Sample · a published dream of Carl Jung, not a client's dream

The Stone of Wholeness

A Summary of Carl Jung's Final Dream, rendered as a dream memory

> My life's work is already whole, and a mantra I did not consciously write myself is received as a gift rather than disowned.

THE DREAM VERBATIM

> *I saw a huge, round boulder standing on a high pedestal. At the foot of the stone was engraved the inscription: "This shall be a sign unto you of wholeness and oneness."*

THE DREAM IN BRIEF

In the last days of my life I saw an immense round boulder resting on a high pedestal, set in full sunlight. My gaze travelled from the mass of the stone down to its base, and there, cut into the rock, I found the words "This shall be a sign unto you of wholeness and oneness." They declared the stone as a sign of the wholeness I have reached and of the oneness I have become.

Nothing further was needed. No questions to ask, no task to set. The dream did not lead me anywhere. I stood still, as the stone stood and here it ended. I told the dream to Marie-Louise von Franz, and she in turn shared it with Ruth Bailey, and it is in this way that it has come down to us (Wehr, 1987, p. 453).

FOUR MOVEMENTS

The stone. The dream opens with a single object: round, heavy, solitary, raised on a pedestal and warmed by direct sun. There are no figures, no landscape, no drama. Only a mass of minerals in a great spectrum of light.

The descent of the eyes. My attention moves downward from the height of the stone to its foot.

This is the only movement in the dream, and it is significantly a lowering of the gaze. Yet in this dream so still, it is everything.

The words in the rock. At the base I met words where before there was only silence. Text carved into stone, and a carved rock does not change its mind. Here the dream reaches its zenith of a rare kind: a profound discovery absent of danger.

The discovery. The inscription, "This shall be a sign unto you of wholeness and oneness", resolves the whole dream into a single closing statement. Nothing more is needed. In the language of the theatre, the dramatic arc is complete: exposition, development, peripeteia, and lysis, all within a few breaths.

WHAT THE STONE IS TELLING ME

The round form is the oldest image I know for the Self, the totality of the psyche which no single part of us can contain. I met it here in its plainest state. No persona stands before it, no shadow, no anima. There is only the mandala and mantra, as though every figure that once populated my sleeping and waking dreams had quietly left the room.

Consider how this stands beside the dream of the house that I dreamed in 1909. There I descended through layers of stone into a cave of dust and skulls, into the deep past. Here the movement is reversed. The stone is raised, not buried; it stands in open sunlight, not in the dark. The house taught me the foundations of the psyche. The stone shows me, at the end, what has been built upon them.

The unconscious speaks with compensation. As an old man near death, I am asking whether the magnum opus of my life's work was enough. The psyche answers this doubt with an image of clarity. The dream image is a clear fact, text carved in the rock. I receive it as an unconditional fact.

Alchemists recognise the operations. The stone is coagulatio in its purest form, spirit condensed into durable matter, not a vapour but a solid body. It is also exaltatio, the perfected substance raised to its highest station, here literally, upon a pedestal in full sun. And the whole is rubedo, the reddening, the final stage of the work, in which wholeness is embodied.

That the words were carved matters to me. Word and matter are united, and this is a small coniunctio, thought made as permanent as earth. One may recall, as an amplification, how Jacob set up a stone at Bethel to mark a threshold encounter that had been completed. This resonance is

offered for comparison.

I also name what is absent, since absence is data. There is no water in this dream, though water and descent run through so many of my earlier dreams. There is no shadow. There is no complex stirred up. I take this to mean that the labours of shadow and anima lay behind me, and that the ego here stands in humble, direct relation to the Self, neither inflated by it nor estranged from it. The feeling is what Rudolf Otto called the numinous, but wholly on the side of fascination and without terror.

Is the stone separate from me? Viewed as opposites, there is a dreamer and there is an object, and the object speaks of the dreamer. Viewed more deeply, the stone is the Self beholding itself, matter and spirit no longer set against each other. The dream holds both views without collapsing either: a particular man, in a particular place, receiving a message that points past all particulars toward a wholeness that was always part of the ground it stood on.

STILLNESS AND SOVEREIGNTY

The Chinese sages might say that nothing is forced here. The stone simply is, already complete, and the effortless action of a lifetime has become effortless being. The prize of the uncarved block; my stone is the block's opposite, carved once, at the last, with the one marking it needed. Full sun above and receptive stone below, make a plain pairing of yang and yin.

There is also a question of sovereignty. Nothing in the dream dominates me and nothing is dominated. The stone and the dreamer meet as equals, one of mineral, one of flesh, each containing the same wholeness. The most sovereign act available to me is the simplest: to read the inscription, and to accept it on my own authority, without seeking anyone's further confirmation.

WHY THIS DREAM NOW

The question for me is no longer what I am building. It is whether what I have built is enough. I might not choose to answer that question myself; I am the wrong witness to my own life's work. The dream answered it from outside the conscious ego, and this is its whole novelty. The verdict was not written by me.

Years earlier I had carved the Latin inscription "Vocatus atque non vocatus deus aderit" (meaning "Called or not called, God will be present") over the doorway of my home in Küsnacht, which is on my headstone as well. It now seems to me a rehearsal. The final dream returned this gesture to me from the other side, as though the psyche had picked up the chisel and confirmed the completeness

of my life.

I shared the dream with von Franz, and she with Bailey. The dream was communal from its first telling. A finished life's work can be witnessed by others, and the dream may become a gift to those who read it.

THE SKY AND THE CARDS

My Sun stands in Leo, the sign of radiant, sovereign selfhood, and it is fitting that a vision confirming wholeness and oneness should come to one so born. My birth time is not recorded, so no Rising sign or houses are asserted here. In early June of 1961, Saturn stood in Capricorn, its own sign, the principle of structure and enduring form, mirrored in the central stone. Uranus, the awakener, was completing its passage through Leo, across my own natal Sun. Pluto in Virgo and Neptune in Scorpio are consistent with a dream at the threshold of death.

The Moon reached its Last Quarter on 6 June 1961, the day I died. That is the lunar phase of release and reckoning, and I would name the coincidence without explaining it away. In the Tarot, two cards seem to me to answer the dream. Judgement is the inscription: a summons from beyond the ego that a life has been found complete. The World is the boulder itself, round, complete, raised into the light, the four functions integrated and the journey beheld from outside itself.

CORE GIFT

Permission. The dream allows my life's work to be received as whole, exactly as it stands, and asks nothing further. The stone already says it.

A FEW PLACES TO BEGIN

These are invitations only. Only the dreamer (if this is your dream) knows what a dream means, and you may take from the translation what serves you.

You may, today, choose one thing in your life that is already complete, a piece of work, a relationship, a season, and sit before it for five quiet minutes without improving it. You may notice where in your body "enough" lives.

You may write down, in a single line, what your own stone would say if it stood in full sun and needed no defence. You may place that line where you will see it.

And you may carry a question rather than an answer: can I trust a mantra I did not write myself? You

need not resolve it. It may be enough to keep it warm, as the sun keeps the stone.

REFERENCES

Jung, C. G. (1989). *Memories, dreams, reflections* (A. Jaffé, Ed.; R. Winston & C. Winston, Trans.). Vintage Books. (Original work published 1961)

Wehr, G. (1987). *Jung: A biography* (D. M. Weeks, Trans.). Shambhala. (Original work published 1985)

This is a sample of the written translation Dream Circle returns, prepared on a dream Carl Jung recorded near the end of his life. A translation of your own dream is read, edited and signed by Daniel Pagano. Dream Circle is dreamwork, not therapy or crisis care. If you are in crisis, call or text 988 (U.S. Suicide & Crisis Lifeline). dreamcircle.art