

Intersections, borders, transpositions

Gustavo Barcellos

Article



Abstract

Intersections cross us. Intersections are crossings. How to live them and what is your imagination? In the imagination of the intersections we find many images, from myth to tarot, figures such as Scylla and Charybdis, the Fool and the Hermit, from language to clinic, from life to death. The article explores the images and the emotional impact that intersections and crossings impose on us, in addition to exploring the aspects in which language offers us crossings in a clinic supported by speech.

Keywords: archetypal psychology, crossings, monstrosity, myth, language.

Cutting in deep sea

Take us to the keel

To a sweet world

island

Maria José De Carvalho, "Trilogia de setembro", 1976

Everything crosses us: emotions, ideas, feelings, sensations, perceptions, perversions, intuitions, what we do not understand or what we take time to understand, to accommodate, to accept. Everything crosses us. We are crossed by the demands of others, of society, of history, and by our own demands, our desires, our wills. We are crossed by dreams, which continue during the day, or for a few days, years until, to enchant us, to disturb us, to displace us. We are crossed by surprise, by the unexpected, by scares. We are crossed by everyday life, by commitments, by tasks. We are crossed by love, by its arrival or its departure. We are crossed by time, by death, by disease. We are crossed by the gods. We are crossed.

We cross bridges, borders, neighborhoods, terrains, backyards, courtyards, lands, seas and air. We go through difficult phases, foreign territories, doubts and uncertainties, countries and nations. We go through political regimes, mentalities, psychological types. There are revolutions, insurgencies, transformations, transitions. Persecuted

Tupamaros become presidents, tortured by military dictatorships as well. We cross genders and sexualities, from alpha male to 'boyceta', from Cinderella to Drag Queen. We go from one stage of life to another, from one stage to another. Where will the continuity be? Will there really be continuity? We crossed the sea. We crossed the samba.

We are crossed, always one would cross. Porous, we are finally left looking like sieves to ourselves, full of holes. And will there even be a life without holes? We pierce the commitment, we pierce the bubble, we pierce the date, we pierce the cake, the tire, the sign, even our reporting holes, that is, holes in the way we report our lives. Nonsense. All our biographical narrative, all the story we tell about ourselves, including the one we take to our therapies, a huge hole. For there are holes in our narratives, holes, and it is through them that the soul enters. We speak of a porous ego. We need those holes, those that are always lower. Medical science calls these holes diseases. Psychoanalysis, the psychopathology of everyday life. The Jungian psychology, of complexes, complexities, or memories, dreams, reflections. We do not have to name them. Holes are holes, we know this, because we know them from the beginning since there are even a certain number of them in our own bodies, with which we have to live, holes through which life enters or leaves. Oral phase, anal phase, genital phase: libidinous holes? There are holes everywhere, in the city, on the roads, in the fields, in the mountains, on the slopes, in outer space, in the world. There are hot holes, bottoms, and there are black holes. Holes bury people, and also feelings, sorrows, memories. Holes where to stick the head itself-operation patch-holes, how often do we need them? Thus, we have in us an *experience* from the holes, in body and soul. For them, things go through us. They fill, or empty, our lives. We are crossed.

Ferries, bridges, tunnels, planes, trains, ships, cars, motorcycles, bicycles; the compass, the astrolabe, the GPS; the swim, the walk, the run, the jump; the path, the detours, the trail; the takeoff, the flight, the landing; unfasten, sail, navigate, rotate, cross. These are some of the objects and actions that present to us the imagination of the crossings. Let us try to go through his psychology.

Crossing is the realm of expanses. We go from one place to another. In them, in the crossings, we are Nautas (from the Greek *nautes*): astronauts, cosmonauts, argonauts, netizens, spacemen, psychonauts. Nautical refers to navigation and, today, more than ever we are again forced to navigate, now in a sea of information, permanently connected to the internet. The internet is like a stream that flows through us. Are these crossings?

But the crossing is also the realm of connections and here we have, on the bridge, its best and most effective metaphor. Is it? Perhaps the bridge is not an image of connection exactly, but of

junction, as Peter Bishop (1988), who wrote a beautiful study on bridges, argues. From this study, I emphasize: “bridges not only connect, they fundamentally *join*. The image of the connection is too linear, too restrictive” (Bishop, 1988, p. 89). Thus, connection and junction are not the same thing. For him, bridges present us with the fantasy of maximum uninterrupted flow. Flows come together and, who knows, that is what our crossings want: to flow and join, even if so often we cannot complete our crossings. We stand in the middle of the road. A separation, or a divorce that, if necessary, did not take place, stretching toxic, or aging relationships. A career transition that we did not have the courage, or the conditions, to make. When can we know if we have fully completed the work of a mourner? A dream trip that never happened. An unspoken word, the aborted gesture. Failures.

•

In Greek myth, there are many images of crossing. They teach us many things. For me, the most interesting is perhaps even the one that involves two strange marine beings that, after undergoing intense metamorphosis processes, will have their existences linked to paths and crossings: I speak of Scylla and Charybdis. Scylla and Charybdis, two water nymphs, naiads, who have been transformed into monsters. After the transformation, they will both inhabit the Strait of Messina, which is the Strait that separates the island of Sicily from the Italian peninsula and will act in the sea. Straits are strips of water that join much larger bodies of water, such as oceans and seas. In the Strait of Messina, it is common to produce the optical illusion known as Fata Morgana, a mirage on the high seas that is due to a thermal inversion. In it, the images are duplicated. Scylla's metamorphosis occurs because she is fleeing the pursuit of Glaucus, a very ugly aquatic creature. The water element is quite present here, mind you. Scylla is discovered by Glaucus, also metamorphosed by the gods into a sea god. Glaucus was a human whom the aquatic deities resolved to transform into a sea creature with a greyish-green beard, bluish arms, curved legs. He fell in love with the nymph Scylla who, terrified by his appearance, begins to flee through the waters, the rocks, the underwater caves. The love of the ugly Glaucus was immense and, desperate, he threw himself in pursuit of the beautiful nymph, begging and weeping (the water again) for her to grant him a little attention. Impervious to his pleas, Scylla remains on the run, hiding in a place so inaccessible that Glaucus could never find her. Dejected, he thinks he has lost the nymph that he is chasing and goes to the island of Ea, the island where Circe lives, the greatest sorceress in Greek mythology, the witch, the one who knows magic, present in several myths. Glaucus asks her for a magical intervention so that Scylla becomes enchanted by him. But something surprising happens: Circe ends up being enchanted by Glaucus herself, declares

her love, her passion, and now it is he who does not want her and runs away from her. He chased a nymph who ran away from him, now it is he who runs away from Circe, who pursues him for love. *Sometimes crossings are chases.* But she, instead of taking revenge on Glaucus, turning him into something else, resolves to take revenge on Scylla, who is the rival. She prepares her magic potions with herbs and leaves them where Scylla likes to bathe, in a spring, and then poisons that spring. Scylla, who was a beautiful nymph, ends up being metamorphosed into a monster, from whom Glaucus will now feel repulsed. The terrifying sea monster that Scylla turned into had the face of a beautiful woman. The cruelest thing is that the face remained the same, of a remarkable beauty, but around the waist it had six snake heads with three rows of teeth and still a circle, which comes out of it, of twelve barking dogs. The dogs alerted her when a ship passed through the strait, a strait where many mythological scenes take place. Many heroes, in their crossings, have to pass through there, the passage through the Strait of Messina. Among them, the most famous is perhaps Odysseus, who is on his return journey to Ithaca, and has to pass through that Strait. A peculiar crossing, back home. *Many crossings happen on the way home.* Ulysses is the archetype of the traveler. The most significant crossings pass through there, through Messina. *Often, crossings are therefore passages, they are temporary.* Odysseus loses most of his companions in this strait, loses all his ships, is left practically alone, and manages to pass through. Perhaps this speaks of the hero, of this hero who wants to go home, of the few who manage to cross the Strait between Scylla and Charybdis. Odysseus escapes from Charybdis and is attacked by Scylla. Escape from both.

In this strait, we have, thus, on one side this monster, Scylla, placed there, which devours sailors, destroys ships, creatures, a monster that feeds on everything that crosses the place. It presents the danger of crossings, the danger of being swallowed up by our crossings, of disappearing into them. *Often, crossings swallow us up.* And on the other side we have Charybdis, another monster, who was also a transformed nymph. Everyone knows the story, but there are interesting details: while Charybdis had a nymph existence, she was particularly known as a voracious nymph, she was very hungry, very voracious. Bottomless hunger. She is transformed by Zeus, struck by lightning and thrown into the depths of the sea, where she turns into a sea monster: her epiphany will then be a whirlpool. Her voracity is transformed into a monster that is a whirlpool in the Strait of Messina. That is, when the ships pass, she takes the form of a whirlpool and swallows them all.

It is because I would like to share with you the question around the idea of monstrosity and crossings that I mentioned these two unpleasant creatures. Monsters are present in various mythologies.

Also in alchemy, the *monstrum* from a poorly performed conjunction. They are also present in Jungian psychology. Monsters are important creatures to the extent that we need them to return us to humanity. What is striking first is that the vast majority of the monsters in classical mythology are women, they are female monsters. There are several male monsters, this is true, but much of the Greek monstrous imagination is female: Chimera, Lamia, Medusa, Harpies, Gorgons, Sphinx, Medea (in a way) and, here, Scylla and Charybdis.

The story of Scylla and Charybdis in the Strait of Messina has generated a well-known expression: it refers to a situation in which one is “between Scylla and Charybdis”. That is, it is an expression of a philosophical character to talk about a situation in which we are between one negative thing and another, between one evil and another. Jung uses it sometimes. It is a powerful metaphor about crossings, intersections, about narrows, narrowings, moments in life when we have to cross through tight, tapered and dangerous, difficult paths, when we have to make great transformations and we feel restricted, pressured, without power of choice, limited. We can be destroyed on either side, either by Scylla or Charybdis.

Now about monsters, about monstrosities: the *monstrum* is, etymologically, “the one who reveals”, “the one who warns”, a glyph in search of a hierophant. This refusal to be part of the “classificatory order of things” holds true for monsters in general: they are disturbing hybrids, hybrids whose outwardly incoherent bodies resist attempts to include them in any systematic structuring. And so, the monster is dangerous, a form-suspended between forms-that threatens to explode any and all distinctions.

A mixed category, the monster resists any classification constructed on the basis of a hierarchy or a merely binary opposition, requiring instead a “system” that allows polyphony, mixed reaction (difference in sameness, repulsion in attraction) and resistance to integration – that allows...“a deeper game of differences, a non-binary polymorphism at the ‘base’ of human nature.” Cohen (2000, pp. 23-60.¹

These are excerpts from J. J. Cohen, which are in his book *Pedagogy of monsters: the pleasures and dangers of boundary confusion* (Cohen, 2000). We need the monsters. The monster shows, reveals something, and so it is he who warns. It defends – or dismantles-the boundary between the human and the nonhuman.

I speak here of monstrosities because, for me, they present us with an extreme image of crossing. The monster is not deformed, on the contrary, it is multiformed. It talks about polyphony, you talk

¹ Jeffrey Jerome Cohen is professor of English and director of the program in the Humanities at George Washington University. He has published articles on gender theory and on the cultural construction of monstrosity. His most recent book is *Sex, monsters and the Middle Ages*.

about coming out of a binary regime, normal-abnormal, formed-deformed. The monster causes a binary regime of thought, formation-deformation. It is already a crossing. With them, the monsters, we question binarisms. Here, monsters help us. Binarisms can very easily become oppositionalisms, thinking only in terms of opposites: full and empty, inside and outside, connection and loneliness, above and below, subject and object, community and individuality, fixed and mobile, feminine and masculine, fantasy and reality. Pairs of polar opposites haunt Jungian psychology, which is all assembled in polarities, but go beyond that: oppositionalism is "an ideological framework imposed on life by our minds and is generally unconscious." (Hillman, 2013, p. 118). To see things from the point of view of the soul, we must "overcome the mental framework that dualism imposes on us," as he suggests, in his remarkable *The thought-landscape* (2008), The Geographer and Orientalist Augustin Berque (2023), when speaking of "mediation", or in a *medial body*, that is, the intermediate and multiplied field between an individual and his environment. Oppositions separate. We soon find ourselves involved in "transcending" opposites, and with enantiodromy, compensation, balance, balancing, all spiritual goals. It is not the way the soul makes distinctions. It is not psychological. The soul sees and deepens each thing in itself, without needing pairs, opposites, only analogies, similarities. The soul connects all the time.

•

In the Tarot, the crossing brings, in my opinion, two very interesting images, of the Fool and the Hermit, the cards 0 and 9 in the deck. Wanderers, they present the walking way of traversing the world. The Hermit represents the sage who decided to live away from society, seeking to know himself and the world through silence and inner contemplation, and the lonely walk. In other words, the inner journey. In this conception – internal contemplation, wisdom that comes from within – it is, to use Fernando Pessoa's terms, about dedication to the interior landscape.² Another point says: the Hermit, Arcanum 9, is a card symbolizing isolation, restriction, remoteness. The Hermit isolates himself to discover the knowledge that surrounds him. In the Jungian psychology of the individuation process, the emphasis falls on exactly this: isolation, retreat, a look at oneself, an intrasubjective gaze, occupation with one's inner landscape, meditation, analysis of

2 The excerpt is in a book by Fernando Pessoa, himself, called *Cancioneiro*, in which he mentions this duplicity of the inner landscape and the outer landscape:

"1-In every moment of mental activity a twofold phenomenon of perception takes place in us: at the same time that we are conscious of a state of mind, we have before us, impressing us with outward-facing senses, some landscape, meaning by landscape, for the convenience of phrases, everything that forms the external world at a given moment of our perception.

2-The whole state of the soul is a landscape. That is, the whole state of soul is not only representable by a landscape, but truly a landscape. There is in us an inner space where the matter of our physical life stirs. So a sadness is a dead lake within us, a joy a sunny day in our spirit."

(Pessoa, 2001, p. 101.)

dreams, scrutiny of emotions, in a process that is normally understood as isolated, self-directed. I see in this some characteristics of this letter, although there is still another, not exactly definition, but reference to the process of individuation much more interesting. In 1932, Jung gave a series of lectures on the psychology of kundalini yoga, where I find this phrase: "individuation is becoming that which is not the ego, that which you are not, you feel as if you were a stranger." (Jung, 1999, p. 39). This already seems to me another way of understanding what we are talking about: becoming that which is not what I know about myself, but the other within me, pointing somehow to the fundamental ambiguity, the stranger within me, that which I am not. Here Jung himself is somehow contradicting himself, and fortunately, because contradictions are welcome in this kind of thinking: on the one hand, there is this idea that individuation is the becoming what one is, that is, the definition, let's say, more *standard*, as a *self-care process* on the other, he is suggesting that the important thing is to "become that which you are not," an *exit process*.

The Fool's card, on the other hand, is an unnumbered card, the zero card, shall we say, both the beginning and the end. Fool and Hermit: both are Wanderers, both carry with them a walking stick. One is young, one is old. This contrast, which says that these two letters would have a lot to do with each other, makes me dare to think that they would be, so to speak, two moments of the same archetype. So, we have the hermit and the Fool, the old and the young. Now, in archetypal psychology, it is an archetype that we usually refer to as *senex et puer*, which is, so to speak, a drama with which we are involved in life all the time: what is new in us, what is old in us? What needs to remain, what needs to be overcome? How to pay attention and take care of our renovation processes? How to recognize them? And all the challenges of making "new" and "old" harmonize in the face of so much dispute that may exist between them within us. In our culture, there is a rather conflictive relationship between everything that wants to be born, that is new, that points to a renewal (the Poundian MAKE IT NEW), and that which is old, that is established, that is wise, permanent, traditional or outdated. See, for example, how James Hillman, my reference author within the Jungian field, refers to this energy *puer*:

The *puer aeternus* is that structure of consciousness and pattern of behavior which... is compelled by a phallicism to investigate, to seek, to travel, to hunt, to search, and to transgress all limits. (...) It is a tireless spirit that has no "home" on Earth, it is always coming from somewhere or going somewhere, in transit. (Hillman, 1998, p. 196)

This is the image we have of the Wanderer, a passerby. It suits the Fool of the Tarot. The Hermit is a wanderer too. Both are crossing. But looking at the lightness with which the image of the

Fool is presented, there is even a certain joy in looking up. The Fool looks up, the Hermit looks down. The Hermit already has a place on Earth. The Fool, as Hillman says, does not have a place on earth, he is looking at the sky. It belongs to heaven, to high ideals. It has an upward gaze, while the Hermit has a downward gaze. Two crossing styles.

The ultimate goal of the notion of individuation is often presented in the imaginary *senex*, i.e. isolation, Union, stones, cosmic systems, geometric diagrams, especially the structured mandala, the crystals and the wise old man. "Even' wholeness through integration, ' which is one of the definitions also of individuation, may reflect Saturn who ate all the other gods by swallowing their children." (Hillman, 1998, p. 258) With the hermit's letter, we are faced with a notion of self-care perhaps a little less poetic, evidently heavier, which emphasizes all these aspects that I am emphasizing: introspection, introversion, isolation, work almost exclusively in the interior landscape. The Hermit is prose. Poetry comes with madness.

•

In our crossings, there is also the way to doubt. That is an interesting one. It makes us inquisitive, far from the certainties that always fix us, grab us, preventing us from going forward, from going away, to navigate, to scrutinize, to inquire, to move. The certainties have us, we are not the ones who have them. Just in case, we can overcome the most dangerous certainties, reaching places uncertain, or not, unknown, new, challenging. Just in case, let us go further, consider other points of view. Doubt widens the gaze. It is because we doubt that we go deeper into understanding something. For this, however, we must be sincere with doubt, that is, not confuse it with ignorance or disguise it as shame. Doubt is alive, no one doubts. Doubt softens us inside, and that is where we can transit better. Cross better, although this is not how doubtful it seems to us at first. Doubt frees us from certainties, so often so imprisoning. Certainties imprison, or perhaps, we can speculate, do not even exist, at least definitively, immovable. That is why we say, remembering a certain Chinese sage, that really the only certainty we have in life is: for a cup of rice, two of water.

•

Exoduses and diasporas. Intersections and Crossroads. Seven are the seas. Life is a journey; it should not be so short. The crossing in this world is short, fast. Some say we are coming home. Homecoming is a particular kind of crossing: the way back, either to us or to an ideal-a *tops* paradigmatic in literature and a powerful archetype in life. Thus, the most defining of all crossings is undoubtedly the last one, which we make, they say, in a boat, the one crossing a misty river, in a boat driven by a helmsman of recognized talent and wide fame, charon, half an old man half a monster, towards death, towards the

world of darkness, the other side of life, journey without return. The ship of fools? No, that is another one.

However, the most dazzling image of crossing that we have in our archetypal psychology is that of the Knight Errant. With it, James Hillman ends his masterful testimony on the ways of the soul, the book *Re-Visioning Psychology* (1975). The Knight Errant leads us to understand that the soul is always walking, always crossing, erratic, erring. He is the mirror of the psyche, the wandering soul. Remember that the need (*ananké*) was called The Wandering Cause. Older notions regard the soul as a wandering Wanderer, always on the road, always wandering, following fantasy. As in the song: "I'm wrong, I'm wandering / always on the road, always far away / I'm wandering as long as time leaves me."³

•

Now, to finish, the adverb *through*. In this reflection, we cannot escape it, it is unavoidable. Its lexicon reads: "by means of," "through", "through or intervention of". Everything to do with intersections, borders, transpositions. Here I must call James Hillman again, this great traverser of notions and mentalities, ideas and attitudes, because he teaches us a vigorous lesson about intersections, about crossings, exactly in his suggestion that it is the soul that, in addition to crossing US, crosses everything and everyone, wanting to see always deeper and deeper, in what appears, in this reflection, as the specific, basic and original, *seeing through*. When we understand that it is through the soul that events become experiences, it is understood that it is "the hungry eye of the psyche that desires to see through" (Hillman, 2010, p. 269) of everything and everyone that dissolves the hard shell of events to reach the soft core of the fantasies that sustain the events. In this movement, in this moving, also called *psychologize*, makes the soul deepens. "Seeing through" speaks to us of the ever-crossing soul.

And speaking of through, the psychology we do is through metaphors, we cross events through them in search of deepening and approximations, because metaphors are our "means of transport," and the very paths we cross in the soul. Metaphor: way forward and back. Back and forth. Ebb and flow. "Transference", reminds us Alfredo Bosi, is the "word that literally translates the Greek *metaphorà*" (Bosi, 2000, p. 303) - or that is, crossing, and why not? Metaphors cross us and make us cross. Seeing through is metaphorical. Metaphor is a condensed myth, as Vico taught, an abbreviated fable, and should be understood "less semantically as a figure of speech, and more ontologically as a way of being. (...) Metaphors are more than a way of

³ Paula Toller and George Israel's song "Nada sei" with the band Kid Abelha, released in 2002.

speaking; they are ways of perceiving, feeling and existing.” (Hillman, 2010, p. 303). Through them we travel.

I think that we psychoanalysts should always be lovers of words, which keep metaphors for us. Love for the soul means love for words, which present it, or rather, which pass through it. The love for words is naturally placed in an activity that, from the beginning, was defined as “healing by speech”, something at first very strange in the universe of care: healing by speaking? No medicine, no substances, no touch, no cut? That words have extraordinary strength and mysterious power has long been known to religions and mystical-spiritual traditions of various peoples, which will tell politics and law. For the word touches the body, touches the symptoms. The word makes body, makes symptom. This is what psychoanalysis realized or rediscovered for the field of care: the word heals the body, heals the symptoms. *The soul is a dark thing until it is said*. From silence to the word, there is a crossing that defines us as humans. We know that in the discourse something is already underway, it is already moving. Our *gira-mundi* it is a word spinner. To remember, in a single verse, everything my friend Neide Archanjo taught me about words, one of the most inspired poetic voices OUR country has ever had, I quote:

because being water on the outside

words are seas Inside.

(Archanjo, 1984, p. 36)

Linguists define an *etymology* as “the study of the origin of words.” We analysts understand it as the observation, in the word, of his unconscious. I left the etymology to the end, unlike what we usually do when we start with it. She is so often our pathfinder in the crossings and antics of language. Etymology helps to “open the metaphor”, since it is necessary to make it reverberate. No verb, it is just a figure of speech. Intersect, *travers*, crossing, indent. “*Traves-sia*”: act of crossing, of moving from one point to another. The word “*travessia*” originates from Latin, from the radical *trans*, from “through, what crosses,” and *versus*, from “turn, make turn”. It is undoubtedly, though worn, a great metaphor. So, metaphors make us mobile. Metaphors cross us, make us turn perceptions, cross around *underneath*. They make us cross from one place to another, from one situation to another. They make our world go round; world go round. In this spin, understandings appear. So, we have our lives “crossers”, and we, mischievous, restless, in crossing. After all, we are all here... just passing through, aren’t we?

Pedra Grande

July/2024

Bibliographic References

- ARCHANJO, N. **As marinhas**. Rio de Janeiro: Salamandra, 1984.
- BERQUE, A. **O pensamento-paisagem**. Tradução de Vladimir Bartalini e Camila Gomes Sant'Anna. São Paulo: Editora da Universidade de São Paulo, 2023.
- BISHOP, P. The soul of the bridge. *In*: Cobb, N. (ed.). **SPHINX 1**: a journal for archetypal psychology and the arts. London: The London Convivium for Archetypal Studies, 1988. p. 89-114.
- BOSI, A. **O ser e o tempo da poesia**. São Paulo: Companhia das Letras, 2000.
- COHEN, J. J. **Pedagogia dos monstros**: os prazeres e os perigos da confusão de fronteiras. Tradução de Tomaz Tadeu da Silva. Belo Horizonte: Autêntica, 2000.
- HILLMAN, J. **O livro do puer**. Tradução de Gustavo Barcellos. São Paulo: Paulus Editora, 1998.
- HILLMAN, J. **Re-vendo a psicologia**. Tradução de Gustavo Barcellos. Petrópolis: Editora Vozes: 2010.
- HILLMAN, J. **O sonho e o mundo das trevas**. Tradução de Gustavo Barcellos. Petrópolis: Editora Vozes, 2013.
- JUNG, C. G. **The psychology of Kundalini Yoga**: notes of the seminar given in 1932. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1999.
- PESSOA, F. **Obra poética**. Rio de Janeiro: Editora Nova Aguilar, 2001.

Gustavo Barcellos is a writer and psychologist, didactic analyst of the Jungian Association of Brazil and member of the International Association of Analytical Psychology. Founding member of the Mantiqueira Institute of Archetypal Psychology-IMPAR. Author of *O irmão: psicologia do arquétipo fraterno*, *Psique & Imagem*, *O banquete de psique: imaginação, cultura e psicologia da alimentação*, *Mitologias Arquetípicas* and *Zeus: fabulação do mundo e paternidade arquetípica*, all by Editora Vozes. A lecturer with work presented in Brazil and abroad, he has coordinated seminars on archetypal psychology since 1985 and is the translator of several titles by James Hillman, post-Jungian analyst and initiator of archetypal psychology. He has worked for more than 35 years as an analyst in São Paulo.

E-mail: gbarcellos@uol.com.br