe from then on. Go slowly, my dear little friend. May the rain always come upon you. Hamba Ga'hla."

The girl did as she had been told. When she got back to the place where she'd first thrown the beads into the river, she found one of her younger sisters crying. She said: "We have been searching for you. Where have you been? We all thought you had been lost forever, that some wild beast might have devoured you. We've called out loudly and searched for you, and thank heaven you are back with us."

The girl calmed her, saying: "Please, quick, give me some water to drink." And they went on quietly together to their home. When they got back again among the kraals, they found the whole place in turmoil. Everyone was amazed to see the girl and questioned her, wanting to know where she had gotten those lovely things she was wearing.

As always, the girl was as truthful as she was beautiful, and she told them the whole story. A few of the nicer girls were pleased, but most of them were more jealous and angry than ever, and quite a number of them went back to the river and followed the way she said she had gone.

They came to the pool where a voice again said: "Enter." But when they saw the old lady, just as the girl had seen her, covered with sores and truly a sorrowful and horrible sight, and she called out to them to lick her sores, they were so repulsed that they said things like: "You horror of a thing, you must be mad to think we would do anything so awful. We've just come for some beads and bracelets and ornaments. Give them to us quickly and we will go."

The old lady, therefore, did not warn them about Dimo, and took no trouble to hide them. When Dimo came back, he had a great feast devouring them all.

I would like to begin my commentary with a quote from Helen Lake, a distinguished English-born writer and Jungian therapist. It is from her book, *The Inner Story*. She says: "All those stories that deal with basic human themes draw their power from the archetypal

world that is common to people of all cultures and of all times, but the images in each culture will, of course, differ greatly and it is for us to penetrate these varying pictures to the universal wisdom that underlies them ..."

Now we will look psychologically at the various elements in our story and see what we might discover. Although it is really rather spare and unembroidered, every part of the story is meaningful. There is almost nothing accidental or irrelevant in it. There are several possible ways of looking at a story and this is only one of them, as we try to become aware of the many levels on which one can respond to it.

Many stories begin by describing a situation which is unsatisfactory and needs to be changed, as does this one. There is a beautiful girl who is not being allowed to be happy and to enjoy her special gifts and particular beauty because all the other girls are jealous of her and nasty to her. She only wants to be one of them, to stay and be accepted in the group, to be part of the current and collective view of what is feminine. But there are a lot of them and only one of her, and so, of course, she thinks that makes them right! Naturally they hate her because she is different, and the collective hates that which is different because it challenges the collective norm. This challenge is vital, however, because the collective needs the individual who is different for its own renewal and increase, but it still hates change and feels compelled to reject the opportunity and the individual at the same time.

As such, these jealous girls resort to trickery, to try to take away the special qualities of 'nKogilidane. They take off all their jewelry, hide it in the sand and pretend to have thrown it into the river.

Jewelry one might see as a value and that which enhances, part of a woman's adornment and attraction, but in this case, it specially stands for valuable feminine qualities.

In a wonderful book, *Africa Adorned*, Angela Fisher writes: "Bead jewelry virtually takes the form of costume for the Bantu of Southern Africa. There it is worn permanently, in marked contrast to the practice in the equatorial forests where its appearance is mainly restricted to festival times and rites of passage." Hence, the beads and bangles are really integral to the personal expression of the girls themselves; it is not just worn for special occasions, but is really an expression of how they experience themselves in their everyday lives. Also, a special feature of Zulu bead necklaces is the creation of

"colour-coded messages" in the tab pendants worn by Zulu girls. These necklaces, often referred to as "love-letters," are given to their young men, who value them greatly. About the message in the pendant, Angela Fisher says, "Messages of love, longing, hope and disappointment, or invitation to courtship are interpreted from the patterns and colours of the beads used. White beads symbolise purity of love; 'My heart is pure and white in the long, lonely days,' and Black says, 'Darkness prevents my coming to you.' Pink stands for poverty, and Green for coolness ... and so on. Beads of Royal Blue symbolise rejection: 'You are a wandering, roving bird ...'"

As such, in the context of this particular story, beads and necklaces represent all the loving, feeling and erotic values both of the women who wear them and the men who receive them.

'nKoglidane is a trusting and naive person, qualities which are often attributed to a bearer of new values. She falls rather easily for the trick which the other girls play on her as they bury their necklaces, sure that they will be easily recovered, while at the same time, equally sure that 'nKoglidane's cannot be recovered. Without her jewelry, they feel she will no longer threaten them. Like a dismal Greek chorus, they then stand and jeer at 'nKoglidane for having believed them and sacrificing her treasures.

Of course, these jealous women, this onslaught of the negative collective, are actually unknowingly doing 'nKoglidane a favour. As so often is true, it is only through conflict, inner or outer, that we are driven, when there is no apparent solution, to dive into the unknown depths in search of our lost precious belongings; all that we had valued, expressing the person we were.

At this moment in the story, with her jewelry having been swept away by the current, 'nKoglidane has seemingly lost all her personal value and is also ridiculed by her community. She faces what is called loss of soul.

It is a time of great danger. What does she do? She follows the river, lets her own natural instinctive self follow the stream of life. Whenever the water runs deepest, she asks it for news of her lost beads, until she comes to the largest and deepest pool, this unknown and mysterious place which mirrors the sky but is not the sky. Why the deepest and largest pool? Because, in the world of stories and legends, the deepest water, whether it be a well or lake or the sea itself, is that body which contains that vast reservoir of unknown potential and richness.

According to De Vries' *Dictionary of Symbols and Imagery*, water is related to the moon and the emotions. Venus was born from water. J.C. Cooper says: "The waters are the source of all potentialities in existence; the source and grave of all things in the Universe; the undifferentiated; the unmanifest; the first form of matter." Plato called it "the liquid of the whole verification." All waters are symbolic of the Great Mother and associated with birth, the feminine principle, the universal womb, the *prima materia*, the waters of fertility and refreshment, the fountain of life. To dive into the waters is to search for the secret of life, the ultimate mystery.

The prophet Shembe, in whose kraal this story was told, spoke of how he heard it when he was young. Shembe, as a young man, began having strange intimations of a presence in himself which, in the eyes of the ordinary person, would make him do things that seemed stupid and dangerous. He felt impelled or called to dive from a high cliff into a pool in the river formed between two sharp and pointed rocks. He had to dive absolutely accurately into the centre to survive, and did! For him, his survival was proof that the voice spoke truly.

As in so many stories, 'nKoglidane first questions the waters in vain. It is only after the third time of asking that the pool opens and a voice responds, "Enter. Your beads are here." Why does it have to be three times? Perhaps partly because this is the minimum it takes to show perseverance in the quest: there are no instant answers. The number three turns up again and again in fairy stories and myths. Von Franz in *The Interpretation of Fairy Tales* says: "In number symbolism the number three is considered a masculine number (as all odd numbers are) ... to put it briefly, the three is generally connected with the flow of movement and thus with time, because there is no time without movement. There are the three Norms in Norse mythology, which represent past, present and future. Most of the demons of time are triadic. The three had always the symbolism of movement in it because for movement you need two poles and the exchange of energy between them, for instance the positive and negative electric poles and the current which equalises the tension ..." Cooper, in his *Illustrated Dictionary of Traditional Symbols*, says that three can mean "multiplicity, creative power, growth, also forward movement overcoming duality, a synthesis." Aristotle said, "Three is the first number of which the word 'all' has been appropriated and the Triad is the number of the whole inasmuch as it contains a beginning, a middle and an end."

'nKogilidane shows no hesitation when the summons comes and she dives into the pool. She shows immense courage in doing so because, according to Frazer, of *Golden Bough* fame, "The Zulus would not even look into a dark pool because they thought there was a beast in it which would take away their reflection, so that they would die." We, too, might be equally afraid to look, let alone dive into such a dark pool because of the fear that the lurking demons in it could easily kill the image we have of ourselves or change it beyond recognition!

When 'nKogilidane reaches the bottom of the pool, the person she encounters is very strange indeed! An old woman in an extreme state of disrepair! Covered in wounds and sores, with only one arm and one leg, truly a horrific sight, she taunts the girl to laugh at her. Instead, 'nKogilidane is filled with pity for her and, seeing this, the old woman begs her to come and lick her sores, an alarming request. However, 'nKogilidane instantly does as she is asked. By licking the old woman's sores, she not only shows extreme compassion, using that most instinctive and intimate part of herself, her mouth, but she also establishes a very close bond with the old woman, one of the closest, as animals do when they lick their newly born offspring as soon as they emerge into the world.

Saliva can have manna properties, like sweat and other body essences which early man believed had magical and sometimes healing powers. De Vries says about spittle that it is the "centre of soul power (like blood) and the life substance (like breath)." In some creation myths, the creator makes man of dust and spittle. Christ used spittle to heal, to open a blind man's eyes.

Jung also refers to these things in his account of his African journey in 1925. In *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, he writes about his visit to the Elgoni people in Kenya. They had a ceremony at dawn where they would spit into their palms and then hold their hands up to the rising sun. Though they gave Jung no explanation of this, he says, "Evidently the meaning of the Elgoni ceremony was that an offering was being made to the sun divinity at the moment of its rising." If the gift was spittle, it was the substance which, in the view of primitives, contains the personal mana, the power of healing, magic and life.

By doing this seemingly repulsive act of licking the raw open sores of this horrific apparition, 'nKogilidane not only saves herself from the monster Dimo, but also sows the seeds of her own redemption and future wholeness. In showing compassion and offering a healing

bond with the ravaged old woman, 'nKogilidane releases the old woman's own protective powers, whereupon she is able to both feed and protect the girl from the returning monster. 'nKogilidane instinctively befriended and lovingly helped what psychologically represents her own darkest and most repulsive side. The old woman is perhaps an image of the age-old neglected and wounded aspect of the feminine, both inner and outer, which is in danger of losing its protective powers and hence its ability for self-renewal.

The cause of all this horror is Dimo. He represents the masculine element in the story, and a pretty brutal one at that! He is hairy, has a large red mouth and tusks of a wild pig or boar. The wild boar appears in various mythologies as an image of great and negative masculine destructive strength. Linda Leonard, in *The Wounded Woman*, says of the dominance of masculine power over the feminine: "When the masculine is cut off from feminine values, when it does not allow the feminine principle to manifest itself in its own way. ... when it does not allow the feminine its manifold number of forms but reduces it only to those which serve masculine ends, it loses its relation to the values of the feminine realm. It is then that the masculine becomes brute-like and sacrifices not only the outer woman but also its inner feminine side."

Dimo is a brutal character, not far removed from a wild animal; in fact, he behaves just like an animal when he returns to the pool, running about and sniffing and saying he can smell a human being: Just like the ogre in *Jack and the Beanstalk*: "Fee, Fi, Fo Fum! I smell the blood of Englishman!" Animals use their sense of smell before any other sense, to detect food or friends or enemies, and so does Dimo. But, like all dark and neglected elements in the psyche, somewhere in him is the need to become more human, though the only way he can attempt this is to hunt and eat humans. So, on one level, he is trying to destroy human life, out there on land, in the daytime world, and on another, he is perhaps trying to become what he eats, by assimilating human beings, to be more like them, to take on their qualities.

Although here we are looking at "people-eating" symbolically, for the African, this was, in fact, a very real fear, based on real experience. Although some modern anthropologists are apparently casting doubt on the reality of cannibalism, I think most people accept that it has existed and maybe still does. Cannibalism is a debased form of ritual slaughter in some cases and in others, is forced on people by starvation. Where it was used ritually, the intention was always to

take in the qualities of the people who were eaten. Even among the Zulus themselves, there was once a notorious chief, Matsuana, who drank the gall of thirty chiefs whose people he had destroyed, in the belief that it would make him strong. According to Frazer (in *The Golden Bough*, and who provided that last nugget!): "It is a Zulu fancy that by eating the centre of the forehead and the eyebrow of an enemy, they acquire the power of looking steadfastly at a foe."

But, of course, Dimo's efforts are doomed to failure, and the abortive quality of his attempt is symbolised by the thunderstorm that fails to materialise in the upper world. The wind blows, the clouds gather, but only a couple of drops of rain fall before the storm subsides and clears and the relentless sun shines again. The fertilising rain cannot come, the promise is not fulfilled. This linking of Dimo's activities with cosmic natural events stresses the universality of Dimo's negative meaning. His human potential is certainly not apparent here! When he cannot find the food he smells, he attacks the old woman with burning sticks from the fire. He can only use this burning stick, a potential source of light and warmth, to hurt, and would extinguish this poor remnant of feminine life had he not had the realization that, as his slave, she serves his basic needs.

Here is the moment of crisis in the story. Will the old woman be able to protect herself? What are the consequences for the girl, other than sheer survival?

What gives the old woman the ability to protect herself is the new experience she felt of compassion in her life. She has been touched and loved and this releases the great wealth of the old woman's power to protect herself and the girl and to bestow undreamed-of treasures on whomever can relate to her in such a feeling way. She does not respond to Dimo's demands and threats, perhaps for the first time. Upon realizing that she will not sacrifice the girl to his appetite, he also realizes that he cannot sacrifice her to his rage. Thereupon he puts the stick down, eats the food she prepared for them and goes off to sleep. 'nKogilidane emerges from hiding and finds herself almost overwhelmed with new treasures with which the old woman adorns her. Not only does she receive more beautiful jewelry than what she had lost, but she is anointed all over with hippopotamus fat, a very valuable substance. The hippopotamus is an amazing animal, at home equally in both elements of land and water, and, as such, a protective layer of his essence will shield the girl in both of those worlds. In addition, she receives a whole new wardrobe: her visible

personality in the outside world is now made of wonderful animal skins which will give her instinctive protection and also refine and enrich her natural beauty. The duiker skin of her apron is the softest and finest leather there is, almost the equivalent of silk for us, and the copper of its hem has the glow of the sun. She wears a shawl of silver jackal skins, silver with the mysterious, diffused and subtle light of the moon. Hence, masculine sun and feminine moon elements are combined in her. And finally, to cover her at night, a rug or kaross made of red jackal skins, whose life-giving and passionate colour will give warmth and protection from cold and damp. Now she is ready to face the upper world again, stronger, more complete and even more beautiful than before.

Only one instruction is given to 'nKogilidane as she sets out for home. She must walk, without looking back, until she finds a round stone and then she must rub it under her armpits and then throw it back over her left shoulder into the river. This curious act makes sense in the context of an African story because, as Laurens van der Post writes in *The Heart of the Hunter*, among the legends of the Bushman, there is one which shows the importance of the armpit and its essence. Among the people of the early race, there was a man who was special because people noticed that, when he raised his arm, a great glow and warmth came out of his armpit. So, when everything was assigned its special role in life, they agreed to throw him up into the sky so that everyone could share in the light and warmth which he bestowed whenever he raised his arm. There was also a Bushman form of baptism which consisted of the father taking the sweat from his armpit and making the form of a cross with it on his son's head. So this special human essence has immense life-giving properties, symbolising light and warmth – perhaps consciousness and feeling?

The stone is a piece of the basic foundation of the earth, solid and enduring, round to symbolise completion and wholeness. As it were, the stone is baptised with 'nKogilidane's own vital essence and is then given back to the world of the river, over the left shoulder, the side of the unconscious. It is a sign of the pact, the continuing relationship with the underwater world, and it is perhaps also the first bit of solid substance from the land which may give the old woman her own lasting link with the outer world, which she so badly needs.

Cooper, in his *Illustrated Dictionary of Traditional Symbols*, says: "Spherical stones depict the moon, hence the feminine principle, and all lunar goddesses." It can stand for stability, durability, immortality,

imperishability, the eternal cohesion, the indestructibility of the Supreme Reality. De Vries says that stone-rubbing is a very old activity of mankind: it contains his or her predecessors' soul, and rubbing it perfects it into one harmonious round stone of the Self. ... Stones are often burial gifts. There is a custom among Orthodox Jews to place a stone on the grave of a parent or ancestor when they come to visit it. For Zulus and Hottentots, there is the custom of putting stones on a heap or cairn when they pass a certain place, to appease spirits and avoid danger, like after crossing fords or having just passed a dangerous place on the road.

There is the story about Ian Player (a conservationist friend in South Africa) when he was on trail in the Umfolosi game reserve with his Zulu friend and mentor, Mgubu. Ian was tired and cross. When Mgubu passed a cairn and put a stone on it and told Ian to do the same, Ian couldn't be bothered. Mgubu made him go back and do it. Shortly thereafter, a vast black mamba reared up in front of them. Ian and Mgubu stood stock still and the mamba hissed and went away. Mgubu said: "If you hadn't put that stone on the cairn, you'd be dead." We also know of the cairns left at the tops of mountains by climbers.

Marie-Louise von Franz, in *The Feminine in Fairy Tales*, referring to small children who need a special doll or toy to be there before they can go to sleep safely, says: "It is not yet the child's child like the doll, but it is the child's god." It is like the soul stones of the Stone Age. In those days, people made so-called "caches," some of which have been found in Switzerland. A hole was made in the ground and stones of a special shape were collected and a nest was made in which they were kept. The place was kept secret and was a symbol of the person's individual secret power. Australian aborigines have such "caches." Von Franz goes on to talk of Thor Heyerdahl's experience in the Easter Islands, where families kept secret caches of stone carvings from various places which, being looked after with great care, were magic objects which guaranteed the survival of the clan. She says: "These stones are a symbol of the Self. They represent the secret of eternity and uniqueness and the secret of the essence of the life of the human being." There is also a version of the Parsifal story by Wolfram von Eschenbach in which the Holy Grail is a stone, not a chalice (the Grail is taken as a symbol of the Self). The stone, the lapis in Alchemy, the sought-for goal of the whole Alchemical process, is also a symbol of the Self.

Jung had a great affinity with stones. In her book, *From the Life and Work of C.G. Jung*, Aniela Jaffé writes in the chapter, "Alchemy": "Even as a child Jung had 'his stone' on which he would sit for hours, fascinated by the puzzle of which was, 'Am I the little boy or the stone?' For years, 'it was strangely reassuring and calming' to sit on his stone 'which was eternally the same for thousands of years while I am only a passing phenomenon.' For Jung the stone 'contained and at the same time was the bottomless mystery of being, the embodiment of spirit,' and his kinship with it was 'the divine nature in both, in the dead and the living matter.' A cube-shaped stone incised with inscriptions in his own hand, stands like an oracle before his tower in Bollingen, and the last great and solacing dream before his death was of the 'lapis.' He saw 'a huge round block of stone sitting on a high plateau and at the foot of the stone were engraved the words: 'And this shall be a sign unto you of Wholeness and Oneness.'"

If we think of the connection of the stone with the feminine, we talk of Mother Earth, Gaia, the goddess who is the Earth. We talk about the mother lode in mining the Earth, i.e., the main seam of the mineral. Precious stones are set in the matrix (the mother) and apparently the mould in which type is cast or shaped is also called the matrix (one could even talk of the womb of the archetype itself).

In addition to the task of throwing the stone into the pool for the old woman, 'Kogilidane is warned not to look back until she meets someone who will give her water to drink. This is the water of life: given by another human being, it will reconcile her to the everyday world, the land world, and will take away the risk of a dangerous attraction back into the deep waters of the pool from which she might find it difficult to re-emerge. We know of other stories where people have looked back when warned not to, like Orpheus, who lost Eurydice forever when he disobeyed and looked back at her upon emerging from the underworlds, and Lot's wife, who was petrified into a block of salt for looking back at the city of Sodom and its darkness.

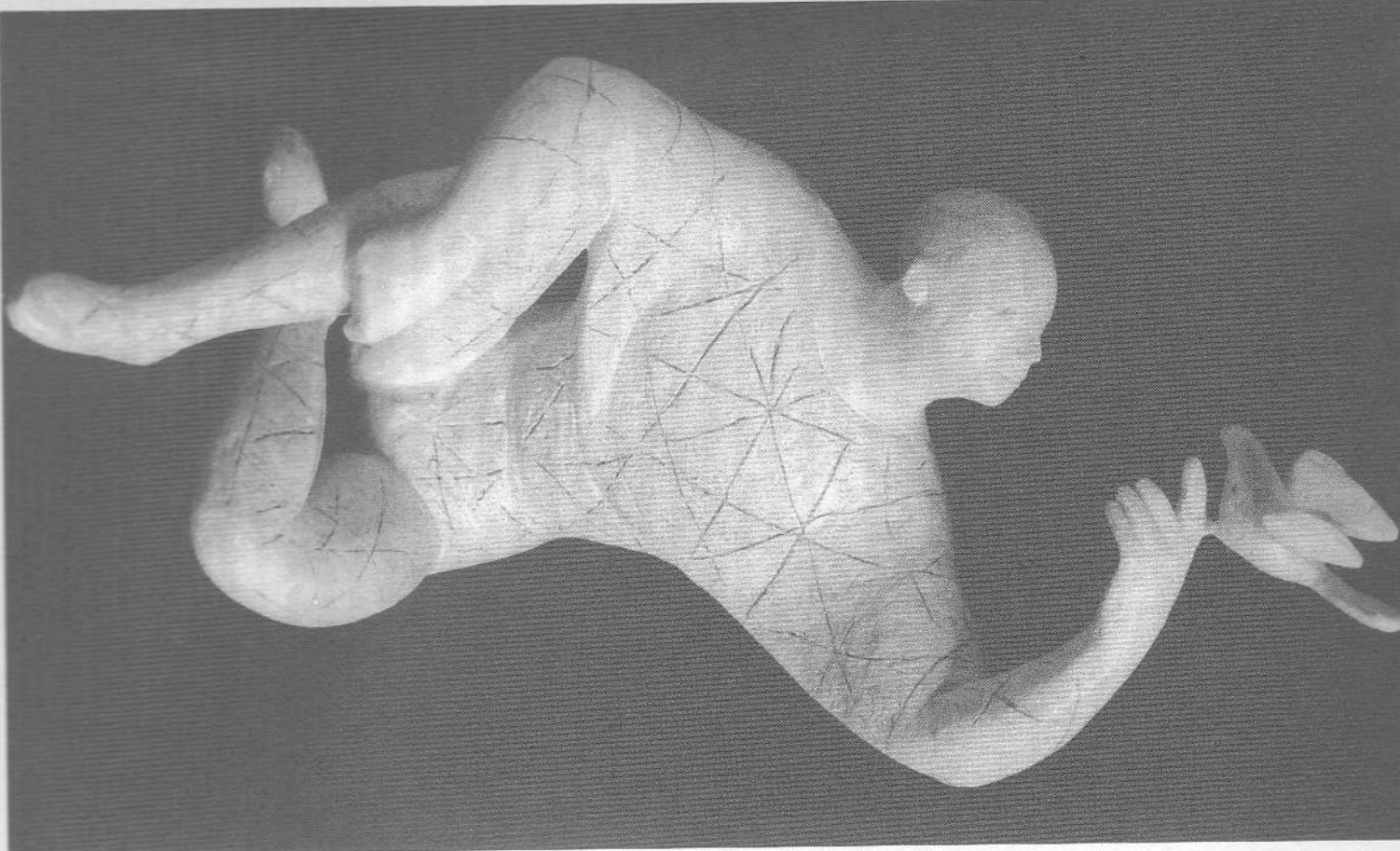
With this last instruction, the old woman assures 'Kogilidane that, if she obeys faithfully, she will be safe from the clutches of the awful Dimo; her true feminine self will be protected and shielded from his brutality. The blessing, "Hamba Ga'la," which the old woman gives 'Kogilidane, means: "Go in peace and happiness," but literally means: "Go slowly," because Zulus and many other African

peoples believe that all evil comes from haste, and that evil spirits are always in a hurry.

Indeed, this concept is not confined to Africa. There is a similar belief in Japan. Apparently, in Japanese gardens, which are themselves highly symbolic, the bridges which span the various streams in the garden always had a break in the middle. This was because the belief was that evil was always in a hurry and only traveled in straight lines, and in its rush to cross the bridge, would fail to see the gap, fall through it and drown in the water. There is also the alchemical axiom: "All haste is of the Devil," and, in a letter from Jung, "The devil can best be eaten with patience, having none himself." (*Collected Letters*, Vol. I). "May it always rain upon you," in an African context, hardly needs comment: without rain, nothing can survive.

'nKogilidane does everything she has been told to do and at last meets her younger sister, her newer and younger self, and from this sister, she asks for the protective water to drink. The giving of this water is also a sign that she is accepted back into the community, so she can then return to her family, the village and the kraal. (Incidentally, the word, "kraal," derives from the American/Spanish, "corral," which itself apparently comes from the old Provençal *graille*, the round container.) The kraal is a magic circle protected from the outer world (Holy Grail, etc.).

Of course, only some of the people there are happy about her good fortune; the others are more jealous than ever, since she is more different than ever. They plan to visit the place where 'nKogilidane found her fortune and to try and get some for themselves. They go in a group, and as such, their enterprise is doomed to failure from the start, because, of course, this journey can only be undertaken alone. Having none of 'nKogilidane's compassion and being filled only with greed for the expected treasure, the girls reject the old woman, seeing her only as a repulsive object. Needless to say, their bad behaviour leads where one might expect it to, and they are devoured by Dimo (who, one hopes, might at least have had indigestion afterwards!). Here the collective group approach to the unconscious actually helps to feed, hence increase, the negative elements in that world, while 'nKogilidane's transformation increases the positive.



Harlequin by Frances Baruch