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Solar bark with the wadjet eye of Horus above and the head of Horus below, another wadjet eye, a serpent and a crocodile below, detail of papyrus of *Book of the Dead of Hirweben*, Thebes 21st dynasty Egypt 1075-945 BC.

From Attic To Basement and In Between

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Between 2008 and 2010 I was invited three times to James Hillman and Margot McLean's home in Thompson Connecticut to sort and gather James' work and bring it to Opus Archives and Research Center, the home of his collection. Attending to his work alongside him, he referred to me in one of his infamous faxes as a "cool hand." As steward two kinds of work was required—the first was to listen to the stories that a stack of papers, a box of notes and ideas, would evoke. This was the work of attending to what presented itself. And there was an understanding that it was important to not always respond to these stories or reveries in a manner that sought to capture, inscribe, memorize, fix them into some indelible form that would live on forever alongside the paper bodies. There is a trust in the archiving process that takes place in the present moment, and is equally as important as the trust ensured in the process of preserving and caring for the collection once it is brought to its next home. This trust requires the second kind of work—taking notes and inventorying, organizing papers and boxes, carefully handling and packing the material for shipment.

James tended his work as though it were a blessing, a necessary blessing, and something that required love. And this was clear by the way he attended to it—

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he knew what everything was, remembered its providence or significance on the turn of a dime, and he was very organized. Well, mostly organized. On one visit his desk had been swallowed up by a body of papers which, he said, "continue to proliferate like fruit flies since you last visited, and required discernment and daily attendance. Sitting in his office and working with him on taming the desk was sometimes arduous and required patience because it was everything he was currently working on and each scrap of paper needed to be handled with great attention; it was also an honor.

James' grace and thoughtfulness in relationship to his work was mirrored in what he put aside for the archives and why. These last few years James was working on the *Uniform Edition* so he was reviewing what he had previously written, making minor revisions, and organizing the ideas and essays into the thematic

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volumes. As he completed one of those themes, Mythic Figures for example, he would let those sheaves of notes, edited essays, and references go. It seemed a conscious unraveling of his ownership to his own history. And it was a mindful choosing of what would persist after he died, the ideas, the paper trails, the flashes of insight caught on the back of an airline ticket stub. James, Margot, and I spent a lot of time talking about the various projects that could be taken up in his collection because it was important to them that the work carry on. It was all about his work, and his generosity in that regard is clear, as reflected in his voluminous collection in the archives. The intention of this whole wild process of mindfully choosing what persists after one dies, James and Margot's vision of his collection, is based on the importance of his legacy rather than on the personal ephemera that inevitable gathers in every life. James chose to withhold, if that is the right word, little except what was very personal. That was his way, he was not interested in personal biography but in the life of the work—his own and those of his colleagues.

The Attic

A good deal of time was spent in the attic. Alighting to the third floor, up the winding staircase and past the bookshelves that held copies of James' books,

the door to the attic opened into a large space wherein Tupperware boxes of various sizes and colors were stacked. Some of them contained the library of books used for *A Terrible Love of War*, others were filled with old papers, letters, and memorabilia, business documents for Spring Publications, family photographs, notebooks from his Zürich University days. Along the center aisle of the attic were tables with stacks of papers primed and ready to look through and even more bookshelves. Here were copies of all the books James had published at Spring, foreign translations of his work, and duplicates of old issues of *Spring Journal*. And below the books were yet more shelves that contained those numinous cardboard magazine file boxes each labeled with a topic, a project, or idea. Some James had worked on at one point and planned to return to, so needed to be brought down to his office, or were ready for release to the archives. The labels read: Men's Conferences, Alchemy, Cosmology, Mythic Figures, and contained within them snippets of paper bearing ideas and quotes, references, lists of books to buy, and articles relevant to the theme at hand. Red binders that contained the various essays and chapters on alchemy that James had studied through his life were by these boxes. Once through this aisle, the attic opened up again to a larger space and here, at a table with a couple of chairs we would sit down, open one of the boxes Margot pulled over to us, and begin to read, discuss, and sort through the delicate paper body of his life.

At times a box would be sorted through quite easily, for the items were organized in a coherent way and the material at hand did not require much assessment and deliberation. For example, there was a cache of boxes that we labeled Jungiana and the items included photographs, manuscripts, letters, and publications that all related to James' time in Zürich at the Institute. There was a collection of maybe a dozen photographic portraits of Jung, one of Toni Wolff, as well as a group photo taken from a party at the Jung Institute in 1954 with Jung and a bevy of people all around obviously having a grand old time. Memorabilia or perhaps a future research project, it was not always easy to tell the reasoning behind such unexpected finds.

James kept many manuscripts by others because of their significance—whether because they were by brilliant authors and colleagues, deep explorations of a theme, or of historical value. One example that combined all of these reasons was a selection of essays, some possibly unpublished, by Adolf Portmann,

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whom James called one of the founding figures of archetypal psychology. He talked passionately about the necessity of Portmann's work being translated and published. In these moments the foundational stones of archetypal psychology and his work were literally present, in his memory and in our hands. Here, in Portmann, in Corbin, was the importance of the work and its legacy, not only of psychology itself but of imagination and soul. James was able to share his desire for them to live on by saving these items and entrusting them to us at Opus.

We found other pieces, and often they surprised him, including a collection of essays published in German that has, among other things, a piece on palmistry and Jung's palms in particular. Strange and curious pieces, items that he knew were important and so held on to, and now live alongside the rest of his collection here. He also had manuscripts by friends, colleagues, and individuals sent for review, feedback, consideration for possible publication at Spring. These stacks of papers would excite a spark—an example being a manuscript on Mars in the astrological tradition; though he didn't publish it, he had been intrigued by its having been written by a woman.

And then there were other times, when we were sifting through boxes of themes and ideas, wherein James would sit back, a sheaf of papers on his lap, and Saturn was felt to be very close. "So much to write about, so much unfinished," he said. "Not enough time." In these moments the impact of this process was felt the nearest, the heaviest—and these were quiet moments. Sitting and being present to the time that had passed. Wondering how and why the eros had abandoned a project and never really returned so to have been picked up again, and would not be now, at least not by his hand. And yet the longing, the desire to write on, to think further was right there, fierce and bright. All these threads, these loose ends, were, are, inevitable.

And so he let those paper bodies cracking with potential and tasting of times gone by, go. He released them to keep working on what was at hand—his clarity and focus resolved even after these twilight moments arrived that held pos-

sibility, the future, the past, all that could be and was. During one of these visits he had just completed the *Uniform Edition* on Alchemy—and the other volumes and essays waiting for his hand were beginning to organize themselves in the magazine boxes that I would bring down from the attic, re-label, place in easily accessible areas of his office—Philosophical Thought, Animals, City, Image, Pathology. And others came down to the first floor into the staging and packing area, finished stories and loose ends alike—Mythic Figures, Alchemy, Jungiana, other people's manuscripts, correspondence, slides, book lists, lecture notes . . . a hundred threads.

Basement

For those three years his work arrived in subsequent waves and now resides in the "stacks," which is how we refer to the rooms in the basement where the archival collections are stored. The Hillman Collection numbers 154 boxes in our database, and the items received over these past few years total roughly 40 or so additional archival boxes that have not yet been included in the database but which volunteers are currently helping us to input. These 200 boxes range from the years 1960 to 1999, so nearly 40 years of James' work is with us today—and this will increase over the next couple of years when his post-2000 work comes to us, thereby reflecting over 50 years of his life of work, gathered together under the roof of Opus on the campuses of Pacifica Graduate Institute. Imagine that for each book he wrote there are at least two, sometimes four, archival boxes that contain the whole process of that book from notes to drafts to correspondence.

In the archives there are rows of grey archival boxes patch-worked with post-it notes indicating the inclusion of these new pieces with those previously placed at home here. A complex weaving of new threads amidst those that began the tapestry of his collection. This is one aspect of what an archive does—preserving what has been entrusted from a life of service to, and love of, ideas, creativity, passion, and discipline. And this is where we find ourselves when we are in the archives—down in the basement, below ground in the catacombs, in the imaginal vault of history. That is to say in the archetypal field of the *senex*. Hillman (2005) writes, "The Senex is itself a god, a universal reality whose ontological power is expressed in nature and culture and the human psyche. As natural, cultural and psychic processes mature, gain order, consolidate and wither, we witness the spe-

cific formative effects of the Senex” (p. 251). An archive and the paper bodies that make up the archival body in relationship to the processes that created them are the products of this maturation process. Upon entering the archival field the formative effects of *senex* are honored in all their glory and the paper body of a life is ordered and consolidated and can be seen as the ultimate symbol of maturity, accomplishment, and completion. So in the archives we serve Saturn, the great king and ruler, the elder, the cantankerous and secretive hermit.

Enclosing time in the vaults and archival boxes, Saturn as god of the archives brings rules, history, discipline, and order. The archival collections at Opus are the roots of the wider community of archetypal and depth psychology, and roots are old, part of the past, echoes of eternity ever running deeper and stronger. Saturn is concerned with tradition, authority, and structure—the authority of archives is found in its Latin meaning, as a variant from the Greek *archeion* meaning governmental building, or public office, from the verb *arkho* “to begin, rule, govern.”

In “Senex and Puer: An Aspect of the Historical and Psychological Present” (2005) Hillman reminds us that Saturn is a god of the harvest imaged through the festival of the Saturnalia, but he writes “the harvest is a hoard; the ripened end-product and in-gathering”—the end-product of a life is what collects in an archive, and an in-gathering holds together, holds tight so to ensure that “things last through all time” (p. 44). Lasting through all time is the fantasy that drives our work digitizing the collections, creating digital bodies of paper bodies that were created by living bodies. Hillman (2005) goes on to say that Saturn’s “intellectual qualities include the inspired genius of brooding melancholic, creativity through contemplation” (p. 44). This brooding melancholy and the contemplative creative spark is often what we see descend upon a research visitor when they behold the archives, open a box, and are swallowed up. And it isn’t a surprise for us to find that our visitors at times feel overwhelmed and slightly depressed by the experience.

And we have to be honest, there is a sense of death in the archives, the kind that the *senex* brings, and this Hillman (2005) writes, “is the death that comes through perfection and order. It is the death of accomplishment and fulfillment, a death which grows in power within any complex or attitude as that psychological process matures through consciousness into order, becoming habitual and dom-

inant—and therefore unconscious again. Paradoxically, we are least conscious where we are most conscious” (p. 45). This is the awkward truth Jung had discerned and as the archives lie below the surface and require twilight vision we are confronted with this uneasy paradox. The perfection and order of the collections down in the archives is a death and the consciousness that created them has become unconscious in their orderliness—and here lies the danger—the hardening, the dryness, consciousness losing touch with life. And without the folly of life Hillman (2005) writes, the *senex* “has no wisdom, only knowledge—serious depressing, hoarded in an academic vault or used as power” (p. 48). This is a serious archetypal constellation and I must admit feeling a little fear at times in the face of the hoarding impulse that comes with this territory.

The cure is like to like, and so *senex* needs *puer*. *Puer* as “avatar of the psyche’s spiritual aspect” (Hillman, 2005, p. 50), as aesthetic intuition, insight, and the blossoming of imagination. This *puer* blossoming, in relationship to *senex* rootedness, is the life that visits the archives, the ideas seeking ground, spirit seeking form and discipline.

And that is what happens when *you* come into the archives—spinning fantasies of golden treasure and fantastic flights of imagination, you wander through the stacks, through the boxes and pages within, longing for a reflection of your own ideas, an authoritative buttressing of your notions; you are lost, you get lost, not sure where to go but with a glorious idea about where you are going, for just around the next box is going to be that very passage that will have everything fall into place in your project, you can feel it. . . . you are the spirit, the *puer* impulse that the *senex* archives need so as not to harden, not dry out, to stay in touch with life. As a union of the same, *senex* and *puer* belong together, seek one another, and when they unite knowledge becomes wisdom, and spirit and insight find reflection and form.

In Between

Archives exist in between this union of *senex* and *puer*. And really, if we look at what makes an archive, it is the ever-constant cycling of these two figures—coming into the archives, becoming a part of the archives, only to return again and infuse the archives with questions and spirited life, which will then become yet another part of the archives. An *ouroboric* image like Opus’ logo of the circle

with two tails—the inflowing of ideas, becoming form, and eventually flowing out again. Ultimately, what makes up a life is what makes up Opus.

As stewards our mission at Opus is to preserve, develop and extend to the world the Hillman collection, along with the other eight scholars whose work we care for. This threefold mission is mirrored in our programs, which include offering scholarships, research grants, educational programs, community events, and research access to the collections, both physically and digitally. And yet while our mission and programs reveal all that we do, there is still a palpable mystique to the archives; this place necessarily constellates a sense of mystery and has a concealed aspect that serves *senex* well. So here are some images to bring the mysterious quality to a place where our work can be felt. To preserve the work is to attend to the paper bodies and organize the work so that the breadth of a collection is cohesive; ordering the threads so as to mirror the end product of an intellect's life but at the same time to lead to unexpected finds, connections that exist beyond the boxes being placed alongside one another.

We also preserve the work by digitizing because in the end no amount of proper storage, air conditioning and humidity control will allow these pieces to last forever. We have to remember that they are paper bodies and like all bodies they will eventually disintegrate, fall apart. So we dance with Hermes, a constant *puer* companion, and capture the audio lectures, pictures and slides, handwritten notes in a digital image. All the while knowing over time these formats too will have to change, and the digital body will transform.

Our second charge is to develop the collections, and while this does include bringing new collections in over time, I want to focus more on the aspect of development that has to do with deepening, not just growing. To develop James' work means refining the catalogue of what we have and eventually developing a sophistication in our database that will allow us to cross reference all the places, all the boxes and lectures or drafts therein around a theme, or a figure. Imagine the depth of association and connection in being able to locate throughout James' collection all the places he quoted Plotinus, or mentioned Zeus, or Demeter. This deepening development would allow us to move from the universal view of James' paper body and into the particular. We would move from seeing Pan across 10 boxes and find him on one snippet of paper, reflected in one of James' thoughts.

And finally, extending the collections into the world is making them available to more schools, scholars, students, artists, writers. Opus seeks to support interdisciplinary dialogue as it informs critical current issues in the fields of the Humanities, the Arts, Cultural and Civic Life, Education, Social Justice, the Environment, and Health and Healing. All these themes we find reflected in James' work because these themes are what constitute our lives, individually and collectively.

Educating our community and the wider culture to the treasures that we have and the importance of the work that lies therein is part of our vision and mission. I often refer to Opus as a "living archive" because these treasures *are* alive in that they offer among many things wisdom, curiosity, shifts in perspectives, challenges, and confirmations to the questions that we seek in our own work to circumscribe answers to, articulate, complicate, think on and go further, deeper.

It takes a community to support Opus' work of caring and making available the legacy of our elders and our ancestors, for us now and for future generations. James Hillman has become our ancestor, one of the great men of the past he himself honored and this passage from elder to ancestor is what we are now paying tribute to. And as a community we are honored and challenged to attend, care, and give, in order to sustain his legacy.

I have one last story to share from a woman who had volunteered at the newly created archives in the early 90's when Joseph Campbell's library arrived at Opus. In the midst of our conversation she shared an extraordinary memory and kindly gave me permission to share it with you today. She was sitting in the Campbell Library on Pacifica's Lambert Road campus and the door was open. Suddenly James appeared in the doorway, backlit. He was vivid, she said, there with his smile and warmth. He took a breath and in his rich voice said, "Ah, the heart of the place."

References

- Hillman, J. (2005). *Senex & puer*. Uniform Edition Vol. 3. Glen Slater (Ed.). Putnam, CT: Spring Publications.