

Opening of the annual AJB Congress – Travessias – Salvador September 11, 2024

Rosa Brizola Felizardo – IJRS

Article



Good evening to all those present at this meeting.

It is an absolute joy, as president of the Jungian Association of Brazil, to have the honor of opening the XXVII AJB CONGRESS – TRAVESSIAS, in Salvador.

My greetings and thanks to my dear colleague, analyst Tereza Caribé, president of the Institute of Analytical Psychology of Bahia – Ipabahia, and to the whole untiring group of colleagues responsible for organizing this event that welcomes us with such strength and tenderness.

I also greet the Directors of the Jungian Association of Brazil; the directors of the affiliated Institutes; and the fellow members of this Association. In particular, the scholarship fellows, finally, present at this XXVII Congress. The perspectives that open up from here are extremely important. We recognize how belated this decision was, but we celebrate the step taken.

Greetings as well to the publisher Vozes, ever a partner in our projects. I wish us all a great Congress!

In this opening, I pay tribute to all those who have come before us in this place of care and construction of the Association. Today, in particular, I would like to pay tribute to all the female analysts who have been trained and are still in training, as we account for around 80% of this group that has nurtured and shaped the Jungian Association of Brazil over its 33 years of existence.

There have been so many tragedies so far... what should we choose to say at the opening of our CONGRESS?

It occurred to me to turn to the song for inspiration, so I am going to “allow my heart to speak” here in this space of folding in the images.

Today, September 11, the date forever damaged by the attack on the Twin Towers in New York (USA), we are here in Brazil, in

Bahia, in Salvador, and we can, through this image of the fall of the towers, reflect on who we are, where we are and what our voice says, this voice that imagines. What is it about us that needs to collapse, crumble, and be redone?

What work should we undertake as so-called Jungian professionals (to the dismay of Master Jung) from and in Brazil?

Could the only possibility be to follow models like that of September 11, 2001? Of death, violence, lies, and aggression, wherever they come from?

Or, bold as we are, will we be able to seal this day of ours, September 11, 2024, with a commitment in other directions?

And if, in a more profound and Brazilian way, we call the “owners” of the month of September and of the 26th and 27th (yes, because we accept more than one day for the same celebration), the Orixás Erês, the Ibejis, the twin sons of Xangô and Iansã, with the power to cheat death, and who, for us, are also (because we are multiple) the Catholic twin boys São Cosme and São Damião, who were and are both doctors and boys, who take care of children without charge. Could it be?

Could we, like the children, build circles and hand out gifts, sweets, and joys, remembering that life can still happen and be celebrated, despite the suffocating “end of the world smoke”?

Can we, like the holy children, spread faith, care, and health? And what about calling his third brother, Doum, the made-up boy of the Brazilian Umbandas: “the sugar child who subverts emptiness, the chill of enchantment on the edges of reality, the tumble of destiny, the spin of the top, the synthesis between one side Cosme and the other Damião”, in the words of Luiz Antonio Simas? (in *O corpo encantado das ruas*. Rio de Janeiro: Civilização Brasileira, 2020).

We have no answers, but we are in Travessia, so anything is possible. And we must not forget: Brazil is also Bahia! We could not be in a more favorable and meaningful place to start new actions, new positions, new paradigms, new worlds. Here, in the first capital of this country, where everything throbs in colors and drums. Here, where Caetano Veloso composed “Tá Combinado” and Maria Bethânia sang it:

“Let’s open our minds so that, in the end, what is most human in us flourishes”.

Here, by opening our imaginative hearts to Brazilianness and its myths, legends, and charms, we are tapping into countless riches and deep poetic densities, discovering our founding images and their profound cultural resonances, intertwined in their complexities and contradictions.

From the Boi de Mamão of Santa Catarina to the Boi-bumbá of Parintins; from the Cavalhadas and Congadas of Paraná to the Apanijés myths of the Cerrado; from the Modas de viola and Nossa Senhora Aparecida in São Paulo; from the Bantu culture and Carnival of Rio de Janeiro to the Círio de Nazaré in Pará. From the second Sunday in January of Nosso Senhor do Bonfim and February 2nd of Iemanjá in Bahia, to São Jorge and Nossa Senhora dos Navegantes in Porto Alegre.

And it should be noted here, for our knowledge and reflection, that Rio Grande do Sul has around 65,000 Umbanda and Candomblé terreiros in operation, and that Porto Alegre is the Brazilian capital with the highest national proportion of followers of these religions of African origin.

Faced with all this history and wealth, where has our imagination been? Who cares if we are unaware of our roots and the deep ties that bind us? Can we restore meaning to our Brazilian soul, as Roberto Gambini asked us a long time ago (in *Espelho Índio*, 2000)?

In the transgressive and ravishing knowledge of a Rio de Janeiro Carnival theme in 2019, entitled: “Histórias para ninar gente grande” (Stories to lull grown-ups to sleep), by the Estação Primeira de Mangueira samba school, carnival designer Leandro Vieira wishes us to be poetic and political, between awake and lulled to sleep, singing like this:

“Brazil, my boy
Let me tell you
The story that history doesn’t tell
The reverse of the same place
It’s in the struggle that we meet.
I want a country that isn’t in the picture!”
But what about us, what do we want?

We are savvy and learn a great deal from outsiders. The Austrian doctor Heinz Kohut, who helped transform the modern practice of analytical and dynamic treatments, and Walter Benjamin, the German philosopher, and sociologist of Critical Theory, for example, taught us that nothing is revealed in exactly a single track; at least two or three truths are needed to untangle history and fictions backwards and forwards.

Let’s take care of our knowledge together, and in our own way, beyond, of course, the indispensable knowledge that the “old world” has given us so much. How do we feel coming from a place that has, among its visible and invisible, a wheel that turns with Betinho, Aldir

Blanc, Cartola, Nise da Silveira, Davi Kopenawa, Dona Ivone Lara, Nei Lopes, Beth Carvalho, Manoel de Barros, Clementina de Jesus, Heitor Villa-Lobos, Mãe Menininha, Nego Bispo, Conceição Evaristo, Emicida, Maria Molambo, Renato Russo, Liniker, Paulo Freire, Elis Regina, Chico Buarque, Cabocla Jurema, Gilberto Gil, Rosa Magalhães, Dom Timóteo, Milton Nascimento, Elza Soares, Ailton Krenak, Moacyr Luz, Pixinguinha, and Zé Pelintra, among many other names already mentioned here, and so many others that we could not fit into a thousand pages?

How many seminars would Jung hold around the life and work of Ariano Suassuna and the Armorial movement he founded in the 1970s, tracing back to the *sertão* the authentic Brazilian expression in this folk-rooted art, a true flood of alchemical and archetypal images?

How many others for Guimarães Rosa, for whom life is a journey and not a departure or arrival? What about Érico Veríssimo's *Time and the Wind*?

We can, in fact, picture Jung immersed in the biomes of Brazil, his eyes, legs, and heart in search of Deep Brazil, this country of charms, mandingas, prayers, and benedictions. It is our sensitive task to nurture this knowledge, it is like creating something at once old and new, with the ability to cause marvels and restore affections. With the blessings of Nise da Silveira and Leonardo Boff, we are ready to meet Jung the villager, the caboclo, and the countryman.

A friend of mine, when talking about her passion for her work as an analyst, says that she learned to imagine with the caboclos, that when they entered the houses they took off their hats because they knew how to enter the time of gentleness, to speak from the heart, from the folds of affection, to travel infinitely. I cannot remember hearing anything more beautiful about ours or any other psychological practice. I understand that this crossing, called here by Bahia, summons us to speak of the delight of being, of internal movements, of restlessness and anguish, of individual and collective searches in multiple directions, traversing people and places, toward the new, the contemporary, and toward our roots, our ancestry. So it is up to us to cross and be crossed. Why, after all, we are left with the ultimate question: is there a way for those who have not followed Olodum rocking the Pelô?