

PAT BERRY “Reminiscences and Reflections,” given at **Notre Dame Festival of Archetypal Psychology, July 7-12, 1992.**

[introduced by ? someone with Italian accent: Pierre DeNeville]: First time I saw her was in Ascona Switzerland, she was stepping up wooden stairs from her place by the lake, coming to us where we were standing. She was dressed with a white shirt and in white jeans, and she looked she had just come out of the lake. The second image is from some years later during a vacation trip in Puerto Vallarta with other friends. This was the period in which the beach parachutes were starting and everybody wanted to go on it. Pat wanted to do it. We were all very scared to try and she went up flying through the air. when she landed back very excited by her experience, she told us she saw the most extraordinary thing from the air: a silhouette of a huge tortoise in the sea below. The last image is a photograph representing her as a baseball player, up at bat, holding the bat tense waiting for the ball. That image represents for me all her inner strength, her knowledge, power and beauty.

PAT: [loud long applause as she takes podium] I’m not going to say a single intellectual thing this morning. [applause] And though I will be reading a bit of my text, I won't be reading all of it. ... Just before leaving, my computer ate most of the text as I had prepared it. So I’ve spent the last couple days cutting and pasting, and gluing in the old fashioned way trying to put something together. I’ll be editing over the top of my text as I go along.

I had really wanted to have a carefully prepared and polished text for you, because this is actually very difficult for me, being here. What’s so difficult is that I’ve known so many of you for so many years, in different contexts, different times and places. And always as a couple, with Jim. So now that we’re no longer a couple, I’ve found that I’ve had to emotionally recontextualize myself in order to be here. This is the age of deconstructionism, and I figure if you can displace a subject, you can displace a couple. So it’s gone all right.

What I wanted to do was speak very personally, about the early years of archetypal psychology as I experienced them, and the early years of Jim and my relationship. Hold on, Jim. [laughter] [sounds like he yells something out, about “last night.”] Nobody asked me do the roast last night, I would have – [applause] Okay, come back in time 27

years with me. I'm in Columbus, Ohio – that's the 'place', Ed Casey – it's 1965, when I first hear the voice of James Hillman whirring on a tape reel. The voice is raspy, up in the head I think, discordant, strangled as though perhaps his collar is too tight. His elocution, certainly a continent away from anything heard in Ohio, is eloquent, elegant. The part of the lecture I remember best is on the anima. This lecture by the way became "*In Search*" later on. He describes a cool distant Nordic type – that sounds a little like me, I think, though I'd never thought of myself in anima terms before. In general, to my undergraduate abstract way of thinking, this lecture seems simple. You know, it's types, types of women.

This impression of simplicity doesn't last for long, however. A few weeks later, someone gives me a book, "*Suicide and the Soul*." Which has just come out. Whereas the anima lecture I thought too simple, this I can hardly understand. This isn't English as I've been taught, all the inverted syntax, the strange elliptical turns, arch and overwrought I think, schizoid too. [laughter] He seems to say that death is a possibility. [more laughter] You can die if you want, for the sake of your soul. Soul? Whatever soul is, he seems to be saying it could be more important than life.

"*Betrayal*" – a pamphlet from the Guild of Pastoral Psychology was the next thing I came across. This was easier. I could read the English. And since I myself was just coming out of a relationship that had crashed, I figured I knew something about the subject. In it, he tells a story in which a father encourages a child to jump, to fling himself from the top of the stairs, the father promising to catch him. The boy jumps, and the father lets him fall. That's betrayal. And knowing that this may happen, that's trust. And that, James Hillman, blew my mind. For me, this was real psychology. No promises, disaster as a given.

March 1966, I go to Zurich. I've just turned 23 and am about to become the youngest student at the CG Jung Institute. Which is no distinction really. At that time, anybody could go to the Institute who wanted to, it's just that no one that young had bothered to apply. As part of registration, I'm to meet with the Director of Studies, James Hillman. But I meet a ski instructor instead, and go off to Austria. We get caught in a blizzard in the Alps, a blinding one. Somewhat shaken, and chastened, I return to the gray and dismal lowlands of Zurich and make another appointment with the Director of

Studies. Years later, I learned that this prestigious title – Director of Studies of the CG Jung Institute – is a title and position actually invented by Jim. [laughter] It’s a good idea and is later adopted at other institutes. Now this is Jim the inventor, the initiator. It’s also Jim on the career ladder, a ladder he is to flirt with and slide off of several more times during his career. See, there’s a part of Jim that’s always been drawn to the establishment. He wasn’t just an outsider, though he sometimes acts that way. His mother had wanted him to be a diplomat, a statesman. She also wanted him to appear on the Johnny Carson Show. So far, he’s done neither. He once said that he did have a chance to appear on television, but he got sick.

Which brings us to infirmity. Archetypal psychology makes a big deal, you know, of pathology, pathologizing Jim calls it in “Revisioning.” That’s because most of us during those early years were pretty pathological. Jim used to get diarrhea whenever he went into a bookstore. I used to faint whenever I heard a siren. Rafael, Valery, suffice it to say that among us we amply represented most pathologies. Pathologizing fittingly became one of our banners.

I did finally manage to have an interview with Jim, the Director of Studies. Jim was 39 years old then. He had hair. And he wore tweedy Irish-style suits, which he thought were dapper. I had even more hair, which I wore in Sixties style to conceal as much of myself as possible. My first analyst told me to get a haircut. [laughter] What wasn’t concealed, I covered with a dark raincoat down to my ankles. I was in hiding. Now part of the purpose of the interview was that I tell my story, which I did, though it was fairly messy. I found Jim to be a unsympathetic listener. I think I had imagined that since I was entering the realm of depth psychology and about to begin a depth analysis, I should start by showing the damaged goods. So I opened up and bared what I thought of as my soul, with a certain earnestness. Jim was polite, but obviously unimpressed. Then for probably the first last and only time in his life, he turned to practicalities. How did I think I was going to live in Zurich with no money? No possibilities for a job – it was illegal for a foreigner to work in Zurich – and no ability to speak the language. He told me I was crazy. And that was the end of the interview.

Now I had enough chutzpah in those days, and a certain determination and naïve belief in my ability to survive, that I took it as a kind of challenge. I found a man on the

street who spoke German to help me put an ad in the local newspaper. A woman answered who, in exchange for cleaning her house, was willing to give me a basement room. And so I was set. Though I wasn't really so set, to tell you the truth. I'd forgotten about food. I spent that first year eating a kind of mush paste that I made by mixing water and Bircher Musli in a cup. It was a grim *Les Miserables* existence. Grimmer yet because the classes at the institute were so disappointing. And my analysis, for which I paid ten francs – which was about five dollars then – just made me sleepy. I'd literally go to sleep before going to analysis and sometimes not even make it.

I had a friend, though, a short fat Cuban in his forties. I met him at an institute party, which was at Heinrich Fierz's house. It was a beautiful house on the Zurich-see, which had been owned and decorated by Heinrich's mother, Linda Fierz, an early disciple of Jung, about whom Nor Hall has written and lectured. On the walls, and even the ceilings, were alchemical and symbolic images. Wow, this was Zurich. We looked at all this for awhile, then someone (from the States no doubt) put on music and we began to dance. I say someone from the States, because at that time the Sixties hadn't hit Zurich. You know, women on the streets only wore dresses, if you wore pants people stared at you. Women didn't vote. It was a very very uptight Zwingliesque Protestant atmosphere. But we began to dance. As we danced, a man from across the room picked up my movement and gave it back to me with such depth and decisiveness that I was transfixed. That night I dreamt that this Cuban, Rafael, had sired a huge group of children, of all sizes and ages. Those children are you, by the way, all of us. So Rafael became a friend, but not a friend as an equal. Our knowledge and experience and levels of culture was radically disparate. He became more for me a kind of teacher or guru that I hung out with. Practically lived with. I saw him as deeply experienced. He'd been in Zurich for three years. And wise, in a Silenas underworld sort of way. and most of what I learned that first semester, I learned as a maenad under his direction.

The second semester, Jim taught at the institute. It was a course on "the Feeling Function." And though it was obvious from the outset that feeling, or anything one might recognize as feeling, was not Jim's strong suit, at least the classes were understandable. They weren't clouded with the quasi-mystical tones and esoteric jargon of the other Institute classes. This man was clear, intelligent, and original. Feeling, he said, was not a

heartfelt emotion, but a coolly discriminating judging impersonal function. Watch out for people with feeling, he seemed to say, they're slick and they will get you. Which is what I'd always suspected. ... This man warmed my heart.

The next class I took with Jim was on animal images in dreams. Whereas it was apparent in the feeling course that he hadn't much, it was equally apparent in the course on animal instinctual energies that his were odd. I remember him demonstrating baboon behavior to the class, by jumping up and down, turning round and rubbing his behind in a way that was maybe not lewd but at least unusual.

During my second year at the institute, I went into analysis with Jim. Much to the dismay of my former analyst, who didn't think that was a good idea at all. She must have had some precognition.... [laughs] But I was drawn to him as an analyst, because I'd found myself going to sleep in the analysis I was in. With Jim, I never went to sleep. At least not in the analysis. [lot of laughter] Come on, that was a good line. [roaring laughter]. If it was challenge I was looking for, he gave it. In the first session he told me the problem was that I was stupid. [laughter] I'd been called a lot of things, but not usually that I was stupid, usually too much in my head.

Let me tell you a little bit about the setting in which Jim did analysis. First of all the time was weird. You went to analysis with him at ten to the hour, or twenty past, or twenty-five past. He had strange ways of deconstructing time. To get to his office you went in through the back door of a very old building and climbed up some very old steps, up four-and-a-half flights. Which has half a flight past Jim's office. There you sat on the landing, in a narrow wooden chair, and waited. The point was not to get comfortable. There were no magazines of course. Once you heard Jim telling the previous patient goodbye, you went down. At which point, if Jim wanted a break, he'd take you to the coffee shop, Bitener's, next door. And as he ate his strudel, you'd tell him your dreams and do your analysis. [laughter] Right there in the crowded restaurant. You see, even then Jim believed in taking analysis into the world. [applause] If however he wasn't hungry, which was rare – this is a man who eats four breakfasts every morning – or if he had eaten with the patient before, which is more likely, then you had your analysis in his office. Now in his office you perched bolt upright. Jim did too. Both of you sat bolt upright on what was surely the most uncomfortable chairs ever invented. Actually they

had come from the Brockenhaus, a sort of junk giveaway furniture place, the Swiss version of the Goodwill.

Jim's secret joke, which I never learned till much later, was that the chair that I and the other patients sat on had a seat that lifted up and contained a potty underneath. [everyone laughs] Everything I say here is true! This is Jim the humorist. But Jim had good taste as well. Over his desk were a pair of pictures in fine golden frames, of gorgeous Chinese mythical animals. These were crazy fantastical creatures with whiskers and feathers that spun up and out with a passion that was something else. When I think of analysis with Jim, mostly I remember these wild-eyed incredible creatures, which embodied so much of the spirit of what working with him was like.

Analytically, Jim was a master at animating the unseen. (aside: I keep hearing that little horn from the Roast last night going off in my head, you know, like don't say anything too good. This is good for a little bit here.) Animating the unseen, the psychic reality and power of one's images. In so doing, he brought the psyche as imagination to life in a way that I've never seen anybody else do. It was the passion of a fantast. His eyes would glitter, and I as an eager analysand would catch it and be running off to find books or looking up things in books he'd given me with a transferential fervor. He was an unusual analyst, a great one in a way. He certainly possessed a fire in the eyes that others in my experience – and I've certainly had a lot of analysis and therapy – did not possess. He wasn't kindly, or even particularly related. But he was passionate.

I mentioned meeting Rafael. Around this time, I also met Rafael's companion, Valery Donleavy, with whom I became immediate friends. Ken Donoghue may have spoken of Valery in his workshop presentation yesterday, I don't know. Because Ken and Valery and Mike Donleavy, Valery's former husband, and Jim had all been friends during their college days in Dublin.

I had a job now, teaching at the American high School. But when not schlepping on a bus off to Kilchberg, I was most often with Valery or Rafael or both of them. Though I was eating now, I still didn't have a bath or even hot water, so I bathed in Rafael or Valery's bathroom. They had adjoining rooms in an apartment building in the

Neiderdorf. Which is Zurich's red-light district, and that's where we all lived, except for Jim who had a family and lived in a more conventional place. Up by the zoo actually. [laughter] Which is probably where he learned about baboon behavior.

Jim would sometimes come by Rafael or Valery's place, and since I was part of the group I got to know him socially as well. From this social situation there grew a more personal connection between Jim and me, and eventually our relationship became intimate. Now I'll edit the story a bit, sufficing it to say that there were some of the typical horrors and destruction that can accompany falling in love. A lot of shadow in all this. and that I'm very sorry about to this day, in this case a wife and children, another woman, a friend of mine Jim was attracted to first, my rage over that, a scorpion in Jim's shoe which we should have taken as a warning just before we were getting together, wild phone calls, tentative meetings, terror over what this might all mean. Now for some time, Rafael and Valery were the only ones who knew of Jim and my connection. And sometimes we went on holidays together, the most memorable of which was a trip to London in 1968.

There, over a meal in a fancy English pub, someone – Rafael I think – made the first moves toward what would come to be archetypal psychology. Rafael was on about how the problem in psychology, and western thought in general, was monotheism. This notion caught fire and we went on all afternoon, drinking wine, trashing monotheism, and intuiting how things might be different in a more pagan polytheistic world. As with these, and many other discussions of the sort, the almost daily conversations over wine and dinner or lunch, two or three or four of us, or Jim with Adolf Guggenbuhl and then reporting the discussion back to us, or Rafael, among us all, the discussions got reported and we were excited in sort of fantasizing this evolving thought. For me it was fascinating to learn the twists and turns, to witness the leaps to the unexpected, which leaps really were Jim's specialty from the beginning. See, Rafael, I realized as I was writing this, I get into a lot of comparisons between Rafael and Jim because the difference in their minds is interesting to me – Rafael always started with the unexpected, like polytheism, and then just barreled it through. Jim generally started with the more usual, often scholarship – you'll see this in his writings, certainly his Eranos lectures – he starts with a lot of scholarly layout and then he finds a place where he turns on

something, turns it upside down, and then he's off and leaping. This was all very heady, very exciting stuff to a, by now, 25-year-old. Actually it's still exciting to a 49-year-old.

Let me say some more about Rafael. Rafael had a breadth of cultural and historical knowing that was remarkable, in that it seemed not to reside in his head but in his very being. He had 'body', as he called it. And actually this man's head was kind of short and his neck was short, and so his head was very connected to his body. The quality is unmistakable. By now he had gathered a bit of a following, Rafael had, so I wasn't the only maenad on the scene. Other young women had come to Zurich and had become patients of his, which I never was, thank God. So now there were 4 or 5 of us who gathered round Rafael to soak up whatever it was we seemed to be needing and absorbing from him. You know, nowadays psychotherapy would call these complexly personal interconnections incestuous, or at the very least dual relationships. But in those days, that was how you did it. Depth psychology after all began in incest. Freud and his patients and their Wednesday night meetings, Jung and his early followers and relationships, and now this. Seemed to be the way that things begin.

Of course there were some hazards, and not everyone made it through these entanglements unscathed. But it was also rich and full, and so totally involving that if you did make it through, you were changed forever, for good or for ill. There was a lot of sacrifice in this too, I was thinking in terms of Giegerich's paper, a certain sacrifice of the virginal state of mind, a sacrifice certainly of innocence, sacrifice of the child. My own tutorial, if one can call it that, with Rafael required my learning how to put aside whatever common sense I had, in order to entertain his less common sense. I learned simply to receive his lengthy didactic monologues, which monologues were punctuated by grunts, sort of ahhhuhhh hmmm [clicks]. A lot of this learning was non-verbal with Rafael. I learned to hold the spaces between sense without questioning or commenting on the apparent lack of reason in what he was saying. This holding, waiting, actually taught me a great deal about psychological thinking-- that what is immediately apparent is not what things are about. To wait is to give time for things to interconnect. Eventually I learned to make the kinds of comments, or returning grunts, that encouraged Rafael's thoughts. Since he was a guru, Yodo-like, to relate to him one had always to be a student, a disciple. And for some years, this willing suspension of myself was worth it,

in exchange I suppose for the uncommon sense I was absorbing.

Jim thought quite differently and in a mode I found far easier to cope with. Whereas Rafael circled ideas in a Cancerian backward manner – he was a Cancer, a crab – clasping insights and ingesting them back into himself, into his own being, Jim moved more like a dancer: quick and clear with sudden spins, pirouettes and somersaults that seemed always to land on somebody's feet. [laughs] Both men were polemicists. They thought oppositionally and generally worked off of an 'other', an enemy, that was stereotyped and placed out there-- which was then either preached at, derided, or battered against. The battering was more Jim's mode, because of his martial nature. I think this, by the way, is what's happening with Jim's attack on therapy nowadays too, that's the enemy that he's battering against in order to be able to create the ideas over here as a result of it. But Jim is also apollonic, so he was able to step back, to separate himself from his spars and lunges, then frame the battle, the issue within an intellectual ideational context and present it. Rafael was Dionysus, if not Silenas, Jim Apollo. This contrast between the two styles – Rafael's mode of being and Jim's brilliance in saying – was fruitful for many years. Jim said what Rafael was, and in so doing nurtured Rafael's originality. And nurtured him as a person too. See, Rafael had had little formal education, no degrees or diplomas on the wall, and had come to Jim as a patient just three years earlier. Through analysis – he had also had some previous analysis with Irena Castajeho – then friendship, some work at the Klinik am Zurichberg, Rafael then began seeing patients himself. It was Rafael who taught me that the way to get well was to take on patients, and let them carry the madness for you. [laughter] and that's what we're all still doing. Rafael is now an official analyst by the way, he was given a sort of exceptional status by the IAAP, though he didn't go through all the ropes.

So Jim nurtured and protected Rafael, and this is a role I've seen him play with some regularity throughout the years. Generally those chosen for this nurturing are unusual sorts, with odd mental gifts, like Rafael, that may or may not equip them for managing in the world. Jim apparently sees that, recognizes it, supports it, and then helps these kinds of people. I think I was one of them. During this time, the relationship between Jim and me was developing as well. In the spring of 1969 we took a trip to Italy to visit the Greek ruins at Paestum. This trip was important, in that it gave us a

geography from which to further our imaginings of the polytheistic world. We saw a structure said to be the marriage chambers of Zeus and Hera, which was a square little building partly hidden underground. Marriage was an archetype I hadn't had much to do with, from the inside anyway, and Hera whom I saw as a guardian of the status quo was perfectly terrifying to me. I had identified as an outsider, an Artemis perhaps, which with Jim's Apollo made of us a fitting though sometimes warring brother-sister pair. Hera to my mind threatened the purity of this brother-sister bond. Social rules and codes, responsibilities, the establishment, bringing things into the world, all that seemed a crushing weight to me. But sooner or later we would have to enter the world more publicly, build things, take on responsibilities, and bear offspring of a sort.

Now early on, I had had images of a fruitful union. As we were first getting together, I had dreamt a dream in which a woman stood in a field poised, slanted forward, with her head forward against a man's head, who with his tongue in her mouth pushed her backwards, making of her a plow that opened the earth. This is about as conjunctio a dream as you can have. Another image of the conjunctio appears in our Spring Publications logo, in which the ram and goat push against each other. The new and the old, spring and winter, was also secretly Jim, an Aries ram, and me, a Capricorn goat. This was the sub-text.

Which brings us to 1969 and the beginning of Spring Publications. When Jim took over Spring, which had been a publication of the New York Institute, I quit my teaching job at the American High School and joined him in trying to make a go of this new venture. We set up a compositor, which was an ungainly precursor to the word processor, in the room in which I lived (I had a one-room studio apartment) and hired Mary Kay Stein, Murray Stein's wife at the time, to type. While I sat on the bed editing, Mary Kay worked away at the compositor, all day long every day. I think we figured we made maybe ten cents an hour, those beginning years with Spring. Soon it became too much, really on a number of accounts, not just the constant work but emotionally too I needed a break. All of the incestuous tangles and inter-entanglements, sub rosa connections, had become too much for me. I'd been an innocent abroad, and it was catching up. I felt sort of like Daisy Miller, and that if I stayed any longer I was gonna die in the Coliseum. Besides, I needed the fresh air of some normal academic program

somewhere. So I returned to Ohio, which is about as normal as you can get. And enrolled in a graduate program at Ohio State. This is now 1970 and Nixon is president. Shortly after classes begin, Nixon orders American troops into Cambodia. Down the road at Kent State, some students are shot by National Guardsmen. Riots break out, tear gas floods my apartment as well as everything else in the surrounding area, and the university closes down. I go back to Zurich. We may have incest, but we don't have tear gas.

I stay there just briefly and go off then again to the University of London for awhile, and then begin a master's in New Mexico. Finally I do return to Zurich, with the idea of staying. Determined to finish work on the diploma at the Institute, so that at least something will be salvaged from what appears to me at that time years of debauchery. In the meantime – this is the real shadow story, you all taking this in? – Spring, which had to move from my apartment when I left, then moved its quarters to a bathroom in Adolf Guggenbuhl's office. By the time I return, Spring has now moved to a storefront basement of a Christian Science reading room. Again for some reason I can't quite recollect, perhaps the unavailability of apartments, I moved my bed in – and once again Spring and I are roommates.

In addition, there are now weekly seminars taking place in the room, and a fairly constant stream of traffic. My bed, Spring Publications, weekly seminars and the continual comings and goings of all sorts of curious souls. It was a bit much, but again things were popping. People are gathering all this time, so there is now sort of a following around Spring Publications. The Spring seminars were wildly unconventional, intellectually outrageous, frequently half-drunk affairs, in which we focused on one or another arcane text. Giulio Camillo's Memory Theater, the Picatrix which was an Arabian book of early Greek symbols written in German– and Audrey Haas used to read the text for us, because she could translate the German, and she has lovely English reading voice – we used these texts to sharpen our intuition and organize our imaginings. The meetings, which were free and open to anyone who walked in with a bottle of wine, were passionately imaginative and intellectual, with sometimes screaming fights among the participants. In fact, Audrey reminded me the other day that on one occasion the window was open, it was right on the Neiderdorf, a drunk fell through the window.

Rafael was talking about Dionysus and it all suddenly took place.

After the seminar, there was nowadays almost always a fight between Jim and Rafael. Perhaps since the tenets of this new psychology were beginning to take shape, the personality, attitudinal differences between our leaders – Jim and Rafael – became clearer as well. Though to tell the truth, I think most of us in the seminar didn't really know what these tenets were, or what they exactly meant. They were vague maxims that we heard all the time, such as “stick to the image” – Rafael's maxim – or “save the phenomena” which was Jim's maxim. But what was that? We had a much clearer idea of what archetypal psychology was not, and so the learning was a kind of via negativa. You were whacked with Rafael's stick, so to speak, if you got it wrong, so you'd try something else. Archetypal psychology was not monotheistic, not ego-personal, not transcendent, not structural, not linear, not Christian, not normal, not mediocre, not about getting better, not balanced. And anyone who was, or who inadvertently expressed any of these more traditional values or assumptions, was shouted down and used as a foil for the rest of us. This form of pedagogy was not for the weak.

We had other activities, mostly physical sports, which helped assuage some of the intellectual wounds and to redress damaged egos. Though you may have been pummeled in the seminar, you could pummel back with pigskin. If you went down swinging in class, on the diamond you might get a hit. Actually these sports began some years before when Jim was still director of studies at the institute. He had arranged for the institute to play against the faculty of the American high school. We lost miserably of course, but for me it was a personal break because I was scouted there by John Mattern, who was the principal at the time and gave me a job there teaching phys ed. [laughter] And then finally English, since that's what I was trained to do. Our first institute team – this must have been about 1966 – consisted of John Johnson, wiry wily little Paul Kugler, Paul was a tiny mercurial guy at that time, Bob Hinshaw and Big Bill Walker. Some great athletes. The rest of our team was Nathan Schwartz, Sid Handel, Jim Hillman, Jeff Satinover, Jewish boys from the city where baseball was more fantasy than the protestant, catholic fact that it was for the rest of us. END SIDE TAPE

...sports, however was later, during the time of the seminars, and was initiated by Tom Kapacinskas from Notre Dame, this very campus, our very host. I remember Tom then as the wild-eyed Lithuanian in our seminars, who was constantly battered for his, at that time, more structural habit of mind and Christian background. I don't know why you're still getting battered, Tom [laughs] But it didn't bother Tom at all, I don't think, for he was a giant in terms of his physical talent and heart. Like a big brother he organized our activities and with his van shepherded us to our weekly playing. Tom was the real heart and soul in creating the *gemeinschaftefule* in this aspect of our activities.

Okay, this next little section is called More about Jim, his breakup with Rafael, and the fathering of archetypal psychology. Jim has a reclusive and scholarly side, as I'm sure you all know. Whereas he likes to do things in partnership with others, in fact he can thrive on it, it only works if the other will give him space to come and go in his own rhythm, and not be put off by that coming and going. During the Zurich years, Jim actually went a lot. I'm speaking now quite literally. On a regular basis, he went to the Tessin to write. Sometimes I'd go too and write, but what I enjoyed most really was watching him write. He would perch on his wooden chair, his feet curled like bird's claws over the rungs – the man was a hawk – chasing after some flash of thought as it passed through his head, seizing it, pinning it down, pounding it with two fingers into the typewriter. Sometimes these fingers would get out of control, and attack each other. They were like little dactyls, with a life of their own. His fingers would be literally bleeding sometimes, after a good day of writing. also his scalp, which his fingers also attacked, where they'd get going fast like this and then sort of stab each other. His typewriter was an ancient little thing, which had traveled with him through Africa, India, probably even went back to his days in Dublin. He only just retired it. Now this is Jim as Saturn, loyal to the old and out-dated, and very very slow with anything new, modern or mechanical.

You know, there were a lot of jokes last night during the roast about Jim's driving, but you know Jim didn't drive at all until a couple years ago, he depended on all of us to schlep him around, which was probably a better idea. It was when we got to Connecticut and the distances were so far apart that I remember really putting my foot

down and saying, Jim, you have one month to learn to drive. So he practiced and then went off and took his driver's test, and flunked the written! [laughter] A few years ago, I tried to convince him that an answering machine would serve him, in that he wouldn't have to interrupt his solitude to answer the telephone. It would also save callers, people who phoned him, from getting their heads bit off. He said it was okay if I got him this machine, but only if it was the kind that didn't take messages. [laughter] I had a hard time finding this kind of machine. But I did. Jim's message on this machine – and Michael Meade, if you're here, this was the first machine, the machine that Michael was talking about last night is the second – Jim's message was to tell folks not to call again. [laughter] Little later he added a second message, that if they really needed to communicate, please write.

Now this isolated side of Jim perhaps shows less now than it used to, but still there remains in his personality this strong saturnine streak, and the insistence on protecting his privacy. Or not so much perhaps his personal privacy, as his privacy of mind.

Rafael was more relational by nature. He needed persons to talk to, to teach at. His thinking formed through talking out loud. He would grab someone by the arm, frequently Jim, and lecture at them about some thought he was in the process of formulating. Now since Jim's mode of thought is more solitary and interior, he needs more distance, a little more space around himself. That's what all the looking at the weather Michael talked about last night, creating space. He has invented all sorts of ways to do this. when he's with someone, or with a group, you'll see his eyes begin to dart around. Which means that he's off tracking for some spark somewhere, looking in any case for something more interesting than what is here and now. The effect of this mental leaving, or at least the effect on me, was always to make me work harder to try to hold his attention, to be more clever or entertaining or intelligent or something. But with Rafael, since Rafael tended to act out, he tried to take hold of Jim's arm, and actually grip him, in order to hold his attention in place. Now if you know Jim at all well, you can imagine his response to this clutching at his arm. He'd turn pale, retreat inside his skin, and skitter away – in a sort of schizoid manner. So Rafael then would move toward him, and grip again. And Jim would move away. But to watch the two of them in a

conversation, it was this sort of weaving or lurching back and forth. Sometimes they took whole walks like this down the sidewalk.

So while Jim needed Rafael's partnership, the depth and fertility of Rafael's insights and ideas, Rafael's engulfing Cancerian style did not mesh easily with Jim's more flighty schizoid one.

Rafael, the Dionysian character, at home with a baroque underworld of ancient decadence and Plutonic richness, a venerable guru, a wise fool, a cagey sage, an old bull – was in the end of a different breed from the Jewish boy from Atlantic City, the Boardwalk dancer, shape-shifter, sleight-of-hand artist, far-gazer, beady-eyed scavenger, stiff-necked bird. [applause] So the two went their ways. Rafael, accompanied by Valery, went off to Venezuela. Jim, accompanied by me, went to Yale, the Terry Lectures, and thus began archetypal psychology in that direction.

That's all of my notes. If I could just say briefly that after that, there was lots of traveling, lots of teaching. We went to Syracuse and Yale, and spent several years in Dallas, connected with Gordon Tappan in Sonoma, Howard McConaughy in New Mexico. All these people were drawn to archetypal psychology, and in turn fertilized it back, so it began to grow and grow, become more and more broadly enriched. You know, it came from such narrow beginnings. To see where it is today, this conference is just astounding to me. I feel as though I got off the wagon a year or two ago, and looked up, and the wagon's way off down the road somewhere. I think it's marvelous, the conference and the number of people, the variety of talent and interest. Thank you all for being here, and for letting me speak.