



*“The Tower”*

Gradually, through my scientific work, I was able to put my fantasies and the contents of the unconscious on a solid footing. Words and paper, however, did not seem real enough to me; something more was needed. I had to achieve a kind of representation in stone of my innermost thoughts and of the knowledge I had acquired. Or, to put it another way, I had to make a confession of faith in stone. That was the beginning of the "Tower," the house which I built for myself at Bollingen.

It was settled from the start that I would build near the water. I had always been curiously drawn by the scenic

charm of the upper lake of Zurich, and so in 1922 I bought some land in Bollingen. It is situated in the area of St. Meinrad and is old church land, having formerly belonged to the monastery of St. Gall.

At first I did not plan a proper house, but merely a kind of primitive one-story dwelling. It was to be a round structure with a hearth in the center and bunks along the walls. I more or less had in mind an African hut where the fire, ringed by a few stones, burns in the middle, and the whole life of the family revolves around this center. Primitive huts concretize an idea of wholeness, a familial wholeness in which all sorts of small domestic animals likewise participate. But I altered the plan even during the first stages of building, for I felt it was too primitive. I realized it would have to be a regular two-story house, not a mere hut crouched on the ground. So in 1923 the first round house was built, and when it was finished I saw that it had become a suitable dwelling tower.



The feeling of repose and renewal that I had in this tower was intense from the start. It represented for me the maternal hearth. But I became increasingly aware that it did not yet express everything that needed saying, that something was still lacking. And so, four years later, in 1927, the central structure was added, with a tower- like annex.



After some time had passed - again the interval was four years - I once more had a feeling of incompleteness. The building still seemed too primitive to me, and so in 1931 the tower-like annex was extended. I wanted a room in this tower where I could exist for myself alone. I had in mind what I had seen in Indian houses, in which there is usually an area (though it may be only a corner of a room separated off by a curtain) to which the inhabitants can withdraw. There they meditate for perhaps a quarter or half an hour, or do Yoga exercises. Such an area of retirement is essential in India, where people live crowded very close together.

In my retiring room I am by myself. I keep the key with me all the time; no one else is allowed in there except with my permission. In the course of the years I have done paintings on the walls, and so have expressed all those things which have carried me out of time into seclusion, out of the present into timelessness. Thus the second tower became for me a place of spiritual concentration.

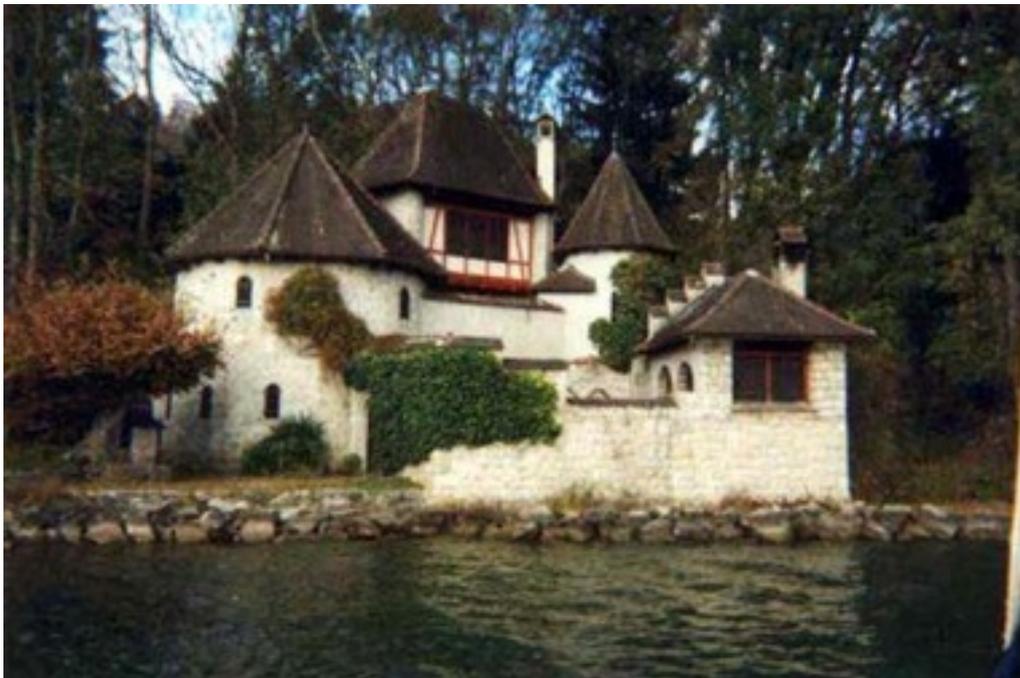
In 1935, the desire arose in me for a piece of fenced-in land, I needed a larger space that would stand open to the sky and to nature. And so - once again after an interval of

four years - I added a courtyard and a loggia by the lake, which formed a fourth element that was separated from the unitary threeness of the house. Thus a quaternity had arisen, four different parts of the building, and, moreover, in the course of twelve years.



After my wife's death in 1955, I felt an inner obligation to become what I myself am. To put it in the language of the Bollingen house, I suddenly realized that the small central section which crouched so low, so hidden, was myself. I could no longer hide myself behind the "maternal" and the "spiritual" towers. So, in that same year, I added an upper

story to this section, which represents myself, or my ego-personality. Earlier, I would not have been able to do this; I would have regarded it as presumptuous self-emphasis. Now it signified an extension of consciousness achieved in old age. With that the building was complete.



I had started the first tower in 1923, two months after the death of my mother. These two dates are meaningful because the Tower, as we shall see, is connected with the dead.

From the beginning I felt the Tower as in some way a place of maturation, a maternal womb or a maternal figure in which I could become what I was, what I am and will be. It

men were drowned when the Austrians blew up the bridge of Grynau which the French were storming. A photograph of the open grave with the skeleton and the date of its discovery August 22, 1927 is preserved at the Tower.

I arranged a regular burial on my property, and fired a gun three times over the soldier's grave. Then I set up a gravestone with an inscription for him. My daughter had sensed the presence of the dead body. Her power to sense such things is something she inherits from my grandmother on my mother's side.

In the winter of 1955-56 I chiseled the names of my paternal ancestors on three stone tablets and placed them in the court-yard of the Tower. I painted the ceiling with motifs from my own and my wife's arms, and from those of my sons-in-law.

[...] When I was working on the stone tablets, I became aware of the fateful links between me and my ancestors. I feel very strongly that I am under the influence of things or questions which were left incomplete and unanswered by my parents and grandparents and more distant ancestors. It

gave me a feeling as if I were being reborn in stone. It is thus a concretization of the individuation process, a memorial *aere perennius*.

During the building work, of course, I never considered these matters. I built the house in sections, always following the concrete needs of the moment. It might also be said that I built, it in a kind of dream. Only afterward did I see how all the parts fitted together and that a meaningful form had resulted: a symbol of psychic wholeness.

[...] When we began to build at Bollingen in 1923, my eldest daughter came to see the spot, and exclaimed, "What, you're building here? There are corpses about!" Naturally I thought, "Ridiculous! Nothing of the sort!" But when we were constructing the annex four years later, we did come upon a skeleton. It lay at a depth of seven feet in the ground. An old rifle bullet was imbedded in the elbow. From various indications it seemed evident that the body had been thrown into the grave in an advanced state of decay. It belonged to one of the many dozens of French soldiers who were drowned in the Linth in 1799 and were later washed up on the shores of the Upper Lake. These

often seems as if there were an impersonal karma within a family, which is passed on from parents to children. It has always seemed to me that I had to answer questions which fate had posed to my forefathers, and which had not yet been answered, or as if I had to complete, or perhaps continue, things which previous ages had left unfinished.

(Carl Gustav Jung: *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*)