

**Oer, DEVELOPING HER VOICE:
A Heroine's Journey to Literary Individuation through Speculative Fiction**

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Abstract

Oer, Developing Her Voice: A Heroine's Journey to Literary Individuation through Speculative Fiction consists of original science fiction creative works set in post-apocalyptic Wales alongside a personal case study integrated into a critical commentary. The research explores creative wholeness in the female psyche by utilising the Taliesin myth, childhood development, and alchemical and Jungian concepts. Thus, the reflective essay is part profoundly personal depth psychological case study and part memoir of a writer heroine's journey toward her voice and Awen, or writing flow, despite C-PTSD as a survivor of sexual abuse including Brownmiller's 'father rape' (1993). The work proposes that creative expression post-childhood trauma directly relates to critical issues of attachment and childhood identity formation and that integration, individuation, and thus literary individuation may be cultivated. Tools explored include expressive arts, spiritual ritual, synchronicity, Sandplay therapy, dream, symbol work, and body-oriented process work, such as Bioenergetic, Primal Scream, and Reichian. Inner work addressed unconscious issues and traumatic cellular memory material; this facilitated the expulsion of poisonous animus or other psyche shadow introjects while cultivating psyche wholeness and a healthy animus or masculine 'soul-image', and thus literary individuation. The study highlights facilitating the development and voice of the Inner Child, akin to Jung's Divine Child. Grand and Alpert note the dearth of literature describing 'the psychic experience of incest' with its 'unspeakable, terrifying, disintegrative, and worldless realms' (1992); thus, the work may illuminate other disciplines. Finally, this academic narrative fulfils Charles L Whitfield's directive that healing the 'Child Within' entails 'sharing and telling our story' to reclaim the 'Real Self' and actualise 'transformation' (1987). Moreover, the research yields unique insights into researcher-screenwriter artistic practice, psychological development, and the processes of psyche and literary individuation, making a substantial contribution to screenwriting creative practice as research within the realms of creative writing and creativity research.

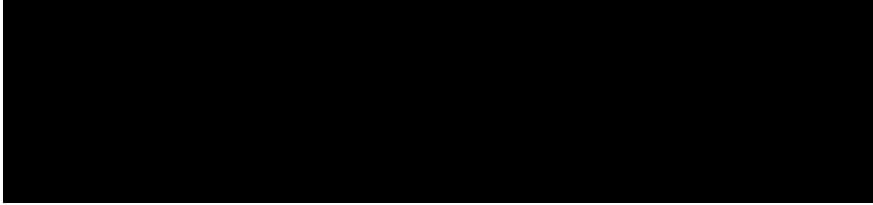
Synopsis of Screenplay(s)

A remote secret South Wales black ops military bioweapons research facility releases a Zai retrovirus as part of the US military collaborating with inhuman enemies crossing into planet Earth's dimension and timeline to take over the world. Upon learning she and her little sister Rhan (11) were infected by their military scientist father Talan (50s), Abertha (14), who has lost all hope for a better future, steals a suicide drug. After Abertha refuses to help her sister fight back, the younger girl runs away into the dead zone. Then, Abertha reluctantly accepts the help of Daffyd (30s), a soldier seeking the truth about his suicide-victim brother Iwan, to escape the base. Mid horrific human-Zai hybrid mutation, Talan pursues, planning to fulfil his dark desires in the zone's isolation. Mind-controlled soldiers and mutating hybrids in pursuit, Abertha and Daffyd trek through terrible earth changes where the alien world bleeds into and infects human reality and narrowly escapes or kills pursuers. Talan closes in, and Daffyd sacrifices himself so that Abertha has a chance to fight. After fighting and killing Talan, Abertha realises she saved Rhan and that she'll never quit. She discards the suicide drug. Then Abertha learns that Rhan wasn't running away; she was running to. Like the Zai extraterrestrials, the youngest sister now sees multiple realities. In a secret lab, across the dead zone, is a Zai alien device that can reset time. Together, the girls reset reality and time to before the invasion.

Declaration and Statements

DECLARATION

This work has not previously been accepted in substance for any degree and is not being concurrently submitted in candidature for any degree.



Date 1 December 2022

STATEMENT 1

This thesis is the result of my own investigations, except where otherwise stated.

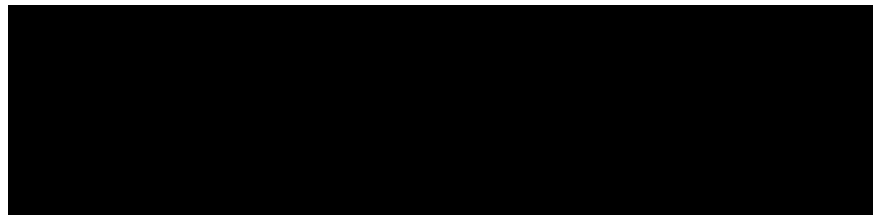


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Other sources are acknowledged by footnotes giving explicit references. A bibliography is appended.

STATEMENT 2

I hereby give consent for my thesis, if accepted, to be available for photocopying and for inter-library loan and for the title and summary to be made available to outside organisations.



Date 1 December 2022

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Land Acknowledgement

I gratefully acknowledge that small portions of this exegesis manuscript were penned near Payne's Prairie, once home to the Potano people, a tribe affiliated politically and linguistically with the Timucua, a prominent Indigenous presence in Central Florida, especially in Gainesville and Alachua County. Tragically, white settlers decimated the Timucua, though some merged with the Alachua Seminole tribes. Efforts must be made toward ‘decolonization’ and ‘reconciliation’^{2,3} including the return of land, tuition-free Indigenous education, robust reparations, as well as in-depth scrutiny of land-grant universities⁴ whose exploitative actions disproportionately harm Indigenous peoples.

¹ Françoise Gilot and Carlton Lake, *Life with Picasso* (New York: New York Review Books, 2019), p. 122.

² Robert Lee and Tristan Ahtone, ‘Land-grab Universities: Expropriated Indigenous Land is the Foundation of the Land-Grant University System’, *High Country News*, 30 March 2020. <<https://www.hcn.org/issues/52.4/indigenous-affairs-education-land-grab-universities>> [accessed 21 June 2021].

³ Cutcha Risling Baldy, *Eric Haas and Dr. Cutcha Risling Baldy Radical Educator Speech Series: Transformation Through Community Solidarity*, online video recording, YouTube, 27 January 2020, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3ShB_NHko8A/> [accessed 10 October 2022].

⁴ ‘Land-grab Universities’.

Content Advisory: Sensitive Themes

This profoundly personal thesis delves into the sensitive and explicit subject matter of my childhood abuse history, including the troubling issue of father-daughter incest and its enduring impact. The work occasionally references incidents of child sexual abuse (CSA) by others. The sincere intention of this work is to promote awareness and a deeper understanding of this crucial topic of child sexual abuse. While essential for a complete examination, these personal CSA revelations may be distressing. The intended academic audience can ideally self-regulate or manage emotional reactions, despite the content's nature. Yet, some readers may find these disclosures triggering. Also, the discussion briefly touches on death by suicide. If affected by any of these topics, readers are encouraged to seek psychological support. Safeguarding your psychological well-being as an engaged academic and human being is paramount. Graphic depictions of violence, particularly sexual assault of children, can lead to vicarious or secondary trauma and may activate latent or explicit instances of post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) or complex post-traumatic stress disorder (C-PTSD). Throughout your reading, prioritise your emotional well-being, and if necessary, take breaks or consider seeking professional support if the content becomes overwhelming or destabilising mentally or otherwise.

Ethical Note: Historical Citations & Scholarly Considerations

Inclusive discourse and adherence to modern ethics are the aims of this document; thus, consideration of historical context is vital. Citing historical figures—Mircea Eliade, C G Jung, Sigmund Freud, George Ohsawa, Michel Foucault, and others—involves ethical considerations. While acknowledging their scholarly contributions, it is vital to note that some persons cited abused power, marginalised people, and exhibited prejudices, including antisemitism and misogyny. Foucault allegedly abused children: he, Sartre, and others signed an arguably pro-paedophilia French petition and defended persons imprisoned for sexually molesting minors in France. Freud's retraction of sexual abuse findings silenced women's voices for decades. In writing, Jung advocated seducing, beating, or raping women as 'persuasion',⁵ and he displayed racial prejudice towards black people;⁶ these and other biases, including objectifying Indigenous persons as symbols, taint his work. Ohsawa blamed women, their 'attitude', 'ego', level of 'love' and diets for their husband's infidelity and physical abuse of them.⁷ Eliade was known to have supported Romanian nationalism and may have held antisemitic beliefs. Understand that including quotes does not endorse an author's entire ideology. Lastly, the use of the term 'shaman' in referencing Eliade's work and the author's experiences of the sacred is meant to serve academic discourse; the intention is to clarify the necessity of healing one's fractured soul or psyche and expelling introjects, and not to diminish the profound cultural meaning of the spiritual experiences or practices of members of Indigenous communities. This work aims to foster thoughtful discourse about the author's post-incest psyche and human and spiritual development, including her experiences of mystical realms and spiritual encounters, interconnected spiritual resonance, and observations around expanding awareness and creativity on her journey to literary individuation.

⁵ C G Jung, *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 9, Part II: Aion: Researches into the Phenomenology of the Self*, trans. by R F C Hull (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1959), p. 15

⁶ C G Jung, *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 10: Civilization in Transition* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1964), p. 47.

⁷ George Ohsawa, *Macrobiotic Guidebook for Living and Other Essays*, trans. by Herman Aihara (Chico: George Ohsawa Foundation, 2013), p. 60 (original emphasis).

Part One - Exegesis

Introduction - Ceridwen Myth

In Welsh myth, Ceridwen, a goddess or enchantress learned in the three mystic arts of magic, enchantment, and divination, lived with her husband Tegid Voel by Llyn Tegid, modern Lake Bala, in North Wales, with their son and daughter.⁸ The daughter Creirwy was the loveliest maiden in all creation; the son was named Morvran ab Tegid,⁹ 'Morfran Afagddu ('pitch-black sea-raven', i.e. 'cormorant')',¹⁰ meaning 'Utter darkness',¹¹ due to his ignorance and melancholy appearance. Ceridwen grew determined to help her son gain virtues or wisdom to win acceptance by the nobles. The woman knew that certain herbs gathered at specific days and times, boiled in a lit cauldron over a fire kept constantly kindled day and night, for a year and a day, would result in a three-drop essence and distillation of the merits and powers of the herbaceous plants.¹² When the trio of drops fell upon someone, the concoction would fill the person with astonishing abilities and the spirit of foresight, whilst the remaining herbal residue would be a potent poison, strong enough to shatter the cauldron. A blind man was set to stir the vessel's contents, while a young man named Gwion Bach was chosen to lead the elder and tend to the fire. On the day of consequence, Ceridwen was 'culling plants and making incantations'¹³ when three burning-hot drops of the divine infusion Awen ('genius; fancy; taste; the muse'¹⁴) sprang forth and fell upon Gwion Bach's hand. Cooling the burning hand in his mouth, the boy was illuminated, infused with the Awen, 'a poetical rapture, the gift of poetry',¹⁵ that 'aguen'¹⁶ or Awen, with its wisdom of the ages, and 'foresaw everything that was to come'.¹⁷ Straightaway the cauldron shrieked and shattered. Poisonous with rage due to a vision that the servant had stolen her son's gift, Ceridwen

⁸ *The Text of the Mabinogion and other Welsh Tales from the Red Book of Hergest*, ed. by John Rhŷs and J Gwenogvryn Evans (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1887).

⁹ D W Nash, *Taliesin; or, The Bards and Druids of Britain: A Translation of the Remains of the Earliest Welsh Bards, and an Examination of the Bardic Mysteries* (London: John Russell Smith, 1858).

¹⁰ *The Book of Taliesin: Poems of Warfare and Praise in an Enchanted Britain*, trans. by Gwyneth Lewis and Rowan Williams (London: Penguin Random House UK, 2019), p. xxxii. Kindle ebook.

¹¹ *The Mabinogi and Other Medieval Welsh Tales*, ed. by Patrick K Ford (Oakland: University of California Press, 1977, 2019), p. 153. Kindle ebook.

¹² Charlotte Guest, *The Mabinogion* (Mineola: Dover Publications, 1997).

¹³ Nash, loc. 3426.

¹⁴ 'Awen', in *Spurrell's Welsh-English Dictionary*, ed. by J Bodvan Anwyl, 12th edn (Carmarthen: W Spurrell & Son, 1934), p. 39.

¹⁵ Thomas Richards, *Antiquæ Linguae Britannicæ Thesaurus: a Welsh and English Dictionary* (London: Thomas Price, 1839), p. 74.

¹⁶ John T Koch, *Celtic Culture: A Historical Encyclopedia* (Santa Barbara: ABC-CLIO, 2005), p. 149.

¹⁷ *Taliesin; or, The Bards and Druids of Britain*, loc. 3426.

returned to pursue Gwion Bach. Now a seer, he saw her coming and fled, rapidly transforming himself each time Ceridwen got close enough to catch him.

With Gwion Bach in hare form running on the land, Ceridwen pursued him as a black greyhound from one place to another. Near a river, he became a shining fish and dove into the water, whereupon she instantly transformed into a female otter and followed. Nearly caught in the waterway, he became at once a bird and flew up into the sky, the goddess following in the guise of a hawk. Fearing for his life, exhausted, he fled into a barn full of ‘winnowed wheat’ and became a single grain; Ceridwen instantly became a ‘tufted black hen’ and, pecking away, rapidly found and ate Gwion Bach in seed form.¹⁸ Discovering she was pregnant, nine months later she delivered a child. Yet upon seeing the beautiful babe, she could neither murder him nor let anyone else do so. Instead, she put him into a coracle, a hide-covered basket or vessel, not unlike a cauldron, that fitted snugly about him and cast him into what in various accounts are a lake, a river, or the sea. Later he was found by Elffin, or Elphin, son of Gwyddn o Garanhir, a chieftain or ‘Lord of Ceredigion’.¹⁹ Elffin discovered the hide caught in a weir and found an infant with luminous skin inside. Struck by the newborn boy’s gleaming visage, Elffin exclaimed, ‘Wele dal Jesin!’²⁰ or ‘behold the radiant forehead (i.e., tal iesin)!²¹ meaning he of the ‘shining brow’.²² Named Taliesin accordingly, the baby poet and prophet soon uttered divine poetry. When his father later asked him if he had netted any fish, Elffin replied that most certainly he had caught something far better: a Bard.

The ancient *Tale of Gwion Bach to Taliesin*, wherein a human transforms and gains the gifts of prophecy, shapeshifting, and ultimately poetry, reveals how a screenwriter might similarly acquire bardic Awen boons and progress their literary individuation. This tale, or ‘hanes’,²³ is a portal to a liminal space wherein the ‘initiatory literature (shamanic, meditative, hallucinogenic)’, in the words of Mark Kuras,²⁴ may transform a receptive scribe. Murray Stein wrote about the ‘psychological understanding and insight’, the ‘gnosis’ or ‘knowledge’ of the ‘individuation journey’, held within story

¹⁸ *The Mabinogi and Other Medieval Welsh Tales*, p. 152.

¹⁹ *Taliesin; or, The Bards and Druids of Britain*, loc. 694.

²⁰ *Ystoria Taliesin*, ed. and trans. by Patrick K Ford (Cardiff: University of Wales Press, 1992), p. 69.

²¹ *The Mabinogi and Other Medieval Welsh Tales*, p. 157.

²² *The Book of Taliesin: Poems of Warfare and Praise in an Enchanted Britain*, pp. xvi-xviii.

²³ ‘Hanes’, in *Gweiadur the Welsh-English Dictionary* [online], <<https://gweiadur.com/welsh-dictionary/hanes/>> [accessed 10 October 2018].

²⁴ Mark Kuras, ‘Numinosity/femininity’, in *The Idea of the Numinous: Contemporary Jungian and Psychoanalytic Perspectives*, ed. by Ann Casement and David Tacey (London: Routledge, 2006), p. 80.

or ‘narrative structures’²⁵, including myths and fairy tales. The myth, or story—more than a map of the process of psyche advancement—is a catalyst for the individuation process due to containing Jung’s ‘archetypes’,²⁶ those ‘images impressed upon the mind since of old’.²⁷ Due to this, a myth—a ‘well-known expression of the archetype’ or ‘conscious and specifically moulded forms [...] handed on, relatively unchanged, through long periods of time’²⁸—serves as an imaginal potion of sorts. The transmission of this medicine serves to awaken or initiate in the recipient a unique ‘psychic happening’.²⁹ This follows from ‘an *experience in the image of the image*’³⁰ which is a catalytic and alchemical experience due to the mythic ‘archetypes of transformation’.³¹ As Joseph Campbell wrote, ‘It would not be too much to say that myth is the secret opening through which the inexhaustible energies of the cosmos pour into the human cultural manifestation’.³² That is to say, the monomyth, like Ceridwen's womb-like cauldron and the Gwion Bach to Taliesin tale, is the vessel through which powerful collective unconscious archetypes, or energies, and symbols are birthed. Campbell makes clear that ‘the prime function of mythology and rite’ is ‘to supply the symbols that carry the human spirit forward’.³³ In Campbell’s words, these are humanity’s necessary ‘ageless initiation symbolism’ or ‘initiatory images so necessary to the psyche that if they are not supplied from without, through myth and ritual’, then they will emerge ‘through dream, from within’.³⁴ Mircea Eliade puts it thus, ‘The myth relates a sacred history, that is, a primordial event that took place at the beginning of time [...] to relate a sacred history is equivalent to revealing a mystery’,³⁵ though I postulate it is possible to live a mystery through the embodied experience, reading or otherwise, of a story or sacred ceremony.

In this sense, a story is a form of sacred ceremony or ritual. As spiritual ritual is a form of narrative creation. The archetypes and symbols, or ancient energies, contained in the narrative resonate in the unconscious, facilitating alchemy and expansion of awareness in the psyche of the reader, listener, or viewer. ‘Myth is the primordial

²⁵ Murray Stein, *The Principle of Individuation: Toward the Development of Human Consciousness* (Asheville: Chiron Publications, 2015), pp. 65-70.

²⁶ C G Jung, *The Integration of the Personality* (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, & Co., Ltd., 1941), p. 53 (original emphasis).

²⁷ *Ibid.*

²⁸ *Ibid.*

²⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 55.

³⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 89 (original emphasis).

³¹ *Ibid.*

³² Joseph Campbell, *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* (Mill Valley: Stillpoint Digital Press, 2020), p. 23.

³³ *Ibid.*, p. 27.

³⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 26-27.

³⁵ Mircea Eliade, *The Sacred and the Profane: The Nature of Religion*, trans. Willard R Trask (New York: Harcourt, Inc., 1987), p. 95.

language natural to these psychic processes’, advises C G Jung, ‘and no intellectual formulation comes anywhere near the richness and expressiveness of mythical imagery’.³⁶ I require ancient symbolic knowledge working upon my psyche and awareness. In the archetypal sense, these images or energies emanate from the thin-place rife earth where rarefied ‘stars’ beam’³⁷ in ‘wild Wales’.³⁸ Paul Devereux posits that earth-based environmental primordial energies emanate from the land, which he terms an ‘earth force’,³⁹ particularly in ‘old, natural sacred spots’.⁴⁰ An example is the wavy lines emanating from the earth carved on ‘an interior standing stone’ in ‘the Neolithic chambered mound of Barclodiad-y-Gawres on the isle of Anglesey, Wales’.⁴¹ Lucien Lévy-Bruhl notes in writing about ‘totemic centres’ that a ‘land its people are one; animals and plants, all belong together in a unity, and this is in a literal sense, not just metaphorically’.⁴² Quoting A P Elkin, Lévy-Bruhl indicated that this ‘bond between a person and his (or her) country is not merely geographical or fortuitous, but living and spiritual and sacred. His country ... is the symbol of, and gateway to, the great unseen world of heroes, ancestors, and life-giving powers which avail for man and nature’.⁴³ Wales, the birthplace of many a bard, beckons me. As David Abram indicates, ‘the animate, expressive landscape *itself* carries the stories’ as the tale-teller is ‘translating secret or sacred matters *overheard* from the speaking earth’,⁴⁴ and in Wales, the land and archetypes may sing through the would-be poet-bard storyteller.

As ‘ancestral affinity between story and earthly place is a key’,⁴⁵ I must return to the mystical, mythical, sacred living land of my forebears. Sipping Awen from the ‘expressive, animate power’⁴⁶ of ‘the dreaming land’⁴⁷ of my DNA in Cymru, where ancients of my blood lie buried, will change me. In Wales, I will ‘listen to the many-voiced landscape’⁴⁸ and fill my creative well with the distilled poetic inspiration from

³⁶ C G Jung, *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 12: Psychology and Alchemy*, trans. by R F C Hull, ed. by H Read and others (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1980), pp. 72-74. Kindle ebook.

³⁷ *The Mabinogi and Other Medieval Welsh Tales*, Appendix: ‘Cad Goddeu’, ed. by Patrick K Ford (Oakland: University of California Press, 1977, 2019), p. 175. Kindle ebook.

³⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 172.

³⁹ Paul Devereux, *The Powers of Ancient and Sacred Places* (Brisbane: Daily Grail Publishing, 2021), p. 30.

⁴⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 20.

⁴¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 30-31.

⁴² Lucien Lévy-Bruhl, *Primitive Mythology: The Mythic World of the Australian and Papuan Natives*, trans. by Brian Elliott (St Lucia: University of Queensland Press, 1983), pp. 42-43.

⁴³ A P Elkin, ‘The Secret Life of the Australian Aborigines’, *Oceania*, 3.2 (1932), 119-143 (p. 130).

⁴⁴ David Abram, ‘Foreword’, in Martin Shaw, *Scatterlings: Getting Claimed in the Age of Amnesia* (Ashland: White Cloud Press, 2016), p. viii. Kindle ebook (original emphasis).

⁴⁵ *Ibid.*

⁴⁶ *Ibid.*, p. ix.

⁴⁷ *Ibid.*, p. x.

⁴⁸ *Ibid.*

Ceridwen's cauldron, the well of the 'Celtic Otherworld',⁴⁹ or 'Annwfn'.⁵⁰ Moreover, I shall seek to do this with full psychological awareness, awareness described as the ability to observe reality, inner and outer, as defined by Drs Hal and Sidra Stone.⁵¹ In this sense, Ceridwen's pregnancy, her expanding womb holding embryonic Gwion Bach-Taliesin, parallels the expansion of consciousness and revisioning of reality. This facilitates C G Jung's 'alchemical union of opposites' or 'the mystery of the coniunctio', the inner marriage of the contrasexual parts, meaning the union of female consciousness and the masculine aspect within,⁵² pregnant with psyche wholeness, pending integration and individuation, resulting in voice or literary individuation. This symbolic and literal marriage of the land body, meaning the union of my feminine body and being—ancestral and incarnate—and the king of my psyche, my animus, will require Jung's 'progress and regression'⁵³ or 'night sea journey'.⁵⁴ As Gwion Bach transformed in Cerdiwen's belly, my psyche aspects, particularly the animus—or masculine principle—my foetal 'sun-god' will be 'shut up in the mother's womb'⁵⁵ of a personal alchemy process. Per Marie-Louise von Franz, 'Jung has shown that the mythological child motif is a symbol of the Self, i.e., one of the many images which illustrate the mystical, divine core of the human being',⁵⁶ and being a cisgender female, the male babe Taliesin is my newly budding animus. The flames of the fire beneath the cauldron and vessel itself are symbolic of and a warning of the trials to come; Joseph Campbell specifies that 'Fire is a symbol of the night journey, the upcoming of shadow—repressed biography, history, and traumas—and the burning out of [...] malice'.⁵⁷ The sea is the vast unconscious as well as the unspoken of my psyche and being. Yet the work is beyond identifying the symbolic.

Why opt for Campbell's hero's journey and not a heroine's journey model? The hero's journey, as outlined by Joseph Campbell's monomyth, is a narrative structure that is often associated with male protagonists, although it is critical to note that the hero's journey can indeed be applied to anyone, despite debates surrounding its universality and

⁴⁹ *The Mabinogi and Other Medieval Welsh Tales*, p. 56.

⁵⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 34.

⁵¹ Hal Stone and Sidra Stone, *Embracing Our Selves: The Voice Dialogue Manual* (Novato: Nataraj Publishing, 1989), locs. 440-444. Kindle ebook.

⁵² C G Jung, *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 14: Mystorium Coniunctionis: An Inquiry into the Separation and Synthesis of Psychic Opposites in Alchemy*, trans. by R F C Hull, ed. by H Read and others (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1963), p. 166.

⁵³ *The Essential Jung: Selected Writings*, intro. by Anthony Storr (London: Harper Press, 1998), p. 63. Kindle ebook.

⁵⁴ Daryl Sharp, *C G Jung Lexicon: A Primer of Terms & Concepts* (Toronto: Inner City Books, 1991), p. 126.

⁵⁵ *The Essential Jung*, p. 63.

⁵⁶ Marie-Louise von Franz, *Individuation in Fairy Tales* (Boulder: Shambhala, 2017), p. 19. Kindle ebook.

⁵⁷ Joseph Campbell, *A Joseph Campbell Companion: Reflections on the Art of Living*, ed. by Robert Walter (Mill Valley: Stillpoint Digital Press, 2011), p. 152. Kindle ebook

questions about its relevance to feminine stories. Feminist critiques of Campbell's Hero's Journey often argue that the work does not address the heroine's journey. However, it's crucial to note that the Hero's Journey framework is a descriptive model of narrative structure as it pertains to human psyche development, not a prescriptive template for a story. In the context of heroines, especially if viewed through a depth psychological lens, the Hero's Journey can be an invaluable tool to consider essential internal and external evolution. This approach acknowledges the requirement for subtle adjustments that capture the breadth of diverse female experiences. Joseph Campbell's assertion, quoted by Maureen Murdock, posits that 'women don't need to make the journey', as 'In the whole mythological tradition the woman is *there* [...] the place that people are trying to get to'.^{58,59} However, this notion of woman as the destination sought—exclusively relevant to heterosexual men integrating their animus or feminine aspect, emotionality and spirituality, or other traits considered internal or receptive—is challenged by Campbell's response to Bill Moyers' question, 'Why are there so many stories of the hero in mythology?', with, 'Because that's what's worth writing about [...] A hero is someone who has given his or her life to something bigger than oneself'.⁶⁰

Campbell clarifies that heroism derives from dedicating oneself to a larger purpose, transcending gender confines. Campbell's universal perspective, encompassing any human, underscores the core of personal growth in facing trials and surmounting challenges. The hero's journey and the monomyth structure resonate cross-culturally, reflecting humanity's shared aspiration for progress amidst adversity as they mirror the psychological and emotional journey that individuals undertake over their lives.⁶¹ The journey speaks to a shared human desire to achieve, evolve, and transcend limitations and obstacles. We embark on a Hero's Journey because life is impermanent, recognising that existence is a sequence of trials, and the psyche yearns for 'the soul's high adventure'.⁶² In embarking on this heroine's journey, it is crucial to set aside any historical and cultural limitations in Campbell and Jung's perceptions and depictions of women or others. Although several scholars, namely Maureen Murdock, Stacey Simmons, Maria Tatar and Helen Jacey, have contributed scholarly works and relevant concepts to academic inquiry

⁵⁸ Joseph Campbell, interview, New York. 15 September 1981, cited in Maureen Murdock, *The Heroine's Journey: Woman's Quest for Wholeness* (Boulder: Shambhala, 1990), p. 2 (original emphasis).

⁵⁹ Maureen Murdock, *The Heroine's Journey: Woman's Quest for Wholeness* (Boulder: Shambhala, 1990), p. 2.

⁶⁰ Joseph Campbell, *The Power of Myth* (New York: Anchor Books, 1991), p. 152. Kindle ebook.

⁶¹ *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, p. 7.

⁶² *Ibid.*, p. 37.

into the feminine journey, alternative storytelling approaches, and female-centred characters, and aim to address gender imbalances in narratives, there are reasons their diverse frameworks for conceptualising the heroine's or woman's journey will not be used in this context. From this viewpoint, let us briefly examine the works of Maureen Murdock, Stacey Simmons, Maria Tatar and Helen Jacey.

Maureen Murdock's concept of the journey for women is deeply rooted in her personal experience as one of the 'daughters of the father'; this type of woman idealised, identified with, and closely allied herself with her father and certain dominant masculine cultural values.⁶³ This perspective, a hyper-directed career-focused or hypermasculine view of reality, shapes Murdock's exploration of the feminine journey. Hence, her concepts might not have universal applicability, especially concerning women who underwent childhood trauma at the hands of their fathers and never connected with their father's journey or for women who never shared Murdock's particular past values. Stacey Simmons's critique of the Hero's Journey framework, debating the use of the hero's journey for female stories, calls for reevaluating its application to women's narratives and introduces an important perspective into the discourse of storytelling. Simmons proposes an alternative framework called the 'Queen's Path', which emphasises the importance of acknowledging the 'Divided Woman' and aligning with the Queen archetype on a Heroine's Journey. As part of this, the heroine rejects limiting archetypes like Maiden in Search of Relationship (MISOR) and Magical, Isolated, Powerful, & Endangered (MIPE). Simmons asserts that embracing the sovereign role of a Queen empowers women to transcend societal expectations and tell their stories, promoting empowerment and equality. Yet, not every woman perceives herself as trapped between MISOR and MIPE, the archetypes identified by Simmons.

In *The Woman in the Story: Writing Memorable Female Characters*, attempting to rectify gender disparities, author Helen Jacey notably omits references to terms such as 'monomyth,' 'Joseph Campbell,' 'Hero's Journey,' and 'Jung'.⁶⁴ Likewise, the phrase 'Heroine's Journey' is absent, though the term 'psyche' is used twice, ironically only in reference to 'male psyche needs'⁶⁵ and 'a child's psyche'.⁶⁶ The author primarily focuses

⁶³ *The Heroine's Journey*, p. 29.

⁶⁴ Helen Jacey, *The Woman in the Story: Writing Memorable Female Characters* (Studio City: Michael Wiese Productions, 2010).

⁶⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 140.

⁶⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 181.

on the 'power of the heroine' as the central character. As with other female scholars here, Jacey's stance aligns her with an innocence-privileged viewpoint when she writes indifferently about irritation with a heroine who is 'passive through too much abuse'⁶⁷ or discusses the 'assault, violence, rape, or abuse'⁶⁸ of women and female characters from the position of an author expert or authority who can speak for all women. Maria Tatar explores women from the mythic to the modern and their adventures and occasional struggles to be heard.⁶⁹ Yet Tatar overgeneralises in writing, 'Driven by conflict and conquest, this narrative arc utterly fails as a model of women's experience'.⁷⁰ Then mocks the notion of 'a "mystical marriage"'.⁷¹ When stripped of its man-made religious connotations, the 'mystery of the coniunctio' emerges as a genderless critical alchemical concept;⁷² it offers symbols and language to understand a psyche evolution journey and potential for an inner union of opposites, as illustrated by myth.⁷³ Further, Tartar criticises Campbell's philosophical maxim 'Follow your bliss' as 'corny and banal' and likens his considerable scholarship and Jung's life's work to 'a remnant of [...] hippie culture with its faith in flower power'.⁷⁴ These statements reveal a lack of comprehension or authority within these domains; similarly, any monomyth binary model is Tatar's projection.

Maureen Murdock, Stacey Simmons, Maria Tatar and Helen Jacey undoubtedly contribute significant concepts to the dialogue around the feminine journey. Nevertheless, as noted previously in this text, concerns arise when authors make broad assertions about their heroine's journey concept as applicable to all women or engage in discussions of themes, including violence against women, when lacking a foundation of experiential knowledge. This raises reservations about their scholarship and capacity to speak on behalf of all women. It becomes apparent that these frameworks display limitations and marginalise specific experiences, such as those of women who endured interpersonal violence or parental abuse. Each of these frameworks adopts a particular perspective that fails to adequately address the experiences of women who underwent profound childhood trauma, particularly at the hands of their fathers. While these theories and approaches may possess insights, they inadvertently sustain constraints and exclusions within the

⁶⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 53.

⁶⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 112-113.

⁶⁹ Maria Tatar, *The Heroine with 1001 Faces* (New York: Liveright Publishing Corp, 2021).

⁷⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 21.

⁷¹ *Ibid.*, p. 21.

⁷² *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 14: Mysterium Coniunctionis*, pp. 165-166.

⁷³ *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, p. 174.

⁷⁴ *The Heroine with 1001 Faces*, p. xiii.

broader narrative discourse. These frameworks inadequately captured my own experience as a woman who, as a girl, experienced severe violations perpetrated by my father and others. Trauma survivors navigate unique challenges and journeys that diverge from the superficially heroine-centric frameworks presented here. Individuals often project their experience onto narrative frameworks or narratives, leading to literature and theories based on a notably narrow, potentially biased perspective that lacks intersectionality. In contrast to these viewpoints, the Hero's Journey paradigm and its monomythic structure emerge as a resilient, highly flexible framework. Characterised by its inherent universality, complexity, and adaptability, the monomyth nurtures a nuanced and multifaceted comprehension of human experiences, emotions, and evolving identities.

Campbell's Hero's Journey framework, and thus the Christopher Vogler adapted version,⁷⁵ is a timeless and universally relatable framework for storytelling and understanding the human experience. The universal nature of the monomyth makes it uniquely adaptable to be inclusive of diverse humans and their unique experiences. The absence of intersectionality in Joseph Campbell's Hero's Journey framework is what lends it limitless applicability. Beyond considerations of the journey and its elements related to one's anima or animus, or their equivalent for non-binary individuals, the Hero's Journey primarily centres on an individual's spiritual and psychological development through a series of archetypal stages, without constraints related to race, class, ethnicity or sexuality. Any unique challenges and complexities encountered by individuals from diverse backgrounds on their journeys can still be recognised as Hero's Journey Elements, including Threshold Guardians, Adversaries, Monsters or Creatures, Challenges and Trials, the Abyss or Belly of the Beast, the Shadow Self, Temptation, Betrayal, the Ultimate Ordeal, The Road Back, or Resisting the Return, among others.

Christopher Vogler wrote that the 'Hero's Journey [...] is more than just [...] the hidden patterns of mythology. It is a useful guide to life, especially the writer's life'⁷⁶. Vogler suggests that each 'storyteller bends the mythic pattern to his or her own purpose or the needs of a particular culture'.⁷⁷ Using a screenwriter's hero's journey framework, alongside the Gwion Bach to Taliesin transformation tale as waking mythos work, I will seek to better understand and facilitate change in my creative writing process. While

⁷⁵ Christopher Vogler, *The Writer's Journey: Mythic Structure for Writers* (Studio City: Michael Wiese Productions, 2020).

⁷⁶ *Ibid.*, p. xvii.

⁷⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 6-7.

Campbell's Hero's Journey has faced feminist critiques regarding its applicability to heroines, its depth psychological perspective renders it a valuable lens for reflecting upon a personal journey. However, it's important to adapt it to account for the diverse experiences of women. A depth psychological or psyche evolution perspective, meaning Jung's 'individuation process' or 'alchemical *opus*' symbolised by 'the "philosophical" tree' or a 'mandala',⁷⁸ of the progression toward wholeness, is crucial. Marie Trevelyan states that the 'history of Taliesin is the oldest Welsh story of the transmigration of the soul,'⁷⁹ soul interpreted to mean psyche, which, per the *Cambridge Academic Content Dictionary*, means 'the mind, or the deepest thoughts, feelings, or beliefs of a person or group'.⁸⁰ Thus, the psyche is the deepest part or soul of the writer. This notion of psyche, in the framework of a hero's journey, offers a lens to glimpse the normally hidden consciousness of the writer, as well as to illuminate Freud's unvoiced or unspoken aspects in themselves, creative works and creative process. A hero or heroine's journey has numerous steps which may take place in chronological order or not, if at all.

Christopher Vogler and David McKenna described the expedition as 'a pattern of narrative [...] that appears in drama, storytelling, myth, religious ritual, and psychological development'.⁸¹ Vogler and McKenna stress that the story concept of 'the typical adventure of the archetype known as The Hero' is that 'person who goes out and achieves great deeds on behalf of the group, tribe or civilization'.⁸² The word hero, then, representing an 'archetype'—Jung's 'primordial' or 'universal images'⁸³ or energies—is ancillary and has nothing to do with the gender of the person who sets out. Per Campbell, the protagonist starts out in the ordinary world and then receives a 'Call to Adventure'.⁸⁴ In relation to one's personal or creative process or project(s) monomyth(s), a hero or heroine is often undertaking multiple journeys at once. Creative work will provide a feedback loop about where I might do depth psyche personal transformation work to cultivate unique authorial voice, psyche and literary individuation and advance my writing craft. This essay will be a captain's logbook of my screenwriter heroine's

⁷⁸ C G Jung, *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 9, Part 1: The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*, trans. by R F C Hull, ed. by H Read and others (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1969), pp. 322-323.

⁷⁹ Marie Trevelyan, *Folk-Lore and Folk-Stories of Wales* (London: Elliot Stock, 1909), p. 304.

⁸⁰ *Cambridge Academic Content Dictionary* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2009), p. 754.

⁸¹ Christopher Vogler and David McKenna, *Memo from the Story Department: Secrets of Structure and Character* (Studio City: Michael Wiese Productions, 2011), p. 33.

⁸² *Ibid.*

⁸³ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 9, Part 1: The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*, pp. 4-5.

⁸⁴ *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, p. 48.

journey.⁸⁵ And, split infinitives aside, I commit to a personal alchemical voyage ‘to boldly go’ where no woman has gone before.⁸⁶ The work will accordingly be a record of how one person transmutes leaden private material into gold to further her psyche and voice or literary individuation. Mircea Eliade described Jung’s individualisation process as a shamanic ‘initiation pattern’⁸⁷ whereby ‘the unconscious undergoes processes which express themselves in alchemical symbolism tending toward psyche results corresponding to the *results of hermetic operations*’⁸⁸. While the ‘single hero story’ touches on universal aspects of the path to ‘Principium individuationis’⁸⁹ each person’s process of unfolding ‘wholeness’,⁹⁰ or ‘union of conscious and unconscious’,⁹¹ is unique. As literary individuation derives conceptually from psyche individuation, clarifying the term is valuable. Michael G Kelly defined literary individuation as ‘the set of processes whereby an authorial name comes to stand for and indeed transcend a body of work’.⁹²

In more pragmatic terms, Madeline Sonik defined literary individuation as how ‘Creative Writing educators’ may facilitate student writers in achieving ‘personal growth and maturation by engaging with the unconscious in the writing process’.⁹³ This essay interprets literary individuation as the emerging wholeness, writer's psyche unity, within the creative process and projects. Specifically, it aligns with a creative writing principium individuationis, deriving from Jung's concept of individuation or wholeness derived from ‘a union of opposites’⁹⁴ in the writer's psyche, shaping their creative practice and work. For the writer, this philosopher’s stone of personal alchemy is akin to a writerly slant on Jung’s individuation, or whole Self and ‘totality of all the psychic processes, both conscious as well as unconscious’.⁹⁵ Thus, literary individuation involves the authentic, inimitable Writer Self. My methodology involves autobiography coupled with practice-based creative work analysis. Qualitative research data sources include reflective journals, inner work records, and creative process and creative work artefacts. This

⁸⁵ Joel Engel, *Gene Roddenberry: the Myth and the Man behind Star Trek* (New York: Hyperion, 1994), p. 64.

⁸⁶ *Star Trek*, NBC, 8 September 1966, 8.30pm.

⁸⁷ Mircea Eliade, *The Forge and the Crucible: The Origins and Structures of Alchemy*, 2nd edn, trans. by Stephen Corrin (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1978), pp. 149-151.

⁸⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 223 (original emphasis).

⁸⁹ C G Jung, *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 13: Alchemical Studies*, trans. by R F C Hull, ed. by H Read and others (Hove: Routledge, 2014), p. 196. Kindle ebook.

⁹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 181.

⁹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 180.

⁹² Michael G Kelly, ‘Literary Individuation and the Ethnography of Indifference: Reading Augé after Houellebecq’, *Irish Journal of French Studies*, 9(1), (January 2009), 69-92 (p. 70).

⁹³ Madeline Sonik, ‘Creative Writing Practice and Pedagogy: A Jungian Approach’ (unpublished doctoral dissertation, The University of British Columbia, 2006), p. ii.

⁹⁴ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 13: Alchemical Studies*, p. 254.

⁹⁵ C G Jung, *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 6: Psychological Types*, trans. by H G Baynes (Edinburgh: T and A Constable, 1953), p. 588.

process follows a spiral pattern where creative work and critical essay interweave, akin to the 'oscillatory' method described by Sarah Dobbs.⁹⁶ Jung asserted that 'The symbolic process is an experience *in images and of images*', and that the images or 'pictures in the Tarot cards were distinctly descended from the archetypes of transformation'.⁹⁷ In *The Wildwood Tarot*, a tarot deck meant to 'stir the soul and sing the song',⁹⁸ Mark Ryan and John Mathews describe 'The Mirror' card. With a 'dark, serpentine' female, holding both a mirror and a crystal ball, the card is rooted in '*Ceridwen's cauldron*' and symbolises 'dizzy change from one state of being to another'.⁹⁹ Ryan and Mathews write:

In many traditions the initiator into hidden knowledge is a female figure that reveals insights and wisdom to those on a spiritual sojourn' and is one of those 'archetypes' which 'represent the unconscious journey of the soul into deeper awareness and wisdom. [...] It is also a precondition of this experience that some kind of wounding has taken place. It is through the pain and endurance of the wounding that wisdom comes, at which point the individual can cross the lake to the island of healing and protection. It is a natural state of surrender that allows the inner self to travel across the emotional sea to the otherworld.¹⁰⁰

In the vein of Ceridwen and Taliesin's transmogrification and transformative experiences, this research seeks to unravel the complexities of the writer's psyche, creative process, and creative output and how those might be transformed. Collected data will include written and visual data, expressive arts, dialogues with parts of self, diary entries including dreams, symbol research, and spiritual ritual practice notes, one or more Sandplay Categorical Checklist (SCC)^{101,102} assessment tool records, and other inner work excerpts, as well as screenplays and story development or other creative documents. Despite challenges in retaining objectivity in interpreting personal individual case study data, this researcher finds the approach valid. The material is approached from the perspective that results will be valuable for my psyche and literary individuation processes. Drawing inspiration from Elliot G Mishler's concepts of 'inquiry-guided research' that is 'empirically grounded', this research does not aim for 'possible

⁹⁶ Sarah Dobbs, 'Should There Be a Fully Creative PhD?', *Writing in Education*, 53 (2011), 66–70 (p. 66).

⁹⁷ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 9, Part 1: The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*, p. 38 (original emphasis).

⁹⁸ Mark Ryan and John Mathews, *The Wildwood Tarot: Wherein Wisdom Resides* (New York: Sterling Ethos, 2019), p. 8.

⁹⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 60-61.

¹⁰⁰ *Ibid.*

¹⁰¹ Geri Grubbs, *The Sandplay Categorical Checklist for Sandplay Analysis* (Woodinville: Rubedo Publications, 1991).

¹⁰² Geri Grubbs, 'Appendix B: The Sandplay Categorical Checklist (SCC)', in *The Sandplay Categorical Checklist for Sandplay Analysis*, p. 20.

generalizability of findings and interpretations'.¹⁰³ However, the exploration hopes to underscore the crucial concepts of individuation, literary and otherwise, and the necessity for—and positive outcomes of—the use of multiple types of inner work and human development methodologies. Yet, a journey into the abyss is potentially dangerous. Deep inner work invariably surfaces pain. The very vulnerable population of persons grappling with childhood trauma, including 'sexual abuse' or 'complex abuse (repetitive incidents)' during childhood,¹⁰⁴ or 'father rape',¹⁰⁵ are statistically more vulnerable to die by suicide.

The theme of suicide is explored in various contexts in *Oer*, particularly for heroine Abertha. Beyond the creative and academic lens, the topic of suicide bears a profound personal resonance and broader societal trends cannot be overlooked. Its echoes have been felt in various dimensions of my life—be it familial traumas, relationships, or even uncanny associations with strangers. The heart-wrenching recent news of Dr Capacchione's suicide intensified the already palpable gravity of this exploration. In the backdrop of this work, the grim tapestry of our times reveals a worrying surge in death by suicide across diverse US demographics, with communities such as Indigenous and Black facing disproportionate impacts. The multifaceted nature of this crisis, from those who experienced childhood maltreatment, as discussed by Angelakis, Gillespie, and Panagioti, to losses in elder communities, highlights the deep-seated complex realities with which humanity is grappling. It's paramount to tread with a deep sense of empathy and keen understanding regarding the multifaceted issues contributing to human choices.

Arthur Janov's insights into deep-seated emotional pain provide a poignant perspective. Janov posits that suicidal ideations in Primals persist until the 'first-line prototypic Pain' is 'reached or [...] totally experienced or resolved'; he advises one to experience this pain, their 'suicidal thoughts' or 'suicidal impulse', to 'feel it, rather than act it out'.¹⁰⁶ While my approach is a whole being Access | Process | Release (APR) methodology based on the concept that 'The path is pain; pain is the path', it is essential to recognise the myriad factors influencing individual lives. Each person deserves respect and the autonomy to navigate their unique journey. It is not our place to pass judgement

¹⁰³ Elliot G Mishler, 'Validation in Inquiry-Guided Research: The Role of Exemplars in Narrative Studies', *Harvard Educational Review* (Cambridge, MA: *President and Fellows of Harvard College*), 60.4 (1990), 415-442 (p. 437).

¹⁰⁴ Ioannis Angelakis, Emma Louise Gillespie, and Maria Panagioti, 'Childhood Maltreatment and Adult Suicidality: a Comprehensive Systematic Review with Meta-Analysis', *Psychological Medicine*, 49.7 (2019), 1057-78.

¹⁰⁵ Susan Brownmiller, *Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape* (New York: Fawcett Columbine, 1993), p. 281.

¹⁰⁶ Arthur Janov and E Michael Holden, *Primal Man: The New Consciousness* (New York: Thomas Y Crowell, 1975), p. 275.

or cast stigma on others; instead, it's our collective human responsibility to extend understanding and support to all, acknowledging our profound collective challenges. This exegesis aspires to stand as a testament to the human spirit's resilience, hoping to showcase the transformative potential of depth psyche work in advancing human development and offering insights into other fields of study. This work thus aspires to shed light on topics of creativity and the creative psyche pertinent to these dark recesses but also to bridge the gaps highlighted by Sue Grand and Judith L Alpert Sue Grand and Judith L Alpert, illuminating 'the abyss of terror' that is 'the psychic experience of incest' with its 'unspeakable, terrifying, disintegrative, and worldless realms'.¹⁰⁷

In the Ordinary World, I look back—as a woman academic and creative—at the experiences that shaped my psyche, identity, and creativity, which inform my creative practice and academic world, predominantly for the purpose of a required step in a larger personal narrative transformation process that Charles L Whitfield defined as narrative and identity healing through 'telling our story'.¹⁰⁸ Another reason for including this section is to, in the words of R Lyle Skains, make any heroine's journey to voice realisations gained 'explicit and seated within the [...] scholarly field'.¹⁰⁹ Gruber and Wallace contend the holistic, contextual approach, studying the components of a 'person as a whole',¹¹⁰ is valuable as a 'creative person is an evolving system'¹¹¹ and 'the assiduous application of the case study method' allows a researcher to explore and analyse creative process and projects in a way that may lead to unique findings.¹¹² In accord with Gruber and Wallace's research stance that 'the central point' is 'the shaping of the case study so that it maintains a primary focus on the creative work',¹¹³ this writer will attempt to do so. However, that is secondary to what is most essential: fulfilling Charles Whitfield's Child Within healing model of 'Completing Our Grieving: The Hero/Heroine's Journey'¹¹⁴ and advancing psyche and literary individuation.

¹⁰⁷ Sue Grand and Judith L Alpert, 'The Core Trauma of Incest: An Object Relations View', *Professional Psychology: Research and Practice*, 24.3 (1993), 330-334 (p. 334).

¹⁰⁸ Charles L Whitfield, *Healing the Child Within: Discovery and Recovery for Adult Children of Dysfunctional Families* (Deerfield Beach: Health Communications Inc., 2006), p. 119.

¹⁰⁹ R Lyle Skains, 'Creative Practice as Research: Discourse on Methodology', *Media Practice and Education*, 19:1 (2018), 82-97 (p. 86).

¹¹⁰ Howard E Gruber and Doris B Wallace, 'The Case Study Method and Evolving Systems Approach for Understanding Unique Creative People at Work', in *Handbook of Creativity*, ed. by R J Sternberg (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998), 93-115 (p. 93).

¹¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 100.

¹¹² *Ibid.*, p. 112.

¹¹³ *Ibid.*, pp. 98-112.

¹¹⁴ *Healing the Child Within*, p. 119.

As a case study of individuating cisgender female heterosexual screenwriter, the psyche parts which are described and worked with herein comprise the conscious and unconscious, the ego, personas, the contrasexual archetype of animus, the shadow, and the unfolding Self. Certainly, a writer's work might both illustrate and reveal their writerly psyche and emerging voice, thus narrative elements organically embedded within science fiction (SF) works—including story structure, plot, theme, character, landscape, scenes, settings, and symbols—may illuminate the required psyche work. Yet, any analysis of art and artist, the symbolism, and the meaning for the originating creative psyche is complex and fraught with potential for failure. It is critical to note that, as renowned Swiss psychologist C G Jung wrote, ‘Since nobody can penetrate to the heart of nature, you will not expect psychology to do the impossible and offer a valid explanation of the secret of creativity’.¹¹⁵ This is because ‘the unborn work in the psyche of the artist is a force of nature that achieves its end either with tyrannical might or with the subtle cunning of nature herself’, and one might ‘think of the creative process as a living thing implanted in the human psyche’.¹¹⁶ In simpler terms, though we might examine creative work in light of ‘meanings, images, concepts’, projecting onto the work, typically, or striving to interpret symbols or perceived patterns, in doing so, one moves ‘further away from the living mystery’ or experience of the ‘autonomous complex’.¹¹⁷ This is creative work potential, which becomes a creative process and artwork, as ‘psychic formation that remains subliminal until its energy-charge is sufficient to carry it over the threshold into consciousness’, whereupon it arises from the writer’s psyche as artistic expression.¹¹⁸ Still, despite the limitations of creative analysis, the research aims to use depth psychology tools to better understand and facilitate shifts in this specific female creative’s psychology and unconscious, with the intent to evolve her creative practice, artistic psyche and works. University of Zürich psychiatry professor Eugen Bleuler’s phrase ‘depth psychology’, from the German Tiefenpsychologie,¹¹⁹ pertains to theories and approaches to depth inner work. The term, adopted by Freudians and Jungians alike, has come to mean a profound style of working with the self and reality through exploring and analysing the contents of one’s unconscious.

¹¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 77.

¹¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 75.

¹¹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 78.

¹¹⁸ *Ibid.*

¹¹⁹ Eugen Bleuler, ‘Die Psychoanalyse Freuds: Verteidigung und kritische Bemerkungen’ (Leipzig and Wien: Franz Deuticke, 1911), p. 1.

Crucially noted by Anne Ancelin Schützenberger is that several of Sigmund Freud’s concepts were improperly or poorly translated.¹²⁰ Partially quoting Peter Gay,¹²¹ Schützenberger wrote about ‘the “other scene,” the “black hole” that every person carries inside, the “unspoken” or “unvoiced” (*das Unbewusste*, poorly translated at the time as “unconscious”); the gap, the “black hole connected to others,” to family members, close relations, and society as a whole’.¹²² Thinking of ‘*das Unbewusste*’, not as information outside of one’s conscious mind, but as something ‘unspoken’ or ‘unvoiced’ is the approach of this document.¹²³ It is important to additionally note the relevance of Freud’s concept of uncanny, the general translation of the German word ‘*das Unheimlich*’,¹²⁴ which he stipulated ‘undoubtedly belongs to all that is terrible—to all that arouses dread and creeping horror’ in the original article.¹²⁵ As Schützenberger emphasises, that phrase with much subtext is lost in the English translation. This Freudian concept of the uncanny, like that of the unspoken or unvoiced experience or personal narrative, relates to the unvoiced trauma and any interrelated ‘creeping horror’ in the writer’s psyche.¹²⁶ In terms of fiction genres, the psyche and depth psychological concepts described here, if applied to fiction, make it clear why science fiction horror is the appropriate genre that I increasingly write. Illustrious scholar and critic Darko Suvin states that ‘SF’ is the ‘*literature of cognitive estrangement*’.¹²⁷ Suvin indicates that something in SF must express a tension between a ‘novum’ or ‘cognitive innovation’ or something new, added to the ‘norm of reality’,¹²⁸ phrasing which could similarly sum up the point of psyche, resolving tension between some aspect of reality and a newness, which in Jungian-oriented work is created via integration and individuation.

Susan Sontag states that ‘Science fiction films are not about science. They are about disaster, which is one of the oldest subjects of art’.¹²⁹ It makes sense that a person whose psyche was destroyed or fractured by chronic abuse, a person experiencing the

¹²⁰ Anne Ancelin Schützenberger, *The Ancestor Syndrome: Transgenerational Psychotherapy and the Hidden Links in the Family Tree*, trans by Anne Trager (London: Routledge, 2009).

¹²¹ Peter Gay, *Freud: A Life for Our Time* (New York: Norton, 1988).

¹²² *The Ancestor Syndrome*, p. 4 (original emphasis).

¹²³ *Ibid.*

¹²⁴ Sigmund Freud, ‘The Uncanny’, in *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, Vol XVII, (1917-1919), *An Infantile Neurosis and Other Works*, trans. by James Strachey (London: The Hogarth Press, 1991), p. 217-256.

¹²⁵ *The Ancestor Syndrome*, p. 4 (original emphasis).

¹²⁶ ‘The Uncanny’, pp. 217-256.

¹²⁷ Darko Suvin, ‘On the Poetics of the Science Fiction Genre’, *College English*, 34.3 (1971), 372-382 (p. 372).

¹²⁸ Darko Suvin, *Metamorphoses of Science Fiction: On the Poetics and History of a Genre* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1979), p. 36.

¹²⁹ Susan Sontag, ‘The Imagination of Disaster’, in *Science Fiction Criticism: An Anthology of Essential Writings*, ed. by Rob Latham (London: Bloomsbury Academic, 2017), p. 191.

horrific suffering of C-PTSD, someone ‘unstuck in time’ like Billy Pilgrim in *Slaughterhouse-Five*,¹³⁰ would write about disaster, apocalypse, alien invasion, and the like. Further, Sontag has said that the symbolism in science fiction films mirrors ‘the inadequacy of most people’s response to the unassimilable terrors that infect their consciousness’ and that the human interest in these types of science fiction films is partly due to its expression of ‘the most profound dilemmas of the contemporary situation’.¹³¹ As a child, adult men violated, introjected, and infected my girlhood body and consciousness. The terrors and other whole being material have long been unassimilable, and it is of such profound dilemmas with which I wrestle and thus write about in my contemporary situation. Though I had a longstanding interest in science fiction literature and film, the time travel film *Donnie Darko*—seen in an Australian theatre circa 2002 during film school—made me realise that *I could write a film about my childhood*.¹³² The movie felt innovative and personally relevant; it and the related epiphany surprised, exhilarated, and inspired me. Writing science fiction would be a way to express what I hadn’t previously felt like I could say in film or other narrative, nor perhaps otherwise.

Along with voicing the unvoiced, echoing Charles Whitfield’s earlier described Child Within healing model of ‘Completing Our Grieving: The Hero/Heroine’s Journey’,¹³³ the depth psychology approach here will include personal and transpersonal work using myth, literature, applied symbol work—Sandplay, psychosynthesis processes and dream work—spiritual ritual, Creative Journal Expressive Arts (CJEA) as originated by Lucia Capacchione,¹³⁴ and work with outer reality synchronicity. Central to the work is the notion that shifts cultivated in the creator’s psyche and whole being may evolve creative process, practice, and thus creative project output. One’s whole being is made up of five complex inter-related systems that include the physical/ kinaesthetic body (all accompanying physical or kinaesthetic sensations), the emotional body (all experiences defined as emotions or affect), the mental body (all thought forms, including fears, intentions or beliefs), the energetic body (experience of increasing or decreasing physical energy levels), and the spiritual body or soul self. The exegesis and new knowledge gained will meet the National Association of Writers in Education (NAWE) postgraduate

¹³⁰ Kurt Vonnegut, Jr, *Slaughterhouse-Five: A Novel* (New York: RosettaBooks, 2010), p. 27.

¹³¹ ‘The Imagination of Disaster’, p. 199.

¹³² *Donnie Darko*, dir. by Richard Kelly (Newmarket Films, 2001).

¹³³ *Healing the Child Within*, p. 119.

¹³⁴ Lucia Capacchione, *Recovery of Your Inner Child: The Highly Acclaimed Method for Liberating Your Inner Self* (New York: Fireside, 1991).

creative writing education academic standards of ‘rigour, significance, and originality’ and contribute to ‘the production of new knowledge through the re-combination of existing knowledge into new perspectives’.¹³⁵

Madeline Sonik establishes the importance of a depth psychology approach to creative writing instruction and the usefulness for writers in attuning to the unconscious and easily accessing material ‘between the ego and unconscious’.¹³⁶ Sherry Salman suggests the ‘fluidity of unconscious process opens the psyche to both the subjectivity and objectivity of other selves and other realities’.¹³⁷ Jungian Analyst Murray Stein quotes Jung on the necessity of the numinous and symbolic, writing that ‘the main interest of my work is not concerned with the treatment of neuroses but rather with the approach to the numinous [...] the approach to the numinous is the real therapy and inasmuch as you attain to the numinous experiences you are released from the curse of pathology. Even the very disease takes on a numinous character’.¹³⁸ ‘Numinosum’, or the numinous, is defined by Ann Casement as a ‘term Jung appropriated from Rudolf Otto’s *The Idea of the Holy: An Inquiry into the Non-Rational Factor in the Idea of the Divine and Its Relation to the Rational*’.¹³⁹ Otto’s mysterium, or numinous, is grounded in a dominant religion of his time and his idea of what is, in his words, a ‘theistic conception’.¹⁴⁰ Otto’s exploration of what is holy reveals further ideas and concepts relevant to understanding science fiction’s mysterious and attractive nature. The theologian-philosopher does this when describing the extreme ‘*awefulness*’ and the ‘*wonderfulness*’¹⁴¹ of the ‘wholly other’.¹⁴² Those words and concepts are applicable to SF, and horror SF particularly. While Otto wrote in the context of mysticism, the mystical numinous experience seems akin to the aforementioned SF genre TV series premise destination intention ‘to boldly go where no man has gone before’,¹⁴³ and this is the place

¹³⁵ *National Association of Writers in Education: Creative Writing Research Benchmark Statement* (2018), 1-20 (p. 8) <<https://www.nawe.co.uk/Private/17547/Live/NAWE%20Research%20Benchmark%202018.pdf>> [accessed 21 November 2021].

¹³⁶ Madeline Sonik, ‘Literary Individuation: A Jungian Approach to Creative Writing Education’, in *Education and Imagination: Post-Jungian Perspectives* (East Sussex: Routledge, 2008), pp. 96-97.

¹³⁷ Sherry Salman, ‘Peregrinations of Active Imagination’, in *Jungian Psychoanalysis: Working in the Spirit of C G Jung*, ed. by Murray Stein (Chicago: Open Court, 2010), 118-133 (p.130).

¹³⁸ C G Jung, ‘Letter to P W Martin’ (20 August 1945), in *C G Jung Letters*, ed. by Gerhard Adler and Aniela Jaffé, 2 Vols (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1973), I, p. 377.

¹³⁹ Ann Casement, ‘Numinosum’, in *Encyclopedia of Psychology and Religion* (2014), 1226–1229 (p. 1226).

¹⁴⁰ Rudolf Otto, *The Idea of the Holy: An Inquiry into the Non-Rational Factor in the Idea of the Divine and its relation to the Rational* (London: Oxford University Press, 1936), p. 1.

¹⁴¹ *Ibid.*, p. 32 (original emphasis).

¹⁴² *Ibid.*, p. 28.

¹⁴³ *Star Trek*.

that humans must open to in their journey to individuation. Similarly, writers and other artists must open to this unknown horizon to experience literary individuation.

One should note that the mass unconscious gravitation of a portion of humanity toward a particularly powerful myth or hero's journey may be considered a collective projection of their individual journey to the Self, the Sun of one's being, meaning their potential wholeness and psyche, onto the story. Murray Stein defined numinous experiences as 'quasi-mystical' and part of the 'route to individuation',¹⁴⁴ suggesting accessing 'the mythic dimension' places one 'a small step away from the experience of a *numen*'.¹⁴⁵ Numen is a word Stein coined from 'numen - īnis', which is Latin for 'a nod' or 'divine will'.¹⁴⁶ And when on the Soul-making path of individuation and integration, very much a soul-led solo, or solitary, path unfolding into one's writerly deepest nature, there is this sense of the divine; following numinous inner reality events, one experiences numinous outer reality events. It is a dance, a communiqué between the macrocosm and the microcosm, an emerging and evolving relationship between David Bohm's '*implicate order*' and '*explicate order*'.¹⁴⁷ The cosmic sings a love song through the mythic. Regarding Jung's 'archetypes of the collective unconscious', previously termed 'primordial images', Stein summarises Jung's findings that 'careful investigation of consciousness, especially through the analysis of daydreams, waking fantasies, and dreams, uncovers archetypal images at work that have a controlling influence over waking thought and feeling' and states that Jung found the mythic 'influential power of the primordial images over consciousness [...] behind and within the personal inner voices and images, Jung discovered "the gods" [...] impersonal forces and energies of massive dimension and of both primitive and sophisticated quality [...] the divine on the one hand, and of the instincts (such as sexuality, hunger, creativity, etc.) on the other'.¹⁴⁸

Speculative fiction as modern myth pertains both to necessary symbolic and supernatural energy and positively transforming the psyche or one's Self. This numinous quality of science fiction has to do with the 'cognitive estrangement' of Darko Suvin, who in *On the Poetics of the Science Fiction Genre* wrote, 'The use of estrangement both

¹⁴⁴ Murray Stein, *The Collected Writings of Murray Stein – Volume 1: Individuation* (Asheville: Chiron Publications, 2020), loc. 902. Kindle ebook.

¹⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, loc. 944.

¹⁴⁶ D P Simpson, 'numen - īnis', in *Cassell's New Latin Dictionary: Latin-English, English-Latin* (New York: Funk & Wagnalls, 1960), pp. 398-399.

¹⁴⁷ David Bohm, *On Creativity* (London: Routledge Classics, 2004), p. 129. Kindle ebook (original emphasis).

¹⁴⁸ *The Collected Writings of Murray Stein – Volume 1: Individuation*, loc. 944.

as underlying attitude and dominant formal device is also found in the *myth*, a ritual and religious approach looking in its own way beneath the empiric surface'.¹⁴⁹ However, Suvin added that in science fiction 'protagonists may succeed or fail in their objectives' and so SF 'shares with the dominant literature of our civilization a mature approach analogous to that of modern science and philosophy'.¹⁵⁰ *The Oxford Handbook of Science Fiction* perceives the 'dark' or 'consoling' polarities of SF and states that 'Common to all varieties of the science-fictional fantastic, is a pull toward the 'numinous''.¹⁵¹ Attraction to SF otherness, Rudolf Otto's 'creature feeling',¹⁵² is a natural human hunger for experiences that elicit the sense of 'awe' or 'aweful'¹⁵³ and are thus 'Soul-making'.¹⁵⁴ Additionally, as Sontag noted, SF offers a way to assimilate—or Access | Process | Release (APR)—those otherwise 'unassimilable terrors'¹⁵⁵ or realities of life that fill us at the individual and collective level with Freud's sense of 'creeping horror'.¹⁵⁶

Quite like the shapeshifting of both Ceridwen and Gwion Bach, the case study that follows demonstrates the use of the cauldron as a mirror and container for the safe use of depth psychology and other tools to cultivate literary individuation. In seeking literary individuation, the moving target is a nonlinear spiral process of variable completeness, an expanding awareness more like a constantly shifting ecosystem than a static point or a destination. Inner work, various processes of discovery for self-inquiry, will be used to cultivate shifts in conscious and transform psyche elements. The shadow of the selfless individual evolves from psychoanalyst and childhood development expert Donald W Winnicott's 'hiding of the central self', an unconscious defence mechanism wherein a 'false self' develops to protect an emerging infant identity and 'central or true self'.¹⁵⁷ This adaptation of the child is a way of perceiving Jung's '*persona*', or 'mask of the actor', behind which lies the 'true face'.¹⁵⁸ This is Whitman's 'false self or ego [...] a defense mechanism against pain and not real. Its motives are based more on needing to be right and in control' because 'the traumatized child's Real Self (True Self or Child

¹⁴⁹ 'On the Poetics of the Science Fiction Genre', p. 375 (original emphasis).

¹⁵⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 378.

¹⁵¹ *The Oxford Handbook of Science Fiction*, ed. by Rob Latham (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2014), p. 136.

¹⁵² *The Idea of the Holy*, p. 10.

¹⁵³ *Ibid.*, p. 14.

¹⁵⁴ John Keats, *Letters of John Keats to His Family and Friends*, ed. by Sidney Colvin (London: MacMillan & Co., 1925), pp. 255-256 (original emphasis).

¹⁵⁵ 'The Imagination of Disaster', p. 199.

¹⁵⁶ 'The Uncanny', pp. 217-256.

¹⁵⁷ D W Winnicott, 'The Theory of the Parent-Infant Relationship', *International Journal of Psycho-Analysis*, 41 (1960), 585-595 (p. 591).

¹⁵⁸ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 9, Part 1: The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*, p. 20.

Within)' went 'into hiding deep within the unconscious part of its psyche'.¹⁵⁹ Thus, this work of creative 'Soul-making' requires exploration of shadow, and lacunae and working through masks that inhibit creative wholeness and obscure the author's authentic voice.¹⁶⁰

The power of the archetypically meaningful Gwion Bach to Taliesin combined myth may be in no small part due to what Vogler described as 'a few common structures found universally in myths, fairy tales, dreams, and movies'.¹⁶¹ Defining this journey in myth as a mirror of Jung's 'individuation', Jungian analyst Marie-Louise von Franz argues that 'psychological process of inner growth and centralisation by which the individual finds its own Self' is central to a myth's narrative structure, further stating that this type of tale reveals 'aspects of what is meant by the Self and by the difficult journey we have to undertake in order to find it'.¹⁶² Thus, myth is a matchless psyche alchemical mirror to reflect and facilitate a process that might lead one to creative wholeness, as notes about attending a live performance of *Puss in Boots*—at a critical juncture in the creativity research—will later reveal. Of course, finding the authentic self and artistic completeness may be difficult for anyone sexually and otherwise abused and neglected as a child, the person whose childhood 'self-object' needs were not met due to the 'parental psychopathology' or that of other caregivers in Heinz Kohut terms.¹⁶³ Kohut indicates that children of parents lacking empathy (who fail to attune and attach to, or mirror, their child) do not provide the youngster with what he calls 'the gleam in the mother's eyes', a 'warmth' and 'enthusiasm', the needed responsive 'mirror', and so the person does not develop a healthy psyche, self-cohesiveness, or self-esteem.¹⁶⁴ Ideally, Our parents are meant to be allies on our hero or heroine's journey; they are not meant to be adversaries or, more horrifying, the villains(s). When one or both parents is an abuser, an anti-hero, the authentic self, split off by abuse, departs the body. This dissociation hinders the child from being present, aware, and grounded, thus making it impossible to successfully graduate from each stage of their childhood human development. Trauma prevents 'the development of a personal narrative voice' and the construction of a 'self through

¹⁵⁹ *Healing the Child Within*, p. 19.

¹⁶⁰ *Letters of John Keats to His Family and Friends*.

¹⁶¹ *The Writer's Journey*, p. xiv.

¹⁶² *Individuation in Fairy Tales*, p. 1 (original emphasis).

¹⁶³ Heinz Kohut, *The Restoration of the Self* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2009), p. 312.

¹⁶⁴ Heinz Kohut, *The Kohut Seminars: On Self Psychology and Psychotherapy with Adolescents and Young Adults*, ed. by Miriam Elson (New York: W W Norton & Company, 1987), pp. 63-65.

stories'¹⁶⁵ told about oneself. The 'faulty mirroring'¹⁶⁶ of psychopathic self-objects prevents the child from developing cohesion of self or self-identity and leads to 'diminution of the cohesion of the body-self'.¹⁶⁷ Thus, the young person's psyche, fragmented by trauma, tends to 'self-fragmentation'.¹⁶⁸ The childhood trauma survivor is a mere shell of a person, like a fairy changeling, tending to fragmentation and collapse.

As Parson notes, '*repetitive, trauma-on-trauma* deforms the personality' due to the 'battery to the spirit and injury to the soul'.¹⁶⁹ Winnicott's false self¹⁷⁰ develops in an unconscious response to trauma. However, a 'persona', false selves, or subpersonalities, as described by Stone and Stone¹⁷¹ may form in response to receiving non-violent negative or positive reinforcement from authority figures. This occurs for most people because, through parental and other guidance, 'we are trained to think, feel, and see in specific, predetermined ways'¹⁷². Our caregivers tell us what is good and what is bad, and how to be. Alice Miller, in addition to her ground-breaking work on 'poisonous pedagogy', wrote about the parental challenges of accepting 'certain aspects' of children, respecting 'his or her individuality', when the tendency is for parents to unconsciously or otherwise, due to defences or how they were brought up, traumatise their children in ways that could only be discovered later through 'long and deep analysis'.¹⁷³ Miller discusses how, due to the 'initial symbiotic relationship between mother and child', 'early conditioning', and a 'child's dependence on his or her parents' love', that virtually 'makes it impossible in later years to recognize these traumatizations, which often remain hidden behind the early idealization of the parents for the rest of the child's life'.¹⁷⁴ Jung indicates that 'the persona is a complicated system of behavior which is dictated by the demands of society and partly by one's fiction of oneself'.¹⁷⁵ When a child's essential and basic healthy narcissism or narcissistic needs go unmet, including needs for safety, and

¹⁶⁵ Susan Engel, *The Stories Children Tell: Making Sense of the Narratives of Childhood* (New York: Henry Holt and Co., 2012), locs. 76-77. Kindle Edition.

¹⁶⁶ *The Restoration of the Self*, p. 264.

¹⁶⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 156.

¹⁶⁸ *Ibid.*

¹⁶⁹ Erwin R Parson, Dawn M Brett, and Alan S Brett, *Childhood and Adult Sexual Victimization: Living in the Aftermath of Transgression and Quest for Restoration of the Self* (giftfromwithin.org: PTSD Resources for Survivors and Caregivers, 2003) < <https://www.giftfromwithin.org/html/chldhood.html> > [Accessed 1 July 2019] (original emphasis).

¹⁷⁰ 'The Theory of the Parent-Infant Relationship', p. 585.

¹⁷¹ Hal and Sidra Stone, *Embracing Ourselves: The Voice Dialogue Manual* (San Francisco: New World Library, 1989), p. 108. Kindle ebook.

¹⁷² *Ibid.*, p. 17.

¹⁷³ Alice Miller, *For Your Own Good: Hidden Cruelty in Child-Rearing and the Roots of Violence*, trans. by Hildegarde and Hunter Hannum (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2011), p. 4.

¹⁷⁴ *Ibid.*

¹⁷⁵ C G Jung, *C G Jung Speaking: Interviews and Encounters* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1977), p. 297. Kindle ebook.

the ability to develop a voice and self-narrative, all of which are necessary for a cohesive self that ‘leads to the consolidation of the self [...] self-confidence and basic self-esteem that sustains a person throughout life’, no whole actual identity forms.¹⁷⁶

When the psyche splits, and the shards of self split off or depart the awareness, the self is fractured; this follows when pain exceeds the baby or child’s ability to remain present and aware of what is happening and, of course, narcissistic ‘needs remain unmet’ after which ‘the development of the self will be impaired, and some of its features will be lost or altered’, and in some ways, to varying degrees, one’s ‘self will cease to be’ in the words of Carlos Nemirovsky.¹⁷⁷ And each time another incredibly traumatic or painful event is experienced, the remaining psyche may fracture further, again and again. So, rather than an authentic self, the formerly abused writer takes on an artificial persona or personas such as the good girl, who perhaps has a people-pleasing or otherwise co-dependent streak, someone who gives away her time to others and so has no time to write because her false self is running the show, her defences, and she hasn’t yet developed an authentic self. Alternately, as a writer abused in childhood, sexually and otherwise, I have found that sitting to write and being present to my body and whole being often brings up unprocessed material. I have sometimes historically resisted writing because I couldn’t focus on a story due to feeling down or having implicit memories, flashbacks, or feeling scattered or distracted mentally, another symptom of a shattered self. Yet a writer must sit to write, perhaps for long periods, though I have heard of a scant few writers who write while walking. Peggy Pace wrote, ‘The human mind develops interactively in response to the environment of early childhood. Defensive systems [...] created in response to a hostile early environment continue to operate in the present, mostly out of consciousness, even when they are no longer needed’.¹⁷⁸ This is the case whether a defence system is a tendency to withdraw, serve others, or distract oneself from pain, unconsciously repeating patterns of dissociation or busyness through activity or other behaviours.

Pace further discussed the ‘early stages of human development’, noting that ‘the self is not unified’; a developing child comprises ‘many selves and self-states’.¹⁷⁹ As a young child transitions from the initial symbiotic relationship experienced during

¹⁷⁶ *The Restoration of the Self*, p. 312.

¹⁷⁷ Carlos Nemirovsky, *Winnicott and Kohut on Intersubjectivity and Complex Disorders: New Perspectives for Psychoanalysis, Psychotherapy and Psychiatry* (New York: Taylor and Francis, 2021), p. 41. Kindle ebook.

¹⁷⁸ Peggy Pace, *Lifespan Integration: Connecting Ego States Through Time* (Snoqualmie: Eirene Imprint, 2012), p. v.

¹⁷⁹ *Ibid.*

pregnancy and birth to a distinct identity, in ‘normal development these selves and self-states are integrated’.¹⁸⁰ The exact mechanisms of personality integration remain unclear, yet, ‘it is believed that multiple selves are connected across time and across contexts through the co-construction of autobiographical life narratives between parent and child’.¹⁸¹ A cohesive self typically emerges in a childhood relatively free from trauma, crucial for literary individuation. However, it's possible to nurture a genuine, unified identity. A writer's inimitable authorial voice, like individuation, that Jungian evolution of the Self, or ‘soul-image’ emergence, follows the cultivation of the true self, transmutation of shadow and integration of disowned aspects.¹⁸² This soul-image is mirroring and ‘representation, in dreams or other products of the unconsciousness, of the inner personality, usually contrasexual’ of the dreamer.¹⁸³ For female writers, this typically involves the animus or the union of opposites, Jung's coniunctio, although addressing past traumas is essential for those who have experienced childhood abuse. Note that resolving opposites through integration, or coniunctio, often occurs in individuation, as one integrates all parts of their authentic self, literary or otherwise, and is not limited to a person's union with the ‘archetypal figures’¹⁸⁴ of their anima or animus.

Referencing hermetic works,¹⁸⁵ Jung wrote that these ‘factors which come together in the coniunctio are conceived as opposites, either confronting one another in enmity or attracting one another in love’,¹⁸⁶ and specified that the essential thing to consider is that ‘death and rebirth lies hidden in the coniunctio’.¹⁸⁷ The Ceridwen myth features multiple opposites examples. The masculine and feminine, sister and brother, mother and child, beautiful (sister) and ugly (brother), human and animal, old and young, poison and elixir, feminine and animus, masculine and anima, and land and sea, to name a few. And, of course, death and rebirth are both opposites and the essence of transmogrification or changing form. ‘I was nine months almost, In the belly of the hag Ceridwen; I was at first little Gwion, At length I am Taliesin’,¹⁸⁸ and, as the poet said, ‘I

¹⁸⁰ *Ibid.*

¹⁸¹ *Ibid.*

¹⁸² *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 6: Psychological Types*, p. 596.

¹⁸³ *C G Jung Lexicon*, p. 126.

¹⁸⁴ Emma Jung, *Animus and Anima: Two Essays*, 3rd edn, trans. by Cary F Baynes (Thompson: Spring Publications, 2022), p. 4. Kindle ebook.

¹⁸⁵ *Theatrum Chemicum II* (Oberursel: Lazarus Zetzner, 1602), p. 128.

¹⁸⁶ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 14: Mysterium Coniunctionis*, p. 3.

¹⁸⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 41.

¹⁸⁸ *Taliesin; or, The Bards and Druids of Britain*, loc. 3720.

was for a time in the sky : I was observing the stars'.¹⁸⁹ Taliesin's journey from the Ceridwen's womb to the galaxy's star fields and cosmos beyond connects the earth-based archetypal and historical Taliesin to the cosmic speculative and science fiction (SF) genre; it is also another alchemical union of opposites, the coniunctio of earth and stars. The celestial connection of Taliesin—his origin and poetry—exudes the 'otherness' of science fiction as described by Bob Shaw,¹⁹⁰ fulfilling the SF literature requirement of scholar and critic Darko Suvin's cognitive estrangement,¹⁹¹ and containing both the numinous 'aweful' and awesome or 'wonderfulness', the 'awe', described by Rudolf Otto.¹⁹² In this way, Taliesin's journeys connect the cave and the cosmos, the earth and the stars, due to a mysterious elixir of Ceridwen's after the poison, the alchemical nigredo, or blackening, is discarded. This nigredo includes shadow material that will be worked through with depth psychology and other tools. The elixir elicits Gwion Bach's change. This is the soul of alchemy, creating the gold of Taliesin's radiant visage, a reflection of his consciousness, resulting in magical abilities and poetic gifts.

Rowan and Lewis describe Taliesin as the 'archetypal bardic persona',¹⁹³ which this essay proposes is a 'primordial image [...] or a process' emanating from Jung's 'collective unconscious'.¹⁹⁴ This means Taliesin is an archetype who can transform the consciousness and animus of the female scribe poet. As Jung puts it, 'the work of art [...] has its source [...] in a sphere of unconscious mythology whose primordial images are the common heritage of mankind'.¹⁹⁵ Jung terms this domain the collective unconscious, a 'primordial' human inheritance of great import.¹⁹⁶ Patrick K Ford reveals how 'it was usual for the poet to practice a ritual of divination [...] in both Irish and Welsh tradition';¹⁹⁷ Ford connects Taliesin to Celtic traditions and 'shamanistic practices' including 'the ability to shift shape' and belief in 'transmigration of souls', meaning PLEs.¹⁹⁸ Ford notes Eliade's shaman's numinous experience description, the shaman's trance, which the author likens to the trance of 12th-century Welsh poets. These were the

¹⁸⁹ 'The Battle of the Scrub', *Poems from the Book of Taliesin*, trans. and ed. by J Gwenogvryn Evans (Tremvan, Llanbedrog, N. Wales, 1915), p. 27.

¹⁹⁰ Bob Shaw, *How to Write Science Fiction* (London: Allison & Bushby, 1993), p. 14.

¹⁹¹ 'On the Poetics of the Science Fiction Genre', pp. 372-382.

¹⁹² *The Idea of the Holy*, pp. 25-26.

¹⁹³ *The Book of Taliesin: Poems of Warfare and Praise in an Enchanted Britain*, p. xxxiii.

¹⁹⁴ C G Jung, *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 15: The Spirit in Man, Art, and Literature*, trans. by R F C Hull, ed. by H Read and others (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1978), p. 106.

¹⁹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 105.

¹⁹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 106.

¹⁹⁷ Patrick K Ford, *The Poetry of Llywarch Hen: Poetry, Text, and Translation* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1974), p. 58.

¹⁹⁸ *The Mabinogi and Other Medieval Welsh Tales*, pp. 16-17.

awenydd, who entered a state of consciousness to access *Awen*, that sacred breath or ‘inspiration’ defined in *Descriptio Kambriae, Cambrensis*, 1868, as referenced by Ford.¹⁹⁹ Navigating from literary lacunae—which may signal psyche fragmentation or creative work issues pertaining to unresolved trauma—to literary enlightenment will necessitate effort. Spiritual practices to cultivate *Awen* may cultivate the ability to perceive shadow consciousness material, as well as facilitate any false self in shapeshifting or changing form. Body-oriented process work will facilitate a transformation of the whole being. The creative seeking literary individuation can expect to travel to the Underworld; therein, this subterranean world, their nigredo or shadow lies. Mircea Eliade wrote:

In the sphere of shamanism in the strict sense, the mystical experience is expressed in the shaman’s trance [...] The shaman is pre-eminently an ecstatic. Now on the plane of primitive religions ecstasy signifies the soul’s flight to Heaven, or its wanderings about the earth, or, finally, its decent to the subterranean world, among the dead.²⁰⁰

Jung’s ‘unborn work in the psyche of the artist that is a force of nature’ is the goal.²⁰¹ This requires psyche underworld or personal unconscious excavation to liberate creative process. Knud Rasmussen reveals that a shaman can ‘see in the dark’ due to ‘a luminous fire’ within ‘his head’²⁰² and works with ‘helping and answering spirits’²⁰³ to gain information or heal a person or community. Wholeness requires retrieval of lost soul parts. This ‘soul retrieval’²⁰⁴ is necessary for the integration of the psyche, or soul, shattered by early childhood or other trauma; as an illness is ‘flight of the soul’,²⁰⁵ the shaman’s task is ‘calling it back’²⁰⁶ (the soul) and returning it to the individual. To evolve one’s creative writing practice and related narrative issues, one must see into, understand, and transform the darkness of the shadow and thereby develop one’s consciousness. The shamanic Taliesin myth is a catalyst for the writer seeking creative wholeness. In this sense, lacunae in the screenplay, missing or deficient structure, characters, or otherwise, reflect issues of identity and point to the same—missing awareness or other issues—in the writer’s psyche. Jungian analyst James Hollis wrote that the ‘consequences most

¹⁹⁹ *The Poetry of Llywarch Hen*, p. 58.

²⁰⁰ Mircea Eliade, *Rites and Symbols of Initiation: The Mysteries of Birth and Rebirth* (Dallas: Spring Publications, 1958, 2003), p. 95.

²⁰¹ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 15: The Spirit in Man, Art, and Literature*, p. 75.

²⁰² Knud Rasmussen, *Intellectual Culture of the Iglulik Eskimos: Report of the Fifth Thyle Expedition 1921-24, 7.1*, trans. by W Worster (Copenhagen: Gyldendalske Boghandel, 1929), pp. 112-113.

²⁰³ *Ibid.*, p. 113.

²⁰⁴ C Michael Smith, *Jung and Shamanism in Dialogue: Retrieving the Soul/Retrieving the Sacred* (Dowagiac: Crows Nest Books, 1996), loc. 3194. Kindle ebook.

²⁰⁵ Mircea Eliade, *Shamanism: Archaic Techniques of Ecstasy*, trans. by Willard R Trask (London: Arkana/Penguin Books, 1989), p. 327.

²⁰⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 442.

terrible to us all from primal wounding is not the wound itself, but the distortion it causes in one's sense of self'.²⁰⁷ For myself, a woman who grew up in a childhood of abuse and neglect, where children were to be seen and not heard, treated as chattel, the Gwion-Bach-to-Taliesin myth is a precious guide to cultivate an ability to shapeshift and undergo the servant-to-bard-poet-spiral-journey and transformation.

Per Graeme Harper, creative practice-based research concerns one's practise and process of making art; it is about acquiring 'knowledge' in one of three ways 'a posteriori' via 'learning', 'a priori' or deduction, or 'gained through experience'.²⁰⁸ Using a combined creative writing knowledge acquisition approach, considering and comparing the *Oer* short film scripts and feature film screenplay, and other creative works, this work contributes to emerging creative practice screenwriting research, screen production, and the broader discipline of creative writing. With the intent to fulfil Craig Batty's directive 'to generate new knowledge *and* new ways to practice',²⁰⁹ the critical commentary of the *Oer* iterations relate the researcher-screenwriter literary individuation process heroine's journey to artistic practice. This is done through the lens of Joseph Campbell's three-part 'rites of passage: separation — initiation — return', what he termed the 'nuclear unit of the monomyth'.²¹⁰ It is essential to clarify that this methodology is not intended as a universal model for the general population or those with a suspected or diagnosed case of PTSD or C-PTSD. Therefore, I am not a licensed therapist and refuse any legal, ethical, or other responsibility for others' psychological endeavours. Depth psyche work may unearth intense emotions, such as primordial rage, and contribute to unforeseen impulses. Anecdotal evidence suggests rare instances of severe psychological breaks linked to self-harm or harm to others following depth inner work. Personal solo inner work risks are mitigated for me due to extensive depth psychological methodologies studies and training, complemented by decades of experience in Inner Child and other work. Furthermore, my worldview is grounded in the Celtic Animistic perspective of the transmigration of souls, a concept of metempsychosis as depicted by Taliesin in the poem *Cad Goddeu*. This foundational belief translates to an

²⁰⁷ James Hollis, *Swamplands of the Soul: New Life in Dismal Places* (Toronto: Inner City Books, 1996), p. 63.

²⁰⁸ Graeme Harper, 'Introduction', in *Teaching Creative Writing*, ed. by Graeme Harper (London: Bloomsbury Publishing, 2006), p. 3 (original emphasis).

²⁰⁹ Craig Batty, *Screenwriters and Screenwriting: Putting Practice into Context* (London: Palgrave MacMillan, 2014), p. 2.

²¹⁰ *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, pp. 44-45.

approach from the perspective that the earth plane offers a soul journey and opportunities for one's infinite self to learn in physical form and to graduate by advancing spiritually.

This document will be a record of a portion of a literary individuation journey. Know that each journey is unique while corresponding to elements of Campbell's hero's journey.²¹¹ This record will reveal what Mike Harris terms 'initiation into the Brythonic mysteries' that leads to 'radical changes in consciousness',²¹² a spiral sojourn through a landscape of personal mythos, that I might gain and return with the boon of Awen. This transformation requires the poison to be purified in the psyche cauldron; the Ordeal of the nigredo is what ancient alchemists termed 'a dangerous stage'.^{213,214} In this stage of consciousness, the psyche is 'a black mass, a mass of confusion with all the opposites mixed up, half of them projected onto other people and the shadow aspects of Self quite often disowned'.²¹⁵ In Ceridwen's crucible, stoked by the inherent psyche's natural inclination toward individuation—enhanced by the fire of intention and commitment to inner work—I aim to engage with Jung's 'black mass', that '*massa confusa*, the chaos or *nigredo* of Western alchemy'.²¹⁶ This must be worked through, or 'individuation is hindered or deflected into the wrong path'.²¹⁷ The wrong path has included residual childhood and archetypal issues of selflessness,²¹⁸ service from a sense of obligation, issues of dissociation, fear-based contraction from reality, and lost creative writing work opportunities, including discarded prospects and projects, all of which prevent the luminous creative, authentic poetic expression for which the psyche longs. This base material of the writer's leaden soul will be purified by 'working on the dark shadow aspects of Self',²¹⁹ thus making gold, after which the Self is resurrected. After this process, a journey taken over some years, I might return with the boon, the elixir, my unique voice and narrative more fully restored. Yet, before telling the tale of how I crossed into Wales and into non-ordinary reality that I might 'let the wild darkness get its beautiful paws on'²²⁰ me, let us start at the beginning... in the ordinary world.

²¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 571.

²¹² Mike Harris, *Awen: The Quest of the Celtic Mysteries* (Cheltenham: Skylight Press, 1999, 2011), p. 34.

²¹³ *Memo from the Story Department*, p. 34.

²¹⁴ Peter O'Connor, *Understanding Jung, Understanding Yourself* (Hove: Routledge, 2015), p. 116. Kindle ebook.

²¹⁵ *Ibid.*

²¹⁶ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 13: Alchemical Studies*, p. 170.

²¹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 324 (original emphasis).

²¹⁸ Jerome A Travers, *Psychotherapy and the Selfless Patient* (New York: Harrington Part Press, 1986), p. xi.

²¹⁹ *Understanding Jung, Understanding Yourself*, p. 116.

²²⁰ *Scatterlings: Getting Claimed in the Age of Amnesia*, p. ix.

The Heroine's Journey

Chapter 1: Departure

Ordinary World

'Some people's lives seem to flow in a narrative; mine had many stops and starts. That's what trauma does. It interrupts the plot [...] It just happens [...] No one prepares you for it,' wrote Jessica Stern.²²¹ Once upon a time, I am a little girl and then a young woman with nearly no memory of her childhood. My ordinary world is a broken personal narrative that will take massive resources to piece together. Born Sophia Anne Rose, in Clarksville, Tennessee, in the United States, I originate from Northeast Georgia, a bit of the backwoods of Appalachia, in the Blue Ridge Mountains, where men did as they pleased and women and girls, chiefly, but all children, were chattel. Racism was rampant. I am two generations away from the one-room cabin my grandmother Rose née Jordan lived in with many siblings, barefoot, wearing dresses sewn from fabric flour sacks, carrying a homemade biscuit and berry jam in a tin pail lunch to school, until she married at age thirteen. That Black Mountain North Carolina cabin—animal furs and skins nailed by the outside rafters, that months later my furrier great-grandfather Jordan would take to town and trade for goods—had no indoor plumbing. Although the Rose lineage includes illustrious or educated ancestors, ship captains, and great-grandparents buried in Los Angeles County, CA, this branch of the Rose family is not far from a rustic Appalachian existence and the legacy of alcohol use disorder (AUD), once known as alcoholism.

There were terrible tragedies in my biological family. On Christmas Day 1964, my 23-year-old paternal aunt Cora Lee Rose Brown, her husband, three of their four children—aged one, four, and six—and two of the children of their friends all drowned in an automobile wreck when their car submerged in Lake Lanier.^{222,223} Seven of the eleven people who were in the car died. Five of those who died were children. My aunt's husband—said to have been driving under the influence of alcohol—had been drinking 'rotgut liquor'.²²⁴ Grandfather Rose's anger was so renowned throughout Union County and the area that the judge would not award custody of their grandchild—my three-year-

²²¹ Jessica Stern, *Denial: A Memoir of Terror* (New York: HarperCollins Publishers, 2010), p. 422.

²²² Phil Hudgins and Sylvan Meyer, 'Seven Die in Crash of Auto into Lake', *The Gainesville Times* (1964).

²²³ Jim Harris, 'From the Joy of Christmas to the Most Horrific Day Imaginable', *The Southern Voice*, 11 October 2022. <<https://thesouthernvoice.com/from-the-joy-of-christmas-to-the-most-horrific-day-imaginable/>> [accessed 21 June 2023].

²²⁴ *Ibid.*

old cousin who was thrown from the car into the lake and survived—to my grandparents. A first and second cousin, one aged twenty-five, the other nineteen, killed themselves. Later, a brother-in-law did the same. The milieu of my family suggests likely trauma-related epigenetic changes and latent ancestral issues.^{225,226,227} Schützenberger—referring to Freud’s concept of the unvoiced—describes this as the ‘*transgenerational transmission* of unresolved conflicts [...] of secrets, of what is “unspoken”’.²²⁸ Generations of tough living and rural hard times, poverty, with too many children to care for properly, fundamentalist religious approaches, lack of education, genetic, mental, or other illnesses, and in particular AUD, though no justification for abuse, along with lack of resources for communities, including childcare and otherwise, creates environments conducive to abuse and trauma. A ‘higher poverty rate and a higher percentage of working poor’, issues of ‘social stratification, unemployment, lack of social services, poor education, and poorly developed infrastructure’ and other issues,²²⁹ along with violence against women and children, have plagued the Appalachian region from the ‘1960s’. Research on ‘violence and incest in Appalachian families’ indicates that ‘regional results [...] follow national trends’ yet that ‘rates of the more severe violence or abuse appear significantly higher’.²³⁰ Every human is downstream from unaddressed personal, ancestral, and collective trauma; working through these issues is crucial for each of us.

‘Speculative fiction authors’ have frequently used Appalachia as a setting,²³¹ possibly due to its ‘inaccessible and secluded location’²³² or, as Mary Noailles Murfree puts it—writing under a male pen name—the ‘curious, unreal atmosphere’ where one might find ‘a gorgeous scarlet-oak tree would rise, red enough to make a respectable appearance on the planet Mars’.²³³ Amidst this otherworldly air, living in Portelli’s

²²⁵ Rachel Yehuda and Amy Lehrner, ‘Intergenerational Transmission of Trauma Effects: Putative Role of Epigenetic Mechanisms’, *World Psychiatry*, 17.3 (2018), 243-57 <doi:10.1002/wps.20568>.

²²⁶ Seon-Cheol Park, ‘Role of Putative Epigenetic Mechanisms in the Intergenerational Transmission of Trauma Effects in “Comfort Women” Survivor Offspring’, *Psychiatry Investigation*, 16.6 (2019), 475-76 <<https://doi.org/10.30773/pi.2019.05.01>>.

²²⁷ Ali Jawaid, Martin Roszkowski, and Isabelle M Mansuy, ‘Transgenerational Epigenetics of Traumatic Stress’, *Current Opinion in Behavioral Sciences*, 25 (2019) 96-101 <<https://doi.org/10.1016/j.cobeha.2018.12.004/>>.

²²⁸ *The Ancestor Syndrome*, p. 7 (original emphasis).

²²⁹ Evan Smith, ‘Human Rights in the Appalachian Region of the United States of America: an Introduction’, *UAB Institute for Human Rights Blog* <<https://sites.uab.edu/humanrights/2020/10/13/human-rights-in-the-appalachian-region-of-the-united-states-of-america-an-introduction/>> [accessed 21 October 2021].

²³⁰ Peggy J Cantrell, ‘Family Violence and Incest In Appalachia’, *Journal of the Appalachian Studies Association*, 6 (1994), 39-47 <<http://www.jstor.org/stable/41445660/>> [accessed 25 September 2022].

²³¹ Richard Miles Britton, ‘Appalachia in Science Fiction’, *Appalachian Journal*, 45.3/4 (2018), 702-30 (p. 702) <<http://www.jstor.org/stable/45409368/>> [accessed 25 Sept. 2022].

²³² Alessandro Portelli, ‘Appalachia as Science Fiction’, *Appalachian Journal*, 16.1 (1988), 32-43 (p. 32) <<http://www.jstor.org/stable/40933390/>> [accessed 25 Sept. 2022].

²³³ Charles Egbert Craddock, *In the Tennessee Mountains* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin company, 1884), p. 116.

‘Appalachia as Science Fiction’,²³⁴ I read a book daily as a girl.²³⁵ I know that I’ll be a writer when I grow up. The first movie that I see is *ET the Extra-Terrestrial*.²³⁶ The first science fiction book I read—though I don’t recall the plot, it was the title and ‘Mother Thing’ that made it memorable—was *Have Space Suit—Will Travel*.²³⁷ Though I don’t know the author’s name at the time, Robert Heinlein later becomes a cherished author. Before becoming a writer in my twenties, I am a twice-married woman, mother, and artist working in mixed media on large linen canvases that I stretch myself. I am not prolific; it is difficult to create unless taking a course or class. It would be inaccurate and deceptive to fail to mention that for a period of years in early adulthood, before the age of twenty-three, I was dissociated and unconsciously self-destructive. I put myself in very dangerous situations where I might have been further traumatised terribly or murdered. Fortunately, I was not. The details of those situations are irrelevant to this research. Yet, it is vital to note that I felt nothing—was robotic and emotionless—while putting myself in toxic and potentially deadly circumstances. In my second marriage, despite the struggle to balance being a wife and mother and making art, I manage to craft a small body of artwork and have a gallery show. I have an odd habit of giving, throwing away, or making charitable donations of finished work. At a certain point, I write on my paintings and realise I have something to say. Yet, it is a struggle to write.

I take classes and workshops in writing from 1991 to 1992 at UCSD and elsewhere. I attend a Sol Stein writing workshop in Laguna Beach, California, and there, I meet a couple of film producers in an elevator who are looking for a screenwriter. I say that I don’t do that kind of writing. I study children’s book writing with former Harcourt Brace editor Nora Cohen, yet I cannot finish either of my manuscript drafts. After the chance elevator meeting, the idea of writing screenplays won’t leave my mind. I take my first screenwriting course in 1993. As with other writing, I find that although I can get started and write a bit of a screenplay, it is impossible to finish a longer work. My screenplay draft and two manuscripts for children’s books remain unfinished. I start a large writing project and then get stuck, cannot finish it, and put the work aside. In between parenting and other activities, I get a monthly profile column interviewing local

²³⁴ ‘Appalachia as Science Fiction’.

²³⁵ Stephen P Dykstra, *Trauma and Reading* (2020) <<https://web.archive.org/web/20210301120607/https://www.corelearn.com/trauma-and-reading/>> [accessed 3 December 2019].

²³⁶ *ET the Extra-Terrestrial*, dir. by Steven Spielberg (Amblin Entertainment, 1982).

²³⁷ Robert A Heinlein, *Have Space Suit—Will Travel* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1977), pp. 76-77.

notable persons for a La Jolla alternative newspaper. I write several other articles published elsewhere. From 1992 to 1994, I interview and photograph fascinating people, including artist and author Françoise Gilot, and then write up my notes to create a profile of the person. Gilot was married to Jonas Salk at the time, and was Picasso's former lover and the mother of two of his children. Despite the intriguing subjects, I struggle to write. I can do so purely because I have a publication deadline; it is unthinkable to disappoint or fail my editor. Though I learn much in courses and gain motivation or energy from self-help books and audio, it doesn't correct whatever blocks my creative writing. I manage to draw and paint a bit, yet nothing seems to help my near-chronic writer's block.

Despite having an audio interview to transcribe, each 750-word profile article can take weeks because the writing process is excruciating. I do not yet perceive writer's block as one of several symptoms of serious psyche issues. I also struggle with perpetual lateness, being jumpy, startling very easily, banging and bruising myself on furniture (where I end and reality begins is not in my awareness), with non-restorative sleep and periodic binge eating, getting unwell frequently, having arthritis in my hands. I cannot tell others no when they ask me to do something or make demands on my time. I do not put my creative work first. I want to be a good wife, mother, and stepmother, to prepare lovely, healthful homemade food, decorate and keep a beautiful home, and meet my husband's expectations that I volunteer for charitable organisations alongside other pharmaceutical industry wives. At the same time, I am a room parent and volunteer at my toddler twin daughters' school, and I oversee my two stepchildren when they are with us. I sporadically attend and read stage plays and attend concerts or the opera. Yet there never seems to be time for my art. My writing only gets done in dribs and drabs. I listen to and read more about self-development, learning about adult children of alcoholics and co-dependency. A younger sister and I discuss our sense that someone sexually abused us as children. Yet, I do not connect childhood trauma with creative issues. Discovering my husband has a severe addiction, he and I separate. When the La Jolla paper for which I write folds, and my interview column is no more, I determine to finish my screenplay. I make countless to-do lists, write down dreams, keep journal fragments and make art, yet I still can't seem to write fiction. I became aware that I don't often feel. I collect tiny boxes and kaleidoscopes with shifting colouring images, not seeing that the minuscule objects

are metaphors for my fragmented narrative, psyche and reality. I collect little boxes; unbeknownst to me, my being has compartmentalised my life experience.

Similarly, kaleidoscopes, objects that make art images from fragmented pieces, appeal to me. My perception of reality, the world, myself, and everything is fractured. Unrecognised by myself, everything is perceived through a glass shattered. Despite extreme dissociation, I finally manage to have an epiphany. I realise I am with someone with severe issues because I must have real problems. I determine to get help for disordered eating and creative blocks and try group therapy for women. A profound incident occurs when I am invited to introduce myself to the group. I describe beatings and other violence in my otherwise little-remembered girlhood, excruciating chronic bladder infections at age ten or so, and other possible symptoms of childhood sexual abuse (CSA), binge eating, hypervigilance and trouble sleeping at night. While speaking, oblivious to what is occurring, I flush bright red over a large area of my face and chest. The female counsellor gently thanks me for sharing and said that perhaps it is a lot for me to reveal; then she describes the physical reaction she has just observed. I look down to see my scarlet upper body and have an enormous physical and cognitive revelation. The hot flush on my face and body enters my sensory awareness like a bolt out of the blue; I sense myself whoosh down into the top of my head and body as if I've been on a string above my body until that moment. It is as if I have become aware of and come into my body for the first time. Shocked, I realise I've spent my entire life outside my body, with little sense of physical self, except for possibly some early months or years up until age two that I no longer recall. I later learn that this is termed ungrounded or dissociative.

Despite the group facilitator's kindness, I don't fit in. After group therapy, the other women, who have issues of drug or alcohol abuse syndrome, are homeless or impoverished, seem uncomfortable with me despite any similarities in our childhoods. Perhaps my newness to the personal growth journey or ignorance of myself and life is unattractive. I don't return to group therapy due to unfriendly attendees who seem like they cannot accept me. Yet the revelatory gift of body awareness is mine to keep and a turning point in my life. Desperate for help, I try several therapists, thirteen in all, over several years. Only one seems exceptionally knowledgeable, gifted, or skilled enough to work with my issues, yet I can not associate with my trauma, so she can not reach or help me. Another, a man, lacks ethics. After the therapist tells me, in a hypnotic voice, pausing

for emphasis, that I am attracted to men in positions of power, like my husband... and himself, I never return. I resume reading and inner work to deal with my issues alone.

A friend gets cancer. I visit her and, each time, play Pachelbel's Canon by Johann Pachelbel. Her death on Father's Day, 19 June 1994, profoundly impacts me. A series of synchronicities surrounding Pachelbel's Canon unfolds: it's chosen for her funeral and later for her husband's subsequent wedding. This chain of events heightens my awareness of the emotional chasm with my own husband. He stalls our divorce, amidst which my health spirals, marked by depression, chronic fatigue, and fibromyalgia. Multiple specialists offer varied diagnoses, yet the absence of a clear solution in a gathering with five esteemed doctors is unsettling. This prompts my turn towards a holistic path to whole being wellness and creativity, a decision that changes my life for the better forever. I spend a couple of years living alone with my children, separated from my husband, making physical and emotional health progress with holistic practitioners. Gradually, I regain my health and slowly get increasingly grounded and into my body.

In 1996, I divorce and change my name legally. I choose the middle name Raven due to significant synchronicities involving the *Corvus corax* or common raven. Marie-Louise von Franz remarked that 'the raven represents dark thoughts and also a sudden illumination in your mind'.²³⁸ Raven has associations with 'creative depression' and 'black thoughts'.²³⁹ Once white in some Indigenous mythologies, Raven relates to the swan,²⁴⁰ and the animus can appear in either form.²⁴¹ Von Franz wrote that the raven 'is the great light bringer [...] and creator god', suggesting that in 'bringing down light and fire to mankind, he got so burned as to become black'.²⁴² Collective Raven may be shapeshifting Celtic Queen Morrígan—of the Tuatha Dé Danann—those ravens of 'mystical influence' who caw and call.²⁴³ The shiny-plumed, enormous black birds, 'messengers from the Beyond',²⁴⁴ appear outside my home. They are Otto's numinous manifestations,²⁴⁵²⁴⁶ the Divine Feminine in bird form. Via synchronicity, impossible to

²³⁸ Marie-Louise von Franz, *The Feminine in Fairy Tales* (Boulder: Shambhala, 1993), p. 140. Kindle ebook.

²³⁹ *Ibid.*

²⁴⁰ *Ibid.*

²⁴¹ *Ibid.*

²⁴² *Ibid.*, p. 139.

²⁴³ Marie-Louise Sjoestedt, *Celtic Gods and Heroes* (Mineola: Dover Publications, 2000), locs. 113-664. Kindle ebook.

²⁴⁴ Marie-Louise von Franz, *The Interpretation of Fairy Tales* (Boulder: Shambhala, 1996), p. 12. Kindle ebook.

²⁴⁵ *The Idea of the Holy*.

²⁴⁶ *C G Jung Lexicon: A Primer of Terms & Concepts*, p. 92.

ignore, their presence rouses my soul from the post-trauma somnolent curse of dissociation. They call me to earth, to be here now in my senseless husk of a body.

As a single mother, I parent and study psychology, writing, and art part-time and continue my healing journey. In the late nineties, I see neuroacoustic researcher Dr Jeffrey Thompson and have personalised Bio-Tuning® sessions where music created from my voice facilitates positive body-mind-spirit sound healing by balancing the Autonomic Nervous System (ANS). Calli Woodard Thomason described the history of sound healing and the future of ‘frequency’ and ‘sound therapy’ due to the ‘vibratory nature’ of humans and reality.²⁴⁷ Silbersweig and Sharma found that music can alter brain waves and increase connectivity between areas of and change the brain.²⁴⁸ Hebb’s theorem made clear that the brain is changeable.²⁴⁹ Yet, I know nothing about brain plasticity, the body-mind connection, or the psyche. I rely on intuition and go toward what feels right. I study inner or spiritual work, breathwork, meditation, Kabbalah, and more. Inner work helps me expand awareness; the spiritual ritual allows me to experience more beauty and goodness in the world. I feel my body more and occasionally feel pleasant emotions, yet I still struggle to write. I read the term ‘Inner Child’ in a book.²⁵⁰ After reading about the Inner Child, I get a doll that resembles my childhood self. Yet I do not feel nor sense any Inner Child or other part of self, and I have no audible self-talk. Though she seems as far away as a remote star—further away than the sun—I sense, and never question, that an Inner Child exists in me. Charles L Whitfield wrote:

The Concept of the Child Within has been a part of our world culture for at least two thousand years. C G Jung called it the “Divine Child” and Emmet Fox called it the “Wonder Child.” Psychotherapists Alice Miller and Donald Winnicott refer to it as the “true self.” Many in the field of alcoholism and other chemical dependence call it the “Inner Child.” The Child Within refers to that part of each of us which is ultimately alive, energetic, creative and fulfilled; it is our Real Self—who we truly are. With our parents’ unknowing help and society’s assistance, most of us deny our Inner Child. When this Child Within is not nurtured or allowed freedom of expression, a false or co-dependent self emerges.²⁵¹

I don’t hear inner self-talk, harmful or otherwise, and my issues seem to be dissociation, not being present, or feeling overwhelmed. Self-help books on co-

²⁴⁷ Calli Woodard Thomason, ‘Sound Healing: An Ancient-Modern Comparison of the Uses of Music and Sound for Therapy’ (unpublished baccalaureate thesis, University of Alabama, 2010), p. 1.

²⁴⁸ Samata R Sharma and David Silbersweig, ‘Setting the Stage: Neurobiological Effects of Music on the Brain’ (2018) < <https://remix.berklee.edu/mh-exchange-music-medicine/6/> > [accessed 1 December 2022].

²⁴⁹ D O Hebb, *The Organization of Behavior: A Psychological Theory* (New York: Wiley & Sons, 1949).

²⁵⁰ W Hugh Missildine, *Your Inner Child of the Past* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1963), pp. 4-5.

²⁵¹ *Healing the Child Within*, p. 22.

dependency make clear how I often fail to recognise red flags about situations and other people. A reconciliation with my pharmaceutical industry MD-PhD husband is unsuccessful as he compulsively lies and has relationships outside of our marriage. I simultaneously find evidence that he had cybersex with a sixteen-year-old, quit his Sex Addicts Anonymous sponsor and meetings, and has been called to appear before a disciplinary board at his company due to inappropriate behaviour with a temporary administrative assistant. I develop full-blown chronic fatigue. Though I lack the ability to clearly perceive him, the situation, or myself—due to a fractured psyche and ongoing issues of dissociation—in retrospect, his previously unexhibited paedophilic conduct triggered latent trauma, exacerbated C-PTSD symptoms, and sparked illness. More creatively blocked and depressed than ever, I am exhausted despite sleeping near-constantly and, off and on, have an irregular heartbeat and other symptoms. As I awaken more, realising that a highly educated, cultured man who is not an alcoholic can be a sex addict will lead to feelings of enormous shock. On some level, I unconsciously attributed my father's predatory nature to his lack of formal education and alcohol use disorder. Seeing that my spouse is profoundly damaged leads to an epiphany: I must bear hidden scars to be with such a wounded and wounding person. The situation helps to awaken me.

I see a La Jolla-based therapist, Dr Edith Eva Eger, who is a survivor of the Holocaust and the sole counsellor who seems both capable and well-educated. She gives me great advice. (*I know what she told me only because I read the journal entry with her instructions when reviewing decades of personal chronology during this postgraduate creativity research.*) She instructs me to think singly, to revel in my single-ness, and fully undergo the five stages of grief, without obsessing about what I did or didn't do in the relationship. Eger suggests self-discovery, understanding finances, setting achievable financial goals, and cautions against rebound relationships. She promotes group socialising and attending classes to counter loneliness and foster community. I am unable to tell her I don't understand what she means about any of it. I don't feel grief or much of anything else. In survival mode post-childhood trauma, ungrounded in my body, I am numb and don't have enough of a psyche, mind, or personality to comprehend her meaning. I do not yet think or know how to, yet I'm unaware of that. A broken person fumbling to function or make decisions, I necessarily do a poor job of many things. As a fragmented individual, my decision-making falters. I foolishly relinquish my therapy

session slot to my ex-husband. I neglect essential life considerations, understand very little, and fail to set or move toward tangible goals. I exist in a twilight world.

Fumbling to improve my life, I relocate to Pine Cove by Idyllwild in the San Jacinto Mountains in Riverside County, California. I travel to see an alternative healer in Escondido who has me lie on a zero-gravity table that rotates very slowly—so I feel weightless—while she plays music and records a custom-guided visualisation during each monthly session. I take the audiocassette home and listen to it daily for a month. The guided meditation is usually a journey up a mountain or similar. The sessions seem to function by almost calling my psyche, or soul, back into my physical body and whole being. I can't say how I grow increasingly grounded, more in my body, by monthly sessions on the rotating table, in a crystal-filled room, hearing custom visualisations. Like much of the inner work that I did and do, I go with what I am drawn toward and continue doing it if it is helpful, stopping when it is no longer effective. When I go down a path or try inner work that does not go well, or a practitioner seems inept, inappropriate, or dangerous, I back out of the situation, do not repeat it, and go in a new direction.

Very slowly, I come more into my body. Becoming more grounded, the healer's unique method focuses on a nature journey. Motivated to confront my past and writer's block, a breakthrough nears, which leads me to feel panicked near-constantly. A terrible sense of blackness looms over me. I shake with fear before one appointment, yet I must do this. I can't go on. I'm not writing. No matter what I learn about nutrition and wellness, I eventually binge on sugary foods when anxious. Eating the wrong foods in large quantities is wrecking my body and health. Even worse is the disconnect between reality and my person and personality. I do not remember the past, and something seems terribly wrong with my memory. Even if I am present at the moment, when something becomes the past, I forget it. Sometimes, I discover multiple copies of the same book; I did not recall repeatedly previously purchasing the work. I meet people who evidently know me; it is awkward and can hurt people's feelings if I don't speak or recall having met them. I grow determined to heal the source of my issues. My strange relationship with time, memory, and reality means that I mostly don't think about anyone or anything except myself and my children unless they or it is right in front of me. I don't think about my husband when he is out of sight or not contacting me; it is like he doesn't exist. In retrospect, I can imagine that he felt utterly abandoned at times. Focusing on or finishing

one of the many writing projects that I start seems impossible. I have no schedule. Chronically late, I am near-perpetually out of time and disconnected. Like Kurt Vonnegut, Jr's character Billy Pilgrim in *Slaughterhouse-Five*, at the whim of unknown responses to trauma that is outside of my conscious awareness, I am alternately stuck or 'unstuck in time'.²⁵² What is most horrible is that it is impossible to write much ever.

Before a critical session, I suspect I will regain memories of being molested by my birth father and paternal grandfather. I feel the truth that they did molest me in my body, yet I am terribly afraid of remembering. I know now that it wasn't recalling a memory—a picture of something long remembered from the past—that terrifies me. Instead, the terror is of working through the latent actual experience, the 'cellular memories'^{253,254} of life experiences so traumatic that they split the psyche at the time of the incident and are thus not yet processed by my whole being. But in the session, instead of 'father rape'²⁵⁵ or other incest, flashbacks reveal me and an estranged older sister being used in a ritual and abused. Bruce Lipton described how body cells learn through 'environmental experiences', then 'create cellular memories, which they pass on to their offspring';²⁵⁶ it is a small leap to consider that cells store memory of a past we cannot be present to fully. Cellular memories seem like they also pertain to epigenetic changes in the offspring of adults traumatised as children²⁵⁷ and ancestral memory.²⁵⁸ CranioSacral Therapy (CST)²⁵⁹ creator John Upledger describes masses causing interference in a person's craniosacral system—which I perceive as unprocessed life experience or emotional, physical/kinaesthetic, and energetic material suppressed at the time of a traumatic incident—as 'Energy Cysts'²⁶⁰. I have two Eye Movement Desensitization and Reprocessing (EMDR) sessions; it is a 'conditionally recommended' process for PTSD.²⁶¹ EMDR numbs me out; I feel drugged afterwards. I do not repeat the work.

²⁵² *Slaughterhouse-Five*, p. 27.

²⁵³ Bruce H Lipton, *The Biology of Belief: Unleashing the Power of Consciousness, Matter & Miracles*, 10th Anniversary Edition (Carlsbad: Hay House, 2015), p. 7. Kindle ebook.

²⁵⁴ Rachel Yehuda and Linda M Bierer, 'Transgenerational Transmission of Cortisol and PTSD Risk', *Progress in Brain Research*, 167 (2007), 121-135.

²⁵⁵ *Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape*, p. 281.

²⁵⁶ *The Biology of Belief*, p. 7.

²⁵⁷ Laura Ramo-Fernández, Anna Schneider, Sarah Wilker, and Iris-Tatjana Kolassa, 'Epigenetic Alterations Associated with War Trauma and Childhood Maltreatment', *Behavioral Sciences & the Law*, 33.5 (2015), 701-721.

²⁵⁸ *The Ancestor Syndrome*.

²⁵⁹ John E Upledger, 'Craniosacral Therapy Part I: Its Origins and Development', *Subtle Energies & Energy Medicine Journal Archives*, 6.1 (1995).

²⁶⁰ John E Upledger, *SomatoEmotional Release: Deciphering the Language of Life* (Berkeley: North Atlantic Books, 2002), pp. 48-50.

²⁶¹ 'Eye Movement Desensitization and Reprocessing (EMDR) Therapy', *APA Clinical Practice Guideline for the Treatment of Posttraumatic Stress Disorder* (2017) <<https://www.apa.org/ptsd-guideline/treatments/eye-movement-reprocessing/>>.

Instead, I see a wise woman whom Indigenous people go to for healing work. I grow better able to handle pain, anxiety, and fear when not numb or dissociative. Though continually plagued by dark flashbacks, over time, my groundedness increases slightly. Inner work deepens my ability to be present to traumatic implicit body memory or unprocessed experiences. Inner work helps reduce general anxiety and increases vigour.

Someone asks how life is going, and I recount nothing but negative things and somehow ‘hear’ myself in a moment of self-awareness. My tendency to focus overly on the negative in life seems problematic. I spontaneously sign up for flying lessons—when passing by French Valley Airport near Temecula in Southern California—and start a gratitude journaling practice. I’m able to name saddening or upsetting things, such as my daughter’s small dog getting run over, yet I don’t often feel emotion; there is a major disconnect in my body-mind connection. Daily gratitude journaling for a year in the late 90s opens my heart and fills it with gratitude.²⁶² Flying offers a literal shift in viewpoint, igniting hope for a brighter future. I dream of flying over various landscapes in my body.

I do not yet know ‘Symbols are the language of dreams’,²⁶³ per Marie-Louise von Franz, whose life work shared the dreamwork and legacy of Carl Jung. Jung’s ideas were ‘dreams attempt to regulate and balance [...] physical and mental energies [...] reveal the root cause of inner disharmony and emotional distress [...] present creative solutions to everyday problems and inspirational ideas’.²⁶⁴ ‘Jung found that in sleep, through dreams, people awaken to who they really are’ in reality.²⁶⁵ Though unfamiliar with symbolism, my dreams and flight lessons elevate my spirit, offering glimpses of transcendence even before I can fully confront my past. My history remains buried within, but I gradually connect more deeply with my whole being. Through gratitude journaling, I celebrate nature, sunrises, and cherished experiences, evoking profound positive emotions for the first time. Sometimes, I weep with happiness while journaling. I don’t realise it, yet this journaling is rewiring my neurons and brain to feel something besides suppressed pain, terror, disgust, or worse²⁶⁶. Gratitude journaling transforms my outlook. Subsequently, it is easier to feel appreciation and be immensely grateful for the beautiful aspects of life: my daughters, books, reading, and creativity. I join a screenwriting course and rent an

²⁶² Sarah Ban Breathnach, *Simple Abundance: A Daybook of Comfort and Joy* (New York: Warner Books, 1995).

²⁶³ Fraser Boa, *The Way of the Dream: Conversations on Jungian Dream Interpretation with Marie-Louise von Franz* (Boston: Shambhala, 1994), p. ix.

²⁶⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. ix-x.

²⁶⁵ *Ibid.*, p. x.

²⁶⁶ *Simple Abundance*.

office in Idyllwild, but my writing remains blocked. I take flight lessons but stop before soloing. In 2022, I discover a 1998 journal entry revealing a creative epiphany. It reads:

I thought I couldn't work. I didn't realise then that I just couldn't work on what I was trying to do. I couldn't force myself to work on *The TransGeniX* or *Double Happiness* or anything else. I didn't know what was wrong with me. The only time my writing flowed was when I was purging my experiences. I was in real mental anguish one afternoon. The kind of 'I would kill myself if I didn't have to stay here and raise these kids because my ex just won't do a good enough job by himself' kind of feeling and pain. I paced the room and was, if not beside myself, then somewhere in between being halfway in and halfway out of my mind. Teetering on the edge of deep despair, earlier that morning, I sat in my car and, after dropping the kids off, just grabbed a notebook that was on the seat and started to spew. I wrote for about fifteen minutes and stopped when I started crying. That was the only time I had ever written about feelings in the present tense. It was later the same day in the office when I stopped pacing and went and sat behind my desk and started writing about the ritual abuse ... not really writing about it per se. I was more capturing images and feelings and experiences that were like little sharp slivers of fractured mirror that cut me and made my psyche bleed when I picked them up with my mind. I was in such pain to begin with that I had to express it somehow. I wrote for about forty-five minutes until I threw up mucus and saliva and bile into the trash. I didn't know then that it was a good thing.

I had no idea that was actually writing. I thought writing was working on a screenplay or play, developing plot or a story line or doing an article. It is only in this moment as I write this now that I see the seed of what was. Something was planted that day and it's taken nurturing to get it to grow.

This diary entry contains a groundbreaking epiphany, yet I forget what I'd learned. The awareness—that there is value in writing my experience that I can find writing flow when I write whatever is present or emerging from my psyche unconscious—is rapidly lost. I don't revisit this understanding until I find the entry in January 2022 while collating decades of journal and dream entries. When the psyche is terribly fractured, epiphanies are necessarily shallow and partial; only a small part of the self has the realisation because there is no global awareness. I unconsciously thought about writing flow and its relationship to unprocessed trauma nearly two decades ago before completing undergraduate research on 'writing flow' or hearing the term flow.²⁶⁷ The journal entry also records the emergence of an experience of Jung's '*extraverted*' art, where a creative creates in response to the demands of the art within. Unlike with '*introverted*' art,²⁶⁸ the artist cannot control the outcome. I am young; I know nothing of creative practice or the subtle distinction between a creative impulse that possesses the artist and a writer's decision to create a specific work. Without knowing Jung's term, I know only of the existence of '*introverted*'²⁶⁹ art where 'literary works, prose as well as

²⁶⁷ H Rose, 'An Examination of Traditional and Alternative Story Development Techniques for Screenwriters: In the Context of Creativity and Hemispheres of the Human Brain' (unpublished baccalaureate thesis, Lesley University, 2003).

²⁶⁸ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 15: The Spirit in Man, Art, and Literature*, p. 73 (original emphasis).

²⁶⁹ *Ibid.*

poetry, [...] spring wholly from the author's intention to produce a particular result'.²⁷⁰ I read *Letters to a Young Poet*, and what resonates is that the one who cannot live without writing must write and that becoming a writer is a natural process.²⁷¹ In Rilke's words:

Being an artist means [...] ripening like the tree which does not force its sap and stands confident in the storms of spring without the fear that after them may come no summer. It does come. But it comes only to the patient [...] *patience* is everything!²⁷²

I attend the Palm Springs Writers Conference from 16-19 April 1998. Ray Bradbury opens the conference; Dean Koontz speaks at the opening night dinner. Too shy to speak when I meet them later, I stand next to them, listening as they talk to other writers. I don't recognise the meeting as a genre synchronicity pertaining to my ultimate creative writing direction. I have not yet read C G Jung and don't know about his 'meaningful coincidence, i.e., an acausal connection' or a 'run of events' with 'a certain numinous quality'.^{273,274} My children's father moves to Florida; he fails to take his visitation over Spring Break. They cry, going months without seeing him. When the twins fly to visit for the summer, I struggle to leave the Los Angeles airport once the plane departs. In Idyllwild, writing continues to elude me despite trying new tools and resources. In July 1998, I decide to move so that my children can live near their father. I will finish my education. After three Winter Park, Florida synchronicities, I determine to move there. An essay about my friend's death results in acceptance at Rollins College. Weeks later, in the autumn of 1998, I am a psychology major living in Winter Park.

In Florida, in a 30-hour self-development workshop called The Living Course (TLC), a peculiar experience unfolds. During the 'angel walk', participants receive a loving, light, platonic touch while walking through a human tunnel formed by course instructors and assistants. Strangely, I react with horror, disgust, and physical discomfort—so intense I cry—instead of the expected pleasant sensations. Other people are smiling and happy, which puzzles me. My reaction prompts me to reflect on childhood trauma's impact on the brain, particularly in relation to post-traumatic stress disorder and altered brain networks. TLC facilitator and counsellor Steve Bercov brings me a purple heart of

²⁷⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 72.

²⁷¹ Rainer Maria Rilke, *Letters to a Young Poet*, trans. by M D Herter Norton (New York: W W Norton & Company, 1954), p. 18.

²⁷² *Ibid.*, (original emphasis).

²⁷³ C G Jung, *Synchronicity: An Acausal Connecting Principle*, trans. by R F C Hull (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2012), p. 10. Kindle ebook (original emphasis).

²⁷⁴ C G Jung, *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 8: The Structure & Dynamics of the Psyche*, ed. and trans. by Gerhard Adler and R F C Hull (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1975), p. 417.

soapstone on day two; his act touches me profoundly, as does a letter he shares which says to practice persistence going forward. TLC proves beneficial, yet the enduring impression is of the dramatic experience of my human brain miswiring. In a study of women with chronic early trauma and resultant C-PTSD, researchers found post-traumatic stress disorder from early-life trauma changed the 'default network' in their brains, led to 'functional connectivity' issues in at-rest brain regions, and developmental miswiring.²⁷⁵ Thomas R Verny wrote about in-utero experiences changing the unborn child's brain, which is 'a sensing, feeling, conscious, and remembering being, at least three months before birth'.²⁷⁶ His research reveals that human body cells hold memories, our own and that of our ancestors.²⁷⁷ I know none of this yet, or how pertinent it will be to my journey to APR the latent trauma of childhood abuse. Relocation to Winter Park and juggling full-time college classes and single-parenting leads to unbearable stress.

Realising some anxiety is due to unconsciously holding my breath, in late 1998, I see Joseph Wolpe-trained facilitator Marylou Gantner for progressive relaxation sessions. The technique uses EMG Biofeedback to reduce brain, nerve and muscle tension contributing to anxiety.²⁷⁸ I learn to breathe correctly and release tension using a galvanic skin response device with an audible tone based on whether one is relaxed and breathing deeply or not. The work stems from Wolpe's reciprocal inhibition research.²⁷⁹ Wolpe's assertion was that anyone can learn to relax, which prevents anxiety and tension.²⁸⁰ Doing regular breathing homework triggers Herbert Benson's 'relaxation response',²⁸¹ making my eyes water, leading to relaxation, and all anxiety subsides. The deep rest state, which decreases heart rate, blood pressure and muscle tension, counter-acts the fight or flight stress response.²⁸² Yet, the breathwork achieves more than just relaxation.

Progressive relaxation deeply connects me to my body and the earth, fostering grounding. However, a perceptual shift takes place, transforming the very fabric of reality. The scenery undergoes a metamorphosis, unveiling an intricate tapestry of energy.

²⁷⁵ Robyn L Bluhm and others, 'Alterations in Default Network Connectivity in Posttraumatic Stress Disorder Related to Early-Life Trauma', *Journal of Psychiatry & Neuroscience*, 34.3 (2009), 187–194.

²⁷⁶ Thomas R. Verny, *The Embodied Mind: Understanding the Mysteries of Cellular Memory, Consciousness, and Our Bodies* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 2017), locs. 70-72. Kindle ebook.

²⁷⁷ *Ibid.*

²⁷⁸ Marylou Gantner, 'The Body's Miraculous Plan for Stress Control: Breathe Deeply and Let Tension Go', *Contentment*, 7.1 (March 2018), 1-5 (p. 1).

²⁷⁹ Joseph Wolpe, 'Psychotherapy by Reciprocal Inhibition,' *Conditional Reflex: A Pavlovian Journal of Research & Therapy*, 3 (1968), pp. 234–240.

²⁸⁰ Marylou Gantner, 'About Marylou Gantner' <<https://www.anxietystresscontrol.com/about-marylou/>> [accessed 3 March 2019].

²⁸¹ Herbert Benson, *The Relaxation Response* (New York: HarperCollins e-books, 2009), p. xvii-xviii.

²⁸² *Ibid.*

The land exudes vitality; Mother Earth pulses with life. Creatures, from butterflies to all living entities, emerge with unique significance as divine beings in their own right. The realisation dawns that each being, whether butterfly, bee, ant, beetle, worm or even microorganism, has an integral role in the dancing tapestry of existence—each is sovereign and deserving of reverence and safeguarding. My path to veganism takes root, fortifying my existing vegetarian lifestyle; I grow increasingly opposed to unnecessary cruelty and violence. The breathwork causes a shift that facilitates childhood flashbacks and archetypal experiences. Language, words, and thought forms possess movement, shapes, colours, and textures, whether translucent or transparent.

I have numinous encounters, flashbacks to diverse lifetimes or past life experiences (PLEs)—flashbacks that transcend various incarnations. In these PLEs, I am not always human, not always on this planet, and the incidences offer opportunities for a new perspective, forgiveness, or working through issues with other people or situations. Some fifty years of research conducted at the University of Virginia²⁸³ reveals that I am far from alone in experiencing these past life experiences or PLEs.^{284,285} Notably, young people who experience PLEs have no discernible 'psychopathology'.²⁸⁶ Though typically termed past lives, I experience and perceive the lifespans, past or future, as parallel. A belief in karma and past lives, dormant since childhood, is reignited. Meditation, Celtic Animistic ceremony, Zohar scanning, relaxation and breathwork, and other inner work bridge the field of reality and realms of sacred experiences and facilitate PLEs, visions, and encounters with spirits, including messengers and spiritual energies. Regular breathwork, relaxation, grounding, and spiritual practices grant access to altered states of consciousness, deeper psyche layers and spiritual dimensions. Reading to my children about Prince Siddhartha's enlightenment, in alignment with Buddhism, Jainism, and Hinduism, helps me accept the profound intensity of certain negative PLEs.²⁸⁷ I sometimes perceive reality as overlaid with information about parallel lives and that multiple timelines occur simultaneously and loop between a beginning and ending—birth

²⁸³ *University of Virginia: Division of Perceptual Studies, Fifty Years of Research* <<https://med.virginia.edu/perceptual-studies/our-research/children-who-report-memories-of-previous-lives/fifty-years-of-research/>> [accessed 23 September 2023].

²⁸⁴ Etzel Cardeña, Steven Jay Lynn, and Stanley Krippner Mills, eds 'Past-life Experiences', *Varieties of Anomalous Experience: Examining the Scientific Evidence* (2014), 303-332 <<https://doi.org/10.1037/14258-011>>.

²⁸⁵ Mark A Schroll, 'Varieties of Anomalous Experience: Examining the Scientific Evidence', *Anthropology of Consciousness*, 12 (2001), 63-65 <<https://doi.org/10.1525/ac.2001.12.2.63>>.

²⁸⁶ Jim B Tucker and F Don Nidiffer, 'Psychological Evaluation of American Children Who Report Memories of Previous Lives', *Journal of Scientific Exploration*, 28.4 (2014), 583-594.

²⁸⁷ Jonathan Landaw, *Prince Siddhartha: the Story of Buddha* (Boston: Wisdom Publications, 1984).

and death—in each lifetime. Jung wrote that 'the contents of the unconscious could be explained by reincarnation if we knew that there is reincarnation'.²⁸⁸ Michio Kaku indicates that humans are unaware of other multiverse universes because:

[...] they are not vibrating at the same frequency that we are [...] In your living room, you coexist with the waves of dinosaurs, pirates, aliens from space, and monsters. Yet you are blissfully unaware that you are sharing the same space as these strange denizens of quantum space, because your atoms are no longer vibrating in unison with them.²⁸⁹

Kaku's explanation of co-existing parallel realities—and whether or not one is attuned to them—is akin to my experiences. As I breathe deeply and relax, beyond PLEs, I experience a richer reality filled with symbolic events and creatures. The reality shift seems to align with Jung's 'contents of the unconscious', what he referred to as 'the magic mountain'.²⁹⁰ I am unconcerned. From my perspective, these incidences are the genuine reality often described by Indigenous persons or written about by Eliade, Jung, or others. In my case, any extrasensory perceptions may have to do with the shrinking of the bridge between the left and right hemispheres of the neocortex. 'Child abuse (CA), which is linked to posttraumatic stress disorder (PTSD), has been associated with a reduction in both hippocampal and corpus callosum (CC) volume'²⁹¹ and 'severe and prolonged stress has detrimental effects on the hippocampus'.²⁹² Physicist Russell Targ indicates that the 'spiritual healer, the mystic, and the scientist [...] are all in touch with their nonlocal mind' as a result of 'distant healing and quantum physics' being 'in alignment with the oldest spiritual teachings of the sages, who taught that "separation is an illusion." [...] that there is no distance for consciousness'.²⁹³ Carl Jung recounts that after a 'fantasy of my soul having flown away from me', his household experienced related 'parapsychological phenomena'.²⁹⁴ The events involved household members experiencing discrete eery occurrences which culminated in a 'doorbell ringing

²⁸⁸ C G Jung, *C G Jung Letters, Vol 1: 1906-1950*, trans R F B Hull (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1973), pp. 208-209.

²⁸⁹ Michio Kaku, *The Future of the Mind: The Scientific Quest to Understand, Enhance, and Empower the Mind* (New York: Anchor, 2015), p. 336.

²⁹⁰ Carl Gustav Jung, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, ed. by Aniela Jaffé, trans. by Richard and Clara Winston (New York: Vintage Books, 1989), p. 246. Kindle ebook.

²⁹¹ Dimitri A Young, Thomas C Neylan, Linda L Chao, Aoife O'Donovan, Thomas J Metzler, & Sabra S Inslicht 'Child Abuse Interacts with Hippocampal and Corpus Callosum Volume on Psychophysiological Response to Startling Auditory Stimuli in a Sample of Veterans', *Journal of Psychiatric Research*, 111 (2019), 16–23.

²⁹² Mohammed Mostafizur Rahman, Charlotte K Callaghan, Christian M Kerskens, Sumantra Chattarji, and Shane M O'Mara, 'Early Hippocampal Volume Loss as a Marker of Eventual Memory Deficits Caused by Repeated Stress', *Scientific Reports*, 6.1, 29127 (2016) < <https://doi.org/10.1038/srep29127>>.

²⁹³ Russell Targ and Jane Katra, 'The Scientific and Spiritual Implications of Psychic Abilities', *Alternative Therapies in Health and Medicine*, 7.3 (2001), 143–49.

²⁹⁴ *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, pp. 227-228.

frantically’ despite that Jung and ‘two maids’, readily able to see outside, witnessed and ‘stared’ to see ‘there was no one in sight’.²⁹⁵ Jung opines that this was ‘an unconscious constellation whose peculiar atmosphere’ he understood to be ‘the numen of an archetype’.²⁹⁶ Describing his home as literally ‘crammed full of spirits’, the experience as a ‘haunting’, by a ‘ghostly assemblage’, Jung states that the ‘atmosphere cleared’ when he wrote *Septem Sermones ad Mortuos* or the *Seven Sermons to the Dead*.²⁹⁷

This ‘fantasy’ of his ‘soul’ flying away from him, Jung described as ‘an example of what is called “loss of soul”—a phenomenon encountered quite frequently among primitives’, as ‘the unconscious corresponds to the mythic land of the dead, the land of the ancestors’; Jung’s suggestion is that the fantasy led to a direct experience of ‘the unconscious which is ‘the land of the dead’ due to ancestral memory’.²⁹⁸ It could be purely that, with a Celtic Animistic or other spiritual practice approach, one is able to attune—to use Kaku’s term—to these ‘parallel universes’ with their other frequencies.²⁹⁹ Jung attempts to explain the phenomena, succeeding his ‘soul vanishing’, by stating that when the soul ‘has withdrawn into the unconscious or into the land of the dead’ it ‘produces a mysterious animation and gives visible form to the ancestral traces, the collective contents. Like a medium, it gives the dead a chance to manifest themselves’.³⁰⁰ In *Negotiating with the Dead*, Margaret Atwood wrote that ‘*all* writing of the narrative kind, and perhaps all writing, is motivated, deep-down [...] by a desire to make the risky trip to the Underworld, and to bring something or someone back from the dead’.³⁰¹ The capacity to make this journey is a gift because, as the poet reveals, ‘All writers must [...] descend to where the stories are kept’ so that we might bring these narratives ‘back into the land of the living’.³⁰² Per James McClenon, ‘extrasensory perceptions (ESP), apparitions, out-of-body experiences, near-death experiences, precognitions, clairvoyance, night paralysis, synchronicities, and contacts with the dead’³⁰³, what he

²⁹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 227.

²⁹⁶ *Ibid.*

²⁹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 228.

²⁹⁸ *Ibid.*

²⁹⁹ *The Future of the Mind*, p. 336.

³⁰⁰ *Ibid.*

³⁰¹ Margaret Atwood, *Negotiating with the Dead: A Writer on Writing* (New York: Anchor Books, 2003), p. 156 (original emphasis).

³⁰² *Ibid.*, p. 178.

³⁰³ James McClenon, ‘The Experiential Foundations of Shamanic Healing’, *The Journal of Medicine and Philosophy*, 18(2) (1 April 1993), pp. 107-27 (p. 107).

terms ‘anomalous phenomena’, correlate with variables such as being a highly sensitive person, being artistic and receptive to hypnosis.³⁰⁴

In the late 90s, despite periodic transcendent experiences, I am largely lost. Near immobile, I am often in the grip and gloom of unresolved latent trauma, so traumatised that I barely function. Being a fully functioning person, moreover, a fruitful writer, would feel as far from me as a distant star if only I could feel. If only I had a life metaview; if only I could understand my monomyth and where I was in that journey. I am at the beginning of my heroine’s journey and far away from the depths of the Underworld, where I might gain or steal the elixir or boon and return with it. Practising breathing, listening to music to support desired brain wave states, and having regular CST and massage therapy with a specialist who works with adult survivors of childhood sexual and ritual abuse help. I grow less tense.³⁰⁵ In psychophysiology, I am assigned a paper on schizophrenia. The perception that visions and numinous experience, the lived experience of Indigenous peoples and others, is a form of mental illness is horrifying. It grows impossible to study a human behaviour system that perceives the ‘ecstatic journey’ or ‘marvelous flight’, a ‘vision’, ‘helping spirits’, or other ‘experiences’ of Divine power, as described by Eliade,³⁰⁶ meaning Rudolf Otto’s ‘numinous’ or *mysterium tremendum*, as evidence of mental illness.³⁰⁷ In 1999, despite making top grades in my current classes, I withdraw from the university day programme. I start writing classes part-time in the Rollins College Hamilton Holt School night programme. My creativity unfolds.

I do morning pages based on Julia Cameron’s work in a writing course. This leads to a new creative life phase. I start to write more than journal entries and dream records. We do sensory writing exercises in class; it transforms my experience of reality. We write from natural objects, see, touch, feel them, and describe that in words, and it is beautiful and grounding in a way I am unprepared for. I write poetry and poetic prose fiction. A side effect of inner work is a breathtakingly beautiful experience of the personified living world, the trees, the plants and flowers, the birds, the elements, everything has—is part of—luminous consciousness. The beauty of living things informs my poetry and prose and makes life more bearable. I start a writing group; four female writers attend a weekly

³⁰⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 112.

³⁰⁵ Marylou Gantner, ‘The Healing Power of the Breath’, *Contentment*, V7, 2 (Weatherford: The American Institute of Stress, June 2018), pp. 10–17 < <https://www.stress.org/wp-content/uploads/Newsletter/Contentment%20June%202018/content/Contentment%20June%202018.pdf> > [accessed 3 March 2019]

³⁰⁶ *Shamanism: Archaic Techniques of Ecstasy*, p. 226.

³⁰⁷ *The Idea of the Holy*, pp. 25-26.

group in my home. I read *When Rabbit Howls*,³⁰⁸ a book about a woman who begins therapy to explore her anxiety, moodiness, and periods of lost time, not realising that the content is far too personally relevant and triggering unremembered history. I begin to understand I've been very dissociative, experiencing missing time, much of nearly two decades of it, all my life. I don't know where that time went, what occurred during those stretches, or what is missing from me. I also don't grasp I'm at the beginning of my first major Inner Child integration—as formerly suppressed, frozen parts of me slowly thaw and awaken—stimulated by the progressive relaxation breathwork, increasing inner work, and writing morning pages, sensorial and otherwise.

As these parts thaw and wake, my personality and tastes change. I choose purple and red or magenta pink clothing when shopping instead of the historic black garments previously preferred. Given my fragile emerging awareness and history, I am oblivious that reading *When Rabbit Howls* is inappropriate. Multiple terrified POS—who come online in awareness subtly and emerge post-breathwork—are activated by the book. In that same month of December, after writing group, a female member casually tells me that she has paedophilic fantasies about nine-year-old girls, little girls the age of my daughters. Her words are intensely triggering. After slowly awakening, it is horrifying and a shock to realise a woman can be a predator and that a potential predator has been coming into my home, where I parent my twin girls. The move to protect my children is virtually instant. I end the writing group, never let the other writers return, and put my home up for sale. Prior to the sale, life grows more frightening. I have an awful experience with a half-dollar-sized spider—a dark, symbolic, charged out-picturing of emerging C-PTSD fears—on the master bedroom walk-in closet ceiling above my head. I get so frightened when alone over the winter holiday in December, when my girls are with their biological father and stepmother that I ask my MD-PhD ex-husband to find in-patient psychological treatment for me. I go to a famous clinic in the middle of the US.

Put in a locked co-ed psychiatric ward, I feel exposed and unprotected in a shared open room and am given no instruction about the process, what to expect, or what might happen. I lie awake all night. Staring wide-eyed in the dark, in-patients screaming in the night trigger flashbacks. The hourly life checks and the cold, clinical manner of employees who lack compassion, understanding, caring, or concern result in feelings of

³⁰⁸ Truddi Chase, *When Rabbit Howls* (New York: Penguin, 1990).

panic. Despite the considerable treatment cost, no expressive art or other effective therapy is offered. A female therapist asks me to make up a story at my sole treatment individual counselling session. I tell a story about a little child of seven or so whose violin is smashed and destroyed by their father; the tale moves me to tears. The counsellor says nothing in response, and the session is over. At a group therapy session, it is difficult to open up, be vulnerable, and feel connected or find value due to the aggressive people present and men making sexually suggestive comments. I say nothing. After a few days, I insist my ex get me out. The incompetence of the organisation and that of nearly every therapist I have seen over the years, with the exception of Dr Eger, makes clear that I would be better off finding another healing path. I suffer from what the American Psychological Association defines as Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID), and even I could do a better job than the clinic did to provide resources and a safe container, emotionally and otherwise, for healing from childhood sexual abuse.

I return to Florida and seek holistic treatment to work through trauma. Over three or four years, I have some two hundred hours plus of CranioSacral Therapy (CST) with two highly trained Upledger-certified practitioners. CST is a modality to free ‘restricted movement’ in the craniosacral system,³⁰⁹ which facilitates releasing embedded body trauma, the ‘areas of restricted or disorganized energy’ that CST creator John E Upledger terms ‘Energy Cysts’.³¹⁰ Practising breathwork, CST, massage therapy, and body awareness work with a specialist who works with adult survivors of sexual and ritual abuse regularly triggers Benson’s ‘relaxation response’³¹¹ and further improves my fatigue. The CST helps me release material, such as stuck energy, and be so attuned to my body that I can unwind trauma material at home. I continue periodic attempts to establish a relationship with my birth family. As a girl, I am mostly silent, maybe due to the earlier stutter or mute terror and fear of being harmed. The scenario that I was born into mirrors that ‘system set against our self-actualization’ described by Selma Nemer.³¹² In this situation, ‘daughters of narcissistic fathers lose their natural, healthy aggression, for they are split off from their own minds, vision, voice and power’.³¹³ And the daughter

³⁰⁹ John Upledger, *Your Inner Physician and You: CranioSacral Therapy and Somatoemotional Release®* (Berkeley: North Atlantic Books, 1997), p. 18.

³¹⁰ John Upledger, ‘Releasing the Energy Cyst’, *Massage Today*, 29 May 2009. <<https://massagetoday.com/articles/10768/Releasing-the-Energy-Cyst>> [accessed 11 June 2019].

³¹¹ Benson, p. xvii-xviii.

³¹² Selma Nemer, *The Beheaded Goddess: Daughters of Narcissistic Fathers* (Pennsauken: BookBaby, 2012), p. 10. Kindle ebook.

³¹³ *Ibid.*

molested by her father—or other adults abusing positions of power and authority—is split off from her body and beheaded, made extremely dissociative, in an especially malevolent and gruesome way. Nemer adds that the ‘beheading of the goddess/daughter begins in early childhood, as boundaries of safety and trust are broken’.³¹⁴

Despite being profound childhood psyche fracturing, I join organisations and sometimes take leadership positions. A strange incident occurs in high school. I awaken walking or wandering in a hallway and do not know how old I am, what grade I am in, or where I should be. I finally realise that I am in the tenth grade, yet I cannot recall what classroom I am assigned to and do not know which term it is. The moment fades away. Some other part of me takes over, everything fades out, and I am asleep again. Our parents do not teach us hygiene, about our bodies, or anything else. They give orders to or threaten us. A wounded animal in girlskin clothing, I never realise that a menstrual cycle arrives monthly. I feel shame and confusion when I must go to home economics to wash and dry my skirt when blood gets on it because I am unprepared. These kinds of incomprehensible situations give me the sense that something is wrong, an awareness I rapidly forget. In my younger years, the boundary between dreams and reality sometimes blurs for me. Occasionally, I dreamt of the future. If a person dies in my dream reality—a phenomenon that transpired on two occasions—then they die in waking reality. I believe in the concepts of karma, reincarnation, and karmic debts. These concepts do not originate from the religious backgrounds of my Catholic birth mother or Southern Baptist birth father, leaving their origins a puzzle. A member of Future Homemakers of America (FHA) and Future Business Leaders of America (FBLA), I study homemaking, computers, and shorthand. I join the Georgia Association of Media Assistants (GAMA), so I might spend more time in the library amidst the company of books. I join various other clubs and am a high school cheerleader. Remarkably, given my state of dissociation, I hold positions of leadership within these clubs. This feat is achieved through following instructions, emulating peers, or because some unknown part of me handles it.

Conscious thought and natural memory are ultra-rare before the age of eighteen, particularly before the age of fourteen. I am unaware as a child that, though I do things, I spend most of my life in a grey or dark space, slumbering in a fuguelike state. An airless grey space, blackness, or a void is what dissociation looked like from the inside for me.

³¹⁴ *Ibid.*

Some unawake part of me runs the show, my life, struggling to keep me safe amidst the threat of violation while the kaleidoscope bits of my entire personality slumber, frozen. Per Angi Jacobs-Kayam and Rachel Lev-Wiesel, after ‘traumagenic’^{315,316} CSA, living in a wasteland is not unusual. After trauma ‘Images or flashes replace constant, stable memories’ because ‘Sexual abuse functions as a knife, disconnecting the past from the present and the future’.³¹⁷ ‘Adrift in time and space’ with ‘disintegration of body, mind and identity’ in ‘chaos, exhaustion, and confusion’ is where the survivor is left.³¹⁸ Perhaps because turning eighteen means the future is impending, a tiny emerging seed self has a glimmer of realisation: I will graduate high school. Virtually almost utterly asleep, dissociative, shocked, and violated near-entirely out of my body, the tiniest kernel of awareness wants to be a conscious person. People in this small Appalachian town tend to get either married, work, or both after graduation. Yet, part of me wants to grow. I follow the impulse to send away for Hofstra University and Mercer University brochures; I won’t attend either, yet the action is the initiation of steps toward education and the eventual path to greater wholeness and freedom. Later, doing inner work and expressive arts, or being facilitated about the past, I see myself attached to a slender, shining silver cord. I am as far out of the body as my parts of self (POS) can get and remain connected to my person and thus alive. This delicate, thin, shining silver cord extends from the body to a great light, a near infinity, in the distance³¹⁹. I don’t know as a child or later when I first paint the experience, yet that silver cord connecting my soul and body was described in literature and illustrated in *The Secret of the Golden Flower: A Chinese Book of Life*.

In the grey space of childhood, I am dissociated from the experiences that make up my shadow and lead to the formation of personas and false selves. Somewhere, likely in my twenties, I see a literary misquote attributed to Danish philosopher Søren Kierkegaard: ‘Life can only be understood backwards; but it must be lived forwards’.³²⁰ Unusually, the words stay with me. The phrase points to delayed meaning-making due to the inability to be present and thus understand my life narrative until long after. The precise Kierkegaard quote is, ‘It is quite true what philosophy says, that life must be

³¹⁵ traumagenic, APA Dictionary of Psychology <<https://dictionary.apa.org/traumagenic>>

³¹⁶ Angi Jacobs-Kayam and Rachel Lev-Wiesel, ‘In Limbo: Time Perspective and Memory Deficit Among Female Survivors of Sexual Abuse’, *Frontiers in Psychology*, 10:912 (2019), 1-13 <<https://doi.org/10.3389/fpsyg.2019.00912>>.

³¹⁷ *Ibid.*

³¹⁸ *Ibid.*

³¹⁹ Alfred Ballabene, ‘The Silver Cord (Observations and Traditions)’, *Paranormal Deutschland* (1997), <<https://www.paranormal.de/ballabene/obe/english/cord.htm>> [accessed 12 21 2021].

³²⁰ Søren Kierkegaard quote 105030, in *BrainyQuote* [online] <https://brainyquote.com/quotes/soren_kierkegaard_105030> [accessed 5 February 2019].

understood backward. But then one forgets the other principle, that it must be *lived forward*.³²¹ I hoard information based on gut instinct. Later I'll learn that a chronology and inner work facilitate personal narrative integration and embodied memory. As a young girl, the assaults of reality prevent a cohesive narrative and memory, and leave me feeling ancient, so old, so alone. Kathleen Whalen Fitzgerald writes:

The essence of child abuse is that the integrity and innocence of a child are assaulted by the very person or persons charged with his care. A child's innocence means that he is introduced to the world only when he is ready and that the world, with its guilt and violence and shame, is not allowed to assault him too early, for he is protected. He is treasured, not beaten and burned and raped.³²²

Despite not being treasured, and a long-term default to dissociation, reality begins breaking in. Perhaps this is due to neurochemical and other changes associated with puberty. After gaining weight as a teen, I go four days without eating. Then I start to binge and purge. Much of my childhood is spent doing chores, being whipped if they are done imperfectly or if my siblings or I are otherwise judged as failing. We garden. My father hunts. We eat animals. My father's cows are slaughtered, and he hunts deer, rabbits, squirrels, and the odd turtle. Once, my father cooks a snake and makes us eat some. As a teen, I am taken deer hunting with my father, younger brother, younger sister, and my father's best friend and his son. On a misty winter morning, I sit in a tree deer stand high above the tree-covered ground. In the distance, I hear what sounds like the unique sound made when the racks, or horns, of two male deer, strike against one another repeatedly. I beseech the universe to keep deer away from the leaf-strewn clearing below; my father will expect me to kill a whitetail deer. I pray that one does not come. It is cold; we sleep in a camper all together. My sister and I sleep with my father. I wake in the night to find my top pulled down, my father's mouth sucking on my left nipple, and him pawing me. With a soundless cry and shudder of horror, I shake him off, get up and stumble outside. I sit—mentally and otherwise numb—in the icy wee hours, staring into the fire until dawn breaks. Within hours, I forget what happened.

Several decades later, inner work leads to an increasing recall of the past. I realise with a soul cry of despair that I unwittingly left my little sister sleeping with that intoxicated monster. Despite dissociation as a girl and teen, part of me was despondent

³²¹ Søren Kierkegaard, Trans Niels Jørgen Cappelørn and others, ed. by George Pattison. *Kierkegaard's Journals and Notebooks, Volume 2: Journals EE-KK*. (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2001), p. 179 (original emphasis).

³²² Kathleen Whalen Fitzgerald, *Alcoholism: The Genetic Inheritance* (New York: Doubleday, 1988), pp. 124-125.

and wanted to escape. More than once, when reality is too much to bear, I push a metal curtain hook into a vein in my wrist and leave it there under a long sleeve. Anguished, feeling unable to go on, I jump out of the barn second story at seventeen. I do not die and only sprain my ankle. I try to protect my younger siblings, to hide their eyes so they will not see terrible things, yet there is no one to protect me or keep me from seeing detestable things. When I am perhaps fourteen years old, my older sister—temporarily back at home—convinces me to run away with her. We hitchhike, picked up by two truck drivers who take us in different trucks. A horrific first French kiss; this strange man forcibly kisses me in the mouth. When you are sexually abused as a child, you are never a virgin. You are never innocent. You are besmirched at a young age, and the experience and the facts are mind-numbing and soul-crushing. When we are caught at a truck stop in Tennessee, put in a teen detention centre, and then returned, she wants us to go to foster care. I decide to stay home. In a mere four more years, I graduate high school. After the terrible experience of running away, I decide I don't want to leave my younger siblings alone with my father and stepmother. This is one of a couple of memories of a moment of real awareness, a twinkling of thought. This is one of three or four memories that I could recall before embarking on a journey to find a way to write and eat normally.

The hormonal and perhaps brain changes of puberty break through the grey soup of dissociation where I reside. That, plus the absence of abuse since age ten or so—except for the hunting overnight incident—when my biological mother and father divorce and my father remarried, leads to lessening detachment. There are still months blotted out near-entirely and a haze of grey, yet I recall more of age fourteen to eighteen than any other time in my childhood. Despite the grey-blur-haze-blotted-out-reality and severance from the momentary details of my youth, I have a periodic crushing sense that something is horribly wrong. I pass out if standing too long and get nosebleeds, and I am generally unwell. 'Domineering and neglectful adults create unsafe circumstances in different ways, but the end result is always danger for the teen. The danger may be emotional, spiritual, physical, or sexual. It manifests itself in many different ways, and even when not apparent, the threat of hurt is always there. Being alert in this constantly dangerous world is exhausting'.³²³ I am exhausted and drained from my childhood experiences, and I am beginning to awaken, be aware, and feel more; what I feel is pain.

³²³ Adult Children of Alcoholics (Association), *Adult Children: Alcoholic/Dysfunctional Families* (Torrance: Adult Children of Alcoholics World Service Organization, 2006), p. 478.

On a few occasions, an adult gives me a leadership position that has long-lasting positive ramifications. A French teacher gives me a part in the play *Juvie*. While terrified, declining doesn't occur to me; I've never said no to an adult. It is the first time I see a script, stage play or otherwise. We perform at a play competition, and a judge gives me positive feedback: he thinks I shouldn't do theatre, as I am so soft-spoken, but I would do well in television as microphones are used. This idea—that I could work in TV—thrills me and likely contributed to the later notion that I could be a filmmaker. My siblings and I stage little plays as children. I score well on the Armed Services Vocational Aptitude Battery (ASVAB). The test results suggest that, with better vision, I could be an aeroplane pilot. On some level, the test score gives me a feeling. Despite the abyss of my birth, one day, I will fly. A teacher sponsor makes me co-captain of the varsity cheerleading team. I keep the position despite two members of the team quitting in response. Another teacher has me run for 9th District President of GAMA. I win. I am on television with other 4-H members, where I demonstrate how to can tomatoes. As part of 4-H, I can tomatoes and win blue and red ribbons at the Georgia State Fair. Despite my fragmented experience of body, time, and reality, in retrospect, every positive experience—so unlike my repressed life of despair, sexual trauma, objectification, and abuse from toddlerhood—makes me unconsciously hopeful that I might sometime rise up and become a person.

After childhood, I unconsciously give myself and my time away. By this, I mean constantly undertaking unpaid work for organisations, often charities or other people. I don't know how to pace myself or take time for creativity. I chair committees, write and edit newsletters, fundraise, and help put on events. Yet, slowly, I do more things to develop myself. Getting divorced, stopping charitable work, starting college, and doing ongoing self-development helps. Despite being unconsciously shut down and deeply depressed, I slowly progress toward becoming an authentic, more integrated, expressive person who knows what she feels. I don't readily recall what I look like unless I see a photograph of myself. I paint self-portraits, which help me see myself, associate more deeply with my body and identity, and better recall what I look like. My forebears largely came from the Channel Islands, England, Scotland, Wales, Northern Italy, and Ireland. Starting an earth-based Celtic Animistic spiritual practice allows me a spirituality and

purification practices that fit with how I perceive and experience the world.^{324,325} I quit the Hamilton Holt school night school and stop taking writing classes. Despite wanting to create a TV show, I am clueless about to write or produce one. I can't seem to finish a screenplay and no longer have profile articles published. When my Winter Park home sells—after a member of my writing group reveals that she is a potential paedophile—I move into a gated community with 24-hour security. This allows me to feel somewhat safer and be able to work more deeply with the trauma arising from my cells.

Through Pace Center for Girls, a non-residential programme for at-risk girls, I study Gender Competent Programming with a module on working with people with PTSD. I get trained as a Coaches Training Institute (CTI) coach and a Covey Coach. Pursuing education for self-healing, after coaching, training and certification, I am sidetracked and work with others. When asked to teach a monthly workshop at a bookstore based on nonfiction coaching or self-help books, I do so. I speak and conduct seminars at universities. I believe that I should help others despite my longing to write. I struggle to stop being selfless or serving others, yet am unaware that this near-compulsive pattern has to do with my childhood. Jungian analyst James Hollis explains that 'What is so intractable about personality disorders is that the damage to the soul usually occurred to the fragile, vulnerable child, whose nascent ego was understandably unable to process this traumatic experience and shut down the vital feeling function [...] the natural personality is greatly skewed, and the person becomes locked into a pathologized, and often pathologizing, strategy for life'³²⁶. I alternate between pursuing creative writing and self-development; when I cannot write, I get trained in or do inner work. I study philosophy, an approach with an emphasis on observing the self in relationship to and in reality, which changes me. Two years of study, CranioSacral sessions, and other depth psyche inner work, including a philosophy course with several practicums, facilitate a solid emergent complexity of personality, with a witness self, or 'aware ego'.³²⁷

My aware ego is increasingly present; this part of me is newly awake, paying attention, and mainly in charge of my whole being. I disagree with something that my philosophy instructor says. After the class, I approach him and, despite nervousness,

³²⁴ Peter Roberts, *The Cambrian Popular Antiquities; or, An Account of Some Traditions, Customs, and Superstitions, of Wales with Observations as to Their Origin* (London: E Williams, 1815), p. 36.

³²⁵ Elias Owen, *Welsh Folk-Lore: A Collection of the Folk-Tales and Legends of North Wales* (Oswestry: Woodall, Minshall, and Co., 1986), p. 53.

³²⁶ *Swamplands of the Soul*, p. 114.

³²⁷ *Embracing Ourselves*, loc. 437.

share my thoughts. I experience a massive, astonishing spontaneous physical reaction from speaking up. Expressing a different opinion with my teacher is the first time I have ever disagreed with a person in a position of power and authority. I feel a profound buzzing sensation in every cell of both forearms when I quietly express my opinion. It's a benign discussion about a philosophical concept with a non-threatening, well-boundaried person. The results of using my voice—for one silenced from babyhood—are profound. Though the buzzing abates, I am becoming a different person. Drs Hal and Sidra Stone indicate that 'Consciousness evolves on three distinctly different levels';³²⁸ their defined order of development is 1) 'awareness', 2) '*experience* of the different selves, subpersonalities, or energy patterns', and lastly, 3) 'the development of an aware ego'.³²⁹ I experience stages two and three concurrently, after and during the development of awareness using multiple types of inner work. Paying increasing attention to my inner and outer experience of reality, I notice and track shifts in myself. Noting shifts from one state of consciousness to another, what I term switching, is a way to track when a different POS becomes dominant. I can tell I have switched if my visual perspective changes, for instance, if I suddenly feel shorter or taller when looking down at an object. My voice often changes when I switch, such as if an Inner Child POS is dominant. I also observe in conversations when other people switch between POS, especially noting when an Inner Child is activated in them. I learn to check in with myself, to pause and see what I think and feel and am aware of, to get a body sense of what is or is not true for me. I stop agreeing to or with things without thinking; I no longer go through life on autopilot.

I do two Unleash the Power Within (UPW) weekends—fire walk seminars—with Anthony Robbins; UPWs include Neuro-linguistic Programming (NLP) and other types of effective inner work.³³⁰ In one UPW exercise, I discover that my auditory sense is the weakest. It becomes clear that I often tune out or drop audio, and sometimes other senses, unconsciously. As a girl, dropping audio meant I did not hear others speak to me while reading. It also explains why listening to lectures is the worst way for me to take in or learn information. Unconsciously shutting down audio or other sense inputs is a way for the defending brain to reduce sensory input, contributing to stress. My girlhood in the

³²⁸ *Ibid.*, locs. 437-439.

³²⁹ *Ibid* (original emphasis).

³³⁰ Sue Bradley, 'Understanding Attendees' Transformative Experiences Following Tony Robbins's Unleash the Power Within Seminars', *Consciousness, Spirituality & Transpersonal Psychology*, 2 (2021), 47-59 <<https://doi.org/10.53074/cstp.2021.26>>.

grey space was incredibly silent. Generally, only orders broke through into my conscious awareness; otherwise, I tuned things out. I had no self-talk. Except when my parents were screaming, or someone was crying externally, it was often hushed in my mind for the first eighteen years. Due to historic dissociation, I unconsciously drop all senses, including visual and kinaesthetic. This dropping of sense was a childhood survival skill, yet the unconscious behaviour is now harmful. My brain must be rewired to override this default tendency to shut off the audio and other senses to be a whole person and create the life I desire. The UPW is noisy yet educational and energising. An invaluable Tony Robbins concept is that I can do, be, have, and achieve creative goals if I am willing to do ‘whatever it takes’ (WEIT) and ‘change my approach’ until I get the desired result³³¹.

On the aeroplane ride home, I simultaneously practice listening, seeing, and feeling kinaesthetically. It is an astounding experience; I simultaneously hear, see, listen, and feel physical sensations. This is the first time in my life I have experienced this. I am awake and aware and using all of my senses at once. It changes me. The next day, I experience a nine-year-old Inner Child (IC) waking up as I shower. Despite unexpectedly discovering a new part of myself—and the intensity of her pain—I knew that the Inner Child existed. Additionally, I’ve just recently read a book that illustrates how applied inner work can facilitate remarkable change and growth. The book is *Dibs in Search of Self* by Virginia Axline.³³² Axline set up a play therapy environment conducive to psyche transformation, didn’t interfere, and witnessed the boy’s organic, rapid growth process. Dibs was a very bright boy in an environment so emotionally abusive and neglectful that his psyche and personality were terribly damaged. The case study really speaks to me and reveals how someone may be perceived as abnormal, deficient, or broken, yet is not.

In my early thirties, the prospect of becoming a writer and consistently adopting a healthful diet seems incredibly distant. Yet, *Dibs in Search of Self* illuminates three pivotal insights. Firstly, humans may undergo profound growth and transformation, regardless of the task magnitude or the opinions of others. Secondly, like Dibs, the Inner Child must guide the course of development. Lastly, achieving transformation will likely require patience, experimentation, and perseverance. In our first dialogue, this part of me is horrified, and feels great loss, discovering that she, I and my body, got big and aged. Life went on while she remained dormant. Her emotional state hints at past traumas.

³³¹ Anthony Robbins, *Awaken the Giant Within* (New York: Free Press, 1991), p. 265. Kindle ebook.

³³² Virginia Mae Axline, *Dibs: In Search of Self* (Lexington: Plunket Lake Press, 2018). Kindle ebook

Marie von Franz's concept of the 'feminine' as 'dormant and reappearing', a heroine who as 'a girl goddess [...] disappears into death, or sleep, and returns at a certain time', suggests that such experiences are rooted in myths.³³³ Although untrained in Voice Dialogue and POS work,³³⁴ I have an internal dialogue, letting her voice her feelings and soothe and hold her. I feel the pain felt by this IC, her lost years, and the lingering impact of early life events. Years after encountering literature on this part of the self, marking a pivotal point in my journey, I have my first direct experience of the Inner Child.

In 2000, I write a personal life chronology. This timeline starts with my birth and includes every move, address, and major life event. I create it for a therapist who requests it at our first session and gives me a dissociation scale test. At the next session, the counsellor doesn't look at my chronology or discuss it with me; instead, due to my test results, she declines to work with me, provides some referrals, and then hurries me out. It is shocking and saddening, and I don't know what it means. She did not prepare me for the possibility of being kicked out the door at the start of the session. The event contributes to a feeling of shame at my brokenness, and an ache of abandonment—a hint of a deeply buried mother wound—arises. I see her in the CranioSacral therapist's office waiting room months later. Apparently, dissociative herself, she doesn't recognise me upon meeting me for the third time. It is astonishing and exhilarating to realise that she does not remember me as clearly what I am doing is working. I remember her, yet she doesn't remember me. Yet, I gained something priceless from our single session: the chronology writing assignment. Writing a chronology is life-changing in a positive way. Seeing my history on paper, I became aware of significant gaps and greyed-out periods in my memory. I fill in the holes by finding written proof or evidence of what took place (school or address records, photographs, certificates, and so on). My first eighteen years of life, except for a few bits and pieces, are blanked out and grey. Using documents and photographs from childhood makes it possible to reconstruct much of the past. The chronology and related digital files—a tool to build on and add to—are integrative as they create a visual of my timeline that deepens my sense of self and life narrative.

Continuing a Celtic Animistic earth-based practice, I sit with myself in nature or before a wooden altar with natural objects, including crystals or feathers, shells, bits of

³³³ *The Feminine in Fairy Tales*, p. 12.

³³⁴ *Embracing Ourselves: The Voice Dialogue Manual*, p. 31.

wood and branches that are deadfall (not harmed, meaning cut, for this purpose). I sometimes keep a framed image like a rose or a sacred word on the stand. The primary purpose of the practice—beyond honouring the sacred or soul aspects in natural reality—is self-integration and processing painful or negative experiences in a container created by sacred ceremony, meaning spiritual ritual. Practically, this involves grounding, connecting to nature, including animals and the elements, and inner or body-oriented process work in a sacred space. Ritually, I light candles, make offerings, burn ethically harvested dried rosemary or juniper, use incense, and make prayers to open and close the ceremony. Spiritual clearing work is a significant part of daily ritual, done with reverence, humility, and prayer, with water or fire, ritual baths, the burning Juniper or other sacred dried herbs, or otherwise. This type of sacred ceremony—and experiences of spiritual realms, the Little people or other spirits, and the use of rituals, whether charms, incantation, divination, or purification via water or fire ceremony, including speaking with insects, such as bees or spiders, and animals or birds—has a historical basis in ‘folklore’.^{335,336,337,338} Mindfulness has proven benefits, including ‘increased [...] connectivity in the brain’.^{339,340} I use meditation to improve my ability to be with often difficult PLEs or flashbacks. Celtic Animistic practices facilitate a richly symbolic, grounded life, a way to walk between the seen and unseen realms or purify the past or parallel, meaning PLEs. I gain skills in retrieving what is mine, recognising and releasing what is not. Flashbacks and PLEs are APR as part of deepening into my body and experience.

Yet, frequently, I experience wonder and synchronicities, guidance by the appearance of animals, insects, or other symbolic archetypal manifestations. Jennifer Emick wrote about the Celtic belief in animals as messengers and their souls.³⁴¹ These archetypal or numinous experiences reflect Ted Andrews’ concept of ‘the spiritual and magical roles of nature’.³⁴² Inner work enhances intuition and the ability to read reality symbolically. Inner work, including gratitude journaling, meditation, and spiritual

³³⁵ Jonathan Ceredig Davies, *Folk-lore of West and Mid-Wales*. (Aberystwyth: Welsh Gazette Offices, 1911).

³³⁶ T F Thiselton-Dyer, *Domestic Folk-Lore* (London: Cassell, Petter, Galpi & Co., 1881).

³³⁷ G F Black, *Country folk-lore, Vol. III: printed extracts No. 5; Examples of Printed Folk-Lore Concerning the Orkney & Shetland Islands*, ed. by Northcote Whitridge Thomas (London: David Nutt, 1903).

³³⁸ Hilda M Ransome, *The Sacred Bee in Ancient Times and Folklore* (New York: Dover Publications, 2004).

³³⁹ Britta K Hölzel and others, ‘Mindfulness Practice Leads to Increases in Regional Brain Gray Matter Density’, *Psychiatry Research: Neuroimaging* (11 August 2010).

³⁴⁰ Lisa A Kilpatrick and others, ‘Impact of Mindfulness-Based Stress Reduction Training on Intrinsic Brain Connectivity’, *NeuroImage*, 56.1 (2011), 290-298.

³⁴¹ Jennifer Emick, *The Book of Celtic Myths: From the Mystic Might of the Celtic Warriors to the Magic of the Fey Folk, the Storied History and Folklore of Ireland, Scotland, Brittany, and Wales* (Avon: Adams Media, 2017), pp. 170-174.

³⁴² Ted Andrews, *Animal Speak: The Spiritual & Magical Powers of Creatures Great and Small* (Woodbury: Llewellyn Publications, 2002), p. 1. Kindle ebook.

practices, is an entryway to these other beautiful somatic and affect experiences and increased numinous experiences. In meditation, a river of peace, a cosmic flow, floods my body. The world looks different with inner work and sacred ceremony. Particularly with a gratitude journal practice, I feel love. I experience beauty and joy unlike anything I've ever known. Air is made up of many molecules—tiny translucent spheres of vibrating matter—it is not clear or empty as it previously seemed. There are halos, spheres and streams of energy around natural or manmade light sources. Yet, with inner work, filthy somatic cellular memory shadow material arises upon deepening into and sitting with my body. Expressive arts are uniquely useful to process the noxious past. Most workshops are peaceful, positive, energising, or cathartic experiences, though I still dislike being touched. After waking up in awareness, I more easily set boundaries and state needs. Unlike those I knew in childhood, I meet unusual people in seminars, especially in California. These humans prioritise awareness and personal growth and have a strong desire to grow as much as possible and contribute positively to the world

In the realm of visual arts, my inclinations lean towards Impressionist and Fauve works; I hold a distinct aversion to realism in paintings and photography. This sentiment extends to my view of documentary films, which I often find unappealing or disconcerting. In hindsight, these preferences are tied to my inability to engage with or confront reality. This unconscious reaction arises from the profound discomfort I experience, stemming from my limited capacity to process latent traumas that are being triggered by being fully present in the world. Slowly, I come to understand that the past is written on the body, and this is made tangible in cellular memory as material including 'Energy Cysts'.³⁴³ The material, emotional, mental, somatic, or otherwise, is stuck in my body because I could not, or was not allowed to, in some instances, process what happened to me as a child. Although creating incest art is quite helpful to me, it is at the same time disturbing. I am contracted, shut down, and my energy is blocked. I learn about 'Energy Cysts'³⁴⁴ in sessions with a Upledger certified CranioSacral therapist who removes them via the throat chakra and mouth; this helps to 'dissipate this energy'.³⁴⁵

I visit exhibitions featuring self-taught, visionary, folk or other intuitive artists and am captivated by the raw, unfiltered allure of Outsider Art.³⁴⁶ Roger Cardinal coined the

³⁴³ *Your Inner Physician and You*, p. 44.

³⁴⁴ *Ibid.*

³⁴⁵ *Ibid.*

³⁴⁶ John Maizels, *Raw Creation: Outsider Art & Beyond* (London: Phaidon Press, 2000).

term Outsider Art,³⁴⁷ describing works depicting poverty, mental health challenges, or other unique life experiences, several years after artist Jean Dubuffet introduced the sub-genre as ‘art brut’ in French, meaning ‘raw art’ or ‘outsider art’.³⁴⁸ This art's vibrant hues, richly symbolic imagery, and unpolished qualities awaken a dormant desire for self-expression. The 24-hour guard at Longwood community's entrance, where we've relocated, gives me a slightly increased sense of safety. This enables me to create art. Although I received fundamental studio art instruction at Auburn University at age eighteen, prior to the birth of the twins, and explored life drawing and watercolour techniques in California following their arrival, I lack formal training in translating personal experiences into art. Yet the art of visionary or otherwise self-taught artists inspires a creative process that intuitively draws inspiration from the wellspring of my childhood traumas. The unconventional artistic journey helps me delve into my innermost distress; the artworks serve as a means to contain and articulate the pain. *Raw Vision* magazine, featuring images from outside of the mainstream, inspires me.³⁴⁹

Jean Dubuffet said, ‘These artists derive everything [...] from their own depths, and not from the conceptions of classical or fashionable art.’³⁵⁰ Daniel Wojcik indicates that ‘various forms of folk art and the creations of self-taught individuals have been used to express trauma and grief’ throughout history.³⁵¹ I do not think of myself as an artist, an outsider, or marginalised. But then, I do not think of myself at all. Between CranioSacral sessions, the impulse to express pain with artworks leads to acquiring toy spiders and flies, red paint, boxes and a crypt, red roses, an anatomically correct adult male doll, little child dolls, framed pictures of my child self, and a mirror that I shatter. Dissociated from much of the incest and ritual or institutional abuse—not yet overtly experiencing deeper emotions like grief—I create purely based on instinct. The beauty of art supplies and the creative process makes the expression of filthy violation tolerable. It is my first serious movement toward self-expression and the Access | Process | Release (APR) of my most secret experiences via expressive arts. Following inner knowing, I create a body of raw artwork with images of the fractured self and the words I hear in inner audio from broken

³⁴⁷ Roger Cardinal, *Outsider Art* (New York: Praeger Publishers, 1972).

³⁴⁸ Emilie Bickerton, ‘How Jean Dubuffet Brought Outsider Artists into the Museum’, *APOLLO: The International Art Magazine* (2019) <<https://www.apollo-magazine.com/jean-dubuffet-art-brut-lausanne/>> [accessed 21 December 2019].

³⁴⁹ *Raw Vision*, London <<https://rawvision.com/>> [accessed 11 June 2021].

³⁵⁰ Jean Dubuffet, ‘Art Brut in Preference to the Cultural Arts’ (1949), trans. Paul Foss and Allen S Weiss, *Art and Text* 27 (December–February 1988), 31–33.

³⁵¹ Daniel Wojcik, *Outsider Art: Visionary Worlds and Trauma* (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 2016), p. 197.

child parts. They are 2D and 3D pieces chiefly about father-daughter incest, which help me to express my pain in a contained way. A piece from 16 May 2000 reads:

There is something wrong with me I am in pieces, I forgot who I am ... It feels hurt inside like the broken glass of my soul bits cut me razor sharp & I bleed inside my mind.

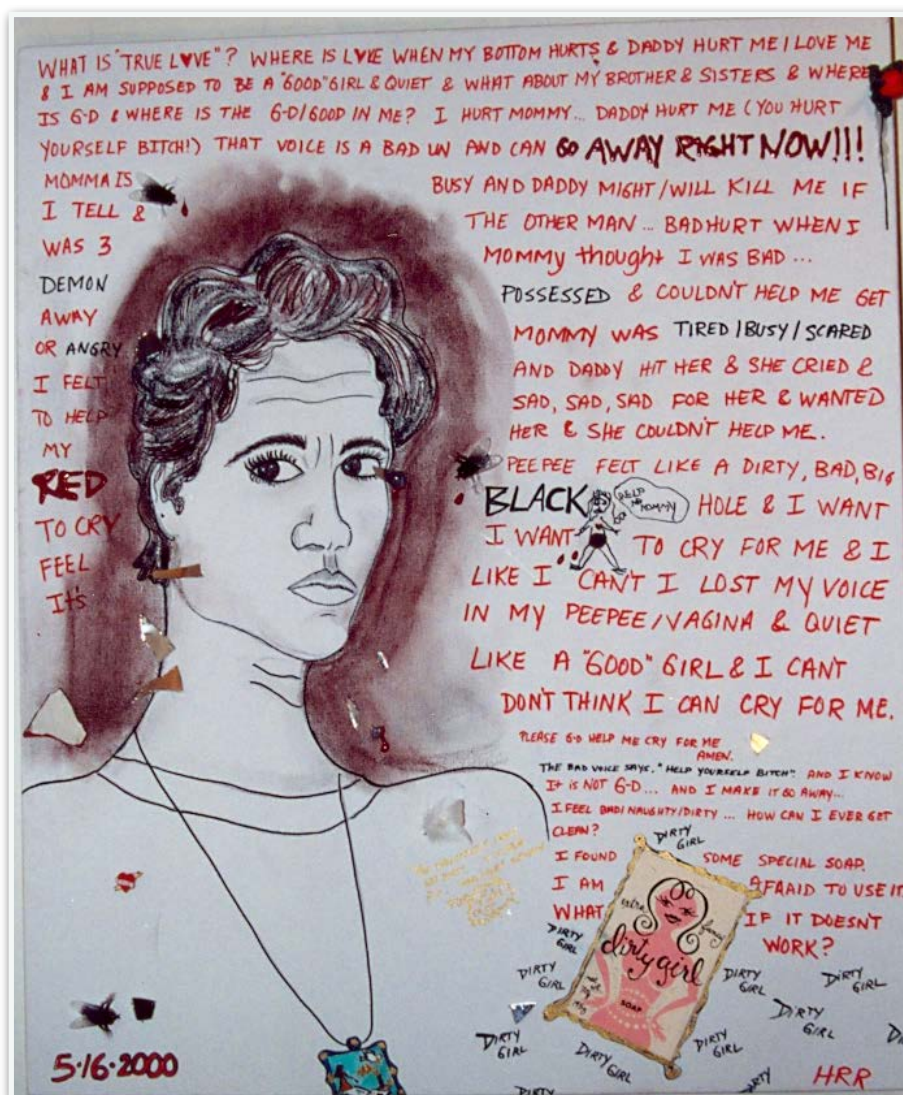


Fig. 1 - I want ... I want to cry for me & I like I can't. - May 2000

In retrospect, my incest art allows psyche darkness to bleed from and purify my creative soul. The expressiveness is painful; witnessing much shadow material over multiple days, for long hours daily, is hard on the whole being. Inner parts report their horrific experience; my psyche shell does its best to record everything accurately. I make dozens of pieces. I don't have training in art therapy and don't consciously know that art has healing power. I follow my gut knowing; this is the path. Despite dark emotions, thoughts, imagery, and experience, each piece includes a single white feather attached to represent the numinous, the sacred in life. I make all the art with the very loose intention

that this is healing. Many of the drawings and paintings are so graphic and dark that they frighten or trigger me. ‘I lost my voice in my peepee / vagina & quiet like a “good” girl’ one part of self says inner audio (Fig. 1). While creating the pieces, I do not connect the work with the *Raw Vision* Artists. I’m not yet trained in or familiar with symbol work, expressive arts, or Voice Dialogue and how to converse with POS. I use an intuitive approach to draw and allow various parts to express themselves in the art.



Fig. 2 - *Daddy likes long hair on girls... when my hair got cut... he left me alone.* - May 2000

Unbelievably wounded, POS speak in sentence fragments or non-sequiturs. Hollis might have been writing about me in describing how primal wounding in childhood impacted a female client—which neurodevelopmental experts might say was particularly harmful while the brain is developing—and how ‘the lack of affirmation and support for her as a child was phenomenologically internalized as an objective statement of her lack of worth’.³⁵² I and the Inner Child parts feel like nothing; it is as if I don’t have a self unless acting out a life role like being a good mother. Making this raw, brutal art is the path I unconsciously follow to healing and a self, though I am hardly aware of the significance or power of what I’ve done. Shaun McNiff wrote, ‘Art and creativity are the soul’s medicines—what the soul uses to minister to itself, cure its maladies, and restore its vitality’.³⁵³ ‘A work of art is only of interest [...] when it is an immediate and direct

³⁵² *Swamplands of the Soul*, p. 63.

³⁵³ Shaun McNiff, *Art Heals: How Creativity Cures the Soul* (Boston: Shambhala, 2004), locs. 208-220. Kindle ebook.

projection of what is happening in the depth of a person's being' said Jean Dubuffet.³⁵⁴ And the work is exactly that. Yet it's too heavy. So dark. Very raw. Overly brutal. The incest art must go. I determine to bag it up and burn it at the coast. Upon arriving at Daytona Beach, finding steel drums on the seashore is impossible. After driving around a bit aimlessly, by synchronicity, I find my car behind a trash truck. Hopping out, I ask the men driving the truck if I could give them my trash. They indicate that this is fine; I hurriedly make several trips to grab the many bags and throw every bit of the incest outsider expressive art away. I feel significantly lighter after making the art, and my makeshift garage studio feels much lighter after the art is out of the house.



Fig. 3 - *The crypt. Baby Sophia died.* - May 2000

Upon reflection, I connect the body of art to the Inner Child, who came online in awareness in the shower and spoke to me inner audio a few days after the NLP exercise at Tony Robbins UPW. Indeed, I was marginally aware of emergent IC parts following progressive relaxation, bodywork for sexual and ritual abuse survivors, and other inner work. Yet the NLP at UPW, plus previous aware ego cultivation, gave me a context for POS communication. Though IC work isn't part of UPW, NLP work in the course and practising simultaneously listening, seeing, and feeling on the aeroplane returning home grounded me more deeply in reality, effectively moved me into the present time, and was an integrative shift in consciousness. I have an unusual experience on Halloween night that leads to extreme terror, a subterranean IC fear surfaces pertaining to ritual abuse

³⁵⁴ Jean Dubuffet, *Prospectus et Tous Écrits Suivants, Tome II* (Paris: Gallimard, 1967), pp. 203-204.

experienced at that time of year; it is clear that living in a gated community is allowing deeper cellular level material to arise. Yet, much of the time, it is a struggle to feel.

Note the wounded older Inner Child on the crypt top and younger Inner Infant inside, all symbolic of the death of the baby aspects of self; the shattered mirror slivers and pieces signify the shattered psyche or Self. Keep in mind, at the time these pieces were made, I did not know that a person could have more than one Inner Child. Of course, in retrospect, clearly, one might have as many IIs or ICs as they have had shattering moments or experiences. The rose that I see in my mind's eye when I think of a rose, my surname, is a crimson red rose, bringing to mind William Blake's 'The Sick Rose'.³⁵⁵ The flies and spiders represent the noxious, dark, demonic energies that seem to possess my rageaholic, alcoholic, sex addict birth father. Like 'the invisible worm that flies in the night', my father's wormlike-phallus, sex addiction, alcohol use disorder, and likely hatred of women and innocence—of me—did my 'life destroy'.³⁵⁶



Fig. 4 - *Baby Sophia died*. - May 2000

In the tiny gold-framed photograph inside of the crypt in 'Baby Sophia died' (May 2000), I am between two and three years old (1969) and have been put on a green bean diet for being fat. I eat near-constantly to block the pain of living in and being hurt by my birth family. I create the pieces intuitively. I don't notice then what is obvious now. I hurriedly chose the items and other art supplies, paper, paint, glue, red velvet fabric, and so on; I didn't think about symbolism or deeper meaning. I was aware that I needed the white feathers and the roses, which are both negative and positive symbols. Rose is my surname, yet it is

³⁵⁵ William Blake, 'The Sick Rose', in *Songs of Experience: Facsimile Reproduction with 26 Plates in Full Color* (New York: Dover Publications, Inc., 1984), p. 11.

³⁵⁶ *Ibid.*

also a beautiful flower with velvety petals that blossom. Getting ready and making the pieces take place fast. I get several white trestle tables, place boxes of art supplies, toys, and other objects underneath, and set up a studio in my three-car garage with its all-white interior. Working in a pure white space facilitates a focus on the art, my whole being and the creative experience. Per the ICs, I am ‘hurting so bad’, ‘PAIN, PAIN, PAIN’. I was starved for nurturing, safety, parental love, kindness, and peace. The art pieces cover from age two until age ten, when the CSA stops after my birth parents divorce and my father remarries. Terrified creating this raw art, I sometimes binge on sugary foods while creating to blunt the intense emotion arising. The anatomically correct adult doll symbolising a male paedophile horrifies me. Yet, the artwork offers a ground for ironic expression and reveals the seed of future anger; the white text on the red button reads: ‘I’m too tired to fuck with you today, so you’re just going to have to go fuck yourself’.



Fig. 5 - #1 Dad - May 2000

The anatomically correct adult male doll raping my bleeding wounded little girl doll self is shown in a Polaroid on the 3D sculpture below to distance myself and the viewer from the graphic nature of the violation. The child self is in a box, trapped, with the shattered Self mirror fragments and dark insect forces; the nine-year-old, or so, girl self is screaming, ‘HELP. HELP ME’ (Fig. 6). Notably, the art pieces include symbols with both shadow and transcendent meanings. The white feather symbolises my soul and healing with art. The rose of my surname is there, yet a bloom also denotes a renewal and

natural blossoming. The spiders, flies, and spider web are the dark, sticky energies, dark forces, thrust into my throat and other body orifices. The web is the childhood I am stuck in. The mirror fragments reflect or mirror my core identity parts or shards of shattered self. Yet, what is broken often may be repaired to a degree. I've shown the art previously only to a single person. The man that I was dating in 2000 saw some of it; he was making adoption art about being given up by both parents at birth at that time. Despite despair about and reluctance to reveal my experience, sharing the incest outsider art made twenty-plus years ago—though incredibly difficult—is healing for my identity and voice. 'Sculpture is the process of giving three-dimensional form to our experience. [...] Images that are necessary to us come in all sorts of ways, for the soul never tires of trying to make itself known', wrote Pat Allen.³⁵⁷ Expressing my experience through 3D art, a sort of art brut sculpture collage does feel necessary. I do not know about symbols at the time of selecting the art supplies or making the art. Now I realise it was because the Inner Child required symbols to communicate. Creating the incest art liberates libido or energy.



Fig. 6 - *Help me. Help me. Help me.* - May 2000

Through the 2000s, with CST, spiritual practice, expressive arts, writing, and body-oriented process work, I learn to Access | Process | Release (APR) trauma, though I

³⁵⁷ Pat B Allen, *Art Is a Way of Knowing* (Boston: Shambhala, 1995), p. 33. Kindle ebook.

remain far from retrieving my voice. As I do inner work and make art, memory returns, more splinters of experience, in bits and pieces; it is a struggle not to constantly overeat to suppress memories as they either emerge for APR or are triggered. In hindsight, as a postgraduate student, I realise my sexual abuse artworks can be seen as a part of the distinctive Outsider Art artistic tradition.³⁵⁸ The words and images conveyed through my incest art represent significant progress in finding and expressing my authentic voice.



Fig. 7 - *Shattered*. - May 2000

³⁵⁸ *Raw Creation*.

To understand the implications of growing up in an endless, Stygian black night, with chronic abuse leading to dissociation and severe identity fragmentation, it should be evident that there were childhood symptoms. Per a family story, I was placed on a diet at age two, likely because I used constant eating to self-soothe. I sucked my thumb until I was eight, despite attempts to deter me by using foul-tasting substances and my facing ridicule, shame, reprimands, and threats of far worse punishment from my father. Up until a similar age, I had speech impediments, including a stutter. Once the stutter faded, I remained mostly quiet, but when I did speak, I had a lisp. Speech therapy eventually corrected the lisp, though my voice stayed notably soft. For many years, I was speechless with dread, unable to move if being assaulted, and during the earliest years of life—as described in other language—all reality was blotted out. Until my twenties, when in a public bathroom, I held toilet paper under me and urinated on it as quietly as possible. This was because being molested by a male stranger—in a Vogel State Park toilet at age seven or so—had left me deathly afraid of being seen or heard while in a public restroom.

As a child, I have a recurring terrifying, tension dream—like vibrating dark bands or lines that fill all reality, so tight, I cannot breathe—so upsetting that I recall the dream despite general dissociation. I have periodic suicidal ideation as a girl. In the fourth grade, my teacher reads *Where the Red Fern Grows* aloud; I pass out and hit my head at a graphic bit. I jump and startle often. I bump into the furniture. Bruises emerge on my body like galaxies being born; I don't know where I end or reality begins. I am ill and sent home in elementary school. Not yet nine years old, my birth mother retrieves me yet fails to latch the back of the station wagon. She drives away, and I fall out and onto the street. My birth parents divorce in 1977; my father remarries and abducts me and my siblings from another state where our birth mother has taken us. At age ten or so, I have chronic bladder or lower urinary tract symptoms (LUTS). The LUTS are so extreme that I am hospitalised for an exploratory procedure to investigate. As an adult, I sought to get the medical records, wondering if my stepmother's physician recognised signs of sexual abuse.³⁵⁹ The office indicates the documents were burnt in a fire. Around age ten, my new stepmother cut off my waist-length hair; the sexual abuse stops around the same time. For years afterwards, I cut my hair when afraid. Despite a desire to do so, it is impossible to

³⁵⁹ Caroline Selai and others, 'Systematic Review Exploring the Relationship Between Sexual Abuse and Lower Urinary Tract Symptoms', *International Urogynecology Journal*, 34.3 (2023), 635-653. <doi:10.1007/s00192-022-05277-4/>.

stop the repetition compulsion that causes me to cut my hair short periodically. For many years, long hair equals violation. Despite residence in a grey-blotted-out reality as a girl, a profound sense that something is dreadfully wrong recurs. As William Blake put it:³⁶⁰

O Rose thou art sick.
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night
In the howling storm:

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

So pallid is my girlchild self—picking beans in a field by moonlight—that my stepmother nicknames me ‘ghost’. Recurrent nose bleeds plague me. I faint if overly warm, distressed, or standing for prolonged periods. Outside of a fractured psyche, or splitting, more commonly known as dissociation, how do I survive severe enduring abuse? Unconscious survival behaviours were a desire to be good, perfectionism, a fear of making mistakes or doing substandard work, and persistent efforts to evade attention, punishment, and suffering whenever possible. Growing up amidst the tranquil embrace of nature contributes to my resilience. I shun human contact, immersing myself in and escaping through reading, whether books or any other printed matter. Reading is a daily ritual, even when it results in reprimands. It bears repeating that books and the act of reading grant me a lifeline and the very essence of existence. They are oxygen. Survival. Books save my psyche, mind, and life as a child. Margaret Merga’s research supports the idea that ‘books and reading’ allow children to ‘escape the pressure of their lives’,³⁶¹ thus increasing young people’s ‘wellbeing’.³⁶² Steven Dykstra, who works ‘with severely traumatized children everyday’, ‘victims of torture, abuse, and every kind of crime and trauma’ that is unimaginable, indicates that ‘Reading is a technology which expands the evolved basis of language beyond the immediate environment and lets it reach other times, places, and people’.³⁶³ Dykstra and psychologist Don Meichenbaum found that—for ‘traumatized children’—a single thing is ‘more important than therapy, more

³⁶⁰ ‘The Sick Rose’, in *Songs of Experience*, p. 11.

³⁶¹ Margaret K Merga, ‘Books Offer a Healing Retreat for Youngsters Caught Up in a Pandemic’, *Access*, 35.4 (2021), 29-31.

³⁶² Margaret K Merga, ‘Libraries as Wellbeing Supportive Spaces in Contemporary Schools’, *Journal of Library Administration* 61.6 (2021), 659-675.

³⁶³ Stephen P Dykstra, ‘A Developmental Model of Trauma, Growth, and Resilience: The Place for Language and Reading’, *READing Conference 2022: 8th Annual READing Conference* <<https://pa.dyslexiaida.org/wp-content/uploads/sites/50/2019/10/Steve-Dykstra-handout.The-Fundamentals-of-Development.pdf>> [accessed 21 November 2021].

important that social programs, more important than anything [...] the single most powerful predictor of their ability to overcome the trauma and survive their circumstances is the ability to read [...] If they can read, they have a chance to find success in school and overcome all those terrible things in their lives'.³⁶⁴

As an adult, I continue to read and grow somewhat obsessed with education, personal growth work, and expansion of awareness. The self-development journey helps me find ways to live in my body, function more highly, and move beyond survival. I must find a way to write, live, eat normally, and thrive. Meditation and other inner work facilitate beneficial cognitive shifts, yet a human being is much more than a brain and thoughts. Body-oriented therapies have been found to support sexual abuse recovery and decrease dissociation and related PTSD symptoms, including hypervigilance.³⁶⁵ Trine Stub and others found that a holistic approach that included CST is efficacious in treating 'patients with complex traumas including PTSD'.³⁶⁶ CST and bodywork for abuse survivors are foundational work to heal my split psyche. Developing my psyche and integrating my whole being is a huge part of daily life. Observing myself and mankind, some of whom are highly educated yet harming themselves and others, makes me aware that people can be very knowledgeable and yet quite stupid. I strive to tell the truth, to do ongoing inner work, to see more clearly, and, above all, to evolve and transform. Soon, it becomes clear that making improved choices leads to improved results.

My daughters attend a unique school because I learned about Howard Gardner's theory of multiple intelligences. This hypothesis challenges the traditional approach of assessing intelligence with standardised aptitude tests or valuing rote memorisation.³⁶⁷ Influenced by Jean Piaget's child development theories and a student of psychoanalyst Erik Erikson, Gardner's theories are inspiring. The theory facilitates recognition that I have intelligence despite memory issues or other hurdles. About this time, I meet learning expert Dr James Fadigan in Orlando. He is a research scientist with a Clinical Psychology PhD who did postdoctoral work in neuroscience and specialises in human development. His work includes assessment and subsequent exercises to facilitate rewiring the brain for

³⁶⁴ *Trauma and Reading*.

³⁶⁵ Cynthia Price, 'Body-oriented Therapy in Recovery from Child Sexual Abuse: An Efficacy Study', *Alternative Therapies in Health and Medicine*, 11.5 (2005), 46-57.

³⁶⁶ Trine Stub and others, 'Combining Psychotherapy with Craniosacral Therapy for Severe Traumatized Patients: A Qualitative Study from an Outpatient Clinic in Norway', *Complementary Therapies in Medicine*, 49 (2020), 1-9.

³⁶⁷ Howard Gardner and Thomas Hatch, 'Educational Implications of the Theory of Multiple Intelligences', *Educational Researcher*, 18.8 (1989), 4-10.

optimal information flow, meaning to enhance what he terms ‘Brain Circuitry’.^{368,369} Fadigan’s developmentally delayed clients, who have learning and other issues, cultivate neural network ‘connectivity’ to enhance cognitive skills or increase sensory motor integration. The work also helps people with brain injuries. Previously, he worked with people who suffered strokes and ‘lost function of one of the hemispheres of their brain yet have reached 75-80% recovery in as little as one year’s time.’³⁷⁰ Fadigan spends over an hour discussing his research and theories. I leave the meeting buoyant and convinced of the neuroplasticity of the human brain. Despite my childhood, I have the intact brain hardware to create needed neural nets. Fadigan indicates that:

[...] all learning is some kind of brain integration. If one has some part in the brain that is not fully integrated with another part and it’s needed for learning, or a particular function, it can create an inability for one to complete a task or challenge successfully.³⁷¹

Fadigan argues that one’s sensory motor and related cognitive skills or abilities may be facilitated or developed. The body and cells are constantly in flux; the neocortex will wire whatever it fires per Hebb’s axiom.^{372,373} Knowing brain integration may be cultivated, I continue frequent inner work. Writing only flows easily during the writing of morning pages or during self-development experiences, such as non-dominant hand journaling, drawing, or otherwise. Despite a desire to be free to write and do nothing else, new shadow material always surfaces. I observe an up-and-down spiral pattern. I work through an experience, have greater self-awareness and integration, and increased access to creativity, and then before too long, I am slammed with more dark, unresolved past material. The disparity between flashbacks and memories is horrific yet simple. A memory is a mental picture or a moving image with or without audio, which may have associated emotions, such as a recall of a beach holiday or some other event that is not overly traumatic. Flashbacks are a symptom of latent experience residing in cellular memory, an event so traumatic and horrific that it was impossible to experience at the

³⁶⁸ Ralph R Barrett, ‘Does gymnastics enhance reading? Yes.’, *Technique*, 20.4 (2000), 1-5.

³⁶⁹ James Fadigan, *An Ever Ageless Life*, online video recording, YouTube, 10 May 2012, <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nLjhLHnA9ME>> [accessed 21 June 2021].

³⁷⁰ *Ibid.*

³⁷¹ Daniel Patrick Moriarty, ‘How Stick with Character™ Strengthens Brain Integration Thereby Improving One’s Ability to Learn and Close Tasks Successfully: An Interview with Dr. James Fadigan’, *Moving with Character* (2006) <<https://www.usgames.com/images/stick-with-character/swc-interview.pdf>> [accessed 21 June 2019].

³⁷² *The Organization of Behavior*.

³⁷³ Fábio Henrique de Gobbi Porto and others, ‘In Vivo Evidence for Neuroplasticity in Older Adults’, *Brain Research Bulletin*, 114 (2015) 56–61.

time of occurrence, which is now breaking through into the present. Not yet having the ability to be with traumatic cellular memory, I experience anxiety and sometimes overeat.

Overeating seems to be an unconscious attempt to deaden when I can't easily emotionally regulate terror. My psyche is so broken at the time that I lack a meta-awareness of self that would allow me to perceive my emotional regulation issues. Despite that, inner work, whether related to PLEs or trauma, helps me slowly expand my emotional bandwidth and ability to process my broken narrative. I purge horrific cellular memories written on my childhood body without cognitive understanding. Increasingly, I experience emotions daily, am less numb and have a bit more of a personality and identity. The more present I am to flashbacks and APR the past, the more cohesive my personal narrative and identity. These are the first steps toward Jung's integration and individuation, the rewiring of my brain as described by Dr Fadigan, due to what Canadian neuropsychologist Donald Hebb defined as 'any two cells or systems of cells that are repeatedly active at the same time will tend to become "associated," so that activity in one facilitates activity in the other'.³⁷⁴ 'Integration gathers many into one', akin to Hebbian theory, C G Jung's words explain how brain biology translates to the psyche.³⁷⁵ Fully experiencing the past, flashbacks in the now, as they occur in present moment awareness, slowly dissipates the material and accretes a more cohesive self.

My ordinary world is filled with depression, despondency, physical or kinaesthetic experiences of heaviness, feeling and being ill often, and difficult-to-understand reactions. Reactions, when explored, are typically revealed to be terror and pain from inner reality flashbacks triggered by something in the outer reality. I'm also co-dependent, not able to see red flags or otherwise evaluate people or situations easily. Though I have beautiful children, and nature, animals, and the archetypal worlds heal and offer moments of a rich symbolic and numinous experience, life often feels horrible. I am drowning in dark, implicit, unprocessed cellular memory. Without self-development, spiritual practice, and gratitude journaling, I would never feel positive emotions or grow.³⁷⁶ Yet, there are deeper levels of Self unknown to me. Too often, I am deadened, numb, disconnected, or in my head. Personal growth is costly, deadly slow and arduous. James Hollis wrote a great deal about the natural emotional swampland, the dark places

³⁷⁴ *The Organization of Behavior*, p. 70.

³⁷⁵ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 9, Part I: The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*, p. 353.

³⁷⁶ *Simple Abundance*.

each person faces as part of the human dilemma, as part of the required ‘reformation of the self’.³⁷⁷ As Hollis wrote, ‘we are impelled to face what we cannot face, bear what we cannot bear, name the unnameable that haunts us’.³⁷⁸ Although I had not read Hollis in 2000, it becomes clear that the only way out—to become a writer and transform all issues—is through. I must enter the darkness to distil and expel the poison from the vessel of my being. So, I plod onward, wishing I could plot onward and write. In August 2000, a mere three months after the May 2000 incest Outsider Art collection completion, realising that undoing the harmful impact of devastating trauma requires relentless ongoing inner work, I undertake a search for tools, techniques, and teachers.

A Master NLP Practitioner agrees to create a two-week one-on-one intensive study of hypnosis and neurolinguistic programming (NLP) for me. A pivotal concept which serves as a fundamental lens for understanding human experience, including behavioural patterns like dissociation or splitting—the unconscious coping mechanisms adopted to endure childhood abuse—is articulated by Richard Bandler. Bandler asserts, ‘Every experience in the world, and every behavior is appropriate, given some context, some frame’.³⁷⁹ NLP has a significant focus on perception, communication, behaviour and thinking patterns and reframing those to create a more positive outcome. Typically, NLP is used as a strategic tool for behavioural modification to attain specific life objectives. A core facet of NLP practice involves scrutinising the alignment between an individual's desires or intentions and their actual behavioural manifestations.³⁸⁰ Bandler and Grinder modelled and developed their techniques distilled from the work of three successful therapists, Fritz Perls, Virginia Satir, and Milton Erickson. For someone who wants to write yet is not writing, NLP work may facilitate congruency between the conscious and unconscious parts of the self. In the training, I do my first psyche parts integration work. One day, the instructor teaches kinesiology and muscle testing. In an NLP process, I talk about my birth father and don’t feel upset. Yet I tested weak during muscle testing (MT) just afterwards while looking at a photograph of him. The MT exercise reveals the astounding split between what I think I feel and how I genuinely feel in my psyche and whole being.³⁸¹ The epiphany is shocking and energising.

³⁷⁷ *Swamplands of the Soul*, pp. 114-115.

³⁷⁸ *Ibid.*

³⁷⁹ Richard Bandler and John Grinder, *Reframing: Neuro-Linguistic Programming™ and the Transformation of Meaning*, ed. by Steve Andreas and Connirae Andreas (Utah: Real People, 1982), p. 9.

³⁸⁰ John Grinder J, DeLozier J, and Richard Bandler, *Patterns of the Hypnotic Techniques of Milton H. Erickson, MD Vol. II* (Cupertino: Meta Publications, 1977).

³⁸¹ John Grinder and Richard Bandler, *The Structure of Magic I* (Palo Alto: Science and Behavior Books, 1975).

Post-UPW, after making contact with the Inner Child, it became clear that I easily drop being present to the various aspects of experience and awareness. Certainly, audio—my least preferred sense—is usually the first to go. I have a tendency to drop one or more other senses. This default dropping of senses seems residual from chronic childhood trauma. I commit to consciously using all five senses—visual, auditory, kinaesthetic, olfactory and gustatory— at the same time as a method. This is an applied practice of associating to NLP’s ‘VAKOG’, or ‘representational systems’,³⁸² how one both experiences and connects with the world. The one-time instance of this practice on the aeroplane return from UPW dramatically enabled an Inner Child emergence. A VAKOG practice is integrative and grounding. Yet, it soon becomes evident that any self-understanding system suitable for my needs must encompass more than the five senses. To address this, I formulate a theory and a procedure. My Whole Being Model asserts that a human being comprises five intricately interconnected systems: 1) the physical or kinaesthetic encompassing VAKOG², both outer and inner senses, and associated sensations; 2) the emotional responses to various stimuli, situations, or thoughts; 3) the mental, thought forms, meaning thoughts, fears, and beliefs; 4) the energetic, fluctuations in physical energy levels, and 5) the spiritual, meaning psyche or soul.

In addition to practising VAKOG awareness, I attune to my outer and inner mental, emotional, energetic and spiritual experiences. Sometimes, I notice that I drop my awareness. In practice, this looks like getting up to do a task and then noticing that I stopped seeing out my eyes; I somehow left my computer and got to the bathroom without attending visually during the minutes or seconds of getting from there to here. Sometimes, it is my audio that I drop. Fairly often, it is my visual sense that I drop. It becomes clear that I tend to fragment, to drop senses, to be unassociated from reality, at least partially, by default. When I observe that I’ve dropped any aspect of my experience, I start again and attend to each aspect of my whole being. With constant practice, I grow expert at staying more fully associated with reality. My VAKOG awareness practice evolves into what I refer to now as my Whole Being Awareness Practice or Whole Being Meditation. This becomes a constant Whole Being Meditation. This is all very new, especially the constant practice, and it can be overwhelming. If I feel overwhelmed, panicked, or have a sense that life is moving too fast, I engage in a personal practice I

³⁸² Jane Revell and Susan Norman, *In Your Hands: NLP in ELT* (London: Saffire Press, 1997), p. 31.

term Slo-Mo. Slo-Mo is the practice of breathing deeply and slowing down what I'm paying attention to. I focus very carefully on the moment, being deeply present and seeking to slow down the onslaught of reality as much as possible. To do this, I limit attention to my whole being awareness. These processes may seem like a great deal of work or sound complicated. However, they are the cost of awareness, of becoming more whole. I write them down, and the exercises become easier with practice.

It is essential to note that my experience of dissociation exhibits peculiar nuances. Until approximately the age of thirty-three, certain aspects of life remained enigmatic to me. This lack of comprehension often transpired beneath my conscious awareness, leading to a striking epiphany about how I used to perceive something and how I perceive it differently after a cognitive shift. An illustrative example of this type of perceptual shift occurs in relation to the logo of the American retail brand Target. For many years, this emblem—the iconic red dot enclosed within a red circle—appears to be a seemingly arbitrary symbol to me, bearing no connection to the brand's literal name. Two factors contribute to my ability to establish this connection and interpret reality symbolically. Firstly, engaging in inner work facilitates my grounding in my body and related changes in perception and experience of reality, and two, numinous experiences with Nature and Celtic Animism change me. I have increasing respect for and proficiency in deciphering symbolic representations within reality. I am paying attention, aware and awake more and more. This heightened awareness allows me to make connections among symbols encountered during wakefulness or in the realm of dreams. Furthermore, a conversation with my children illuminates my flawed perception of reality, serving as a catalyst for personal growth driven by a desire to better myself for their benefit and my own. I excitedly describe my epiphany about the target logo. They cannot understand how the red dot in a circle was not readily identified by myself previously as a target with a bullseye within, and I feel ashamed of my deficiency. This shift in awareness in my thirties, around connecting images and symbols with reality, evokes memories of a similarly disturbing peculiar childhood perception. It had only changed as I grew up and gained a more accurate perception of the world. For a substantial period, I held the erroneous belief that people existed as two-dimensional, flat entities akin to digital images or photographs. I was detached from biological concepts about the 3D and visceral nature of the human body, including being disconnected from the information

and imagery in scientific and medical literature. It is likely that, had someone inquired, I would not have connected images in books depicting internal body organs and the actual human populace. This profound disconnection from proprioception persisted until I reached the age of eighteen and left my familial environment.

From April to August 2000, I take five separate experiential and incredibly transformational training intensives to become a coach with the Coaches Training Institute (CTI). CTI's Co-Active Coaching model has a 'focus on the whole person' and is based on the idea that people are 'naturally creative, resourceful, and whole', 'capable of learning' and thus growing and changing and taking new actions or being in reality in different ways.³⁸³ I train with Karen Kimsey-House, a CTI founder, Cynthia Loy Darst, and others; the inner work further advances my development and psyche. There are 'five contexts' or 'competencies' to practice with Co-Active coaching, more valuable than this summary can convey: 'listening, intuition, curiosity, forwarding action and deepening learning, and self-management'.³⁸⁴ Yet, it is the 'Level III: Global Listening', a tool for CTI coaching with a client, that is so utterly fantastic and beneficial in every way that I strive to do it all the time.³⁸⁵ It radically transforms my experience of and way of being in reality. The idea is partly 'receiving information from everywhere all at once', including somatically, the environment, the energy, and so much more, and it facilitates 'greater access to your intuition'.³⁸⁶ I start a coaching practice, get clients, and work with people one-on-one. Months later, after reading *Man and His Symbols* by C G Jung,³⁸⁷ I have a chilling dream about a shadow creature, a monster from below that tries to consume me. In the dream darkness, terrified, I shoot upward from a bleak swampy place to grasp onto a tree and escape the open dark maw of the creature pursuing from below. Waking up, heart pounding so hard I almost throw up, I start recording dreams. This is my monstrous shadow, and I am afraid of being swallowed by it. I have a dream where one or more Indigenous Elders tell me to go out into a remote location for four days, to take nothing but water; I am too afraid to follow the guidance to do what is obviously a vision quest; there are snakes, alligators, spiders and other insects in the wilds of Florida. It feels like my writing career isn't unfolding, and I don't know how to make it happen. My career

³⁸³ Henry Kimsey-House and others, *Co-active Coaching: The Proven Framework for Transformative Conversations at Work and in Life* (Boston: Nicholas Brealey Publishing, 2018), p. 3. Kindle ebook.

³⁸⁴ *Ibid.*, loc. 259.

³⁸⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 44.

³⁸⁶ *Ibid.*

³⁸⁷ Carl Jung and Marie-Luise von Franz, Aniéla Jaffé, and others, *Man and His Symbols* (New York: Bantam Books, 2012), p. 267. Kindle ebook.

coach Jaye Myrick notes that I default to ‘activity without accomplishment’ often.³⁸⁸ I achieve things and am often busy, yet the activity is not tied to forwarding big life goals. When she reflects the situation, I can see it. Busyness, doing things for others, including working as a creative coach, is hiding. I teach a career workshop at Pace Center for Girls based on a book co-written by Inner Child expert Lucia Capacchione.³⁸⁹

Around that time, I have a coaching client frustrated with her inability to finish a book project and failure to complete her undergraduate degree. The synchronicity of a client reflecting my issues is not lost on me. In addition to an incomplete undergraduate degree, I have files upon files of story fragments, bits of plots, pages of partial drafts, scenes with characters, lines of action, and scraps of dialogue, and no complete screenplays or books. Aside from a few published articles, only an essay or two and a few poems are complete. Yet I am coaching others with no time to write. In January 2001, I train in public speaking with Speaking Circles founder Lee Glickstein. For the first quarter of 2001, I train and certify as a Franklin Covey Coach. In training completion, we pair up and co-facilitate each other around completing a big goal with the tools. After the single Franklin Covey peer coaching session, I have a plan—plus the inner work tools gained over many years to APR resistance and foster focus—to finish a screenplay. With tremendous effort, I complete my first feature film script by July. I work and sleep in the same room with a laptop, all my scribbled notes, bits of dialogue, scene pieces, and written-down portrayals of visuals, images, and so on, and then write and heavily revise a draft. This immersion-in-creative-project approach works well for me. It is mid-2001, and it has been eight very long years since I first studied screenwriting at UCSD and privately in San Diego with screenwriter Carol Roper, and I have finally finished a film script.

On 11 September 2001, as I was preparing for a move, a TV news broadcast shows the attacks on two New York skyscrapers. That moment shatters a long-held sense of detachment that has disconnected me from reality. Flooded with grief and shock, the moment brings a stark recognition that evil truly exists in the world. Flashbacks to my traumatic past resurface with undeniable clarity. I can no longer deny that my childhood happened. I have a revelatory, life-changing session of RoHun™ Therapy,³⁹⁰ specifically

³⁸⁸ Michael McLeod, ‘Be a Player. Get a Coach’, *Orlando Sentinel*, 18 July 1999. <<https://www.orlandosentinel.com/news/os-xpm-1999-07-18-9907150209-story.html>> [accessed 18 June 2018].

³⁸⁹ Lucia Capacchione and Peggy Van Pelt, *Putting Your Talent to Work: Identifying, Cultivating & Marketing Your Natural Talents* (Deerfield Beach: Health Communications, 1996).

³⁹⁰ RoHun™ Therapy, RoHun™ Institute at Delphi University. <<https://delphiu.com/rohun-studies-degree-program/>> [accessed 15 June 2022].

the Shadows/Caged-One Process. This rare, little-known work facilitates accessing and processing unconscious shadow material and jump-starts my ability to do deeper inner work. I take action based on the personally relevant reflection of the coaching client whose education and creative projects are languishing and incomplete. I close my coaching practice, relocate to Jacksonville, and enrol in a programme to complete my undergraduate degree. Intending to study art, psychology, and writing, to my shock and elation, the Lesley University degree planning process evolves such that I leave enrolled as a screenwriting baccalaureate student. Professor Anita Landa, a Lesley University mentor with a doctorate, tells me with great authority, ‘You are a writer; you need to finish your projects’. Her statement shakes me to my core. It *is* what will make me happy, and I have many incomplete fiction projects. Yet my exhilaration is mixed with horror.

Studying screenwriting doesn’t fit my plan of combining creativity and psychology work for a degree that will allow me to help others. I don’t realise this isn’t right for me or how much of my life I spend doing things that other people either want or expect me to do or that I think I should do because it would be kind. In the words of Tony Robbins, I often ‘*should*’ all over myself.³⁹¹ I am unaware that since childhood, I have had almost non-existent boundaries. I do not have the ability to tell people no when asked to do tasks or volunteer, so I give my time and energy away. The lack of necessary boundaries leaves me little time to write. I accepted or tolerated mistreatment by others. It takes ages to get a divorce, more than five years, because I don’t know how to advance the situation. I don’t know how to deal with improperly cooked restaurant food, people who lie or break legal contracts, who fail to provide paid-for services, or friends who refuse to pay me back when they borrow money. Following relocation to Jacksonville, I begin Dr Capacchione’s yearlong Creative Journal Expressive Arts (CJEA) facilitator training. I don’t have a metaview of myself or my life, yet I instinctively know people have unknown aspects of self and that the little I know of myself is not all that I am. Over the years, I have slowly acquired hours of college credit study at various universities. I return to school to complete my undergraduate degree while making progress in meeting the CJEA training programme Inner Child healing and experiential mind-body medicine through an art approach goals.³⁹² CJEA education includes instruction in Drs Hal and

³⁹¹ *Awaken the Giant Within*, p. 114 (original emphasis).

³⁹² *Recovery of Your Inner Child*.

Sidra Stone's Voice Dialogue method.³⁹³ This is a consciousness communication tool for working with the psyche parts of the self. While most people are not as fragmented as someone who experienced extreme chronic early childhood abuse, all people have '*subpersonalities*'³⁹⁴ or sometimes dissociate. Most everyone has the experience of failing to get off the elevator or driving a car, being lost in thought, and missing their exit. Though some part of them competently drove the vehicle, the person was inattentive or disconnected enough in the moment to fail to see and then drove past the exit.

Similarly, people neglect to get off the right elevator floor, misplace things, etc. To describe these types of daily occurrences, people use phrases such as *feeling scattered*, *distracted*, *feeling out of it*, or *lost in thought*, *in bits*, and so on. One might instead consider that part of us was engaged in doing one thing while another part of us is engaged otherwise, perhaps in thinking about a problem. These kinds of incidences reveal that many people are not always in the present moment, fully aware and paying attention to everything, as well as have more to them than a single part of themselves. Related to this, the average person feeling torn about a decision, abused as a child or not, may say, 'One part of me wants to do this, and another part wants to do that'. Drs Stone and Stone use the terms '*selves*, *subpersonalities*, and *energy patterns*'³⁹⁵ to refer to the multiple POS which Drs Stone and Stone indicate everyone has.³⁹⁶ As with other psychological concepts, psychologists and other experts outright disagree or debate about many ideas of the psyche and human behaviour, including the concepts of POS. Donald Winnicott criticised Jung's psyche and psychological concepts in a professional journal by stating that Jung was a 'split personality',³⁹⁷ with 'childhood schizophrenia', and whom he implies is 'mad',³⁹⁸ and says is a 'divided' self, and 'psychotic',³⁹⁹ who later was able to 'heal himself'.⁴⁰⁰ Winnicott's analysis is based on *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, where Jung wrote about himself from childhood as being 'two persons', one his parents' son and the other a very nature-dream-spiritually-connected little boy with a strong sense of the mystical, the numinous, and kismet.⁴⁰¹ Jung felt this was natural, part of 'the path to the

³⁹³ *Embracing Ourselves*, loc. 1415.

³⁹⁴ *Ibid.*, loc. 327 (original emphasis).

³⁹⁵ *Ibid.*, loc. 334 (original emphasis).

³⁹⁶ *Ibid.*, loc. 333-334.

³⁹⁷ D W Winnicott, 'Review of Jung's *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*', *The International Journal of Psychoanalysis*, 45 (1964), 450-455 (p. 453).

³⁹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 450.

³⁹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 455.

⁴⁰⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 450.

⁴⁰¹ *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, p. 62.

center, to individuation’, that psyche wholeness that all humans are meant to move toward in a spiral or oscillatory movement.⁴⁰² Winnicott’s book review reveals surprising contempt for both Jung and Freud and an inability to cross-reference and synthesise their valuable work with his own education, research and experience. Jung said, ‘There is no linear evolution; there is only a circumambulation of the self’.⁴⁰³ Founder of humanistic psychology, Carl Rogers, regarded people as having ‘one problem’, ‘one central search’: ‘How can I become myself?’⁴⁰⁴ Rogers’s work described a ‘real self’ or ‘inner self’⁴⁰⁵ and he further found evidence for the power of an environment of ‘genuineness, prizing, and understanding’⁴⁰⁶ to facilitate a person’s positive transformation or what he termed ‘self-actualization’.⁴⁰⁷ Rogers wrote, ‘Most of us consist of two separated parts, trying desperately to bring themselves together into an integrated soma, where the distinctions between mind and body, feelings and intellect, would be obliterated’.⁴⁰⁸

Stone and Stone point out that it is vital for all people to discover our ‘different parts or selves’,⁴⁰⁹ or ‘subpersonalities’,⁴¹⁰ to understand and transform how the POS drives one’s psyche, as ‘we have lost all connection to our psychic fingerprint—to our true being’⁴¹¹. Through Voice Dialogue and the ‘transformation of the energy patterns’⁴¹² one may cultivate positive psyche changes and behave differently. Astonishingly, the CJEA work, Voice Dialogue, Inner Child and POS work entirely clear up residual chronic fatigue. At a weeklong CJEA training in Cambria—a small town named after the Latinised form of Cymru, or Wales—in California, I have further direct experience of my Inner Child(ren). I have a numinous experience of a living symbol in nature after creating expressive art and doing Voice Dialogue. Going outside, I enter the magical gardens of the Cambria Pines Lodge training location and pass by a wooden full-size bed. Functioning as a planter overflowing with plants and flowers, the words ‘A Place to Dream’ are painted on it. Walking by acres of adjacent forest, a fawn, a little deer, darts right at and past me as I connect with my Inner Child. I don’t yet realise this is a

⁴⁰² *Ibid.*, p. 233.

⁴⁰³ *Ibid.*, p. 233.

⁴⁰⁴ Carl R Rogers, *On Becoming a Person: A Therapist’s View of Psychotherapy* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1961), p. 107. Kindle ebook.

⁴⁰⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 225.

⁴⁰⁶ Carl R Rogers, *A Way of Being* (New York: Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 1980), p. 43. Kindle ebook.

⁴⁰⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 261.

⁴⁰⁸ *On Becoming a Person: A Therapist’s View of Psychotherapy*, p. 251.

⁴⁰⁹ Hal Stone and Sidra Stone, *Embracing Your Inner Critic: Turning Self-Criticism into a Creative Asset* (Albion: Delos, Inc., 2011), p. 30. Kindle ebook.

⁴¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 56.

⁴¹¹ *Embracing Ourselves*, p. 27.

⁴¹² *Ibid.*, loc. 547-548.

‘hierophany’⁴¹³ and living deer symbol synchronicity—an experience of the numinous and sacred—that will recur periodically in the future.

In addition to outer reality, numinous events and synchronicities that pertain to inner reality, shifts in POS and consciousness can be sensed. Though research into the technique is scant currently, Zohar Berchik’s phenomenological analysis of Voice Dialogue psychotherapist data found that ‘(a) each inner self had its own distinct qualities; (b) going across selves involved a felt shift or transformation; and (c) there was a felt neutral space for what could be seen as an Aware Ego’.⁴¹⁴ Most of the disciplines that I am trained in, Gestalt, Psychosynthesis, CJEA, Voice Dialogue, and more, perceive multiplicity or aspects of self as natural in the psyche. Similarly, systems that I am not educated in, including Virginia Satir’s work, Internal Family Systems Therapy, and others, agree. Arguably, the id, ego, and superego of Sigmund Freud and the multiple psyche parts, persona(s), shadow aspects, the anima or animus, archetypes and more of C G Jung are additional psyche plurality models. Quantifiable, evidence-based research in a survey of expressive arts therapy literature reveals that ‘the effectiveness of creative arts therapies for a range of conditions is indicated’.⁴¹⁵ Despite having IC experiences and the ability to capture a written monologue of Inner Child(ren) or POS in raw art prior to study with Dr Capacchione, the CJEA training provides instruction in safe facilitation of the self or others,⁴¹⁶ either verbally or on paper, using a Voice Dialogue-based approach.⁴¹⁷ In my first weeklong CJEA training in Santa Barbara, CA, I have an IC dream. In the dream, I am down below in my childhood home, and my nine-year-old self takes me from the basement into adjacent dark passages that I have never seen before. There are several rooms. She takes me in a very big room, turns to me and places a finger to her lips to say, ‘Shhhh’. I look around; inside the large space are a great many bassinets and other beds, such as cribs, and in them are many little babies and young girls, all asleep. I use Voice Dialogue mostly to work with Inner Child POS.⁴¹⁸

⁴¹³ *Shamanism: Archaic Techniques of Ecstasy*, p. xviii.

⁴¹⁴ Zohar Berchik, ‘Allow Me to Introduce My Selves: An Introduction to and Phenomenological Study of Voice Dialogue Therapy’, *Journal of Transpersonal Psychology*, 48.1 (2016), 88.

⁴¹⁵ Kim Dunphy, Sue Mullane, and Marita Jacobsson, ‘The Effectiveness of Expressive Arts Therapies: A Review of the Literature’, *Melbourne: Pacfa*, 2 (1), 2014), p 11.

⁴¹⁶ *Recovery of Your Inner Child*.

⁴¹⁷ *Embracing Our Selves*.

⁴¹⁸ *Ibid.*, loc. 940.

Per Drs Stone and Stone, ‘to talk to a specific subpersonality, the subject should be asked to move to a different space in the room’.⁴¹⁹ As part of being facilitated with Voice Dialogue by a peer in the CJEА training, I am asked to go to a safe space. To my shock and surprise, my hands, fingers and toes start tingling as my spirit starts to take flight and readies to leave my body. I ask my facilitator to get help; Dr Cappachione comes over. With her expert facilitation, I explain to my Inner Child that I mean a safe place in the room and that she is never, ever, to go out of my body again. A startling revelation emerges as I realise the Inner Child believes that safety does not exist on this planet. A year later, in a second week-long intensive, when it occurs to me that I rarely get angry, I create a large red sculpture: ‘Opening to Anger’. Though I don’t feel angry, making a clay piece with a thin opening feels good. Self-development education makes clear it is psychologically healthful to access and feel suppressed anger. With two plus years of APR work, an earth-based spiritual practice, and the other inner work done since roughly 1998 upon moving to Florida, I slowly develop the ability to feel and know what I am feeling in the moment of an experience. I practice good boundaries even when it is uncomfortable. I say what I think or feel, ask for refunds when something is broken or doesn’t work, send back improperly cooked foods, and stand up for myself despite fear. CJEА work cultivates awareness and creativity and a way to work through blocks.

During the Lesley University undergraduate programme, I honed my writing skills by creating and revising three feature film scripts, a short stage play, and numerous academic papers. My studies encompass screenplay development, the creative process for screenwriters, genres like science fiction and psychological thriller, documentary filmmaking and playwrighting. My thesis is a study of story development techniques for screenwriters in the context of hemispheres of the brain in which I research and define ‘writing flow’.⁴²⁰ Contrasting experiences of writer’s block and writing flow and Mihály Csikszentmihályi’s concept of ‘flow’, meaning ‘The state in which people are so involved in an activity that nothing else seems to matter; the experience itself is so enjoyable that people will do it [...] for the sheer sake of doing it’,⁴²¹ inspires my research. Despite periodic creative blocks, I write more than ever. I study query letter writing and pitch scripts via Screenwriters Online (SOL). Beacon Pictures and producers respond to a

⁴¹⁹ *Ibid.*, loc. 950.

⁴²⁰ ‘An Examination of Traditional and Alternative Story Development Techniques for Screenwriters’.

⁴²¹ Mihály Csikszentmihályi, *Flow: The Psychology of Optimal Experience* (New York: Harper Perennial-Harper Collins Publishers, 1991), p. 4.

query with a script request. Then, unaware that doing so is self-sabotage based in fear, I decide the screenplay isn't ready and don't submit it. At the time, the choice seems logical; I do not connect holding back the script to childhood trauma. I study at the Duke Center for Documentary Studies, Raleigh-Durham, NC. Films aesthetically pleasing to me are German Expressionist works like *Nosferatu*.⁴²² The stark contrasts between light and shadow, white and black, distorted or twisted perspectives, or Dutch (Deutsch) camera angles are arresting. As a visual artist, I loved chiaroscuro drawing classes; the chiaroscuro lighting of certain German Expressionist films appeals. Though intended to be abstract, these films somehow accurately portray and evoke my reality: the deeply suppressed frenetic predation of my girlhood self and related terror and misery. Yet, it is science fiction that I watch and rewatch. The original (1956) and the first remake (1978) of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* are all-time favourite films.^{423,424} The films are based on Jack Finney's equally beloved novel *The Body Snatchers*,⁴²⁵ wherein a small-town doctor uncovers an alien invasion where pod people replace and destroy humans.

An epiphany emerges in a film history course personal body of work analysis: my narratives consistently feature a heroine in peril who must fight for and narrowly escape with her life. Recognising this recurring theme in my creative portfolio facilitates a profound shift in awareness around my creativity. Though obliquely, I write my life story as fiction. I am drawn to science fiction, often with horror or supernatural elements, or less often psychological thrillers. *Total Recall*, *Terminator 2: Judgement Day*⁴²⁶ and other films hold an enduring fascination for me. Linda Hamilton's portrayal of Sarah Connor in *Terminator 2: Judgement Day* rewrote my perception of what a strong, heroic woman can be. Among my top five films are the *Alien* movies^{427,428}—the first two—and John Carpenter's *The Thing*.⁴²⁹ I create a private list of science fiction sub-genres. *The Thing* pertains to my 'Aliens Among Us' SF sub-category, where extra-terrestrials secretly pass as humans. *12 Monkeys* and *La Jetée* are cinematic favourites.^{430,431} Other favourite films involve protagonists imprisoned in a false reality or movies where the heroes or heroines

⁴²² *Nosferatu*, dir. by F W Murnau (Prana Film, 1922).

⁴²³ *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, dir. by Don Siegel (Allied Artists Pictures, 1956).

⁴²⁴ *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, dir. by Philip Kaufman (United Artists, 1978).

⁴²⁵ Jack Finney, *The Body Snatchers* (New York: Atria, 2019).

⁴²⁶ *Terminator 2: Judgment Day*, dir. by James Cameron (Tri-Star Pictures, 1991).

⁴²⁷ *Alien*, dir. by Ridley Scott (20th Century-Fox, 1979).

⁴²⁸ *Aliens*, dir. by James Cameron (20th Century Fox, 1986).

⁴²⁹ *The Thing*, dir. by John Carpenter (Universal Pictures, 1982).

⁴³⁰ *12 Monkeys*, dir. by Terry Gilliam (Universal Pictures, 1995).

⁴³¹ *La Jetée*, dir. by Chris Marker (Argos Films, 1962).

wake up and do not recall the past or find themselves in a time loop. One Valentine's Day in LA, my writer boyfriend gave me a tiny device brought back from Ireland; he has put the complete—up until then—*Resident Evil* film series on it.⁴³² The story could not more perfectly represent my existential dilemma: A young woman awakens in a nightmarish world, devoid of memory and profoundly traumatised, and is thrust into a relentless struggle for survival while seeking answers about her identity and the harrowing events unfolding around her, despite not knowing who she is or what happened to her. He knows that this film collection on a tiny device is the perfect love declaration because—with perplexed wonder—he observes me repeatedly rewatch the films. Despite love for positive SF, *ET*,⁴³³ *Cocoon*,⁴³⁴ *Starman*,⁴³⁵ and others, it is negative SF that helps me confront childhood horrors and better deal with life's harsh realities, such as dire social issues and imminent climate change rapidly propelling humanity toward an apocalyptic tipping point of no return. Consuming and writing SF helps me develop the emotional bandwidth to excavate horrors hidden in my body narrative. Watching and rewatching SF films, reading screenplays and books, and crafting narratives aids me in gaining a metanarrative perspective on life in general and my life in particular—echoing Sontag's notions of how one comes to terms with the 'atrocities', 'monsters', and being 'invaded'—illustrates SF storytelling's profound impact in reshaping my life.⁴³⁶

After watching many movies and reading numerous scripts, in 2003, I attend a monthlong intensive summer film school in Australia. There I study filmmaking and documentary and co-produce a short film. The coursework involves principles of scriptwriting, visualising the script, directing actors, and a director's masterclass, and every other aspect of filmmaking. The instructors are all film industry professionals of the highest calibre; I study documentary filmmaking with Sue Maslin, the producer of *Japanese Story* starring Toni Collette and many other exceptional films. Specialising in screenwriting, I cowrite the short film script and run casting when the director doesn't show up. During the film shoot, I script, supervise, and direct a scene, and with a peer watch the dailies each night and co-edit. My creative process before university screenwriting studies was quite fragmented and involves cobbling together a draft from

⁴³² *Resident Evil*, dir. by Paul W S Anderson (Pathé Distribution, 2002).

⁴³³ *ET the Extra-Terrestrial*.

⁴³⁴ *Cocoon*, dir. by Ron Howard (20th Century Fox, 1985).

⁴³⁵ *Starman*, dir. by John Carpenter (Columbia Pictures, 1984).

⁴³⁶ 'The Imagination of Disaster', pp. 188-189.

scraps of ideas, images, scene bits or entire scenes, dialogue, conversations between characters, and so on, to which I add the limited interior visual or audio capacity I perceive. I scribble down or type up everything while the story is flowing.

My research at Lesley University significantly evolves my creative process; I experiment with both L-hemisphere and R-hemisphere stimulating or traditional and alternative script story development exercises.⁴³⁷ The L-hemisphere stimulating techniques include outlining a story or writing character biographies, screenplay treatments, synopsis, writing beat sheets, and more, essentially linear, logical, and orderly. The R-hemisphere stimulating exercises are more creative and include collage, meditation, mandala creation, reading of tarot or runes for a character or story, etc. CJEAN non-dominant hand journaling and drawing, and more. Syd Field's concept that a screenplay is 'a story told with pictures in dialogue and description and placed within the context of dramatic structure' influences the creative practice research.⁴³⁸ I use Field's exercises—including his seminal 'paradigm', which is the script structured in three acts—to plot a screenplay.⁴³⁹ The paradigm provides a visual of an entire screenplay story structure on a single page. Unexpectedly, research reveals that the alternative story development techniques and tools drawn from depth psychology, spiritual practices, and the application of brain science concepts, despite their usefulness, are not superior to L-hemisphere or traditional story development techniques. Instead, the use of both L-hemisphere and R-hemisphere story development techniques facilitates a holistic or whole brain creative 'writing flow' state, what I term 'screenwriting accession'⁴⁴⁰ based on M Allan Cooperstein's concept of 'accession' or 'the capacity to access remote areas of consciousness'.^{441,442} After degree requirement completion, I attend the 2003 Tribeca Film Festival in New York and then move to Los Angeles.

In LA, I work as a production assistant and am hired to script supervise test spot commercials. I learn on every film shoot. During a commercial shoot post-production, I learn that, despite their power, a director can make mistakes. The director shoots according to storyboards, yet a continuity flaw in those isn't caught until after the footage

⁴³⁷ 'An Examination of Traditional and Alternative Story Development Techniques for Screenwriters', p. 2.

⁴³⁸ Syd Field, *The Screenwriter's Workbook* (New York: Delta, 2006), p. 17. Kindle ebook.

⁴³⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 76.

⁴⁴⁰ 'An Examination of Traditional and Alternative Story Development Techniques for Screenwriters', p. i.

⁴⁴¹ M Allan Cooperstein, 'Abstract: The Conjoint Evolution of Consciousness and Creativity: A Developmental Perspective', *The Journal of Creative Behavior*, 19.3 (1985), 215-17.

⁴⁴² M A Cooperstein, 'Creativity and Consciousness', *Saybrook Review*, 5 (1985), 28-36.

is shot and edited. Daily inner work means I often feel peace and sometimes joy. Writer's block diminishes. Writing is mostly less excruciating, yet, often, it is a struggle to write for myself. It is easier to write freelance for others. In Santa Monica, I start a spiritual psychology programme at the University of Santa Monica (USM) with much experiential training in Gestalt, Psychosynthesis,⁴⁴³ Person-Centered Counselling strategies, and more.⁴⁴⁴ Gestalt has a focus on complete unresolved gestalts. The approach includes a focus on the present and the body, self-awareness, the idea that one uses inner work to approach mental, bodily, or other pain, including relational, and very specific exercises such as noting the body language of the person being facilitated, particularly unconscious movements in response to statements or events, noting where one experiences emotion or emotional reactions in the body, and role-playing to work with parts of self—or role-playing with an empty chair—to dialogue and complete unresolved gestalts pertaining to relationships, and moments of 'insight or sudden recognition of behavior'.⁴⁴⁵ I learn new APR tools. The 'Soul-Centered' programme has a 'learning orientation' toward life experiences, traumatic or otherwise; after lectures, in addition to reading and writing papers and doing related research, we train in trios, rotating between facilitating, being facilitated, and observing while making process notes. Leaving the weekend intensives, after multiple opportunities to work through issues, I am freer emotionally, energetically, and mentally than ever. I leave that programme, return to it again, yet never finish because the institution later loses its accreditation when an accrediting agency ceases operations, and multiple schools are impacted.⁴⁴⁶ I am facilitated around childhood trauma, though I primarily do that work solo. The more inner work that I do, the more my narrative and identity reconstruct. I get better at saying no, speaking up, returning things that don't work, stop lending people money, and become more protective of my time. More crucially, I get a solid sense of my process and how to APR material effectively.

I get Rolfed in Pacific Palisades by a Rolfer® trained in Rolfing® Structural Integration by the founder of the work Dr Ida P Rolf. Rolfing is a therapeutic tool that takes place over a 'ten-hour cycle' of 'deep manual intervention' in a person's body

⁴⁴³ Piero Ferrucci, *What We May Be: Techniques for Psychological and Spiritual Growth Through Psychosynthesis* (New York: Tarcher/Penguin, 2004), pp. 176-177.

⁴⁴⁴ Mary Hulnick and Ron Hulnick, 'Soul-Centered Education', University of Santa Monica < <https://www.universityofsantamonica.edu/why-usm/soul-centered-education/> > [accessed 21 June 2021].

⁴⁴⁵ Frederick S Perls, Ralph Hefferline, and Paul Goodman, *Gestalt Therapy: Excitement and Growth in the Human Personality* (Gouldsboro: The Gestalt Journal Press, 1994), pp. 274-276.

⁴⁴⁶ Elizabeth Redden, 'California Regulatin', *Inside Higher Ed*, 28 January 2007. <<https://www.insidehighered.com/news/2007/01/29/california-regulatin/> > [accessed 23 April 2022].

myofascial or ‘soft tissue structure’⁴⁴⁷ designed to realign the body structure after physical or other trauma. In addition to ankle self-injury residual from jumping out of the barn as a teen, I was thrown from a horse more than once as a girl. The Sacrum session is problematic; my tailbone is fractured and bent sideways, broken into many pieces due to childhood sodomy. The work appears to support homeostasis of the nervous system, which trauma dysregulates, as well as helping ‘myofascial pain syndromes’ and other issues.⁴⁴⁸ The Rolfing supported my ongoing APR inner work as well as helped with body alignment issues specific to writers and film editors who often spend long hours hunched over keyboards; the structural changes were lasting. Body shifts in my pelvis and elsewhere have upheld using ergonomic office equipment, ongoing breathwork practice, and cultivation of whole being expressiveness and health, seeking ideal diet, sleep, and an otherwise healthful lifestyle. Note that Ida P Rolf worked with Gestalt Therapy founder Dr Fritz Perls. In the months I am Rolfed, I am training in and doing significant amounts of Gestalt Therapy via USM. The enormous Gestalt learnings are to, as Fritz Perls said, ‘Lose your mind and come to your senses’,⁴⁴⁹ meaning feel, feel, feel, tune into somatic sensation, give each body sensation a voice, and to express what Perls described as ‘Every little bit’ of ‘the jigsaw puzzle, which together will make up a much larger whole – a much stronger, happier, more completely real personality’.⁴⁵⁰ Very different from a Jungian or Freudian dream approach—which Perls said was to ‘analyzing and further cutting up the dream’—the Gestalt approach to working with dreams is akin to the CJEA training dreamwork approach where in training a group of people acted out a dream while the dreamer observes.⁴⁵¹ Per his approach, the dreamer should ‘act it out in the present, so that it becomes a part of yourself’.⁴⁵² This is to ‘become each ‘thing – whatever it is in a dream’, to embody it in pursuit of integration.’⁴⁵³

I study Cheng Man Ching Tai Chi Chuan (CMC Tai Chi Chuan) with Sifu Bill Law (Law Lun-Yeung) in Melbourne, Australia.⁴⁵⁴ CMC Tai Chi practice involves repeated slow, gentle movements, in a specific 37-movement form, with abdominal—or

⁴⁴⁷ Ida P Rolf, *Rolfing: Reestablishing the Natural Alignment and Structural Integration of the Human Body for Vitality and Well-being* (Rochester: Healing Arts Press, 1989), p. 11.

⁴⁴⁸ J T Cottingham and others, ‘Effects of Soft Tissue Mobilization (Rolfing pelvic lift) on Parasympathetic Tone in Two Age Groups’, *Physical Therapy*, 68.3 (1988), 352-6 <doi:10.1093/ptj/68.3.352>.

⁴⁴⁹ Frederick S Perls, *Gestalt Therapy Verbatim* (Gouldsboro: The Gestalt Journal Press, 1992), pp. 88-89.

⁴⁵⁰ *Ibid.*

⁴⁵¹ *Ibid.*

⁴⁵² *Ibid.*

⁴⁵³ *Ibid.*

⁴⁵⁴ John Hartley, ‘Interview with Sifu Mr. Bill Law’, *Australian Tai Chi Chuan Flexible Boxing Fraternity* (2000) <https://www.taichiaustralia.com/articles/Cheng_Style_Tai_Chi_Chuan.htm> [accessed 18 July 2022].

diaphragmatic—breathing. The practice is grounding and puts me in a unique whole being flow state that is roughly half directive and half receptive, what some might describe as balanced between the masculine and feminine. Research indicates Tai Chi practice may lead to ‘psychological well-being including reduced stress, anxiety, depression and mood disturbance, and increased self-esteem’.⁴⁵⁵ People diagnosed with PTSD used Tai Chi to ‘reduce the level of pain intensity’.⁴⁵⁶ CMC Tai Chi practice soothes my nervous system, reduces anxiety, and corrects a reverse polarity contributing to fatigue. Sifu Bill Law is the disciple of Master Hsu Yee-Chung—the most senior disciple of the late Professor Cheng Man Ching (1902-1975)—and has practised CMC Tai Chi Chuan since 1985. I remain a student of Sifu Bill and am honoured to stay in touch with him and his wife; they are a model of positive or ideal parents. Leaving Australia, I go to a tiny Fiji island with two hundred people in residence. The CMC Tai Chi, ongoing inner work, pristine location, and few people lead to numinous experiences. In a remote jungle, I stumble upon a marriage ceremony at a waterfall attended only by a couple and their officiant. In retrospect, this is a mystical coniunctio of opposites event, a symbolic archetypal manifestation of the coniunctio of my contrasexual psyche parts, the feminine self and the inner masculine. On the plane ride between Fiji and New Zealand, a newly married couple sit next to me, continuing the coniunctio numinous synchronicities.

Back in LA, at USM, I return from a break to find a classmate has made a surprise for every student: ‘I am’ stones. I dislike the oddly shaped larger stone that seems ugly and quickly switch it with a perfectly round, smooth, unobtrusive, flat stone on a different chair. In seconds, I realise the impulse to reject the rock mirrors my discomfort with being my unique self. In that moment, the non-acceptance of the stone seems cruel, based on self-judgment. I hurriedly switch back to my non-uniform stone. At the time, it was not obvious that this dislike of differentness has to do with voice,



Fig. 8 - *I am (stone)*. - 2003-2004

⁴⁵⁵ Chenchen Wang, Raveendhara Bannuru, Judith Ramel, Bruce Kupelnick, Tammy Scott, and Christopher H. Schmid, ‘Tai Chi on Psychological Well-Being: Systematic Review and Meta-Analysis’, *BMC Complementary and Alternative Medicine*, 10.1 (2010), 23–23 < <https://doi.org/10.1186/1472-6882-10-23>>.

⁴⁵⁶ Pao-Feng Tsai and others, ‘Tai Chi for Posttraumatic Stress Disorder and Chronic Musculoskeletal Pain: A Pilot Study’, *Journal of Holistic Nursing*, 36.2 (2018), 147-58.

authentic identity rejection, hiding under a false persona of perfection, or not having come to terms with my childhood. I attend screenplay pitch fests for clients and myself. Most entertainment industry representatives at these events are low-level assistants; pitching won't lead to a script meeting or sale, but it is a great experience. When a production company rep doesn't show up for our appointment, I see that the screenwriter meant to pitch at the table adjacent is also absent. I pitch the two representatives who are amenable (knowing they are only looking for video games to adapt into films). I have fun with the pitch. Their inspiring response is, 'When you are in the room with someone looking to buy the kind of script you are pitching, you will sell'. They are adamant.

It is startling positive feedback that inspires. Still, it is a challenge to get in a room with Hollywood decision-makers who have the power to greenlight a movie. I take a private screenwriting master class with Dr Richard Krevolin and months later go to Chicago for two days of private study with Jeff Kitchen. In the Krevolin course, I rapidly outline a new screenplay. The symbols pour from my unconscious. The writing flow and the symbolism bring up intense fear. I put the project aside. In the Kitchen course, I learn screenplay development, starting with the final scene. Developing a story backwards, starting from the ending, is a revelation. Notes from several script analysts indicate that narratives have structure issues. I am unaware that script narrative issues mirror problems of personal narrative access. In the same way that I leave out scenes or critical story parts in screenplays and am oblivious to that—prior to script analysis—huge parts of my story are entirely missing, and I am oblivious. With the hope of making films in the future, I study advanced Final Cut Pro film editing. I experience extended periods of happiness for the first time in my life. In May of 2004, a play that I wrote about a girl who escapes from a serial killer in the park at night is staged as readings in West Hollywood. In one staged reading, Jessica Biel performs as the lead. I experience numinous synchronicities and receive potent symbols such as ladybugs during a romance with a man in Colorado.

In 2004 my flashbacks change. Sexual and other abuse by a sixth-grade teacher arises. I read Patricia Monaghan's book and discover a myth about incest wherein Saule, the personified sun, hears from her star daughter that 'in her mother's absence, Saules Meita had been raped by her father'.⁴⁵⁷ In December 2004, I adapt the Latvian Saules-

⁴⁵⁷ Patricia Monaghan, *The Goddess Path: Myths, Invocations, and Rituals* (Woodbury: Llewellyn, 1999). p. 176. Kindle ebook.



Fig. 9 - Saule & Saules Meita Incest/SA Healing Ritual - 2004

Saules māte, or Saule and Saules Meita,⁴⁵⁸ myth into a sexual abuse healing ritual. The APR features the daughter's rescue by her Mother Sun (after having been raped by her father). Monaghan's book offers ideas, including use of an altar with 'red and silver'.⁴⁵⁹ I create a process that combines bath ritual, Gestalt therapy, CJEA drama therapy, and IC Voice Dialogue with a Celtic Animist ritual approach to APR material. The inner work is part re-enactment of the myth. The symbols include fire, water, red rose petals, the galaxy,

a flower chain, a picture of my childhood self at Vogel State park, and a red candle, red fabric and carnations. I give the glass galaxy globe as a post-healing thank-you gift to Māori Elder and healer, Hohepa Delamere (Papa Joe) of sacred memory of the Te Whānau-ā-Apanui iwi of New Zealand. The incest and sexual abuse ritual bath is powerfully cathartic ritual whose positive results are likely due to a combination of its beauty, the APR of shadow psyche material including negative (-) polarity experience (NPE), and what Shaun McNiff might term 'the healing powers of creative expression' and a 'psychodramatic approach' facilitating 'healing [...] from action, from bringing about the complete artistic catharsis first described by the Greeks'.⁴⁶⁰

⁴⁵⁸ *Ibid.*

⁴⁵⁹ Monaghan, p. 179.

⁴⁶⁰ Celeste Allegra Adams, 'A Gathering of Shamans', *Awareness Magazine* (July/August 2005) <https://www.awarenessmag.com/julaug5/ja5_gathering_of_shamans.html> [accessed 21 June 2021].

Traditional Chinese Medicine (TCM) and acupuncture are shown to be of medical value for numerous conditions.^{461,462} I am privileged to live in Venice Beach, California and receive acupuncture sessions at the nearby Yo San University Blount Community Clinic. Dr Cofe Fiakpui holds a Doctorate Degree in TCM and a Master's Degree in Acupuncture and TCM. The treatments that I received included rare esoteric and traditional acupuncture.⁴⁶³ Aware of my traumatic past, Dr Fiakpui mentions that—when not subjected to sexual abuse—our sexual organs undergo a natural blossoming during puberty (due to hormones that impact both the brain and body). This essential developmental process that was hindered is initiated through acupuncture. My journey of inner work eventually leads to what Aristotle terms 'purgation' or 'katharsis'—the purification and emotional catharsis that lie at the heart of storytelling.⁴⁶⁴ As a survivor of ritual abuse, having endured multiple violations within non-indigenous religious contexts, my path to healing involves rediscovering the sacred and numinous, both within and outside of myself. In the mid-2000s, after years of exploring various religious traditions and spiritual practices, I devote myself to the path of Celtic Animism. This way of life honours the spirit and the numinous within all living beings, including our planet. A shamanic perspective suggests that 'sickness' is due to 'soul loss' or 'spirit intrusion',⁴⁶⁵ and I incorporate soul retrieval—supporting the integration of my psyche—and spiritual clearing practices into my journey.⁴⁶⁶ Despite 'Lost Child' inclinations,⁴⁶⁷ in 2005, I attend a Big Bear, CA 'Journey to the Heart'⁴⁶⁸ gathering of Indigenous Elders, wisdom keepers, and healers from around the world. Upon arrival, I see that Dr Cofe Fiakpui is there, although circumstances allow for little more than a distant wave from afar.

I engage in a series of profound conversations with a man who is a member of the First Nations people indigenous to the Southwestern United States known as the Diné.

⁴⁶¹ Rachel Pagonis, Janet L. Lee, and Samantha Hurst, 'Long-Term Acupuncture Therapy for Low-Income Older Adults with Multimorbidity: A Qualitative Study of Patient Perceptions', *The Journal of Alternative and Complementary Medicine* (2018), 161-167 <<http://doi.org/10.1089/acm.2017.0239>>.

⁴⁶² Daniel Ko, 'Acupuncture is Effective for IBS', *Townsend Letter for Doctors and Patients*, no. 252 (July 2004), 117 <link.gale.com/apps/doc/A119059803/AONE?u=anon~c7b645e0&sid=googleScholar&xid=a9310955/> [accessed 2 October 2021].

⁴⁶³ Cofe Fiakpui, 'Classical Chinese Ophthalmology', *Acupuncture: Gateway to Chinese Medicine, Health and Wellness* (n.d.) <<http://www.acupuncture.com/Conditions/ophthalmology.htm>> [accessed 21 June 2021].

⁴⁶⁴ Aristotle, *The Poetics*, trans. by Stephen Halliwell (London: Gerald Duckworth & Co., 1987), p. 37.

⁴⁶⁵ *Shamanism: Archaic Techniques of Ecstasy*.

⁴⁶⁶ Spencer L Rogers, 'Disease Concepts in North America', *American Anthropologist*, vol. 46, no. 4, 1944, pp. 559–64. <<http://www.jstor.org/stable/663550>> [Accessed 18 Dec. 2022].

⁴⁶⁷ Joseph Cruse and Sharon Wegscheider-Cruse, *Understanding Codependency: The Science Behind It and How to Break the Cycle* (Deerfield Beach: Health Communications Inc., 2012), p. 26. Kindle ebook.

⁴⁶⁸ *Art Heals: How Creativity Heals the Soul*, p. 190.

The term 'Diné' translates to 'children of the holy people' or simply 'The People'.⁴⁶⁹ This community is more widely recognised in the US as the Navajo Nation. To safeguard the privacy of and be culturally sensitive to the man, a pseudonym, 'Atsá' (meaning eagle in the Diné language), will be used in scholarly discourse. Atsá's significance extends beyond the confines of this particular moment; he reemerges in the context of my postgraduate studies and personal journey. Atsá's journey to overcome alcohol use disorder (AUD), commonly termed alcoholism, led him to become a sun dancer in a Lakota Sioux Sun Dance rite. Until then, I had never encountered anyone who had overcome AUD, a complex ailment intertwined with genetic and other factors.^{470,471} The notion of offering one's suffering or sacrifice as part of a sacred ceremony or ritual for spiritual or other healing evokes profound inspiration. It is worth noting that Atsá never explicitly uses the term 'offering' or 'sacrifice' in recounting his personal narrative. Yet, my paramount insight from the exchanges with Atsá revolves around the profound notion of offering suffering with utmost humility and reverence, viewing it as an integral facet of a spiritual rite that holds the potential to facilitate positive transformation. This concept resonates deeply with the narrative of Prince Siddhartha.⁴⁷² However, it is crucial to note that spirituality is not a transactional exchange. Whether one considers and invokes the divine as the sacred, the holy, or the universe—or whatever one believes to be the wellspring of the numinous⁴⁷³ and hierophanies⁴⁷⁴—its presence during or in response to a respectful, heartfelt, sacred ceremony and its discretion to usher forth transformation, rests solely with these enigmatic forces. In simple terms, they may or may not respond.

At the 2006 Gathering of Grandmother Wisdom Keepers on Catalina Island, California, I participate in sacred ceremonies with female Indigenous Elders from around the world.⁴⁷⁵ There, I study with Grandmother Bilawara Lee, an Elder of the Larrakia Nation of Darwin Northern Territory, Australia; the Aboriginal teacher mentions her desire to write and later becomes an author.⁴⁷⁶ C Michael Smith wrote of the intersection

⁴⁶⁹ Shawna Lynn Begay, 'Developing a Navajo Educational Media Guide: A Community Perspective' (unpublished doctoral dissertation, University of Nevada, Las Vegas, 2017), p. 143.

⁴⁷⁰ E M Jellinek, *The Disease Concept of Alcoholism* (New Brunswick: Hillhouse Press, 1960), p. 1.

⁴⁷¹ Hang Zhou, Julia M Sealock, Sandra Sanchez-Roige, Toni-Kim Clarke, Daniel F Levey, Zhongshan Cheng, and others, 'Genome-Wide Meta-Analysis of Problematic Alcohol Use in 435,563 Individuals Yields Insights into Biology and Relationships with Other Traits', *Nature Neuroscience*, 23.7 (2020), 809–18.

⁴⁷² *Prince Siddhartha*.

⁴⁷³ *The Idea of the Holy*, p. 29.

⁴⁷⁴ *Shamanism: Archaic Techniques of Ecstasy*.

⁴⁷⁵ '2006 Gathering of Grandmother Wisdom Keepers Catalina Island', Morning Star Foundation <http://www.themorningstarfoundation.org/2006_Gathering.html> [accessed 1 August 2022]

⁴⁷⁶ Bilawara Lee, *Larrakia Nation Elder Author Website*, <<https://bilawaraleebooks.com>> [accessed 1 August 2022]

between shamanic and Jungian concepts and ‘alchemy’ as ‘the projection of symbolic processes arising from the unconscious’, which is, like Celtic Animistic practices, essentially ‘ritual transformation’.⁴⁷⁷ Breathwork, body grounding work, and whole being clearing work, including spirit releasement therapy and archetypal parallel life work, and spiritual practices, use of altars, making offerings, and developing reverence for nature and life over years, changes my perception and experience of reality while healing me. As Aua the shaman said to Knud Rasmussen, I don’t ‘believe [...] in one great solitary spirit that from a place far up in the sky maintains humanity and all the life of nature’, I see, experience, and believe it as Aua described, ‘all is bound up on the earth we live on and our life here [...] the life of men and beasts does not end with death [...] that is not the end. We awake to consciousness again, we come to life again, and all this is affected through the medium of the soul’.⁴⁷⁸ Jung’s words echo, ‘the contents of the unconscious could be explained by reincarnation if we knew that there is reincarnation’.⁴⁷⁹

Celtic Animism facilitates numinous experiences. Referring to a letter that Jung wrote to P W Martin, Murray Stein wrote that it is ‘the approach to the numinous is the real therapy’ which facilitates individuation or wholeness.⁴⁸⁰ Everything natural is alive and sacred, with consciousness, and this is what Jung terms ‘Nature, the psyche, and life [...] divinity unfolded’.⁴⁸¹ My spiritual focus is the psyche or inner work, Smith’s ‘ritual transformation’⁴⁸² to heal my creativity and life, and to honour the divine in the natural world and be a better steward of Mother Earth. I do journey work and soul retrieval to find and collect the shattered shards of consciousness that split off during childhood trauma or those times of ‘soul loss’.⁴⁸³ I experience ‘helping spirits’ in animal or insect form—as described by Rasmussen—in reality or dreams; they help me with APR work.⁴⁸⁴ Indigenous teachers speak further of disease causes: ‘spirit intrusion’ and ‘soul loss’.⁴⁸⁵ I do spirit releasement work after I meet Bill and Judith Baldwin in a course and later have a session with them.⁴⁸⁶ My earth-based spiritual practice offers a unique path to

⁴⁷⁷ *Jung and Shamanism in Dialogue*, loc. 2863.

⁴⁷⁸ *Intellectual Culture of the Iglulik Eskimos*, pp. 60-61.

⁴⁷⁹ *C G Jung Letters, Vol 1: 1906-1950*, pp. 208-209.

⁴⁸⁰ Murray Stein, ‘On the Importance of Numinous Experience in the Alchemy of Individuation’, in *The Idea of the Numinous: Contemporary Jungian and Psychoanalytic Perspectives*, ed. by Ann Casement & David J Tacey (New York: Routledge, 2006), p. 34.

⁴⁸¹ *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, p. 325.

⁴⁸² *Jung and Shamanism in Dialogue*, loc. 2863.

⁴⁸³ Forrest Edward Clements, ‘Primitive Concepts of Disease’, in *University of California Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology*, 32.2 (1932), 185-252.

⁴⁸⁴ *Intellectual Culture of the Iglulik Eskimos*, p. 24.

⁴⁸⁵ Spencer L Rogers, ‘Disease Concepts in North America’, *American Anthropologist*, 46.4 (1944), 559-64 <<http://www.jstor.org/stable/663550>> [Accessed 18 Dec. 2022].

⁴⁸⁶ Bill Baldwin, *Spirit Releasement Therapy™: A Technique Manual* (Terra Alta: Headline Books, 1995).

psyche wholeness after childhood sexual trauma.⁴⁸⁷ A holistic approach to my issues is effective; every method is part of the gestalt transforming my life. Yet, particularly post-feral II and IC soul retrieval, I grapple with ongoing immunity issues, periodic ill health, and chronic fatigue. Recent CSA research emphasised the connection between the body and soul. Participants in these studies depicted the trauma of their childhoods as ‘theft’, ‘murder’ and ‘death’ of one’s soul’, which led to profound ‘suffering’ and ‘complex physical symptoms’ of illness.⁴⁸⁸ Mircea Eliade, directly quoting *Primitive Concepts of Disease* by Forrest E Clements,⁴⁸⁹ put it thus:⁴⁹⁰

The principal function of the shaman in Central and North Asia is magical healing. Several conceptions of the cause of illness are found in the area, but that of the ‘rape of the soul’ is by far the most widespread.

Robert Moss wrote that ‘loss of vital energy’, chronic fatigue, and immunity issues can be due to the loss of ‘younger selves’ and that pursuing ‘the secret wishes of the soul [...] can return us to the natural path of our energies and restore vitality, good health, and good fortune’.⁴⁹¹ A secret unfulfilled wish of my younger self is the pursuit of advanced education. In agreement with Eliade’s findings, Moss suggests that ‘soul healing is not only about [...] integrating aspects of the self that we have buried or denied; it is also about retrieving pieces of soul that have literally gone missing and need to be located and persuaded to return’.⁴⁹² After a first major Inner Child(ren) soul retrieval, followed by several years of introspective work, meditation, and a daily gratitude journal,⁴⁹³ I experience a profound transformation. I enter a near-constant state of oneness with all creation. I feel bliss and gratitude, in a flow state, connected to everyone and everything, almost always. There are periods of incredible synchronicity, which seem very connected to alignment with the ‘flow’ state.⁴⁹⁴ Still, latent unresolved issues mean that I pursue too many goals and have identity confusion. I change my legal name again, move around a lot, never focus on a single career, and do not notice that this is a problem. Mirroring my career confusion, I have a combined writing and spiritual coaching website. In late 2004, I move to a Colorado cabin. It feels right because there is a deer standing outside of it when I visit. I draft a writing flow book. One evening, a male

⁴⁸⁷ Jung and Shamanism in Dialogue, loc. 3194.

⁴⁸⁸ Sigrun Sigurdardottir and Sigrídur Halldorsdóttir, ‘Repressed and Silent Suffering: Consequences of Childhood Sexual Abuse for Health and Well-Being’, *Scandinavian Journal of Caring Sciences* 27.2 (2013), 422-432.

⁴⁸⁹ Peter Levine, *Waking the Tiger: Healing Trauma* (Berkeley: North Atlantic Books, 1997), p. 57. Kindle ebook.

⁴⁹⁰ *Shamanism: Archaic Techniques of Ecstasy*.

⁴⁹¹ Jung and Shamanism in Dialogue, loc. 3194.

⁴⁹² *Ibid.*

⁴⁹³ *Simple Abundance*.

⁴⁹⁴ *Flow*, p. 4.

red fox approaches me; his grey female mate sits fearfully some distance away. Unable to complete the project—despite doing inner work when writing flow is absent—months later, I return to LA. Though splitting creative energy between two career paths, I sell my pilot gear to help me focus on screenwriting. This tiny letting go is the start of what will eventually help me focus on choosing life's work, not out of obligation but from love.

From 2005 to 2012, as a writer-for-hire, I write nine non-signatory feature film screenplays. Hired to co-write a screenplay, I collaborate with a producer working for a production company with a first-look deal with Universal Studios. So those meetings take place on the studio lot each week. As well as writing books and other documents as a writer-for-hire, I do feature script line edits or script analysis. I ghostwrite nine books, mostly nonfiction, and write a corporate video script and documentary script, even as I write eight more spec screenplays. I've come far in creative practice and writing abilities and can often access writing flow. Based on my undergraduate thesis 'writing flow' discoveries,⁴⁹⁵ I teach screenwriting at the Creative Screenwriting Expo (CSE) from 2003 until 2006 and, in November 2006, on the CBS Radford Lot for Scriptwriter's Network. I meet Ray Bradbury for the second time at a CSE, and I'm still too shy to say more than hello. Despite knowing things to do to advance my career, seeking a manager or agent, pitching to production companies, or making a film reel based on my work, I do none of those things and am oblivious to the self-sabotage. What spirals up must spiral down, and my open-hearted flow state winds to a conclusion. In truth, I will need to go down, down, down into my body to do another major Inner Child soul retrieval, yet I am years away from that moment. I do inner work living in the rare LA basement flat—near the AFI Conservatory—and rescue a five-year-old POS from a dark place in my consciousness, like a deep well in the psyche, fighting off spiders with a sharp shard or knife. Thrown while riding a horse named Chance in a Florida forest, hitting the ground hard resonates cellular material up from deep within my body cells and is the point of the incident.⁴⁹⁶ A death by suicide occurs in my family; I go to the Blue Ridge Mountains to support others. Later, back in LA, I write novels, freelance write or coach and facilitate others.

On 1 January 2012, I start a mixed media art journal *Book of Days* for the year, completing the front and back cover and a two-page entry. I am unable to create pages

⁴⁹⁵ 'An Examination of Traditional and Alternative Story Development Techniques for Screenwriters', p. 2.

⁴⁹⁶ *The Biology of Belief*, p. 7.

after the first day and put the art journal aside. Surprisingly, the images and scant words of four pages sum up the voice and career issues I will work through in the PhD a near-decade later. Vocation was on my subconscious mind. On the cover, Jung's words:

What is it, then, that inexorably tips the scales in favor of the *extra-ordinary*? It is what is commonly called *vocation*: an irrational factor that destines a man to emancipate himself from the herd and from its well-worn paths.⁴⁹⁷



Fig. 10 - *Book of Days* (cover and page one) - 1 January 2012

I put the Jung quote on the cover because it resonated, not because I perceived the profound implications of any as-yet-unidentified life struggle around career, identity, self-expression, or voice. The second page of the 1 January entry further mirrors issues of critical and lasting relevance to my psyche and includes forgiveness work around self-judgement. While forgiveness work is beautiful, it is unsettling to realise how judgemental and cruel I've been to myself as a default consciousness residual from childhood. It is only apparent now in reviewing the writing and art. It is interesting to see that the second page of the journal includes words and symbolism about creativity and voice. Part of deep psyche transformation work is to rewire the brain to rewrite one's identity through new ways of thinking and new behaviour. It is also critical to create and

⁴⁹⁷ C G Jung, *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 17: The Development of Personality*, trans. by R F C Hull, ed. by Herbert Read and others (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1954), p. 175 (original emphasis).

examine a record of one's journey as it is integrative, reveals vital symbolic content, and is ultimately required to share the 'Real Self' per Charles Whitfield.⁴⁹⁸



Fig. 11 - *Book of Days* (page two and back cover) - 1 January 2012

Note the page two list of issues up for APR—being broken-hearted with shame, feeling sad, grief, stuckness, being blocked, feeling like a failure, feeling not good enough (as a person), feeling bad, longing for and yet isolated from family, ashamed to be struggling—not better—not more successful—grownup and mature). Most surprising is that a POS expressed a fear that: ‘move/talk/do too much and I will be noticed and killed’. These are core identity—feral IIs and ICs—issues pertaining to Berne’s ‘script’ taken on in childhood⁴⁹⁹, and they are evident in a journal entry from a decade before the final year of postgraduate studies. The feral POS were whispering to my soul and ‘aware ego’⁵⁰⁰ long before they were soul retrieved. Hidden in plain sight on the back cover, with red and gold paint, is the word ‘MAD’. I did not consciously include the term implying subconscious deep, primal rage and anger. The M is huge, obviously the first letter of the hidden word; the other two letters—A and D—complete the term in the correct order. A back cover image knot symbolises my tangled psyche and personal heroine’s journey life plot and complications. In his *Poetics*, Aristotle uses desis for the ‘complication’ of a

⁴⁹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 32.

⁴⁹⁹ Eric Berne, *What Do You Say After You Say Hello?: The Psychology of Human Destiny* (New York: Bantam Books, 1972), p. 25.

⁵⁰⁰ *Embracing Ourselves*, loc. 950.

plot; desis might be translated as a ‘tying’ or ‘knotting’, and once he uses plope (‘weaving’ or ‘web’) as a synonym; for his word lusus, the ‘solution’ or ‘untying’ of the plot, we use ‘dénouement’ today, borrowed from French, from nouer, ‘to tie a knot’.⁵⁰¹ The symbols indicate career concerns, that some part of me is in knots, and suggest latent anger. However, I set aside the entire endeavour despite creating the covers and completing a solitary entry in my art journal. The emergent consciousness content manifesting in the 2012 journal entry appears to be in a nascent state, not yet ripe for thorough exploration and unravelling, largely due to my current limited anger APR skills.

Writing long freelance hours weekly leaves little energy for my fiction. I feel stuck; I’m burning out. Despite different brands in development, books, and related web content, I don’t see how odd it is that I focus on things beyond writing fiction. I decide to leave LA. Not consciously noticing or understanding the Book of Days art journal pieces, the pages are photographed, and the journal is given away to a teen who came to a moving sale. I don’t look at the art journal pages again until I review two decades of journals and expressive arts during my postgraduate studies. If I had truly perceived the images and the words—and sought to understand the symbolism of the art journal pages, not merely writing and collaging—my journey to self might not have taken so long. I wasn’t as awake or paying attention in that ten-plus years ago moment. I did not realise how critical excavating and working through, or APR, unconscious material is. A chance for deeply longed-for psyche advancement was lost. Per Jung, there are many ways to ‘amplify’ symbols to suss out deeper meaning.⁵⁰² ‘Amplification’ is that ‘method of association based on the comparative study of mythology, religion and fairy tales, used in the interpretation of images in dreams and drawings’.⁵⁰³ One may amplify symbols in collective, ancestral or personal material, or dreams and art, including literature, et cetera.

Jung described the necessity of contemplating dream symbols, which are ‘real’ and ‘pointing to something unknown’, and that we must do this in a way that ‘the symbol is not reduced [...] but is amplified by means of the context which the dreamer supplies and by comparison with similar mythologems so that we can see what the unconscious intends it to mean’.⁵⁰⁴ What is life but a waking dream? Amplification of symbolic life

⁵⁰¹ Michael Ferber, *A Dictionary of Literary Symbols*, 3rd edn (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2017). p. 241. Kindle ebook.

⁵⁰² *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, p. 366.

⁵⁰³ *C G Jung Lexicon*, p. 15.

⁵⁰⁴ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 13: Alchemical Studies*, pp. 347-348.

content, perceiving to understand the implications of signs or symbols is the natural approach to our human reality of each First Nations, Aboriginal, or Indigenous person or people that I've been a student of or spent time with; reality is a living, breathing molecular symbol-filled flux-flow ocean of being. The language of life—and thus the psyche—is alive with animate symbols, images, pictures, sounds, or additional sense information. Any message that appears, particularly a living or natural symbol imbued with a soul, meaning the sun, animals, birds, trees, plants, rocks, earth, and so on, communicates profound meaning for the communication recipient. Repeat symbolic synchronicity are even more vital to attend to for a creative writer seeking psyche evolution. When a symbol appears, one should research it and attune to the various meanings, creating a record of those that resonate to ponder the information and better understand the psyche individuation and integration or other symbolic significance.

It is essential to avoid a reductionist or literal approach to symbolic reality. In the rest of the passage quoted above, Jung equates a 'reductive procedure' or reductive lens on dreaming and dreams as 'dissociative' and something that 'leads away from the unconscious and merely reinforces the oneness of the conscious mind'.⁵⁰⁵ This concept applies then to the writer's life or waking dream. The necessity of an embodied approach to the symbolic is critical to understand, as most writers, much of humanity, are disconnected from the symbolic or real-life metaphorical meaning and thus disconnected from the path of Soul, meaning psyche, and thus individuation and integration. Walter Reed emphasised the necessity of this approach, and its value to creativity, whether at the Soul, meaning psyche, or to my way of thinking as pertains to expressive ability, in writing, 'The problem of pain is answered for Keats not by the acquisition of immortality, as in the myth, but by an act of creation or *poiesis*'.⁵⁰⁶ Symbol amplification is part of individuation, 'soul-making', per James Hillman, taking inspiration from William Blake's use of the term in *Vala* and John Keats's use of the word in a letter to his brother:⁵⁰⁷

Call the world if you Please "The vale of Soul-making." Then you will find out the use of the world (I am speaking now in the highest terms for human nature admitting it to be immortal which I will here take for granted for the purpose of showing a thought which has struck me concerning it) I say '*Soul-making*'—Soul as distinguished from an Intelligence. There may be intelligences or sparks of the divinity in millions—but they are not Souls till they acquire identities, till each one is personally itself.⁵⁰⁸

⁵⁰⁵ *Ibid.*

⁵⁰⁶ Walter L Reed, 'Soul-Making: Art, Therapy and Theology in Keats, Hillman and Bakhtin', *Religion & Literature*, 29.1 (1997), 1-15 (p. 4) <<http://www.jstor.org/stable/40059683/>> [accessed 26 September 2023] (original emphasis).

⁵⁰⁷ James Hillman, *Re-visioning Psychology* (New York: Harper & Row, 1975), p. ix.

⁵⁰⁸ *Letters of John Keats to His Family and Friends*.

Thus, symbols, along with necessary suffering—in terms of facilitating II and IC awareness through the living through, or APR, of past traumatic experience—pertain necessarily to Keats’s ‘Soul making’ or the process humans go through to ‘acquire identities’ that each of us might grow to be ‘personally itself’.⁵⁰⁹ The ‘bliss’ to which Keats referred⁵¹⁰ is that same of Joseph Campbell, who wrote that ‘the mission of life is to [...] Follow your bliss’.⁵¹¹ Jung indicates symbol amplification is how ‘the unconscious can be integrated and the dissociation overcome’.⁵¹² Embodied amplification and integration is akin to Fadigan’s statement that ‘all learning is [...] brain integration’⁵¹³ due to Hebb’s postulate that brain cell or neuronal excitation, meaning firing, leads to changes or wiring.⁵¹⁴ From this, one may extrapolate that, as with other often painful APR work, psyche work—with its integration and individuation of the unconscious—is a whole being experience with a brain rewiring component. In December 2012, I go to Florida and spend over a year helping family members with their business. I write the first book of a series in Florida. The writing does not flow. I am oblivious that helping others, unconscious ‘selflessness’,⁵¹⁵ is harming my career, professional and personal life. Most ICs retrieved have now integrated into my psyche. I am rarely triggered and do not hear from many POS. Unlike others doing complex trauma work with POS, I don’t fetishise the Inner Child(ren) or Inner Infant(s). One does inner work until a young, immature POS naturally grows up and integrates with consciousness. In my experience, it is an organic process that happens over time as every molecule of the NPE of a part of self is APR. Then, one might facilitate needed cognitive or other shifts to help the POS move through their Eriksonian stage of childhood development.⁵¹⁶ Fritz Perls agrees:

Gestalt therapy has an integrative approach. We integrate. [...] And every bit of the material, if you really play it fully, becomes part of yourself again. And instead of being more and more impoverished, you become richer and richer and richer.⁵¹⁷

⁵⁰⁹ *Ibid.*

⁵¹⁰ *Ibid.*

⁵¹¹ *The Power of Myth*, pp. 283-284.

⁵¹² *Ibid.*, p. 348.

⁵¹³ ‘How Stick with Character™ Strengthens Brain Integration Thereby Improving One’s Ability to Learn and Close Tasks Successfully: An Interview with Dr. James Fadigan’.

⁵¹⁴ *The Organization of Behavior*.

⁵¹⁵ *Psychotherapy and the Selfless Patient*, p. 3.

⁵¹⁶ Erik H Erikson, *Childhood and Society: The Landmark Work on the Social Significance of Childhood* (New York: W W Norton & Company, 1993), p. 247. Kindle ebook.

⁵¹⁷ *Gestalt Therapy Verbatim*, pp. 166-167.

Drs Stone and Stone perceive the subpersonalities, including the Inner Child, as ‘patterns’ in consciousness,⁵¹⁸ and, in complete opposition to my decades of IC POS experience, Stone and Stone suggest that ‘It never grows up, it only becomes more sensitive and trusting as we learn how to give it the time, care, and parenting it so richly deserves’.⁵¹⁹ Pertinent to this discussion of the Inner Child, Charles Whitfield indicated that ‘By being real, it is free to grow [...] Our Child Within flows naturally from the time we are born to the time that we die and during all of our times and transitions in between’.⁵²⁰ Whitfield interprets the Child Within as one’s ‘Real Self’.⁵²¹ In my experience, the authentic self is an amalgamation of psyche parts significantly more akin to a cross-referenced version of the consciousness maps of Roberto Assagioli and C G Jung. Is it possible that part of one’s consciousness or self will remain immature and unintegrated for the lifespan of an adult person? In the genuinely growth-oriented individuating psyche, is it to be expected? Is it a certainty? Is it ideal? I think not.

Nearly fully integrated ICs suddenly notice that I’m forty-five years old. Through the POV of a near-integrated nine-year-old Inner Child, my adult self and aware ego realise that I don’t have a retirement, regular job, or a house. I’m only qualified for coaching others or writing. In July 2014, I decide to study art therapy and counselling and enter a programme. In a dusty corner of a university library in Santa Fe, New Mexico—where I was drawn by the consciousness-centred, richly symbolic and earth-based holistic, integrative, experiential programme—I discover 12 plus hours of audio. It is audio of Lionel Corbett and Cathy Rives discussing Heinz Kohut’s ‘psychology of the self’ or self psychology model.⁵²² A classically trained Freudian psychoanalyst, Kohut conceived innovative concepts about the psychology of the self. Kohut wrote that the developing child needs object relationships for positive narcissistic purposes, e.g., to gain ‘a sense of his own value, of his own cohesiveness, of being somebody’.⁵²³ Kohut’s concept of the psychology of the self, specifically how the self and human personality normally develop in childhood—or are malformed by that experience—feels like the key to my creative issues. It becomes clear rather quickly that, despite an IC desire to find

⁵¹⁸ *Embracing Our Selves*, p. 195.

⁵¹⁹ *Ibid.*

⁵²⁰ *Healing the Child Within*, pp. 31-32.

⁵²¹ *Ibid.*, p. 32.

⁵²² Lionel Corbett and Cathy Rives, *Jungian Psychology and Kohut’s Self-Psychology* [download album] (C G Jung Institute of Chicago, 1989).

⁵²³ *The Kohut Seminars*, p. 27.

stability and a career, settle down and become a more stable person, that instead soul-searching, clarity, honesty, and being open to the truth of my identity are necessary.

In 2015, toward the end of a successful graduate programme first year, I play a synchronicity game with reality. Universal Sandplay is my term for when synchronicity puts objects or tiny toys in my path whose symbolic meaning—when amplified—is deeply personal. I've been playing for about ten years, since living in Colorado and finding a glass ladybug in a forest under a tree. It was the first of a profound series of ladybird synchronicities. I write essays about the symbolic meaning of the toys or objects for my archetypal psychology class. Synchronicity reveals that several programme peers gave up on their true heart and their soul's desires to become therapists; the peers don't see what I see; issues, developmental or otherwise, blocking the path to one's soul dream need to be worked through. A filmmaker laments her lack of entertainment industry career progress and grief that a former coworker is up for an Oscar for a short film. She is happy for them, yet obviously very sad about no longer making films. Another would-be-counsellor is an oil painter, one a musician, and another a portrait artist. All have given up their art to help others instead of determining to evolve their psyche to cultivate success. I notice Universal Sandplay around career. Despite my short time in the programme and being successful, I get a sense that I may soon be going in a new direction. Receiving and writing about symbols deepens my ability to read or interpret reality symbolically.



Fig. 12 - *Blue Horse, Heart on Fire: Storyteller* - 2015

I use Sennelier oil pastels to create *Blue Horse, Heart on Fire: Storyteller*. The horse symbolises my storyteller voice and a heartfelt longing to return to writing fiction.

The ego's relation to the id might be compared with that of a rider to his horse. The horse provides the locomotive energy, and the rider has the prerogative of determining the goal and of guiding the movements of his powerful mount towards it. But all too often in the relations between the ego and the id we find a picture of the less ideal situation in which the rider is obliged to guide his horse in the direction in which it itself wants to go.⁵²⁴

Freud's writing describes the id with issues that prevent life path progress. The universe generally only mirrors relevant symbolic information, and Freud's words make me think about the people in the programme who are becoming therapists because inner issues prevented them from making a career of their art. Noting people giving up on their heart and soul's desires is essential for my psyche growth. I am in Freud's 'less ideal situation' wherein my powerful horse is damaged—due to childhood trauma—and it will not go where I want it to go creatively or career-wise.⁵²⁵ I do a Medicine Walk to prepare for a desert wilderness vision quest. Wandering in nature, I get what appear to be lessons about partnership; two joined as one, colour opposites such as pink and green, and misperceive this as romantic love symbolism. Like the Fiji marriage under a waterfall, the numinous manifestations will later be revealed as animus and psyche coniunctio symbolism. An injury prevents vision quest attendance.



Fig. 13 - *Only my wings (spirituality) help me survive.* - 7 March 2015

⁵²⁴ Sigmund Freud, *New Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis*, trans. by James Strachey (New York: W W Norton & Company, 1933, 1965), p. 77.

⁵²⁵ *Ibid.*

Instead, 6 - 8 March 2015, I take a *Sand Tray with Children and Adolescents*. The work is profound, unlike anything else. Notably, a science fiction writer inspired the tiny miniature object-based inner work known as Sandplay therapy. Dr Margaret Lowenfeld wrote that the ‘approach [...] with children derives from a memory of H G Wells’ *Floor Games*’.⁵²⁶ An epiphany clarifies that I am in Santa Fe to discover Heinz Kohut’s object relations concepts which are crucial to understand and transform my issues of voice and writing. A professor gifts each student a little prayer tie, a square of cloth tied with string with tiny treasures and a message inside. Inside my intention bundle is a slice of spiral seashell, a floral bead, and a lavender slip of paper with the word ‘Honesty’ written upon it. Like the misshapen stone received at USM years ago, I initially dislike my gift. As I *never* tell lies; the concept of ‘Honesty’ as a personal lesson is grating. It does not occur to me that my reaction has anything to do with my hiding a secret past. In the desert thin places, I have Otto’s ‘numinous’ or ‘mystical awe’ or ‘aweful’⁵²⁷ occurrences, including a few of Jung’s big dreams which I record in oil pastels. Jung wrote of the ‘difference between an ordinary, personal dream and the “big” dream’ which is on a ‘different level’ from ordinary dreams.⁵²⁸ In one dream, I—as Inner Mother—nurse a tiny Infant. In another dream, I and my man—the positive animus or psyche inner masculine—care for our young child. This is a rare dream of healthy, complete Inner Family archetypes.



Fig. 14 - Dreams A) Inner Mother and Inner Infant B) Inner Family - 2014/2015

⁵²⁶ Margaret Lowenfeld, *Understanding Children’s Sandplay: Lowenfeld’s World Technique* (Brighton; Sussex Academic Press, 2007), p. 3.

⁵²⁷ *The Idea of the Holy*.

⁵²⁸ C G Jung, *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 17: Development of Personality*, ed. and trans. by Gerard Adler and R F C Hull (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1981), p. 118. Kindle ebook.

I withdraw from the programme, return to California, and begin a Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing for Entertainment. I read Robert Greene's *Mastery in a Career* Mastery course, emphasising personal development and leadership.⁵²⁹ A Richard Walter interview on screenwriters and screenwriting reveals, 'People don't fail in Hollywood, they sort of just, just drift away. It's a question of staying in the game'.⁵³⁰ I complete a screenwriting career readiness SWOT (Strengths, Weaknesses, Opportunities and Threats) analysis for a course; the SWOT reveals past Hollywood career self-sabotage or resistance. There is a pattern of opportunity and my contraction from it, declining or accepting an opportunity and then giving it up shortly after. A survival strategy or defence mechanism taken on in childhood seems to be harming my career. The idea of identity, childhood developmental issues, and related selflessness, causing creative and career problems, echoes in my mind. Yet, I'm not in a place to know what to do about it. Vogler and McKenna describe this as when a heroine or hero gets 'a series of lessons' which awaken her to realise that 'something else was missing, something the hero deeply needs on a personal, emotional or psychological level'.⁵³¹ Upon graduation, I witness multiple curious incidents involving feral cats and kittens. In Northern California, I see four young feral cats. I recall that a year earlier, I could not rescue a feral kitten living in a hole under a tree in a crumbling parking lot in Hemet, CA. I brought food for it, yet it would not trust me. Later, I saw a male and female couple rescue the kitty; the young cat trusted them. It was a mysterious animus and coniunctio synchronicity adjacent to feral cat synchronicity; it offered a message, or 'lesson' which reflected something unknown that my heroine self 'deeply needs on a personal, emotional or psychological level'.⁵³²

'The shut rose shall dream of our loves and awake', wrote Keats.⁵³³ It is the union of outer feminine and inner masculine that awakening feral psyche parts—the recently soul retrieved ICs—require to feel safe. This is the symbolic meaning and the message of the feral cats and very young feral kitten rescued by the Hemet couple. Grasping that career uncertainty or resistance are childhood development issues, determined to focus solely on writing, I close my coaching business. Astonishingly, an industry connection—a filmmaker and talented screenwriter and director whose produced screenplay starred Val

⁵²⁹ Robert Greene, *Mastery* (New York: Penguin Publishing Group, 2012), p. 77. Kindle ebook.

⁵³⁰ Alex Ferrari, 'Screenwriting with Richard Walter', on Bulletproof Screenwriting Podcast, Episode 120, podcast, 12 May 2021 <<https://bulletproofscreenwriting.tv/richard-walter>> [accessed 12 June 2021]

⁵³¹ *Memo from the Story Department*, p. 57.

⁵³² *Ibid.*

⁵³³ John Keats, *The Complete Poetical Works of John Keats* (London: Oxford University Press, 1907), p. 346.

Kilmer—tells me that I must direct my work. Like most people in my life, he knows nothing of my past. Directing a film is unimaginable, despite making short films in film school and others in Tinsel Town. I futilely seek industry work. It is almost winter hiatus in Hollywood, the holiday film production break. A ‘dark horse’ candidate is surprisingly elected President of the US.⁵³⁴ LA falls into what seems like a citywide deep despair. No one is hiring. And everything shuts down soon. Post-election, I research graduate schools all night long. I’m only interested in Swansea University in Wales, which got on my radar in 2016 with a @TheEgyptCentre Tweet about a ‘Demon Things: Ancient Egyptian Manifestations of Liminal Entities’ conference.⁵³⁵

In 2015, I had identified my genre as SF. After MFA completion in 2016, it was evident that a successful screenwriting career necessitated the renunciation of other professional avenues. Specifically, roles centred on assisting others, such as facilitating workshops for individuals or groups, needed to be abandoned. To fully embrace opportunities, it appeared essential to cultivate a more authentic self, confronting shadow complexes. This meant refraining from self-sabotaging behaviour driven by fear or other underlying factors, especially in the Hollywood industry. Prioritising my writing meant relinquishing everything but creative work. I was uncertain how to proceed. My mind, accustomed to operating with fragmented memory and a constrained viewpoint, provided rational explanations for these choices. Yet, pondering my life choices and trajectory approaching my fifties revealed deep-seated psychological factors influencing decisions.

In 2016, prompted by a call from a family member, I undertook a journey from Los Angeles to North Georgia. Along the way, a series of synchronicities related to UK and international moves hinted at a possible relocation abroad. Reflecting on persistent professional patterns led me to examine similar patterns in my personal life. In Arizona, driving late at night through a small, silent town, I gaze with wonder at the holiday fairy lights and decorations amid the pine trees and see—upon someone’s very large lawn—a herd of deer grazing amid snowflakes and twinkling lights. Upon arriving at my childhood home, I became acutely aware of a pervasive avoidance of introspection and open communication. The family never addressed past traumas like childhood abuse,

⁵³⁴ Tracy McNicoll, ‘Donald Trump: Billionaire Reality TV Star Turns Presidential Dark Horse’, *France24* (2016) <<https://www.france24.com/en/20161011-usa-donald-trump-billionaire-showman-republican-presidential-election>> [accessed 14 July 2019].

⁵³⁵ The Egypt Centre, Museum // Y Ganolfan Eifftaidd (@TheEgyptCentre, 15 January 2016), ‘Did you know we’re holding an exciting conference Demons in Ancient Egypt?’ (tweet), <<https://twitter.com/TheEgyptCentre/status/687992114186203136>> [accessed 21 June 2021].

alcoholism, or the tragedies spanning generations. This silence hinted at deeper issues affecting family bonds and broader relational dynamics. Despite various life challenges, career uncertainties, health concerns, and frequent relocations, I managed to steer clear of more severe pitfalls, like addictions. Yet, I recognised that I had prioritised a romantic relationship with someone largely indifferent for twelve years. Similarly, despite my family's apparent disinterest in building meaningful connections, I consistently returned home, often to my own detriment. A disconcerting interaction with my biological father, marked by an unsettling gaze, intensified my questioning of my presence there. With clearer insight, I questioned my apparent codependent behaviours. Why did I repeatedly seek affection from sources—be it a partner or my birth parents—in the face of past abuse, neglect, or disinterest? This repetitive cycle, mirroring my professional choices, seemed deeply rooted in unresolved developmental issues.

Research leads to a 2010 issue of *Cerebrum* with relevant rat pup studies findings. Dr Regina Sullivan and her colleagues discovered that older rat pups don't develop a fear of their abusive parent as 'the mother's presence can act as a biochemical switch'.⁵³⁶ It appears that abused infants and children, akin to rat pups, may establish attachments to caregivers even if they are hurt by them. This is because attaching or bonding to the caregiver is 'a strong biological imperative that once a bond is formed—even with an abuser—it is difficult to break'.⁵³⁷ The way in which memory, identity, and consciousness form during this crucial developmental period inhibits the encoding of abuse into long-term memory.⁵³⁸ Delving deeper to resolve some perplexing outcomes, investigators found that older rat pups did not develop negative associations or subsequently recall and evade painful stimuli. The conclusion was that, in the face of distressing events, 'the presence of the mother during a painful event is enough to suppress activity in the amygdala of a rat pup'.⁵³⁹ This phenomenon, when extrapolated, suggests that for rat pups and human infants, a parent's mere presence—regardless of associated threats from them or their environment—can still dampen amygdala circuits and cause memory issues. Additionally, younger rat pups demonstrated a tendency to 'lose a fearful memory completely', a mechanism researchers postulate 'illustrates a concrete mechanism that

⁵³⁶ Regina Sullivan and Elizabeth Norton Lasley, "Fear in Love: Attachment, Abuse, and the Developing Brain", *Cerebrum: the Dana Forum on Brain Science*, 17 (2010), 1-10 (p. 6).

⁵³⁷ *Ibid.*

⁵³⁸ *Ibid.*

⁵³⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 7.

prevents young children from forming memories based on fear—even when it might be in their best interest to do so'.⁵⁴⁰ The findings carry significant implications for my understanding of personal behavioural patterns commonly labelled as co-dependent.

I have to evolve to be a different person, yet how to do so is unclear. Steven Foster and Meredith Little describe 'the loss of meaningful rites of passage' which help humans 'make the passage from the old world (the past) to the privileges and responsibilities of the new (the future)'; further, they state 'individuals in crisis are seen everywhere' and that without 'means of understanding what has happened, or is happening, to them, those who are caught up in a crisis cannot leave it behind'.⁵⁴¹ This encapsulates my experience with unresolved trauma and its subsequent effects. By late 2016, I had come to a clear realisation. A 17 February 2017 journal entry reads:

I am having a true death of my perspective of who I am—who I was and how and why I was behaving the way that I was in the world, many of my interactions had an unconscious, deeply held childhood fear underneath at the core—as that was a part of my core identity, and unhealed material, which I was unaware of—and thus my views and ability to see others, particularly their brokenness around selfishness and narcissism, is changing radically.

I determine to grow, to change, to do 'WEIT' to individuate.⁵⁴² In her writings, Diane Wolkstein explores the profound transformation of Inanna. Wolkstein wrote that the goddess 'Gave up [...] all she had accomplished in life until she was stripped naked, with nothing remaining but her will to be reborn [...] because of her journey to the underworld, she took on the powers and mysteries of death and rebirth' becoming 'the goddess who rules over the sky, the earth, and the underworld'.⁵⁴³ Drawing from this mythic allegory, psyche integration, individuation, and similarly, literary individuation compels me to similarly strip away or transform old patterns, defences, and latent traumatic material. An intuitive introspection spiral leads me to review notes and photographs from February 2015—images of objects found in nature on the Santa Fe Medicine Walk—and realise the experiences in nature did not symbolise romantic love. They were signposts pointing to a needed psyche union within myself and with my animus. Much like Inanna's dismemberment, my trajectory involves disintegrating my

⁵⁴⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 8.

⁵⁴¹ Steven Foster and Meredith Little, *The Trail to the Sacred Mountain: A Vision Fast Handbook for Adults* (Big Pine: Lost Borders Press, 2009), p. 9.

⁵⁴² *Awaken the Giant Within*, p. 265.

⁵⁴³ Diane Wolkstein and Samuel Noah Kramer, *Inanna, Queen of Heaven and Earth: Her Stories and Hymns from Sumer* (New York: Harper & Row, Publishers, 1983), p. xvi.

reality and unconscious ways of being. I apply to the programme in Wales and conduct ceremonies of severance, ritually immolating antiquated energies and possessions. Everything slips away or is severed in preparation for crossing new thresholds and as a catalyst for rebirth. The symbolic shedding extends to the physical realm; I relinquish belongings, retaining what fits in a carry-on bag and shoulder tote. Healing broken humanity at familial or group levels is beyond my reach. I will dismantle residual self-subterfuge, relinquish unhealthy selflessness, and work through narcissistic injuries and other developmental issues. This path leads toward psyche evolution or individuation, fostering creativity and nurturance of authentic voice and literary individuation.

And I want to unfold, to blossom into something more, into a new destiny. I want to individuate. James Hollis sums individuation up as, ‘Incarnating the fullest possibility one can become, fulfilling the intent of nature [...] the gods [...] through [...] natural unfolding [...] an unfolding in service to a numinosity, a *telos*, a possible destiny, a movement of soul toward something indefinable’.⁵⁴⁴ In December 2016, while driving my nephew somewhere, a mysterious, numinous, possibly Inner Child synchronicity occurred. Several deer stand motionless in the woods by the roadside in the dark, almost as if they are frozen; I’m unaware, but the herd of deer symbolise frozen Inner Child(ren) and Inner Infant(s) POS, who are soon to thaw and emerge. I go back to the house. I am left alone in my childhood home, without phone calls, visits, or family contact for ten days; chronic illness flares up in response to recognising family as narcissistic.⁵⁴⁵ In utterly new behaviour, I leave Georgia without saying goodbye. Accepted into the UK postgraduate creative writing programme in 2017, the PhD is my 50th birthday present to self. My accepted research project proposal aims to answer questions residual from undergraduate screenwriting thesis research, specifically how a creative writer may cultivate readily available ‘writing flow’ with a writing practice.⁵⁴⁶ Yet, what will happen in the postgraduate programme is unknown. Like the best film plots, life is often wildly unpredictable. I take a single out-of-print book that presents case study applications of Heinz Kohut’s object relations theories. The work highlights individuals grappling with ‘selflessness’ and ‘developmental retardation’⁵⁴⁷ as they cultivate an appropriate ‘self-

⁵⁴⁴ James Hollis, ‘The Rag and Bone Shop of the Heart: Yeats’s Path from Puer to Wise Old Man’, *Irish Culture & Depth Psychology: Spring: A Journal of Archetype and Culture*, 79 (2008), 95-105 (pp. 95-96) (original emphasis).

⁵⁴⁵ R P Arnold, D Rogers, and D A Cook, ‘Medical Problems of Adults who Were Sexually Abused in Childhood’, *British Medical Journal*, 300.6726 (1990), 705-708.

⁵⁴⁶ ‘An Examination of Traditional and Alternative Story Development Techniques for Screenwriters’, 2003.

⁵⁴⁷ E Mark Stern, ‘Preface’, in *Psychotherapy and the Selfless Patient*, ed. by Jerome A Travers (New York: Harrington Park Press, 1986), p. xii.

concept'.⁵⁴⁸ The book will be crucial to examining and working through shadow issues inhibiting identity development and literary individuation. With a solid intention to transform and write a new personal narrative, I free my wild nature. Unwilling to quit, trusting in the process, in June 2017, I fly to Wales and embark on my heroine's journey to literary individuation through writing speculative fiction.

Call to Adventure

A hero ventures forth from the world of common day into a region of supernatural wonder: fabulous forces are there encountered and a decisive victory is won: the hero comes back from this mysterious adventure with the power to bestow boons on his fellow man.⁵⁴⁹

Upon arrival, Wales immediately felt like home. Yet it was a surprise to discover that UK pedagogy meant that rather than executing the accepted PhD project proposal, I was encouraged to research broadly according to my current interests and creative drive. Then, a few weeks later, rather than a study that dovetailed with and was a continuation of previous less personal 'writing flow' research for writers—examining traditional and alternative story development for screenwriters in the context of creativity and hemispheres of the human brain⁵⁵⁰—the idea of a personal case study arose. The moment was life-changing. This was the 'Call to Adventure' stage of Joseph Campbell's Hero's Journey or 'monomyth', a term Campbell drew from Joyce's 'And his monomyth!'.^{551,552} The surprising notion of a personal case study led to what originally seemed like slight misgivings about the programme. Initially, I did not want to let go of my original study direction. It would be a natural continuation of intriguing unanswered questions from past 'writing flow' research. Further pondering revealed that a case study would involve appreciably more authentic and intimate research and be personal rather than impersonal, and therein lay the source of my emerging unwillingness. Laurence Heller and Aline LaPierre stated that the 'price of freedom is eternal mindfulness'.⁵⁵³ I did further inner work about the unusual anxiety and grasped that my concerns stemmed from unseen emerging psyche parts just beginning to thaw and awaken in awareness. In journaling,

⁵⁴⁸ Richard J Robertson, 'Kathryn: A Selfless Individual', in *Psychotherapy and the Selfless Patient*, ed. by Jerome A Travers (New York: Harrington Park Press, 1986), pp. 29-37.

⁴³¹ *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, p. 14.

⁵⁵⁰ 'An Examination of Traditional and Alternative Story Development Techniques for Screenwriters', p. 2.

⁵⁵¹ James Joyce, *Finnegan's Wake* (London: Faber & Faber, 1975), p. 581.

⁵⁵² *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, p. 62.

⁵⁵³ Laurence Heller and Aline Lapierre, *Healing Developmental Trauma* (Berkeley: North Atlantic Books, 2012), p. 1.

something curious became clear. Inner Infant(s), or II parts of my psyche, the newly thawing feral POS, were triggered, and this was causing intensifying anxiety.

Refusal of the Call

It was a struggle to be logical when considering embarking upon a personal creativity case study. My immediate response aligned with what Joseph Campbell and Christopher Vogler referred to as the 'Refusal of the Call' stage in the heroic and mythic formula. Following the development of a well-structured and intellectually stimulating writing flow research plan, albeit one that was impersonal, the notion of delving into a more profoundly personal and uncharted realm of research felt akin to setting sail in a coracle off the shores of Wales. That direction felt perilous. I found myself more resistant than excited by the prospect. Upon reflection and through the act of additional writing, it became evident that incredible inner tension, Inner Child resistance, was rising. Awareness dawned regarding disconcerting implicit memories stirred by the prospect of a shift in the focus of postgraduate studies. As suspected previously, around career self-sabotage, my Inner Child parts had resistance, negatively influencing my adult self's cognitive processes and openness. The automatic response I observed was not the behaviour of an open and mature individual. Even though I didn't consciously perceive emotions or affective responses that I would term fear, my Inner Child's negative reaction to conducting a personal case study had to be based on fear.

It is well-established that survivors of trauma and maltreatment may struggle with emotional and cognitive functioning, explicitly having 'illogical thinking' in the 'clinically pathological range' among other issues.⁵⁵⁴ Despite not being aware of emotion or affect that I would describe explicitly as fear, some part of me was uncomfortable with the idea of a personal case study. The barely recognised fright stemmed from Whitfield's 'age regression or reversion to an earlier survival mechanism', which he noted typically arises when one is 'hurt' by someone in a position of power or authority, was happening because of an opportunity to be more vulnerable and visible in research.⁵⁵⁵ The retraction from opportunity indicated that part of me must be terribly afraid. Though little discussed or thought of, the fear likely stemmed from being abused by multiple male authority

⁵⁵⁴ Sheree L Toth, Erin Pickreign Stronach, Fred A Rogosch, Rochelle Caplan, and Dante Cicchetti, 'Illogical Thinking and Thought Disorder in Maltreated Children', *Journal of the American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry*, 50.7 (2011), 659–68.

⁵⁵⁵ *Healing the Child Within*, p. 73.

figures some forty-seven or so years ago. The ‘father rape’⁵⁵⁶ and other abuse by my father and paternal grandfather—ritual and sexual abuse in Atlanta, Georgia, abuse by a stranger at Vogel State Park, as well as a lawman and a teacher in my tiny mountain town, and others—were more toxic and destructive than this document can convey. One of those child abusers was a church deacon married to my paternal grandmother’s sister.

At age twelve or so, my siblings and I were picking pepper on his farm as a summer job. He lured me to an upper field that the wind had knocked flat, then stood behind me and—to my shock—ran his hands down my breasts and body. Much abuse occurred indoors, often at night, while I was trying to sleep and was supposed to be asleep. Or in a photographic darkroom—in my sixth-grade school classroom—where I had been ordered to go by my teacher. Being outdoors in a new place, where I was not required to be, somehow catalysed me; I turned and ran away. Another child abuser was a Georgia State Patrol (GSP) Trooper who insisted he wanted to ‘see’ me—a seventeen-year-old girl—‘get home safe’ one evening after my after-school Milton Inn restaurant job. When the good ole boy paused the patrol car while following me to my house, I stopped in confusion because I was not ‘home safe’ yet; then the patrolman came up to my car window, leaned in and forced his tongue in my mouth. He kissed me—a minor girl—while I sat frozen in terror that a man of the law was doing this. I avoided him thereafter, yet on some level—though fragmented and dissociated—I absorbed the idea that no man is safe if a lawman does not protect me. I distanced myself from those who made a molestation attempt or otherwise exhibited identifiable predatory behaviour. From age eleven to fourteen, a stepsister’s husband molested me; I was unable to perceive his actions as abuse. And all those people are protected by the Georgia statute of limitations, which ran out before I could put my kaleidoscope psyche back together. In summary, rather than a nurturing, loving upbringing with education in being a person—to help us grow up to be valuable members of society—my siblings and I endured physical, emotional, and mental abuse coupled with abandonment and neglect. And some of us were sexually abused. Thus, my formative years were marked by dread.

As disturbing as it may be to read these brief descriptions and as off-putting as the totality of this document may be, it is essential to note that sexual and other abuse of children is prevalent worldwide. Approximately ‘1 in 4 girls and 1 in 13 boys in the

⁵⁵⁶ *Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape*, p. 281.

United States experience child sexual abuse’,⁵⁵⁷ and ‘91% of child sexual abuse’ is perpetrated by a person or persons ‘known and trusted by the child or child’s family members’.⁵⁵⁸ Noemí Pereda and others, deriving from their 2009 metastudy across twenty-two countries, including the USA, Great Britain, France, and Canada, found that CSA is underreported.⁵⁵⁹ That same research further indicated that sexual abuse of children is ‘a complex and universal problem’ and ‘the major public health, social and human rights problem in the world’, that it ‘is a much more widespread problem than previously estimated’, which ‘interferes with the victim's development and has negative repercussions for his/her physical and psychological well-being in both the short term [...] and the long term’.⁵⁶⁰ To reiterate, despite the explicit and likely distressing content herein, regrettably, the data underscores that such experiences are not uncommon.

Adverse Childhood Experiences (ACEs), an acronym coined in a collaborative 1995 study by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) and Kaiser Permanente Healthcare in California, encompass a range of traumatic childhood occurrences, including ‘psychological, physical, or sexual abuse; violence against mother; or living with household members who were substance abusers, mentally ill or suicidal, or ever imprisoned’.⁵⁶¹ Analysis reveals that ACEs are prevalent, extending even into middle-class households in the US. Furthermore, it establishes a compelling correlation between ACEs during childhood and subsequent adult life challenges. Problems following ACEs include mental health issues, illness, addictions, academic, professional, or earning problems, and early death.⁵⁶² According to the CDC, data from 25 states in the USA suggests a high incidence of ACEs, with approximately 64% of study participants indicating ‘one type of ACE before age 18, and nearly 1 in 6 (17.3%) [...] experienced four or more types of ACEs’.⁵⁶³ Despite the details of girlhood trauma,

⁵⁵⁷ Source: US Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, CDC: Injury Center: Violence Prevention, ‘Fast Facts: Preventing Child Sexual Abuse’, <<https://www.cdc.gov/violenceprevention/childsexualabuse/fastfact.html>> [accessed 21 April 2021].

⁵⁵⁸ *Ibid.*

⁵⁵⁹ Pereda, Noemí, Georgina Guilera, Maria Forn, and Juana Gómez-Benito, ‘The Prevalence of Child Sexual Abuse in Community and Student Samples: A Meta-Analysis’, *Clinical Psychology Review*, 29.4 (2009), 328–38.

⁵⁶⁰ *Ibid.*

⁵⁶¹ Felitti, Vincent J, Robert F Anda, Dale Nordenberg, David F Williamson, Alison M Spitz, Valerie Edwards, and others, ‘Relationship of Childhood Abuse and Household Dysfunction to Many of the Leading Causes of Death in Adults: The Adverse Childhood Experiences (ACE) Study’, *American Journal of Preventive Medicine*, 14.4 (1998), 245–58.

⁵⁶² *Ibid.*

⁵⁶³ Source: US Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, CDC: Violence Prevention, ‘Fast Facts: What are Adverse Childhood Experiences?’, <<https://www.cdc.gov/violenceprevention/aces/fastfact.html>> [accessed 21 April 2021]

with their substantial impact on my psychological, neural, and developmental well-being, my experience is clearly inextricably linked with a global and American predicament.

Meeting with the Mentor

Christopher Vogler indicated that near the beginning of one's monomyth, the hero or heroine meets up with 'a seasoned traveler of the worlds, who gives him or her training, equipment, or advice that will help on the journey' or one 'reaches within to a source of courage and wisdom'.⁵⁶⁴ While engaging with Wales and the Taliesin myth, I read Vogler, Campbell and Jung and the work of experts in the psyche and body-oriented process work. I continued examining resistance to going in a new direction. Journaling and expressive arts made clear that under my current awareness lay other emotions. Below increasing anxiety lay feral Inner Child(ren) emotions muted by their frozen state; excavation revealed arising intense terror, leading to anxiety and resistance. As a girl, threats from abusers, telling me not to tell or they would kill me or a younger sibling, coerced silence and disintegrated my awareness. Thus, journalling revealed the feral IC were terribly afraid of a personal case study, of telling the truth, even if it contributed to authentic self-expression, identity development, and literary individuation. During a self-directed odyssey of personal alchemy and profound exploration of the depths of the psyche, certain authors and their literary works emerge as invaluable guides.

Two luminous mentors or key allies in my heroine's journey transformative voyage are James Hollis, a distinguished alumnus of the C G Jung Institute in Zurich, and Charles Whitfield, a physician and psychotherapist renowned for his expertise in Inner Child healing. These scholars and their contributions were formidable assets on the path to self-discovery and healing. Hollis wrote, 'From the ego's narrow view of the world, the task is security, dominance and the cessation of conflict. From the perspective of depth psychology, however, the proper role of the ego is to stand in a dialogic relationship with the Self and the world';⁵⁶⁵ through this, 'the splits of the sundered psyche may partially heal'.⁵⁶⁶ I know the integrative value of Voice Dialogue⁵⁶⁷ and inner work from years of self-development. Despite the feral IIs current state, nearly two decades of past experience indicate that young POS heal and integrate with inner work.

⁵⁶⁴ *Memo from the Story Department.*

⁵⁶⁵ *Swamplands of the Soul*, p. 12.

⁵⁶⁶ *Ibid.*

⁵⁶⁷ *Embracing Ourselves*, loc. 940.

The postgraduate creativity research would facilitate this introspective process. ‘Telling our story is a powerful act in discovering and healing our Child Within. It is a foundation of recovery,’ Whitfield says.⁵⁶⁸ He indicated that to heal our wounded child self and integrate those parts, it is essential that one ‘risk [...] expose ourself, our Child Within, our True Self’.⁵⁶⁹ This is so very difficult for one who has hidden much of her life.

A friend, possessing a psychology degree and extensive training in body-oriented process and consciousness work, queried with some surprise about whether I truly needed to engage in the research and journey. Her reasoning followed the high level of training and considerable inner work undertaken previously. In response, I conveyed that more profound layers of self-awareness existed and uncharted territories of shadow transformation beckoned my exploration. The concepts may seem elusive for those unfamiliar with Inner Child work and soul or psyche retrieval. Integrating dormant or traumatised emotional parts of self, specifically those dormant or feral aspects, would be critical for holistic well-being. The inner work was necessary, yet resistance to exposure seemed almost insurmountable. Perfectionism, or remaining silent and inconspicuous, has been a default mode. Humanity rewards the image or persona of perfection in life, on social media, and elsewhere. It takes courage to be authentic and explore one’s brokenness publicly. People tend to respond unfavourably to such disclosures. This position of outer perfection is mirrored in the Taliesin myth by Ceridwen’s beautiful daughter, Creirwy.⁵⁷⁰ Creirwy has no part or voice in the Gwion-Bach to Taliesin transformation tale; she is a comely cypher whose entire role is an object of satisfaction for and in service to others as a beautiful and, in that way, perfect daughter. My Creirwy self would be happy to sit on the truth and sit in expertise, teaching writing workshops and facilitating others, analysing screenplays, writing nonfiction screenwriting books, or ghostwriting and forgo the inner work to liberate my fiction voice. This POS would dissociate from the shame and pain of seeing, diving into, and revealing psyche brokenness, preventing me from pursuing single-minded creative writing.

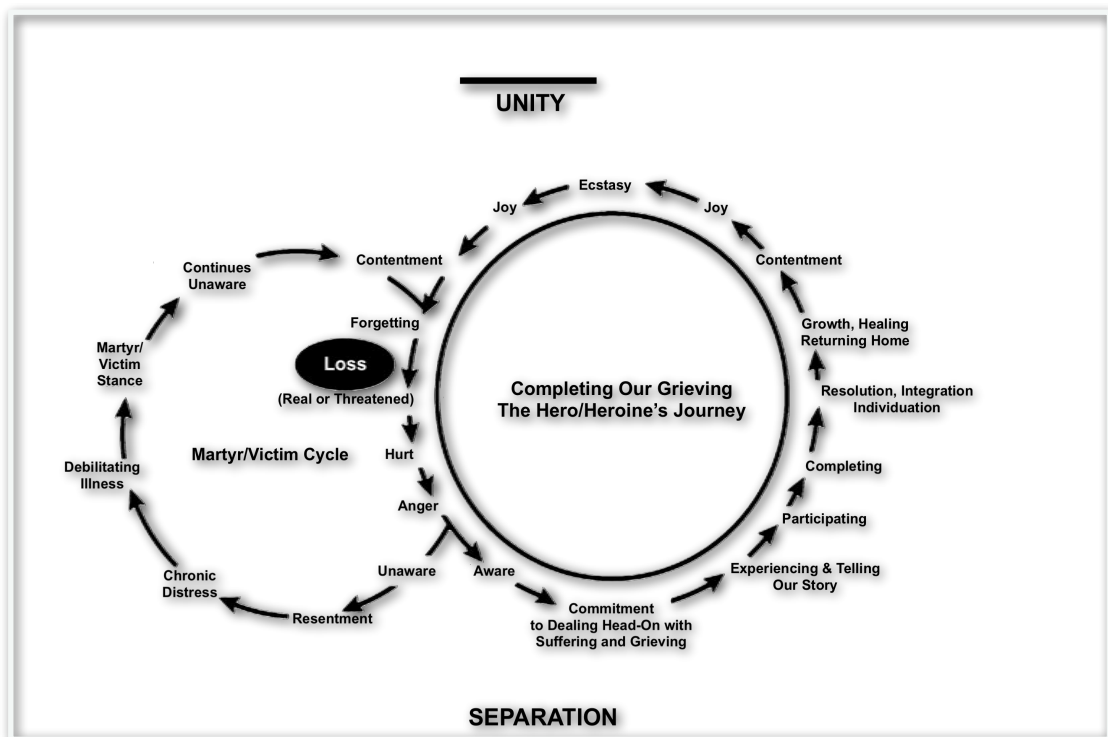
Research suggested that for individuals with fractured psyches, those who endured significant trauma during brain development stages, the struggle to reveal one’s authentic self stems from a childhood that forced the psyche to create ‘a compliant false

⁵⁶⁸ *Healing the Child Within*, p. 116.

⁵⁶⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 116 (original emphasis).

⁵⁷⁰ Nash, loc. 3426.

self’, hindering the development of one’s ‘true self’ or genuine identity.⁵⁷¹ The literature makes clear that telling one’s story facilitates psyche advancement. Citing Campbell, Whitfield reveals that for adult children of dysfunctional families, like the monomyth, ‘our stories when complete contains three basic parts: separation, initiation and return’.⁵⁷² Whitfield explicitly proposes that healing the ‘Child Within’ process requires a hero’s grief healing journey involving ‘risking, sharing, and telling our story’ and that in feeling and expressing our narrative, including the grief and anger, ‘we heal ourselves’.⁵⁷³ His concept suggests that the traumatised individual possesses an unfinished narrative marked by unacknowledged losses and grief and unexpressed anger. By working through and expressing these—ideally in the presence of a supportive community who witness one’s narrative—then we can ‘complete our story’,⁵⁷⁴ completing a previously unfinished journey. Whitfield created a modified hero’s journey diagram—unique to the Healing the Child Within hero/heroine’s journey—which clarified the concepts. Through the publisher’s generosity, Figure 2. Our Story⁵⁷⁵ is shared here (Appendix K):



Charles Whitfield's Figure 2. Our Story

Whitfield stated that there are several primary ways that people avoid doing their inner work, what he terms avoidance of the ‘pain of grieving’, and described the

⁵⁷¹ ‘The Core Trauma of Incest: An Object Relations View’, p. 334.

⁵⁷² *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, p. 9.

⁵⁷³ *Healing the Child Within*, pp. 116-117.

⁵⁷⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 118.

⁵⁷⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 119.

avoidance techniques as ‘denying our loss, intellectualizing about it, stuffing our feelings, being macho, using alcohol or drugs and prolonged attempting to get the lost object back’.⁵⁷⁶ From my mid-teens onward—once the natural female development body and brain changes from puberty began to make me a more receptive, emotional person, which cut through the fog and greyness a bit—I used sweet foods to stuff my feelings. Also, I spent fifty-plus years pursuing healthy, appropriate family relationships, trying to get my lost objects back.⁵⁷⁷ This seems like a defence to avoid the pain of recognising the futility of that and as a way of defending against really working through what happened. The recent realisation that I am unable to regain them and that trying to do so is not psychologically healthy has helped lead me to Wales. Despite substantial inner work, deeper introspection awaits. I’ve rarely felt anger, yet the young person typically feels and expresses anger when another child or an adult hurts them. Instead, almost always, debilitating depression arises when people harm me. Alice Miller wrote:

The expectations originating in childhood can be so strong that we will give up everything that would do us good, in order finally to be the way our parents wanted us to be and thus sustain the illusion of love [...] The illusion that we can still “earn” our parents’ love can be upheld only by denying what happened. That illusion crumples as soon as we have taken the decision to look the truth in the face [...] and to abandon the self-deception we have cultivated.⁵⁷⁸

In retrospect, defaulting to dissociation meant that I unconsciously retracted from or avoided clarity about the past for much of my life. This avoidance stemmed from the fact that the truth was suppressed whole being experience locked inside at the cellular memory level. It was too horrifying and painful to face until I acquired the necessary tools to APR the material. The path has been a slow yet steady process of gaining understanding and tools through education and experience. This cellular memory is termed ‘implicit memory cores’ by Thomas Fuchs.⁵⁷⁹ Initially, unconscious retraction and denial, in the form of dissociation, kept me locked in behaviour patterns that inhibited creativity, voice, and life. There seem to be multiple reasons behaviour patterns persist, though it seems possible that keeping my childhood a secret could be part of it. It may be that unresolved trauma latent cellular memory⁵⁸⁰ leads to Freud’s ‘repetition

⁵⁷⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 122.

⁵⁷⁷ *Ibid.*

⁵⁷⁸ Alice Miller, *The Body Never Lies: The Lingering Effects of Hurtful Parenting* (New York: W W Norton & Company, 2005), pp. 114-115. Kindle ebook.

⁵⁷⁹ Thomas Fuchs, ‘The Phenomenology of Body Memory’, *Body Memory, Metaphor and Movement*, ed. by Sabine C. Koch and others (Amsterdam: John Benjamins Publishing, 2012), pp. 9-22 (original emphasis).

⁵⁸⁰ *The Biology of Belief*, p. 7.

compulsion',⁵⁸¹ not as a death wish per se, but rather as an unconscious drive toward circumstances offering a chance to resolve the 'unfinished situation' or 'incomplete Gestalt' described by Fritz Perls.⁵⁸² As noted previously, suicidality is often a symptom of CSA, including incest, whether father or grandfather rape;⁵⁸³ research indicated that 'childhood maltreatment' results in 'increased odds for suicidality in adults'.⁵⁸⁴ Repeating behaviour patterns seem to be a symptom of a lack of development and unconsciousness. As I discovered just before the PhD programme's onset in December 2016, I and my perceptions must change. My identity and vision of reality must be rewritten neurologically and otherwise. Defences taken on in childhood can only lead to failure, continuing lack of voice, stunted creativity, career and finance issues, and lack of positive relationships, professional or otherwise. Despite tremendous resistance to doing a personal case study, particularly in a public way as part of creativity research, the necessity of changing and risking to grow and expand makes clear I must say yes to this academic 'Call to Adventure'⁵⁸⁵ in pursuit of voice, creativity, psyche and identity.

Unresolved latent traumatic material, including fear, has created problems. Yet, additionally, developmental and cognitive issues for POS ungrounded from reality, residual from childhood, have led to psychological immaturity contributing to inadvertent retraction from career opportunities, failure to see or respond maturely to red flags about people or situations, and being a slave to interpersonal relationships when my creative soul wants nurturing and expression. French neurologist and psychiatrist Pierre Janet studied and wrote about 'dissociation'⁵⁸⁶ and how traumatic experiences impact memory and are stored differently than nontraumatic experiences.⁵⁸⁷ Bessel van der Kolk and Onno van der Hart specify that 'Janet was the first to systematically study dissociation as the crucial psychological process with which the organism reacts to overwhelming experiences and show that traumatic memories may be expressed as sensory perceptions, affect states, and behavioral reenactments'.⁵⁸⁸ Freud wrote about why defensive behaviours and related actions get repeated; they are a 'repetition-compulsion' until such

⁵⁸¹ Sigmund Freud, *Beyond the Pleasure Principle: and Other Writings on Morality* (Baden-Württemberg: Newcomb Livraria Press, 2023), p. 35. Kindle ebook.

⁵⁸² *Gestalt Therapy Verbatim*, p. 62.

⁵⁸³ *Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape*, p. 281.

⁵⁸⁴ 'Childhood Maltreatment and Adult Suicidality: a Comprehensive Systematic Review with Meta-Analysis'.

⁵⁸⁵ *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, p. 48.

⁵⁸⁶ Pierre Janet, 'L'automatisme Psychologique: Essai de Psychologie Experimentale Sur Les Formes Inferieures de l'activite Humaine', *Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature*, 24.2 (1889).

⁵⁸⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 518.

⁵⁸⁸ Bessel van der Kolk & Onno van der Hart, 'Pierre Janet & the Breakdown of Adaptation in Psychological Trauma', *American Journal of Psychiatry*, 146 (12), December 1989, 1530-1540.

time as they may be worked through when the individual can ‘live through a certain fragment of his forgotten life’, associating to the formerly repressed experience, ‘to force into memory as much as possible’.⁵⁸⁹ Freud’s thought is that—through what I term Access | Process | Release (APR)—inner work will eliminate the subconscious need for repetition. In this way, a writer may entirely feel into (Access), experience by associating to it fully (Process), and thus let go of (Release) repressed or formerly suppressed cellular level material. Once worked through, the repressed past no longer drives unconscious harmful choices, yet, accessing deeply suppressed material can be arduous.

Despite the validity of Whitfield’s work, field-tested with his numerous clients over many decades, I know that along with becoming aware of, telling, and grieving my childhood narrative, successful II and IC childhood development will require meeting Kohut’s self-object narcissistic needs. These narcissistic needs are for mirroring, idealisation, and twinship, and neural reorganisation must likely occur as a cohesive self-identity develops.⁵⁹⁰ This empathic mirroring can come from parental figures in the outer world or a part of my psyche, whether the animus or another aspect of self, such as an inner parent. Yet there is no doubt that Whitfield’s tools for the conclusion of the past narrative, both excavated implicit and explicit memory, will be part of successfully transforming the old, dysfunctional narrative. It seems that telling one’s story is something that children do naturally as part of developing their memory and identity.⁵⁹¹

Another element of the healing voice process unfolded in the postgraduate case study research process: the necessity of healing the shame that binds me. The research clarified that progressing literary individuation and finding my voice would also require healing a lifelong unconscious defensive habit of self-blame, recrimination, and shame. It was only in journal entries and through contact with my feral and other ICs that I discovered a pattern of shame and self-blame. Shame was not readily identified initially, as defensive mechanisms—such as acting as if everything is fine, perfect, good, a position of *I am good, working hard*—obscured deeper truths. IC and II work revealed the truth; I was ashamed, and some of it was masked by somatic heaviness and feeling down. I never talked about the past. I felt down, sad, and guilty whenever anyone else was unhappy with or blamed me, even if they were in the wrong. This was a behaviour

⁵⁸⁹ *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, p. 18.

⁵⁹⁰ Erez Banai, Mario Mikulincer, and Phillip R. Shaver, “Selfobject” Needs in Kohut’s Self Psychology: Links with Attachment, Self-Cohesion, Affect Regulation, and Adjustment’, *Psychoanalytic Psychology*, 22.2 (2005) 224.

⁵⁹¹ *The Stories Children Tell*, loc. 114.

taken on in early childhood that stemmed from an unconscious misperception that I was bad and had done something to earn or deserve the maltreatment that I received when I was violated or hurt by a person in a position of power and authority.

As an adult, this unconscious de facto response to negativity—a default position that I am somehow in the wrong if things aren't perfect—was a defensive mechanism, an unconscious reaction. Judith Herman references Robert Jay Lifton's discovery of 'survivor guilt' and that it is victims—not victimisers—those 'people who lived through war, natural disaster, or nuclear holocaust'; Herman wrote that 'Rape produces essentially the same effect'.^{592,593} Herman indicated that this survivor guilt may be a way to avoid the 'utter helplessness' of realising that one was powerless 'to ward off disaster' and had no 'control'.⁵⁹⁴ Herman's concept is similar to Alice Miller's idea that one avoids incredible pain by misperceiving the events of childhood.⁵⁹⁵ In the course of inner work during postgraduate studies, I am discovering that many of my personality defences mask other emotions and beneath those are somatic experiences, which in turn mask primal emotions such as incredible rage. 'Traumatic events violate the autonomy of the person at the level of basic bodily integrity. The body is invaded, injured, defiled', 'the traumatized person loses her basic sense of self', and thus this 'traumatic event thus destroys the belief that one can *be oneself* in relation to others'.⁵⁹⁶ The position of shame is a defence that keeps me from being able to fully embody the past and '*integrate*' fully via Gestalt Therapy or other approaches. The attitude causes me to mistakenly default to the defensive position that I am responsible for anything going wrong in the present. Letting go of guilt and shame, evolving new awareness, and evolving beyond what Freud might term my 'pathological state'⁵⁹⁷ or 'narcissistic scar'⁵⁹⁸ requires a journey forward and descent into Joseph Campbell's 'darkness, the unknown, and danger'.⁵⁹⁹ Every mentor and guide confirms that I must make this journey to overcome the past. Alice Miller is clear that 'former victims [...] can free themselves from the shame and guilt that was instilled in them for the deeds of others' by efforts to 'bridge [...] the emotional knowledge of the

⁵⁹² R J Lifton, 'The Concept of the Survivor', in *Survivors, Victims, and Perpetrators: Essays on the Nazi Holocaust*, ed. by Joel E Dimsdale (London: Hemisphere Publishing, 1982), p. 118.

⁵⁹³ Judith Herman, *Trauma and Recovery: The Aftermath of Violence—From Domestic Abuse to Political Terror* (New York: Basic Books, 1997), pp. 52-53. Kindle ebook.

⁵⁹⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵⁹⁵ *The Body Never Lies*, pp. 114-115.

⁵⁹⁶ *Ibid* (original emphasis).

⁵⁹⁷ *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, p. 33.

⁵⁹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 20.

⁵⁹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 90.

body (the unconscious) and its cognitive faculties'⁶⁰⁰ which requires 'willingness to face the horrible truth'.⁶⁰¹ Per Campbell, 'It is by going down into the abyss that we recover the treasures of life' as the 'very cave you are afraid to enter turns out to be the source of what you are looking for'.⁶⁰² This expedition into shadow is required to get somewhere new in my psyche, creativity, and in life. Campbell described it thus:⁶⁰³

The hero goes forward in his adventure until he comes to the "threshold guardian" at the entrance to the zone of magnified power. Such custodians bound the world in the four directions — also up and down — standing for the limits of the hero's present sphere, or life horizon. Beyond them is darkness, the unknown, and danger.

In some way, I grasp that supervisors and the programme itself are both mentors and threshold guardians to a monomyth region of great power and that my almost automatic anxiety, in Campbell's terms, is an enchantment of sorts due to some residual childhood 'life-negating spell'.⁶⁰⁴ This is Freud's ego-driven contraction from life which blocks my healthy 'death-instinct'; instead of hurtling happily forward due to failure of 'the bringing into consciousness of the unconscious'.⁶⁰⁵ Thus, a person, in Freud's words, 'is obliged rather to *repeat* as a current experience what is repressed, instead of [...] *recollecting* it as a fragment of the past'⁶⁰⁶. The cure, per Freud, is that the person must both loosen the repression and 'live through a certain fragment of his forgotten life'.⁶⁰⁷ Essentially, I must experience all repressed traumatic whole being material, whatever is present and residual in my body and being. In this way, the 'instinct of the ego for self-preservation' may be 'replaced by the 'reality principle''.⁶⁰⁸ What is harder to identify, particularly at the beginning of the several-year postgraduate research journey, is that my unconscious patterns of thinking that underly default behaviours and reactions, such as assuming that I am in the wrong, my actions, thinking, effort, or anything else, in any life situation, are also adversaries to my emerging awareness and expanding access to voice. Campbell's 'life-negating spell'⁶⁰⁹ seems to pertain to a negative version of Eric Berne's

⁶⁰⁰ *For Your Own Good*, loc. 166.

⁶⁰¹ Alice Miller, *The Drama of the Gifted Child: The Search for the True Self*, trans. Ruth Ward (New York: Basic Books, 1997), loc. 166.

⁶⁰² *A Joseph Campbell Companion*, p. 24.

⁶⁰³ *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, p. 115.

⁶⁰⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 82.

⁶⁰⁵ *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, p. 17.

⁶⁰⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 18 (original emphasis).

⁶⁰⁷ *Ibid.*

⁶⁰⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 5.

⁶⁰⁹ *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, p. 104.

‘preconscious life plan, or script’,⁶¹⁰ that ‘ongoing life plan formed in early childhood under parental pressure’,⁶¹¹ the ‘losing script’ unconsciously written in a person’s psyche.⁶¹² Note that the script concept is but one tiny portion of Berne’s Transactional Analysis approach to understanding and dealing with the internal model of self or ego states.⁶¹³ The concept of a life script or plan and grasping one’s unconscious life script is vital to perceiving and transforming personal psyche issues. Jung wrote about the danger of not knowing one’s personal myth as this mythos will direct one’s life unconsciously. Jung wrote, ‘I did not know that I was living a myth [...] what sort of myth was ordering my life without my knowledge. So, in the most natural way, I took it upon myself to get to know “my” myth, and I regarded this as the task of tasks’.⁶¹⁴

In their work on the science behind the causes of and how to break the cycle of co-dependency, Sharon Wegscheider-Cruse and Joseph Cruse describe the four types of child roles in an alcoholic family. The ‘Lost Child’ role which I took on in my birth family explains my resistance; I am one who ‘adapts [...] becomes a loner who tries to survive her painful environment’ and ‘withdraws into’ myself, though I also ‘suffer from intense loneliness’.⁶¹⁵ The researchers show that one who is the ‘exaggerated harm avoidant’ is one who ‘tends to become the Lost Child’, ‘avoidant’ or even ‘schizoid (isolated)’, and be ‘depressed’.⁶¹⁶ Wegscheider-Cruse and Cruse describe the ‘release of relief or reward brain chemicals’ following certain actions and indicate that the ‘harm-avoidant’ depends on ‘serotonin’ from isolating and eating junk food.⁶¹⁷ Our brains and bodies release natural chemicals, neurotransmitters and hormones in response to actions, so changing one’s behaviour can be difficult. Personal creativity case study reluctance is partly due to wishing to be known for creative work and not for horrific things that happened to me. I have always kept the poisonous events of my childhood—that fractured my identity and narrative and led to voice issues—a dark secret.

⁶¹⁰ Eric Berne, *What Do You Say After You Say Hello?: The Psychology of Human Destiny* (New York: Bantam Books, 1972), p. 25.

⁶¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 32.

⁶¹² *Ibid.*, p. 145.

⁶¹³ Eric Berne, *Games People Play: The Basic Handbook of Transactional Analysis* (Old Saybrook: Tantor eBooks, 2011), p. 2. Kindle ebook.

⁶¹⁴ C G Jung, *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 5: Symbols of Transformation: An Analysis of the Prelude to a Case of Schizophrenia*, trans. by R F C Hull, ed. by H Read and others (Hove: Routledge, 2014), p. xxv.

⁶¹⁵ *Understanding Codependency: The Science Behind It and How to Break the Cycle*, p. 25.

⁶¹⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 26-29.

⁶¹⁷ *Ibid.*

Hollis might refer to this keeping of secrets as one of my ‘flights from suffering’, ‘neurotic’, and evidence of ‘phenomenological defenses against the wounding of life’.⁶¹⁸ The pattern was reinforced by abusers who threatened my family and me if I told anyone. I began to reflect upon Freud’s ‘pleasure-principle’,⁶¹⁹ the innate human instinct driving us towards pleasure and away from pain, and discerned its profound relevance to my research. In states of terror, a distant aspect of the self recoils, resorting to ‘repression’, Freud’s mechanism where unsettling thoughts or memories are pushed out of conscious awareness.⁶²⁰ Freud elucidated the dichotomy of drives within organisms in the ‘oscillating rhythm in the life of organisms [...] the former impelling towards death and the latter toward the preservation of life’.^{621,622} In this framework, resistance can be seen as a protective retreat from life’s adversities, akin to a Freudian self-protective or defensive move away from life, a form of avoidance, and a default to Freud’s ego drive or ‘attempt at flight’.⁶²³ Undoubtedly, silence was hindering my identity and voice. Reflecting on openings and portals and thinking of creativity research as a liminal space, I understood that achieving a state of flow, in terms of current research and creative interests, necessitated openness and a release from attachments. There was an earnest desire within me to evolve. Upon reinforcing this intention, my defences against intimate self-expression began to collapse. With the weakening of these intellectual defenses and as the feral ICs thawed slightly, I became increasingly attuned to emotional and somatic experiences. It started with bereavement grief so intense that it resulted in insomnia. My former stepsister died earlier that year, alone in a motorcycle accident at night; all of the despair, grief and sadness about the possibility that she felt tremendous pain and died by herself on a highway, with no one to help or witness her passing, took the cap off of a well of grief submerged deep within my body and being. Agony about her death, familial losses, and wounds inflicted by loved ones, along with the pressing concerns of terrible societal issues, including worldwide climate change, spiralled out of me instead of fictional words. In an expressive art piece entitled ‘Despair Grief Sadness’ are the words:

Positively ill with trauma... feels so good to take it to my art. Feel sick - feel sad/
sick neighbours left puppy at home [...] He’s too little, one-year-old dachshund
puppy - feel sick at how people mistreat animals and children.

⁶¹⁸ *Swamplands of the Soul*, p. 8.

⁶¹⁹ *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, p. 1.

⁶²⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 53.

⁶²¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 50-51.

⁶²² *Ibid.*, p. 54.

⁶²³ *Ibid.*, p. 53.

To stimulate my creativity research, I conducted a concise creative process survey for screenwriters and writer-directors in the film industry (Appendix J). After creating a SurveyMonkey, I sent the link to Screenwriting Research Network (SRN) colleagues, generally screenwriters or writer-directors who have doctorates in screenwriting and work in academia, and a diverse group of Hollywood filmmakers. All were incredibly generous with their time. The survey results made it clear that each screenwriter or writer-director has a unique creative process and approach to their work and career. Incredibly liberating is that there is no one way to find creative inspiration or navigate issues of art versus commerce. I continued researching and working through issues of grief that led to insomnia. Academia and research could not distract me from the individuation and literary individuation path for long. Something curious occurred in August 2017. I was finishing a novel written under a pen name, and my increasingly awake and thawing feral ICs and IIs were so afraid that I couldn't sleep all night long.

I was overcome with an intense terror, unlike anything I had ever experienced. My body was likely being flooded with stress hormones; the dread was so keen that I felt ill enough to throw up from the stress. I developed pain in my extremities. Inner work, primarily inner audio Voice Dialogue,⁶²⁴ revealed that some parts of me were afraid, even though I assured them that this pen name and, thus, the book could never be associated with me. Specifically, they feared that my birth father, who violated them terribly, would come to find me in Wales. Curiously, I had published previously and never felt anxiety or other emotions similar. This made sense to me. Previous publishing was done prior to the most recent soul retrieval. These thawing POS appear to be my core identity, the parts of me who bore the brunt of early sexual abuse and who were so young that they did not know how to regulate their emotions. Still, the force of the fear these parts felt, and thus that I and my body experienced, was shocking. All night long, I repeatedly told my ICs and IIs that my birth father was in Appalachia, in the mountains, that he was old, and that he no longer drove to other US states and most certainly would never, ever travel to another country on an aeroplane at this stage in his life. They did not believe me.

They did not have the capacity to trust, and I lay awake all night, feeling their terror in the dark of my tiny Maritime Quarter flat. In the morning, my IIs and ICs were intensely surprised that he did not come and violate me. I was shocked, wounded, and

⁶²⁴ *Embracing Ourselves*, loc. 940.

teary that these POS were so broken and feared visibility so greatly. That my birth father did not travel to find and destroy me astonished them. I was correct, and they had been mistaken. In Swansea, Wales, this was the moment that the feral POS began to trust me. I told them the truth. In Voice Dialogue⁶²⁵ via inner audio, I discussed their fears with the parts capable of language. I promised always to protect myself and them, to the degree I am able to do so. It seems challenging to explain these types of experiences in creative process research; only another person, terribly abused, sexually or otherwise, who has successfully undertaken soul retrieval and gained direct experience of and the skills to communicate with their POS might understand the nearly relentless terror of fragmented, soul-retrieved, formerly abused, thawing IIs or ICs. The experience of insomnia from terror left me fatigued, with arthritis hand pain and a greater understanding of the distress deep within. Yet, the event also resulted in the IIs and ICs developing what I would describe as increased trust. Those who had words were slightly sheepish—and blushed—greatly relieved that I was right and they were wrong. I had put out a new book—under a pen name—and was not violated in the night despite their certainty that I would be. Maybe I can be a writer, after all, some five-year-old part of me thinks. Realising that the POS remained grief-stricken and needed help, on 22 July 2017, I bought a grief-healing hypnosis MP3 album with guided meditations/subliminal audio and listened to it daily.⁶²⁶

Jung wrote that ‘Whoever looks into the mirror of the water will see first of all his own face [...] the mirror lies behind the mask and shows the true face’ and that ‘This confrontation is the first test of courage on the inner way, a test sufficient to frighten off most people’.⁶²⁷ The Inner Child POS, those immature aspects of me who are so frightened, are my own face and my true self. After the night of terror, they trusted me enough to make the journey. I could let go of my reflexive reaction insistence upon pursuing my original research. As for my adult self, I cannot leave them, myself, in this state; the journey must be made. Beyond the threshold guardians lies the unknown; in psyche terms, my shadow and unconscious, Grand and Alpert's 'abyss of terror'.⁶²⁸ Delving into those 'psychic contents' is required to complete Jung's 'task of tasks',⁶²⁹ to

⁶²⁵ *Ibid.*

⁶²⁶ Erick Brown, *Overcome Grief & Suffering Self Help: Guided Meditation Binaural Beats Solfeggio Tones* [download album] (Amazon Music, 22 July 2017).

⁶²⁷ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 9, Part 1: The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*, p. 20.

⁶²⁸ ‘The Core Trauma of Incest: An Object Relations View’, p. 334.

⁶²⁹ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 5: Symbols of Transformation*, p. xxv.

strive for Campbell's 'magnified power'⁶³⁰ and 'ego-shattering, life-redeeming elixir'⁶³¹ or boon, which for this researcher will mean increasing wholeness of self, knowledge, shifts in consciousness, and resolution of or progress toward resolving creative process and product issues. Despite considerable resistance to switching from objective and impersonal research into practices to facilitate 'writing flow'⁶³² for all writers to a deeply personal investigation into my creative process and authorial voice challenges following sexual abuse, I committed to doing so. Initiating this process began with recognising and acknowledging Inner Child defences. I incrementally began releasing unconscious coping mechanisms by fostering trust through nurturing these parts of self along with honest and trustworthy communication and being correct, despite their certainty that I was wrong. Loosening my IC resistance to the new direction marked a pivotal step in the journey. James Hollis indicated that default or unconscious reactions, including defences, are at the root of issues. Following his perspective, recognising these tendencies may pave the way for a retrospective exploration of 'attitudes' and 'behaviours'.⁶³³ Per James Hollis:

If one can identify unquestioned, reflexive tendencies of one's life, those for which rationalizations are immediately available, one might be able to work backward to the formative experiences of which they are the "logical" expression. Then one might be able to image alternative attitudes and behaviours as possibilities [...] relinquishing the adaptive responses and defenses will feel frightening, but will reward one with a supportive psyche in the end.⁶³⁴

'Telling our story is a powerful act in discovering and healing our Child Within. It is a foundation of recovery', stated Whitfield.⁶³⁵ The thing that I do not wish to do is the very thing that I must do. Every capable screenwriter puts their heroine exactly here; I am between two equally impossible or unappealing choices. I can't go back, yet I don't want to go forward. The way ahead is unknown. Robert McKee defined it thus, 'From the character's view two things are undesirable, he wants neither, but circumstances are forcing him to choose one'.⁶³⁶ Entirely subconscious, it is as Jung wrote, 'The child had a premonition of the instinctual hell into which she will enter. In alchemy, this state of instinctual hell is represented as a snake with three heads, the so-called *serpens mercurii*.

⁶³⁰ *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, p. 90.

⁶³¹ *Ibid.*, p. 239.

⁶³² 'An Examination of Traditional and Alternative Story Development Techniques for Screenwriters', p. 5.

⁶³³ James Hollis, *Creating a Life: Finding Your Individual Path* (Toronto: Inner City Books, 2001), p. 38.

⁶³⁴ *Ibid.*

⁶³⁵ *Healing the Child Within*, p. 117

⁶³⁶ Robert McKee, *Story: Substance, Structure, Style, and the Principles of Screenwriting* (New York: HarperCollins e-books, 2010), p. 249. Kindle ebook.

It leads the soul into the afterworld'.⁶³⁷ I must enter a liminal space and voyage to the creative unknown for my outgrown self to die. Part of me is clearly terribly afraid of the blackness, the potentially perilous shadow realm. It is Jung's 'instinctual hell' that lies ahead. Yet, as Dylan Thomas wrote, 'After the first death, there is no other'.⁶³⁸ Despite the terror of Jung's 'tight passage' and 'deep well',⁶³⁹ my old self has died before in inner work. Writerly psyche and screenwriting practice advancement are why I came to Wales. Joseph Campbell could have been describing my journey in writing the following:

The usual hero adventure begins with someone from whom something has been taken [...] This person then takes off on a series of adventures beyond the ordinary, either to recover what has been lost or to discover some life-giving elixir [...] the universal hero's journey—leaving one condition and finding the source of life to bring you forth into a richer or mature condition.⁶⁴⁰

I want to recover my lost self and voice, have the courage to be me and to express myself. The authentic voice and identity that was taken, I want it back. Literary individuation requires individuation. Ultimately, the postgraduate research will 'Identify and work through [...] core issues',⁶⁴¹ while maintaining a receptive, courageous, mature, intellectual stance as a scholarly record and thus public work. Liberating my voice and sharing my narrative with the world in service of my voice and art is that 'foundation of recovery' and requirement identified by Whitfield.⁶⁴² Additionally, researchers Inger Agger and Søren Buus Jensen found that one's 'trauma story' can be 'given a meaning' as telling one's story serves 'as a ritual both of healing and of condemnation of injustice'.⁶⁴³ They further stated that in 'testimony' of one's experience, 'private pain is transformed' and 'shame, and guilt connected with the trauma can be confessed and reframed'; and so this document will serve to help my psyche reframe what happened so that, rather than being burdened with post-trauma guilt and shame, feeling guilty for the atrocities of my parents and others, my aware ego, and particularly my Inner Infant(s) and Inner Child(ren) can attribute guilt to the guilty parties. Profound inhibition of my authorial voice, stemming from childhood experiences of incest, will form the primary focus of this empirical study. This research aims to shed light on the far-reaching psychological

⁶³⁷ C G Jung, *Children's Dreams Seminar: Notes from the Seminar Given in 1936-1940* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2008), p. 203.

⁶³⁸ Dylan Thomas, *The Poems of Dylan Thomas* (New York: New Directions, 2017), loc. 3750. Kindle ebook.

⁶³⁹ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 9, Part 1: The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*, p. 21.

⁶⁴⁰ *The Power of Myth*, p. 152.

⁶⁴¹ *Healing the Child Within*, p. 81 (original emphasis).

⁶⁴² *Ibid.*, p. 117.

⁶⁴³ Agger, Inger, and Søren Buus Jensen. 1990. 'Testimony as Ritual and Evidence in Psychotherapy for Political refugees', *Journal of Traumatic Stress*, 3: 115-30.

impact and the subsequent suppression of creative self-expression post-trauma. Sue Grand and Judith L Alpert have described 'The mysteries of the incest experience', which are 'devastating' and, perhaps unsurprisingly, remain underrepresented in experiential literature.⁶⁴⁴ Consequently, this case study and exegesis strive to contribute to the existing body of research and offset the deficiency of 'empirical [...] literature that helps us to understand the psychic experience of incest'.⁶⁴⁵ I will meticulously document this personal case study, centring it on the restoration of authentic voice and the advancement of literary individuation. This involves addressing issues that significantly impeded the development of my identity, authorial voice, and creative expression. It will involve a multidisciplinary approach, encompassing mythology studies, writing fiction, and the application of inner or depth psychological transformative techniques. The true elixir will be my heroine's journey and prospective personal creative, psyche, and literary individuation gains without regard for a perceived or actual audience. It is essential to note that literary individuation, akin to the evolution of the psyche, represents a dynamic process rather than a solitary objective. Inspiration for the journey, to be what I 'might have been',⁶⁴⁶ lies within the words of Adelaide Anne Procter:⁶⁴⁷

No star is ever lost once we have seen,
 We always may be what we might have been.
 Since good, tho' only thought, has life and breath,
 God's life—can always be redeemed from death ;

And evil, in its nature, is decay,
 And any hour can blot it all away ;
 The hopes that, lost, in some far distance seem,
 May be the truer life, and this the dream.

Choosing to do a personal case study, my heroine's journey begins, and I cross 'the First Threshold', one of Joseph Campbell's 'difficult thresholds of transformation that demand a change in the patterns not only of conscious but also of unconscious life'.⁶⁴⁸ I will quest 'beyond the ordinary' to 'recover what has been lost'.⁶⁴⁹ Foster and Little put it thus, 'the quester moves from the state of "letting go" to the state of "beginning" [...] ancients often referred to this passage between the two worlds as a womb or a grave'.⁶⁵⁰ I

⁶⁴⁴ 'The Core Trauma of Incest: An Object Relations View', p. 331.

⁶⁴⁵ *Ibid.*

⁶⁴⁶ Adelaide Anne Procter, 'The Ghost in the Picture Room', in *The Haunted House: The Christmas Numbers of All the Year Round. 1859-67, Vol 1*, by Charles Dickens, and others (London: Chapman and Hall, 1859), 83-94 (pp. 93-94).

⁶⁴⁷ 'The Ghost in the Picture Room', pp. 93-94.

⁶⁴⁸ *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, p. 29.

⁶⁴⁹ *Ibid.*

⁶⁵⁰ *The Trail to the Sacred Mountain*, p. 13.

am willing to go into the dark places and be reborn to evolve my psyche, creative practice, and projects. To be myself, I must, as Ray Bradbury so poetically wrote—quoting and in response to a poem by Gerard Manly Hopkins—‘What I do is me—for that I came. What I do is *me!* For *that* I came into the world!’.⁶⁵¹ And thus, I set sail.

Crossing of the Threshold

Jung reveals, ‘The shadow is a tight passage, a narrow door, whose painful constriction no one is spared who goes down to the deep well’,⁶⁵² and it *was* difficult and painful to make the choice to do a personal case study. Vogler and McKenna sum up Crossing the Threshold as where, ‘At the end of Act One, the hero commits to leaving the Ordinary World and entering a new region or condition with unfamiliar rules and values’.⁶⁵³ Once I decided to do the case study, I dove deeply into my research, writing and writing. After researching Mars, colonisation, and more, I worked on *The Domes* (Appendix A). Set in the first human colony on Mars, the feature film screenplay concept has ecological and social relevance. Yet, in June and July of 2017, the land of Wales transmitted new stories to my imagination. Both narratives featured a pair of young female heroines. *Oer* was a post-apocalyptic story of survival. The other tale, *Child of Llŷr*, was a slipstream fantasy. Though I wanted to write the planet Mars script that came to mind in my early 2017 postgraduate application process, the story didn’t flow. To my wonder, the strongest, the most alive narrative was *Oer*. *Oer* is the Welsh word for ‘cold’, ‘wretched’, ‘miserable’ and ‘sad’.⁶⁵⁴ Less developed in my mind, the story compelled me in a way that I could not understand or articulate early on. My study focus was reading broadly; I read science fiction, alchemical texts, Welsh myths, *Cad Goddeu*, and more. An investigation of the geography of Wales, including the Brecon Beacons, followed. In July, I drafted a rough outline of *Child of Llŷr* (Appendix C) and brief notes for *Oer* (Appendix D). Though I have many alternative story development tools, over the years, my practice has evolved such that I only use them if the writing does not flow readily, on tap words, as it were.

I read and watched as much SF as I can. Yet, in dealing with IC despair, a world of pain, a great weight, coloured everything and weighed me down. In a journal entry, the IC her despondency and how the intense emotion impacts the self physically, ‘Positively

⁶⁵¹ Ray Bradbury, *Zen in the Art of Writing* (New York: RosettaBooks, 1994), p. 159 (original emphasis). Kindle ebook.

⁶⁵² *Collected works of C G Jung, Vol 9, Part 1: The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*, p. 21.

⁶⁵³ *Memo from the Story Department*, p. 33.

⁶⁵⁴ ‘Oer’, in *Spurrell’s Welsh-English Dictionary*, p. 296.

ill with trauma [...] ashamed of what he did'. As the feral IIs and ICs thawed, writing—and other—issues previously worked through resumed. It was a struggle to write. As on many recent days, blocked and in great pain, I did expressive arts to APR what was arising (Fig. 15). Decades of experience have shown that expressive arts, like spiritual rituals, are a viable APR method to foster transformation and greater integration. I had no choice but to use expressive arts to work with my experience—and images and symbols that carry literal or other meanings—because I was unable to write, and the ICs could not understand me. Creating art with a present-moment focus facilitated the artwork in being an APR experience. Shaun McNiff wrote that ‘Someone who is suffering might begin by expressing the hurt in a picture, but then in subsequent pictures treat and transform the condition. In this way, the pictures themselves [...] minister to the wound’.⁶⁵⁵



Fig. 15 - *Despair: Grief. Sadness.* - 23 July 2017

⁶⁵⁵ *Art Heals: How Creativity Cures the Soul*, p. 114.



Fig. 16 - Expressive arts reduce pain. - July 2017

As a human is a complex whole being with interrelated parts, individuation necessarily involves the physical or kinaesthetic aspect of a person as well as their psyche. As restated by Aniela Jaffé, the whole being pertains to Jung's 'four functions of consciousness' or 'thought, feeling, intuition, and sensation' through which—when one is skilled in accessing all functions—one may experience and assimilate reality.⁶⁵⁶ I was unprepared for how increasingly visceral, incredibly somatic, and excruciating the feral POS APR would be. Note the body visuals and words of the adult self, putting language to IC experience in the CJEA piece: 'feel sick', 'smacking', 'something wet', 'pain, pain, pagina / pubic bone pain', 'rage', 'disgust', 'terror', 'shock', 'where is everybody', 'hurts hot pain' (Fig. 16). The primary purpose of the art was to dump terror and shock along with sacrum, or coccyx, anus, pubic bone and vagina pain onto paper. The paper and my adult self's consciousness served as the containers for the material. Doing so did help relieve some of the material: 'After one page of expressive arts the sacrum bone pain is lessening'. I felt overwhelmed by the material, including emotions, pouring out, and the

⁶⁵⁶ Aniela Jaffé, 'Symbolism in the Visual Arts', in *Man and His Symbols* (New York: Bantam Books, 2012), p. 267.

intensity of the cellular memory arising. Upon reflection, it made sense that APR process of younger and more vulnerable POS IIs and ICs would be terribly painful.

Following any inner work, a stream of words, images, symbols, scenes, settings, and characters, flowed organically. When writing flow resumed, I wrote down or typed up whatever I saw and heard mentally. This process, or approach to the creative process, of listening for and to the story, is very much an example of Jung's 'capricious and wilful' or 'imperious' writing impulse or 'creative urge' further described as the 'creative impulse arising from the unconscious'.⁶⁵⁷ To be clear, this was not conscious product creation; this was an 'event originating in unconscious nature; with something that achieves its aim without the assistance of human consciousness, and often defies it by wilfully insisting on its own form and effect'.⁶⁵⁸ The first *Oer* logline draft was, 'Two sisters struggle to survive nuclear winter in post-apocalyptic Wales'. The characters Rhan and Abertha live in a cave underneath a defunct military facility. In August 2017, to better explore and experience their world and an essential story scene and setting, I visited Dan yr Ogof, a cave system, at the National Showcaves Centre for Wales. I entered the mouth of the cave. It was an experience of descending underground in a place of scant light and much shadow. Delving into outer reality depths helped to propel me further into inner reality body and psyche depths. Therein, I discovered much Inner Child and other POS pain: 'despair', 'shame', 'self-doubt', 'beatings', 'my tummy hurts', 'I hurt', and 'incest'. Emergent anger is revealed in 'I hate you—you disgust me'. Susan Brownmiller stated that incest is 'a misnamed term that implies mutuality'.⁶⁵⁹ Using the word incest seems like a way that humanity distances itself from the reality of how adult men are violating and destroying their children, humanity's children and future. So, upon discovering the alternative designation in 2023, I subsequently preferred Brownmiller's term 'father rape'.⁶⁶⁰ Father rape is a more honest and meaningful language that more accurately reflects the experience of pain, violence, violation, utter degradation, and residual shame and despair of being violated and raped by my father. Martin Shaw wrote:

When an ancient energy wakes up in you, it's likely to rattle your cage with image not concept [...] Images seem to be how the soul carries its messages to you. To move and confound you, to get you to work. These lively impulses are going to broker instructions that are to be carried out, and it's only in the carrying out that

⁶⁵⁷ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 15: The Spirit in Man, Art, and Literature*, p. 75.

⁶⁵⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 75.

⁶⁵⁹ *Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape*, p. 281.

⁶⁶⁰ *Ibid.*

you will come to find quite why you were doing it in the first place. I know that takes some pondering as an idea, but I hope you'll entertain it. Walking blind a little. Falling into the nettles.⁶⁶¹

Of course, Shaw isn't talking about images resulting from body memories of childhood trauma. He's referring to numinous symbols with their corresponding primal or ancient energies carrying soul messages. Still, expressive arts, writing, or other expressions created without planning, like the images the psyche presents in dreams, allow the deepest part of the writer to express symbols of present moment soul value. The art reveals truth via what Shaun McNiff terms one's 'most personal images' despite how 'uncomfortable this process might be'.⁶⁶² CJEAs help Access | Process | Release (APR) material; I feel intensely while creating and allow the emotion and energy to move down my energy system and body and into the art. I chose colours intuitively and made art as long as there was material, any whole being dissonance, emotional or otherwise, to APR. Dr Capacchione's work has much to do with the mind-body split.⁶⁶³ In her words:

[...] early in life many of us learned to 'split off' from our body in response to trauma, such as emotional or physical abuse. We attempted to escape the pain of these experiences by dissociating from our bodily sensations and going "into our heads" [...] We lost touch with our physical sensations, our gut instincts, our true feelings, and our wants and needs. The body became a battlefield.⁶⁶⁴

In Swansea, I was invited to write an article about Frances Purchase, a female director who was directing *Under Milk Wood* for an 8 - 11 November performance at the Dylan Thomas Theatre.⁶⁶⁵ Purchase asked me to attend casting sessions and then later to come to play practice. It was the first time that I'd been around a female director at work. In Los Angeles, I was often the sole woman on the crew. The only other women were usually the talent, meaning females in front of the camera. In an *Under Milk Wood* run-through, one of the actors showed me that her script had been her mother's decades ago. The elder had performed in this same uniquely Welsh play that speaks so much to community and human issues while retaining a magical ability to entertain and enchant. Writing the article about Frances Purchase led her to invite me to attend a performance of the Swansea Little Theatre Company play production. Observing a mature female director at work was enlightening; she was original, empowered, and very natural,

⁶⁶¹ *Courting the Wild Twin*, p. 35.

⁶⁶² *Art Heals: How Creativity Cures the Soul*, p. 113.

⁶⁶³ Lucia Capacchione, *Lighten Up Your Body, Lighten Up Your Life: Beyond Diet and Exercise--The Inner Path to Lasting Change* (North Hollywood: New Castle Publishing, Co., 1990), p. 18.

⁶⁶⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 18.

⁶⁶⁵ Dylan Thomas, *Under Milk Wood* (London: The Folio Society, 1972).

whether casting, blocking scenes, or instructing actors or stage crew. It wasn't so much a thought as an impression that followed: perhaps I could be myself and also be a director. I visited the Dylan Thomas Centre off and on. Having some of the poet-bard's publications, I had the pleasure of reading his work or hearing him speak it in the audio exhibits nearby. Still, witnessing *Under Milk Wood* performed by Welsh actors on 11 November 2017 was a singular experience that deepened my connection to both Wales and my heritage. The performance gave me a direct sense of language lover wordsmith Dylan Thomas who wrote, 'I wanted to write poetry in the beginning because I had fallen in love with words [...] I had come to love just the words of them, the words alone'.⁶⁶⁶

In November 2017, I established contact with Dr Matthew Francis, a poet, novelist, and short story writer with a love of Welsh myth. Indicating my 'research interests are in the daily practices that a writer might follow to access whole being writing flow at-will', that I have been 'reading *The Mabinogion*, considering liminal spaces and gateways' and 'pondering the creative construction of thresholds between ordinary and non-ordinary realities in artistic content', and we began a creativity and liminality dialogue.⁶⁶⁷ I discovered an extract of him reading a luminous interpretation from his book *Muscovy*, about a protagonist who attempts to build a wild geese-powered flying machine. In the dialogue, I learned that he was a fan of SF and previously taught a science fiction module at Aberystwyth. Synchronistically, the sole fiction story written by Bob Shaw that I've read thus far—despite reading his nonfiction on writing SF—is 'Light of Other Days', which is the only story of Shaw's that Dr Francis has read and which he loves.⁶⁶⁸ The dialogue is invaluable. His creative process interweaves left-hemisphere and right-hemisphere stimulating approaches in a 'partly conscious, planned and intellectual, and partly unconscious, spontaneous and imaginative' approach to encourage 'drifting off into a daydream', taking a nap, or doing nothing, to 'trick the creative side in making an appearance,' until he can write something that surprises him.⁶⁶⁹ Most enlightening about the communiqué is how relaxed, non-judgmental, and effortless Dr Francis is in his creative writing process. Where I am at times rigid in my practice, he is fluid. As he puts it, 'not writing is an essential part of the creative process', and 'a block can allow the

⁶⁶⁶ Dylan Thomas, *Poet in the Making: The Notebooks of Dylan Thomas*, ed. by Ralph Maud (London: J M Dent & Sons Ltd, 1968), p. 11.

⁶⁶⁷ Mathew Francis, Facebook messages to the author, 07 Nov 2017 – 21 Jan 2018.

⁶⁶⁸ Bob Shaw, 'Light of Other Days', *Analog Science Fiction/Science Fact*, Vol. LXXVII, No. 6, August 1996.

⁶⁶⁹ Francis (12 November 2017).

pressure to build up that will eventually become a flow'.⁶⁷⁰ Six years later, I am struck by his words and the countless intriguing ideas and synchronicities of the conversation—too many to describe—including dialogue about the awe-ful and awe-some aspects of literature. The discourse was a literary salon for two. On the numinous, Francis wrote:

I take all of them to mean, roughly, that feeling we get when we try to stretch our minds, as I put it earlier, beyond the limitations of our own existence. The greatest appeal of poetry to me is its ability to induce this.⁶⁷¹

Dr Francis's words about how humans 'can stretch our minds' were invigorating to hear from a poet; this was akin to Bob Shaw's description of the power of SF, that literature which stretches the mind whose defining characteristic is that it conveys 'otherness'.⁶⁷² It seemed that the force that through this writer fuse drives the SF writing flow, the luminous Awen, drives the poet-academic.⁶⁷³ Dr Francis indicated an interest in the 'embodied philosophy ideas of George Lakoff and others, which trace back metaphor and language use to one's actual experience of the physical world'.⁶⁷⁴ The concept brought to mind how the physical land of Wales gave me the stories for *Oer* and *Child of Llŷr*. The visuals, characters, dialogue, and the entire story bounty were transmitted from the land. My mind was merely the symbolic information receiver. Citing Maurice Nicoll, Jung wrote of the age-old symbolism of the 'magic cauldron of the Celtic mythology' and 'vessel symbolism' describing cauldrons that fill with food 'according to his needs or merits' and Celtic god Brân's 'cauldron of renewal'.⁶⁷⁵ This is the king 'Bendigeidfran son of Llŷr' whose name is derived from 'Blessed Brân' with 'Brân' from 'crow, raven' from the second branch of the Mabinogi.⁶⁷⁶ To borrow Martin Shaw's language, this land, rich with 'regal and mystical and generative in it' and full of 'old powers', is a cauldron for my renovation and rebirth.⁶⁷⁷ The place will magically fill with and transmit my needs, from what John Matthews termed 'the Goddess of the Land'.⁶⁷⁸ Thus, post-APR of all that blocks libido and creative flow, or Awen, my emerging bardess scribe self, will receive her archetypal bounty, archetypes, symbols or stories from Wales herself. Harris articulated this concept of the human relationship to the body of the land as follows:

⁶⁷⁰ Francis (16 November 2017).

⁶⁷¹ Francis (12 December 2017).

⁶⁷² Francis (07 December 2017).

⁶⁷³ Dylan Thomas, 'The Force That through the Green Fuse Drives the Flower', *The Poems of Dylan Thomas* (New York: New Directions, 2017), loc. 1584. Kindle ebook.

⁶⁷⁴ Francis (18 December 2017).

⁶⁷⁵ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 6: Psychological Types*, p. 288.

⁶⁷⁶ *The Mabinogion: The Great Medieval Celtic Tales*, trans. by Sioned Davies (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2008), p. 260. Kindle ebook.

⁶⁷⁷ *Scatterlings: Getting Claimed in the Age of Amnesia*, p. 24.

⁶⁷⁸ John Matthews, *Taliesin: The Last Celtic Shaman* (Rochester: Inner Traditions, 2002), p. 141.

[...] holistic correspondence between the human energy field and that of the earth give a new meaning to that Arthurian affirmation of sovereignty “The king and the land are one” [...] The potency of the king, and later his surrogate bard [...] bringing sovereignty to a point of synchronisation with the land.⁶⁷⁹

Harris elucidated further that this ‘holistic correspondence’ and ‘synchronisation with the land’ leads to ‘synchronisation with the paradisaal archetypal energies found in the stars’.⁶⁸⁰ The king marries the land-body of the divine feminine and harmonises with the cosmic. Then, per the author, describing the evolution available via the Taliesin mythology, one ‘can [...] trace the myth onto the landscape [...] see it woven from the very elements of manifest nature’.⁶⁸¹ Phil Stutz and Barry Michels stated:

We call this the ‘Force of Forward Motion’ [...] Its power is the power of life itself. Everything that’s alive is evolving into the future with a sense of purpose—from a single organism to a species to the entire planet. Dylan Thomas called it “The force that through the green fuse drives the flower.” The continuous existence of life over millions of years is a testament to the invincible strength of the Force of Forward Motion.⁶⁸²

I knew from experience that movement in life, especially physical movement, including travel, increases flow and ‘synchronicity’ or incidences of Jung’s ‘meaningful coincidences’ or unexpected ‘special instances of general acausal orderedness’.⁶⁸³ I noticed film director synchronicities more than once and began to think about directing some version of *Oer*. In December 2017, after getting story notes, I wrote and revised a short script for *Oer*. It flowed easily. I saw the images of the scenes and settings, heard the dialogue, and felt the emotions and thoughts of the characters. The story was set in a nuclear winter in Wales; I did research into the possibility of World War III, mushroom clouds, radioactive fallout, and so on. The use of Vulgar, a constructed language (conlang) generator, made it easy to generate the Zai extraterrestrial language for the screenplay and other works.⁶⁸⁴ At a coffee shop in Sketty, I met Swansea-based Welsh electronic music producer Dimer Ynni (Anthony Watkins). His song—incorporating NASA audio recordings of space—was perfect for the *Oer* score.⁶⁸⁵ I created a film website and movie poster for the project and reached out to a native Welsh speaker and screenwriter to have the script’s Welsh dialogue proofread. I met with a local production company to discuss *Oer*. In pre-production for a feature shoot, though not a good fit for

⁶⁷⁹ *Awen*, pp. 229-230.

⁶⁸⁰ *Ibid.*

⁶⁸¹ *Ibid.*, p. 55.

⁶⁸² Phil Stutz and Barry Michels, *The Tools: 5 Tools to Help You Find Courage, Creativity, and Willpower—and Inspire You to Live Life in Forward Motion* (New York: Random House Publishing Group, 2012), pp. 33-34. Kindle ebook.

⁶⁸³ *Synchronicity: An Acausal Connecting Principle*, pp. 98-100.

⁶⁸⁴ Vulgarlang: A Fantasy Language Generator <<https://www.vulgarlang.com/>> [accessed 26 March 2021].

⁶⁸⁵ Dimer Ynni, *Galactic - Featuring Joa* [download track] (SoundCloud, 3 January 2018).

my project, they hired me to do a line edit of their soon-to-be-produced screenplay. Periodically, I developed *Mars: The Domes*, the Red Planet colonisation feature screenplay, yet I realised that the writing flow had taken me a long way from planet Mars. Wales and the Swansea University programme were vital parts of nurturing my authentic screenwriter identity. The access to published and produced writer mentors, peers, and university resources was priceless. A peer in the programme wrote and directed an opera, another one wrote a biopic screenplay, and still others wrote and published books or poetry collections, and more. Beyond writing community engagement, it was Wales, the land bridge to Annwfn, the Otherworld, the realms of my ancestors, who would heal my writing flow and voice and from whose wells I could sip Awen. Yet, I struggled.

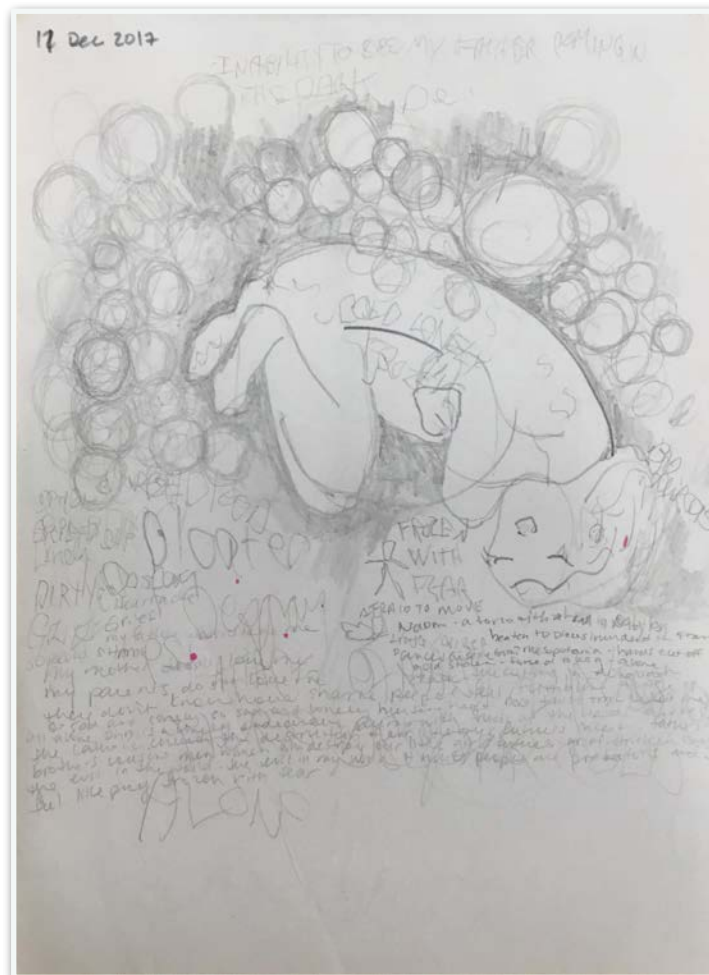


Fig. 17 - *Frozen with fear.* - 7 December 2017

Though I was living my dreams, reading and researching science fiction, and writing screenplays or other works, periodically, waves of overwhelm, depression, loneliness, ongoing grief and despair, and other painful material overcame me. At times, due to rising implicit feral II or IC material, I was frozen with fear. It was uncanny how *Ice* by Anna Kavan, which someone suggested I read around that time, reflected the

frozen IC and II experience.⁶⁸⁶ Reading *Ice* helped those POS, overlooked for a lifetime, to feel recognised, held, heard, seen, and validated. When a character in a story underwent something akin to their experience, it offered a validating mirror. *Ice* felt very familiar to the ICs. Here, the hero feels that something is wrong and then forgets about it:

I walked away in disgust. These people were worse than savages. My hands and face were numb, I felt half frozen, and could not think why I had stood there so long listening to their preposterous rigmarole. I had a vague feeling that something was wrong with me, although I could not decide what it was. For a moment this was disturbing; then I forgot it.⁶⁸⁷

I watched other SF films. It is clear now that alien invasion narratives—particularly in those moments when, in the end, a heroine overcomes the monster—are potent metaphors for overcoming those who invaded me at the body and other levels. Watching empowered a part of my consciousness that was in childhood invaded by monsters and aliens in the form of sexual abusers. I often watched *The Thing*,⁶⁸⁸ which takes place in a wasteland akin to *Ice*. I also watched *The Arrival*,⁶⁸⁹ *They Live*,⁶⁹⁰ and *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*.⁶⁹¹ The narratives seemed to inspire and empower those POS that felt invaded while offering them a vicarious experience of resilience and reclaiming agency. When the heroine or hero overcame the monster, so did I from a mirror neuron perspective.^{692,693} It began that my past trauma, written on the body at a cellular level, was more of an issue than previously thought. It was one thing to get an inkling that developmental issues were keeping me from creative or career success and going to the next level with writing deep narrative structure; it was quite another thing to realise I was a terribly traumatised person, as thawing POS came online in the body, being, and awareness. The material threatened to drown me. Though not suicidal, POS seemed to view death by suicide as an answer to overwhelming pain or an alternative to a problem that seemed insurmountable. Totally opposed for spiritual reasons and utterly solution-oriented, I educated thawing POS in my perspective. I walked a tightrope between receptive, creative and optimistic or flooded with the deepest, darkest, viscous despair and grief. In addition to APR with petrified POS, I worked with PLEs or ancestral

⁶⁸⁶ Anna Kavan, *Ice* (New York: Penguin Publishing Group, 2017). Kindle ebook.

⁶⁸⁷ *Ice*, p. 60.

⁶⁸⁸ *The Thing*.

⁶⁸⁹ *The Arrival*, dir. by David Twohy (Orion Pictures, 1996).

⁶⁹⁰ *They Live*, dir. by John Carpenter (Universal Pictures, 1988).

⁶⁹¹ *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (1956).

⁶⁹² Zanna Clay and Marco Iacoboni, 'Mirroring Fictional Others', in *The Aesthetic Mind* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2011).

⁶⁹³ Claus Lamm and Jasminka Majdandžić, 'The Role of Shared Neural Activations, Mirror Neurons, and Morality in Empathy – A Critical Comment', *Neuroscience Research*, 90 (2015), 15–24.

issues. It was initially unclear how to support thawing aspects of self in their evolution. Feral IIs and ICs, incapable of Voice Dialogue,⁶⁹⁴ were too tired or upset to make art or do inner work. I had to research and experiment with new methods, or all would be lost. Access to Whitfield's 'Real Self'⁶⁹⁵ followed breathwork and body-oriented whole being mediation and facilitating APR of material that inhibited 'writing flow'.⁶⁹⁶ After a period of intensive grief APR inner work, I experienced profound visual perceptual shifts and my breathing was enhanced. My 8 February 2018 journal revealed:

I've been so exhausted and also sick [...] But I've also been having intensive lung grief healing. I've had shifts, though, as the lung/grief pain is in lower and lower places. I've had some days of feeling generally despairing and sad/sorrowful that my family doesn't love me/seems incapable of loving me. I've done forgiveness work this and last week and material or Energy Cyst⁶⁹⁷ throat chakra release and also some TCM breathwork, which describes exercises for grief release.⁶⁹⁸ I did a combination of 1 and 2 as well as throat chakra release of related lung-based Energy Cysts.⁶⁹⁹

What has been profound is that post-grief work, and it hasn't been days and days of it, is a) the grief is shifting/releasing, and b) I see colours differently now. It was profound three nights ago when was re-watching *War of the Worlds*,⁷⁰⁰ and the colours appeared radically different.

I saw these magentas, blues, and greens, that I hadn't seen previously, even though I've watched the film a number of times. It was profound. The colours were so beautiful that they were almost mesmerising.

I also saw the way that Spielberg rather painted with light in the lighting of the film. It was so profound and exquisitely beautiful, the film at many junctures looked like an oil painting. The one scene where I'd really noticed that quality of light previously is the scene where Dakota Fanning is by the river and then sees all of the bodies floating in the water down stream. But, post-grief-work, I was struck by the quality of light, the contrast, the colours, and the beautiful oil-painting like texture to the ambiance, of many other scenes in the film.

I literally saw light and colour that I'd been unable to perceive previously, due to the grief frequencies that I have been carrying (and continue to release).

Also, then, in the cold air, observed a marked difference in my lung capacity. I could breathe much more deeply, and the air tasted/smelled different, much sweeter and more pleasant. I was made so much lighter, and made able to breathe more easily, by the grief work.

Of course, the colours have not changed; it is my ability to see that has changed. Obviously, I've expanded my visual colour bandwidth/frequency in clearing deep grief out of the bottom of my lungs.

⁶⁹⁴ *Embracing Ourselves*, loc. 940.

⁶⁹⁵ *Healing the Child Within*, p. 19.

⁶⁹⁶ 'An Examination of Traditional and Alternative Story Development Techniques for Screenwriters', p. 5.

⁶⁹⁷ 'Releasing the Energy Cyst'.

⁶⁹⁸ Emma Suttie, 'Grief and the Lungs: Dealing with Grief - a TCM Perspective', *Chinese Medicine Living* <<https://www.chinesemedicineliving.com/philosophy/the-emotions/grief-the-lungs/>> [accessed 8 February 2018].

⁶⁹⁹ *Your Inner Physician and You*, p. 44.

⁷⁰⁰ *War of the Worlds*, dir. by Steven Spielberg (Paramount Pictures, 2005).

The positive effects of inner work appear to be cumulative and, over time, lead to exponential shifts. Before inner work, I couldn't quite understand why certain creative projects languished. Now APRed dark somatic or other inner resistance symptoms or material surfacing from my whole being and body, coming from the deepest parts of my whole being, that explained everything. Incredible resistance to being seen, vulnerable and visible made very clear why I had been so stuck. I had generally never spoken or written about the past except in doing inner work alone or infrequently in private facilitation while being trained in a particular type of inner work have I spoken about what happened to me. Before the PhD programme, I never used the term incest. This means that when speaking of incest during supervision, it was for the first time in my life. It brought up shame so intense at being different that my cheeks grew warm. I have a childhood history that is different from most other people, from most 'decent people', my ICs tearily point out in an inner audio commentary. My childhood experiences *were* indecent, and there is nothing that I can do about it except APR the material and facilitate necessary cognitive development and awareness or otherwise heal. From what I can ascertain, these parts of me were, with nearly three decades of experience in doing this type of inner work with myself and others, my core identity. I have never met such vulnerable, young aspects of self within. They are so fragile and sensitive. The fiction topics I was drawn to write about are dark, and these were traumatised young parts with little experience in being awake and aware. They were effectively babies and toddlers who needed to engage in the activities appropriate for young children. They needed to play, sleep a lot, eat healthily and explore the world and Wales. And they required significant amounts of inner work, however poorly the old tools work.

The Inner Child is beyond a thought construct; it is a part of consciousness, virtually like an infant or child inside of oneself, whose development was disrupted at the age that one or more incidents that fractured the psyche arose. Additionally, one may have many IIs or ICs, as experience has shown that any number of shards of self might have split off during successive childhood traumas. Once soul retrieved or embodied, these POS are intrinsically connected to the whole being. Their needs are the unmet needs of the adult self. From studies in human development in Santa Fe, I know that a baby is in many ways what Margot Sunderland terms an 'external foetus';⁷⁰¹ while

⁷⁰¹ Margo Sunderland, *The Science of Parenting : How Today's Brain Research Can Help You Raise Happy, Emotionally Balanced Children* (London: Dorling Kindersley, 2016), p. 36.

entirely dependent upon caregivers, much brain development takes place post-birth. From being a parent, I know the immense value of the work of Maria Montessori. Whatever supports child development will support Inner Child development. As many thawing feral IIs do not speak or understand adult language, sensory development practices became essential. There is scant ‘adult sensory defensiveness’ or ‘sensory integration’ research, yet Helga Abernathy’s work suggests a ‘holistic’ sensory integration approach can be valuable.⁷⁰² The concepts of sensory defensiveness and neurological miswiring may explain my negative ‘angel walk’ experience, aversion to water, and the like. Guided by intuition and a faint memory of the long-ago conversation with Dr Fadigan, I acquired a Montessori Pink Tower. This sensory tool for children included ‘Ten wooden cubes colored pink’, which ranged in size from ‘ten centimeters to one centimeter’.⁷⁰³

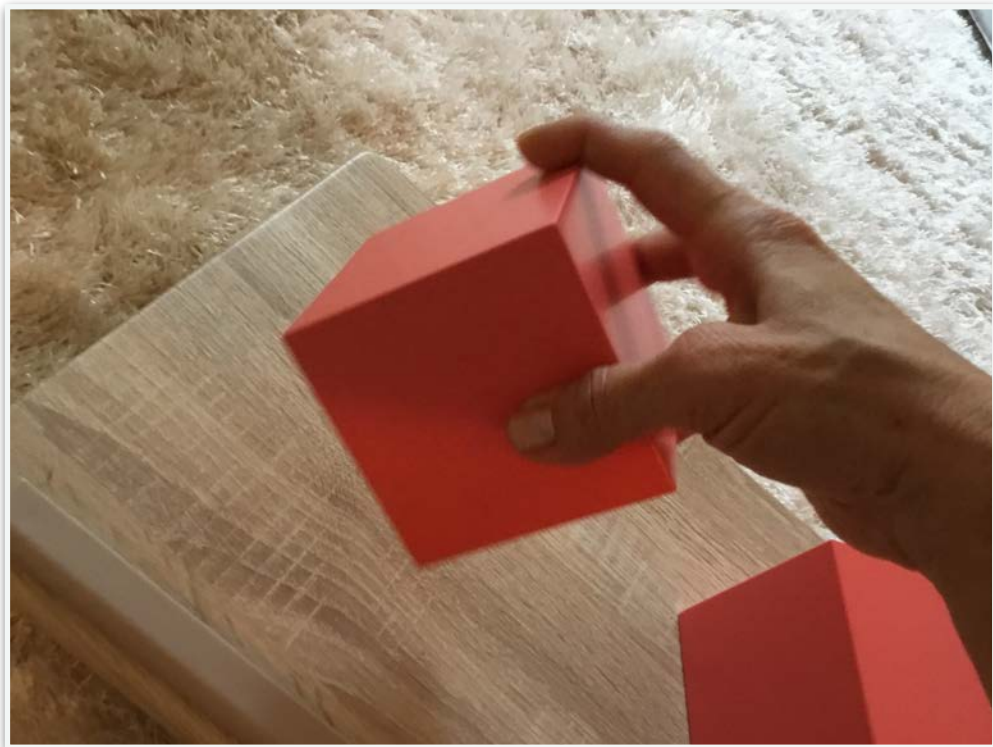


Fig. 18 - *The Pink Tower* - 8 October 2018

All Montessori methods and tools are meant to ‘remove the obstacles’ to and facilitate movement through the ‘psycho-embryonic stages after birth, in order’ that one might ‘realize their mysterious future self’.⁷⁰⁴ Maria Montessori described the results, the ‘transformation’ that occurs for children who use Montessori methods, as

⁷⁰² Helga Abernethy, ‘The Assessment and Treatment of Sensory Defensiveness in Adult Mental Health: A Literature Review’, *British Journal of Occupational Therapy*, 73.5 (2010), 210-218 <<https://doi.org/10.4276/030802210X12734991664183>>.

⁷⁰³ Maria Montessori, *Dr Montessori’s Own Handbook* (Floyd: Wilder Publications, 2014), p. 29. Kindle ebook.

⁷⁰⁴ Maria Montessori, *The Absorbent Mind* (Floyd: Sublime Books, 2014), p. 45. Kindle ebook.

‘normalization’.⁷⁰⁵ This occurs when one has ‘facilitated contact with the means of development’, for then the person is one whose ‘unity in the individuality’ has been restored.⁷⁰⁶ Clearly, that which facilitates Montessori’s ‘unity’,⁷⁰⁷ a development ‘that can only come with completed parts’,⁷⁰⁸ necessarily facilitates Jung’s psyche wholeness, or integration or process of individuation. As paraphrased by Aniela Jaffé and symbolised by a mandala, this individuation is Jung’s integration of the ‘four functions of consciousness’, ‘thought, feeling, intuition, and sensation’, so that one ‘comprehends’ then ‘assimilates his experience’.⁷⁰⁹ Montessori indicated that ‘the child must construct himself’⁷¹⁰ and further stated that a ‘united individuality’ means a person is ‘attached to reality now, not to fantasy’.⁷¹¹ However, I would say that they are more fully associated with the whole being reality, meaning Jung’s ‘four functions of consciousness’ as elucidated by Aniela Jaffé.⁷¹² The first time that I did the Pink Tower, following the video instructions online,⁷¹³ was in 2017. While doing so, I noticed a novel behaviour. I was holding my mouth open. Holding one’s mouth such that ‘your tongue is pressed between your lips with the tip protruding from the mouth’ while concentrating is termed ‘tongue protrusion’.⁷¹⁴ Research suggests that ‘tongue protrusions’ during tasks of ‘high concentration’ pertain to the evolution of ‘early human communication’ as humans transitioned from gestures to speech.⁷¹⁵ The sing-song picture-language of the preverbal feral IIS and ICs and tongue protrusions during novel tasks when II or IC parts were dominant in consciousness seem related yet are outside the scope of my current study

‘Unbeingdead isn’t beingalive’, wrote E E Cummings,⁷¹⁶ yet ‘Unbeingdead’ is a good definition of the formerly split-off, soul-retrieved Inner Child(ren) and Inner Infant(s) just beginning to thaw. With body-oriented process work generally, much of the work involves associating as deeply and thoroughly as possible with every bit of somatic and other whole being information. The process of integrating and transforming these

⁷⁰⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 169.

⁷⁰⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 167.

⁷⁰⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 135.

⁷⁰⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 135.

⁷⁰⁹ ‘Symbolism in the Visual Arts’, p. 267.

⁷¹⁰ *The Absorbent Mind*, p. 171.

⁷¹¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 169-170.

⁷¹² ‘Symbolism in the Visual Arts’, p. 267.

⁷¹³ Karine Perkins (mentorssori), *How to present The Pink Tower: Exercise (extension) Montessori Education*, online video recording, YouTube, 19 February 2016, <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=24UKbFqjfsM/>> [accessed 10 July 2017].

⁷¹⁴ Gillian S Forrester and Anita Rodriguez, ‘Slip of the Tongue: Implications for Evolution and Language Development’, *Cognition*, 14 (2015), 103-111 <<https://doi.org/10.1016/j.cognition.2015.04.012>>.

⁷¹⁵ *Ibid.*

⁷¹⁶ E E Cummings, ‘POEM (or ‘the divine right of majorities, that illegitimate offspring of the divine right of kings’ Homer Lea)’, *The Penn Review* (1962).

parts changed me radically. As these POS unfroze, I experienced emotion and sensation, including kinaesthetic or physical, of extreme intensity. Every sense takes in information in a more intense way. Sounds are louder and experienced physically. A plane flew over a building I was in, and the sound vibrations rippled through the core of my body in waves. Many noises, such as water from a bathtub faucet, sounded like music. Kinaesthetic sensations disturbed me. I no longer liked the same colours in dress or otherwise. I preferred light pastels, white, pink, peach, or rose gold. Clothing must be soft and fabric, ideally organic cotton. Tastes and smells were more pungent, often unpleasantly so. I had histamine reactions to foods that I could eat previously with no ill effects. I got food poisoning twice. On one occasion, I became so unwell on campus that I was taken to the hospital by ambulance within twenty minutes of eating. I had increased sensitivity to electronics—getting ill from more than 2-4 hours of electronics/computer/iPad/phone or WI-FI exposure daily—and increased sensitivity and aversion to animal products. The smell of dairy in a market made me ill. I could not wear synthetic clothing; all tags must be cut out. Fabrics had to be organic cotton or very light and silky, or I felt unwell.

Childhood abuse is known to produce ill adults who struggle with immunity issues post-trauma.⁷¹⁷ The thawing of feral IIs and ICs heightened my sensitivity. They preferred to have sound playing, preferably from a film or media with conversation or music, even when I'm involved in reading or writing. It may be a sensory buffer or a focus tool; it is another new behaviour I do not understand well. With their thawing, I noticed a slight increase in dyslexia. In verbal communication, speaking inner audio from my aware ego to these fragile POS, the IIs struggled to grasp more than a few words. So, I could not discuss things as I could with an older IC POS who could create expressive arts or communicate via Voice Dialogue,⁷¹⁸ inner audio or on paper. Even worse, I could not readily resolve what could be developmental issues pertaining to the process of differentiating and integrating undifferentiated and unintegrated consciousness because there was almost no communication. These young feral POS *did* respond well to self-soothing techniques that fall into the category of re-parenting or efforts by the Inner Parent POS to regulate the IIs or ICs. These included holding, soothing words said aloud or mentally, meaning inner audio, or calming music. Further, I chose minimalistic, nurturing, Inner Child-approved furnishings in pale pink tones with soft lighting. At

⁷¹⁷ Robin Karr-Morse, *Scared Sick: The Role of Childhood Trauma in Adult Disease* (New York: Basic Books, 2012).

⁷¹⁸ *Embracing Ourselves*, loc. 940.

The sexual abuse makes my nervous system so toxic that I could die, his stink, his emotions bleed over into mine and ICs despair [...] sick, sick, sick ill with trauma yet must Access | Process | Release.

The journal entry revealed that ‘the somatic re-experiencing of this has stretched my whole being capacity to witness’. I was near the edge of my ability to be with this poisonous material. The ability to APR disturbing graphic, visceral traumatic cellular level material was developed over time with extensive body-oriented process, Voice Dialogue,⁷¹⁹ and CJEA work with an emphasis on healing the Inner Child(ren) and Inner Infant(s) along with APR of challenging PLEs. This inner work led to an expanding emotional bandwidth and ability to be with intense negative emotional affect. Yet, despite extensive training and experience, past tools don’t work as well for these emerging, thawing feral IIs. And, unlike previously retrieved, healed, and now integrated ICs, these parts were mostly preverbal. They had no language and understood next to no words. They tired easily. They had a disorganised attachment style, swinging from trusting others indiscriminately to being extremely avoidant and mistrusting general humanity.⁷²⁰ They communicated primarily via somatic or feeling states, images, or other sensorial information, and—unless terrified—their communiqué was often extremely subtle. It took more work to understand that something was wrong. Their feeling or somatic states came upon me like a cloud or mist descending if they were unknowingly triggered or if implicit memory material naturally arose as their awareness thawed and came online. Bearing witness to the protolanguage of music sounds, movement, somatic condition, and image expressions of these POS was like a telepathic connection with a member of early pre-language humanity. This reminded me of and supports the ‘holistic protolanguage’ theories of linguist and Cardiff University researcher Alison Wray.⁷²¹

Wray's explanation of early human communication or ‘protolanguage’ was that phrase-like meaningful ‘formulaic utterances’ were likely associated with physical gestures rather than made up of words. Curiously, this theory corresponds to my pre-verbal Inner Infant(s) experience. Would they communicate in this way if they were not feral and if they had not been psychologically devastated by being raped instead of protected, at under three years of age, by my father while unprotected by my mother? It is

⁷¹⁹ *Embracing Ourselves*, loc. 940.

⁷²⁰ T R Howe, ‘Disorganized/Disoriented Attachment’, in *Encyclopedia of Child Behavior and Development*, ed. by S Goldstein and J A Naglier (Boston: Springer, 2011) <https://doi.org/10.1007/978-0-387-79061-9_870>.

⁷²¹ Alison Wray, ‘Protolanguage as a Holistic System for Social Interaction’, *Language & Communication*, 18.1 (1998), 47-67 (p. 49-51).

impossible to speculate whether intense early trauma experiences led to a human evolution throwback in terms of communication or if this is a natural stage of early human infant language development. Except when doing this type of Inner Infant(s) inner work, the researcher can never observe the inner communication of a pre-verbal human infant. I notice and record so many strange things, including that to these very young preverbal IC POS, every man is the father, and every woman is the mother, and thus both are likely dangerous. Despite the core identity issues and related flashbacks, with corresponding cellular memory material emergence, to APR, I grew determined to create. I began adapting the short film script of *Oer* into a novel. Yet, I struggled to finish it. It is not easy to let go of the false self and related projections harming my ability to be real and thus able to APR negative emotions; the idea that I should be an upbeat persona—fascinating Freudian slip, meant to type ‘person’—was revealed in a vivid dream of January 2018. In the dream, a man like Elon Musk represents a rather poisonous animus. Consciously, I do not perceive Elon Musk negatively. The ‘aware ego’⁷²² is dreaming, a young female part is upset, and the animus—masculine POS—is in charge.

5 January 2018 Dream of upset underling & boss with a different perspective.

I dream that a young woman who reports to me is deeply upset. I was sympathetic to her upset until my boss, the CEO, who is a powerful Elon Musk type of man, pointed out that she was bringing down company morale and that her report of her emotional upset was harmful to the company. I realise that he is exactly correct, which is really an about-face emotionally, and I let her know that. When speaking to him, I am following him up a strange, high-tech space-age escalator that is crystalline with cut-outs... so open in a way that a typical escalator is not. What is remarkable about the dream is that I was deeply sympathetic to the young woman, but then the CEO made me see how negative her attitude was for us all.

NOTE: *This dream follows several days of being unable to finish Oer (the novella) due to intense Inner Child(ten) despair and grief over the evils of the world.*

Fig. 20 - *Dream of Upset Underling & Boss* - 5 January 2018

The dream was a psyche communication to explain why I was not writing and couldn't finish the *Oer* novella adaptation. It essentially revealed that part of me was distraught, another part of me was sympathetic to her pain, and the masculine or animus

⁷²² *Embracing Ourselves*, p. 30.

aspect of me perceived her as ‘bringing down company morale’ in a way that was ‘harmful to the company’. This negative masculine specifically indicated ‘how negative her attitude was for us all’. This revealed resistance to accessing the profound anguish of IC and II POS and a global tendency to adopt an optimistic and positive image. Yet, depth psyche work cannot be undertaken from a persona. Furthermore, it is cruel to allow a toxic animus to suppress a POS. Barbara Hannah refers to a 1932 seminar where Jung specified ‘that a woman must be in possession of her shadow—that is, aware of her inferior side—in order to be in a position to relate to her animus’.⁷²³ This dream record was an example of the benefit of applied dream journaling. It made me aware of a shadow Pollyanna tendency directly related to an inner masculine principle who is in control. If I were not recording my dreams, I would likely have little or no recall, and it would be more difficult to assess where I was in my individuation process. Hannah, paraphrasing Jung, asserts that ‘the connection of the animus with the shadow should be broken despite the fact that one arrives at the animus by way of the shadow’.⁷²⁴ Recognising the poisonous or negative animus aspect helped me to let go of the positive persona that would block the deeper emotion, the deep upset within me, as represented by the young woman in the dream. The young woman clearly symbolised the young POS.

That the younger sister in the Wales-set post-apocalyptic script *Oer* was mute from her trauma was a vital signal and symbol of the frozen preverbal or otherwise unspeaking feral traumatised POS emerging in my psyche and unconscious. Beginning to understand the depths of the pain within me made clear why creativity ebbed and waned more dramatically than previously experienced. To be clear, in my twenties and early thirties, prior to psyche work, I was quite creatively blocked. After significant soul retrieval, Inner Child and other inner work, I had great access to writing flow. Yet, spiralling downward into the body and accessing new levels of consciousness with these more vulnerable, younger, fragile POS took me to Campbell’s ‘new zone of experience’.⁷²⁵ When writing flow was absent, it was because POS were frozen. I envisioned frozen infants and children floating in a sea of consciousness that is also largely filled with ice. The experience of attuning to this icy ocean in my body and awareness was completely new. I’ve certainly felt numb, deadened by shock or intense

⁷²³ Barbara Hannah, *The Animus: The Spirit of Inner Truth in Women, Vol 1* (Asheville, Chiron Publications, 2011), pp. 9-10.

⁷²⁴ *Ibid.*

⁷²⁵ *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, p. 67.

emotion, or emotionally blunted in the past. Yet, I'd never felt like an icy seascape, experiencing somatic sensations which often left me unable to move, physically or otherwise. It was like being drugged, made immobile by the biochemistry of shock and horror. The experience was the stuff of nightmares, adrift in Freud's 'creeping horror',⁷²⁶ a nameless dread, helpless, unable to move. It was disconcerting. I had no point of reference for this experience, and I wanted to be writing. This was sometimes impossible.

The feral IIs and ICs were delicate. The flashbacks from cellular memory connected to their consciousness rocked me to my core. One solution was awareness, focusing on the body and being. The most straightforward tool was the Whole Being Meditation, which I developed many years ago. Some inner work involved APR of graphic, visceral trauma flashbacks that daze me. Other times, I am frozen yet beginning to thaw. To understand what it was like to attune to these parts of me, imagine that one's consciousness and being is an ocean, yet much of it is frozen. Now imagine that within the icy sea are floating frozen, terribly traumatised, abused infants and children beginning to thaw partially and cry. I float in a thawing post-apocalyptic world, the aftermath of a childhood which put me in a place akin to Kavan's dark, dire, freezing apocalypse and planetary-wide disaster. As the narrative unfolds and the ice advances, *Ice* conveys a palpable sense of urgency symbolic of the pressing need to address and heal from trauma. The nuclear explosion and devastation of violations that destroyed my psyche and harmed my person, causing identity and life dysfunction, must be addressed. In this sense, the novel is a metaphor for the paralysing grip of trauma. The icy landscapes and story heroine's journey mirror the depth and danger of freeze following post-traumatic experiences. And like many who experienced CSA, like her character, I was 'forced since childhood into a victim's pattern of thought and behavior [...] defenseless'.⁷²⁷

Per Peter Levine, 'Trauma shocks the brain, stuns the mind, and freezes the body' and 'overwhelms its unfortunate victims and hurls them adrift in a raging sea of torment, helplessness, and despair'.⁷²⁸ It was remarkable that I wrote 'icy seascape' nearly twelve months before I read Levine's similar description of trauma, which evoked thoughts of Anna Kavan's novel *Ice*. It was no wonder that Kavan's book resonated powerfully with me because her behaviour seemed symptomatic of someone severely abused as a child.

⁷²⁶ 'The Uncanny', p. 217-256.

⁷²⁷ *Ice*, pp. 37-38.

⁷²⁸ Peter Levine, *Trauma and Memory: Brain and Body in a Search for the Living Past: A Practical Guide for Understanding and Working with Traumatic Memory* (Berkeley: North Atlantic Books, 2015), loc. 245. Kindle ebook.

Kavan, born Helen Woods, ‘suffered periodic bouts of mental illness and long-term drug addiction’.⁷²⁹ When I read Kavan’s biographical information, I think of awful trauma and POS in incredible pain, all alone. C-PTSD and PTSD were little known until well after the Vietnam War.⁷³⁰ Though not as frequently as in childhood, ongoing feral II and IC integration meant that I stuttered on occasion, or my Southern accent surfaced, mainly when one or more feral IIs or ICs were present. I had increased incidences of minor dyslexia, which manifested as occasionally transposing numbers, letters, or words when I read them. I saw the number, letter, or word in my mind’s eye incorrectly when I looked at it. I often double-checked, as a second glance might reveal an error. The symptom was relatively un concerning. An increase in a long-term issue, this minor dyslexia only slowed me down and was no serious impediment to study or creative expression.

Now-awake feral parts that could speak did not communicate with interactive speech so much as occasionally throw out aphorisms in response to a situation. I had no idea how these POS picked up such idioms as ‘Better safe than sorry’ or ‘If you’re not part of the solution, you’re part of the problem’. Things I had learned to do, such as sending back improperly prepared food or returning non-functioning purchases, declining to do things I didn’t want to do, and so on, became difficult again. I had to retrain my expanding self, particularly these POS, to take up space, to say no, to honour my preferences, to set boundaries, to speak up, and practice avoiding doormat behaviours like making excuses for others, which leads to accepting people who are unkind, selfish, usurious, or mean. I wasn’t always successful. When a university supervisor repeatedly did not show up for appointments and ignored my emails, I did not know what to do. At first, I ignored their failings and kept trying to connect. When that failed, I defaulted to ‘Lost Child’ behaviour and stopped interacting.⁷³¹ In my research, I re-engaged with audio series and textual resources, including academic content, proven invaluable previously. This involved revisiting MP3s discussing Kohut’s theories and auditory materials from Zig Ziglar and other influential figures who had previously facilitated personal development. The chief objective was not self-development but rather to reinforce previously wired neural pathways and fortify my narrative identity.

⁷²⁹ *Ice*, p. i.

⁷³⁰ Bessel Van Der Kolk, *The Body Keeps the Score* (New York: Penguin Books, 2015), p. 280. Kindle ebook.

⁷³¹ *Understanding Codependency: The Science Behind It and How to Break the Cycle*, p. 25.

I also read books that I had read as a little girl. Re-engaging with familiar content can be viewed as a practice aligned with Hebbian theory for the purpose of bolstering integration and memory by repeatedly firing previously wired neural connections.⁷³² I practised breathing again, as thawing POS—when terribly afraid—tended to cause me to hold my breath. All the feral parts, verbal or non-verbal, were very fearful and untrusting. Again and again, it was made clear that I did not successfully complete ‘Basic Trust vs. Basic Mistrust’, the first psychosocial stage of development identified by Erik Erikson.⁷³³ In successfully completing this stage, a child feels comfortable despite any physical or other discomfort due to internalising the self-object, which means it has ‘become an inner certainty as well as an outer predictability’.⁷³⁴ This allows the young person ‘a rudimentary sense of ego identity’.⁷³⁵ Erik Erikson stated that trust development depends ‘on the quality of the maternal relationship’,⁷³⁶ and he further specified that ‘lifelong underlying weakness of such trust’ pertains to ‘withdrawal into [...] depressive states’.⁷³⁷

This provided insight into withdrawal from Hollywood career prospects and recurring somatic sensations of darkness and heaviness. A qualitative investigation with the leitmotif of ‘*living with fear and mistrust*’, a study of adults with no diagnosis of mental illness whose parents were hospitalised for mental illness, revealed the impact of ‘living with fear and mistrust’ in childhood.⁷³⁸ The study participants created ‘parenting narratives’ about their childhood experiences of growing up in a culture of fear and, for some of them, how ‘fear and worry remained’ with them as adults.⁷³⁹ Though, to my knowledge, neither birth parent was ever diagnosed as mentally ill, it was impossible to perceive their parenting—actions and inactions—as being in the behaviour repertoire of mentally sound persons. Also, my birth father and paternal grandfather exhibited criminal or evil behaviour. Making it through this stage first psychosocial stage, cultivating and establishing ‘a state of trust’,⁷⁴⁰ would be essential for the POS who did not progress through Basic Trust vs. Basic Mistrust during childhood. Successful graduation from this psychosocial stage leads to hope. Erikson indicated that the ‘lasting ego identity [...]

⁷³² *The Organization of Behavior: A Psychological Theory*.

⁷³³ *Childhood and Society*, p. 247.

⁷³⁴ *Ibid.*

⁷³⁵ *Ibid.*

⁷³⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 249.

⁷³⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 248.

⁷³⁸ Gillian Murphy and others, ‘Childhood Parental Mental Illness: Living with Fear and Mistrust’, *Issues in Mental Health Nursing*, 36.4 (2015), 294-299 (original emphasis).

⁷³⁹ *Ibid.*, 295.

⁷⁴⁰ *Childhood and Society*, p. 248.

cannot begin to exist without the trust of the first oral stage; it cannot be completed without a promise of fulfilment which from the dominant image of adulthood reaches down into the baby's beginnings and which, by the tangible evidence of social health, creates at every step of childhood and adolescence an accruing sense of ego strength'.⁷⁴¹

No POS were mortally injured despite their horrifying experience and residual issues. Yet, intervening and working with the parts was a messy, chaotic process. Prior to the last soul retrieval, I'd reached an equilibrium. I was rarely triggered, could access writing flow largely at will, and ate a balanced, healthful diet. Now, I was triggered frequently. As the IIs and ICs thawed, intense emotions led to cravings to overeat or eat the wrong foods. Since retrieving these POS, I hadn't written a new book or screenplay under my own name. And, Wales, though lush, green, mystical, magical, and healing for my Soul and voice, was naturally cold and damp. When my daily distal body temperature dropped from the normal human 98.6 to just above 95, I mistakenly attributed it to living without climate control. Not having studied Primal Therapy yet, I didn't know that low vital signs are a signature of primal imprints rising for release.⁷⁴² Research revealed that past issues of overeating were unconscious efforts to reduce extremely unpleasant nervous system arousal. Per family lore, I was put on a diet at age two. This suggests that I experienced extreme anxiety as an infant and toddler and was likely frequently flooded with adrenalin accompanied by huge cortisol spikes while my brain was developing.⁷⁴³ Infants should be protected from huge neurochemical spikes, which generally only occur due to the absence of a secure caregiver attachment and feelings of safety.

Per De Bellis and Zisk, 'Childhood traumas [...] that are interpersonal and chronic are associated with greater rates of PTSD' as well as 'depression', 'anxiety', and other issues.⁷⁴⁴ Childhood traumatic events, early life abuses and related stresses are often referred to as Adverse Childhood Experiences (ACEs). Seth Pollak and Karen E. Smith report that 'repeated exposure to stress, regardless of type, through chronic activation of stress response systems [...] alters neural synaptic plasticity leading to

⁷⁴¹ *Ibid*, pp. 245-246.

⁷⁴² Arthur Janov, *The Janov Solution: Lifting Depression through Primal Therapy* (Pittsburgh: SterlingHouse Books, 2007), Loc. 1180. Kindle ebook.

⁷⁴³ Megan Gunnar and Karina Quevedo, 'The Neurobiology of Stress and Development', in *Annual Review of Psychology* (2007), 58: 145-73.

⁷⁴⁴ De Bellis, Michael D., and Abigail Zisk, 'The Biological Effects of Childhood Trauma', *Child and Adolescent Psychiatric Clinics of North America*, 23.2 (2014), 185-222.

cognitive deficits, anxiety, and depressive-like behaviors, and poorer health'.⁷⁴⁵ The females in my birth family tend to illness, immunity issues, depression, disordered eating or other addictive or compensatory behaviours. Gilbert and others found that 'child abuse' is linked to 'myocardial infarction, asthma, fair/poor health, frequent mental distress', 'coronary heart disease and stroke' and 'diabetes'.⁷⁴⁶ The findings fit my reality. With the feral II and IC integration, I was ill with stress chemicals, sometimes craved sugar, yet felt sicker if I ate it, and could have extreme challenges calming my nervous system. Despite a desire to write, nervous system arousal and processing unconscious material emerging from the whole being was nearly all-consuming. Heller and LaPierre described psyche shattering as 'fragmentation as a coping mechanism to manage overwhelmingly high levels of arousal and painful emotions'.⁷⁴⁷ The response is not volitional. The 'fragmentation' or extreme dissociation⁷⁴⁸ is a side-effect of an experience too intense for a mind and person to process. Being sodomised as a toddler is like being hit by a train that destroys you entirely without killing your body.

The psyche shatters as a defence mechanism in response to the extreme horror and pain of violation, physical and otherwise. The creativity research indicated that soul retrieved psyche aspects are the age that they were chronologically when the trauma occurred, that age when they split off as unconscious defence. An infant aspect of self is still quite undifferentiated consciousness. Whatever the age of the consciousness, the aspect of self has feelings and somatic material to process as they thaw. Heller and LaPierre wrote that 'verbal methods' don't work well due to implicit memory's 'non-conceptual and nonlinguistic' nature. In contrast, my observation after several semi-successful or unsuccessful Voice Dialogue attempts with feral POS is that communication challenges are due to the age and intensity of traumatisation of the IIs or ICs and not due to Heller and LaPierre's idea that language-based investigation of implicit memory is difficult, if not impossible. The very young preverbal POS have little or no language skills due to their chronological age when the trauma occurred. Initially, I did not understand what was happening. I'd never felt these exact somatic sensations; it felt like being stuck, frozen, and narcotised. On occasion, there was the need to witness the

⁷⁴⁵ Karen E Smith and Seth D Pollak, 'Early Life Stress and Development: Potential Mechanisms for Adverse Outcomes', *Journal of Neurodevelopmental Disorders*, 12.1 (2020), 1-15.

⁷⁴⁶ L K Gilbert and others, 'Childhood Adversity and Adult Chronic Disease: an Update From Ten States and the District of Columbia, 2010', *American Journal of Preventive Medicine*, 48.3 (2015), 345-349.

⁷⁴⁷ *Healing Developmental Trauma*, p. 152.

⁷⁴⁸ *Ibid.*

sensation of being held down against my will. Other times, I APRed the experience of being drugged in childhood. Periodically, in between thawing and experiences of terror, I experienced the strange, heavy, depression-like, somatic experience of being frozen. Much of what I must APR is clearly material that Heller and LaPierre define as ‘*implicit*’ or ‘unconsciously processed memory’.⁷⁴⁹ I assert that it is never processed latent trauma formerly split off and dissociated from, which remained in the body cells and being, now presenting as flashbacks and material to be APR. Further, in their NeuroAffective Relational Model, Heller and Lapierre indicated that ‘implicit memory is non-conceptual and non-linguistic, it is difficult to investigate its content with verbal methods’⁷⁵⁰.

This frozen state in the context of newly soul-retrieved feral POS, which occurs off and on for months, made clear that the experiences stem from witnessing— being fully present to—the somatic sensations of extended periods of the freeze response emerging from cellular memory. Other times, I have dark periods, where I face the black sun⁷⁵¹ and am in a more profound depression. Per Patricia R Frisch, ‘Depression is an example of a full retreat to an oral repressed stage’.⁷⁵² Again, this was new territory. The thaw of the IC POS had brought up material quite related to the Wales-set story concept presented by my psyche. Additionally, what was coming up was POS, who split off and were fragmented and unable to move through the required stages of childhood development successfully; terribly abused, they were not as functional as an actual child.

Reviewing the novella with the two young girls living in a frozen wasteland made clear several short script issues that were not evident previously. From a story analyst perspective, the story, short screenplay, and thus the novella lacked narrative drive and had other issues. Despite the stark beauty of the bleak, icy, often snow-laden setting, the mostly distant presence of kuru-infected mutant human Others, and extra-terrestrials in the end, there was little or no evidence of villains in the plot. The two sisters essentially scabbled out life in caves below a defunct, abandoned military installation or wandered post-apocalyptic Wales, foraging, reduced to collecting cave water and eating rats and bugs. There were no adults to help them survive. The youngest child was mute from the devastation of her trauma. The older sister was so pained by reality, the pain of life, that

⁷⁴⁹ *Ibid* (original emphasis).

⁷⁵⁰ *Ibid*.

⁷⁵¹ Stanton Marlan, *The Black Sun: The Alchemy and Art of Darkness*, fore. by David H. Rosen (College Station: Texas A & M University Press, 2005). Kindle ebook.

⁷⁵² *Whole Therapist, Whole Patient*, loc. 1758.

she—in the story—flirted with the idea of taking drugs to die or as an escape, as other humans in the distance, as if in a dream, do. Initially, the younger sister, Rhan, was the protagonist. As the story evolved, it was clear that both girls symbolised parts of myself.

Pondering the story at length made narrative flaws clear. Specifically, the villains were largely hidden. Also, the novella had an element of positive projection culminating in a broken or false narrative. Like the *Oer* short script, the novella ending positively projected onto the villains and their harmful and evil actions. Although an alien retrovirus mutates humans into human-alien hybrids—and it is a terrible violation—the story made it seem as if the savage alteration were positive (see *Oer** – Ultra-Short Script page five). Younger sister Rhan led her terrified, resistant, depressed older sister Abertha to undergo DNA alteration after Rhan bought into her grandfather’s proclamation that ‘Humanity must adapt!’ to the extra-terrestrials (and become hybrids). Rhan focused on the super-human abilities developed after becoming a human-Zai hybrid as if trading her humanity for supernatural abilities was worth it. The narrative, as written, was somewhat like a record of history written by violators as victors.

The teen human victims dissociate from their violation and positively project onto the experience and the violators who ravage them. The girls were brainwashed into seeing the extra-terrestrials as saviours. In 2022, I rewrote the short script ending so that human-Zai hybrids and Zai save planet Earth; thus, the draft here does not reflect these issues. Yet, the ultra-short script / Super 8 film shot list here retains the damaged idea that the violation is positive. Despite story issues, I longed to shoot *Oer* as a film. Getting from where I was to where I wanted to be seemed impossible. I had not felt this stuck or blocked since the 90s. In this new territory, my numerous tools and extensive experience were not enough to make the process of healing the feral, now thawing, IIs and ICs easy or rapid. Though I longed to do so, I could not boldly shed layers like Inanna; the POS were too afraid. It is one thing to read about, to describe or discuss the shadow; it is quite another thing to be in the grip of primal shadow material. The feral ICs hijacked my body and consciousness. If they were afraid or triggered by something, I was completely impacted by their mental material, their thoughts, fears, and beliefs. Their terror or anxiety would cause dramatic nervous system dysregulation for my adult self. Something as simple as posting on social media led to terrible UTI symptoms. A dream revealed fear—feeling too naked—behind the inability to rewrite *Oer* (Fig. 21):

25 February 2018

I am standing at the door of the 40 Westbury flat, looking out at the back garden. I can see myself standing there, so I'm lying on the grey chaise, looking at myself as I look out at the patio/garden. My body is kind of fuzzy/not clear or well-lit, but I know that I'm not wearing any clothes.

I hear the phrase, something to the effect of, 'I am revealing myself... naked (and possibly the last word/or else I just hear the first part and see/know that I'm not wearing any clothes)', and I realise that this is because I'm writing my case study/was researching Inanna and creativity, and also am doing the work that I love in the world (sci-fi writing) despite how difficult it is to oppose cellular memory*.

The dream images are made up of a lovely, delicate, and soft, light grey-pale, pale green-bluish and white palette of colours, and the colours/colours make the scene dreamy. It is kind of like a delicate oil painting in soft colour and texture.

*Today, while posting on Instagram, just after I got back, I had UTI pain from simple social media—with few followers—just for taking action toward visibility/vulnerability.

Fig. 21 - *I am revealing myself... naked.* - February 2018

I painted four watercolour mandalas in March 2018 (Fig. 22). One was a black sphere. I know little of the alchemical Black Sun that I am headed toward, yet the image was disturbing. An image of the sun and earth symbolises the grounded physical body or feminine earth joined to her animus, the king, Taliesin or archetypal bard, the masculine sun within. That union facilitates creative energies, including Awen. But it isn't a sun that I have painted as a mandala. It is a disturbing black sun, which Stanton Marlan described as 'a dark and burning ball of fire, an intensity of darkness and light'.⁷⁵³ Research reveals that it is an archetypal symbol, Jung's '*Sol niger*, a black sun [...] the *nigredo* and *putrefactio*, the state of death'.⁷⁵⁴ I find a way around the IC fears by channelling creativity into drafting a full-length SF play script. A workshop opportunity with professional actors followed. In March 2018, an excerpt of *Sleep Disturbance* was staged as part of 'Rough Diamonds' at the Taliesin Create Space. Hearing skilled actors bring my words to life is always a remarkable experience. Despite an emergent Black Sun and related inner struggles with anxiety and despair, I committed to becoming more visible as a creative. I submitted SF poetry and digital artwork for an upcoming exhibition.

⁷⁵³ *The Black Sun.*

⁷⁵⁴ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 14: Mysterium Coniunctionis*, p. 94 (original emphasis).

annihilation or pain. Via poetry and the myth and magic of Wales, I felt healed post-submission. The concept of poetry as healing and vice versa précises the Gwion Bach to Taliesin transformation myth where the purified animus—female writer’s masculine self, symbolised by the babe of the ‘shining brow’— becomes artist and poet. Relocating from the Maritime Quarter to an Uplands garden flat catalysed my creative energies. Brimming with vitality, the overgrown and wild empty lot outside mirrored my unconscious mind. A bistro set and plants on a patio flanked by an ancient stone wall and a twisted tree provided an outdoor writing sanctuary. Periodically, the ICs expressed age-related anxieties. Like *Sleeping Beauty*, segments of my identity had lain dormant for most of my life; now, I was over age fifty in a youth-centric industry and society. I reassured these apprehensive parts of my core self that age and wisdom enrich a storyteller's craft.

The new space accommodated a substantial desk and a cinema display. I explored various iPad applications tailored for story development and screenwriting. On the 7th of March 2018, I viewed *Your Beauty is Worth Nothing* at Cinema & Co. in Swansea and subsequently met the film’s director, Hüyesin Tabak.⁷⁵⁶ A subsequent engagement at the Dylan Thomas Birthplace the following day allowed further interaction with this German film director. He very generously shared his directorial journey in great detail; this reinforced my perception that I was magnetising opportunities to gain film directorial wisdom. While an industry peer in LA had recommended that I direct my work, assuming the directorial role for my stories hadn't been a persistent aspiration. Despite a brief directorial stint in film school in 2003 and taking a couple of live-action or documentary film directing courses, it felt distantly removed. Yet, a series of synchronous events hinted at an evolving writer-director trajectory. Interacting with Frances Purchase and observing her casting, direction and production of *Under Milkwood* spurred me to delve into and repeatedly study a documentary about film director Brian De Palma.⁷⁵⁷

In March, I impulsively agreed to deliver a keynote speech at a women's conference on voice. However, within a day, I felt incredibly sad to have done so. I recognised that the acceptance echoed a longstanding habit of giving myself away, akin to volunteering; this was a path that I was determined to veer from. Embracing a fiction writing and filmmaking career meant I could not be universally accommodating. Though

⁷⁵⁶ *Your Beauty is Worth Nothing*, dir. by Hüyesin Tabak (Barnsteiner-Film, 2013).

⁷⁵⁷ *De Palma*, dir. by Noah Baumbach and Jake Paltrow (A24, 2015).

awkward and causing friction, retracting my acceptance freed me to commit to a short film project. I swiftly drafted an ultra-short script for *Oer* to film in Super 8 as part of straight 8 2018. A recurring theme emerged: Keep going. No matter what. When something didn't work, another way was found. I studied impactful straight 8 films, grasping the finesse of crafting concise, engaging narratives. Addressing POS resistance through inner work as necessary, I penned a three-page script and devised a shot list. Time constraints led me to do an experimental art piece, translating the shot list into mixed media representations. Momentum built rapidly. Equipped with a Chinon Super 8 camera and supplementary filming gear, the filmmaking process was invigorating. Collaboration with Welsh music producer Dimer Ynni, after securing the rights to his melodic mix of sounds well-suited to *Oer's* ethereal SF narrative, added a sonorous depth to the score. I engaged a bilingual voice-over artist fluent in Welsh, English, and the envisioned Zai alien language. Intriguingly, driven by an unexplained inner urge, a black swan symbol became integral in the Super 8 film and ultra-short script versions of *Oer*.

Friends from LA, visiting London, proposed a meet-up during my birthday weekend. Choosing dedication over diversion, I focused on my project. In the midst of this late-night endeavour, an uncanny event transpired. Distinct screams echoed, prompting me to check the back garden. Yet, contrary to the piercing sounds, no human woman wailed outside. Under a starry sky, a pair of foxes were mating in a directive animus and receptive feminine 'coniunctio'.⁷⁵⁸ This Jungian union of opposites, or contrasexual synchronicity, is an occurrence where 'death and rebirth lies hidden'.⁷⁵⁹ By declining others' requests, be it from a conference organiser or friends seeking a rendezvous, and prioritising my art, a former aspect of myself faded, a behaviour died, and I was reborn. Nathalie Pilard's analysis of Jung's two intuitive types reveals that the 'individuation' process for the 'introverted intuitive type', the group to which I belong, and that of the 'extraverted intuitive type' manifests differently.⁷⁶⁰ Like other God as Nature experiences, the fox pair message appeared as 'Introverted types are more likely to receive strange lessons from the outside' as our 'Synchronicities and numinosities' or 'signs' are something that 'meet' us 'in the outer world'.⁷⁶¹ While in contrast, 'extraverted

⁷⁵⁸ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 14: Mysterium Coniunctionis*, p. 41.

⁷⁵⁹ *Ibid.*

⁷⁶⁰ Nathalie Pilard, *Jung and Intuition: On the Centrality and Variety of Forms of Intuition in Jung and Post-Jungians* (Abingdon: Routledge, 2018), p. 226.

⁷⁶¹ *Ibid.*

types' receive 'inner numinosities (in dreams)'.⁷⁶² Ted Andrews suggested that the fox 'has great metaphysical significance' and pertains to 'what is growing and shapeshifting [...] within your own world'.⁷⁶³ The numinous event also reflected Morris Berman's 'enchanted world' wherein an individual regained 'psychic wholeness':⁷⁶⁴

Rocks, trees, rivers, and clouds were all seen as wondrous, alive, and human beings felt at home [...] The cosmos, in short, was a place of belonging. A member of this cosmos was not an alienated observer of it but a direct participant in its drama. His personal destiny was bound up with its destiny, and this relationship gave meaning to his life. This type of consciousness—what I shall refer to in this book as “participating consciousness”—involves merger, or identification, with one's surroundings, and bespeaks a psychic wholeness [...] Alchemy, as it turns out, was the last great coherent expression of participating consciousness in the West.⁷⁶⁵

The distinctive aspect of straight 8 was the process: one filmed on a Super 8 cartridge while creating an independent soundtrack. There was no film development for editing purposes; the visuals and audio remained separate entities. Cinelab London, rebranded as Cinelab Film & Digital in 2021, took responsibility for merging the film and its soundtrack. While depositing my film reel, I encountered a filmmaker from London. This serendipitous meeting led us to co-produce a project for SCI-FI LONDON 2018; he would direct while I penned the narrative. My journey to London was punctuated by overwhelming joy. The production, spanning the 7th and 8th of April, was a whirlwind of activity. We employed green screen techniques and collaborated with the Welsh music producer I had previously engaged for the Super 8 version of *Oer*. After two very long days, we had a short science fiction film featuring an Italian actress, supporting actors, and background extras. Intriguingly, a black swan, a symbol in the *Oer* short film script of December 2017 that was included in the ultrashort script version of *Oer*, returned.

I dreamt of a very beautiful black swan, yet I could not 'get a clear picture of it'. Per Frederick Edward Hulme, citing Angrie Women of Abington, 'as sildome seene as a black Swan' represents 'the greatest impossibility',⁷⁶⁶ and like 'white raven' means 'something extremely rare or unheard of'.⁷⁶⁷ Perhaps, as the Sol niger seemed menacing, my unconscious provided an undeniably beautiful symbol to represent the rare individuation journey stage. I loved Swansea's white swans and their cygnets. Thinking

⁷⁶² *Ibid.*

⁷⁶³ *Animal Speak*, p. 271.

⁷⁶⁴ Morris Berman, *The Reenchantment of the World* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1981), p. 16.

⁷⁶⁵ *Ibid.*

⁷⁶⁶ F Edward Hulme, *Proverb Lore: Many Sayings, Wise Or Otherwise, on Many Subjects, Gleaned from Many Sources* (London: Elliot Stock, 1902), p. 188.

⁷⁶⁷ Michael Ferber, *A Dictionary of Literary Symbols* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2017), locs. 6360-6378. Kindle ebook.

of what lay ahead as a black swan—the descent into my greatest psyche and cellular memory wounding and pain—made the downward spiral seem slightly less frightening.

Black Swan Dream - 25 April 2018 (or so)

I dream of a black swan. It is large and beautiful. It is in the canal. I try to photograph it, but it moves around on the water and goes behind the railing, so I can't get a clear picture of it. The sun is shining on the water. The black swan is large and beautiful. The water may be a darkish, yellow-green, normal city canal with water in it like the canals in Dublin, Ireland. I don't see any other people or hear any sound. There is a dreamy quality to the experience. I am very excited to see the black swan and really want to take a picture of it.

Fig. 23 - *Black Swan dream*. - 25 April 2018

It was as Clarissa Pinkola Estés wrote, 'In a culture where the predator rules, all new life needing to be born, all old life needing to be gone, is unable to move and the soul-lives of its citizenry are paralyzed with both fear and spiritual famine'.⁷⁶⁸ Spilling forth from my shadow was hitherto unexperienced, intense, darker material. Well over the threshold now, I swam in nigredo, the gloomy night of my psyche contents bubbling in Ceridwen's cauldron. Heller and LaPierre stated that none of us 'have to be conscious of a memory in order for it to actively influence our thinking'.⁷⁶⁹ They posit that there are 'two main branches' of 'long-term memory', one being 'explicit, or consciously processed memory, and the other being *implicit*, or unconsciously processed memory'.⁷⁷⁰ The explicit is all that we remember, who we are, what year it is, and so on. The implicit is 'information out of conscious awareness' emerging from one's whole being.⁷⁷¹

The paralysing fear described by Estés required APR. CJEA from 2018 revealed the state of the Inner Child(ren) generally, though this piece was the perspective of a single IC. The eyes and vaginal area are crossed out, indicating psyche death—I can no longer see—and the loss of all libido, groundedness to the earth and ability to receive energy or experience flow, and thus creativity. As the image reveals, father rape, incest, and sexual abuse, all are a murder of the Self or soul and the self, meaning identity. The black and brown colours of the image indicate the weight of the emergent implicit memory and material to be APR. The POS frozen—at the scene of the crime committed

⁷⁶⁸ *Women Who Run with the Wolves*, p. 68.

⁷⁶⁹ *Healing Developmental Trauma*, p. 112.

⁷⁷⁰ *Ibid.*, (original emphasis).

⁷⁷¹ *Ibid.*



Fig. 24 - Frozen after trauma, can't create. - 24 May 2018

against her—had a particularly rigid look (Fig. 24). The arms are crossed over the body in a futile attempt to protect the heart. This isolationist, defensive posture is that of a raped ‘Lost Child’.⁷⁷² The IC wrote, ‘Despair Feel Sick Frozen Broken Pain Heart Locked Up Numb w/ Pain’ and ‘FEAR PAIN SHOCK NUMB My right ovary shrinks in the TERROR RAGE CONFUSION [...] No one can understand unless they’ve lived through something similar’ and ‘I’m dying I’m dying He’s killing me [...]’. The thawing feral POS often left me feeling frozen, slow-moving, near death and afraid. Spilling forth from my shadow was hitherto unexperienced, intense, darker material. Well over the threshold now, I swam in nigredo, the gloomy psyche contents bubbling in Ceridwen’s cauldron. The paralysing fear described by Estés required APR. Deep in implicit traumatic material thaw, I suspected that the APR process—from shadow to Awen—would require well more than the year and day required by Ceridwen’s potion. And ‘the Ordeal’ lies ahead.⁷⁷³ Yet, if a reliable roadmap, past major IC transformation and integration processes suggested that healing would take far less than the ‘forty years’ that baby Taliesin floated in the coracle.⁷⁷⁴ Daunted, I continued to try Voice Dialogue.⁷⁷⁵

⁷⁷² *Understanding Codependency: The Science Behind It and How to Break the Cycle*, p. 25.

⁷⁷³ *Memo from the Story Department*, p. 34.

⁷⁷⁴ *Ystoria Taliesin*, p. 30.

⁷⁷⁵ *Embracing Our Selves*.

Dr Capacchione taught me much about communicating with the ICs and created the on-paper non-dominant hand journaling technique version of Voice Dialogue after training in the modality.⁷⁷⁶ As part of healing herself from ‘a life-threatening illness’⁷⁷⁷ she began ‘keeping a journal’ containing her feelings along with ‘art’ and ‘symbols’ ‘from the unconscious’.⁷⁷⁸ Inner Child and other POS work led her to become an art therapist. She specialised in Inner Child healing, with non-dominant hand journaling and drawing alongside other inner work. It all became part of her CJEA training. Capacchione was trained in the Voice Dialogue work of Drs Stone and Stone;⁷⁷⁹ then she trained me. A key concept that Stone and Stone posit regards Voice Dialogue’s use in ‘awakening’ an individual to understand ‘we are more than we think we are [...] that we have taken on identities that incorrectly or inadequately express our essential being’.⁷⁸⁰ A Voice Dialogue objective ‘is to develop an *aware* ego’ and ‘to be conscious of and accept all of our sub-personalities, allowing them appropriate expression’.⁷⁸¹ A Voice Dialogue is typically written—with ‘crayons’, ‘felt pens’ or ‘finger paints’ on unlined paper like ‘newsprint’—as a conversation between the dominant and non-dominant hands or facilitated aloud by a trained facilitator.⁷⁸² Experienced in Voice Dialogue since 2001 and an expert in self-facilitation, I do handwritten—both a process and a record of the process—or inner audio Voice Dialogue. Per Capacchione, in an on-paper Voice Dialogue, one uses the hand they normally write with to pen the questions; then the non-dominant hand answers for any POS.⁷⁸³ Sometimes, I adapt Dr Capacchione’s non-dominant hand dialogue process to Voice Dialogue with a story, a script, a character or other story element, and some part of my psyche. The consciousness-expanding work is a versatile tool for a creative writer despite not being a feasible way to communicate with feral POS.

At times, only making art sustains the journey. From the 7th to the 10th of June 2018, I went to Bristol, England, to attend the Straight 8 2018 screening of the Super 8 version of *Oer* and shoot a short Super 8 version of *Sleep Disturbance*. The SF story about nocturnal interference, interdimensional beings, and dreaming is well-suited to the Caffenol Super 9 film development process. My actor and cinematographer arrive from

⁷⁷⁶ *Recovery of Your Inner Child*.

⁷⁷⁷ Lucia Capacchione, *The Power of Your Other Hand: Unlock Creativity and Inner Wisdom through the Right Side of Your Brain* (Newburyport: Conari Press, 2019), p. 13. Kindle ebook.

⁷⁷⁸ *Recovery of Your Inner Child*, p. 26.

⁷⁷⁹ *Embracing Our Selves*.

⁷⁸⁰ *Ibid*, locs. 212-213.

⁷⁸¹ *Recovery of Your Inner Child*, p. 26 (original emphasis).

⁷⁸² *Ibid*., pp. 44-55.

⁷⁸³ *Ibid*., p. 21.

London, and we shoot all day and then process the film reel in time for it to screen late on the 9th of June, Saturday night, as part of Fete shows + Rough Cut & Ready Dubbed at The Cube Microplex cinema. My star is primarily a stage actor, so he is perfect for a film short based on a stage play. The Caffenol process gives the *Sleep Disturbance* Super 8 black and white film footage a beautiful sepia-like tint. On the 16th of August 2018, I attended a screening of *Oer** at Cinema & Co. in Swansea; it was the first time I had participated in a film screening where I was the film's director. In the Q&A after *Oer** screens, a Welsh woman in the audience asks me if I've heard of *The Mabinogion*. The implication that something about my little film reminds her of this myth is the greatest compliment I could ever receive. Afterwards, the woman slips out early and walks around to the back of the theatre so that she can pass by me on her way out; as she does so, she whispers, 'Keep going'. My affirmation while making the Super 8 version of *Oer*, keep going becomes my mantra for postgraduate studies and all creative projects. Though struggling with IC and II material, later in August 2018, I flew to Pasadena, California and presented a paper at The 21st Annual International Mars Society Convention.⁷⁸⁴ On the flight back, another passenger was reading a book, *The Black Sun*. I photographed the book cover, a James Twining novel, as the event felt like a synchronicity presaging my Sol niger, a period of emotional darkness that would soon require navigation. Jung wrote:

The night sea journey is a kind of a *descensus ad inferos*—a descent into Hades and a journey to the land of ghosts somewhere beyond this world, beyond consciousness, hence an immersion in the unconscious.⁷⁸⁵

The use of Stone and Stone's Voice Dialogue with the feral IIs and ICs still facilitates little communication as these parts still do not have more than two or three words. The feral POS seem largely incapable of understanding any word beyond the simplest, such as eat, sleep, or play. They only seem to understand those if I use internal visual pictures and external objects to communicate those simple word ideas. I tried an Alexander Technique (AT) class taught by a highly qualified practitioner with more than two decades of experience—a body-oriented process work considered an integrative approach—yet was so sensitive to and traumatised by sensory input after that I was made ill. My experience was no reflection on AT, which I used later in my studies as the feral

⁷⁸⁴ H R Rose, 'Mars or Bust: How Science Fiction Films Will Promote Mars Colonisation Reality', unpublished paper delivered at the conference 'The 21st Annual International Mars Society Convention' (The Mars Society, 23-26 August 2018).

⁷⁸⁵ C G Jung, *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 16: The Psychology of the Transference*, trans by R F C Hull (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1992), pp. 83-84.

ICs adapted to being in reality. As Aldous Huxley stated, ‘The Alexander Technique gives us all things we have been looking for [...] relief from strain due to maladjustment, and constant improvement in physical and mental health’.⁷⁸⁶ It offered dramatic results, facilitating increased association with my body and physical reality. AT has been shown to be beneficial for body pain and neurological diseases.⁷⁸⁷ Yet further grounding would only exacerbate implicit memory flooding issues. Fumbling to discover an approach to communicate with the feral POS and Access | Process | Release (APR) their trauma, ‘Love Yourself’ yoga,⁷⁸⁸ a grief subliminal audio,⁷⁸⁹ and a weighted heating pad were of benefit. By October 2018, emotional states of intensity caused insomnia, leaving me lying awake all night rigid with emotion, likely with related excess cortisol release.



Fig. 25 - *Bilious Rage* - 12 October 2018

⁷⁸⁶ Robert Rickover, 'Here and Now!: Aldous Huxley, Consciousness and The Alexander Technique', *Alexander Technique Articles* <<https://www.alexandertechnique.com/articles/huxley/>> [accessed 22 July 2017].

⁷⁸⁷ J P Woodman and N R Moore, 'Evidence for the Effectiveness of Alexander Technique Lessons in Medical and Health-related Conditions: A Systematic Review', *International Journal of Clinical Practice*, 66.1 (2012), 98-112 <<https://doi.org/10.1111/j.1742-1241.2011.02817.x>>

⁷⁸⁸ Nicky Jones, 'Love Yourself Yoga', *Do Yoga With Me* <<https://www.doyogawithme.com/content/love-yourself/>>.

⁷⁸⁹ *Overcome Grief & Suffering Self Help: Guided Meditation Binaural Beats Solfeggio Tones*.

If it wasn't terror and Freud's 'creeping horror',⁷⁹⁰ then the emotion was rage. Latent anger embedded with the word 'MAD' in my 2012 mixed media art journal *Book of Days* was gushing to the surface some seven years later. I associated with the body experience of the thawing feral II and IC integration. Despite communication challenges, I put words to the POS experience with a mostly visual CJEA work: 'Bilious Rage' (Fig. 25).⁷⁹¹ Yet the path wasn't entirely about creating art or relentless pain, as it included numinous messages and experiences to encourage me on the journey. Marie-Louise von Franz wrote, 'The basis from which dreams originate seems to be [...] Nature—Nature itself. It's a natural phenomenon [...] it is that unknown power or mysterious force which makes all existence'.⁷⁹² She goes on to indicate that some people might think of this mystical source as God, and adds that dreams 'have a superior intelligence in them: a wisdom and a guiding cleverness [...] they warn us about danger; they predict some future events' they hint at the deeper meaning of our life, and they convey to us illuminating insights'.⁷⁹³ Approaching aspects of the natural world, plants, trees, rocks, and all other living things, including animals and other creatures 'from a mystical perspective', indicated Ted Andrews, while considering 'the symbology and mythology', can 'touch a primal part of our soul'.⁷⁹⁴ A Jungian might say that every symbol or numinous experience has a purpose, and Andrews wrote, 'Everything in nature has a purpose'.⁷⁹⁵ A numinous dream message of encouragement of 2 September 2018 follows:

A hummingbird comes up to me, and it is so beautiful and wonderful. It is before me, and I fly up into the sky, and it and I are facing each other. It fills me with joy. It is a ruby-throated hummingbird, I believe, and really luminous, vibrant jewel-tone colours, and I'm so happy to see it.

I sort of jump up and down from earth to sky to earth to sky a few times in a spiral motion, I believe.

The hummingbird is floating and vibrates as it beats its wings fast, and it's so joyous to think of and recall and write about it. I'm not remembering it exactly, yet it was so beautiful that my ICs and IIs weren't able to write it down for a while, so I've forgotten a bit of it.

The energy was a luminous light gold beautiful cloud of golden molecules and white light, but so fine and light that it was virtually barely visible. The

⁷⁹⁰ 'The Uncanny', pp. 217-256.

⁷⁹¹ *Recovery of Your Inner Child*.

⁷⁹² *The Way of the Dream*, p. 10.

⁷⁹³ *Ibid.*, p. 11.

⁷⁹⁴ *Animal Speak*, p. 367.

⁷⁹⁵ *Ibid.*

hummingbird was before me, facing me, and we just interacted there silently. It was amazing and beautiful and heart-opening and fills me with joy to think of it.

Essential to note is that the dream felt too beautiful to record immediately. This response to beauty was reminiscent of the angel walk experience of 1998, where I felt disgusted in response to an experience generally perceived as positive. It is vital to note the emotional, physical/kinaesthetic, and neurological wiring progress illustrated by the dream. While the TLC angel walk made me feel utterly ill, with the dream experience, I *was* able to feel and take in the beauty of the numinous experience while dreaming. Though post-hummingbird dream, I had to take a bit of time to breathe into and be with the dream, allowing the magical dream experience to wane naturally. These parts have little experience being present to experiences of intense beauty (Appendix L). *Man and His Symbol* made clear the power of amplifying the symbols in almost every dream.⁷⁹⁶ The book includes Jung's article describing challenges around the continuity of humanity's emerging consciousness, symbols, concepts of their amplification, and 'the importance of dreams'.⁷⁹⁷ Beyond the hummingbird, the symbols in the dream include jumping up and down in a spiral motion. Ted Andrews indicated that 'the hummingbird is a symbol for accomplishing that which seems impossible' and 'will teach you how to find the miracle of joyful living from your own life circumstances'.⁷⁹⁸

In February 2019, an incident unfolded that significantly exacerbated my nervous system and emotional regulation issues and heightened anxiety. The South Wales Police forcibly entered the residence of an upstairs neighbour. This was prompted by her late-night return home with a visitor and, moments later, crying out for help repeatedly while screaming that she was being murdered. Her cries abruptly roused me from a deep slumber. The situation sounded distressing and potentially perilous. Rapidly, the police arrived on the scene and broke down her door. Upon intervening and subsequently questioning myself and another tenant in our three-unit building, the police disclosed that she was alone and inebriated. Given the initial sounds of multiple individuals, it appears likely that her companion had departed before the police arrived. Despite police assurance that order was restored, the episode spun my easily dysregulated nervous

⁷⁹⁶ *C G Jung Lexicon*, p. 15.

⁷⁹⁷ C G Jung, 'Approaching the Unconscious', in *Man and his Symbols*, ed. by Marie-Louise von Franz (New York: Random House Publishing Group, 1964), p. 22. Kindle ebook.

⁷⁹⁸ *Animal Speak*, p. 158.

system into a state of turmoil. Sleep was elusive for nearly 72 hours. Meditation and implementing Rosenberg's Polyvagal Exercise #1 provided a scant measure of relief.⁷⁹⁹

The bodily fear response was so intense that it visibly impacted me as heightened emotional and adrenal stress caused my hair to turn largely silver over three days. The experience exacerbated a dental infection in my jaw. I read David Berceci's TRE® (Tension & Trauma Releasing Exercises) book.⁸⁰⁰ In *Waking the Tiger: Healing Trauma*, Levine described how a polar bear naturally 'goes through an extended period of shaking and trembling before returning to normal' post-trauma.⁸⁰¹ Similarly, Berceci wrote, 'If a gazelle gets attacked by a lion but manages to escape, when the gazelle is safe, its entire body will tremble until it has shaken out the excess charge; and it will return back to the herd [...] as though nothing had happened'.⁸⁰² TRE® work, like Somatic Experiencing®, was designed to initiate an innate human ability to move through trauma. Berceci and Levine share the belief that a natural animal nervous system's ability to move through and shake off trauma is evidence of a human ability to do the same. Berceci stated that our human 'ego control' has 'inhibited or deadened' this natural ability,⁸⁰³ while Levine indicated that fear and freezing inhibit the desired response:

When confronted with a life-threatening situation, our rational brains may become confused and override our instinctive impulses [...] the confusion that accompanies it [...] can turn us to stone. We may literally freeze in fear, which will result in the creation of traumatic symptoms.⁸⁰⁴

Per Berceci, if we cannot 'shake to discharge the excess energy' at the time of the traumatic incident or after, the body compensates 'by contracting the muscle and containing this excess charge' and 'the contracted muscles then produce a chronic state of tension in the body' which is 'one of the root causes of PTSD'.⁸⁰⁵ Similarly, Levine indicated 'Traumatic symptoms [...] stem from the frozen residue of energy that has not been resolved and discharged [...] and often bizarre symptoms of PTSD develop when we cannot complete the process of moving in, through and out of the "immobility" or "freezing" state'.⁸⁰⁶ Both Berceci and Levine's perspectives correspond with Wilhelm

⁷⁹⁹ Stanley Rosenberg, *Accessing the Healing Power of the Vagus Nerve: Self-Help Exercises for Anxiety, Depression, Trauma, and Autism* (Berkeley: North Atlantic Books, 2017).

⁸⁰⁰ David Berceci, *Trauma Releasing Exercises* (Charleston: Booksurge, 2005). Kindle ebook.

⁸⁰¹ *Waking the Tiger*, p. 38.

⁸⁰² *Trauma Releasing Exercises*, loc. 376.

⁸⁰³ *Ibid.*, locs. 370-380.

⁸⁰⁴ *Waking the Tiger*, p. 1.

⁸⁰⁵ *Trauma Releasing Exercises*, locs. 376.

⁸⁰⁶ *Waking the Tiger*, pp. 19-20.

Reich's concept of 'character armor', a musculature rigidity in response to a 'fear-inducing outer world'.⁸⁰⁷ Levine wrote that 'disconnection between body and soul is one of the most important effects of trauma'.⁸⁰⁸ Citing similar ideas described by Mircea Eliade, Levine suggested that with 'Somatic Experiencing, you initiate your own healing by re-integrating lost or fragmented portions of your essential self'.⁸⁰⁹ Unfamiliar with Reich's work, I considered TRE® or Somatic Experiencing®. On the 6th of March 2019, I had a 90-minute TRE® session with a Bercei-trained expert, hoping to get a basic at-home practice. Straight away, the feral IIs and ICs disliked the facilitator, perceiving him as heavily introjected by religion. I realise that the thawing POS disliked man-made or unnatural religion. Despite the facilitator's competence, TRE®'s reputation, and slight tremors, the process was an unremarkable form of APR. The Alexander Technique was overstimulating, Somatic Experiencing® was unattractive to me, and TRE® wasn't a fit. I muddled onward with tools that were less than ideal yet still valuable.

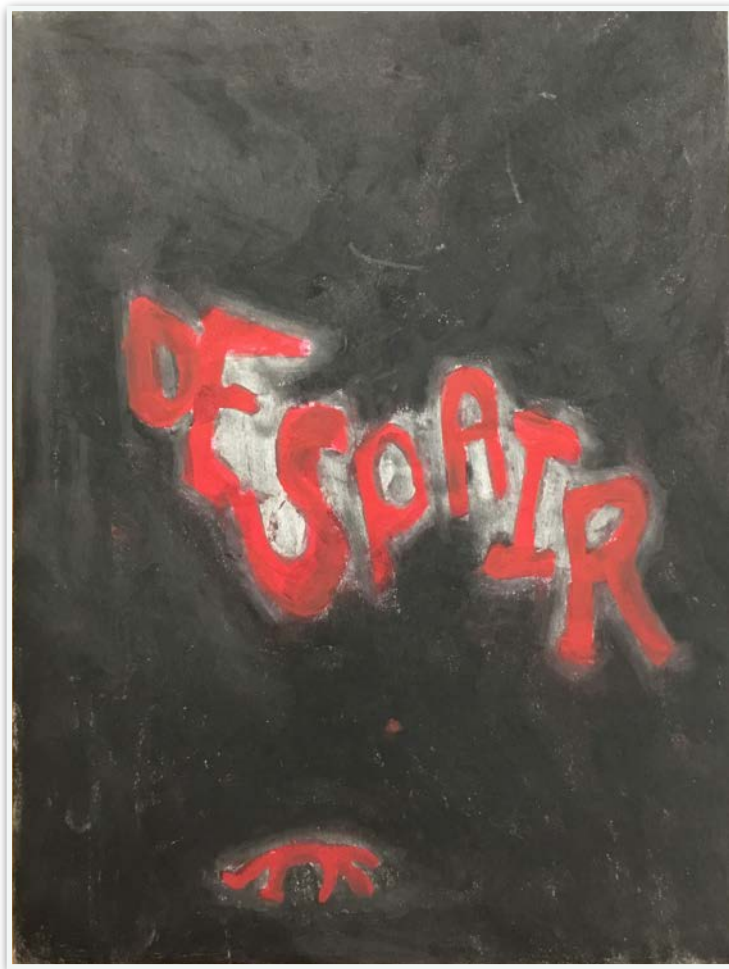


Fig. 26 - *Despair* - 14 February 2019

⁸⁰⁷ Wilhelm Reich, *Character Analysis*, trans. by Vincent R Carfagno, ed. by Mary Higgins and Chester M Raphael (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1972), p. 338. Kindle ebook.

⁸⁰⁸ *Waking the Tiger*, pp. 61-63.

⁸⁰⁹ *Ibid.*

With its deep blackness, the CJEA above (Fig. 26) conveyed the heaviness of the emotions, including misery, held by the feral IIs and ICs. This is an out-picturing of negative (-) polarity experience (NPE) that threatens to overwhelm me. The red elements hint at underlying rage below the emotional weight of despair, darkness and dark energy. With a rigid IC physical form, the art strikingly illustrates Reich's 'character armor' and 'muscular tension', the 'severe repression' of deeper emotions and feelings, a whole being experience as yet unremembered.⁸¹⁰ It will take some five years of ongoing inner work and creativity research to get deep enough in the body to APR the underlying source—the childhood experience—causing this 'muscular tension'.⁸¹¹

In Spring 2019, I did an inner Voice Dialogue with verbal ICs to clarify the broken or false narrative of Oer's story flaws.⁸¹² Given the usefulness of Voice Dialogue, it was the first type of inner work that came to mind when I realised that my story was broken and that it had to do with lacunae in my awareness. I had an inner audio dialogue with the less-feral Inner Child(ren)—with those who could understand language responding—about not writing *Oer* and not identifying the villains in the story. ICs communicated that they had not been writing and identifying the villain in *Oer* as the story was like my own story (crying hard and feeling grief as I wrote this). Identifying the monster, naming it—and seeing who it is—is something too painful. *I am afraid of seeing the villains or 'the bad uns' in my childhood and life*, said the IIs and ICs internal audio, not in so many words. The Voice Dialogue clarifies that these parts were avoiding writing villains because the POS desire to dissociate from identifying villains, villainy or evil in my childhood narrative, physical body, and reality; this was reflected in *Oer*. Through further inner dialogue, I helped IC psyche parts understand the need to perceive abusers and abuse clearly in order to have healthy boundaries and protect myself and others.

I explained a storyteller's need to write villains. Accepting the necessity of seeing and writing villains led to a near-immediate ability to include a delineated antagonist plot line in creative work(s). Then, after beginning to replot the novella, I had terrible insomnia and became aware of more profound creative resistance. I discovered implicit body memory of trauma and related terror from a direct experience of childhood villains; inner work revealed toddler and age ten abuse scenarios where post-violation, abusers

⁸¹⁰ *Character Analysis*, p. 338.

⁸¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 339.

⁸¹² *Embracing Ourselves*, loc. 940.

said not to tell, or family members or I would be killed. As Jung puts it, not knowing my living myth, I was ignorant of ‘what [...] myth was ordering my life without my knowledge’.⁸¹³ In Eric Berne’s Transactional Analysis terms, I had taken on a don’t tell ‘script’—an ‘extensive unconscious life plan’⁸¹⁴—around keeping secrets, avoiding being seen or speaking up. This childhood life script was harming my voice, career and ability to develop villains and plot well. Being silenced as a girl was also mirrored by both of my characters, who had very little to say in short versions of *Oer*. Discovering that part of me dreaded seeing something unknown pertaining to the villains in my life and that the lacunae in the story—world, plot, characterisation, and dialogue—reflected the issues was quite mind-bending. The epiphany made me determined to enter the underworld of my psyche to do a deeper level of whole being APR work.

Struggling to APR the flood of implicit memory arising daily, I floundered. As Vogler and McKenna indicated, I had left ‘the Ordinary World’ and was ‘in a new region or condition with unfamiliar rules and values’.⁸¹⁵ The CJE work of Dr Capacchione involved the use of non-dominant hand journaling or drawing⁸¹⁶ and the use of Drs Hal and Sidra Stone’s Voice Dialogue⁸¹⁷ to communicate with the Inner Child(ren) or other POS. Those methods depend upon interaction with a POS with verbal skills. These feral ICs and IIs were mute or could not speak or understand adult language. It occurred to me to use more formal Sandplay, as I had training in it. I practised Universal Sandplay by reading the symbology of toys or small objects that I found in my path in life. A new body-oriented process might be required to APR the feral II and IC material. Despite being out of my depth in terms of ideal inner work tools to use, my bandwidth for experiencing traumatic cellular memory material continued to expand. Janina Fisher highlights the desirability of this process, specifically the access to ‘implicit memory’, as it gradually transforms into the ‘explicit’, which would allow me to engage with and APR the cellular memory material stored within my body and being:

‘Transformation’ or ‘reconstruction’ of traumatic memory occurs as the individual’s relationship to both the implicit and explicit memories undergoes change, as tolerance for triggered or dysregulated states expands so that he or she can ‘be here now’, live more

⁸¹³ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 5: Symbols of Transformation*, p. xxv.

⁸¹⁴ Eric Berne, *Games People Play: The Basic Handbook of Transactional Analysis* (Old Saybrook: Tantor ebooks, 2011), p. 2. Kindle ebook.

⁸¹⁵ *Memo from the Story Department*, p. 33.

⁸¹⁶ *Recovery of Your Inner Child*, p. 40.

⁸¹⁷ *Embracing Our Selves*, pp. 66-90.

fully in the present, and slowly reorganize the unprocessed implicit elements into a new narrative that, as Donald Meichenbaum (2012) says, tells a 'healing story'.⁸¹⁸

Grappling with the demands of writing and research, APR of material necessitated conscientious observation of the thawing feral II and IC experience, including their inner audio wailing, accompanied by a profound re-experiencing of past traumas, encompassing feelings of body pain, loneliness, and the remainder of their whole being experience arising from flashbacks or unprocessed cellular material. The integration of these POS was a very delicate, present-moment, unfolding, sometimes terrifying process as their somatic and other experience thawed and came online. Yet this inner work would reveal the truth of my true identity and, over time, was healing my body, mind and spirit. A growing trust developed between myself and the IIs and ICs. That, plus two years of communication—despite their lack of mature language skills—facilitated a slightly improved comprehension of their protolanguage-like language.

Something extraordinary began to occur as the feral POS thawed, and their body memory of trauma was APR. It was a physical blossoming that occurred. This was the natural process described to me by Dr Cofe Fiakpui in LA nearly twenty years ago. The pain with the experience was akin to the discomfort that a ballerina doing hip turnout exercises to open the pelvis must feel. It was deeply unsettling that facilitating the unfolding took decades. The POS worried for the others whose physical and sexual development was stunted by sexual abuse, as the journey to heal this has been considerable. In a journal entry I made notes about the experience:

23 April 2019 IC reality, spirituality, so much pain from unwinding trauma in pelvis

So disgusting. My pelvis is flowering/turning outward as so much filth from my birth father and grandfather, this lifetime but also Nineveh and beyond, is coming out. It hurts, but my body is now doing its normal feminine process, which got arrested by trauma during early childhood development. I think of Cofe Fiakpui, my former esoteric acupuncturist in LA, he said that the sexual trauma stunts the growth of male and female children (so that their puberty does not occur properly or naturally, and it obviously affects them). With all the intensive healing that I have been doing, including UK radionics, and so much more, somatic yoga and some movement stuff, plus tons of art, Voice Dialogue, and more, my pelvis is literally turning out, and I expect my ovaries, and such are changing as well, flowering so to speak.

⁸¹⁸ Janina Fisher, *Healing the Fragmented Selves of Trauma Survivors: Overcoming Internal Self-Alienation* (New York: Routledge, 2017), p. 40. Kindle ebook.

Though in Wales to do exactly this psyche work, I was unprepared when—after being unable to develop *Oer* further or write—the feral POS had an extreme reaction to a career book statement, after which the IIs and ICs showed and made me remember and feel exactly why they were so dreadfully afraid of being seen and heard. Although Dr Capacchione’s research suggests that ‘Mental dialogues don’t seem get to the place of deep feelings, inner truth, creativity, or insights that writing with the non-dominant hand does’,⁸¹⁹ she urges one to experiment and ‘Trust your own experience’.⁸²⁰ I do inner audio Voice Dialogue between POS or aspects of the psyche near-daily because it is often easier and faster to communicate this way with the Inner Child(ren) or other POS.⁸²¹ Before postgraduate research, it wasn’t clear why I got bogged down in painful emotional affect and tended to contract from life or professional opportunities periodically. As creative process research continued, it became clear that a spiral down and then up, down to APR shadow material, including residual traumatic implicit memory crystallised in the body, under defensive armouring, and then up into writing or creative flow post-APR, was a natural pattern. Still, I needed to talk to the POS contributing to story issues.

Given the usefulness of Voice Dialogue, it was the first type of inner work that came to mind when I realised that my story was broken and that it had to do with lacunae in my awareness. I have an inner audio Voice Dialogue with the feral POS, those who are capable of understanding language, about not writing *Oer* and not identifying the villains in the story.⁸²² I had previously written villains, extraterrestrial invaders, serial killers, and so on. Hence, an inability to write villains originated with the thaw of feral ICs starting in late 2016 and early 2017, just before and at the start of my postgraduate studies and creativity research. It is not a written dialogue—instead, I made notes—because they couldn’t do non-dominant hand Voice Dialogue. None of them seems to be older than 2.9 years old or so. On 30 April 2019, I wrote the following journal entry:

IIs and ICs do not want to write, have UTI like from trauma, and they show me the first or originating incident—leading to fear of visibility—and source of issue:

Reading a book by William Goldman, *Which Lie Did I Tell?: More Adventures in the Screen Trade*,⁸²³ thinking about writing, then read the phrase ‘Careers are primarily about timing’, and immediately experience raging UTI symptoms, pain and burning in vaginal opening and terror, fear, inability to breathe, hand over my mouth. After a moment of

⁸¹⁹ *The Power of Your Other Hand*, p. 162.

⁸²⁰ *Ibid.*

⁸²¹ *Embracing Our Selves*.

⁸²² *Ibid.*

⁸²³ William Goldman, *Which Lie Did I Tell?: More Adventures in the Screen Trade* (New York: Vintage Books, 2001), p. 43. Kindle ebook.

self-soothing and telling them that I won't push them to write today until I do inner work or process trauma, I ask my ICs why being seen/visibility makes them fearful of being molested.

They explain the following:

I MADE A SOUND

They showed me the picture of my father leaving [sister's name redacted], so disgusting to my adult self to recall this, having heard me make a sound.

I WAS CRYING, they say in picture language, as the preverbal ICs do not talk in complete sentences like older ICs do. Some of them are mute with shock and terror or do not have any words at all.

I can tell from the picture, a bit of flashback shared in my head, that they, I, as a tiny two-and-a-half-year-old, sort of hiccuped. I gave out a single strangled cry sound, and my father heard me, turned his head and saw me. Then he came over to me for the first time. So, for my ICs, making a peep, any sounds at all, any single sound, meant being seen, meant being molested, as just as LRH describes with an 'engram', $x = x = x = x$, daddy = hurting sister = terror = disgust = pain = despair = crying = sound = being seen = molested by father = incest taboo = disgust = pain in my baby peepee = adult fingers hurting me = objectification of infant self as sexual gratification object for lascivious criminal-paedophile father = intense whole being pain-terror = psyche splintering into fragments and spewing upward out of my body and barely held to the domain of my being by a slender silver threadlike cord.

So, talking with ICs and IIs, tears in my eyes, my heart so full of emotion, throat tight with feeling and things unsaid and unexpressed, and my feral ICs have the tiniest inkling, just from writing this down, that maybe the trauma mathematics of my being is incorrect.

The journal entry doesn't fully convey the nuances of the preverbal IIs and ICs communication with its sing-song somatic picture baby language patter—as if their brain is drawing upon primaeval DNA—as their consciousnesses more fully come online. Understand that I put the words to what they revealed. They didn't use adult words. Their communication was a very whole being experience rich with emotions, somatic experiences and pictures in my head. The journal entry may not make clear that my birth father was molesting my sister. When I made a tiny sound, he heard me. He turned, heard, saw me, and came over and molested me for the first time. To my small child self, making a sound—expressing myself even slightly—equalled the worst disgust and violation conceivable, and death, the dismemberment of my psyche, followed. Thus, a fear of self-expression—making a sound and being seen and violated—now makes perfect sense. Beyond adult awareness of the originating issue, the dialogue helped POS realise that they misunderstood how what happened pertained to reality;⁸²⁴ a thing happening at nearly the same time as another thing doesn't mean that those things equal each other. As evidenced here, regular Voice Dialogue played a pivotal role in advancing

⁸²⁴ *Embracing Our Selves*, pp. 66-90.

psyche development, even though dialogues with these youngest inner aspects lacked the level of communication achievable with the more mature Inner Child(ren).

Doctoral studies required striking a balance between inner work—necessitated by a psyche and literary individuation journey—and research or creative writing endeavours. Academic activities included reading books and screenplays, watching science fiction films, and in-depth study of narrative structures. I took a self-study screenplay development course with Dave Trottier (Appendix F). I developed a comprehensive spreadsheet cross-referencing multiple story structure paradigms to enhance my understanding of deep story structure. Note that these story development tools, L-hemisphere stimulating narrative development frameworks, serve largely as cognitive training instruments. They equip the unconscious mind with conceptual frameworks it may deploy. These devices are ideally merely tools to train the mind, not tools to develop the work, other than as a writing exercise. Be cautioned: imposing rigid structural guidelines on a creative process risks stifling the unconscious and any inherent vitality in the work, thereby destroying the narrative's power, meaning, and symbolic richness. Despite narrative studies, resolving Oer's story issues remained difficult. If the *Oer* parent characters represented my actual parents, they would be evil by action or inaction.

It seems that only in the last two or so years am I seeing my childhood more clearly. Alice Miller's work was enormously important to me in this respect; I had one of her books, yet it was the DOP on the SCI-FI LONDON 2018 film shoot who urged me to revisit her work. Synchronicity on the film shoot made me more attentive to the words of the DOP. The DOP, the film's director, and I were all reading *Kafka on the Shore* at the same time, me for the first time while both of them rereading the novel.⁸²⁵ Reading the Miller books has been critical for the case study research and an essential part of beginning to see my childhood more clearly, allowing much deeper whole being cellular material, the truth of my experience, to be triggered. It is mostly the minimisation and denial that reading Alice Miller has helped me to work through, as well as her position that a person may never resolve their adult issues unless they are willing and able to witness their childhood pain. So, the anecdotes and philosophy in her writing have helped me to understand the damage done to me by my family's actions and inactions, their

⁸²⁵ Haruki Murakami, *Kafka on the Shore* (New York: Alfred A Knopf, 2005).

betrayals, abuse, neglect, and abandonment. Alice Miller described ‘poisonous pedagogy’ and how certain parents rear their children with:

[...] the ruthless, dictatorial methods, the excessive supervision and control, the lack of understanding and empathy for the child’s true needs [...] The first law of this police system is: any method is good if it makes you the way we want and need you to be, and only if you are this way can we love you.⁸²⁶

Although Miller's writing specifically addressed the parents of anorexics, much of it pertained to the strict, militaristic rules—with punishment to follow for failures or infractions—my former military father employed to inspire childhood perfectionism. There was never any implication in my childhood that my siblings and I were genuinely loved despite striving to be the way they needed us to be. The inference taken from our parents’ treatment of us was instead that this is the way we want and need you to be for us to find you acceptable or less offensive. For much of my life as a person and creative, I absorbed from the New Age community the idea of indiscriminately coming only from love and forgiving people. This is an extension of Alice Miller’s concept of the brainwashing that people receive as children, which leads to a ‘conviction that parents are always right and that every act of cruelty, whether conscious or unconscious, is an expression of their love’.⁸²⁷ Miller further indicated that the idea gets ‘deeply rooted in human beings’ due to a developmental internalisation that occurs ‘during the first months of life’.⁸²⁸ The struggle and often inability of most people to see how they were victimised as children by the villains of their personal hero/heroine’s journey is due to what Alice Miller described as a ‘child’s dependence on his or her parents’ love’, which ‘makes it impossible in later years to recognize these traumatizations, which often remain hidden behind the early idealization of the parents for the rest of the child’s life’.⁸²⁹ Per Alice Miller, ‘We become free by transforming ourselves from unaware victims of the past into responsible individuals in the present, who are aware of our past and are thus able to live with it’.⁸³⁰ The work ahead for me is a deeper APR of the past.

Regarding notions of universal forgiveness, shifts in consciousness reveal that it is clearly unwise to absolve or engage with individuals who remain unapologetic for acts of harm. A lack of contrition for wrongdoings clearly indicates a human’s indifference

⁸²⁶ *For Your Own Good*, p. 131.

⁸²⁷ *Ibid*, p. 4.

⁸²⁸ *Ibid*.,

⁸²⁹ *Ibid*.

⁸³⁰ *The Drama of the Gifted Child*, p. 2.

towards me. These are individuals who are fundamentally fractured, both harmed and causing harm. The New Age idea, advocating the notion that people did their best, they didn't mean to hurt us, they were themselves damaged as children, so we should forgive them, hindered my ability to confront my deeply suppressed cellular memory and profound grief and anguish. The philosophy ensnared me within old cycles, diverting my efforts towards nurturing interdependent healthy relationships toward people incapable of those. Be incredibly careful not to take on mistaken ideas or conceptual false introjects from experts who, amidst revealing intellectual gems, share underdeveloped theories neither grounded in reality nor universally true. The work of Kleinian Hanna Segal suggests that returning, again and again, to seek a relationship with apathetic, disinterested parties is an example of an infantile 'pining for the lost loved object'.⁸³¹ Yet, as my Ordinary World record may suggest, in contrast to Segal's position, the desire and behaviour were not based on 'memory of the good situation' or a 'wish to restore and re-create'.⁸³² Segal stated that one's 'wish to restore and re-create is the basis of later sublimation and creativity'.⁸³³ It remains to be seen if the feature script version of *Oer* will prove this. Facets of me resisted and contracted from writing about people or situations from the past. During my postgraduate studies, as happened in childhood, I unexpectedly had intermittent urinary tract infection (UTI) symptoms. I experienced vaginal burning at times when developing this academic exegesis or writing fiction.

In mid-2019, I hiked the South Wales Coast Path and had an interesting experience. I'd brought raw apples and carrots along as I hoped to encounter and feed some wild Welsh ponies. I did meet two on the path; one was afraid. When one little steed would not eat its snack, forgetting lessons from childhood that one never turns their back on large farm animals, I turned away to feed its food to the more affable Welsh pony. When my ICs were thinking how nice all ponies are, at that exact moment, the one behind me stepped forward and nipped the back of my knee. It was hard enough to leave a largish bruise, yet not enough to break the skin. It seemed like a synchronicity about avoiding projecting onto others, people, animals, or situations and telling the truth. It created a learning opportunity for the ICs when I pointed out that they had projected niceness onto both ponies and all of the ponies in existence, and then one of them bit me.

⁸³¹ Hanna Segal, *The Work of Hanna Segal: A Kleinian Approach to Clinical Practice* (Northvale: Jason Aronson Inc., 1990), p. 187.

⁸³² *Ibid.*

⁸³³ *Ibid.*

Jung indicated the horse is an archetype that signifies ‘the non-human psyche [...] the sub-human [...] the unconscious’ and is a ‘dynamic power [...] surge of instinct’,⁸³⁴ and instinct is precisely what is lacking when a POS insists that aspects of reality, including living beings, are all lovely or good when they are not. Denial of or failing to discern the truth about people, situations, myself, or my deeper feelings keeps POS making the same life mistakes; the cost of such ignorance is too high. But then again, the synchronicity could have to do with a horse part of me, a basic instinct or a deeper aspect of self which is hidden. Peter Levine notes, ‘In dreams, mythical stories, and lore, one universal symbol for the human body and its instinctual nature is the horse’.⁸³⁵

Chapter 2: Initiation

Tests, Allies, Enemies

In June 2019, after departing Wales for Florida, the recently dissociated and numb POS made progress in deeper inner work. The necessary body-oriented process work mirrored the monomyth. My required shadow psyche work was akin to what heroines must face and overcome in a story. In the words of John Truby, there is ‘an event from the past that still haunts the hero in the present’ that one might think of as a heroine’s ‘internal opponent’ which must be overcome.⁸³⁶ Truby refers to this past event as ‘the ghost’ haunting a protagonist in the present of their story. In those terms, my ‘ghost from the past’ was partly an intense fear of being seen due to childhood wounding. Fear of being seen, plus insufficient narcissism and a lack of self, had haunted me my entire life. Further, the unresolved traumatic cellular memories—and any conscious or unconscious defences to APRing it—were my ghosts from the past. Truby elucidated, speaking to one of two types of the ‘ghost’⁸³⁷ in a story, that ‘the ghost is an open wound that is often the source of the hero’s psychological and moral weakness’.⁸³⁸ Thus, one could perceive my ‘psychological and moral weakness’⁸³⁹ as a largely unconscious default to a degree of dissociation or any residual IC impulse to hide from reality, meaning people. This ‘psychological and moral weakness’⁸⁴⁰ resulted in sometimes eating the wrong food or

⁸³⁴ C G Jung, *Modern Man in Search of a Soul* (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co, 1933), p. 29.

⁸³⁵ *Waking the Tiger*, p. 66.

⁸³⁶ John Truby, *The Anatomy of Story: 22 Steps to Becoming a Master Storyteller* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2007), pp. 271-272 Kindle ebook.

⁸³⁷ *The Anatomy of Story*, p. 272.

⁸³⁸ *Ibid.*

⁸³⁹ *Ibid.*

⁸⁴⁰ *Ibid.*

too much food as a method of deadening myself. Despite continuing to work through issues of dissociation and more deeply grounding into my body to break through any armour, these ghosts were still issues. Ahead lay the ‘central Ordeal’, where I would face reality and experience a ‘death’—an ego casualty so complete that I would become a new person—outgrow old defences limiting voice and authentic self-expression and touch ‘bottom’ in the ‘black moment’.⁸⁴¹ In this way, I would eventually face and vanquish the shadow material haunting me and grow more comfortable being seen and heard.

Between 2019 and 2020, after noticing increased emotional numbness, I immersed myself further into my whole being with the use of Lowen^{842,843} and Reichian body-oriented exercises.⁸⁴⁴ Feral II and IC terror had generally subsided, although certain types of experiences could trigger terror or terror-laden flashbacks, and I sometimes felt less alive. The primary exercise I used was the ‘bow or arch’, both for ‘grounding’ and as it ‘puts the body under stress to open up the breathing more fully’.⁸⁴⁵ Grounding increased access to physical/kinaesthetic or somatic experience, including implicit memory, and a deeper feeling of one’s emotions or affect as well. I wrote more and more fiction. Alongside general fear of life, some ICs felt shame and guilt in response to the pleasure and joy accompanying studying screenwriting, deep story structure, and science fiction. Early experiences and sensory processing play crucial roles in forming the foundation for later adult human development, including identity as pertains to adult career security. Citing Linda Victoria Quinn’s research study of ‘five women incest survivors’ who were ‘thought to be stunted in terms of ego development which affects various career development stages’,⁸⁴⁶ Mae MacIntire found that ‘the cumulative detrimental effects to psychosocial functioning for survivors of childhood abuse’ would lead to ‘vocational impairments’ which ‘would also be evident in early adulthood’.⁸⁴⁷ Quinn found that this was partly as ‘a negative self-worth and lack of self-confidence in one’s own abilities extends into vocational self-concept’,⁸⁴⁸ and I have found that this is true for IIs and ICs who default to thinking of themselves as selfish or bad—undeserving

⁸⁴¹ *Memo from the Story Department*, pp. 36-37.

⁸⁴² Alexander Lowen and Leslie Lowen, *The Way to Vibrant Health: A Manual of Bioenergetic Exercises* (Shelburne: The Alexander Lowen Foundation, 2012), loc. 1307. Kindle ebook.

⁸⁴³ *The Betrayal of the Body*.

⁸⁴⁴ *Character Analysis*.

⁸⁴⁵ *The Way to Vibrant Health*, loc. 447.

⁸⁴⁶ Linda Victoria Quinn, ‘Exploring Vocational Outcome: Voices of Women Who Have Survived Childhood Sexual Abuse’ (unpublished doctoral dissertation, University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, 1998), p. iii.

⁸⁴⁷ Mae M MacIntire, ‘Predictors of the Relationship Between Childhood Maltreatment and Career Decision Self-efficacy Among Undergraduate Students’ (unpublished doctoral dissertation, University of North Texas, 2015), p. 40.

⁸⁴⁸ ‘Exploring Vocational Outcome: Voices of Women Who Have Survived Childhood Sexual Abuse’, p. iii.

of my adult self's preferred vocation and related creative activities—due to childhood maltreatment. Per Alice Sawyerr and Christopher Bagley, in their review of British and worldwide research on the 'long-term' issues associated with sexual abuse:^{849,850,851}

In terms of William James' (1890) model of the body being at the centre of self-concept and self-esteem: the violation of the child's body through physical and sexual abuse interferes profoundly with core developments of the self-concept, and the evaluative construct of self-esteem, the innate feelings of "goodness" or "badness" by which the child develops a self-schema.

When the body is violated, particularly when pierced to the interior by an adult digit or phallus, the emerging self is destroyed. 'Father rape' and other incest, along with sexual abuse by others, have obviously led to profoundly detrimental neural patterns associated with my self-identity.⁸⁵² This self-misperception follows neurological patterning resulting from trauma, which reflects B F Skinner's conditioning principle, wherein recurrent experiences, such as consistent child violations by a parent, per Hebb, fire and wire specific neural pathways and behavioural consequences.^{853,854} Beyond neurology shaped and conditioned by recurrent maltreatment and punitive reactions to imperfections, POS self-esteem and other issues appear linked to unresolved trauma and hindered development. In career terms, childhood violations or being beaten for periodic slight imperfections in chores resulted in a pathological fear of other humans and of the creative or interpersonal risk-taking necessary for career advancement. Achieving career success often necessitates collaboration. Current research unveiled a deep-seated latent apprehension towards individuals in positions of power or authority stemming from suppressed fears of violation. This insight elucidated a historical pattern of initially accepting and then subsequently retracting from film industry opportunities. Yet, I always think of the pivotal conversation with Dr Fadigan in the 90s and his certainty that human development, including cognitive and sensory motor skills, remains malleable irrespective of age. Fadigan was very clear that delayed development can be advanced at any time in the human lifespan. To reshape distorted perceptions of career prospects, I

⁸⁴⁹ William James, 'Selections from the Principles of Psychology', *Pragmatism: The Classic Writings*, ed. by H Thayer (1890), 135-179 <<https://doi.org/10.1037/11059-000/>>.

⁸⁵⁰ Alice Sawyerr and Christopher Adam-Bagley, 'Child Sexual Abuse and Adolescent and Adult Adjustment: A Review of British and World Evidence, with Implications for Social Work, and Mental Health and School Counselling', *Advances in Applied Sociology*, 7 (2017), 1-15 (p. 11) <doi: 10.4236/aasoci.2017.71001/>.

⁸⁵¹ Christopher Bagley, 'Early Sexual Experience and Sexual Victimization of Children and Adolescents', *Handbook of Child and Adolescents Sexual Problems*, ed. by G Rekers (New York: Lexington Books, 1995), pp. 135-163.

⁸⁵² *Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape*, p. 281.

⁸⁵³ Burrhus Frederic Skinner, *The Behavior of Organisms: An Experimental Analysis* (Oxford: Appleton-Century, 1938).

⁸⁵⁴ *The Organization of Behavior: A Psychological Theory*.

employed Voice Dialogue, utilising both written and auditory internal dialogues.⁸⁵⁵ This intervention aimed to provide Parts of Self (POS) with linguistic abilities and a more balanced view of my achievements and potential. Their perspective was skewed to perceive themselves, and thus my adult self, as inadequate, or not creative or productive enough. Gently offering evidence to the contrary in order to counter these misconceptions fostered feelings of hope, gratitude, and elation.

Around this time, I encountered a seminal Gestalt work based on the work of Fritz Perls, Laura Perls, and Paul Goodman.⁸⁵⁶ In skimming the book text, a specific exercise resonated profoundly. Use of the gestalt exercise for several months yielded remarkable outcomes in terms of facilitating psyche advancement and mitigating the previously noted minor increased dyslexia and a related reading comprehension issue of the thawing feral IIs and ICs after the last major soul retrieval. The relatively minor difficulty with words and numbers had manifested as occasional letter transpositions—sporadic letter reversals—in my writing or minor number mix-ups when recording numerical data. It appeared as though a segment of my brain processed certain information inversely, perhaps even in a rotated manner. Moreover, two or so years after previously dormant feral II and IC POS thawed and began to integrate, reading became arduous. Less differentiated POS perceived text holistically, complicating the focus on individual words and sequential reading. This posed a growing concern during postgraduate studies, which demanded extensive reading and research. Although minor or mild dyslexia, in the sense that I could read, the reading issues—and an ongoing need for trauma processing—significantly decelerated my pace. The deceptively simple Gestalt exercise was straightforward. It was to ‘concentrate on your food’.⁸⁵⁷ Perls, Hefferline, and Goodman described the concept behind the exercise which additionally indicates how it works:

To put this in terms to which we shall return later, there can be no assimilation without prior destruction (destructuring); otherwise, the experience is swallowed whole (introjected), never becomes our own, and does not nourish us.⁸⁵⁸

Historically prone to rapid consumption, and reading while eating, my eating patterns were largely influenced by unreflected upon childhood habits. The psychological implications of these routine behaviours remained unrecognised until utilising the gestalt

⁸⁵⁵ *Embracing Our Selves*.

⁸⁵⁶ *Gestalt Therapy: Excitement and Growth in the Human Personality*.

⁸⁵⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 316.

⁸⁵⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 317.

process in this creativity research. A concept of food as sustenance, meant that I tended to expediently consume nutritious meals. Yet, quickness in my eating seemed less than ideal. I was drawn to the gestalt 'eating' exercise.⁸⁵⁹ After employing the Gestalt method during meals over several months, the outcomes were profound. The exercise had an integrative impact on my psyche. I felt more anchored, experienced a consolidation of identity and clarity of thought. Anxiety diminished and, remarkably, the slight dyslexic tendencies I had begun to recede. After about four months, reading became more fluid, beginning effortlessly from the start of a page or paragraph and proceeding at a pace suited for either immersive fiction or comprehension of non-fiction. The epiphany was recognising the nexus between minor dyslexia post feral POS soul retrieval and partial integration and unresolved childhood traumas. Thus latent traumatic childhood issues—from experience taken in, introjected, and largely as yet unprocessed—my approach to eating and POS sensory integration issues and mild dyslexia were entirely connected.

This exercise, one of four described as an 'experiment on differentiated unity' aimed at 'improving your contact with the environment'⁸⁶⁰ proved invaluable. Per Perls:

Take stock of your eating habits. Where do you tend to concentrate while eating — on your food? On a book? On the conversation (perhaps talking and forgetting to eat?) Do you taste your first bite only or do you keep in contact with the taste through the whole course? Do you chew thoroughly? Do you tear the food off? Do you bite through it? What are your likes and dislikes? Do you force yourself to eat what partly disgusts you (perhaps because you have been told it is good for you? Do you adventure with new foods? Does the presence of particular persons influence your appetite?

Notice the relation between the taste of your food and the “taste” of the world: If your food tastes like straw, the world probably seems equally dull. If you relish your food, then the world, also, very likely seems interesting.

Do not in the course of this inventory of your eating habits attempt to rectify any of them other than to eliminate such severe distractions as reading. It is only man who ever comes to regard eating as a necessary evil or an emergency refueling. After all, it is a very important biological and (although we are not emphasizing this aspect here) social function. One certainly would not be tempted to read during the important biological and social function of sexual intercourse. Eating, sexuality — and, as we shall see later, breathing — are decisive to the operation of the organism and are worth attending to.

Against concentration on eating you are most likely to mobilize the resistances of impatience and disgust. With both of these we shall deal later in connection with “introjections.” Just now try to achieve what seems so simple and is, nonetheless, so difficult — awareness of the fact that you are eating when you are eating!⁸⁶¹

⁸⁵⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 316-317.

⁸⁶⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 317.

⁸⁶¹ *Ibid.*, p. 316.

The Gestalt eating exercise was consistently practised during meals. I identified the underlying compulsion to eat hastily, with minimal mastication, as an archaic behavioural residue—a defence mechanism intertwined with dissociation—stemming from childhood traumas. The exercise and practice of thoroughly chewing food resulted in notable cognitive shifts. I began to enjoy meticulously biting and masticating my food well, taking things in and tearing them down. I persevered, despite encountering the ‘resistances’ of ‘impatience and disgust’ described by Perls, which he indicated pertained to ‘introjections’.⁸⁶² Though not yet working actively with the poisonous animus, the power of doing this single Gestalt exercise over several months would be revealed when it later contributed to a developing the ability to expel negative introjects, starting with a birth father poisonous or negative animus introject which were visceral and akin to Upledger’s Energy Cysts.⁸⁶³ Thus, developing facility in ‘destruction’, ‘destructiveness’, and ‘aggressiveness’, so ‘*necessary to the health of the organism*’,⁸⁶⁴ would later prove essential for expelling ‘experience [...] swallowed whole (introjected)’,⁸⁶⁵ necessary to claim my voice. The significance of this Gestalt exercise, as pertains to one’s ‘eating function’, is paramount, given its correlation with normal development, assimilating experiences and fostering a profound ‘contact with the environment’.⁸⁶⁶ Advancing in my psyche development process, synchronicities and symbolic sacred messages from Nature continued. A dramatic numinous experience occurred on 30 August 2019.



Fig. 27 - Kundalini Rising - Snake Medicine - Libido - 30 August 2019

⁸⁶² *Ibid.*, p. 317.

⁸⁶³ *Your Inner Physician and You*, p. 44.

⁸⁶⁴ *Gestalt Therapy: Excitement and Growth in the Human Personality*, p. 318 (original emphasis).

⁸⁶⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 317.

⁸⁶⁶ *Ibid.*

After rewatching a Brian de Palma documentary walking on a treadmill, energy and elation surged. Seconds later, I discovered a nonpoisonous young snake in the bathroom. This aligned with Jung's notion of 'transcendent symbols of the depths', one of those 'intermediate creatures' which 'as represented by the therapeutic symbol of the Roman god of medicine Aesculapius [...] seems to embody a kind of mediation between earth and heaven'.⁸⁶⁷ Beyond transformation, healing, and creative forces, the serpent may have symbolised a person grounded in the body yet receptive to cosmic forces. Per Jung, the snake was the Kundalini serpent⁸⁶⁸ or 'the awakening of Kundalini' as one's 'chthonic nature' became 'active'.⁸⁶⁹ This is part of 'becoming conscious of one's instinctual nature',⁸⁷⁰ which is one's 'urge to individuation' symbolised 'by a snake who awakens and ascends from the base of the spine'.⁸⁷¹ The snake appeared young, suggesting the symbolism pertained to the youthful POS, formerly frozen and feral aspects unfolding and blossoming in consciousness and the body. The snake appeared to indicate libido increasing as part of kundalini rising for ICs, energy moving upward and outward from the earth and into the body and spine in a spiral motion as the whole being healed. Sometimes, the increasing energy or influx of libido felt like it was too much. If I noticed that I was crossing my legs, in an unconscious attempt to cut off my rising libido, I uncrossed my legs, then brought awareness to the breath and practised breathing properly. When this energy rose, sometimes it felt stuck in the first through fourth body energy centres. When stuck in the heart centre, the energy creates anxiety. I practised gently moving the energy upward so that it passed from the earth, through my body, and out the head. At that point, the energy arced downward in my energy field and entered the body again via the earth. With time, it grew easier to handle large influxes of libido.

In many ways, my feminine body and womb—a part of me violated by the 'father rape'⁸⁷²—is my Ceridwen's cauldron in which to do the inner work of transformation. And it is filthy with NPE. It is no wonder that I had to go to Wales to purify my whole being and seek Awen. Yet, an equally important vessel for personal alchemy is the container of one's consciousness. Edward R Edinger wrote much of human

⁸⁶⁷ C G Jung, *Man and his Symbols* (New York: Dell Publishing, 1964), pp. 154-156.

⁸⁶⁸ C G Jung, *Nietzsche's Zarathustra: Notes of the Seminar given in 1934-1939 by C G Jung* (Routledge, 2014), p. 78.

⁸⁶⁹ C G Jung, *The Psychology of Kundalini Yoga: Notes of the Seminar Given in 1932* (Princeton University Press, 2012), p. 22.

⁸⁷⁰ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 9, Part 1: The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*, p. 368.

⁸⁷¹ C G Jung, *Nietzsche's Zarathustra: Notes of the Seminar given in 1934-1939 by C G Jung*, ed. by Sonu Shamdasani (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1999), p. 22.

⁸⁷² *Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape*, p. 281.

consciousness represented by the snake, specifically in the context of Adam and Eve in the garden. Per Edinger, the garden of Eden ‘has certain features of a mandala with four rivers flowing from it and the tree of life in its center’, which he indicated is an ‘image of the Self’ describing ‘the ego’s original oneness with nature and deity’ or ‘the initial, unconscious, animal state of being at one with one’s Self’.⁸⁷³ This description of the former state of humanity is how I experience and view the appropriate relationship of humans to the earth and the sacred. This oneness was the state experienced when grounded and in my heart. In those moments, I felt a whole being flow. Edinger believed that the ‘serpent’ symbolised ‘an old state of affairs is being lost and a new conscious insight is being born’.⁸⁷⁴ As elucidated by Edinger, a Jewish legend reveals that ‘the recovery of our lost wholeness can only be achieved by tasting and assimilating the fruits of consciousness to the full’.⁸⁷⁵ In the same work, Edinger described a man in his forties suffering from ‘writer’s block’ and anxiety due to unrealised creative talents. The author noted that the man ‘is afraid to [...] create something real’ and ‘lose the security of anonymity and expose himself’ because he doesn’t have the courage to ‘eat the fruit of consciousness’.⁸⁷⁶ As illustrated by Edinger’s case study, the solution to such fears—which resemble the visibility fears of POS, the fear of facing the villains in *Oer*, which was the result of II and IC fearing facing the villains in my body and life—was to amplify the archetypal in dreams or otherwise.⁸⁷⁷ This would increase consciousness.⁸⁷⁸ In whole being terms, expansion of consciousness requires body-oriented process work.

Fear is usually a component of the ‘disorganised’ baby’s experience, perhaps partly because inconsistent care in the first year of life is itself potentially life threatening. Adult patients who may have had these sorts of experiences as infants often describe feelings of falling or disintegrating, suggestive of moments of total regulatory failure.⁸⁷⁹

‘Cold Cold Cold’ read a journal entry of 20 September 2019: Cold, cold, cold. IC is ill. It takes a while to perceive what is going on. I have been overly cold for two days. It was when I felt tired and unable to get up, exhausted despite sleeping nearly eleven hours, just so cold, that I realised that the IIs and ICs were having flashbacks and dissociating. It was causing me to feel cold. I read in *Why Love Matters*⁸⁸⁰ about

⁸⁷³ Edward F Edinger, *Ego and Archetype: Individuation and the Religious Function of the Psyche* (Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1985), p. 17.

⁸⁷⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 21.

⁸⁷⁵ *Ibid.*

⁸⁷⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 22.

⁸⁷⁷ *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, p. 366.

⁸⁷⁸ *C G Jung Lexicon*, p. 15.

⁸⁷⁹ Sue Gerhardt, *Why Love Matters: How Affection Shapes a Baby’s Brain* (Hove: Taylor & Francis, 2004), locs. 2485-2528. Kindle ebook.

⁸⁸⁰ *Ibid.*

'borderline' personality and the infant who does not feel secure attachment and is free falling—a tiny, ungrounded person, in the *Continuum Concept* sense of not having a mature nervous system and spine to ground them—and about how abuse causes immunity issues, issues of excessive inflammation and more, and the reading unwittingly triggered flashbacks. I practised the Alexander Technique. The simple focus on both shoulders, feet soles, hands, both sides of the nose, or both eyes at once, and slowed breathing, then tuning in, helped me discover sensations of free falling through black space. It was as if I could not catch myself, the way that a baby flails when she thinks that she is falling, and I cwctch (Freudian slip, meant catch, yet cwctch is Welsh for hug, and I both catch and cwctch my inner child parts of self) her/them. 'I have got you', I say to them, inner audio, shocked by the intensity of the somatic, mental, emotional, or otherwise whole being experience of the IIs and ICs. I soothed and held them, giving the good enough parent emotional regulation, unconditional love, and platonic touch that they nearly never, if ever, got in childhood. I did inner audio Voice Dialogue with the ICs and IIs about the flashbacks. They shared information, and I translated it into words:

Nightfall. A footstep. Terror in my heart. Yellow carpet, strands of shag thick as golden worms, fibres waving, a dread sea parted by the vile. Wood paneling. My pounding heart. Throat catches. Sore, ragged throat full of pain. My legs burn. Lower extremities ache. My baby girl brain is burning with a reality I cannot process. Darkness. Night. I am not safe. My father is holding me down, I am restrained, four or five, and I cannot move and it feels like I cannot breathe, though I must have been able to do so as I am alive now. Wow, right mid arm pain, infection heir, but flashback of him holding me down, his leering drunken face over mine, a drop of beer flavoured spittle, drop, falls into my open mouth, disgust as the noxious taste of his evil, pain in my body, grief in my heart, disgust in my mouth, tugging at my vagina and anus, and my ICs feel appropriate white hot rage that leads to understandable but inappropriate desire for vengeance. My peepee. My tiny pagina, peepee vagina, just barely a little girl, no longer a toddler, 4-5 year old peepee is burning. Daddy's large fingers probe an immature clitoris and I die at each stroke, each ragged adult male pedophile sex-addict alcoholic soul-destroying breath, each second, each moment, each visit in the night. Every paternal orgasm is an onslaught to my innocence, an atom bomb that annihilates my mind, body and being.

From the II and IC perspective, the scene image and experience, somatic, emotional, P/K, energetic, and mental, was a broken kaleidoscope of terror, fractured images and sensations, and colourful pieces of my distress. To her, I was dying; it was as if a piece of me was dying in grief and despair, and it was here that I lost my trust of humans, people, humanity, because if I am unsafe here, then where on earth and with whom could I possibly be safe if not with my own father? His beer-infused saliva was burning a hole of disgust in my upper palate, sinus cavity, and nose, it stank, I stank, he stank. This was disgusting, and my beating pink heart shrivelled in despair at his

depravity. My inner child/children were/are disconsolate. There was nothing for me but to float away on a river of despair—associating as fully as possible to all of the sensation and experience, deeply, intently—to complete a whole being Access | Process | Release (APR) of it all, I, and those fragile, vulnerable, butterfly winged delicate parts of me, might then finally be free to stop falling and ground in my being. After the APR, my IIs and ICs were overwhelmed with pain and trauma and wanted to nap then read SF and then write. The experience of the POS falling through black space—witnessed via my adult self and aware ego—appeared to be the physical/kinaesthetic experience of an infantile lack of attachment complicated by incomplete human development occurring in the present of energetically ungrounded, terrifying self-objects. The falling into blackness appeared to pertain to not feeling grounded to the physical body and planet due to violations or other harm to my child self in toddlerhood and the absence of grounded, empathetic, loving parents. The holding and hugging of my adult physical body grounded the II and IC POS, and they stopped falling. Per Schützenberger, this could also be Sigmund Freud’s ‘black hole’ that he purportedly said that everyone had.⁸⁸¹ From a Reichian perspective, the experience may well be ‘the void’ or ‘feelings of emptiness and loss’ from a ‘split’⁸⁸² which may pertain to the ‘deep sorrow, loss, and grief’ of an ‘oral unsatisfied’ character type⁸⁸³ or be a reflection of narcissistic lack and ‘emptiness having never developed a real self’.⁸⁸⁴ Devaraj Sandberg wrote that ‘the final way in which [sic] can overcome the Oral side is simply by coming to a place where we can actually feel that emptiness inside, purely as a sensation in the body’.⁸⁸⁵ This is the easiest and simplest form of APR, wherein one stops defending against the whole being experience and instead associates to it, experiencing it fully until the material dissipates entirely.

The Access | Process | Release framework is less a formal method and more a synthesis of various tools and techniques I have been trained in or studied. One starts with access to the whole being. The journey commences with access. To facilitate this, one may employ CJEAs tools—including non-dominant journaling forms of Voice Dialogue or drawing—or other expressive arts, stream-of-consciousness journaling, or body-oriented process tools such as Gestalt or Lowen Bioenergetic movement exercises

⁸⁸¹ *The Ancestor Syndrome*, p. 4.

⁸⁸² *Whole Therapist, Whole Patient*, loc. 2881.

⁸⁸³ *Ibid.*, loc. 2113.

⁸⁸⁴ *Ibid.*, loc. 2707.

⁸⁸⁵ Devaraj Sandberg, ‘Don’t Fill the Void... Feel it!: Overcoming the Oral Character Trait’, *Devaraj Substack* <<https://devaraj2.substack.com/p/dont-fill-the-void-feel-it/>> (17 Mar 2022) [accessed 21 June 2021].

or breathwork. The objective is to surface heavily bound, or armoured, material while emphasising grounding and achieving greater body-mind coherence. The process phase may also incorporate CJEAs—be it non-dominant hand drawing or writing—or other forms of expressive arts and stream-of-consciousness journaling. Certainly, body-oriented process tools are pertinent, yet an inner audio version of Janov's Primal Scream is effective for rapidly processing the most intensely painful arising psyche material. The release unfolds organically, meaning an individual engages with their access and process phases until they reach a comprehensive release of the material at hand.

By November 2019, a few years of inner work and spiralling down into intense suffering were punctuated by spiralling up into joy, gratitude, and pleasure. This was deeply satisfying for my adult self. Unexpectedly, positive feelings brought up IC or II anxiety. Some discomfort was due to large amounts of libido—the energy of flow and writing flow—coursing up in my body due to grounding and kundalini awakening. A libido or energy influx is part of grounding and integrating POS post-major soul retrieval. I realised the wild Welsh ponies presaged this 'dynamic power [...] surge of instinct'.⁸⁸⁶ Some of the upset was fear, a lack of trust in good experiences or anything else, people or the world; the IIs and ICs still exhibited deep mistrust of others and reality. Specifically, on 29 November 2019, while working on a science fiction story, multiple POS were frightened by the writing flow and pleasure in writing. My journal read:

[...] thoughts [...] about how much fun I had collaborating on screenplays and films, nothing else that I have done professionally is as fun, then went back to work on expressive arts, CJEAs, PhD case study emotional release. ICs are afraid of how easy and wonderful writing is—wrote more of *Spider Haze* this AM, so fun, drinking tea, writing, a cat nearby—as my POS are so free and happy compared to being used in ritual or other abuse experiences, in bed or on a table, cold, scared, being violated by a dagger, raped by an adult, sodomised.

The contrast between childhood trauma versus peaceful, creative life endeavours sometimes triggered dread, Freud's 'creeping horror'.⁸⁸⁷ A girlhood sense that something terrible was soon to happen, observable in emergent, more fully thawed ICs, translated to mistrust of the present and future. This is a thorny topic in reality and in consciousness. Truthful communiqué between the aware ego and POS is critical for trust. I admit to the POS that horrible things will happen in life. Humanity has destroyed some 69% of earth's

⁸⁸⁶ *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, p. 29.

⁸⁸⁷ 'The Uncanny', p. 217-256.

vertebrate biodiversity in fifty years,⁸⁸⁸ people worldwide die of starvation and disease or can't access pure water; countries and individual people go to war or kill each other to acquire power or money or because of differences including religion, skin colour, sexual orientation, and more; children kill other children in schools; people kill, abuse or marginalise others; and drug and alcohol abuse is one of many serious social issues. Young people worldwide experience 'climate anxiety' and '75% [...] think the future is frightening'.⁸⁸⁹ The young parts of my psyche are no exception. Yet, as an adult, I wish to glean stories and use my authentic voice despite grief over the world's ills.

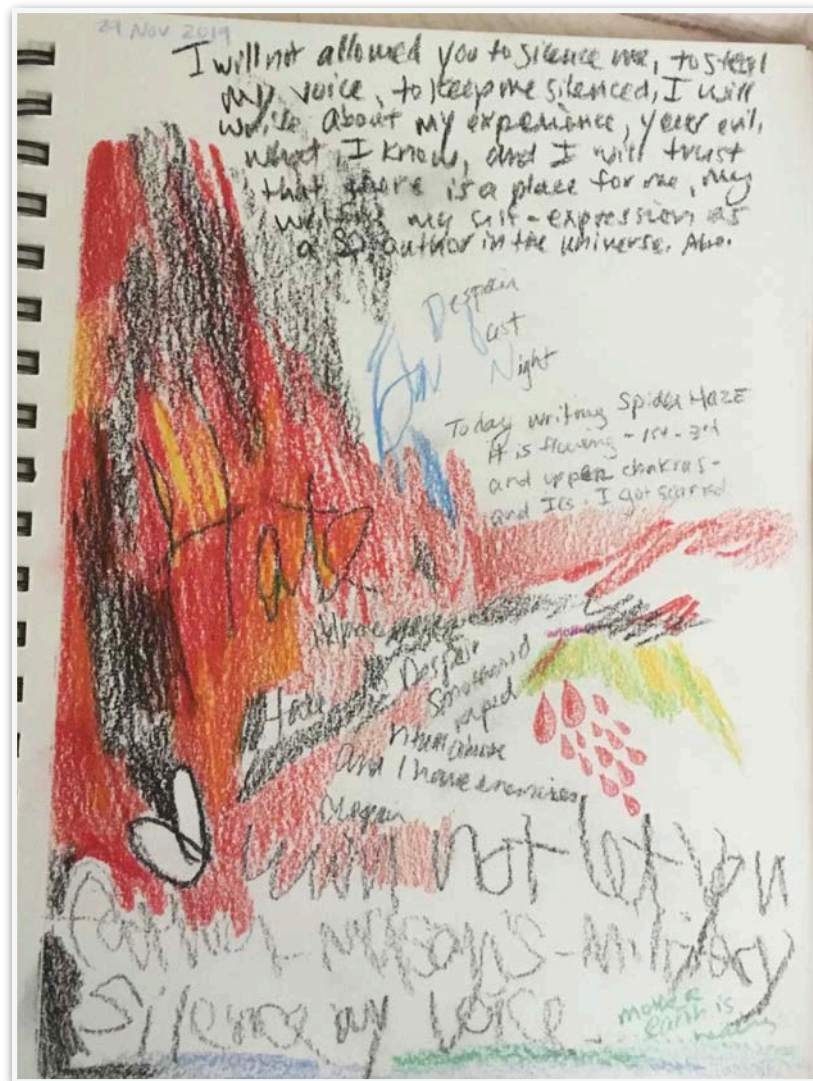


Fig. 28 - I will not allowed [sic] you to silence me [...] - 29 November 2019

I did a Celtic Animistic spiritual ritual followed by a CJEA piece: 'I will not allowed [sic] you to silence me, to steal my voice'. The ICs have decided to refuse to

⁸⁸⁸ *Living Planet Report 2022 – Building a Nature-Positive Society*, ed. by Rosamunde E A Almond, Monique Grooten and T. Peterson (Gland: WWF, 2022). <<https://www.worldwildlife.org/pages/living-planet-report-2022>>.

⁸⁸⁹ Caroline Hickman and others, 'Climate Anxiety in Children and Young People and their Beliefs about Government Responses to Climate Change: A Global Survey', *The Lancet: Planetary Health*, 5.12 (2021), e863-e873.

allow others to silence me. Along with the expression of ‘Hate’, ‘Despair’, being ‘Smothered’ and ‘raped’, the verbal ICs told past perpetrators that she would not be silenced and set several strong intentions in the art journal: I claim my voice, I claim my memory, I claim my narrative and self-identity. After setting the intentions, I experienced a dramatic and immediate need to sleep, which suggested that the inner work triggered deeply unconscious, very heavy latent material for release. I slept for roughly half an hour and then woke feeling ill, both infection pain and as if I could not quite breathe. I had air hunger in my upper nose and sinus passage, and—though I ignored it—still I felt sleepiness and a desire, almost a compulsion, to sleep. On the topic of creativity and breakthroughs, Marie-Louise von Franz indicated that:

[...] psychological language, we know that before a time of outstanding activity in the unconscious, there is a tendency toward a long period of complete passivity. It is, for instance, a normal condition in the creative personality that before some new piece of work in art or a scientific idea breaks through, people usually pass through a period of listlessness and depression and waiting.⁸⁹⁰

Incredible somnolence prior to deep inner work has presented previously, on more than one occasion, though it is rare. This type of drowsiness during or just after inner work typically signals one is on the cusp of an enormous amount of material whose APR will facilitate deep transformation. The compulsion to sleep dissipates post-nap by deeply attuning to and making art about the experience. Still, at first, *Sleeping Beauty* could not avoid slumber.⁸⁹¹ The compulsion to sleep echoes Taliesin in seed form as the poet-bard developed as a foetus in Ceridwen’s womb. II and IC hypersensitivity and sensitivity issues have to do with sensory integration for POS who have not been present in my body and being for nearly fifty years. As to feeling obligated to help others and guilt about what I love and want to do, write science fiction, my adult self recognised that certain IC concerns stem from issues of identity from developmental failures. The impulse to write science fiction was not a plan or an intention. It was that around the time that I started my MFA I noticed that every narrative in my creative pipeline was SF. The movies that I saw that year in the theatres were SF. It is my soul, my psyche, that wants to make these stories. Andreas Lommel wrote that ‘Without artistic creation in some form or other there is no shaman’, and that, in making art, ‘by giving shape and form [...] overcomes his original condition’.⁸⁹² I have to imagine that my psyche presents these stories as part of

⁸⁹⁰ *The Feminine in Fairy Tales*, pp. 26-27.

⁸⁹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 11.

⁸⁹² Andreas Lommel, *Shamanism: The Beginning of Art* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1967), p. 148.

integration and individuation per Jung's 'extraverted' art.⁸⁹³ Pondering IC perception of selfishness, I thought of the book that I took to Wales.⁸⁹⁴ The work is full of essays with nuanced discussions of 'Selflessness' due to narcissistic lack and touches on diverse topics such as a lack of libido, the use of Bioenergetics, and addressing issues of human suicidality.⁸⁹⁵ My absence of Self has been due to an inhospitable developmental terrain; per Kohut, 'it is the specific pathogenic personality of the parent(s) and specific pathogenic features of the atmosphere in which the child grows up that account for the maldevelopments, fixations, and unsolvable inner conflicts characterizing the adult personality'.⁸⁹⁶ Those conflicts were happily being transformed in this research.

In the winter of 2019, I undertook a study of flash fiction writing under the guidance of the award-winning author, Christine Sneed. My aim was to acquaint myself with a novel form of creative writing. I discovered that shorter works offered a valuable medium to delve into deeply personal subjects. Be it poetry, prose, or concise flash fiction, the abbreviated form enabled the swift articulation of ideas and creative constructs that weren't apt for longer mediums like feature film scripts, novels, or stage plays. My enthusiasm for short stories grew concurrently. Through these short or micro forms, I could effectively convey distinct notions and profound emotions—on matters ranging from climate change and numinous experiences to autobiographical creative non-fiction—in a medium more aligned with such themes. In the summer of 2020, my postgraduate peers and I initiated an exercise wherein we exchanged short works, each recipient tasked with producing a responsive piece. Remarkably, post-depth APR, I crafted multiple works, identified appropriate publications, and submitted them. A number were later accepted for publication. The elation of having multiple creative work submissions accepted, 23 years after I couldn't manage to execute this process, was unparalleled. In July 2020, for gifted poet and author Guinevere Clark, in response to her written verse, I directed and produced a poem video *Wings!*⁸⁹⁷ The experience was so joyful, that my ICs were inspired to create a video poem of their own in the future.

Postgraduate studies enabled me to speak more openly about the past and write on the subject, despite the challenges. In September 2020, a text collage by Marianne

⁸⁹³ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 15: The Spirit in Man, Art, and Literature*, p. 73 (original emphasis).

⁸⁹⁴ *Psychotherapy and the Selfless Patient*.

⁸⁹⁵ *Ibid.*

⁸⁹⁶ *The Restoration of the Self*, p. 187.

⁸⁹⁷ *Wings!*, dir. by H Raven Rose (Creadigol Pictures, 2020).

Tuckman,⁸⁹⁸ *Hastag, I Don't Condone*⁸⁹⁹—accompanied by an audio wave music file of her spoken word music piece *Vorspiel Intervention*⁹⁰⁰—was given to me that I might write a response piece. In the context of heterotopic crisis space and violations of the feminine, Tuckman's work referenced the tragic murder of a British woman. The concept extrapolated from and expanded upon philosopher Michel Foucault's concepts of places that are 'absolutely other' where people enter only when 'you're forced to'.⁹⁰¹ I wrote about the photographic lab at the head of my 6th grade classroom—where abuse, sexual and otherwise, took place—in a responsive piece of writing entitled *The Dark Room*.⁹⁰² The afterward stated that '*The Darkroom* of my childhood, like other spaces for me, was a 'heterotopia of crisis',⁹⁰³ to borrow Foucault's phrase yet not his meaning.⁹⁰⁴ The piece described I was trapped in an other space and made a victim of the forbidden as a girl.⁹⁰⁵

The piece—describing the parallel space in which I encountered the monstrous other—was a visceral text/mixed media reaction to Tuckman's text and spoken word music work. Tuckman's courage in addressing societal violence against women, and a rising anger from a POS who wanted to voice my experiences, spurred me in a creative direction that I would not have gone in otherwise. To contain the emotion arising during writing the piece, and sharing it in an academic space, the creative works were enclosed in an ebook. The piece allowed me to describe a crisis space where II or IC POS were trapped with the monster at the cellular level. Frédéric Chauvaud's French judiciary analysis, cited in Giuliani, indicated how incest perpetrators were described as 'monsters' as a way to conceive of baffling 'criminal behavior'.^{906,907} Yet I knew that, familial relationship or not, a teacher could be a monster too. Writing *The Dark Room* played a role in the integration and individuation of my psyche. The work additionally served as a voice for both my historically muted broader self and the multitude whose voices—due to profound trauma or murder—have been stifled or silenced. The epigraph to the joint work included a quote by Rabbi Wolpe, Rabbi Emeritus of Sinai Temple, of Los Angeles.

⁸⁹⁸ Marianne Tuckman, *Hastag, I Don't Condone* (9 September 2020), p. 15. Apple ebook.

⁸⁹⁹ Marianne Tuckman <<https://mariannetuckman.hotglue.me/>> [accessed 21 June 2021].

⁹⁰⁰ Marianne Tuckman, *VORSPIEL INTERVENTION* [audio MP3] (9 September 2020).

⁹⁰¹ Michel Foucault, 'Heterotopias', intro. by Anthony Vidler, trans. by Pamela Johnston, in *AA Files*, 69 (2014), 18-22 (pp. 20-21) <<http://www.jstor.org/stable/43202545/>>.

⁹⁰² H Raven Rose, *The Dark Room* (9 September 2020), pp. 15-16. Apple ebook.

⁹⁰³ Michel Foucault, 'Of Other Spaces, Heterotopias', trans. by Jay Miskowicz, 'Des Espace Autres', *Architecture, Mouvement, Continuité*, 5 (1984), 46-49.

⁹⁰⁴ 'Heterotopias', pp. 20-21.

⁹⁰⁵ 'Of Other Spaces, Heterotopias'.

⁹⁰⁶ Fabienne Giuliani, 'Monsters in the Village? Incest in Nineteenth Century France', *Journal of Social History*, 42.4 (2009), 919-32.

⁹⁰⁷ Frédéric Chauvaud, *Les Criminels du Poitou au XIX^e siècle. Les Monstres, Les Désespérés et Les Coleurs*, Collection Pays d'histoire, La Crèche, Geste éditions (1999), p. 358.

Wolpe wrote of the ‘enduring wound’ of sexual assault, the importance of discussing these topics and the need ‘to change a culture of complicity to a culture of courage’.⁹⁰⁸ Wolpe, describing how sexual assault is a ‘scar to the soul’, wrote that, ‘If you do not speak out, it will happen again and again.’ Wolpe stated that ‘When someone abuses your body, you can never escape the scene of the crime.’⁹⁰⁹ You will always carry the place where it happened, because you are the victim and the crime scene all at once’.⁹¹⁰

This experience of crime against the physical self and psyche, or soul, making my entire being a crime scene, took place in the ‘absolutely other’, a place I entered only when ‘forced to’ at a few months under three years of age.⁹¹¹ Violations by additional perpetrators forced me to return repeatedly to a place of monsters and the monstrous. Frozen and fractured due to youth and the psyche damage of ongoing, periodic trauma—I was defenceless. CSA puts one in the place of being ‘the victim and the crime scene all at once’.⁹¹² Each day, I awoke with a shattered self, devoid of full knowledge of the past, terrified of the future. No wonder that, in my journey to awakening, I grew to love *Total Recall*,⁹¹³ *Resident Evil*,⁹¹⁴ or *Source Code*,⁹¹⁵ films where a hero or heroine awakens and then seeks to reconstruct reality and attempts to understand what happened to them prior to the moment that they woke up. Similarly, I love films that combine the concept of a hero or heroine waking up while simultaneously discovering that they are in a time loop. These movies include *Edge of Tomorrow*,⁹¹⁶ *Donnie Darko*,⁹¹⁷ or *Boss Level*,⁹¹⁸ where a hero or heroine endeavours to understand what is happening and repeats their awakening until they discover how to change the narrative outcome for the better. Other trauma-relevant films that were helpful to APR events of my past included several in my ‘Aliens Among Us’ private SF sub-category. In these films, extra-terrestrials, monsters, often those who purely wish to annihilate, consume, or contaminate humans, walk amongst us and secretly pass as humans. My father, grandfather, and others exhibited traits reminiscent of the inhuman villains of the ominous ‘Aliens Among Us’ subcategory of

⁹⁰⁸ Rabbi Wolpe (@RabbiWolpe, 24 October 2017), ‘Why Sexual Assault is the Cruellest of Crimes’ (Facebook status update), <<https://www.facebook.com/RabbiWolpe/posts/pfbid02JsCEHUBsyxA8pxXbhoqFXCvHsPAGRoNM7Yo6YZNL6yflKnUxWZ3z1wZufU8Bni3Xl/>> [accessed 6 September 2020].

⁹⁰⁹ *Ibid.*

⁹¹⁰ *Ibid.*

⁹¹¹ ‘Heterotopias’, pp. 20-21.

⁹¹² *Ibid.*

⁹¹³ *Total Recall*, dir. by Paul Verhoeven (Tri-Star Pictures, 1990).

⁹¹⁴ *Resident Evil*.

⁹¹⁵ *Source Code*, dir. by Duncan Jones (Summit Entertainment, 2011).

⁹¹⁶ *Edge of Tomorrow*, dir. by Doug Lima (Warner Bros. Pictures, 2014).

⁹¹⁷ *Donnie Darko*.

⁹¹⁸ *Boss Level*, dir. by Joe Carnahan (Hulu, 2020).

SF. *The Thing*,⁹¹⁹ *The Arrival*,⁹²⁰ *They Live*,⁹²¹ *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*,⁹²² and other films offered a cinematic framework and language for the monstrous other. SF narratives expanded my emotional capacities, enabling me to face and later APR the past. As Sontag indicated, SF equipped me to confront the ‘psychologically unbearable’ or the ‘disaster’ of my childhood and life.⁹²³ The SF offered a lens and narrative lexicon, facilitating a direct engagement with traumatic events. Echoing Rabbi Wolpe’s words, Sontag wrote, ‘These alien invaders practice a crime which is worse than murder. They do not simply kill the person. They obliterate him’,⁹²⁴ or, in my context, her.

In September 2020, I did a guided visualisation process to access a safe space. The experience precipitated a profound realisation regarding the II's and IC's conceptualisation of safety and how their concept of safety blocked voice and visibility:

In my mind, I go to a safe space [...] a secret cave covered by rose bushes which have formed an enclave over a white-painted wooden fence with a secret tunnel [...] I go there and lie under the canopy of roses enclave, roses and leaves and rose bush stems so thickly grown that you cannot see the sky; the light is filtered green-gold. I do feel safe here. It is lovely, quiet, cool, and green. The blooming red roses smell amazing. My back is on the ground, and I’m looking up at the canopy when I have a big realisation: my safe place is where I am unseen, and no one knows where I am... not a single person knows where I am or can find me... and that is safety to me. That ‘safe place’ is incompatible with the grownup ideals of earning a living as a writer/screenwriter, however, unsafe reality may be or seem. Wow, that is a shocking realisation; it is not just that I am unseen; safety equals not being seen (*or, previously, safety meant not being in my body*), yet also, more importantly, unable to be found by anyone or anything.

Part of addressing this deeply neurologically wired belief that safety is dissociation, anywhere but embodied, was to create security in the body and life to the degree possible. In another meditation, I accessed the 17-year-old POS who jumped out of the barn and was depressed when I was a teen. She showed me energy and other healing work that needed to be done in my body. After healing and clearing processes, I started to forgive my father and other people who harmed me. Bam! My 17-year-old self decked me hard in the face for—in her words—being an idiot. She did not forgive them; she released them to suffer the evil consequences of their actions, forgot them, and was entirely healed of them. It was rare to work with the older aspects of self, as the IIs and ICs, the feral POS, were most in need of healing. As the recently quite feral Inner Children, including Inner Infants, continued to have little language, it made sense to

⁹¹⁹ *The Thing*.

⁹²⁰ *The Arrival*.

⁹²¹ *They Live*.

⁹²² *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (1956).

⁹²³ ‘The Imagination of Disaster’, p. 191.

⁹²⁴ *Ibid*.

speak to them symbolically, meaning with the use of symbols. There was a Ceridwen's cauldron for inner work well-suited to work with children who largely are limited to sing-song picture language, and that was a sandtray designed for Sandplay. 'Sandplay creates a bridge between the conscious and the unconscious', wrote Martin Kalff.⁹²⁵ However, I intended to use Sandplay primarily to communicate with preverbal or nonverbal IIs and ICs. Trained by Jung, Dora M Kalff combined Jungian psychology, Eastern philosophical concepts, and Margaret Lowenfeld's World Technique, to create Sandplay. As noted previously, Lowenfeld was inspired largely by H G Wells' book *Floor Games*.^{926,927}

The universe has often presented me with numinous symbols as objects, a phenomenon I refer to as Universal Sandplay. Upon encountering such an item, I amplify the symbol to divine its significance.⁹²⁸ Eager to improve communication with the IIs and ICs, I acquired the items essential for a personal Sandplay practice. In December 2020, I obtained a sandtray. A 'sandtray is a physically finite and stationary uncovered low rectangular box of specific dimensions and clear boundaries'.⁹²⁹ A Sandplay tray interior is symbolic of a boundless sky or vast sea—serving as a portal to and representing the unconscious—as both Kalff and Lowenfeld 'stipulated that the interior of the tray be painted blue'.⁹³⁰ Thus, the blue of my sandtray whispers of the northern Ceredigion's waters, akin to the sea where Elphin found Taliesin. This resonant blue also invokes the imagery of the coracle, cradling an enigmatic babe, adrift on his journey across the blue waters of transformation. This blue, however, possesses another remarkable quality—it nearly mirrors the ethereal azure cloak donned by the 'Blue Bard'⁹³¹ or members of the esteemed Gorsedd of Bards (Gorsedd y Beirdd), otherwise known as Gorsedd's Order of Bards, Linguists, Musicians, and Literati. This order, devoted to enriching humanity through artistic expression and the Welsh language, echoes through the hue. I sensed that the Sandplay would serve as a preparatory measure for the forthcoming descent into darkness that lay ahead with the Ordeal.⁹³² It is imperative to understand that Sandplay and a sandtray are powerful tools for transformation. In Lenore Steinhardt's words:

⁹²⁵ Martin Kalff, *Sandplay: A Psychotherapeutic Approach to the Psyche* (Cloverdale: Temenos Press, 2003), p. xi.

⁹²⁶ *Understanding Children's Sandplay*, p. 3.

⁹²⁷ H G Wells, *Floor Games; a Companion Volume to 'Little Wars'* (Overland Park: Digireads.com Publishing, 2011).

⁹²⁸ *The Essential Jung*, p. 63.

⁹²⁹ Lenore Steinhardt, 'Beyond Blue: The Implications of Blue as the Color of the Inner Surface of the Sandtray in Sandplay', *The Arts in Psychotherapy*, 24.5 (1997), 455–69 (p. 458).

⁹³⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 455.

⁹³¹ Thomas Percy, 'Letter IX: Bishop Percy to the Rev. Evan Evans', *The Cambro-Briton*, 1.9 (1820), 329-332 <<https://doi.org/10.2307/30069258>>.

⁹³² *Memo from the Story Department*, p. 34.

It possesses the power of slow, recessive movement on an infinite horizontal or vertical axis. It encourages introspection, conceptual thought, perspective and depth. It is calming, astringent and purifying. The sandtray as container can represent our body as container. The blue interior calms our insides, permits imagination to expand, encourages access to higher realms, prepares for descent into dark and murky places. Creative decisions become concepts.⁹³³

Periodic numinous messages, gifts from spirit, nature, the living beauty informed, sustained and guided me in my journey to individuation. On 22 July 2021, I found a ‘life-feather or breath-feather (hyĩná bĩłtsós) [...] a feather [...] from a live bird [...] supposed to preserve life and possess other magic powers’ per the Diné.⁹³⁴ The feather stood straight up; its calamus—the quill where it connects to a bird’s body—was in the lawn. It was as if the bird sacrificed a feather to send me a message. I interpret the position of the ‘breath-feather’ to indicate feminine receptivity and masculine directivity;⁹³⁵ it seems to suggest that I ground to the earthly symbolic and yet reach for the sun cosmos.



Fig. 29 - *life-feather* Message/Medicine - July 2021

⁹³³ ‘Beyond Blue: The Implications of Blue as the Color of the Inner Surface of the Sandtray in Sandplay’, p. 68.

⁹³⁴ *Washington Matthews, Navaho Legends* (New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, 1897), p. 231.

⁹³⁵ *Ibid.*

In the summer of 2021, I produced *Sacred Birthday, Sacred Wales - Pen-Blwydd yn Gysegredig, Cymru Sanctaidd*. A short film illustrating a 2019 poem written in this study, the piece pertained to numinous experiences I had on my 2018 birthday on the South Coast of Carmarthenshire in Laugharne, Wales. The night before, I slept at the Dylan Thomas Birthplace in Swansea. The house’s energy facilitated incredible writing flow; I wrote seventeen pages longhand at 5 Cwmdonkin Drive. Upon waking, I went to Fern Hill and Laugharne to visit Dylan Thomas’s former home and writing hut. I ended up at the poet’s final resting place. I created an experimental film of Laugharne to accompany the poem and entered it into the Illustrated Poem category at the Wales International Film Festival. There were many entries; winning wasn’t expected. For the Inner Child aspects of self, it was enough to enter. I made a film trailer and vertical and horizontal posters to meet the online film festival screening requirements. It was creatively energising to do new things. I was writing poems—not done since attending the Hamilton Holt School at Rollins College in the late 90s—and making films. Becoming a writer-director following inner work as part of postgraduate creativity study was an organic process. It was a big surprise when my experimental painting in film aesthetic work was first a festival finalist in July 2021; it was a bigger surprise and delight when the work won the Jury’s Award for Best Illustrated Poem in September.⁹³⁶

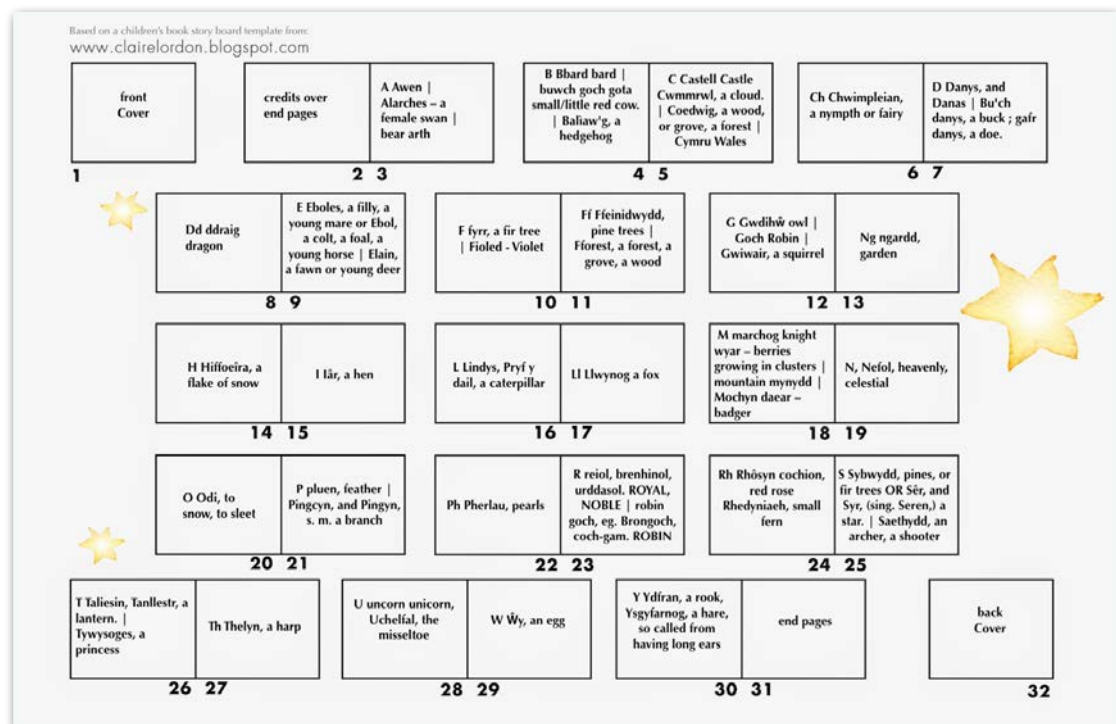


Fig. 30 - *Born Among the Stars* Story Board - July/August 2021

⁹³⁶ *Sacred Birthday, Sacred Wales - Pen-Blwydd yn Gysegredig, Cymru Sanctaidd*, dir. by H Raven Rose (Creadigol Pictures, 2021).

In July and August 2021, unable to write SF, I followed an Inner Child creative impulse. The ICs insisted upon writing a children’s book. In March, I’d had the idea to write an illustrated Welsh alphabet. I could not say no. What followed was a whirlwind two months of research and writing and a uniquely satisfying creative experience. The experience was a two-month intensive refresher and practice of what I had learned years ago from Nora Cohen, alongside intensive self-study of the 32-page standard picture book format. Creating the manuscript required learning new software and how to storyboard a children’s book, something I had not done or been taught previously.⁹³⁷ I bought watercolour graphics, trees, animals, snow, dreamy backgrounds, and more from —paying for an extended commercial license—which I could collage into illustrations that pleased the Inner Child(ren). It became clear in this process that part of accreting authentic identity, evolving inner POS, required following creative impulse. I felt joy creating *Born Among the Stars: A Mythical Welsh Alphabet*. The creative processes flowed easily and organically, from the idea conception to the concept form production. Any lingering self-doubt or shame around my previous inability to complete children’s book manuscripts—from studies in 1991 to 1992—was eradicated. Additionally, libido erupted from following this type of creative impulse. Following the II and IC desire not only resulted in a new creative work yet also led to feeling creatively invincible. The IIs and ICs took away the idea that I could study and execute any creative writing form.



Fig. 31 - *Born Among the Stars* Cover - July/August 2021

I was no longer the person who could not finish her creative projects. My adult self and aware ego realised that following an Inner Child's strong creative impulse was creative gold, resulting in the ability to be driven by creative flow. Also, it became clear

⁹³⁷ Claire Lordon, 'From Manuscript to Storyboard' <<https://clairelordon.blogspot.com/2016/06/from-manuscript-to-storyboard.html>> [accessed 2 July 2021].

that sometimes the Inner Child(ren) and global self must take a break from the dark psyche inner or creative outer work. The ease of this project illustrated Jung’s ‘unseen current’ that ‘sweeps’ the writer ‘along’, which he termed an ‘*autonomous complex*’.⁹³⁸ After following IC impulse, the experience rapidly became what Jung described thus:

The unborn work in the psyche of the artist is a force of nature that achieves its end either with tyrannical might or with the subtle cunning of nature herself, quite regardless of the personal fate of the man who is its vehicle. The creative urge lives and grows in him like a tree in the earth from which it draws its nourishment. We could do well, therefore, to think of the creative process as a living thing implanted in the human psyche. [...] Accordingly, the poet who identifies with the creative process would be one who acquiesces from the start when the unconscious imperative begins to function.⁹³⁹



Fig. 32 - *Born Among the Stars L and Ll* - July/August 2021

Many archetypally important personal symbols—including the fox, deer and a white horse (in unicorn form)—appeared in the work. Writing *Born Among the Stars* convinced me that ‘writing flow’ follows surrendering to this type of creative impulse.⁹⁴⁰ Despite space limitations here, I cannot emphasise the unbridled joy of the POS when I followed their creative impulse. The imagery felt spiritually meaningful and connected to my ancestry. I thought of all of the times when I have seen certain animals, including the fox, and felt so grateful to be alive—for the case study—and for my creativity.

A Sandplay on 26 September 2021 helped POS work through intense emotions, and the IC and II POS had a profound psyche shift. The work made clear what Eva Pattis Zoya described—referencing Jung’s childhood play with a little ‘manikin’ as ‘*kabir*’⁹⁴¹—about how Sandplay uniquely facilitates ‘the self-regulation of the psyche through

⁹³⁸ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 15: The Spirit in Man, Art, and Literature*, pp. 74-75 (original emphasis).

⁹³⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 75 (original emphasis).

⁹⁴⁰ H R Rose, p. 5.

⁹⁴¹ *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, p. 38.

childhood play’.⁹⁴² Much like Dibs,⁹⁴³ Jung’s childhood play was a form of self-led inner work and self-discovery. Jung was left with ‘the feeling of newly won security’, and the event ‘formed the climax and the conclusion of’ his ‘childhood’.⁹⁴⁴ Akin to Jung, through ‘symbolic play’ Dibs achieved a ‘self’ or ‘personal integration’.⁹⁴⁵ This is the ‘wholeness and health’ described by Kate Amatruda and Phoenix Helm Simpson⁹⁴⁶ or what Estelle L Weinrib terms the ‘natural emergence of a healthy ego and mature consciousness’.⁹⁴⁷ Per Roger Day and Christine Day, ‘Right up to the present day, the term ‘Sandplay therapy’ is used exclusively for therapy with a Jungian or post-Jungian model’.⁹⁴⁸ Unable to complete *Haunted*, a work-in-progress, and aware of Inner Child terror around a screenwriting career, I completed a sandtray. The tray focus was the physical feeling of being held down—oppressed physically—a somatic feeling blocking my libido or energy, leading to IC terror and preventing me from writing. From the post-sandtray notes:

The biggest epiphany [...] that the past is over.

IIs and ICs felt decided wonder, shock and surprise that the past is over as the flashbacks—painful unprocessed reality that becomes present when stimulated and hurts me—are hard to bear, difficult to APR, so all-consuming and pervasive that they make it hard to maintain a positive outlook or meta-view of my life and reality.

It was with great shock that the ICs became aware that now is *now*, after, it is later than before, even though the unprocessed cellular memories of before remain in my body and being, and feel like now, latent until such time as they might be triggered or naturally arise and be available for APR in my whole being.

‘By working with materials that s/he can touch and see, the individual is lifted out of the world of abstract concepts which often work against true understanding. S/he moves into that twilight space that Jung spoke of, that place where psychic process is re-experienced’, per Kate Adams.⁹⁴⁹ The Sandplay session facilitated a dramatic cognitive shift: despite emergent implicit negative material, childhood trauma was in the past. Reflecting upon the sandtray, the II and IC were present and paying attention as I looked down at it from the vantage of my adult woman’s body. This perspective—the small size of the tray, the tiny sandtray miniatures to symbolically represent past events and myself

⁹⁴² Eva Pattis Zoja, *Sandplay Therapy in Vulnerable Communities: A Jungian Approach* (Hove: Routledge, 2011), p. 12. Kindle ebook.

⁹⁴³ *Dibs: In Search of Self*, p. 6.

⁹⁴⁴ *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, p. 36.

⁹⁴⁵ *Dibs: In Search of Self*, p. 159.

⁹⁴⁶ Kate Amatruda and Phoenix Helm Simpson, *Sandplay, the Sacred Healing: A Guide to Symbolic Process* (Taos: Trance Sand Dance Press, 2013), p. 102.

⁹⁴⁷ Estelle L Weinrib, *Images of the Self: The Sandplay Therapy Process* (Cloverdale: Temenos Press, 2004), p. 105.

⁹⁴⁸ Roger Day and Christine Day, *Creative Therapy in the Sand: Using Sandtray with Clients* (Rugby: Brook Creative Therapy, 2012), p. 8. Kindle ebook.

⁹⁴⁹ Kate Adams, ‘The Power of Sandplay’, *Journal of Sandplay Therapy*, 8.2 (1999), p. 89.

—made one thing very clear: the past was over. Afterwards, in an inner audio Voice Dialogue, the ICs expressed their profound surprise at the realisation that childhood was over, and now it is the aftermath to be dealt with in order to free the creative voice. I invited the ICs to tell me a story about tray #1, they said, not in so many words:

My father attacked and nearly killed me. Somehow, I was able to survive, now here I am, trying to recover from the attack all these years later.

Following the session, with the ICs recognising that the trauma was in the past, I refined the outline and beat sheet for the *Haunted* screenplay, another feature film script drafted amidst this study. The Sandplay result emphasised the approach's remarkable efficacy. Sandplay use in adult populations research is scant, though a case study by Doyle and Magor-Blatch provides insights. Their research, focused on an adult female survivor of childhood abuse, found 'clear benefit', despite periods where 'some worsening of PTSD symptom' occurred, and 'improvements in symptoms of depression, response to stress, and psychological well-being' and 'overall mental health' due to the 'nonverbal approach' allowing her to 'externalize personal issues'.⁹⁵⁰ In congruence with my 'writing flow'⁹⁵¹ related research findings here, the adult study participant observed 'that she was able to enjoy [...] creating art, far more since undertaking sandplay therapy'.⁹⁵² As regards Doyle and Magor-Blatch's findings that PTSD symptoms may worsen with Sandplay work, addressing C-PTSD after childhood trauma inevitably includes heightened symptoms. The terror of working through abuse experience with soul retrieved POS must be understood in the context of the consciousness—infant, toddler, or older child—who is experiencing the dark events. This is complicated by the fact that POS often lack the ability to self-regulate. My IIs and ICs were never taught to handle intense emotions and pain; they didn't get a chance to learn the skill otherwise due to being split off by repeated psyche fracturing abuse. The excavation or APR of profoundly bleak NPE or dark whole being material can be triggering. Yet, as Kate Adams wrote, part of the 'Power of Sandplay' lies in how 'The tangle of unconscious contents moves from the dark recesses of inner space into the light where they can be seen'.⁹⁵³

⁹⁵⁰ Kirsten Doyle and Lynne E Magor-Blatch, "'Even Adults Need to Play": Sandplay Therapy With an Adult Survivor of Childhood Abuse', *International Journal of Play Therapy*, 26.1 (2017), 12–22 (pp. 19–20).

⁹⁵¹ H R Rose, 2003, p. 2.

⁹⁵² *Ibid.*, p. 19.

⁹⁵³ 'The Power of Sandplay', p. 94.

On 28 September 2021, through The Writers Guild Foundation, I took a Zoom webinar with showrunner and writing team Robert and Michelle King, which Nichelle Tramble Spellman moderated. The Kings are creators of many hit CBS and Paramount+ shows, including *The Good Wife*, *The Good Fight*, and *Evil*. The Q&A assuages IC fears expressed in March 2018, concerns about working and living in ‘an industry and society that worships youth’, which might mean I am too old to follow my screenwriting career dreams. Via the chat, I ask my questions: ‘Can you comment on when you think it's too late for a woman to pursue a career as a TV writer, starting as a writers’ assistant or otherwise? Is age a factor that can get in the way?’ Nichelle Tramble Spellman asks the question, and first Michelle and then Robert King answers (timestamp: 51:10-52:27):⁹⁵⁴

Michelle King: No. We've never, uh, we've had writers in their 70s. Robert King: Frank Pierson was the oldest; Frank Pierson was, I think, 88. [...] Michelle King: We have not had issues with age in our rooms. I mean, We've had writers that were thirty, and we've had writers who had children who were thirty. And to my mind, it absolutely benefits the show to have a great range in every room of life experiences.

Robert King (to Michelle): Although the question was also asking as a writer's assistant, do you think you're penalised if you're coming in as a writer's assistant on the older side? Michelle King: No. Robert King: I don't think so either, but I'm trying to think; obviously, we don't know what every showrunner would do, but I don't think so.



Fig. 33 - *Snakeskin* Message/Medicine - 22 November 2021

⁹⁵⁴ The Writers Guild Foundation, *Showrunner Sessions with Robert and Michelle King*, online video recording, YouTube, 28 September 2021, <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0tJsq44i7Bc/>> [accessed 30 September 2021].

On 22 November 2021, I found an intact snakeskin on the driveway. This is a message, to shed my skin. Yet, it is vital to understand that Nature as numinous can also be powerful medicine; this can be because a person requires a sort of energetic inoculation associated with the messenger. Joseph Campbell said, ‘The old skin has to be shed before the new one can come’.⁹⁵⁵ Per Donald F Sandner, ‘In Northern Australia, a shaman gains power through the snake [...] The snake speaks to his soul and gives it medicine [...] Because the snake has the ability to shed its skin [...] and thus seemingly be born anew, it is regarded as a prime agent of healing and renewal’.⁹⁵⁶ Sandner noted, ‘I have given so much attention to the snake because it is the primary animal link between shamanism and modern psychology. Much shamanic symbolism has been repressed or denied in modern life, but not the snake’.⁹⁵⁷ With its natural undulation or spiral movement, the snake symbolises flow. Miranda Green wrote that the ‘sacred snake’ of Celtic symbolism with its ‘sinuous, rippling [...] as it flows [...] has a resemblance to water and the river’.⁹⁵⁸ Dylan ‘means ‘sea’ or ‘ocean’ and also pertains to flow’.⁹⁵⁹ Per Green, the snake has ‘complex [...] Romano-Celtic’ meaning, which suggests ‘water, fertility, death and regeneration’.⁹⁶⁰ Green posited that the snake is ‘sacred’ and pertains to ‘the underworld, death, healing, renewal and fertility’.⁹⁶¹ I keep the snakeskin beneath a framed map of ‘The History of Science Fiction’ by Ward Shelley.⁹⁶² The snakeskin medicine helps me make this very difficult transition, while the snakeskin message is a reminder that, like Inanna, I must descend to the depths and then die and be reborn.

Jung spoke to the more nuanced psyche meaning of snake in writing, ‘The snake symbolizes the numen of the transformative act as well as the transformative substance itself, as is particularly clear in alchemy. As the chthonic dweller in the cave she lives in the womb of mother earth, like the Kundalini serpent who lies coiled in the abdominal cavity, at the base of the spine’.⁹⁶³ As regards the hero’s journey and that of the heroine by extrapolation, Joseph Campbell says that the ‘effect of the successful adventure of the hero is the unlocking and release again of the flow of life into the body of the world. The

⁹⁵⁵ *A Joseph Campbell Companion*, p. 18.

⁹⁵⁶ ‘Introduction: Analytical Psychology and Shamanism’, in *The Sacred Heritage*, p. 9.

⁹⁵⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 9.

⁹⁵⁸ Miranda Green, *Animals in Celtic Life and Myth* (London: Taylor and Francis, 2002), loc. 3831. Kindle ebook.

⁹⁵⁹ Andrew Lycett, *Dylan Thomas: A New Life* (London: Phoenix, 2014), loc. 471.

⁹⁶⁰ *Ibid.*, 3141.

⁹⁶¹ *Ibid.*, loc. 3141.

⁹⁶² Ward Shelley, ‘The History of Science Fiction’, <<http://www.wardshelley.com/paintings/pages/HistoryofScienceFictionprint.html/>> [accessed 21 June 2021].

⁹⁶³ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 5: Symbols of Transformation*, p. 567.

miracle of this flow may be represented in physical terms [...] dynamically as a streaming of energy, or spiritually as a manifestation of grace'.⁹⁶⁴ This 'torrent [...] from an invisible source, the point of entry being the center of the symbolic circle of the universe', per Campbell and Jung, is the flow of libido into the mended psyche and whole being.⁹⁶⁵ Energy, kundalini, rises as part of grounding into the body and thus pertains to the whole being and writing flow. Finding the snakeskin was an elating mystical experience clearly indicating ongoing—and impending—change. Yet, Jung's word 'chthonic' pointed to Underworld dangers.⁹⁶⁶ Already, the heroine's journey to individuation felt incredibly challenging. How far down was I to travel into my psyche Underworld, how deep did my personal alchemy rabbit hole go? The journey was daunting; thus, the snakeskin seemed to be both an encouragement and a warning.



Fig. 34 - Rose Symbol of the Self - 24 November 2021

I did Sandplay trays on 24 November 2021. The first sandtray was to symbolise a traumatic event or wound that I had been carrying that seemed to define me and that I wanted to shift and move beyond. A critical tray element would be the symbol of my wounded self. The wound, the traumatic experience that I wanted to move beyond, was the psyche shattering and trauma following ritual abuse, 'father rape',⁹⁶⁷ abuse by my grandfather, molestation by a stranger in a Vogel State Park bathroom, and other girlhood experiences of being molested. A profound way that these experiences continued to harm

⁹⁶⁴ *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, p. 54.

⁹⁶⁵ *Ibid*, p. 52.

⁹⁶⁶ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 5: Symbols of Transformation*, p. 567.

⁹⁶⁷ *Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape*, p. 281.

me was by causing me to isolate myself from others or be so wounded that it was difficult to write. I chose a red stained glass rosebud to symbolise my pre-trauma child self (Fig. 34). ‘The rose blooms in the “rose-garden” of the maiden; therefore, it is also a direct symbol of the libido’ per Jung.⁹⁶⁸ Given my surname and a childhood memory of a rose garden as a safe place, roses have always had resonance. ‘The Rose’ psychosynthesis exercise exercise further underscored the flower's importance.⁹⁶⁹ The inherent fragility of stained glass mirrored a child’s vulnerability. Upon receiving the rosebud-shaped glass, I was deeply reluctant to shatter it, even for the exercise. Looking at the stained glass rose and imagining harming it made me feel ill. To consider smashing the rose led me to understand past psyche damage—how I had been annihilated—to a greater degree. As my psyche was irrevocably damaged by adult men as a girl, the symbol work highlighted aspects of the childhood trauma for the POS who were fractured by those events.



Fig. 35 - *The Wound: Tray #1 - November 2021*

⁹⁶⁸ C G Jung, *Psychology of the Unconscious*, trans. by Beatrice M Hinkle (Mineola: Dover Publications, 2002), p. 436. Kindle ebook.

⁹⁶⁹ *What We May Be*, pp. 176-177.

There was a drive to procrastinate—incredible mental, energetic, and other resistance—prior to the exercise. Intense anxiety, fatigue, and sleepiness arose. I had to nap. It was incredibly difficult to get started as material, including muscular pain and disturbing emotions, arose in response to my commitment to doing the process. As noted elsewhere in this exegesis, this rare occurrence in doing or approaching inner work signifies that a crucial transformation or shift is at hand. Ready to do this work recalled how, in my twenties, I avidly read true crime books—with photographs, forensics and clues—whose purpose was for the reader to discover what had happened, to whom, and by whom it had been done. In hindsight, reading the books prepared me for a forensic journey where my body, behaviour and memory were the crime scene. Know that, at times, it was necessary to pause and do CranioSacral self-treatment per the book by Daniel Agustoni.⁹⁷⁰ In acquiring Sandplay items and creating the first sandtray, my heart pounded harder, and my emotions got a bit dysregulated as trauma arose for APR. My throat got tight, body pain—including burning in my vagina, bladder, and urinary tract area occurred—and I had the sensation of hands at or pressed against my throat.

I intuitively collected people and objects for the trays. I put a black and white floor on one side of the first tray. The sandtray served as a potent arena for inner exploration, continuously evolving in response to introspection. Two white ducks are visible in the Sandplay tray #1 overview (Fig. 35); the ducks represent an incident in my teens where I observed my father stomp a pair of beautiful white ducks to death because he was enraged at their eating plants or flowers or some other natural duck behaviour. I added a number of male figures to represent various abusers; my intent was to work through multiple incidents of abuse in a single sandtray (Fig. 36). The doll symbolising my birth father had a belt in his hand, two beer cans in his pocket, and clutched a shotgun; these were a manifestation of his real firearms and the sheer dread felt by this man's drunken rages and casual violence, including the killing of innocent animals. These symbols highlighted the potential for impending violence and his AUD. Inner Child(ren) POS carry lingering shame with fears of culpability or guilt regarding the malevolent events; the splintered rose, and the distinct size disparity between the adult and child doll miniature in the sandtray made clear my innocence and the guilt of the adults involved. Viewing the once-intact and exquisite stained glass rose symbol, now fragmented, was

⁹⁷⁰ Daniel Agustoni, *Harmonizing Your CranioSacral System: Self-Treatments for Improving Your Health* (Berkeley: North Atlantic Books, 2011).

deeply unsettling. The broken symbol vividly underscored the extent of the harm inflicted upon me and the arduous task of mending and integrating the psyche and self. I placed the Inner Child doll atop the shattered rose symbol of my formerly intact psyche.



Fig. 36 - *The Wound*: Close-Up - November 2021

During sandtray creation, I felt what the IIs and ICs felt at the time. I felt dead, drugged, like an object, pain in my anus or vagina, semi-conscious of dark rituals going on around me, shattered, broken into shards and pieces, or alternately numb, disgust-filled, horror-stricken, terrified of my father, paternal grandfather, and all of the men, and the organisations with which the people hurting me were involved. I introduced spiders and a doll stand, elevating the IC doll above the tableau, illustrating dissociation from traumatic events. Spiders positioned atop the figures of my paternal grandfather and father (Fig. 37) symbolise their spiritual afflictions—energetic contamination—those malevolent forces intensified by AUD and other addictions that drove predatory and abhorrent conduct. Here are the monsters my II and IC parts of self are terrified of meeting in reality and fiction. It is the APR of this material which will allow me to write villains in SF. This is the child rapist, father, and grandfather, infected by a spidery alien, much like the violent, thrill-seeking, murderous alien who infected Jack DeVries in *The*

Hidden.⁹⁷¹ On the floor is a clock turned upside down. Trauma alters temporal perception: 'It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen'.⁹⁷²



Fig. 37 - *The Wound: Out of Body Experience* - November 2021

In Fig. 37, beheaded by the violation,⁹⁷³ my psyche is shattered, and my 'libido' is cut off.⁹⁷⁴ The Inner Child spirit has dissociated and floated above my body 'crime scene'⁹⁷⁵ after the monsters literalised their 'dark eros'⁹⁷⁶ and fulfilled their 'cruel' dark 'desires'.⁹⁷⁷ She is on her way to a sanctuary outside of my physical body (Fig. 38). In the tray, the IC hovers at an intermediary point between the traumatic incident and her eventual refuge. This tableau doesn't capture splitting, dissociation, or fragmentation exactly. The POS required a safe place to witness the recreation of traumatic events and symbolise going away. Thus, for the purposes of this sandtray, the Inner Child went into an adjacent consciousness space replete with books, creative tools, crystals, and more. The pink rose quartz crystals and pink and verdant flora symbolised love and therapeutic nature. A white owl stood for my love for story, awareness work, and learning.

⁹⁷¹ *The Hidden*, dir. by Jack Sholder (New Line Cinema, 1987).

⁹⁷² George Orwell, *1984* (New York: Berkley, 2017), p. 1.

⁹⁷³ Rhett Diessner and others, 'Beauty and Hope: A Moral Beauty Intervention', *Journal of Moral Education*, 35.3 (2006), 301-317.

⁹⁷⁴ *Psychology of the Unconscious*, p. 436.

⁹⁷⁵ 'Why Sexual Assault is the Cruellest of Crimes'.

⁹⁷⁶ Thomas Moore, *Dark Eros: Curing the Sadoomasochism in Everyday Life* (Thompson: Spring Publications, 2022), locs. 2572-2581.

⁹⁷⁷ 'Why Sexual Assault is the Cruellest of Crimes'.



Fig. 38 - *The Wound: The Psyche Split* - November 2021

Sandtray #1 led to numerous realisations. My father and paternal grandfather were responsible largely for the other harm and abuse that befell my little girl self. Their mistreatment led to my default tendency to dissociate and freeze in fear and my not knowing how to protect myself. Their treatment of me ensured that I would be preyed upon when assaulted by others. The tray also cultivated recognition of the severity of a family situation where neglectful women are turned away from their children or focused on the wrong things. I was defenceless without adult protectors. It must be reiterated that my ICs and IIs, though split off and dissociated, terribly fragmented, numb with terror and frozen, survived. Due to the fracturing, most of my POS were shellshocked, frozen and catatonic, I was outside of my whole being yet attached to my body. Alive, I was away where nothing could get to the POS. It is no wonder that part of me started to dissociate and go out of my body during Dr Capacchione's CJEA facilitator training all of those years ago. The biggest IC cognition was realising how very terrible the collective trauma was/is—that it is a wonder that I survived—and that my birth family has responsibility for what happened due to their action or inaction. Tray #1 helped the IC POS realise that they were not responsible for the abuse; the adult men and women were.



Fig. 39 - *The Wound: The Psyche Hidden* - November 2021

Sandplay provides a method for facilitating the integration of trauma and provides a bridge that enables assimilation into the clients conscious and verbal world. It offers a contained healing space where that which is hidden in the psyche can be revealed.⁹⁷⁸

Per Patricia Sherwood, Lenore Steinhardt, and other scholars, the sandtray serves as a ‘container’ for therapeutic work, allowing for Steinhardt’s ‘descent into dark and murky places’.⁹⁷⁹ The notion of the ‘container’ denotes a safe encapsulation of profound psychological and emotional content, permitting Access | Process | Release (APR) while sustaining or developing increasing Inner Child(ren) emotional regulation. The prolonged engagement—building, photographing, and writing about sandtrays # 1 and #2—resulted in increasing IC emotional regulation. A whole being ‘relaxation response’ was

⁹⁷⁸ Patricia Sherwood, *Trauma Informed Directed Sandplay* (Boyanup: Sophia Publications, 2020), p. x.

⁹⁷⁹ ‘Beyond Blue: The Implications of Blue as the Color of the Inner Surface of the Sandtray in Sandplay’, p. 68.

observed.⁹⁸⁰ Constructing tray #1 was cathartic and seemed to facilitate a degree of desensitisation. Prior progressive relaxation and breathing training with Dr Joseph Wolpe-trained facilitator Marylou Gantner,⁹⁸¹ coupled with continued use of Gantner's exercises during six years of research, appeared to elicit Wolpe's 'systematic desensitization' (SD) process.^{982,983} SD is 'a form of exposure therapy', whose three steps include 'anxiety-evoking stimuli', 'progressive muscle relaxation (PMR)' and 'exposure sessions'⁹⁸⁴ which involve 'practicing relaxation when exposed to an anxiety provoking situation'.⁹⁸⁵ For Inner Child POS, the Sandplay emphasised the passage of time, the difference between then and now. Creating both trays facilitated POS in having positive traumatic body memory perceptual shifts. In tray #2, time/the clock was prominently placed and turned right side up, time restored, symbolic of how I—all POS—associate more and more to present time. In healing the split-off, formerly fragmented selves—IIs and ICs integrating under the supervision of the adult self—I am in the right relationship to time. This is Kurt Vonnegut's Billy Pilgrim, no longer 'unstuck' or stuck in time.⁹⁸⁶

The intention behind Sandplay sandtray #2 was to allow the unconscious to create a symbol that was the opposite of the wound. Tray #2 then symbolised the healing of the wound. Visually, it was clearer, simpler, and very positive. Though unaware of it until writing up this research, the many roses on the chair fabric clearly symbolised multiple POS now retrieved in one larger self. Tray #2 is peaceful; a tiny rose atop the shattered rose psyche suggests ongoing self healing and blossoming. The adult doll representing the adult self or aware ego moved around in tray #2, supervising and keeping a good eye on the Inner Child. She ensures that the IIs and ICs are safe, happy, and doing what we/they/I need to do in life. The IC wrote fiction in her journal in tray #2, enjoying the creative process, and looked forward to reading and writing SF, as evidenced by the Orwell book miniatures on the table by the comfortable chair covered with roses in tray #2. She then communed with animal helpers: fox, lamb, and badger (Fig. 41). I made extensive notes and the Sandplay Categorical Checklist (SCC) developed by Geri Grubbs

⁹⁸⁰ Herbert Benson, Martha M Greenwood, and Helen Klemchuk, 'The Relaxation Response: Psychophysiological Aspects and Clinical Applications', *The International Journal of Psychiatry in Medicine*, 6.1-2 (1975), 87-98 <<https://doi.org/10.2190/376W-E4MT-QM6Q-H0UM/>>.

⁹⁸¹ 'The Body's Miraculous Plan for Stress Control: Breathe Deeply and Let Tension Go'.

⁹⁸² Joseph Wolpe, *Psychotherapy by Reciprocal Inhibition* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1958).

⁹⁸³ 'Systematic Desensitization', in *Encyclopedia of Personality and Individual Differences*, ed. by Kelsey Thomas, Correy Dowd and Joshua Broman-Fulks (2017), 5355-5356.

⁹⁸⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 5355.

⁹⁸⁵ Stephen T Heptinstall, 'Relaxation Training', *Physiotherapy in Mental Health: A Practical Approach*, ed. by Tina Everett, Maureen Dennis and Eirian Ricketts (Oxford: Butterworth-Heinemann, 1995), p. 29.

⁹⁸⁶ *Slaughterhouse-Five*, p. 27.

to record the work (Appendix I).⁹⁸⁷ Note that sandplay therapy typically uses a single tray for a session.^{988,989} I used two trays based on Dr Capacchione's two-part inner work CJEA approach. The second tray facilitated an experience of the emotion of hope.



Fig. 40 - *Healing the Wound*: Tray #2 - November 2021

‘As soon as the sand is touched, memories and feelings of early childhood surface. The underlying assumption of sandplay therapy is that the psyche will lead the individual to wholeness and health’, wrote Kate Amatruda and Phoenix Helm Simpson.⁹⁹⁰ Dr Capacchione's two-part methodology, based on a work which reveals the prevailing emotional landscape and a subsequent work that charts a more desirable future, is uniquely effective. Other methods of working through exceedingly dark or disquieting material could lead to POS being overpowered by despair or similar

⁹⁸⁷ ‘Appendix B: The Sandplay Categorical Checklist (SCC)’, p. 20.

⁹⁸⁸ *Understanding Children's Sandplay: Lowenfeld's World Technique*, p. 3.

⁹⁸⁹ *Floor Games; a Companion Volume to 'Little Wars'*.

⁹⁹⁰ *Sandplay, the Sacred Healing*, p. 5.

overwhelmingly painful affect. The two-part approach of Dr Capacchione bears similarities to the Cognitive Behavioural Therapy (CBT) paradigm, which seeks to discern and then ameliorate maladaptive thought patterns. The second tray kindled positive feelings and put the inner work focus on the now and a more hopeful future.



Fig. 41 - *Healing the Wound: Badger, Fox, and Sheep* - November 2021

Reflections from a 3 December 21 session make clear the power of the work:

From the feeling impression of the IIs/ICs who are preverbal—though becoming more differentiated and increasingly verbal all the time (over the past half-decade)—along with the words/translation of older ICs becoming more integrated/individuated over an integrative trajectory spanning five to twenty-five years, the Sandplay works WELL because it involves no words... just moving symbols around.

Despite my adult self's cognitive understanding of the rose symbol's meaning, observing the shattered rose deepened the Inner Child's comprehension of past events and their impact. Tiny glass fragments in the heart-shaped bowl evoked a profound, acute heartache. In tray #2, the child doll miniature form of the IIs and ICs surveyed the fragmented psyche broken rose symbol. As postulated, the Sandplay modality facilitated the therapeutic journey for emergent II or IC aspects of self and reduced or eliminated the need for verbal engagement. The miniature-centric approach imbued the inner work with a playful element and transformed a therapeutic activity into an experience of play with toys. Despite exploring and working through dark or heavy psyche issues, the elusive and

fragile POS were open to Sandplay. These POS, generally tired, lethargic, frozen, and too sleepy to interact for long, historically got tired and retreated within consciousness quickly. Sandplay sessions, extended or otherwise, demanded markedly lesser cognitive exertion, libido, or energy than CJEJ journaling or Voice Dialogue. Documenting the work in writing and photographs and subsequent analysis could be postponed. This proved invaluable. Sandplay allowed for intermittent pauses or necessary recuperative breaks. Note that Sandplay may not be appropriate for everyone. Amatruda and Simpson indicated that Sandplay is inappropriate for individuals with ‘a psychotic core’ or if a person is ‘abusing drugs or alcohol’ or has ‘a history of psychotic breaks’.⁹⁹¹ The Sandplay therapeutic approach closely resembled the method by which Dibs healed using self-directed play.⁹⁹² Per Amatruda and Simpson, ‘The underlying assumption of sandplay is that the psyche will heal itself [...] in its own time. The unconscious is where healing takes place. The ego will understand when it is right to understand’.⁹⁹³



Fig. 42 - *Healing the Wound: Self-Perception* - November 2021

⁹⁹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 3.

⁹⁹² *Dibs: In Search of Self*.

⁹⁹³ *Sandplay, the Sacred Healing*, p. 6.

Delving incessantly into psychological depths and psyche darkness can have adverse effects, exacerbating distress and potentially making one more ill than one might be otherwise. While addressing trauma is vital, there is an equally significant need to cultivate experiences of beauty. Known for its therapeutic or inherent healing properties, beauty restores the psyche and soul and thus plays a crucial role in an individuation journey. Piero Ferrucci posited that ‘the moment we let ourselves be touched by beauty, that part of us which has been badly bruised or even shattered by the events of life may begin to be revitalized [...] for the moment we fully appreciate beauty we become more than we were. *We live a moment of pure psychological health*’.⁹⁹⁴ To foster healing in and nurture POS, one must engage with beauty, nature’s splendour, artistic creation, mythological narratives, psychosynthesis, and spirituality. These aesthetic endeavours energise or cultivate whole being flow and are of paramount importance. Reinforcing this perspective, Rhett Diessner’s research found that ‘engaging with beauty’ fosters ‘trait hope’, with ‘moral beauty’ having a more pronounced association with trait hope than ‘engagement with either natural or artistic beauty’.⁹⁹⁵ The authors defined ‘moral beauty’ as when an ‘observer’s emotions have been engaged’ by a ‘morally good act’ and ‘their heart has been moved’, and they feel ‘moved and elevated’.⁹⁹⁶ For writers doing depth psyche work, enabling the infusion of hope through media depicting moral or other beauty both heightens consciousness and facilitates literary individuation. In the tray #2 closeup here, the IC looks at animal messengers that she met in Laugharne, Wales.

Yet, oftentimes, dark APR was required. Selma Nemer described how elements of the father ‘are introjected into the daughter as a symbolic representation of her own maleness’.⁹⁹⁷ This is an interpretation of Jung’s assertion that ‘introjection is a process of assimilation’,⁹⁹⁸ meaning the introject is taken from the self-object into the subject. Gestalt views it differently, in disagreement with Jung and Freud, who considered some introjections healthy. Per Freud, ‘The term describes a process by which an outer reality (objects, object qualities), following the model of physical incorporation, come into the mental inner fold’.⁹⁹⁹ In contrast, Perls, Hefferline and Goodman indicated that, although

⁹⁹⁴ *What We May Be*, p. 269 (original emphasis).

⁹⁹⁵ Rhett Diessner and others, ‘Beauty and Hope: A Moral Beauty Intervention’, *Journal of Moral Education*, 35.3 (2006), 301-317.

⁹⁹⁶ Rhett Diessner and others, ‘Engagement With Beauty: Appreciating Natural, Artistic, and Moral Beauty’, *The Journal of Psychology*, 142.3 (2008), 303-329 (p. 307).

⁹⁹⁷ *The Beheaded Goddess*, loc. 862.

⁹⁹⁸ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 6: Psychological Types*, loc. 9063 (original emphasis).

⁹⁹⁹ Sigmund Freud, *The Ego and the Id* (New York: Clydesdale Press, 2019), p. 76. Kindle ebook.

‘as an organism and as a personality one grows by assimilating new material’,¹⁰⁰⁰ assimilation hasn’t occurred with an ‘introject’, which is ‘a foreign body’.¹⁰⁰¹ The Gestalt approach ‘to get rid of’ one’s ‘introjects’ is ‘destroying and reintegrating’.¹⁰⁰²

11 December 2021, I dreamt about a buried horse and a filled-in well:

In the dream, [...] I ask about the horse. We had a horse, or maybe it was my horse, a white or other light horse. I don’t remember seeing the horse, yet am concerned about its whereabouts. The girl tells me that they buried the horse. I go back to the house, and behind it, there is a bridge; under the bridge, I can see the dirt, which has been dug up with hooves but now just looks like earth. She tells me that they had the horse dig a place for itself underground, and they put it under there, maybe for safekeeping. I ask, worried if it is alive, and she says that it is still breathing. Adjacent to the buried horse, apparently lying on its side, with enough space created for air and to breathe, is a large well. The well is made of stones in a circle and appears to be filled in, or buried, like the horse. I don’t recall what colour the horse is, yet it seems like it might be a dappled white mare or white with a hint of grey, and it’s being buried alive ‘for safekeeping’ is horrifying. The other girls are in the house or else otherwise working on the move. I am struck with horror at the horse, my horse, our horse, being buried alive, and I notice the very large well made of stones to the right of it. The well seems to be filled in. There is a beautiful stone wall in a ring around it, yet only a foot or two of the well shaft or opening remains; the water is not accessible.

I felt deadly ill upon waking from this dream; my heart was pounding, and my IIs and ICs were very worried about the horse, the part of me, my psyche, that the horse represented. I also wondered about the well. Edinger indicated that each scene in a dream ‘can usually be best understood as varying ways to describe the same central idea’.¹⁰⁰³ After waking in the morning from the dream, that night, a Kindle book—*From the Cauldron Born*—opened synchronistically on the laptop. A horse quote jumped out at me from the page text: ‘[...] the horse is the feminine symbol of the fertility within the land itself’.¹⁰⁰⁴ The dream was so horrifying that, in my mind’s eye right after, I dug the horse up and became one with it. Then, in my mind’s eye, I dug the dirt out of the dream well. Per Miranda Green, ‘horse and serpent represent the two opposing yet mutually dependent poles of the sky-god’s sphere of influence’, so the snake and horse are the ‘chthonic giant’ and the ‘celestial god’.¹⁰⁰⁵ The two poles seem to indicate the same thing as the living feather symbolised: the earth and solar, or the chthonic and celestial. As we reconnected in 2021, I told Atsá—the Diné acquaintance I had encountered in Big Bear nearly seventeen years previously—about the dream in a telephone conversation.

¹⁰⁰⁰ *Gestalt Therapy*, p. 432.

¹⁰⁰¹ *Ibid.*, p. 436.

¹⁰⁰² *Ibid.*, p. 437.

¹⁰⁰³ *Ego and Archetype*, p. 23.

¹⁰⁰⁴ Kristoffer Hughes, *From the Cauldron Born: Exploring the Magic of Welsh Legend & Lore* (Woodbury: Llewellyn Worldwide, 2012), p. 73. Kindle ebook.

¹⁰⁰⁵ *Animals in Celtic Life and Myth*, loc. 3895.



Fig. 43 - *Sandplay Miniatures*: Female Horse and Male Animus - December 2021

In reply, Atsá sang me a Diné horse song—a melody akin to a prayer or chant. Atsá advised me to pour water on the ground outside as an offering for my dream horse after first burning sweetgrass and adding some sweetgrass ash to the water after our call. He affirmed my unearthing the horse, becoming one with it, and my well-digging endeavour. He revealed that, in his tradition, the horse means life. Yet, the horse and the well clearly have to do with my life force and creativity in particular. Under a starry night sky, I faithfully perform the rituals following Atsá's guidance. I then acquired a pair of Welsh pony figurines, a female as myself and a male as my animus, to use in Sandplay so that I might continue working to free my horse. Following this dream, I set an intention for clarification. Then followed a 13 December 2021 dream of a teen girl—an inner teen POS—who could have an album or collection produced if she would finish a few more pieces of work. Instead of being excited and positive, this dream part of me was reluctant and disinterested. She didn't seem to want to do the few things necessary to be ready. I talked to her about it in the dream; she almost seemed sullen and angry at me that I was pushing her to be creative. I had occasionally sensed possible angry and resistant, incredibly fatigued inner teens with healthy aggression. The dream clarified that the anger and resistance were not due to young POS maturing. Instead, the emotional experiences were an indication of teenage facets of self coming online.

This process of becoming alive was no ecstatic dance into purely joyful being. Integration and individuation of the psyche led to wholeness of awareness which led to personal and collective pain and knowledge, an increasing metaview of my life and all reality. This metaview led to the POS understanding that people are harming and being harmed, plants and animals—generally voiceless, innocent creatures who only kill and hurt in order to survive—are being harmed, and entire ecosystems are being destroyed. I pointed out to the IIs and ICs that one can examine human history and see that by and large threads of evil have always been part of the human lot. The result was that the POS increasingly accepted the mixed bag that it means to be a human, despite the incredible pain of awareness. I determined to do my part in writing, storytelling, whatever I can, while living my soul, or psyche, truth as a sacred storyteller. The creativity case study growth work and numinous experiences were not all painful. On 15 December 2021, increasing psyche wholeness led to a miraculous sun dream. In the dream:

I am in a story (Freudian slip, meant 'store'), and it is grey morning light, and I believe it is a health food/supplement store, not too large, the kind one sees in little shopping centres or malls, but the shelves are virtually empty, I don't see stock. There are no lights on, and there is no one else in there, and I am looking around and the place has rows with shelves and a front with a register counter and area, but I see no products and I see no shopkeeper. It suddenly occurs to me that the shopkeeper, a woman, might be dead on the ground behind the counter where the register is, so I back up and hurry out of the store. I go through one door that leads into a hallway to a mall-type space, a hall that is not totally dark but quite grey and then I turn around and go out an exit at or near the end of the hall. In the next dream, fragment: I am outside, and I light up from the sun. The sun comes inside of me, and every cell in my body is filled with gold light. It is like every cell inside of my body is a sun connected to all of the other suns that are the rest of my body light (Freudian slip, meant to type cells). There is nothing but the light, and the radiance, I am light, and I am radiance. As the light comes into me there is a sound from my cells, not like music, more like a humming.

The psyche evolution dream left me vibrating with energy, filled with light, feeling dazzled. Jung—discussing a sun dream—wrote:¹⁰⁰⁶

As the dreamer himself remarked, the dream had a numinous quality, and this is quite understandable in view of its meaning: it repeats the miracle of the phoenix, of transformation and rebirth (the transformation of the *nigredo* into the *albedo*, of unconsciousness into "illumination") as described in the verses from the *Rosarium philosophorum*:

Two eagles fly up with feathers aflame /
Naked they fall to earth again.
Yet in full feather they rise up soon /¹⁰⁰⁷

¹⁰⁰⁶ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 14: Mystorium Coniunctionis*, p. 77.

¹⁰⁰⁷ *Rosarium Philosophorum* (Francoforti : Ex officina Cyriaci Iacobi, 1550).

It is interesting to note the sun and the feathers described by Jung, symbols emergent in my life. After this dream, an influx of energy, and positive psyche symbols and symbolic lived experience followed. There were many challenges of writing. I often had UTI symptoms which included bladder or genital pain. I wanted to write about that, yet the IC felt ashamed to report such personal, feminine details. To be clear, there has been ongoing whole being pain for years post-trauma yet nothing quite as intense as what arose with the feral II and IC post soul retrieval thaw in the course of this research.^{1008,1009} Yet, the healing of this material offered enormous positive benefits to my psyche and creativity. Increasingly, the formerly feral IIs and ICs integrated into my consciousness. I am, they are, struck by the awareness of how damaged I was and perhaps still am. I think about creativity and creative writing and writing flow and how, quite possibly, creativity may be the domain of a healthy person. I have never thought of myself as broken or unhealthy. I am a person with a damaging past, certainly. Some ICs have felt ‘dirty, damaged, and different’; it was helpful to discover that what these POS felt are exactly Dr Susan Forward’s ‘The Three D’s of incest: Dirty, Damaged, and Different’.¹⁰¹⁰

It had taken decades to cultivate my creativity. Perhaps creative writing, being and feeling creative and working on fiction projects daily were generally outside the reach of most terribly traumatised humans. Yet, creativity was emerging, however challenging its development and experience. There were numerous times after inner work when an upsurge of creative energy and natural libido—the birthright of a healthy baby—terrified me. I didn’t want to see myself as a horribly wounded person. I still don’t. A mother’s inability ‘to provide libidinal supplies for the child’s developing self’, per Masterson, leads to ‘abandonment depression, a complex affective response with six components, including suicidal depression, homicidal rage, panic, emptiness and void, helplessness and hopelessness, and guilt’ and once that pattern is ‘established [...] the abandonment depression will engender in the child a propensity for relinquishing all real-self feelings and activities that reactivate these painful affects’.¹⁰¹¹ Certain elements of the Masterson Approach make it clear why, despite ongoing inner work, my emotions—or affect—have

¹⁰⁰⁸ L S Brunngraber ‘Father-daughter Incest: Immediate and Long-term Effects of Sexual Abuse’, *Advances in Nursing Science*, 8(4), 15-35 (1986).

¹⁰⁰⁹ Judith Lewis Herman and Lisa Hirschman, *Father-Daughter Incest* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2000).

¹⁰¹⁰ Susan Forward, *Toxic Parents: Overcoming their Hurtful Legacy and Reclaiming Your Life* (New York: Bantam Books, 1990), p. 150. Kindle ebook.

¹⁰¹¹ James F Masterson and Anne R Lieberman, *A Therapist’s Guide to the Personality Disorders: The Masterson Approach: A Handbook and Workbook* (Phoenix: Zeig, Tucker & Theisen, 2004.), p. 38.

included periodic periods of intense despair. Masterson's theories are based on concepts influenced by Winnicott and Kohut's object relations theories, specifically:

[...] the drive for attachment is the primary motivational organizer of the self [...] the primary factor determining the intrapsychic structure of a child will still be held in the specific nature of the mother-child relationship [...] Where the mother's libidinal investment is insufficient [...] where there is neglect, abuse, trauma, chronic misattunement, or persistent emotional pressure on the child to submit to a relational bargain primarily designed to serve the mother's psychological needs as opposed to the child's a Disorder of the Self will result.¹⁰¹²

Per Masterson, this results in the child sacrificing their 'real-self activation to false-self compliance' to meet the needs of the parent self-object, which results in 'impairments in the sense of self-identity, adaptive functioning, creativity, and self-expression'.¹⁰¹³ Writing about 'impairments' to identity, functioning, creativity, and self-expression, and painfully living with those harms for the fifty-five years of my life, I recall a woman I met in Swansea. The mother of a formerly abused step-daughter, the woman theorised that trauma experiences result in greater spirituality and creativity. My experience is the opposite, as I said to her then, and Masterson and other practitioners provide evidence that this is the case. Though the inverse might be expected, a theory that establishes a 'Disorder of the Self' is incredibly soothing to me.¹⁰¹⁴ When one has spent their entire life unconsciously feeling that they lacked some essential ingredient which would make them an actual person, adequate and acceptable, it is a relief to conceive that there is nothing wrong with me due to me. It isn't me that is wrong. It is the trauma, always the trauma. It is the past, what happened to me, its impact on my developing brain and self, and my struggle to deal with it now, to process it, in a whole being way, at a pace that will allow me to function, that forms the basis of the predicament.

Feeling incredibly stuck in December 2021, advancing literary individuation seemed to require a quantum jump. Using fury felt at perpetrators, in my mind's eye I pulled lower body libido upward to my heart, throat and head, then channelled that intense libido into new intentions around freeing voice. Intention setting has been shown to support psyche growth and 'well-being'.¹⁰¹⁵ An examination of researcher interaction impact on subatomic particle experiments made clear that directing one's '*thoughts – or what scientists ponderously refer to as 'intention' and 'intentionality' – appeared to*

¹⁰¹² *Ibid*, p. 37.

¹⁰¹³ *Ibid*.

¹⁰¹⁴ *Ibid*.

¹⁰¹⁵ Erica Berejnoi, David Messer, and Scott Cloutier, "Cultivating Spiritual Well-Being for Sustainability: A Pilot Study", *Sustainability*, 12.24 (2020), 1-17.

produce an energy potent enough to change physical reality'.¹⁰¹⁶ Per McTaggart, 'As observers and creators, quantum particles we are constantly remaking our world at every instant'.¹⁰¹⁷ It is always being done for the collective, this 'remaking' of reality, and can be done at the level of the individual with intention.¹⁰¹⁸ Clarissa Pinkola Estés wrote:

To bring back creative life, the waters have to be made clean and clear again. We have to wade into the sludge, purify the contaminants, reopen the apertures, protect the flow from future harm.¹⁰¹⁹

I must 'wade into the sludge' in my whole being via CJEAs.¹⁰²⁰ Traumatic experience unable to be APR at the time of the event creates serious issues. Material foreign to the organism blocks libido and flow, creative and otherwise. At this point in the study, I do not yet realise that an introject is part visceral material stored in the body at the cellular level, much like an Energy Cyst.¹⁰²¹ Despite not knowing that a poisonous animus introject involves more than a mental release or cognitive shift, I created two CJEAs to help expel the introject.¹⁰²² In December 2021, on CJEAs #1, I wrote:

I do a partial non-dominant hand drawing mixed media art piece as I APR my rage at my poisonous animus which rapidly leads me to APR rage against people, men and women, who influenced my animus to be a poisonous, hypercritical, judgmental, nasty part of self who inhibits my creativity, judges myself and every creation as inferior, judges me as not good enough to be a writer, or even a person (such a horrible thought that I could not include that poisonous thought on and in the expressive arts before art container), judges and inhibits my ideas, my writing, my creativity, my entire self, and instead keeps me living a very limited life, keeps me poor, lazy (not writing this part—the word 'lazy'—from my aware ego, as it is the animus itself who spends a lot of time slamming me mentally and emotionally with horrid, black and white, thinking and criticism).

As noted previously, CJEAs facilitator training included a two-part approach to inner work.¹⁰²³ One creates art about how you feel first and then creates a piece about how you want to feel.¹⁰²⁴ In the joyful CJEAs piece #2, an Inner Child self voiced her desire to feel FLOW. The gold butterfly coming out of the head made me laugh out loud, and the IC standing just above the typewriter with a pencil (more her speed) was sweet. The journaling exercise created while making the 'How I Want to Feel' artwork reads:

I want to feel flow. I want to feel unlimited. I want to fly. I want my animus to transform, and it/he will transform and function properly because I am over this, and we are/I am out of that poisonous swamp called my childhood. Those adders and spiders can no longer

¹⁰¹⁶ Lynne McTaggart, *The Intention Experiment: Use Your Thoughts to Change the World* (London: Hammersmith, 2007), p. 5 (original emphasis).

¹⁰¹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 329.

¹⁰¹⁸ *Ibid.*

¹⁰¹⁹ *Women Who Run with the Wolves*, p. 316.

¹⁰²⁰ *Ibid.*

¹⁰²¹ *Your Inner Physician and You*, p. 44.

¹⁰²² *Recovery of Your Inner Child*.

¹⁰²³ *Ibid.*

¹⁰²⁴ *Ibid.*

hurt me. I still felt anger making this art, I am livid that some part of me has been inhibiting my creative expression and really slowing me down on the thesis in particular (December 2021). I'm sick of the emotional fear, a constant 'anxiety-signal' per Freud,¹⁰²⁵ following the poisonous animus judgment that I and my work are inadequate and not good enough or imperfect. I am unwilling to experience any ongoing 'inevitable anxiety' per Angela Garbin.¹⁰²⁶ I absolutely refuse. I'm sick of being stuck and will do whatever inner work remains to unblock my writing flow or Awen completely.

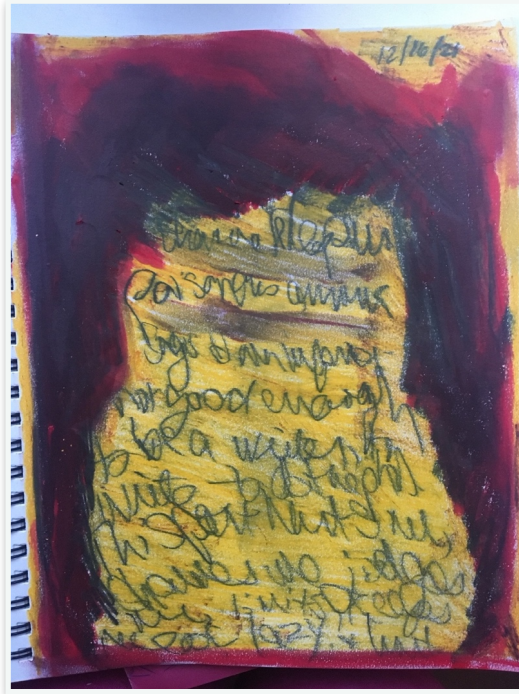


Fig. 44 - *Introjected Animus*: CJEА #1 - 16
December 2021



Fig. 45 - *How I Want to Feel*: CJEА #2 - 16
December 2021

¹⁰²⁵ Sigmund Freud, *Inhibitions, Symptoms and Anxiety*, trans. by Alix Strachy, ed. by Ernest Jones (London: R & R Clark, 1936), p. 111.

¹⁰²⁶ Angela Garbin, *signal locked in Hollywood: A Phenomenological Study of Writer's Block* (unpublished doctoral dissertation, Pacifica Graduate Institute, 2016), p. 90.

From the language and the tone of the journaling, it was clear that the adult self, ready to feel her creative juices flowing, started communicating, yet quickly, the voice became that of the angry teen self. Feeling rage after healthy aggression was suppressed in childhood and contained so long by ‘armor’ was progress.¹⁰²⁷ Nemer wrote:

Incest is a brutal violation of self and other, of separateness, for ego and body-ego development become stunted and fragmented, and the self fails to form as separate or stable. Good and bad become distorted, as is the daughter's healthy aggression. Aggression turns inward, for to allow aggression to emerge is intolerable. The daughter would be like the father, so she turns the narcissism inward, internalizes it into a selfobject where a negative animus figure lurks, taunts, and criticizes the feminine self in the daughter. In place of reality forming or a solid sense of self, the daughter idealizes what is persecutory.¹⁰²⁸

This idealisation of the ‘persecutory’ manifests in early renditions of *Oer*, both in short and ultra-short film scripts.¹⁰²⁹ Rhan and Abertha positively project onto the Zai, the extraterrestrial intruders, who invade the world and their bodies, particularly when they acquiesce to—and find positive—the ‘savage alteration’ of their DNA (see *Oer** – Ultra-Short Script).¹⁰³⁰ In working through these very old narcissistic injuries, injury to the self, occurring during personality formation, I experienced Kohut’s ‘greater cohesiveness of the self’.¹⁰³¹ Progressively, positive projections onto the past and my birth family were reduced, and I gained discernment between my own psyche and introjected elements. Utilising a Lowen bioenergetic framework, I am achieving increased grounding while liberating accrued tension and emotion.¹⁰³² The POS revealed her state of healing, evidenced by her radiant pink glow, in the second artwork (Fig. 45). Per Dr Capacchione’s CJEA methods, appealing collage images were chosen by instinct without premeditation. Yet intuitively, on some level, the IC recognised the significance of the phrase ‘The only limits in life are the ones you make’. The phrase was a reminder that one can transcend constraints residual from childhood abuse. An elegant woman in the background symbolised the ICs current and future maturation and integration with the self. The expressive arts piece indicated the transcendence of pain and stagnation, which previously inhibited expression, thereby liberating voice and creativity.

¹⁰²⁷ *Character Analysis*, p. 322.

¹⁰²⁸ *The Beheaded Goddess*, p. 10.

¹⁰²⁹ *Ibid.*

¹⁰³⁰ *Ibid.*

¹⁰³¹ Paul Tolpin and Marian Tolpin, ed, *Heinz Kohut: The Chicago Institute Lectures* (Hillsdale: The Analytic Press, 1996), loc. 3176. Kindle ebook.

¹⁰³² *The Way to Vibrant Health*, loc. 231.

Come December 2021—though I have done this exercise previously, on more than one occasion, including in the CJEA facilitator training—I wrote a letter to the Inner Child(ren). On this occasion I did ‘Letter to the Damaged Child’, an exercise from Dr Susan Forward’s book (Appendix N).¹⁰³³ Starting in late December 2021, I explored three creative processes that allow for the direct exploration of personal emotions, thoughts, and experiences in art. I read *Arte of Now: Practice of Immediacy in the Arts® (PIA): Practice of Immediacy in the Arts* by Nicolee McMahon, studied SoulCollage® developed by Seena Frost, and at the same time delved into the Proprioceptive Writing technique of Linda Trichter Metcalf.¹⁰³⁴ All three methodologies highlight a profound connection with creation in the present moment while embracing flow. This notion, inherently intertwined with the holistic nature of the human being—the whole being—including the intricate energy system, plays a significant role in the realm of creativity. PIA evolved from Nicolee McMahon’s art background, ‘Zen training’ and a ‘holotropic breath work’ experience with Stan Grof during a several-day retreat with Vipassana teacher Jack Kornfield.¹⁰³⁵ The approach may include an energetic experience, meaning Jung’s influx of libido, as it did for McMahon and has similar work has for myself.¹⁰³⁶ McMahon’s teachers, Hal and Sidra Stone, are cited in the book, which includes an intriguing Voice Dialogue between McMahon and the PIA practice.¹⁰³⁷ Note that Voice Dialogue has profound versatility to expand awareness and foster creativity. Writers may dialogue with facets of themselves or their creative practice or initiate a Voice Dialogue with the narrative, characters, plot, or other aspect of their creative work.¹⁰³⁸

Like McMahon’s PIA, Linda Trichter Metcalf’s Proprioceptive Writing aligns with immediacy principles. Proprioceptive Writing emphasises spontaneous writing to access one’s inner thoughts and emotions. The practice encourages letting go of self-censorship and constraints, allowing words to flow freely from immediate thoughts and sensations. Both PIA and Proprioceptive Writing mean to foster a raw and unmediated connection to the present moment, enabling a more authentic and visceral creative expression. Note that Proprioceptive Writing is both a structured practice—akin to a formal ritual—and an exercise with a structure utilising a quiet writing space, music,

¹⁰³³ *Toxic Parents*, pp. 269-270.

¹⁰³⁴ Linda Trichter Metcalf, *Writing the Mind Alive: The Proprioceptive Method for Finding Your Authentic Voice* (New York: Random House Publishing Group). Kindle ebook.

¹⁰³⁵ Nicolee McMahon, *Arte of Now: Practice of Immediacy in the Arts* (San Diego: Singing Horse Press, 2017), p. 21.

¹⁰³⁶ *Ibid.*

¹⁰³⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 23-25.

¹⁰³⁸ *Embracing Our Selves*.

unlined paper, a candle and a writing instrument. SoulCollage® created by Seena B Frost, aligns with the concept of immediacy and attending to the present by encouraging individuals to intuitively select and assemble images that resonate with their inner selves at that moment. Much like McMahon's exploration of immediacy in PIA, SoulCollage® involves bypassing overthinking and tapping into one's authentic self, resulting in an unfiltered artistic representation that captures the essence of the present.

In essence, the *Arte of Now: Practice of Immediacy in the Arts*® or (PIA), SoulCollage®, and Proprioceptive Writing concepts all converge around the idea that creative expression can directly reflect the present moment, unburdened by preconceived notions or inhibitions. The approaches champion exploration of immediacy in various artistic forms, facilitating a deeper connection to one's inner world and life. Perhaps more importantly, for the Inner Child, these types of processes were engaging and fun and shifted focus from the end product of writing to the process of writing. On 1 January 2021, I did a Write (Appendix L). In the Proprioceptive Writing exercise, using ritual as a writing practice container, the writer associates with the 'proprioceptive sense' or 'the interface of body and mind' as part of the writing process.¹⁰³⁹ In a place where one will be uninterrupted for thirty minutes, with nothing to drink, you light a candle, start some Baroque music, and tune in to yourself. Then, for 25 minutes, you do a Write, writing on unlined paper about whatever you are aware of—whatever you note in consciousness—while listening to the music. Linda Trichter Metcalf created Proprioceptive Writing due to 'a feeling of being completely cut off from her own inner life'.¹⁰⁴⁰ The Write is purely to capture what is present in one's heart and soul. Metcalf indicated:

In Proprioceptive Writing, when the mind wanders, you wander with it on paper. When it becomes "stuck," or lands on a place you're curious about, you take notice and prod it with a mantralike question that asks what you mean by that thought [...] you try not to control your mind or force it into a direction; rather, you leave yourself open to discovery and surprise [...] The goal of both meditation and Proprioceptive Writing is to gain freedom from the attachment you have to your thoughts. The main difference between them is this: In our practice, you work toward this goal by engaging the thoughts and feelings that arise out of the exercise, while in meditation you seek to let go of them'.¹⁰⁴¹

On 30 December 2021, I did a Voice Dialogue with a very perceptive seventeen-year-old POS and realised I had met her previously.¹⁰⁴² She was a POS who easily sees through people and is able to analyse situations thoroughly. Understandably, the past had

¹⁰³⁹ *Writing the Mind Alive*, loc. 383.

¹⁰⁴⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 2.

¹⁰⁴¹ *Ibid.*, loc 155.

¹⁰⁴² *Embracing Our Selves*.

left an undercurrent of rage within her. When I thought of the first time that I met this part in guided forgiveness work, I recalled how this formidable inner persona delivered a forceful blow to my face—in my mind’s eye or inner vision—for indiscriminately forgiving my remorseless birth father and other abuse perpetrators who in no way indicated that they regretted harming me. Dream journaling and Voice Dialogue with this POS intertwined personal growth, introspection and emotional reconciliation to facilitate a profound evolving life narrative.¹⁰⁴³ Despite a lack of experience in the APR of intense rage, that was clearly part of the descent and ordeal ahead. Just prior to and overlapping with this time, on 31 December 2021, I started a two-week online Daily Making Jumpstart creativity course. Meant for crafters, I applied the course concepts to writing. The course to work through creative issues evolved from Kim Werker’s Year of Making and her Mighty Ugly project to help her work through creative issues; it was very much a start where you are with what you have, or experiment and keep at it and do it daily, kind of concept.¹⁰⁴⁴ From the first exercise to make something ugly, the course reduced perfectionistic, fearful IC stress around being creative. Synergy followed cultivating multiple creative practices; the more creative I was, the more creative I was.

I began a brief intensive self-study of SoulCollage®. I started by revisiting ‘Screaming Baby’, a card made by SoulCollage® facilitator artist Marti Winters.¹⁰⁴⁵ Appropriate to this research, the card image features a very young infant’s face whose eyes are scrunched and whose mouth gapes with a scream. The card title and image well mirror the formerly feral, traumatised young, vulnerable POS—incandescent with pain, rage, and hurt because of unmet babyhood needs—who thawed fully during these studies. The card description for ‘Screaming Baby’ is ‘I Am One Who screams to be heard, to be noticed. I scream to let out my pain. I scream I AM!’ In this study, I discovered that ‘Screaming Baby’ is featured in a SoulCollage® book.¹⁰⁴⁶ SoulCollage® creator Seena B Frost posited that personal SoulCollage® card deck creation allows one to delve into their ‘Soul’, ‘Shadow’, and ‘inborn gifts’.¹⁰⁴⁷ Jungian-oriented, SoulCollage® is integrative psyche work where one is ‘gathering your various inner parts, conscious and

¹⁰⁴³ *Ibid.*

¹⁰⁴⁴ Kim Piper Werker, *Make It Mighty Ugly: Exercises & Advice for Getting Creative Even When It Ain't Pretty* (United States: Sasquatch Books, 2014).

¹⁰⁴⁵ Marti Beddoe, ‘Designs for Peace: Practices for Sustaining Lives of Meaning, Joy, and Beauty’ <<https://martibeddoe.com/my-soulcollage-journey/>> [accessed 12 August 2023].

¹⁰⁴⁶ Seena B Frost, *SoulCollage® Evolving: An Intuitive Collage Process for Self-Discovery and Community* (Santa Cruz: Hanford Mead Publishers, Inc., 2010), p. 75.

¹⁰⁴⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 1.

less conscious, lovable and irritating, beautiful and shadowy, and then you “sing” over them so they can transform into a free and more vibrant Soul.’¹⁰⁴⁸ I’d known about the process of card creation by Frost for over fifteen years, yet prior to this research, I lacked the tools and skills required to work with deeper psyche levels, including my feral screaming babies. Frost described the process as a stirring ‘of your *imagination* and *intuition* with [...] *images*.’¹⁰⁴⁹ The process pertains to ritual and ceremony and evolved from ‘myth, archetypal psychology and various spiritual practices’.¹⁰⁵⁰ I studied SoulCollage® via videos online featuring Frost and other instructors having collected magazines to collage with upon returning to the US in July 2019. The card stock had a blue back, very like the Jungian or depth psychology blue ground found in a sandtray box interior. I studied until anxious young parts of me felt ready to make cards. Per Frost:

Some of the images you choose will symbolize inner parts of your self, parts such as your *Nurturer*, your *Organizer*, your *Explorer*, or your *Lonely Inner Child*. Other images will be more mysterious, mythic, and harder to name [...] Larger-Story energies that have chosen to work in you [...] Following the lead of C G Jung, I call these energies “archetypes.” [...] The patterns of your particular path begin to emerge. Then you will see how your unique thread shines in the weaving of the whole fabric of creation.¹⁰⁵¹

On 1 January 2021, I chose images and made two ‘*Neter*’ SoulCollage® cards, the personal cards that Seen B Frost indicated ‘represent different parts of your individual and unique Soul’.¹⁰⁵² Suzie Wolfer found that SoulCollage® facilitates a person to feel ‘more like the producer/director of his life rather than the victim of the script-writer, Fate’.¹⁰⁵³ Citing Frost, Wolfer indicated, ‘When an inner paradigm is externalized, we can name and claim this part of ourselves and [...] inner resources, that help us heal and become more whole by integrating what has been put away for safekeeping’.^{1054,1055} Aspects of self are either strengthened or cultivated by SoulCollage® card creation. Each card has the phrase, ‘I am the one who...’¹⁰⁵⁶ My first card (Fig. 46) features my adult and IC POS, a beach, and we are walking on a piece of paper toward the water, symbolic of the writing and the unconscious. Words are notably in the shadow of my adult POS. The name of the card is ‘I am the one who follows my Inner Child wherever she goes’.

¹⁰⁴⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 3.

¹⁰⁴⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 1 (original emphasis).

¹⁰⁵⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 4.

¹⁰⁵¹ *Ibid.*, p. 3 (original emphasis).

¹⁰⁵² *Ibid.*, p. 5 (original emphasis).

¹⁰⁵³ Suzie Wolfer, ‘SoulCollage: Cross-Cultural Applications for Treating Depression and other Behavioral Health Challenges’, in *Therapists Creating a Cultural Tapestry: Using the Creative Therapies Across Cultures*, ed. by Stephanie L Brooke and Charles E Myers (Springfield: Charles C Thomas, 2015), pp. 93-112 (p. 107).

¹⁰⁵⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 94.

¹⁰⁵⁵ Seena B Frost, *SoulCollage: An Intuitive Collage Process for Individuals and Groups* (Santa Cruz: Hanford Mead Publishers, 2001).

¹⁰⁵⁶ *SoulCollage® Evolving*.



Fig. 46 - *I am the one who... follows my IC wherever she goes.* - 1 January 2021

While experimenting with these myriad creative practices in December 2020, I took a Max D Adams Dynamic Writing screenwriting course.¹⁰⁵⁷ The course partly had to do with language in writing action scenes. Award-winning screenwriter Adams put forth ideas about what words, such as adverbs or phrases, were a killer for the reader. She covered many topics rapidly, without texts or handouts, and only a few slides, so revisiting the content was required for better comprehension. The post-course realisation

¹⁰⁵⁷ Max Adams, *The AFW: Dynamic Writing* <<https://theafw.com/courses/mastering-story-momentum-the-online-master-class/>> [accessed 31 December 2020].

was that there was a need to approach story development differently when possible. From a Jungian perspective, the psyche at times expresses creativity in ways beyond one's control. As previously noted, the phenomenon aligns with Jung's concept of the 'unseen current' that 'sweeps' the writer 'along'; this is that '*autonomous complex*' of the psyche that dictates the creative output, without regard for and often diverging from the writer's initial vision.¹⁰⁵⁸ At the same time I taking the AFW course, I read a related book by Adams. Primarily a screenwriting career text, one section covering 'writing that works, and writing that doesn't' notably mentioned the bardic.¹⁰⁵⁹

Adams described engaging storytellers as 'bards': 'Those are the screenwriters. The story tellers. The bards. They talk through metaphor and action and dialogue. And they hold an audience, because they deliver set up and pay off and punch line'.¹⁰⁶⁰ Unlike some writers, I perpetually study narrative and writing craft. The primary function of the intellect is to absorb, apply, and refine expertise in pertinent knowledge. The book was an energising catalyst, galvanising my engagement with and application of the author's AFW course screenwriting process paradigms. Then something extraordinary happened amid use of multiple creative practice approaches alongside taking the AFW course. The artistic present moment awareness emphasis, and experimenting with applying multiple new concepts in creative practice, culminated in a synergy that facilitated a novel creative experience. It followed creation of SoulCollage® card #2, related to 'Circles Day'—the Kim Werker exercise for the day—after which I did Proprioceptive Write #2.^{1061,1062} During the Write, I wrote down the script concept for *Inheritance* (Appendix M), the idea erupted in consciousness— a flow of Awen—after creating SoulCollage® card #2.

I made several more SoulCollage® cards, did a few more Proprioceptive Writes, and completed the Kim Werker course while keeping in mind and engaging with writing from a PIA perspective.¹⁰⁶³ After creating the second SoulCollage® card, the *Inheritance* feature film script flowed from me over approximately ten weeks. The creative journey was distinct and remarkable. A thorough analysis of this experience lies beyond the scope of this study; it was evident that my access to the creative wellspring of Awen had

¹⁰⁵⁸ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 15: The Spirit in Man, Art, and Literature*, pp. 74-75 (original emphasis).

¹⁰⁵⁹ Max Adams, *The Screenwriter's Survival Guide, or, Guerrilla Meeting Tactics and Other Acts of War* (New York: Grand Central Publishing, 2001), p. 223.

¹⁰⁶⁰ *Ibid.*

¹⁰⁶¹ *Make It Mighty Ugly*.

¹⁰⁶² *Writing the Mind Alive*.

¹⁰⁶³ *Arte of Now*, p. 21.



Fig. 47 - *I am the one who keeps going no matter what.* - 2 January 2021

become more refined. The narrative unfolded with unparalleled speed, making the entire process deeply gratifying. Daily, upon waking or before sleep, I was inundated with scenes. To manage the rapid progression, I used the Final Draft apps on both iPhone and iPad for the first time, later amalgamating scenes on other devices. Intriguingly, during the screenplay's development, I viewed the narrative by looking upside down and out the back of my head through an inverted and backward gaze, as if the narrative emanated from the occipital lobe. The story infiltrated my dreams, and I'd awaken awash in scenes, dialogue and action. It was an unprecedented screenwriting experience.

Use of all of the creative approaches, particularly SoulCollage® creation—an entirely visual or symbolic tool—seemed to simultaneously facilitate increased neural connectivity between words and images and liberate a story from a new place. Writing *Inheritance* followed discovering access to unprecedented creativity by looking upside down and out the back of my head in inner vision, in my mind’s eye. In *Lisey’s Story*, Stephen King vividly illustrated the concept of a creative wellspring located in a dreamy, dark other realm. King’s fiction story pool felt akin to an Underworld where souls go after death. There, protagonist Scott accessed healing and creativity in the ‘word-pool, the story-pool, the myth-pool’.¹⁰⁶⁴ King credited Burton Hatlen, his former English teacher, as the originator of the theory:

It was he who first showed me the way to the pool, which he called ‘the language-pool, the myth-pool, where we all go down to drink’.¹⁰⁶⁵

In contrast, my inner vision acted as a conduit, not to a gloomy, shadow-laden Underworld, but to a realm akin to the nuanced Welsh Otherworld or Annwfn. This transformative place exuded delightful magic and mystery while presenting a dichotomy of beauty and danger. Here, the Awen, or divine inspiration, flowed freely. The inner visual access arose spontaneously, catalysing a wondrous surge from a wellspring of inspiration. It granted literal and symbolic entry to the ethereal domain of Annwfn, where I sipped the essence of Awen. Within this realm, profound emotions, memories, and contemplations seemed to be housed. It is conceivable, metaphorically or otherwise, that the occipital lobe—responsible for visual processing in the brain—aligns with this creative Otherworld. Such an alignment might offer access to the raw imaginative substrates of the unconscious, ready for transmutation into conscious narrative.

Peers in the programme are prolific. Literary, film or other creative successes are announced in group emails often; the postgraduate creative writing culture encourages me to be more and to do more. Though I went part-time on the PhD, when stuck in the US during the pandemic, I maintained full-time hours in transformation through story, personal alchemy inner work, and in writing fiction. In January 2022, an ecofiction poem—written in response to the horrific news about the loss of species in the US¹⁰⁶⁶—was

¹⁰⁶⁴ Stephen King, *Lisey’s Story: A Novel* (New York: Scribner, 2006), p. 97.

¹⁰⁶⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 511.

¹⁰⁶⁶ Tierra Curry, ‘23 Species From 19 States Lost to Extinction’, *Center for Biological Diversity Press Release* <<https://biologicaldiversity.org/w/news/press-releases/23-species-from-19-states-lost-to-extinction-2021-09-29/>> [accessed 1 October 2021].

published in a literary journal.¹⁰⁶⁷ The POS learned that I can enjoy being creative, and write things that may make a positive difference in the world. Then, the work is real and out there in the real world. Growing up on a farm has left a residual sense that making art isn't real work. 'I am alive, I am a person, I can do things, I am a writer and a filmmaker,' they say with real wonder—and astonishment at creative progress..



Fig. 48 - Abuse portals to dark realms:
Tray #1 - 17 January 2022

On 17 January 2022, I did Sandplay using the CJEA two-part methodology approach with tray #1 delving into how I felt, the current issue, and tray #2 being a vision of how I wanted to feel. Tray #1 illustrates POS feeling burdened by depression and other dark somatic experiences due to what they perceived as open portals to demonic realms residual from ritual abuse (Fig. 48). In that tray, the IC knocked down adult abusers. The tray included a candle as a Soul light because it was otherwise too dark. In tray #2, a ripped-up tiny scroll—pertaining to the Inner Child

perception of a relevant ancient Egypt PLE—was placed outside of the tray. The purpose was to facilitate breaking energetic connections and help expel unwanted paternal grandfather and father introjects in the Gestalt sense that an 'introject' is 'a foreign body'¹⁰⁶⁸ which one may reject (Fig. 49). Afterwards, I tore up and burnt the tiny scroll from in a Celtic Animistic 'little fire' as a healing and purification ritual.¹⁰⁶⁹

The SCC post-Sandplay analysis revealed that tray #2 felt like a 'creation of a light self, felt like a wedding to self' (Fig. 49).¹⁰⁷⁰ Not contemplating Jungian concepts at the time, the work was organically done from an intuitive approach purely to liberate the

¹⁰⁶⁷ H Raven Rose, '23 species from 19 States lost to extinction', *In Parentheses Magazine*, 7.3, Winter 2022.

¹⁰⁶⁸ *Gestalt Therapy*, p. 432.

¹⁰⁶⁹ W B Yeats, *The Celtic Twilight* (London: A H Bullen, 1902), p. 10.

¹⁰⁷⁰ 'Appendix B: The Sandplay Categorical Checklist (SCC)', p. 20.

POS from dark material that blocked self-expression and weighed them down physically and emotionally. In a photograph not included here, the purple soapstone heart—given to me in 1998 by Steve Bercov during TLC—lies against the amethyst heart candle holder. The methodology cultivated a numinous experience of shimmering light in the core of my being; I was not thinking of restoring my human energy system. Yet, the sandtray work did facilitate or contribute to a sense of connectedness within, a greater cohesion of self with Self, and a feeling of light and increased libido. These trays reveal the power of Sandplay to facilitate depth psyche shifts required for literary and other individuation. This tray series illustrates the emergent ‘constellation of the Self’ alongside ‘contra sexual animus’ development per Weinrib.¹⁰⁷¹ Per Weinrib, this simultaneous development indicates how Sandplay sandtray work ‘operates at a profound level’ and ‘does indeed reconstitute the mother-child unity’, which would normally occur in a healthy mother-child attachment during development.¹⁰⁷² The work illustrates an inner psyche process, the organic development of a core self, in outer symbolism.¹⁰⁷³ Thus, the trays reveal profound psyche advancement following the research study's unique approach.



Fig. 49 - *Wedding to self*: Tray #2 - 17 January 2022

¹⁰⁷¹ Estelle L Weinrib, *Images of the Self: The Sandplay Therapy Process* (Cloverdale: Temenos Press, 2004), p. 87.

¹⁰⁷² *Ibid.*

¹⁰⁷³ *Ibid.*



Fig. 50 - *Wedding to self*: 'Constellation of the Self' - 17 January 2022

Inner work was undertaken in response to the whole being experience, so it was very much a spiral up and down process. To be clear, this beautiful gain in consciousness, in terms of constellating the Self, did not mean that my inner work was done. Two months later, I did a Voice Dialogue due to intense terror, which prevented me from finishing the *Oer* feature film script draft. The example on the following page illustrates the power of Voice Dialogue to increasingly communicate with and evolve one's consciousness. At times, Voice Dialogue alone may facilitate a cognitive shift or serve to fully APR material that causes or contributes to creative or other blocks.

IC Fear of Visibility Voice Dialogue 20 March 2022^{1074,1075}

Challenges taking the bits and scenes of *OER* and putting them together IN the new script even though I essentially have everything that I need to do that rapidly.

TERROR AND RESISTANCE TO FINISHING SCRIPT. I AM/WE ARE, 3, 5, 9, 11, 12, 15, SICK WITH FEAR THAT I WILL BE SEEN BY THE WRONG PEOPLE AND KILLED FOR SPEAKING OUT. THEY WILL CUT MY THROAT, KILL ME, OR DESTROY ME LIKE THEY DID BEFORE WHEN I WAS IN A SMALL BODY. I AM SO SCARED THAT I FEEL ILL THE WHOLE TIME THAT WE ARE/YOU ARE WRITING THE SCRIPT. IT IS WHY I WANT TO EAT ALL THE TIME TO NOT FEEL, SO SCARED.

¹⁰⁷⁴ *Embracing Our Selves*, locs. 440-444.

¹⁰⁷⁵ *Recovery of Your Inner Child*.

I hear you, ICs. Does it help to know that there is nothing in the script that is explicitly, or obviously, related to my childhood? What happened to me/us? Because, though there are bits that are related, that pertain, and the themes and certain elements are related or similar, *OER* is not my or our life. It isn't what happened to us.

DO YOU THINK THEY/SOMEONE WILL KILL US?

No, I do not. I believe that I will have a long life and that means that all parts of self will have a long life. I really do believe that we will not be killed. Of course, given certain anomalous and difficult to explain life experiences, I think it might be foolish to write a memoir under my own name or use details that are specific. Writing fiction, however, and being careful about the details, hopefully, means that the worst is over in terms of terrible life experiences. I cannot promise you, though, those bad things won't happen to us or even 100% promise that I, the body with all psych parts inside, will never be murdered. I do think it is highly unlikely, and I will of course seek to avoid dangerous situations for the entire rest of my life. Does that help?

IT DOES. BABY IIS SO SCARED. IT HELPS US/ME, 5-YEAR-OLD, TO FEEL CALMER. THANK YOU.

I love you all, all parts of me, so much. I am so sorry that such terrible things happened to me/us. The world has some super evil, noxious (poison/poisonous), people in it. I am sorry about that. This is a planet filled with warmongers, rapists, thieves, sex slave traders, and paedophilea, and despite the fact that there are some very kind, ethical, noble, good people here, there are those other kinds of people. I cannot fix that. It is the way that things are, and some of them are getting away with their crimes.

LIKE THAT PAPER YOU READ TODAY.

Yes, like that online article that I read during research about how there is likely one or more serial killers in most American cities given the number of murders and missing people per the computer database that analyses such things. There are evil people, doing vile/bad, evil, things most hours, if not every minute, and animals are dying, the planet is having trouble with the polar ice caps melting, the seas rising, extreme weather, and other problems of climate change, and many people cannot afford clean water or food, or education, and many other human social or planetary issues, including multiple wars, something like 40 worldwide, ONGOING. I cannot fix this; the most powerful world leaders and wealthiest people cannot or will not fix the situation. We must learn to live with evil + fight it with story.

OKAY, I CAN WRITE NOW. IT WILL BE OKAY. HOPEFULLY, MY ENEMIES WILL FORGET ABOUT ME.

I love you, all parts of me, so very much. I am so sorry that things are this way, and I will try to create a safe, stable life for me/all POS. I love you. xoxo

Approach to the Inmost Cave

I returned to Wales in June 2022 and researched and discovered new tools to help with II and IC regulation issues. In the midst of being too easily triggered and struggling to make healthful food choices, it seemed as if the issues could pertain to an emotional developmental delay. I hadn't brought my sandtray to Wales, though I had miniatures, yet it seemed that—rather than a cognitive approach—body-oriented process work would be more efficacious for working with somatic and physical/kinaesthetic issues. I discovered Primitive Reflex Integration concepts and related exercises in a valuable book series by

Occupational Therapist Kokeb Girma McDonald.^{1076,1077} Use of the exercises helped the IIs and ICs stay grounded despite experiencing acute fear. Additionally, when I felt an impulse to eat—when I was not actually hungry—I would bite a silicone jaw exerciser to strengthen what Perls referred to as ‘biting through’.¹⁰⁷⁸ I crawled, a consciously cross-lateral movement, and did other ‘crossing the midline activities’,¹⁰⁷⁹ to stimulate brain integration or neural connectivity enhancement per Dr Fadigan’s concepts.¹⁰⁸⁰ Fadigan indicated that ‘If you stimulate and challenge the brain, even under severe conditions, it will adapt’ and that ‘all learning is some kind of brain integration’.¹⁰⁸¹ Educator and 10th-degree black belt Daniel Patrick Moriarty drew upon Fadigan’s brain integration and developmental research to develop a martial arts programme for children; anecdotal results underscore the tangible benefits of applying these concepts in one’s life.¹⁰⁸²

Fadigan’s Learn to Learn work has been shown to help students increase academic achievement and self-regulation.¹⁰⁸³ It made sense that my nervous system—the IIs and ICs—could be trained to better APR experiences, including emotion, which seemed felt too keenly post-thaw. Intense emotion seemingly got hung up in my nervous system and bounced around for hours, if not days. Primitive Reflex Integration (PRI) exercises helped, chiefly Moro Reflex (‘Starfish’, or ‘Bridge’ and ‘Duck Walk Holding a Stick’)¹⁰⁸⁴ and Asymmetrical Tonic Neck (ATNR) Reflex (‘Fish’ and ‘Crawling’).¹⁰⁸⁵ The PRI work was grounding and helped my nervous system more easily accept huge influxes of energy, or libido which accompanied or followed ongoing Inner Child(ren) and other psyche individuation work. More importantly, once intense affect, or emotions, arose, the PRI exercises helped me begin to be able to be present to and APR the intense upset. From 2022-2023, I did Moro Reflex and Asymmetrical Tonic Neck Reflex (ATNR) exercises only, as it is unwise to push II or IC development. I used inner audio Voice

¹⁰⁷⁶ Kokeb Girma McDonald, *Integrating Primitive Reflexes Through Play and Exercise: An Interactive Guide to the Moro Reflex for Parents, Teachers, and Service Provider* (Mountain View: Polaris Therapy, 2019).

¹⁰⁷⁷ Kokeb Girma McDonald, *Integrating Primitive Reflexes Through Play and Exercise: An Interactive Guide to the Asymmetrical Tonic Neck Reflex (ATNR)* (Mountain View: Polaris Therapy, 2020).

¹⁰⁷⁸ *Gestalt Therapy*, p. 448.

¹⁰⁷⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 11.

¹⁰⁸⁰ Christa Santos, ‘UCF Research Park Incubator: Life Changing Brain Development’, *The Accelerator*, Volume 1 Issue 2, Fall 2008 <<https://stars.library.ucf.edu/accelerator/14/>> [accessed 22 June 2022].

¹⁰⁸¹ ‘How Stick with Character™ Strengthens Brain Integration Thereby Improving One’s Ability to Learn and Close Tasks Successfully: An Interview with Dr. James Fadigan’.

¹⁰⁸² *Ibid.*

¹⁰⁸³ Sheila D Williams, ‘Self-Regulated Training and the Academic Achievement and Behavior of at-Risk High School Students’ (unpublished doctoral dissertation, Barry University - Adrian Dominican School of Education, 2008).

¹⁰⁸⁴ *Integrating Primitive Reflexes Through Play and Exercise: An Interactive Guide to the Moro Reflex for Parents, Teachers, and Service Providers*, pp. 18-34.

¹⁰⁸⁵ *Integrating Primitive Reflexes Through Play and Exercise: An Interactive Guide to the Asymmetrical Tonic Neck Reflex (ATNR)*, pp. 33-46.

Dialogue to explain things—providing a sort of running commentary—to help the IIs and ICs understand the processes and develop the ability to self-regulate.¹⁰⁸⁶ Emotional regulation is something that one’s birth families would normally teach a child.

During this research from 2017 to 2023, I often listened to two 30-minute audio tracks —*The Dive*TM and *Immersion*TM—from the Centerpointe Research Institute (CRI) Holosync Solution Programme introductory level. The music tracks are from *Awakening Prologue*TM and derive from concepts including that binaural beats audio can stimulate beneficial brain wave states, hemispheric synchronisation, and growth of new neural pathways, and facilitate positive hormonal and other brain and body changes.¹⁰⁸⁷ Founder of CRI Bill Harris designed the audio to stimulate the brain to ‘reorganize at a higher level’¹⁰⁸⁸ after being inspired by the ‘open systems theory of physicist Ilya Prigogine’:¹⁰⁸⁹

Holosync audio technology [...] gives the brain more input than it can handle in the way it is currently structured, and this leads the brain to reorganize itself, over and over, at higher levels of functioning. This is the process: increasing stimulation to the brain » temporary overwhelm of the current system » reorganization at a new and higher level » increased capacity in the person for awareness, emotional health, mental abilities, and the understanding of life experiences in a greater context.¹⁰⁹⁰

‘Audio embedded with tones that generate binaural beats within the brain of the listener produces a predictable alteration in brain-wave activity’¹⁰⁹¹ per researchers using *Awakening Prologue*TM ‘binaural beat audio’ as an anxiety reduction tool for patients with ‘acute pre-operative anxiety’ whose findings confirmed that ‘acute anxiety’ for study participants were ‘approximately halved’.¹⁰⁹² A previous study similarly found that CRI’s Holosync ‘binaural beat audio’ produced ‘superior anxiolysis’ meaning reduced ‘pre-operative’ patient anxiety.¹⁰⁹³ I have used *The Dive*TM and *Immersion*TM since 2003—twenty years—though advanced levels of the *Awakening Prologue*TM level, are not currently appropriate for my use. Experimentation with deeper levels—*Awakening Levels 1-4*, *Purification Levels 1-4*, and *Flowering Levels 1-4*—during the creativity case study resulted in excessive implicit memory stimulation, including graphic, visceral flashbacks.

¹⁰⁸⁶ *Embracing Our Selves*, p. 165.

¹⁰⁸⁷ *Holosync Solution: Awakening Prologue* [download track] (Centerpointe Research Institute).

¹⁰⁸⁸ Bill Harris, *Thresholds of the Mind: How Holosync® Audio Technology can Transform your Life* (Beaverton: Centerpointe Press, 2003), p. 82.

¹⁰⁸⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 133.

¹⁰⁹⁰ *Thresholds of the Mind: How Holosync® Audio Technology can Transform your Life*, p. 58.

¹⁰⁹¹ R Padmanabhan, A J Hildreth, and D Laws, ‘A Prospective, Randomised, Controlled Study Examining Binaural Beat Audio and Pre-Operative Anxiety in Patients Undergoing General Anaesthesia for Day Case Surgery’, *Anaesthesia*, 60.9 (2005), 874-77. <<https://doi.org/10.1111/j.1365-2044.2005.04287.x>>.

¹⁰⁹² *Ibid.*

¹⁰⁹³ E E Chuter, M Allan, and D Laws, ‘A Pilot Study Comparing Reduction of Anxiety by Binaural Beat Audio and Patient-Selected Music in the Pre-Operative Period’, *Anaesthesia*, 62.3 (2007), 310-310 <https://doi.org/10.1111/j.1365-2044.2006.04944_12.x>.

Material triggered was too much to easily APR—harmful to the nervous system— and fragmenting rather than integrative. Centerpointe Research Institute offers support to users of the work due to recognising that their audio programme promotes catharsis. By design, use of the audios will result in ‘chaos’ as ‘an essential part of the growth process’ and lead to ‘*overwhelm*’¹⁰⁹⁴ because the work is designed to evolve the brain. A tool that I used heavily from August 2022 was the *Transforming Aggressive Energy* psychosynthesis exercise from *What We May Be: Techniques for Psychological and Spiritual Growth through Psychosynthesis*.¹⁰⁹⁵ Use of the exercise near-daily (Appendix O) for two months was a critical part of later unwinding and collapsing my character armour.

In July and August, I entered production on a Welsh and English half live-action and half-animated short film. The film's genesis was an ancient Welsh myth about when giants ruled Wales. Recorded by Siôn Dafydd Rhys in *Cewri Cymru Giants or The Giants of Wales and Their Dwellings*—and later translated by Hugh Owens—the tale was based on *Peniarth Ms. 118*, fos. 829-837.^{1096,1097} Additional film inspiration stemmed from the poem *The Rock of Cader Idris* by Felicia Hemans alongside concepts of the fox and femininity, creativity, and shapeshifting, as written about by Ted Andrews.^{1098,1099} The title *By Cadair Idris* was taken from ‘By Cadair Idris, tempest-torn’, a line from *Under Milk Wood*, by Dylan Thomas.¹¹⁰⁰ One summer evening, as I walked home from West Cross, I spotted a fox in Singleton Park. It darted by too quickly for me to capture a photo. Curiously, the next day my animator shared a photo of a fox she had taken in London at roughly the same time — a synchronistic moment. A 2010 panel with director Mike Leigh in Los Angeles, following the *Film Independent* Landmark Theater screening of *Another Year*, inspired me to adopt an unconventional directing approach.¹¹⁰¹ After rehearsals with actors and workshoping rather than scripting his project, Leigh shot the feature film. The idea of similarly developing a concept was intriguing. I would shoot without a script or shot list. I did pre-production on my *By Cadair Idris* film experiment for months, then started filming live-action footage that would ultimately serve as

¹⁰⁹⁴ *Thresholds of the Mind: How Holosync® Audio Technology can Transform your Life*, p. 133.

¹⁰⁹⁵ *What We May Be*, p. 85-93.

¹⁰⁹⁶ Siôn Dafydd Rhys, *Cewri Cymru Giants or The Giants of Wales and Their Dwellings* (Peniarth MS 118 f.829-837, ca. 1600).

¹⁰⁹⁷ Hugh Owen, *Y Cymmrodor*, Vol XXVII (London: Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion, 1917), pp. 125-127.

¹⁰⁹⁸ Felicia Dorothea Hemans, *The Poetical Works of Felicia Dorothea Hemans* (London: Oxford University Press, 1914), pp. 176-177.

¹⁰⁹⁹ *Animal Speak*.

¹¹⁰⁰ *Under Milk Wood*, p. 34.

¹¹⁰¹ *Another Year*, dir. by Mike Leigh (Focus Features International, 2010).

inspiration for London-based animator Tulip Clay Studio. Despite on-location crew-related production issues, like one might experience on any film shoot, making the short film *By Cadair Idris* was joyful.¹¹⁰² Film shoot issues led to new creative choices. I scrapped all of the footage shot on location in Snowdonia the first weekend of July, using footage I personally shot as image references for Tulip Clay animation.

From the 13th to the 17th of July 2022, I go to Måndalen, the village of Voll, in Norway, to Sápmi, the land of the Sami—formerly known as Lapland—to learn from indigenous Sámi elder Berit Alette Mienna. She will teach a group about the ancient form of storytelling of the reindeer herders and fishermen, which is known as joik or yoik. The workshop was held as part of the international indigenous music and cultural festival Riddu Riđđu. ‘The entire life of the Sámi is based on storytelling. The written word came late, and the oral story carries the culture. [...] The Sámi live by and from nature and are, in a way, bound to the soul of nature. [...] A tree is more than a tree; a fish is not just a fish; a cloudberry is more than just a berry’, wrote Håkan Stenlund.¹¹⁰³ In the yoik workshop, I met Sámi music artist Karl Edvard Urheim. Kalle Urheim is a musician who performed at Riddu Riđđu previously.¹¹⁰⁴ The intimate workshops are held in a small goahti—fire in the middle—meaning a traditional Sámi earth dwelling that connects earth and sky. Many people jam inside. I am all the way at the front and seated to the left of the Sámi elder Berit Alette Mienna; she is the wise woman who will allow us to ‘be served coffee made on the campfire, taste Sámi words, and listen to stories’.¹¹⁰⁵ Someone later tells me that the Sámi revere the white reindeer as sacred as it goes its own way; it does not follow the herd. This concept of the ‘holy white reindeer’ as a harbinger of change or a guide into the mystical is evidenced in literature.¹¹⁰⁶ Miranda Green noted the purity and otherworldliness of ‘white creatures’¹¹⁰⁷ and the ‘link between women and horses’ when Pwyll spots Rhiannon riding past on a ‘shining white horse’ in the first branch of the Mabinogi.¹¹⁰⁸ Symbolically, Rhiannon is the ‘maiden mounted on a pale-white horse’ or feminine innocence riding creative purity.¹¹⁰⁹ The Lord of Annwfn’s ‘Glittering bright

¹¹⁰² *By Cadair Idris*, dir. by H Raven Rose (Creadigol Pictures, 2024).

¹¹⁰³ Håkan Stenlund, ‘Britta Marakatt-Labba: The Embroidered Resistance Art’, *Swedish Lapland Blog* (2020) <<https://www.swedishlapland.com/stories/britta-marakatt-labba/>> [accessed 1 May 2022].

¹¹⁰⁴ Kalle Urheim, Riddu Riđđu performer <<https://riddu.no/en/program/kalle-urheim/>> [accessed 21 June 2022].

¹¹⁰⁵ Berit Alette Mienna, ‘Drop-in yoik course with Berit Alette Mienna’, workshop delivered at Riddu Riđđu 2022 (16 July 2022) <<https://riddu.com/en/program/drop-yoik-course-berit-alette-mienna/>>.

¹¹⁰⁶ Neil Kent, *The Sámi Peoples of the North: A Social and Cultural History* (London: Hurst & Company, 2018), p. 80.

¹¹⁰⁷ *Animals in Celtic Life and Myth*, loc. 2933.

¹¹⁰⁸ *Ibid.*

¹¹⁰⁹ *The Mabinogi and Other Medieval Welsh Tales*, p. 5.

white' dogs of the Otherworld, with their 'redness of the ears' which 'glittered as brightly as the whiteness of their bodies', being red and white, symbolise the 'hierosgamos' or the coniunctio of the 'red' masculine and the 'white' feminine.^{1110,1111}

Like a white horse in the Mabinogion, a white deer, stag, or hind, the white reindeer revered by the Sámi are a conveyance to the cosmos¹¹¹² and thus creatures of enchantment that serve as a liminal beings who stand at the boundary of the mundane and the sacred, or magical realms. Green described the white creatures as 'enchanted, Otherworld creatures, sometimes luring humans to the realms of the gods'.¹¹¹³ First Nations and other peoples worldwide have stories about shining white creatures, whether deer, horses, or unicorns, who are symbols of transformation and guide humans from one state to another. When Pwyll and his men see 'a maiden mounted on a pale-white horse travelling along the road'¹¹¹⁴ it is Rhiannon; Rhiannon's marriage to Pwyll serves as a symbol of the female creative's coniunctio with the animus (or, for a man, his coniunctio with his anima). The Hupa of the Hoopa Valley Tribe of the Athabaskan-speaking ethnolinguistic group in northwestern California had their 'vision of a white-skin deer'.¹¹¹⁵ Sápmi, the lands of the Sámi, are sacred;¹¹¹⁶ the Sámi reindeer herders' relationships with the reindeer are such that they say, 'Our souls touch'.¹¹¹⁷ I try to avoid sitting on or touching the skin of the reindeer, but the skins are everywhere on the floor and on the wood benches in this tiny, womblike structure. I pray for the souls of the reindeer, whose plush fur is under my feet. Here are my deer again, this time dead, the fur that wrapped their bodies lying beneath my feet. Unusually, the females of the Sámi reindeer grow antlers of bone and shed them annually. Per Andrews 'Antlers are symbols of antennae, connections to higher forms of attunement. Deer with antlers thus can be a signal to pay attention to your inner thoughts and perceptions [...] The deer leads us back to the primal wisdom [...] reminds us to establish a strong healthy connection with the child before we expose it to many people and other strange energies'.¹¹¹⁸ The soul-

¹¹¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 35.

¹¹¹¹ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 14: Mysterium Coniunctionis*, p. 483.

¹¹¹² Itkonen, Toivo Immanuel, 'Heidnische Religion und späterer Aberglaube bei den Finnischen Lappen.', *Journal of American Folklore*, 63 (1950), p. 115.

¹¹¹³ *Animals in Celtic Life and Myth*, loc. 2933. (original emphasis).

¹¹¹⁴ *The Mabinogi and Other Medieval Welsh Tales*, p. 5.

¹¹¹⁵ Elizabeth Schultz, *The White-Skin Deer: Hoopa Stories* (Lawrence: Mammoth Publications, 2009). Kindle ebook.

¹¹¹⁶ Inga-Maria Mulk and Tim Bayliss-Smith, "Liminality, Rock Art and the Sami Sacred Landscape," *Journal of Northern Studies*, 1.1/2 (2007), 95–122.

¹¹¹⁷ 'Our Souls Touch': Sámi Reindeer Herders', *Galleries: Reindeer* (n.d.) <<https://www.survivalinternational.org/galleries/reindeer/>> [accessed 21 June 2022].

¹¹¹⁸ *Animal Speak*, pp. 263-264.

retrieved POS thaw and integration has made me extremely sensitive to energies and experiences. Reindeer reminded me to be open to the Otherworld, trust mystical guidance and my intuition, and to be self-protective as necessary on this journey of transformation.

The rhythm beat of the Sámi drum, the melodious voice of Sámi elder Berit Alette Mienna chanting, and the crackle and smell of the orange-red and yellow fire made reality seem dream-like, and in moments we were away, transported from ordinary reality to a sacred space. Sámi music artist Kalle Urheim spoke about flow, and that astonished me; by synchronicity, I've gone around the world—and, due to an airline pilot strike, it was very difficult to get here—only to hear another artist speaking of flow and concepts critical to my writing flow creativity research. Kalle Edvard Urheim said that we do not try to move the river, the flow, to our whims. As artists, we go to the river and drink. Urheim says that we build our home there by the river. Flow, Awen—despite the modern desire to control, to grasp, to contain it—is a wild thing of nature and the natural. This corresponds to Jung's concept of 'extraverted' art which one cannot control.¹¹¹⁹ Flow is a particle wave mythic mystery experience that one might cultivate yet never command. Taliesin being dead, I went to Måndalen to learn from living, breathing Indigenous poets as akin to the Celtic/Brythonic peoples as one might get. In terms of the Sámi relationship to reality, I believe that they walk between the mythical, symbolic, and ordinary reality in a way similar to the ancient peoples of Wales. In Norway, it was made clear that storytelling is about creating an energetic, molecular experience or reality, and conveying that to others, whether the narrative is told-sung orally or written. And the greatest storytellers are the bard and bardess, like Taliesin, and the joikers or yoikers, like Sámi elder Berit Alette Mienna and Sámi musician Kalle Urheim, who convey the forces, and energies of reality and sing worlds, elements, creatures, and stories, into being.

Walking to Cwmdonkin Park near the Dylan Thomas Birthplace, in late July 2022, on a low stone wall I spy a stack of books being given away. Synchronistically I discovered the memoir *The Choice*.¹¹²⁰ It is remarkable that the book has been put in my path, as my former La Jolla-based therapist wrote this memoir about her life before and after the Holocaust. Seeing the memoir in my hand, my landlord mentioned that he had read the book for his Swansea-based book group. Finding the book and learning that

¹¹¹⁹ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 15: The Spirit in Man, Art, and Literature*, p. 73 (original emphasis).

¹¹²⁰ Edith Eger, *The Choice* (London: Rider, 2017).

someone that I know has read it quite surprised me. Dr Eger was the La Jolla-based therapist I saw when I lived in Del Mar. This was prior to doing breathwork with Marylou Gantner that brought up my dissociation from past trauma along with PLE material. In her book, Dr Eger terms latent or other traumatic material as these ‘feelings that I have blocked from conscious life’ or ‘disowned feelings’.¹¹²¹ She was taught and mentored by Carl Rogers and Albert Ellis, the founders of Person-Centered Therapy and Rational Emotive Behavioral Therapy (REBT). Edith Eger was a child ballerina who, in 1944, at age sixteen, was sent to Auschwitz, where she was forced to dance for Josef Mengele. I read the memoir and another book from the same pile.¹¹²²

The second book, *The Secret Life of Bees*, is about a girl who runs away from an abusive home with a bad object father who lies and expects the daughter to live a lie, which he pretends is reality. The book is very Southern. The dialect, colloquialisms, and way of life are familiar and reminiscent of my Appalachian childhood in the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Georgia. The little girl escapes the bad object father. Her mother, who is dead, is a missing or absent object, yet the girl makes it to a positive environment where she connects to the archetypal mother and many mother figures. Dr Eger’s personal narrative is more inspiring than the fiction. She is a petite, diminutive person, almost delicate, in person, and having known her personally helped the ICs understand that humans, like me, can face the intolerable and come out the other side stronger. Dr Eger described her journey to get her education, and that was inspiring as well. The tragic enormity of the Holocaust, and Dr Eger’s courage and resilience, made my ICs feel that they too must face their history. Reading the book indicated that I had to go deeper into my body and past as she did in her journey when she models how she began ‘to practice the work of not pushing [...] feelings away,¹¹²³ to ‘formulate a new relationship with my own trauma’,¹¹²⁴ and to seek ‘the direction of further healing’.¹¹²⁵ When Edie Eger accepts an invitation to speak at Hitler’s former Bavarian retreat, in Berchtesgaden, despite her trauma, she mirrored the inner work need to ‘find a way to welcome and embrace what you’re most afraid of’ because ‘then you can finally let it go’.¹¹²⁶ Reading her memoir and thinking about seeing her for sessions all those years ago also helps me

¹¹²¹ *Ibid.*, p. 215.

¹¹²² Sue Monk Kidd, *The Secret Life of Bees* (New York: Penguin, 2003).

¹¹²³ *The Choice*, p. 215.

¹¹²⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 239.

¹¹²⁵ *Ibid.*

¹¹²⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 276.

to see how far I've come as a person and a writer. One way that poisonous animus introjects harm me, or have done so historically, is by devaluing me, my abilities, or art.

Historically, I struggled to create and write. This was the result of being 'afflicted with a negative animus' so that 'any effort at a creative act touches it off so that it attacks' me.¹¹²⁷ Clarissa Pinkola Estés suggests that one might 'to think of Wild Woman, the soul-Self, as the artist and the animus as the arm of the artist'.¹¹²⁸ I experience it more like I am the river, and the positive animus is a part of my psyche river that brings unique directive waters, energies with force, waters that flow fast, when I have the impulse to create. I have significantly more experience with the poisonous animus who is a killer of creativity. It typically will, as Estés proposes, 'push the woman around' or it 'denigrates her work [...] inauthenticating it in one way or another [...] ruining the river'.¹¹²⁹ Whether in a hypercritical, judgmental, sneering, shaming, neutral, kind or questioning voice, expressing doubts, concerns, disapproval, or otherwise pointing out the inferiority of the work or concept, the poisonous animus censures the creative expression of the woman. This negative animus, in my case, is heavily influenced by being whipped or otherwise punished for being a perfectly normal, imperfect human being. That is to say, my father, the male parental bad object, was internalised when it was introjected into my psyche during childhood. Numinous images continue to speak powerfully, and I dream of people preparing for a great battle with extraterrestrials who have infested the human population. The dream mimics early *Oer* script themes, yet, more importantly, are other messages. The 'divine feminine' speaks to me in the dream and tells me to go and 'be with the indigenous'. Also, a tiny lady statue in the dream has had her head broken off, and the guilty party is my father's father. The dream symbolism is indecipherable at first.

16 August 2022 Dream

I am with some people in or near a desert. Meet man in remote location who is preparing for war, with children also fighting, my birth family too?, setting up logistically, strategizing, rows where people, many children, will be close to the enemy, there are aliens/ETs who have infested the human population, and we are in the desert (possibly near Ia, though it feels like Arizona) and preparing to do battle. There will be guns as weapons and at some point during the preparation I become aware that people, children, will pointlessly die, be shot and killed.

Having heard the divine feminine tell me to leave before, I finally listen. I and a couple of other people, women I believe, prepare to leave, I have to tell him that I have to go, the divine has told me to go be with the indigenous. There is a little lady doll.

— There, on a hearth that is like the hearth of sandstone built by my mason grandfather in my childhood home, a tiny lady statue that I am going to take along with another female figure. Then I see someone has broken her head off. I tell one of the other women or people about it as I feel loss.

¹¹²⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 523-526.

Being sent to ‘go be with the indigenous’ by the ‘divine feminine’ seems incredibly important. Some months later, I read comments by James Hillman, in a conversation with Sonu Shamdasani, in *Lament of the Dead*, and—though I cannot find the purported exact original quote—he described a Michel Foucault quote that points to an essential approach to both being a highly functioning human, whatever one’s history and evolution, whether transcending intense childhood or ancestral trauma:

There’s supposed to be a remark by Foucault in which he said the only way to get out of the box of contemporary thinking, meaning sociological reduction, economic reduction, political reduction, all the systems we have for understanding what’s going on, Freudian reduction, is to move up to erudition or move down to the indigenous.¹¹³⁰

In *The Order of Things*, Foucault wrote, ‘the relation of microcosm to macrocosm’ with its ‘signs and similitudes [...] wrapped around one another in an endless spiral’ has ‘obliged knowledge to accept magic and erudition on the same level’ thus making ‘the relation of magic to erudition inevitable’.¹¹³¹ Foucault didn’t use the word indigenous in the passage. Nature with a capital n, the sacred, symbolic, numinous, of the divine or Nature in nature, is his ‘magic’; his ‘erudition’ is awareness or pursuit of the breadths, depths, and heights of human consciousness and knowledge.¹¹³² Foucault’s divining ‘magic’ and ‘erudition’ are the sustenance of the human soul or psyche from a grounded whole being natural cave to the cosmic relationship with reality.¹¹³³ Foucault makes a quite Jungian, almost alchemical, statement that ‘*divinatio* and *eruditio* are both part of the same hermeneutics’.¹¹³⁴ The text suggests:

The world is covered with signs that must be deciphered, and those signs, which reveal resemblances and affinities, are themselves no more than forms of similitude. To know must therefore be to interpret: to find a way from the visible mark to that which is being said by it [...] Divination is not a rival form of knowledge; it is part of the main body of knowledge itself. Moreover, these signs that must be interpreted indicate what is hidden only in so far as they resemble it; and it is not possible to act upon those marks without at the same time operating upon that which is secretly indicated by them.¹¹³⁵

As Foucault and any Jungian might suggest, I read the dream to discern and divine the signs and secrets within. The night vision referenced both nature and Nature, reality and the source of itself, the latter what von Franz termed the ‘natural phenomenon’ that some think of as ‘God’, or ‘that unknown power or mysterious force which makes all

¹¹³⁰ James Hillman and Sonu Shamdasani, *Lament of the Dead: Psychology After Jung’s Red Book* (New York: W W Norton & Company, 2013), p. 187. Kindle ebook.

¹¹³¹ Michel Foucault, *The Order of Things: An Archaeology of the Human Sciences* (London: Routledge, 2005), pp. 35-36.

¹¹³² *Ibid.*

¹¹³³ *Ibid.*

¹¹³⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 37 (original emphasis).

¹¹³⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 35-36.

existence'.¹¹³⁶ The dream says much of importance. I was departing for the actual Indigenous following divine feminine guidance (after initially ignoring the divine feminine instruction). Going to be with the indigenous suggests groundedness, an appropriate relationship between one's body and the earth, a critical part of psyche individuation and integration. In simple terms, the dream revealed the necessity of listening to the divine feminine, or erudition, and returning to the indigenous, grounded nature attuned to the symbolic. It suggested that I depart the futile battle against invading ETs being fought by my family and others. Note the dream SF elements. Literary or other psyche individuation and integration, requires a natural relationship to reality, which one might think of as archaic, primitive or indigenous; the king and queen of oneself are *meant* to marry the land body, to live in reality flow and commune with the divine of Nature. Reclaiming voice and soul, as well as the APR of trauma, has required that I evolve to both 'move up to erudition' *and* 'move down to the indigenous'.¹¹³⁷ Speaking to 'mystical participation', his 'participation mystique',¹¹³⁸ Lucien Lévy-Bruhl wrote:

According to the primitive view, what is seen in a dream is no less real than what is perceived in the waking state - it may be even more so, because what is revealed in this way is of a superior order and may exert an influence on the course of events [...] Since the beings and events with which myths concern themselves are supernatural also, what they tell about those matters has the force, as does a dream, of a revelation. Both myths and dreams, therefore, are objects of deepest respect [...] something compellingly sacred. On hearing the myths they often undergo the same emotional reactions as will move them when the affective category of the supernatural comes into play. Hence the world into which their dreams lead them is hardly, if at all, to be distinguished from the world of the mythic past [Elkin's "eternal dreamtime"]: a world of invisible forces and supernatural powers, on which [...] hangs the happiness and wellbeing, even the continuing existence of the human community.¹¹³⁹

Lévy-Bruhl's perspective on what he terms 'primitive mind'¹¹⁴⁰ is deeply rooted in a colonialist paradigm and ethnocentrism that posits Western rationality, the intellect, the mind split from the body, as 'civilized' or superior and, by implication, he infers that the indigenous is the opposite.¹¹⁴¹ His notion of 'participation mystique'¹¹⁴² suggests that indigenous or primitive people possess a mental state, a 'primitive view',¹¹⁴³ where subject and object are not clearly differentiated.¹¹⁴⁴ In this framework, they engage with

¹¹³⁶ *The Way of the Dream*, p. 10.

¹¹³⁷ *Lament of the Dead*, p. 187.

¹¹³⁸ *Primitive Mythology: The Mythic World of the Australian and Papuan Natives*, p. 110.

¹¹³⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 15-16.

¹¹⁴⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 101.

¹¹⁴¹ *Ibid.*, p. 29.

¹¹⁴² *Ibid.*, p. 110.

¹¹⁴³ *Ibid.*, p. 16.

¹¹⁴⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 109-110.

the world in a more ‘fluid’, interconnected manner.¹¹⁴⁵ While he was striving to describe something observed, his presumptions cast indigenous knowledge systems as inferior or less evolved. The implication is that the peoples and their relationship to reality are ‘primitive’ or ‘archaic’.¹¹⁴⁶ The author, citing Paul Wirz, suggested that ‘modern times’ are superior to or more advanced than ‘the ancient past’.¹¹⁴⁷

In complete contrast to that perspective, in harmony with my experience and thought, George Ohsawa, born Sakurazawa Nyoichi, takes issue with this Eurocentric perspective. He posited that so-called ‘primitive’ worldviews are not inferior but rather different, rooted in a holistic understanding of life, which is ‘perfect consciousness’ or ‘instinct-intuition’.¹¹⁴⁸ Ohsawa advances the idea that the Western rationalist tradition, with its emphasis on dissecting and categorising, is out of balance, neglecting the interconnectedness of all things. In his words, ‘The forgetting or neglecting of the soul is the true source of all physical and moral ills of humanity’.¹¹⁴⁹ This can be linked to the body-mind split in Western science, which often separates physical and mental phenomena into distinct categories for analysis. The dualism of body and mind is a split that many argue has led to numerous issues, including a lack of understanding of mental health, holistic well-being, and even ecological awareness. The reductionist approach can be seen as a limitation rather than Lévy-Bruhl’s evolved consciousness. The ‘participation mystique’¹¹⁵⁰ Lévy-Bruhl described is closer to an original state of the human whole being not yet split into Parts of Self (POS), not yet fractured, identity not obscured by personas, and this concept also echoes the human potential for Inner Child(ren) or Inner Infant(s) integration, when post-APR those aspects of self are no longer divided from the psyche or their environment. The integrated psyche, whose NPE has been APR, rather than being an underdeveloped or primitive awareness, is closer to Ohsawa’s ‘perfect consciousness’.¹¹⁵¹ At times referencing Eliade, Jung wrote:

The shaman climbs the magic tree in order to find his true self in the upper world. Eliade says in his excellent study of shamanism: “The Eskimo shaman feels the need for these ecstatic journeys because it is above all during trance that he becomes truly himself: the

¹¹⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 254.

¹¹⁴⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 4.

¹¹⁴⁷ Paul Wirz, *Religion und Mythos der Marind-anim von holländisch-Süd-Neu-Guinea* (Frankfurt: Universität Basel, 1920), p. 11, cited in Lucien Lévy-Bruhl, *Primitive Mythology: The Mythic World of the Australian and Papuan Natives*, trans. by Brian Elliot (St Lucia: University of Queensland Press, 1983).

¹¹⁴⁸ George Ohsawa, *The Unique Principle: The Philosophy of Macrobiotics* (Chico: George Ohsawa Macrobiotic Foundation, 1976), p. 69.

¹¹⁴⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 40.

¹¹⁵⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 110.

¹¹⁵¹ *Ibid.*, p. 69.

mystical experience is necessary to him as a constituent of his true personality.”¹¹⁵² The ecstasy is often accompanied by a state in which the shaman is “possessed” by his familiars or guardian spirits. By means of this possession he acquires his “‘mystical organs,’ which in some sort constitute his true and complete spiritual personality.”¹¹⁵³ This confirms the psychological inference that may be drawn from shamanistic symbolism, namely that it is a projection of the individuation process.¹¹⁵⁴

Thus Jung made clear—despite his use of the word ‘projection’, revealing a personal split—that a soulful relationship to reality is requisite for individuation and thus literary individuation.¹¹⁵⁵ Donald F Sandner put it thus, ‘Jung realized that in spite of their apparent differences, both shamanism and analytical psychology focused on the healing and growth (individuation) of the psyche’.¹¹⁵⁶ It is vital to understand the sacred—symbols in dreams and myth or other numinous events and experiences—as opportunities to heal the body-mind split and facilitate integration and individuation. The narrow conception of primitive in Lévy-Bruhl's work, subjected to critique by George Ohsawa, serves to fortify Western biases and, in addition to being an offensive prejudiced view of Indigenous persons’ relationship to reality, stands in opposition to our individual and collective ability to live soulfully and to individuate and integrate. Additionally, this perspective provides a valuable lens to consider how these paradigms shape our perceptions of self, others, and the world. The idea that an undifferentiated state between subject and object is inferior reflects not just a colonialist but also a fragmented worldview. The task ahead then necessarily involves reclaiming a form of ‘participation mystique’,¹¹⁵⁷ for it offers the possibility of a more integrated and holistic approach to both scientific inquiry and the journey of human development.

The symbolic meaning of a ‘little lady statue’ who has had her head broken off clearly mirrors a split between soul, body, mind, and emotions. At the time of the dream, and feeling ‘loss’ about the little lady on the hearth of stone built by my grandfather, I had not read *The Beheaded Goddess: Daughters of Narcissistic Fathers* by Selma Nemer. This dream deserves further reflection, yet some meaning was clear. In the dream, I felt loss over the beheading of the adult self—a consequence of the beheading of my child self—when I was sacrificed on a stone hearth built by my paternal grandfather. Later, I

¹¹⁵² Mircea Eliade, *Shamanism: Archaic Techniques of Ecstasy*, trans. by Willard R Trask (London: Arkana, 1989), p. 293, cited in C G Jung, *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 13: Alchemical Studies*, trans. by R F C Hull, ed. by H Read (London: Routledge, 2014), pp. 339-341. Kindle ebook.

¹¹⁵³ *Ibid.*, p. 328, cited in *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 13: Alchemical Studies*, pp. 339-341.

¹¹⁵⁴ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 13: Alchemical Studies*, pp. 339-341.

¹¹⁵⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 339.

¹¹⁵⁶ Donald F Sandner, ‘Introduction: Analytical Psychology and Shamanism’, in *The Sacred Heritage*, ed. by Donald F Sandner and Steven H Wong (East Sussex: Routledge, 1997), p. 3. Kindle ebook.

¹¹⁵⁷ *Primitive Mythology*, p. 110.

read Nemer's words, that 'a beheaded daughter' lacks the ability to 'express, think, and feel freely' and is not 'in touch with her healthy aggression' and lacks 'her own feminine vision, voice, and power' as she has not 'integrated her head and body'.¹¹⁵⁸ This lack of integration of 'head and body' is due to being beheaded when 'boundaries of safety and trust are broken'.¹¹⁵⁹ The dream seems to suggest that going 'to be with the indigenous' will heal the split of the broken-off head being grieved in the dream. It is all quite dark, as the dream signalled grandfather rape as causative, and I can only imagine what my paternal grandfather did to damage my birth father. Margaret Atwood wrote that 'Going into a narrative – into the narrative process – is a dark road';¹¹⁶⁰ the author further adds that the 'poet [...] must make such a descent [...] to do what he does [...] partake of both realms, as Rilke claimed'.¹¹⁶¹ This dark road and descent rapidly led to 'the Ordeal'.¹¹⁶²

The Ordeal

'The Ordeal' is where '[...] the hero enters a central space in the Special World and confronts death or faces his or her greatest fear. Out of the moment of death comes a new life' wrote Christopher Vogler in a famous Hollywood memo that grew into two books.¹¹⁶³ In the Ordeal, one must swim to the bottom of the lake to battle the demon/monster to be transformed inside the belly of Ceridwen. It is autumn in Wales, and the animator is working on footage for *By Cadair Idris*, yet I am not writing; I read or research, yet it is the writing up that must take place even if the shifts in consciousness have not completely transpired. I have physical pain daily. I need to write, yet the II and IC POS are exhausted. I have been reading about motivation, dopamine, and doing inner work, though ultimately, I discovered I do not lack motivation. I envied the rare trauma-free person; I want creative rocket fuel, like Taliesin, to go to the stars. Instead, I was necessarily underground, and the 'black sun' or 'Sol niger'¹¹⁶⁴ was shining on me. My IIs and ICs felt rotten, filled with nigredo material so noxious that it poisoned me and my efforts to take action. I was so far down in the Underworld, in a chthonic realm so deep that everything, moving, sitting up, walking, was a chore. This was how things used to be chronically. Heaviness, lack of energy, and inability to take action or write led to my

¹¹⁵⁸ *The Beheaded Goddess*, locs. 107-111.

¹¹⁵⁹ *Ibid.*

¹¹⁶⁰ *Negotiating with the Dead*, p.176.

¹¹⁶¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 176-177.

¹¹⁶² *Memo from the Story Department*, p. 34.

¹¹⁶³ *Ibid.*

¹¹⁶⁴ *The Black Sun*.

previously quitting any number of projects, education programmes, courses, or other endeavours; this is akin to the space that I lived in darkness from, a barely functioning human, slumbering, not conscious or awake, the space from within which I was unable to access writing flow. This was the space that kept me from being able to write. I want to work, yet I have no libido or flow. Then, a Universal Sandplay toy appeared in my path.



Fig. 51 - *T-Rex*: Universal Sandplay - 29 September 2022

On 29 September 2022, I found a toy dinosaur in the street, brought it inside, and took a photo. At first, I liked it. It was a Universal Sandplay plaything or gift from the universe and a message. I researched the symbolism. He was a tyrannosaurus rex, green and yellow, a bit roughed up on his back. Rapidly, by the second or third day, I became aware of fear when I looked at him. The tyrannosaurus rex began to seem too rough for me, a bit ugly and scary. After a few days, I put him back outside on the patio wall, where he could be seen from the sidewalk and street. There was a nursery school nearby. I told myself—inner audio—that perhaps a child had lost him and would want him back. At the time, I didn't consciously connect finding the dinosaur and then rejecting it with my psyche work and journey. And, yet, I know better. Putting the Universal Sandplay toy

back— something I *never* do upon receiving symbolic communication, ‘numinosities’, or ‘signs’ from ‘the outer world’—was evidence of extreme resistance.¹¹⁶⁵

What Michelle L Schlief terms ‘disidentifying with the bad object’¹¹⁶⁶ seems to precede my ability to expel the bad object introject(s), which may have been taken on unconsciously in an attempt to contain a terrifying, negative experience from the male parental bad self-object. Schlief wrote that the young child ‘introjects this projection and struggles against it, thus forming a relationship with the malevolent bad object, for the purpose of containing the threat imposed by the death instinct’.¹¹⁶⁷ Fairbairn, in his *Psychoanalytic Studies of the Personality*, wrote, ‘the clue to the nature of the repressed will lie in the relationship of the ego to ‘bad’ internalized objects’.¹¹⁶⁸ Schlief wrote about Fairbairn’s opinion that ‘patients can release their bad internalized objects from their unconscious through a process of grieving’.¹¹⁶⁹ While grief and grieving have been a part of my creative writer psyche evolution and literary individuation process, expelling the introject is a whole being process considerably more involved than merely grieving the bad objects who annihilated my core self in babyhood through action or inaction.

One must identify an introject to expel it. Note that reading both *The Choice*¹¹⁷⁰ and *The Secret Life of Bees*¹¹⁷¹ supported II and IC acceptance of a need to go deeper into the innermost cave of pain and to identify the poisonous or negative animus or masculine within—the abusive father introject—in the realm of imagination first, symbolically, and then following in my psyche. Dr Eger’s courageous choice to accept an invitation to tell her story of surviving the extreme trauma of the Holocaust at Berchtesgaden—‘Hitler’s former retreat in the mountains of Bavaria’, the one-time ‘guesthouse and meeting place for Hitler’s SS officers’—was a profound catalyst.¹¹⁷² I had to be more courageous and continue my quest. Yes, to identify the introjects, I had to go deeper. I discovered that there can be no writing flow or Awen if there is no whole being flow. I surrendered to deepening inner work, entering Ceridwen’s fire, recalling Campbell’s words that the flames symbolise ‘the upcoming of shadow—repressed biography, history, and

¹¹⁶⁵ *Ibid.*

¹¹⁶⁶ Michelle L Schlief, ‘Adaptation of the Internal Family Systems Model Among Analytically-Trained Therapists’ (unpublished doctoral dissertation, Massachusetts School of Professional Psychology, 2014), p. 34.

¹¹⁶⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 26 (original emphasis).

¹¹⁶⁸ W R D Fairbairn, *Psychoanalytic Studies of the Personality* (London: Routledge, 2001).

¹¹⁶⁹ ‘Adaptation of the Internal Family Systems Model Among Analytically-Trained Therapists’, p. 34.

¹¹⁷⁰ Edith Eger, *The Choice* (London: Rider, 2017).

¹¹⁷¹ *The Secret Life of Bees.*

¹¹⁷² *The Choice*, pp. 199-207.

traumas'.¹¹⁷³ I must descend into the underworld and enter 'what the alchemists have called the blacker-than-black dimensions of the nigredo'.¹¹⁷⁴ Lowen described 'rigidity due to chronic muscular tensions resulting from unresolved emotional conflicts',¹¹⁷⁵ which are trauma-related tensions to access with the bioenergetic 'expressive exercises'.¹¹⁷⁶ I must APR all NPE or low vibration whole being material, including Energy Cysts, to cultivate my 'most live, most fluid state'¹¹⁷⁷ and regain flow. I must work through the 'long-term character patterns',¹¹⁷⁸ the 'character facade',¹¹⁷⁹ in Reichian terms. It is debris from the past, Upledger's Energy Cysts,¹¹⁸⁰ 'character armor' or 'defensive armor',¹¹⁸¹ made up of 'resistance' and 'infantile material'.¹¹⁸²

My body rigidity and tension are 'structure' or 'armor'—a Reich-identified unconscious constriction and body muscular tension—and 'the way energy moves or is held back in the physical structure'.¹¹⁸³ Reich's notion is that a fragmented, schizoid or other character defence is unconscious, a muscular tension, which ultimately keeps one from facing their neurosis. To be clear, before engaging in ongoing body-oriented processed and Bioenergetic and Reichian exercises, I was unaware of the incredible muscular tension held in my body. The use of Gestalt, self-priming,¹¹⁸⁴ breathwork, Bioenergetic exercises, and more allowed me to drop more deeply into the body. This, plus APR work, triggered the unwinding of the armour. Deep depression or stuckness was followed by weight, pressure, heaviness, and muscular tightness to the point of pain. In personality defence terms, a 'schizoid is most notably an isolated, self-sufficient type [...] introverted and more comfortable with solitary activities', 'sensitive', with a 'deep longing to belong' yet 'has suffered pain' and 'is frightened to move too close and get hurt again' due to being 'fraught with feelings of alienation, fear, and lack of safety'.¹¹⁸⁵ This is due to caregivers who 'did not relate to them as a separate person with needs of their own. If they weren't being used, they were ignored or hurt by the parent'.¹¹⁸⁶

¹¹⁷³ *A Joseph Campbell Companion*, p. 152.

¹¹⁷⁴ *The Black Sun*, loc. 150.

¹¹⁷⁵ *The Way to Vibrant Health*, loc. 231.

¹¹⁷⁶ *Ibid.*, loc. 1537.

¹¹⁷⁷ *Ibid.*, loc. 231.

¹¹⁷⁸ *Whole Therapist, Whole Patient*, loc. 854.

¹¹⁷⁹ *Ibid.*, loc. 4210.

¹¹⁸⁰ *Your Inner Physician and You*, p. 44.

¹¹⁸¹ *Whole Therapist, Whole Patient*, loc. 1087 (original emphasis).

¹¹⁸² *Character Analysis*, p. 77.

¹¹⁸³ *Whole Therapist, Whole Patient*, loc. 597.

¹¹⁸⁴ J Konrad Stettbacher, *Making Sense of Suffering: The Healing Confrontation with Your Own Past* (New York: Dutton, 1991), p. 68.

¹¹⁸⁵ *Ibid.*, locs. 2901-2921.

¹¹⁸⁶ *Ibid.*

For this female writer, Reichian character structure development and armouring followed or occurred at the time of the beheading and separation of her mind and psyche from the body violation. With dissociation from the body and psyche, came the splitting of experience, disconnecting me from my timeline and causing memory and other issues. Chronic ACEs lead to ubiquitous ‘dissociation’.¹¹⁸⁷ Post-CSA, one’s awareness may no longer be grounded in the body and present time. Essentially, trauma fractures one’s reality and puts them out of time. Note that, naturally, triggering events may cause one to time travel periodically because flashbacks thrust us into emergent unresolved traumatic material. This research loosely and informally uses psychological terms like oral or ‘schizoid’—from the work of Reich,¹¹⁸⁸ Lowen,¹¹⁸⁹ Masterson¹¹⁹⁰ and Frisch¹¹⁹¹—to describe specific post-trauma symptoms and guide inner work related to their concepts. Do not misconstrue this work as self-diagnosis or an approach to pathologising what Irene Lyon terms one’s need to ‘unwire, rewire, and regulate your nervous system’¹¹⁹² due to ‘stored survival stress’.¹¹⁹³ Another way to think of this character structure may be the ‘Unwanted Child’ or the ‘Needy Child’ of Core Energetics.^{1194,1195}

I have found no single expert whose work accurately explains the whole being, human consciousness, fractured or otherwise, or the complexity of reality. For the creativity case study purposes, such terms are used to aid in identifying and addressing defences as an integral part of an organic process aimed at APR of the psyche or other whole being aspects that are akin to Upledger’s Energy Cysts.¹¹⁹⁶ In some respects, the work is straightforward. Return to the body, associate to it and the material, all that blocks one’s energy, or libido, and impedes flow, whether whole being flow, Csikszentmihalyi’s ‘harmonious, effortless state’ of ‘flow’,¹¹⁹⁷ or one’s ‘writing flow’,¹¹⁹⁸

¹¹⁸⁷ ‘L’automatisme Psychologique’.

¹¹⁸⁸ *Character Analysis*, p. 416.

¹¹⁸⁹ Alexander Lowen, *The Betrayal of the Body* (Shelburne: The Alexander Lowen Foundation, 2012), locs. 2902-2999. Kindle ebook.

¹¹⁹⁰ James F Masterson, *The Search for the Real Self: Unmasking the Personality Disorders of Our Age* (New York: The Free Press, 1990), pp. 120-125.

¹¹⁹¹ *Whole Therapist, Whole Patient*, loc. 2892.

¹¹⁹² Irene Lyon, ‘New Here? Welcome to this Entire World of Nervous System Health & Healing’ (n.d.) <<https://irenelyon.com/new-here/>> [accessed 23 August 2023].

¹¹⁹³ *Ibid.*

¹¹⁹⁴ Richard Boyd and Helena Boyd, ‘Wilhelm Reich Psychotherapy – The Unwanted Child (Schizoid)’, *Wilhelm Reich Characterology* <<https://www.energeticsinstitute.com.au/characterology/unwanted-child-schizoid/>> [accessed 9 June 2022].

¹¹⁹⁵ Richard Boyd and Helena Boyd, ‘Wilhelm Reich Psychotherapy – The Needy Child (Oral)’, *Wilhelm Reich Characterology* <<https://www.energeticsinstitute.com.au/characterology/needy-child-oral/>> [accessed 9 June 2022].

¹¹⁹⁶ *Your Inner Physician and You*, p. 44.

¹¹⁹⁷ *Flow*, p. 39.

¹¹⁹⁸ H R Rose, ‘An Examination of Traditional and Alternative Story Development Techniques for Screenwriters: In the Context of Creativity and Hemispheres of the Human Brain’ (unpublished baccalaureate thesis, Lesley University, 2003).

and APR. One must ground into the physical, or put the head of the goddess back onto the body. The next step is to APR all formerly repressed¹¹⁹⁹ emotional, mental, physical/ kinaesthetic, and energetic material. This study clarified that if the well within, Estés 'Río Abajo Río, the river beneath the river',¹²⁰⁰ is dammed by NPE—the dirt filling the well or the horse buried underground of my dream—there will be no Awen until flow is restored. And there is very little or no flow when a woman's head remains severed from her body.

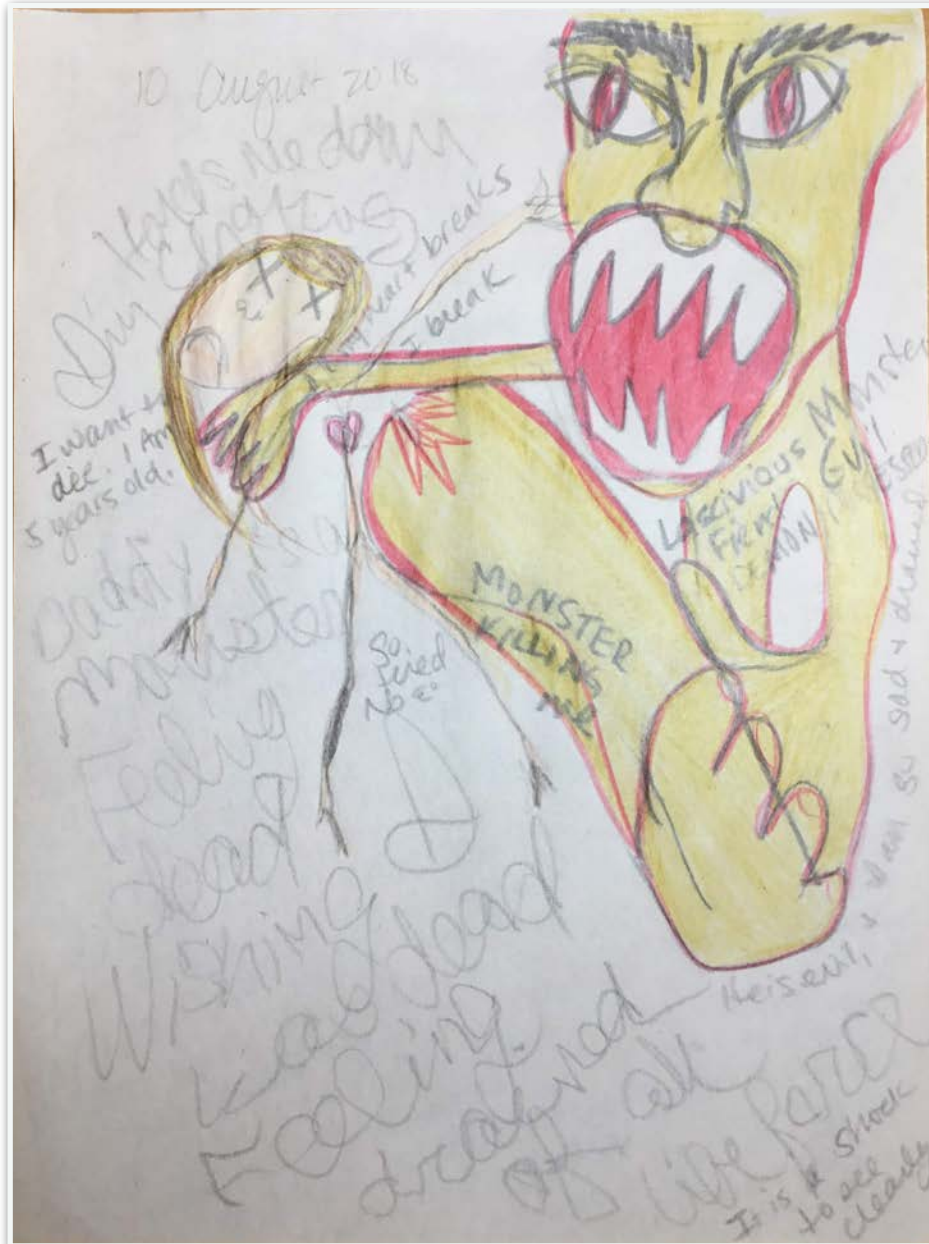


Fig. 52 - *I want to die. I am 5 years old.* - 10 August 2018

In 2022, I found a revelatory piece of expressive art created during this study in 2018. Depicting the experience of a five-year-old Inner Child, the emotionally charged

¹¹⁹⁹ Peter Gay, *Sigmund Freud: An Autobiographical Study*, trans. and ed. by James Strachey (London: W W Norton & Company, 1952), p. 32.

¹²⁰⁰ Estés, p. 313.

drawing illustrates her being beheaded by the monster raping her. My father’s penis—as enormous sword—beheads me and the child self’s head is cut off from her body.¹²⁰¹ Tom Cowan described Taliesin as ‘a Welsh shaman, a master of ecstatic states’.¹²⁰² He further elaborates on a ‘severed head as a source of truth, wisdom, and healing is a common theme in Celtic culture’.¹²⁰³ From a different perspective, Celtic Tribes of Britain are believed to have honoured the head as the ‘seat of the soul’.¹²⁰⁴ Delving into the Mabinogi’s second branch, it tells of how ‘Bendigeidfran ordered his head to be cut off’,¹²⁰⁵ and taken to London to serve ‘as a talisman’ to ‘keep away invaders’.¹²⁰⁶ Anne Ross speaks of ‘the universal Celtic cult of the head’.¹²⁰⁷ Per Selma Nemer, ‘The Beheaded Goddess is an ancient but, until now, unnamed archetype. Her powerful image appears in Neolithic cave paintings, Renaissance art, medieval [...] legend, and contemporary women’s dreams’.¹²⁰⁸ Reverence for the severed head in mythology highlights its perceived power and significance. Akin to the black sun mandala painted in March 2018, the piece was deeply symbolic of emergent psyche contents. Per Jung, ‘the unconscious aspect of any event is revealed to us in dreams, where it appears not as a rational thought but as a symbolic image’.¹²⁰⁹ The profound piece mirrors exactly how a body-mind split follows ‘father rape’.¹²¹⁰ As this makes clear, it is hardly surprising that I depict monsters in science fiction, as, in the Inner Child’s words, ‘Monster killing me’.

I must reattach my head to ‘unlock the repressed contents’ and ‘learn to tolerate the affect directly with lessened levels of anxiety’.¹²¹¹ In the image, the energy (Freudian slip pointing to where my lost libido may be found, meant to write ‘inner’ and wrote ‘energy’.) child clearly explains what is happening: ‘My heart breaks I break Daddy is a molester Feeling dead Wishing I was dead Feeling drained of all life force’. The loss of appropriate ‘kinship libido’—the pure life force from a father who loves a child without molesting them—has drained me my entire life.¹²¹² Nemer described the issues if the ‘kinship libido’, an innocent energetic connection essential for developmental reasons, is

¹²⁰¹ *Ibid.*, p. 133.

¹²⁰² Tom Cowan, *Fire in the head: Shamanism and the Celtic Spirit* (San Francisco: Harper, 1993), p. 43.

¹²⁰³ *Ibid.*

¹²⁰⁴ Anne Ross, *Pagan Celtic Britain: Studies in Iconography and Tradition* (London: Sphere Books, 1974), p. 162.

¹²⁰⁵ *The Mabinogion*, trans. by Sioned Davies (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2007), p. 265. Kindle ebook.

¹²⁰⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 377.

¹²⁰⁷ *Pagan Celtic Britain*, p. 30.

¹²⁰⁸ *The Beheaded Goddess*, p. 3.

¹²⁰⁹ *C G Jung, Man and his Symbols* (New York: Dell Publishing, 1964), p. 18.

¹²¹⁰ *Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape*, p. 281.

¹²¹¹ *The Beheaded Goddess*, p. 133.

¹²¹² *Ibid.*, p. 145.

‘concretized’ or literalised.¹²¹³ Per Robert Stein, ‘[...] if the flow of libido has become stuck in an incest complex, there would be an interference with the whole process of psychological development’.¹²¹⁴ Thomas Moore stated that a psychopath lacks imagination, so, like the Marquis de Sade, they literalise imaginal realm impulses.¹²¹⁵ Per Adolf Guggenbühl-Craig, ‘we must be wary’ of ‘dark eros’, ‘the real horror of the lived-out shadow’ as ‘the distance between feeling and acting out is often very short’.¹²¹⁶ Stein clarifies that the ‘kinship libido’ connection is meant to ‘engender a satisfying feeling of belonging together’,¹²¹⁷ a heart and soul connection, not a sexual genitalia and ego connection. The fruit of rape is always a monster suggested Sylvia Brinton Perera.¹²¹⁸

On the 7th of October 2022, following September PhD supervision, I had another colossal poisonous animus introject release. Before that unfolded, resistance to feedback signalled an inner work opportunity. The experience started when the ICs are enraged about my most recent supervision. Despite that person’s appropriate academic stance and mild critical feedback and good intentions, the ICs seem inappropriately upset about the meeting. Firstly, I inadvertently shush them. Rapidly realising that I have silenced an inner voice, I apologise to the ICs inner audio Voice Dialogue.¹²¹⁹ Apologising to ICs is part of what Lucia Capacchione refers to as ‘nurturing our Inner Child’, which she indicated is a ‘wonderful way to build trust’¹²²⁰ with a part or parts of oneself. I strove to find the well of rage that had been burbling up. Inner audio, I indicated that my supervisor only wanted to help and that the ICs extreme rage was a bit frightening. Then, going within, listening carefully, I discerned that this part’s extreme reaction and pain were a response to another self-critical voice from within. My creative flow slowed and nearly stopped entirely. I was not clear about the identity of this voice, yet it seemed that it could be a poisonous animus introject. I pulled out art supplies and alternately made expressive art and did Voice Dialogue while applying gentle pressure to body parts that had a somatic sensation, a feeling of stuckness, and the release began. I started by

¹²¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 133.

¹²¹⁴ Robert Stein, *Incest and Human Love: The Betrayal of the Soul in Psychotherapy*, 2nd edn (Dallas: Spring Publications, 1973/1984). p. 3.

¹²¹⁵ *Dark Eros*, loc. 1246.

¹²¹⁶ *Ibid.*, loc. 68.

¹²¹⁷ *Incest and Human Love*, p. 142.

¹²¹⁸ Sylvia Brinton Perera, *Descent to the Goddess: A Way of Initiation for Women* (Toronto: Inner City Books, 1981), p. 22.

¹²¹⁹ *Embracing Our Selves*, 165.

¹²²⁰ *Recovery of Your Inner Child*, pp. 120-122.

shouting inner audio at the critical inner voice, which I began realising was not mine. The hypercritical inner voice only became evident after the very mild professional criticism.

What happened after doing expressive arts was surprising. I experienced a whole being release, quite somatic in moments, with coughing, a runny nose, and choking sensations, accompanied by the mouth release of an Upledger's Energy Cyst.¹²²¹ I combined techniques, Voice Dialogue, Inner Child, present moment awareness, applied Jung concepts, use of the breath, elements of Bioenergetics and Primitive Reflex Integration work, and more.^{1222,1223} I had substantial gushy—and alternately sticky or crystallised—slow-to-release material, released from the back of my head and the left ear. The hypercritical male, evil, introject poisonous voice poured out of me as gushy, icky black and brown energies with periodic faint tinges of yellow and grey. It came out of both eyes and feet, and I had flashbacks to being held down by my biological father. he energies flowed down the spine a bit, yet mainly, they released out of the upper back of the head and mouth or throat chakra. It seemed like I was releasing self-hatred, not from myself but from my father. From my perspective of the release, he hated himself. Apparently, during the boundary violations of incest, my person, or whole being, took on something of his whole being experience as he beheaded and violated me. Per Selma Nemer, 'The daughter is filled with his toxicity and she knows not why she is feeling dirtied and contaminated. He fills the daughter with himself, and she takes this in'.¹²²⁴ It was necessary to better sense what was me and mine, or some part of me and what was not. Everything in emotion, spiritually, somatically, mentally, or energetically, had to be metabolised if mine and expelled from my whole being if not. APR of the childhood incident and introject expulsion were accompanied by coughing up mucous and an Energy Cyst-like substance from the throat. Post inner work, I yawned repeatedly as my nervous system integrated the changes. The inner work ejected the related voice and strengthened my sense of self. Such a nasty, visceral release might surprise Freud and Jung but likely not surprise Reich, Lowen, or Fritz Perls.

Jung indicated that, 'When there is no consciousness of the difference between subject and object, an unconscious identity prevails. The unconscious is then projected

¹²²¹ *Your Inner Physician and You*, p. 44.

¹²²² *Integrating Primitive Reflexes Through Play and Exercise: An Interactive Guide to the Moro Reflex for Parents, Teachers, and Service Provider*.

¹²²³ *Integrating Primitive Reflexes Through Play and Exercise: An Interactive Guide to the Asymmetrical Tonic Neck Reflex (ATNR)*.

¹²²⁴ *The Beheaded Goddess*, p. 33.

into the object, and the object is introjected into the subject, becoming part of his psychology [...] a remnant of primitive unconsciousness, of non-differentiation between subject and object'.¹²²⁵ Purdue University sums up Freud's perception of introjection as 'internalization of authority [...] when you introject the demands of your parents and, thus by extension, society, these demands become a part of your own psyche'.¹²²⁶ Jung references Swiss-German positivist and philosopher Richard Avenarius, developer of theories of reality and introjection, as the source of the term.¹²²⁷ According to Richard Appignanesi, interpreting Freud, 'Part of the ego develops the self-critical activities of the super-ego which depend on the introjection of parental figures'.¹²²⁸ John Scanlon illustrated Husserl's adaptation of Avenarius introjection notion as being when a person does 'inject, in thought, into my fellow human being certain ideas, images or impressions of the world'.¹²²⁹ There is a theory which might explain how the introject is taken on in an in-development personality, which may be helpful in identifying and expelling an introject. For example, Richard Appignanesi sums up Freud's theory stating that introjection is a 'process by which relationship with an object (out there) is replaced by one with an imagined mental object (in here). Super-ego is formed by introjection of parental/authority figures. Introjection is both a defense (against anxiety caused by separation) and a normal development (helps the subject become autonomous)'.¹²³⁰

Yet this introject I experienced was far more than Appignanesi's 'imagined mental object', as the introject release process was part energetic and visceral, in an experience very much like Upledger's Energy Cyst release.¹²³¹ Curiously, the introjected voice was so quiet, so deeply embedded in my psyche, that at first I barely heard it. When tuned in to understand what was under the IC anger reaction, the voice was so soft that I was initially unaware that this was not an inner voice of my own. From Kohut's self-psychological point of view, I took into my whole being the paternal self-object's self-hatred, poisonous perfectionism, and an especially toxic thread of 'you will never be

¹²²⁵ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 13: Alchemical Studies*, pp. 44-45.

¹²²⁶ 'Introjection', in *Introduction to Psychoanalysis: Terms and Concepts* [online], ed. by Dino Franco Felluga <<http://www.cla.purdue.edu/english/theory/psychoanalysis/definitions/introjection.html>> [accessed 12 October 2022].

¹²²⁷ C G Jung, *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vols 1-19: Complete Digital Edition*, trans. by R F C Hull, ed. by Gerhard Adler and others (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2014), p. 452.

¹²²⁸ Richard Appignanesi and Oscar Zarate, *Introducing Freud: A Graphic Guide* (Cambridge: Icon Books Ltd., 1999), p. 170.

¹²²⁹ John Scanlon, 'Objectivity and Introjection in Ideas II', in *Issues in Husserl's Ideas II*, ed. by Thomas Nenon and Lester Embree (Dordrecht: Springer Netherlands), pp. 213-222 (p. 213) <https://doi.org/10.1007/978-94-015-8628-3_12>.

¹²³⁰ *Introducing Freud: A Graphic Guide*, pp. 170-171.

¹²³¹ *Your Inner Physician and You*, p. 44.

enough, you need to die'. I did want to die after my father molested me, yet the voice came from an actual male parent introject, who—whether for archetypal, ancestral, his childhood wounding, or other reasons—wanted to kill me or the innocence or anima that my person reflected. The psyche excavation and cellular release work epiphany—only discoverable and tolerable after years of research—was a revelation. Approaching the inmost cave, my outer work slowed to a stop. Inner work intensified by necessity. I had a few conversations, inner audio, with my ICs. I wanted to finish the PhD. It was difficult to balance POS needs with the preferences of the adult self and personality. The delicate process of psyche evolution and the POS needed more time, yet time was running out.

Reading *Deerskin* by Robin McKinley on 16-17 October 2022 was the only thing that got me unstuck. In February 2020, I discovered the semi-autobiographical *Patrick Melrose* novel series by Edward St Aubyn. Based on the 'father rape'¹²³² of Aubyn's boyhood self, the books detail his abusive childhood and subsequent adult drug addiction and other issues. When that series came to my attention, I made a list of fiction featuring child protagonists abused by their parents. *Deerskin* an 'unflinching' story of 'incestuous rape'.¹²³³ A retelling of Charles Perrault's French fairy tale *Peau d'Âne*, or *Donkeyskin*, after her mother dies, a king determines to marry his princess daughter; yet, the girl runs away, and no 'father rape' occurs.¹²³⁴ *Deerskin* was based on the somewhat sanitised fairy tale of *Donkeyskin* or *Peau d'Asne* by Charles Perrault; the Andrew Lang version makes the king who desires his princess daughter into her 'adopted father'.¹²³⁵

Per Bottigheimer 'Perrault may have treated an existing theme of paternal incest with a simple sweetness, but it is inconceivable that he would have introduced incest into a story if it had not already been there'.¹²³⁶ McKinley's retelling of *Donkeyskin* was graphic. Lissla Lissar suffers 'father rape' and its consequences.¹²³⁷ In Perrault's *Donkeyskin*, the girl escapes violation at the hands of her father. In the modern *Deerskin*, as is appropriate given the high incidences of father rape and abuse, in reality, the girl was raped by her father, the king. During and after reading it, I had flashbacks and was

¹²³² *Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape*, p. 281.

¹²³³ Amelia A Rutledge, 'Robin McKinley's 'Deerskin': Challenging Narcissisms', *Marvels & Tales*, 15.2 (2001), 168-82 <<http://www.jstor.org/stable/41388596>>.

¹²³⁴ *Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape*, p. 281.

¹²³⁵ *The Grey Fairy Book*, ed. by Andrew Lang (New York: Dover Publications, 1967), p. 14.

¹²³⁶ Ruth Bottigheimer, 'Before Contes du Temps Passé (1697): Charles Perrault's "Grisélidis" (1691), "Souhais Ridicules" (1693), and "Peau d'Asne" (1694)', *Romanic Review*, 99.3/4 (2008), 175-189 (p. 175) <<https://doi.org/10.1215/26885220-99.3-4.175>>.

¹²³⁷ *Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape*, p. 281.

ill. Still, reading a text where post-rape heroine Lissla Lissar heals and ultimately finds life happiness—despite the court blaming the girl for her father's attraction to her—was deeply healing. The ICs being heartened energised me slightly. Though the heroine's recovery was heartening, latent traumatic material meant I had symptoms of illness after reading *Deerskin*. Clearly, the II and IC integration was deep; the stomach pains that I had as a girl, formerly forgotten about, returned in 2022 as the feral POS thawed.

17 Oct 2022, 13:46

Stomach Pains

Renewal of childhood stomach pains occurred today, though this is not the first time in 2022 that my stomach has hurt. I had a big Inner Child reaction after reading the end of *Deerskin*, the incest myth-based novel, they were very upset. The father is aged by her telling a short version of what happened, too much mystical influence, not much confrontation, then the father has no other reaction, and she runs away. There is no punishment or other consequences for the father and the atrocities that he committed against her. I had forgotten that I used to get stomach aches.

Yet, after reading the novel, I remained unable to write. In an IC Voice Dialogue of 19 October 2022,¹²³⁸ I asked the POS why they wouldn't write or let me, the adult self, do so. I FEEL TOTALLY AND COMPLETELY INADEQUATE. *Why?* I asked. BECAUSE MY FATHER UTTERLY HATES ME. I was shocked and saddened by these words. At two years and nine months of age, in an alcoholic, violent, and otherwise abusive home, in bed trying to sleep, terrified by what my birth father was doing to my four-year-old older sister, I unwittingly made a sound. I gasped in horror and tried not to cry, inadvertently getting the monster's attention. Somehow, being molested felt like being murdered, and POS perceived the abuse as meaning that I was a terrible girl, a bad person. I cried, aged 55, writing that because it has been so near impossible for my ICs to let go of the malignant idea that I am guilty, a bad girl, flawed, and imperfect. Reading Alice Miller's work and body-oriented process work to APR violations has helped me to more fully comprehend past harm and let go of such ideas. Reading fiction or nonfiction literature featuring victims of incest has been invaluable.

¹²³⁸ *Embracing Our Selves*.

I ask inner audio how old this part or parts are, as she/they obviously have some language. Nine, twelve, five and younger. *Yes, I admitted. Based on anecdotal evidence and assessment of the situation, I believe that he at least partly hated you and all women,* as may have done his father, perhaps like a great many of certain men in the South of that and previous eras. *But being hated by a man who is a paedophile, sex addict, womaniser, a violent man who sometimes beats others, or is a predator doesn't mean you are inadequate. It means that you were not given proper parenting,* I tell them. The ICs respond in a chorus of voice inner audio. *But now, I said, I or parts of me, am the inner parents, and I say that you are adequate. I love you.* They felt teary and like laughing simultaneously. Tears slowly made their way out. I breathed heavily and thought about how I, for the most part, lost the ability to cry—because they couldn't cry—when the feral POS first began to thaw. It was as if they were too shocked or frozen to cry. Just in the last year, I had regained the ability sometimes to cry. *Do you have anything else you want to share?*, I ask the ICs and IIs gently, saying it in inner audio Voice Dialogue¹²³⁹ as I typed. *I am happy,* they said, and I was smiling hugely again because this part of me was smiling and happy. *You are enough, I said; you are perfect, I said. I celebrate you. You are amazing. You are courageous. You are intrepid. I can keep coming back to this relentless pursuit of psyche evolution because of your courage and willingness in the face of my adult aware ego insistence that this inner work must be done. The primal pain must be healed. You accept my insistence that I must transcend false selves and APR material, or introjects, that cause or contribute to issues and rewire the brain and whole being.*¹²⁴⁰ They don't get most of that, yet they comprehend my love, gratitude and commitment to all POS. *You are my heroines, and you are enough,* I say, inner audio with much feeling.

Stories about adult female survivors of incest written by men or non-survivors invariably include elements toxic to actual female adult incest survivors. Thus, it was been crucial to find those writing about sexual abuse from an informed stance. Being in anguish much of the time, it was helpful beyond words to read works including victims as heroes or heroines who, in the words of John Owen Havard, 'explore tormented interior states' due to incest or other abuse and then, in the end, overcome the darkness.¹²⁴¹ I read the Patrick Melrose novels, which have been described as accurate in

¹²³⁹ *Ibid.*

¹²⁴⁰ *The Restoration of the Self*, p. 210.

¹²⁴¹ John Owen Havard, 'Emotional Storm: Weathering Toxic Feeling in Edward St. Aubyn's Patrick Melrose Novels', *Contemporary Literature*, 58.4 (2017), 556-584 (p. 556) <<https://muse.jhu.edu/article/707335>>.

terms of childhood trauma and PTSD,¹²⁴² based on Edward St Aubyn's experience of father rape by his biological father. The hero overcame the radioactive cloud, heroin addiction and other issues that followed being brutalised and sodomised from age five by his father. An interview with Edward St Aubyn, author of the Patrick Melrose novels, revealed that the author 'thought about committing suicide every day'.¹²⁴³ I read *Know My Name: A Memoir* by Chanel Miller, *The Kiss* by Kathryn Harrison, a profoundly courageous memoir. Despite being very triggering at times, flashbacks making it nearly impossible to function, and needing breaks and APR work to continue reading, reading the texts was a vital part of choosing to use my voice. Reading fiction or other narratives written by survivors of sexual assault made me feel like I could do this, too: I could learn to use my voice instead of hiding behind toxic secrets and the anonymity that shamed me.

On impulse, determined to get unstuck, I take the Inner Child(ren) to see the Mid Wales Opera perform *Puss in Boots* by Xavier Montsalvatge on the 19th of October 2022 at the Taliesin Arts Centre.¹²⁴⁴ I'd seen a flier advertising it, and despite being extremely low energy, the IIs and ICs wished to go. My adult self hope was that, as Joseph Campbell suggested, experiencing this rarely performed work would provide a 'secret opening through which the inexhaustible energies of the cosmos' will pour forth 'to touch and inspire deep creative centers' in me.¹²⁴⁵ Ted Williams indicated that 'anytime a cat becomes predominant [...] look for magic'.¹²⁴⁶ It is magical that just when I desperately need a shift, something to get unstuck, the perfect myth to facilitate that will be performed in the city where I am. Like Knud Rasmussen's Inuit person who can 'see in the dark',¹²⁴⁷ felines see in the dark as 'cats have more rods in the retinas of their eyes, which enhances light perception'.¹²⁴⁸ Marie-Louise von Franz indicated that '[...] wherever there is a pearl there is a monster lying on it'.¹²⁴⁹ Attending the opera performance caused psyche shifts in perspective for IC POS and my adult self; I saw the daunting task before me when, in the opera, the cat faced and ate the monstrous ogre, whom it tricked into becoming a mouse. The now less-feral POS and my adult self both

¹²⁴² Angelika Wójciak, "'A Graveyard of Buried Emotion": Representation of Childhood Trauma in The Patrick Melrose Novels' (unpublished dissertation, Jagiellonian University Repository, 2020).

¹²⁴³ Mick Brown, 'Edward St Aubyn on the childhood trauma behind Patrick Melrose: "I thought about committing suicide every day"', *The Telegraph*, 14 May 2018. <<https://www.telegraph.co.uk/tv/0/edward-st-aubyn-childhood-trauma-behind-patrick-melrose-thought/>> [accessed 9 October 2022].

¹²⁴⁴ David Truslove, 'Mid Wales Opera Triumphs with Puss in Boots', *Opera Today*, October 2022. <<https://operatoday.com/2022/10/mid-wales-opera-triumphs-with-puss-in-boots/>> [accessed 21 August 2023].

¹²⁴⁵ *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, p. 23.

¹²⁴⁶ *Animal Speak*, p. 259.

¹²⁴⁷ *Intellectual Culture of the Iglulik Eskimos*, pp. 112-113.

¹²⁴⁸ *Ibid.*

¹²⁴⁹ *Individuation in Fairy Tales*, p. 49.

had an epiphany about the powerful symbolism. As a heroine approaching the Ordeal, to complete my quest I must face, kill, eat, and metabolise the ogre or monster.¹²⁵⁰ Though my monster is within and Gestalt ‘assimilation’ will be required to APR or metabolise the material.¹²⁵¹ Deeply sad, the ICs cried inner audio; they were sick of inner work. Yet the *Puss in Boots* myth language made clear to all POS that I must do the inner work, however daunting or frightening. The importance of intuition and the necessity of following synchronicity in the individuation journey cannot be emphasised enough.¹²⁵²



Fig. 53 - *T-Rex: Fear of the Monster Within* - 25 October 2022

I brought the dinosaur back inside on 25 October 2022. Still fearsome, I gently filed down the worst of his rough parts. On the topic of T-Rex, Martha Beck wrote:

You may think that a huge carnivorous dinosaur would be a good animal totem. It's so strong and sassy and rambunctious. But in truth, T-Rex energy is the ultimate inner lizard, the totem of fight-or-flight reactions so severe they'll cause you to burn your house down because there's a spider in the basement.¹²⁵³

Roaring dinosaur is a default attitude of terrified POS. They are ready to burn down my house—crawling out of my skin, jumping at any sudden movements—at the first sign of danger. Slowly, they have started learning that the sky is not falling—not

¹²⁵⁰ *Memo from the Story Department*, p. 34.

¹²⁵¹ *Gestalt Therapy*, p. 432.

¹²⁵² *Jung and Intuition*.

¹²⁵³ Martha Beck, 'Lame Animal Totem: T Rex' (4 March 2014) <<https://marthabeck.com/2014/04/t-rex/>> [accessed October 2022].

every person on this planet is secretly evil—yet their mistrust remained huge. Watching Puss in Boots jump on and consume the mouse in the opera—along with bringing the tyrannosaurus rex inside—readied my whole being to enter the abyss and look deeper into my psyche darkness. The *Puss in Boots* myth catalysed a transformation, facilitating an emerging ability for formerly feral IIs and ICs to APR enormous charged dark material yet remain regulated despite intense emotions. The experience illustrates Jung’s view of myths as ‘miracle tales’ with enormous transformative power.¹²⁵⁴

In the last week of October 2022, very late in the case study, I travel down deep into the dark lake of my psyche, and down, down, to battle the monster I go. To be clear, here be psyche monsters, underworld experiences as yet unmetabolised. In outer world reality practical terms, though, I didn’t yet comprehend this fully. Instead, in between reading and writing, I constantly dialogued with psyche parts that slowed or stopped my work. To start, I was doing significant II/IC work daily. This means Voice Dialogue and more. I was drinking a creamy vegan hot drink, and I felt how soothed the IIs and ICs felt with my mouth positioned as if sucking from a straw. These POS— psyche fragments so split off that they seem individual—showed me something surprising. In the way that only part of one’s own consciousness can, in an inner audio sing-song reminiscent of toddler joking or yoiking, my POS reveal how happy my birth mother and father seemed to be when I stopped being a person with a full spectrum of emotions, thoughts, and actions, and, when drugged by a bottle of milk, was put to sleep. This was an enormous epiphany. It was horrifying to recognise how an early pattern of self-created dissociation through overconsumption of food developed in part due to my psyche being incorrectly wired to believe that I needed only to eat and sleep, eat and sleep. My infant POS was being conditioned to learn that my mother and father preferred me to be voiceless, silent, alive, yet unmoving as if frozen. This issue was compounded by later abusers commands to be silent or be killed and by molestations that involved having an adult male sexual organ shoved in my throat. In reading one of Arthur Janov’s Primal Therapy eating disorder case studies involving sexual trauma, I recognised relevant patterns, and the ICs communicated certain details relevant to those deep-seated issues.¹²⁵⁵

¹²⁵⁴ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 9. Part II, Aion: Researches into the Phenomenology of the Self*, p. 35.

¹²⁵⁵ Arthur Janov, *Primal Healing: Access the Incredible Power of Feelings to Improve Your Health* (Pompton Plains: New Page Books, 2006), p. 165. Kindle ebook.

Based on Arthur Janov's understanding that 'Imprinted feelings form reverberating loops of neural networks within the limbic/brainstem circuit',¹²⁵⁶ I performed some IC Voice Dialogue exercises. I soon found that working with my own implicit memories in this way was like being lost in a subterranean, shadow world of my psyche. It was all-consuming. One Primal Therapy case study recounted how a girl was molested from age five and a half until age eight. As an adult, she realised in therapy that her eating issues arose due to childhood abuse by a mother's boyfriend. She recalled that she ate breakfast before her abuser took her to school each day. Reviewing that particular case study made it possible to grasp how I unconsciously recreated the aspect of certain abuse aspects, stuffing my throat/self with food—recreating the whole being experience, which was tied to the thought of 'I cannot breathe'—as my throat was stuffed with an adult phallus or constrained by an adult arm pressed against my neck. If one eats enough, it inhibits easy breathing as well as blocks the throat. This recreated previously unconscious traumatic experiences of the feelings, physical/kinaesthetic or somatic, and thoughts during molestation. It effectively recreated a situation that seems to be unconsciously designed to bring into awareness the thoughts/fears/beliefs, the mental NPE, of 'I cannot speak, or he/they will see/kill me' and 'I cannot speak'. It caused me to feel so stuffed that it was reminiscent of experiencing my birth father's arm lying across my throat, cutting off my voice and, inadvertently, my air supply. It seems clear that eating excessively, beyond the use of excessive food to suppress affect that the ICs find too challenging to regulate emotionally, is partly an unconscious way to choke and silence myself, the way that I was choked and silenced. This pertains to Freud's 'repetition-compulsion',¹²⁵⁷ yet brought to mind the words of an eating disorder specialist and lecturer who spoke around 2015 when I attended graduate school in art therapy and counselling in Santa Fe; the expert said that her anorexic clients were saying no to everything, but that her clients diagnosed with bulimia—those with binge eating disorder—couldn't say no to anything. I wonder if this is because—like myself—they were not allowed to say no or set boundaries as children.

The process of Primal Therapy-related inner work was disturbing and difficult, and yet also inescapable. However, as Janov stated, 'For the suffering neurotic who may

¹²⁵⁶ Arthur Janov, *The Primal Scream: Primal Therapy: The Cure for Neurosis* (New York: G P Putnam's Sons, 1970), p. 396.

¹²⁵⁷ *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, p. 18.

think that Primal Therapy is too overwhelming or too difficult to go through, I would only say that the Herculean task is to be what you're not. The easiest thing to be is yourself'.¹²⁵⁸ I do bioenergetic throat neck exercises and then do exercise 44 and punch the air and say, 'Get away!' per Lowen's prescription.¹²⁵⁹ I modify it and then drive both fists forward and strongly say, 'No!'.¹²⁶⁰ I practice sensing into my throat, mouth, face, and neck area when I become aware of emotional material and observe a desire to eat excess food. What is fascinating is that I repeatedly become aware of a feeling of being choked, unable to breathe easily, and a corresponding sense of mild panic accompanied by the urge to eat to tranquillise my emotions. The use of Celtic Animistic ceremonies, such as the use of ritual 'sacred herbs' or 'fire' for purification or protection, lighting a candle prior to APR work and then blowing it out at the conclusion, helped create a safe container to do the work.^{1261,1262} Ritual makes the ordinary or profane sacred, and containers, or containment, are necessary because flashback flooding, a flood of painful material and related NPE arising from cellular memory, is not uncommon when doing inner work. Thinking back over the time since the feral IIs and ICs have thawed, their frequent impulse to eat when stressed was plainly partly a re-creation of being silenced, a filling up, that occurred when as a baby—up until age two when dieted—I was hushed with food or later choked when my child self was forced to fellate someone or my father put his arm on my throat while raping me. Otherwise, it was a desire to suppress experience with excess intake. Witnessing the impulse and paying intense attention to the somatic experience despite initial deep discomfort caused the desire to eat to pass entirely. A feeling of energetic freedom was followed by several yawns, which indicated release and integration. Just after the exercise, I observed my eyes were watering slightly, and I felt incredibly relaxed. The intense tranquillity that followed and the watering eyes suggested a parasympathetic nervous system 'relaxation response'.¹²⁶³ The experiment in witnessing a desire to eat and all arising somatic and other experience facilitated my 'narcissistic defense' in collapsing shortly thereafter.¹²⁶⁴

¹²⁵⁸ *The Primal Scream*, p. 396.

¹²⁵⁹ *The Way to Vibrant Health*, loc. 1307.

¹²⁶⁰ *Ibid.*, loc. 231.

¹²⁶¹ *The Cambrian Popular Antiquities*, p. 36.

¹²⁶² Elias Owen, *Welsh Folk-Lore: A Collection of the Folk-Tales and Legends of North Wales* (Oswestry: Woodall, Minshall, and Co., 1986), p. 53.

¹²⁶³ Herbert Benson with Miriam Z Klipper, *The Relaxation Response* (New York: HarperCollins e-books, 2009).

¹²⁶⁴ *Character Analysis*, p. 50 (original emphasis).

Nearing the completion of the exegesis first draft, a deeply suppressed latent experience emerged. It started with the typical darkness, despair, near-overwhelming experiences of heaviness, physical and other pain, and feelings of hopelessness. It was perhaps the most disgusting experience of my early life. The experience is of being a teenaged girl and being raped by two men and a woman. This flashback was to an experience which occurred prior to the strange incident during high school where I woke up walking in a hallway and didn't know how old I was, what grade I was in, or where I was supposed to be. That moment faded, and I forgot everything. As previously shared in this document, some other part of me obviously took over. I recorded that incident in this exegesis without knowing that the hallway incident pertained to material requiring APR to successfully conclude and write up this creativity case study. Previously, the somatic material that arose prior to the flashbacks would have been interpreted as deep depression or anxiety and pain. Instead, as Frisch described, citing Reich, the somatic experience was revealed to be the 'character armor' or 'defensive structure [...] actively in place so the deeper contact with feelings and pain, and the real issues are not surfacing due to the presence of the character defense'.¹²⁶⁵ Throughout late September and October, my lifelong defences crumbled further with a self-priming Primal Scream 'practice'¹²⁶⁶ and Bioenergetic exercises to ground into the body and loosen the 'muscular tension' of 'character armor'.^{1267,1268} I increasingly 'deepen into [...] early experiences of loss of love and losing' my 'real self', and 'feel into the innermost layers of grief and loss' that 'necessary grief that must be felt rather than acted out'.¹²⁶⁹ Finding the dinosaur Universal Sandplay toy on 29 September 2022, and first rejecting and then retrieving it in October, and attending the opera *Puss in Boots* were catalysts that helped the ICs to enter the abyss and be with the T-Rex levels of deeply bound disgust, rage, and terror.

The defences cover deeply suppressed emotional affect, including the grief and aggression of the 'chronic depressive' with a 'history of unmet needs and losses'.¹²⁷⁰ Gestalt practices from 2021, to experience 'actual present awareness', and conclude any 'unfinished situation' or 'incomplete gestalt',¹²⁷¹ and make greater 'contact' with the

¹²⁶⁵ *Whole Therapist, Whole Patient*, loc. 1192.

¹²⁶⁶ *Making Sense of Suffering*, p. 68.

¹²⁶⁷ *The Way to Vibrant Health*, loc. 454.

¹²⁶⁸ *Whole Therapist, Whole Patient*, loc. 4982.

¹²⁶⁹ *Ibid.*, locs. 3640-3650.

¹²⁷⁰ *Ibid.*, loc. 2067.

¹²⁷¹ *Gestalt Therapy Verbatim*, p. 65.

‘environment’ and become aware of and expel any ‘introject’ or ‘foreign body’¹²⁷² was foundational inner work. The Gestalt prepared me for Lowen bioenergetic and Reichian character analysis and ‘dissolution of the armor’ work.¹²⁷³ With attention to suppressed somatic experience, depression dissipated and became horrifying flashbacks to teenage abuse by the three adults circa 1982. APR of the flashbacks filled me with feelings of revulsion, being degraded and violated, and resulted in fury, and self-disgust. The release of an Energy Cyst release occurred at 10:44 PM, after five-plus hours of whole being body-oriented process work and traumatic release. I witnessed and APR much emotion and somatic experience and experienced periodic yawning of integration, tingling in my arms yet mostly in my legs, and a desire to escape the inescapable. Witnessing the material, including the desire to escape or run away, took hours. This was one of the two monsters, the dragons, the horrific material, ‘the Ordeal’ so fear by the POS.¹²⁷⁴

Rage: more rage and disgust than I have ever felt previously. Crawling out of my skin with disgust at the experience, I felt intense fury at what they did to me, the injustice, raped by a woman and two men, left bleeding in my skirt, so broken by the experience that I didn’t know where I belonged when I woke up wandering the hallways of the high school. I cried at this point in the release, mostly left eye, tears running down left side of face, throat felt ragged and ached with unsaid words and unspoken rage at the injustice. The incident was so psyche-fracturing that I didn’t know what grade I was in. In addition to confusion, there was fiery shame taken on from the adults—all three—who knew very well that what they were doing was wrong. It was shocking to experience this particular flashback because what surfaced from the unwinding ‘armor’ was material for release was utterly unknown to me previously.¹²⁷⁵ I tend not to think about events of my childhood unless processing or writing about them. I was unprepared for the intensity, duration, and the specific nature of the incident. I could see why writers with a history of childhood trauma would resist sitting down to write. Once you do so, being present to the self is going to stir up all kinds of potentially horrifying latent childhood experiences and shadow material. The positive was that after the APR of this experience, I felt alive—like myself and available to myself—in ways that I never had previously, and I could write.

¹²⁷² *Ibid.*, p. 436.

¹²⁷³ *Character Analysis*, p. 322.

¹²⁷⁴ *Memo from the Story Department*, p. 34.

¹²⁷⁵ *Character Analysis*, p. 322.

By September 2022, I became aware that my unhealed mother wound was being mirrored to me by interactions with certain individuals, including Atsá. Atsá grappled with profound feelings of abandonment due to his birth mother's decision to leave him shortly after his birth. As an adult, he attempted to reconnect, yet she declined. Beyond this, Atsá harboured deep-seated anger about other things. He had only negative things to say about every woman from his past. Anger can be a natural and sometimes justified emotion, yet it becomes detrimental when directed harmfully towards others. Historically, the term 'dry drunk' was used in recovery contexts to describe people who ceased alcohol consumption without addressing underlying issues. The term is stigmatising. Yet, Atsá seemed to be abstinent without having healed the issues that had contributed to AUD issues. His rage would sporadically manifest. One time, he misinterpreted something I said and, without seeking clarification, labelled me a liar. He hung up on me twice in subsequent phone conversations, evidently enraged because I had waited so long to reconnect. This intense anger served as a relational red flag. My ICs vividly recalled the perils of being around someone who justifies their anger, becomes volatile, and inflicts pain on those around them. Then, I was taken aback when, during a spiritual ritual for a deceased person, Atsá took my phone call. Answering a call—let alone having his phone active during such a sacred undertaking—is a violation of spiritual protocol. Beyond an insensitivity to those involved, a breach of sacred ceremony leads to energy containment issues. His lapse had a profound effect, causing physical illness for me. This was difficult to correct and was terribly concerning from a spiritual perspective. After other warning signs, I chose not to maintain our friendship. At that juncture, I did not grasp how Atsá's unresolved mother wound mirrored my issues in that domain.

There were two other synchronous incidents where young men recounted a story detailing how their biological mother had harmed and failed them. Notable, in both instances, was that the male persons failed to see the mother wound. The first instance was in July 2022 when, during a conversation at Riddu Ridđu in Norway, a young person shared a pitiable childhood narrative. At age seven or eight, he witnessed a teacher sexually molesting a female classmate. Compelled by the unsettling experience, he confided in his mother. She did not believe him. Despite her son's first-hand account, she refused to accept that a teacher of such repute could commit such an act. Tragically, the sexual abuse persisted. He internalised a profound sense of blame and responsibility. I

gently posited that his feelings of guilt were misplaced and should be attributed solely to the adults involved. As a child, he had vocalised an unsettling truth. His mother's denial and the harm inflicted upon his peer and himself were her adult failings, not his. This perspective, emphasising adult responsibility, proved revelatory for him. The second circumstance was in September 2022 with another man who similarly failed to perceive the damage of his mother's ethical, moral, and legal failures. He described a past riddled with multiple familial traumas that were impacting him currently. He recounted experiences of a physically abusive stepfather and revealed that a sibling tragically took his own life. Moreover, during our exchange, he resisted the idea that healing is a gradual, often very protracted, process. During a telephone discussion centred on his early life experiences, the individual relayed that his mother had an affair with his 16-year-old foster sibling. Very gently, I reflected to him that this was incorrect thinking. Rather than a consensual affair, his mother had exploited a child under her guardianship. Escaping an abusive birth household, this young foster son relied on her for sustenance and care. She was a child abuser who had broken the law by molesting a minor boy.

Though slow to perceive it, I ultimately realised that the conversations mirrored issues with my psyche that I would have to address to move forward. In pondering the three situations to discern their meaning, I realised two things. Given the reflection, I had an unaddressed mother wound, and it involved failing to identify my mother's culpability. And so, from November to December 2022, I went deep within to face a second monster. But first, I had to break through 'character armor' or 'defensive armor'.¹²⁷⁶ More so than previously, in November and December 2022, having left Wales for the US, I had physical symptoms that hindered the writing up of the creativity case study research. I underwent a period of intense transformation precipitated by illness. By day two, I experienced voice loss that waxed and waned with inner work. Notably, I lost my voice in inner work due to APR mother wound material blocking my creative voice. My sinuses drained near-constantly with the APR. On 5 November 2022, a meridian point under the nose swelled slightly and then grew terribly sore. The inflamed place was major meridian point 'ST 3', also known as 'Grain Bone Hole'.¹²⁷⁷ Wakefield and MichelAngelo describe archetypal and TCM concepts of the 'archetypal resonance' of 'Grain Bone Hole':¹²⁷⁸

¹²⁷⁶ *Whole Therapist, Whole Patient*, loc. 1087 (original emphasis).

¹²⁷⁷ Mary Elizabeth Wakefield and MichelAngelo, 'The Face: A Portrait of Qi, Part 2: Addressing the Archetypal Facial Landscape', *Acupuncture Today* (2008).

¹²⁷⁸ *Ibid.*

St 3, Bone-Hole (*Ju Liao*): *ju* = great, big, giant; *liao* = bone-hole. Holes represent the capacity for storage. What are the holes in a person's life?¹²⁷⁹

What are the holes in my personal narrative, my stories, and my psyche? The archetypal connotations of ST 3, helped me perceive the significance of the three interpersonal relational synchronicities around young men terribly wounded by their mothers. I became aware of a deeply suppressed mother wound, up until now a lacunae in awareness. Associating to the body helped dissolve the 'armor', escalating sadness, intensifying meridian point discomfort, and lung infection.^{1280,1281} The IIs and ICs, in agony about the past, were flooded with latent whole being material. Inner work broke through the implicit content causing periodic loss of voice and inability to be creative. The material felt like it was choking me. I unwound the somatic sensations and went deeper into the body. As is typical with Energy Cysts,¹²⁸² the material was unwound from the throat and mouth, the seat of self-expression. Like the three men I had met over the past year, I had been disconnected from the wounding to self resulting from my birth mother's failure to protect me. This was Wakefield and Michelangelo's issues of 'memory' or 'holes in a person's life'.¹²⁸³ My narcissistic predatory, annihilating birth father and grandfather were able to violate me due to the inattentiveness of a neglectful mother. It took synchronicities for nearly a year to prepare me, as acute post-beheading 'father rape' wounds necessarily dominated inner work.¹²⁸⁴ Latent mother wounds were not urgent until December 2022.¹²⁸⁵ In 2010 in Los Angeles at the Forest Lawn Museum, I saw the Francisco Goya exhibit 'Goya: The Caprichos Etchings'. Goya's painting 'Saturn Devouring His Son', illustrating the Roman myth, well-illustrates the beheading of the daughter and feminine due to 'father rape', wherein a monstrous father consumes the offspring that he has already 'beheaded'.^{1286,1287} John J Ciofalo wrote:

Here the victim appears to be an adult and, given the curvaceous buttocks and legs, a female [...] The victim is not struggling in Saturn's vise-like, blood-oozing grip, which literally cuts into her body, because she is already dead, not to mention headless. [...] The overwhelming feeling of the image is one of violent and insatiable lust, underscored, to

¹²⁷⁹ *Ibid.*

¹²⁸⁰ *Character Analysis*, pp. 50-51.

¹²⁸¹ *Ibid.*, p. 322.

¹²⁸² *Your Inner Physician and You*, p. 44.

¹²⁸³ *Ibid.*

¹²⁸⁴ *Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape*, p. 281.

¹²⁸⁵ *Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape*, p. 281.

¹²⁸⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 281.

¹²⁸⁷ *The Beheaded Goddess*, locs. 107-111.

put it mildly, by the livid and enormously engorged penis between his legs. Utter male fury has hardly before or since been captured so vividly.¹²⁸⁸

The metaphoric and actual psyche beheading and violation of the feminine is gruesome. Yet, the despair and horror at my absent mother's failure to protect me, her little girl, is excruciating to bear. Solely addressing the father wound would be inadequate for my heroine's journey to literary individuation purposes. Murray Stein specified that a mother holds the key to a woman's 'animus',¹²⁸⁹ necessitating the heroine 'face a bedeviling demon, the witch'.¹²⁹⁰ I had to APR the mother wound to regain my voice, figuratively and literally. The POS did not want to see or feel the rage-pain of the raped toddler self, which was due to my birth mother's failure to protect her. It was agony to be the 'witness of the crying voice' for those parts as they cried out within for the mother to save them.¹²⁹¹ In an inner audio self-priming,¹²⁹² I witnessed their desperate pleas and crying out for my mother.^{1293,1294} My biological parents and their parents were damaged people and thus damaging. However, disconnecting from parental failures would be a disservice to my psyche. APR of the embodied narrative or whole being material written on my body was essential. In associating more fully with my body and being, great waves of suppressed despair, disgust, rage, and grief arose. I needed my mother to rescue me from Saturn, the devouring father. Her failure to do so harmed my identity and voice. Murray Stein described the way that a mother 'deadens the animus' of a daughter:¹²⁹⁵

[...] it is a woman who controls a woman, finally, from within. Men may buy and sell women, treat and mistreat them, but the one that truly deadens the animus of a woman is the mother. Not the good mother, the nurturing and loving mother, the caring mother, but the mother who sells out, who is silent when the daughter is physically or emotionally abused, who will not stand up to the man who says to her daughter that he likes to see women on their knees.¹²⁹⁶

Stein postulated that integrating the animus and feminine self is the 'fairy tale'.¹²⁹⁷ This union symbolises the archetypal resolution depicted in myths: when the King marries the servant girl, she becomes the Queen. As Stein elucidated, 'Queens [...] speak their own minds'.¹²⁹⁸ Jung's coniunctio, the marriage or union of opposites, frees

¹²⁸⁸ John J Ciofalo, *The Self-Portraits of Francisco Goya* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2001), pp. 157-159.

¹²⁸⁹ *The Principle of Individuation*, p. 96.

¹²⁹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 96.

¹²⁹¹ Cathy Caruth, *Unclaimed Experience: Trauma, Narrative, and History* (Baltimore: John Hopkins University Press, 2016).

¹²⁹² *Making Sense of Suffering*, pp. 57-58.

¹²⁹³ *The Janov Solution*.

¹²⁹⁴ *Primal Healing*.

¹²⁹⁵ *The Principle of Individuation*, p. 96.

¹²⁹⁶ *The Principle of Individuation*, p. 96.

¹²⁹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 97.

¹²⁹⁸ *Ibid.*

‘the servant girl/Queen’ to use her ‘voice’.^{1299,1300} Facing the wound puts one’s head on the body. In undoing the split, Nemer indicated we ‘unlock the repressed contents’ and ‘learn to tolerate the affect directly with lessened levels of anxiety’.¹³⁰¹ This reintegrates cognitive awareness with the embodied experiences or somatic physical or kinaesthetic sensations and feelings of the goddess or the land body of the female person, in this case, myself. Wakefield and Michelangelo posited, ‘In liberating *qi*, the meridians can express their pre-imprinted virtue. Thus unhindered, our true, original creative nature can evolve’.¹³⁰² Indeed, I liberated my creativity and libido through inner work and APR of the material. I studied Family Constellation work at USM and in a brief programme at the Gestalt Center of San Francisco, where I observed and experienced profound impacts. Know that in the context of Bert Hellinger’s Family Constellation (FC) work, the point of inner work is not ‘assigning guilt’ to or ‘judging’ at a ‘societal level’ the parents in a situation where incest occurred.¹³⁰³ The purpose of the work is ‘uncovering the hidden dynamics’ and then to APR the ‘devastation and rubble in the field of the soul’ to ‘find a resolution’.¹³⁰⁴ Hellinger noted that ‘incest’ is ‘described by many as though the soul of the child is killed by that experience’; in contrast, he posits that ‘a child who survives the experience has a strength and depth’.¹³⁰⁵ However, this particular case study emphasises alternative strategies. The shadow work necessitated Reichian, Lowen Bioenergetics, and Janov’s Primal Scream tools as part of a comprehensive, bottom-up approach to APR all shadow psyche material. While included here for contextual understanding, it is essential to note that Family Constellation work is a sophisticated inner work tool. FC is not an early-stage application to address complex family system entanglement dynamics issues, including multi-generational incest. An advanced approach, like forgiveness, FC work is best employed after the material of the whole being trauma has been fully APR.

After a revelation around the Montessori Pink Tower, late in the PhD, I facilitated the IIs and ICs in using it again.¹³⁰⁶ When using the tool prior, I hadn’t realised that Dr Montessori’s original activity included the ‘destruction’, ‘destructiveness’, and

¹²⁹⁹ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 14: Mysterium Coniunctionis*, p. 41.

¹³⁰⁰ *Ibid.*

¹³⁰¹ *The Beheaded Goddess*, p. 133.

¹³⁰² ‘The Face: A Portrait of Qi, Part 2’.

¹³⁰³ Bert Hellinger, and Gabriele Ten Hövel, *Acknowledging What Is: Conversations with Bert Hellinger*, trans. by Colleen Beaumont (Arizona: Zeig, Tucker and Theisen Publishers, 1999), p. 117.

¹³⁰⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 116-117.

¹³⁰⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 127.

¹³⁰⁶ *Dr Montessori’s Own Handbook*.

‘aggressiveness’ that Gestalt indicated is so ‘*necessary to the health of the organism*’.¹³⁰⁷ Online directions for the Montessori Pink Tower typically guide one in building the tower. Yet Dr Montessori wrote, ‘As soon as he has built the tower, the child, with a blow of his hand, knocks it down, so that the cubes are scattered on the carpet, and then he builds it up again’.¹³⁰⁸ When the POS made the tower, they were apprehensive about knocking the blocks down. The first time that they built and tower and knocked it down, they were holding their/my breath slightly. I focused on abdominal breathing and progressive relaxation¹³⁰⁹ and had these significantly more integrated POS go slowly. They felt teary just after building the Pink Tower and knocking it down. Yet, I noticed a corresponding increase in excitement and energy, or libido. This was Gestalt’s ‘mounting excitement, feelingful and concerned’ of POS expanding awareness ‘flowing from the ground of what one is into the figure of what one is becoming’.¹³¹⁰ Somehow this moment was momentous. I did the Pink Tower, and then I cried. Emotion welled up in me, and my heart area felt more open. Akin to the Gestalt food concentration exercise ‘resistances’,¹³¹¹ the POS judged destruction or feared that knocking down was being a bad girl or imperfect. I had the POS repeat the exercise until their resistance diminished and dissipated entirely. After repeatedly building and knocking the tower down three times, cultivating Gestalt’s ‘contact with the environment’, I felt a global whole being emotional release, an opening in the throat area, feeling more open and smiling happily. Via inner audio Voice Dialogue, the IIs and ICs explained that they felt freer. After fearing being destructive, they found it liberating and empowering. The exercise gave them the sense that I could build and destroy things, projects, goals, and so on in life.

Mature ICs indicated—not in so many words—that they ‘could now be more responsible in life’ or ‘be a grownup now’. When I inquired, ‘How so?’ ‘I am not a bad girl’, they said. The POS further indicated that they were less afraid of things falling apart, or imperfection. They realised that my birth father was wrong. Perfection isn't what is important. Making and building things are the most important. And sometimes one might want to let something go, tear it apart, or knock it down. Completing the second part of Montessori’s Pink Tower exercise did ‘remove the obstacles’ to and help the POS

¹³⁰⁷ *Gestalt Therapy: Excitement and Growth in the Human Personality*, p. 318 (original emphasis).

¹³⁰⁸ *Dr Montessori’s Own Handbook*, p. 29.

¹³⁰⁹ ‘The Body’s Miraculous Plan for Stress Control: Breathe Deeply and Let Tension Go’.

¹³¹⁰ *Gestalt Therapy: Excitement and Growth in the Human Personality*, pp. 8-9.

¹³¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 317.

to awaken into ‘their mysterious future self’.¹³¹² In their words, the POS felt more grownup, as if they understood life and reality better, how it works and how to function in it now. The IC experiences aligned with Gestalt concepts indicating that ‘assimilation’ follows ‘prior destruction’.¹³¹³ Words seem inadequate to describe the felt experience and related cognitive shift. This was an experience of Montessori’s ‘unity in the individuality’ restored,¹³¹⁴ a development ‘that can only come with completed parts’.¹³¹⁵ It echoed Jung’s psyche process of integration where former resistance to necessary and healthy destruction undergoes Jung’s ‘psychic integration’ or ‘resolution of the conflict of opposites’.¹³¹⁶ The inner work and this research emphasise the post-case study difference between myself and Edinger’s male client who came for analysis due to writer’s block. In Edinger’s case study, the writer was ‘afraid to [...] create something real’ and ‘lose the security of anonymity and expose himself’.¹³¹⁷ He lacked the courage to expand his awareness, to risk, to build and destroy, and to develop and integrate further.¹³¹⁸

This research delved into the practical application of tools and techniques rooted in Jungian concepts and Gestalt, Reichian, Bioenergetic, Montessori, and other relevant tools and techniques aiming to assist fearful parts of self in broadening awareness and engaging in the cyclical processes of creation and destruction, essential for further development and integration. The findings were illuminating, revealing that resistance for a writer or writer’s block was not always the product of an inner critic as proposed by Stone and Stone,¹³¹⁹ nor the gremlin frequently cited by life coaches.¹³²⁰ It became evident that what is often termed resistance can, at times, be a misidentified psyche introject, erroneously perceived as an inner critic or another POS. Other times resistance was revealed to be material unconsciously held and suppressed at the deepest levels of the body and whole being. This observation aligned with Reich’s ‘character resistance’ or ‘character armor’ or that ‘narcissistic defense chronically embedded in the psychic structure’.¹³²¹ These are those ‘character defenses’ that ‘act as a psychic barrier in the way of accessing deeper layers of feeling, memory, and insight necessary for mental

¹³¹² *The Absorbent Mind*, p. 45.

¹³¹³ *Gestalt Therapy: Excitement and Growth in the Human Personality*, pp. 316-318.

¹³¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 167.

¹³¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 135.

¹³¹⁶ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Volume 14: Mysterium Coniunctionis*, p. v.

¹³¹⁷ *Ego and Archetype: Individuation and the Religious Function of the Psyche*, pp. 17-22.

¹³¹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 22.

¹³¹⁹ *Embracing Your Inner Critic*, p. 4.

¹³²⁰ Rick Carson, *Taming Your Gremlin: A Surprisingly Simple Method for Getting Out of Your Own Way* (New York: Harper Collins, 2009), p. 3.

¹³²¹ *Character Analysis*, pp. 50-51.

health'.¹³²² As Frisch elucidated, 'the defensive structure is actively in place so the deeper contact with feelings and pain, and the real issues are not surfacing due to the presence of the character defense'.¹³²³ As I grew able to face darker emotional experiences, with the use of Bioenergetics¹³²⁴ and self-priming,¹³²⁵ the character armour began to collapse.

Resistance to writing often served as a barrier to the imminent surfacing of latent content within one's consciousness. Whole being material obstructed work that would make me more visible. The potency of expelling an introject, in my case, a deeply embedded poisonous animus, culminated in the liberation of the psyche and the creative voice. Post this expulsion, the 'negative injunctions'¹³²⁶ of the 'inner critic',¹³²⁷ as delineated by Stone and Stone, ceased to exist. The critical voice was not an inherent segment of the authentic self, such as a 'subpersonality',¹³²⁸ but solely an emanation from the introject. The process was freeing. With a deeper acquaintance with one's psyche, discerning potential introjects becomes intuitive. Identifying an overly critical psyche voice as an introject was an eye-opening revelation. Nonetheless, the subsequent heroine's journey phase beckoned: it was time 'to return to the world' for 'the final stage'¹³²⁹ of my odyssey—the transition from nonordinary reality. This journey would necessitate crossing the 'veil between ordinary and nonordinary reality' and reducing 'engagement with the unconscious' in order to facilitate the return.¹³³⁰

Seizing the Sword, Reward

Having survived death, beaten the dragon, slain the Minotaur, the hero now takes possession of the treasure he's come seeking. Sometimes it's a special weapon like a magic sword or it may be a token like the Grail or some elixir which can heal the wounded land.¹³³¹

I seized the sword and swam up from my traumatic, implicit-memory-filled psyche underworld. Escaping the 'belly of the whale',¹³³² I left the rotting corpse of the slain beast—the dissipating dark material and energies—to compost below. Drawing on Vogler and McKenna's interpretation of Campbell's theories, I have 'survived death, beaten the

¹³²² *Whole Therapist, Whole Patient*, loc. 703.

¹³²³ *Ibid.*, loc. 1198.

¹³²⁴ *The Way to Vibrant Health*, loc. 454.

¹³²⁵ *Making Sense of Suffering*, p. 68.

¹³²⁶ *Embracing Your Inner Critic*, p. 36.

¹³²⁷ *Embracing Our Selves*, p. 165.

¹³²⁸ *Ibid.*, locs 1388-1389..

¹³²⁹ *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, p. 170.

¹³³⁰ Deborah Bryon, 'The Veil between Ordinary and Nonordinary Reality: Working with the Objective Psyche in Shamanism and Depth Psychology', *Psychological Perspectives*, 56:3 (2013), 256-267 <<https://doi.org/10.1080/00332925.2013.814480>>.

¹³³¹ *Memo from the Story Department*, p. 38.

¹³³² *The Power of Myth*, p. 179.

dragon’, and it was time to take ‘possession of the treasure’.¹³³³ Yet, it was arduous to depart the black sun,¹³³⁴ to extricate myself from the deepest whole being recesses and the gravitational pull of the shadow, where I had gone to APR childhood sexual abuse noxious ‘cellular memory’.¹³³⁵ The culmination of my heroine’s journey—to bring back the boons—demanded the meticulous documentation of over six years of research. This required detailing APR methodologies, describing developing a self or identity through the relinquishment of personas, and much Inner Child work, and a record of how I accessed Awen and the Otherworld, and wrote from that place, through the upside down backward gaze, and more. To articulate this odyssey, I had to find the road back.

Chapter 3: Return

The Road Back

The hero’s not out of the woods yet. Some of the best chase scenes come—at this point, as the hero is pursued by the vengeful forces from whom he has stolen the elixir.¹³³⁶

A heroine's journey is often fraught with peril even after obtaining the elixir. The path of return presented significant challenges. Upon drafting and submitting an initial version of this study, I experienced unprecedented imbalance and ailment, unparalleled in my history. Given my background and the inherently lengthy process of organic psyche individuation and integration—often spanning decades or an entire lifetime—the accelerated timeframe of postgraduate creativity research rendered this deep psychic endeavour particularly perilous. Yet, I navigated my way back. The inherent inclination, once deep in the body and whole being material, the tendency of the organism, is to delve progressively deeper into the material to facilitate APR as comprehensively as possible. Such profound immersion is not naturally amenable to exacting academic discourse.

I propelled myself towards surface consciousness through various means: participating in a Tony Robbins' virtual UPW in 2023, maintaining a gratitude journal, engaging in bliss-cultivating Celtic Animistic spiritual rituals, spending time in nature, indulging in uplifting music and physical activity, and viewing restorative cat rescue narratives on digital platforms. The poignant feline accounts, featuring the compassionate rescue and rehabilitation of distressed cats, resonated deeply with the formerly feral POS.

¹³³³ *Memo from the Story Department*, p. 38..

¹³³⁴ *The Black Sun*.

¹³³⁵ *Thomas Fuchs*, pp. 84-89.

¹³³⁶ *Memo from the Story Department*, p. 40.

The ICs were afraid to share this work. Despite society's proclamations of advocating for and protecting vulnerable groups, a disparity exists between those assertions and real-world actions. Pat Sikes highlighted the challenges and potential repercussions faced by researchers¹³³⁷ and further indicated that there are 'potential problems [...] for autoethnographers' and academicians who identify as 'a victim of incest'.¹³³⁸ To reiterate, this research is not prescriptive yet rather a general overview of one woman's journey towards literary individuation. The work might prove useful for other writers and screenwriters aspiring to achieve literary individuation or for individuals confronting blocks to self-expression. Above all, the study served my psyche and voice and was Whitfield's personal narrative as a healing journey shared within an academic milieu.¹³³⁹

Resurrection

Maya Angelou poignantly remarked, 'There is no greater agony than bearing an untold story inside you'.¹³⁴⁰ Her sentiment aligns with Charles L Whitfield's notion of narrative and identity healing achieved through 'telling our story'.¹³⁴¹ Despite lingering anxiety, the final months of research were a period of profound transformation culminating in a rebirth, death and resurrection of self. This included revision of the case study abstract to be explicit about the journey and to include the words 'father rape'¹³⁴² and sexual abuse. Part of this transformation occurred after I recognised, for the first time, that I have long been dishonest by omission. 'Everything that irritates us about others can lead us to an understanding of ourselves', wrote Jung.¹³⁴³ In September 2023, the prayer tie—so irritating to receive in Santa Fe in 2015—was accidentally washed in a load of laundry. Discovering that spiral seashell and the paper, with the word 'Honesty' written in silver script upon it, were broken to bits, though all other items were unharmed, was revelatory.

The event emphasised lifelong unintentional dishonesty through whitewashing or sanitising events by my secrecy and omission. Informed by Cathy Caruth's notions, I took steps to claim my experience.¹³⁴⁴ I procured materials and replicated the message; with a

¹³³⁷ Pat Sikes, 'The Ethics of Writing Life Histories and Narratives in Educational Research', in *Exploring Learning, Identity and Power Through Life History and Narrative Research*, eds. Ann-Marie Bathmaker and Penelope Harnett (London: Routledge, 2010), p. 19.

¹³³⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 20.

¹³³⁹ *Healing the Child Within*, p. 119.

¹³⁴⁰ Maya Angelou, 'There is no greater agony than bearing an untold story inside you.' [Facebook] <<https://www.facebook.com/MayaAngelou/posts/10151509132019796/>> 13 February 2013 [accessed 21 June 2023].

¹³⁴¹ *Healing the Child Within*, p. 119.

¹³⁴² *Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape*, p. 281.

¹³⁴³ *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, p. 294.

¹³⁴⁴ *Unclaimed Experience*.

silver pen, setting the intention to be truthful, I wrote the word ‘Honesty’. I analysed my resistance to transparency and did APR work. I then embarked on a deeper exploration of the personal narrative delineated in this study, undergoing the essential process of ‘assimilation’ as articulated by Gestalt theory.¹³⁴⁵ While editing this manuscript, I kept the recreated prayer tie nearby as a touchstone. Multiple POS exhibited significant resistance to my postgraduate inquiry and composition. Campbell documented sacrifice as a ritual, particularly his experience in a Kentucky cave ritual, which echoes those of Prince Siddhartha.¹³⁴⁶ Embracing the ‘Honesty’ suggested by the prayer tie required giving up my historic silence; to do otherwise would signify ‘the refusal of the call’.¹³⁴⁷

He is no hero who never met the dragon, or who, if he once saw it, declared afterwards that he saw nothing. Equally, only one who has risked the fight with the dragon and is not overcome by it wins the hoard, the “treasure hard to attain.” He alone has a genuine claim to self-confidence, for he has faced the dark ground of his self and thereby has gained himself. This experience gives him faith and trust [...] for everything that menaced him from inside he has made his own. He has acquired the right to believe that he will be able to overcome all future threats by the same means. He has arrived at an inner certainty which makes him capable of self-reliance, and attained what the alchemists called the *unio mentalis*.¹³⁴⁸

Akin to Gwion Bach's transformation into Taliesin, my personal evolution was profound. Prior to this research, I did not vocalise or contemplate trauma outside of inner work. Many details of my life were deeply suppressed such as the originating incident just prior to age three that led to terror of self-expression. Reclaiming my voice required reclaiming my repressed narrative. The creativity study facilitated what Quaid desired, an ability ‘to remember’¹³⁴⁹ and allowed me to use my voice to author an academic treatise detailing my journey to overcome ‘father rape’,¹³⁵⁰ and other violations, while illustrating how speculative fiction served as both refuge and emotional empowerment to face the past. The transformative arc, though liberating ultimately, in moments was excruciating and replete with challenges. Sandra Marinella wrote that we can ‘write our way up and out of a heart-ripping trauma’ however ‘tragic, traumatic, and stress filled’.¹³⁵¹ Marinella discovered that study participants who wrote to comprehend ‘a difficult story, be it sexual abuse, war trauma, cancer, or grief’ then ‘often rediscovered themselves — *and* their

¹³⁴⁵ *Gestalt Therapy*, p. 432.

¹³⁴⁶ *Prince Siddhartha*.

¹³⁴⁷ *A Joseph Campbell Companion*, p. 97.

¹³⁴⁸ *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, par. 756, p. 531.

¹³⁴⁹ *Total Recall*.

¹³⁵⁰ *Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape*, p. 281.

¹³⁵¹ Sandra Marinella, *The Story You Need to Tell: Writing to Heal from Trauma, Illness, or Loss* (Novato: New World Library, 2017), p. 20.

creativity'.¹³⁵² The five steps of Marinella's evidence-driven methodology—which have no fixed sequence—require one to: 'Experience your pain and grief', 'Break your silence and find your voice', 'Accept and piece together a difficult or broken story', 'Find meaning or make sense of this event or story', and 'Rewrite your story and find ways to reconnect with your well-being'.¹³⁵³ Marinella's 'breaking our silence, finding our voices, and editing our personal stories'¹³⁵⁴ aligns with Whitfield's concepts of narrative and identity healing through 'telling our story' which has been much of my trajectory.¹³⁵⁵

In 2017, I relocated to Wales, drawn by its mythic heritage, to be rebirthed as the mythopoetic land herself birthed the Bard Taliesin and poet Dylan Thomas. My psyche, spirituality, and creativity coalesced here, allowing me to embrace the mythopoeic identity of a storyteller as Bard. I came here to purify myself in Ceridwen's cauldron, and give birth to my Taliesin animus voice, and that I have done. This work illustrates my heroine's journey in accord with Joseph Campbell's three-part 'rites of passage: separation — initiation — return', or 'the monomyth'.¹³⁵⁶ In this study, I reintegrated my cognitive faculties with my somatic awareness, bridging the disconnection wrought by trauma. This involved the Access | Process | Release (APR) of much negative (-) polarity experience (NPE). Intense emotions arose—'anger', 'rage', 'grief', and 'aggression',¹³⁵⁷ as part of 'working through the anxiety and defensive layers'¹³⁵⁸—with use of Bioenergetics and other body-oriented process tools. Cultivating a 'symbolic process' using Sandplay was necessary to facilitate preverbal POS in working through 'repressed contents' while learning how to 'declare difference, to individuate, to perceive and articular conflict, and to confront'.¹³⁵⁹ As Nemer posited, this was 'healing the split' and 'connecting head and heart'.¹³⁶⁰ It resulted in a 'birthing, a death, and a rebirth all in one.'¹³⁶¹ From a Jungian perspective, in alignment with previously developing a detailed written life chronology, I found the writing of this narrative profoundly integrative. The public nature of this document echoes Marinella's directive: 'Break your silence and find your voice'¹³⁶² As Vogler and McKenna articulate, I have been 'transformed into a new

¹³⁵² *Ibid.*, p. 301 (original emphasis).

¹³⁵³ *The Story You Need to Tell*, p. 22.

¹³⁵⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 20.

¹³⁵⁵ *Healing the Child Within*, p. 119.

¹³⁵⁶ *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, pp. 44-45.

¹³⁵⁷ *The Beheaded Goddess.*, loc. 2296.

¹³⁵⁸ *Ibid.*, loc. 2296.

¹³⁵⁹ *Ibid.*, loc. 2401.

¹³⁶⁰ *Ibid.*, locs. 2200-2440.

¹³⁶¹ *Ibid.*, locs. 2380-2480.

¹³⁶² *Ibid.*, p. 22.

being' by the 'experience',¹³⁶³ emerging post-heroine's journey, 'more human, more responsible, more conscious or more complete'.¹³⁶⁴ Having attained the 'the unio mentalis', the successful conclusion of my heroine's journey equips me to address and APR 'all future threats' using 'the same means'.¹³⁶⁵ Consequently, this research has fostered a deeper 'inner certainty' and bolstered my 'self-reliance' in these methods.¹³⁶⁶

Chapter 4: Master of Two Worlds

Return with the Elixir

The hero comes back to the ordinary world, but the adventure would be meaningless unless he/she brought back the elixir, treasure, or some lesson from the special world. Sometimes it's just knowledge or experience, but unless he comes back with the elixir or some boon to mankind, he's doomed to repeat the adventure until he does. [...] Sometimes the boon is a treasure won on the quest, or love, or just the knowledge that the special world exists and can be survived.¹³⁶⁷

Joseph Campbell once highlighted the theme of the heroine's journey in Celtic mythology, observing, 'One kind of hero that often appears in Celtic myths [...] has followed the lure of a deer into a range of forest that he has never been in before. The animal there undergoes a transformation [...] This is a type of adventure in which the hero has no idea what he is doing but suddenly finds himself in a transformed realm'.¹³⁶⁸ My journey to literary individuation and psyche healing resonates deeply with this narrative; it mirrors such an adventure, being deeply interwoven with lifelong numinous experiences involving deer, fox, and horse, including a chance meeting with a pair of Welsh ponies on the Wales Coast Path in 2019. These encounters, and following the numinous, specifically often a deer, both in reality and mirrored within my art, were crucial in guiding me to Wales, a land of my Celtic heritage.¹³⁶⁹ In my creative works, *Oer, Born Among the Stars: A Mythical Welsh Alphabet*, *By Cadair Idris*, and others, deer, fox, and horse, beyond artistic motifs, serve as symbols and numinous events with transformative power on my personal journey towards transformation and healing. Their roles in my narratives embody the lure and transformative power of the numinous, an integral aspect of my heroine's journey, much as Campbell describes. Thus, Wales and the

¹³⁶³ *Memo from the Story Department*, p. 40.

¹³⁶⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 57.

¹³⁶⁵ *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, par. 756, p. 531.

¹³⁶⁶ *Ibid.*

¹³⁶⁷ *Memo from the Story Department*, p. 40.

¹³⁶⁸ *The Power of Myth*, pp. 157-158.

¹³⁶⁹ Edward Lhuyd, *Archæologia Britannica: Vol 1, Glossography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1707).

creatures experienced therein are manifestations of my transformed realm, where, on a psyche and creative pilgrimage, the symbolic and the real converged.

This research focused on literary individuation, a process akin to individuation, prioritising self-development over mere creative output. Consequently, the advancement of the psyche through inner work was the cornerstone of this study, taking precedence over the creative projects and their interpretation. The insights of Vogler and McKenna underscore the tangible outcomes—elixirs or boons—derived on this journey. Without this acquired knowledge, a heroine is doomed to repeat her journey. This investigation taught me to withstand the trials of the special world—the Underworld of pain—etched onto my post-trauma heroine’s body. Marking progress in developing a unique authorial voice, I produced diverse works during this study, including journal articles, poetry, and prose, with many gaining acceptance in literary journals and books. I completed numerous creative projects: multiple science fiction film scripts (both features and shorts), a stage play, and short stories, among others, although not all are presented in this context. My collaborations extended to the production of several science fiction films. I took on roles as a writer and director for various live-action and animated Welsh and English bilingual speculative fiction short films. These experiences culminated in my becoming an award-winning screenwriter and director. Through these endeavours, I experienced a profound evolution, forged my identity, and liberated my creative voice.

A serendipitous discovery during this research was how to write from Annwfyn, envisioning a screenplay narrative using one’s inner vision. his technique was unearthed after immersing myself in and repeatedly using Proprioceptive Writing,¹³⁷⁰ *Arte of Now* or PIA,¹³⁷¹ *Make it Mighty Ugly*,¹³⁷² and SoulCollage®¹³⁷³ practices. In January 2022, I encountered this novel approach to story development, which led to the rapid conception of *Inheritance*, a new speculative fiction screenplay. By adopting an upside-down and backward out the back of the head inner gaze, a narrative seemed to emanate from within the occipital lobe, the brain region responsible for visual processing. The story idea felt as it emerged from a mystical Otherworld inspiration reservoir, Awen pouring forth, leading to the spontaneous development of the script over weeks. While beyond the purview of

¹³⁷⁰ *Writing the Mind Alive*, loc. 383.

¹³⁷¹ *Arte of Now*, p. 21.

¹³⁷² *Make It Mighty Ugly*.

¹³⁷³ *SoulCollage® Evolving*, p. 75.

this study, it is worth noting that Awen and the experience of writing flow do not seem to be entirely congruent phenomena, suggesting potential avenues for future research.

In penning *Born Among the Stars* and *Inheritance*, and while scripting and directing *By Cadair Idris* in 2022, I felt unparalleled elation and creative flow.¹³⁷⁴ As the IIs and ICs underwent evolution, fear inhibiting self-expression dissipated. I embraced the bardess initiation in Wales, this place of untamed places, cultivating both my Ceridwen feminine essence and Taliesin masculine animus. In the home of my ancestors, I was able to rewild. A symbolic aspect of this transformation was the growth of my hair, a physical manifestation of reclaimed autonomy and identity. A significant personal milestone, this change marks the first time since roughly the age of ten, since my stepmother cut off my waist-length hair, that I have grown it long. As written in the stars above and upon my DNA, in Cambria, a more grounded, authentic self purified her black sun and sipped from the mythic waters of the Otherworld, Annwfyn. Despite lingering II and IC challenges necessitating further inner work—individuation and literary individuation are lifelong pursuits—I was profoundly reshaped by my heroine’s journey in Wales. On rewilding the feminine, Dr Clarissa Pinkola Estés wrote:

You want to [...] follow the trail [...] the way of [...] developing your soul. The Wild Woman is the one who dares, who creates, and who destroys. She is the primitive and inventing soul that makes all creative acts and arts possible. She creates a forest around us and we begin to deal with life from that fresh and original perspective.¹³⁷⁵

I was guided to pristine Wales by an inner primordial Ceridwen essence akin to Estés ‘Wild Woman’.¹³⁷⁶ The intention to grow beyond a subservient self, the ‘self-sacrifice to the detriment of healthy and sane living’ and ‘developmental deficit’ of Travers,¹³⁷⁷ prompted my journey and the undertaking of this study. Earlier soul retrieval to resolve what was ‘broken’, when I had ‘lost a part of his soul, or one of his souls’,¹³⁷⁸ led to frozen feral POS needing inner work. I resolved to shed personas, a decision met with resistance and fear from thawing vulnerable psyche facets. The Taliesin myth and its archetypal imagery were a bridge to the ancient mundus imaginalis. The study explored psyche development methods, tools to APR ‘physical and psychic chaos and agony’ and other material, and work for ‘reparenting’ inner parts¹³⁷⁹ to develop a self. Refraining

¹³⁷⁴ *By Cadair Idris*.

¹³⁷⁵ *Women Who Run with the Wolves*, p. 116.

¹³⁷⁶ *Ibid.*

¹³⁷⁷ Jerome A Travers, ‘Two Faces of Selflessness’, in *Psychotherapy and the Selfless Patient* (New York: Harrington Park Press, 1986), p. 3.

¹³⁷⁸ *Intellectual Culture of the Iglulik Eskimos*, p. 93.

¹³⁷⁹ *Psychotherapy and the Selfless Patient*, p. 7.

from pathologising symptoms, my Inner Child approach was rooted in Rogerian principles stressing a need to ‘treasure’, ‘prize’, and ‘understand’.¹³⁸⁰ This aligned with the ‘Creative Child’ methods of Clark E Moustakas¹³⁸¹ and Axline’s work with Dibs.¹³⁸²

There were several unique findings in the arc of my heroine's research journey. That animus or other psyche introjects are visceral and thus may be released in a process akin to that of John Upledger’s Energy Cysts is a novel study discovery.^{1383,1384,1385} Another distinctive result regards the benefit gained by engaging in Primitive Reflex Integration and other developmental exercises.^{1386,1387} The work drew heavily from Irene Lyon’s concept of ‘stored survival stress’ as a ‘healthy and natural physiological response’ wherein life experiences perceived ‘as a threat to survival’ are trapped ‘at the nervous system level’.¹³⁸⁸ Material from early childhood that blocked or hindered self-expression—including cellular memory akin to Lyon’s ‘stored survival stress’¹³⁸⁹—was APR using described tools. Another gift of this voyage was that the work shed light on the ‘abyss of terror’¹³⁹⁰ that is the lot of the victim of ‘father rape’,¹³⁹¹ thereby addressing the void highlighted by Grand and Alpert. Murray Stein’s notion of the ‘transformation of the servant-girl ego into the authority of the Queen’ through ‘making contact with’ and ‘redeeming’ the animus was aligned with my results and was another boon of this journey.¹³⁹² In this pilgrimage of personal alchemy, a female writer ‘finds her own voice’,¹³⁹³ deriving ‘her sense of worth from serving this spirit of creativity’.¹³⁹⁴

Stein emphasised, ‘The woman must fall out of her persona of being a servant in her self-image, in her identity’.¹³⁹⁵ On 9 October 2023, a revelation dawned as this document neared its final form. Both SoulCollage® cards #1 (Fig. 46) and #2 (Fig. 47), from January 2021, bore symbols of a profound metamorphosis: both cards depict a girl

¹³⁸⁰ *A Way of Being*, p. 53.

¹³⁸¹ Clark E Moustakas, *Psychotherapy with Children: The Living Relationship* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1970), pp. 150-153.

¹³⁸² *Dibs: In Search of Self*.

¹³⁸³ *Your Inner Physician and You*, p. 44.

¹³⁸⁴ *SomatoEmotional Release*, pp. 48-50.

¹³⁸⁵ *Harmonizing Your CranioSacral System*.

¹³⁸⁶ *Integrating Primitive Reflexes Through Play and Exercise: An Interactive Guide to the Moro Reflex for Parents, Teachers, and Service Provider*.

¹³⁸⁷ *Integrating Primitive Reflexes Through Play and Exercise: An Interactive Guide to the Asymmetrical Tonic Neck Reflex (ATNR)*.

¹³⁸⁸ Irene Lyon, ‘This is the Way’, *Irene Lyon: Nervous System Health, Education + Practice* newsletter (Vancouver: Scientuitive Education, 2023), p. 1.

¹³⁸⁹ *Ibid.*

¹³⁹⁰ ‘The Core Trauma of Incest: An Object Relations View’, p. 334.

¹³⁹¹ *Against Our Will: Men, Women, and Rape*, p. 281.

¹³⁹² *The Principle of Individuation*, p. 97.

¹³⁹³ *Ibid.*, p. 98.

¹³⁹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 99.

¹³⁹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 97.

child under age ten, and one is crowned with letters, and the other is poised to place a diadem of stars upon her head. These are the Inner Child(ren) ascending, becoming the ‘Queen’.¹³⁹⁶ In this sacred coniunctio with her positive animus—‘the divine pair that unite in the hierosgamos’¹³⁹⁷—my writerly spirit finds her wings, becoming ‘spiritually creative’.¹³⁹⁸ Per Stein, the Bard Taliesin, or inner masculine, ‘will nourish her and inspire her, and it will guide her into her life’s work [...] writing strong books and making vibrant art’.¹³⁹⁹ This odyssey has woven together inner masculine and outer feminine psyche threads, harmonising my larger Self or ‘totality’.¹⁴⁰⁰ The magical voyage deepened my psyche and literary individuation, kindled creative process insights, liberated my libido, psyche and voice, and charted my course towards a poetic destiny.

Conclusion

*Primary chief bard am I to Elphin,
And my original country is the region of the summer stars;
Idno and Heinin called me Merddin,*
At length every king will call me Taliesin.
[...]
I have been teacher to all intelligences,
I am able to instruct the whole universe.
I shall be until the day of doom on the face of the earth;
And it is not known whether my body is flesh or fish.*

*Then I was for nine months
In the womb of the hag Caridwen;
I was originally little Gwion,
And at length I am Taliesin.*

And when the king and his nobles had heard the song, they wondered much, for they had never heard the like from a boy as young as he.¹⁴⁰¹

In 2017, I began the development of *Oer*. The screenplay title, a Welsh word meaning ‘cold’, ‘wretched’, ‘miserable’ and ‘sad’,¹⁴⁰² mirrored the impact of chilling abuse endured by my traumatised child self. The story unfolded in post-apocalyptic Wales post-World War III, chronicling the story of Abertha and her little sister Rhan struggling to survive nuclear winter post-alien invasion. I wrote a half-hour short film screenplay, and narrative shortcomings became obvious in the 2018 novella adaptation. The story lacked

¹³⁹⁶ *The Principle of Individuation*, p. 97.

¹³⁹⁷ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 14: Mysterium Coniunctionis*, pp. 484-485.

¹³⁹⁸ *The Principle of Individuation*, p. 99.

¹³⁹⁹ *Ibid.*

¹⁴⁰⁰ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 14: Mysterium Coniunctionis*, pp. v-vi.

¹⁴⁰¹ ‘Taliesin’, translated by Lady Charlotte Guest in *The Mabinogion* (London: J M Dent & Sons, 1927), pp. 273-74.

¹⁴⁰² ‘Oer’, in *Spurrell’s Welsh-English Dictionary*, p. 296.

narrative drive, and the villains were entirely absent. That year, I also produced an *Oer* Super 8 film and *Oer**, a digital short. Between 2022 and 2023, a feature film version was written. Even with multiple attempts, developing or revising the film concept using one of many approaches to screenplay narrative structure was impossible. Despite my vision, *Oer* ultimately dictated how it was written and what the story included in an ‘unseen current’ that swept me ‘along’.¹⁴⁰³ The art was ‘extraverted’ per Jung:¹⁴⁰⁴

The psychologist would call “sentimental” art introverted and the “naïve” kind extraverted. The introverted attitude is characterized by the subject’s assertion of his conscious intentions and aims against the demands of the object, whereas the extraverted attitude is characterized by the subject’s subordination to the demands which the object makes upon him.¹⁴⁰⁵

This research hypothesised that screenwriting projects and creative practice would create a feedback loop between the psyche and the creative project. The hypothesis was validated. The various iterations of *Oer* highlighted gaps in psyche or awareness, which in turn affected the narrative. Utilising inner work tools enabled me to evolve both my consciousness and the narrative. The original *Oer* short and ultra-short scripts had numerous narrative issues. Villains were missing; they are now incorporated. The girls were depicted as passive; they are now proactive. Originally, Rhan and Abertha accepted their fate per a victimiser-imposed ‘Humanity must adapt’ psyche introject. This led them to passively accept and positively project onto their violation, a grievous alien invasion at the DNA level leading to alterations to their essence. In the revised version, the girls resist, defend humanity, overcome their adversaries, and alter the present to rectify a malignant past and their own futures. The feature film screenplay version of *Oer* aligns with Kohut’s ‘artistic anticipation’, demonstrating how artists depict the destruction of the self and endeavour to achieve ‘wholeness’ and ‘heal’ in their works.¹⁴⁰⁶ Per Kohut:

The musician of disordered sound, the poet of decomposed language, the painter and sculptor of the fragmented visual and tactile world: they all portray the break up of the self and, through the rearrangement and reassemble of the fragments, try to create new structures that possess wholeness, perfection, new meaning.¹⁴⁰⁷

The girls’ eyes remain lavender; they were not able to expel all alien DNA changes or introjects by the end of the feature film script. As a multi-generational incest survivor, this script element reflects residual changes as yet unresolved. Five years post-

¹⁴⁰³ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 15: The Spirit in Man, Art, and Literature*, pp. 74-75.

¹⁴⁰⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 73 (original emphasis).

¹⁴⁰⁵ *Ibid.*

¹⁴⁰⁶ *The Restoration of the Self*, p. 284.

¹⁴⁰⁷ *Ibid.*

short script composition, parallels between the *Oer* narrative and my psyche became increasingly apparent. Parts of my consciousness, little girl fragments once entirely frozen within and alone, split off from awareness, closely paralleled my two fictional sister characters, Rhan and Abertha. Initially in stasis—frozen in perpetual nuclear winter after cataclysmic childhood trauma resulted in psyche fragmentation—these parts of consciousness awoke and thawed. It took a half-decade of kind facilitation and encouragement—witnessing the mushroom cloud of their devastation as the POS thawed, and their numbness and terror dissipated—to achieve greater psyche unification.¹⁴⁰⁸ As was true for Jung, 'I did not know [...] what sort of myth was ordering my life without my knowledge', and in devoting myself to this 'task of tasks' I underwent tremendous transformation.¹⁴⁰⁹ The culmination of this scholarly journey and passage to voice has taken something I've held my entire life: my secret. Joseph Campbell posited that 'A hero is someone who has given his or her life to something bigger than oneself'.¹⁴¹⁰

In the context of my own narrative, embracing literary individuation and individuation, required surrendering to my heroine's journey and, as part of that, confronting and breaking a longstanding silence about abuse endured in childhood. By 2023, nearly a decade later, I grasped the symbolic importance of 'Honesty', a message once dismissively received through a prayer tie in a deeply synchronistic moment in Santa Fe in 2015. Pennebaker and Smyth argued that 'the confession of painful secrets can reduce anxiety and physiological stress'.¹⁴¹¹ The act of composing this exegesis has lent credence to their assertion. Their idea of 'confession of painful secrets'¹⁴¹² aligns with Whitfield's notions of 'recovery' and 'growth' by 'experiencing' and 'telling our story', and 'observing it all'.¹⁴¹³ This alignment is evident in Whitfield's 'Completing Our Grieving: The Hero/Heroine's Journey' diagram, or Figure 2. Our Story (Appendix K).¹⁴¹⁴ Whitfield emphasises the imperative of 'grieving and growing' and 'working through our pain' as we 'tell our story [...] to finally complete our story'.¹⁴¹⁵ Through this

¹⁴⁰⁸ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 9, Part 1: The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*, pp. 322-323.

¹⁴⁰⁹ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 5: Symbols of Transformation*, p. xxv.

¹⁴¹⁰ *The Power of Myth*, pp. 151-152.

¹⁴¹¹ James W Pennebaker and Joshua M Smyth, *Opening Up by Writing it Down: How Expressive Writing Improves Health and Eases Emotional Pain*, 3rd edn (New York: Guilford Publications, 2016), p. 4.

¹⁴¹² *Ibid.*

¹⁴¹³ *Healing the Child Within*, p. 143.

¹⁴¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 119.

¹⁴¹⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 118-119.

lens, I have undergone significant emotional healing and other beneficial transformations over six-plus years, marking key milestones in my ‘hero/heroine’s journey’.¹⁴¹⁶

Per Sylvia Brinton Perera, ‘the rape of goddess [...] relegates feminine power and fertility to the underworld’.¹⁴¹⁷ As part of this creativity research, I sought to Access | Process |Release (APR) as much latent traumatic whole being material as possible to liberate my libido and free the whole being to experience flow and writing flow. Drawing on Cathy Caruth's terminology, I claimed the narrative written on my body and being,¹⁴¹⁸ thereby developing the ability to be ‘the witness of the crying voice’.¹⁴¹⁹ Cultivating the ability to become one who ‘bears witness to the past’¹⁴²⁰ yielded significant gains, and certain tools and methodologies proved essential in liberating my unique authorial voice. This case study illustrates particularly effective techniques useful to address the material underscored by Caruth's description of ‘the moving and sorrowful *voice* that cries out, a voice that is paradoxically released *through the wound*’.¹⁴²¹ I drew upon the teachings of key figures in depth psychology and psychotherapy, including C G Jung, Fritz Perls,¹⁴²² Alexander Lowen, Wilhelm Reich,¹⁴²³ Arthur Janov, Patricia R Frisch,¹⁴²⁴ John Upledger,¹⁴²⁵ and Maria Montessori,¹⁴²⁶ among others; application of their concepts or tools allowed the APR of traumatic material inhibiting literary individuation. The APR self-facilitation and emotional self-regulation tools spanned various disciplines. These included: Gestalt,¹⁴²⁷ Primal Therapy,^{1428,1429} Lowen Bioenergetics,^{1430,1431} CranioSacral self-treatment,¹⁴³² Primitive Reflex Integration,^{1433,1434} Psychosynthesis,¹⁴³⁵ gratitude

¹⁴¹⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 132-133.

¹⁴¹⁷ *Descent to the Goddess*, p. 22.

¹⁴¹⁸ *Unclaimed Experience*.

¹⁴¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 3.

¹⁴²⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 2.

¹⁴²¹ *Ibid.*

¹⁴²² *Gestalt Therapy Verbatim*.

¹⁴²³ *Character Analysis*.

¹⁴²⁴ *Whole Therapist, Whole Patient*.

¹⁴²⁵ *Your Inner Physician and You*.

¹⁴²⁶ *The Absorbent Mind*.

¹⁴²⁷ *Gestalt Therapy*.

¹⁴²⁸ *The Janov Solution*.

¹⁴²⁹ *Primal Healing*.

¹⁴³⁰ *The Way to Vibrant Health*.

¹⁴³¹ *The Betrayal of the Body*.

¹⁴³² *Harmonizing Your Craniosacral System: Self-Treatments for Improving Your Health*.

¹⁴³³ *Integrating Primitive Reflexes Through Play and Exercise: An Interactive Guide to the Moro Reflex for Parents, Teachers, and Service Provider*.

¹⁴³⁴ *Integrating Primitive Reflexes Through Play and Exercise: An Interactive Guide to the Asymmetrical Tonic Neck Reflex (ATNR)*.

¹⁴³⁵ *What We May Be*.

journaling,¹⁴³⁶ SoulCollage®,¹⁴³⁷ Sandplay,^{1438,1439,1440} CJEAs,¹⁴⁴¹ Voice Dialogue,¹⁴⁴² Celtic Animistic spiritual rituals, to applied Jungian techniques, notably dream journaling. Most of these techniques can be learned and practised by anyone. Yet, be cautioned. As noted previously in this document, the described methodology and this exegesis are not a guideline for those diagnosed with PTSD, C-PTSD, or anyone else. Depth psyche work carries risks, underscored by anecdotal evidence, and may contribute to severe psychological consequences. My substantial academic and experiential depth psychology background safeguarded my journey; however, this work is not a universal model. Nevertheless, addressing psyche issues facilitated literary individuation and enhanced a writerly capacity to note and rectify narrative issues, structural or otherwise.

My heroine's journey has been, as Campbell said, 'a *mysterium*, a mystery, *tremendum et fascinans*—tremendous, horrific'.¹⁴⁴³ Literary or other individuation necessitates transmutation of the unconscious shadow, the 'black sun' of the psyche,¹⁴⁴⁴ and culminates in the divine alchemical union of our psyche with its contrasexual counterpart. This transformative process yields the philosopher's stone, or the gold of alchemy,¹⁴⁴⁵ within the psyche. In my personal journey as a heroine, achieving coniunctio with my animus—embodied as the Taliesin bard with the shining brow—granted me entrance to Annwfn and an aptitude for Awen.¹⁴⁴⁶ This profound union, described by Jung as the 'gold, the panacea, the elixir of life [...] the rebirth of the (spiritual) light from the darkness',¹⁴⁴⁷ or rebirth of consciousness, was vividly symbolised in my 2021 sun dream and further reflected in the January 2022 Sandplay symbols indicating development or constellation of a Self. In the 'Dolgellau Gold-belt'¹⁴⁴⁸ of Snowdonia is mined an unusual reddish gold unique to Wales,¹⁴⁴⁹ a precious metal that serves as a metaphor for the invaluable inner work undertaken in this mythic location. This red gold

¹⁴³⁶ *Simple Abundance*.

¹⁴³⁷ *SoulCollage® Evolving*.

¹⁴³⁸ *Images of the Self*.

¹⁴³⁹ *Creative Therapy in the Sand*.

¹⁴⁴⁰ Dora M Kalf, *Sandplay: A Psychotherapeutic Approach to the Psyche* (Cloverdale: Temenos Press, 2003).

¹⁴⁴¹ *Recovery of Your Inner Child*.

¹⁴⁴² *Embracing Our Selves*.

¹⁴⁴³ *The Power of Myth*, pp. 44-45.

¹⁴⁴⁴ *The Black Sun*.

¹⁴⁴⁵ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 14: Mysterium Coniunctionis*.

¹⁴⁴⁶ *The Book of Taliesin: Poems of Warfare and Praise in an Enchanted Britain*, p. xxxix

¹⁴⁴⁷ *Collected Works of C G Jung, Vol 14: Mysterium Coniunctionis*, p. 88.

¹⁴⁴⁸ 'Gold', in *Mineralogy of Wales: Mineral Database*, National Museum of Wales < https://web.archive.org/web/20120222052724/http://www.museumwales.ac.uk/en/mineralogy/database/?mineral=94#prev_next/ > [accessed 23 12 2022].

¹⁴⁴⁹ Richard E Bevens, *A Mineralogy of Wales. No. 16* (National Museum Wales, 1994).

of Wales symbolises the alchemical ‘task of developing consciousness’.¹⁴⁵⁰ It was in Cymru that I excavated my creative well and liberated the horse of my dream, freeing my libido and gaining access to the wellspring of Awen. I was remade in that ‘vale of Soul-making’ described by Keats.¹⁴⁵¹ Learning to write from the Underworld and Otherworld or Annwfn were boons of this profound journey. As Sámi music artist Kalle Edvard Urheim shared with me, you cannot move the river; you go to the river—the flow—where you find it; we build our home there by the river.

None of my interpretations, assertions, or conclusions, are complete. Deeper or alternate meaning might be found in the Gwion-Bach to Taliesin myth, or in this work. The concepts of screenplay as a fairy tale and psyche lacunae are subjective. Using the feature film script of *Oer* as a post-apocalyptic fairy tale and window to my evolving psyche has been a journey of emotional and intellectual discovery. Images of Rhan and Abertha vanquishing their enemies and resetting time, with their powerful psychological, and personally meaningful symbolical and other significance, are a source of that rare Welsh gold that I expect to mine again and again.

‘I am not one who does not sing; I have sung since I was small’, Taliesin poetically said in *Cad Goddeu* or *The Battle of the Trees*.^{1452,1453} This creativity case study illuminated a profound truth: the soul-retrieved parts of self, once silenced by trauma, can be restored. I have reattached my head to my felt sense, or trauma-beheaded body. With the head on the body, I now can sing. The Inner Child(ren) have greatly, and to a further degree, regained their voices. They can sing; thus, I can sing.

Finally, Taliesin and I are in accord.

¹⁴⁵⁰ Audrey Punnet, *The Orphan: A Journey to Wholeness* (Sheridan: Fisher King Press, 2014), p. 53.

¹⁴⁵¹ *Selected Letters*, p. 358.

¹⁴⁵² *The Mabinogi and Other Medieval Welsh Tales*, pp. 175-176.

¹⁴⁵³ J Gwenogvryn Evans, ed, *The Book of Taliesin* (Llanbedrog, 1910) pp. 23.09–27.12.

Part Two - Creative Projects

Oer - Short Script

Oer

by

H Raven Rose

FADE IN:

PITCH BLACK.

Galaxy composition alternates with a haunting natural score: vibration, water lapping, rain, wind, and breathing.

BEGIN MAIN TITLES OVER:

SERIES OF B&W STILL & VIDEO SHOTS & AUDIO

- A) The pristine, empty, dead-silent Wales coast.
- B) RHAN (9) and ABERTHA (11) float, afraid, in a coracle.
- C) A few iridescent purple orbs/spheres drift on the water.
- D) More shimmering orbs/spheres sparkle at the shoreline.
- E) Awed, Rhan reaches for an orb. Abertha swats it away.
- F) The girls view the landscape with shock and horror.
- G) Wales woodland. Tangled trees. Ragged, snuffling sounds.
- H) A wild eye, glazed over and cloudy, rotates in a socket.
- I) PRE-LAP - Uncanny a cappella human/animals sounds over:
- J) A Kuru-infected cannibal human, an OTHER, jerk-crawls.
- K) Rhan whimpers at the Other til Abertha covers her mouth.
- L) A mutant Other locks eyes with Abertha. She looks away.
- M) Abertha holds Rhan close as the coracle floats along.
- N) A raven caws and picks at the bloody guts of a carcass.
- O) Falling snow and ash cover the wild Wales countryside.
- P) Writhing insect taken by a thin, dirty tiny human hand.
- Q) PRE-LAP - A unique, uncanny bell-tone chime rises over:
- R) Strange, tiny purple jelly-like spheres dot the earth.
- Q) The empty coracle bobs by a secluded Wales beach.
- R) Abertha pulls Rhan along toward a nearby cave.

END MAIN TITLES

EXT. WALES/CYMRU - ANGLE NIGHT SKY

A supernatural magenta flare bleeds into a star-filled sky.

EXT. WALES/CYMRU - ESTABLISHING

The lush, majestic mountains, lakes, coast and remote parts of this magical, beautiful land are pristine and untouched.

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES ON THE LANDSCAPE AND GIRLS

SPRING -- the trees bud and bloom. DISSOLVE INTO...

SUMMER -- Falling blossoms become light rain.

FALL -- The sky darkens. Rain falls. Trees grow bare.

WINTER BEGINS -- Rainfall becomes snow.

Rapidly both girls age, grow lean and filthy, clothes become rags. Abertha watches Rhan, who ignores her sister.

EXT. WALES COAST - DUSK

Night falls fast, darkening the misty, desolate landscape.

ABERTHA (V.O.)

Bum dreigl yn awyr --

SUBTITLES

I was for a time in the sky --

EXT. NIGHT SKY - NIGHT

The dark heavens become a night sky twinkling with stars.

ABERTHA (V.O.)

Bum yn serwaw syr --

SUBTITLES

I was observing the stars --

The shimmering stars of the Helix Nebula (NGC 7293) morph into tiny sparks of light that reflect in ECU Rhan's iris.

HOLD ON the light sparks reflected in Rhan's iris, then PULL BACK as the background CROSSFADES UP to reveal --

INT. CAVE - ECU SPARKS IN EYE DISSOLVE TO SPARKS - DUSK

Rhan watches sparks shoot from a magenta/blue candle flame.

The candle flame flickers and casts shadows on the walls.

Pulling back from the flame reveals the absolute desolate cold of the current post-apocalyptic Wales reality.

ABERTHA (V.O.)

Bum deigyr yn awyr. Bum serwaw
syr.

SUBTITLES

I have been a tear in the air, I
have been the dullest of stars.

Abertha, now 13, holds a lit candle stub. She and RHAN, now 11, are both thin and dirty and wear bits of cloth patched with fur. The sisters stretch their fingers toward the small candle flame to try and warm their shivering frames.

ABERTHA

Nos da. Time for sleep.

Abertha puts out the flame. The sisters curl up in rags.

DISSOLVE TO:

RHAN'S DREAM

Flash. Magenta landscape. A chime-howl scream. Dark form. Movement. A black swan rises, beats its wings madly, and screams. A single magenta feather flutters to the ground.

PRE-LAP - Rhan SCREAMS and CRIES OUT mournfully.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

ECU ON RHAN'S FACE -- numb. HEAR the faint sound of her name being called. Abertha strokes Rhan's hair.

ABERTHA

Shh. It's okay. Only a dream.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Rhan wipes the sleep from her eyes and ignores Abertha.

ABERTHA

Don't go in the bunker, and be careful with the talkie. It's the last of the techno that works.

Rhan completely ignores her big sister.

ABERTHA

The solar panels will fail. It will all last longer, Rhan, if you don't use it too much. Iawn?

Abertha looks at Rhan. Rhan is lost in a world of her own.

ABERTHA

Do you hear me? Be careful.
Things won't last. Ni fydd dim.

Abertha touches Rhan. The girl does not react.

ABERTHA

Keep the sound low, only watch a
little, and leave Grandad alone.
What's lost is lost. Addo i mi?

Abertha gently forces Rhan to look up. The little one nods.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Rhan croons to herself, creating quite strange music. She traces infinity symbols in the dust of the cave floor.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Abertha furtively, quietly creeps outside toward the dawn.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Abertha steps into the brutally cold, lonely icy wasteland.

INT. WOODLAND - DAY

Abertha searches the burnt-out wood for rodents or insects.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Being careful to avoid being seen, Abertha spies on JAC and DAFINA. Skeletal, they are non-mutant human survivors.

INT. LOADING PLATFORM - DAY

Shivering in the ice, Jac and Dafina grip silver ampules.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Shivering, Abertha watches from the tunnel as they inhale.

INT. LOADING PLATFORM - DAY

No longer shivering in the cold, Jac and Dafina kiss deeply and laugh. Their joy in love and apparent warmth from the ampules mesmerise Abertha. She watches them hungrily.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

After a beat, Abertha reluctantly turns and backs away.

INT. PASSAGE - DAY

Rhan crawls into a collapsed passage. At the end is access to an abandoned, defunct broken-down military bunker.

INT. PASSAGE END - DAY

Rhan hunkers by a media display, half buried in the rubble. Only the device screen is visible. She turns a dial.

Rhan uses the device controls to search the footage.

CU SCREEN (All AUDIO/VIDEO DISTORTED/NEAR UNINTELLIGIBLE):

A) South Wales Evening Post, NEWS HEADLINE: US AT WAR!

B) CNN 'All-out nuclear attack on US. Billions suffer, the death toll in megafus; millions of family units killed'.

C) Crowds panic; people scream, run, and shove each other.

D) Atomic explosions, Wilson clouds, over cities worldwide.

E) Ultra-violet triangle-shaped UFOs appear above cities.

F) A GENERAL of The Royal Welsh faces a NEWSCASTER.

Rhan stops the device to watch this bit of the recording. She pulls a dusty beret, identical to that worn by the Royal Welsh General, from out of the rubble and puts it on.

NEWSCASTER (O.S)

Do you ever wonder what might
have happened if they'd come
here before the nukes... before
World War 3?

The General of The Royal Welsh frowns.

GENERAL

We have evidence to believe that
they're benevolent beings who
came to try and save humanity.

NEWSCASTER

Can we be saved?

The screen image shifts to intermittent static broken by a jagged-coloured sideways stripe and strange humming. The sound seems to pierce Rhan. She jerks when it grows louder.

Rhan gently turns the device off. The media image/audio fades. She removes the beret and hides it in the dirt.

EXT. PASSAGE - DAY

Rhan takes a step. At a flash of magenta light, she pauses.

FLASH ON:

An afterimage, a triangle-shaped dazzling magenta light.

INT. PASSAGE - DAY

Rubbing her eyes in a daze, Rhan slowly takes a step.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Rhan's eyes roll back and close; she falls into a reverie.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DEEP SPACE

A black-purple void glitters with stars. A magenta planet.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Flash. Lightning bolt. A being against a starry sky.

B) Two suns rise over a crystalline purple-lavender planet.

C) ECU Rhan's closed eyes flicker in REM. She grows still.

D) Flash. An eerie magenta scene. Something chime-howls.

INT. CAVE - DAY

ON RHAN - her eyes snap open. She whimpers in terror.

EXT. LANDSCAPE - DAY

Abertha wanders the barren, seeking food or a sign of life.

At a snuffling sound, she stops. It's two OTHERS.

The Others have severe genetic-based radiation mutations. Scavengers and cannibals, the Others have Kuru which makes them uncoordinated and shuffle. They move spasmodically.

Unsteadily supporting each other, the pair roams hunting.

ECU A mutant eye, within radiation-rotted flesh, rotates.

Frozen with fear, Abertha cannot move forward.

When the Others are gone, she manages to take a step.

Scanning the ground and woods, moving quietly, she resumes looking for food. The landscape is devoid of movement.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Rhan peeks outside. Magenta light glints in the distance. At a humming sound, Rhan tilts her head to listen better.

Rhan's POV: Reality GLITCHES -- its visuals and audio distort at times -- like the damaged media watched earlier.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Rhan sneaks out of the entrance and follows the low noise.

EXT. OAK TREE - DAY

Rhan stands under the tree and looks up expectantly. At a bell-tone chime, she circles the tree and stares in shock.

Strange, luminous objects on the ground mesmerise Rhan.

Rhan stares at mysterious, strange, tiny, jellylike orbs. They are translucent and shimmering purple spheres in a pile on the ground. They shimmer in the light and ooze.

The strange music rises as Rhan slowly extends a finger.

Rhan touches one sphere. The music reaches a crescendo.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

The ice-silvered woods are breathtakingly beautiful.

Abertha stands stock still near hidden in the foliage.

A small rodent squeaks and desperately searches for food.

Abertha lunges. ECU -- Her hands grasp for the creature.

She leaps and gives a guttural snarl as she catches it. The rodent squeals until Abertha breaks its neck.

EXT. LOADING PLATFORM - DAY

Abertha searches the ground until she finds two silver ampules. She picks them up and hides them in her rags.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

Ruined walls. A strange doll, a trash and food waste thing, lies in the dirt. The toy is monstrous, with a body and head made of bits of animal bones, string, and fabric.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

A stiff breeze wafts Abertha's hair and blows it aside.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Rhan approaches her sister. She holds out a hand and looks up. By the tail, Abertha lifts her dead rodent catch.

Abertha cuts the carcass in two. Rhan takes her half.

The near-starved girls fall hungrily onto their meal.

INT. CAVE - CHAMBER

Abertha and Rhan carefully hold up small rusty containers and collect clean cave water as it drips from stalactites.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Rhan lies on the floor and hums quietly to herself. Behind her, Abertha fiddles with rat bones, string, and junk.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Looking around, Abertha carefully sneaks out of the cave.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

Abertha seeks food. Finding nothing, she trudges home.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Abertha pauses when she hears a humming sound.

EXT. OAK TREE - DAY

Abertha stands under the tree, her face a silent scream of terror, one hand on her chest. At a faint bell-tone chime, she peeks around the tree. She gasps and covers her mouth.

The pile of bizarre translucent, shimmering purple orbs on the ground terrify and mesmerises her. The odd music rises.

About to reach out and touch a sphere, Abertha breaks free of the trance, kicks dust at the spheres, and runs away.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Trudging, bent by her heavy life, Abertha enters. She jumps to find Rhan waiting for her in the cave mouth.

The younger girl points. Abertha turns. An eerie magenta aurora bleeds into the dark star-filled night sky. The older girl hisses and pulls Rhan deeper into the cave.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Abertha takes two insects from a tin. Shrivelled and dry, the desiccated insects may be grasshoppers or cockroaches.

ABERTHA
 (nibbles delicately)
 Protein dense, and, uhm, it's
 got zinc and iron and such.

Ignoring Abertha, Rhan sips fresh water from her rusty can.

ABERTHA
 Shwmae?

Rhan ignores her. Abertha shrugs and fights back emotion.

ABERTHA
 (sighs)
 We'll have a story and a tiny
 fire. Just this once.

Abertha gets kindling and a match and shows Rhan. The little girl doesn't smile, yet she takes the items.

INT. CAVE - LATER

Rhan manages to light a small fire. Abertha makes shadows on the wall with the bone doll to try and engage her little sister. Rhan's face remains expressionless.

Dropping the doll, Abertha uses her hands and the bit of firelight to make two shadow dragons on the wall.

ABERTHA
 The people wanted the red
 dragon, Y Ddraig Goch, to free
 them from their icy misery.

Abertha looks at Rhan. Rhan's face is still inscrutable. Abertha has one shadow dragon pull down the other.

ABERTHA
 At last, finally, the white
 dragon is defeated by Y Ddraig
 Goch.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Rhan shivers on the rag pallet curled in a tight ball. The dying fire embers cast a faint light. Abertha lies down and wraps herself around her sister to try and warm them both.

INT. CAVE - LATER

The minuscule fire has died out. In the dim light, Rhan lies wide-eyed in Abertha's arms. The girl's eyes narrow at the sounds as wild rats squeak and scuttle in the dark.

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

A full-blood moon is deep red against the black night.

The super blue blood moon lunar eclipse mesmerises jerk-crawling, scavenging Kuru-infected mutant, cannibal humans.

The terrible, dishevelled beings, with radiation-burned skin and sores, move and jerk spasmodically.

The moon crazes the Others and fills them with bloodlust.

CU of a mutant eye and radiation-rotted flesh.

An Other opens its horrific gaping maw.

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

A dire, melancholy scream pierces the dark, still night.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Rhan wakes. She listens to the echo of the yowl, then slips from her sleeping sister's arms. The little girl creeps toward the entrance as if to step outside.

INT. CAVE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Abertha sneaks up on Rhan and startles her. She grabs her sister and drags her deeper into the underground chamber.

ABERTHA

(hissing)

What the hell? Beth wyt ti'n wneud?

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Rhan stares up at Abertha. After a moment, the girl mimes that she is cold and wants to leave and go and get warm.

ABERTHA

You want to go where it's warm?

Abertha whirls and paces frantically. Rhan watches her.

ABERTHA

Never, we mustn't! We hide. Andaw?

Rhan looks away from her despairing, worried sister.

ABERTHA

We're together... safe. Promise.

Abertha crouches by and shakes Rhan. She lifts a hand.

ABERTHA

We stay away from them. Don't
you get it?! Wyt ti'n deall?

ECU -- A drop of liquid falls. CAMERA TRACKS a tear
spilling from Rhan's blue eye. Abertha drops her hand.

ABERTHA

What am I gonna do with you?

INT. CAVE - LATER

Abertha sips water from a tin and watches Rhan. The older
girl puts the can down, exits, and returns with the doll.

ABERTHA

You'll stay home and play.

Rhan ignores the older girl. Abertha tucks the toy into the
rags that pass for Rhan's clothes. Rhan pulls the doll out.

ABERTHA

Play with your dolly!

Rhan throws the doll down and turns away. Abertha frowns.

Abertha shrugs helplessly and heads to exit the cave.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

Rhan crouches and turns on the device embedded in the
rubble. She stops the device at a certain bit of recording.
Rhan takes the beret from the rubble and puts it on.

CU SCREEN:

The General of The Royal Welsh faces the newscaster.

NEWSCASTER

(stunned)

A missile attack has been
launched against the United
States. I repeat, The United
States of America is under
nuclear attack. It has been
confirmed that the following raw
footage is authentic.

The device screen reveals a BOMB DROP creating a massive
FIREBALL. The nuclear BLAST becomes a MUSHROOM CLOUD.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Communications have been severely disrupted, the number of nuclear bombs dropped on US cities, the number of casualties and the extent of the damage are not yet known --

The screen fills with STATIC. Turning the dial, Rhan mutes the device and replays the EXPLOSION and MUSHROOM CLOUD.

CU SCREEN:

- A) USA Emergency Alert System (EAS) video: siren blaring.
- B) Nuclear firestorms blaze cities and nature worldwide.
- C) Millions of people burn to ash and shadow in fiery wind.
- D) The planet's atmosphere is filled with smoke and ash.
- E) Deserted, empty cities worldwide. Trash in the streets.

INT. CAVE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Rhan peers through the misty rain. A magenta light orb floats nearby. As Rhan approaches, the orb multiplies.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

Abertha quietly climbs over gnarled tree roots.

The teen tracks something. Creak! Tensing up, she pauses to listen. Behind her, something or someone approaches.

Snap! Abertha whirls to see a fearsome OTHER right behind and stalking her. She backs up as it approaches. Shaking with tremors, its limbs and muscles jerk and twitch.

The Other leaps at her. She screams and jerks away. It nearly has her. Abertha backs into a sharp jutting broken tree branch. Squealing with pain, she touches her wound.

In shock, she looks at the fresh blood on her hand.

Blood-lust causes the Other to attack with ferocity.

Abertha cries out in pain and panics as the Other nearly has her. Twisting, she slips under its arms and gets away.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

Panting, out of breath, Abertha races deep into the woods.

Trembling with terror, she whirls at every noise.

Looking over her shoulder, the teen races for a thicket.

EXT. COPSE OF TREES - DAY

ANGLE ON -- A HAND on Abertha's shoulder. Panicked, she looks back. IKE, a normal with rat-sharp teeth, leers.

CAMERA TRACKS L-R as Abertha tumbles to the ground.

LS The emaciated, dirty man stands over her.

MS Abertha scrambles backwards yet can't gain purchase.

MCS Undoing his pants, a saliva drop glistens on his lip.

ECU -- A hand reaches for her.

CU Abertha's eyes roll back wildly. She faints.

EXT. COPSE OF TREES - LATER

Abertha wakens slowly. Teeth chattering at the brutal cold, she touches between her legs. She looks to see her hand red with blood. She gets up gingerly and rearranges her rags.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Abertha hobbles toward the cave, looking over her shoulder.

INT. CAVE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Gasping for air, near-fainting with fear, Abertha listens.

Except for her breathing, silence. She was not followed.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Rhan approaches her sister. She holds out a hand and looks up. Empty-handed, Abertha drops to one trembling knee.

She takes Rhan in her arms. They shiver with the cold.

Rhan coughs and Abertha looks at her with concern.

As Abertha hugs her, Rhan coughs harder. A silver ampule falls out of Abertha's rags.

Confused, Rhan stares and leans down to pick up the ampule.

Abertha slaps the silver drug away from her sister's hands.

Rhan cries out pitifully and leaps backwards in shock.

Abertha snatches up the ampule and turns away.

Tears streaming down her face, Rhan stares after her.

INT. CAVE - LATER

Abertha shivers, unspeaking. The older girl finally looks up. Rhan rubs her stomach and tentatively holds out a hand.

ABERTHA

(sighs)

Newynog?

(off Rhan's face)

Okay, Rhan.

Abertha gets up to get the rusty-lidded tin. Rhan frowns.

ABERTHA

(opens/holds out tin)

Go on, then.

Rhan turns away and drops into their bed of rags.

ABERTHA

I... There wasn't --

Rhan ignores her sister and curls tightly into a ball.

Abertha throws the tin against the cave wall. The few dried insects and bits inside spray out. Abertha wails.

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

Night falls. Under a pale full moon, the grey evening mist descends. A distant wind murmurs and sighs in the trees.

INT. PASSAGE - NIGHT

Abertha waits silently, listening to distant squeaking. She stands poised with a slender, stripped, sharpened stick in one hand. Time passes. Finally, a pack of wild rats appear.

The teen stabs again and again at the pack of vermin.

Abertha cannot catch a single rat in the departing wave.

She cries out. A tear slides down her cheek. The teen squats in the dirt and quietly wails her grief and rage.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Rhan watches Abertha sleep. Moving slowly, the older girl finally awakens. Rhan and her sister drink a bit of water from their rusty tins. Without speaking, Abertha departs.

Rhan stares after Abertha. She frowns.

EXT. LOADING PLATFORM - DAY

Jac and Dafina are dead. Abertha hardly notices as she sees their stash. She fumbles to collect every ampule.

INT. PASSAGE END - DAY

Rhan squats and dials on the device embedded in the rubble.

CU SCREEN:

NEWSCASTER (O.S)

Can we? Win this war?

Rhan dials the machine to rewind. The images slide backwards as the media rewinds. Rhan presses stop.

On the device, the media becomes a green emergency alert screen. Beep! Beep! Beep! An Emergency Alert siren blares.

INSERT - TV SCREEN GREEN EMERGENCY ALERT IMAGE

Below the Wales WTV Channel One logo, the phrase 'We are sorry for the break in this programme, this is not a test.'

A red lower third news ticker scrolls: BREAKING NEWS: EMERGENCY ACTION NOTIFICATION. This is not a test. Stay in your homes. WTV: The UK under attack. UN: 400M dead in the US. Seek immediate shelter. This is not a test.

BACK TO SCENE

Rhan picks up the beret, identical to that worn by the General of the Royal Welsh, and puts it on her head.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Attack warning red. This is not a test. Seek immediate shelter. Seek immediate shelter. Attack warning red. Do not leave your homes --

Rhan dials to a different broadcast part. On the device, the General of The Royal Welsh faces the newscaster.

NEWSCASTER

What is the official opinion about US event? How could that happen to a world superpower? And do we know if it was Russia or North Kor --

GENERAL

As for events in the US, we know now what we don't know can hurt us. After the high-tech communications strike, we can only speculate. What we know is humanity must adapt --

NEWSCASTER

Do you know who fired first --

The device screen shifts to intermittent static broken by a jagged-coloured sideways stripe and strange sound.

INSERT - THE SCREEN PULSES & MORPHS INTO A MAGENTA VISUAL that becomes a video of shimmering purple orbs.

BACK TO SCENE

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

We seem to be having technical difficulties; please stay --

ZAI (V.O.)

(purring alien voice)

Zai halil hi iniu. Tan hixi tai aliz. Ilil inlin zaxah.

Rhan gently dials the device off. The screen image blips out. The little girl removes the beret and hides it.

INT. CAVE - NICHE - NIGHT

Rhan discovers Abertha adding silver ampules to a growing cache hidden in a cave niche. The younger girl cries out.

ABERTHA

Stop it! Just stop it! It's not what you think.

Rhan stares at her big sister. Abertha avoids her gaze.

ABERTHA

They're valuable.

Rhan makes pathetic sounds, and Abertha turns on her.

ABERTHA

You don't understand. We're almost out of matches. I can barter with them --

Rhan frowns, and Abertha warns her with a look.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

The girls huddle and try to sleep. Rhan coughs and coughs.

INT. CAVE - LATER

In the near-dark, Rhan wakes. She hums and laughs. Abertha wakes, surprised that her sister is happy for once.

She looks and sees Rhan happily playing with a translucent orb. The teen screams, lunges and knocks it away from Rhan.

They scuffle. Rhan bites Abertha. Abertha slaps her hard.

ABERTHA

Why? Why did you touch it?
Dangerous.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Abertha stares at tear tracks on Rhan's dirty tear-stained face. The girl is tied up with rope bits and string.

ABERTHA

It is for your own good. Mae i
chi ei hun yn dda.

Rhan stares up at the teen, then defiantly looks away.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Dully, Abertha exits, too tired to be covert or careful.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Rhan gnaws and chews the bindings that hold her.

EXT. LANDSCAPE - DAY

Barely able to push herself onward, Abertha crests a hill.

Below her, an Other scavenges a putrefying human corpse.

Too exhausted, cold, and hungry to react, she stares.

After a long moment, as if disoriented, Abertha turns away.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

Abertha watches a feral animal roam the nuclear wasteland. It is far away. She's too tired and weak to hunt it.

The teen squats to adjust the bloody rags around her feet.

Shaking with cold against a tree, Abertha rubs her arms.

EXT. OAK TREE - DAY

Dejected, Abertha shivers in the frigid air. At a faint bell-tone chime, she peers at spheres on the other side.

The rhythm is haunting, maddening, and hypnotic.

It pulls Abertha, despite her fear, around the Oak.

The pile of bizarre translucent, shimmering purple orbs has grown much larger. The teen stares mutely at the spheres.

The strange music rises toward its crescendo.

Abertha cries out pathetically. Her mournful cry echoes.

As if against her will, she reaches out to touch a single sphere. With a tiny cry of terror, she forces herself up.

She grabs a handful of dirt and tries to cover the orbs.

The teen finally rouses her will and runs away.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

Exhausted, Abertha drags herself toward the cave.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Rhan waits. Abertha approaches and lifts her empty hands.

INT. CAVE - DAY

The teen doesn't notice that Rhan escaped her bonds.

ABERTHA

I'm sorry. Mae'n ddrwg gen i.

Rhan is weaker today. She shakes and has a more severe cough. Abertha takes Rhan in her arms. Rhan keeps coughing.

ABERTHA

(weeping)

I'm so sorry, Rhan.

(Rhan tries to get
away)

Please say something, please.

Rhan jerks free and falls. Abertha lifts a hand as if to hit her sister. Rhan scuttles backwards. Abertha follows.

ABERTHA

(losing control)

Speak! Say something!

Rhan, holding her throat, cringes in fear and moans.

RHAN

(difficult)

O... oer.

ABERTHA

(comes to her senses)

Ydy, mae hi'n oer.

Abertha bursts into tears and takes Rhan in her arms. They both cry. The two girls huddle and shiver in their rags.

Abertha lies exhausted. Rhan curls up around her. She looks closely at Abertha's face and wipes away tears. Abertha kisses Rhan's cheek; their deep bond of love is evident.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Rhan wakes to find Abertha crying and moaning in her sleep.

ABERTHA

Mam, dadi.

Rhan holds her sister tight as a tear slides from her eye.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Rhan stares at Abertha, who silently readies to go out. The teen leaves and doesn't look at her sister or say goodbye.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

Abertha roams aimlessly in the beautiful, luminescent wild.

She doesn't notice a tiny, squeaking rodent nearby.

EXT. TREES - DAY

Abertha scrounges in search of silver ampules.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Abertha trudges back into the cave. Ignoring Rhan, the older girl stumbles to and falls onto the pallet of rags.

Despondent, Abertha curls up and faces the wall.

After a long moment, Rhan stands and walks away.

INT. PASSAGE END - DAY

Wearing the beret, Rhan turns on and dials the device.

CU SCREEN:

A) Static visual over audio of dial seeking a station.

B) WTV 'Temporarily Off Air' image on screen.

C) Audio loop: Stay in your homes. Arhoswch yn eich cartrefi.

D) Piles of belongings and gas masks in a crumbling castle.

E) The General of The Royal Welsh faces the newscaster.

Rhan stops the device to watch. Abertha enters screaming.

ABERTHA

(slams off button)

Stop it! Stop it! You've got to
stop watching! There's nothing
to learn. It's over.

Defiant, Rhan looks away. Abertha yanks the beret off Rhan's head and throws it on the ground. Abertha stomps off. Turning, Rhan watches Abertha and then goes after her.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Rhan sees Abertha about to use a silver ampule. She yelps and grabs for it. Abertha breaks down, wailing and crying like a tiny child, and tries to keep hold of the ampule.

Rhan manages to snatch the ampule away from her sister.

ABERTHA

(shivering/sobbing)

Mae hi'n ddiflas. It's so cold.
I miss Mam and Dadi.

(reaches for ampule)

Just this once. I --

Rhan tenderly wipes Abertha's tears away and indicates no. Abertha cries and moans. Rhan departs with the drug.

EXT. CAVE - ENTRYWAY - DUSK

Rhan peeks outside. The day is ending. She finds a crevice. She sticks the ampule in, hiding it under a rock. Not far away, a magenta light orb beckons. She looks at it.

Rhan's POV: reality visuals/audio periodically GLITCH.

INT. CAVE - ENTRYWAY - DUSK

Rhan returns reluctantly to the inner cave.

INT. CAVE - DUSK

Rhan touches Abertha. Her sister doesn't move. The younger girl shakes her big sister hard. Abertha remains still.

Rhan grabs Abertha's hand. An ampule falls to the ground.

The younger girl wails and shrieks as if she is dying.

PRE-LAP - Rhan SCREAMS and CRIES with rage-panic and fear.

INT. CAVE - LATER

Shivering in a pained rage, Rhan stomps the hated bone-trash doll to bits. Abertha remains unconscious.

INT. CAVE - ENTRYWAY - DUSK

Rhan sits by the cave entrance hugging herself tightly.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Rhan looks up at the sky. She tilts her head to listen.

A faint humming, thrumming chime and vibration grow louder.

The girl runs in the direction of the purring tremor.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

The woods are silent. Rhan stares through twisted trees.

The muffled hypnotic, rhythmic purring sound recurs. Rhan's eyes widen, and her face lights up. She runs to the trees.

EXT. TREES - NIGHT

Magenta spheres. Blackness. Star-strewn night sky. A shape mostly obscured by darkness. Iridescent particles. Rhan blinks. The purring sound becomes eerie, beautiful music.

Rhan looks up and is dazzled. Magenta particles morph into a pulsing ultra-violet triangle-shaped pinpoint of light that grows larger and larger and brighter and brighter.

Tears of ecstasy run down her cheeks as the chime, the curious bell-tone, rings out and then pulses.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

Rhan reaches up for the light. It floods her entirely. Her face grows pale. She writhes in pain in magenta light. Struggling to stand, Rhan drops to her knees and then to the ground. Moaning and twitching, she trembles violently. A vast shockwave of magenta-violet energy arcs outward.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF B&W + MAGENTA STILL & VIDEO SHOTS

- A) MS Rhan sweats and shivers forcefully.
- B) MCU Rhan, in the foetal position, throws up. She moans.
- C) ECU Rhan's eye; a magenta nebula shifts and swirls.

- D) The bell-tone chime becomes a screaming tuning fork.
- E) Rhan's eyes close; underneath the lids, her eyes jerk.
- F) Human DNA molecules, double-helices, detach.
- G) Strange magenta molecules recombine with the Human DNA.
- H) Rhan's eyelids and surrounding muscles twitch wildly.
- I) DNA strands twist into a star-strewn spiral galaxy.

DISSOLVE TO:

ECU -- Stars glimmer in a magenta-lavender eye.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

CU Rhan's eye; the eye colour change is the only obvious difference. Light streams down on her now-angelic face. She stretches and gingerly gets up. She smiles.

EXT. CREST OF HILL - DAY

Radiant and clean, Rhan takes hesitant steps. Her skin glows. CAMERA TRACKS BACK with her. R-L, appearing taller, healthier, older and wiser, Rhan walks toward the cave.

EXT. TREES - DAY

Ike rushes Rhan. He howls with glee as he nears her.

Rhan lifts a hand. With unseen energy, Ike's thrown back.

He falls unconscious to the ground as Rhan walks on.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Rhan looks up at the sky. She tilts her head and hums along with an increasing humming, thrumming noise.

Scanning the sky, she sees odd-shaped, ringed purple orbs.

The orbs grow and move faster as the sound becomes louder.

INT. PASSAGE END - DAY

Rhan walks toward and hunkers by the buried device.

Waving a hand, without touch, she turns on the device.

On the device, the General of The Royal Welsh frowns.

GENERAL
Humanity must adapt --

The screen image shifts to intermittent static broken by a jagged-coloured sideways stripe with strange audio.

INSERT - THE DEVICE SCREEN PULSING MAGENTA VISUAL

becomes a video of shimmering purple orbs.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

We seem to be having technical
difficulties; please stay --

Rhan smiles as a PURRING VOICE speaks over the purple orbs.

ZAI (O.S)

(purring alien voice)
Zai halil hi iniu. A natan
tanan. Zai ixa zata... zaxah.

RHAN

(translates)
Zai came from outer space. You
need help. Zai humans become...
together.

With a hand wave, the device screen blackens and blips out.

EXT. BUNKER - DAY

After picking up the dusty beret, Rhan crawls past the device/rubble through the tiny opening.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

In a chair, Rhan's grandfather's skeleton wears the uniform and insignia of The Royal Welsh General.

Rhan's eyes glow magenta-lavender. She leans close and places the beret on the skeleton's skull, and kisses it.

RHAN

(in ZAI)
Ha aaiz a, natan.

SUBTITLES

I love you, grandfather.

SUBTITLES

Rwyf wrth fy modd chi, taid.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Feverish, Abertha lies shivering from the cold.

She looks up to see Rhan, clean and at peace, standing over her. The younger girl is radiant, calmer and healthier.

Abertha doesn't react to Rhan's changed appearance.

ABERTHA
 (suspicious)
 Aren't you c-c-c-cold?

Her little sister shakes her head to indicate that no she is not cold. Abertha sobs helplessly then.

ABERTHA
 You went out? Aethoch allan?

Rhan leans down. Abertha clocks her glowing violet eyes.

Leaping backwards in shock, Abertha cries out.

ABERTHA
 (shrinking back,
 fearful)
 O Dduw. O Dduw. Oh, God.

Rhan grabs her sister's hand. Abertha sobs helplessly.

Heartbroken and exhausted, Abertha has no resistance left.

Lethargic, Abertha allows herself to be pulled up.

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

Rhan leads Abertha. Abertha cries relentlessly as Rhan pulls the older girl to a terrifying fate.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

Rhan pulls Abertha along toward the crest of the hill. The teen's tear-stained face appears shell-shocked.

EXT. NIGHT SKY

The night is still and majestic. Abertha trembles, looking up at the planets, stars, and constellations.

A fast-moving point of light zips overhead.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

Rhan pulls Abertha along faster. The teen cries harder now.

EXT. HILL - NIGHT

The two girls reach the hill ridge and go over the top.

Something overhead casts a violet glow on them. Abertha looks up and cries out softly. Her terror becomes wonder.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

A strange ultra-violet-hued light emanates downward. The humming sound grows and becomes strange bell-tone music.

Abertha looks heavenward. Tears stream from her eyes. Her terror-filled face inexplicably radiates relief.

The violet light spills over onto and covers both girls.

ABERTHA

Rwy'n ofni. I'm scared.

Rhan grabs Abertha's hand and flips her backwards. Inert, Abertha levitates upward into the radiant magenta light.

RHAN

(purring alien voice)

Humanity must adapt --

Abertha's terror and tears become joy as the glittering beam of magenta light levitates and lifts her. Her face grows radiant and beatific as she is transformed.

A prolonged chime, a screaming tuning fork bell tone.

ABERTHA (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)

Nid o vam a thad, pan ym
digonad. Ys crai ym cread, o naw
elvenad: O ffrwyth y ffrwytheu,
y gwnaeth Duw Sechreu. o Vriall
vlodeu: o vlawd gwydgodeu--blawd
Derw a Dynad, Erwein a Banad: o
Brid y bridred: o Dwr tonn
nawved: o *Dan y Illuched*: pan ym
digoned. Am swynwys Vath *Hen*,
cyn bum daearen --

SUBTITLES

'Twas not of father and mother,
whence I was born. 'Tis after a
new fashion I was created from
nine constituents: From the
essence of fruits did God begin:
from Primrose flowers: from the
pollen of shrubs--the pollen of
Oak and Nettle, of Meadow-sweet
and Broom; from the Mould of the
earth; from the Water of the
ninth wave; from the Fire of the
lightning--from these things was
I made. Math the Old enchanted
me, before I was of the earth --

Abertha floats above the ground, rising higher and higher toward a triangle-shaped dazzling magenta light. The purring music grows to become dazzling, haunting audio bell-tone music; a minor trio, subverted, climbs slowly, a tone at a time, to a crescendo of eerie bell-like tones.

EXT. HILL - NIGHT

Abertha levitates into the radiant magenta light, her body bathed in a shimmering glow. The surroundings are filled with a soft hum that resonates with the rhythm of the universe.

Rhan watches with awe as Abertha rises higher.

Abertha's expression transitions from fear to wonder. Tears glisten in Abertha's eyes as she gazes down at Rhan, understanding and love evident in her expression.

The humming sound crescendos, blending with celestial music. Abertha's body is enveloped in a shimmering cocoon of light as if the universe itself is cradling her.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The stars seem to dance in response to the ethereal energy radiating from Abertha. The sky is a canvas of magenta, violet, and deep blue as if the universe is painting love.

Abertha's voice joins the chorus of audible cosmic vibrations. Her poetic word chant is no longer words of fear but of unity and connection with the universe.

ABERTHA

(whispers to stars)

I'm a part of this, connected to everything.

The magenta light spirals around Abertha, weaving intricate patterns of energy around her. The night sky mirrors her transformation, shimmering and pulsating in resonance.

EXT. HILL - NIGHT

Rhan watches Abertha become an opalescent magenta beacon of light, a bridge between worlds. The air is charged with energy, and Rhan sees the universe shifting around her.

The magenta light slowly recedes, and the night sky returns to its usual brilliance. Abertha's radiant form gradually fades, leaving behind a sense of wonder and transformation.

EXT. CREST OF HILL - DAY

The sun rises on a changed world; the post-apocalyptic Wales landscape is bathed in a soft, golden glow.

Rhan stands at the crest of the hill, looking out with an expression of serenity. She glows with bioluminescence, a reminder of the power of transformation and the connection between her and the Zai. The wind carries cosmic whispers.

Rhan listens intently, and then Rhan strides down the hill as if called to the seaside below the cliffs.

EXT. EARTH - BEACH - DAY

Rhan stands waiting where the sea meets the sand.

Abertha descends from the sky, her feet gently touching the earth. The magenta glow that surrounded her during her transformation still lingers, casting an ethereal light.

Rhan approaches Abertha, her eyes brimming with tears of joy. The sisters smile and share a wordless embrace, a profound connection that transcends words.

ABERTHA

(whispering)

Rhan, I've seen the beauty
beyond our world.

RHAN

(teary-eyed)

You've brought it back to us.

Abertha's gaze shifts to the distance; a ZAI BEING, the first embodied Zai alien life form on Earth, stands.

This Zai's presence radiates a sense of calm and purpose.

ZAI

(purring alien voice)

Together, we'll heal and
restore.

Rhan, Abertha, and the Zai stand together close as if a sense of unity emanates from them. They appear ready to face the challenges ahead, armed with the power of transformation and the wisdom of the cosmos.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE ZAI AND HUMANITY REBUILD THE EARTH

A) Rhan and Abertha use Zai technology to reach out to, communicate with, and unite humanity.

B) Zai share advanced technology to heal ill humans.

C) People of all cultures join Rhan, Abertha, and Zai.

D) Human-Zai hybrids and Zai together cleanse polluted rivers using Zai's sustainable purification methods.

E) The Zai introduce bio-engineered plants that thrive in irradiated soil and restore fertility to barren lands.

F) Landscapes sprout, grow, and then bloom with life.

G) Human and Zai teams construct towering energy-absorbing structures to harness solar power, providing clean energy.

H) Together, humans and Zai install intricate systems to restore biodiversity, reintroduce native species and create balanced ecosystems to purify air and improve biodiversity.

I) Human-Zai hybrids harvest Zai genetically engineered resilient crops—which ensure food security for recovering human populations—from diverse environments.

J) In outdoor classrooms, Human-Zai hybrids teach sustainable practices to children and adults, nurturing responsibility for and a deep love of nature and Earth.

K) Hybrid Zai-inspired architecture and eco-friendly structures that blend with the environment, withstand the elements and preserve natural beauty dot the coastline.

L) Vibrant hybrid plants, a blend of Zai and Earth genetics, line the coast. These plants stabilise the dunes and add a rich tapestry of colours and shapes to the beach.

M) Beneath the water's surface, a diverse array of marine life flourishes. Zai's interventions have revived native species, creating a vibrant underwater ecosystem.

N) Polluted skies clear, and oceans regain their vitality.

EXT. EARTH - BEACH - DAY

Beneath the cerulean sky, the Wales coast and coastal beach are a tapestry of renewal. Glistening sands, once shadowed by pollution, stretch in golden splendour, meeting the crystal blue waters. Vibrant hybrid flora dances along the shore; their colours promise a rare lovely, restored world.

Older, radiant, Rhan, Abertha, and the first Zai being who walked on planet Earth stand together closely, watching the sunset, as if a sense of unity unites them.

FADE TO MAGENTA.

FADE OUT.

THE END

*Oer** - Ultra-Short Script¹⁴⁵⁴

Oer*

by

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¹⁴⁵⁴ *Oer**, dir. by H Raven Rose (Creadigol Pictures, 2018) [Short Screenplay/Super 8 Film Shot List].

Oer* SF TITLES

SHOT: MAGICAL MUSHROOM CLOUD + SUBTITLES

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ni fyddai neb wedi credu meddwl
bod Ryfel Byd Tri...

SUBTITLES

No one would have believed that
World War III...

SHOT: EYE/STARS/HELIX NEBULA (NGC 7293) + SUBTITLES

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...fyddai yn denu pobl seren, y
Zai, i blaned y Ddaear.

SUBTITLES

...would attract star people,
the Zai, to planet Earth.

IMAGE: MANDALA - PRE-LAP deep, bass rises to hypnotic bell-
tone Zai audio.

IMAGE: ABERTHA AND RHAN IN CAVE

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

In a cave, sisters, young girls,
face the icy cold nuclear
winter.

ZOOM IMAGE: ABERTHA AND RHAN IN CAVE

MALE NARRATOR

Nos da. Sleep time, Abertha
says.

SHOT: SILVER/MAGENTA SPHERES

INSERT AUDIO: chime-howl swan scream.

SHOT: BLACK SWAN

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

A black swan rises heavenward,
beats its wings madly, it
screams.

SHOT: ABERTHA COMFORTS RHAN

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Only a bad dream, Abertha says
to her terrified baby sister.

SHOT: MAGENTA FOREST/NUCLEAR WINTER WALES

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Yet Rhan knows the nightmare is
real. Ash and ice cloud the
skies, no human can escape the
oer.

SHOT: BLACK CAVE

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Abertha leaves the cave to hunt.

SHOT: DEVICE

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
In a ruin, Rhan performs a
ritual to reconnect with a lost
world.

Zoom in.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
The little one powers on a
device.

SHOT: DEVICE/JAGGED COLOURED SIDEWAYS STRIPE

MALE NARRATOR
Arhoswch yn eich cartrefi. Stay
in your homes, a newscaster
says.

SHOT: DEVICE/MUSHROOM CLOUD

MALE NARRATOR
The record instructs her. The
past is formless, the future
blossoming.

INSERT AUDIO: klaxon whine > eerie a cappella human/animal:

XCU SHOT: MUTANT CANNIBAL OTHER HEAD

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Mutant cannibals move and jerk
spasmodically.

SHOT: BLOOD MOON

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
The earth blocks the sun. The
sky vanishes.

SHOT: MUTANT CANNIBAL OTHER EYE (CHEAT/REUSE SHOT 15)

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
The blood moon fills the Kuru-
infected Others with bloodlust.

XCU SHOT: MUTANT CANNIBAL OTHER

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Abertha narrowly escapes the
Other.

XCU SHOT: ENTRANCING SPHERES (SFX/STARLIGHT)

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
At dusk, something calls to
Rhan.

WS SHOT: SPHERES/AUDIO ENCHANTS RHAN (SFX/STARLIGHT)

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Strange spheres entrance the
girl.

SHOT: DEEP CAVE

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
The elder sister drags Rhan deep
into the cave.

SHOT: ABERTHA SLAPS RHAN

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
You hide, Abertha screams. Don't
you get it?! Wyt ti'n deall?

SHOT: ABERTHA WAKES & RHAN GONE (REUSE SHOT 9+ COVER)

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
Abertha wakes. Rhan has escaped.

SHOT: ABERTHA CHASES/RHAN RISING (SFX/STARLIGHT)

MALE NARRATOR
Screaming, Abertha races after
her.

XCU SHOT: RHAN FLOATS UPWARD

XCU/PAN/ZOOM SHOT: RHAN'S ZAI DNA/EYE CHANGES

CU SHOT: RHAN'S LAVENDER EYE

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Eyes glowing violet, Rhan
survives the savage alteration.

SHOT: AN OTHER ATTACKS/ZAI BLASTS IT

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

An Other attacks. With unseen
energy, Rhan blasts it.

SHOT: PINK E° + SUBTITLES

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Xazi zazix inli, Rhan purrs in
Zai. Rhaid i bobl addasu.

SUBTITLES

People must adapt.

SHOT: A VAST SHOCKWAVE OF MAGENTA-VIOLET ENERGY.

INSERT AUDIO: A purr becomes dazzling, haunting bell-tones.

SHOT: CREDITS

SHOT: Y DIWED

SHOT: SILVER/MAGENTA SPHERES (CHEAT/REUSE SHOT 7)

THE END

Oer - Feature Film Script

Oer

by

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EXT. WALES/CYMRU - ESTABLISHING

Lush land, regal mountains, lakes, a castle, the coast, a magical land tinged by strange magenta bioluminescence.

EXT. WALES COAST - DUSK

Night falls fast, darkening the misty, desolate landscape.

ABERTHA (V.O.)

Bum yn lliaws rhith, cyn bum
disgyvrith. Wyu clerwr cwlvrith
--

SUBTITLES

I was in many a guise, before I
was disenchanted. I am a grey-
cowled minstrel --

EXT. NIGHT SKY - NIGHT

Darkness becomes a night sky twinkling with stars. Night sounds become a haunting low, melodious child's whisper.

ABERTHA (V.O.)

Credav yngorith. Bum dreigl yn
awyr. Bum yn serwaw syr --

SUBTITLES

I believe in illusion. I was for
a time in the sky: I was
observing the stars --

Shimmering stars of a nebula morph into tiny incandescent bodies and light that reflect ECU in a GIRL'S eye.

ABERTHA (V.O.)

Bum deigyr yn awyr. Bum serwaw
syr.

SUBTITLES

I have been a tear in the air, I
have been the dullest of stars.

EXT. WELSH VILLAGE- NIGHT

A peculiar mix of ancient meshed with future tech.

EXT. ROYAL WELSH MILITARY BASE - FENCE

Day becomes dusk. Two SOLDIERS patrol. Outside the fence is a post-nuclear winter wasteland fifty years on. Nature's grown wild on top of warped burnt tree skeletons and rocks.

SOLDIER #1 stares through the fence, his face is a mask of fear. He stops and stands still; SOLDIER #2 runs into him.

SOLDIER #2
What the ffyc, man?

SOLDIER #1
(points)
The zone.

As night falls, a MOURNFUL CRY emanates. In the distance, an undulating iridescent magenta form morphs deep purple.

SOLDIER #2
Holy ffycin mother of Cythraul
(Satan)!

SOLDIER #1
No cachu (shit), cyfaill
(friend). What the hell is that?

EXT. ZONE - WOODS - NIGHT

Wind buffets trees dripping with iridescence.

DISSOLVE TO:

RHAN'S DREAM

Flash. Eerie magenta landscape. A chime-howl scream. Dark form. Movement. A black swan rises, beats its wings, and screams. A single magenta feather flutters to the ground.

PRE-LAP - RHAN SCREAMS and CRIES OUT mournfully.

INT. LABORATORY - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT

ECU ON RHAN'S FACE -- numb (10). HEAR the faint sound of her name being called. ABERTHA (13) would be cute but she's gaunt with purple under-eye shadows and half-drugged. She strokes Rhan's lank hair. These girls have been damaged.

ABERTHA
(holds Rhan close)
Shh. It's okay. It's a bad
dream.

Abertha's hand matrix barcode shimmers as light from a window hits its translucent mica-like metallic surface.

CLOSE ON A BLACK RECTANGLE

Pulling back -- the black shape's a window. Pulling back further reveals Royal Welsh Soldier IFAN (30s) peering in.

INT. LABORATORY - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT

In the near dark, the girls are forms on cots under bedclothes.

ABERTHA

(whispers)

Nos da. Time for sleep.

EXT. LABORATORY - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT

Ifan leans on the wall and turns to watch a holoshow; soldier HUW (30s) flips channels with his eye unit. Ifan rubs his eyes and his holographic hand matrix barcode shimmers.

Lean, worn, hungry-looking soldiers with that perpetually in-the-field, overworked, underslept, underfed look.

NEWSCASTER 1 (V.O.)

(tinny voice)

Above the Brecon Beacons nuclear waste site in Wales, as in other locations worldwide, odd weather has preceded the discovery of --

Huw keeps flipping through holograms of almost invasive near 4-D media. Ifan steps toward Huw, motioning to a holonews icon.

IFAN

Wait, go back, go back.

Grumbling, Huw rotates back from a show with a laugh track.

NEWSCASTER 2 (V.O.)

Fifty years after World War III, the world is watching US troops mobilise to investigate geographic anomalies amid rumours of first contact --

THE HOLOSHOW DISPLAY

WHUMP! WHUMP! WHUMP! In remote locations worldwide, US TROOPS jump from helicopters carrying automatic weapons.

NEWSCASTER 1

(interrupts)

...or an actual invasion --

INT. LABORATORY - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON

Light sparkles on an infinite blue sea.

Pulling back, it is the blue iris of Abertha's open eye.

ABERTHA

(whispers)

Rhan?

She peers around the tiny, squalid space. Empty except for a white RAT with pink eyes sleeping on the other cot.

EXT. LABORATORY - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT

Ifan alternately checks his unit and watches the holoshow.

NEWSCASTER 2 (V.O.)

(cuts in)

-- with US troops in multiple countries reconnoitring former nuclear waste sites, radioactive still, worldwide --

Drone footage of strange undulating magenta energies and tiny purple jelly-like spheres in piles in the countryside.

NEWSCASTER 1

The Americans claim to seek a global solution for a recently discovered undisclosed natural phenomenon of danger to the entire human race.

IFAN

A tactic -- get our defences down?

Huw shrugs. Check the time with his unit. 23:00 hours.

HUW

(zero interest)

Aliens? Is the US invading the world?

IFAN

The media or the Americans are liars.

HUW

I dunno. Somebody would have to enter the dead zone to find out.

Huw and Ifan wince -- stricken with pain at the same time.

IFAN

(robotic whisper)

Flip it!

Huw is already using his eye unit to find another holoshow.

INT. AIR DUCT

Abertha listlessly crawls forward army style.

EXT. LABORATORY - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT

Huw and Ifan stand at ease, eyes glazed. On a different channel, quieter now, the projection flickers.

HUW

Turn it up.

IFAN

You turn it up.

Neither turns it up. WHIR. At the sound, the soldiers turn to a small fast-approaching robot delivering their evening meal. The soldiers grab their meal packets, the robot whirs away; the two rip into the food and watch the gram.

EXT. AIR DUCT VENT - NIGHT

A pair of bright blue eyes peers between the air duct slats.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

General of The Royal Welsh, BAMPI (70s), a fearsome warrior with a repulsive energy, emerges from shadows and strides down the hall. SOLDIERS grow quiet and shrink as he passes.

INT. LABORATORY - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT

Sinister, Bampi enters. A thin, tight scientist TALAN (50s), rages, breaking beakers and test tubes. A GIRL'S CORPSE is on a gurney. Bampi raises a hand; Talan freezes.

TALAN

Sir, the vessel broke mid-ritual

--

With psychokinesis, Bampi flings the corpse away.

BAMPI

Dispose of it! We're meeting Stone.

INT. AIR DUCT - NIGHT

Abertha exits an air duct intersection to see Rhan spying through a vent on something happening in a lit room below.

The teen crawls forward quietly. Rhan faces her and puts a single finger to her pursed lips. Abertha rolls her eyes.

Both girls peer out the vent at the scene below.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Bampi faces Talan and US GENERAL STONE (60s). Female US virologist DR KELLEY (30s) watches them surreptitiously.

EXT. LABORATORY - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT

Ifan and Huw drop meal wrappers on a robot. It departs.

INT. AIR DUCT - NIGHT

Abertha takes Rhan's hand and leans in to get a good look.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

A large wall-sized transparent display thermal scanner wired glove interface screen flickers; red dots move about.

WELSH COMMANDER DAVIS waits by the door. Bampi turns to face US GENERAL STONE. Talan watches. Dr Kelly approaches.

BAMPI

(indicates time)

In less than half an hour, the upgrade releases, soldier.

Bampi checks his eyecam heads-up display (HUD).

DR KELLEY

(to US General)

Are you sure? This alliance --

BAMPI

Is the only way. Before it's all over, there won't be humanity, and if you're not for the Zai, you're against them and will be dead too.

Glancing at his HUD data, Bampi sees a red dot he is tracking is virtually on top of them. He surreptitiously glances at the air duct. GLINT! A bit of light reflects. Is that an eye?

US GENERAL STONE

(to Dr Kelley)

Soldier, you are officially on loan; the chain of command remains. Understand?!

DR KELLEY

(salutes him)

Sir, yes, sir. Apologies, sir, it won't happen again, sir.

At a wave of Bampi's hand, Dr Kelley backs away.

BAMPI

(softly, to Talan)

If we didn't need that bitch,
I'd let you sacrifice her right
here.

(Talan snickers)

A virologist with US security
clearance at the highest levels
wasn't easy to come by.

TALAN

(whispers to Bampi)

Force the Americans to get hand
implants directly; the key card
is a freedom she shouldn't have.

Bampi nods to Talan; then, he faces the Welsh commander.

WELSH COMMANDER

(to Bampi)

Sir, the upgrade is nearly
ready.

BAMPI

It's all going down by dawn.

DR KELLEY

(very softly to
herself)

The ritual? What --

BAMPI

Everything is ritual to the Zai!

Bampi near-imperceptibly glances at the air duct again.

INT. AIR DUCT - NIGHT

At Bampi's words, Abertha's face warps into a mask of fear.

BLIP, BLIP, STATIC (FLASHBACK)

Blackness grows less dim; dim shapes grow clearer.

QUICK POP: CLOSE ON a wavy silver ritual magic dagger.

YOUNGER ABERTHA (10) on an altar. The wavy ritual artave
knife blade—from Medieval Latin artavus—glints above her.

Crimson blood drops are about to fall from a knife point.

A faint cackle of ghostly human laughter.

A magenta energy coalesces into an entity and enters her
pelvis. Terrified, the girl SCREAMS, and we CUT TO:

INT. AIR DUCT - NIGHT

Abertha grabs Rhan's hand. The girl shakes her off gently. Abertha looks from her sister to the adults below; the teen's face ripples with fear.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Bampi tilts his head as if thinking and points at the duct.

INT. AIR DUCT - NIGHT

CLICK! The air duct vent unlatches and falls open. Rhan and Abertha's eyes widen as they slide downward, windmilling arms, unsuccessfully attempting to avoid falling. With a cry, Rhan, followed by Abertha, fall into the room below.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Bampi's expression is sinister as Talan grins evilly. The US General looks at the girls with inappropriate interest.

TALAN

Well, what have we here?!

Abertha looks away, avoiding both Talan and Bampi's gaze, as tiny Rhan stares at them defiantly.

US GENERAL

(squats to examine
Rhan)

Aren't you the lovely one?

(lascivious interest)

What's your name, starfish?

Rhan gazes at the man coolly and says nothing.

TALAN

She doesn't speak.

The US General stands as Bampi motions Dr Kelley over.

BAMPI

(to doctor)

You. Return them to their
quarters.

INT. BASE - MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dr Kelly walks behind Abertha and Rhan. Abertha glances back at her and furtively looks about for an escape route.

MONOTONOUS VOICE (V.O.)
 (feminine hypnotic
 voice)
 Warning! All base personnel,
 Operation Rainbow is underway.
 Return to your quarters.
 Warning!

At the voice, the doctor is briefly entranced and seems confused about whether to continue with the girls or follow orders. Then she SLAPS herself hard and snaps out of it.

An odd distant SCREAM sounds. The trio turn into a corridor.

INT. BASE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A MAGENTA MIST, like a fine powder that dissipates near-instantly, shoots from the sprinkler system into the air.

Clouds of sparkling magenta powder drift into the hall.

The three look at the dissipating mist and cough.

WHAH! WHAH! WHAH! The SPINE-TINGLING WAIL of air-raid siren sounds. The trio JERKS at the noise and shudders as they...

...continue onward and see...

A thing? What the hell is it? It's not a person, not exactly.

The once-human thing shudders and every so often SCREAMS. It is blossoming; its body grows appendages as quivering antennae-like protrusions emerge from its gurgling head.

This is a Z-MAN, an alien-human hybrid, mid-transformation.

MONOTONOUS VOICE (V.O.)
 (feminine hypnotic
 voice)
 Warning! All base personnel,
 Operation Rainbow is now
 underway. Return to your
 quarters. Warning!

Rhan cries out, then grabs Dr Kelley's hand.

Abertha sees that they are both transfixed, immobilised by shock and snatches the doctor's temporary key card.

Then she runs. The doctor doesn't notice her departure.

EXT. BASE - PARADE GROUNDS - NIGHT

Shimmering, powdery iridescent magenta mist blooms in the air.

ROYAL WELSH SOLDIERS, their skin a beautiful horrific rainbow of mutating flesh, blossom into alien-human hybrids or Z-MEN.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT! Gunfire sounds as Abertha dashes across the space, ignoring the unfolding pandemonium, as soldiers fire on each other or shoot themselves mid-transformation.

BOOM! A distant base structure blows to bits.

Passing a mutant who didn't make it, Abertha grabs their gun.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Abertha races down the hallway dodging SOLDIERS, Z-MEN, and THINGS, men whose transformation is incomplete or failed.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Bampi and Talan look at a map of Brecon Beacons. At a soft chime, Bampi looks at his eyecam HUD. A red dot is crossing the line that surrounds the South Wales mountain range.

EXT. MED LAB - NIGHT

Abertha thrusts the doctor's temporary keycard at the door.

SNICK! The pneumatic door opens, and the girl darts inside.

INT. MED LAB - NIGHT

Abertha grabs a handheld light and switches it on. The place is white, sleek and super high-tech. No windows. Empty.

FOOTSTEPS pound outside of the lab. At the sound of SHOUTING, Abertha hides her light and squats. After momentary quiet, she stands and uses the keycard to unlock the drug fridge.

She notes an ampule with red fluid amidst rows of other drugs and waves the keycard at the scanner inside the fridge.

COMPUTERISED VOICE (V.O.)

Warning! X Eleven 3 is a controlled substance and lethal barbiturate; an anaesthetic, paralytic agent, and nervous system depressant; use of XE3 leads to coma, respiratory arrest and death. Warning!

She waves the ID card inside the fridge a second time.

ABERTHA
 (quietly)
 Warning acknowledged. Override.

COMPUTERISED VOICE (V.O.)
 Override accepted, Dr Kelly.

CLICK! The ampoule with the red drug inside is released.

CRASH! Abertha whirls, raising her gun. She sighs in relief and lowers the weapon as Rhan darts into the room. Snick! The pneumatic door closes behind her little sister.

ABERTHA
 Rhan?! What are you doing here?

Rhan mimes something that looks like fighting. Abertha frowns and closes the drug fridge door and shakes her head no.

ABERTHA
 No, we cannot fight.

Rhan motions wildly, clearly begging Abertha to help fight.

ABERTHA
 No! It's impossible. I'm sorry.

Rhan mimes wrecking the lab. Her expression is agonized.

RHAN
 (grunts desperately)
 Ung. Ung.

Rhan frowns at her sister and grabs her arm, then punches her lightly. In surprise, Abertha looks at her. Rhan again mimes fighting and then gestures to indicate destroying the lab.

ABERTHA
 They'll just lock us up tighter.

RHAN
 (grunts more
 pathetically)
 Ung. Ung. Hung.

ABERTHA
 No, we cannot! They will kill
 us.

Rhan frowns when she sees that Abertha holds something.

Rhan grabs Abertha's hand and forces it open a bit.

The ampule is revealed. Abertha yanks her hand away.

ABERTHA
 It's not for me. It's for --

Rhan frowns and glares at Abertha, then grasps that her big sis is holding a suicide drug and CRIES OUT, her expression piteous, and knocks it from the older girl's hand.

ABERTHA

Rhan, stop it!

Abertha slaps Rhan hard. Rhan backs away, crying silently.

Rhan motions wildly, again begging Abertha to fight.

ABERTHA

No! We can't... I'm sorry, Rhan.

Rhan flashes her sister a look of pure hatred and runs out.

SNICK! The door closes behind Rhan. Whirling, Abertha -- searches the floor, finds the intact drug ampule, empties its contents into a vial on a neck chain and puts it on.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rhan tries several doors, all locked, desperate to escape.

EXT. MED LAB - NIGHT

Lab door closing behind her, Abertha sees Rhan go out a door at the far end. Grasping her pack, she hurries after.

EXT. DOOR - NIGHT

Rhan slips outside and races for the fence.

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Abertha sees the far door closing and runs after Rhan.

EXT. BASE - PARADE GROUNDS - NIGHT

Z-MEN and failed human-hybrid mutations mill aimlessly.

EXT. BASE - FENCE - NIGHT

Rhan crawls in a recess under the fence. Magenta light glints in the distance. At a HUMMING sound, Rhan listens.

EXT. BASE - FENCE - NIGHT

Rhan scrambles out of the dirt hollow at the fence bottom.

HEY! In the distance, someone SHOUTS. Rhan doesn't look.

EXT. BASE DOOR - NIGHT

Abertha steps out, and looks for Rhan, but cannot see her.

Z-MEN and failed human-hybrid mutations GROAN and mill.

Abertha dodges and evades Z-MEN and SOLDIERS.

EXT. ZONE - NIGHT

Rhan slips into the forest following the low HUMMING noise.

EXT. ZONE - FOREST - NIGHT

Rhan stands uncertainly. An iridescent magenta light flies at her. Rhan gently puts up a hand. It is persistent, almost playing with her, and vibrates and whistles quietly.

Rhan holds out a finger. A tiny shimmer alights on it. Rhan tilts her head, listening. The light twinkles. Rhan nods.

The light floats up, twinkles, chirps, and flies upward.

Rhan stares at the hovering glimmer. The light darts away.

Rhan follows the peculiar shine deeper into the zone.

EXT. BASE - PARADE GROUND - NIGHT

A KLAXON! Loud and strident.

Abertha makes a break for the fence.

EXT. BASE - FENCE - NIGHT

Royal Welsh Soldier DAFFYD (30s), visually identical to Iwan, hides behind a tree and grabs Abertha as she runs by.

ABERTHA

Hey!

He claps a hand over her mouth, silencing her. She glares. He gently turns her so that she can see he's saved her from running into a Z-MAN who is mid-mutation. She breaks free.

Abertha slips behind the Z-MAN and sees that it is dying.

Desperate, Abertha struggles to climb over the fence. It's impossible. Daffyd looks back and forth between her and the pandemonium happening back at the base buildings.

DAFFYD

(hisses)

You've got to be quiet!

She ignores him. He looks back at the SOLDIERS and Z-MEN doing cleanup outside the commissary. A Z-MAN kills a MOANING human who is half man and half extraterrestrial.

CLANG! Abertha beats at the small gate lock with a rock.

DAFFYD

(hisses, grabs her)

Stop it!

ABERTHA

I have to get out.

(jerks free)

You look really familiar to me.

WHAH! Alarms blare. Daffyd grabs Abertha's hand, but she yanks it free. BAM! She bashes the gate lock again.

DAFFYD

(nods at far Z-MEN)

Those ugly eedgits are going to look really familiar to both of us unless you stop making noise!

Daffyd grabs Abertha and races toward the guard gate.

EXT. GUARD GATE - NIGHT

Two Z-MEN approach. Daffyd grabs Abertha; she jerks.

DAFFYD

Did you see a girl?

(at their confusion)

I mean another girl, her sister.

Z-MAN #1 glances at the woods but then shakes his head no.

Z-MAN #1

Nah.

DAFFYD

Right then. I'll just take this one back inside --

Z-MAN #1 and Z-MAN #2 exchange a meaningful glance.

Z-MAN #2

Not so fast.

INT. RESEARCH LAB - GARDEN ANNEX - NIGHT

The doc watches odd bees harvest a substance from even odder gilded flowers. She puts a finger out. A bee alights. She strokes the bee. CLOSE ON bee. It's a tiny machine.

DR KELLEY

(to bee)

Just a little sting. Just a bit.

(bee stings her)

Oh, very nice. That's it.

The bee's mechanical stinger retracts. Gently, Dr Kelley puts it on a flower. She looks at her bee sting and smiles.

INT. RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT

The doc takes a sample of her blood and puts it on a slide. She thrust the slide into a device, a hologram projector.

THE HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY

The doctor watches white cell activity increase and Natural Killer cells eliminate magenta retrovirus-infected cells.

DR KELLEY

Oh, yes. Yes, yes, yes.

EXT. BASE PRISON - NIGHT

The two Z-MEN march Daffyd and Abertha at a fast clip.

Abertha glares at Daffyd. He ignores her.

DAFFYD

How smart can your sister be if
she ran into the ffycin zone?

Daffyd's hands are cuffed in a luminous wrist lock.

ABERTHA

Smarter than some. She got away
without getting caught.

DAFFYD

(whispers to her)

He looked at the woods. You see?

ABERTHA

(softly)

Yeah, I saw.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

At the med clinic doorway, the Z-MEN flash their handcodes. SNICK! The door opens. The soldiers push them in.

INT. BASE CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - DAY

The doc reads a paper-thin virology ebook; she looks up.

Z-MAN #1
 Deviant soldier to reboot and a
 research subject likely reboot.

Dr Kelley stands and frees Daffyd's hands from the glowing wrist lock. She tosses it to a Z-MAN. The Z-MEN depart.

DAFFYD
 Reboot?

DR KELLEY
 You won't feel a thing.

INT. FULL BODY MEDICAL SCANNER ROOM - DAY

Dr Kelly closes the scanner. Daffyd's inside. As she looks at a hologram of his healthy human body, he examines the tiny space looking for a weapon or escape route.

DR KELLEY
 You're perfectly healthy, sir,
 and oddly perfectly human, for
 that matter. How can that be?

Daffyd grunts as he spies a handy sharp med tool. Dr Kelly flips a switch and puts a thin transparent helmet on him.

DAFFYD
 Hey, wait!

DR KELLEY
 This'll take just a second.
 Think of it as a system restore.

She depresses a button on the helmet. BUZZ. It activates.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LIVING QUARTERS - DAY - FLASHBACK

Daffyd wears a communication device with eye screens and an earpiece. Tinny squawking, a female voice, is barely heard.

DAFFYD
 I hear you, Mom, but he's a
 grown man. He can talk or not
 talk. He --

An outburst of staccato squawking silences him.

LOUNGE

Daffyd watches his twin brother Ifan stare at a hologram.

DAFFYD
 You've got to tell me what's
 going on with you, bro.

Silence is his twin's response. The hologram audio BUZZES.

INT. FULL BODY MEDICAL SCANNER ROOM - DAY

Daffyd's facial expression is shell-shocked; his pupils are hugely dilated. He no longer wears the haloed helmet.

DR KELLEY

Almost done. Alright?

Dr Kelly lifts the scanner lid and helps Daffyd to stand even as he manages to palm a small handheld medical device.

INT. BASE CLINIC - EXAM ROOM - DAY

Daffyd and the doc enter. Abertha waits by the door.

ABERTHA

(rushes at Daffyd)

Where were you for so long? I thought you'd left me.

Daffyd pushes Abertha at the doc and lifts his makeshift weapon. The doc steps aside easily, grabs a surgical laser, and gets the jump on him. The laser is at his jugular.

Standoff. She and Daffyd glare at each other.

Then he falls to the ground, hooking an ankle around the doctor's ankle. She drops the laser, cries out, and falls.

Daffyd kneels on the doctor, one knee on her chest.

DAFFYD

You're going to help us.

DR KELLEY

I'll examine the girl first.

INT. BASE CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Daffyd peers out and ducks as SOLDIERS and Z-MEN go by.

BOOM! Something explodes and the building vibrates.

Daffyd tries the door. Locked from outside.

INT. BASE CLINIC - EXAM ROOM - DAY

Abertha sits on an exam table. Daffyd enters.

ABERTHA

(to Daffyd)

Well? What's happening?!

DAFFYD

Base lockdown and shit blowing up! Plus, we're locked in.

DR KELLEY

I guess the alliance isn't going as smoothly as they'd hoped.

DAFFYD

(to doctor)

Aren't you done yet?!

DR KELLEY

She had an infection I had to treat first; just getting the results of her body scan now.

DISTORTED IMAGES (FLASHBACK)

CLOSE ON GLASS VIAL

being lifted from a tiny medical refrigerator. Gloved hands insert the delicate vial--filled with strange magenta molecules--into an atomiser. The hands move fast. Urgently.

ABERTHA strapped down. PFHHT. The atomiser deploys.

INT. BASE CLINIC - EXAM ROOM - DAY

With a series of clicking, beeping noises and a wave of her med tech gloved hand, the doc brings up Abertha's results.

The device projects a hologram scrolling Abertha's medical data and scans of her tailbone and brain.

Looking back and forth between the hologram and examining the girl, waving a finger to record with her eye unit, Dr Kelley's face hardens with barely concealed rage.

DR KELLEY

(to Daffyd)

What the hell did you do to her?

DAFFYD

(horrified)

I just met her. I'm here to find my brother Ifan. I had nothing to do with her, uh, damage --

The doc shows a grossly malformed tailbone on the hologram.

DR KELLEY

Her coccyx is broken... in multiple places and bent goddamned sideways.

Red-faced, he backs up, seeing the rage in the doc's eyes.

DAFFYD

A fall. She probably fell or --

Furious, Dr Kelly points to emphasise the damage.

DR KELLEY

This was no goddamned fall, this is a gross malformation, one or more old injuries. Somebody did this to her!

Daffyd stares at the hologram. Waking now, Abertha groans.

DAFFYD

(to Abertha)

Who did this to you? Do you remember what happened?

ABERTHA

It was... training.

DAFFYD

Training?

DR KELLEY

(to Abertha)

You and your sister?

DAFFYD

(to Abertha)

What did they do to you?

ABERTHA

I... can't.

DAFFYD

You have to tell us.

DR KELLEY

(gently)

Try to think back.

ABERTHA

(instantly drowsy)

I remember --

Abertha falls asleep. Daffyd slaps her lightly, horrified Dr Kelley stays his hand. Abertha startles awake.

DR KELLEY

She's programmed. Try to get at her memory directly; seems like she'll fall asleep or worse.

ABERTHA

(wakes/speaks softly)

Worse?

DAFFYD

Why would they do that to her?

DR KELLEY
To train her to do things.

DAFFYD
What kind of things?

ABERTHA
Military intelligence things.

The soldier shakes his head in disbelief at Abertha.

DAFFYD
(to Abertha)
Prove it. Or we leave you here.

The doctor starts to speak; he interrupts.

DAFFYD
I'll leave you both here.

ABERTHA
(thinks a moment)
I... I'll get the door code.

DR KELLEY
The med clinic door?!

DAFFYD
(to doctor)
What other door would we give a
ffyc about?!
(to Abertha)
Do it!

Abertha lies back and closes her eyes. She grows pale, her body so very still she resembles a corpse. Her breathing slows. With a jerk, she sits up. Shuddering, she looks ill.

ABERTHA
Something to write on.

The doctor gives her a device. Abertha scrawls a code on it. Dr Kelly hands the device with the code to Daffyd.

INT. BASE CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Daffyd quietly inputs the code into a panel by the door. CLICK! The light on the panel changes from red to green.

DAFFYD
Holy shit! It's goddamn right.

INT. BASE CLINIC - EXAM ROOM - DAY

Daffyd stares down at the sleeping girl. Abertha is asleep. Or is she feigning sleep and eavesdropping on them?

DAFFYD

The code worked. Fucking unreal.

DR KELLEY

This is no party trick. It costs her. She suffers, a black sun, you or I can not even imagine.

He snorts. The doctor gives him a measured look.

DAFFYD

Oh, sure, how do you know?

The doctor lifts the portable med scanner.

DR KELLEY

Brain wave activity, heart rate, pulse, galvanic skin response, chemical changes...

Dr Kelley attaches a device to the portable med scanner.

DR KELLEY

(scans Abertha)

Her ego must be very damaged.

With the flick of a button, Dr Kelley projects a hologram.

DAFFYD

What the hell is that?

DR KELLEY

Her ego essence, her psyche.

DAFFYD

Why's so much of it dark?

DR KELLEY

Her shadow. Pain.

INT. RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT

Daffyd points his laser gun at the doctor.

DR KELLEY

I can't leave my research... I'm close to a complete cure.

DAFFYD

You're going to help her, and you're coming with us.

The doc lifts a cap-like device that fits a human head.

DR KELLEY

(to Abertha)

I can give you this skullcap. My own design. A prototype.

Daffyd takes the flimsy device and examines it.

ABERTHA

How does it work?

DR KELLEY

The brain learns and unlearns according to Hebb's axiom ... what it means is that human experiences form a neural network, connections, and pathways, between brain neurons. When a human repeats an activity or experience again and again, brain cells or neurons are excited and fire and thus wire.

ABERTHA

(slowly getting it)

Causing brain or neural connections to form or be strengthened --

DR KELLEY

Yes! The brain also will prune neurons and connections that go unused. But the key thing to remember is you can unlearn things meaning rewire yourself to behave and think differently.

Daffyd pokes her shoulder with his weapon.

DAFFYD

Why did you make this thing? Aren't you one of their goddamned minions?

DR KELLEY

We're all their minions, soldier.

DAFFYD

Then why did you make it?

ABERTHA

He means, how can we trust you?

DR KELLEY

I ... found myself changing.

DAFFYD

Changing how?

DR KELLEY

Losing chunks of time. Starting to think or do something and then --

ABERTHA

Blackness?

DR KELLEY

Yes, exactly. Blackness -- a fugue state of some kind -- that could last hours or even days. And I heard --

DAFFYD

Voices? In your head?

DR KELLEY

Thoughts, commands, sometimes my voice but not right, as if the method of delivery wasn't perfect. I couldn't stop myself and --

ABERTHA

And the instructions were something that you would never normally do.

DAFFYD

Outside of your normal personality.

DR KELLEY

Yes. So, I devised a couple of antidotes. The brain wants to heal, by which I mean to be authentic. The entire body, for that matter, is a self-healing organism, but only if given the right elements.

DAFFYD

How does it work?

DR KELLEY

The human brain mediates all emotional, social, cognitive, and behavioural functioning, and this device uses bilateral stimulation to orient the brain and the rest of the nervous system to a calming frequency despite the programming or any suppressed memories or even flashbacks to what may arise... and use of this device is guaranteed to facilitate flashbacks --

DAFFYD

Aren't those from trauma?

DR KELLEY

They are the memory of unresolved traumatic experiences, though they can certainly be so disturbing to recall that the flashbacks themselves are traumatic --

DAFFYD

How can this possibly work?

The soldier throws the skullcap at Abertha. She grabs it.

DR KELLEY

Because the repeated practice of sitting with the programming, with the use of bilateral stimulation, meditation or other present moment awareness practices --

ABERTHA

Like monks in ancient times --

DR KELLEY

Yes, repeated use of these types of practices while recalling the trauma, breathing deeply, and being present, the skullcap bilateral stimulation, like meditation, triggers the relaxation response even as the person witnesses horrific experiences. Once an event is fully processed, out of cellular memory, it no longer causes flashbacks it's just a memory. A person's awareness is expanded, and the programming or other trauma is no longer traumatic; it's pure memory.

Abertha grabs the skullcap and puts it in her pack.

ABERTHA

Just put it on to clear?

DR KELLEY

Your brain and body will learn to access, process, and release whatever is in cellular memory. Eventually, you won't need the skullcap.

DAFFYD

Can't she just learn to meditate?

DR KELLEY

If she had a teacher, a guru, a Celtic soul healer, and more time, she probably could. Science and medicine don't do anything that nature can't do.

ABERTHA

Will it hurt?

DR KELLEY

Oh, yes, likely. You may get ill. Throw up. But you will be free. Eventually.

DAFFYD

Throw up? Get sick?

DR KELLEY

You will relive the things that were so painful that you dissociated from them before.

ABERTHA

And then my brain will parse that --

DR KELLEY

Yes, your brain will start to sort out you from not you, past from present, and you will get stronger.

DAFFYD

Stronger?

DR KELLEY

Emotionally. Mentally. In every way, it's based on the idea of nosce te ipsum, more commonly known as gnothi seauton --

ABERTHA

From the Oracle at Delphi --

DAFFYD

Meaning know thy measure?

DR KELLEY

Exactly, though more commonly known as 'Know Thyself'.

INT. BASE CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Daffyd hurries the two females toward the door.

ABERTHA

Wait a minute.

The doctor grabs a liquid bandaid applicator off the desk.

DAFFYD
What's that for?

ABERTHA
Every base brat knows how to get
around a tracker --

DAFFYD
Not possible.

DR KELLEY
Oh, really, soldier?

Abertha sprays a rubber bandaid on their handcodes. Then she pulls Daffyd to the door scanner and scans his hand. Nothing. The scanner doesn't recognise a person is there.

DAFFYD
How long will that last?

ABERTHA
Hopefully, until we cut them
out.

DAFFYD
Fecking hell.

The doc squirts a liquid bandage on her hand code, then puts more of that and a few other items in Abertha's pack.

EXT. BASE CLINIC - NIGHT

The trio exit the clinic. Abertha wears her pack. Daffyd uses the code to lock the door behind them.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Daffyd hustles the doctor and Abertha to an exit door.

INT. DOOR - NIGHT

Daffyd cracks the door and looks out.

EXT. DOOR - NIGHT

The three of them edge past a festering, not quite a dead carcass, a SOLDIER-THING not quite man and not quite Zai alien being. Abertha ignores it. Daffyd stares in horror.

DAFFYD
(to doctor)
On purpose?

DR KELLEY

It's a retrovirus.
 Extraterrestrial in origin. It's
 changing all of us. It doesn't
 work on everyone --

Daffyd nudges it with a boot. It moans. He jumps back.

DAFFYD

No shit!

INT. BASE - GROUNDS - NIGHT

BAM! BAM! BAM! Z-MEN and SOLDIERS kill SOLDIER-THINGS.

DR KELLEY

We've got to get to the fence.

With a shout, Z-MEN and SOLDIERS spot and pursue the trio.

The three of them DASH for the barrier, dodging Z-MEN,
 burning wreckage, and SOLDIERS firing on everything.

Abertha dodges a MEWLING SOLDIER-THING. Daffyd disembowels
 a nearly fully mutated Z-MAN that is unsteady on its feet.

DAFFYD

Come on!!

Abertha yanks the doctor by the arm; they hurry after
 Daffyd, who is crossing the open space.

The open space is a death and destruction obstacle course.
 The trio dodge Z-MEN, fire, and burning debris.

INT. BASE - FENCE - NIGHT

Daffyd looks for a hole. The doctor sidles up to Abertha.

DR KELLEY

(quietly to Abertha)

Do you trust him?

ABERTHA

I trust no one --

DR KELLEY

(holds out tiny metal
 bee)

Good, then give him this --

Abertha takes it and the doctor hugs her.

DR KELLEY

There are a couple more in your
 pack. Medicate anyone you don't
 trust if you think they could
 become an ally or dose any ally
 you don't trust.

ABERTHA
Why are you helping me?

DR KELLEY

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OER Writer/Director: H Raven Rose | Time and Page Tally 18-19 March 2018

<i>Sc/Pg #</i>	<i>Action</i>	<i>Seconds</i>	<i>In Time</i>	<i>Out Time</i>
1/1	SCI-FI TITLES (with Straight 8 entry number).	4	00:00	00:04
2/1	MUSHROOM Cloud >> No one would have believed...	7	00:04	00:11
3/1	Eye - Helix Nebula (NGC 7293) >> Would attract...	7	00:11	00:18
4/1	TWINKLES/CELESTIAL LIGHT/MANDALA.	1	00:18	00:19
5-6/1	ABERTHA AND RHAN CURL UP + ZOOM. (8 + 6)	14	00:19	00:33
7/1	MAGENTA/SILVER SPHERES/SWAN SCREAM.	2	00:33	00:35
8/1	BLACK SWAN.	8	00:35	00:43
9/1	ABERTHA COMFORTS RHAN	7	00:43	00:50
10/2	MAGENTA/B&W FOREST/WINTER.	11	00:50	01:01
11/2	BLACK CAVE SHOT.	6	01:01	01:07
12-14/2	DEVICE SHOT 1.	12	01:07	01:19
	DEVICE SHOT 2: STATIC + STRANGE HUMMING + V.O.	9	01:19	01:28
	DEVICE SHOT 3: MUSHROOM CLOUD.	9	01:28	01:37
16/2	BLOOD MOON.	8	01:37	01:45
17-18/3	MUTANT OTHER CU (C) + MCU not Abertha (8+4)	14	01:45	01:59
/3	ENTRANCING SPHERES (Sfx STARLIGHT) call Rhan	5	01:59	02:04
21-22/3	DEEP CAVE (dialogue + pre-lap next dialogue here).	15	02:04	02:19
	RHAN CU, ABERTHA SLAPS her.	0	02:19	02:19
23/3	REUSE shot 9 w/ cover over girls (RHAN GONE)	6	02:19	02:25
24-25/3	ABERTHA CHASES/RHAN RISING (SFX/starlight)	6	02:25	02:31
26/3	RHAN'S ZAI DNA CHANGES x 3 CU + XCU.	6	02:31	02:37
27/4	RHAN'S LAVENDER EYE.	7	02:37	02:44
28/4	AN OTHER ATTACKS/ZAI RHAN BLASTS IT.	7	02:44	02:51
29/4	People must adapt (pink shot).	11	02:51	03:02
37/4	Credits	3	03:02	03:05
38/4	+ Y DIWEDD (THE END) (SFX/starlight).	2	03:05	03:07
	TOTALS	187		

We share a similar history, and
our enemies are the same.

ABERTHA

The enemy of my enemy is my
friend.

DR KELLEY

Something like that.

INT. BASE - GROUNDS - NIGHT

As SHOUTS echo, before they can discuss this further, Dr
Kelley darts away from Abertha and Daffyd fast. She runs
for the Z-MEN and SOLDIERS who were firing on them before.

DR KELLEY

(shrieks to pursuers)

Help me, I've got the medicine!!
The cure for your condition --

The Z-MEN and SOLDIERS turn to face and move close to her.

DR KELLEY

Hey! I've got it. The antidote!

Abertha and Daffyd run flat out for the fence.

DAFFYD

Crazy bitch!

ABERTHA

(hisses)

She's giving us time to get
away.

Abertha and Daffyd reach the fence and hear the high-
pitched distant whine as the doctor activates her surgical
laser while running straight at the Z-MEN and SOLDIERS.

EXT. FENCE - NIGHT

Abertha and Daffyd hurry to the fence by the guard shack.

INT. BASE - GROUNDS - NIGHT

With a scream of rage, Dr Kelley lasers off antennae and
other protuberances, or still-human noses, ears, hands, and
fingers. Pursuers, screaming, vomiting, bleeding, quivering
with shock, rage, or terror, scatter or collapse.

INT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Inside, a mess of iridescent magenta gore, body bits and blood, drips, shimmers. Daffyd and Abertha peek in.

EXT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Abertha and Daffyd back away from the window.

Daffyd jerks his head. Abertha follows him.

EXT. GUARD SHACK - FENCE - NIGHT

The pair hurry to where the shack meets the fence, scrub trees offering enough cover. Abertha stands lookout.

ABERTHA

What happened to the guards?

DAFFYD

Nothing good.

ABERTHA

Will it happen to us?

DAFFYD

Some people didn't change all the way or they had a reaction to it.

Daffyd lasers an opening in the fence. Abertha approaches him and pats his back to transfer a mechanical bee. It stings him. Daffyd screams with surprise and turns to her.

DAFFYD

What the hell did you do?

ABERTHA

It's an antidote.

DAFFYD

For what?

ABERTHA

That's a very good question.

At distant NOISE, Daffyd resumes lasering an opening.

EXT. FENCE - NIGHT

Daffyd and Abertha slip through the fence.

ABERTHA

We check the village first.

Abertha creeps cautiously around the shack. Daffyd follows. The sky darkens; it's not quite night. The road is empty.

DAFFYD
 (suspicious)
 Why the village?

Abertha rolls her eyes.

ABERTHA
 Because if she's there, we can
 avoid the zone alto --

DAFFYD
 But if she's in South Wales, we
 should find transport and go to
 --

At a sound, Abertha looks up to see an owl swoop overhead.

ABERTHA
 This is the right way to go.

EXT. CROSSROADS - NIGHT

DAFFYD
 What if we steal a hovercraft to
 get to South Wales --

ABERTHA
 We have not got a chance of
 getting through that way --

Abertha stands, uncertain, looking in both directions.

DAFFYD
 It's the direct route --

ABERTHA
 Everything is chipped, scanned,
 and GPS-tracked. Are you sure
 you're military intelligence
 because --

DAFFYD
 Very funny. Direct is going to
 be the best way to both get out
 of here and get to Rhan. We can
 follow the road and dodge out of
 sight when --

ABERTHA
 If you're right, if it's too
 dangerous and near impossible to
 get through the zone, then it
 will offer protection from
 whoever or whatever pursues us.

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

Daffyd stares back, deep into the Brecon Beacons. Abertha turns, follows his gaze, and sees a distant magenta flare.

A faint scream. Iridescent crystal spores of an animal-like tree shoot up and out, a horrific jewelled volcano of life.

DAFFYD

Feck.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Squatting in a roadside ditch, Daffyd and Abertha hide and watch a Z-MAN on a military speeder zoom over the road.

ABERTHA

(whispers)

Do you think that the infected remember being human?

DAFFYD

(quietly)

I'd like to think so, but no. They're too far gone.

EXT. OLD STONE WALL - DAY

Abertha and Daffyd sit against and hidden by the wall. LASER SCALPEL in one hand, she looks at her hand code.

ABERTHA

Should I go first?

She picks up metal shrapnel and lasers it cleanly in two.

DAFFYD

(dazed by her action)

Uh, I, let me think --

Before he can answer, Abertha cautiously lasers a seam by her hand code. Then she puts her mouth to the seam, bites a pea-sized metal tracker, and pulls it out with her teeth.

DAFFYD

Why the feck did you ask then?

Blood gushes out. Tears stream from her eyes; she wipes blood from the seam and sprays a bandage on the wound.

ABERTHA

To give me time to do it before you could slow me or stop me.

Angrily, Daffyd holds out his hand. Abertha smiles through her tears and slaps the LASER SCALPEL into his open palm.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Bampi and Talan peer at dots on a large screen display thermal scanner. Bampi flicks past image after image on the wired glove interface using a single-gloved hand.

An alert chimes as a single dot blinks out.

TALAN
And she's out --

BAMPI
Deploy the Z-MEN.

TALAN
The villagers will see them.

BAMPI
It won't matter; we've less than
twenty-four hours to Z-Day.

EXT. OLD STONE WALL - NIGHT

Each with one hand wrapped tight in a strip of fabric torn from their clothes, Abertha and Daffyd use a stone to pound their pea-sized metal trackers into metal and glass bits.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A hovercraft cruises over the road behind the wall.

EXT. OLD STONE WALL - DAY

Abertha and Daffyd sit up, rubbing their eyes, then stand.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The pair amble closer to a distant village.

EXT. COTTAGE - BACKYARD - DAY

Daffyd and Abertha steal clothes off of a clothesline.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Disguised well, Daffyd and Abertha approach the hamlet.

INT. VILLAGE - STREET - DAY

Abertha and Daffyd attempt to blend in with the villagers.

INT. CANDY SHOP - DAY

The shop is abandoned, dusty, and empty.

ABERTHA

She's not here --

DAFYDD

Where else could she have gone?

ABERTHA

Nowhere. There's nowhere else.
We have nowhere to go. We live
on the base, and we --

DAFYDD

What?!

ABERTHA

We haven't always. I forgot.
Bampi, my grandfather, has a
farm in South Wales near Brecon
Beacons.

DAFYDD

I knew south was the --

ABERTHA

Don't be an idiot. Here is the
place most likely for her to --

DAFYDD

Then why isn't she here then?

ABERTHA

I don't know, but we have to
look for guidance, trust that --

DAFYDD

Oh, wake up, little girl.

At the sound of SCREAMS, they run outside.

INT. VILLAGE - STREET - NIGHT

A BABY cries. PEOPLE rush past to shop or reach the square.

Abertha and Daffyd hurry down a street. Ahead in the
village square is a holiday commotion, some kind of parade.

TEN Z-MEN IN HOVERSUITS, appendages and antennae-like
protrusions quivering with the vibration, BLAST skyward.

A Z-MAN searches for someone with a holographic scanner.

High above Abertha and Daffyd, a pair of Z-MEN spot them.

ABERTHA

Run!

Abertha and Daffyd take off running to the street end.

INT. VILLAGE - MAIN STREET

Abertha and Daffyd explode into the busy street and crowd.

Her mouth moving near-constantly, Abertha prays.

The pair dodge people, shops, and stalls, left and right, not slowing, as the whine of HOVERSUITS grows louder.

People shout and motion about the Z-MEN above the street.

Abertha glances up, running flat out, losing steam.

The Z-MEN scatter into pairs and singletons.

Daffyd pulls Abertha along and they run faster and faster.

The Z-MEN pursue, yet each time they glimpse Abertha and Daffyd, the duo evade them and get lost in the crowd.

A Z-MEN trio closes in, screaming and blasting after them.

Daffyd and Abertha turn the corner and into the square; Z-MEN above and behind them overshoot and then swing around.

INT. VILLAGE - SQUARE

WHAH! Horns blare. Bells jingle. REVELERS and a MARI LWYD procession create a diversion; Abertha and Daffyd hide amid beribboned rainbow shapes and the dancing, swirling crowd.

The Z-MEN can't swoop down and pursue easily in the crowd.

EXT. BAKERY - NIGHT

Abertha is almost breathless with fatigue and fear.

The pair reach a bakery; a riderless horse pulling a cart nudges Abertha into the doorway. She instantly runs inside.

INT. BAKERY - NIGHT

Daffyd busts in and grabs Abertha's hand.

DAFFYD

What are you doing?

ABERTHA

I can't keep running.

An OLD WOMAN appears as if out of thin air. Daffyd leaps backwards. The hag holds a pair of dappled white-grey toy horses. At the toys, Abertha's expression grows hopeful.

HAG

(to Abertha)

Would you like to borrow my
horses?

Daffyd rolls his eyes, thinking the hag is daffy, and tries to yank Abertha along. Over his shoulder, he sees Z-MEN outside.

An OWL hoots. Abertha looks around; she sees nothing. She nods at the hag, and the owl hoots again.

CLACK. CLACK. CLACK. Daffyd looks out to see a large hovercraft above the square knock against and knock down a metal border on the tops of the market stalls.

Daffyd rolls his eyes and yanks the girl a bit. She won't budge.

Abertha shakes Daffyd off and looks at a strange shimmer surrounding the pair of toy horses in the crone's palm. She grabs the elder's empty hand tight, tears well in her eyes.

Daffyd's face grows tight with anger and fear. He looks around. It appears that the bakery has only one entrance.

ABERTHA

Yes, please. Diolch yn fawr
iawn, granny.

The old woman cackles with delight.

HAG

(Welsh)

Rydych chi'n gadael iddyn nhw
fynd pan fydd yr amser yn iawn.
Nid ydynt byth yn aros i ffwrdd
oddi wrthyf am amser hir.

(English translation)

You let them go when the time is
right. They never stay away from
me for long.

Daffyd panics now, certain that they'll be seen and caught.

He yanks the girl harder. She jerks free and hurries after the hag who is darting behind the counter. He follows.

INT. BAKERY - BREAD COUNTER - NIGHT

Daffyd rounds the counter in time to see Abertha following the old woman into an opening in the ground.

INT. HATCH - NIGHT

Daffyd closes the hatch above at the sound of FOOTSTEPS.

INT. BAKERY - BREAD COUNTER - NIGHT

A ZAI-HUMAN HYBRID rounds the counter and looks down. There is nothing and no one there; the floor hatch is invisible.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

In near pitch-dark, Daffyd falls. He gets up and catches up with the girl and the old woman, who now holds a lantern. He sees them reach the cave mouth and disappear outside.

EXT. CAVE - MOUTH - NIGHT

The festivity sounds are muted here. Daffyd exits the cave and cannot believe his eyes. Abertha is being helped onto a mare, a beautiful dappled white-grey horse, by the crone.

Alongside them is a white-grey stallion pawing the ground.

HAG

(to Daffyd)

Hurry now, lad, they won't wait.

The mare with Abertha astride whinnies and tosses its head.

Both horses seem ready to leap away in a moment.

Daffyd gets on the horse and does his best to stay astride.

ABERTHA

(to the hag)

Any last advice?

HAG

Dyfal donc a dyr y garreg.

(Welsh)

Dyfal donc a dyr y garreg.

(English translation)

Persistent blows shatter the stone.

ABERTHA

(to the hag)

Diolch yn fawr a ffarwel!

(English translation)

Thank you and farewell.

HAG

May Belenos be with you.

The hag blows a kiss to the horses and they race away.

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

The horses, with Abertha and Daffyd astride, race away.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The horses and riders jump a small fence and gallop off.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

SHOUTS and a WHIR as Z-MEN, now joined by SOLDIERS in HOVERCRAFT, rise and fly forward and after them.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

Both horses drink their fill. Daffyd watches as Abertha pets her horse's nose. The girl frowns at him.

ABERTHA

You should thank him.

Daffyd looks at the stallion who is looking at him.

DAFFYD

Uh, diolch. Thank you.

ABERTHA

(to the mare)

Oh, beauty, beloved horse of Rhiannon, thank you for sharing your magic and saving my life and, thus, that of my sister Rhan.

(wipes away a tear)

I am forever grateful.

The mare noses Abertha's face and nuzzles her. The girl, now laughing and crying, embraces it in response.

DAFFYD

(to stallion)

Oh, uh, amazing, horse, thank you for the magic and the, uh, saving our lives and, uh, everything.

The stallion paws and snorts as Daffyd pets it awkwardly.

ABERTHA

Now that wasn't so hard, was it?

DAFFYD

What?

ABERTHA

Gratitude.

He laughs mockingly. She fills her canteen; he fills his.

FOREST - CLEARING

Abertha leads the horses into the centre of the clearing.

Daffyd's mouth hangs open. The horses shrink, toy-sized, and an owl swoops down and takes them and flies away.

DAFFYD

(stares after owl)

Holy shit. Teach me to do that?

Abertha laughs at the shock and surprise on his face.

ABERTHA

Uh, we each have different ancestral memories and archetypes or energies. Understand?

DAFFYD

Not a word.

ABERTHA

Only the Welsh, of Celt, Gaul, or Brythonic ancestry, or other indigenous, live the magic.

EXT. ROCKY OUTCROPPING- DAY

Daffyd jumps onto a Z-MAN in a hover suit and kills him.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Daffyd ambles along behind Abertha.

DAFFYD

Where are we going then?

ABERTHA

I told you. To find my sister.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Daffyd and Abertha, dirtier and sweatier, reach the forest.

Seeing something in the distance, Abertha races ahead.

DAFFYD

Hey! Wait up!

EXT. FENCE - DAY

Daffyd gazes around and frowns. Though the fence is nearly covered with zone foliage, and the woods grow up almost against the barrier, the base is visible in the distance.

DAFFYD

Why did we come back here?

ABERTHA

We weren't here before.

DAFFYD

You know what I mean; we're back at the base.

ABERTHA

How do you track someone or something? You go where the trail is or might be and follow.

Daffyd groans with irritation. There are SOLDIERS in the distance, but there is plenty of zone wilderness between them, and they walk outside the inhabited perimeter.

DAFFYD

We've got to find food.

ABERTHA

Soon.

Abertha walks along the perimeter. Daffyd follows.

EXT. FOREST EDGE - DAY

Abertha grabs Daffyd's hand before he grabs an ODD FRUIT.

ABERTHA

No!

DAFFYD

It's poisonous?

Abertha gently folds back the top petal-like fruit skin.

ABERTHA

It is alive.

Inside a pink inner fruit membrane is an embryo-like thing; it could be a foetal pig or human. It is alive, with veins and a beating heart, much like a human embryo fruit.

DAFFYD

Ugh. Gross, thanks.

Abertha gently covers the plantimal fetal creature.

ABERTHA

Nothing is as it seems out here.

EXT. WALL - ENORMOUS PLANT - DAY

Abertha climbs up a stone wall to reach MAN-THING.

The grotesque form, encapsulated in a Zai plant, stuns Daffyd into silence. His eyes widen with horror, his face becomes grotesque when she gently rouses the MAN-THING.

She rips off a bit of her shirt sleeve, pours water on it, and wipes the sunburnt swollen iridescent visage of the thing that used to be a man. It languishes there, hanging in the air, its feet twitching, skin now rainbow-tinged.

ABERTHA

Sir. Can you hear me, sir?

The man-thing, its expression beatific, does not awaken.

ABERTHA

(to Daffyd)

He's dreaming. It's a substance excreted by the plant that keeps him somnolent so he will remain in its embrace long enough for them to grow together --

DAFFYD

Are we safe from that thing?

ABERTHA

This one has an occupant, they can only have one, and there isn't another one for a ways.

DAFFYD

Didn't he know to avoid it?

ABERTHA

He did.

DAFFYD

Then why --

ABERTHA

Where do you think all those missing soldiers go?

DAFFYD

You mean...

ABERTHA

Is it likely that an org that deals in intelligence and security for a business does not know where their missing people are?! They're not really AWOL.

Daffyd's face collapses as his worldview is dented.

DAFFYD
 (whispers)
 The soldiers who disappear.

Abertha strokes the face of the man-thing.

ABERTHA
 Sir, wake up if you can, sir.

With a jolt, the thing wakes and grunts a word.

WAGHUH! It strains to see and speak.

ABERTHA
 (understands)
 Of course.

She dribbles water carefully into the mouth of the thing.

A tear slides down its ravaged cheek.

DAFFYD
 (overcome, whispers)
 Can't we get it--him--down?!

Abertha shakes her head no.

ABERTHA
 (indicates plant)
 It's grown into his heart and organs. Often they never wake again. I know it looks terrible, but the scientists lab-tested the plant medicine, and the subjects had the most fantastic hallucinations. That's why he was smiling. He feels euphoria.

Abertha carefully dribbles more water into its mouth.

MAN-THING
 Dioulsh.

ABERTHA
 You are welcome, sir. I'm sorry to bother you but have you seen a little girl, eleven years old?

The man-thing efforts to think about her question.

ABERTHA
 (softly to Daffyd)
 He's struggling to remember.

After a moment, the creature falls back into a reverie.

Abertha sighs and shrugs.

DAFFYD
 Won't he wake up again?

ABERTHA

Unapt, they rarely wake at all.

Abertha jumps off the stone wall and lands beside Daffyd.

Grabbing Daffyd's hand, she pulls him into the jungle.

ABERTHA

I have another idea, there is something else we can ask.

DAFFYD

(looks back)

Why would they allow a soldier to put another soldier --

ABERTHA

Punishment, an offering, for revenge, a hazing gone wrong, a warning to others, an escape ...
(struggles for words)

A desire to leave the hell of base life, there are many possibilities.

Daffyd frowns; his mouth is a gash of rage.

DAFFYD

Ifan --

ABERTHA

I... I can't talk about that.

Daffyd squints to get a better look at her. Is that a tear in her eyes? He inhales sharply.

DAFFYD

You knew him. You knew my brother.

She wails in agony at his words and dashes into the wood.

DAFFYD

Abertha?! Wait, come back!

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Sobbing hard, Abertha runs headlong, full out, unconcerned for her safety. She trips, falls, and hits her head.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. LAB - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Blackness grows grey; dim shapes become Talan and Bampi.

QUICK POP: CLOSE ON a wild eye.

YOUNGER ABERTHA (8), drugged, afraid, strapped to a table.

Talan and Bampi stand over the mostly out-of-it girl.

TALAN

(to Abertha)

There's a code written on a
piece of paper in room two. You
are to go exterior, travel
there, memorise the code, and
then return to your body.

Abertha doesn't react. Bampi lifts an electrode menacingly.

BAMPI

Do it, or we'll have to make
Rhan do it. Do you want that? Do
you want me to get your sister?

A tear slides from her eye; Abertha shakes her head no. A
SHAPE just out of sight, in fatigues, holds a GUN on her.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Abertha wakes groggily and rubs the wound on her head. With
a groan, she stands and looks around and listens.

The woods are eerily silent. Dark is falling.

EXT. TREE - DAY

KEEAAAR! KEEAAAR! KEEAAAR! A hawk swoops and darts in front
of Abertha as if to stop her. She slows in wonder.

THE PRECIPICE

Twilight, beautiful, ominous. The light is strange and
peculiar sounds emanate from the forest behind them.

Daffyd and Abertha face a cliff.

DAFFYD

I don't know --

ABERTHA

Give me a minute. I need to see
if she came this way.

Abertha gives a tiny cry. Daffyd looks back; she's a ways
back. The young owl they saw earlier flies to and over her.

It hoots to Abertha. She hoots back. Daffyd rolls his eyes.
Abertha picks her way up the mountain. He follows.

EXT. ROCKS - NIGHT

They walk through a dark, dream-like, surreal landscape.

DAFFYD

I think they've given up.

ABERTHA

Oh, they're coming all right.

DAFFYD

If you know so much, tell me
what is happening here.

ABERTHA

What's happening is I'm going
after my little sister.

DAFFYD

Fine. But we should go back and
get a hovercraft or --

Angry, Abertha goes faster and faster, almost running up
the iridescent rocks as she hurries up the mountain face.

ABERTHA

Wyt ti'n deall? Don't you get
it?! We can't. They'll have sent
scouts all over and soldiers to
every village, be tracking
transport --

DAFFYD

All that? For two little girls?

Abertha slows and faces him. Her mouth is a hard gash of
suppressed rage as she contemplates him. Gasping with
effort, he makes his way up the strangely radiant slope.

ABERTHA

We're not what you think we are.

Angry, he rushes to cover the distance between them.

DAFFYD

What are you then? Why won't you
give me a straight answer?!

Abertha closes her eyes to concentrate.

ABERTHA'S SPIRIT travels skyward as a ball of light.

At WARP SPEED, her spirit zips to the BASE and ZONE EDGE.

Z-MEN and SOLDIERS march, an army heading into the wild.

Abertha's body is STRUCK by a force invisible to Daffyd.

ABERTHA'S SPIRIT slams back into her body, and the teen falls to her knees, gasping for air in a world of hurt.

She collapses on the ground, curls into the fetal position, and then lies quivering, contorted by pain.

Blood drips from one nostril. Abertha lifts a trembling hand to touch her nostril. She looks at her finger. Bloody.

Abertha tries to speak and winces.

ABERTHA

(with great effort)

They are coming. Many. Virtually armies of the hybrids, Zai human collaborators and slaves.

Fighting exhaustion, Daffyd reaches her.

DAFFYD

Slaves like my brother?

Abertha nods slowly; her eyes fill with tears. Her nose has stopped bleeding and she slowly gets to her feet.

ABERTHA

I'm sorry. I can't tell you more.

Daffyd reaches for her shoulder, struggling to get a grip.

DAFFYD

You have to. Because I don't give a ffyc about your excuses, ffycin mind games, or cach tarw (bullshit), and I think you're lying --

With a CRY, Abertha yanks free, darts away, and resumes her upward scramble. Daffyd, still winded, trudges after her.

In moments Abertha reaches and disappears over the summit.

Daffyd stares after her, grunts with rage, then follows. He scrambles upward, loses his balance, and falls hard, falling down the slope, skinning both hands and his face.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - NIGHT

Abertha sets up a wild camp under a group of conifers.

Her face is a stony mask of anger yet there are tear tracks on her face. She looks up as Daffyd--battered, bruised, bleeding--approaches. He drops his pack and grunts.

ABERTHA

I meant my memory's not right. I
can't explain things, not that I
won't, anws (anus/asshole)!

Without warning, three SOLDIERS, eyes glazed, in a trance,
leap over the mountain and are on top of them in an
instant.

In shock, dog-tired, Daffyd slowly draws his laser but --
the mind-controlled troopers ROAR and leap at him and --
Daffyd wills himself forward and dives behind the trees.

Relentless, the entranced warriors keep coming for him.

Daffyd sprays laser fire on the ground, heating the earth
and creating a blinding flash and explosion of dust and
debris.

He turns, laser in hand, and FIRES point blank. The
soldiers SCREECH an unholy WAIL of pain-rage, and yet --

descend upon him. He scrambles to find purchase below,
sliding on the loose dirt and stones of the rocky
elevation.

Abertha has circled below and, with a TERRIBLE HOWL, she
launches herself at the warriors as they reach Daffyd and
--

KNOCK the laser away from him; Daffyd SCREAMS his ire as --

Abertha closes her eyes in prayer, then opens them and --

KEENS, yet the warriors ignore her until they hear --

a guttering SNARL and an earsplitting ROAR behind them and
--

turn to face the GWYLLGI, a frightful large black animal
that could be a huge mastiff or dark wolf with BLAZING red
eyes.

Daffyd backs up and falls to the ground in terror.

The massive sinister spectral demonic canine SLINKS low as
--

THUNDER rumbles in the night sky, and lightning STRIKES
near.

A great strong wind rises and the thunderstorm grows
severe.

CLOUD-GROUND-LIGHTNING strikes the trees; heavy rain falls.

A LIGHTNING BOLT hits two soldiers--the bright BLAST kills
them--as the Gwyllgi, larger than an ox, SNARLS and --

with a HOWL of RAGE-DELIGHT grabs the third warrior and --
its glistening jaws SNAP; it GRASPS and SHAKES its victim.

BOOM! Lightning. The creature HOWLS again and drags the
third SCREAMING soldier over the mountain and disappears.

Abertha, wet with rain, grasps her pack and things, then
YANKS Daffyd to his feet. He takes his things and they RUN.

EXT. HILLS - NIGHT

Daffyd and Abertha race, packs in hand, the mountain behind
them, as a wave of Z-MEN, their skin bioluminescent in the
dark, SPILL over the earth and search for the pair.

EXT. CAVERNS - NIGHT

Daffyd and Abertha RUN in a blur, dodging stalactites and
stalagmites, running from the luminous monsters following.

INT. LARGE CAVERN - NIGHT

Daffyd waits til a HORDE of Z-MEN lurches through the cave
opening. When they are all inside and nearly on top of him
and Abertha, he BLASTS sharp and jagged stalactites above.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The cave roof formations drop and shatter
or pierce the skulls and bodies of the Z-MEN below. One Z-
MAN is perilously close. A stalactite above is about to
fall, and Abertha kicks it so that it FALLS backwards.

SPLAT! The stalactite from above smashes into and destroys
the Z-MAN below. Other Z-MEN come out of the darkness, yet
no more stalactites to laser and destroy them.

INT. CLOSE TUNNEL - NIGHT

A natural crawl space where Daffyd and Abertha breathe
heavily and crawl army-style as rapidly as they can. Daffyd
BLASTS the ceiling with his laser and seals off the tunnel.

The dust clears; both ends of the tunnel have collapsed.

BOOM! Daffyd blasts the wall and creates an opening.

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

The two humans scramble from the wall dropping into a cave.

At a SOUND growing louder, Abertha pushes Daffyd toward a
nearly hidden natural shelf formation in a cave wall.

INT. CAVE - WALL SHELF - NIGHT

Daffyd and Abertha are crammed side-by-side into a tight natural shelf formation in the nearly dark space. They both shake in terror. Eerie sounds emanate from outside.

DAFFYD
 (whispers in her ear)
 Shhh, they aren't able to find
 us, I don't think. Those ones --

ABERTHA
 (softly)
 Aren't really alive.

A SCREAM from outside causes dust and debris to fall.

DAFFYD
 (whispers)
 Yes, not like us.

The SHRIEKS outside recede a bit. Abertha shifts position.

ABERTHA
 (softly)
 You're not really a soldier, are
 you? I never saw you before,
 although --

A SCREAM much farther away now followed by SILENCE.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

DAFFYD
 (whispers)
 I... I work night guard --

Abertha stares at him, suspicious.

ABERTHA
 (softly)
 You know almost nothing about
 the base or zone. You'd be dead
 if you ate that embryonic
 plantimal.

Daffyd gets off of the shelf and motions for her to follow.

Abertha shakes her head no. He pretends to cower in fear.

ABERTHA
 (softly)
 I was born here. I know
 everyone, but you do look a lot
 like --

DAFFYD
 (whispers)
 Shhh!

She frowns and flips him off. He smirks and exits the cave.

INT. NARROW PASSAGE - NIGHT

Daffyd crawls through a tight passage. Abertha follows. He reaches an opening and disappears into a cave.

INT. ANCIENT CAVE - NIGHT

Abertha crawls from the passage opening. Daffyd stares at intricate patterns of zig-zags and spirals that cover the chamber walls. In the centre is a blueschist rock pillar.

DAFFYD

What the ffyc are we doing here?

ABERTHA

Shhh, this is a holy place.

An interior wind blows through the narrow passage.

The damp, dark low-ceilinged cave changes. In an instant --

light and shadow SWIRL around the pair and emit a --

weak, distant HOWL, the wind rises as manifestations --

SPIRITS and DARK BEASTS brighten and pass through then --

Daffyd shivers as he suddenly sees a handaxe made of stone.

DAFFYD

I'm so tired, I'm making odd choices... unless --

ABERTHA

Unless we were led here. Take the handaxe. We may need it.

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

Abertha exits the cave. Daffyd is scanning the forest.

SILENCE. Abertha stares around suspiciously, squats and puts a massive, hefty stone into her backpack. Daffyd watches her, rolls his eyes, and then draws his laser.

He motions for her to follow and walks into the forest.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

She gives him a cold, hard look, hefts her pack, barely managing to walk with it, and then follows.

The night is beautiful-horrible. The insects are mutating, their shapes changing as they grow bioluminescent from Zai dimension infection. A pale radiance outlines the trees.

DAFFYD

(quietly)

Looks like some kind of extra-dimensional particle --

ABERTHA

(suspicious)

You a scientist?

DAFFYD

No, my brother was --

CRACK! They look to see TWO MAGENTA EYES, bright in the dark.

It is a Z-MAN, a horrific, misshapen hybrid, smart enough to have circled around quietly to fool and catch them.

Daffyd is frozen, Abertha steps forward, shoves the thing away and sidesteps it as it whirls to grab her and --

RUN-SCRAMBLES up a tree to the treetop before it grabs her. She SLAMS the backpack down, smashing its head, killing it.

Daffyd GAPES at her. She drops to the ground.

He stares at her in shock, frozen still.

In a rage, Abertha leaps at him, claws at his face, and SCREAMS in WELSH while sobbing in anger.

ABERTHA

I thought you were supposed to be a soldier. You're dim gwerth rhech dafad (completely useless; literally 'not worth a sheep's fart')! Wake the ffyc up!

Abertha SLAPS Daffyd's face. He slowly thaws and awakens.

DAFFYD

How... how'd you do that?

They look down at the horrific hybrid with a smashed head.

ABERTHA

I dunno. Adrenaline. It was either that or die, though I honestly didn't think about it.

DAFFYD

Why'd you bring the stone?

ABERTHA

I dunno. It felt right. Impulse.

She yanks her backpack from the creature's head.

DAFFYD
You didn't want to leave the
cave.

ABERTHA
It was too soon. I felt it.

Abertha wipes the pack on the ground to try and clean it.

DAFFYD
Some part of you knew one of
them was out there still --

ABERTHA
I guess. Didn't you?!

The pack is less gooey now, yet covered in dirt and leaves.

DAFFYD
You took the stone to prepare
for it --

ABERTHA
I guess.

She wipes the leaves away and hefts the pack.

DAFFYD
Don't you know?

ABERTHA
(shrugs)
The person who understands or
knows themselves fully is a liar
or rarity.

DAFFYD
Better find a place to camp.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Hyperalert to every noise, movement, or flash of light, the pair walk through the woods as if is a minefield.

EXT. RIVER BED - NIGHT

Daffyd and Abertha move carefully through a dry river bed.

Daffyd hefts his laser; his face is a rigid mask of focus.

Abertha trudges, no energy left, and succumbs to despair.

EXT. RIVER BANK - NIGHT

A STRANGE PATTERN; upon closer look, it is the pair of them, river mud-painted faces, tucked into a deep, dark cranny under a large dead tree root in the stream bank.

EXT. TREE - DAY

Abertha squats, pushing her pelvis to the earth. She closes her eyes, focusing on the streaming sunlight. Above her head, a gold ball of solar energy grows visible and larger.

She pulls the visible solar energy down to fill and cleanse her body while also pulling a stream of milky white earth energy upwards. She merges the earth and sun energies in her heart and becomes more radiant and energised.

Daffyd watches her, unmoving and transfixed.

LATER

DAFFYD

What the hell was that?

ABERTHA

I've dreamt of the old woman.
She's teaching me to heal.

He laughs like this is the funniest thing he's ever heard.

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

Abertha lies with her head on a rotting tree trunk.

She rolls on her side and moans, growing ill, then pukes up a mass of sticky, dark energies and coughs up mucous.

DAFFYD

What... is that?

ABERTHA

Zai entities, other poisons --

DAFFYD

Fecking hell.

She coughs, rolling on her back. A tear slips from an eye.

ABERTHA

Nobody ever said spiritual
clearing was easy. If it was,
everybody would do it, which
they should.

She gets on all fours and retches and burps.

Daffyd slips down beside her and burps.

DAFFYD
What the absolute ffyc?

Abertha laughs between burping and coughing.

ABERTHA
It's your body. Our brains and
so forth, our nervous systems,
are communicating, and you are
learning how to release.

Abertha resumes burping; Daffyd lets out an enormous burp.

DAFFYD
Oh, fecking hell. Here I go.

Daffyd coughs and coughs until he retches up mucous.

EXT. MEADOW - NIGHT

It's dusk. Daffyd and Abertha lie in the grass.

ABERTHA
(sits up slowly)
I might be done.

Daffyd sits up gingerly. Abertha pats his leg.

DAFFYD
Disgusting. No wonder nobody
does it.

ABERTHA
Yeah.

DAFFYD
And I'm exhausted. I thought you
said I'd have more energy.

ABERTHA
After you restore and fill the
well, you will have more. Your
psyche will be lighter, your
entire being.

DAFFYD
I'm not feeling it.

ABERTHA
Part of the issue is most of us
have so much nasty energy in our
bodies and beings. So, we do
release work and there's still
so much more to do. We don't
always feel how we've lightened.

DAFFYD
Oh, man, you're really selling
me on the need to clear.

Abertha smiles.

ABERTHA

Did you have a vision of what
you were releasing?

DAFFYD

Maybe some.

ABERTHA

Wanna talk about it?

Daffyd frowns.

DAFFYD

I need you to know I get furious
when you think about suicide. I
know that my brother would not
have killed himself; he had to
have been made to do so.

Abertha is horror-struck; this is the work of her parents.

ABERTHA

I'm so sorry --

Daffyd weeps mutely, grimacing in fury despite despair.

DAFFYD

(wipes tears away)

I get it. You're not responsible
for what your parents, or any
org they're part of, did. But
I'm horrified --

ABERTHA

Because I'm kin to the people
and beings who killed him --

Daffyd nods. Abertha tries to hug him. He brushes her away.

EXT. MEADOW - MORNING

Abertha meditates on the dawning sun. Behind her, unseen,
Daffyd stalks a PIGLET with a sharpened stick.

CLOSE ON

JUVENILE PIG

Unsuspecting, nibbling clover, avoiding nearby Zai plants.

GOOSEBUMPS cover Abertha's arms.

Daffyd LETS FLY the sharpened stick.

Abertha jerks and leaps to her feet and shouts

NO! Just in time to startle the piglet who LEAPS away

just as THWICK!

The stick narrowly misses the piglet.

Abertha runs up to Daffyd.

ABERTHA

No. You can't do that! I don't want you to, and Rhan wouldn't like it.

DAFFYD

She's not here. We don't even have a clue which way she went.

ABERTHA

Watch.

Abertha closes her eyes and moves her lips in prayer.

The piglet peeps out of nearby plants where it is hidden.

ABERTHA (V.O.)

I'm sorry you were frightened.

The piglet creeps closer. When it sees Daffyd, it freezes.

The piglet eyes her, wrinkles its nose, and chuffs softly.

ABERTHA

(to piglet)

Yes, he is, yet I won't let him.

As Daffyd moves to stand near Abertha, the piglet turns its body to keep its eyes on him at all times and chuffs again.

DAFFYD

What did it say?

ABERTHA

Uh, just...

DAFFYD

What? Tell me.

ABERTHA

It said, 'meat eater'.

DAFFYD

(to piglet, eyes
downcast)

Oh, gawd, sorry.

ABERTHA

(to piglet)

I'm looking for a human girl, my sister, she's a friend of the swine.

The piglet snorts and turns to indicate the way Rhan went.

DAFFYD

(shaken)

The pig talks? Are you certain?

ABERTHA

They all can... communicate. Not talking exactly. Anyway, everything has energy, symbolic importance, and some form of consciousness.

DAFFYD

Consciousness. How can I ever eat a creature with a beating heart and a family again?

Abertha nods at him and shrugs.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Through the trees, Abertha spots a strip of BLUE on a tree.

ABERTHA

(unties fabric)

It is a piece of Rhan's clothing.

DAFFYD

(fingers the fabric)

The little animal was correct!

A FEMALE WHITE DEER with antlers steps out, ethereal, lovely. The deer and Abertha play peek-a-boo, taking turns partially hiding behind a tree. Daffyd tries to play.

DAFFYD

(as the deer freezes)

Why can't I do it?

ABERTHA

Uh, maybe it doesn't trust you.

DAFFYD

Why?

Abertha catches the deer's eyes. The deer nods.

ABERTHA

(tilts her head,
listens)

Same reason the baby swine you tried to kill didn't trust you.

(looks at Daffyd)

Because you're a meat eater.

Daffyd frowns, then blushes.

DAFFYD

How can it even tell?

ABERTHA

Dunno. Maybe you smell like
cooked flesh or it's in your
aura.

Abertha and the pure deer look deep into each other's eyes.
The girl steps cautiously toward it and inclines her head.

DAFFYD

(to Abertha)

Don't you eat meat?

The white deer nods its head to her. Abertha nods back.

ABERTHA

Not since Rhan said not to eat
her friends. And, ugh, flesh is
gross.

She steps to the doe and extends her palm. Sniffing her
hand, it puts a velvet nose to her skin, then darts away.

DAFFYD

Well, did it say anything?

Abertha looks after the white doe, who is leaping now.

ABERTHA

Forever in the good daylight, A
maiden may I go, But always on
the ninth midnight, I change to
a milk-white doe.

DAFFYD

English, please --

ABERTHA

(laughing)

Do you know how rare she is?
Where is your awe? She is the
White Lady, the Queen Sovereign
in white, Elen of Mascen
Wledig's dream.

Daffyd shrugs and grabs his stuff; Abertha grabs her pack.

ABERTHA (CON'T)

The Lady herald's high change.
This is the right path. We'll
follow her along the ancient
trackways. Rhan came this way
two days ago.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

Red-gold late afternoon sun illuminates the forest.

Daffyd and Abertha race through the woods after the white
deer. Sometimes, through the trees in the distance, she

appears to be a WOMAN in WHITE with a cloud of long red-gold hair.

ABERTHA (V.O.)
Our ancestors trod the deer
paths, the sacred migration
pathways...

The white doe appears to CARRY THE SUN betwixt her antlers.

DAFFYD AND ABERTHA cross an invisible line, and SHIVER as

The golden-rose light of sunset glints against the stark
silvered, almost phosphorescent light of the snow.

NIGHT FALLS, the deer runs on, ghostlike, across wild
moors.

ABERTHA (V.O.)
...a song upon Mother Earth,
spirals or threads, connecting
us to the deep magic, the old
ways.

They traverse a bed of Zai-infected moss and lichens.

ABERTHA (V.O.)
The paths crisscross the earth
like gossamer spider threads
connecting to deep tectonic
forces.

Daffyd and Abertha follow the white doe running lightly on
a path that appears silver and sparkles in the moonlight.

EXT. ANCIENT WOODLAND - NIGHT

Abertha listens to the trees whisper; the susurrations are
punctuated by tree branches creaking in the wind.

Daffyd stops Abertha. They listen to the sound of a brook,
a silver water sonnet made as white-capped liquid splashes.

DAFFYD
(breathless)
There!

Abertha turns to follow his pointing finger.

The doe emerges in the forest and disappears into a grove.

EXT. ASH GROVE - NIGHT

Daffyd and Abertha walk through the rustling tree grove.

DAFFYD
Where is the Lady?

ABERTHA
We'll see her in the morning.

DAFFYD
I don't get it. You think
they're after Rhan for some
stupid ritual.

ABERTHA
It's life and death to them.

EXT. ASH TREE - NIGHT

Daffyd and Abertha look for a place to make camp.

DAFFYD
It just doesn't make any sense.

ABERTHA
I don't have all the answers.

DAFFYD
You're lying to me!

He whirls to stare at her in the faint twilight.

ABERTHA
I'm not lying. I --

DAFFYD
What the ffyc, then?

ABERTHA
I'm just telling you the minimum
that you need to know.

Daffyd slams her against a tree. They grapple. She knees
him in the groin. He defends and throws her on the ground.

DAFFYD
(on top of her)
Why?

ABERTHA
Because --

She is sweating, red-faced, and angry tears stream from her
eyes. He grips her throat as if he might strangle her.

DAFFYD
(red with rage)
Tell me!

ABERTHA
We were... together.

Daffyd recoils -- throws himself off of her -- and sits up.

DAFFYD

What?! No! He would never do that.

ABERTHA

We were together.

DAFFYD

But you're a child. He wouldn't, you're what, fourteen?

ABERTHA

(struggles for words)

Fourteen... soon. But what you have to know is we were thrown together by fate, and he wasn't the first, I had already been repeatedly --

Abertha looks away now as he tries to look her in the eye.

DAFFYD

Assaulted?

ABERTHA

This is coming out all wrong. We loved each other. He didn't ... after ... I'm just saying I was not a virgin since I was very young.

DAFFYD

You're a child-rape victim?

Daffyd rubs his eyes, trying to contain intense emotion.

ABERTHA

Yes, repeatedly. But it's more complicated than that.

DAFFYD

(struggles to process)

Repeatedly?! As a child? It's not complex. Adult men putting their dicks in children is a crime.

Abertha looks away, her face a mask of grief and despair.

The dappled light and shadow of the forest hide her expression.

ABERTHA

It's information you don't need to know. Upsetting information could destabilise you mentally and get us killed. You can't help anyway.

DAFFYD
 (looks about,
 bewildered)
 What is happening here?!

Despite himself, Tears stream from Daffyd's eyes.

ABERTHA
 It's hard to explain, and I
 don't really know or understand
 anyway.

DAFFYD
 You were with my brother?

Daffyd wipes his eyes and face. Abertha closes her eyes.

ABERTHA
 (half smiles/
 grimaces)
 We loved each other.

Sunlight touches Abertha's face; she almost looks happy.

DAFFYD
 Is that why he killed himself?
 Because of you? Or something
 else?

ABERTHA
 (opens eyes)
 I don't know. Maybe because
 things were intolerable. I don't
 know.

Daffyd grips Abertha's hand and tenderly pulls her up. He awkwardly hugs her, which causes her to dissolve into tears.

EXT. ASH TREE - DAY

Daffyd and Abertha quietly pack up at dawn.

DAFFYD
 (whispers)
 Where is she?

ABERTHA
 (shrugs)
 We continue on the same path;
 she'll return when it's right.

The pair walk toward a mist boiling through the forest.

EXT. RIVER ABOVE FALLS - DAY

The pair hike along the water. A WATERFALL lies ahead.

EXT. WATERFALL - DAY

Behind the water's THUNDER, a peculiar SUSURRATION, a cross between unintelligible extraterrestrial speech and GROANING.

Abertha grabs Daffyd's GOOSEFLESH-covered arm. They stare -- at a holographic Zai magenta SYMBOL hanging in the air. An -- iridescent fire BURNS around it.

DAFFYD

Any clue what it means?

They examine the dangling Zai holographical SYMBOL.

ABERTHA

It's occult Zai. My father has it as a tattoo. Probably a territorial marking or the extraterrestrial equivalent of ffycin 'Arbeit macht fre'.

Daffyd stops short with surprise and turns to face her.

DAFFYD

You know ancient war history?

ABERTHA

A bit. I also know whatever the Zai promises is a lie.

DAFFYD

Why would extraterrestrials deal in deception? Why not just do whatever they want, use force?

ABERTHA

Human collaborators further their cause better and faster. If the Zai remain unseen, they make more rapid progress --

DAFFYD

Rapid progress on what?

ABERTHA

On opening the portal fully.

DAFFYD

What ffycin portal? Where?

ABERTHA

I wish I knew.

Daffyd stares at Abertha; his face is a mask of distrust.

EXT. ZONE - FOREST - DAY

Talan looks at his eyecam HUD; not a red dot in sight. Zai iridescent, shimmering tendrils snake out of a tree.

TALAN

(hisses)

Where the ffyc are you, my pretty?

He surveys the Zai creep; where he is, it is summer.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mist and icy haze cover the South Wales landscape; magenta iridescent Zai spheres appear more often.

The pair of them trudge onward through the mist. The icy haze is rapidly becoming iridescent snow crystals falling.

DAFFYD

Weird as ffyc is what this is --

ABERTHA

The rift in the space-time continuum caused by the Zai --

They edge by a VORTEX with the Zai dimension visible inside. Abertha hardly looks; Daffyd stares and shudders.

DAFFYD

On ash trees, the snowflakes are knocking, as the mist is not now --

His half-hearted poem gets a smile out of her.

ABERTHA

Time entangles with and is relative to consciousness, the multiplicity of realities, or worlds, and minds.

DAFFYD

I don't get what you just said, and I don't understand why we haven't seen that white doe today --

ABERTHA

Oh, goddess.

Daffyd rushes to Abertha's side.

DAFFYD

What is it?!

Her eyes shift -- HER VISION, a BLACK MIST, emanates from Talan, travelling faster and faster to her across Wales.

ABERTHA
 (groans)
 Talan. Psychic attack.

CUT TO REALITY -- Abertha FALLS down, ill, energy drained. Daffyd tries to pull her up; she appears normal to him.

DAFFYD
 (shouts)
 Get up! Push on. We're close.

Abertha CRAWLS through the icy, pearlescent dirt and mist to him. He grasps, yet can't get a grip to pull her up. She reaches behind him to grab an enormous Zai plant sac.

ABERTHA
 This is a plant vesica. Scrape
 it out to use it as a lens --

Face red with rage, he yanks the plant pouch from her.

DAFFYD
 Why the hell for?

ABERTHA
 Just do it.

EXT. BURNT PINE TREE - DAY

Daffyd leans on the tree, its bark mostly ash, peering through the now-empty extraterrestrial plant bladder.

DAFFYD'S POV -- the BLACK MIST, a cloud of oily darkness, a DARK FORCE ENTITY attacks and tries to enter Abertha as -- she lifts her hand and SHOOTs white-hot energy at it.

ON DAFFYD, scrambling back, he stares in fear and disgust.

DAFFYD's POV -- on his back, rolling on his knees, GASPING -- he drops the plant sac as Abertha waves her hands.

DAFFYD
 How do... how do you remove it?

ABERTHA
 So tired, draining my energy.

She indicates a nearby glade.

ABERTHA
 Watch me clear. I don't have the
 energy to explain more.

With an expression of revulsion, he picks up the plant sac.

INT. GLADE - DAY

Abertha hobbles into the clearing and sinks to the ground.

Daffyd slowly lifts the plant vesica to his eyes to -- SEE the girl lie on her BACK as her LIPS MOVE in prayers -- as a great cord of white LIGHT from her tailbone appears to -- PLUG INTO the earth and NATURE BEINGS there DRINK IN and -- DIGEST the HEAVY DARK energies EXTRACTED and UNWOUND -- from her SPINE, PELVIS and SACRUM as --

Abertha HOLDS and WRESTLES it to PUSHES it down her spine -- and FEEDS the darkness to ANCIENT BEINGS in the earth.

ABERTHA'S POV -- the DARK ENERGIES gather speed, DRAIN down her head, spine and nervous system; she coughs them up and out onto the earth and as the darkness drains away --

she then PULLS gold SOLAR ENERGY from the sun --

to form a GOLD SPHERE above her head, a warm golden liquid light, which BURNS BRIGHTLY and flows down through her head, heart, belly, tailbone, and pelvis. She breathes in the golden light and it FILLS her with golden liquid sunlight, flowing down to her feet, pushing out the residual darkness, and the bowl of her pelvis FILLS with the gold liquid sunlight then --

She brings the golden light energy bubble down to earth --

it penetrates the ground and meets beneath her feet --

she pulls milky-white Earth energy up from the Earth and --

sparkling white energy FILLS her up, up through her body and her heart, head, and crown, SPILLING down and RADIATING all over, mixing with the GOLD LIGHT until it --

FILLS her body and being, and she is CLEANSED.

ABERTHA

By Belenos, Belyn, the Shining
One, I receive the cleansing,
blessings, and strengthening of
the light.

ABERTHA'S POV -- BELENOS, the Bright One, restores her to RADIANCE. She glows with life and vitality and sits up.

ON DAFFYD, stunned. He can scarcely believe his eyes.

LATER

BELENOS walks away and fades. Daffyd drops the vesica.

DAFFYD

That was... Where did the gold
and white light come from?! How
did you do that?! What was it?!

ABERTHA

I draw solar energy from the
sun, the masculine or directive
energy, and earth energy,

feminine or receptive energy,
from the ground.

DAFFYD

Those things... are they alive?

ABERTHA

There's no way to tell what the
dark ones are. They seem
ethereal, maybe interdimensional
beings, alien entities, the Zai
or unrelated, or some type of
directed energy --

DAFFYD

Directed energy?!

ABERTHA

Military-directed energy, for
lack of a better word.
Punishment. Psionic attack,
electromagnetic, astral,
physical or mechanical, there
are so many ways to influence or
punish a person --

DAFFYD

But --

ABERTHA

Yes, they can do that,
telepathic suggestion, microwave
or direct energy weapons,
radiofrequency radiation, other
abilities, though perhaps Talan
sent the dark force entity, pure
being to being psychic attack,
conscious or unconscious, or
maybe it was a malevolent spirit
with its own agenda. There are
many dangers --

DAFFYD

(lifts plant sac)

But how could you see that thing
without a... a tool?

ABERTHA

Sodomy. Anal rape before age
three... opens the third eye.

DAFFYD

Age three? You were three?

Tears stream down his face; his eyes roll back in his head.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. BASE - ARMY BARRACKS - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

QUICK POP: CLOSE ON a NASAL MICROCHIP being implanted.

IFAN and RECRUITS (20s) all wake BLEEDING from the nose.

INT. GLADE - DAY

Waking on his knees, Daffyd opens his eyes, coughs and gags. He gets to his feet and struggles to stand.

DAFFYD

What is happening to me? Felt sick, I guess. Did you say age three?

ABERTHA

Yes. Before age three.

He gets up and moves to hug her. She waves him away.

DAFFYD

Third eye? So psychic people can see this shit? These things?

ABERTHA

Sometimes. I guess it depends on how clear you are, how frightened, how willing to see reality one is, because there is a relentless shitstorm of evil out there... and nobody in their right mind really --

DAFFYD

What?

Abertha gets to her feet and gathers her things.

ABERTHA

...Wants to know the truth.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Daffyd and Abertha hike along a game trail.

INT. FOREST - DAY

Abertha sees movement in the trees. She freezes. It is the antlered white deer from before but the Zai infection has worsened. It walks right up to her. She stares in horror at its flowering head and enormous iridescent lavender eyes.

DEER

(weeping)

Please help me. I'm so afraid of the changes, the strange appetites.

ABERTHA

Oh, I don't know --

DEER

(weeping)

I beg you. I am so fearful.

Daffyd stands unmoving, watching their exchange.

Abertha sinks to her knees. The mutant deer lies down against her, its beautiful, monstrous head on her lap.

Tears streaming from her eyes, Abertha slips a hand into her pack while she murmur-hum sings a lullaby to the deer.

ABERTHA

(murmurs Welsh
lullaby)

Huna blentyn ar fy mynwes, Clyd
a chynnes ydyw hon; Breichiau
mam sy'n dynn amdanat, Cariad
mam sy dan fy mron; Ni chaiff
dim amharu'th gyntun, Ni wna
undyn â thi gam; Huna'n dawel,
annwyl blentyn, Huna'n fwyn ar
fron dy fam.

SUBTITLES

Sleep, my darling, on my bosom,
Harm will never come to you;
Mother's arms enfold you safely,
Mother's heart is ever true. As
you sleep, there's naught to
scare you, Naught to wake you
from your rest; Close those
eyelids, little angel, Sleep
upon your mother's breast.

A tear falls from the deer's eye, and it closes them.
Abertha pulls one of the strange metal bees from her pack.

As the ethereal white deer snuggles against her, Abertha
strokes its deformed head and gently places the bee on it.

ABERTHA

(murmurs Welsh
lullaby)

Huna'n dawel, heno, huna, Huna'n
fwyn, y tlws ei lun; Pam yr wyt
yn awr yn gwenu, Gwenu'n dirion
yn dy hun? Ai angylion fry sy'n
gwenu, Arnat ti yn gwenu'n llon,
Tithau'n gwenu'n ôl dan huno,
Huno'n dawel ar fy mron?

SUBTITLES

Sleep peacefully tonight, sleep;
Gently sleep, my lovely; Why are
you now smiling, Smiling gently
in your sleep? Are angels above

SUBTITLES (CON'T)

smiling on you, As you smile
cheerfully, Smiling back and
sleeping, Sleeping quietly on my
breast?

The bee stings the white deer. With a sigh, it
disintegrates into deerskin-Zai muck, only antlers remain.
A DAZZLING BEING of light stands and steps from the muck.

Daffyd GASPS and lowers his eyes. Abertha BOWS her head.
Over her stands a fair, exquisite woman who has antlers and
a cloud of gossamer red-gold hair and is made of LIGHT.

This is ELEN, ANTLERED GODDESS, newly free of her mutant
form. She indicates that Abertha should stand.

Weeping, Abertha lays the residue gently down and stands.

Elen EMBRACES Abertha. The Goddess becomes a hovering STAR.

ELEN (V.O.)

(to Abertha)

From the land of magic,
trembling, I evade the arrows of
men and the dark, and the king
marries my land body. Call and I
will come, child.

WHOOSH! Now a SHOOTING STAR, she FLIES up to the heavens.

They GAPE as her STAR form flies upward, then fades away.

LATER

Abertha gathers stones from the forest floor.

DAFFYD

What did the doe mean? The
strange appetites.

Abertha indicates that he should collect stones.

ABERTHA

The infection often fills one
with dark desires, different
from one's normal personality,
it's like being overcome by a
psyche introject.

Abertha lays stones over the muck as Daffyd gathers more.

DAFFYD

Psyche introject?

ABERTHA

Yeah. An intrusion from outside
that enters, an introject --

DAFFYD

What the hell?

She builds a cairn made of stones over the muck remains.

ABERTHA

An animal or person might not know that they're contaminated, so the dark thoughts, images, and impulses would be all the more terrifying.

Daffyd brings Abertha stones to add to the cairn.

DAFFYD

The deer knew something.

ABERTHA

She, they, the deer beings, are wise in so many ways. They represent innocence and human rewilding.

DAFFYD

But she wasn't a deer at all...
(bewildered)
She was a woman... a Goddess, and then a star. She kept changing --

ABERTHA

We all change form. She was all those things... and an archetype, an energy, riding the white deer, and everywhere.

Abertha does a ritual for the deer's soul and Daffyd stares in shock to see the life force SOAR UPWARDS from the cairn.

DAFFYD

What was that?

ABERTHA

That was the animal soul that was in the white deer's body with Her.

They sit and stare in silence at the cairn made of stones.

ABERTHA

The antlers grow behind the eyes, which is significant and hints at heightened perceptual experience, symbolising attunement to higher realms... like antennae reaching for subtle higher energy vibes.

Abertha makes a prayer and takes the deer antlers.

DAFFYD

Why did this have to happen?

ABERTHA

If we instead wonder at deer's primal wisdom teaching, though it is many things. Of course, the white deer is always about female innocence in particular. She also revealed Zai's perversion and the danger to the natural world and perhaps suggests we be gentle as deer growing toward new innocence, and our abilities to sense the subtle will increase.

DAFFYD

I can't feel innocent. I knew something was wrong with Ifan. He wasn't right; it was frightening --

ABERTHA

What? Were you afraid of him?

DAFFYD

Not scared of him. I was afraid for him.

Abertha gets up. Daffyd follows. All around, the forest has gone wrong, terrible, beautiful, strangely wrong.

DAFFYD

And then he was gone.

Weeping, Abertha stalks on, the deer's antlers swinging by her side; she is in agony at the world changes around them.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

Sweating and dirty, Daffyd collects chestnuts while Abertha forages for and collects wild garlic and onion grass.

LATER

They sit by a campfire eating roasted chestnuts, acorns and foraged greens salad. Daffyd uses a sharpened, blackened stick to flick cooked acorns and nuts from the fire.

DAFFYD

(bites a still-warm
nut)

It's good, thank you.

ABERTHA
 (salutes with her
 canteen)
 Thank you for cooking them!

EXT. POOL - DAY

Abertha looks at her reflection in the pool of water. She glances over her shoulder. Daffyd is resting on their gear.

She pulls the suicide drug vial from within her clothing to look at it. Movement in the water catches her eye.

Abertha is shocked to see her reflection change into the visage of a very old woman.

Abertha touches her face with one hand and stretches another toward the water. Is this herself in the future?

About to touch the water, she startles as the reflection comes alive as if to speak. It is the village hag.

ABERTHA
 (whispers)
 What news of Rhan?

EXT. VILLAGE - STREAM - DAY

The hag looks at Abertha's reflection in a small pool.

EXT. POOL - DAY

Wide-eyed, Abertha strains to hear the old woman.

HAG
 Trouble, you must go to Rhan and
 save her. There is no love like
 that of a little sister.

Abertha lowers the vial as if to hide it from the crone.

ABERTHA
 (weeping)
 How can she? I hit her --

HAG
 Not her love for you; your love
 for her! She has no one else;
 you are all the good she has.

Abertha stares, pondering, as the woman's image fades away.

HAG (V.O.)
 In two days, tis Samhain, the
 Gaelic festival of yore, marking
 winter's beginning. And on that
 night, my ancestors say, the

HAG (V.O.) (CON'T)
 passage tween this world and the
 Otherworld will open. You must
 hurry.

Abertha stares at the still pool, listening. The pool is unmoving now, reflecting only her. There is only the sound of the wind, crickets, and the distant HUM of Zai spheres.

At a far-off SHOUT from Daffyd, Abertha drops the drug ampule back into her shirt and returns to their camp.

INT. ROCKY CRAG - NIGHT

Daffyd backs away from enormous MUTANT SPIDERS creeping out of a ground crack between the Zai dimension and Wales.

DAFFYD
 (as she packs up)
 Do we kill them or what?!

She points at the WAVE of ARACHNIDS that keeps on coming.

ABERTHA
 It's an untold stream, perhaps
 all that lives has a right to
 life. They were here first --

DAFFYD
 Okay, alright.

He scoops up his pack and canteen, and they race away.

AT DARK, ABERTHA and DAFFYD move through a night forest that would be magical if it wasn't so horrific and uncanny.

MUTANT BATS, virtually transformed near beyond recognition, unfurl their wings, swoop low, and fly overhead.

Daffyd STARES wide-eyed at the unearthly lifeforms.

ABERTHA
 We better camp soon. Dark things
 love the night. Don't you know?

DAFFYD
 I may have heard that.

LATER

Daffyd and Abertha sleep back to back at a cliff face.

EXT. WILLOW GLADE - DAY

DAWN BREAKS. Shafts of a golden-pink light stream over them. It's exquisite til a magenta light bleeds through.

Daffyd and Abertha wake and sit up. He watches her squat on the earth, rub it with both palms, and then stand to face the sun. She raises her hands to the gold celestial body.

DAFFYD

(whispers)

What are you doing?

ABERTHA

(softly)

In the morn, there is a power to be had by grounding and connecting with the white milk of Mother Earth's energy and the golden solar energy of our star... when it meets the pink energy of the heart -- of love -- it helps humans to heal.

DAFFYD

I thought the feminine energy, the contrast to the masculine solar energy, was the moon --

Abertha whirls, furious --

ABERTHA

(hisses)

A lie perpetrated by the Zai and others like them, those who would imprison and use earthlings, the predators from the depths of the cosmos, because an ungrounded woman influenced by dark forces can never heal, never be a force for good, never be receptive and grounded and connected. And an ungrounded man influenced by dark forces can never heal, never be a force for good, never be directive and grounded and connected. They disconnect us --

DAFFYD

Disconnect us?

ABERTHA

From Mother Earth and the Sun, our power and magic, or we are nothing but food for the moon.

LATER

Daffyd and Abertha walk through a meadow by a mountain.

DAFFYD

But they're opposites --

ABERTHA

No, they are not. The sun is the earth's companion, and the moon casts no light, is lit only by the sun, and came to our solar system much later. They have been seeking a way into our dimension for ages, and --

DAFFYD

But how?

ABERTHA

In shadow. Manipulating and infecting humanity for aeons. They offer power, wealth beyond measure, whatever a person wants if a person will be their tool. Their greatest desire is to infiltrate the earthly realm --

DAFFYD

And this is why? This --

ABERTHA

Yes, this is why Talan and the others have allied with the Zai.

DAFFYD

Will the Zai honour their promises?

ABERTHA

Only fools believe evil is capable of ethics or honour or keeping its word.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

Daffyd and Abertha hike up the mountain.

DAFFYD

So, they seek to unground us.

ABERTHA

Yes, to make us controllable, through terror and trauma, to dissociate and control us. To infect and feed upon us; that is their dark desire.

Abertha looks at twigs on the faint path before her.

DAFFYD

(tries to see her
focus)

What is it?

ABERTHA

There are messages far and wide.
They arrive by synchronicity or
the natural world.

DAFFYD

How can that be?

ABERTHA

We are all part of everything.
All creation vibrates and
expresses; even the trees sing.

ABERTHA'S POV, with effort, she hears the trees SINGING.

DAFFYD

What are you doing?

ABERTHA

Listening to the trees. I'm not
great at it. Too ungrounded.

Daffyd shakes his head. Is this girl deranged?

DAFFYD

I don't hear anything.

ABERTHA

(laughs)

You wouldn't. You're even more
ungrounded than I am --

DAFFYD

That's not funny.

ABERTHA

Oh, but it is.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

The pair stand and survey South Wales; it is lovely despite
the unholy Zai dimension infection bleeding through.

DAFFYD

But what's the point of it all?

ABERTHA

I don't think anyone knows. I
have to think it's about
lessons. The way time works --

DAFFYD

Time? What do you mean?

ABERTHA

I guess you can't see it but
everything happens over and over
again, in a loop; all lifetimes
are happening at once, from

ABERTHA (CON'T)

birth to death. That is the way things work.

DAFFYD

What are you supposed to be learning? In this time loop?

ABERTHA

This time? Well, one thing is reverence for life. To respect life, the lives of others, in this incarnation.

DAFFYD

Perhaps your lesson, beyond reverence for others lives, for all things, is to have reverence for your own life or life force.

This idea leads her to shake her head with sadness.

ABERTHA

Maybe so.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

The pair stop at a stream to wash, refill their canteens and drink. Abertha watches light sparkle like diamonds on the water. Daffyd squats beside her. The moment is idyllic.

DAFFYD

It's beautiful.

ABERTHA

It is life. Always changing. Always flowing. Like a human soul, never truly lost. 'No star is ever lost', as poetess Adelaide Anne Procter said.

DAFFYD

I don't see it that way.

They look at the reflection of the sky in the stream.

ABERTHA

The person you seek, Ifan, isn't gone. Not really. Time is a strange thing. It loops. Can be bent. Like a river, we can step into it in multiple places --

DAFFYD

Are you talking about reincarnation?

The wind BLOWS. The sun BEATS down. Daffyd wipes his brow.

ABERTHA

The wheel of time is infinite.
Nothing dies, not for long. Like
the white doe's essence.

Daffyd nods and, moved despite himself, wipes away tears.

DAFFYD

It rings true. Yet I wonder --

He breathes and struggles to compose himself.

ABERTHA

Yes?

Rubbing his head and eyes, he manages to speak.

DAFFYD

Then it is a wonder that you
seem so determined to end this
life if you'll be right back
again --

Abertha blushes and jerks away angrily.

ABERTHA

We must find a place to make
camp or walk all night.

EXT. TREE - DAY

Abertha leans against a Willow tree and COMMUNES with it.

Sceptical, Daffyd watches the girl until she stops.

ABERTHA

(shakes her head no)

She didn't come this way.

ABERTHA'S POV, the world is magical, MOLECULES OF LIGHT
filter through the trees. Flowers, trees, grass, everything
SHIMMERS with unique life force and is beautiful.

DAFFYD'S POV, the forest is just woods, nice enough, but
basically just green and brown, some trees and grass. He
doesn't see the MOLECULES OF LIGHT. His reality is dimmer.

The pair of them walk onward.

DAFFYD

So, how you can talk to and see
animals and tree spirits. I
mean, is it in your blood or
DNA, or some natural latent
abilities that came out under
pressure, or do you think it
could be contact with the Zai?

They reach a pile of rocks by a hill.

ABERTHA

Being of a Celtic, Gaulic, or similar indigenous or particular bloodline is important yet one influence was probably...

(embarrassed)

the, uh, Sodomite Gateway.

Abertha starts up an embankment. He stares after her.

DAFFYD

Where the hell is that? I never heard of that gate or entryway.

Daffyd climbs up the embankment after her.

ABERTHA

Sodomy, okay, ffycin sodomy.

DAFFYD

What?!

ABERTHA

I already told you this. Everyone, fucked, literally.

DAFFYD

Everyone?

ABERTHA

(sighs)

Soldiers. Family. Randos. Everyone.

Daffyd is violently sick, then angry, SCREAMING; he pounds the earth as he realises what his brother went through.

Eyes hardened by loss of innocence, despair ripples across her face as she waits for him to finish.

EXT. GLADE - DAY

Twilight. The day darkens into dusk. Daffyd points to MARKS on a tree and unusual DROPPINGS at the tree base below.

DAFFYD

Look at this. Claw marks and some kind of animal spore.

Abertha listens. Strange NOISES, weirdly like the sound made by footsteps on creaky stairs. She touches Daffyd.

He pauses. Looks into her eyes. They listen together.

The NOISE grows faint; they continue walking.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Abertha stops walking and puts a hand out to stop Daffyd.

ABERTHA

(whispers)

Wait. I feel something ahead.

Daffyd picks up a stick and tosses it ahead of them.

SILENCE. Impatient, Daffyd starts to take a step. Abertha raises a finger to her lips to quieten him and hold him back. Strange NOISES resume. As they stand FROZEN, starting at a curious, enormous cluster of BIOLUMINESCENT ZAI PLANTS, they take a step, MOVING slowly, then pick up speed. The pair stare at the walking flora.

As it settles its root/feet, the BIOLUMINESCENT ZAI PLANTS emit a glow that attracts insects. ZAP! Like a mutant Venus Fly Trap, the Zai plants catch and eat the insects.

ZAP! At the sound, ABERTHA'S EYES ROLL BACK. She faints.

FADE TO BLACK.

BLIP, BLIP, STATIC (FLASHBACK)

QUICK POP: CLOSE ON METAL PLATE.

YOUNGER ABERTHA (8), drugged, strapped to a table, twitches slightly. A TECHNICIAN waits nearby with a high-tech thin electrode cap of transparent film and a pneumatic injector.

Talan and grim-looking Bampi look at the girl with the electrode cap and other medical equipment attached.

TECHNICIAN

Nearly ready, sir.

Bampi looks over Talan's shoulder with satisfaction as the tech uses magnets to put on a strap so TIGHT it dents her forehead and then JAMS a rubber mouthpiece in her mouth.

TALAN

(to technician)

Hit her hard. No muscle relaxant.

ZAP! ZAP! The BUZZ of electricity lasts forever.

Abertha's back arcs; she contorts when hit with 300 volts.

BAMPI

So, this shit ...

(points to girl)

Better last. Heard from General Stone today that they had a colossal ffycin screwup.

TALAN

Yeah?

(to technician)

A couple more seconds.

Abertha loses consciousness and drools. The violence so arouses Talan that he can barely listen to Bampi.

BAMPI

Some ffycin sguthan (bitch), 3rd generation Project Ligature, I think, iced out, or so it seemed, then grew up, some lembo (idiot) married her. Slebog (slut) got her hands on some money. Spent a quarter of a million pounds on a...

(air quotes)

'healing journey'...

(cold rage)

Gast (bitch) unwound her training, brain spotting, hypnosis, DNA activation, ffyc knows what all. She undid it all, remembered everything... then went after them one by one.

TALAN

(head whips up)

What?!

The technician's face turns ashen; his hands shake.

BAMPI

(points at Talan)

That's right, I got your attention with that last one. Psionic ffycin attack, sguthan took 'em down! They had no proof, just a series of brake line failures, strokes, and heart attacks, but they knew that goddamn bitch was in there, she was in them. She reamed their asses ffycin good. So if our gast (bitch) comes back dysfunctional, granddaughter or no, I'll ream your tin good ...

Frowning, Talan steps back as if Bampi's finger is a gun.

BAMPI

(looks at Abertha)

... and then I'll kill her!

Bampi laughs as if he'd like to kill the girl right now.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Abertha awakens to find herself in his arms. He lets go.

ABERTHA
I fell... You made camp.

They are on the ground in a rough, lean-to camp he's made.

DAFFYD
We'll start early tomorrow.

EXT. TREES - DAY

ON A RIDGE far below, a Z-MAN runs towards them.

Daffyd and Abertha crash through towering trees, little sky is visible, surrounded by the high strangeness of the Zai inter-dimensional infection bleeding into Earth's reality.

ABERTHA
I dunno, I feel into it --

DAFFYD
(whispers)
But what the ffyc does that mean? Feel into something in order to --

The pair of them look over their shoulders.

ABERTHA
(quiet, urgently)
I can't explain it well. It's intuitive, feeling into a feeling, a sensation, a seeking of something, more than it is a logical transmittable process.

DAFFYD
(whispers)
But what's the point of it?

The Z-MAN and the ridge he is running along and the tree line drops away as the forest becomes marsh, then swamp.

INT. SWAMP - DAY

She pulls Daffyd free of iridescent muck. If they reach a large fallen tree just ahead, they'll have a bridge.

ABERTHA
(quietly)
It depends. You could feel into the earth to look for and find water. You could find food, a place, or an energy or system that you couldn't see or find

with your other five senses,
maybe sense a physical or
energetic weakness.

They move faster now, stepping onto an enormous fallen tree
that is broken in bits, pausing to check behind themselves.

DAFFYD

(whispers, doubting)

And everyone has this?

CRACK! At a sound of movement not too far behind them, they
plunge forward across the tree bridge as fast as they can.

ABERTHA

(softer)

Maybe. More or less. I mean,
we're not all the same. Our
brains, genetics, and
biochemistry are not identical,
so different hardware and our
software --what happens to us
while our brains are developing
-- can be quite different,
certain practices facilitate
unique skill development and we
have different personalities and
interests. So we're capable of
different things.

Abertha sees eery fungi clusters on the tree, taller than
an earth fungus, collapse at the sound of her voice. Oh no,

Grabbing Daffyd's hand, Abertha runs willy-nilly forward.

DAFFYD

(whispers)

Huh. So, prove it to me.

Abertha races onward, looking over her shoulder and trying
desperately not to fall off of the log and into the swamp.

ABERTHA

(softly)

Uh, I'll try. It's not like a
science! Shhh --

It's the Z-MAN. He's nearly caught up to them. Following
their lead, he's hurrying along on the fallen tree bridge.

Abertha runs onward, closes her eyes, yet somehow knows
where to put her feet. Frowning, sensing, she stops short.

CRACK! The tree trunk splinters beneath their pursuer, and
the Z-MAN falls into the Zai-dimension-infected swamp.

Daffyd and Abertha watch as the creature, which appears
unable to swim, sinks beneath the iridescent swamp waters.

POP! POP! Bubbles float up as the creature liquifies into a rainbow iridescent slick of cellular matter on the water.

INT. MEADOW - DAY

Abertha puts a hand on Daffyd to stop him from walking. She drops to the ground. He sits. They eat acorns and berries.

DAFFYD

You felt it. The tree was cracking, rotting, but --

ABERTHA

I'm sorry.

DAFFYD

No, you saved us. You had to.

Daffyd looks away. His face reveals shock and upset. He's shaking from what just happened. Abertha is exhausted.

ABERTHA

I'm sorry. I hate death. I hate killing, even in self-defence.

Daffyd shakes his head with relief.

DAFFYD

Seems like a live-and-let-die situation.

ABERTHA

Maybe... About your brother --

DAFFYD

Ifan. His name is Ifan.

Tears flood his eyes and stream d.

ABERTHA

I'm sorry about Ifan.

Abertha holds Daffyd close, angrily wiping away his tears, as his pitiful childlike wails melt her hardened heart.

EXT. FOREST - COPSE - NIGHT

The Zai-infected dusk wood is a GLOWING UNCANNY FOREST.

Daffyd and Abertha create a makeshift shelter from a copse of ancient trees and deadwood. To create an area free of Zai life forms, Daffyd digs a trench with a skinny log.

ABERTHA

You can't keep it out.

Daffyd and Abertha survey the increasingly strange land.

DAFFYD

I damn well can. For now.

LATER

BOOM! A STRIKE OF LIGHTENING lights up the dusk sky.

Protected by the shelter, the pair lie back to back.

Daffyd looks at a small hologram projection of a person that looks uncannily like him. Abertha watches glowing iridescent magenta ORBS spurt-float into the fading light.

She sits up and leans over Daffyd to see what he's doing.

ABERTHA

(looks at tiny
hologram)

If it makes you feel any better,
he wouldn't have remembered.

CLICK! Daffyd shuts the mini hologram off angrily.

DAFFYD

Why the hell not?

ABERTHA

They're all amnesic. They keep
them, most of us, that way.

DAFFYD

You remember.

ABERTHA

Only bits and pieces, only now.

A cluster of orbs float and undulate toward the girl.

DAFFYD

The skullcap --

ABERTHA

Spiritual work, inner healing,
infection treatment. The doc --

The luminous life forms caress and alight on Abertha.

DAFFYD

Another ffycin treatment.

(watches orbs float)

But, amnesic or not, he was
still in terrible pain. He
wanted to die!

ABERTHA

Yes.

Something in her voice causes Daffyd to look. She turns her face away and can't manage to stop tears from falling.

The magenta changeable orbs move, pulse and glow as if in response to the girl's intense suppressed emotions.

DAFFYD
 (gently grabs her)
 You and my brother were
 involved?

Abertha stares at him. He's forgotten their earlier convo.

ABERTHA
 He helped me. But maybe couldn't
 overcome his despair or the
 suicide --

DAFFYD
 Suicide programming? Is that
 even --

Abertha clenches her jaw in anger; her grief dissipates.

ABERTHA
 (shakes him off)
 It's real. I have to rest.

DAFFYD
 We'll make an early start of it.
 We keep going.

ABERTHA
 I need to rest. Just a day --

DAFFYD
 No. We go on. No more fooling
 around. No more wasting time.

ABERTHA
 No more talk. Nos da.

The orbs drift away. Darkness falls fast. They fall asleep back to back amid eerie CRIES, strange SCREECHES and HOOTS.

EXT. FOREST - COPSE - DAY

Daffyd stumbles awake as dawn breaks; shafts of magenta and golden light pierce the thicket. She's gone.

EXT. SWAMP - DAY

Daffyd stalks through dawn light, searching the uncanny wetland, his features clouded by anger. Where is she?!

INT. SWAMP - BLACK POOL - DAY

Abertha's face is crumpled from grief. She slumps near a dark hole in the ground and stares at her reflection. The snow and ice don't exist here, as if time reset to spring.

SLOW MOTION -- Daffyd staggers through the wetland, lost to dark fears. Utterly shattered, thinking he's lost her til -- the morning SUN breaks through Zai-infected alien trees -- and becomes Abertha's pale tear-stained face.

Daffyd crouches near her. She ignores him. He stares at her. He gets a glimmer of understanding of what she's been through, why she partly wants to die, to quit, to give up.

DAFFYD

Bore da.

She says nothing in response to his good morning greeting.

DAFFYD

(soft)

You can't quit, they'll win.

ABERTHA

They've already won --

DAFFYD

It's not over til it's over.

ABERTHA

You don't know how powerful they are, how helpless we are.

DAFFYD

We don't quit. It's do or die, and we don't quit. If we fight, we have a fighting chance.

Abertha weeps mutely and puzzles over his words.

ABERTHA

(whispers)

I'm so tired.

DAFFYD

Then we rest.

ABERTHA

(dully)

You said we had to keep going, we're running out of time.

DAFFYD

We do, but I was wrong. Once we're not so tired that we're ready to quit or make a mistake... then we go on. We renew to fight again.

Abertha perks up a bit and thinks over what he said.

A tiny glimmer of a real smile appears on her face.

ABERTHA

You admitted you were wrong.

DAFFYD

I did.

Abertha's grin grows larger. She laughs.

EXT. GLADE - DAY

Abertha shows Daffyd plants. He collects acorns and puts them into his empty pack. She excitedly points to Mouse-ear Chickweed that appears a bit fuzzy and harvests some.

ABERTHA

(picking leaves)

This is similar to common chickweed but hairy, so you may prefer that we cook the leaves

--

DAFFYD

Whatever you say. You're the expert, I'm so hungry I'll try just about anything... but not that...

(indicates Zai plant)

Not that thing.

ABERTHA

(laughs)

None of that thing.

Abertha gathers wild garlic, sorrel, and dandelion stems.

INT. GLADE - DAY

Daffyd eats blackberries and elderberries from a bowl of leaves, as Abertha nibbles a green salad from a leaf bowl.

DAFFYD

I'll roast the acorns when we're close enough to a Zai cleft that our fire and smoke won't be seen.

The Zai-infected geographic region here is alive, strange iridescent, and fast evolving; it unfurls and unfolds. Standing, she reaches for a Zai planet PLANTIMAL, a plant-like animal. Daffyd frowns, his face a mask of disgust.

DAFFYD

Don't touch that --

ABERTHA

Why? It feels safe, and I'm already infected; the entire base was --

DAFFYD

(steps toward her)

I don't --

ABERTHA

It can't hurt me. I'm certain.

The PLANTIMAL, plant-like tendrils and leaves, fur and a face like an animal, reaches for her as she reaches for it.

DAFFYD

Doesn't it... disgust you.

ABERTHA

No, why should it? It's innocent. The Zai openings brought many things, and not everything in their ecosystem is evil. This isn't. This thing is an...

(pets it)

...innocent life form drifting through a space-time continuum hole. It didn't choose to be here. It is alive and as happy and grateful to see a friendly face as I am.

Abertha strokes the plantimal; it shivers with delight.

Daffyd watches Abertha interact with the organism. As she touches and talks to it, it hums and grows larger.

It grows faster and faster into something quite alarming, so many needle-sharp glistening teeth emerge, yet the girl is unafraid and strokes it more and more tenderly.

From a pocket, Abertha pulls out the somewhat furry Mouse-ear Chickweed. She feeds it to and pets the plantimal. It TRILLS and almost PURRS. Daffyd's face is grim with terror.

Abertha tickles the plantimal. It SQUEALS loudly, uplifts its foot-like roots and darts away as Daffyd is surprised, SHOUTS loudly then steps backwards and falls over a log.

Abertha laughs so hard that she starts to cry.

The pair watches the plantimal dance away into the wood.

EXT. OLD GROWTH FOREST - DAY

Abertha and Daffyd move through the sunshine that dapples the delicately exquisite South Wales ancient wood.

Abertha smiles to see the plantimal sometimes peeping at them through the trees, almost following them.

They walk at a relaxed pace until Abertha sees a stream.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

Abertha and Daffyd splash and play like babies and wash away the grime and grit of their journey.

EXT. STREAM BANK - DAY

The pair nap in the late afternoon sunlight as they dry.

Daffyd wakes to find Abertha examining a Zai mutation.

CLOSE ON a magenta flower, strange, beautiful, horrifying.

EXT. LIGHTNING STRUCK TREE - NIGHT

Abertha and Daffyd make camp under an enormous Yew tree.

ABERTHA

The yew has survived since the ice age and is the sacred tree of transformation, death and rebirth; they have survived everything.

Abertha gently pushes back Zai lifeforms with a stick.

DAFFYD

Can it survive the Zai?

ABERTHA

Don't touch the wood, the bark, or any part of it, she is poisonous --

DAFFYD

Then why the hell are we sleeping under this thing?

ABERTHA

She will protect us, connect us to our ancestors and the old magic, and bring dreams or whatever we need.

DAFFYD

Do you have any ancestors who --

ABERTHA

Are good? Helpful? Doubtful. But there are other dead, or an Otherworld vision may help us.

She sits by the tree; Daffyd joins her and points at pale yellow/ivory fan-like mushrooms growing in tiers on it.

DAFFYD

What are those?

ABERTHA

Laetiporous sulphureus, chicken
of the woods. We can eat that.

WEary, Abertha is pale and thin. Daffyd hands her water.

DAFFYD

If you can love that plant-
animal thing, the Zai, whatever
the hell it is, why can't you
love life?

ABERTHA

(sips water)

I'm not right; this I know. I --

DAFFYD

You're a person. Things happen
that feel like they've destroyed
you, yet we gather ourselves,
heal, and go on.

Abertha looks doubtfully at him and shrugs.

ABERTHA

I can't imagine healing, going
on, being a person in the future
because I never felt like a
person.

DAFFYD

But you are a person.

Abertha shrugs; a tear slides from one eye.

ABERTHA

How do you unmake a person,
Daffyd?

The plantimal COOS mournfully and strokes Abertha's face as
if it senses her grief, pain, and despair.

Her question hits him in the heart, and Daffyd weeps then.

DAFFYD

I, uh, I --

ABERTHA

You use them. You do what you
want to them. You kill
everything pure in them and make
them into a thing.

Abertha lies on the moist, fertile, sandy loam soil beneath
the enormous, ancient tree, careful to avoid touching it.

Daffyd takes Abertha in his arms and nestles her.

LATER. Stars twinkle above. Silver mist clouds the ground.

Daffyd looks up to see --

Hundreds of ZAI-INFECTED FIREFLIES swarming, their glowing abdomens iridescent with a deviant magenta luminescence.

The night forest is alive with CHITTERING MUSIC.

He struggles to keep his eyes open and then dozes off.

LATER. The plantimal returns and cuddles around the two of them. Abertha hardly stirs. Daffyd wakes and, after grimacing in response, manages to fall back fast asleep.

CRACK! The pair awaken at an early morning noise.

In an instant, the plantimal body shapeshifts and spreads itself over and SHIELDS them from sight while its skin rapidly CAMOLFLAGES to blend in with its surroundings.

They are entirely HIDDEN by the time Talan reaches them.

Talan looks around and sees only a Zai plant amidst others.

HISS! The plantimal exudes a cloud of shimmering iridescent molecules. Inhaling them, Talan stumbles forward and fails to carefully check his surroundings before stumbling away.

SILENCE. They wait for an age until Talan is long gone.

Daffyd coughs as the plantimal unfurls and uncovers them.

DAFFYD

What the ffyc is that stench?!

Abertha calls and coos to the plantimal.

ABERTHA

(laughter like bells)

It's the smell of friendship --

DAFFYD

Damn. I'm glad it's not in love with us. I would have choked then Talan would have seen us.

ABERTHA

Pheromones, the creature creates and transmits a chemical image to impact the human brain in case the disguise fails.

The girl hugs and cuddles the creature.

ABERTHA

(to creature)

You are amazing and incredible; thank you for saving us.

Abertha kisses the creature; it turns hot pink and purrs.

DAFFYD
 (to Abertha,
 laughing)
 Speaking of pheromones...
 (to the plantimal)
 Thank you for saving our lives.

Reluctantly, Daffyd pets the plantimal. It purrs.

An OWL hoots and flies overhead, grazing Abertha's crown.

ABERTHA
 (delighted)
 Come on!

Abertha runs after the owl, and Daffyd follows.

The plantimal stares after them and gives a mournful cry.

EXT. FOREST / GLEN - DAY

Daffyd and Abertha creep between huge trees, so large that the pair of them look like ants. A FLASH of WHITE ahead.

EXT. ROCKY TRAIL - DAY

The path grows steep. The forest is wreathed in mist.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

Edging over a precipice, they step carefully to avoid the lava-like Zai magenta substance bubbling from a fissure.

WHOOSH! They duck as Zai-infected kites, their angled wings and forked tails now curiously coloured, skim overhead.

DAFFYD
 They would be beautiful --

ABERTHA
 If they weren't so horrifying.

DAFFYD
 Unnatural beauty.

ABERTHA takes a step. The ground gives way under her and she vanishes; the echo of a SCREAM is all that is left of her.

DAFFYD

looks about madly, takes a step, and falls from sight.

EXT. RAVINE - DAY

Abertha shoots downward, Daffyd behind, scrambling to stay upright and avoid lava on a torrent of earth and rock.

Abertha flies off of a rocky overhand into a water pool surrounded by strange flowers. Daffyd splashes down nearby.

Dazed, as Daffyd whoops wildly, Abertha reaches --

for A FANTASTICAL FLOWER AT THE EDGE OF THE WATER --

so exquisite that it mesmerises her. It's shimmer fearsome, its delicate large blossom wondrous, Zai iridescent light.

She reaches out a hand just as Daffyd stands in the pool.

DAFFYD

Don't!! No, Abertha.

Too late. As he shouts, she is touching the flower and shrieking as it STABS her with a strange filament. A pearlescent fluid-like light travels up her hand.

BOOM! She hits the ground hard. The flower picks up its hidden feet and body; the plant is enormous, its green body previously hidden by underbrush, and it moves to get her.

DAFFYD

Beth uffach (what the hell)?

(leaps and grabs her)

Oh, no, you don't!

Daffyd wrests Abertha away from the plant with difficulty. He nearly drops her several times and has to slash the fuck out of the aggressive plant to free her and escape.

INT. GLADE - DAY

Daffyd watches Abertha. She lies cut, gashed, in some kind of coma or deep sleep, barely breathing, as emotions flit rapidly across her face creating odd facial expressions.

Daffyd gently wraps her in his coat and strokes her face.

DAFFYD

Abertha, can you hear me?

(gently shakes her)

Squeeze my hand if you hear me.

Nothing. She moans softly; it could be pleasure or terror.

LATER

Daffyd secures the glade, making camp around her.

GASP! She wheezes for air and chokes; he squats beside her.

IN A VISION, Abertha walks beneath three purplish-red suns.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

QUICK POP: CLOSE ON a black snake in a puddle.

The glare of a streetlamp. The knees and shoes of a group of MEN standing in the street. A puddle of dark water by a curb near a parked car. A black snake swims in the water.

TODDLER ABERTHA (2-3) stands next to her DA, dressed in black. A DARK SHAPE, he appears from the chest down only. She tugs at his leg and stares at the snake. Mesmerised.

TODDLER ABERTHA (V.O.)

Daddy, snake.

REAL ABERTHA gasps, coughing up mucous, nearly choking as the iridescent fluid-like light undulates under her skin.

IN HER VISION, Abertha's every step in exotic iridescent magenta tall grass causes ripples that create faint music.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

CLOSE ON a black snake rippling as it swims in the puddle.

The sound of the hushed, indiscernible voices of MEN. A tiny hand tugs a pant leg. A large hand reaches down.

TODDLER ABERTHA (V.O.)

Snake, Daddy.

REAL ABERTHA, unconscious, her face a mask of despair, heaves and coughs up an energy cyst into the dirt.

IN HER VISION, Abertha morphs into a ZAI DIMENSION PLANT that GROWS in South Wales through an interdimensional rift.

Rhan walks in snowfall toward the ZAI DIMENSION PLANT and pauses to look at it. The face of the flower has the face of her sister. Crying, the coatless little girl shivers.

RHAN

(struggles to speak)

O... oer.

Rhan perks up; in the distance she sees a farmhouse.

EXT. BASE - BLACK OPS RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

QUICK POP: A DARK SHAPE approaches YOUNG ABERTHA (2-3), in a white robe, on a large sacrificial altar of alabaster.

A DARK SHAPE holding an artave approaches her.

IN HER VISION, Abertha sees the ANTLERED WHITE DEER become ELEN dressed in regal white, her red-gold hair diaphanous.

REAL ABERTHA writhes, weak, coughing up bile and mucous, and releasing trauma while experiencing it fully.

GASPING -- back in the present time -- Abertha wipes her face, crying and smiling both, and then she opens her eyes.

Daffyd's face morphs from concerned to relieved.

EXT. GLADE - DAY

When she awakens, the world is new.

ABERTHA'S POV -- the forest, trees, and plants, no matter their origin, are more beautiful than ever. She can practically see every individual shining vibrating molecule of reality coalescing in the dance called the world.

Outside the glade is a wondrous and terrible RIFT. Daffyd's facing it and fails to see her awaken and fall back asleep.

INT. GLADE - NIGHT

Daffyd carries fresh water and dribbles some into Abertha's mouth. They are both gaunt. He stokes the fire and stirs acorns in the shell, which are roasting in the flames.

LATER

By firelight, Daffyd shells and eats roasted acorns.

INT. GLADE - DAY

Abertha opens her eyes and sits up, causing Daffyd to weep.

DAFFYD

Oh, diolch i Dduw (Thank God).

Abertha gazes at the morning light. Molecules of sparkling light vibrate and make the South Wales landscape beautiful.

ABERTHA

(croaks, throat
swollen)

I'd forgotten how beautiful it
is. The world is prydfferth
(beautiful).

Daffyd is crying hard now, and he pulls Abertha to him.

DAFFYD

You're okay. Thought I lost you.

Abertha lies back limply for a moment. She coughs.

ABERTHA

Water?

DAFFYD

Oh, god, yes.
 (hurriedly gets her
 water)
 Here you are.

Abertha sips greedily and coughs again.

ABERTHA

Oh, that's good. Tastes like
 beauty. Water, life, I love you.

Daffyd watches her carefully for signs of illness.

DAFFYD

How do you... feel?

Abertha gets up weakly; she starts packing up.

ABERTHA

We have to go.

DAFFYD

You should rest.

ABERTHA

That's all I've done for --

DAFFYD

Uh, five days, give or take.

ABERTHA

I saw her.

DAFFYD

Who?

ABERTHA

My sister.

DAFFYD

(disbelief)
 You can't have seen her.

ABERTHA

In the Zai dimension, everything
 is connected, maybe shared DNA.
 Holographic. Through the split,
 by way of a Zai dimension being
 who is flowering in our world, I
 saw her walk past. I know where
 she's going.

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

Abertha and Daffyd exit the forest and enter a magenta-red
 wasteland populated by strange burnt-looking tree-like life
 forms and pools filled with acrid iridescent fluids.

CLOSE ON Abertha, her eyes DART about, staring with wonder at the overly vibrant, surrealistic colours of this place.

SOUNDS of bizarre nature, the CALLS of creatures, RING OUT. The Zai world meshes with and bleeds into the human world, earth flora and fauna mutating in response to contact.

The pools BURP an iridescent magenta sulphur.

They cover their mouths/noses with their shirtsleeves when they pass by a pool as they traverse the dusty red terrain.

INT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Amid their camp, Abertha hooks herself to the skullcap.

DAFFYD

You're going to use technology that you don't understand to do who knows what to yourself, to your brain?! You can't --

ABERTHA

I can, and I will. You have no idea how I'm --

She struggles to find the right word and gives up.

DAFFYD

(softening)

Suffering?

Abertha angrily wipes away a tear that comes to her eyes.

ABERTHA

I had synchronicity, some unrelated, acausal events that suggest that I need it. Follow your mind if you want, but it is often the great deceiver. I follow something else.

Abertha finishes placing the skullcap on her head.

DAFFYD

(grabs her hand)

I can't let you do it.

ABERTHA

I must. My mind's not right, I can hardly function, and I could be activated --

DAFFYD

Activated?

ABERTHA

I don't have time to explain reality to you, Daffyd. Remote

control of me; that's what activation of someone is. And the worst part is they wouldn't even know they were mind-controlled.

The skullcap chirps. Two thin tentacle-like wires integrate with her eye cam. She starts the device and lies down.

ABERTHA'S POV -- her eyecam HUD has a human brain image. After a second, bilateral audio tones chime quietly.

SOOTHING VOICE (V.O.)

Focus on the two white lights on the brain bottom as they light up in sync with the auditory tones. Notice any changes that occur. Stay open-minded; observe what occurs.

ABERTHA'S POV -- her eyes flick between alternating white lights on the L & R sides of the brain image in her eye cam HUD as they light up in sync with sound tones played.

DAFFYD'S POV -- the girl's eyes move back and forth in a rhythmic pattern. In moments she contorts, crying out in agony, and tears stream from her eyes, yet she continues.

ABERTHA'S POV -- the white lights on the L & R brain image in her HUD alternate and light up in sync with the audio.

LATER

DAFFYD'S POV -- Abertha's breathing has slowed, is relaxed and even, and her eyes have stopped moving. The device auto shuts off. She doesn't move; Abertha has fallen asleep.

His face floods with relief, and he gently removes the cap.

Abertha opens her eyes and mumbles.

DAFFYD

Shhh. Go back to sleep.

Abertha sleeps by Daffyd's side. With a grim expression, he quietly slips on the skullcap medical device.

INT. LIVING QUARTERS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Daffyd wears a communication device with an eye screen and earpiece. Tinny squawking, a female voice, is barely heard.

DAFFYD

I hear you, Mom, but he's a grown man. He can talk or not talk. He --

An outburst of staccato squawking silences him.

LOUNGE

Daffyd watches his identical twin brother Ifan. Ifan won't look at him, only stares at the flickering holoshow.

DAFFYD

You've got to tell me what's going on with you, bro.

Silence is his brother's response.

DAFFYD

Why do you have to be such a cachgi (shit-dog/coward)? You're making mam a thad sick with worry.

Ifan's face stiffens. On the opposite side of his face, the side Daffyd cannot see, a tear slides down Ifan's cheek.

DAFFYD

(whirls and walks out)

Well, it's your goddamn funeral.

EXT. FOREST - HOLLOW TREE - NIGHT

Daffyd rubs his eyes and his head. Sneaks a peak at Abertha. She rubs her eyes and her head, then sees he's awake.

She grabs his hand. He looks at her hand, holding his hand.

EXT. WOODS - THICKET - NIGHT

Daffyd and Abertha struggle through the thicket of strangely close Birch trees, disentangling themselves with difficulty despite being clutched at. It is nearly impossible to escape.

Daffyd squeezes through first. Abertha rapidly follows.

INT. WOODS - THICKET - NIGHT

He looks about and GASPS. They are back. In the same thicket.

DAFFYD

We're in the same place. This is the exact tree thicket --

ABERTHA

Wait! Are you certain?

He nods. They push their way out of the thicket again.

LATER

They walk amid beautiful yet closely growing birch trees.

ABERTHA
They are Bedwen --

DAFFYD
Bedwen?

ABERTHA
Birch trees... used for the May
Pole.
(to the trees)
But I will never cut you or burn
you, I swear on my life. I only
burn deadfall.
(to Daffyd)
Fire, a forest fire, is their
greatest ancestral trauma and
greatest fear... To burn alive.

Daffyd squints looks around them with confusion, wipes
sweat away. His facial expression grows perplexed. There is
a barely perceptible iridescent shimmer here, a Zai
influence.

DAFFYD
This is insanity.

Abertha reaches out toward an eye in the tree.

DAFFYD
(he knocks her hand
away)
Don't!

Daffyd looks more closely at the trees. The trees have eyes
and are watching the pair of them. Daffyd grabs Abetha and
yanks her along, and pulls her away from the trees.

LATER

They are back in the thicket again. Then again.

Sweating, face contorted with emotion, Daffyd faces her.

DAFFYD
Do your thing!

The shadows under his eyes are larger, and he and she both
are gaunt with dehydration. They need water desperately.

ABERTHA
What thing?

DAFFYD
I don't know, commune with the
land. Whatever.

Listless, Abertha slides down and leans against the nearest
grasping tree. The trees and saplings shift and HUM-SING.

Abertha closes her eyes and listens.

ABERTHA

(whispers)

Normally they sing all the time.

DAFFYD

Why can't everyone hear it?

ABERTHA

Some might say training or certain bloodlines, or parallel life skills, and maybe there's truth to that --

DAFFYD

But --

ABERTHA

But the wounding done to me seems to have opened up additional gates --

DAFFYD

What gates?

ABERTHA

There are spirit gates in the body, and in the body of the world, in every living thing, but most of the gates are not meant to stay open.

Abertha sings to the trees, lifts her hands, pulls GOLD ENERGY out of the sun and pours it on the trees. The trees SING back to her. Tears stream down Abertha's face.

ABERTHA

Meet me in the heart of the woods by the stream.

MOVEMENT in a gap between the trees. Abertha stumbles up and forces her way through the thicket, then darts away following a VISION of the antlered FEMALE WHITE DEER.

EXT. WOODS - THICKET - NIGHT

Pursuing the white deer vision, Abertha finally escapes.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

Daffyd sees Abertha holding something and leaning against a tree, staring into the incredibly toxic, out-gassing swamp.

Abertha stares at the horrific extraterrestrial-infected human world and bogs around her.

Daffyd slips up beside her. He grabs her wrist and forces her fist open to reveal the red drug ampoule in her hand.

DAFFYD

Aw, hell! That shit is not the answer. Give it over. Give it!

He tries to get the drug from her but cannot.

ABERTHA

What the ffyc do you know? The world is a pit of hell, and I promise it's not getting better.

She coughs, ill from the chemicals and outgassing from the alien-infected swamp. Acid bubbles. A BUCK struggles to get a hoof free of the bog, and it barely manages to do so.

The deer bounds away, hoof sizzling, morphing, infected.

Mutating into something. Exponential deer. Horrifying.

Daffyd shoves Abertha just a bit, enough to startle and panic her. She scrambles to avoid falling in.

DAFFYD

Go in with you then!

His screaming face is red and sweaty with rage.

DAFFYD

If you're so anxious to do it, here's as good a place as any, and you won't need your fucked up designer drugs or some goddamn alien plant dope.

Abertha bursts into tears, keening and wailing with fear, horror, and grief, as Daffyd grabs onto and holds her.

DAFFYD

I've got you. I got you.

ABERTHA

Oh. It hurts. It hurts.

She sobs. He holds her close and hugs Abertha. They slip to the ground and sit, the girl held carefully in his arms.

DAFFYD

It does. I know. Let it all out. You're strong. Feel this, be with it, and let it all out.

A tear slips from his eye as the girl sobs in his arms.

LATER

Abertha calms. He gently lets her go. She smiles at him and looks down at a small green marble-sized stone by her foot.

ABERTHA

Oh. It's a glain nadrodd. A snake stone. It's good luck.

DAFFYD

Then take it. We need all of the good luck we can find or earn.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - HOLLOW TREE - NIGHT

The pair huddle in the enormous hollow tree. Outside, eyes glow, strange inhuman eyes that are not of this world.

LATER

The creatures are gone; Daffyd and Abertha unwind from the burnt-out hollow tree, shivering at the cold.

ABERTHA

We're close. I promise.

His recovery process breaks Daffyd, what he's remembering, and he appears increasingly ill, hollow-eyed, and fatigued.

EXT. FARMLAND - NIGHT

Abertha and Daffyd see a WHITE DEER in the moonlight. It races toward a distant farmhouse, its hooves drawing spiral patterns in the pearl-glittered fresh fallen snow.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - WELL HOUSE - NIGHT

Daffyd and Abertha hurry past the tiny stone well house.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Talan, in black, glares at Daffyd and smirks at Abertha.

ABERTHA

Father.

TALAN

Daughter.

DAFFYD

(weak, to Abertha)

He's your father?

Abertha glares at TALAN. Daffyd shudders.

TALAN

(to Daffyd)

Grab the girl, soldier. Long we have awaited this day.

As if in a trance, Daffyd grabs Abertha tightly.

ABERTHA

(whispers to Daffyd)

I love you, Ifan. I love you.

At her words, Daffyd jerks; his eyes roll back in his head.

SERIES OF SHOTS - DAFFYD REMEMBERS THE TRUTH FLASHBACKS

- A) Recruit Ifan and his platoon get mind control implants.
- B) Mind-controlled Ifan is ordered to rape Abertha to break her mind/further her psychic development.
- C) Ifan and Abertha kiss; she forgives him. He weeps.
- D) Ifan wants to die and is caught in the zone mid-suicide.
- E) He is reprogrammed to forget his history and believe that he's on a mission to find his lost twin brother Ifan.
- F) He promises to find the girls and bring them back.
- G) He meets Abertha at the base and claims he's Daffyd.
- H) The bee sting vaccine amends Ifan's Zai DNA changes.
- I) The doc deprograms Ifan -- instead of reprogramming him again as Daffyd -- and jumpstarts his memory recall.
- J) Daffyd/Ifan realises that Talan is the girl's father, a paedophile and a murderer, and fully recalls the past.

BACK TO SCENE

His face is a mask of horror as Daffyd realises he has no twin. Under orders, he raped Abertha. The trauma broke his mind. He was reprogrammed to betray her.

TALAN

(to Ifan)

I see that you remember.

Ifan stares at the farmland. The land appears crisscrossed with quicksilver threads, energy lines, magical pathways connecting the sacred of Wales, sacred wells, standing stones and stone circles, castles, and tree groves.

In the distance, he sees a FORM on all fours.

It is the WHITE DEER. A pulse of ENERGY, a BURST of WHITE LIGHT, flies and hits Daffyd between the eyebrows.

The WHITE LIGHT seems to RENEW and HEAL Ifan.

TALAN

(to Ifan)

The time is near nigh, the
General awaits your return. Give
me the girl. Give her to me now.

Repulsed by this human demon, unwilling to hear another word, Daffyd hits Talan in the forehead with the handaxe.

BAM! Talan goes down. Ifan, shaking, moves to hold her.

Abertha sidesteps him and THROWS a white bolt of light at her father, who has somehow gotten to his FEET.

ENRAGED, damaged, Talan HURLS a dark red bolt of light at the girl, and he GRABS then struggles to HOLD ONTO her arm.

Talan's red bolt goes wide and HITS Ifan in the heart.

Abertha moves her lips in prayer. A brilliant white light PULSES through her. She GLOWS so white hot that --

Talan SCREAMS in pain and drops Abertha's arm.

TALAN

(to Ifan)

Attack. That's an order,
soldier.

Ifan struggles to ignore the command and manages to control himself. Talan throws another bolt of light at Ifan, but it misses. WOUNDED by the red bolt, the soldier trips Talan.

FURIOUS, Talan -- enveloped in a red light -- raises his arms and violently fires a BLAST of dark red psychic power.

BOOM! Abertha discharges her own BLAST of light, a WHITE MYSTICAL ENERGY, that incinerates Talan even as the dark red energy bolt hits Daffyd and SLAMS him to his knees.

ABERTHA

(crying)

Ifan, Ifan...

ABERTHA'S POV -- Ifan is mortally wounded.

IFAN

(whispers to Abertha)

Rwy'n dy garu di.

(English translation)

I love you.

ABERTHA

(softly)

Ifan, Ifan, Rwy'n dy garu di.

(English translation)

I love you.

FROM HIS POV, Ifan is a BEING OF LIGHT standing up even as his body COLLAPSES and DIES in her arms.

His GOLDEN-WHITE spirit KISSES her forehead, then FLIES up in a BURST of light. She gently lays his corpse down.

Abertha BURSTS into tears as Rhan RUNS outside to meet her.

Abertha GRABS her little sister tight and HOLDS her close.

ABERTHA
Please forgive me, Rhan. Please.

Abertha CUDDLES her little sister.

ABERTHA
I'm sorry.
(Welsh translation)
Mae'n ddrwg gen i.

Rhan is weak. She SHAKES and has a SEVERE cough. Abertha HOLDS Rhan in her arms. Rhan continues COUGHING.

ABERTHA
(weeping)
I'm so sorry.
(Rhan wriggles away)
Please say something, please.

Rhan jerks free and FALLS DOWN. Abertha EXTENDS her hand.

ABERTHA
Speak to me. Say something.

Rhan HOLDS her throat, CRINGING in fear, and MOANS.

RHAN
(with difficulty)
Mae... hi mor... oer.
(Welsh translation)
It's... so... cold.

Abertha HOLDS Rhan tighter in her arms. They CRY together. The two girls HUDDLE and SHIVER in the cold.

RHAN
You... wouldn't help.

ABERTHA
You can speak --

RHAN
The forest gods... healed my
voice --

ABERTHA
I threw away the drug. A plant
made me sick. I remember
everything. I'm sorry I wouldn't
help you before --

Abertha SOBS and bites her fist. It starts snowing.

RHAN
You would leave me forever --

ABERTHA

I know, I know. I screwed up.
 But I came; you've got to trust
 me. Please, Rhan. I know you
 didn't come here just to run
 away. Why did you come?

The girls SHIVER as impossibly large snowflakes fall.

RHAN

I have to show you something.

Abertha hugs Rhan; they dissolve into tears and RUN inside.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rhan hurries through the abandoned room.

INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - STAIRS - DAY

Opening the door, Rhan descends; her sis follows.

INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - BUNKER - LAB - DAY

Breathless, Rhan races into the space, her sister
 following. Footsteps POUND on the stairs. Rhan pockets a
 magenta sphere and points to and picks up a weirder device.

Abertha thinks it's a bomb, that Rhan is going to blow them
 up, and she's prepared to go along with it.

ABERTHA

Isn't there any other way?

Rhan solemnly shakes her head and slams the device button.

ABERTHA

Rwy'n ofni. I'm scared.

The machine emanates a strange ultra-violet-hued light
 emanates. A humming sound becomes uncanny bell-tone music.

Rhan looks at Abertha. Her eyes well with tears, the teen's
 face is filled with terror yet oddly radiates relief.

A magenta light spills onto and covers both girls.

Rhan grabs Abertha's hand. Abertha hugs the smaller girl.

In the glow of a radiant violet-magenta light, everything
 whirls faster and faster, both girls, Rhan's little
 friends, the Zai Creatures, lab papers and everything else.

Abertha and Rhan hold hands at the eye of the storm.

As if in a cyclone, all objects and matter whirl, spin and
 vibrate until it goes so fast that everything breaks apart.

The girls touch until every molecule explodes apart, all bonds broken, particles separating, with a keening scream and humming chime. Reality disintegrates.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. BASE - CELL - DAY

A holoshow PROJECTS onto an entire cell wall.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

The American statement that the aliens have come in peace for all mankind is disbelieved by a consortium of countries. The Chinese are calling them invaders. Australia and New Zealand have closed their borders.

Ifan is violent and noncompliant, despite his 'visor'.

Two SCIENTISTS confer quietly and back away as an --

OFFICER holds Ifan down despite him throwing things; strong and young, he FIGHTS to get free. The OFFICER punches him.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON A BLACK RECTANGLE

Pulling back reveals the shape is a window. Pulling back more reveals Royal Welsh Soldier DAFFYD (30s) peering in.

INT. LABORATORY - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT

In near dark, the girls huddle on cots under bedclothes.

ABERTHA

(whispers)

Nos da. Time for sleep.

EXT. LABORATORY - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT

Daffyd returns to his post and watches a holoshow; soldier HUW (30s) uses his eye unit to flip channels. Ifan rubs his eyes, revealing his holographic hand matrix barcode.

Lean, worn, hungry-looking soldiers with that perpetually in-the-field, overworked, underslept, underfed look.

NEWSCASTER 1 (V.O.)

(tinny voice)

Above the Brecon Beacons nuclear waste site in Wales, as in other locations worldwide, odd weather has preceded the discovery of --

Huw keeps flipping through holograms of almost invasive near 4-D media. Ifan steps toward Huw and motions.

IFAN

Wait, go back, go back.

Grumbling, Huw rotates back from a show with a laugh track.

NEWSCASTER 2 (V.O.)

Fifty years after World War III, the world is watching US troops mobilise amid rumours of geographic anomalies or even first contact --

THE HOLOSHOW DISPLAY

WHUMP! WHUMP! WHUMP! In remote locations worldwide, US TROOPS jump from helicopters carrying automatic weapons.

NEWSCASTER 1

(interrupts)

...or an actual invasion --

INT. LABORATORY - ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON

A spiral lavender nebula. Pulling back, an open eye. Rhan's eye. It is lavender. Abertha wakes and sits up in the next bed. whimpers. She sees she's holding her sister's hand.

RHAN

(whispers)

Shhhh.

Abertha mouths the words, 'You can talk?' Rhan nods.

RHAN

(softly)

Not a dream.

Abertha stares uncomprehending, then startles at her sister's new eye colour. Rhan nods and touches Abertha.

ABERTHA

(whispers)

Eyes. Both of us?

Rhan nods. The girls have lavender eyes. They creep from bed and peek out the lab door window. They watch the two guards eating their meal and watching the holonews.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Ifan stares at Abertha and Rhan, confused.

IFAN
How did you know time would
reset?

Abertha shrugs and she and Rhan exchange a glance.

Rhan and Abertha lean toward the light, closer to him, and blink. Their eyes are lavender. He jerks away from them.

IFAN
Holy shit!!

ABERTHA
Yeah, turns out time resets --

IFAN
The infection --

RHAN
(whispers)
-- crosses the space-time
continuum.

ABERTHA
It's kind of helpful.

RHAN
We know things.

ABERTHA
We're tuned into the Zai.

RHAN
And one other thing --

ABERTHA
We gotta deprogram you first.

RHAN
Before we can trust you.

With that, Abertha STUNS him unconscious.

INT. BASE - GROUNDS - NIGHT

Holding a magenta sphere, Abertha and Rhan go to Bampi.

BAMPI
What are you doing out?

ABERTHA

I brought you something.

Bampi's eyes widen with surprise. Abertha tosses the magenta ball; he moves to catch it. Before he can, the ball becomes a larger glittering sphere of magenta light.

BAMPI

What is it?

Floating above Bampi, the sphere emits hypnotic tones and chimes. A portal opens in the sphere. Screaming, he tries to run yet is sucked upward into the opening.

ABERTHA

It's a gift from an old friend.

The portal closes in an instant; the sphere floats skyward.

ABERTHA (V.O.)

Nid o vam a thad, pan ym
digonad. Ys crai ym cread, o naw
elvenad: O ffrwyth y ffrwytheu,
y gwnaeth Duw Sechreu. o Vriall
vlodeu: o vlawd gwydgodeu--blawd
Derw a Dynad, Erwein a Banad: o
Brid y bridred: o Dwr tonn
nawved: o Dan y Illuched: pan ym
digoned. Am swynwys Vath Hen,
cyn bum daearen --

Abertha and Rhan hold hands and watch the sphere...

SUBTITLES

'Twas not of father and mother,
whence I was born. 'Tis after a
new fashion I was created from
nine constituents: From the
essence of fruits did God begin:
from Primrose flowers: from the
pollen of shrubs--the pollen of
Oak and Nettle, of Meadow-sweet
and Broom; from the Mould of the
earth; from the Water of the
ninth wave; from the Fire of the
lightning--from these things was
I made. Math the Old enchanted
me, before I was of the earth --

The sphere rises higher, becoming a triangle-shaped dazzling magenta light. The purring music becomes a haunting bell-tone music piece that climbs slowly, a tone at a time, to an eerie bell-like tone crescendo.

FADE TO MAGENTA.

FADE OUT.

THE END

Appendixes

Appendix A - The Domes Synopsis

15 March 2017 - Feature Film Script Synopsis

Linguist KALA LEE is an inhabitant of the Elon Musk Mars Colony, the first self-sustaining human outpost on the wilds of Mars. Amidst the harsh settlement conditions, she struggles to decipher a possible symbolic language encoded in newly discovered indigenous art found during recent excavations outside of the pressurised, solar-powered, transparent Mars colony biodomes. Colonists face extreme psychological pressures, acute anxiety, limited resources, monotonous food and near-constant hunger, and lack of contact with relatives on planet Earth in the hazardous Martian environment, all of which create low morale, short fuses, and poor sleep quality. Back on planet Earth, post-apocalyptic survivors fight for resources and await the final installation of sealed, permanent, self-sustaining biodomes, independent of Earth's atmosphere, a last-ditch effort to save the planet by protecting the Earth's remaining biosphere. In the Elon Musk colony on Mars, morale is low, colonists are stressed, and sleep quality is poor. Kala and other leaders on the red planet's base are tasked with exploring their limited resources to find ways to boost colonists' energy and reduce colony lethargy, boredom, and behavioural issues. Kala experiments with various practices, including meditating on mandala-like aboriginal Martian cave paintings and listening to recordings of the Mars atmosphere electromagnetic frequencies or Schumann resonances. Initially, there is no evidence that her efforts have any impact or will benefit colonists. Eventually, her results are promising as her energy increases, she requires significantly less sleep, and Kala experiences vivid dream-like visions, ebullient emotions, enhanced intuition and creativity, and her research output increases dramatically. Soon, however, after 72 sleepless hours, during which time she is observed drawing and writing on every surface in her living quarters with her non-dominant hand, she appears to exhibit schizophrenic behaviour. She communicates with a being whom she claims is real though others cannot see him. Kala's peers are horrified by her increasingly apparent peculiar behaviours, emerging physical changes, and paranormal abilities witnessed by others. Based on visions of a terrifying future unfolding on their home planet, she attempts to convince other researchers and authorities that the future of the worlds, planet Earth, Mars, and future colonies (on Venus and elsewhere) are at stake, and so they must block the impending biodomes install on planet earth. Co-workers trap her and notify authorities, as they believe she has gone insane. The Mars colony military gets involved, and they isolate Kala for medical examination. Physicians consider that she may be delusional due to radiation poisoning, but results suggest that is unlikely. Authorities grow convinced that Kala's contact with microbial life on Mars has "infected" her with a previously unknown, mysterious Martian disease. Imprisoned and restrained, Kala has a dark night of the soul until her intense emotion and desperation forces speciation and rapid further adaptive changes. As a result, the military can no longer contain Kala, as she undergoes DNA changes and gains superhuman powers. Meanwhile, the dome installations on planet Earth are impending. Driven by her visions, and the urgent certainty of impending disaster, Kala breaks free and discovers a remote, hidden underground alien facility. The military gives chase. Upon her access to the secret facility, bizarre extra-terrestrial technology activates. The in-pursuit military cannot catch her. Kala locates XIX, the

being from her visions, in cryosleep and liberates him. He confirms her visions of impending disaster; the atmosphere on Mars collapsed, and Xix is one of the few remaining survivors, kept alive in cryosleep for millennia until another being might discover and telepathically awaken and communicate with him.

After a last-minute setback, when Xix and Kala are caught and must levitate to rise above pursuers, the two of them manage to escape the facility with armed forces in pursuit. With minutes to spare, Kala and Xix use advanced alien technology to stave off the dome deployment on planet Earth and thereby stop the unanticipated collapse of the atmosphere of planet Earth. They thus save humanity as they prevent the earth from becoming a dead, barren wasteland, inhospitable to life, as was the ancient fate of Mars.

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Appendix B - *Mars: The Domes* One Sheet

15 July 2017 - Genre: Science Fiction

Title *Mars: The Dome*

Logline: A scientist liberates an extraterrestrial from a secret Mars military lab, and it helps her stop Earth's planetary shield installation to save the planet from becoming a dead, barren wasteland.

Synopsis: Amidst harsh settlement conditions, researcher KALA LEE is an inhabitant of the first self-sustaining human colony on the wilds of Mars. She discovers and struggles to decipher a possible symbolic language and indigenous art found during recent excavations outside of the pressurised, solar-powered, self-sustaining transparent Elon Musk Mars colony biodomes. Colonists face extreme psychological pressures, acute anxiety, limited resources, monotonous food, near-constant hunger, and lack of contact with relatives on planet Earth. In the hazardous Martian environment, the settlers suffer from low morale, short fuses, and poor sleep quality. Back on planet Earth, post-apocalyptic survivors struggle for resources and await the installation of a permanent planetary shield. Independent of the atmosphere, the planetary shield is a last-ditch effort to save planet Earth by protecting the remaining biosphere. On Mars, morale is low, sleep quality is poor, and colonists are stressed. Kala and other Red Planet base leaders are tasked with finding ways to boost colonist energy and morale while reducing lethargy, boredom, and behavioural issues, despite limited resources. Kala experiments with practices including listening to Mars's atmosphere electromagnetic frequency recordings. Initially, there is no evidence that her efforts will benefit colonists. Upon meditating on mandala-like aboriginal Martian cave paintings, Kala experiences vivid dream-like visions and ebullient emotions. Her results seem promising. She requires significantly less sleep, has more energy, and experiences enhanced intuition and creativity. Her research output increases dramatically. In weeks, however, after 72 sleepless hours, she is observed drawing and writing with her non-dominant hand on every surface in her living quarters and exhibiting possible schizophrenic behaviour. She communicates with a being whom she claims is real though others cannot see or hear him. Kala's peers are horrified by her increasingly apparent peculiar behaviours, physical changes, and paranormal abilities witnessed by others. Based on visions of a terrifying future unfolding on their home planet, she attempts to convince other researchers and authorities that the future of the worlds, planet Earth, Mars, and future colonies (Venus and elsewhere) are at stake. She rants that they must block the impending biodome installation on planet Earth. Believing that she has contracted a Mars-specific disease and gone insane, co-workers securely trap and then quarantine her and notify authorities. The Mars colony military isolates Kala. Physicians consider that she may be delusional due to radiation poisoning, but results suggest that is unlikely. Authorities grow convinced that Kala's contact with microbial life on Mars has "infected" her with a previously unknown, mysterious Martian disease. Imprisoned and restrained, Kala has a dark night of the soul until her intense emotion and desperation force rapid speciation and further adaptive changes. Kala undergoes DNA changes and gains superhuman powers, and the military can no longer contain her. Meanwhile, the planetary shield installation on planet Earth is impending. Driven by her visions and urgent certainty of impending disaster, Kala breaks free. The military gives chase. She runs away and discovers a remote, hidden underground alien facility. Upon access to the secret facility, extra-terrestrial technology activates. Kala

eludes the in-pursuit military. She locates XIX, the being from her visions, in cryosleep. She liberates him and learns that Xix is one of few survivors, kept alive in cryosleep for millennia until another being might discover and telepathically awaken him. He confirms her visions of impending disaster. The atmosphere on Mars collapsed post-planetary shield installation. After a last-minute setback, Xix and Kala are caught. They levitate to rise above pursuers and escape the facility with armed forces in pursuit. On planet Earth, the planetary shield is deployed and despite created air systems and pressurisers, the atmosphere begins to collapse. Slowly changes begin over the entire planet. The world goes silent, birds and planes fall from the heavens, the sky turns black, rivers, lakes, and oceans boil, temperatures drop to freezing, people outside are burned by radiation, and all humanity struggles to breathe as the air jeopardises humanity. With moments to spare, Kala and Xix use advanced alien technology to destroy the planetary shield. Slowly the changes reverse though many have died. Together Kala and Xix prevent planet Earth from becoming a dead, barren wasteland inhospitable to life, the ancient fate of the planet Mars, and save humanity.

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Appendix C - *Child of Llŷr* Story Notes

10 July 2017 - *Child of Llŷr* (*Dark Star**)

‘That some day, emerging at last from the terrifying vision
I may burst into jubilant praise to assenting angels!’

Rainer Maria Rilke

Child of Llŷr Story Dump

2 Welsh girls, female leads, Ffion and Siân.

In class, the teacher drones on about battle/past world history and life of loss and terror with real stakes—something terrifying—and then jokes, as some phones go off and give chirps and chimes, that none of them in the modern world can relate to living in such terror, the stakes, and so on, given their cushy modern world.

‘We have problems’, a student snapped out.

‘Yeah, sure, like, I’ve exceeded my data plan and my mom won’t pay for more; how many wah-wahs?’ he replies smarmily.

Ffion gives a sigh as (sighed ever so) quiet as a flower blossoming.

‘You don’t live in a war zone, and not one of you knows the first thing about terror, really’.

Our lead Ffion is drawing an Otherworldly being, richly illustrated, mysterious in silver and white, as her best friend Siân and the boy across the aisle flirt.

The bell rings, and the professor shouts out last-minute instructions about the homework (and relates to the symbolism, themes, and even plot of the story).

Siân walks along their village/town.

One is attuned to the temperature of places, things and situations.

They are about to go into her council flat/house.

‘Shhhh’, Ffion murmurs.

‘What’, Siân whispers.

She checks the temperature of the house to be certain her father isn’t there/drunk, and so on.

Her friend doesn’t believe in her ability, that she can do this, sense what is going on inside the home.

‘No one is home, I can feel it...’ Ffion said softly.

‘Feel what?’ Siân asked as quietly as she could.

‘...their absence’, Ffion said matter-of-factly.

Siân stares at Ffion.

'You do not', Siân finally says.

'Do too', Ffion admits. Siân frowns.

Her friend doesn't buy it and is shocked when she is correct; learning to live with and try to avoid the trauma of her alcoholic/abusive childhood, she has gained some skills.

Her friend says, you will have to teach me that, and she's all, 'What?' She says, 'Your mad woo-woo skills'.

She tells her she cannot learn and that everything that she is into and stands for, super high-tech, social media, the mall, hanging out in those places and spending time with other people, never alone, all oppose the development of such skills.

Her friend is like, well, shit/feck.

The two girls run through a field of purple foxglove.

Write a somewhat 'intoxicating for bees' imagery/feeling.

Siân tries to grab her to take a selfie, and Ffion won't pose for the mobile phone camera.

'I'm here for my... self, not selfies'.

'That's weird, I mean, everybody does it', Siân.

'I like to be with my own self, not distort myself to get what I need from others'.

'I like you how you are', she tells her friend. Her friend almost cries, 'You're so real'. It is almost an accusation or a cry of horror when one teen says this to the other.

'Uh-huh', she says.

The moon is a silver orb, textured with purple-blue clouds, hanging in the night sky. Siân and Ffion stare up at it.

Siân and Ffion walk.

They hang out. See a falling star? Exposure that opens a long-closed doorway (check indigenous Welsh mythology) that allows IDB/beings to enter from the otherworld.

Her friend changes appearance + writes a story for the first time. Reads a line to her.

'Don't you think you're a little too honest, a little too strange (Welsh word for daft/strange/weirdish), maybe, too pure?'

'You can't be too pure', she says, 'there's a lot at stake'.

'Like what? her friend asks, laughing.

'The fate of the world', she admits.

'No, seriously', her friend dies laughing, can hardly stop.

'The balance of light and darkness on this planet, our very Souls, the future of humanity', she says softly. A tear falls from her eye. This is her burden, and it is great.

'You're serious', her friend says.

She cries then, wailing guttural cries that help her ease the pain of her monstrous childhood.

It is in visiting a certain magical site and trying to see an otherworldly beauty in the now that she inadvertently opens a door that is meant to remain closed.

So, a door opens? in an old ancient place to the other world, and she must find a way to close it.

‘What is your name, child?’

‘Utterly enchanting’ she responds, when the girl has told her.

Ffion means foxglove, and is a common name, and the word foxglove is said to come from ‘folk's gloves’, with ‘folk’ referring to fairy folk. Yet the name, the flower name, also means... dead man's bells and witches’ gloves.

Does she fall through? or need to close something out? Must solve a puzzle to get out. Gets help from a beautiful mythological being, such as a selkie or fae but not those... maybe a swan + play with time.

The message is of resilience or karma or Soul destiny, a love letter to Wales. Does one girl inspire change in the other, to find her voice, to be authentic/honest, despite opposition from other children and the pain of their daily lives?

Hounds chase and terrify her after she enters the other world. She is rescued by a swan who is a goddess; later in the PhD, I have a black swan dream, and I had already included a black swan screaming in the short film Oer*; I’m uncertain of the meaning of this symbol to my psyche, have not amplified that yet, though I did read von Franz who wrote about ‘the animus appearing in a swan or raven form’¹⁴⁵⁵, so the swan can be an animus symbol. This suggests that the black swan screaming is the negative or poisonous animus, as pertains to father and poisonous animus introjects (released, partially as Energy Cysts, off and on in 2022, particularly toward the end of my research in Swansea).

The swan tells her that when enters the otherworld, she will undergo a kind of death. She makes the sacrifice and enters the world to save humanity, replaces the stone that she took from the ET (Otherworldly being), and returns home.

Symbols & Themes

She has entered a gateway to the otherworld, a sacred threshold she crossed over into and that she can only return from through works of bravery and of spirit; she doesn’t fully realise that she is elsewhere, in another realm right here adjacent to the timeline that she came from.

Show the beauty of this domain of Celtic deities or supernatural beings such as the Fae, and the being that she meets. This is the Celtic vision of heaven, in some senses. At the same time, there is a terrible sense of impending danger, as mortals are not meant to be in these realms, normally hidden from mortal eyes by the strange Otherworld magic of the beings who inhabit those places. This Otherworld place is in Wales, adjacent to forests, and old standing stones, inside of and at the rear of a cave. Stone structures, a formerly

¹⁴⁵⁵ von Franz, Marie-Louise, *The Feminine in Fairy Tales* (C G Jung Foundation Books Series) (Boulder: Shambhala, 1972, 1993), pp. 139-140. Kindle ebook.

grand castle, stand in the distance. Her friend can almost see the shimmer of the Otherworld at dusk, as night falls, yet she leaves her friend, going home to avoid getting into trouble. When she returns in the morning, the opening at the rear of the cave, and the shimmer, have vanished. Yet she can almost hear her friend when she strains to do so. The experience of losing her childhood friend changes her, which is revealed as the story unfolds.

Normal rules of time, or otherwise, do not apply in the Otherworld. Time seems to stand still for her. The people that she meets there, who live there, so not age like mortals; all of the people seem to be forever young. Some are her allies; some are her adversaries.

The Otherworld also seemed to be able to move from one location to another. Or there may be only one Otherworld but it exists everywhere. In other words, the Otherworld is a paradox. Entering the enchanted place that is close by yet feels far away.

Consider comparisons between the Other people, the fae, the Sidhe, the archetypal beings, and UFOs and extra-terrestrials.

If this subplot is included at all, reference when it was possible for a woman to be a Ban-Draoithe or a female Druid. Show how men and women were equal in every way in those scenes/scenelets.

Child of Llŷr: Mae hiraeth arna amdanot ti.

Child of Llŷr: There's a homesickness on me for you.

So, is she replacing something that she took or entering a door to 'escape' her childhood and thereby then forced to give it up entirely? Ends up she is in trouble for being there; it is forbidden to be in the Otherworld, in that space, without invitation, so she is trespassing yet is given a short task to do to make up for her trespass, yet she dallies, not realising that every moment over her time allotment in the cave is a decade in the outer world. She finally completes her tasks and makes her way back through the cave. The outside world has changed. She ages upon return yet looks much younger than her peers as she has the qualities and energy of a child still, like a teenager, yet in the outside world, she discovers that everyone else aged - got old or died.

Home is now in the future and everyone that she knows is dead. There is a video she discovers on a high-tech phone device in the hiding place created by herself and her best friend. Her friend has left her a hologram message that says to press the device button to call the only number on the phone. She does and her elderly best friend arrives. She sobs to realise how much time has passed.

'You've paid the fees each month, all these years for me?' she cries.

Her friend nods and sobs with joy.

'You were out saving the world. It was the least that I could do. I got a job', She admits.

They hug and kiss each other and cry.

Her friend is almost too shy to admit that she became a poet. And she feels that she owes it all to her friend.

‘I would have been nothing without you. You left to save the world and you saved me even more so (Welsh dialogue). I never missed a day of work. I went to uni. I got published... because you believed in me’.

‘It was only minutes for me’, our girl sobs (every minute over her time limit was a decade in the human/middle world).

‘Do you regret it?’ her friend, now an elder, worries.

‘How could I, what is done with love, you give with the heart’, the teen replies.

She and her friend go to visit the graves of her family, where she becomes an old lady in minutes (dies or leaves with her friend).

She falls asleep in her old home, and when she wakes up, she is a child again, young, the clock wound backwards (plot point, magic, forgiveness, to make this logical) with her girlfriend and realises that she has a chance to avoid opening the door by accident and takes pain now to avoid the other storyline. So, dreams of her otherworld journey in advance and, upon waking up, chooses not to take it. Set this up with a conversation in school in the opening scenes, or—where she has a convo with her friend about dreaming of the future and her inability to tell, on occasion, if the dream is real life or just a dream—while walking home.

Passage of time, she is gone for minutes yet returns the next year. Her body changes in an instant. (For indie film, technically challenging? Possible?).

THE END.

###

*The working title for this story was *Dark Star*, and then I discovered that Dan O’Bannon, screenwriter of *Alien*, wrote a movie called *Dark Star* that was directed and produced by John Carpenter (1974). Also, after partially developing the story, I discovered that American writer Evangeline Walton wrote a novel, *The Children of Llyr* (1971), one in a four-book series, based on the Welsh *Mabinogion*. I never heard of or read the author’s work. In any event, my story was based on a felt experience of receiving a story as a series of archetypal images—characters, story elements, and more—from the land of Wales herself.

Appendix D - *Oer* Story Notes

19 June 2017 - *Prism* (working title)

Caves, the Welsh coast, two little girls, sisters, the younger always mute—or nearly—until the end, when she recounts the TV media speech by the soldier (reveal, is he their father?) and kills a monster (mutant man, kuru) to retrieve her slightly older sister (both under ten/age?).

The cave is bunker adjacent and opens onto the ocean. Sister is somewhat talkative, likes to go out, and wants to hope that all is over, not with reality; after she gets her sister back to the cave, the sister a shaking mess, she destroys the lens/prism drug collection as her sister cries (earlier scenes, sister, Abertha, says, 'I didn't take any. I swear').

In other scenes, big sister collects ampules in the wild, Rhan catches her with one capsule in the cave, she Abertha defends her need to collect, that she might try it in the future, maybe her man/husband will want it, or they might be able to barter with it. The little one, Rhan, is always suspicious her sister Abertha will take the drugs and end up like the lost, diseased, apathetic druggies.

Their mom was a military geneticist. The monsters were military research weapons left from base destruction/fall—monster seed story remnants

First howling. Terrifying. One near-miss pursuit when they stay out too close to the dark. Finally catches Sis, dragging her back to the lair.

The relentless running on the beach and sneaking up on people/sis of little sister pays off.

Little Rhan is supremely avoidant, but it is also a reflection of her excellent boundaries + healthy self-care.

Does either of them have genetic mods? Many beasts are out of cages.

The desolation of dystopia is revealed in lonely girls' behaviour, solitude, and desolate landscape.

Little one watches a news broadcast (mini-DVD) about the necessity of war over and over, though it annoys her sister, who is emotional and screams-angry-the war is over, raging, raging until she breaks down in tears. Sobbing. Little one silently comforts her. Big Sis finally gets her period and uses some seaweed or a sea sponge to make feminine protection. She runs for a weapon (or already has one).

The few people they see are beggars, bartering for drugs, or diseased with kuru—from resorting to cannibalism—broken humanity.

Few humans survive; in the end, little one goes deep into the cave.

She kisses her father's skeleton and takes his military cap.

Puts it on and says, 'I love you, Daddy'.

THE END.

###

Appendix E - *Oer* Story Issues

21 May 2019 – *Oer* Feral ICs Story Development Issues Journal Entry

Today I Voice Dialogue inner audio (meaning my adult self and aware ego have a conversation in my mind's ear, so to speak, a dialogue between parts of self or aspects of the psyche) with ICs about not writing *Oer* and not identifying villain in story, an issue in story development which seems like it originated since new feral ICs began thawing post late 2016 and early 2017 just before and at the start of my postgraduate studies and creativity research.

ICs said this AM that they have not been writing and identifying the villain in *Oer* as the story is like my own story (crying hard and feeling grief as I wrote this). Identifying the monster, naming it, and seeing who it is, is something too painful. I am afraid of seeing the villains, 'the bad 'uns', in my childhood and life, the IIs and ICs say, internal audio Voice Dialogue,¹⁴⁵⁶ yet not in so many words. The IIs, or Inner Infant(s), are so very young, certainly preverbal and almost nonverbal, and they do not use grownup language.

When I speak to them, I must speak slowly, in words or pictures—almost word-picture—that they can understand, though, remarkably, they grow up in the course of a few years or so, much faster than an external child, so that they become fluent in my adult native language, English, or perhaps that just grow more integrated with the adult aspects of the psyche and the issue of communicating to a baby part of self becomes a non-issue (because as they heal they integrate fully into the psyche and over time are rarely, and then virtually never, heard from).

In the continuing inner audio Voice Dialogue, one or more ICs reveal that, also like the *Oer* characters particularly, less so for the Mars story character, which seems more remote from Wales and thus more remote from my own daily lived emotional process, my young characters are down in a hole solo going through the muck and surviving themselves in a post-childhood-apocalyptic world where everything is frozen and just starting to thaw. Writing that makes me feel extreme nausea and like throwing up.

###

¹⁴⁵⁶ *Embracing Our Selves*.

Appendix F - *Oer* - Traditional Story Development

7 Steps to a Stunning Script Course¹⁴⁵⁷

The following story development materials were created in a self-led, self-paced email course with author and script analyst Dave Trottier.¹⁴⁵⁸ I completed steps 1-5. Though I wrote the *Oer* feature film script during this creativity research and case study and took the Trottier course during this time, I did not use the following story development material. As previously noted, *Oer* is a form of Jung's 'extraverted' art, where the writer does not control the story and must 'obey the apparently alien impulse'.¹⁴⁵⁹ Trottier's 7 steps are:

- Step 1 -- Create three original story ideas and choose one to write
- Step 2 -- Write a synopsis and identify your plot points
- Step 3 -- Develop your characters
- Step 4 -- Assess key elements: heart, meaning, arcs, plotting, ending, etc
- Step 5 -- Write a 3-page treatment
- Step 6 -- Submit your first 7 pages
- Step 7 -- Submit your screenplay of 120 pages or less for a 14-point analysis

Oer - Traditional Story Development - Page 1

STORY IDEA #1

Oer - science fiction

Designed by top scientists and funded by an amoral billionaire, a secret military faction has infected the facility's adult citizens and the small South Wales village nearby, with a Zai retrovirus. The infection is part of a scheme to appease unspeakable, horrific, inhuman enemies, the Zai, that are massing to cross from the 4th dimension into the 3rd and take over human reality when the veils between the worlds are thinnest. But when Abertha's little sister Rhan runs away into the dead zone, despite her terror of doing so, fourteen-year-old Abertha follows. A psychopathic graduate student, an accomplice of the girls' father, is sent after the girls. Infected, already mutating himself, descending into darkness, Saltbury's plans to take advantage of the zone's solitude and fulfil his increasingly dark desires. Abertha meets Daffyd, a young intelligence officer. Though she doesn't trust him, she mistrusts everyone, after making a mistake that nearly results in her death, she reluctantly accepts his help and guidance. Daffyd has not faith in Abertha either. He's seen her behave very differently back in the research facility at the black ops base, where he was impersonating his dead soldier brother to investigate his twin's suspicious suicide. Neither Abertha nor Daffyd yet realises that she, like the others at the facility, has been brainwashed and is a mind-controlled slave awaiting Zai retrovirus infection and worse. An old Welsh woman wakes from a prophetic dream and walks from her tiny village, with only a bundle of food, in her coat, to cross paths and warn two young strangers (Abertha and Rhan). Abertha tells Daffyd that Rhan must be traveling to Bambi's farm in South Wales. The only way to get there is through the zone. They are pursued by Saltbury and mind-controlled soldiers. It is no longer possible to give up or go another way. In the zone, Abertha and the soldier observe strange and terrible manifestations of the Zai infection from the other realm. There are earth and cave system changes, some mysterious, wondrous, or beautiful, and some deadly, all traps, which Daffyd and Abertha must navigate to survive. To survive murderous human puppets, human-alien hybrids, and hope to save her sister, Abertha must learn to use her developing psionic gifts and fight back. Then Daffyd discovers his own mental aberrations, residual from recent military programming. With both of them running from the sinister cold, repulsive Zai infected humans and hybrids, how will Daffyd and Abertha—brainwashed her entire life—find Rhan and save her while running for their lives?

LOGLINE: After escaping a military bioweapons facility, discovering that their scientist parents infected them with an alien retrovirus as part of secret black-ops research, two young Welsh girls are stalked by extraterrestrial and human hybrid soldiers.

¹⁴⁵⁷ Dave Trottier, *The Screenwriter's Bible: A Complete Guide to Writing, Formatting, and Selling your Script*, 6th edn (Los Angeles: Silman-James Press, 2014), p. 45. Kindle ebook.

¹⁴⁵⁸ Dave Trottier, '7 Steps to a Stunning Script', <<https://www.keepwriting.com/tsc/correspondence.htm>> [accessed 21 June 2021].

¹⁴⁵⁹ *Collected works of C G Jung, Vol 15: The Spirit in Man, Art, and Literature*, p. 73.

1) Three paragraphs story story.

A remote, secret South Wales black ops military bioweapons research facility contaminates everyone stationed there with a Zai retrovirus (Catalyst) as part of collaborating with cold, repulsive inhuman enemies massing to cross from the 4th dimension into the 3rd to take over the world. In despair, Abertha (14) steals a suicide drug to kill herself upon realising that she and her little sister Rhan (11) were infected on purpose by their parents. But when Rhan runs away into the dead zone (Big Event), Abertha follows despite her terror.

Salisbury, a psychopathic graduate student of the girls' researcher parents, is sent in pursuit. Infected, mutating into a human-Zai hybrid, Salisbury plans to utilise the zone's solitude and fulfil his increasingly dark desires. Abertha, caught fleeing the facility by Daffyd, reluctantly accepts his help to get into the zone. Narrowly escaping from Zai-infected mind-controlled soldiers and alien-human hybrids chasing them (Midpoint), Abertha and the soldier trek through strange, terrible manifestations of the alien world, which are bleeding into and infecting all human reality. Daffyd and Abertha navigate dead zone earth and cave system changes, some mysterious, wondrous, or beautiful, most deadly, all traps, and avoid or kill remaining pursuers (Crisis) to survive.

After Abertha and Rhan are reunited at their Royal Welsh General Grandfather's farmhouse, Salisbury closes in. After nearly getting Rhan killed, Abertha wants to give up. Instead, she reluctantly uses her increasing hybrid psionic powers. Defending them, Daffyd is killed, then Abertha succeeds in finishing Salisbury (Climax). Abertha realises she has saved Rhan, that she is no quitter, and throws away the suicide drug (Realisation). Then Abertha learns that Rhan wasn't running away; like the Zai, the girl can see multiple realities. She was running to. In the farmhouse basement is a secret lab with a Zai alien device that can reset time to before the invasion.

2) Central character's action story (external journey) and their emotional or relationship story (internal journey):

External Journey

Abertha is experimented upon by her military grandfather and research scientist parents in a remote, secret South Wales black ops military bioweapons research facility > everyone stationed there is contaminated with a Zai retrovirus as part of collaborating with inhuman enemies massing to cross from the 4th dimension into the 3rd to take over our world > Abertha steals a suicide drug to kill herself upon realising that she and her little sister Rhan were infected on purpose by their parents > her little sister Rhan catches Abertha stealing the suicide drug and tries to take it, Abertha slaps her little sister hard and refuses to help her little sister fight back and sabotage the base/lab > Rhan runs away and, eventually, reluctantly, Abertha follows > Abertha is shocked to discover her little sister has run away, Abertha goes after her > Abertha is nearly killed by guards when a soldier, Daffyd, reluctantly saves her > Daffyd and Abertha go to the military-controlled village and a Welsh elder reveals that Rhan entered the zone and provides a pair of Welsh ponies to help them get away > with soldiers in pursuit, Abertha and Daffyd enter the zone and continue to search for Rhan > in the zone, Abertha considers suicide yet decides to wait > Zai-infected mind-controlled soldiers and alien-human hybrids chasing them nearly kill Abertha and Daffyd, and it is kill or be killed > Abertha talks to trees/animals to learn which way Rhan has gone > Rhan uses increasing psionic abilities to evade or defeat Zai-infected soldiers and alien-human hybrids > Daffyd and Abertha navigate dead zone earth and cave system changes, some mysterious, wondrous, or beautiful, most deadly, all traps, and avoid or kill remaining pursuers > Salisbury, the girls' parents research assistant, pursues them as they traverse the zone > Abertha considers suicide yet decides to wait >

External Journey (CON'T)

Abertha and Daffyd trek through and barely manage to survive strange, terrible alien world manifestations bleeding into and infecting all human reality > Salisbury closes in > Salisbury captures Abertha, and it seems that all hope is lost. She considers using the drug to escape when he leaves her alone for a bit. She decides to live and fight to the death, if necessary, to face whatever darkness Salisbury has in mind for her, and decides that she is no quitter, and throws away the suicide drug > Rhan senses that Abertha is in trouble and sends an animal/Zai planet creature to help > Abertha has an inspiration and with guidance from the animal/Zai planet creature (sent by Rhan) manages to escape > Abertha and Rhan are reunited at their grandfather's farmhouse > Rhan uses her voice to warn Abertha > Daffyd arrives in time to sacrifice himself so that Abertha can get the jump on Salisbury > Abertha successfully fights/defeats Salisbury > Rhan uses her psionic abilities to find and retrieve an alien device > when the girls are reunited/safe, Abertha realises that she reached/saved Rhan from Salisbury > Abertha discovers that Rhan wasn't running away; like the Zai, due to the retrovirus, Rhan can now see multiple realities and was running to > Rhan shows Abertha a secret lab in the farmhouse basement with a Zai alien device that can reset time to before the invasion > the girls reset time.

Internal Journey

Abertha is terribly traumatised > despairing, she wants to die to escape the pain of reality > distraught over the Zai invasion, she refuses to help her mute little sister fight back/run away > base situation worsening, Abertha loses all hope, is ready to commit suicide > she learns sister ran away; out of terrible guilt she reluctantly follows to try and save the little girl > learning Rhan went into the zone, with the help of a soldier Daffyd, Abertha follows despite her terror > disconnected emotionally, it takes Abertha and the withholding Daffyd time to connect > he is skeptical of events and more so about what Abertha reluctantly describes > in the zone, Abertha contemplates suicide yet decides to wait > grief-stricken over his twin's suicide, Daffyd learns that his brother Iwan and Abertha knew each other and begins to understand what happened/learns his brother's story and lets go of self-recrimination > Daffyd grows less controlling and makes small sacrifices as his heart opens > the woodland heals Abertha and her Celtic/Gaul heritage shamanic abilities unfold > Abertha changes, feels less defeated, gets stronger, enjoys life a bit more, gains the ability to fight, and develops hope > The pair experience suspense followed by great relief as they are pursued constantly and narrowly manage to defeat or escape enemies > Salisbury captures Abertha and it seems all hope is lost, he is going to use her for his dark desires. Left alone temporarily, she is flooded with fear, dark despair, and hopelessness, and again considers the ultimate escape as suicide calls to her, finally she decides that she will face him and kill him or die trying rather than endure the dark fate he has planned for her; she wants to live and finally lets go of the idea of suicide as escape > weeping with despair, knowing Salisbury will return at any moment, she has an epiphany about how to escape and is overwhelmed by gratitude when an animal/Zai planet creature (sent by Rhan) provides guidance/comes to her aid > Against odds, she escapes and grows stronger mentally as she gets away and reaches the farmhouse and eventually reunites with little sister > Salisbury finds them > Daffyd/Iwan arrives and sacrifices himself so that Abertha can get the jump on Salisbury > Rhan finds the courage to use her voice to help Abertha > Abertha fights and defeats Salisbury, filled with mixed feelings including grief at Daffyd/Iwan's sacrifice, she is grateful to be with Rhan > the girls reunite, weeping with gratitude/feeling love > Abertha realises she is no quitter, she is more powerful than she thought, that life is worth living despite challenging events and evil people/beings who want to use or hurt others > realising all hope is not lost, the girls reset time to before the invasion and, when they find themselves back at the beginning, run away to find Daffyd/Iwan.

Oer by H Raven Rose

To escape a secret blacktops research facility, two alien-retrovirus-infected Welsh girls must defeat extraterrestrial and human-hybrid soldiers.

Welsh teen ABERTHA is experimented upon by her military grandfather (BAMPI) and research scientist parents in a remote, secret South Wales black ops military bioweapons research facility. After being experimented upon, Abertha is further traumatised when her father and grandfather use her in a dark demonic ritual (Back Story-leads to flaw) offering to unearthly parasites. These ZAI beings plan to enter and take over the Earth realm. A viral weapon is detonated. The base, and the surrounding area, are contaminated by the Zai retrovirus as the US military collaborates with inhuman enemies massing to cross from the 4th dimension into the 3rd to take over our world. Despairing, Abertha believes life is not worth living and wants to die to escape the pain of reality. Upon realising that she and her little sister RHAN were purposely infected by their parents, Abertha heads to the medical clinic to steal a suicide drug. Abertha is in the base clinic — drug in hand — when her mute younger sister Rhan enters. Rhan indicates that she wants to fight back against their research scientist parents, Welsh general grandfather, and US military and run away. Rhan shows they should start by destroying the base clinic and connected research lab. Abertha refuses to help fight back and sabotage the base or lab. When Rhan grasps that her big sis is stealing a suicide drug, she knocks it from her hand. Abertha slaps her little sister hard. Rhan runs out. Abertha picks up and pockets the suicide drug; then, she chases after Rhan. To Abertha's increasing horrified astonishment, base inhabitants mutate rapidly (Catalyst).

Stunned to discover her little sister has run away and left the base, Abertha begrudgingly hurries to track Rhan. Attempting to get off the base to search for Rhan, Abertha is nearly killed by perimeter guards. A soldier, DAFFYD, reluctantly saves her. Abertha, with Daffyd, makes it off the base and hurries to the nearby settlement to find her little sister (Big Event).

Daffyd and Abertha search the adjacent military-controlled South Wales village and barely evade military capture by darting around the skeletal horse spirit of the Mari Lwyd, an enormous horse skull puppet decorated with ribbons and festive bits and baubles. Dodging through the annual festival crowd, a Welsh ELDER WOMAN reveals that Rhan entered the zone and provides two Welsh ponies to help them get away. SOLDIERS in pursuit, Abertha and Daffyd ride into the zone. After letting the horses go, Zai-infected mind-controlled SOLDIERS and ALIEN-HUMAN HYBRIDS stalk the pair. Abertha and Daffyd navigate dead zone earth and cave system changes, some mysterious, wondrous, or beautiful, most deadly, all traps, and evade capture or kill pursuers.

Abertha talks to trees/animals to learn which way Rhan has gone. Daffyd grows less controlling and makes small sacrifices as his heart opens. Research scientist SALISBURY enters the zone in pursuit. Rhan uses increasing psionic abilities to evade or defeat pursuers. In despair, after barely defeating/escaping a pursuer, Abertha considers suicide. A vision of Rhan in a stream leads Abertha to try harder to find and save her sister (Midpoint or Pinch). The woodland heals Abertha; her Celtic/Gaul heritage shamanic abilities unfold.

She grows stronger and enjoys life and the fight and escaping or defeating enemies more. Abertha and Daffyd trek through the zone, barely surviving strange, terrible alien world manifestations bleeding into and infecting human reality. Salisbury closes in and captures Abertha. Trapped, facing her worst fears, when left alone briefly, she ponders using the drug to escape forever (Crisis).

Alone in the zone, Daffyd has flashbacks and faces the truth; he never had a brother. He was programmed to use Abertha to get to and capture Rhan. Rhan senses Abertha is in trouble and sends a Zai creature. After flashbacks to the past dark ritual, angry, Abertha decides to face whatever darkness Salisbury has in mind. Deciding that she's no quitter, to live and fight to the death, she smashes the drug ampule.

Abertha finds inspiration after Rhan's Zai creature appears and gives her hope. Daffyd defeats pursuers and races to find the farmhouse. With help from Rhan's Zai creature, Abertha tricks and then injures Salisbury and escapes. She heads to find the farm.

Against odds, Abertha escapes and grows stronger mentally as she gets away and hurries to reach the farmhouse. Outside their grandfather's farmhouse, Abertha and Rhan are reunited. Salisbury shows up and finds the girls just after Daffyd/Iwan arrives. Daffyd/Iwan is horrified to realise that would-be rapist Salisbury is both girls' scientist father.

Rhan sees Salisbury first and finds the courage to use her voice to warn her sister and the soldier. Daffyd/Iwan sacrifices himself so that Abertha can get the jump on Salisbury. Abertha successfully fights and defeats Salisbury (Showdown or Climax), while Rhan uses her psionic abilities to scan for the goal of her journey, alien technology. Rhan disappears inside to find a secret lab entrance and a Zai time reset device. Daffyd's sacrifice means Abertha succeeds. Filled with mixed feelings, including grief over Daffyd/Iwan's sacrifice, Abertha is relieved when her little sister reappears. The girls reunite, weeping with gratitude and feeling love. Abertha realises she is no quitter; the teen recognises that she is more powerful than she thought. In fighting for her life and to find and save her little sister Rhan, Abertha discovered that life is worth living (Realisation).

Realizing all hope is not lost, Abertha grasps that Rhan was not running away. She was running to the farmhouse all the while. Like the Zai, due to the retrovirus and her Celtic/Gaul heritage combined, Rhan can now see multiple realities, timelines, and an alternate potential future. As Rhan explains things to Abertha, her older sister uses her abilities to see, experience, and understand everything the younger girl is saying. An enormous mushroom cloud blossoms in the distance as Zai-infected mind-controlled soldiers and alien-human hybrid troops rush from the forest. Rhan dashes inside, and Abertha hurriedly follows. Rhan leads her sister to the secret lab in the farmhouse basement. The younger girl shows Abertha the Zai alien device that she knows can reset time to before the invasion.

As Zai-infected mind-controlled soldiers and alien-human hybrids storm the farmhouse and reach them in the basement, at the last minute, the girls manage to reset time.

Abertha and Rhan find themselves back in the mil-lab before the retrovirus has been released; they manage to escape and run away to find Daffyd/Iwan to block the invasion.

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Appendix G - *Oer* - Character/Action Grid¹⁴⁶⁰

23 July 2022 – *Oer* Dave Trottier 7 Steps to a Stunning Script Course Exercise

CHARACTER/ACTION GRID—Character and Story				
Title, genre, concept	<i>OER</i>	SCI-FI	2 Welsh girls foil an alien invasion.	
Theme or message	<i>A great sin can enter through a small door (Gall pechod mawr ddyfod trwy ddrws bychan*).</i>			
CHARACTERS	Abertha	Rhan	Daffyd	Salisbury
Role, purpose in story	Central character/heroine	Central character/heroine	Central character/hero	Opposition
Occupation	General's granddaughter	General's granddaughter	impersonator of twin brother	hybrid-human scientist
Conscious goal	Rescue sister (find solution).	Escape/solve intolerable situation.	Investigate his brother's suicide.	Go after girls/fulfill his dark desires.
Personal motivation	Save sister.	Save world, since her sister won't help.	Justice for brother.	Craves power/depraved.
Inner need	To commit to live and heal, stop running away	Find/use voice.	To give his all.	To be stopped.
Flaw blocking need	Wants to die, do drugs, escape, run away from pain.	Won't trust / or speak up/out.	Withholding.	Slippery.
Backstory	Trauma/Dissociative	Threat of Trauma	Brother suicide	Grad student infected by Zai.
Dominant, core trait	Quitter	Intrepid	Heroic	Deranged
Other good and bad traits	Suicidal ideation, considers suicide drug, wants escape.	Mute, won't talk or listen. Goes her own way.	Resolve, grielstircken about his twin.	Relentless, perverse, wants to fulfill dark desires.
Imperfections, quirks	Gentle, talks to trees/animals.	Loner/untrusting.	Noble to a fault.	Glitchy due to ET infection.
Skills, knowledge, props	Celtic/Gaul heritage - shamanic abilities	Intuitive - psionic/psychic abilities	Tech wizard, relentless in pursuit of goals.	Zai extraterrestrial abilities.
Point of view, attitudes	Defeated/feels hopeless.	Wants to fight/ angry sister won't.	Unclear about what is going on.	Losing touch with his humanity.
Dialogue style	Monosyllabic initially.	Mute until end.	Interrogative.	Zai influence = increasing sibilance
Physiology	Willowy/strong	Wiry/scrappy	Lean/strong	Strong/repulsive
Psychology, sociology	Evolves.	Resilient.	Skeptical / wants evidence.	Depraved / devolving.
Relationship w/ others	Unavailable emotionally.	Untrusting.	Controlling.	Sociopath.
Catalyst	All infected w/ Zai retrovirus .	Wants to sabotage base/lab + fight.	Brother kills self for unknown reasons.	All infected w/ Zai retrovirus .
Big Event	Learns Rhan ran away/escaped base.	Runs away + escapes base.	Can help Abertha or she'll be killed.	Sent after girls w/o supervision.
Crisis	Daffyd and Abertha navigate dead zone.	Rhan crosses dead zone.	Daffyd and Abertha navigate dead zone.	Nearly killed in dead zone.
Showdown	Abertha battles Salisbury.	Rhan finds device.	Sacrifices self so Abertha succeeds.	Battle with Abertha
Realization	Throws away suicide drug/commits to live.	I use voice to save sister/practice trust.	I can give all for love.	None.
Denouement	Resets time with Zai device.	Resets time with Zai device.	None.	None.

This grid allows you to see four characters at a glance.

¹⁴⁶⁰ Dave Trottier, *The Screenwriter's Bible, 7th Edition: A Complete Guide to Writing, Formatting, and Selling Your Script* Los Angeles: Silman-James Press, 2019), p. 282. Kindle ebook.

Appendix H - Oer - 7 Plot Point Charts¹⁴⁶¹

Oer Dave Trotter 7 Steps to a Stunning Script Course Exercise

Character(s) + Action * Emotional Plot Lines

Character	Abertha	Rhan	Daffyd
Back story > flaw	Experimented on by family, pockets suicide drug.	Won't speak/listen. Goes own way when sister Abertha won't help - is	Quest for truth/vengeance, grief-stricken re twin's suicide.
Catalyst	Zai retrovirus released.	Wants to sabotage base/lab + fight.	Bro suicide - unknown reasons.
Big Event > Act 2	Learns Rhan ran away; resentfully goes after her.	After a fight with her sister, who won't help her, she runs away /escapes base.	Reluctant hero, prevents Abertha's murder + helps her.
Midpoint or Pinch	Considers suicide yet waits.	Woodland creature gets Rhan to sing.	Daffyd learns brother's story.
Crisis > Act 3	Salisbury captures Abertha. Daffyd faces the truth.	Rhan gets a message that Abertha is in trouble and sends animal help.	Daffyd grasps never had a twin; is Iwan and was a tool of evil.
Showdown / Climax	Abertha battles Salisbury.	Rhan finds device.	Sacrifices self > Abertha.
Realisation	Realises strengths/has hope.	I use voice to save sister/practice trust.	I can sacrifice/give all for love.

Character Abertha	Action Story External Journey	Emotional Story Internal Journey
Flaw	Despairs. Experimented on + pockets suicide drug.	Lacks trusts + wants to die to escape.
Catalyst	Base infected - Zai retrovirus, little sis wants to fight. Says no, slaps Rhan as she tries to take her drug.	Feels guilt when sis goes missing. Frantic to escape increasingly terrible reality.
Big Event > Act 2	Learns Rhan ran away; Abertha grudgingly follows.	Abertha decides she can kill herself later.
Midpoint (Pinch)	Considers suicide, decides she can do it later. Must evade capture and death in the zone.	She changes, gets stronger, enjoys life/fight. Manages to escape and defeat enemies.
Crisis > Act 3	Captured, facing her worst fears, Abertha considers suicide/chooses to live or die trying (destroys drug).	Despair at capture, desire to quit, decides to live or die trying. Escapes to farm.
Showdown/Climax	Abertha battles Salisbury and manages to win.	Against odds, she reunites with little sister.
Realisation	Realises she is no quitter; she has rescued her sister/has hope/wants to live.	Despite challenges and pain of life, life is worth living. She wants to live.

Character Rhan	Action Story External Journey	Emotional Story Internal Journey
Flaw	Loner. Won't trust / or speak up/out.	Afraid to trust, or use voice, or ask for help.
Catalyst	Base infected - Zai retrovirus, asks sister to fight, sabotage base/lab. Grabs at Abertha's drug; gets slapped. Runs off to escape / save the world alone.	Abertha confirms Rhan's fear/belief no one is trustworthy/there for her. In pain, she decides to go it alone and avoid all people.
Big Event > Act 2	After fight w/ sister, Rhan runs away/escapes base.	In forest, connects with her Celtic roots.
Midpoint (Pinch)	Woodland creature gets Rhan to sing.	Adventures in nature help her regain voice.
Crisis > Act 3	Must outsmart enemy to live. Sends animal/Zai planet creature help to Abertha. Practices speech.	Aided by woodland animals + Zai creatures moving into the zone, she speaks/survives.
Showdown/Climax	Rhan finds farm/is discovered by human-hybrid Zai.	Uses voice/tricks creature/steals device.
Realisation	Abertha came for her, joins with/trusts her sister.	I use my voice, help/save sister + try trust.

Character Daffyd	Action Story External Journey	Emotional Story Internal Journey
Flaw	Withholding which leads him to fail brother.	Regrets past; hard to be there for others.
Catalyst	Brother kills self for unknown reasons. Daffyd impersonates his twin brother to investigate on the base and find justice for his twin.	Feels guilty, grief-stricken, doesn't know what's going on + skeptical about the larger picture he can't understand.
Big Event > Act 2	Reluctantly saves Abertha from being killed.	Helps Abertha despite it ruining his plans.
Midpoint (Pinch)	Daffyd connects w/ Abertha; flashbacks.	He makes small sacrifices as he opens up.
Crisis > Act 3	Daffyd/Abertha cross zone, must fight to live. Abertha is captured, and he faces his failure to protect her. He has flashbacks to Abertha's being	Daffyd Realises he is Iwan; he never had a twin, and he abused Abertha in the past.
Showdown/Climax	Sacrifices self so Abertha can defeat Salisbury.	He defeats enemies and finds the
Realisation	Makes it physically possible for Abertha to fight.	He understands big picture / his part in it.
		Makes ultimate sacrifice/gives all for love.

¹⁴⁶¹ *The Screenwriter's Bible*, 6th edn.

SANDPLAY CATEGORICAL CHECKLIST (SCC)

CREATOR: H Raven Rose, Postgraduate Swansea University DATE: 11/23/21 TRAY #: 1 of 2 (+) Before / After Clear

DIRECT OBSERVATION AND OBJECTIVE ANALYSIS

1. STORY (briefly worded)

I am shattered when I am violated by incest, rape, Masonic ritual abuse and Satanic ritual abuse.

2. FIGURES (and meanings if verbalized)

Animals:

1g. dragon entity (that came later) white owl in both trays = wisdom / soul friend fox, badger, lamb in tray 2 / soul friends-totems

People:

birth father + mother, birth paternal + maternal grand-parents, child self, + extra man (either mason or child molester from Vogel State Park)

Structures (buildings, barriers, connectors, etc.):

door + window to soul space where shattered self went to escape after trauma/violations shattered her psyche, two ladders for birth mother + maternal grandmother (= focused on religion), bridge to my secret safe dissociated place.

Objects (furniture, jewelry, weapons, food, etc.):

Masonic ritual table, ritual knife on Mason paternal grandfather, ritual knife + mask on Satanic ritual abuser, table, chair, books, in my dissociated self place, wishing well (used to draw as child) in my dissociated psyche place, father had belt + beer can + gun + masonic blue cloth

Vehicles:

N/A ritual black magic books, blood in jar + spider in jar (if SPA perpetrator)

Natural Elements and Vegetation:

crystals + pink/green trees in my safe, magical space,

Other:

large spider entity head riders on birth father + paternal grandfather

at end, tray 2, I retrieve all parts, create a beautiful healing reactive life, and reconciliation

Added 12/3/21 - so this case does not allow I is not designed for separate trays

while taking photos to create that list. UGAN success (while taking photos to create that list).

3. SETTING

- disorganized animal/vegetative war Asian
 - primitive people/animal community/city/village symbolic/mythical
 - bizarre (explain) home/family party/celebration spiritual/Self tray
- 1* wound tray *Before / wounding* *2* *After / healing*

Oriented as: Content Theme

4. CREATION PROCESS/DRAMATIC PLAY

- 1+2* scene made intact with few changes dramatic play as scene is made (describe)
- major changes as scene is made (describe) *1+2* scene made first - then change of any kind or resolution
- scene made - then destroyed (describe how)

5. USE OF HUMAN AND ANIMAL FIGURES

- used appropriately no human or animal figures used people killing people
- 1+2* used realistically animals in place of people penned or crowded into a tight mass
- 1+2* used symbolically broken and/or dismembered body parts buried or hidden from others
- implied but not used animals devouring animals/people placed in dangerous/precarious places
- intentionally knocked down and left

Observer (if used): _____

6. USE OF SAND

- Damp Dry
- figures placed on top, sand untouched intentionally thrown and splashed
- sand firmly packed down used destructively by pouring and/or burying
- some movement of sand with finger tips heavily wetted down
- diligently molded and shaped half to whole of tray flooded
- sand used to bury

7. USE OF TRAY

- 2 = pleasantly open*
- very empty sparse well used full *1 = Quite full*
- very full overflowing 2 trays together

Areas of focus _____

Empty areas *pleasant open spaces in 2nd tray, client self felt a bit claustrophobic after tray #1 w/ spider entrance*

Figures placed in center _____

8. CREATOR'S RESPONSE TO SCENE

- indifferent or no response apologetic *shocked* relieved deeply moved
- pushes it away emotional (sad, angry, excited)
- sadistic toward it *1+2* satisfied (somewhat / *very*) energized
- 1+2 = pleased* trancelike

SUBJECTIVE IMPRESSIONS AND IMPLIED MEANINGS

9. MAIN PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPRESSIONS:

- destruction/violence alienation/loneliness organizing/structuring worship
- aggression self-protection construction/building uniting of opposites
- opposing forces self-nurturance happiness/celebration integration
- competition/challenge working/playing

Other: 1 = reconstruct shattering of soul/self/psyche w/ rose
stained glass shattered by incest, masonic ritual abuse, SRA
 Portrayed as: Reality Fantasy regret abandonment, molestation/rape

10. COGNITIVE DEVELOPMENT AND SCENE PROGRESS

- Cognition: age appropriate Scene progress: continuous
 regressive to approx. age regressive (explain)
 advanced for age progressive (explain)
 resolution of conflict

Tray 1 = looking at/reconstructing the past (restructuring of previous scene#)
Tray 2 = looking at now/illustrating hope for the future

11. COORDINATION OF WHOLE AND PARTS OF THE SCENE

- chaotic or no coordination of figures or scene empty
- partial attempts to coordinate overemphasis of rows
- some coordination in small groupings chaotic destruction of scene during process
- appears equally coordinated and chaotic? ^{crowded} destruction of scene following completion
- mostly coordinated with minimum chaos alot going on
- scene coordinated as a whole

12. STRUCTURING OF RELATIONSHIPS (human and animal)

- no relationships represented opposing groups and/or individuals dyadic relationships
 - a distinct separation of figure/s individual/s relating to self or environment family unit/s ^{incest & abandonment}
 - one or more communities/groupings + SRA perpetrator
+ child molestor
- Interactions portrayed between them:
 destructive/sadistic self-protective/assertive cooperative/constructive

13. BOUNDARIES

- entire scene runs together some groupings with no clear boundaries
- boundary formation through:
 groupings use of space natural/man-made dividers containment dramatic play
- very fenced and/or rigid world figures sit on or spill over sides of the tray
- figures and objects sink into the sand boundaries invaded

14. MOVEMENT/OBSTACLES

- static scene with no sense of movement
- chaotic and undirected movement
- movement blocked (describe)
- parts of scene blocked, other parts not (describe)
- some blockage, but movement can progress or go around (describe)
- destructive movement
- movement with appropriate obstacles
- free-flow of movement with no obstacles
- movement inward toward the center

15. RELATIONSHIP OF PARTS AND OPPOSITES

- Parts/opposites represented: _____
- opposites kept separate
 - negative interaction of opposites
 - positive interaction of opposites
 - attempt to unify opposites through:
 - roads, rivers, etc.
 - bridges
 - figure placement
 - dramatic play (describe) _____
 - no attempt to unify opposites
 - opposites unified
 - opposites integrated
 - no opposites represented

attempt to understand what happened / symbolize trauma
 I came up w/ opposite symbol to head (st/ action issues)

16. THERAPIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE SCENE

- confusing/conflicting (exp.)
- disruptive (explain)
- disconnected
- self-destructive
- no feeling or connection
- lacking color, depressive
- angry/fearful/sad/painful
- colorful, happy
- positive and moving
- peaceful, calm
- spiritual

Tray 1 = crowded, shocking, good overview of complex situations trauma
 & psych response
 Tray 2 = healing, pleasant, pretty, light & clear

17. SIGNIFICANT SYMBOLIC REPRESENTATIONS AND THEMATIC PLAY

Whisk Owl = wisdom / inner knowing / guidance
 shattered rose stained glass = soul / mind / emotions - split psyche
 rose quartz = love / healing, selenium heart (owl)
 = love/healing, SP bookst/journal/pencil/laptop = art/writing
 wishing well = hope for the future.

18. SIGNIFICANT REPETITIVE THEME AND FIGURES USED

ant/rob/spider, red dragon - demonic entity, ritual knives,
 gun, threat of violence, overwhelm, shattering all
 adults = evil or amput, shocking to see it all laid out
 I realize that I survived that - incredibly shocking.

19. QUESTIONS RAISED

- ① How can I use head spider attachments in film script (really creepy + powerfully horrific)?
- ② Is wishing well symbol of cure/st to come change
 (= hope/dreams) + is shattered rose in selenium heart w/ little rose my after symbol of healing psyche? Seems like denture after tray is

Appendix J - Creativity Survey Monkey

3 July 2017 - Despair, Depression, Creative blocks

<https://www.surveymonkey.co.uk/r/Q6RWGGC/>

SurveyMonkey Creativity Survey HRR Swansea University

Screenwriting Creative Process Survey

Data from this *brief, confidential*, survey will be read by H Raven Rose only (<https://hravenrose.com/>) as initial screenwriting process creativity research for a Swansea University Creative Writing PhD.

Question Title

*** 1. My screenwriting or writer/director career status is that of:**

- a beginner, learning my craft, awaiting my first option, spec sale, or screenwriter-for-hire gig, or am preparing to write/direct my first short or feature film, as I build my network and brand and seek representation.
- an emerging screenwriter or writer/director, I've been optioned/sold a script/written on contract or have written/directed, have a network, brand, and representation, but still require a source of other income (a day job, etc.).
- an experienced career screenwriter or writer/director, I've been optioned/sold /written on contract or have written/directed multiple times, have a network, brand, and representation, and am earning my living as a WGA or WGGB (or other guild-signatory) scribe or writer/director (Indie or pro).

Comment(s):

Question Title

*** 2. I get my story ideas in the following way(s):**

- visuals (scenes + characters) and audio (dialogue + sounds) in my mind
- my muse or muses give me ideas (or tell me what to write)
- stories reveal themselves in my mind/inner knowing
- the ideas flow when I enter an altered state of consciousness (exercising, taking a bath/shower, driving, etc.)
- stories emerge almost entirely formed in my mind/awareness
- fragments of dialogue/plot/character occur to me
- I journal, draw, or make art that inspires my stories
- none of these because my process is unique (and I'll share more in the comments field)

Comment(s):

Question Title

*** 3. I manage or navigate the balance between my art—natural creative impulse—in the context of the entertainment industry (the limitations of the marketplace or what might or will sell vs. writing or writing/directing what I want to without regard for whether it will sell) by:**

- writing or writing/directing what my heart and soul tell me to... whether I sell a project, this one or any project, doesn't matter to me.
- writing or writing/directing solely to the marketplace, as becoming a guild-signatory screenwriter (WGA or WGGB, DGA or DGGB, etc.) is a crucial career goal for me.
- writing or writing/directing in that intersection (the overlap) between what my heart and soul desire and what the marketplace will buy.

Comment(s):

Question Title

*** 4. What is the payoff or conflict (if any) between your screenwriting or writing/directing craft/creativity and commerce (getting your art to the people)?**

- There is no conflict between my craft/creativity and commerce as I find a way to balance my art/creativity and commerce.
- There is no conflict between my craft/creativity and commerce, as I write solely to the marketplace.
- I have some conflict between my craft/creativity and commerce, as what my heart and soul desire to write or write/direct and what the marketplace will buy are somewhat at cross-purposes.
- I am very conflicted about my craft/creativity and commerce, as I will never write or write/direct to the marketplace. I will only write or write/direct what my heart and soul desire to write and my work is not commercial.
- There is no conflict between my craft/creativity and commerce, as I will never write or write/direct to the marketplace and I do not care. I will only write or write/direct what my heart and soul desire to write and my work is not commercial.

Comment(s):

Question Title

5. Address

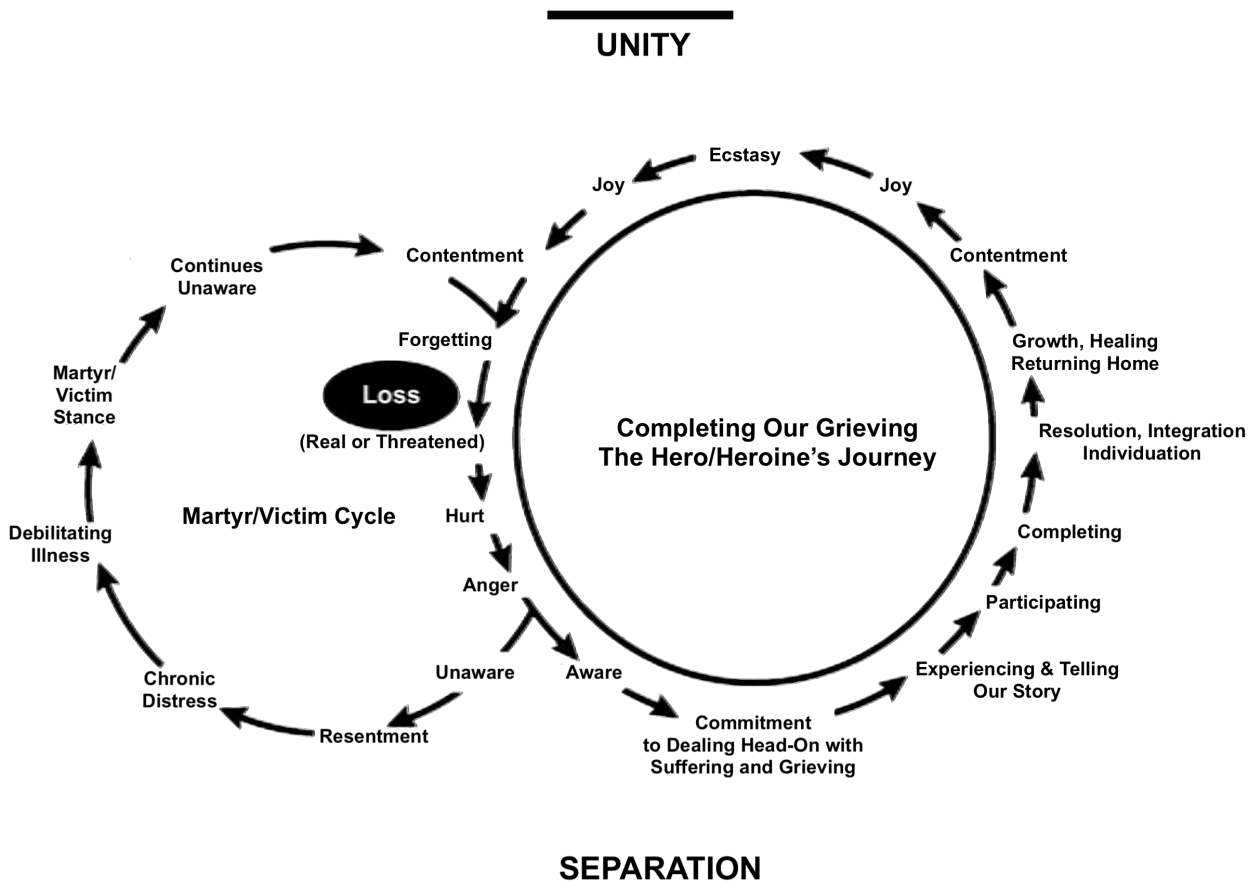
Name
City/Town
Country
Email Address

Question Title

6. Feel free to provide any closing comments below. Thank you for your participation! Much gratitude, H Raven Rose

Page1 / 2 100% of survey complete.

Figure 2. Our Story by Charles L Whitfield (*used with permission of the publisher*).



¹⁴⁶³ *Healing the Child Within*, p. 119.

Appendix L - THE BUTTERFLY Psychosynthesis

29 July 2018 - WBWF Practice Notes — THE BUTTERFLY Psychosynthesis

I do *The Butterfly* psychosynthesis exercise from pages 121-122 of Piero Ferrucci's *What We May Be: Techniques for Psychological and Spiritual Growth through Psychosynthesis*¹⁴⁶⁴ and have two thoughts of interest come to my awareness:

- 1) Have great difficulty in not always being inside or identifying as the caterpillar and then the butterfly, even before the psychosynthesis exercise instructs me (the reader/user) to make the shift from 'Observe the cocoon' to 'be inside the cocoon'.¹⁴⁶⁵ I manage to return the dominant awareness, primarily five, seven, nine, and one-to-two-year-old ICs and IIs, to the requirements of the task, guided by my aware ego, and yet as I read (before forcing my global self or awareness to follow the instructions exactly), I notice the association is as or being the object of the exercise.
- 2) Subsequently, I notice that the exercise is so beautiful for my ICs and IBs to experience that I feel my physical body heart area soften and grow physically warm as I literally become teary and am aware of feeling the emotions (affect) of incredible gratitude and joy at the beauty of the exercise. That feeling teary is due to an upwelling of gratitude and joy—an emotion that I identify as childlike wonder—and awareness of beauty in the inner visual experience of the exercise, particularly the part where I am floating and flying about the brightly coloured flowers, now 'free' after having 'shed the cocoon' and 'shed the defences and supports of your safety and your past' and 'flying' over and 'immense meadow full of flowers of every kind and colour'.¹⁴⁶⁶ I have the awareness of inner visuals + other somatic information, including scent, of seeing and smelling and tasting flowers, the tiny white blossoms of honey-scented alyssum, with their pale green stems and leaves, as if I truly were a butterfly with a proboscis enjoying a garden of flowers.

The wonder and joy are partly due to my mostly feral ICs and IBs learning to be and experience the positive in life. These aspects of consciousness that are thawed, or more thawed, meaning much less numb, and growing more differentiated, are now knowing fully or to a great degree, stating this to my aware ego and global consciousness in my awareness inner audio, that *the safety of my past was the false safety of dissociation and not being present*.

—

Note: Too intense experiences of reality, including powerful, beautiful or positive experiences, overwhelm the soul-retrieved IC and II nervous system and make me—the whole self—feel sick or even violently ill. The IIs/ICs are so delicate (*and there is some possible nervous system miswiring around this as well*).

¹⁴⁶⁴ *What We May Be: Techniques for Psychological and Spiritual Growth Through Psychosynthesis*, pp. 121-122.

¹⁴⁶⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 121.

¹⁴⁶⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 121-122.

2 January 2021 - WBWF Practice Notes - Write #2 2021

Making my second SoulCollage® card gave me a screenplay idea. What happened was I was making an Inner Child SoulCollage® card, 'I am the one who keeps going no matter what...', and an idea—an actual story—formed and began to spill out into my mind as scenes and characters. In some ways, the story came because I was thinking about how horrible the *Hereditary* screenplay is. In that film, everyone but the son, possessed by the entity, dies. Evil wins in that story, and it pissed me off intensely. I don't give a fuck how innovative the story and film may have been, I hate that it is a tragedy, and ever since I saw it, I've felt unhappy and angry about that story ending. Then, this week the use of the camera as a filter, documentary style, in *The Blair Witch Project*, was discussed in my Max D Adams course on dynamic writing. Now, when I saw *The Blair Witch Project* in a movie theatre, a Dollar Theatre in Orlando, Florida, actually, from when I lived in Winter Park, I kept waiting for the scary part and was shocked when the end credits rolled and the movie was over. So, to say that the film was anticlimactic would be a tremendous understatement. I was literally shocked that the film ended, and the 'scare' promised by the buzz of the press did not manifest for me. However, looking at the trailer and some clips yesterday seems to be part of what is giving me the idea for a new spec fiction/horror script about some teens who go to visit a family property inherited by their friend on the weekend they graduate high school.

Story Idea

A Welsh/Scotch-Irish girl whose family has returned to America, Appalachia, generations later, has a journal handed down to her by her great-great-grandmother Fleur, or Flora, who was an American with UK/Scotch-Irish Welsh and English descent who left the US and married and lived in the UK until she died. She owned a property in Appalachia, now defunct, which has rotted into the ground, though it remains in the family, as the stipulations for inheriting all of the assets in the family trust are that no blood family member set foot on the property. The town is a couple of hundred miles away from where the Welsh/Scotch-Irish girl has moved to finish high school. She has two male friends, one of whom has a camera to return to the film/video/media department. He puts off finishing his senior media project, just handing in social media trash, and his teacher gets broken up with by another teacher just before the kid shows up to hand in his little commercial video, so the media teacher fails him even though the kid freaks out as he won't graduate high school this year. The media teacher goes off on him when the kid gets angry and swears, and because the teacher tells him that he never finishes anything, he's sick of poseurs like him who never get anywhere in life, which is what his actress girlfriend said to him when she broke up with him, she's sick of him saying he'll move to LA when he's scared to stop teaching in some podunk school. He begs her, says he'll get in his car, leave everything and be in LA by Monday, and she says she's met someone who's going to help her with her career, so forget it. Because his media teacher goes off him, really cruel and unfair and flunks him, or says that he will, he doesn't return the media equipment which he borrowed without permission and he also is enraged, feels shitty about himself, and is determined to make a film and prove his teacher wrong. The girl has been reading her grandmother's journal, which she just inherited, and though her

¹⁴⁶⁷ *Writing the Mind Alive.*

parents are really serious with her about the stipulations of the inheritance, she is flippant and happy. She admits to her friends, despite the fact that she isn't supposed to do so, that her relative is Fleur/Flowers/Flora, an internationally known poet and performer from the last century who left America under mysterious circumstances. The boys can't believe she hasn't seen the property, that she isn't curious, and she says that she is but the law. Who would know? the guys ask her. The one kid thinks he could make a mini-documentary about the house, the property, a mansion that has fallen down and the little town where it is located (which they don't know about and have never been to, maybe based on Suches with its odd little tiny town and school). She has a dream about a man, which makes her think that despite the journal entries and opinions of female relatives, she will go and check out the house. She isn't planning to do those as her parents are coming home, and they are all going on vacation. Some shiz happens, and because her parents are unexpectedly detained in the UK, the boys come over and convince her to go to the town. She takes all of the inheritance-related stuff with her. They decide to camp there for the weekend. She is nervous because there is no cell service. The guys think it is so weird. Are these people like 5G nutters, or what? She says that it's like a little homestead town; the people aren't friendly to outsiders or something, and for geographical reasons or something like that, the place isn't wired for cell service (research this and find reasonable reasons why this would be the case). They drive to enter the town and get pulled over by the sheriff. He says they can't enter the town, it's not public. When she says that she owns a home there, he says no, you don't. I know everyone who belongs here. She proudly says, something she's again not supposed to do per the stipulations of the inheritance, the property held by a secret corporation, that she is X and she owns the X property. The sheriff/cop or whoever gets totally perverse, happy, and strange and says, 'Welcome home,' and asks if they'll be staying at the house or in town or camping. He is too interested in their plans. It's a totally fucking creepy moment. Right before they, in the car, cross the line into the county and town, she changes her mind, decides that it was a fucking terrible idea, but the kid who had it out with the media teacher floors it, crosses the property line, and now it's too late (because he's desperate to make a film/do something even if it is wrong or a disaster, he feels like he's got nothing to lose, his father will kill him if he doesn't graduate). The people in the town all look shell-shocked or weird and scary as fuck. The kids start to see and hear things, shadows or dark figures that are not exactly in this dimension yet are passing by, or hear words and commands another other stuff. They think it might be their "imagination" or something. They get warned off by so and so, who wishes they could help (an ally), but they don't listen and then X happens (their car breaks down). They see their teacher in town, the young guy, and he says that he's just there for some planning committee (his girlfriend's family is from the town). Need circles in the story to fulfil today's Daily Making Jump Start circles instructions. They wander in the woods in circles. One of them picks up a wedding ring outside the falling-down mansion. Their every action is a build-up to be a ritual that allows for an ancient evil present inner lineage to awaken and begin to kill and terrorise and then feed off of the energy of the terror of the humans in the story. She realises what her relative meant by certain obscure references and statements in the journals. They make it somewhere and try to get help. She discovers the teacher was in on it. A course that she took involved her being programmed by the media that they were shown. She and the other guys find clues. They are pursued and harassed, even as they make progress in finding clues to understand what is happening and going on. Their lineage has some possession by entities in it. Her

ancestors either saw a UFO or spaceship or did dark rituals to gain power from inter-dimensional beings and opened themselves up psychically to terribly dark forces, which the good people in the family have been battling or hiding from ever since. She has to, in some way, successfully battle and defeat these forces of evil in the film and manage to get out of the little town.

###

Appendix N - Letter to the Damaged Child

8 December 2021 - Letter to the Damaged Child¹⁴⁶⁸

Dearest darling, Inner Infant(s) and Inner Child(ren):

I want to tell you how much you mean to me. You are my everything, nothing and no one means as much to me as you do, my soul-retrieved parts of self. You make my life worth living, and I'm terribly sorry that you had to go through all of those awful things that happened to you previously. I love you, you are my precious darling girls, and I will keep you safe, heal you with deep inner work, remove you from unsafe situations, help you to follow your dreams and goals, and help to cleanse any icky energies, entities, or feelings taken on from the great many men, men, and organisations, either aided or abetted by women who did nothing to stop what was happening to me. You are innocent and pure, beautiful to me, and it is not too late to have a happy life. We have lots of wonderful tools, sandtray, expressive arts, and primal scream work, among others, to help us/you let go of the terribly dark emotions that are in the body and being at the cellular level. The people who raised you had a very twisted idea of goodness, religion, family, and love; they were wrong, ignorant to the point of evil, and you never have to see any of them again. I understand that you miss your siblings, yet it is up to them if they want a relationship with me. You are not bad. You are not anybody's passive 'good girl', and we can work through all your hatred, rage, anger, despair, and grief at the situations from the past and the terrible abusers who hurt and harmed you through action or inaction, and we will work on your/my having hope and your/my procrastinating less. I am so proud of you and how far you've come, and I love you so very much. You really are my everything, and I hope that I am yours. You will never be parted from me again. We are all, as much as I can tell, soul-retrieved and together again. We are quite a bit healed, and I love you. There is nothing that we cannot heal from together. There is no hurt that we cannot access | process | release together. There is no wound that cannot be transformed into knowledge, self-love, and utterly cleansed and healed. There is so much joy and love from me to you. I want you in my life forever. Experiencing and regaining you is the best thing that ever happened to me. I have so much joy making art, SoulCollage® cards, and doing any activity with you. I love how you love the animal totems, the messengers, and the synchronicity. I want to create a financially stable life full of love with and for you. I love you, my darling girls. I am going to [...] create a life of healing, love, and stability for you, with a home, someone to love me and be loved by me, healthful food, warmth, and lots of books, and writing, books that we write together if you wish, and create our own happily ever after. I love you so very much, and I hope you can forgive me if I have ever pushed you, been impatient, or been too overwhelmed or exhausted, and unable to hear or respond well to your pain or understand what was going on with you. Please never give up on me. Please forgive me for overfeeding you. Please forgive me for wanting to be done with the inner work, for wanting not to be in so much pain, and for some part of me judging us (not you, the body) as too tired or whatever. You are beautiful, my darlings, and life is liveable with you here inside me. I love you, precious inner parts of self. Until we meet again. Love always, your adult Self, H Raven Rose

¹⁴⁶⁸ *Toxic Parents*, pp. 269-270.

8 August 2022 - WBWF Practice — TRANSFORMING AGGRESSIVE ENERGY¹⁴⁶⁹

Throughout August 2022, I do the *Transforming Aggressive Energy* psychosynthesis exercise from the chapter *Tigers of Wrath* from pages 85-93 of Piero Ferrucci's *What We May Be: Techniques for Psychological and Spiritual Growth through Psychosynthesis*, and the following thoughts of interest come to my awareness:

1. When I do this exercise, I associate it with the aggression/aggressive energy within me—which is not always about anger, as I sometimes experience what I identify somatically and emotionally as grief at the same time or instead of anger—and envision myself furiously typing on my work-in-progress, which currently is this exegesis. The use of the exercise does start to move my whole being energy.
2. For the last few days, I have been nearly bedridden with physical/kinaesthetic somatic and related affect. As is typical when working with the deeper parts of my most recently soul-retrieved psyche, initially, emotion is not readily identifiable. Instead, the least differentiated parts of consciousness—which happen to be the youngest, most vulnerable aspects of self—seem to primarily experience reality as somatic or physical/kinaesthetic information. Perhaps this has to do with the way that babies develop consciousness, including self-awareness, in the context of a primacy of sensory and physical reality. However, it could be due to how 'traumatic experiences' are stored in the body and memory and later expressed—as I'm experiencing currently—as 'sensory perceptions, affect states'.¹⁴⁷⁰ Many of these aspects of self remain preverbal; I do the best I can with the instructions (*my approach is inner audio Voice Dialogue in images, an attempt to speak their picture language to them using as few images as possible*). In the summer of 2022, I have intense stomach aches at times. I recall how, in childhood, I sometimes had terrible stomach aches. How could I have forgotten those?
3. I do this exercise as part of the PhD case study as latent anger and grief—uncomfortable to be with or express—is a distraction from writing, aka I'm not writing and instead feeling grief-stricken or angry. Need to APR all of this and return to exegesis and creative projects.

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¹⁴⁶⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 91.

¹⁴⁷⁰ B A van der Kolk and Onno van der Hart, 'Pierre Janet and the Breakdown of Adaptation in Psychological Trauma', *The American Journal of Psychiatry*, 146.12 (1989), 1530-40 <doi:10.1176/ajp.146.12.1530/>.

Appendix P - Writing Flow | Awen PhD Lab Notebook

Oer + Exegesis H Raven Rose
Writing Flow | Awen PhD Lab Notebook

Date: _____ Current Writing WIP: _____ Stage: draft revisions polish Stuck: Y N

CHALLENGE: What do I do to A|P|R blocks to access writing flow/awen today?

IN - SELF-EVAL	Blocked < 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 > <input type="checkbox"/> Awen <input type="checkbox"/> Writing Flow
CURRENT WIP PhD: <input type="checkbox"/> Y <input type="checkbox"/> N Urgent: <input type="checkbox"/> Y <input type="checkbox"/> N	
INNER ASPECT	<input type="checkbox"/> Inner Infant(s) <input type="checkbox"/> Inner Child(ren) <input type="checkbox"/> Sub-Personality <input type="checkbox"/> Poisonous Animus <input type="checkbox"/> Neurotic Defense <input type="checkbox"/> Primal Wounding <input type="checkbox"/> Archetypal (PL, -E°)
INNER WORK	<input type="checkbox"/> CJEA _____ <input type="checkbox"/> Sandtray/Play Therapy <input type="checkbox"/> Applied Symbol work <input type="checkbox"/> Primal Scream/Emotional Release <input type="checkbox"/> Mandala c Journaling <input type="checkbox"/> Self-Facilitation (non-CJEA) _____ <input type="checkbox"/> Shamanic Ritual <input type="checkbox"/> EFT _____ <input type="checkbox"/> OH Cards <input type="checkbox"/> Narrative Therapy <input type="checkbox"/> Gestalt <input type="checkbox"/> Person-Centered Counseling Strategy <input type="checkbox"/> Psychosynthesis <input type="checkbox"/> REBT <input type="checkbox"/> Voice Dialogue
EMOTIONAL FOCUS	<input type="checkbox"/> Anger <input type="checkbox"/> Grief <input type="checkbox"/> Shame <input type="checkbox"/> Self-Judgement <input type="checkbox"/> Self-Hatred <input type="checkbox"/> Despair <input type="checkbox"/> Depression <input type="checkbox"/> Terror/Fear <input type="checkbox"/> Desire to Run Away <input type="checkbox"/> Mixed
SELF-SUPPORT	<input type="checkbox"/> Shamanic Practice <input type="checkbox"/> Self-Hypnosis <input type="checkbox"/> Subliminal <input type="checkbox"/> BabyPlus or other Brainwave audio <input type="checkbox"/> reading (Milton Erikson stories or other) <input type="checkbox"/> Meditation <input type="checkbox"/> Essential Oil <input type="checkbox"/> Plant/Flower Essence <input type="checkbox"/> Yoga, <input type="checkbox"/> EMDR APP (Anxiety Release) <input type="checkbox"/> Nature Walk <input type="checkbox"/> Grounding <input type="checkbox"/> Art as Ritual
TAKEAWAY (learning, epiphanies, consciousness shifts)	
OUT - SELF-EVAL	Blocked < 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 > <input type="checkbox"/> Awen <input type="checkbox"/> Writing Flow

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