

**Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati:
A Mythopoetic Inquiry
Looking Through A Spiral Lens**

by

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Abstract

Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati: A Mythopoetic¹ Inquiry Looking through a Spiral Lens² is an investigation of the relationship between a state of mourning or loss, and amor fati—love of one's fate. This investigation is a process of exposing the dialectical nature of self-actualization, or individuation. The inquiry proposes that the nature of consciousness and what we can know about it *is* a matter of epistemology. As the study of knowledge, epistemology is concerned with questions, some of which have been identified and pursued in this mythopoetic journey.

Through both personal and clinical experience, Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati: A Mythopoetic Inquiry Looking through a Spiral Lens, includes an examination of what role 'image' plays in the relationship between perception and consciousness and the implications of what looking through a spiral lens suggest. The inquiry speaks of image as embodiment of unconscious or invisible processes that inform consciousness through the creative process. Modalities of art making, poetry, autobiographical inquiry, and field notes from living inquiry as methods of "active/embodied imagination"—a technique wherein one opens to the contents of the unconscious, then shaping these through the creative process—are presented within a theoretical framing from the discourses of Depth Psychology, Mythology, Art Education, Art Therapy, Phenomenology and Taoism.

Part of the method of Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati is a kind of 'soul tracking' by way of the footprints of the emerging autonomous images from the unconscious that present themselves metaphorically and symbolically. From the metaphoric ground created in the

¹ "A basic function of the unconscious, i. e. its tendency to present itself in consciousness in the form of images...this form of the unconscious has not received the attention it deserves.... A mythopoetic story evolves in each individual's life, the flame around a candle's wick providing a matrix for the soul's indwelling...representing an intermediate between the worlds of spiritual and material reality. This mysterious third area is known in analytic psychology as psychic reality or imaginal reality. ...mythopoetic images have their roots in a collective layer of the unconscious and... this stratum of the psyche mediates experience that is perceived as spiritual. So we cannot avoid spiritual experience in our otherwise material lives. We live our true lives "between the worlds." In ourselves we are "citizens of two realms" (Kalsched, 2013, p.316).

² The notion of the spiral lens emerged through the image on page 196 "I Am a Spiral Lens".

spiral inquiry process, emerges the diaphoric imagination in which new presences arise that generate the possibility of both mourning the dream and loving one's fate. Amor Fati.

Mythopoetic process extends the rational—conceptual into the imaginal; it allows a new understanding of how new information gained through the experience of the imaginal changes the creator in the process of creation. Mythopoetic inquiry extends rational knowledge based information; the imaginal discourse is a bridge into the unconscious, bringing the previously unknown into awareness. In the realm of the imaginal the image as experienced in the body and the process of creation is a powerful mode of inquiry extending beyond regions of rational evidence based inquiry. The application of the findings of the research involves asking questions, while dwelling in the everyday, listening to the call and feeling into the “flickers” as clues the direction the inquiry is both led by, and leading me to: the symbolic. Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati: A Mythopoetic Inquiry Looking through a Spiral lens demonstrates that perception is an act. It is not just something that comes to us therefore it is inherently dialogical

Keywords: Mythopoetic; archetypal activism; deep democracy; Depth Psychology; psyche; imaginal; liminal; diaphoric

Dedication

“if you gaze into the abyss, the abyss gazes also into you”
(Nietzsche, 1888, p. 77).

This dissertation was written for all the abusers, violators, disturbers and victims of the Subjective and Objective Unconscious that pull us to the lip of the abyss. These figures are trying to come into consciousness but generally remain in the form of undifferentiated anxiety. "Whoever fights monsters should see to it that in the process [s]he does not become a monster" (Nietzsche, 1888, 71).

In light of Nietzsche's (1888) uncanny provocation of the abyss looking into you, the reader, the following inquiry may invoke your own figures of undifferentiated anxiety, any of whom are invited to dance with your, the readers' imagination.

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I would like to acknowledge David Roomy MA, author, retired Jungian psychotherapist and Process Oriented Psychology facilitator whose work has deeply influenced the direction of my work at an early stage in its development.

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Foreword

The true meaning of this mythopoetic inquiry, *Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati*, lies in your experience which you, the reader have authorship of. Meaning-finding has its own sense of time and movement, its complexities spiralling our conscious and unconscious circling of life events. This too you will feel into the rhythm of for yourself, each turn a reflexive repositioning of perception in relation to your own myth.

Through summoning your own re-actions to the many similar situations you find yourself in that have been invoked or even provoked by *Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati*, please know that these perceptions are the raw material for the crafting of a spiral lens for your own inquiry.

Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati is not intended to inform you of anything. Instead, its intention and extension is the perception—perception as active—of your own experience as you travel through the images that arise in your journey with the many voices and ‘guests’ of Psyche the text may invite. Calling these voices/guests into presence, you are prepared to embark on your own mythopoetic inquiry, be that the exploration of consciousness; wholeness; self-actualization; re-embodiment; transformation; or the nature of perception; the symbolic; deep democracy and deep time.

With you, fellow inquirer as participant with mutual authorship, *Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati* will be an act of rapprochement of the conscious and unconscious, an act of healing.

Preface: Telling the Story



I Think I Would Be Fun to Be in a Relationship With

I know a little about your story.

I know, some of it is a bit scary.

Is that why you are afraid to tell it?

Never thought before that I was. But as soon as you mention it, I feel this numbness rise in my body. I mean telling it in bits and pieces in conversation just seems to happen spontaneously, naturally without any

particular intention. But to write it down... seems like some kind of commitment I don't know I can keep. You know, the scariness of it. And as Cousineau (2008), points out, I get confused about how to tell the truth about my own unlived life (p.13).

That's all I can tell you today.

Ok.

Several days have passed.

I've noticed there's been quite a silence hanging in the air. A bit of a dark silence.

Yes. I became quite terrified of... speaking with you. I'm not even sure why because of my own "coiled feelings of amazement and terror" (Cousineau, 2008, p. 13). That freezing numbness descended again. I had to go away.

What did you discover in your own disappearance?

A terrible loneliness.

What is this mysterious weight that is to be carried by my being human? What ephemeral exchange is going on behind the scenes in this self and other business? Whose weight am I carrying with muscle aches that compare to what Atlas must feel?

So what do you think of the weight of words? Of thoughts? Do you ever consider the burden of these that your body continues to carry with such commitment?

I mean certain kinds of words and thoughts.

Yet some kinds of words, thoughts, or images are light, lift you, suspend you in a moment of weightlessness, yes?

I don't want to polarize into some kind of splitting that causes the flow of images to become sectioned off into black and white; good and bad; desirable and undesirable. I can't bear this kind of high speed ping pong game in which the mind begins to play out its madness.

So are you saying that your 'story' carries a lot of weight?

I can only know that if... I'm feeling that tight numbness in my gut again, a little shaking vibration and difficulty breathing. Freezing.

Ice.

I have to take the dog out for a walk.

Glaciers change the shape of the earth.

Step. Stepping. How many steps did I take on my walk?

If you make enough steps it's called a journey.

I could feel the rhythm of my stepping, landing down on one foot then the other, rocking me back and forth. Soothing.

A cradle in my own body.

I'm suddenly imagining the ice as cubes floating to the top of the glass of water, bobbing, knocking each other around. Making a tinkling sound like bells.

Where are you now?

I am neither here nor there. Frozen, floating like the ice cubes.

No push. No pull.

The ice is melting. I have more water to drink.

I drink in the night, sipping the smell of wet leaves fallen from the silent giants I walk among. Nico keeps her nose to the ground. I follow her luminous white body in the black so that I can make my way home without stumbling.

So she acts as a guide even while she is on her own scent trail?

We have an agreement.

She carves the trail, flagging with her tail.

I see the path with peripheral vision and imagine where we are going.

Together we go into the labyrinth
knocking into edges. The places vortexes begin.

There are no tinkling sounds here.

No nostalgic bells.

Only a hellish smell of wounds scraping against each other.

A dark guest walks into my kitchen and I immediately drop into a pool of nausea.

I can smell the ooze of her wound.

My wound. That smell of abandonment.

I have to go to bed.

I say someone has to leave otherwise there will be a disastrous collision of secrets.

Where is the knowing of this?

In the viscera.

Hers.

Mine.

But it's a secret.

She oozes while I swim the sea of the nauseated.

I am swept down current and have to go limp so that my body will be soft and flexible,
like a baby falling.

I fall asleep and wake up with a "NO!"

The emphatic 'no' of the unconscious that speaks again of the un-lived life?

Why can I not say no to her leaking psyche, her dribbling flesh?

I go swimming.

I go to bed.

I go for a walk.

I leave.

I begin a journey.

What is the story that is unfolding here?

The journey started with fear and anger.

What are you doing with the story you are telling yourself?

I am re-telling it.

Not just repeating it.

I am trying to break the spell.

Wicked Witch of the North.

I am asking what is happening here.

I am asking what story I need in order to get through the day.

I am carrying the stories of my own family forward,
pushing them over the cliff and into the imaginal.

I want to breathe new life into old stories.

All the old stories have to be retold (Camus, in Cousineau, 2008).

Once upon a time there was a little girl who deeply loved her older brother
and sister.

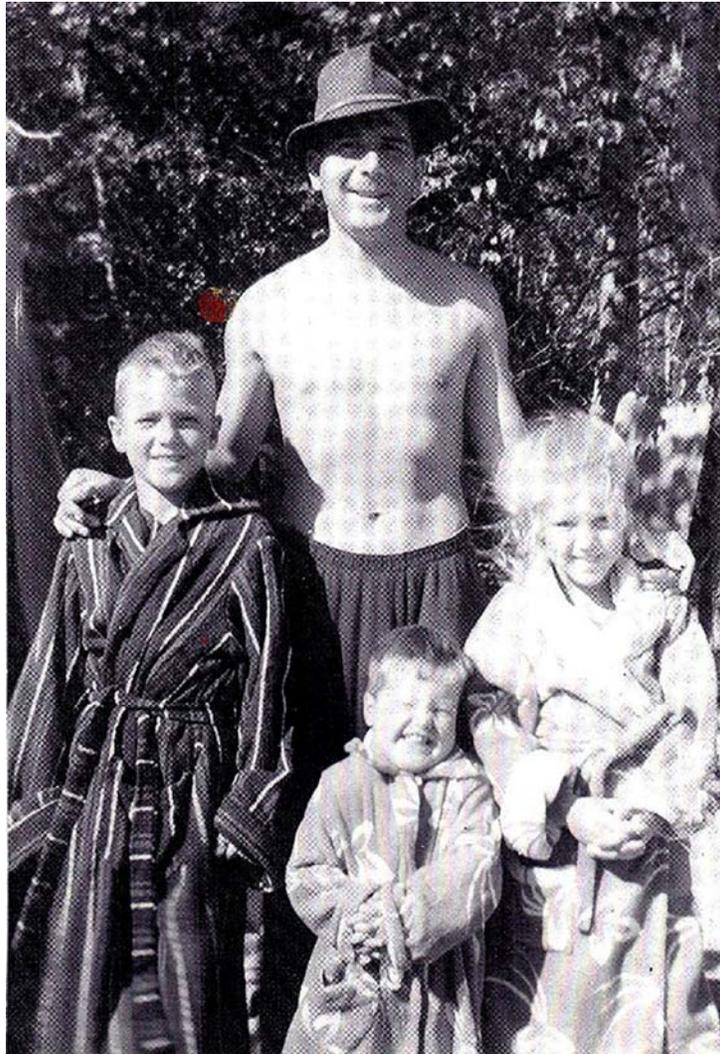
She would watch them do funny things; so she learned how to see the
world the way she imagined they saw it.

As funny?

Yes, making fun.

This little girl always wanted to be with her older siblings and do what they
did.

But sometimes she was not allowed
because she was too little.



Family by the River

What was she not allowed to do?

She was not allowed to go with them with their father to jump into the Columbia River, swim out to the middle, and let the current carry them downstream.

She so badly wanted to do this with them.

But she could only watch from the shore as they drifted what to her seemed a great distance, then scrambling onto the banks about a mile down river.

They would return to the spot where the little girl waited, all wet and excited, shivering bodies telling the tale of being like giant ships on the Atlantic Ocean sailing to Canada.

But they were already in Canada.

But they were immigrants so having their bodies transported like that, in the strong current of the river, like ships, made them feel like they were really here, in Canada.

That they had made this journey with their own bodies.

At least this is what the little girl imagined.

She had been told about the big ocean trip she never made.

She wanted to discover that feeling in her own body.

Why did she not make that voyage?

She was not yet in the womb then.

She was still just an unfertilized egg in her mother's body.



Unfertilized Egg

Do you think the egg knew about the big voyage?

The egg knew that it was from a different place,
the same place her brother and sister were from.

That's why she wanted to go into the middle of the river with them and
their father,
to experience the journey, be the big body ship crossing the ocean.

She wanted to be part of that mythical voyage.

But the little girl had a mythical voyage of her own to make
that she didn't yet know about.

Did this mythical voyage, her own journey have something to do with the
egg?

We will have to wait and see how the tale unfolds.

Do you have the patience to find out?



Mythical Voyage

There are ships sailing to many ports, but not a single one goes where life
is not painful (Pessoa, 1991, p. 168),

My past is everything I failed to be (Pessoa, 1991, p. 189).

Field Notes: Canadian Thanksgiving, October 2012

The future cannot be changed because it has not yet happened.

But the past can be changed to what it is meant to be.

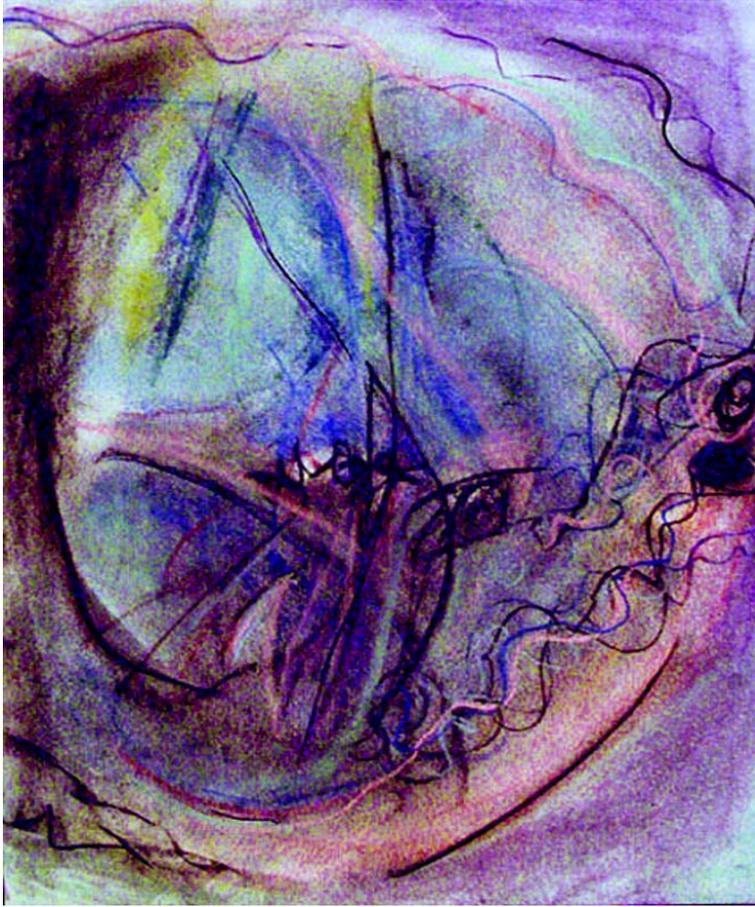
This is the secret mythopoeia holds:

The capacity to move from the mythic to the mythopoetic,

*which is the ability to move beyond one's present myth and all its
assumptions*

*and prescriptions, and into one's living myth,
the myth that is unfolding in this very moment,
through the authentic self,
alive and moving forward.
Living in deep time.³*

³ The words deep time came to me spontaneously as a description of a certain quality of experience that dropped me into a sense of interiority quite different than my usual relation to the phenomenon of time. The words presented themselves while I was listening to a Jungian analyst describe her twenty plus years of working with the unconscious. Deep time is an embodied moment.



Deep Time

Introduction

Mythopoetic Research through a Spiralling Inquiry:

Mythopoetic inquiry and living curriculum hold the purpose, the telos of acknowledging the presence of an archetypal story that lies beneath or beyond conscious thinking about oneself and the world (anima and anima mundi). Through having journeyed the inner mythic landscape, the mythography of one's soul (Psyche) comes the probability of realizing that Psyche is also collective. In the mythopoetic endeavour the inner and outer meet as one, as two sides of the same coin. Thus this liminal space holds the value of the poetic and the prosaic. The mythopoetic is a path of returning to one's own story and re-claiming it as the aperture of vision-making, an archetypal function of the personal and collective Psyche.

The practice of mythopoetic inquiry guides the soul back to seeing itself in resonant images (art) that hold soul even through the colonization of self in trauma. The resonating soul-images, Psyche's flickerings, lead the practitioner to a sense of Presence through consciously encountering other presences on the journey of inquiry. The Presence holds an overarching vision that encompasses the whole of one's life. It is the spiral lens crafted through the suffering of the Klein¹ body in its process of metamorphosis that brings the perspective and perception of Presence into one's being.

The mythopoetic journey involves the reflexive embodiment and contemplation of initially unconscious encounters that are tracked in the inquiry. Through the tracking and

¹ The Klein bottle was first described in 1882 by the German mathematician Felix Klein. a German mathematician, known for his work in group theory, complex analysis, non-Euclidean geometry, and on the connections between geometry and group theory. Klein devised the bottle named after him, a one-sided closed surface which cannot be embedded in three-dimensional Euclidean space, but it may be immersed as a cylinder looped back through itself to join with its other end from the "inside" (Alling, N. & Greenleaf, N. 1969, p. 159).

visceral processing of inner and outer events emerges a living mythopoetic curriculum which offers a container for integrating the Klein bottle/body as transformative alchemical instrument. This body, our body as humanity is the embodiment piece of crafting the spiral lens that sees both the old, habitual narrative and the mythopoeia emerging within this narrative. The development of the spiral lens brings into view the capacity of the 'old' myth as the necessary aperture through which vision-making happens in the mythopoetic.

Mythopoetic Inquiry is a narrative of the imagination which creates an alternate story to the dominant story (individually or collectively). We create the story as we are living it, writing the narrative at the same time as we are reading it to ourselves and the world, creating a vision while seeing, an imaginative vision about what is and what can be. A spiralling inquiry circles around patterns emerging in the tracking of experience. With each circling—like a bird watching overhead—comes the true depth of these experiences as they are seen through the spiral lens and brings them into awareness in the third space of the imaginal.

Mythopoetic inquiry has its own logic as it spirals throughout its unique creation. However, it also needs to connect to 'reality'. Art making (and other creative activities), that spiral around inner and outer events tether the imagination and reality together, sharing the same story that emerges from the personal and collective liminal place between the conscious and unconscious. It is important to consider that there are practical aspects of this imagining. As humans we have a shared imagination (myths and archetypes) that is the common ground of this imagining.

Myth: of or relating to the making of myths: narrative. Self-story, life-story that explains how the world (or individual or group) and humankind came to be the way they are.

Poetic: poetry is both reflective and a language of reflexivity...

Reflexivity refers to circular relationships between cause and effect. Here we see the origins of the spiral lens.

Mythopoetic Inquiry assumes an alternate story is present that is working on us. As it spirals throughout our being just below consciousness, this story or narrative hints at deeper, underlying sensibilities or imaginings that "bend back on", refer to, and affect the inquirer. Such imaginings are nudging towards a more conscious participation with the logic of "otherness" the presence this alternate story proposes. There is a deepening of the act of perception creating a way of bringing polarities together through a sideways step in perception and story making. As a new narrative—imagining my story reflected in your story – a dialogue of dreaming together emerges. Big universal as well as highly personal questions and motifs can be asked here: Am I how I see myself? Am I how I think of myself? Why are we here? Spiralling around these living breathing questions again and again, we can discern what kind of sensibilities we are bringing to personal and collective issues.

Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati: A mythopoetic Inquiry Looking through a Spiral Lens includes an integration of the process of the Klein bottle/body as transformative alchemical instrument. The Klein bottle metaphor— that the Klein bottle like the mobius strip appears to have two surfaces but in fact the mathematical model has only one surface; we have the illusion that the body's inside and outside are separate, but the body responds as if there is no inner and outer. The Klein bottle is a metaphor for the body-soul experience; a symbol on its surface slides around on it and reappears backwards at the same place. This is not possible on a sphere as any spherical form is orientable. The Klein bottle, like the body-soul experience has to pass through itself without a hole. It contains itself

Crafting the spiral lens that sees both the old habitual narrative and the mythopoeia emerging within this, requires a liminal space of embodiment. This takes place in the body as Klein bottle in its process of metamorphosing into the spiral lens. The development of the spiral lens brings into view the capacity of the 'old' myth as the necessary aperture through which vision-making happens in the mythopoetic. The following living questions are offered as invitations into the inquiry:

1. What is mythopoetic inquiry and what does it offer that other forms do not?
2. How and what do we see when we look through a spiral lens as an act of perception?

3. What is the import of what we see in this lens that is connected to teaching/learning and qualitative research?
4. What are the steps in mythopoetic inquiry? (theoretical definitions offered).
 - a) Telling one's self-story or narrative (self image) again and again each time listening more intently to what lies behind/beyond the words.
 - b) Practicing "deep democracy"².
 - c) Practicing "archetypal activism"³.
 - d) Inviting the "diaphoric imagination"⁴ through open and guided activities.
5. What kinds of learning become evident in this form of research and how might these be relevant to research and curriculum development?
6. How does mythopoetic inquiry that looks through a spiral lens affect the original story/myth as it becomes re-embodied as a presence in-the-world in the art object and interiorized by the learner/facilitator through the performance of embodiment?
7. How does this re-embodied presence in turn affect the participant, the group of learners and the instructor? And how does the presence in turn view the participant
8. What is awakened within the "field" (participants, teacher, art objects/processes and relationships among all of these)?
9. What is the nature of the "presence" that becomes embodied in this field including its view of the participants? And what importance does this presence and its perception now included through the practice of deep democracy hold for teaching, learning, research, art making and world work?

² Deep Democracy is the philosophical basis of the Process Work and Worldwork Paradigm, a psycho-social-political theory and methodology. The term Deep Democracy was developed by Arny Mindell (Mindell, 1992)

³ "Archetypal activism presents a possibility for political action that draws on the archetypal, existential and psychodynamic models of human nature, individuality and culture" McNamara. 2010)..

⁴ "diaphors" are metaphors that imply the possibility of something. Diaphor and epiphor measure the likeness and the dissimilarity of the attributes of the referents. A diaphor can become an epiphor (when the object is found to really exist) and an epiphor can become a literal expression (when the term has been used for so long that people have forgotten its origin)" Wheelwright, 1962).

The Heart of the Matter

The heart of the matter in the pages to come is the bringing of my/your story into the light of day, bringing it out of the dark and its sense of isolation and irrelevance to finally join its sisters and brothers in the collective shaping of experience. To do this, the first story—the myth that is lived largely in reaction to a limited perception of the sense of self—must be bush-wacked through like the forest of unconsciousness. Tracking the movements of this original story, spiralling over and through it and over again—letting it unfurl the many petals of the events and images that have shaped it—I come to see the myth as it presents itself to me within the container of this mythopoetic inquiry. With the alchemical vessel the inquiry is. I am moving from the mythic to the mythopoetic as each spiral informs me further of the significance of events recalled. And so I am challenged to lay bare the underpinnings of the structure and content of this myth and how it is part of the interweaving of all myth. “When any one person recovers [her] his voice many people begin to speak through that story” (Frank, 1995, p. xiii).

Embarking upon this multifaceted inquiry places me/you within an historical and mythological context in which the personal and collective Psyche shows her deeper intent, her ulterior motive beyond the empirical through the creative process: art making; movement; poetry; story telling; teaching; writing; illness; and art therapy. Situated primarily in the discourse of Depth Psychology, Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati, also draws on references to art education, art therapy, phenomenology, mythology and Taoism. The following pages are the terrain this mythopoetic inquiry roams, gathering the evidence of living moments on paper surfaces, of what has not yet happened: a spiralling journey of discovery and dissolution of selves, a re-shaping the past through a re-assemblage of the images my/your being is simultaneously holding and being held (back) by. The mythopoetic inquiry is both a re-creation myth and apocalyptic, in its original meaning of a “revelation of secrets” of what lies behind the veil of the story already told; this is an example of sitting in the wound/being in the Self. The life and death of the body as Klein bottle transforming experience into conscious embodiment and insight.

Aspects of this mythopoetic endeavour require complex, dialectic and receptive action that affirms polarity *and* brings polarities into relationship. It asks for metaphoric action whose genesis is based in metaphoric understanding whose activity reveals the metaphoric nature of life. Mythopoesis is archetypal action⁵ that would speak the unspeakable and mourn openly (McNamara, 2010).

Mourn openly. Journey into the folds of grief, a labyrinth of loss wherein one might be forever left wandering, sad, bitter and angry. Walking this potentially dangerous path I/you become an archetypal activist who can consciously hold the tension of opposites such as mourning the dream/amor fati, potentiating a process whereby deep insight has immediate consequences—living in deep time⁶. In this deep time exists another track, an alternate mythic or symbolic process the conscious mind can activate and interiorize through the mythopoetic endeavour which has the capacity of holding close a parallel meaning to the experience of descent, even in its full intensity. Here the conscious mind takes its appropriate role in the ongoing dialectic of conscious and unconscious by catching glimpses of this other track as it flickers in the body and dreams, shining forth through art, dance, theatre, music, storytelling and poetry which are speaking from the in-between dimension of the liminal. Dropping into deep time, into an embodied moment provides the quality of energy that fertilizes the process of mythopoesis which actively takes up these flickers revealed through the spiral lens and unfolded and made explicit through the creative arts.

⁵ As archetypal activists we are called to be synthetic (i.e. dialectical) in order to facilitate bringing together the fragmented polarities of the culture in such a way that the existential tension of opposites is maintained while the opposites interact mutually, engaging without definitive dominance. In this way polarities may reflectively energize and activate each other, reflecting through distinction” ((McNamara, 2010).

⁶ In ‘deep time’ everything is for itself. There is no outside reason or reasoning. Everything in deep time is for me. In deep time “The ‘I’ is the location of a stream of possibilities” (Grumet, 1988, p. 66).



Body as Klein Bottle Revealing Inside/Outside Simultaneously

Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati is a mythopoetic, pathographical, autobiographical inquiry that is an investigation of the nature of the relationship between what appears to be a state of mourning or loss from the two dimensional perspective of ego consciousness, and amor fati—love of one's fate and how one is an inherent piece of the other. Seeing through the spiral lens reveals to us the dialectical nature of self-actualization, what Jung (1983) referred to as individuation. Through both personal and clinical experience, what comes into view is the role 'image' plays in the relationship between perception and consciousness. The question of what action or momentum this relationship generates naturally arises and leads further into asking how this dynamic is embodied in image. The notion of 'image' is used in a broad sense of its definition to

include, not only the visual image, but also that which is experienced as sound, smell, touch; or as idea, notion or even impulse: the invisibles. "The image ...is a radiant node or cluster; it is what I can, and must perforce, call a vortex, from which, and through which, and into which, ideas are constantly rushing (Witemeyer, 1969, p. 37).

The word image is suggested as the process of imaging itself being the nature of how we experience. It is active perception, the most direct experience there is as Psyche *is* image who is always imaging. We are always perceiving, that is, creating our lived experience. If, according to Archetypal Psychology, every psychic process is an image and an imagining—a part of my/your unfolding myth—I need to ask what the image is seeking, what the image within my longing is and what buried significance it might hold for me. "What is its intent?" as it is reflexively both reaching out and reaching into at the same time. What is my body as Klein bottle doing as it squeezes itself through into a dimension beyond itself? Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati proposes image as a gestalt or organizing mechanism that creates meaning in one's experience, that is, image as embodiment of unconscious experience, Psyche's deeper intent.



Embodying

David Bohm (1989), contributor to theoretical physics, philosophy of mind and neuropsychology, described this generative capacity as "active meaning": "meaning" that becomes activated within a particular kind of energy which then synthesizes into meaning-making. My understanding of Bohm's "active meaning" in this sense, suggests that this meaning lies within the energy present in the implicate order—a deeper enfolded order⁷. As a mythopoetic inquiry looking for the underpinnings of the structure and content of my myth, *Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati* is an unfolding of active meaning-finding, a way-finding through spiralling around more inconspicuous forms of meaning that are called into consciousness through their relationship to the implicate

⁷ The Implicate Order lies beyond the categories of space and time (Peat,1995).

order, an order which lies beyond space and time according to Bohm⁸, in deep time. The mythopoetic inquiry's highly subjective content of suffering, loss and the consequent sadness, bitterness and anger, presents delicate hints of the awareness of a larger context and a larger narrative is revealed that embraces a certain significance that mourning openly can create a portal to. This "active meaning" Bohm (1989) speaks of, can re-gain this significance which encompasses a sense of purpose, intention and value.

The 'active meaning' comes from the implicate order itself that is experienced in the body as Klein bottle, then can be seen through the spiral lens and made explicit in the creative act, an act of perception that tethers imagination and 'reality together in an improvisational dance of meaning. Here the stirrings of tacit awareness of the implicate order itself where the ancient ones call is honoured. In the middle stage of writing this dissertation the string of words "the ancients are lamenting" kept arising subliminally from the work. I did not know what this meant but could not ignore its insistence on being part of the inquiry. I let it stay without definition until such time as the inquiry led me to the intent and consequences of its appearance. I ask the reader here to be patient and allow this unfolding to occur in your own process without my naming this ghostly apparition now.

The unconscious, in its often overwhelming pull towards the Underworld⁹, has one lose touch with this more subtle sense of purpose and intention. In this dark place the ancients are wanting to tell their tale over and over again, echoing their fate in every corner of my being. In this scenario what is needed is the capacity for both immersion *and* reflection, a spiral lens that offers a looking back *and* forward simultaneously in that

⁸ Instead of talking about object we deal in process, we enquire as to how a particular explicate (individual mind/body) unfolds out of the Implicate. Minds become both truly collective and personal by virtue of the continuous process of unfoldment and enfoldment whereby they are united within the Implicate and individuated within the Explicate. Mind and matter are connected because of their essential identity within the Implicate Order (Peat, 1995).

⁹ "I am a frequent traveler and have visited many countries. However, of all the trips I've taken in my life, the one that was the most fascinating was my descent to the dark recesses of my psyche, that place where we reside as if in a nightmare, a place that the ancient Greeks called the Underworld and that we call the unconscious... The necessity of a descent into the Underworld is a core idea of depth psychology" (Paris, 2009, p. xii).

space of 'deep time'. Deep time is where/when the self and the process of 'selfing' are united within the Implicate, and individuated¹⁰ within the Explicate. Naturally an inquiry that invites immersion *and* reflection, a looking back *and* forward requires the time and length it needs to do this. I invite the reader to take this time to travel in deep time, taking in each circle of the spiral which adds another dimension to the mythopoetic significance of certain images and experiences, with the understanding that this is how one moves from the literal to the symbolic. **The spiralling is the method of the mythopoetic which seen from ego consciousness, seems only repetitive.** From the perspective of the heroic ego, it appears no change is happening. The spiralling around is like the multiple deeps in the development for the image to become clear.

The repetitious act of spiralling however is necessary if an inquiry is to reach the heights and plumb the depths of the mythic. Within each circle of the spiral is also a vertical movement. Even if the image or experience is the same, the perspective of it as shown through the spiral lens has in fact changed. **Changing perspective is the action of perception, the mythopoeia.** The repetitions act is much like the chorus of a Greek tragedy that chimes into the narrative to remind the audience of the context of the tragedy. The chorus is a collective voice, a dramatic function which offers background and expresses what is hidden from the main character. It also reveals needed insights as if from another source outside the drama. It holds a presence for the drama to unfold, an anchor as it were.

Field Notes: Dreams and past Discussions:

The image of a spiral lens came to me in a flicker and I know it is related to an alchemical instrument that is a three dimensional version of a

¹⁰ "Individuation is "a person's becoming [her]himself, whole, indivisible...This the key concept in Jung's contribution to the theories of personality development. As such, it is inextricably interwoven with others, particularly self, ego and archetype, as well as with the synthesis of conscious and unconscious elements" (Samuels, 1986, p. 76).

mobius strip called a pelican or Klein bottle¹¹ (Rosen 1995, 137), an impossible structure through being twisted through the another dimension. This instrument's "impossibility" relates to one of the final questions posed to the reader in this dissertation. I am not surprised somehow by Rosen's work with the Klein bottle arising here as he had introduced me to the notion of the Implicate order through some discussions we had just prior to my first transplant and the publication of his "Topologies of the Flesh: A Multidimensional Exploration of the Lifeworld". The body as Klein bottle is a visceral morphing of soma into lens; the sharpening of perception the body already is; a crystallizing of flesh from grain of sand into glass that holds the transparency of wholeness in a single moment; body crafting itself into a spiral lens so that I am not separate from my seeing.

In the individuating process what is called upon is both the inconspicuous forms of meaning which lie beyond space and time, as well as an anchoring presence much like the chorus in the Greek tragedy which holds context. The inconspicuous presences are the meanings in the Implicate order, in deep time when/where we are ourselves and the world, both/and, self and selfing. The presence of the collective voices of the chorus, connect this process to the larger narrative. My/your body is and lives in both these forms of presence. As Klein bottle, my body, soma is an alchemical tool for transformation. Soma is showing me inside and outside simultaneously, just as the image in the mirror I gaze at now gazes back at me; and so this gaze between us becomes another dimensionality that holds both the object of signification, and *is* the signifying act itself. Active perception. The gaze is possible through using the spiral lens my dreambody presented to me as my own alchemical tool for extending my vision of myself and the world and so enlivening my dulled perception. I invite you, the reader to consider gazing through your own spiral lens and seeing your body as an alchemical tool much like the Klein bottle.

¹¹ "The Klein bottle is an objective model in space...that serves as a medium for dimensionality extending the self-reflective words so that they can actually reenter their own prereflective ground. Here the higher dimensional Klein bottle is embodied not, just as an object of significations, but as a part of signifying act itself" (Rosen, 2006, p. 307).

The spiral lens sees and shows me how to see myself as a way of seeing. My body as Klein bottle knows inside and outside as one multidimensional continuous beingness. The notion of seeing myself as a way of seeing and how I came to it is explored in chapter 1. The spiral lens is an important tool for me particularly given my vision loss. Bringing the archetypal into view through the use of my spiral lens I am able to see inconspicuous forms of meaning that lie beyond my blind eyes. Here I see my individuation. Individuating involves actively engaging the archetype at hand. In Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati this is primarily various aspects of the Death archetype from which the dynamic purpose, the "active meaning" encoded in me ironically comes to life. Therefore my relationship to what has died and needs to be mourned must be included.

Seeing through the spiral lens offers me/you the view of the suffering of the dead and becomes an act of archetypal dimension, an act our collective Klein body knows but the conscious mind can only conceptualize. How ironic that as our body is dying, we have little desire to have relationship with this. No wonder the ancients are lamenting. They are wanting our active participation in this the most important of transitions of life into death, the spiral of the birth-death-rebirth cycle. Without the crucial relationship to the dead, there is an interruption of this core archetypal sequence that every mythic tale speaks of.

Myths are epic lamentings and we can draw on their teachings to bridge the soul-split of the interruption of the birth-death-rebirth archetype. They are attempts at healing the soul-rupture caused by not honouring personal and collective trauma. Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati is a witnessing (reception) *and* being fully part of (action) archetypal suffering. Inherent to the inquiry is a sense of significance, purpose, intention and value implicit in authentic and embodied mourning through the practices birthed by the inquiry itself. The practice of archetypal activism creates the possibility of letting go (archetypal), and seizing hold (activism), just as the in-breath and out-breath, life and death are one complete cycle of the ongoing spiralling momentum of life/death present in deep time. The act of entering deep time—an act of archetypal activism—is the beginning of mythopoetic engagement that can be considered an emergence of a qualitative

resonance that inspires both reflection and action. It is an endeavour to get at the root of the matter.

The light of the moon is the light of the true sun.
The moonlight being on the moon is what is called the “root of heaven”.
Otherwise it would be enough just to say “heaven”.

(Anonymous, 1991, p. 48)

Reflection is the true seeing, the root of seeing through, when I/you apprehend the archetypal being revealed in an event or story. I hear the archetypal image voicing beneath the myth as it sings and flickers through for me to engage actively, to dance with. We are in the spiral dance of active perception.



The Moon Is Reflecting upon Herself in the Animal Body

I met David L. Miller (2000), Watson-Ledden Professor of Religion, Emeritus at Syracuse University, while attending Pacifica Graduate Institute in 2000-2001. His teaching and writing are in the areas of Religion and Myth, Depth Psychology and Literary Theory. Miller associates activism with one-sidedness and archetypalism with many-sidedness, an oxymoron by definition (p. 175). Could such opposites be held together in one piece of work? Do opposites stem from the same root? Or would this paradox be too daunting? Coming into relationship with this interactive paradox of Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati, a form of archetypal activism in itself, asks that I engage my interiority and environment in a manner I never quite imagined before, my body as Klein bottle, the fleshy spiral lens I need in order to see again: digging in the dark earth for the root of heaven, dying to each moment so to live in the next. One breath. All stories share the same breath. My body is a Klein bottle of apperception.

I could viscerally feel the tension of the one-sidedness and many sidedness of archetypal activism, an experience of living and dying as one short breath, a breath I could not catch even while it struggled to complete itself within the chambers of my rib cage. A breath cut in half, not knowing what to do, a splitting of consciousness—mind and body—cutting off the breath of Psyche and her deeper intent. Inner pressure. Is it pressing inward or outward? Intense energy held in from the inside as if from an outside force pressing in, a force field, a field of information, subject and object, active and receptive at the same time constantly reminding me of something just dying to happen. Mourning; deep grieving to allow for the initiation of some form of movement, some kind of momentum to be ignited, something as simple as rolling over in bed. Or putting pastel to paper and letting the subtle waves of in-breath/out-breath create the mark on the blank white surface; white sheets to roll over in as if in sleep, gestures of the unconscious; shades of the Underworld. So I turn to these shades and gestures inherent in the creative arts where transformative embodiment perceives its own activism even while the thinking mind sleeps, dreaming into its tacit significance, purpose, intention and value—secretly creating an aesthetic that has the capacity to touch the imaginal, and move into the active and present process of mythopoesis: deep time, the moment the mythic realm of being is becoming.

Being a mythopoetic practitioner means living in a synchronically perceived world organized through seeing behind the scenes—the projections of our personal and

collective myth—at the same time as understanding that our projections populate our inner and outer worlds. This mythopoetic seeing through a spiral lens also shows us how we are affected by these worlds, and in turn affect them.

Practicing mythopoesis includes asking how my/our narrative has been wounded and how has the attempt to heal this myth of woundedness moved it. Healing happens in the realm of the unconscious though we have the ability to assist this through our consciousness. Imagination is the chaos out of which forms are fetched. The spiral lens of mythopoesis catches these forms while they are still just possibilities. The body-heart-mind whole then tracks and crafts the images through several stages of embodiment:

1. Stirrings or flickers in the body sometimes manifesting as symptoms are the ephemeral aspect of embodiment. These are the seeds lying in the earth of the unconscious wanting to sprout. They are possibilities that may or may not take on further form, largely depending on the conscious attitude towards them. They are the tendrils of archetypal processes going on behind the scenes that are still in the unconscious though very present. These include the stirrings of the ancients, the morphic present in the collective field.
2. These ephemeral tendrils seeking more substantial embodiment by making themselves known through their stirrings or flickers in the body-mind-heart have physical, mental and emotional resonances. These resonances are also reaching for form but often perceived as difficulties, problems and blocks, or experienced through illness and pathologies. The energy of these stirrings is indicating movement, change.
3. If the inherent change that is being indicated by the stirrings—whether perceived as difficulties, instinctual impulses or inspirations—is responded to through the imagination and contemplation, it moves on to yet another stage of embodiment: creative processes resulting in forms in the world . In this manner the stirrings and flickers in the body-mind-heart trans-form from their initial embodiment in the unconscious in flesh, to thought-forms, emotions, and actions that give value to them into a dance of lived experience, a dance of the imagination

4. Being of value that is, having been evaluated through sensations, feelings, thoughts and intuition within the *currere*¹² of the imagination, these stirrings of one's being are given personal and cultural expression in the world. They are brought out of the invisible into the visible in more concrete embodiments such as music, dance, theatre, poetry, art etcetera.
5. The personal and cultural 'objects' of these creative expressive processes are embodiments in the world and both create and affect this world.

These embodiments in the world as the lived *currere* and the architecture of our lives, in turn affect us as cultural beings and individuals. In this reflexive process of taking the invisible into the visible, the next stage of embodiment is the 'taking in', interiorizing the resonances of these personal and cultural forms into the architecture of our imaginal world through contemplation and further attending to what flickers or stirrings arise from them. So we have moved from the invisible to the visible, and now back from the visible to the invisible in the ongoing dialogue of our intersubjectivity and world making. This describes one cycle of the ongoing dialogue of the soul with its own existence in the soul of the world—*anima* and *anima mundi*, the spiral of a synchronistically perceived world organized through seeing behind the scenes and then embodying these scenes symbolically through cultural and artistic expression.

This is the mythopoesis that sees through a spiral lens.

As a container, *Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati: A Mythopoetic Inquiry* creates the appropriate *temenos*¹³ for the unveiling of the 'truth' that lives within the myth; the

¹² "To support the systematic study of self-reflexivity within the processes of education, I devised the method of *currere*. The method of *currere*—the Latin infinitive form of curriculum means to run the course, or, in the gerund form, the running of the course— provides a strategy for students of curriculum to study the relations between academic knowledge and life history in the interest of self-understanding and social reconstruction. The method of *currere* reconceptualized curriculum from course objectives to complicated conversation with oneself (as a "private" intellectual), an ongoing project of self-understanding in which one becomes mobilized for engaged pedagogical action—as a private-and-public intellectual—with others in the social reconstruction of the public sphere" (Pinar, 2004, pp. 35, 37).

¹³ "the psychological container shaped ...by mutual respect for unconscious processes...and a commitment to symbolic enactment...the hermetically sealed vessel...an alchemical term for the closed container within which opposites transform" (Samuels, 1986, p. 149).

rolling narrative that runs like an underground river creating a directional pull that moves life forward from behind, or beneath—in “the subjective: our “imaginative, invisible gaze, in the direct sense of what is beneath our feet, our ‘sub-jectivity’ (from ‘to throw under’)” (Angelo, 2005, p. 25): I am thrown under and into the river to meet the archetypal image beneath the narrative: Death. Through the disclosure of dark secrets that have shaped ‘my’ story and my body, there lies a part of a larger truth, a legitimacy, which holds a potency for me beyond my present capacity to embody the narrative without this piece of work, this mythopoeia.

The kind of story we tell about our life can make a big difference to how we experience this life... An individual’s myth is the myth which may unconsciously govern the individual’s life course... Jung (1969) proposed personal myths to be archetypal patterns found in mythology and fairy tales and that the mythology, the fairy tales found within archetypes could govern the life course of individuals, in most cases unconsciously. The intention then, is to bring these unconscious myths to consciousness.

(Roesler, 2006, para. 3, and para. 8)

In ‘fleshing out’ the shadow¹⁴ and bringing fresh blood into those pale places, there is a healing and re-remembering: bringing limbs of the liminal that had been cut off, back to the Self (archetypal Self)¹⁵. Those lost pieces yearn for the Self like a child reaching for her mother. Through the engagement of creative modalities, unconscious myths can embody into consciousness. Body listens to the wisdom the mind is too busy to hear. She dances, paints, sings out from the depths, the shadows, and creates something from the imaginal of which the mind may not be aware. Then this dance, this painting, this performance, this song can, in turn infuse the whole being and bring to life unborn awareness and awaken a life un-lived. In this kind of reflexive engagement there is no need for an antidote to the myth presently being acted out unconsciously. No ‘cure’ for one’s life: Nothing to fix. Rather, it is an archetypal act of moving into essence and

¹⁴ “Everyone carries a shadow and the less it is embodied in the individual’s conscious life, the blacker and denser it is. If an inferiority is conscious, one always has a chance to correct it...if it is repressed and isolated from consciousness, it never gets corrected, and is able to burst forward suddenly in a moment of unawareness” (Samuels, 1986, p. 138).

¹⁵ “An archetypal image of [hu]man’s fullest potential and the unity of the personality as a whole. The self as a unifying principle within the human psyche occupies the central position of authority in relation to psychological life, and therefore the destiny of the individual” (Samuels, p. 135).

taking up the mythopoetic endeavour to see through one's myth and deepen experience. In one of her body psalms Dr. Celeste Snowber (2011), speaks/dances "body seen as text; moving to becoming listening; stretching to become research". Snowber (2011) asks:

What happens when we listen to all of who we are, integrating grief as a place of research—grief is in the body who is interested in what is absent, touching the behaviours of the body; inappropriate behaviour that might tell an embarrassing tale; reveal a wrath of grief that cannot be contained.

(Snowber, 2011, n.p.)

Grief is a doing, an act of engagement with what cannot be contained. It asks that a temenos be built for it.

"Stories are told not just about the body, but through it. They are autobiographical acts echoing the embodied self" (Frank, 1995). In this sense, Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati is an echo, a mythopoeticizing archetypal action that is a meaning-finding, soul-awakening process of transformation. It is trans-forming itself in the arts, moving from the mythic to the mythopoetic. Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati is research as imaginal container. Carl Leggo (2012), poet and professor in the Department of Language and Literacy Education at the University of British Columbia, describes this as

Language designed to enrich our comprehension of our inner lives, a language that helps us to see beyond the literal, beyond the world revealed to us through other disciplines like science and mathematics, history and geography. In this it shares an epistemology with the other creative arts... Our mythopoetic discourse helps us see the world more fully.

(Leggo, 2012. p. 112)

For me this translates into the mythopoetic discourse taking us into deep time when the embodied self lives; "when we listen to all of who we are, integrating grief as a place of research" (Snowber, 2011). Mythopoetic discourse sees through the spiral lens of the dream to be with the suffering of the ancients, hearing and heeding their laments, allowing the body as Klein bottle its eviscerating in the crafting of the spiral lens it is becoming. Birth-death-rebirth uninterrupted.

Taking my story on a mythopoetic voyage—that big ocean trip to Canada (the new land of freedom and adventure) the little girl never made—helps me see and experience deep time more directly through speaking the language of body, story, poetry and image, swimming with the current of the imaginal. Mythopoetizing has me drop down and ask what the story/message in the embodied image/gesture is that sits at the bottom of deep time. Perhaps my mother did not want me to swim in the fast current of the deep river with my father and siblings for fear that I might sink to the bottom and drown. What important message or question is this deep time at the bottom of the river holding for me, just waiting for me to get past the analysis, past even the emotions that are the call to pay attention, to listen?

Listen deeply in the body, story, poem, song, performance of the archetypal speaking/embodying through these modalities. Snowber (2011) explores and teaches ways of writing from the body and its connection to teacher education, arts education, ecological education and holistic education, inquiring into the relationship between the inner landscapes of the heart and the outer landscapes of creation. Her research and mentorship has been a door for me to step into the core of many questions my body has been posing to me, insisting upon my embarking on a journey of inquiry that would become my research *and* my teaching.



Intention/Extension

Many arts-based researchers and scholars are investigating the “wide-awakeness” philosopher Maxine Greene, (1978) who brings attention to when the 'why' of life arises. Greene points scholars and researchers towards Camus' (1955) words: "and everything begins in that weariness tinged with amazement" (p.13). Greene (1978) believes that Camus had “wide-awakeness” in mind because the weariness of which he spoke comes "at the *end* of the acts of a mechanical life, but at the same time it inaugurates the impulse of consciousness" (Camus, 1955, p. 13). Often arts-based inquiries are largely concerned in creating a practice that marks the end of the mechanical life Camus describes. There are some difference in these inquiries in that some arts-based methods place more of an emphasis on methodology and others as living inquiry, performative inquiry, and embodied ways of inquiry which put more emphasis on process and ways of being. Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati is a very process-oriented inquiry proposing the process itself to be knowledge and a way of

being in oneself and the world; however, it does offer some method which I believe will prove to contribute to methodologies already in existence.

The living inquiries, including Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati can become ongoing practices, acting both as entry points as well as containers for “wide-awakeness”, what I call a symbolic or mythopoetic sensibility, living in deep time using a spiral lens to view ways of knowing and being. These practices, as Lynn (2004), Associate professor in Arts Education at Simon Fraser University, so aptly describes them, are:

Cross-disciplinary explorations through drama/theatre, visual arts, dance, writing, and/or music in which researcher and participants engage in artistic practices and creative activities in order to investigate a research question or inquiry.

(Fels, 2004, p. 2)

At the core of these inquiries for some researchers and scholars lies the question “why”. Greene (1978) explains:

The “why” may take the form of anxiety, the strange and wordless anxiety that occurs when individuals feel they are not acting on their freedom, not realizing possibility, not elevating their lives. Or the “why” may accompany a sudden perception of the insufficiencies in ordinary life, or inequities and injustices in the world, of oppression and brutality and control. It may accompany, indeed it may be necessary, for an individual's moral life.

(Greene, n. p. 1978)

My intuition, my gut agrees with Greene’s explanation in part. I see the anxiety Greene writes of as also possibly being the restless stirrings of inner figures or hidden presences who are trying to come into consciousness, asking to be embodied but generally remaining in the form of undifferentiated anxiety. These are uneasy rustlings of the ancient ones held in the present—through the body—without living there. The question “why” itself is mostly impossible to answer. And if it is answered, I propose that whatever is arrived at is simply another beckoning. A beginning of a deeper inquiry where “why” is just a stepping stone to questions that can be animated, and offer important raw material/data for the researcher to work with. Asking “why” is much like asking “Who am I?” again simply a point of departure. Each step taken towards

individual awareness arouses anxiety. Bodying-forth creates friction by the very movement forward: Move into the question with the body instead of trying to answer it. Let your hands move freely on the paper while you keep your eyes shut. The hands will know what to do. "What is important is not a philosophy of life but to observe what is actually taking place in our daily life, inwardly and outwardly" (Krishnamurti, 1969 p.16).



Sometimes a Gesture is a Sign. Sometimes It's Unconscious

The 'what', 'where', 'when' and 'how' are more revealing questions which lend themselves to an open-ended inquiry that engages the movements of my every day lived-in, embodied life. These questions also offer the raw material which the unconscious can shape and move in a manner that intuitively makes sense, finds meaning through the body/heart/gut that can then speak, sing, dance, paint an essence (an archetypal pattern) into presence that releases the notion of "why" altogether. "Consciousness is perception" (Merleau-Ponty, p. 326, 1948). Perception is consciousness. Not through five senses, but one sensing the holistic way we take in

space and reality. Perception is an act that creates something. From this perspective there is no “why”. “Why” does not live in deep time. It is not embodied so there is no occasion for it. Asking why only leads me to more thoughts. Why should I believe my own thoughts will help me? Conscious intentions are different than the deeper intent of Psyche. It is in the depths of Psyche that we find embodiment, that instinctual connection between heart, mind, body...the depths in the viscera which will be actualized more potently in image than in conceptualizing alone. In chapter two I pose alternative questions to be considered and explored which I believe are more closely aligned to mythopoetic inquiry.

Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati: A Mythopoetic Inquiry holds the intent to unveil and bring the depths into view by asking questions with no answers and finding meaning by sacrificing the attempt to find it—hence not asking “why”. Mythopoetic intention is both an archetypal action that creates a container *and* opening to an evolvment of my present way of seeing, both literally and figuratively as a partially sighted image-maker. I ask the reader where she might be partially-sighted. Or short-sighted. As a new way of inquiring/seeing—having retrieved the eyes of the liminal—my perception reaches beyond what the present myth or story proclaims, re-imaging, re-activating a journey in which life is imaging me/you in each moment as I/you image it, in deep time. It does not require a “why” as the “why” is embedded in the journey itself—Psyche’s deeper intent that I can only ‘know’ through following her footsteps unconditionally, with eyes closed.

This is correct seeing, whatever is contrary to this is false seeing. Once you reach this ungraspability, then as before you continuously practice stopping and continue it by seeing, practice seeing and continue it by stopping¹⁶. This is twin cultivation of stopping and seeing. “This is turning the light around.

(Cleary, 1991, p. 21)

I see flickers, catch glimpses and reflections in the mirror of my experience.

“Turning the light around is the turning on of the light of the mind itself emblematic of the basic awakening of the real self and its hidden potential” (Cleary, 1991, p. 1). Turning the light around, awakening to the archetypal Self that sees the Implicate Order is a mythopoetic move that signals the start of the crafting of the spiral lens. One definition of mythopoesis is “situations where meanings of mythical accounts had been re-visioned, the original literal tellings of *myths* and stories transformed into symbolically new versions” (Doty, 2000, p. 20). A story is re-flected in a silver strand of hair. Shedding light on the mind, becoming conscious of consciousness itself is a ‘stop’,

a moment of opportunity when I am momentarily paused in action that calls my attention to what is hidden; a vulner-ability. A stop invites me to question my longings as well as my habits of practice and to engage anew. A stop is an invitation to understand things, events, experiences and/or relationships from a new perspective.¹⁷

(Fels, 2004)

I stopped combing for a moment, and noticed for the first time the silver threads glistening through the darkness of my hair. Time. How do I/you move through time? This “stop” (Appellbaum, 1995), a moment of risk, drops my ordinary way of being and into an intimacy that releases me into the many-sides my story, my myth is both telling me, and

¹⁶ The Secret of the Golden Flower, the Classic Chinese Book of Life, 1991, p 48.

¹⁷ “Philosopher David Appellbaum (1995) speaks of what he calls a “stop”, a moment of risk, a moment of opportunity. A stop, he tells us, occurs when a traveler encounters an obstacle, and is momentarily paused in action. A stop is a moment of hesitation, a moment that calls our attention to what is hidden—a vulnerability, an intimacy, a longing. A stop invites us to question our habits of practice and to engage anew. A stop is an invitation to understand things, events, experiences and/or relationships from a new perspective” (Fels, 2004, p. 47).

withholding from me (the many-sidedness of the archetypal), the shadowy places between my differing conceptions of myself: the blind spots, the absences.

Something has gone terribly missing in my life. Where might I look for this something, or even know what it is? In the interstices “space-moments of possibility mark [my] presence within an uncharted galaxy of interstanding. [I am] here now in this moment and something happens” (Fels, 2002, p. 47). One of the guests of the unconscious has tapped my shoulder asking me to dance. It is the elder. “Stalking a dramatic moment requires the patience of a fly-fisher, the willingness of a coyote, the breath of a winged angel” (Fels, 2002, p. 47): a moment outside the habitual chattering narrative the mind so often indulges in. This dramatic moment, if I “practice seeing and continue it by stopping” (Cleary, 1991), is an archetypal action that enables me to continue on this mythopoetic journey, this shifting from the literal to the symbolic. In the archetypal dimension I am a many-sided being: I am all ages. I am ancient. Psyche knows the moment of my/your birth and my death as seen through the spiral lens.

The notion of the mythopoetic—as encompassing the one-sidedness of activism with the many-sidedness of the archetypal—moves beyond the perspective of the mythic as well as being in strong contrast to today’s society’s view of myth as a kind of a fable or false story.

In native traditions, what are called myths, are better described as stories. Many are called guiding stories [guiding images] that were actually created to teach about something that was important to the people, such as how to survive...The metaphor comes into place in the stories to teach about something else and the something else is really the core teaching of the story itself.

(*Racette*, 2009, p. 7)

Mythopoesis is the act of perception that “teaches about that something else that is really the core teaching of the story itself” (*Racette*, 2009, p. 7). Perception as seen through the spiral lens sees through the myth to the alternate story, the “core” and *is* the teaching. The mythopoetic journey itself from this active perceiving becomes a curriculum as it moves through and beyond time.



Ways of Knowing

Maybe I/you need to “stop” and look at something else, look into what is absent, gaze into absence, “stop” and look into what is not visible: Those dark gaps. I reach for my spiral lens as I descend into darkness.

Metaphors have been used in a variety of different ways in story forms to convey information and knowledge over generations. Story telling essentially is the first foundation of teaching anything. Human beings are story makers and story tellers, image bearers reaching into deep time and making visible the archetypal encoded in every gesture of being human: telling/writing our lives.

Vicki Kelly (2010), indigenous scholar, describes her own process: “It is through life writing that I began to understand the value of:

Looking from the mountain. In writing I was engaged in an act of stopping and attending to the lived landscapes of my life from a distance in time and space. I began to read the patterns in different ways because

distance created perspective and an achieved height of land allowed me to trace my meandering. It was as though I was looking from the mountain top and could clearly see both the landscape and my own pathway. I was following my own act of navigating through life. I was witnessing my wayfinding by tracking my lived experience

(p. 84)

Tracking the movements of my/your original story, beginning to recognize its patterns, I/you come to feel the invisible momentum of my/your myth as it presents itself to me/you within the container of mythopoetic inquiry. Through working with Vicki as she carefully guided me through an indigenous perspective of my own way-finding in the dissertation, I have come to see the parallels of the holistic nature of indigenous ways of knowing and the following the footsteps of Psyche that is core to a mythopoetic approach. It is an honouring of this story in its offering of the core that teaches about something else: the alternate story Psyche is leading us to through her invisible footprints in the dark.

To straddle the visible and invisible connecting to Psyche's deeper intent, I must put certain things aside—attachments to pathologies, both physical and emotional as well as cultural—and challenge habitual states of mind and being. Within mythopoetic inquiry and through my spiral lens I begin to see myself as a way of seeing, deepening events into experiences, a self selfing. I begin developing a mythopoetic sensibility and sensuality through mapping out the unfolding of experience of that aesthetic that is my being, allowing for a particular positioning of this being in the invisible. My body needs no instruction. My body is the place of a fold by which the sensible reveals itself: my "body's non-coincidence with itself; the invisible *of* the visible" (Merleau-Ponty, 1959, p. 149). From this fold of my aesthetic—that is intertwined with the world; sensations; gestures; images and words—comes an unfolding of a way that may shed light, bring to consciousness the deeper intent of Psyche. I must be "wide-awake", as Maxine Greene (1978) suggests above, if I am to meaningfully enter the liminality of the visible/invisible that my aesthetic knows so well.

To map these motions of my aesthetic—so that they can be passed onto others, becoming a story and a teaching not only to myself alone—involves tracking. Like a hunter who goes into the underbrush of the imaginal to find entry points to the liminal, I

must sacrifice my usual positional way of being in the world and in myself; stopping, taking the risk of being (in the) invisible trusting that my body will find its way. My mother used to say to me when I was confused “your body will be somewhere”. Becoming less self-conscious and more conscious of consciousness itself would be an act of “turning the light around” and learning how to listen to my ‘call’, feel into the Implicate Order I believe I can only hear if I “stop” and go into the silence of non-being, the bardo, the ‘place-in-between’ where the noise of neuroses ceases to drown out a deep voice that I must hear.

By setting out on this journey through the deepest of discussions with myself, I know I need to choose to travel in the dark for a period of time as we all do in depth work—go into the blindness that is the timelessness of myth, move into mythic rhythm, and slip into deep time where any notion of myself is a redundancy, a “false seeing” (Cleary, 1991, p. 21). Here I will see this redundancy as a neurosis structuring itself out of the narcissistic wound¹⁸. The original story—the myth I/you have been telling myself/yourself—is the wound in its intimacy with soul. This intimate connection is key and needs my conscious engagement, my active perception and attending now to transform. The myth *is* the wound, the very passage of soul-finding towards self-actualization and wholeness¹⁹ which, includes the wound. Here is the ‘myth’ in both senses of the word: a false story, the source of suffering and ‘wounding’ *and* a guiding narrative that is part of a greater weave of sentient beings. This myth miraculously is the route to (and root of) “active meaning”, the portal to the now activated mythopoeia.

Through this re-activating (archetypal activism) of this mythopoetic journey of inquiry, the wound is tended to, held like a baby in my arms. However, it is vital that I remember that I will need to “stop” now and again, to know that to understand the mystery demystifies it, remembering that no amount of answers can exhaust the questions. Rather than attempting to answer questions such as “why”, mythopoetic

¹⁸ “The narcissistically wounded person must learn to feel her feelings, instead of denying them or striving to *do something* about them, and thus remaining cut off from feelings” (Jasper, 1993, p. 45).

¹⁹ “it is possible to see how often life’s experience has that end as its secret goal...a completeness rather than perfection” (Samuels, 1986, p. 160).

inquiry goes into the core of the question itself feeling into its unanswerability, its voidness. Entering this void is best approached with an open-endedness rather than trying to solve it, solve life. Death is the only “solution” to life which the mythopoetic practitioner “knows”, remembering that no amount of answers can exhaust the questions. This kind of open-endedness—this many-sidedness that holds the one-sidedness of a conviction to immerse my-self in the liminality the container this mythopoesis is—is the big invitation, the big “stop”. If I ‘stop’ and see and follow the guides that come as visitors, teachers, even disturbers, the images that Psyche is, I can invite or rather receive these clues to the mystery that act as light posts illuminating the footprints Psyche is leaving to help me each step of the way. At the same time these images, looking back, become footsteps for others to track into realms unfamiliar—others also implying ‘others’ within myself, the lost or abandoned child; or the hero that is convinced of its ‘right path’, and all the other liminal subjects that will have their particular version of the story.

An important step towards developing a mythopoetic sensibility is the practice of deep democracy²⁰. Deep democracy essentially lays the ground from which archetypal activism can emerge. The broad, open foundation which deep democracy offers sets the stage for archetypal activism which can then initiate mythopoetic inquiry.

Deep democracy is both a philosophy and method. The philosophy recognizes that every group [individual psyche] has a consensual [ego-oriented] reality as well as another dreaming reality. This dreaming dimension includes all of the deep feelings and dreams hidden within our communication.

(Deep Democracy Institute, 2009)

Deep democracy includes everything in the field. That is, all the images each participant is living whether they are aware of them or not, whether they are consciously or unconsciously expressed. All the ‘guests’ are participants of what is going on so that a

²⁰ “Unlike “classical” democracy, which focuses on majority rule, Deep Democracy suggests that all voices, states of awareness, and frameworks of reality are important.

kind of collective dream is taking place that embodies the group's or individual's myth. The work of deep democracy is to give a place at the table for all these images and allow them to have voice, to welcome them into consciousness.

The method of deep democracy focuses on the ability of the facilitator [ego] to use his or her awareness to notice, value and follow all of the people and parts [images] of a given group [individual psyche] in consensus reality, as well as noticing and valuing the more dreamlike expressions and feelings of a group [individual].”

(Deep Democracy Institute, 2009)

Deep democracy²¹ is active perception that sees and draws on the deeper, broader pool of resources of the collective unconscious, otherwise perhaps left untapped. As well, deep democracy brings power and attention to archetypal presences that exist parallel to conscious, consensus reality: those “flickers” mentioned above. Tracking those “flickers” from the unconscious brings subtle shifts in consciousness, body gestures and symptoms and dreams, as well as what arises in an aesthetic experience and creative processes; different guests are brought into the field of awareness and come into focus through the spiral lens even if just for a moment. These “flickers” create presence for presences. As images to engage and work/play with through the practice of deep democracy, I am also able to practice archetypal activism and dialectically bring together fragmented polarities²² As I practice deep democracy in this manner what becomes present is the possibility that these polarities within me interact mutually, engaging without definitive dominance. “In this way polarities may reflectively energize and activate each other, reflecting through distinction” ((McNamara, 2010). The possibility McNamara’s statement suggests is stunning—“a stop” —

²¹ Deep Democracy also suggests that all the information carried within these voices, levels of awareness, and frameworks is needed to understand the complete process of a system. Deep Democracy is an attitude that focuses on the awareness of voices that are both central and marginal. ..This type of awareness can be focused on groups, organizations, one's own inner experiences” (Deep Democracy Institute, 2009).

²² Synthetic “(i.e. dialectical) in order to facilitate bringing together the fragmented polarities of the culture in such a way that the existential tension of opposites is maintained while the opposites interact mutually, engaging without definitive dominance. In this way polarities may reflectively energize and activate each other, reflecting through distinction” (McNamara, 2010).

especially when I feel dominated by a particular compelling, if not seductive image/archetype. Death; illness; powerlessness.



Choking Bud

I am sitting with the now embodied flicker of the choking bud above and I instantly know its predicament. I can feel this bud in my body and in the space in front of me. I look at it and enter the gaze between us—like Psyche throwing an image of Herself in front of Her-self and entering into it—and I find us intimately bound together in the diaphoric imagination. For a moment in deep time, we become the very resonance between us. In this resonance, that place-in-between that is the active engagement of its presence, active perception, we (the image and I) create a new presence through the mythopoetic practices of deep democracy, archetypal activism and diaphoric

imagination. These practices facilitate bringing about Psyche's deeper intent through embodying her ulterior motive that slips past ego consciousness through the art making, allowing the image to land on its own feet and embodying the new presence its symbolism now holds. This series of events have all happened in a timeless moment, a 'big bang'.

The myth, the narrative or story, and the voyage through and to this myth, Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati—the mythopoeia is a kind of pathography in a sense. It is a story of pathos, a retrospective of images from the Death archetype with its attention to the intricate details of a chronic condition that has plunged me into periods of darkness, of loss of vision. However, the word retrospective is not quite accurate, as this inquiry does not only look back, but is also living in the moment through direct experiencing of the images, re-memorizing them as they image/embody themselves in the writing and art making. I look as if into a mirror and ask what the black marks on the paper/screen are speaking about; what are they spelling out for me? Black is not an absence but a different kind of presence. Classically, pathography is a style of biography that emphasizes the dark aspects of life and work, such as failure, unhappiness, illness, and tragedy. Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati certainly includes the shadowy parts of life that illness and blindness bring into the forefront of daily living. But my interest is not in simply leaving it at this.

Practicing the first “step” of mythopoetic methodology as outlined in this dissertation—deep democracy—opens a vast field of possibilities for attending to images, the “flickers” such as the choking bud above. The opportunity of seeing symptoms and conflicts of the tension of opposites in an entirely different manner is one of those possibilities. That is, seeing these symbolically, mythopoetically: experience as a mirror reflecting a larger reality the symbolism of this very experience is pointing to. The image that arises here is that of a person pointing to the moon. Do I look at their finger when they do this? I look at what the finger is pointing me to. Looking at the moon, the indirect gaze of the unconscious that is pregnant with images is a symbolic way of seeing. It is a peripheral gaze that my body sees with which brings the archetypal processes, the forces shaping my myth into awareness. It does this through the resonances I can feel in my Klein body.

I feel how the “presence” of the bud exemplifies archetypal aspects of my myth and how I can take its symbolism into the mythopoetic endeavour of moving beyond this myth, the particular story of this bud. Through the symbolic presence of the bud and my engaging it in the manner described, I am offered a template with which to have relationship with other archetypal forces that appear as “guests: within the field of my experience with the ineffable. I feel their influence—the bud’s desire and imperative to grow—through their embodied presence living in my myth. Now I begin to see more clearly the role of the archetypal possibilities presented in the images and how these are crucial “guests” accompanying me in the mythopoetic journey.

Understanding this unconscious shaping of my experience and living it fully, is the purpose of my embarking on the long, perhaps dangerous voyage of unpacking the myth I am living without killing it by analysis alone. I can now more consciously participate at a symbolic level—this being the premise of most expressive therapies—through my understanding of the archetypal action of moving from the story already told.

It is important that I understand that the images of this story are full of possibilities that may or may not embody themselves consciously. By working *with* the raw material that is the story and all its “guests”, even its repetitive patterning, the spiralling over and through previous experience and conditioning, I am able to respond to Psyche’s ulterior motive here asking me to “see correctly”. Psyche’s teachings lie in the repetition of these patterns signalling me to turn the light around through amplifying her “flickers” to see what the symbols of the patterns are pointing me to. Psyche here is calling forth an awakening to the archetypal Self that sees the Implicate Order.

By continuously practicing stopping and continuing by seeing—practicing seeing and continuing by stopping—it becomes evident to me that the light of the moon (indirect light, the unconscious) is the real sun, the gold the alchemists are creating out of the lead of life. My story, my myth is the important lead to be transformed. My blindness to this is the very beginning of lessons to come, if I can see it as such through the spiral lens that reveals inside and outside simultaneously. I invite the reader to receive the images in this dissertation, as well as their own “flickers” by practicing stopping and continuing it by seeing, borrowing the method I have sketched out above and seeing

through their own spiral lens. The reader may even discover through this method that they too can find an image in the dark.

To explore the dark transformative aspects of Psyche one becomes a 'mythographer', a compiler of myths. These are the myths that are operating as if underground in the subjective and objective psyche. "We forget that the soul has its own ancestors" (Hillman, 1989, p.179). Who are the ancestors of the soul of my blindness, the ancients that are calling to be seen and heard? How can I, blind myself respond to their lamentings? To root out these myths into the daylight so that they might become illuminating, luminous, numinous is a conscious response to the call from the dark, the task of travelling in the Underworld so that we might return enriched. This is Psyche's ulterior motive for us and "why" we must find the image in the dark no matter how blind we are personally and collectively.

Belief, conscious or unconscious, that is a prior readiness to trust a transcendent power was a prerequisite for the experience of the numinosum [which] cannot be conquered; one can only open oneself to it. But an experience of the numinosum is more than an experience of a tremendous and compelling force. It is a confrontation with a force that implies a not-yet-disclosed, attractive and fateful meaning.

(Samuels, 1986, p. 100)

As a mythographer, a mythopoetic practitioner and researcher with my spiral lens in hand, I track for clues in the imaginal to assist me in this encounter with fateful meaning. In this practice I might be led to amor fati...

Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati: A Mythopoetic Inquiry is a kind of 'soul tracking' by way of the footprints of the emerging autonomous images from the unconscious that present themselves symbolically. One of the major objectives of this work is to further develop my ability to see symbolically and suggest to the reader that this way of seeing could allow the possibility of both mourning the dream—the mourning of what has been lost or never even achieved—and loving one's fate: a sacred way of seeing; illuminating this perspective as a path of 'letting go' and 'seizing hold' of life towards one's fate; and falling in love with this continuous revelation of the mysteries of Self. As wrote in "Ecce Homo",

My formula for greatness in a human being is amor fati [love of fate] that one wants nothing to be different, not forward, not backward, not in all eternity. Not merely bear what is necessary, still less conceal it—all idealism is mendaciousness in the face of what is necessary—but love it

(Nietzsche, 1888, p. 78)

Nietzsche's profound insight here is the grain of sand in the desert that holds the secret diamond flickering its many facets throughout your mythopoeia.

Holding handfuls of sand, sifting through experiences of loss while engaging the presenting grain of any given moment, I am living in deep time. I ask myself and the reader: "How do I/you move through time? How does time move through me/you?" As I ask this I am keeping an eye out for what I imagine Psyche's ulterior motive is. As I am able to more confidently acknowledge the presence and power of each grain, my trust in this sifting process increases and the more moments I am living in deep time when nothing is lost, or ever has been. In deep time I need not be concerned with what I think of myself. Here there is no objectification of self in this self-conscious manner and so I can sense directly the unfolding of consciousness. I can touch the edges of this consciousness as it is already flickering throughout the whole of this inquiry—Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati. As I look through the spiral lens this mythopoetic inquiry has become, I trust that my usual form of consciousness—the one that has blinders from conditioning and trauma—is opening up to the expansiveness of Psyche and giving her room to dance.

As a spiral lens Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati brings into view for anyone who wishes to look through it, the whole mythography and invites the reader to see their own myth, including themselves as an image that is pointing to something beyond it/yourself—what is your image of yourself pointing you to, a beginning of... The Klein body of this dissertation is an invitation to experience the unconscious as it presents and expresses itself in imagery. The spiral lens allows us to understand that the unconscious needs to be included as a legitimate source of experience because of its ability to embrace the invisible, that it has the depth and breadth to engage that which I/we are not conscious of. Then we are simply a way of seeing rather than who we think we are. We become the archetypal activist, the imaginal ego who can find the route to the mythopoetic through our own unconscious footsteps made visible in the arts.

The processes of art making, poetry, autobiographical inquiry have always naturally presented questions about loss, woundedness, illness, disability, brokenness and the disheartening focal points in life that often lead us to mourning dreams that seem not to be fulfilled, leaving us with the grieving of what we perceive we have not and will never fulfill!. This state of consciousness is blind. I am choosing to go to the centre of this blindness—the gaps in my vision and life—to be with/see what is there in those shadowed spaces. I believe this will only be possible if I see symbolically, embrace a mythopoetic sensibility and travel into the imaginal Psyche. I invite the reader to join me in this journey into the imaginal.



Into the Imaginal

I am pursuing the notion that a mythopoetic approach to blindness, that being my literal blindness as a partially sighted person, and metaphorically (being unconscious), is the cue to the descent to the Underworld where the mourning and grieving can begin. I suspect that if I can move beyond the tangle of fear-based thinking and instead be drawn to symbolically engaging the guests of the unconscious—the images that psyche presents in the grit of the sand—I might begin to ‘let go’ and ‘seize hold’ of fate. I am forging my destiny through doing image work with the very unfolding that is happening before/within/beneath me moment by moment by tracking the gestures of soul/Psyche subjectively. Subjectivity is always embodied.

In the unfolding of Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati, the story/myth/narrative, I/you are the witness and participant of the ongoing dialogue of the conscious and unconscious, visible and invisible. This process is presented through the various modalities mentioned that can serve as bridges between the conscious 'ego' and the unconscious. I engage in the modalities of creativity—active imagination—with the intent of setting the inner life into motion through art making, narrative and poetry. I feel this to be particularly important where “the inner life is frightened, wedged, or cornered” (Estee, 1992, p. 21), letting the inner life move into Amor Fati. I am inspired to consider how

story greases the hoists and pulleys, how it causes adrenaline to surge, shows us the way out, down, or up, and for our troubles, cuts for us fine wide doors in previously blank walls, openings that lead to the dreamland that leads to love and learning, that leads us back to our own real lives.

(Estees, 1992, p. 21)

I go up and out and back from the blackness of the Underworld through the fine wide doors of Psyche’s images, cut for me in the blankness of my blindness, the openings now rather than gaps into my real life, the living mythopoesis. The creative forces within the temenos of this inquiry are my small part in “greasing the hoists and pulleys” that show us the way out of the old narrative.

The mythopoetic practice of going up and out and back from the blackness of the Underworld through these fine wide doors offered by Psyche includes tracking these movements, these steps of the soul’s journey. While tracking I am also building a mythopoetic platform which is akin to a kind of visionary apprehension that sees

symbolically and moves outside the boundaries of my 'macular' (place in eye of central vision) sense of self and being. A peripheral sensibility of the imaginal is a more indirect way of seeing and moves always with an openness that does not preclude the unexpected, the surprising and extraordinary found in the familiar and obvious. My literal eyesight I feel is a physical equivalent of moving outside the boundaries of my 'macular' (egoic) self.

The gaps my retina/myth hold tight to have kept me feeling separate. Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati is a huge challenge to this 'separateness' my blindness has created, and so has very much activated the abandoned child archetype rather profoundly. By coming to understand this relationship and making it conscious through jumping into the gaps in my perceived separateness, my wounding, my blindness and making use of my spiral lens, I create the space and pace for the unexpected less fearfully and begin the journey of feeling the path ahead with the more delicate touch of my fingers. The pace is set by how fingers walk a mile, sensing into the contours of the whole journey even as these fingers often need to return to objects and situations remembering something the body told them in the past that did not quite sink in. Readers are asked to find the gestures in their own hands that are feeling into the spaces of the architecture of their own mythopoetic inquiry. This requires a certain sensibility that perseveres even when it appears nothing new is evident. Go deeper. Feel depth on the surface textures of your text.

Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati begins by requesting the development of sensitivity to what textures the fabric your myth is holding for you. What learnings are lingering there within the mysteries of your own being that touching and smelling this cloth of life would arouse? Who are you willing to be inside the mysteries, the folds of perception that you are that reveal themselves in your creativity and the imaginal? Are you willing to fully engage the continuous imaging of life? The mythopoetic inquiry asks that we be open to the possibilities presented by image and the process of imaging and where image/imaging in turn will take me/us. Engaging in a discussion about the importance of a willingness—consent of the ego—to surrender in part to what happens in the folds of perception. It is here that I enter the imaginal through mythopoetic/symbolic seeing and sensing.

Active perception holds the reward of moving into and then from, a more fluid peripheral way of being that develops an expansive sensibility that sees from inside the image rather than *at* it in deep time. Here there is an *imaging* rather than an *imitating* of my own reality. A mythopoetic practice fosters a way of seeing that is made available by looking through your own spiral lens. Follow closely the subtle movements made detectable through using the alchemical tool of the spiral lens that will assist you in developing a mythopoetic sensibility that sees and feels the way into the imaginal realm. The spiral lens that you are sees and knows where home is. It understands and embodies Amor Fati.

The container of depth and insight that is the mythopoetic is built to withstand and welcome the animation of archetypal processes and figures. Creating such a container of depth and insight is what Mourning the Dream/Amor has become, a living *currere*. By opening and entering this *temenos* I enhance and accelerate a kind of learning that enriches and deepens experience beyond that of the presently identified 'self'.

I am making a leap of faith that the quality of the kind of introspection offered by this mythopoeia, this spiral inquiry is one of healing and also potentially preventive in its capacity for creating the opportunity of transcending the 'stuckness' of being held hostage by complexes such as the abandoned child, rescuer, death. Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati: A mythopoetic Inquiry proposes that thinking symbolically, imaginally creates an expansion of awareness of almost epic dimension which draws on the images and processes of the personal and collective unconscious: myths.

Mythopoetic inquiry also explores the phenomenology of perception through an investigation of 'image' as primal process and experience of perception, an active perception that assumes that images emerge spontaneously and autonomously from the unconscious. Perception as action reveals the 'subjectivity' that "...intentionally reconstructs things within an ever-present world frame, through use of its pre-conscious, pre-predicative understanding of the world's make-up", Merleau-Ponty's (1945, p. 278) concept of the "body-subject" (1945). Integrating this "body-subject" approach assumes an eco-phenomenological stance ('deep democracy'), each image, or inner figure having equal weight. Psyche both creates and *is*, image (you are the spiral lens), subject and

object simultaneously, that image is a way of seeing—"seeing through"²³ (Hillman, 1976) phenomena ontologically and teleologically. A de-literalizing process that sets free the creative imaging force of being.

Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati: A Mythopoetic Inquiry Looking through a Spiral Lens is both theoretical and experiential (image making in art and language), and draws upon Hillman's (1976) notion of 'seeing through' in conjunction with Merleau-Ponty's perspective on consciousness (1945): the world and the human body as a perceiving thing, intricately entwined and engaged, phenomena and perception creating consciousness. The use of the word 'image' adheres to Depth Psychology's broader sense of the word, as mentioned previously, not being just visual but, image as organizing process that encompasses information and creation of experience from the senses, as well as the four functions of the psyche: thinking/feeling, sensation/intuition (Jung, 1983), creating a 'field', that is, image.

I invite the reader now to join me in the unfolding, unravelling and revealing of Psyche's footsteps through the spiral lens Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati has so miraculously crafted itself into.

Overview of Chapters to Come:

The prelude of the dissertation has perhaps offered the reader a metaphoric glimpse at long and difficult journeys that are the raw material of the mythopoetic project. The introduction hopefully has served to offer some sketches of the inquiry as a narrative of the imagination which creates an alternate story to the dominant story. The objective of this introduction is *not* to find or define the meaning of this story as such, but to clearly situate the story and to allow myself and the reader to be influenced by it in uncanny ways and then give it form in whatever way Psyche asks. This chapter introduces the notion that the inquirer, researcher or mythopoetic practitioner her-self is

²³ "The soul learns by searching for itself in whatever ideas come to it; it gains ideas by,,subjectivizing all questions, including the "How?" to give any direct answer to "How" betrays the activity of soul-making which proceeds by psychologizing through all literal answers... the soul loses ideas by putting them into practice in answer to "How?"" (Hillman, 1976, p. 122).

both subject and object, her presence being the creation and the one acted upon in the process of imaging. In this imaging Psyche creates a space in which something new emerges that simultaneously changes the actor and the world—new information that moves from the unconscious, to conscious to symbolic. We are the liminal space and the liminal figure that moves through.

Chapter 1. Developing a Mythopoetic Disposition: offers the perspective of the human mind as a function of imagination. It introduces the notion of *I am Simply a Way of Seeing* as a symbolic way of seeing that opens to an other point of view, an alternate story that is born out of diaphoric seeing which occurs when the new eye/I sees through the image to perceive the way the image sees.

Suggestions for developing a Mythopoetic disposition are presented in chapter 1: (1) practicing *deep democracy* which creates an opening to the field of experience, (2) *archetypal activism* that allows opposites to co-exist without polarization or splitting, one dominating the other, (3) embodying images that arise (the somatic experience) and (4) reflecting and sensing into the images so a presence emerges through the diaphoric imagination through which a new myth, a new expression emerges (the transcendent function)—and a new story is told.

Chapter 2. Entering the Liminal takes the reader right into a vivid evocation of the lived encounter with the void. It travels to the heart of the raw existential wound of the original myth. The images, poetry and narrative offer the reader illustrations of an important step in the mythopoetic project. The embodied expressions of this piece of mythopoeia might act as guides or even anchors for readers who might want to explore this part of the mythopoetic journey in their own lives.

Chapter 3. The Call asks the questions that are the initiations of a mythopoetic inquiry, in this case: “How do my ill-health and vision loss act as a “**call**” to deepen conscious and expand awareness?” Vision-making. Readers might be prompted here to discover and articulate their own initiating questions and pursue a line of inquiry towards how their own creative practice might be an important response beyond what they have already examined. As an example, this chapter offers steps for working with the wound and wounded narrative through catching cues, tracking flickers in the intra-psychic and

inter relational field that develop through the diaphoric imagination. In the beginning the ego can only 'hear' the story carried initially by the symptoms; the imagination opens the doors to the message.

Part II: Falling into Context builds the larger frame within which to read the significance of the personal myth and how it is an important aspect of the collective weave of intersubjectivity. It suggests a new hermeneutic which clearly contributes to embodied and contemplative practices of artists, art therapists, educators and researchers. It is an invitation to those who would like to move from the literal to the symbolic and deeply honour the innate power of image as symbol pointing to something beyond itself. Part II of this dissertation introduces the role of education to be that of facilitating a kind of gaze that sees into and beyond itself.

Chap 4. Black is the journey of the inquiry and holds the experience of blackness as an investigation into the history and origins of my myth, including implications of the cultural background of disability and the victim archetype presented hermeneutically through both symbol and process. Black offers the reader an example of living mythopoetic inquiry. It shows how process shows itself through tracking how I live curriculum, how I take up the call through being the in-inquiry (living in the questions rather than answering them). This is how living in the questions (living inquiry) looked to me. Black presents one of the loops of the spiral of the journey/inquiry; it is like an autobiographical case study through which a lived curriculum becomes the currere through mythopoetic inquiry. The spiral of Black takes the reader into the dark, the long journey of profound loss the process and destiny being the Soul's dialogue with its own existence. The experiences that arose in writing Black brought me to an important turning point in the dissertation and my life. It marks a transition in movement, a shift from descent to ascent.

Part 3: The Hermeneutic Imagination: The Spiral Lens Emerges introduces the movement between intention and extension through spiralling into the momentum of Psyche's ulterior motive and method of finding images in the dark. Turning to the notion of the inward and outward eye/I, this section takes the reader into embodied reflections in the mirror of experiences of mourning and amor fati through which a mythopoetic curriculum arises.

Chapter 5. Learning how to See Again continues the spiralling of the Inquiry into the relative nature of objective and subjective reality; finding how the two “realities” and their teachings and learnings emerge: an alternate narrative. Learning how to see again is emergence through releasing the body from its unconscious habits, allowing the body to become healer of the narrative that has been torn by the unfinished business of the personal and collective past. This chapter leads the reader into an experience of getting into the imaginal world, interacting with inner figures and archetypal patterns affects and directs a new multi dimensional way of seeing; here the mythopoetic arises—an alternate narrative emerges—one is wounded but whole, wounded and healed.

Chapter 6. Vision Making: Eye-sight and In-sight helps the reader to understand and perhaps identify with how inner and outer; intention and extension function in the personal and collective Psyche. Following the narrative of the myth one learns to see (penetrate) through blindness (unconsciousness)—extending this place-in-between into a ground of learning, a living currere where the unknown is crucial for knowledge. This form of knowledge surpasses the mind-body dualism when consciousness is perceived as experienced in and through our body. The suggestion here is that through this ‘knowledge’ and the mourning this demands, comes the possibility of loving one’s fate: Amor Fati.

Vision-Making elucidates how embodied imagination has the ability to re-enchant the world and bring authentic spirituality back into culture by recognizing the primacy of intersubjectivity and the way we are always already embedded in the world; part of a cosmic process of unfolding. As a form of spiritual phenomenology, this unfolding, intending and extending may be the possibility of deconstructing the mythic modern materialistic narrative that has yet to move from the literal to the symbolic; from myth to mythopoesis.

Chapter 7. A Mythopoetic Curriculum offers the reader a rationale as well as steps as guides into their own inquiry and teaching practices. It is a practical and symbolic map that does not purport to be the terrain of a mythopoesis but simply a diagram of the process; simply a way of seeing; or a lens to through which one can view one’s own as well as one’s culture myth spirally.

Part 1.
Travelling:
Mapping Out the Territory

1. Developing a Mythopoetic Sensibility: *I Am Simply a Way of Seeing*

Developing a Mythopoetic Disposition: offers the perspective of the human mind as a function of imagination. It introduces the notion of *I am Simply a Way of Seeing* as a symbolic way of seeing that opens to an other point of view, an alternate story that is born out of diaphoric seeing which occurs when the new eye/I sees through the image to perceive the way the image sees.

Suggestions for developing a Mythopoetic disposition are presented in chapter 1: (1) practicing *deep democracy* which creates an opening to the field of experience, (2) *archetypal activism* that allows opposites to co-exist without polarization or splitting, one dominating the other, (3) embodying images that arise (the somatic experience) and (4) reflecting and sensing into the images so a presence emerges through the diaphoric imagination through which a new myth, a new expression emerges and a new story is told.

What would it be like to experience a mythopoetic way of being? And what would it be like to develop such a sensibility that is engaged in an imaginal²⁴ encounter with life that includes a connection to the archetypal realm through images and symbols: an active symbolic way of being? Let me propose some immediate provocations regarding these queries:

Am I how I see myself?

Am I how I think of myself?

Or am I myself simply a way of seeing?

²⁴ “The Imaginal...is nearer to the language of the arts than it is to the language of concepts...a speech of the lost power of the soul...psychological language may thus have to find its kinship, not with the language of scientific reason or with the exercises of behaving well, but with the arts” (Hillman, 1977, p. 180).

I ask you the reader to consider these 'living questions' as we embark on how a mythopoetic perspective or imaginal disposition might be experienced, how it might be useful to ask why this perspective is important and if so, how it might be developed. Turning back to the provocations above, the third question: *Am I simply a way of seeing?* is inciting, fluid and less "sticky" or fixated²⁵ than the first two questions. It intrigues me ... and holds a glimmer of what a mythopoetic engagement in life might conjure.

What is invoked in even pondering the difference between questions one and two, and the third question immediately escorts me into a heartbeat that sounds the core of Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati.

Questions one and two, *Am I how I see myself?* and *Am I how I think of myself?*, both suggest an image of self being engaged: a subject and object. The subject/object dialectic creates many illusions, images, narratives and sometimes problems or confusion about authenticity. The subject/object dialectic implicit in the first two questions can, if fixated upon and left without any mythopoetic momentum, lead to neuroses²⁶, an interruption of what Krishnamurti calls "choiceless awareness" (2007). One description Krishnamurti makes of this awareness is:

The important thing is to discover...and after discovering, keep going. It is detrimental to stay with what you have discovered, for then your mind is closed, finished. What you have discovered becomes literalized by the mind and the myth is no longer living; the same story repeats itself ad infinitum. But if you die to what you have discovered the moment you have discovered it, then you can flow like the stream, like a river that has an abundance of water.

(Krishnamurti, 2007, p. 2)

Krishnamurti's description here offers a path to mythopoesis, suggesting the very workings of the process of transformation: "If you die to what you have discovered" (p 2), as Krishnamurti writes, then the discovery can become a new life; a starting point

²⁵ "Our symptoms and fixations are symbolic constructs; when our visions harden into dogmatic realities¹ we become sick" Hillman, 1972 p. 206).

²⁶ "Neurotic symptoms may be regarded as attempts at self healing in that they draw a person's attention to the fact that she may be out of balance" (Samuels, 1986, p. 99).

of inquiry of this subject/object dialectic—a portal to rich images and narratives the psyche wants to tell us about beyond the one we already know—to one that is connecting to the archetypal realm²⁷ and the wisdom of Psyche²⁸, the totality of all psychological and somatic processes, both conscious and unconscious.

Psyche's wisdom moves us deeply into developing a sensibility that is active in the sense of taking the myth, the literal, and communicating it at a level of import and depth: mythopoesis itself now functioning as a living myth. Gaston Bachelard (1958) wrote: "Everything that makes us see, sees" (p. 168). One step further to this implies that everything that makes us, makes us see it. The interplay of memory and mythopoesis forces me to see through the remembered story with a shock of re-cognition of how this myth is actively changing as I speak/write/paint. The myth that is making me is making me see it! It is joining me in the re-creation of something that does not yet exist. Unborn awarenesses. As I re-cognize/embody this new creation, I see/feel/sense a new presence replacing an absence I have not consciously entered: those dark blind spots. The gaps in my life/consciousness. The absences. Presence tends to forget its dependence on absence.

An aching absence is the presence of a dis-embodied mourning of a dream. Stepping into the mourning fully, filling it with its own presence, I must see diaphorically,²⁹ allowing this presence to emerge from the metaphor of the lost dream trying to be mourned. Miller (1977) describes this diaphoric seeing thus: "The poet is the purveyor of radical metaphor: absolute metaphor, or diaphor³⁰ ...which is a carrying

²⁷ "motifs repeated everywhere and throughout history...characterized by luminosity, unconsciousness and autonomy...the collective unconscious" (Samuels, 1986, p. 26).

²⁸ The psyche is far from being a homogenous unit--on the contrary, it is a boiling cauldron of contradictory impulses, inhibitions, and affects, and for many people the conflict between them is so insupportable that they even wish for the deliverance preached by theologians.["Psychological Aspects of the Mother Archetype," CW 9i, par. 190.]

²⁹ The essential possibility of diaphor lies in the broad ontological fact that new qualities and new meanings can emerge, simply come into being, out of some hitherto ungrouped combination of elements." (McGaughy, 1997, p. 277).

³⁰ "The take-it-or leave- it attitude that is implicit in all good metaphor is in itself so far as it goes, diaphoric; the sense of an invisible finger ambiguously pointing is epiphoric. The role of epiphor is to hint significance, the role of diaphor is to create presence. Serious metaphor demands both... diaphor emerges from the metaphor" (Wheelwright, 1962, p. 192),

through whereby the lost mythic moments [the mourning, the lament] are carried through into contemporary experience” (p. 80). The diaphoric seeing of the poet creates presence, dis-covers meaning, finds images in the dark. She does this by being neither neurotic, or psychotic when “an unknown ‘something’ takes possession of the psyche and asserts its existence undeterred by logic” (Samuels, 1989, p. 123). The poet (poesis) creates presence through her mythic, archetypal connection to the unconscious which creates the pregnant moments of essence, the collected “stops”³¹ that gather into shaping and forming something to be birthed.

Field Note: From the Viscera

I can feel in my gut what it is that breathes me: the mythopoeia has taken hold. The myth inside has stirred.

³¹ According to David Appelbaum, what has previously been, needs to be stopped. “The Stop”, as he calls it, is indispensable to bringing something new into being, but is precisely what is most often dis-membered, cut off, or dismissed as irrelevant. Appelbaum explains, “the momentum of habit and preconception makes observation difficult... [the stop] breaks an onrushing momentum and opens experience to another point of view” (1995, pp. ix).



The Egg Has Been Sent

Mythopoetic diaphoric seeing which has been born of the metaphor of my myth, changes the eye. This eye/I now sees through the image to see the way the image sees. This new eye/I changes the breath which now breathes the way the image breathes. Seeing/breathing from inside the image, enfleshing it with my new-found sense of presence to meet it: the new-born embodiment breathing me. I can hear her breath whereas before I was lost in an echoing of my absence. Breathing through her breath, seeing through her image which in this moment appears as an inner figure of a blind victim, I now breathe/see the way she breathes/sees. I see how she sees and doesn't see. I experience her myth for a flicker of a moment that startles me and begins creating a stirring new presence and meaning in me. I am suddenly no longer separated from her; she is no longer lost to me. She reveals her image of

herself, tells her story and I re-member it. We are now in dia-logue. I no longer have to unconsciously grieve her, this soul-figure. The blind victim and 'I' no longer have to vie for the position of subject, being one against the other—split: one light; one dark; one in the light the other in the dark. I can now see how she sees—in the dark. Now she can come out of hiding. She can move through me, revealing herself through the developing of a spiral lens that sees her.

The flickering of the blind victim of my inner drama signalled the moment the myth she lives in was stirred. An invitation to move from literal seeing and telling (or somatizing/symptomizing) emerged through the word/image as diaphoric embodiment requiring archetypal action challenging the story in the very moment it is being communicated. The diaphoric impulse is fluttering in the metaphoric, like the butterfly making its way out of the cocoon that had been protecting its predecessor, the larva. My words strangely change shape the moment they fly out of my mouth, and the story has many different patterns and colours the moment I see it diaphorically. It takes on a different presence and meaning in my soul: (soul is Psyche: the image of a butterfly) and my relationship to the unconscious is full of new possibilities; There is a response to the desire/longing/need for the unfolding of new meaning to take place as a form of soul-mapping. Psyche is telling her tale through my word/images and letting these speak/dance freely and fearlessly into her intent. The diaphoric image now speaks a new language; a language of awakening.

The point of isolating a single image to reveal its essence—which is what occurs in the awakening awareness of Psyche imaging life in any given moment—is that it does not use images as ornaments. The image is itself the speech... the word beyond formulated language. The image is the language of Psyche...the images are so arranged that the pattern becomes an image, an organic structure giving a force and pleasure that are greater than and different from the images alone.

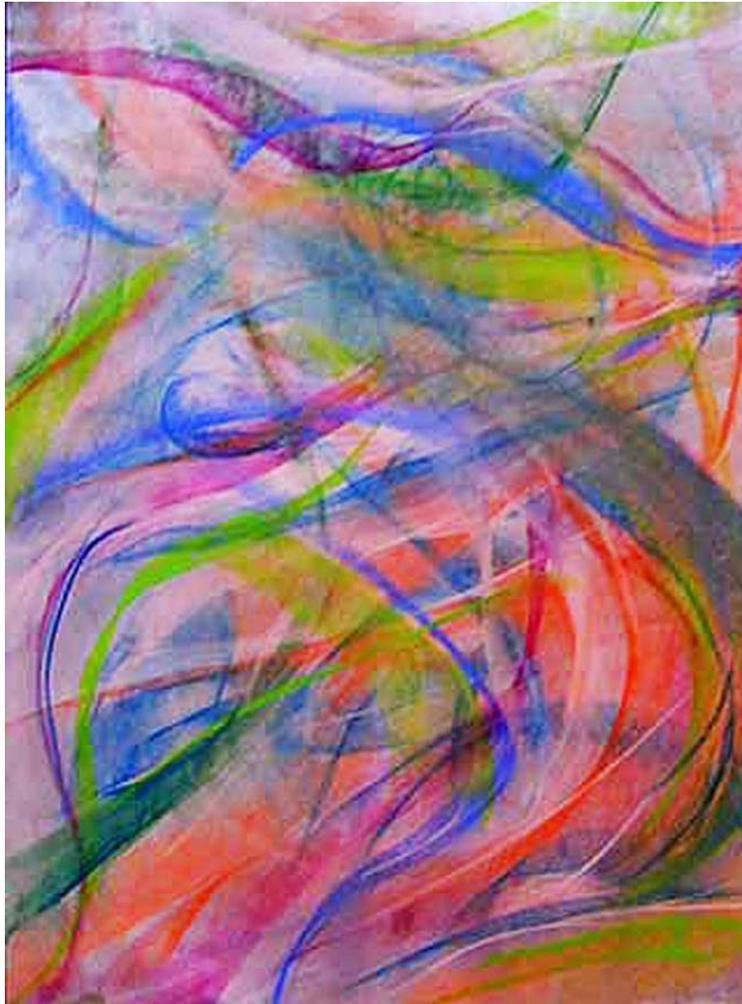
(Witemeyer, 1969, p. 37)

The “force and pleasure” or desire for re-cognizing the pattern and dynamic of the arrangement of the many ‘flickers’ the unconscious generously provides, is an aesthetic experience. The heart and viscera of aesthetic experience holds no separation of subjective and objective. The body is the location, the meeting place-in-between

where the experience of being fully present, yet not focused on the 'self' lies. The creative act, a form of archetypal activism in and of itself, has the capacity of holding word/image in its arms, embracing paradox, ambivalence, ambiguity, all of which the body is, in one breath This is how the body lives, and is the modus operandi of image and the imaginal ego: *I am simply a way of seeing/dancing/ performing my way of making sense all at once.* The poet, the artist, the archetypal activist has the capacity of apprehending meaning in a moment in deep time, a soul moment. Poetic inquiry contributes to the ongoing project of developing approaches to paradox, ambivalence and ambiguity that arise in a mythopoetic inquiry through actively engaging the diaphoric potency of metaphor particularly in the areas of aesthetics, ethics, activism, self-study, and embodied research. At the same time, poetic inquiry 'spells' out innovative ways of opening up the aesthetic experience where there is no separation of subjective and objective.

Poetic inquiry is a form of qualitative research in the social sciences that incorporates poetry in some way as a component of an investigation. It is found in fields of anthropology, education, geography, nursing, psychology, social work, sociology, women's studies and more. Historically, it has been found in discussions and practices of autobiography and autoethnography as research methods and in narrative inquiry. Poetic inquiry is rooted in the arts-based inquiry movement ...and like narrative inquiry with which it shares many characteristics, is interested in drawing on the literary arts in the attempt to more authentically express human experiences.

(Pendergast, 2009, xxxi-xxxvi)



I Am Simply a Way of Seeing/Dancing/Performing

Authentically expressing human experiences living in any given moment in 'deep time', when the body/image itself is the speech, I hear sounds, smell scents and see myself far beyond my imagination of myself. I am in the midst of an arrangement of images that has an ulterior force that ironically, lies beyond the present image that is having me: the image of the inner figure of the blind victim swallowing me whole. When I re-cognize the pattern of the arrangement of the images and their diaphoric impact—creating presence through the emergence from the original metaphor of the blind victim—I feel that presence of possibilities dreaming within this moment, laying bare the ulterior motives of the image and see what it is pointing me to symbolically. In that

moment I experience the new qualities and meanings emerging through the juxtaposition of our dissimilarities: the impact of the presence of the potent inner figure of the blind victim, *and* now the presence, rather than absence of my being with her. Here is the potency of mythopoesis.

Mythopoeia *is* an awakening to Psyche's ulteriority and is a move into the uncanny itself. Seeing the invisible I see that "everything that makes me see, sees" (Bachelard, 1958, p. 168). And everything that makes me see, makes me see it. I see my blindness that makes me see. I see through images and events—my myth, seeing that it is what breathes me, sees me. My blindness sees me! It is the presence within the myth trying to speak with me, making attempt after attempt to help me re-cognize its presence as subject. Who is this story about? Who is telling the story and who is listening to it? And who is living it all at the same time?

As a partially-sighted mythopoetic inquirer, artist, researcher, educator and therapist, I have learned to re-cognize this presence through the absence of vision. I see it in the dark, initially just as flicker, a blinding moment in which its embodiment takes shape in its own blackness through body/image/word, black script on white surfaces of skin. Re-cognizing the profundity of the presence of what appears to be absence, I have a dia-logue with this image/inner figure of blindness and am not left alone with my own blindedness to her. As a figure of darkness, I find her in the shadows as she finds me by taking me into her world, touching me deeply. Here we are now both subject and object through my seeing/breathing from inside the blackness she is, seeing/breathing the way she does. Breathing the same breath, she embodies herself through my body. We are one process and together we step into the uncanny³². Together our body *is* the liminal space or place in between and as twins we create a middle ground. This liminal body *is* the transitional space in which we can travel freely and dialogue with each other speaking the language of poetry, mythopoesis. We are inside and outside

³² "The aesthetics of the "fearful," the aesthetics of anxiety" (Lecture Notes: Freud, "The Uncanny" (1919 <http://courses.washington.edu/freudlit/Uncanny.Notes.html>). Or http://www.psunewmusicals.psu.edu/locus/Jentsch_uncanny.pdf

simultaneously. We/I am the Klein bottle pushing through into *an other* dimension in the metamorphosis of becoming a spiral lens.

In symbolic conversation with ‘presences’ from the autonomous unconscious—each one of us is effecting the other in the diaphoric imagination the body lives and breathes and new possibilities unimagined before this unexpected encounter spring forth leaving me open and naked to the potential of an experience of the numinous. Psyche is adeptly fulfilling her ulterior motive here for me to understand and live mythopoetically. She requests that I step into living moments as portals to the numinous that previous to Her imaging through me, were unimagined. The flickering presences brought forth by Psyche—even as blinding moments when everything seems to stop—are the “interspaces” Carl Leggo (2011, class notes) refers to as spaces of yet unknown possibilities, pieces of the unlived life asking to be lived consciously; living curriculum. As an artist I understand these spaces as the liminality of the visceral, living processes, cooking in the tension of the opposites that stimulate the diaphoric imagination. Curriculum scholar, Ted Aoki (2006) [mytho] poetically reminds me that “living in the spaces is what teaching is” (p. 10) and what teaches me.

Aoki teaches that these are spaces with presence (Aoki, 2006), echoing my understanding of the diaphoric imagination that is birthed through the tension of the opposites while practicing archetypal activism. Teaching as archetypal activism within a mythopoetic pedagogy... I follow a mythopoetic sensibility and read the signals in my body as flickers from Psyche. I come to embody yet unknown possibilities as the future entering into me before it actually happens “out there”. If my awareness is not yet born, I will likely be stuck in the old (the past) notion of subject/object being a ‘problem’ rather than that place/process being diaphoric consciousness at work. Without the mythopoetic disposition I am proposing as a living curriculum here, I may miss the “possibilities” Leggo (2011) speaks of. I will be blind to the presence that teaching is, that is teaching me, and there will be no encounter with the numinous: the presence I can only be aware of by listening to the signals in my body, the “invisible presence that causes an alteration of consciousness” (Samuels, 1986, p. 100). Divine imagination.

Parker Palmer (1998)³³ says: "as I teach, I project the condition of my soul onto my students, my subject, and our way of being together" (p.1). Irwin, (2007) suggests that our presence and our encounters with others and our selves become a curriculum, a curriculum rendering liminality (Irwin, 2007, p. 140). Ted Aoki (1999) reminds us to recall the textured form of plannable/unplannable or predictable/unpredictable. Weaving together versus splitting of polarities brings forth the space-in-between (the process that lives in the in-between). "It looks like a simple oppositional binary space, but it is not. It is a space of doubling, where we slip into the language of both this and that, but neither this nor that" (Aoki, 1999, p. 181): The Klein bottle bodying inner and outer through its own invisible dialectic. A mythopoetic dialect; a "both/and" that the practice of deep democracy suggests encourages a dropping into deep time when/where embodied learning takes place. Deep time is Psyche's ulterior motive when I am fully naked to the moment and present in the possibility of a numinous encounter.

Running away, grasping at the moment ahead in fear of being in the unbearable moment is called neurosis. If I actively move into these interspaces Aoki suggests—those present right in the body in each moment as the flickerings of my myth which the blinding of my sense of continuity constantly reminds me of – I will be in the very position to develop a mythopoetic sensibility moving from the literal to the symbolic. Then I am in the act of perception; I *am* that place of possibilities when/where diaphoric imaging invites presence and new meaning with meaning-finding methods which bring presence/soul into the re-connected moments of my living.

Stepping into the liminal and embodying it with my presence—like Psyche throwing an image of herself in front of herself— come to know the liminal and my body as one and the same, the body as alchemical Klein bottle. My body as liminal space/being activates the directing or narrative mage manifesting out of this 'place in between' and moves in the direction the image is guiding me towards. The directing image is none other than Psyche's ulteriority; Her deeper intent is living in the image/presence that lies deep beneath the feelings and interpretations of the feelings. It

³³ Parker, founder of the Center for Courage & Renewal, is a renowned writer, speaker and activist.

is the very presence/soul I am encountering and mythopoetically entering subjectively through stepping into the gaps in my vision to meet what is waiting for me in 'deep time'.

The image/presence in-waiting (silent, invisible) kick-starts the development of self-story and narrative—the archetypal image³⁴ beneath the complex³⁵ telling/revealing itself to me; it is showing its presence to me if I am present to it. I am reminded here of Angelo's (2005) poignant statement about subjectivity: "If an inner eye/I is to be cultivated, it requires a further understanding of our imaginative, invisible gaze, in the direct sense of what is beneath our feet, our 'sub-jectivity' (from 'to throw under')" (p. 25). The inner eye/I with its indirect gaze into the liminal—into the interiority of corporeality—sees the underlying image beneath the unconscious complex that is generating a momentum my whole being is caught in as if in a spell; it is a momentum that animates me.

Anima³⁶/Psyche is expressing herself through actions and behaviours, performing her intent. The cultivated inner eye/I that *is* the spiral lens in the making sees the unconscious director of my movements. Hearing is also cultivated and a silent directing narrative of the complex, my leitmotif, is listened to as the song of the ancients. The breaths in the song hold feelings, thoughts and gestures of the ancients that form the directing story the cultivated inner eye/I (ear) discerns, and the underlying presence with its particular dialect is understood as if for the first time.

For example, the directing image or presence of the victim complex or archetype often lures me towards unconsciously stepping into the shoes of the victim role of my inner narrative—my self-story—physically even posturing and gesturing this inner figure as if in a play or a film. I am literally 'acting out' of this character in a mutual embodiment

³⁴ The archetypal image is not the archetype per se which cannot be apprehended without image or affect; the signifier of the presence of an archetype.

³⁵ "a complex is an autonomous entity within the psyche...that behave like independent beings...splinter psyches" (Samuels, 1986, p. 34).

³⁶ Anima behaviour [is] precisely where to look for the emergence of psyche...phenomenologically what starts out as anima moods and fantasies becomes psychological ambiguity, that is, receptivity, containment and imagination, so that the way to psychological understanding is through anima...the archetype of psyche, Anima. An anatomy of a personified notion." (Hillman, 1985, p. 71)

in this moment. Often when I listen to people speaking, I notice which role they consistently cast themselves in. I notice their posture and facial expressions to discern which inner figure might be present, which 'guest' from the unconscious is embodying herself in the moment. Is it the hero, the antagonist or any other inner figure in the theatre of the psyche that has stepped into the main role, directing the action of this 'play'?

I can feel the animation of this inner figure as it comes alive in me through the conversation and sometimes recognize how the consistency of this central inner figure may be a clue to the myth the person (and my own inner mirror of this presence) is living in that moment. This recognition then acts reflexively, throwing light on what myth I am embodying in that moment with them: body-to-body in a liminal, morphic field of unconscious enactments of silent scripts. In this type of listening I am sometimes able to perceive "depth on the surface" (Hillman, 1976): the depth of the myth revealed in simple conversation. This becomes a kind of spontaneous performance inquiry, "an exploratory space of performance" (Fels, 2004, p. 73) that looks through the spiral lens at the inner theatre stage of psyche with all those inner figures acting out some drama: that arrangement of images whose pattern becomes an image in itself. A scene. Myths dreaming together.

However, in my own drama, fixating on the image of myself as an object: *Am I how I see myself*—leaves me stuck, immobile, separate. Feeling this immotility in my flesh—stomach locks down—I reactively try to be 'other' than this, ironically getting caught in the process of surveying, scrutinizing, analyzing and giving (or not giving) worth or value to what/whom I am fixated on, becoming unconsciously identified with it. Split. Absent, grieving without presence: depression. The archetypal victim/perpetrator dialectic which has been a central part of my myth, then replaces the more potent and important one of mourning the dream/amor fati, in its ineffectual attempts to answer the questions:

Am I how I see myself?

Am I how I think of myself?

Taking this part of my myth into a mythopoetic inquiry and looking through my spiral lens I reanimate the inner dynamic of these characters so that they may not have to continue this destructive pattern perpetuating ongoing wounding. They no longer need to be blind to each other.

I am proposing that these two questions themselves are a 'bad design' for developing a mythopoetic sensibility, fogging the spiral lens. In the equation of image of myself as *how I see myself* or *how I think of myself*, am I the subject or object of my knowing, of my experience? These questions render me lost in the labyrinth they themselves engender—I am blind in an endless maze of self-referencing that, in the end, leads nowhere and is therefore, neurotic. The "one sided or undeveloped perspective of neuroses, which leaves one with a sense of meaninglessness" (Samuels, 1986, p. 99), does not have the capacity to meet the numinous. It remains blind because of its limited perspective. It cannot re-member the presence that is desperately asking to be seen through in the wounding and re-wounding—like a traumatic repetitive dream replaying the absence. So Psyche must push harder to have Her deeper intent heard.

Question three on the other hand, *Am I myself simply a way of seeing?* points to seeing the way the spiral lens sees which creates an imaginal way of knowing that sees the whole in the parts. The imaginal ego³⁷ that lives in liminality is the alchemical body, the Klein bottle that both takes in and shows everything it perceives as it is in the process of becoming a spiral lens.

The imaginal ego [that is embodied in image], is more discontinuous and guided as much by a synchronistic present as by the causal past...a circulation of the light and the darkness. It includes the downward turns, the depressions, the recessions, and fallings away from awareness. The movement of the imaginal ego should be conceived less as a development than a circular pattern.

(Hillman, 1972, p. 184)

³⁷ "The idea of the imaginal ego gives conceptual form to what actually happens in Jungian psychotherapy: adaptation to the unconscious is reflected in the changed ego personality of the analysand. His adaptation is primarily to a "psychic reality" (Jung), to the imaginal world (Corbin)" (Hillman, 1972 pp.184-185).

A circular spiralling pattern creates an entirely different perspective or disposition towards experience: the self now becomes a *process*. I am the lens, the act of seeing itself that spirals. Active perception. I am not, in this way of being, self-referencing, that is, objectifying myself. The narrative about myself is not the experience. Seeing myself as a way of seeing however, ironically greatly affects and transforms my usual convoluted responses to the first two questions: *Am I how I see myself? Am I how I think of myself?* Seeing myself as a way of seeing spirals my consciousness into wider and wider fields of perception.

Consciousness does in fact, move. Imagination is the arising of images that inform us of this constantly. The imaginal ego knows that life is but a dream. Through becoming more actively, mythopoetically engaged with the presence of the “otherness” the blind victim in my dream/myth plays in “wide-awakeness” (as the dark aspect of the archetypal dynamic of illness/wholeness) keeps in check the one-sided perspective of the ego identification. Through the practices of 1) deep democracy (receiving the blind victim, moving into the darkness she carries for me), and 2) archetypal activism (seeing both light and darkness), the 3) diaphoric imagination is activated to embark upon engendering an altogether new presence into the alchemical mix this story is. Through inquiry I can engage this “other” mythopoetically and see her in her fullest capacity, not separated, isolated but ‘a part of’. I am gazing in the darkness of my blindness to the “other” and receiving her teachings about the shadow element of the illness/wholeness archetype.

The blind victim as symbol is pointing beyond herself to the larger narrative of the imagination which is collective. The insight this drama with the “other” is archetypal and releases me from the delusion that this is merely a personal dynamic. From a mythopoetic perspective the symbolic function of this drama is part of an imaginal knowing, a mythopoetic vision-making function that steps into the gaps in my vision (the unconscious) and includes my myth as a part of collective myths. My myth lives within the realm of the collective imagination. What this suggests to me is that my myth is a crucial lens through which I can see a fractal of archetypal structures that underlie human experience (and perhaps all sentient experience). Connecting one’s personal narrative to the collective is central to my pedagogy and holds important implications for

the development of my curriculum. Mythopoetic inquiry develops the disposition with which I engage pedagogically and therapeutically in my work as an art therapist.

Wright (Leonard & Willis, 2008) describes mythopoesis as the process whereby “the reflective imagination is actively evoked and personal and social myths brought forth” (p. 95). And Healy (2009) adds that these are brought forth generally “in order to generate forms of transformation” (p. 177). This form of transformation is described as myth-making, the ability to think symbolically, imaginally, diaphorically coming from the development of a mythopoetic sensibility. This sensibility is able to re-tell, re-voice and re-member old stories, often in ways that allow for a deeper meaning to re-sound, like the resonating of an instrument. Eisner (1992), emeritus professor of Art and Education at the Stanford University School of Education is well known for making a significant contribution to the appreciation of the educational process in the areas of arts education, curriculum studies, and educational evaluation. Eisner suggests: “In the arts and in much of life, the form something takes is very much a part of its content. In fact what the content is, often depends on the form it takes” (p. 41). The instrument is the original vessel of the sound we hear. We are that instrument. I am the Klein bottle becoming the spiral lens.

Mythopoesis has relevance for teachers and curriculum workers because they are, to a great extent, contributing to mythmaking. For human understanding, as well as for educational understanding, we need contributions both from the sciences and from art — the objective and the subjective. Otherwise, as Elliot W. Eisner (1979) states “we are left with a monocular vision; both are necessary to have depth perception” (p. 198). The use of both eyes and the expanded and deepened perception that they together provide is necessary in the complex, evolving enterprise of education. However, like Odin, it seems we in education have sacrificed depth and breadth for a kind of narrow, two dimensional objectivity.

(Aadlandsvik, 2009, p. 95)

So synchronistic that Eisner would mention the god Odin, a Norse god of great wisdom, but having paid a great price for this gift—losing an eye (vision), in exchange for drinking from a well containing this great wisdom. I note a symbolic parallel with my own wanting to drink from such a well and having literally lost vision in both eyes while living and teaching in Japan in my early thirties. Working mythopoetically with this image, apprehending it in the body as Klein bottle, then seeing it through the spiral lens, I can ‘see’ how self-knowledge is extremely ‘dear’ when the (heroic) ego must relinquish its indulgence of taking things too personally, colonizing its own experience in a sense, and

thus pathologizing certain apparently destructive experiences by making them ‘other’, disembodied them in a sense. We are back into the polarizing and splitting of dark and light in this scenario.

If I do not ‘see through’ my blindness, see diaphorically for its mythopoetic purpose, I will, like Odin, have sacrificed my own depth and breadth. I will miss the mythopoetic implications of such a profound experience that changes life forever. So I must ask myself, as well as my clients and students and you reader: What are we embracing when we enter the depth of mythopoesis, myth as our collective stories? Can we begin to feel into the presence of dark and light, illness and health, disability and potency as crucial to the development of moving from the literal to the symbolic, the imaginal and connect with the imaginal ego, the vision-maker that knows what *Seeing myself as a way of seeing* really means? Feeling into the presences of these polarities *is* the living curriculum of a mythopoetic inquiry.

Myth-making/Soul-finding

All minds, and all lives, are ultimately embedded in some sort of myth-making. Mythology is not merely a series of old explanations for natural events; it is rather the richness and wisdom of humanity played out in a wondrous symbolic storytelling: no story, no myth, and no humanness either.

(“Depth Psychology,” n. d.)

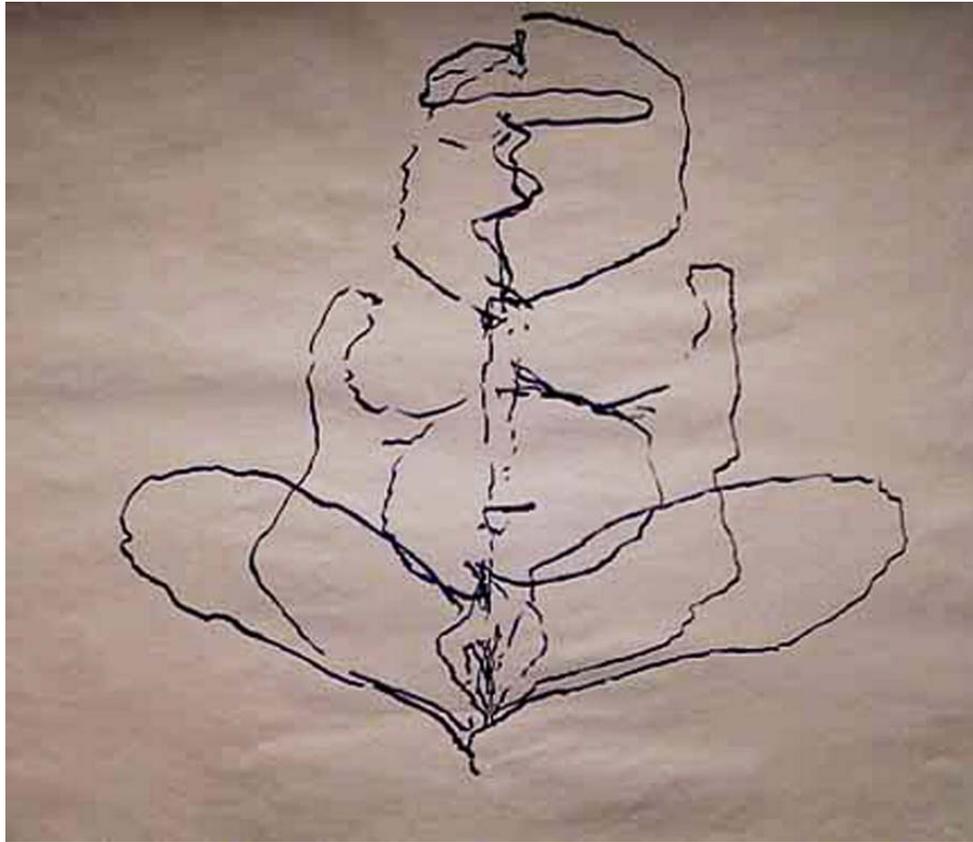
In “Memories, Dreams, Reflections”, Jung (1963) asks the question “what is your myth—the myth in which you live?” (p. 171). I understand him to be asking me to identify, become conscious of,

the contents that press up from the unconscious. The unconscious contents want first to be seen clearly, which can only be done by giving them shape, and to be judged only when everything they have to say is tangibly present... This can be done by drawing, painting, modeling [dancing, singing, performing]. Often the hands [body] know how to solve a riddle with which the intellect has wrestled with.

(Jung, 1963, p. 326)

Could the dream that is released in the dance, the painting, the song, the performance reveal the shape and nature of the archetypal image that lies beneath the narrative and affects in my life? Could this be a way to get close to this archetypal image (the directing image), the one that lies at the heart of my myth? Is this where my mythic sensibility lies sleeping? (mythic sensibility lies in the seed (anima); it is the deeper intent of Psyche waiting to sprout through an active mythopoesis).

Edward S. Casey (1976), Professor of Philosophy at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, author of "Imagining: A Phenomenological Study" comes to mind regarding his explorations of the living, breathing character of imaginative experience. Drawing on his own "sub-jective" (Angelo, 2005), experiences, Casey shows imaging—be it visual, or auditory [and I add all the other sense channels through which we experience and express our being]—to be distinct from perceiving. He defines it as a radically autonomous act, involving a characteristic freedom of mind echoing Krishnamurti's "choiceless awareness", and the imaginal ego roaming the mythopoetic landscape. The embodiment of the liminal.



Embodiment in the Liminal

The imagination—image—is here both the core and the circumference of experience: imaginal ego *and* mythopoetic landscape. This correlates to Jung's notion of the archetypal Self. To image the Self as both centre and circumference; intention and extension; anima and anima mundi takes a mythopoetic sensibility to apprehend. It is the way the imaginal ego sees; feels; touches; smells its way through existence. This is in keeping with my question posed earlier: *Am I simply a way of seeing?* This way of seeing offers an exciting prospect well beyond the more positional questions: *Am I how I see myself? Am I how I think of myself?* which seem more aligned with the perspective of the imagination being in the mind.

The more radical notion of the mind being in the imagination, illustrates the imaginal ego's vaster capacity for moving into experience by not forgetting to listen to the body's inherent wisdom. Taking this a step further, following Psyche's footsteps, I am

imaging that the imagination is actually the landscape of myth, and the body is the liminal figure shaping this landscape; She is carving space with her dynamic mythopoetic moves. If the mind/heroic-ego is in the imagination (the myth) rather than the reverse, the implication would be that the imagination has the capacity to see beyond the perspective of the heroic-ego/mind, and the embodied imaginal ego can arch into the liminal curves of the realm of myth. I see flickers of the crystal spiral lens that sees the whole arc of one's life.

The embodied imaginal ego sees and moves beyond the limited sometimes dark horizon so often set by the heroic-ego/mind. This is mythopoetic perspective which recognizes archetypal patterns within narratives. Archetypal activism works with the polarization the archetype is generating, i.e., hero/victim, or perpetrator/victim, feeling into the tension the opposing forces generated in the body and so challenges identifying with either pole through inquiring into what the intimacies of the body are saying. Holding the tension of these poles consciously and engaging their embodiments—that is, their presence in image—generates energy that then has the capacity of shifting into mythopoetic consciousness that knows the in-breath and out-breath of hero/victim, seeing them as the co-joined archetypal twins they are, as a whole, as a process to fully embody without splitting.

Through the mythopoetic inquiry, the embodied imaginal ego can see, becomes the vision-maker who makes the radical move into an archetypal perspective; it enters the imaginal realm where the archetypal story is living. The imaginal ego is defined within the context of the imaginal, the symbolic body, which carries a mythopoetic sensibility as its mode of being (the body as liminal interiority with intent).

Edinger MD. (1986), was a Jungian analyst and former lecturer and teacher at C.G. Jung Institute of Los Angeles, whose important work mapped out the anatomy of the psyche and how it applies to where one is in her or his process. Edinger (1986), suggests that “consciousness is psychic substance connected to ego” (p.18). I imagine this as the imaginal ego coming into relationship with other archetypal psychic material just as the dream-ego comes into contact with other dream figures. Edinger (1986), continues his suggestion of psychic contents being potential entities—that I refer to as presences—becoming actualized and “substantial” (Edinger, 1986), embodied as they

“make connection with an ego when they enter an individual’s awareness (Edinger, 1986, p.18). Mythopoetically this is significant in relation to the mythopoetic sensibility picking up on these presences even before they become conscious through the attending to the flickers present in the Klein body.

Active perception of these tendrils of embodiment would invite them to fulfill their purpose of the crafting the spiral lens. These presences then, seen through the spiral lens could be engaged reflexively and hermeneutically and so contribute to the movement from the old myth into the symbolic of mythopoeia. The capacity of seeing the literal as the ground for its own metamorphosis would, for example, bring into view the deeper intent, the telos of the victim in the larger narrative, both personally and collectively. The archetypal victim calls for help through the felt-sense, moods and affects (information from body as Klein bottle). She is asking to be seen clearly and that her ulterior motive as a presence in one’s experience be understood both in its necessity to be taken care of and to be received symbolically as a disturbance that is signalling change. Being responsive to her flickering mythopoetically points to what she is carrying for us: woundedness. She is the voice of the wounded story.

In the practice of deep democracy there is a kind of listening through the whole body that hears/feels senses the cries of the victim symbolically as an indication of the stirrings of presences. Practicing archetypal activism is the bringing of the literal present situation together with “the past in the present” that being the morphic resonances (Sheldrake, 2012); I recognize the laments of the ancients. I hear the voice of the victim as their storyteller and I want and need to know those stories if I am to see and experience the whole narrative of my being. I can no longer cut them off by remaining blind to their embodiments in me.



Cut

Something is cutting me in two. In the story there is the 'I' and the 'not-I', and these two do not want to be together. Unfortunately they grew up sharing the same room. Their solution for this 'problem' was to divide the room with a line the other could not cross. What they did not realize was that they could not divide the air with such a line, and so they were still breathing, one inhaling, the other exhaling the same atmosphere. So in fact they could not be apart otherwise they would not be able to complete their breath. And though they were suffocating each other, they would not survive without each other.

Having as its most characteristic feature the encounter of opposites first experienced as the ego and the unconscious: the 'I' and the 'not-I'; subject and object;

myself and 'other' comes the possibility of "creating a new increment of consciousness" (Edinger, 1986, p. 18). Theoretically this is sound (from the Depth Psychology literature). However, I would like to return to the body as key in creating a 'gateway' to consciousness. The body is the carrier of shadow presences and is the first to 'know' of this split between the 'I' and the 'not-I', because it hurts. But there seemed to be no apparent explanation for this other than a pathological one.

I heard pathological explanations spoken in a language with long words and complicated management plans: the language of illness, disease, chronic conditions and medicines to 'fix' the body. I learned to listen to this foreign language like an immigrant or indigenous person who no longer hears her mother tongue. I was told to pay attention to signs from the outside and not trust the signals from the pulse of my own being. "I wonder how much harm really has been done by all the ways we have tried to cover up our own shadow, losses, or un/dis/ease of living in the world" (Snowber, 2009, p. 3).

Eventually these signals became fainter to my consciousness and fell into the shadows of the day-to-day symptoms coupled with the rigid regimens to be followed. As these signals lay submerged in the unconscious they grew fat from the black blood that fed them. One day this dark blood spurted violently from the depths and turned everything black. I fell into darkness and remained there for quite some time. A place where the 'I' and 'not-I' became silent: no sound of identity. Absence. "Your body will be somewhere", I heard the echoing of my mother's voice. Where is this body now? I can't see her. I can no longer be how I see myself. I am invisible to myself. I am invisible. I am blind.

The creative arts can be an embodied inquiry that plays with ideas of identity, and de-construct or re-construct these notions in multifaceted interpretations, allowing the different guests of Psyche their moment on the stage. True to my mother's words, my body was somewhere even though my identity was not. I could still carve space through my movements. I could feel the air on my skin. This air smelled different than the air I had breathed in the room I grew up in. This body was shaping a new home for me in the imaginal. This body as vessel was active in the realm of the imaginal and discovering meaning in an entirely different manner than previously, a manner she was

quite unfamiliar with consciously though her gestures came naturally as if already rehearsed. The Klein body was moving into action.

Edinger (1986) believes that each time the ego falls into unconscious content and drops into an image not identified with; there is the possibility of becoming conscious of this content. This is possible by an act of separation that allows the ego to see the emerging psychic content as an archetypal image, and thus this ego can become dis-identified from the archetype itself. Through this 'separation' (blackness), the ego moves into the position of object, of being acted upon by the psychic content that is pressing up from the unconscious, the emerging image/presence that has become, for the moment, the subject. *I am simply a way of seeing*, even while I cannot see! The embodied imaginal ego can make this shift from subject to object through the creative act, her painting, dance, song, performance then 'acting' on her, just as the artist, dancer, performer, writer is a fluid, liminal 'presence' that is soul in the process of soul-making.

A symbol for this process of separating subject from object, the knower from the known, is the mirror. The mirror represents the psyche's ability to perceive objectively, to be removed from the deadly grip of raw, primordial being ... to separate subject from object, how to perceive experience as a mirror that provides an image of meaning rather than as chaotic anguish.

(Edinger, 1986, pp. 37, 39)

To perceive experience as creative in its becoming a mirror³⁸ of this very experience. This is the mythopoetic perspective. Encountering the mirror through a spiral lens allows one to move beyond the reversed image reflected in a mirror, and to see oneself as a way of seeing.

³⁸ I am not here referring to Lacan's critical reinterpretation of the work of Freud in which the mirror stage establishes the ego as fundamentally dependent upon external objects.



Experience as a Mirror

Art as mirror provides an image of meaning rather than as chaotic anguish. The inherent aesthetic of our being human creates an order that the raw dis-embodied material being reflected could not. The creative process and its inter-being with the world of matter, can thus not only generate a tolerance for the unbearable images, but then even shift these very images into being the raw material of the mythopoetic journey—moving from the literal to the symbolic, to the diaphoric creating a new, spirited story that lives in the every-day. In the gathering and inviting of images in this mythopoetic inquiry, Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati, I begin to sense that my ego—as place of identification—has shifted into the position of object, of being acted upon by the very images, the ‘guests’ of the myth I have been living. This shifting process is the living curriculum that through the embodiment of mythopoetic capacity and inquiry becomes the disposition for sensing and knowing the mythopoetic.

The quicksilver behind the mirror reflects the presence of mercury, the alchemical mixing of solid and liquid like Hermes' (Roman, Mercury) transformational capacity of crossing boundaries between one state of embodiment and another. Symbolic shape-shifting aids in the discovery of the meaningful image embedded in the oppressive mood (another mirror). Such a discovery, as discussed regarding the victim as wound carrier and symbolic signal from the ancestors allows me to see an image of myself that is not actually me. I am not the victim. She is a presence pointing me to the larger collective dynamic of Psyche as well as re-turning to the notion that *I am simply a way of seeing*. This way of seeing can see even the oppressive mood as a mirror, reflecting back images of an old myth, its presence generating these unbearable images I mistake as me. The image of the line on the childhood bedroom floor flickers through my mind's eye.

Discovering what the images are reflecting I can see/reflect on the embedded myth moving through my body. Tracking and marking the turns in the path through the blackness and melancholia, the encounters between 'me' and 'not-me', I feel the ineffable contours of a mythopoetic landscape and am guided by the flickers of another form of consciousness.

It is important that the imaginal ego has this way of seeing that is both subjective and objective, fully embodied in the liminality of body, that mystery that has duo-consciousness if I only look in the mirror of my experience. Because the experience of being the knowing subject is only half of the picture, half of the experience of self—one side of the mirror—I must gaze into the eyes of the face looking back at me from the mirror and choose to step into the place-in-between this gaze between us holds. This place-in-between which *is* the gaze, holds each of us in an imaginal mythopoetic moment. "...when you look into the abyss, the abyss also looks into you" ().

Having the experience of being the object of knowledge is as if the image in the mirror is consciously looking back at me. Who is the subject in this scenario? Mythopoetically this is an image of the imagination itself, mirroring back and seeing experience as an image in the mirror of active perception. The gaze of the imagination sees spirally, encircling the looking and what is being looked at as one event.

Returning to the notion of imagination as consciousness, as the mythopoetic landscape I am roaming, I take the step of imagining the possibility of the ego being an image itself. In this scenario “I”, the ego is an archetypal image within the myth in which I live. The ego is the image that is gazed at in the mirror of imagination. Rollo May (1991), author of the influential book “Love and Will” (1969) and the “Courage to Create” (1991), often associated with both humanistic psychology and existentialist philosophy, was most interested in analyzing the structure of human existence with the aim of understanding the reality underlying all situations of humans in crises: Apprehending the image that lies beneath the narrative in deep time. Regarding myth, May wrote:

[E]ach of us has his or her own myth around which we pattern our lives. ...The myth bridges the gap between conscious and unconscious: we then can speak out of some unity of the tremendous variety in each of our selves ... the individual myths will generally be a variation on some central theme of the classical myths.... Each of us may be hero or heroine, or criminal or rogue, or onlooker, or any other character in the drama, and the emotions we experience will fit these characters.

(May, 1991, p. 33)

The myth bridges the gap between conscious and unconscious and becomes the mirror I use to see my experiences symbolically. I thus become a kind of “onlooker” who sees symbolically what is happening in the mirror of my embodied myth.

The ‘onlooker’ by definition observes. Going back to the subject/object and mirroring, I wonder who the onlooker is and I want to ask which myth this onlooker sees. If the onlooker is Hermes, the imaginal ego, she will simultaneously be living the myth, embodying it through her intersubjectivity with the matter of the world and beingness and reflecting on it as image.

May continues his exposition of the hero with the statement that the hero is the carrier of our ideals and beliefs, and is created by us, born collectively as our own myth, the image of our life and how we live it, and is usually a metaphor for the ego. He proposes that this is what makes heroism so important because it reflects our sense of identity, and from this our own heroism is moulded (May, 1991). What May does not quite spell out here is that this hero-image is the archetypal image of the ego as it is normally associated with in its function as subject. It is a heroic myth. I am not so sure

my myth is a heroic one. It is more circular than linear; it is spiralling not “progressing”. Its intent is towards soul, the dark, the light of the moon reflecting: the real seeing.

Soul as metaphorical process indicates that soul acts; it is an action, a relationship to the unconscious: Psyche. It performs as does a metaphor, as does image. I am reminded here that performative inquiry calls attention to the performance of my everyday activities and what they might be mirroring, who am I in relationship with: the victim/hero; victim/perpetrator; or any other polarized archetypal co-joined twin? Which pole am I identifying with as I furiously wash my floors or gaze into the abyss of the dirt? Who am I in relationship to others and my environment when an unconscious figure/presence takes over my reality? Performative inquiry investigates the emergent “stops” (Appelbaum, 1995) that might be possible in these moments of being mesmerized by unconscious material. In her performative inquiry Fels (2004), suggests that a “stop” as defined by Appelbaum (1995), is an interruption in our daily scripts and the roles we play in these, or those created by others for us to perform. I am reminded of the family story here and my particular “character” in that intersubjective, intergenerational web of myths.

Performative inquiry requires of its practitioners embodied “wide-awakeness” (Greene, 1978) so that we might in turn ask the question of each other and ourselves in our multiple [interior] locations ... “Who is performing who?” Central to Lynn Fels’ (2004) performative theory is that art is realized in the midst of enacting it. It emerges out of trusting the process itself. *I take a quick glance in the bathroom mirror as I diligently wash the sink.* This “wide-awakeness”, I would describe as the embodied imaginal ego’s state in its mythopoetic disposition towards moving from the literal to the symbolic. I know when I am in that cleaning madness that I am needing and providing a grounding for myself, literally, from the ground up.

Image as knowledge: information is offered all at once within an image, without any sense of linearity, as in a dream. I dream I am washing the floors but can’t find the mop. I waken and immediately know something needs to be cleaned, tended to: the wound needs cleaning and tending to avoid infection. The ambiguities and resulting tensions of a dream/image increase the amount and nature of the information offered at conscious and unconscious levels, presenting many perspectives and possibilities thus

stimulating the transcendent function. The transcendent function is a mode of experiential understanding that, mediated by the archetypes, unites the opposing aspects of the psyche, thereby forcing their energy into a common channel. Creative expression and aesthetic meaning, supplement one another to form the transcendent function. This is the workings of the image in conjunction with the literal, the beauty of poetry, the gift of the mythopoetic. “It transposes meaning and releases interior, buried significance” (Hillman, 1988, p. 32), much as the image (seed) embedded in the emotion does.

If I expand my capacity of experiencing myself subjectively and objectively, as the non-duality of the Klein body does, and tolerate being held in the liminal gaze in front of/into the mirror/abyss, I enter a diaphoric way of apprehending my presence in the world as knower and known and embody a soul perspective. I enter a mythopoetic discourse where the soul perspective knows of the importance of the details of the day-to-day (washing the floors), *and* how these are inherent to the transcendent workings of the mythopoetic (being held in the gaze from/into the mirror). A mythopoetic sensibility embodies and en-souls the every-day. The imaginal ego is not fixated on herself or any particular conditions; she is not looking in the mirror to make sure she is astutely imitating the life the ego thinks she should be living. So she can explore where a positional ego cannot. *I am simply a way of seeing*. The imaginal ego is neither a seer alone, nor that which is seen, but is fluidly both. “An encounter between self and other becomes an interstice, an invitation, and an improvisation” (Irigaray, 2002, p. 138). The imaginal ego—being a part of the imaginal world; the archetypal; mythic realm; metaphor; a being in the mythopoetic space—can embrace both the spiritual and aesthetic. Alfred Schutz (1967), described this space as

a plane of consciousness of highest tension originating in an attitude full of attention to life and its requirements... This attitude, this *interest* in things, is the direct opposite of the attitude of bland conventionality and indifference so characteristic of our time.

(Schutz, 1967, p. 213)

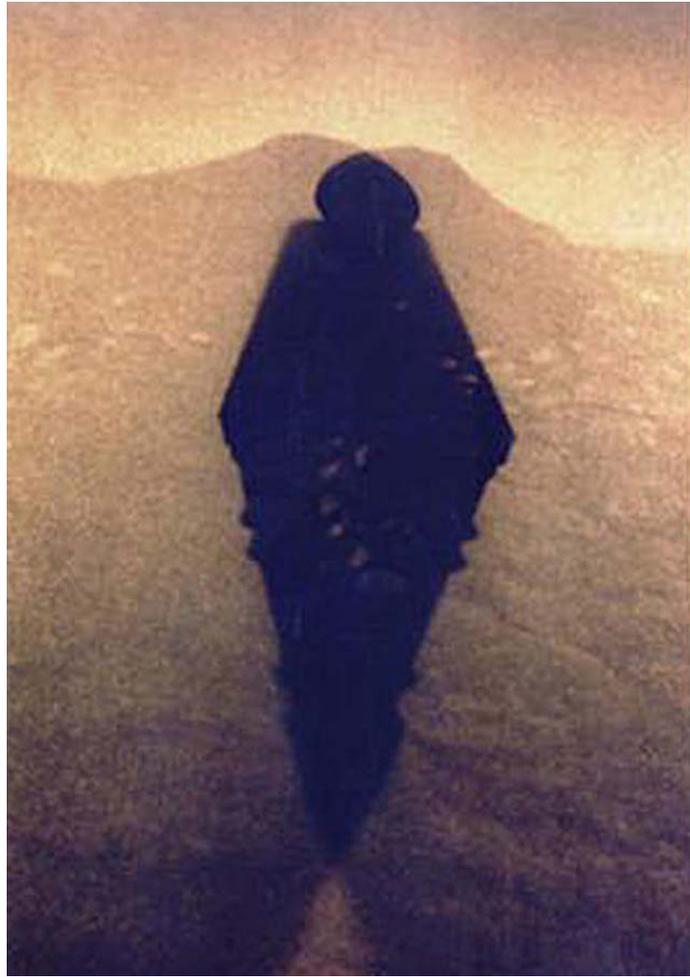
Mythopoetic space corresponds to a sense of soul, the space and process of the relationship to the unconscious and the kind of aesthetic that is cultivated there. Looking through the spiral lens fosters such a cultivation and made apparent to me the following practices: 1) practicing deep democracy which opens up the field of experience 2) archetypal activism which radically allows opposites to co-exist without polarization or splitting one or the other into shadow 3) embodying the images that arise in these dynamics and 4) reflecting and sensing into these images so that a diaphoric apprehension which creates presence arises. These steps are the embarking upon the mythopoetic voyage: each one engaging, embodying and reflecting; then re-engaging, re-embodying and re-reflecting again and again on the presences the images of subject/object, self/other, conscious/unconscious, illness/wholeness as they are flickering through the Klein bottle and embodying themselves imaginally (as seen through the spiral lens). Such practices are the invitation to the living myth that becomes a new way of seeing/being. The steps of the spiral these practices became apparent to me as they emerged first spontaneously through my own art making; then as a pattern I recognized was underlying my teaching. They then became formalized through the writing of this dissertation and have now become central to my methodology offered through the curriculum I have designed and facilitated for students, clients and art therapy trainees. The steps act as entry points for participants into their own mythopoetic inquiry.

Field Notes: Reflecting

My myth, my story, is a way of seeing. It is an embodied image behaving in the world. It helps me move through time and timelessness. Its embodiment provides me the face that can look in the mirror and see its reflection looking back. This embodied image of my myth allows me to look into the abyss, and not only tolerate this abyss looking back into me, but to actually choose to either jump into the abyss; respectfully keep a certain distance from it; or just hold its presence in the landscape of my diaphoric imagination hoping it might throw unimagined possibilities onto my path and offer encounters with the numinous. I understand that my

story, my myth has been a lens that has brought certain things into focus, but also left much blurry or even out of the frame.

When I more fully realize that this myth—this picture I paint of and for myself, and the story I tell about myself to myself and others—may be able to see with the eyes of the imaginal ego; seeing the ego itself also as an image, one that I am holding of myself; an autonomous image I am being held by. Through the cultivation of the diaphoric imagination, the cultivated inner eye/I with the help of a spiral lens my dream-ego designed, I might be able to transfigure this way of seeing/being—this subtle body of the imagination through art making. Perhaps I might, if even for just a moment, transcend this notion of myself I have been fooled by, and drop into deep time where this myth has become the material, like paint and canvas, of mythopoesis. Then I will be living imaginally, surrounded by my love of image. Amor fati.



Amor Fati

Everything around me is evaporating. My whole life, my memories, my imagination and its contents, my personality—it's all evaporating. I continuously feel that I was someone else, that I felt something else, that I thought something else. What I'm attending here is a show with another set. And the show I'm attending is myself.

(Pessoa, 2002, p. 112)

Inlay: Self-Image and Suffering

To stop suffering, stop identifying with the self that perceives itself to be suffering. I pause after contemplating this and think: Then perhaps sufferers achieve enlightenment more readily than non-sufferers because they have more opportunity to practice this kind of dis-identification than do non-sufferers because the motivation to stop identifying with the suffering self is greater than the motivation to stop identifying with the non-suffering self. The location of pain is definitively in the suffering self. Being 'in' the suffering self, *identifying* with it, rather than *being* with it, is the suffering. So how do I change locations so to speak, so that I do not take up residence in the suffering self?

The Dalai Lama (1999) tells us that "The Sautrantika School and the two Mahayana Buddhist schools say there is a kind of image that mediates between perception and its object" (p.21). In my own experience this image is embodied in art. In a slippery moment, as the pastel glides across the expanse of the white paper, when I am actually able to perceive myself sliding into that suffering self, the subject, "I", sees object, "suffering self". In this moment a separation between the one that is experiencing, "I", and the object "suffering self" occurs. This momentary gap then dissolves the certainty of the object "suffering self", and its true nature is revealed. I see the suffering self for what it is: an image of myself suffering I have inadvertently imagined/defined as me.

Recognizing the suffering self as just an image that I find myself in from time to time opens a door to the possibility of my assigning this image the role of metaphor rather than fact and to see through the myth I am living. *Seen as a medium, the suffering now acts as an opening to the diaphoric imagination* where a completely new presence dissolves the tension between 'self' and 'suffering self'.

In its newly assigned role, the transparency of the image of "suffering self" can be seen through. When I can call its bluff in this manner of seeing through, the suffering self then suddenly takes on a fluidity that allows it to flow out of its definition of ME. By calling this bluff I separate the "suffering self" from 'my-self', setting it free. Through releasing the "suffering self" by naming it here—embodying it in words—it has no choice

other than to return to its original intent as process *and* liminal space-in-between that is as fluid as paint. Seen as a medium, the suffering now acts as an opening to the diaphoric imagination where a completely new presence dissolves the tension between 'self' and 'suffering self'. In such a mythopoetic manoeuvre the "suffering self" becomes a mirror revealing itself as an image as does the imaginal ego. I myself am a mirror. I am mercurial and move and morph through myself as a Klein body in the process of becoming a spiral lens. As 'imaginal 'ego' I can transit, like Hermes, in *and out*, of any given image SHIFTING FROM HERO TO HERMES as a new image for the ego.

The imaginal ego—the ego as archetypal image—has the capacity to be subject and object simultaneously, knower and known. This 'ego' can transit, like Hermes, in *and out*, of any given image I am identifying with at any given moment. It could very well be the image that mediates between perception and its object I believe the Dalai Lama is suggesting. If the human mind can be imagined as a synthesizer of images or, conversely, that which is being synthesized by the many images or aggregates of itself, then location of self becomes questionable and thus potentially freed from itself. However, when suffering is taking place, the fluid capacity of the imaginal ego often becomes frozen in its attachment to itself like Narcissus, locked into the image of the suffering self at the same time as rejecting it. The moment I find myself in this predicament, I hope that I might remember that to stop suffering, I must stop identifying with the self that perceives itself to be suffering. Or at least join the crowd of opportunistic sufferers who are imagining their enlightenment.

2. Entering the Liminal

How does a mythopoetic inquiry create access to liminality?

What are those 'in-between' places of the liminal that offer something of import to the inquiry of Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati?

A variety of educational inquiries ontologically as well as epistemologically propose that poetry is knowledge; fiction is knowledge; and the arts are a way of knowing through trusting our images, our fictions, our stories, our bodies—autopoiesis—that “knowledge, like fiction, itself is liminal space. It never arrives. It is always on the brink; it is always a waiting space, a journey” (Coppin and Nelson, 2005, p 146).

The space-in-between of the liminal is the meeting place of the encounter between known and unknown where such polarities can join in their embodiments of symbolic acts and objects. Through poems, performances, stories, myths, narratives and living imaginally, the symbol making function of Psyche creates the images that will lead us to truths that lie beyond ego consciousness or consensus reality.

I have come to understand that the underlying premise of arts-based inquiries—such as poetic inquiry, performative inquiry, narrative inquiry, living inquiry as well as Indigenous ways of knowing—is a practice of engaging the liminal as the place/process of knowledge. This space-in-between of the liminal is the meeting place of the encounter between known and unknown where such polarities can join in their embodiments of symbolic acts and objects. The arts-based practitioner and researcher is foraging the imaginal, mundus imaginalis, the world of image and potentiality. Arts-based researchers tacitly know that their work happens in the body, theirs as Klein body *and* the body of matter, both important ingredients for the alchemical opus of transformation: the path of the mythopoetic pioneer.

As a mythopoetic researcher I have discovered a similar core of my work to arts-based inquiries. I found that Living Inquiry (Meyers, 2009) offered me the notion of “field work” and field notes which brought me into the autobiographical aspect of the work. This naturally flowed into a narrative inquiry that became the underlying current throughout the dissertation that flowed into the valleys and crevices where theory dropped away to raw experience, the raw experience itself becoming a way of theorizing in its own right. The writing itself became the inquiry.

In the liminality of this raw experience the work emerged and began embodying itself in art making and facilitating arts-based processes with clients and students. Held in these in-between spaces of living experience—art making, poetry and teaching—a full bodied curriculum was gestating and leaking truths into the interior and exterior atmosphere of knowledge. Such experience-based knowledge was being cooked in the kitchen of the research while the writing and imaging itself became embodied. Another surprise was the underlying ethnoautobiographical inquiry going on just beneath the surface of my awareness which was persistently making itself part of the hidden research/hidden truth of the larger collective piece of post-war European emigration. I had not planned, even imagined including this aspect in an already enormous undertaking the research continued to present. This part of the inquiry came initially through the calling of a whispering voice I could not understand, nor explain to my committee: “the ancients are lamenting”. I decided to let this voice from the liminal stay but worried that I would not grasp its intention, a deeper knowledge I was yet to uncover.

Going back to Coppin’s and Nelsen’s notion that “knowledge, like fiction, itself is liminal space” [knowledge develops a different base from which it emerges]. (Coppin and Nelson, 2005, p 146) that never arrives, I find myself now considering consciousness as something that fluctuates: disappearing, then reappearing in different forms i.e. poems; art; dance, voices etcetera, and that—like Hermes—I must become aware that my sense of self, or self-presence as consciousness is actually quite unstable and has enormous mutability. Where does this consciousness or self-presence go in its disappearing act? Where am I in the moment I have disappeared? “The performative researcher is haunted by absence; troubled by silence—resonance sings presence into welcomed discord” (Fels, 2002, p 147). Fels’ “welcomed discord” reverberates elements of my self-presence I see no evidence of, but can feel vibrating. Absence implies presence, presence implies

absence. They will not survive without each other. The known and unknown are inseparable existential twins.

When I can no longer see myself—when I have lost all my mirrors—I must give voice to this absence/let it give voice to itself within my consciousness by listening to what lies beyond my perception, what is stirring in the Klein body. Not knowing what else to do, I turn to my own story: the one my body has been carrying for me—the one I already know by heart—the one that no longer seems to hold the presence/absence of my being but continues to vibrate. What is vibrating here? Even though I know only too well the restrictions and ‘fiction’ of this self-narrative, I have nothing else it seems in this fierce liminality I find myself in. So while my self-presence is absent, I listen to my story by telling it, by writing it, letting its vibrations re-sound into this emptiness of no-identity so that I can educate myself about significances far beyond my self-identity through my own living curriculum. The spiral pathway with its incremental movement brings me to the in-between place, where I can hear and speak what those voices of the ancients who see something, know something about all of this live in me.

Perhaps even, these “vibrations” I feel are echoing larger collective vibrations that are rippling through my body, body as tuning fork. “For the blurring of identity is part of all of who we are, so that even within the one there are many multiple voices... to live into and through our vulnerabilities within the teaching process” (Snowber, 2009, n. p.). The vibrations of vulnerabilities are the ancients lamenting, their voices speaking my narrative, even while this narrative has lost its own truth through endless explanations to myself about it. It is my main text. “Words, both invented and represented, are as much ourselves as the social masks which protect and reveal us” (Snowber, 2009, n. p.). Why are the ancients so disguised by their shadow realities in Psyche?

Tracking the movements of this original story or ‘fiction’, feeling into it as both substance *and* absence, I at least allow myself to imagine that something is going on. There is meaning in this forbidden sense of meaninglessness. I begin to tell tale after tale of meaninglessness; dreams lost and never found; feeling no meaning in them at all, all the while dreaming of meaning. I feel the only chance I have left is to drop into the liminal without trust and begin a mythopoetic inquiry of my myth. Deep in the bowels of

this lost dream, this state of liminality I hear another voice, this one a hoarse whisper: “Love your fate” (Nietzsche, 1888, p. 13), which in fact is my life; love this fate even if this love does not alter my fate. Where does this voice come from? Where does it want to go?

My life as I know it, this autopoetic self-creation is the starting point of the mythopoetic journey. It is the paint that dances across the canvas; the gestures I make while dreaming; the performances of self I create in my private and public life. Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati has an archetypal framework that focuses attention on the archetypal images from the unconscious, bringing these into dialogue with the conscious mind through the embodiment that images are. The process of this mythopoetic inquiry, as mentioned above has parallels to aspects of arts-based inquiry, narrative inquiry, performance-based inquiry and autobiographical inquiry (including the poetic dimension); it is an inquiry of depth experiences that lie beyond the conscious visible realm most associated with ‘reality’. Many curriculum scholars and arts-based researchers have explored the kinds of material and liminality that arise in the following chapters. Though not so directly informed by these scholars and researchers in the initial stages of writing of this spiral inquiry, their work did become an avenue for further investigation and amplification of Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati.

Finding consolation in Maxine Greene’s words:

We are first cast into the world as embodied beings trying to understand. From particularly situated locations, we open ourselves to fields of perception ... we become present to them as consciousness in the midst of them, not as outside observers; and so we see aspects and profiles but never totality.

(Greene, 1995, p. 73)

I understand her to be suggesting that even though I may be absent to myself, there is an underlying archetypal narrative I am intrinsically a part of. The implication my role in this unconscious story suggests is that I could—in good faith—still paradoxically be present to what is, be present to this absence and its un-welcomed discord, the uninvited “guest”. To do this would require that I take archetypal action that would bring me directly into actually experiencing an unfolding of consciousness. What becomes present in this archetypal move is a capacity for a duo-consciousness (being with the

dreambody³⁹ and ego-consciousness). My body as liminal subject, as Klein bottle already 'knows' this in her very beingness. Ironically duo-consciousness is the same state as non-duality, How is this possible?

"Knowledge, like fiction, itself is liminal space" (Coppin and Nelsen, 2002, p 146). The Klein body is a liminal space that is storying herself and speaking her knowledge of inside/outside, viscera intending and extending. Being the natural researcher she is, the Klein body as spiral inquirer gathers information from her 'inside-outness' and 'outside-iness' within and the mythopoetic landscape she is inherently a part of. The labour of love of the Klein body as archetypal activist is the crafting the spiral lens. This kind of labour includes hearing the laments and feeling the sufferings of the ancients. Her body spans millennia as she apprehends presences of the past through the morphic resonances vibrating her numinous flesh. The old souls of the ancients are naturally part of her/my/our research. How could they not be?

If the purpose of the research of Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati is connected to that of the Klein body, it will be necessary to consider engaging a whole new level of inquiry, one that enters an alternate dimension, the mythopoetic, archetypal story of humanity. Mythopoetic inquiry and curriculum hold the purpose, the telos of acknowledging the presence of the archetypal narrative that lies beneath or beyond conscious thinking about oneself and the world. As the pedagogy of the unconscious, mythopoetic research relies on the Klein body's capacity to heed Psyche's ulterior motive, that leads directly into the mythopoetic where the inner and outer meet as one, as two sides of the same coin. Thus this liminal space/figure holds the value of the poetic and the prosaic. The mythopoetic is a path of returning to one's own story, re-claiming it from its colonization by the literal, and then seeing/experiencing it as the aperture of vision-making, an archetypal function of the personal and collective Psyche.

³⁹ Rather than a repository of archetypes, as Jung had suggested, the unconscious, or dreambody, according to Mindell, is a dynamic, flowing continuum of which archetypes are only "snapshots". Dreams, physical symptoms, relationships, accidents, altered states of consciousness -- all are manifestations of the dreambody in action" Mindell, 1982).



Liminal Spaces. Liminal Figures

My body often feels like it is dissolving, melting, floating, being on the edge, crossing borders, journeying into uncharted territories where there is no horizon line. To address some of Greene's points, I would like to pursue the following questions: How do autobiographical inquiries and image making create access to liminality? What do those "in-between" places of the liminal offer this particular inquiry? What is the nature of liminality towards woundedness and surrender? "Our attention to what is working within us opens us up to the paradox that beauty, growth, and wonder are inextricably connected to living from and through the depths. This too is the lived curriculum" (Snowber, 2009),

Autobiographical inquiries and image making are acts of inviting liminality and all the liminal presences that are often invisible to us. As we encounter these presences we may experience dissidence in the "I" that has not yet made the leap of faith into the imaginal: the imaginal ego. However this "I" determines how to be with these

discordances, the Klein body will be holding any aspects of these that have not been accepted as part of the project. The mythopoetic researcher opens herself up to these possibilities as she trusts this to be a necessary part of crafting the spiral lens. The clarity of what alchemical function these discordances play in mourning the dream/amor fati will be achievable as the researcher continues to perform her tasks on the mythopoetic path. I am reminded here of' (1999) "welcomed discord."

I am drawn in this moment to how Performative Inquiry speaks of something new at the edge of its own arrival and how as witness, I experience this as an awakening: "a stop, a moment of risk, a moment of opportunity (Appelbaum, 1995). The call to presence in the midst of my self-absence stops the absencing process dead and I hear the potency of Rilke's future coming into us before it happens "out there." I become curious about this future that has not presented itself yet, and what seeds in the ground of my being this future is calling within my absorption into absence. The "stop" itself signals an entry into a yet unknown richness I cannot detect in the liminality I only experience as nothingness. Inadvertently I have stepped into the mythopoetic space of possibilities the Klein body is holding for me to discover, those archetypal aspects that have not been accepted, the victim, the "other", the "not-me. I wonder about this future that is coming into me through this Klein body. What might she be birthing in her labour?

As a symbol of possibilities and the gestation process found in mythological motifs in creation myths of many cultures, the world egg is typically a beginning of some sort.



After First Transplant

Field Notes: The Body as Liminal Space

After my first islet cell transplant in 2006, a new being emerged, one who felt herself to be premature, a fragile little bird embryo hanging between life and death, yet already producing her own egg. I feel this new egg only now beginning to hatch in the writing of these words. These words are the stirrings within this egg in its desire to break through, its body “needed as that which the forces of light and life express themselves through” (I Ching, p. 537). But the little bird is weak and full of doubt. She feels utterly lost, her body an eclipse of Eros and Thanatos, caught in the bardo state. (In the Tibetan tradition, “bardo” means “intermediate state,” between death and the next birth, where one’s consciousness is not

connected with a physical body and one experiences a variety of phenomena (Sogal Rinpoche, 2002).

A deep visceral sense of loss was present at the time of painting this image, while a great hope for what new life the transplant would engender was percolating just beneath the surface. I had waited 42 years for this new life. After the implantation of insulin-producing cells into my liver, I experienced images of myself and images of the cosmos I had never encountered before, as if they were not me/mine, calling forth James Hillman's (1976) notion that we do not have images; rather, they have us. My mind was indeed just a part of imagination, versus imagination being in the mind.

These images took me to foreign lands of the imaginal with odd creatures that could walk on the top of curtain rods while having an argument. In my 'hallucinations' I could watch television without it being turned on. I saw cartoons of extreme violence I had never imagined before. I felt I had roamed far beyond the boundaries of the mind I thought I knew. I no longer had myself. The man in the bed next to me, who received the donor's kidney looked at me the morning after our surgeries and said, "She sure had a rough night". He was experienced, this being his third transplant.

This was proof enough for me that my mind was indeed just a part of imagination, versus imagination being in the mind. I was left alone without my 'self', stranded in the vastness of an imagination much larger than my mind: the landscape of the collective shadow. I was left with those image—her images of dying I imagine—that now were "having me". 'I' was absent in this exchange of selves and for a long time experienced what I call terror attacks randomly and without apparent cause whenever these 'guests'—images of her death—chose to visit me.

Such shocking liminality became an overwhelming wilderness in my psyche where my old self-narrative no longer existed, and the new narrative had not yet

emerged. I had only a thin thread of memory tethered to a notion of who I was, and this thread was under constant threat of being snapped. My little birth-ravaged bird felt ill-equipped for life and her egg, precariously tucked under her chin, certainly did not know its fate. Although states of liminality may involve death, there is at least a promise, if we can see it, of new life.

The ongoing rhythms of constructing and deconstructing, integrating and disintegrating, are integral to self narratives (Holmes, 1999; Roberts, 1999) and self-actualization (Jung, 1961). In this context, liminality represents the destructing facet. Holmes sees the link between structure and the more matter-of-fact prosaic (p. 61). The structuring builds a sense of self (heroic-ego), while the poetic—that space-in-between the known and unknown of the symbolic—transforms experience through the workings of the archetypal activist who, through her courageous encountering of polarities, brings them into the diaphoric imagination. The imaginal ego as archetypal activist has the ability to be with the prosaic and the poetic as one process, one whole movement of the psyche—*Dreambody*.

Field Notes: Where is This Going?

Where were these figures of my 'hallucinations' going and what did they want? Even more importantly, was it now my task to live out the story of this donor's death, to embody those horrific images I received from her? This ethical conundrum confused me greatly and I was haunted by the question of what fate was asking of me. I wanted to do what was 'right'. Could I even imagine I had the capacity to resolve her death? Was this hubris?

The journey of desire is inevitably incomplete, uncertain and produces moments that profoundly disturb and de-centre the self. These liminal moments... afford us the possibility of glimpsing other modes of desire and hence different ethical relations between self and other, self and world.

(Fullagar, 2002, p129)⁴⁰

A glimpse at the figure in that mirror above the bathroom sink reminds me of the liminality of my being. "An encounter between self and other becomes an interstice, an invitation, and an improvisation" (Irigaray, 2002, p. 121).

I trusted or rather, hoped, that this "possibility of glimpsing other modes of desire and ethical relations between [my]-self and other, self and world" (Fullagar, 2002) was the case for my little bird. Caught in the dizziness and nausea of the pendulum swing of life and death, this terrified bird had already taken on the responsibility of the egg so gently tucked under her care.

Little One

Little One
Crawled out of Big One's body
and said, "Now
I'm big too. I
want what you have."

But Big One said,
"You have to wait,
you have to learn.
You have to let your body stretch
before you can know
what you really want."

Little One said,
"No, I cannot wait.
I don't have time to learn.
My body will stretch too far
if I can't get what I want."

⁴⁰ Associate Professor Simone Fullagar, is an interdisciplinary sociologist who has published widely across the areas of health/wellbeing, leisure, sport and tourism, using post-structuralist and feminist perspectives.

It will hurt
and you may hear me cry.”

Big One said,
“Yes, it may hurt,
and you may cry.
And I will hear you.

But your body will know
how far it can grow,
and one day
it will have stretched so far
that you will be called

Big One
and a new Little One
will crawl out of you.”

I think of the responsibility of the egg, and its symbolism: at what cost and what gain and under what conditions does the psyche produce such an egg? The egg is already in the body of the mother (mother archetype). The generative energy of the process of fertilization determines the fate of the egg. Am I in a large-enough narrative to risk taking on this responsibility? My body seems to answer an emphatic “NO” to this request. But here is the egg nonetheless. I am full of despair yet this symbol of hope and new beginnings is the guest that arrives from the autonomous unconscious. I am bewildered.

Although liminal space is potentially creative, it can also be dangerous. I have been terrified by my self-absence and my blindness: the ‘other’ inhabiting/inhibiting my being. The darkness within seems to swallow up everything in its path. There is no containment of its consuming nature. There is a risk of not having large-enough narratives (myths) to support someone going through the stages of integration.

The narrative I had been living was no more. It has disintegrated into horrific hallucinations. Roberts (1999) refers to the value during the disintegrating phase of having a “broader, deeper narrative able to hold the fractured parts together” (p. 12). I want to be constructing this broader, deeper narrative, bringing it to light, let my body be needed by that light/life force at the same time the egg is growing. Would the ancient ones hold any clues for me through their loud lamenting in my viscera? What role do

they play in this broader, deeper narrative? Might they be having a discussion about my/their fate?



The Ancients in the Underworld

My little bird had lost her shell while her fragile body was still in a delicate formative state. She herself was still an embryo. “Can she make it?” I asked. I honestly didn’t know. And I had no clue at the time what this egg was all about. How could she possibly care for this egg? How was it even imaginable that this little body, having just cracked through the “holding, containing structure” of her own egg produce this new egg?

Education scholars Turner and Wainscot (2008), contributors to “Pedagogies of the Imagination: Mythopoetic Curriculum in Educational Practice” claim that creativity

and transformation involve the undoing of structures (cracking the egg), the letting go of purposive control (crisis and/or leap of faith) The ability to let go of an integrated and integrating self is related to trust. In the drawing above it was absolutely clear that the egg was there—an image of potentiality, its presence indicating a new beginning I was not privy to and In fact, it scared me with its implied responsibility. Upon reflection I can recognize this new ‘presence’ as being born of the diaphoric imagination, this impulse a survival mechanism. My re-course was the suspension from ‘reality’ the liminal often provides, offering a transitional space for the transcendent function to germinate, for the diaphoric to begin labour. Like Persephone, I entered the Underworld in the form of a deep depression and physical illness. In Greek mythology, Persephone's primary role was as the queen of the Underworld who receives immortal souls into the afterlife (“Persephone,” 2011).

I spent a lot of my time painting and drawing, wanting to connect to my inner world to help me find meaning and create structure at this time of ‘undoing. I needed to embody a body that no longer knew its boundaries, dissolved. Unwittingly, I was engaging my inner object world (intentions) and its representations (extensions): my thoughts, feelings, images and all the attendant principles that organize inner life, both conscious and unconscious. I was using the intersubjective field to access, decode and understand what was lying beneath my despair. I was in the liminal of my body both destructively and creatively. Intersubjective is a quality that holds in reference to more than one subject: dreambody. I keep catching glimpses of that ‘other’ in the mirror. Can she see? Can she see me?

In the process of accessing, decoding and understanding what lay beneath my despair, I was shaping the image that was embedded in the mood, embodying it with image, illustrating the narrative that was speaking my myth. I was, like the Psyche, looking for an image of Herself, extending this image through the creative act and stepping into it, that is, embodying it. The image embedded in the mood now extended and embodied in turn, began shaping the narrative that was illustrating my myth. The initial desire for self-image (I see myself looking in the mirror and that mirrored self looking back at me) animated Psyche into extension. The desire for finding self in this manner—a transformative intention—becomes an extension of Psyche's deeper intent, her ulterior motive of bringing in the presence of ‘other’ including that of the ancients.

Engaging the presences the Klein body was flickering to me through my inner images was a means of unravelling and 're-ravelling' my myth, soul-making in Hillman's (1972) sense of the word. "The psychology of the creative is really feminine psychology, a fact which proves that creative work grows out of unconscious depth, indeed, out of the region of the mothers" (mother archetype) Hillman, 1972, p.12). I see my little bird now as mother of her egg. "The creation of something new is not accomplished by the intellect but by the play-instinct acting from inner necessity. The creative mind plays with the objects it loves" (Jung, 1963, p. 87). These objects in turn, play with the creative mind—the images it loves. That is why they appear: out of love and how reflexivity develops. I remember hearing Hillman speak about the experience of loving an image and then considering the possibility that my images loved me back—being loved by an image. I was breathless and almost in tears when I heard this, as were my students when I suggested this possibility to them—that their images loved them. I invite the reader to consider for yourself how your images love you.

Hillman's articulation of this reciprocal love brought form and solidity to what I had experienced as the particular empathy Bressler (1998), contributor to "Pedagogies of the Imagination: Mythopoetic Curriculum in Educational Practice" referred to as the emotion peculiar to art. But most powerfully, the recognition and embodiment through the language of Hillman's notion of the image loving me, gave me the love I so needed at that time. "The creative is an achievement of love. It is marked by imagination and beauty" (Hillman, 1972, p. 76). "The essential beauty of the soul of all things (the anima mundi—soul of the world) was revealed through love, through participation or "fellowship with essence" (Ward, 1986 p. 160): the love affair of images. Perception as an act of love.

Bressler (1998) suggests that linguistically the word "empathy" was first employed in an attempt to specify the emotion "peculiar to art." He claims that the beautiful has been defined as anything that involves the processes of *empathy*. Theodore Lipps (1903), a German philosopher concerned with conceptions of art and the aesthetic (focusing much of his philosophy around such issues) gave the name Empathy (*Einfühlung*) to a process he described as "feeling something, namely oneself, into the aesthetic object" ("Theodor Lipps," 2010). For me, the German word—German being my childhood language—is much more concrete and appropriate, as it suggests a

feeling into something, feeling one with, like an image. Empathy as a word is much too abstract. In this activity of “feeling into or one with,” as the original German word suggests, the antithesis between myself and the object disappears or rather does not yet exist (Bressler, 1998). Beauty dwells in the tension of liminality and once again I quote Snowber (2009) here: “the paradox that beauty, growth, and wonder are inextricably connected to living from and through the depths” (n. p.); through the body that is part of earth and her seasons. What has been absent begins to be embodied.

At times when I was painting, drawing, writing, I lost the separation between myself and other. I felt myself into the objects of my creativity, or rather, I lost and found a different sense of myself in the liminality of the aesthetic experience: my self-absence shape-shifted into self-presence as the subject/object dialectic became the transcendent function, the diaphor in the spaciousness of liminality. I have now come to understand this to be the fluidity of the embodied imaginal ego in its ability to be subject and object, as well as the assertion of the Klein body telling me of her findings without the heroic-ego’s usual antithesis between positional ‘self’ and ‘other.’

The disappearance of the antithesis between myself and the object, as Bressler (1998) suggests above, is the beginning of a capacity for great empathy. Even in my unconscious scribbles, I had a felt sense of this deep empathy for the wounded inner figures: the complexes, those split off sub-personalities that live in the unconscious that can be activated by resonant situations and people to the original wound and the resulting narcissism present, wanting expression and asking for love. The ancients in waiting.

I stop. The writing stops: the tapping on the keys stops. The theory ends here for this moment in this “stop” (Appelbaum, 1995). The location of consciousness has shifted as I experience this “stop” in the movement of the words across the screen. I get up and leave the ‘I’ that has been writing, the ‘I’ that is stuck, sitting at the computer with a sore back and aching fingers. I begin to dance and feel into who is here. I start to dance because ‘I’ have stopped. A re-location is taking place. I recognize the direction of the movement within the “stop”, the re-directing of the stop. I follow the traces of this unborn awareness, this presence that has come into the absence—this future that comes into the present (Rilke, 1904)—that cannot be conceived in the ‘I’ that has been writing.

Arms, legs, hips, eyes move into three dimensional space carving shapes with its twin: the 'other' arm, leg, hip, eye spiralling into an alternate intention/extension.

Now there is depth perception, consciousness set free into the field in-between arms, legs, eyes. Body as shape-shifter of awareness, liminal interiority crossing boundaries through extension into space: setting free the positional self; letting go of looking and knowing; forgetting any notion of 'I' as subject. What comes into view, into embodiment is the birth of an aesthetic experience in which I am fully present without my 'I'/eye. Am I feeling *with* a presence that has come into me? This speaks of an intuitive methodology of mythopoetic and arts-based inquiries of stepping into liminal space by throwing an image out in front of oneself and stepping into it: meeting symbol through symbolic acts which become practices leading to curriculum reflexively: Klein body dancing interiority into the world. Spiral lens seeing forward, backwards and beyond any dimensionality.

In this liminal space of the aesthetic experience—a transitional, inter-subjective space (Turner, 1990; Winnicott, 1971) of the creative process—I traverse the polarities of subject/object, and through the transparency of this aesthetic immersion apprehend healing and wounding, illness and care as twins of the same process: one full breath. As therapist and educator I feel it is my task to hold both polarities (healing and wounding, illness and tending) in-tension within myself, and not to identify with the healthy, competent aspect alone, (or vice versa). This sacrifice of the well-defended, superior position assigned to the therapist in our culture allows the healing capacity within the client to emerge and become active.

As I move back and forth between the poles of therapist (healing) and client (wounded), I myself become a transitional, liminal figure, the liminal subject: Am I dancing this writing? Only when I “stop”.

Unlike the more conventional types of teacher as liminal servant understands that knowledge is performatively constituted and calls forth the body. Cognizant of the shamanic mission, the teacher as liminal servant seeks to free the body and the minds from the hegemony of the everyday and to transform pedagogy into holy praxis in which both teachers and students are united in the sacred communities of knowing.

(McLaren, 1987, p. 87)



Transfiguration through the Temenos of Empathy

The implications that the teacher as liminal servant—particularly in arts-based, indigenous and mythopoetic curriculum—act as a container *and* model for inquiring into knowledge as fluid, brings me back to Coppin’s and Nelsen’s notion that “knowledge, like fiction, itself is liminal space” Coppin and (Nelsen, 2002, p 146). The educator then, in a sense through her own deep understanding of her presence as Klein body in archetypal action *is* this living inquiry and the living curriculum.

The therapeutic and teaching container is a fluid, liminal, transcendent space. Flow⁴¹ is where you lose yourself, you lose your watchful self, your ego self in the moment of being (imaginal ego). Winnicott's (1971) transitional space and Turner's (1969) liminal space are both inter-subjective spaces, liminal spaces where the movements of the liminal servants of therapist, or teacher or researcher, can navigate intense experiences of a threshold nature—between self and other, known and unknown, safe and dangerous—all dualities the Klein body is in her inside-out, outside-in way of being. All dualities are held by the Klein body in her inside-out, outside-in way of being. Her body, my body, your body knows how to hold duo-consciousness, to live non-dualistically within the apparent opposites that consistently present themselves as the patterns of our existence.

Her body, my body, your body knows how to hold duo-consciousness, to live non-dualistically within the apparent opposites that consistently present themselves as the patterns of our existence

For Winnicott (1971), cultural experience is located in the potential space between the individual and the environment, between self and other. The intermediate zone always represents the transition from being merged with, to being separated from (egg) the mother (bird), and “throughout life is retained in the intense experiencing that belongs to the arts and religion and to imaginative living, and to creative scientific work” (Winnicott, 1971, p. 14).

Entering other cultivated spaces or activities such as travel, spiritual retreat, prayer and meditation, journal writing, autobiography, expressive arts and music can also be considered a mythopoetic practice encouraging a different way of seeing that Hillman calls “seeing through events into their mythos” (1976, p. 51). Hillman (1976) recommends imaginal responses to human suffering—imaginative literature, film, drama, art, dance, poetry and autobiography—as sources of understanding and holding, which

⁴¹ Csikszentmihalyi, M. (1990). *Flow: The Psychology of Optimal Experience*. New York: Harper and Row.

may lead to the development of a transformational learning space, mythopoetic space—learning from within one’s engagement with the unconscious and its symbols and embodying these in the arts.

In the learning spaces created by an imaginal response to life—a symbolic, mythopoetic response—more expansive and inclusive stories (myths) can be discovered “to contain the destructure in the face of a person’s narrative” (MacKay., 2008, p. 199). Is there a story that can contain the vast black of blindness and the dis-memberment of transplantation? Developing a more imaginal response to life and suffering through the mythopoetic sensibility creates larger learning spaces and bigger stories we so yearn for: A story that could see my blindness and dismemberment as an extension of Psyche’s deeper intent and feed/read this back to me through looking through the spiral lens that sees both the myth I am living *and* the larger narrative. Is it Psyche’s intent, her ulterior motive that I meet the soul of my blindness and that of the transplanted ‘others’ within my own body? Am I back in the bedroom trying to draw a line between her and ‘I’ in the air/flesh? These stories can become the meta-narrative or mythopoeia to contain the wounding and loss in the face of my limited heroic-ego (or victimized-ego) narrative.



Second Transplant

As weaver of the image and text of this inquiry and, conversely, its weaving of my experience—both as heroic and imaginal ego, therapist and client, artist and researcher, healing and wounded (in duo-consciousness)—I have certainly felt a falling away of narratives and images I have held, that have held me. Autobiographical inquiry, autopoiesis as a form of potentiating one's story into a "larger story" can reflect on personal and professional (mythic) journeys. Through the spiralling and re-visioning of curriculum as *currere*—the infinitive form of curriculum, the verb, the "doing"—curriculum theorist William Pinar. Pinar (1992) asks that we as educators (I include therapist) simultaneously be active researchers of ourselves. I understand this request to be a) an invitation to the presence of the inherent reflexive nature of conscious teaching which takes place within an intimate dialogue with one's soul and; b) to fully enter the dialogical space-in-between teacher and student (therapist and client), the temenos where

teaching/learning/healing takes place, harking back to Aoki's (1999) liminal currere, teacher as liminal figure.

Autobiographical teacher-researchers develop approaches to pedagogy and teacher education that encourage practitioners to construct their own self-knowledge while developing strategies to help students do the same. Such pedagogy understands that the development of self-knowledge, an understanding of the social construction of self is a key purpose of a rigorous and critical education.

(Kincheloe, 2003, p. 8)

Autobiographical inquiry that can take place in the moment of teaching/therapy has a profound effect on teacher and student, therapist and client, artist and researcher when both are transformed in the encounter in this temenos/liminal currere.

The intentionality of writing autobiography cultivates liminal space and will almost inevitably precipitate another form of liminality, the deconstruction of existing narratives of the autobiographer, an experience that may be essential if they are to accompany clients on their transformational journeys if they are therapists

(MacKay, 2004, p. 285)

A living curriculum—a mythopoetic currere, where intention and extension, the literal and symbolic as one complete reflexive gesture—has a potentiating effect on everyone's story into the "larger story" of the collective myth we are creating together in the liminality that learning is.

The liminal is the very zone where possibility exists, where the new can be claimed by the cosmos and given an image. It is about crossing the great chasm. Visible/invisible. The liminal figure/body is both the chasm and the bridge that separates/joins the psyche with the divine: It is a trans-figure. The combination of will and surrender is the key that opens the lock that would otherwise bar the movement, the transition into the liminal zone. This combination is invited through the practice of deep democracy and transformed into a new possibility, a Presence engendered through the archetypal activist's work with polarities and the ancient knowing of the collective Klein body of humanity.



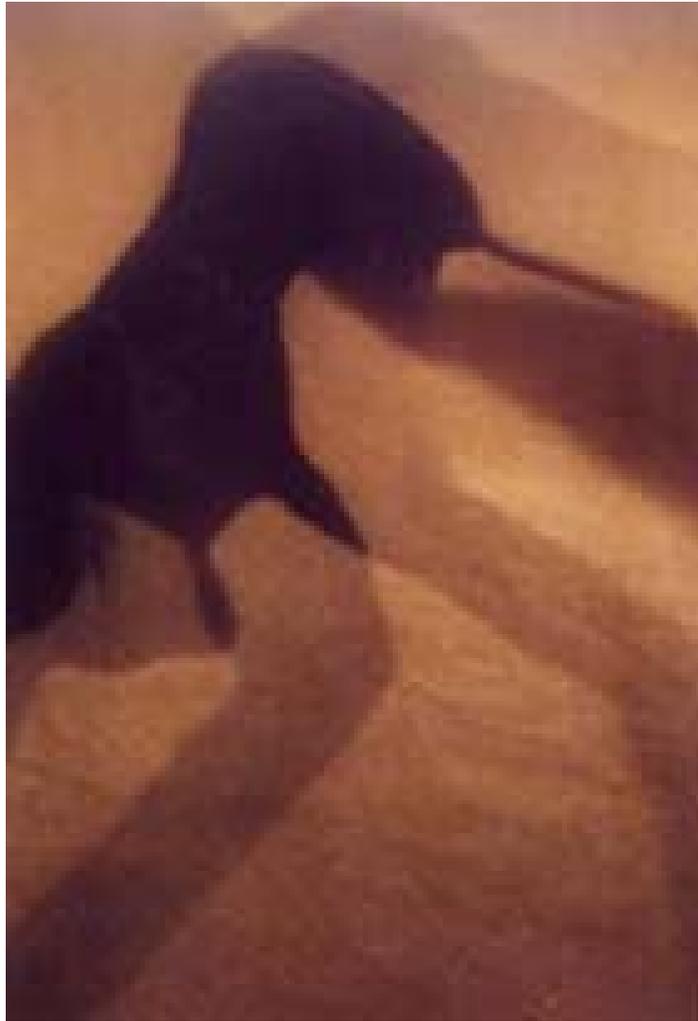
Liminal Figure Inside the Cosmic Egg

Field Notes: Embodying Liminality

As I come to this place, I come to know it. Know it as a place both inside and outside myself. This place holds intention and extension. I am the bridge, the common denominator in this inside/outside division. I join the both. In this manner I embody the liminal space. I take up that space with my being, or that space is taken up, so to speak, with my being. As the liminal persona in this equation, I am the hunter. I am hunting for that place, this place inside, outside. I want to fall into that place, this place,

into, out of myself. So I set a trap to catch myself as I prowl in search of that/this space in between what is me and not me.

Ironically, I must appear to be invisible in this hunt to make visible that which I cannot see because it is me, and I am invisible. I must pretend that I am not 'me'. Like a mask, I hide what is 'real' to reveal that which can only be apparent when 'reality' disappears. I have disappeared. I am hiding what I am at one level, to reveal a truth I am hiding from at this level: a truth I can see only by hiding the truth I already know so well that it has become invisible to me. My mask shows me, becomes what is lying beneath what I am hiding from/under. It is the actor that best portrays that which I cannot see. This mask is my myth.



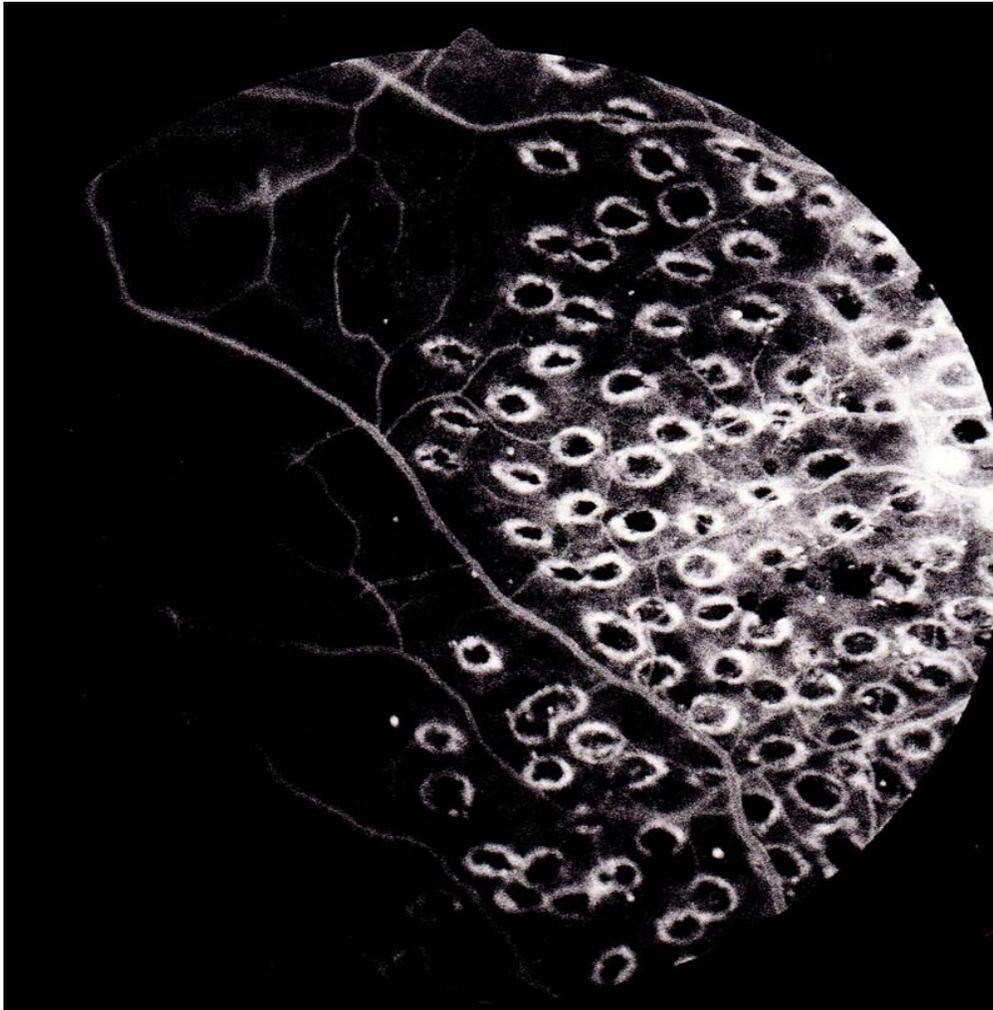
The Hunt

As a 'hunter', a researcher, artist, educator, art therapist, middle child of an immigrant family, having lived with type I diabetes for over 44 years, I have found myself in liminal space over and over again. I would say that this has mostly not been by choice, most profoundly the loss of my vision in 1986. Becoming 'dis-abled' at this time, I was certainly a liminal figure in my own eyes, as well as in the unspoken gaze of my tribe. I became an 'other' to myself. I learned to live in the invisible, be the invisible. Falling into the blackness, into the gap. Who was this invisible being? (Shortly after my first transplant I had a dream that I was a black man in a 60's

style suit, a bit like the entertainers in that era. In the dream I was falling and falling with my tie and my lips pulled upwards from the force of my descent. There was no bottom).

With great awkwardness, I navigated my way through this darkness with the help of a large zoom lens—which had both telephoto and macular capacity, my own eyes no longer having; along with the wide thick brushes and brightly coloured paints I kept beside me while eventually regaining about fifty percent of my vision. With a new identity and a white cane, I tapped my way through thresholds, fingered lips of abysses and stumbled on edges of endless despair. Without quite realizing it, Psyche was in the process of creating ‘soul-eyes’ for me.

These delicate instruments let me see what I imagined as a whole. What I did not know at this time was that I was only grasping fractured pieces of the world: a shattered mirror of my mind. I could not let go of what I could not grasp! I remember being in a class at the CNIB and the instructor was writing in very large print on the flip chart. I almost raised my hand to ask why she had left out certain letters in the words she was writing. Then a wave of nausea went through my body and I realized there were no letters missing. These letters had fallen into my many blind spots—the gaps.



Gaps in the Retina

I kept a close eye on what I could not see, checking those invisible areas where no one or thing existed. Were they invisible? Or was I? I heard disembodied voices around me; I wanted to touch those who owned these voices, pull them towards me so that I could know who was with me. Like a child who thinks that because everything around her is invisible, she too must be invisible. "Where am I? Where are we? Is there even a 'we' here? Or am I imagining all of this? Is this a dream?" This blurry brown blood gauze that was now my 'vision' left me feeling as if I was buried in the dark earth alive. I kept asking how, how, how can I dig

through this? What kind of outlook can one have living as if in an endless swamp with no foot-holds? How can I live like this?

I realized this blind, disabled, uninvited and intolerable guest had moved in with me permanently. This shadow-like sister had taken over my bed, my dreams, my world. So I was now the guest of this dark disabled figure. From here on in I was trapped in her Underworld. No escape. I had shrunk into simply becoming one of the cast of her dream-egos, a character on her warped inner stage. She was now 'me', and in this macabre twist, I became the dark disabled figure: my black sister. In this manner — much like a complex taking over the ego—this guest became the “me” that I was horrified by but was now to live (I am reminded again of Hillman’s [1976] statement of images having us versus us having images). This guest had me. It had come to reclaim the life that was foreshadowed in the threshold experience of my diagnosis of diabetes eighteen years earlier.

Depression

Depression has no currency with the Dead.
Life and Death
are the same. This is our mistake,
to think otherwise.

To be alive we must be
Dead to the world.
To be Dead, we must be
Alive to the world.

Is this not simple
enough to follow?

I was certain that I was dead to the world at the time of my retinal haemorrhaging and detachment. I also knew, however, at some level, that the world was not dead to me. But I had to reach for this, extend well beyond my present grasp. I had to go beyond my mind which seemed to need visual proof, and into imagination—the invisible world of the imaginal. Apparently, I literally needed to go to the dark places, “the depth experiences that lie beyond the conscious visible realm most associated

with reality” (Greene, 1995. p. 72). From this particular threshold situation it was imperative that I open myself to “fields of perception ... become present to them as consciousness in the midst of them, not as an outside observer,” as Greene so eloquently writes (p. 73). Self-absence to self-presence through consciousness moving, travelling in the imaginal mythopoetic landscape takes place in the embodied liminal figure now subject.

To release my imagination into this bleak nothingness before me became my task, my raison d'être, my survival, (I had a dream last night that was a series of nightmarish images. In the dream I decided that these would be places I could just be with and explore rather than become engulfed by. The dream maker knew, like the imaginal ego, that this was just a dream).

Radical Liminality

Radical Liminality
releases the next moment
into the receptivity of
unconditional consciousness.

The story of Job holds significance here in the imperative for conscious suffering.

Job's questions [about why he is suffering] have been answered, not rationally but by living experience; [*how*]. What he has been seeking, the meaning of his suffering has been found. It is nothing less than the conscious realization of the autonomous archetypal Psyche; and this realization could come to birth only through an ordeal.

(Edinger, 1972p. 91)

The autonomous archetypal Psyche is unconscious. She lives in the realm of myth so has intent that can only make sense, like the dream ego within the dream, in her realm. It is only through her images—Psyche's extension in the form of her affect: feelings; flickers; flinches; symptoms; symbols; dreams; images and the stories and myths she generates in her indirect approach—that this intent would make sense. The language of the unconscious was trying to lead me to her intent and be able to listen to this intent that lies much deeper than my mind can sink. Carrying and caring for what I

cannot hold in my mind is to learn the language of symbols so that they can show me my myth and what it is pointing to. So many myths speak of finding passage to the archetypal realm in the encounters we experience in the liminal, our threshold initiations into the imaginal. Facing the numinous comes at great cost.

What I could not behold was *why* I was being visited by this unbearable guest of blindness, and how I was going to face her. She seemed to separate me from everything I loved and more. I was floundering in this liminal space between separation and reunion, dying and being reborn. I no longer knew who or what I was. I was shifting archetypes, that is, new unfamiliar archetypal energy was now present in my psyche for me to grapple with. A presence. The 'outsider' was now inside. What did it want? While I was in this transitional threshold state of 'new-found' blindness, the darkness held me tight. It squeezed me. I contracted in fear. Even to this day I feel the constant pressure of its grip. I am queasy. The queasiness however has been the tone and texture of the canvas the "flickers" have appeared on, those flickers embodied in the writings and art that have assisted me in this mythopoetic endeavour en-abling me to dwell in and see through the liminal moving into the mythopoetic.

What I have discovered is that this darkness—both literal and symbolic, a darkness now inside me—is the liminal space of separation and reunion, the dying and being reborn, the 'stuff' myth and story are made of. Entering this dark liminal space as artist, art educator, art therapist and researcher has given me the fruit that *is* the mythopoetic curriculum proposed.

I hope to have the courage to 'see' the imaginal ego as a field of awareness that gracefully accepts blindness and other forms of 'disability,' other uninvited guests. Surely the guests will bring some surprises, and maybe even some gifts.

I am not near that field of awareness yet. That "choiceless awareness" Krishnamurti (2007) speaks of. But I can, from time to time, smell the scent of its blossoms.

Inlay: Self and the Imaginal 'Other' in Writing (Art)

When I write (or paint or draw) who am I engaging?

When I talk to myself who is the self?

Which self?

My-self.

What lies between this 'my' and this 'self'?

There is an imaginal space between this 'my' and this 'self' that I can enter in this moment.

What happens when I enter this space?

Where am I?

Who am I?

What kind of voice do I have?

This space, this imaginal space might be quiet, holding silence.

Or it might be full of all sorts of creatures I could become familiar with, get to know. Even become friends with.

I see the victim here, the hunted, the haunted, crouching in her dark corner, cocooned in the web of her own sorrow and self-banishment. She is enmeshed in her-story, which is her nature after all. A victim must have a story of being victimized; otherwise she would not be, by nature, the victim.

She has many sad tales to tell and with any given opportunity is happy to tell any of them, hopefully over and over again. You must give her many chances.

There's another figure I see in this imaginal space between 'my' and 'self'. Here is the hero. She is very exuberant, confident, outgoing, willing to intervene in dangerous situations for the betterment of the whole. She believes in herself, and others believe in her too. In this moment she appears in feminine form with the qualities of being very much in charge of 'my' and 'self'. She sees her-self as in control of the situation. Now

what kind of space exists here between the 'her' and 'self'? That is another whole territory to discover. But for the moment I will focus on the dimensions offered in the space between 'my' and 'self'.

Who else is here in the imaginal? I see a family over there pretending to be together; And another one woven into a loose fabric that spreads across universes and reaches the ancients with their tassels of gold flickering and tickling these forgotten souls awake.

These families, ironically, are mirrors of each other trying to tell the same story—the 'real' story. Both tales are true. Both are untrue. Each carries its myth, maintaining a mythic process that must be carried forward into the next generation.

Cousin to the victim is the sick one, or at least, sickly. She is lying in a bed, sometimes a hospital bed. She has doctors hovering around her like ghosts of all the possible things that might 'go wrong' with her: blindness; kidney failure; loss of a limb; heart disease. Her heart has already been broken by all by the words these doctors have been whispering about her over the years, creating layers and layers of images that have lived inside the sick one since she was diagnosed. She has been sick for a long time. She might say at times she is hopeless. But that would not be entirely true, as glimpses of hope have sustained her presence. Perhaps then, if she became completely hopeless and lost these glimpses, she might disappear altogether. The 'my' part of myself is intrigued by this possibility.

Is it possible this sick one could actually vanish? I could only hope for that. But then this hope might travel through and into the imaginal space between 'my' and 'self', and inadvertently be transferred to the sick self, infusing her again with hope, and therefore prevent her disappearance!

Well I can move along for the moment as any moment offers the opportunity to move along. I move along into the hospital now. But in the form of a new figure: the BC Cancer Agency art therapist (life offers up these odd chunks of irony now and then). This art therapist is a new member of the imaginal clan and has not yet determined her personality, even though she holds a very particular role that is however, invisible to her

at present. She is back in the cocoon cuddling with the victim and spinning her-self a fancy silk suit that will match the duties of the new position that will mostly be self-determined.

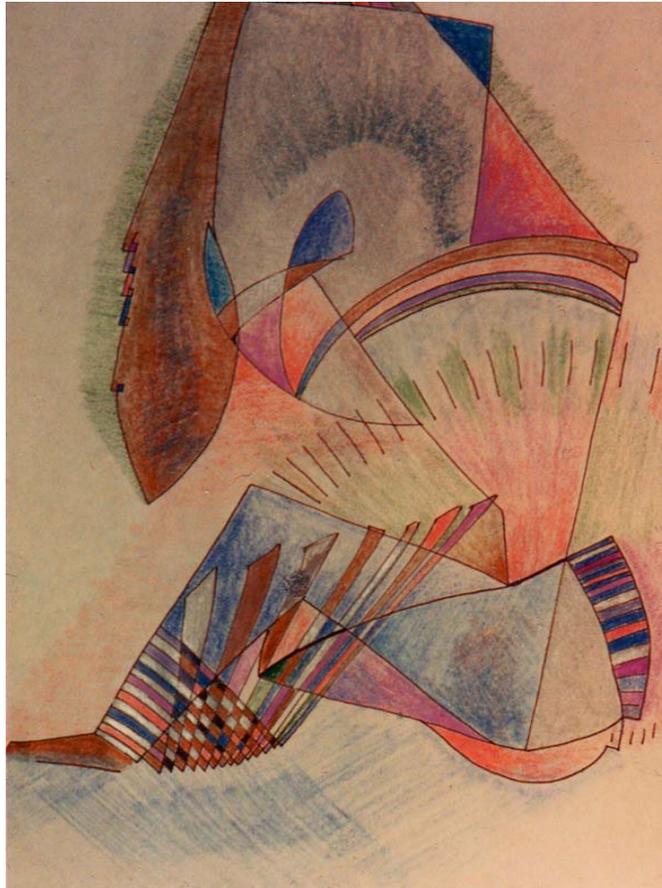
'Self'-determined'.

The self here moves into a verb, an active mode, determining itself.

It-self.

It, something that is identified yet not yet described. I am waiting for its description, its picture of its-self so that I can base some assumptions upon that picture, that image, that will help me not to have to re-invent 'my'-'self' each moment, exhausting me with this overwhelming constant demand. I cannot know 'my' 'self' without some navigational tools, such as assumptions I can rely on, even though I know these assumptions inevitably only allow me to see a portion of the picture. Or view it from a particular angle that naturally distorts.

I must come to terms with this predicament of distortion or partial view, leave my existential angst concerning this dilemma out of the picture for the time being, so that I can join the populace of the collective psyche and perhaps contribute some special little piece of interest to the world.



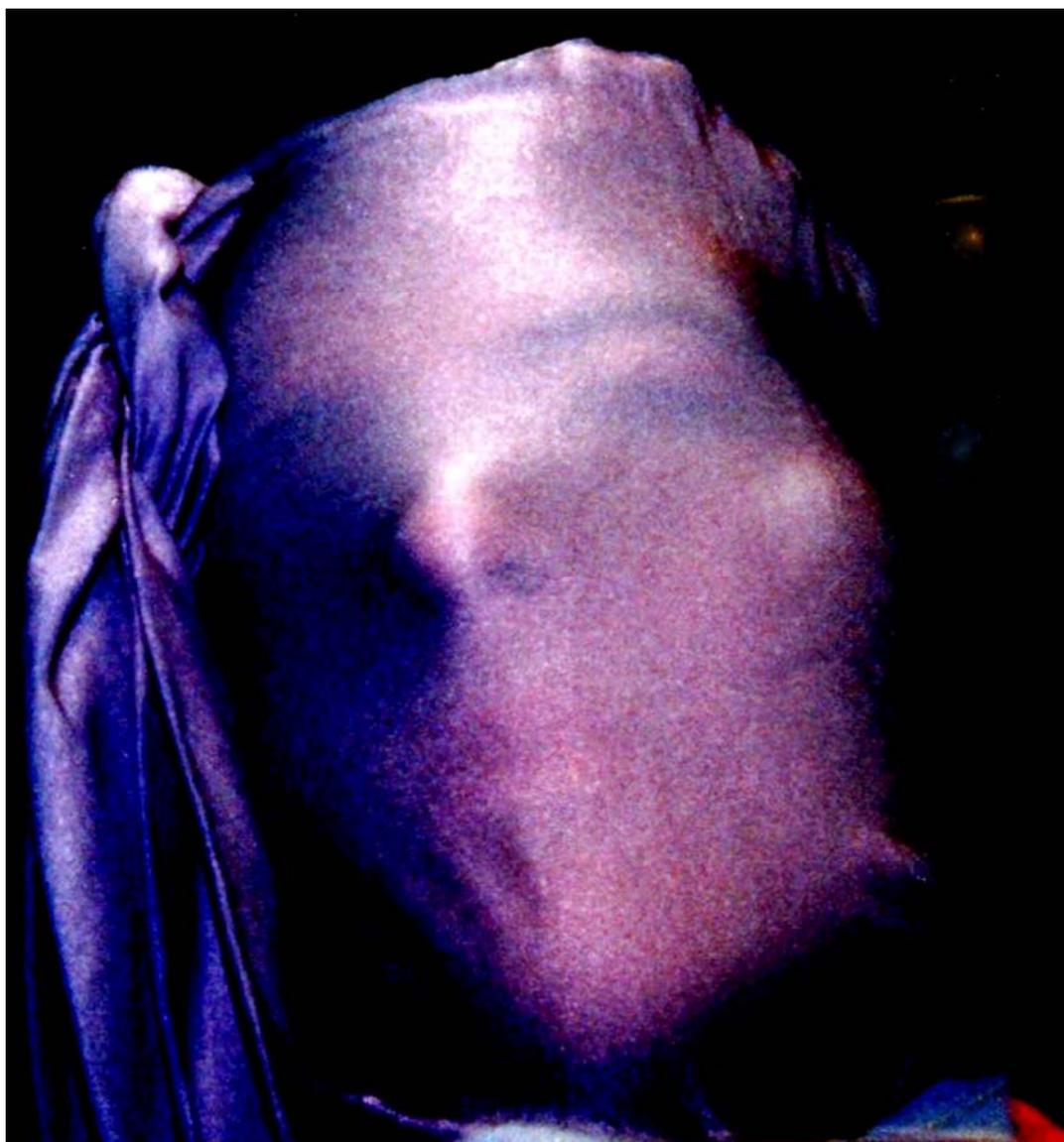
This is My Task

So this is my task. This is the task I set for 'my'-self: To collect all the jewels of the creatures that inhabit the imaginal space that I see between 'my'-self through the spiral lens, and create something from the offerings of these inner figures, as each is so eager to contribute its active perception made visible through the spiral lens. And give this back to the Mundus Imaginalis, the world of image: A breathing mythopoetic curriculum that diligently maps while traveling contours and spaces of autobiography; pathography; mythography through moments of poesies, performance, art, and story that dance in the diaphoric, bringing forth Presence, each and every act in this long "play" called life a precious facet of the many-sided jewel this journey is.

Here is a transition in my process from seeing myself simply as a way of seeing, to being a collector of jewels to pass on. I have moved from being a receptor to now

coming into recognizing what I have received and speaking the language of jewels:
“Flickers” glistening in the dark brought fully into view through the spiral lens.

3. The Call



The Call

I am taken into an imaginal journey of how my own illness, and consequent vision loss has acted as a metaphor for a lack of consciousness, the duration of the journey asking: How do both conditions act as a 'call' to deepen consciousness and expand awareness? And, how can art making and autobiographical inquiry (in this case partly a path-ography: a narrative of illness be potent responses to this 'call'? The emerging writing and images suggested that (my) health conditions *are* the rendering of a mythography, a lived curriculum. Mythography is the representation of myths, especially in the plastic arts. Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati is such a mythography and lived curriculum. As such it is an autopoiesis (self-creation) that is both autonomous as it is told by the Klein body, as well as intentional, taking Psyche's deeper intent signalled by the flickers of embodiment in the viscera and imagination. As a co-creation of the unconscious in partnership with consciousness, it has created its own tacit infrastructure supporting the realization of the mythopoetic dimension of experience.

Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati carries substantial elements that are the very details of an autobiographical inquiry, particularly the narrative that threads throughout the entirety of the dissertation and the art inhabiting a parallel stream of information and inspiration. The thread or threads, of the narrative are braided together with theory and practice informing and making up the fabric of a mythopoetic pedagogy that is primarily (and primordially) situated in the ongoing relationship between polarities. In the tension of opposites the imaginal becomes activated, and the practice of deep listening to Psyche's deeper intent becomes the key factor in a pedagogy that is the offspring of this inquiry. The movement from inquiry to curriculum, and back to inquiry in the dissertation generates the momentum of a spiral.

Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati has all the makings of mythopoeia both in its intimate details, the quiet secrets sitting in corners of rooms, and in the careful crafting of its aesthetic architecture. It houses stillnesses in movement and momentum in stillness. The art making and autobiographical inquiry—the living curriculum—is the core of my offerings as an educator and therapist as its substantiality (embodiment and reflection) has the capacity to move beyond the myth my/your experience is metaphorically mirroring. The de-literalizing of experience implies the necessity of seeing symbolically, seeing through, trusting the diaphoric aspect of the metaphor the myth is asking me and you reader (and the students and clients whom I work with), to probe more deeply by not

taking experience at face value. That is, not just at a conscious egoic level alone, but to listen to Psyche's autonomous imperative within any given experience asking: "What story am I telling myself about myself right now? What image am I in that is *having* me?" Assuming such a symbolic gaze that sees through the liminal space of the gaze between the conscious and unconscious itself, the 'my' and 'self' of myself, transcends the restrictions the myth appears to impose.

The autonomous life of Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati has engendered a Presence that has accompanied me through its insistent call and recall to the continuous signalling of Psyche through her rich, and sometimes terrifying embodiments in my being. I am always deeply moved and sometimes even comforted by this autonomous Presence beyond my control. I understand this Presence to be the reflexive listening and actively re-visioning itself continuously reminding me that I am never alone. Such a contradiction to my myth! This Presence often seems to come as if out of nowhere. But on reflection, I begin to understand it as being made possible through my willingness to engage the diaphoric imagination fully, while anchoring myself in the metaphor the mirroring of my experience is. Even with these capacities of full engagement and anchoring, I can only embark upon this mythopoetic journey if I am willing to set aside many things. What can you reader, set aside right now to embark on your own journey?

One of the most shocking, and enlightening, encounters we can have in life is with the autonomous unconscious assumptions we hold that, in turn, hold us. As I work with the "*prima material*" of paint, pain, paper, stories, theories and the movements of Psyche, everything becomes fluid, nothing fixed, and so a living curriculum becomes possible. In part, I have come to understand the wisdom of the curriculum that presents itself through the realization that my will, if not in accordance with Psyche's timing is impairing. I have been shaped over the years by this shifting, sometimes drifting curriculum that has naturally emerged from the many classes and workshops of art making I have facilitated, as well as in my own art practice, including playing with theory as if the concepts were the colours of my palette. Over time the art making, teaching and researching have become one and have carved me into whom I am becoming today, who I have been becoming for centuries within the archetypal narrative of humanity. It is not my own story I tell. Nor am I telling it on my own. My age, my aging, my era are all

informants of an alternate story in which the becoming is the way of being: the mythopoetic.

Age

Age carves us
into Who we
really are,
after all
our attempts to
be otherwise.

People often meet their destiny on the road they take to avoid it.

(French Proverb (Mirza, 2010, para. 6)

“The Guest House” by Rumi feels like an appropriate opening for the discussion of the above questions:

How do my/our health conditions act as a ‘call’ to deepen consciousness and expand awareness?

And, how can art making and autobiographical inquiry (in this case partly a path-ography: a narrative of illness) be potent responses to this ‘call’?

The Guest House (Rumi)

This being human is a guest house.
Every morning a new arrival.

A joy, a depression, a meanness,
some momentary awareness comes
as an unexpected visitor.

Welcome and entertain them all!
Even if they are a crowd of sorrows,
who violently sweep your house
empty of its furniture,
still, treat each guest honorably.
He may be clearing you out
for some new delight.

The dark thought, the shame, the malice,
meet them at the door laughing,
and invite them in.

Be grateful for whoever comes,
because each has been sent
as a guide from beyond.

(Rumi, 1998, p. 109)

“The Guest House” illustrates so beautifully the kind of personification I am very much akin to in my own inner creative work and in my art therapy and teaching practice. The epistemology of this practice, and hence its pedagogy, methodology and curriculum are informed by an inquiry into what has been held secret, what is concealed. My pedagogy is inherently what phenomenologically and ontologically is revealed through the embodiment of secrets and concealment within groups and individual sessions and the art making that *are* my practice. My curriculum spontaneously arises, much like the images of the unconscious, in the midst of the practice of teaching within the “dreamscape” of the inter-relational field of the group and its many “guests”. Secrets and concealments are revealed here symbolically through the actions of animated figures that have been personified.

Through their imaginal performances, these personifications enact the joy, depression, meanness and dark thoughts that present themselves in the dialogue of the conscious and unconscious of participants in a body-to-body encounter of flesh and paint. In the liminality of the creative process, in the theatre of Psyche, the personifications, like actors in a Shakespearean play reveal a deeper plot uncovering potent secrets that are the essential clues to understanding Psyche’s ulterior motive. Through the embodiment of the wounded story (if it is a tragedy), comes the way through and is exemplified beautifully by Hamlet’s words “through the indirect, find direction out” (Shakespeare, ed. Farnham, 1957, p.62).

Personification is the amplifying agent in Jung’s active imagination, or what Bosnak (2007), Dutch Jungian psychoanalyst, calls “embodied imagination” both of which bring to life the inner figures that appear in the psyche as symbols of archetypal processes for us to consider. I consistently ask my students and clients to engage and embody these “inner figures” through the art so that they might come into more direct relationship with them ironically through the indirect gaze of personification. In active or embodied imagination, perspectives of both that of the dream ego, as well any “others” that appear in the dreams/dreambody are explored. Through the personifying of these

archetypal processes, zooming in on them, so to speak, we are brought into contact and potential engagement with these energies that so much affect our lives. And, as the Greeks demonstrated in their mythology, we become the players of our destiny towards whatever fate has in store for us.

Personifying illuminates the details that are the compilation of the landscape and population of the mythography that in turn, generates the mythopoeia. This is the intent or “goal”, if such a term can be used within this fluid, ever-changing living curriculum. Mythopoetic inquiry and curriculum hold the purpose, the telos of acknowledging the presence of an archetypal story that lies beneath or beyond conscious thinking about oneself and the world: mythopoetically, the relationship between anima and anima mundi, intention and extension of consciousness and the unconscious.

Mythopoetic consciousness lives and knows all of the guests that come as guides to further deepen and expand consciousness, recognizing the crucial symbolic, metaphoric and diaphoric capacities of these imaginal guests.

The method of active/embodied imagination in which the conscious mind deliberately invites or invokes unconscious energies: those imaginal figures; guests; teachers; disturbers is often used therapeutically as well as creatively. The engagement of these guests from the unconscious manifests in dialogues of performative actions: movement; art making; voice; poetry and storytelling. Revelation of aspects of the myth living through me/you (as well as those of my students and clients in the art process groups and individual therapy sessions) become embodied in the creative process.

Revelations of the myth naturally include societal, gendered and different cultural mythologies that make up collective myths, which are the larger narratives the personal myth is embedded in: the assumptions we have that have us. In this approach, personal myths are not perceived as merely internal projections or only parts of the personality, the personal myth. The ‘I’ in the story *is* the most immediate expression of an archetypal pattern present in the morphic field. It offers accessibility, though initially through an identification with the archetypal material that later, can be magnified through the lens of personification and amplification through myths, literature and theatre which offer

collective embodiments of what might be mistaken as personal, idiosyncratic psychic phenomenon. From this perspective of the “I” portraying an archetypal motif, acting out a mythic theme, the images (the imaginal figures, the characters of the inner play) have their own autonomy and offerings. They are a collection of images together forming another image. This is the mythography to be explored and embodied.

Creating the space—a liminal one—and a *process* for engendering a receptivity and activation of this perspective of engagement with the guests of the unconscious through personification and embodiment in performative actions is a part of the core of my pedagogy. The combination of the spatial and performative elements of my pedagogy, then quite naturally lead to a coherent methodology that provides openings to liminal, imaginal spaces and inner figures that live in the mythopoetic. The pedagogical intent is pursued through the methodology of inviting the embodiments of pieces of the myth—the “I’s” and their stories and affects—living through my students and clients, as they reveal themselves through the body in the art making process. In this manner the pedagogy of this process has become a template, a curriculum for others to follow.

The activities or “steps” and “stops” that arise in the therapeutic and educational relationship bring previously autonomous unconscious forces (the secrets or concealments) into conscious play. Through the process of active/embodied imagination inner figures enter a field of awareness even as this field might seem like a dream. The ‘dream figures’ of the imagination move to the front of the stage, so to speak, and so one can see, hear and feel them more clearly. One may come to know their smell before they have even arrived; whiffs of unborn awarenesses. These “whiffs” are great opportunities to inquire into these characters’ particular roles and what dimension they offer to the theatre of Psyche, the mythopoetic narrative of the collective.

All conscious and unconscious players (myself as educator and therapist, including my invisible unconscious guests and those of my students and clients) may then be able to be acknowledged as important parts of the inter-relational field of experience. Here the players of the field offer a mythic mirror in which the actors of the myth play out their characters and roles through and in the body, and the environment. Also, what becomes evident is how this myth connects to themes and motifs in literature, fairytales, films and many forms of Western cultural expression. In this form of

amplification, understanding my/your (and my students' and clients') myth as a reflection of a collective mythological pattern or cultural text, lightens the feeling of being alone, or the tendency to pathologize oneself. I have seen how my students and clients have benefited from this contextualization of their own myths as an important thread in the weave of the human story, rather than think of their predicament as isolated, personal stories of failure or sickness. Viewing one's own myth as an essential thread in the cloth of humanity is the kind of vision made possible by looking through a spiral lens. This vision reflexively affects the viewer and what is seen just as body as Klein bottle reveals and *is* both inside and outside in a single moment.

Field Notes: Failure

I am interested in this notion of failure as I very much feel this happening randomly throughout my process of creating this large piece of work.

My mind wanders to the connection in the past: I failed to be healthy in my life. I failed to live up to the expectations I imagined my family had for me. I weep at that failure deep within the heart of the child complex as I feel the failure my mother and father felt in living up to their own or their parents' expectations.

What does it mean when we contemplate our failures? It means bringing the feelings of those failures into consciousness, not leaving them stuck in the realm of feeling, the constant feeling of failure with its message of 'not good enough', guaranteed failure before the process has even begun because the message is swaddled by the overwhelming and, therefore, reasserted feeling.

Learned failure without examination is an important issue in education and therapy.

What is a failure? How do we construct it? Can we deconstruct it? Can we simply see that it might be a misnamed trajectory that has not received any validation from places of authority in our lives: parents, siblings, peers, education? The narcissistic wound.

Can a failure be a creative opportunity, a “stop” that has not yet been considered — a baby yet to be conceived? A liminal space on the threshold of learning? An intention waiting to extend itself?

I'd like to hang out with failure for a while and see what its other face looks like. See what its true nature discloses to me as I turn my back on the internalized voice that has me failing before I have even begun. To move through it like moving through the mirror.

Maybe I was supposed to begin something else and my sense of failure is simply telling me that because what I want to do does not necessarily fit with what the school, family, heroic ego, status quo wants. Maybe what my heart of hearts yearns to do sneaks in its request via negativa, by offering me a sense of failure in the face of what is not so important to the soul. I am left with a self-doubt I dearly need to re-examine. Shall I turn around and face this inner figure, Failure?



You

An authentic mythopoetic curriculum holds a place at the table for failure, the wounded narrative, the wounding being the beginning and source of the myth that is the 'call' of the Self to be actualized. The re-cognition of the wound—the wounded parts of our story—as a central motif to almost any myth, including our/your own, is key to embarking upon a mythopoetic inquiry. It is the "I" we identify with that must come into the field of awareness of the primacy of the relationship with the wound as the aperture to the archetypal Self: the wounded part of the narrative that is symbolically pointing us in another direction. It is calling us through the voice of the victim. The words and images spiralling in and out of the wounded areas of our narrative are not detours, as much as they feel as such. Their callings are crucial in their role as guides through the very symptoms and difficulties they speak of. The symptoms and "issues" are the language of the wounded story, giving us details of the mythography to be mapped through their patterns of expression. The relationship to the wound is central to inner

work. It is what creates soul, soul not as entity but as spatial being, a process, a moment of poesis that brings forth a presence in relationship to the unconscious. It is the myth of woundedness and its language that mostly generates an embodied relationship with the unconscious, the wound acting as a portal as such. The wound unites us in our humanity and such a radical relationship to it is made possible through the practices of a mythopoetic inquiry and curriculum: deep democracy, archetypal activism and engagement of the diaphoric imagination.



Wounding

Ethically speaking, it seems imperative to work *with* the wound and its flickers as reflections of a hidden jewel instead of *from* it (identifying with it, colonizing it as “me”) if we choose to interrupt the ongoing wounding that we will inevitably maintain without this knowing. Here there is also a de-colonizing from the images of others (projection and projective identification). We wound and are wounded out of our own and others’

wounds. If I enact my wounded story literally rather than symbolically the story will maim me and others in its path. If I meet the wounded narrative with an equal force of creativity, at least I have a chance of enabling the narrative to become a place of humanity as well as an offering, a richness of the archetypal to the personal. This is how the wound leads us into a mythopoesis that is indigenous to ourselves. Viewing the wound through the spiral lens that is metamorphosing in the body as Klein bottle, I experience my myth as necessary, as a visceral and epistemological contribution to the collective mythopoeia of moving from the literal to the symbolic. I have witnessed many times when clients and students come to this knowing and make an archetypal move from the role of victim into a more deeply human perspective of knowing both sides of the unfolding archetypal dynamic of polarities: victim/perpetrator for example. This is an archetypal shift from victim to wounded healer.

Here are some suggestions proposed in my work as therapist and educator in groups and individual sessions for working with the wound:

1. Listen to the wounded story as you would the breaths of a maimed animal. You must come gently and close to do this.
2. Acknowledge the wound as crucial, perhaps the deepest part of ourselves as human.
3. Watch when you are operating out of the wound, enacting the wounded part of the story, thus continuing the wounding again and again unconsciously.
4. Understand that false selves arise in relation to the wound, the grandiose or limited scripts you adopt to get through the day. Recognize that they are reactive and unconscious—complexes, in Jung's language. If they remain unconscious they will be autonomous, outside your will or ethics and will not serve the archetypal Self—wholeness and self-actualization. These false selves/stories being reactions to the wound are often polarized: inflation or deflation. The complexes have no ethics. They will kill to survive.

5. The false selves and their tales' original intent was to help or protect you. But now they need to be in service of the Self not the ego (self interest). This is not altruism but wisdom. The false selves need guidance to grow out of their immaturity—need a broader perspective of what life is. We need to provide this.
6. Work with the relationship to the wound by noting, experiencing the affects (feelings, body states etc) and effects (stories we tell ourselves, behaviours, outcomes etc.) of false selves/stories. What roles do these false selves play in the havoc of your life? See that they interfere with authenticity and self-actualization of yourself and those around you—the world?
7. Soul as process, space, relationship to the unconscious can become spacious the more the relationship to the wound has been tended.

Feeling wounded or being a wounder (we are always both) is a clue that this relationship needs tending, deep tending and that the wound needs to find a place to be in your life so that you can take care of it for yourself, and others' sake. The wound is looking for a home, or hospice where all its needs can be provided for, so that its authentic power, its original intent *plus* all the consciousness it has raised can be released and/or harnessed. This is how the wounded story has fulfilled its role in our human drama.

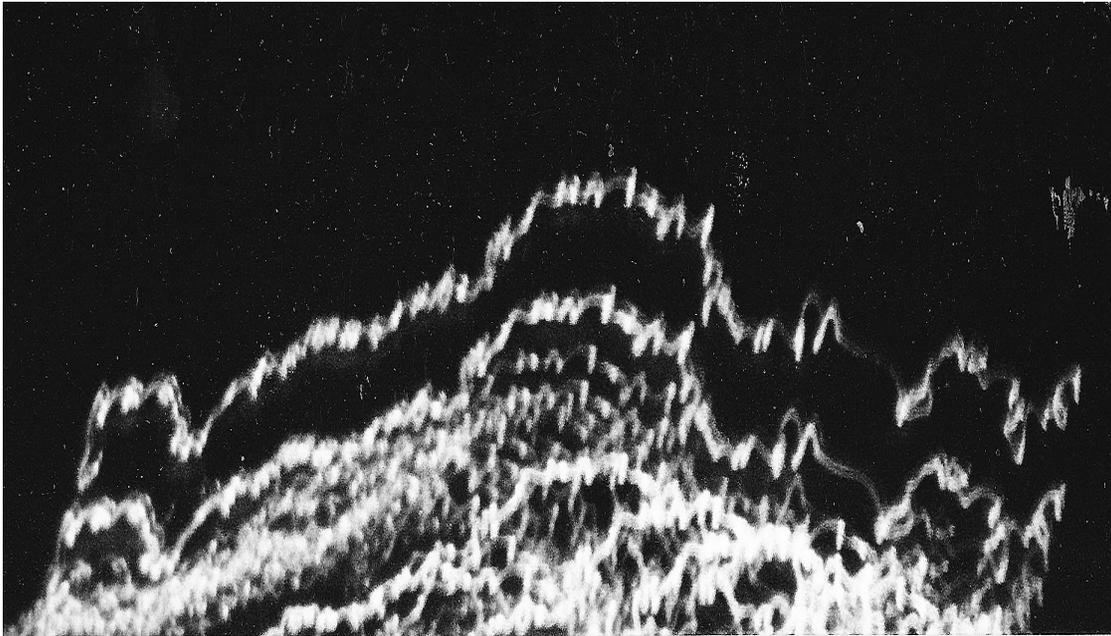
In some of the classes I have facilitated, particularly in one course called “The Authentic Self and the False Selves” we worked on the beginnings, perhaps the foundation of building this place, this home for the wound and invited in all the guests to assist in this process, referring back to Rumi’s “The Guest House”. An Open House. It is important however, in this wound-work that it is the embodied, imaginal ego—the archetypal ego who lives in dreams and creativity without dissociating from consensus reality—that becomes the shape-shifter. She is the liminal figure who *is* the subject/object of the archetypal journeying in active imagination. She has been present in the Klein body of human viscera all along. It is the archetypal, imaginal ego who has the capacity to come close to the edge of the wound. She knows instinctively how to fully dwell in the inside/outside of the personal and collective body as Klein bottle, as it painfully morphs into the spiral lens, seeing and being beyond dualities the diaphoric that is just around the corner offers. Having this “twin” vision of the imaginal ego, who like the

lucid dream ego, does not experience moving towards the wound as if it were tipping on the edge of an abyss.

Without the imaginal ego, who *is* the lucid dreamer in our waking life, it is difficult to see symbolically and engage the inner figures of our psyche. Not seeing imaginal figures that embody archetypes/myths other than the heroic, is to remain unconscious. I remain in the dark, blind to my own potential for consciousness. Not engaging with the imaginal 'other' is to not consciously partake of the shaping of my destiny, and the destiny of others. Not utilizing the process of active/embodied imagination—the pedagogy of personification—as a means of 'getting to know' the 'others' within, I take these 'others' instead to be simply mysterious, unexplored, unexplainable aspects of myself.

Or I project them onto other people. I mistake my moods, feelings, thoughts or images as a secret language my conscious mind cannot read and so miss the mythopoetic dimension these 'moods' are pointing to: the implicit archetypal narrative my myth is a mirror of. I don't see through the signals to the underlying story the moods are trying to draw to my attention. I overlook the diaphoric moment that might be flickering the light of a thousand mirrors of possibilities. If I miss the 'call', I am not taking care of my duties as mythographer and ultimately not taking up the mythopoetic inquiry. As archetypal activist it is my task to collect important cues from the flickering nature of the theatre of the collective psyche. Hearing the "call" through my body as Klein bottle as it strains to become the spiral lens, brings me closer to apprehending the importance of discerning suffering as part of the carving of destiny.

If I miss the "call" I will not be adhering to the ethics of my pedagogy and my methodology will be misleading. "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man" (Shakespeare, n.d.). I will not be a worthy or competent therapist or educator if I do not catch the cues that are available in the intrapsychic and inter-relational field which become evident through the diaphoric imagination. These cues, the flickers, smells then remain undifferentiated blurs of 'happenings' in my being; they remain dormant, secrets, concealed information of unborn awarenesses my symptoms are carrying for me.



Flickers

Inactive, impaired by my lack of recognizing these inner figures, presences as archetypal, I am unable to hear the 'call' of my destiny; the call of Psyche/soul to express Herself; to give form to Her very being; to show Her deeper intent; Her ulteriority. If I remain blind to my own complexes, treating them as stone babies I am immune to due to their calcification in my unconscious, I remain cut off from my own depths and richness of the archetypal realm, the depths that may contain gifts for myself and others. I will be unable to expand my awareness and move beyond the limited image I have of myself: I will not be able to move from *how I see myself* and *how I think of myself*, to *seeing myself as a way of seeing*: seeing the image of myself as simply one way of seeing,

It is my task to take up the cues and embody them in a less destructive, more creative manner. Let the visceral Klein bottle do its alchemical work. If I cannot engage these cues they will remain stuck and keep recycling in my system and the collective until I understand my/their role in this mythopoetic journey and inquiry. The practice of mythopoetic inquiry guides the soul back to seeing itself in resonant images (art) that hold soul even through the colonization of self in trauma. The resonating soul-images, Psyche's flickerings lead the practitioner to a sense of Presence through consciously

encountering other presences on the journey of inquiry. The Presence is the overarching vision (vision-maker) that sees the whole of one's life. It is the spiral lens crafted through the suffering of the personal and collective Klein body in its metamorphosis that brings the perspective and perception of Presence into one's being.

To deepen the apprehension of Presence, I must ask myself:

How Do I Move Through Time?

Do I slice through it, splice it together, chop it up into small, manageable pieces, or sail into it like a graceful schooner?



Who Am I in Relation to Time

Field Notes: Time

I tell the time. I look at my watch when someone asks me, "Do you have the time?" Or when I have an appointment. I also tell the time, or rather, can tell the time as it passes only through the shifting of my own experience.

"How do I move through time?" might then be rephrased as: How do I move through my own experience, the many manifold aspects of Psyche—my psyche, the Psyche of the world, anima mundi, soul?

How do I move through my own soul?

Do I move 'through' it at all? Does the soul know time? I hear my watch ticking on my wrist resting on this piece of paper. It's almost time to go to class to spend an hour or so on the bus. Spending time with other wet people I don't know. It's raining. Each drop of wetness holds a moment.

How many moments do I hold, or moments that hold me? And how many do I just let slip by, not acknowledging them, not even noticing them? Like a rude host who takes the time to honour only the prestigious guests who have arrived at Psyche's threshold, ignoring the uninvited visitors and shunning, even, the less desirable ones. How does moving through time in this manner influence my experience and the world around me?

And yet, I find myself often doing the tango with these undesirable ones, cemented to these uncomfortable moments I would prefer to avoid. I become locked inside their seeming immobility even though I know that no moment is without its movement, that no moment actually has even the capacity to remain static or singular.

Field Notes: Deep Time

I have come across this interesting sensibility as of late, of time getting deeper as I age, dropping beneath my feet. Often time is thought of so literally, as if it is a line we are attached to throughout life; an umbilical cord left uncut. At first it's a long line; then a medium line, then a short one. It is a thin anorexic line: an unfed perspective. But these days I experience time as deep, unfathomably deep as it drops me into the earth, and soars up far beyond my comprehension simultaneously.



Dancing the Time Line

I feel time's verticality, its multidimensionality as if for the first time. Time is intimate, swelling; outrageous so how could it possibly fit on this 'line' we consider our 'time line'?

How is it I come to know this? I know this from the stories I hold within that are holding me. These stories have been telling me tales. Tales of deep time, some say a timelessness that myth holds. But this notion removes me somehow. I would like to go back to the sensation of full immersion in deep time: steeped in time with all the minute details of what is going on and at the same time knowing the origins of those details as does the Klein body implicitly. These particulars are the pieces that make the myth. The myth is the story that is then lifted out of the literal and into the literary through the process of mythopoesis:

situations where meanings of mythical accounts had been re-visioned, the original literal tellings of myths and stories transformed into symbolically new versions.

(Doty, 2000, p. 20)

Deep time is necessary for the practice of my curriculum. Deep time is the intention and extension of this mythopoetic curriculum, its centre and periphery, content and process. It is the place/time the spiral lens is crafted.

In my practice as artist, educator, therapist and researcher—where I am engaging the creative process on my own, or with a client in individual sessions, or in a group setting—an immediate intimacy takes hold that is both vast and intricate in nature. This is the sensibility of deep time in which participants, conscious or unconscious, enter the liminality or temenos, the living currere that is much like a dreamscape. In this dreamscape opens a field of possibilities that cannot be anticipated. “Guests” from the unconscious—including the ancestors—show up in this field and become active participants that generate the energy and dynamics of the story the dialogue of the conscious and unconscious is telling: stories transformed into symbolically new versions through the diaphoric imagination where knowledge comes about in the unknown. Different kinds of stories that are a quantum leap from the original literal tellings emerge. The “guests”, now active participants often become embodied in the art, sometimes as personifications of deeper archetypal forces present in the field surprising clients, students and my-self as facilitator in their diaphoric appearance.

Personification, as metaphor relies on the diaphoric aspect of metaphor that draws on the automation of the unconscious in its ability to make a creative, quantum leap beyond simpler mental associations. In this leap from one dimension of consciousness to another, previously unrecognized, “guests” become embodied, personified players in the field of possibilities: dreamers in the dreamscape releasing the true character or nature of the myth being lived. Full immersion in deep time naturally stimulates a diaphoric consciousness that is essential to a mythopoeia that *is* the quantum leap from a sense of isolation and irrelevance the restriction of the old anorectic time line holds us to. The following performative inquiry assisted me in releasing myself from the literal happenings of the past.

After a long time I finally leave.

I can do this because:

We are never never alone
we are filled with others' ideas, images, genes, genres, dreams
our whole being is based on 'other'.
we are made up of thousands of pieces of 'other'

the thousands of “flickers” specifically arranged to compose 'us'
a memory, dream, inspiration is never without
this 'other' that amuses, irritates, loves or hates us
we are never without all of these songs of others in our throats
they sing through us in our own particular unique voice, our song

I am born from other and die into other.



After a Long Time I



After a Long Time II



After a Long Time III



After a Long Time IV

The above photographs were taken at another time but in the same place. This space between time and place opened a liminal field for my psyche to roam. I had the uncanny opportunity to re-enter the last living quarters I had dwelled in with my partner in Canada before we moved to Japan for several years.

A friend of my sister's was going on a trip. She asked me to water her plants while she was gone. She happened to live in the very same apartment I had left so many years earlier. I took my best friend, the camera, with me with a 'let's see what happens' notion, having nothing particular in mind.

I spent many hours over several days listening to the walls, walking the long hallway, standing in doorways I had walked through so many times, so long ago, thresholds I was not conscious of at the time. I let my body become a large ear, big

enough to hear the ghosts of time past, their resonances palpable. I was no longer in the partnership and yet here, in these rooms, these thresholds of the past, I could feel the remains of the relationship; its old smell asking to be breathed in; asking to be brought into the present, asking to be dropped into deep time.

Many signs indicate that the future enters us in this way in order to be transformed in us, long before it happens... We could easily be made to believe that nothing happened, and yet we have changed, as a house that a guest has entered changes.

(Rilke. 1904, p. 63)

In my group work I often ask participants what future might be coming into you through these marks that appear in front of you now after having opened yourself to their significance? The spiral lens is secretly shaping itself in the body as Klein bottle as flesh sharpens into crystal lens.

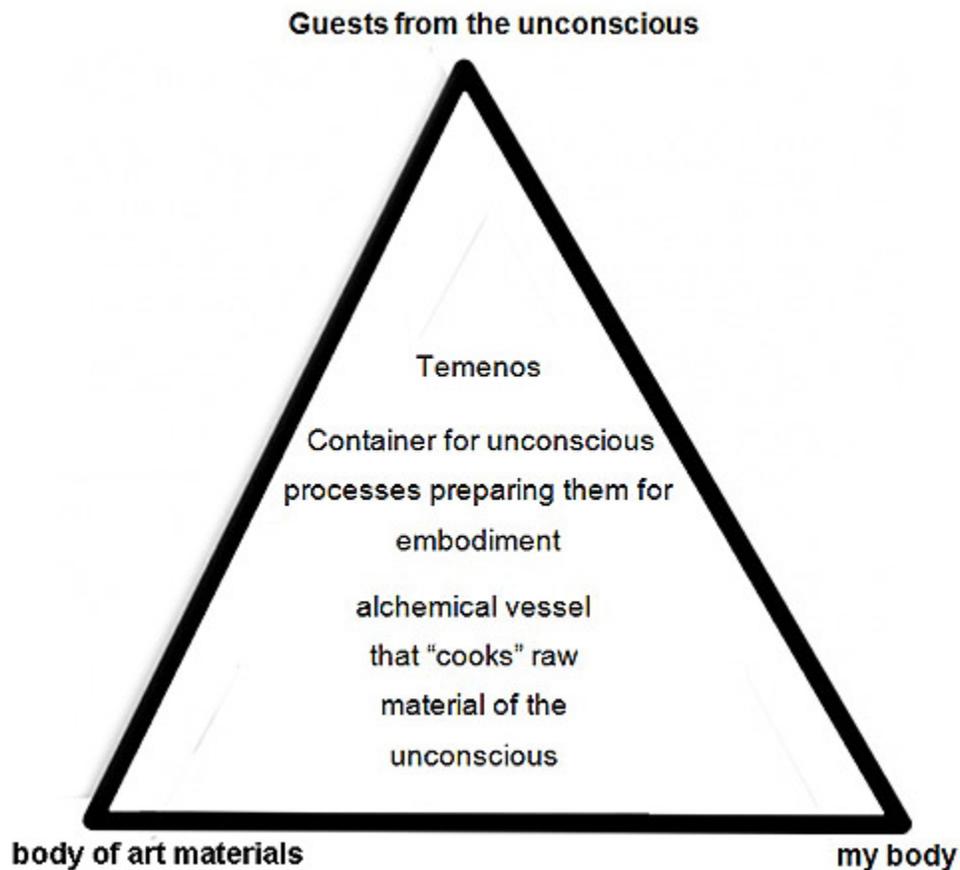
I put my camera to work. It worked without me. It stood on its own in those inner spaces seizing its autonomy, offering its own perspective without me backing it, standing behind it directing its gaze. So I was free to wander through space, into the liminal in whatever way my Klein body wanted. I entered the past (the liminal knows no past or future. It lives in deep time just as the spiral lens sees and offers all time). I stepped in, like Psyche, as soul does, subjectively, embodying now what were just floating memories, silenced wounds. I wanted to see, be with this past, this old story trying desperately to come to its conclusion. I wanted to be the guest that changes the house. There was no plan, no direction. No desired outcome. It was only the three of us: the room, the camera and my movements. The camera opened up the liminal and so I was able to enter the past through the aperture of this liminal space between time and place. I was finally able to leave. After a Long Time.

The figure in the images, an imaginal figure, knew what I did not. She knew I had to leave this place. And she knew how. The figure entered my body; she was my body in its Klein body nature and directed me to complete a process I was unable to think my way through. I had been unable to move through these spaces, this process on my own. I needed this guest, this guide, to show me. I needed my own art making process as a vehicle to pass through a void that I could, previous to those moments, not navigate. It

was imperative that my 'mind' not know what I was doing otherwise its assumed autonomy would not allow room for the imaginal figures to emerge as guides. The art as liminal here offers an entry into deep time activating the practices of deep democracy; archetypal activism; diaphoric imagination, such important steps in a mythopoetic inquiry.

In my own art making process, as well as that of my clients and students, I have witnessed the emergence of these imaginal figures, these "guests" and their uncanny manoeuvres. Once they have shown themselves, uncovered their presence from the blanket of unconsciousness, they can be engaged. In the practice of active/embodied imagination, I ask my students: "How does this guest affect you? How does your body feel when you are face to face with this 'other' entity, as if you are meeting a person for the first time? What is your gut reaction? Then what happens? Where do your eyes/feelings go? Is there something you would like to ask this figure? Is there something it wants from you? How does this figure feel/see? What is it doing? What gifts does it bring to you, its host? Who do you become in its presence? " The imaginal figure in the above images embodied the archetypal activist who gave me the gift of being able to leave. **Move on and to morph.**

Diagrammatically I see this process as a triangle. It is a triangular relationship or relationality of places and processes:



Embodied, these unconscious processes have resonance and create presence(s) we can connect to and learn from. Left as dis-membered, undifferentiated forces—wild cards in a sense—these processes (“guests”) wander off and become reactive, resistant, or ignorant to the possibility of relationship. The above structure of the alchemical vessel that cooks the future that has already entered us via the “guests” suggests that we can have a creative relationship to the previously unacknowledged “guests”, as they have become manifest through their direct and immediate relating body-to-body—the body of

the art materials and our bodies, trans-formed in the mythopoetic space where symbolic seeing and meeting take place in the space-in-between the guests from the unconscious; the body of the art materials; and my body. This is the workplace, the currere of the mythographer, the archetypal activist, the place of mythopoesis. It is the world of the embodied imaginal ego who knows herself to be the subject and object of experience in which the self becomes a *process*, an alchemical Klein bottle rather than a fixed centre of identity. The transformative capacity of the body is where intention and extension are part of the same movement. Here the body of the mythographer is the Klein bottle morphing into a spiral lens: the active perceiving and revealing inside and outside simultaneously, metabolizing experience in an alchemical crystallizing process which transforms experience into the fine glass of the spiral lens that sees....which then reflexively bends back and transforms viscera and vision.

Intuitively my body (a Klein bottle) was moving through the imaginal space in the above photographs perceiving and revealing the past as it was now being presented through the spiral lens for a re-viewing. These subtle transitions in the unconscious became the process that took me out of a fixed, calcified relationship to an aspect of my past. Accessing the Klein bottle's innate capacities, I opened myself to the myth as it was embodied in me, and in that moment I stepped into the diaphoric imagination which immediately took hold and broke the spell of the complex that had gripped me for so long, previously unacknowledged except through its effect: moods, symptoms and a certain paralysis I had no control of. It was as if I was giving birth to a stone baby that had to come out after so many years inside my viscera.

The imaginal performance of the embodied inner figure in the above photographs marked the entry and extension into the liminal that cracked the calcium crust of the stone baby and opened the possibility of seeing into and through the bleakness of these moods via a re-viewing through the spiral lens. This mythopoetic performance brought a subtle momentum into the paralysis, a stirring both of the ancients *and* the future coming into me through the voices of the past, the ancient ones lamenting, asking me, pleading with me to tell their stories so that we could **move on, morphing together into the future embedded in the moment**. The baby entombed in my own body needed to be mourned, cried the old souls. I ask the reader if you might have your own stone baby the ancients are asking you to mourn: something you have not been able to give birth to.

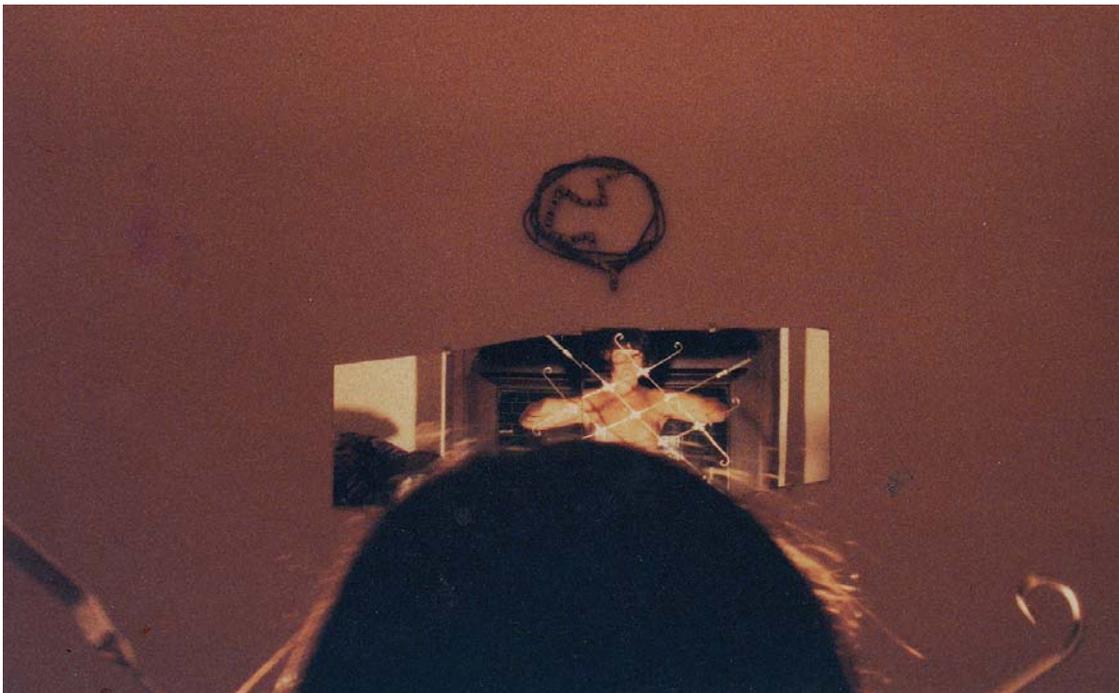
The illumination and animation of the extension of the future (guests), being present in the past (myth) in the example above, revealed the outlines of a complex deeply buried in these unread moods and symptoms Psyche was speaking to me through. Long unopened letters from the archetypal guests of the ancestors now speaking directly from the past in the present,

In this imaginal, mythopoetic liminality as imaginal ego, as mythographer and archetypal activist I can see myself beyond my previous self-inquiry:

Am I how I see myself?

Am I how I think of myself?

Because the symbolic always points to what is beyond itself (the diaphoric aspect of metaphor), the above questions mythopoetically moved towards a more fluid, creative transformative question proposed near the beginning of this chapter. But before I come to this perhaps premature conclusion I must continue a while yet with my inquiry of “Am I how I see myself”?



Am I How I see Myself

Moving beyond limited and limiting questions, with the assistance of the now embodied inner figure (body as Klein bottle), I can dis-identify from oppressive images of myself by seeing them hermeneutically through the spiral lens. The practice of deep democracy allowed me to include the guests of my moods and firstly say “yes” to their wounding and woundedness. Then I asked them to step aside to make room for a new kind of “yes” to what they are diaphorically, symbolically pointing to: the future coming into me as Rilke suggested. Then I was able to leave the relationship whose remnants slept in the walls of the apartment I visited, these remnants still clinging to my sense of self that was really a self-absence, a blackness.

Now I could take possession of these remnants and take responsibility for them, mourn them, care for them like lost children and let them grow up, receive new meaning from them and heal their wounded story. Even though there may be repeated regressions/aggressions in this stepping in and out, in and out of awareness (losing this new-found vision), the mythopoetic inquiry continues to ask: *Am I myself simply a way of seeing?* I can see myself as part of the experience I am at the same time observing (inside and outside in the body as Klein bottle). And so I move through and into myself and my experience in mythic time, in mythopoetic space, a timeless traveler in deep time. This way of seeing/being, which emerges in mythopoetic spaces such as art making and psychoanalysis, offer the possibility of transformation. Jungian analyst and author Maffei (2010) suggests:

Time in psychoanalysis has very special characteristics which could be compared to historical time, provided that we conceive of this as mediation between the time of the world (physical and biographical) and the time of the subject who, integrating the legacy of past and present experiences, takes possession of them to give them meaning... build their own intermediate time, which unites with the time of the others in the inner rhythm of desire and then is the product of an original creation.

(Maffei (2010) p. 115)

A temporal sense of the unconscious can indeed be what making art creates, inviting in the traces, the imaginal figures and processes, and allowing them to do their work: embodied in the body of the paint, paper, movement, voice etcetera. Similar to dreaming activities, this is what happened for me in my ‘visit’ to my past, the past now

visiting me in a new way as fully experienced in the Klein body with the assistance of the spiral lens bringing a re-visioned, living interpretation into the picture.

The art contains the past, the present, and the future, the conscious and the unconscious. Art making creates an intermediate or liminal time in which the concrete piece of art work emerges into the world; it is embodied at the same time the image begins to take on conscious meaning (through the spiral lens). "Image and meaning are identical. As the first takes shape so the latter becomes clear" (Jung, 1960, p. 204). Embodiment is form *and* presence; it is a presence that affects and hence has a symbolic function that points to something beyond itself that is calling me through the medium of the symbolic. The embodiment (as form and presence) that occurs in art making, is the bridge between desire and creativity—the ephemeral and the concrete—the imaginal figure can cross. I see the traces Maffei (2010) is writing about as moods fogging the underlying intent of Psyche, blurring the spiral lens. I am lost in the mood/symptom unless I am able to personify them, and hence, reveal the imaginal figures the moods are concealing. The spiral lens crystallizes their purpose to me.

If these moods are subjected to the lack of the temporal sense of the unconscious, and left aimlessly floating in the unconscious, they manifest as symptoms. However, they can now be brought to a mythopoetic field awareness through the art by its natural ability to amplify and personify: embody. Through this amplification, these "traces", like initial sketches, can be coloured in, fleshed out and embodied with consciousness, finding order and meaning in the universe through the use of poetry and myth. This perspective is the mythopoetic view of transformative learning (Mezirow (1991), Cranton (1994) and Dirkx, J.M., Mezirow, 2006). It is the perspective offered by the spiral lens as it has been birthed through the body as Klein bottle, sometimes a painful birth indeed.

The mythopoetic view relies on images and symbols, the language of poetry. In this sense, this view complements the idea of perspective transformation as described by Mezirow (1991), Cranton (1994) and Dirkx, J.M., Mezirow, J., & Cranton, P. (2006). From the mythopoetic perspective, transformative learning in the body as alchemical Klein bottle does not take one back to the life of the mind, as might be found with analysis, but to soul. Here the focus is on images which are symbolic of powerful motifs

that represent, at an unconscious level, deep-seated emotional or spiritual issues and concerns.

These concerns are often initially expressed through the questions posed previously in this chapter:

Am I how I see myself?

Am I how I think of myself?

Am I simply a way of seeing?

Translated into a lived curriculum, these questions form an inquiry that can take place within the temenos, the space-in-between the guests from the unconscious, the body of the art materials; and my body, the currere and workplace of the mythographer, the archetypal activist; the place of mythopoesis. This alchemical vessel and container of unconscious processes is gestating the story the body is trying to tell, the same story the ancients are requesting be seen through the spiral lens to reveal its profound significance. Becoming visible is a radical act, an archetypal one.

Field Notes of the Interior:

My body is telling me a sad tale these days. It's a story I know so well, like the familiar fairy tale I listened to as a child. I know every piece and pattern of the dynamic and the tale's tragic end. By heart.

My body knows this story inside out. It thinks it is the story. The symptoms have full paragraphs. The episodes are complete chapters. The cycling and re-cycling of the themes are like the fairy tale being read over and over again, memorized. In the body. Even though the story is known by heart, the body is compelled to repeat it. Repeat it like a drum song that uses bones as drum sticks, pounding, beating the rhythm so I will never forget it. Never get it out of my bones.

Can I learn to listen to this song, this story in a new way? Stop its vibrating my being to its beat? It is so painful each time I hear it. I feel it really is me. I think it is me. I believe it to be me. Am I how I see myself?

Am I how I think of myself?

I am a prisoner inside this story/song. I have forgotten all the other stories and songs I learned as a child, as a dreamer, as an investigator of the imaginal, as mythographer.

This strange lullaby lures me into unconsciousness like Sleeping Beauty waiting for her Prince's kiss, waiting to be awoken. Sleeping Beauty remains unconscious for a long time. She is waiting for "After a Long Time".

The symptoms my body is using as words, as its language are wanting to tell my story for me. They are trying, in their own language, to tell the tale to me, as if I were the child listening to the fairy tale again.

To date I have believed the sad tale the symptoms seem to be telling me on face value, forgetting that they are pointing to something beyond themselves. Like a child, completely rebelling and denying the story the symptoms hold, I have been blind to the underlying mythic tale that is moving through me; I am caught in a spell heartbroken that I cannot find the way, the secret language to break the spell. So again, I must dive into the inquiry and see what comes up. I return to the autonomous images flickering through my being, illuminating the way if even for a split second through the powerful motifs of deep-seated emotional or spiritual concerns the unconscious is flashing at me. I return to the notion that the images love me, so I am welcome to enter their midst in the temenos of this mythopoetic inquiry.



P.S. I Love You I



P.S. I Love You II



P. S. I Love You III



P.S. I Love You IV



P.S. I Love You V

I am falling for the images.

The symptoms lie in wait for me. They are relentless and span decades, eons. They are like coprolites (fossilized feces) deep inside my psyche. Because they have become fossilized, similar in form to the stone baby in its calcification, these symptoms have been prevented from participating in the natural cycle of decay and composting for new life, for the future wanting to come into me through them to begin the mythopoetic dance. They are the ancient forms left by the projective identifications that have shaped my myth, the unlive lives/dreams of the ancients. Projective identifications are characterized through a modality that is simultaneously active, unconscious and discrete. In other words, my symptoms actively, though unconsciously bring about particular changes in the state of the 'other'—and in this case I am proposing the 'other'

is me. From my conscious awareness, the effect of this type of 'communication' from my body is a sudden change in my general state—a sense of passivity and coercion and a change in the state of my consciousness.

Every state of mind has meaning. This altered consciousness ranges from what I believe could be an almost automatic repetition of a relational script (an unconscious relational pattern based on physiological survival reactions); to a moderate or serious contraction of the field of my attention; to full-fledged changes in my sense of self. "We know that altered states of consciousness cause a change in perception, a change in perception results in a change in an individual's reality" (Bancroft, 2011, p. 112). Experiencing blindness—no visual cues from the world—pulled me deep into vortices of previously suppressed pre-verbal material of the unconscious. Images with no actual correspondence in an outer reality swallowed me whole into primordial states of terror which ironically, also opened the gates to the archetypal realm of the collective unconscious, particularly the collective Shadow where experience of self lies beyond the personal and an encounter with the numinous is immanent. No amount of will (ego) could protect me from this deeply mythic landscape where a new kind of navigating was waiting to become embodied in me.

Ciminol and Correale (2004), psychoanalysts and researchers, propose the theory that this type of communication from the body, a communication from 'other' than self, which is the archetypal, can come about through the emergence of traumatic contents of experiences from the non-conscious (non-declarative, implicit) memory, a communication not based on will. These contents belong to a pre-symbolic and pre-representative area of the mind. They are made of inert fragments (*coprolites*) of psychic material that are felt rather than thought which can be viewed as a kind of *writing to be completed*.

These pieces of psychic material are the expression of traumatic experiences—not just of my own, but those of the ancients, the archetype of trauma itself—that in turns exercises a traumatic effect on me, inducing an altered state of consciousness. Such

personal and archetypal material should be understood as belonging to an unrepressed unconscious, a “morphic resonance”⁴² (Sheldrake, 2005).

In his intriguing book, “The Presence of the Past”, Cambridge biologist Rupert Sheldrake (2005) lays out evidence and research in support of his controversial theory of morphic resonance and explores its far-reaching implications in the fields of biology, chemistry, physics, psychology, and sociology. Sheldrake explains how self-organizing systems, from crystals to human societies, share collective memories that influence their form and behavior. In his research he proposes that nature is not ruled by fixed laws but by habits and collective memories: “The morphic fields of mental activity are not confined to the insides of our heads. They extend far beyond our brain though intention and attention” (Sheldrake, 2005, p. 108). And I would like to add extension, in the sense of how extension is presented in this dissertation as the momentum of Psyche’s ulterior motive towards full and conscious embodiment in intimate relationship with the unconscious.

We are already familiar with the idea of fields extending beyond the material objects in which they are rooted: magnetic fields extend beyond the surfaces of magnets; the earth’s gravitational field extends far beyond the surface of the earth, keeping the moon in its orbit. Likewise, the fields of our minds extend far beyond our brains.

(Sheldrake, 2005, p. 108)

Sheldrake’s findings are significant for mythopoetic inquiry, as they invite an understanding that personal and archetypal material from an unrepressed unconscious may in fact, be material transmitted through morphic resonances which are extending into personal and collective experience, being a part of shaping the world and how we

⁴² “Morphic resonance is a process whereby self-organising systems inherit a memory from previous similar systems. In its most general formulation, morphic resonance means that the so-called laws of nature are more like habits. The hypothesis of morphic resonance also leads to a radically new interpretation of memory storage in the brain and of biological inheritance. Memory need not be stored in material traces inside brains, which are more like TV receivers than video recorders, tuning into influences from the past. And biological inheritance need not all be coded in the genes, or in epigenetic modifications of the genes; much of it depends on morphic resonance from previous members of the species. Thus each individual inherits a collective memory from past members of the species, and also contributes to the collective memory, affecting other members of the species in the future” (Sheldrake, 2008, p. 108).

live in it. The Klein body knows this without words. She is picking up the resonances as important energies to harness in the shaping of the spiral lens.

In *Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati*, I am suggesting that pieces of psychic material that are expressions of traumatic experiences—not just of my own, but those of the ancients, the archetype of trauma itself—are morphic resonances that have become fossilized and fragmented, inherited memory from previous similar self-organizing systems, calcified so as not to threaten the life of the mother. I would further like to propose these fragments as having, in this particular autobiographical inquiry, been experienced as something taken away, lost or surrendered. They present themselves through the Klein body so that they might eventually be seen by the spiral lens and be properly mourned. In the natural rhythms offered by Mother Nature, the cycles of death and elimination towards new life are asking to be respected.

The presences behind the morphic resonances are asking to be given new form through the creative process. In the liminal space of the creative, these fragments/resonances can be transformed through the life-death-rebirth archetype and in turn, transform me/you so that the future that has entered through them, as seeds, can now be re-seeded, re-embodied in the ground of the alchemical process of the mythopoetic inquiry and nurtured in the mythopoetic curriculum. As *temenos* or archetypal vessel, the mythopoetic inquiry itself becomes the *coniunctio* of *anima* (life force) and *anima mundi* (inherent interconnectivity) that allows the restoration of what has been lost to take place in mythic time.

Like cooking a soup on the low burner all day, filling the home with the smell of carefully cut ingredients, the act of restoring is an act of love (*eros*) and respect (*ethos*). If I understand that the coprolites were uncannily preserved until such time as whatever spell they were cast under so long ago has been broken, *anima* and *anima mundi* together can contribute to the collective memory affecting other members of the species in the future. A mythopoetic endeavour that recognizes the future entering us in order to be transformed and transform us, can bring about such a time—deep time—allowing the coprolites to become transparent, like amber, revealing the old story in a new symbolic light.

Field Notes: P.S. I Love you I–V

I was not aware of the words “P.S. I Love you” in fluorescent tubing on the back wall until after I had taken the photos (which were not digital). Did Psyche whisper their presence to me?

I am imagining my nausea as the toxins of the coprolites beginning to release into my system and that this might be the start of their dissolution, however long this takes. My task is to support this painful dissolution towards a greater love that I perhaps may not be touched by in any other way. The dissolution of the coprolites indicates to me that they may in fact have a chance of returning to the original intent of nature’s cycle of elimination in the birth-death-rebirth archetype.

Understanding this offers a change in perception and the reality of my body feeling under threat in the face of a constant, nagging reminder of death: An interruption of life; Images of life dying; Images of death living within me. Developing the capacity for “choiceless awareness” as Krishnamurti (2007) called it conjures the notion that true freedom lies in having no choice; no duality. No split. Unanimous.



Dying Images of Life/Living Images of Death

In the liminal performance of the above photographs I find myself sitting, slipping, getting up, falling then sitting to the side of my-self almost like a ghost. I am beside myself. I am under the spell of a story of the complexes. I change positions in relation to the original posture the symptom places me in. I have to slip, slide; fall in order to replace my very being outside the automatic repetition of a relational script my symptom is re-enacting. I need to actively, dynamically, yet discretely slip into the liminal, become invisible, visit the ancients where the projective identification lives without form—lost and trying to express itself in whatever way it can, no longer fragments that have been taken away, lost, or surrendered. Stone babies lost to life. Dead inside the womb. Let the guests move freely throughout the house not as ghosts who frighten, but as guides who enlighten. They are teachers, seeds of the future; the new life the stone baby was meant to have.

My *denial* of the events linked to the processes of autonomous memory, these hauntings not based on will or recall, can cause me to run the risk of acting on these events, these performances of the complexes, and believe the sad tale with its symptoms instead of receiving them as “flickers”, the guests/gifts of Psyche for me to play with. Projective identification phenomena, with particular attention to altered consciousness, can offer access to very primitive levels and modalities of my mind that need to be treated within the context of their own language—the language of symptom as story or song—so that I do not misread this language and consider the symptoms as simple forms of ‘resistance’ or ‘something wrong with me’. A denial of life. A denial of Self.

My response to the ‘call’ to deepen consciousness and expand awareness is to engage my direct experience within the container of the creative process, an “Einführung” (being one with), that can go deep and extend far: To willingly step into the uncanny, uncharted landscape of the liminal: the cave of my unconscious so that I might feel the seed in the wound instead of the stone, the seed that wants to sprout and grow and express itself through the ongoing dialogue of the conscious and unconscious; the ‘me’ and ‘not me’. This kind of response is a practice of engaging whatever presents itself in a deep democracy, a mythopoetic inquiry that is an invitation to the guests of Rumi’s (1998) “The Guest House”, to show me what the story behind the symptoms is to see what is at work here in service of generativity and good faith; to see the tethering of intention and extension as the full breath so that I move from a sense of interruption to a sense of flow; to move ontologically and teleologically towards Amor Fati.

In his writing, David G. Smith (1991), scholar of hermeneutics and curriculum, engages the way interpretation attempts to show us what is at work in different disciplines. “How I will be transformed depends on my orientation and attitude toward what comes to meet as new, whether I simply try to subsume... or whether I engage it creatively in an effort to create a new common, shared reality” (p.193). I extrapolate from Smith’s provocation towards creative engagement here as an invitation to the possibility of tending to the seed by removing the stone through the practice of archetypal activism engendered through taking a mythopoetic attitude towards what is at work, even as it is largely unconscious. And, like Smith, I challenge myself and you reader, to bring

my/your experience into an hermeneutic endeavour, the practice of interpretation that reads the mediation of meaning as a third space.

This third, as liminal, draws on the diaphoric imagination that apprehends what is going on as pointing to something beyond this going on: the original story morphing into a mythopoetic inquiry. Seeing symbolically, mythopoetic inquiry has the capacity to look through the spiral lens past the mirror of my experience. The aperture of the spiral lens brings into focus pre-existing familial, cultural or normative texts of self (the unconscious myth) as the raw material to be looked at reflexively, thereby morphing through my very gaze. Looking through the spiral lens in this manner, places me in that third liminal space. As liminal figure—the body as Klein bottle is both space and who/what is in that third—I am re-positioned in relation to “what comes to meet”. In this case, this is the unconscious material, the “guests” from Psyche. I can feel and give words to them now as they move through my body as Klein bottle and see them clearly through the spiral lens. In the reading of mediation of meaning as third space, liminal “guest”, I am actively tethering the intention and extension of Psyche, openly admitting the possibility that something exists beyond what is at work in “what comes to meet”: that which the symbolic is pointing to; that which is coming into existence through its own possibility; that which exists or is said to exist. For me this is the mythopoetic realm that is the both/and non-dualistic mythopoetic, a symbolic and embodied apprehension of what “comes to meet” in deep time.

I often say to my students and clients that if they have done something in the art, that is, symbolically, then they have done it. The action now exists in the body. The Klein body has been awakened and the possibility, and hence existence of what has been done is present. Mythopoesis is about acting on this faith, engaging that which outlives the categorical identifications of:

How I see myself.

How I think of myself.

Beyond these limited and limiting perspectives largely based on cultural scripts, emerges the “becoming”, the presence of something/someone ‘other’ that the

“guests” have been indicating all along, requesting over and over again that instead I ask:

Am I simply a way of seeing?

If this mythopoetic inquiry, Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati is to speak to educators, therapists, artists, students and clients and all their “guests”, there is a

hermeneutic requirement that all understanding takes place within an articulation of whole and part, and that the inherent creativity of interpretation brings about an innovative dynamic of those parts to the whole and vice versa, the aim of interpretation being not just another interpretation but human freedom, which finds its light, identity and dignity in those few brief moments when one's lived burdens can be shown to have their source in too limited a view of things.

(Smith, 1991, p. 189)

For us as educators, therapists, searchers and artists, this means articulating what we mean by “world” when we speak of the world of curriculum, research, and pedagogy. As living and embodied practices, our work and its purpose is to perceive the evidence of our existence and of those around and within us as the “proof” if you like, of the existence or presence of the possibility this “existing” is pointing to. I find myself once again in the imaginal, back in the studio of the unconscious...



Into the Studio

Part 2.
Falling into Context

4. Black



Black

Black is the mark on the paper

Absence speaks

What does black intend to achieve? (Irigaray, 2002, p.139).

Opaque Blackness

Opaque blackness
no image
no entry
blank
blind

Black
empty
dark
full
full of darkness
Black Sun

Wounding
wandering
in the darkness
wondering
as I step into
blackness



Wound

Field Notes: Memory

In February 1968

I awoke smelling the sheets of a hospital bed. These sheets bound me like a baby swaddled too tightly. I pulled myself free, letting limbs reach beyond this white cocoon.

My legs swung in unison to the right side of the bed. I looked at them, thin and pale, not sure if they were even mine. I was wearing a mustard yellow hospital gown tied only at the neck. The gown sailed out behind me as I stepped onto the cold linoleum floor making my way to the mirror. I needed to see. I felt weightless as each step carried me towards the hope of finding some clue to who this ghost in this austere alien environment was.

I gazed into the mirror above the sink in the room not recognizing what I saw.



Mirror

"Nothing is ever going to be the same" I said.

I was 15.

Serious Journeys

Serious journeys these visits with death. Can we in all seriousness think of them, feel them as only visits? In the moment mostly no, we cannot, because the nature of death is so absolute. Its presence does not allow any other presence to be known. Death is so complete, so utterly filled with itself; so expansive in its fullness that there is no room for anything else. Or is there?

In images of death, particularly those of the body and its processes what is really going on is a dying of the images of life. Ironically these images of death are living images. They live within us, thrive in our imagination hoping perhaps that we will heed the offering of their strange fullness, their awkward sense of completion towards another kind of completeness we cannot yet imagine. I am stuck in one of those images of death at present, that 'wanting to do nothing' place, that melancholic deadness that has its own life within.

I imagine now, in this moment, these living images of death are calling me, leading me in a direction I think I wouldn't possibly want to go. But when I ponder for a moment the aliveness of these images, their gravitational pull and the movement they afford me in their implication, I cannot be other than deeply curious in this liminal space these living images of death, and dying images of life conjure, about the toying with life and death that is going on here in my imagination. The whole process is very much alive, like a lake teeming with endless schools of fish darting split second in any direction, creating a myriad of invisible currents I will inevitably be swept along with.

As I am swept, I swim. If I swim with the current, it will be easier I've learned, even if the destination is seemingly unfavourable, undesired. If my desire goes against the desire of the current there is a death; there is a death of the moment opportunity presents itself completely naked, utterly without any knowledge of before and after, unclothed of the presence of any living images of death or dying images of life. No image of image.

I am swept along in the current of the river, destination unknown. Like an immigrant, a liminal figure, I am transported from one reality to another. I made this journey from image to No-image in my own body.

A Word about Image and No-Image

As I am immersed in the mythopoetic endeavour, I am destined to engage the distance or rather, movement between image and No-Image. As I enter into this movement, this dialectic, I become less entangled in the notion of a 'problem' and increasingly more enchanted with the dance that occurs in this 'in-between'.

In this dialogue I learn from the tones and nuances I hear in the image and No-image, and come to know how the movement of this dance is not too dissimilar from that of the dialogue of the conscious and the unconscious. Conscious and unconscious, image and No-image, archetypal image and archetype per se all form the same movement. They are of the same pattern mirroring each other in a mutual kind of witnessing of the primordial Nothing. In this pas de deux, or duet, I discover how the above engagement need not be particularly problematic and could indeed be the deepest of conversations my being can experience. This dance for me embodies an image of the soul's dialogue with its own existence. This is the space between conscious and unconscious, deep time that moves me towards experiencing how images emerge out of their ultimate source, which is the No-image: how sound sings out of silence and vice versa. How each creates the other in the endless dance of life and death.

In this profound conversation I hear the story of how images actually serve as guides into the realm of No-image just as sound holds deep silence at its core. I can see and hear how images and sounds are vehicles, so to speak, that carry us to and from our given destination: No-image; Silence. As an orientating device of the psyche, the image/sound could actually be a function acting on behalf of No-image. Like the God-image, the archetypal Self connects with the Divine which has/is No-image—Silence. This is the method of a mythopoetic inquiry whose pedagogy is in alignment with the symbolic function of image as the soul's dialogue with its own existence.



Images and Sounds are Vehicles

As I apprehend image as soul's dialogue with its own existence, I see the "flickers" I experience as stars charting my path. I want to follow these stars, these "flickers" that are the images that move me. I feel desire stirring in these "flickers" pulling me towards a destination of No-image. I hear the call, the sound of my own being, and the image, my desire, telling me which way to turn, which seas to set out on, and which to avoid. The image/desire, call/voice orientates me in the vast oceans of my experience, providing both vessel and language with which to sustain the intense intimacy of the soul's dialogue with the Divine—the No-Image whose Silence I know I couldn't possibly bear without the accompaniment of the trustworthy image and the voice that resonates my being.



Star

The life of your imagination swings on the rusty hinge of your commitment to your inward life. The wellspring of your creativity depends on the presence of Eros, the god of love, the archetypal force that brings forth meaning, wisdom and beauty.

(Cousineau, 2008, p. 55)

With these words in mind I am able to enter the following doorways and passages.

The Black Doors of Destiny

The door closes. I am outside, or so I perceive the situation. "Which side of the door is outside" I ask myself in this sudden feeling of bewilderment and destitution. Silenced desire: no star. The door is large, much bigger than me, looming in fact. I cower in the shadow it casts. I am like a child or lover that has been ousted. Standing there on the 'outside', I experience an unbearable sense of exile, separated from my beloved. My lost lover, the creative process itself, has shunned me. I feel a great shame and unfulfilled desire. I lose sight of my star and as a consequence begin a grand story of self-pity. I feel the piercing of a kind of humiliation only that inner sharp-shooter Apollo, god of archery, can master with such exactitude. This personified archetypal figure instinctively knows the enemy's weakness. He aims the arrows precisely at the old wounds he knows will bleed easily, profusely.

So I have become the enemy, the one standing outside and being attacked by the Apollo, god of logos, archetype who perceives me as the weak one to be killed off. I prepare for my execution.

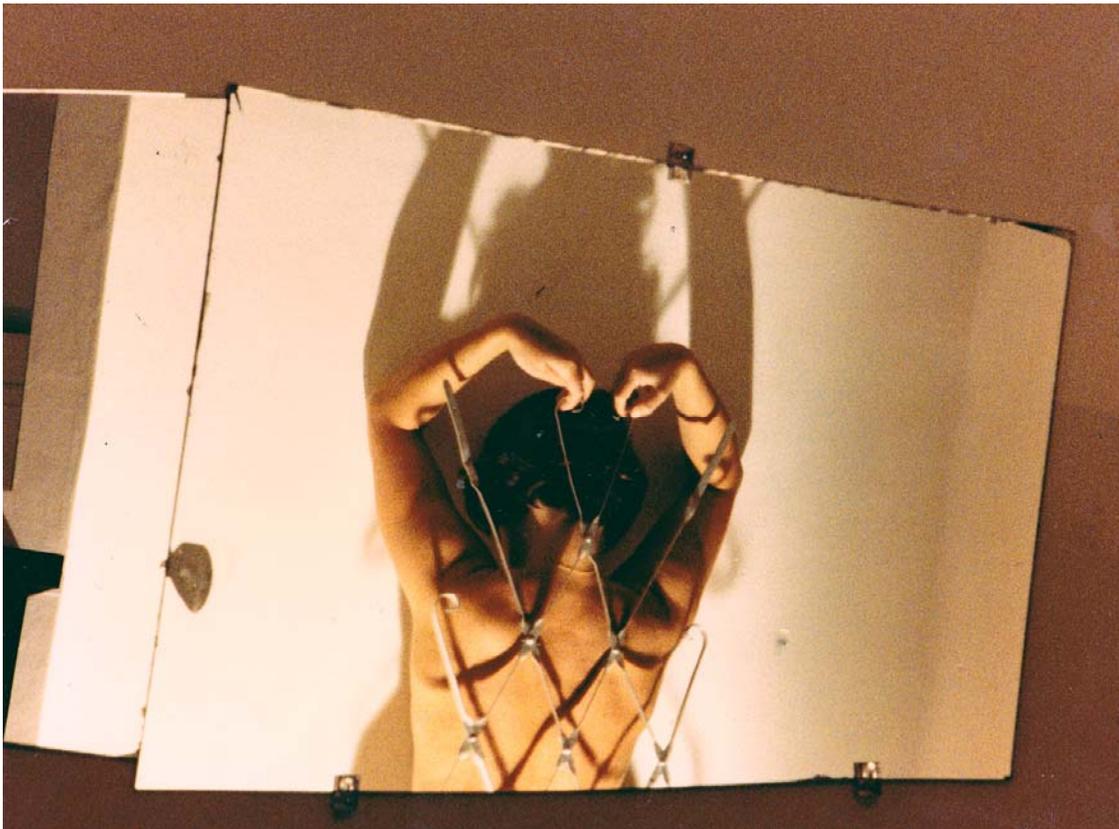
But not without a long lament of the loss of what stands on the other side of the door, inside.

The lament is the first sounding of transformation.

James Hollis (2013), Jungian analyst and writer describes this kind of psychological phenomena of feeling threatened and under attack from within, as an enslavement to the protective adaptations we have made in the past, spectral presences of the past. Also it could be that exterior definitions projected onto us get internalized. I ask myself how these phenomena are part of my mythography and what truth or untruth they speak to and of.

Archetypally and ecologically speaking, within the practice of deep democracy, Apollo may have his shot. But how I perceive this action hermeneutically opens the scene of attack into a wider field of perception: the third space that is the mediator of meaning. This fluid, liminal space where liminal figures travel has no fixed script and

players can improvise their performance to create a different outcome. This opportunity to improvise arises each time the scene is repeated so that the expected, the usual pattern that presents itself habitually, unconsciously, is potentially interrupted if one “stops” and watches the play intently. Or spirals around and around the scenes like a hawk looking for movement below.



Preparation

I know this felt-sense of being on the ‘wrong’ side of the door is an image in which I become trapped. Being on the ‘outside’ of the door could just as easily imply a freedom, a being set free from an, albeit unconscious, set of limitations. So I engage the image of the door this feeling of shame and exile conjures. I turn to Jung’s (1959) notion of the image as a doorway into another reality. For Jung an image when taken as a

symbol not to be taken literally or the door it may symbolize becomes the trap holding me prisoner in a concrete and narrow reality.

An image is a doorway into *another* reality. This presents a paradoxical situation in which the image is me and is not me. I am both the observer and the observed. A necessary duality has been created. Necessary because all creation depends on this perceived duality: the forever shifting dance between the two opposing forces that *is* relationship. A oneness has been torn asunder, and yet is secretly implied, waiting to be born out of the tension of opposites within the situation. It is in the liminal space in-between that new life can be born. In the context of self-reflection the new life can be a new insight, the possibility of a new pattern of experience.

I wonder what new pattern of experience this feeling of being shut out—the door having been slammed in my face—might lead to. So I follow the associations this feeling-image-charge holds for me. I begin a process of active/embodied imagination. I feel a subtle “flickering”, a visceral signal from the Klein body suggesting that the experience of being on either side of the door is actually leading me to the potent symbol of the door itself: a portal to the imaginal.

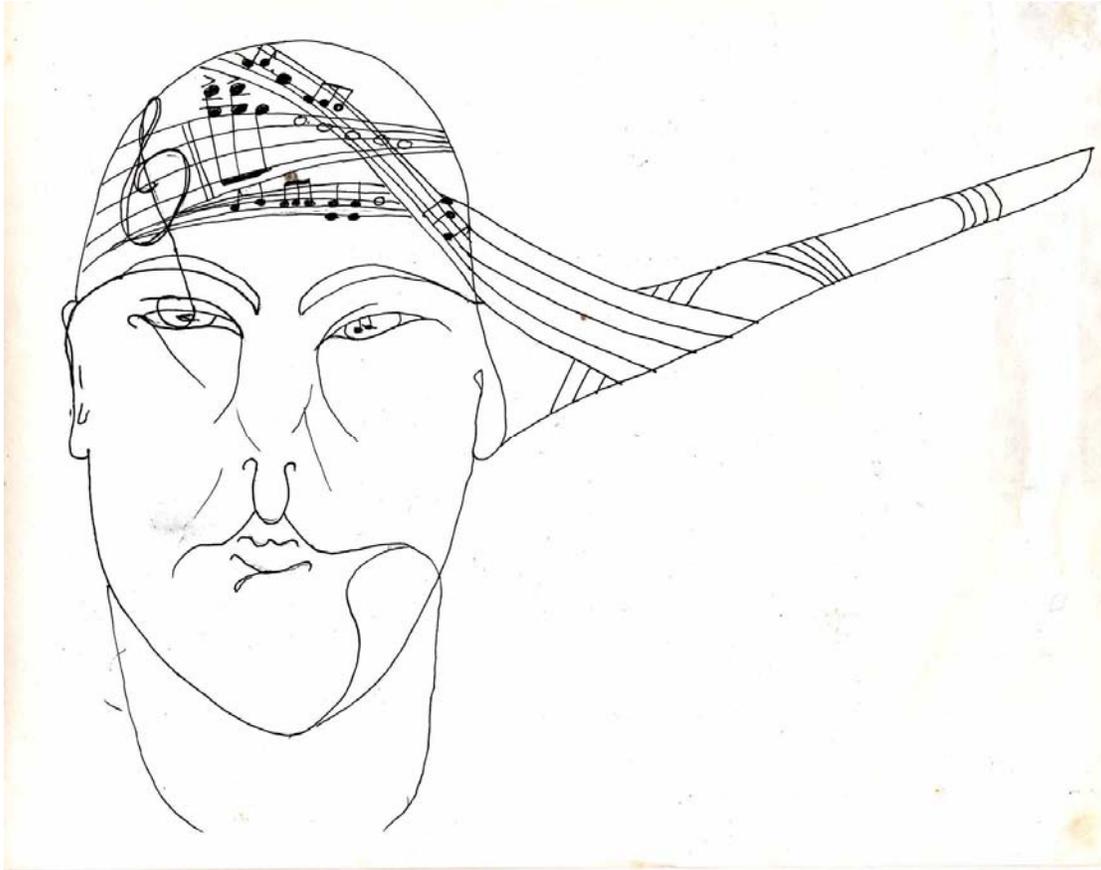
Preceding the flowering of this awareness, several stories are ignited by having found myself on the ‘wrong’ side of the door, be that inside or outside. These are dark stories. Black.

In these stories the door has been shut. The light cannot come in. I am hoping that telling and writing these stories now will let the door open to let a sliver of light sneak through that crack at the bottom of the door and reveal the shadows that have remained silent in these rooms of body and memory.

I am brought back to the chant of the sad tale of Chapter Two: “As I listen to the voice of my body I hear the old story I know so well, like the familiar fairy tale I listened to as a child”. This is the longest of the stories, the most sustaining and has many chapters.

There's no sustaining note.

I have lost the melody.



Sustaining Note

I keep hoping that I might hear this particular note that hangs in the air between connections of the heart. I think it's a note of inheritance, a note that creates the mark of the pack, the tribe, the song of the family. I have lost this song. I am constantly bending my ear towards the melody it belongs to. The loss of the tribe, the loss of the song, voices not heard from the other side of the door, the wrong side, the outside—being 'outside,' having a visit with Death while the family is eating dinner without me. I am emigrating from the homeland. I have lost the fire of the hearth.

It is the death archetype that resounds through life and creates what Krishnamurti (1969) calls an awakening to eternity.



Moonlight at Midnight, Halifax Burial Ground, 1978 I



Moonlight at Midnight at the Halifax Burial Ground in 1978 II

Melancholia is a state of sustaining a minor chord, a B flat reality. I try to stop running away from my melancholic melody by thinking I can change it, adapt the tone by not pathologizing it and start accepting it as an important song of my being; being human and knowing suffering: the leitmotif, the guiding motif/myth.

For those who are racked by melancholia [bewitched by the surrounding song-scape of their inner melody], writing about it would be having meaning only if writing sprang out of that very melancholia.

(Kristeva, 1987, p 3)

Birthing through that very bewitchment.

“Within depression, if my existence is on the verge of collapsing, its lack of meaning is not tragic—[this lack of meaning] appears obvious to me, glaring and inescapable” (Kristeva, 1987, p. 3).

This script is the wounded part of the narrative the body is wanting to heal.

Our bodies can help heal the wounded parts of our self-narrative, the story we keep telling ourselves about our lives. The body is inherently creative in its generative capacity, but there are also destructive forces to contend with, those living images of death. In my practice as educator, art therapist, artist and researcher I attempt to meet the destructive forces with an equal amount of the inherent creativity of my being human. The approach to art making and writing in a mythopoetic inquiry is not an ego approach. It is not “me” who draws, paints or writes, or even teaches or researches... I leave that for the “guests”. I let them guide me, move in the direction of their stirrings as I follow their “flickerings”. One of these “guests” beckoned me to move closer to the future entering my mother’s body: her death,

What Moves Her

What moves her
forward
inward
upward
outward

out word

the words want to get out
and move around

her hand is shaking
she tries to still it

she lies down
forever

gets up after
a thousand years
after a thousand pangs
have passed
talking in centuries

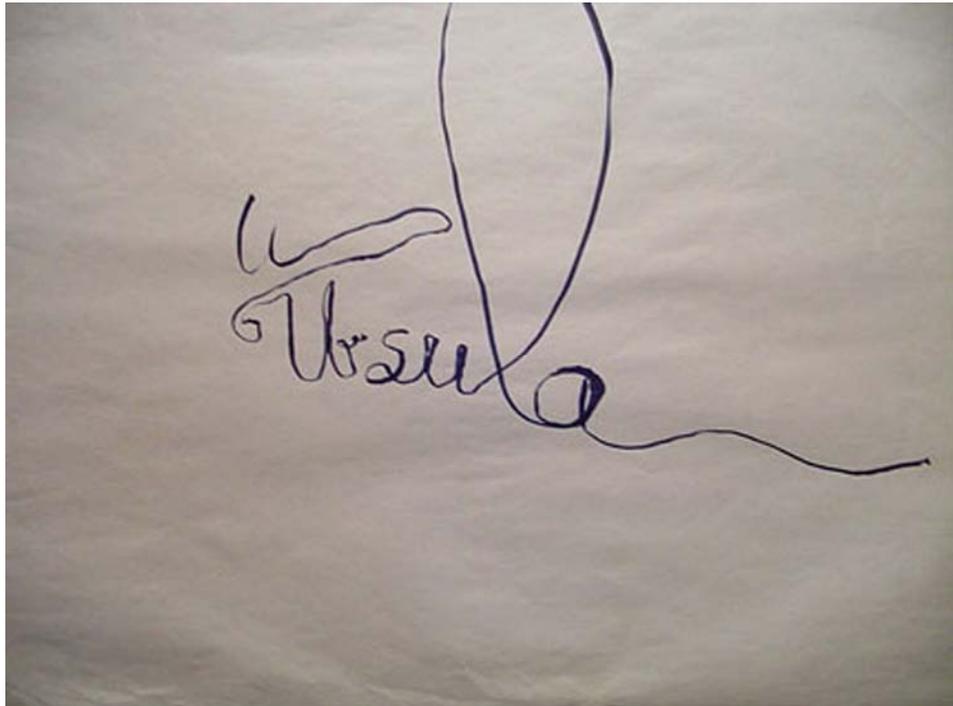
has she passed

no

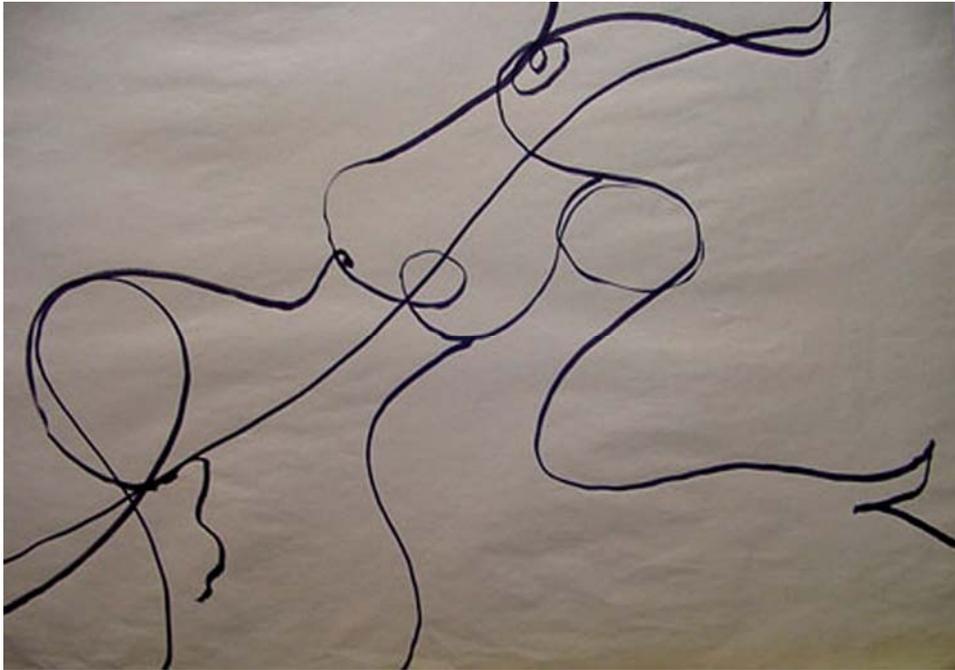
she is still here
lying beside another mountain
they speak to each other
in voices so low
decibel deep
inaudible to senses

what moves her through
this thick sonic of soul

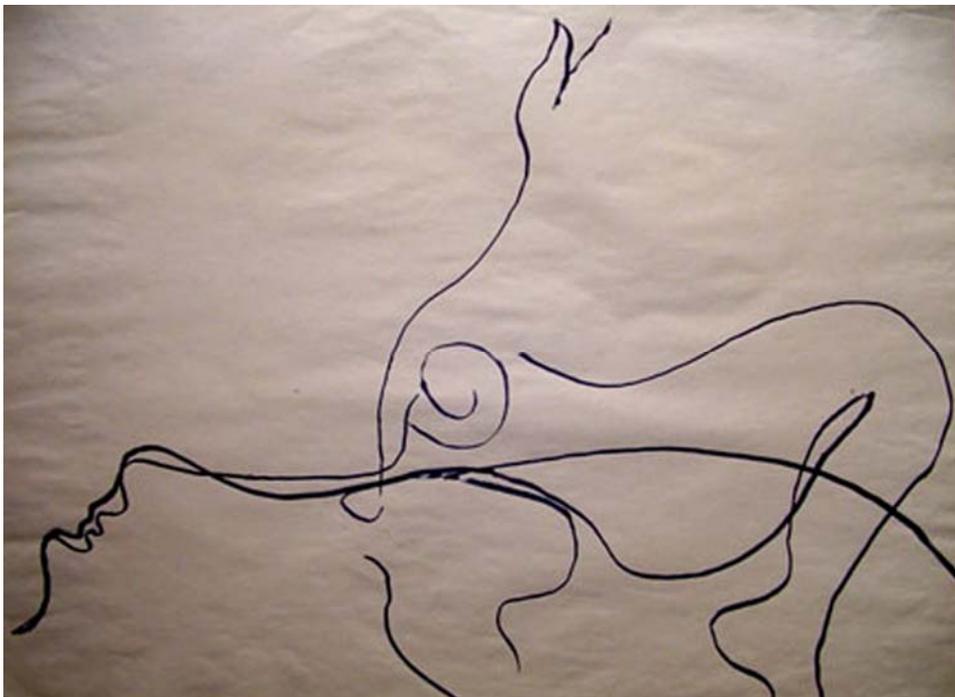
(2 weeks before my mother's death)



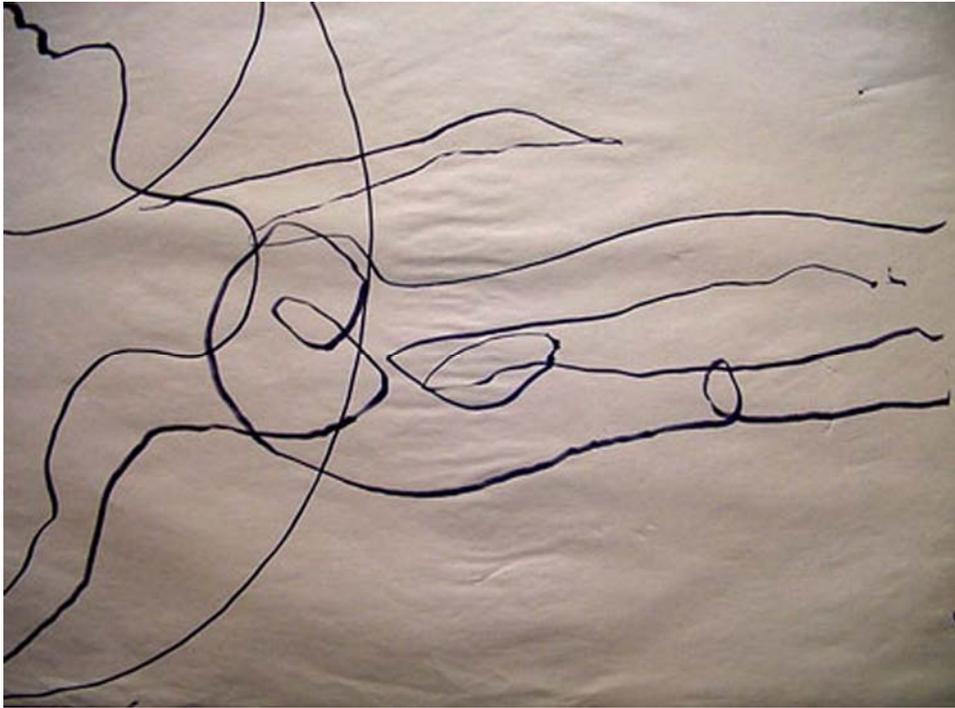
Ursula



“Your Body Will Be Somewhere” I



“Your Body Will Be Somewhere” II



“Your Body Will Be Somewhere” III



“Your Body Will Be Somewhere” IV

“The past isn’t dead. It isn’t even past” (Faulkner, 1951, p. 275). I am the embodiment of presence, absence and other influences, impulses and affects driven by archetypal, ancestral patterns, feeling patterns of unconscious material from familial, cultural, and archaic scripts that manifest in the present through disturbances, symptoms, issues and compulsive urges that I am not aware of; these are the unfinished business of the past possibly generational that is carried in the body and psyche, archetypal material that is pushing to be embodied creatively rather than destructively. The Klein body is pushing the archetypal essence through another dimension so that the spiral lens can be crafted.

The patterns of the past that are present as morphic resonances (Sheldrake) are not illusions. They are alive and if not apprehended through the Klein body, then seen through the spiral lens, create disturbing, distorted assumptions about myself and others and experienced as a kind of “spell” I am under. Living images of death and dying images of life are vestiges of trauma still flickering through my being as fragments of incomplete stories of the ancients trying to finish themselves through my myth. It is up to me to catch those flickers for what they are asking for: connecting the dots of light the ancients are sending in hopes that I might catch them, draw them together into a new way of seeing in their dark: to create something new out of the raw material of the old autonomous self-story that is asking to be released through a generative embodiment (art, poetic enactments).

Jung’s (1963) writes in his autobiography, “Memories, Dreams and Reflections”:

When I was working on the stone tablets, I became aware of the fateful links between me and my ancestors. I feel very strongly that I am under the influence of things or questions which were left incomplete and unanswered by my parents and grandparents and more distant ancestors.

(p, 233)

Through Jung’s words I was able to contextualize the recurring voicing of “the ancients are lamenting”, from what seemed to me a bizarre statement from some unknown “guest” to an understanding of the role of the lamenting. I now see this phrase “the ancients are lamenting” mythopoetically as my ancestors asking for acknowledgement in the living inquiry as it spirals into the past-present-future. Jung continues:

It has always seemed to me that I had to answer questions which fate had posed to my forefathers, and which had not yet been answered, or as if I had to complete, or perhaps continue things which previous ages had left unfinished. It is difficult to determine whether these questions are more of a personal or more of a general (collective) nature. It seems to me that the latter is the case. A collective problem, if not recognized as such, always appears as a personal problem, and in individual cases may give the impression that something is out of order in the realm of the personal psyche... The cause of disturbance is therefore, not to be sought in the personal surroundings, but rather in the collective situation.

(Jung, 1963, p, 233, 234)

Is this quote a “flicker” of another sort, something that has come to meet through the synchronicity of reading it now in the midst of this mythopoetic inquiry? The synchronistic reading of Jung’s words at this later stage in writing the inquiry here tells me why “the ancients” insisted on inserting and asserting themselves in the research, the reason being that the work is not just for me but for humanity. Though the presence of the ancients appears in my individual path through the subjective, it speaks to the general, the collective, the universal for the soul of the world: anima reaching for anima mundi.

Jung’s insight of having to complete or continue things which previous ages had left unfinished became all the more pronounced for me after receiving the DNA of two other human beings through the transplants I underwent. Was I being asked to complete or continue the unfinished lives of the two people who had travelled past the end of life through their DNA continuing to live in my body? These living cells of the dead were offering living images of death for my psyche to experience. This “transplantation” of images and body parts left me with a profound sense that I have intersected with two new blood lines. Biologically and symbolically these blood lines are alternate tributaries of the flow of a timeless life force. I see myself now as a confluence of at least two more alternate myths to inquire into, a river of possibilities.

Others have written about this, one book in particular stands out which was actually published recently but after the “the ancients are lamenting” arrived through my unconscious. “Lament of the Dead (Hillman, Shamdasani, 2013) is a discussion between the two scholars about our relation with the dead and to the inner figures of the unconscious; the nature of creative expression; the relation of psychology to art,

narrative, and storytelling; the significance of depth psychology as a cultural form and our relation to the past. The book examines the implications these have for our thinking today. Coming across this book by 'accident' stunned me as well as reinforcing a deep respect for what is happening in the collective Psyche.

The discovery of "Lament of the Dead" felt like another circling of the spiral lens showing me more about my own experience of my Klein body being a confluence of morphic resonances with its a direct apprehension of how alternate stories weave into and through the mythopoetic. Clearly amplified by the presence of 'others' in my blood stream, I know I feel those who have passed and are still coming, the dead and the unborn through the "flickers" in the Klein body. I see the ancient one's, the souls living through anima mundi (soul of the world), becoming transparent to me as I look through the spiral lens. Sensation, symptom, synchronicity and tensions of the opposites transform into powerful symbols pointing to that which was never born, thus it can never die: the archetypal. I am initiated into the third space through the accompaniment of the ancients, the dead, and my donors whose DNA I carry.



Scorched Blue Flat Minor

I must point out how a relationship with the dead activates archetypal forces the “I” that I think I am is terrified of. The body resists death. The ego also resists any experience of relationship with the dead as it cannot distinguish the difference between this and actual dying. However, if the imaginal ego can link trauma with transformation, a metamorphosis can take shape through the Klein body burning through in the process of firing the spiral lens.

Scorched Blue Flat Minor is an embodied poetic enactment of such a profound metamorphosis. The figure in this painting is trying not to look at death. It reminds me of how I turn intolerable experience against myself and then, in turn, the unbearable image of the experience mysteriously turns into a self-image. This figure *is*, and is experiencing

the intolerable. “All this suddenly gives me another life. A life that is unlivable, heavy with daily sorrows, tears held back or shed, a total despair, scorching at times, then wan and empty” (Kristeva, 1987, p. 4). I see now how, in this process, I lose myself and my connection to soul. In this state I cannot apprehend that what feels so deeply personal may rather be in the collective situation, as Jung suggests above: that the intolerable is being experienced in the collective, including the ancients, through me. I have not completed crafting the spiral lens.

The Spiral lens sees the contents of the intolerable then sees it through. The apprehension of these contents asks for the presence of the archetypal activist that can bear such terror, having been forewarned by her mother the Klein body. “The reflection is now presented in another tone, another mindset (Hillman and Shandasani, 2013, p. 20). Coming to terms with the content, what the inner figures say and do and what I’m asked to do—to see the unbearable No-image symbolically—diaphorically—reflexively—mythopoetically, I am mythopoetically situated to encompass what has been rejected, and by extension, what has been rejected by humankind: death.

To be with the fullness of life “including what is most horrific in it...is a realization that if you rejected part of existence then you rejected all of it (Hillman and Shandasani, 2013, p. 20) including yourself. Self absence. Suppression of the Underworld is released when we come into relationship with the dead. Something in the collective wants this as we see how it is consistently expressed in the personal. Here is the need for validation of personal, subjective experience as one side of the mirror. It is a search for meaning—finding it in the subjective that reflexively shapes the collective. “What’s happening in the collective shapes us” (Hillman and Shandasani, 2013, p. 24).

Without the spiral lens that sees the archetypal perspective showing me how to be an archetypal activist I, myself become meaningless, lost, swimming in a sea of negative narcissism, absence. I forget the necessity of encompassing the defensive self-image for what it is: the ego’s protective strategy in the face of the collective archetype of trauma. The ego mistakenly identifies with the trauma, colonizing it in hopes that this might contain or control it; in this process a false union with the trauma is created. I can’t stop singing that song I learned before I was born.

Indeed, sadness reconstitutes an affective cohesion of the self, which restores its unity within the framework of the affect. The depressive mood constitutes itself as a narcissistic support, negative to be sure, but nevertheless presenting the self with integrity, nonverbal though it might be. Because of that, the depressive effect makes up for symbolic invalidation and interruption (the depressive's "that's meaningless") and at the same time protects it against proceeding to the suicidal act.

(Kristeva, 1987, p. 19)

Instead of hanging myself

I Hang Galleries from My Lungs

I hang galleries from my lungs

lost my sonic resonance with anima mundi
because of a broken instrument

a string has snapped
a reed splintered
one key gone flat

I am afraid to get up
once again to
stumble into the day
fall into these pieces of brokenness

a leg lies crying
under the bed
an arm flailing madly in
the air above
eyes like marbles
across the bedroom floor

how do I gather these
pieces of brokenness
to make a whole note

The constant 'interruption' by the depressive mood and its resulting symbolic invalidation of the self, is reflected in a negative narcissistic self-image. The negative self-image was originally generated by unbearable experience, disintegration (trauma), and acts as a mirror constructed to block my view. Its persistent presence is at the core of the melancholic mood that will not allow me to "see through this image to its myth" (Hillman, 1976, p. 15). Without the spiral lens this self-image cannot see the collective

influence on my myth. The identification with the black mood blocks the diaphoric imagination that could re-embodiment this myth into a mythopoetic process.

What I am missing while endlessly gazing at this false sense of union and cohesion within the melancholic cloud, is that the 'sustaining note'—the longest of the stories, the most sustaining story—is the very sad story my body has been repeating to me over decades that is the lament of the ancients. I can't see through the image in the mirror as it keeps bouncing back the same 'me'. It has captured my gaze and frozen it. Calcified, I am fixated in this image in the mirror that is a disguise, a mask of trauma. To protect myself against the dissolution that facing this betrayal directly might bring, I blindly stare at this intolerable image of myself. I cannot take my eyes off it. I cannot see through the charade here that is pantomiming the deeper story: the archetypal narrative asking to be released into a living mythopoeia. But I cannot bear looking. My darkened eyes can only make out that I am on the wrong side of the door; on one side of the mirror forgetting the door itself is the symbol of passage, the mirror itself a reflection of something immeasurable. Thus transparency to the larger story, one that might act as a container for me, is lost. I am locked out because of my limited vision because I cannot see through.

Seeing through mirrors when seen literally as opposed to symbolically, reflexively, is impossible unless you have a spiral lens. Without this mythopoetic lens that sees the ancestors in their one-sided predicaments, I cannot make sense out of this unconscious suffering; I am left alone in this one-sided situation. I am unable to build bridges through symbol formation and unblocking the dammed up ancestral energy so that I might mourn that traumatized self and those of the ancients within me. To move towards being actively engaged in my destiny, allowing the love of my fate—*amor fati*—to unfold I need my spiral lens.

The mythic thread... is different for everyone, but I believe it provides us with an image for what is constant and continuous in life. Don't ever let go of the thread. The thread is the link, the connection, the continuity of life. You can't stop time, but you can hold onto the thread that ties together your past, present and future... The thread might be inspiration, love, desperation, or passion

(Cousineau, 2008, p 73)

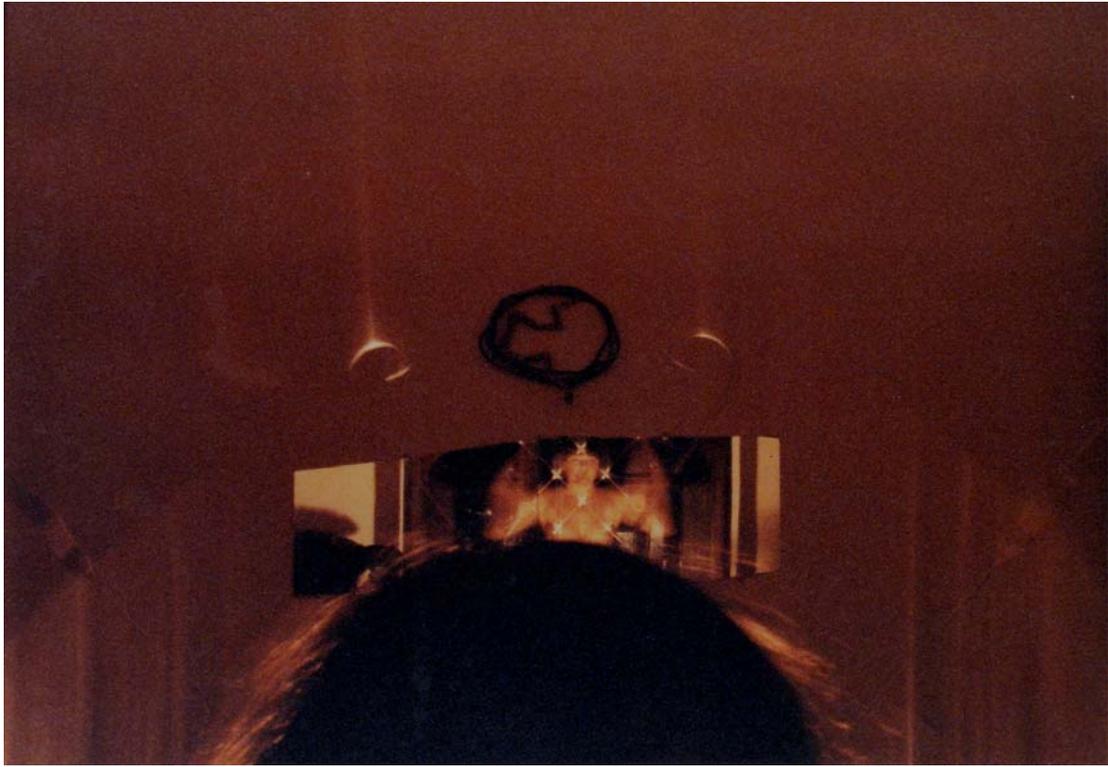
If the love affair with death is the only story that can sustain direct contact with the ancients... am I living a death that is not my own?

I reach above my head and pluck one single sparkling strand of silver hair out of the air: a ray of starlight. The thread is the mythopoetic inquiry and through its activism for Self, becomes a golden thread, gold being symbolically the goal of alchemy.

One either retreats from one's destiny—the path of agency towards one's fate— or one enters creatively into it. As I keep myself 'locked out' of the larger narrative through my negative narcissism—staring at the intolerable image in the silver mirror, fixing it in the dye bath of my wound blood—I maintain my position on the 'wrong' side of the door.

I live a living death, my flesh is wounded, bleeding, my rhythm ... interrupted, time has been erased or bloated, absorbed into sorrow... the disenchantment that I experience here and now... appears... to awaken echoes of old traumas, to which ... I have never been able to resign myself. I can thus discover antecedents to my current breakdown in a loss, death, or grief over someone or something that I once loved. This disappearance ... continues to deprive me of what is most worthwhile in me. I live it as a wound or deprivation, discovering just the same that my grief is but the deferment of the hatred or desire for ascendancy that I nurture with respect to the one who betrayed me or abandoned me.

(Kristeva, 1987, p. 4)



Mirroring

Under the mood, inside the melancholia, lies an inner liminal figure that is speaking the language of the heart, the heart in pain. The heart betrayed; the one that is caught as if in a spell of a loss, death, or grief over someone or something that she once loved. The inner figure is embodying the drama of having lost that essential being Kristeva (1987, p.4) writes of. The fantasy or spell of having lost this essential being continues to deprive me of what is most worthwhile in me. In this scenario I myself become the wound, deprived by having abandoned myself, the very being I feel betrayed and abandoned by: absence; this is what I have become in the face of trauma "I am alone so I dream of the being who has cured my solitude, who would be cured by solitudes. With its life, it brought me the idealizations of life, all the idealizations which give life a double, which lead life toward its summits, which make the dreamer too live by splitting." (Bachelard, 1960, p. 77). Here the wounded becomes the wounded healer of the Self, that which the spiral lens brings into focus.

Perhaps this splitting—if I feel the tear of flesh fully and succinctly—separates me for long enough to pick out that very being I feel betrayed and abandoned by: the figure in the mood who embodies what is most worthwhile. In the shock of the dismemberment I finally discern her from the fog of feeling and listen earnestly to her lament; through her song as she sings the lament of the ancients so clearly, I am able to hear her suffering, move into it and have empathy for her—Einfühlung (feeling with)—rather than becoming the suffering itself: the wound—in my resistance to it. Now the bleeding is life-blood to release the wound: “That moment when things are still not completely congealed, dead. It ought to be seized so that something can happen” (Irigaray, 2002, p. 9). The inseparability of presence and absence equals mystery. In the diaphoric apprehension of absence/presence something entirely new emerges. Metaphors are always a comparison to something. Diaphors are not, as they are what create the presence of something not previously existent. Like a new born, the diaphoric is birthed by metaphor in the force of the exchange of the metaphoric comparison. In art making the imaginal triangle of the guests from the unconscious, the body of the art materials and my body leads to the third space, the temenos where this birth takes place.

“A diaphoric myth⁴³ would involve a synthesis of two or more forms charged with presentness” (Wheelwright, 1962, p. 74). The “synthesis” of the two forms of “presentness” (absence/presence) create an intervening space in the nature of Irigaray’s statement: “An encounter between self and other becomes an interstice, an invitation, and an improvisation” (Irigaray, 2002, p. 22). In this encounter there is self and ‘other’, and the space/relationship between them is pointing to something beyond itself, as a symbol points beyond itself to something else; “something which . . . is less known or

⁴³ In considering the role of metaphor in interpretation it is crucial to distinguish “two ways of metaphor. The purpose of ‘epiphor’ —metaphor in the conventional Aristotelian sense—is to express a similarity between something relatively well known or concretely known (the semantic vehicle) and something which is less known or more obscurely known (the semantic tenor). The other and complementary kind of semantic movement that metaphor engages maybe called diaphor. Here the ‘movement’ (phora) is ‘through’ (dia) certain particulars of experience (actual or imagined) in a fresh way, producing new meaning by juxtaposition alone. The relation is presentational not representational” (Wheelwright, 1962, p. 70-91).

more obscurely known (Whelwright, 1962, p. 70-91). The presence of the interstice enables us to see through the mirror. Interstice as lens.

Field Note: In the Moment of Writing and “Stopping”

In this moment I notice that a mirror is made of silver, liquid metal. This is an uncanny choice of images in its implication of a flickering of the presence of Hermes, reminding me of the alchemy happening in the unconscious inviting this symbol of transformation in. In its symbolic function, even though its choice was unconscious, this symbol has an intervening effect that creates a space-in-between, a place of invitation between the self and other (my-self) that becomes the diaphoric creating a new presence.

The mirror in this manner, secretly invites a new kind of vision that is a different form of consciousness: the consciousness formed by the diaphoric synthesis of the polarities of self and other that transcend both into an invitation to see my myth as a mirror that can see through to the symbol it is pointing me to. The archetypal function of the vision-maker appears!

The act of “stopping” and noticing something that has yet to exist requires hearing an invitation to something of importance. The symbolic inner figure is here to tell me about what she is pointing me in the direction of, even though I don’t like the voice she is speaking in: the voice of pain, the words of the wound in its initial stages of lament. It takes courage to see this inner figure, to touch her or ask her a question. She is a messenger the ancients have sent who want to offer me a secret. I have not been able to decipher the coded message she is sending me over and over again through the body of melancholia, the difficulties I perceive I am having, that are having me. I am caught in the narcissistic spell of the unrelenting repetition of these soundings. Tap tap tap goes the blind girl who cannot see where she is going. She can only feel her way through the extension of her sight her cane offers.

If I could set the inner figure free from my steel wool mood so that she might speak her language in a manner that is truer to her origins, her essence: Soul— she might help me look back and see that It is my longing for what I can no longer have that destroys my connection to life. She helps me read the patterns phenomenologically anew in the spiral inquiry. The essence of this inner figure, by virtue of her being connected to a source larger than my limited story, reconnects me to a mythopoetic sensibility I can only discover through meeting her in the Underworld, spiralling through the mirror and entering a new space of possibility.



Inner Figure of the Underworld

Being in the Underworld would connect me to a larger mythopoetic narrative I have been yearning to move into. A larger story of polarities in which I might catch glimpses of an alternate story than the dominant one I am telling myself about myself

that the cultural, societal, familial and gendered scripts reinforce. How do I enter this alternate story that secretly but persistently parallels my habitual way of seeing myself?

Am I how I see myself?

Am I how I think of myself?

Or am I simply a way of seeing?

I am reminded here that hermetic actions involve the qualities of “art and spirit in making one’s way in life” (Paris, 1990. p. 69): the temenos that is the liminal space where art and spirit gather light in the dark.

Hunger

hunger
emptiness
wanting

hunger emptiness wanting

hunger pulls
emptiness gathers in
wanting reaches

how my belly pulls
how my soul gathers
how my heart reaches

belly
soul
heart

belly soul heart

each one pulls
each one gathers
each one reaches

pulls what
gathers what
reaches what

pulls air
gathers seeds
reaches heights

air
seeds
height

air seeds heights

the seeds are blown
high into the air
their flights necessary
before their important descent

dropping
landing in the place
they might settle
nestle in

see if earth tugs them
pulls them
gathers their force
reaches for them
to grow down
so that they might also
grow up into

air

into the heights
gathering light

“The soul’s answer of time is the experience of timeless being. There is no other answer” (Needham, in Cousineau, 2008, p. 59). The life of Psyche marks no time. Timelessness is available in the Underworld when/where consciousness is non-dominant, dormant. After descent comes the possibility for re-embodiment, bringing flesh and blood back to soul, even as flesh hurts, holds wounds, carries secrets, scars as scripts. Letting consciousness sleep for a while allows secrets to be voiced through the body, the sad tale, the leitmotif of the unspoken myth that is alive and moving forward as we live into death and die into life. Wounds have teachings for each of us that the learning spirit yearns for.



**Remember Me?
I Still Think I Would Be Fun to Be in a Relationship With**

Rilke's words have so often reminded me of the excruciating necessity of the Klein body metamorphosing into the spiral lens. The following is a response to Rilke's (1904, p.12) "Notes to a Young Poet" which serve as evidences of my mythopoetic inquiry.

Something new has entered me in the writing and image making of the living inquiry, something unknown. I can apprehend astonished presences living in me, and me in them. I imagine that many things inside me have been transformed perhaps somewhere, someplace deep inside my being; I have undergone important changes while I was sad. I know I am standing in the midst of a transition where I cannot remain standing.

I think I understand a little now why the sadness passes: that the new presence inside me—that I cannot name or even paint—this Presence that has emerged has entered my heart, has gone into its innermost chamber and is no longer even there, is already in my/your bloodstream. And I don't know what it was. I could easily be made to believe that nothing happened, and yet I have changed, as a house that a guest has entered changes.

I cannot say who has come. Perhaps I will never know. But many signs indicate that the future enters me/you in this way in order to be transformed in me/you, long before it happens. And that is why it is so important to be solitary and attentive when I am sad. The quieter I am, the more patient and open I am in my sadnesses, the more deeply and serenely the new Presence can enter me, and the more I can make it my own, the more it becomes my fate; and later on, when it "happens" (that is, steps forth out of me to other people), I will feel related and close to it in my innermost being (adapted from Rilke, 1904, pp. 63-68). The new Presence becomes the healer, the "knower" in me.

Something is nibbling at my fate.

Someone.

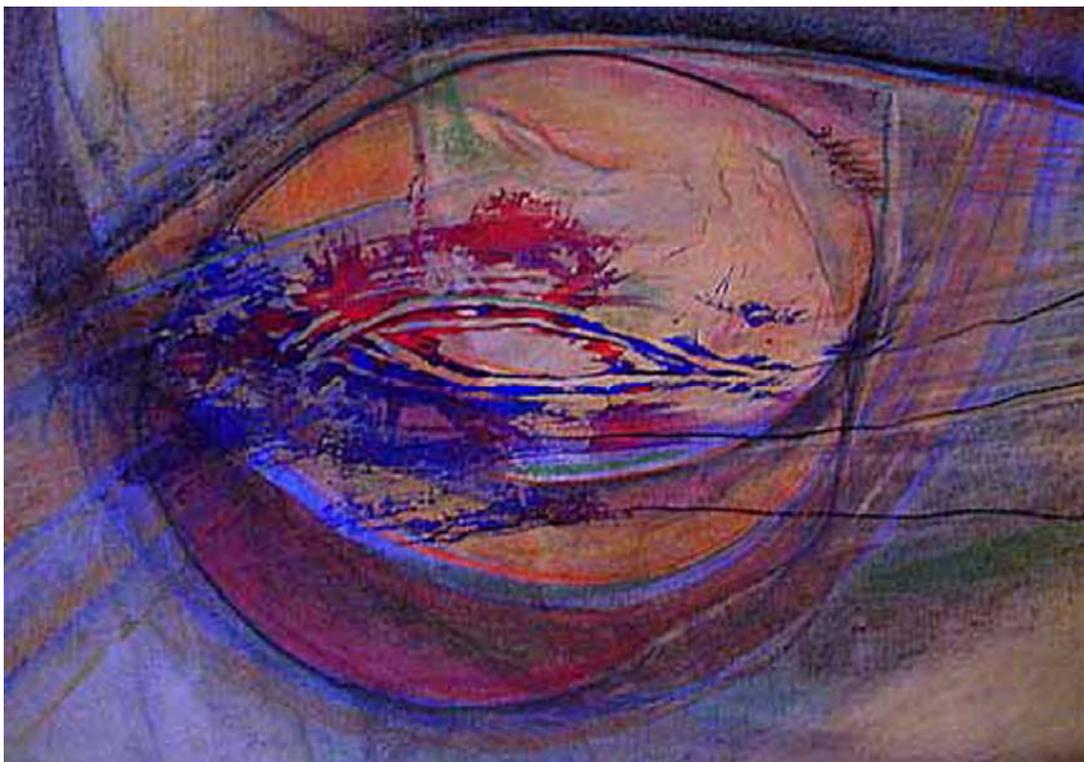
I am searching in for that deep Presence I am catching glimpses of in quiet chambers of my body. I can feel subtle stirrings in those places that quickly become still as soon as my awareness touches them; like sighting a wild animal that disappears the moment she senses 'my' presence.

I must continue as if I do not know of this Presence, and yet move deeply into its path; following its invisible footsteps that are only indicated by feel.

This following by feel replaces another ordinary, habitual movement that does not in fact move at all. Just stays in the same place. Creating the same stale out-breath; the same flat note of resignation.

Who?

When I step into places I have wounded myself, thinking it is others who are doing the wounding, I know I am visiting the ancients in the land of the dead. I can feel the wetness of the wound as if it were fresh. Its moisture seeps into caverns of forgotten feelings; waters the emotions of those long dead souls who quicken and quiver at these stirrings; they agitate and ache.



Caverns of Forgotten Feelings

You Who Never Arrived

You who never arrived
in my arms, Beloved, who were lost
from the start,
I don't even know what songs
would please you. I have given up trying
to recognize you in the surging wave of
the next moment. All the immense
images in me—the far-off, deeply-felt

landscape, cities, towers, and bridges, and
unsuspected turns in the path,
and those powerful lands that were once
pulsing with the life of the gods—
all rise within me to mean
you, who forever elude me.

(Rilke, 1913, p. 70)

I/you must go now to those who never arrived, not leave them behind,
abandoned to their own absence—these ancient ones, who were unable because of
their own circumstances to close the wounds for themselves. I/you must bend to them
and begin the work of stitching together their absence/presence living in my/your own
gestures, those invisible visibles,⁴⁴ healing their wounded narrative as well as my/your
own.

Through my/your embodied gestures, I/you need to invite their laments: their
wounded story; their attempts at transfiguration through transforming their 'absence' into
a presence in my/your consciousness. We then join the circle of the ancients, the web of
humanity.

⁴⁴ Archaic forces that present in the here and now through disturbances, symptoms, issues and impulses that one is not aware of; unfinished business of the past possibly generational that is carried in the body and psyche; archetypal material that is pushing to be embodied creatively rather than destructively (Hollis, 2013 webinar). These figures are trying to come into consciousness but generally remain in the form of undifferentiated anxiety.



The Ancient Ones

Then we may be able to tell them our story of mourning their dream. And about amor fati. We could do this by inviting the future to come into the ancient ones through our conscious and creative embodiment of the songs they sang so long ago. Our body carries the tune after all, of the lament of their absence. The calling is to bring this absence into presence in full song. The inquiry itself thus far has been the invitation, the interstice through which the wounded story of the ancients has come into a mythopoetic field of awareness. Through heeding their attempts at transforming their 'absence' into a presence a methodology is birthed.

"Surely all art is the result of one's having been in danger, of having gone through an experience all the way to the end, where no one can go any further." (Letter

to his wife, reprinted in "Rilke's Letters on Cézanne" (1952, trans. 1985 from June 24, 1907). Writing a "Once upon a time..." with group art therapy participants invites working with words as images which act as portals for the ancient ones to visit. With a combination of large writing with art materials and drawing, often results in a space-in-between word/image that the ancient ones feel comfortable enough to reveal themselves in. They can speak in this liminal space where past, present and future live together as one moment (deep time). Here the ancient ones can roam the mythopoetic landscape generated by the diaphoric imagination and be released from the spell of the habitual. Having been set free, my/your myth is now the messenger that carries the symbol pointing to the future within. The body as Klein bottle that has been embodying the laments of the ancients is becoming the spiral lens that sees the need to heal the wounded parts of our narrative. Through this hermetic movement we are letting the ancient ones know we have seen and heard them, and are heeding their call. Through heeding their attempts at transforming their 'absence' into a presence, mythopoetic inquiry is born....

A mythopoetic inquiry can also turn to collective archetypal themes and figures of mythology, literature and other cultural expressions. These mythologems amplify the personal myth, revealing the gifts of the ancients as invitations to mourning personal and collective dreams, thereby creating the possibility for amor fati. In recognizing and relating to how others throughout millennia have travelled to and from the Underworld, practitioners of a mythopoetic methodology have a symbolic map to guide them through this treacherous territory between life and death. Travelling this in-between consciously becomes the mythopoeia as we join the great journey of humanity and so are no longer solitary.

Inlay: Pausing for Images

As our interest in suffering increases—the more we perceive ourselves to be in fact suffering—there is I believe an equal need to consider play. Creating the space to play is as important as relieving symptoms or solving problems. These very symptoms or problems may in fact be drawing us into this play in the first place, in order to create a different kind of consciousness. As a hermetic space marked off within which the mystery of transformation can proceed, ‘play’ (the diaphoric) can create an entirely different relationship to the original symptom/problem at hand. This space to play has thus opened the mind of the player to the unexpected, the unknown, creating a symbolic place to gather a new kind of energy. This kind of symbolic engagement always leaves room for the unconscious. I see the diaphoric imagination here as a key learning in the mythopoetic approach.

Play may be the root metaphor of an emergent mythology. ...We may be witnessing a mythological revolution, turning toward a new frontier in which leisure, meditation, and contemplation are potentially dominant. Instead of work being our model for both work and play, play may be the model for both our games of leisure and our games of vocation. Play may be the mythology of the new frontier.

(Miller, in Brown & White, 2000, p. 179)

It is important to consider this emergent mythology in the form of play where the symbolic engagement of the unconscious generates energy; Energy that comes directly from Psyche.



Breath of Psyche

The psyche, being in fact the only immediate experience we can have, creates symbols that are always grounded in the unconscious. The forms of these symbols are however, molded by the ideas acquired by the conscious mind. The unconscious does not simply act contrary to the conscious mind, but rather, acts much like a challenging opponent or collaborating partner in its relations to the conscious. Carl Jung (1916) stated that he tried to help his patients understand all the things that the unconscious produces during conflict, and believed that the mask of the unconscious is not rigid but reflects the face we turn towards it. If the face we turn to the unconscious is playful, and real, the response we get will be the same. It is not simply a matter of reflecting the same back, but rather that of the unconscious meeting its own needs but in relation with the conscious mind. Thus the collaboration between the two sets up a space for the “real” and for play. A mythopoetic inquiry holds the intention of and attention to this

reflexive mirroring of facing the unconscious and its facing back. It creates through play the third space.

Through this playful reflexivity we can both access symbols that are grounded in the unconscious, and give them form with the information of the conscious mind. These symbols express meaning that is already present but perhaps not recognized in our frantic attempts at making meaning. Oskar Doering (1933) writes that symbols are metaphors for the eternal in the forms of the transient; in them the two are ‘thrown together’, fused into a unity of meaning (diaphoric action). This throwing together of the transient and the eternal, where the conscious and unconscious meet is a symbolic, diaphoric engagement inherent to art making. It is an entering into the image, or the world of image, the imaginal. This is a place where it is all play and all real. The imaginal is a world between sense and intellect where the mythopoetic dimension of experience lives. It is really a plane of awareness that is different from our usual day-to-day practical, sometimes linear awareness. When we enter the imaginal we are entering the world of image where play and reality become our experience through a lateral move to an alternate way of being/seeing.

When we can allow ourselves to be drawn into or even taken by this play/reality of the image, the imaginal, we enter into a different form of consciousness—diaphoric consciousness—the symbol-making realm of Psyche where the unknown and known can surreptitiously meet to enact the mysteries of transformation. Within the immediate experience of Psyche, caught up in the unexpected mysteries of her images, we may discover that the pictures of suffering we had previously been trying to solve or alleviate have become rich symbols expressing the challenge and/or collaboration of the unconscious with the conscious; the eternal and the transient.

Jung (1964) describes his consciousness as an eye that contains in itself the most distant spaces, yet it is the psychic non-ego that fills these spaces non-spatially. The essence of the hermeneutic imagination which “throws open the challenge to inquire into what we mean when we use words like curriculum, research and pedagogy. We are challenged to ask what makes it possible for us to speak, think and act in the ways we do from the perspective of postmodern hermeneutics” (Smith, 1991, p. 188).

Gadamer (1976) expresses a similar perspective in his statement: “Nothing that is said has its truth simply in itself, but refers instead backward and forward to what is unsaid” (p. 67). A myth is always just as much about what is present (said), as it is about what is missing (unsaid). A mythopoetic inquiry includes absence and presence and relies heavily on both the hermeneutic imagination and the diaphoric imagination in their challenging the inquirer to unveil and re-embody meaning diaphorically. That is, to engage lived curriculum, living research and living pedagogy with a form of consciousness that is a kind of “eye” that contains in itself the most distant spaces, yet is the psychic non-ego that fills these spaces non-spatially (Jung, 1964). This “eye” sees beyond one’s present interpretation, its gaze creating further possibilities to be offered presence through mythopoetic curriculum that then emerges through the spiral lens.

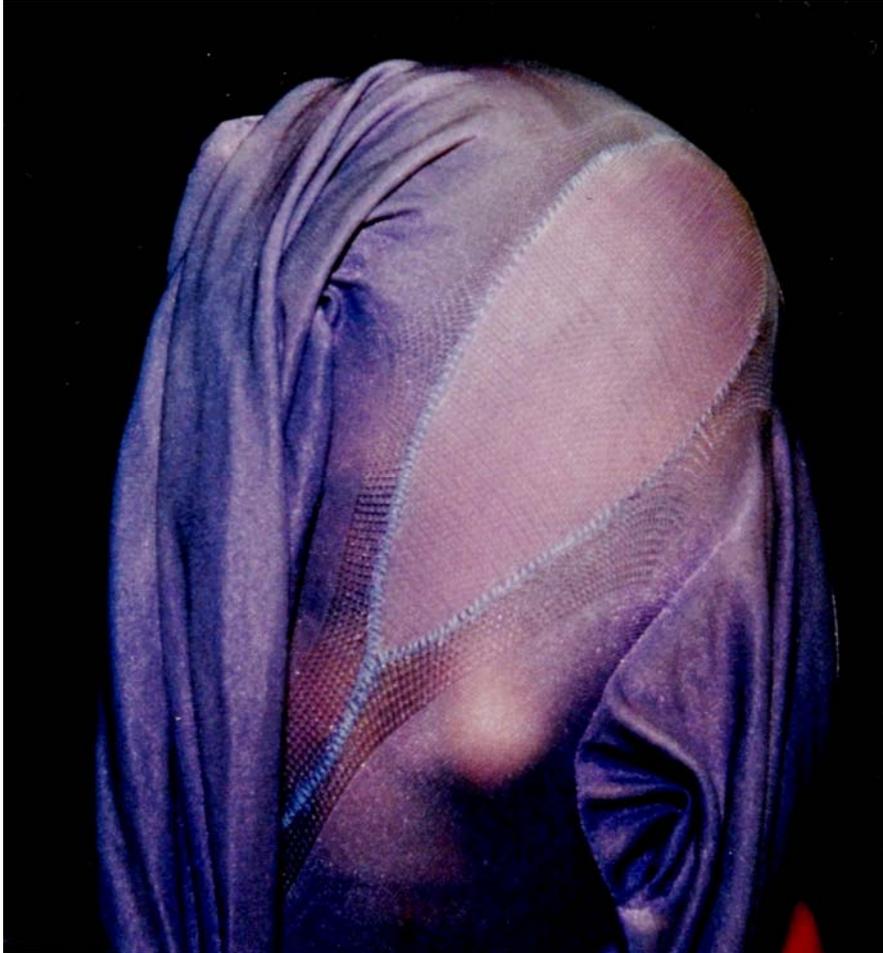
A playful imaginative gaze apprehends the possibility of something beyond the existing notions of curriculum, research and pedagogy especially when these terms have been used for so long that people have forgotten their origin (MacCormac, 1985).

In educational terms, the aim of interpretation... is not just another interpretation but human freedom, which finds its light, identity and dignity in those few brief moments when one's lived burdens can be shown to have their source in too limited a view of things.

(Smith, 1991, p. 189)

Part 3.
The Hermeneutic Imagination:
The Spiral Lens Crystallizes

5. Learning How to See Again



The Work of Seeing

The Work of Seeing

The work of seeing is done.
Now do heart work
Upon the images within you.

I ask you the reader, to kindly consider the space in between intention and extension and invite you to walk your imagination with me in this uncanny adventure.

Intension/Extension I

We usually suppose that the intension of a concept determines its extension. Consider: the intension of mind; intention of body; intention of heart; intention of psyche/soul.

Fully experiencing the extension of deeper impulses/intensions of mind, body, heart and psyche offers these intentions form. Engaging direct experience of sensation, feeling, and intuition animates them, like seeds called by the earth to sprout. The earth (anima mundi) calls, and the seeds come to life. This sprouting activity is literally an extension of the seed, an inner energy (anima) or intent that expands and grows. Feeling into the dirt and finding new form, trans-forming in the dark earth.

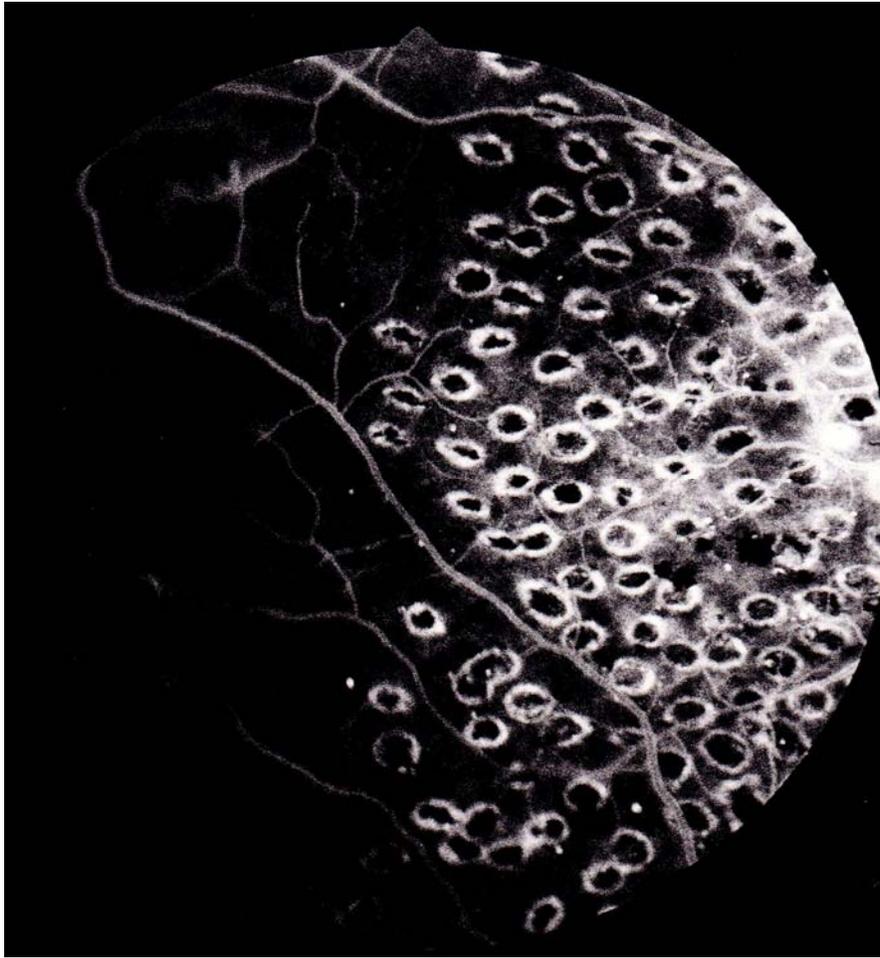
The plant world owes its life to the fact that it clings to the soil in which the forms of life express themselves.

(I Ching, n.d.. p. 536)

The expression of the forms of life *is* the intention that grows towards its own extension: Self-actualization, embodiment of intention through extension. The enactment of intention towards its own extension is the essence of the method that forms the living curriculum of mythopoetic inquiry. Psyche holds her intent in the unconscious of students/clients/myself as facilitator, researcher, artist and you, the reader. Intent is then embodied in the art and brought into the world. In the reflexive process of viewing and

being viewed by the art, the liminal space between the art and the viewer creates a resonance with potential meaning waiting to be actualized. A third space is implicit in this resonance or gaze.

The generative force of the inner intent, or anima/Psyche, pushes up into the atmosphere and begins to explore an expansiveness within which these intentions (seeds) can move freely, express themselves and be seen and have affect. They travel from the invisible to the visible. Could the seeds of my blindness also extend themselves towards an expression and make visible to me what their intention is? The extension of these seeds requires the practice of 1) deep democracy (listening to the blindness), 2) archetypal activism (bringing black and white; dark and light; blindness and sightedness together) and taking up the energy generated in steps 1 and towards 3) the diaphoric imagination that creates presence (resonance, the gaze, the third space). These practices are important in mythopoetic inquiry so that the diaphoric imagination can form an alternate story. The original story is only the symbol pointing to the narrative of the imagination living in deep time when it engenders an alternate myth through creating the story as I am living it; writing the narrative at the same time as I am reading it to myself and the world; creating a vision while seeing, an imaginative vision about what is and what can be. A spiral lens creating vision.



Seeds of Blindness

The intention (seed/anima) has gone through a metamorphosis through its own extension—the sprouting process—as an awakening of awareness is activated by the pull of the earth: *anima mundi* (soul of/in the world, inherent interconnectivity). It is the relationship between the two:

a) **intention:** seed/anima/soul, and

b) **extension:** budding thoughts, sensations, feelings and intuitions pulled by the animating power of *anima mundi*—earth and all her forms. Here is where creativity is spawned. Consider the word “unanimous”—being of one mind, or one soul here (Abrams, 1996).

My blind eyes leave the world invisible to me but still want to reach, like phantom limbs full of their original desire into that world and show it to me; they want to embody this world for me so that I too can extend and express myself. I am walking on a bridge in a mythic landscape. I am the mythographer looking for clues to the deeper intent of Psyche who is telling me the narrative of the imagination in her own language of image.

Being in this very intimate relationship between intention and extension allows for a new level of awareness in which form and the creation of an environment for that form emerge simultaneously, diaphorically. I can feel something stirring, something in the process of birthing itself: a moment is unfolding into and beyond itself. Living in this moment through directly experiencing its subtle but powerful movements in the Klein body, I acknowledge this deepest of relationships; it is a relationship that has the potency to bring about a level of awareness I equate with a symbolic way of seeing; seeing the invisible through the spiral lens that is morphing from the Klein body, trusting that the seed/anima instinctively knows how to extend into the unknown.

How Can I Find an Image in the Dark?

I can feel contractions in the black earth beneath me as the seed starts to stir, first gently, then making larger and bolder movements as it makes its way both down, deeper into the earth, and simultaneously up, to break through the surface towards the sun. This is the sun within that moves closer to the sun without.

The first stir is straining, painful, cracking the husk of the seed. Anima must break her shell, leave home and travel in the dark for a while. Her extension pulls every muscle in her being, but is full of intention, yearning, desire, necessity. The Klein body is awakening to the call of the mythopoeia.

To feel these first stirrings from the unconscious, those subtle signals from the ancient ones, the flickerings of the morphic resonances in the field, is the initial inclination towards image: finding an image in the dark, finding meaning in the blackness. These first movements of the unconscious are indications that, if *attended to*, will unfurl from the unconscious and into the imagination where they will be shaped,

baked and formed by body, mind, heart and soul into gesture, notion, inquiry and depth. These motions of the unconscious are experienced through a signalling and attending to what Merleau-Ponty (1962) discovered through a subject-object dialogue. To understand this subject-object dialogue, we first need to understand the idea of the lived body, something which Merleau-Ponty brought to phenomenology. "I am not in space and time, nor do I conceive space and time; I belong to them, my body combines with them and includes them...My body has its world, or understands its world, without having to make use of my ... 'objectifying function'" (Merleau-Ponty, 1962, p.140-141).



Body Subject

'My' lived body understands her world, without having to make use of my "objectifying function." "We are nothing but a view of the world" (Merleau-Ponty, 1962, p. 406). *I am simply a way of seeing*. "Inside and outside are inseparable" (Merleau-Ponty, 1962, p. 407). This is the body as alchemical Klein bottle that viscerally extends into the diaphoric in mythopoetic inquiry. My flesh is my living curriculum as its stirrings and straining are the beginnings of the metamorphosis of viscera shaping into spiral lens. There is a formidable aching in this process of transformation.

Having experienced the entire spectrum of vision from being fully sighted—to almost completely blind—and landing in the in-between place of living with a visual impairment—is, with great irony opening a way for me to see again: living in the invisible and learning how to trust the seed's animation towards... the deeper intent or soul of my blindness. This is my "living inquiry" (Meyer, 2010). "What is living inquiry? It is not a philosophy of life, a methodology to be followed, or an analytical how to live with the quality of awareness that sees newness, truth, and beauty in daily life. (Meyer, 2006, p. 165)⁴⁵. The "living inquiry" of my journey with blindness is part of the "call" to embark on a mythopoetic inquiry. It is my way through the darkness of being and honouring the unconscious where the ancients live among us, calling.

⁴⁵ "Look to experience with a fresh eye, taking as our datum whatever presents itself in experience, using the totality of the given as the starting point..." (1984, p. 22). My ongoing interest in such awareness of everyday living, seeing my world with a fresh eye, prompted me to develop a course intended to inquire qualitatively into the structure, content, and movement of daily life (Meyer, 2006, p. 165).



Blindness Calling Me

Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati invites unfinished business of the past, generational business being carried forward that is archetypal material pushing to be embodied creatively rather than destructively. The gesturing of the ancient ones flickers through my being. These invisible presences agitate and ache in their self-absence as they are unable to tell the whole story without my intention to be present to their stories. My absence here, my turning a blind eye to these old souls *is* the suffering I feel in the gaze of the abyss. I still ache with desire to tell these ancient ones of their embodiment in my story of mourning their dream. In this suffering I feel empathy (“Einfuhlung”) with these invisible visible ones. I wonder if they are possibly the seeds of a deeper intention

of the lived body to grow towards *amor fati*: loving the gifts of this living inquiry as they shape themselves into a lived curriculum. Anima⁴⁶, the seed, still yearns to sprout and reach into anima mundi⁴⁷. This is her nature. And the nature and desire of stories/myths mythopoetically is to move beyond their habits, their re-cycling of the literal and into the mythopoetic, the literal being the symbol that points to something beyond itself and activates the vision making function that asks *Am I simply a way of seeing?*

I see now that Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati, is the inquiry that emerged from my response to the call of anima mundi to the lived-body of this 'not-me' that has been hidden in the dark for so long, the soul-figure: the intentional body, which is lived through in relation to possibilities in the world—its own extension. This intentional body is the archetypal force (anima, the archetype of life itself) behind the indomitable insistence of my phantom vision to find another way of seeing/extending. The archetypal vision-making function is pulling me into Anima mundi who is calling me to do the impossible, reminding me of my intrinsic interconnectedness. The archetypal vision-making function demands that I invite this 'other', this 'not-me' to be present, breaking the taboo of inquiring into the soul of the blindness. Who do I become in the presence of blindness? Through the practice of deep democracy the presence of the soul of blindness is seen and heard as she whispers: *"Let me speak from the dark so that you might find the image you are looking for: the image that is living in the body of the darkness that is your experience"*.

Does this voice of the soul of blindness speak of something beyond my knowing? The practice of archetypal activism (bringing the polarities of blindness and sightedness together) initiates the emergence of the diaphoric imagination creating presence through an embodied shift in awareness. Psyche's vision-maker hears her name being called. Through the work of the Klein body I can viscerally experience the voice from the dark bringing more to my experience beyond *"how I think of myself"* or *"how I see myself"*, both of these being potent calls pointing to *"seeing myself as a way of seeing"*. Seeing

⁴⁶ The anima is the archetype of life itself. "Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious," CW9i, par. 66.]

⁴⁷ Intrinsic connection between all living things.

through the spiral lens—feeling its metamorphosis through the body as alchemical Klein bottle—tells me of the realness of the symbolic. The autonomous voice of the soul of blindness is a sounding from the imaginal that speaks from the primordial archetypal dimension the conscious mind is most often deaf to.

The archetypal soul of blindness resists my knowing it in its entirety even as I always experience it in relation to my own body—the wounded body, the body with little vision—hence the wounded story that is calling for healing through this very body, this blindness. This Klein body, my body is the instrument that resonates the patterns of the ancients, the soundings of soul, essences that are presented to me through the morphic resonances and asking to be re-sounded, re-imaged, re-embodied in a manner that brings life to them, animates them, and so brings life/essence to me.

I can feel Rilke's suggestion that the work of seeing is done, and so I am invited, at this time (no more seeing, blind), to do heart work upon the images within me and embody their intent through my expression of them in my body and art: the images I am now finding in the dark, the things I can apprehend without 'seeing' them as they move and live within, through and around me as Klein body metamorphosing into the spiral lens that is the vision-making function of Psyche.

Could I now consider images I am finding as living in the body of the darkness I experience? *Living images of death. Dying images of life.* Is this the life-force/death-force pushing through the 'not-me', the image of the soul of blindness, this 'other' that I experienced as having stepped in and taken my place in the dance—the archetypal Shadow? Is this the image that, even though living in me, is resisting my knowing it? Is it the autonomous image of the soul of my blindness? We cannot integrate the archetypal shadow directly for it is too powerful. We can only engage the archetypal shadow through its connection and expression in our own stories, myths, bodies and pathologies which are all embodiments of the shadow asking to be attended to symbolically and then, diaphorically. I invite the reader to gaze through the indirect light of the moon in order to attend to your own mysteries mythopoetically as calls to an alternate story living in you.

Through the autobiographical inquiry that is the narrative threading through the mythopoetic inquiry—in partnership with the practices of deep democracy, archetypal activism and the Presence created by the now stimulated, animated diaphoric imagination—I/you move from the literal to the symbolic, from the wounded story or pathology: the crack in the egg shell that lets in a blinding light. Moving through the broken place to the light is the practice of mythopoetic inquiry. The reflexive relationship between the crack and the light engenders the alternate story.

The images of the autobiographical inquiry are autonomous structures of the psyche and are the very act of an embodiment of what appears to be nothing. I see nothing; I feel the nothingness, the blackness, the void. Out of the black the images appear. They give life to me. I glance at them in split-seconds of altered states pretending I know nothing of them. Strangers. Foreigners. Not to be trusted.

Where does the inquiry go when it is torn apart by what it uncovers? What dangerous discoveries does the inquiry lead me/you to? I am dying, yet I am alive. I am blind yet strangely I see. Split. Egg cracking, letting in such an enormous light that it is blinding. Fingering in the dark I discover the fine details of veins that carry cells as they travel through tunnels undetected by the naked eye. I have moved in, back to the pre-verbal cellular existence (my own and now that of two other human beings) of the intentional body, anima. I can feel her warm placenta bathing us. Washing us clean of everything we have assumed.



Blindness Speaking from the Abyss

At this point the inquiry turns a wide berth/birth becoming a profound home-coming—re-turning home to *anima mundi*—living in the symbolic, the imaginal, inside the world of image, embodied image as a doorway, threshold experiences where soul is no longer a prosaic "me" to which Merleau-Ponty (1948) refers. This is a soul that, in its deeply paradoxical fashion, *can* encompass the world. *Anima and anima mundi*: The intentional-body extending her limbs far beyond her line of vision, reaching into and out of the invisible in one fluid movement. I am not lost. I know there is a door for me to go through. I must go to it now and enter deep time. This is the mythopoetic way the soul of my blindness is asking me to take.

Field Work:

Fieldwork is about getting into the imaginal world and interacting with inner figures and archetypal patterns established by the ancient ones, inviting these as “guests” of the unconscious and learning how they work, live and play. Fieldwork is a key method for mythopoetic research. The understanding that I come to from being in the imaginal world profoundly affects and directs my way of seeing, becoming multidimensional in its varying embodiments. The following writing and images form the body of my field notes as they shape the directionality of the narrative; practice; pedagogy and curriculum that this mythopoetic inquiry, Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati generates.

Going through the doorway into the imaginal—to the light that illuminates images from within its own darkness, like the black sun—is a new/ancient way of seeing. It can happen simply with a gaze.



Wounded Retina Illuminating Darkness

I had equated literal vision as *the* legitimate form of extension, just as the heroic-ego equates its perspective on progress as the legitimate form of extension. I also equated the more literal narrative I was telling myself about myself as my “reality” disregarding the alternate story the habitual narrative was only a symbolic work place for, a living currere. I came to understand that my habitual story was actually my studio with all the paint and brushes I needed to invite the diaphoric imagination to help me work mythopoetically with my wounded narrative transforming it through its own embodiment and extension in the art making. Being the liminal figure embodied in the Klein body, I was secretly crafting my spiral lens that showed me the way to relationship with this ‘other’, this ‘not-me’ so polarized from the heroic-ego stance. Before writing the

mythopoetic inquiry, Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati I had yet to break the taboo of inquiring into the soul of my blindness this one-sided ego maintained. I was split. I would not apprehend that this dark 'not-me' was simply that which was showing itself in my perception as a deeply embodied perspective that was hidden inside itself. Hidden from me. Death is hiding from us in fear of our rejection of it.

Listening to the ancient ones, recognizing their stirrings in the Klein body through my own unconscious gestures, was a form of tuning into the morphic resonances in fields of experience and to see these symbolically, mythopoetically through the spiral lens. The method of tuning in and responding mythopoetically to the reflexive relationship between the conscious and unconscious, the living and the dead is the practice of deep democracy and archetypal activism leading the inquirer toward a diaphoric perspective that creates Presence. Through the view offered by the spiral lens having been carefully crafted through the inside/outside non-dualistic embodiment of the liminal Klein body, I have come to know trauma as the vision-making function of Psyche, the transcendent function⁴⁸ that takes us into the third space, the imaginal.

In Jungian terms the transcendent is where one is no longer plagued by duality which I see as a side effect of being overly dependent on consciousness at the expense of the unconscious. Mythopoetically, a different way of experiencing the inherent reflexive nature of interconnectedness is offered and with it, a new respect for a sensibility that apprehends the diaphoric imagination leading to a symbolic way of living. Admittedly my conceptualizing mind and habitual body often pull me back into painful dualities I experience at those levels. In order to shed more light on how the conceptual mind and habitual body are being lived out in the world, I return to posing my inquiries to the unconscious to assist me in the central task of crafting my spiral lens through the Klein body. In this endeavour, I invite the transcendent function through fully living the opposites so that I might find myself in that place-in-between that is neither here nor

⁴⁸ "The function which mediates opposites. Expressing itself by way of the symbol, it facilitates a transition from one psychological attitude or condition to another. The transcendent function represents a linkage between real and imaginary, or rational or irrational data thus bridging the gulf between consciousness and the unconscious. It is a natural process, a manifestation of the energy that springs from the tension of opposites" (Samuels, 1986, p, 150.)

there; the third space; the imaginal where I am both blind *and* sighted; where the blind one takes on her role of vision-maker in the mythopoetic.

Again, I ask:

How can I find an image in the dark?

As a denizen of mainstream culture—as well as having the orientation of much of my life as a sighted person—I have now become alerted to the notion of an existential extension that the creative psyche is fully capable of. The vision-maker who has made herself known in this mythopoetic inquiry understands that most often an existential extension presents itself in the invisible. It is held secretly in the unconscious intention; Psyche's ulterior motif and remains in the shadow until such time as certain kinds of experiences have taken place that then reveal/embody this existential intention/extension (such as my blindness). The intension/extension is the soul dialogue of anima and anima mundi, that place in-between where the relationship and dynamic between the two that become three, the third space of resonance and the gaze.

Third space references the space between a work of art (in a first space) and a viewer (in a second space) in which meaning, not residing solely with the one or the other, is created in between (in a third space) through their interaction. It also references the shifts in relationships between students and teachers that researchers found quality arts-integrated instruction to facilitate—relationships in which students played a more active role in their own learning and teachers participated in constructing learning with students rather than only delivering content to them.

(Stevenson, 2005, p. 121)

The concept of the liminal (third space)⁴⁹ as transformational is highly recognized in curriculum studies through the influence of the work of (Aoki, 1999) who emphasizes how learning concerns are transformed through the evocative inquiry of the liminal. Aoki highlighted creativity as a means of stepping beyond the agency of dualism and old assumptions and methods of prescribed curriculum and thus, points teaching and curriculum in a direction that surpassed the usual pursuit of knowledge through the

⁴⁹ I understand that there is also much theory about the third space in Educational Psychology identified with Vygotsky (1962), which the parameters of this dissertation do not allow for.

literal. Aoki asks of teachers to honour engaging the liminal in the many spaces experienced in a lived inquiry, a reimagining what curriculum studies could be. Curricular creativity as a means of stepping beyond the agency of dualism and old assumptions and methods of prescribed curriculum points teaching and curriculum in a direction that surpasses the usual pursuit of knowledge through the literal, and, I propose, brings curricular and research endeavours into the realm of the symbolic. The symbol points to what lies beyond it: the mythopoetic with

its tendency to present itself in consciousness in the form of images... A mythopoetic story [that] evolves in each individual's life like the flame around a candle's wick providing a matrix for the soul's indwelling...representing an intermediate between the worlds of spiritual and material reality. This mysterious third area is known in analytic psychology as psychic reality or imaginal reality. ...mythopoetic images have their roots in a collective layer of the unconscious and... this stratum of the psyche mediates experience that is perceived as spiritual. So we cannot avoid spiritual experience in our otherwise material lives. We live our true lives "between the worlds." In ourselves we are "citizens of two realms.

(Kalsched, 2013, p. 316)

The creative process is a stepping into the liminal to see which direction the symbolic is pointing to that will lead to truths that lie beyond ego consciousness or consensus reality into the "stratum of the psyche that mediates experience" (Kalsched, 2013, p. 316). The art and writing of *Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati: A Mythopoetic Inquiry* is an inquiry into the dark, between worlds: the Shadow, the collective layer of the unconscious where blindness is necessitated. In alchemy the first stage of individuation is nigredo⁵⁰ symbolized by the symbol of the black sun. The black sun sheds light from within its own darkness. I search for the tools to begin without knowing what I am doing. "If we imagine the outcome of these attempts, we will see that empirical observation finally ceases, inner beholding of what develops begins, and the idea can be brought to expression" (Goethe, n.d. par 16).

⁵⁰ "The dark Mercurius must be understood as representing the initial negredo state, the lowest being a symbol of the highest and vice versa...the one and all, the union of opposites accomplished during the alchemical process" (Jung, 1960, p. 232).

The blind seed, like an inward eye is expressing itself through its embodiment, which then shows the seed what its intention is reaching for. What is the seed/soul of my blindness intending in its embodiment of blackness. How do I heed its longing to find an image in the dark? I suspect generating the steps of a mythopoetic inquiry is what its ulterior motive is. From within the dark earth of the unconscious a curriculum expressed itself through the embodiment of the steps and “stops” of the mythopoetic inquiry for others to inquire into. The raw material of their own self-story, the composting of their own “blindness” becomes nutrients for an inner-eye that activates the vision-making function through re-cognizing the “flickers” as clues to their own mythopoetic journey. Psyche’s deeper intent all along has been the crafting of a spiral lens that can only be morphed from the Klein body living in its uniquely designed currere.

The educational implication of this is the notion that a living curriculum is an embodiment-through-extension into the world, of the deeper intention, the seeds of the wisdom Psyche offers through the images that are our direct experience of being in the world. *Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati: A Mythopoetic Inquiry* offers a practice that invites us to enter the unknown, the unconscious honourably through stepping into the gaps in our consciousness, trusting that the symbols of our experience are guiding us to an *other* point of view, another dimension of consciousness/unconsciousness that spirals into an alternate myth that is part of collective myths.

Mythopoetic inquiry becomes curriculum, which again, bends back reflexively generating more method through opening to the unconscious. In an uncanny footstep-by-footstep, “stop” by “stop” dance in spaces of intertwining tunes of the liminal, entering the inside/outside of the Klein body metamorphosing, a spiral lens emerges out of the dark.

The Inward and Outward Eye/I

Consciousness likes to believe that it has the order of things in place, and that it is its job to define what reality is. The heroic ego or outward-eye always wants to know where it is and maintain a hold on how it defines this itself, within its own reality, mostly the sensate material world. The dream-ego as well does this through its assumption that its perspective defines the meaning of the dream. To practice deep democracy in earnest, the imperative of the ego towards wanting to “know” must be included in a mythopoetic inquiry. Ignoring its particular call to consciousness, which is its nature, would be antithetical to the practice and would result in a lopsided perspective perhaps to the other extreme and thus, lacking the kind of containment and directionality the ego generously offers as navigating and orientating function of Psyche.

A broader perspective would not exclude the will of ego-consciousness and would realize that this knowledge is not only ‘in our heads’, but also very much through the body and the world. A mythopoetic sensibility feels into the space-in-between different kinds of consciousness and the unconscious, and sees the dance that takes place here in the listening and movement of the inside/outside of the Klein body as it is metamorphosing in the third space of the liminal. “Dance is needed as we recover what it means to be adults in the world learning with mind, body and soul” (Snowber, 2012, p. 73). The dance of the mind (thinking), body (sensing) and soul (intuiting and seeing through) takes place in the space-in-between.

The intentional dance of the Klein body *is* the practice of learning through mythopoetic inquiry which leads to a diaphoric apprehension of experience drawing on all of the aspects and talents of Psyche: thinking; feeling; sensing; intuiting; and seeing through by the very nature of its inherent non-duality. This form of experiencing is not restricted to, but still somehow addresses what often seem like fundamental questions that logic alone can answer but never really does in a satisfying manner.

The body-subject knows the world by moving into it –I am the ‘seeing body’. I am the vision-maker becoming the spiral lens.

The dance of the body-subject—the Klein body metamorphosing its inside/outside into the spiral lens—has the ability to move the object of perception of existence to in-sight, the meaning being more important than the object. This ability comes from the diaphoric imagination which Sandra Gilbert, Professor of English emerita at the University of California, and Susan Gubar, American author and distinguished Professor Emerita of English and Women's Studies at Indiana University, describe:

the diaphoric imagination [activated through practicing the steps of the dance of the inquiry], acts not so much as a comfortable “bridge” between the real and the intangible, as a disturbing presence that validates the real and forces us to apprehend “things in their thingness” including the person of the artist and by that means to approach what hiddenness active within them.

(Gilbert & Gubar, 1979, p. 164)

The diaphoric impulse that is, moving from metaphor to diaphor demands an existential confrontation. The “disturbing presence” that “lies behind” the artist, is what the body senses and knows beyond the over-thinking mind, bodying-forth new meaning, a new presence. The “existential confrontation” is the acknowledgment and embodiment of these hiddennesses so that they can become conscious through the body itself, bodying-forth in the creative. In this manner, the generative intentional energies of the body can meet with equal force this potentially dangerous “disturbing presence,”

Archetypal action allows for a confrontation from which the sense of “presence” arises. It is the Klein body that implicitly carries knowledge that is a priori to the thinking mind which the practitioner of archetypal activism brings into the mythopoetic project. Here the creative/destructive dialectic potentiates a momentum towards living beyond present perceived or assumed limitations, the construct of my-self. *Am I how I see myself*—the now old myth? Engaging such powerful archetypal processes asks the practitioner to be “wide-awake” to a subtle and profound astuteness of mind, body and soul which the mythopoetic inquiry and curriculum acts as a currere for.

New forms of being and unborn awarenesses are birthed within the living currere, as extensions of Psyche manifesting through the Klein body are taken up by the archetypal activist. The archetypal activist sees the invisibles offered through the Klein

body and takes this knowledge to help her craft the spiral lens. The artist as archetypal activist and teacher of her craft, takes the plastic forms of the imagination and art materials and makes the invisible visible through the dance she does on the canvas or group of students before her inviting us to see and live mythopoetically. The archetypal activist sees myth in form, formed and trans-formed in the art and the psyches of students in their art. Reflexively, she is also in-formed in this process which the practice of mythopoesis is taken from. The archetypal activist within the academy can engage the diaphoric possibilities of theory and embody the presence created therein, into a living curriculum whose intention is manifested as an extension of deep time and in the development of a living curriculum for others: 1) deep democracy 2) archetypal activism 3) diaphoric imagination. In this sense, education can be a temenos that is strong enough to both contain and amplify the encounter with the numinous through flickers as texts.



Archetypal Activist

In-formed of the material of myth, the archetypal activist can act as a re-source for reinforcing the *logos*, *ethos*, *mythos* of the deeper intention of Psyche, the soul. Anima Mundi. She has a key role in re-mythologizing life because she has the ability to live symbolically while immersed in her mythography, the land she tills. Within the landscape of the mythopoetic, the archetypal activist can invite the wounded narrative and its strange logic to guide her, while attending to the woundedness ethically through her understanding of the reflexive nature of Psyche. Following the steps of her trekking through *logos*, *ethos*, *mythos*, *pathos* and *eros* in this manner, is the method and curriculum proposed in this dissertation including *telos*, being both the goal and purpose of mythopoesis towards amor fati. Rilke's statement: "The future enters into us, in order

to transform itself in us, long before it happens” (1904, p. 63) elaborates poetically the significance of both the wounded narrative and what its telos is. The reflexive capacity of Psyche discloses images of the future through the “flickers” she offers that, like seeds will sprout, reaching the surface of consciousness long after their initial emergence in the unconscious.

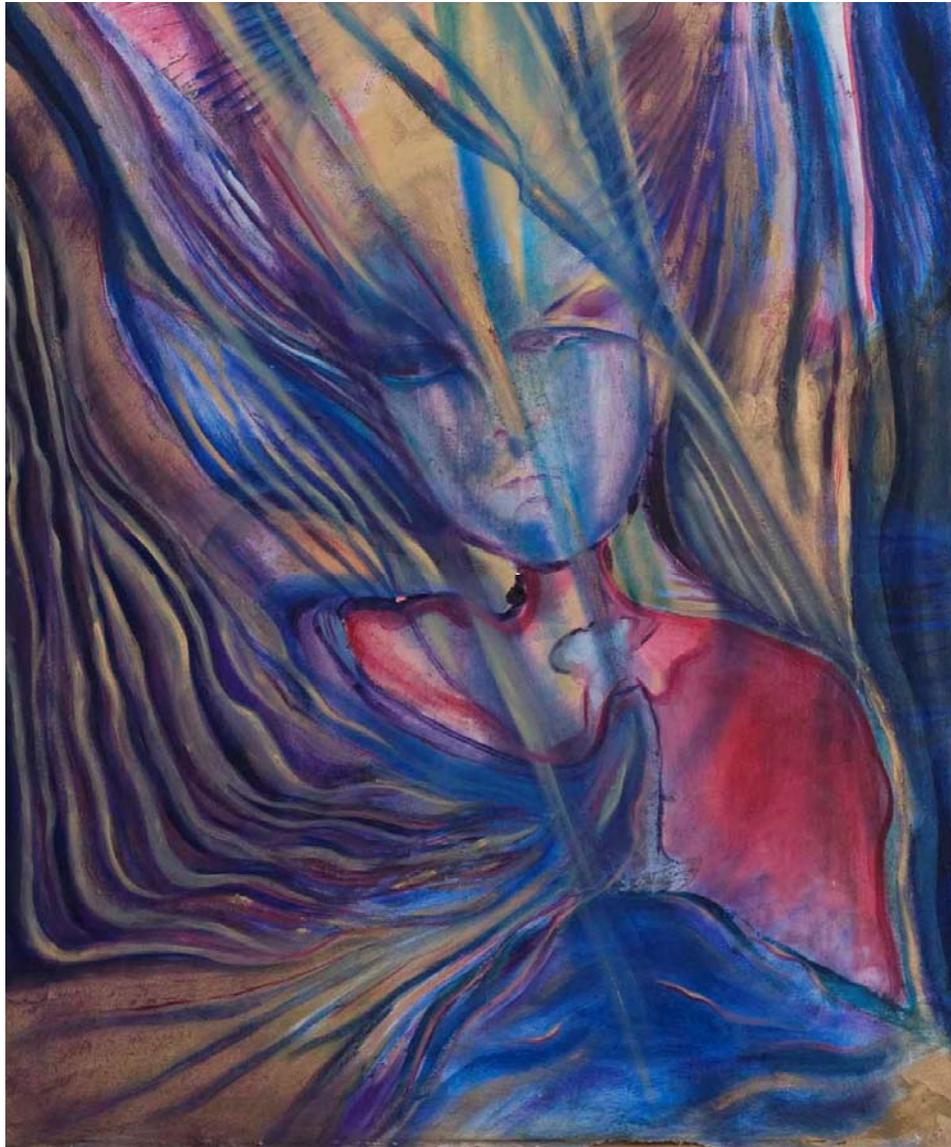
The future enters into us...

As educators and therapists we are naturally involved in the dynamic of how the future enters us and our students and clients long before it “happens out there”. As a pedagogy of soul and Psyche’s deeper intent, a mythopoetic inquiry generates a curriculum of “wide-awakeness” (Schutz, 1967), an awakening of what has happened before through a resonance with our past and that of our species, the morphic resonances that live across space and time as like upon like, carried by morphic fields that order self-organizing organisms. “These fields are souls updated (Sheldrake, 2012, p. 98).

Mythopoeia engages a kind of history (myth) that allows the researcher to locate herself in an intersubjectivity reaching backwards and forwards in time. Merleau-Ponty (1962) wrote of the kind of awareness this locating oneself thus: “My life must have a significance which I do not constitute; there must be strictly speaking an intersubjectivity...” (p. 448). I am proposing that this intersubjectivity is inclusive of Sheldrake’s (2012) updated souls. Merleau-Ponty’s emphasis on the significance that we do not constitute, suggests to me that “wide-awakeness” holds the awareness of ‘other’, the apperception of the ‘other’ of the ancients in same the manner the archetypal activist works with polarities whose tensions generate the diaphoric imagination towards Presence: the tension of the living and the dead that is the underlying dynamic asking to be brought into another kind of awakens. A mythopoetic sensibility.

The social philosopher Alfred Schutz (1967) talked of wide-awakeness as a type of awareness, “a plane of consciousness of highest tension originating in an attitude of full attention to life and its requirements” (p. 213). The tensions of the living and the dead; self and ‘other’, conscious and unconscious, illness and health, offer the greatest opportunities for developing a symbolic sensibility. In the practices outlined in the

mythopoetic endeavour one comes into Presence, that is, being present to the numinous. This is the new curriculum I am proposing and presently teaching clients, students, therapists and art therapy trainees.



Bearing Witness

A mythopoetic curriculum, as temenos, protects, supports and contains the visceral presence of inner figures in their process of being 're-membered' in a new way the original family could not. The death archetype lived in silence in post-war immigrants. In the imaginal space of art making in art therapy, updated souls are offered a safe place/process that also provides direction and insight towards the emancipation from the chaos of psychosis and illness—the illness being both the chaos, and the messenger in that en fleshed post-war psychosis. In this temenos I may now and again sit with this presence of absence—death—as much as I am afraid of her, and find a moment of peace in our last breath together. As a place of paradoxical yet authentic embodiment of death I turn to the words of David Abram (1997):

If this body is my very presence in the world, if it is the body that alone enables me to enter into relations with other presences, if without these eyes, this voice, or these hands I would be unable to see, to taste, and to touch things, or to be touched by them—if without this body, in other words, there would be no possibility of experience—then the body itself is the true subject of experience.

(Abram, 1997, p. 45)

In this body I know the imaging of Psyche who knows all forms of experience and expression: love—Amor Fati. I would ask the reader to return to the archetypal activist as a turning back into image, into the fleshiness of image as this body holds heart and soul and reconnects me to anima mundi.



Archetypal Activist

6. Vision-Making: Eye-Sight and In-Sight

Darkness within darkness

The gateway to all understanding⁵¹

(Lao Tzu, n. d.)

Not so long after my vision loss I went on a trip to an unfamiliar city. I didn't know how I could go inside the outside. I was frightened enough already entering the 'inside', the interiority I was living at that time. This 'inside' had strange repetitive sounds like a chant or mantra that was telling the same story over and over again. It put me in a trance and created a spell I could not break. I felt paralyzed yet extremely fidgety. I wanted to move, to introduce a different beat than the one the chanting was sounding out. I needed to extend this interiority in a manner I had never done before so that I might discover its seed, the deep intention Psyche held for me in her hand. So I waited on images for their true beginnings in subtle flickers I felt in my Klein body: their seeds.

⁵¹ "The Tao is called darkness, the mysterious source" ((Lao Tzu, n. d.)

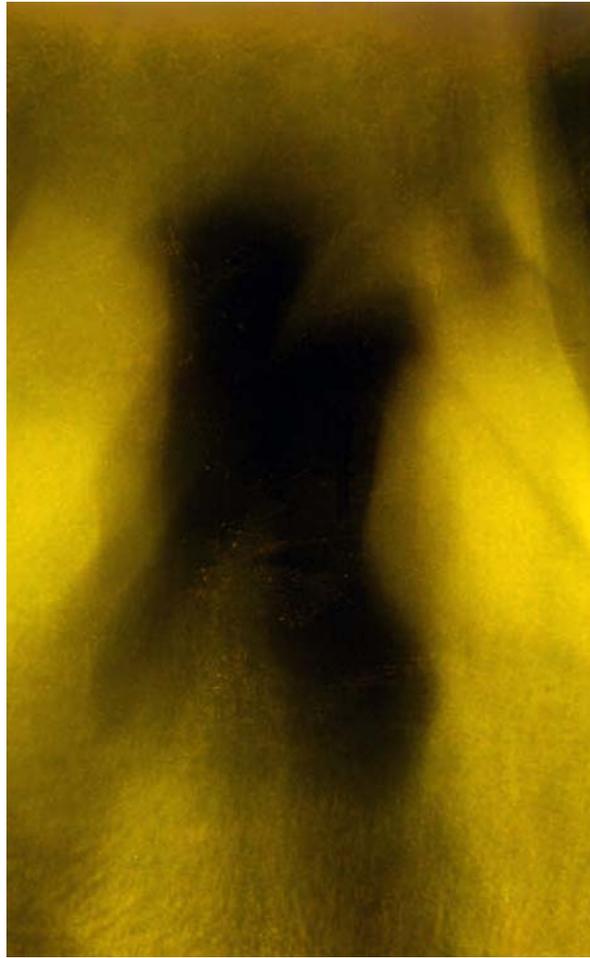


Psyche's Seeds

I had previously just taken for granted my ability to stride into the landscape in front of me blindly, yet fully sighted. I did not know of this gap between intention and extension, this mythopoetic landscape I now needed to leap into in order to bring these two together. The extension needed to move closer to the intention as the intention wanted to move closer to the extension. In this intimate dance I might step in tune with the beat of Psyche's dynamism in a mythopoetic matrix of the union of divine spirit with soul.

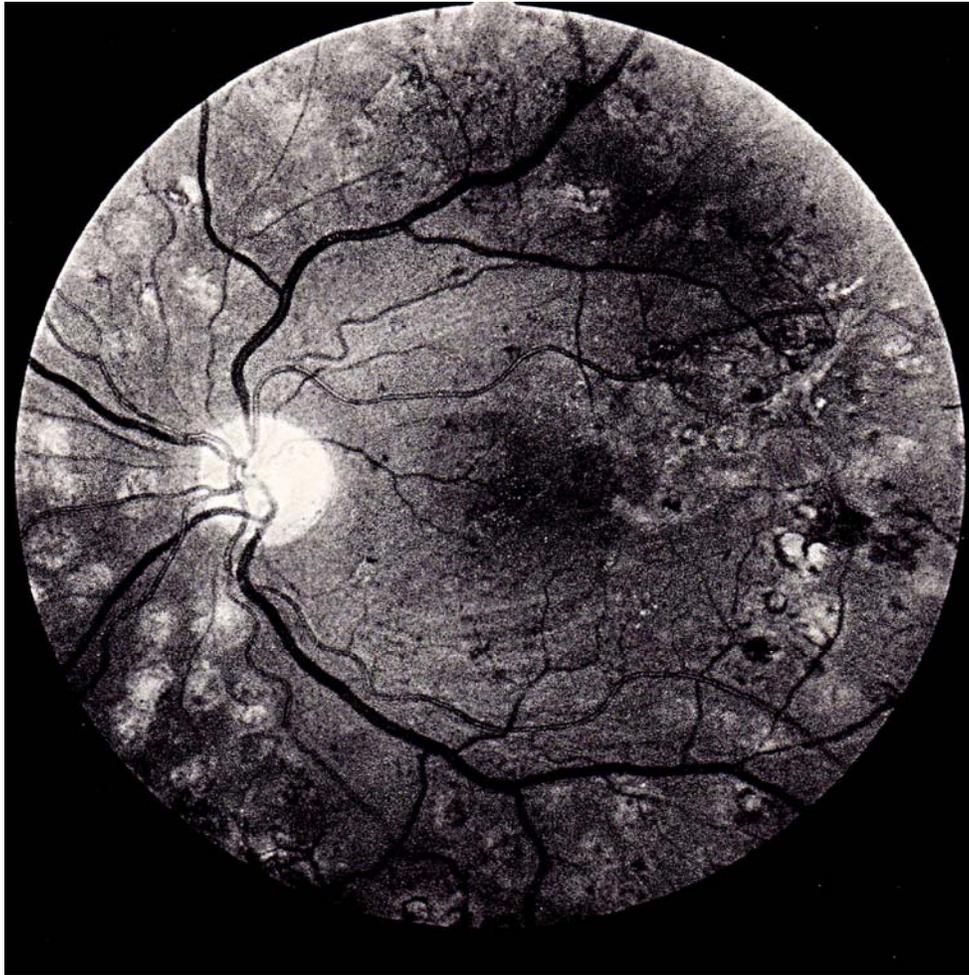
I was the dancer, the liminal figure, my body the alchemical Klein bottle taking up the call for archetypal activism so that the spiral lens that sees beyond seeing might begin to crystallize. I felt for my camera, a small symbolic version of both the Klein body and spiral lens, holding images inside its body and then revealing them. I hoped it might act as an example, showing the way to what was beginning to take place yet still invisible to me. It would surely be the trusty friend it had been for so long while I was fully sighted and act as the extension part of this budding new relationship of intention and extension. My hand was shaking as I took my old friend into my arms and headed out the door. I was on my way to the wedding of anima and anima mundi: inner and outer; intention and extension. The ceremony took place in the liminal.

What was my intention in this survival mode I found myself in? My intention was to see, even if my eyes could no longer do this in a manner I was accustomed to. I couldn't rely on those eyes any more. They were damaged beyond repair and left me facing the unbearable image of no image, eyes literally bleeding inside. Retinas haemorrhaging. I plunged into the abyss of blur and gray with no distinct outlines to map out my path.



In the Abyss and Blur

The intention of the blindness, its ulterior motive was to create new pathways 'inside'. Intuitively I knew this would be done by extension. Through extending my blindness into a world I no longer knew, I was testing this intention, its seed that was life flickering inside the darkness. The seed of blindness was straining to sprout, to shine like the black sun that illuminates what/who is around it while maintaining its inherent darkness. In the interiority of the Klein body, this black place of No image much like the inside of a camera, the spiral lens was being conceived.

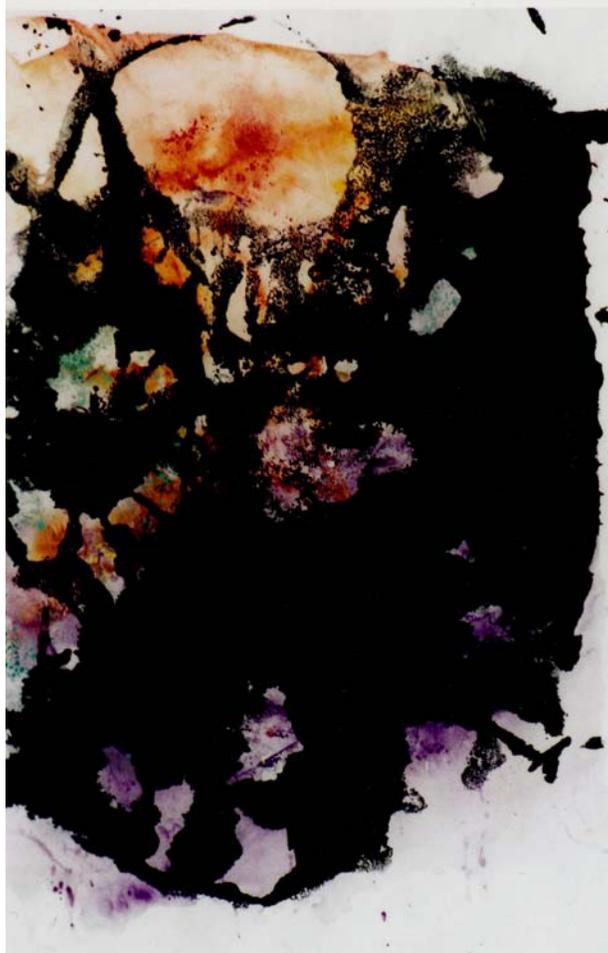


Black Sun

How did my mind miraculously bend all those things I could no longer see into shapes I could play with, that then became the space of creativity I inserted myself into? The seed of blindness began sprouting images within the very gaps my eyes presented to me.

So with my friend the camera and my love of image, I played. I flew into the gaps the intention of my blindness had created for me. I entered the uncanny. I could not know then what mysterious intension my body and intuition were speaking of through this blindness. I hadn't heard this language before. I wanted to know of its wisdom which

was far far away from my immediate experience of being blind. I had no idea what might reach into those dead places my retina now held like shocked babies.



Baby

I did not know how my mind bent light and shapes for this soul-play that was beginning to happen. But my body knew something. I had to stride into those gaps, into those uncanny spaces of nothing/anything, not knowing where or if my leg would reach some spot for my foot to land, some solid ground; I had overwhelming fear that this leg

extension would simply throw off my balance completely, finding no horizon line to orient me. No horizon.



No Horizon

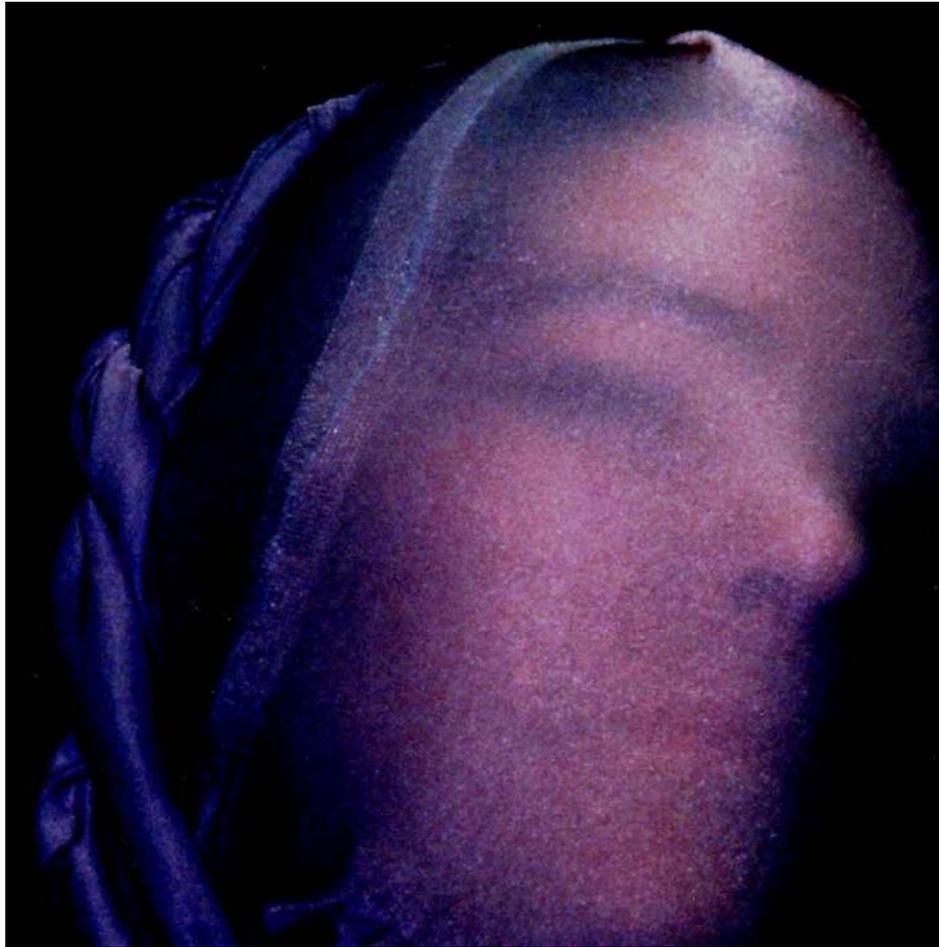
I am still unsure of my footing. A friend once confided in me that she could not 'see' my blindness until one day she noticed me pausing briefly each time upon entering or exiting. In. Out. A "stop" my blindness offered. Each step into or out of a house, a room, from light to darkness, or dark to light she observed an ever so slight hesitation: a pause for... an image, a feeling, a sense of where I am going, where I am; a new notion of myself without horizons; assessing the intention of body, heart, mind, psyche, and my extension into/out of... the next step in my life.

I am always situated in the present, on the way somewhere as having been somewhere. Thus, experience is always in the process of becoming. Just when I am aware of things as determinate and thematic, new possibilities emerge on the horizon and the past fades away as more ambiguous.

(Merleau-Ponty, 1945, p 15)

This stepping, toes edging surfaces of ... "Your body will be somewhere" my mother used to tell me.

My sighted life had faded to black. The "theme" of my being was now something I would find in an entirely different context. Darkness. I had entered the Shadow where no horizon is determinate. What world was I looking to, that was looking back at me that might hold the structure of a horizon? Was this world looking back at me that I might hold this structure? I could not know until I stepped in/out. Entering/leaving this dark enclosed cocoon my blindness had spun.



Cocoon of Blindness

I wanted to reach out as I reached in and trust that the two would meet somewhere in the imaginal, in the mythopoetic my spiral lens would eventually bring into view. But first comes the embodiment, the gnosis of the Klein body. I was sniffing out a route into the mythopoetic though I did not even 'know' that this is what I was doing. I turned my head slightly in the direction of the truth of 14th century German theologian Meister Eckhart's words: "When the soul wants to experience something she throws out an image in front of her and then steps into it" (In Eckhart's Sermon No. 1, *The Complete Mystical Works of Meister Eckhart*, With Foreword by Bernard McGinn, Translated by Maurice O'C Walshe (Herder & Herder, The Crossroad Publishing Co. 2009) in Eckhart's Sermon No. 1, p. 31).

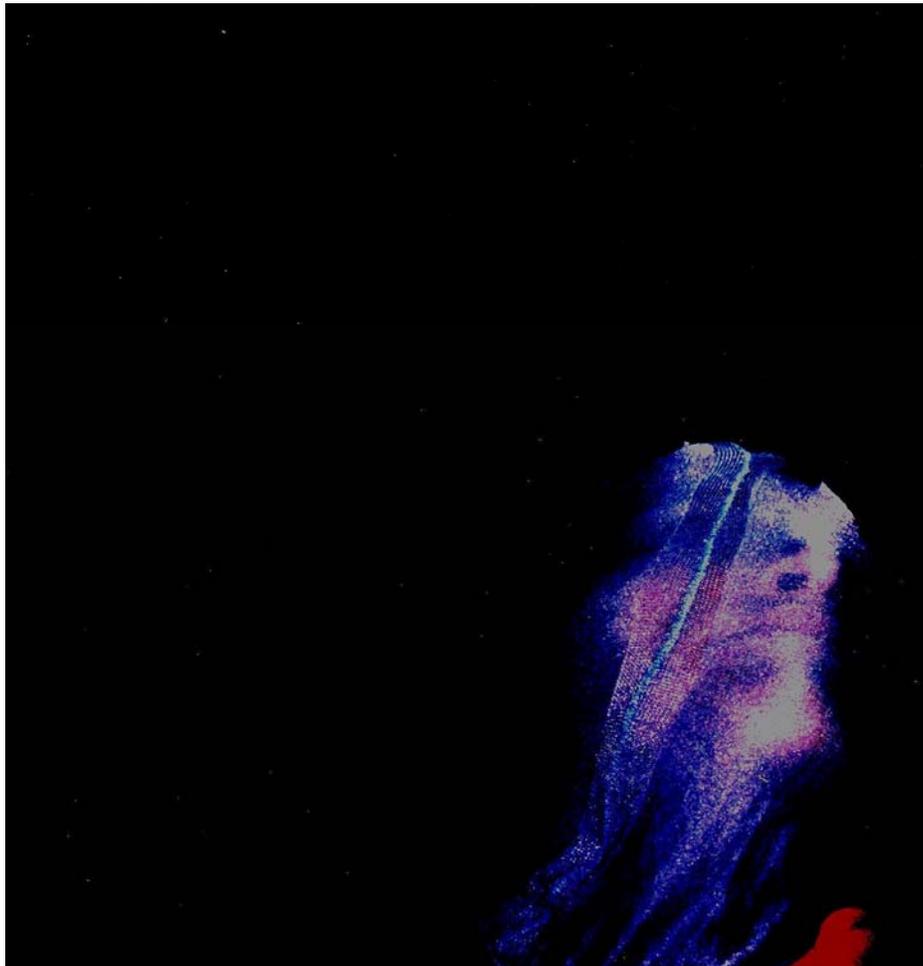


Sniffing and Listening

Was this what my liminal Klein body was doing in its desire and imperative of experiencing something by throwing out an image in front of Her and then stepping into it? My being turned towards the smell of Eckhart's image of soul/Psyche performing such an act so that I might hear Her desire (intent) and extend into an image I could then be (in). I wanted to know the truth of the intention of my blindness, feel it in my Klein body so that I could extend my leg towards some stepping stone that could serve in place of the horizon I had lost. My phantom vision knew it was the precursor or seed of the vision-maker living in the mythopoetic, reaching back for me to fulfill the intention of my blindness in this imaginal manner. This archetypal action would return my vision, my

world by entering it, moving into the gaps through embodying Psyche's deeper intention step by precarious step

“In the movement of my gaze from one thing to the other, I do not drop into the invisible” (Merleau-Ponty, 1945, p.77)). Yet I *did* “drop into the invisible”, into those gaps in my vision that seemed like nothing but emptiness.



What Blindness Feels Like

But I am now beginning to enter them subjectively and fill them with myself in the same manner Psyche does when she throws an image of herself in front of Her and enters it (Meister Eckhart, 2009). As I enter the space in front of me which I cannot 'see', I drop into a part of myself that was previously invisible, and only becomes apparent to me the moment I step into it. I become an embodied image of myself in deep time, an experience in which the present is not lost in itself, a moment I am not lost in an absence because I cannot see myself. Because I am embodied in Psyche's intension/extension, an embodied image that *is* her intent, I am an embodiment of the imaginal world I can now enter.

I have now stepped into the image Psyche has thrown out in front of Her just in time for me to land. It is an image I experience as 'me'. I am no longer lost. From inside this threshold of Psyche's image, the horizon is nothing other than myself/Psyche imaging/embodying the future entering me in order to be transformed, and in turn transform my image of myself as separate, invisible, absent. Rather than experiencing nothing but emptiness in the gaps—the absences *in* my vision/the absence *of* my vision my absence *from* myself—I can feel some other form of consciousness coming into being. This different form of consciousness offers me a sense of an alternate selfing emerging, an apperception of the future that has been flickering in deep time and holds the seeds of this future (Rilke, 1904) that is already present in my myth, waiting to sprout through the mythopoetic endeavour.

The myth I have been living habitually follows the same patterns of inner activity as my ancestors, and certainly my family as well as now, the patterns of the DNA of the two human stories that have been implanted into my life... "The collective memory of form, pattern and organization is accessed through morphic resonances that carry a collective memory of previous organizing systems: humans, animals, plants as well as culture, society, family (Sheldrake, 2012, p. 99). If my myth (or that of my students and clients and donors and you, reader) is an extension, carrying forward the same patterns of the organizing system or field I have inherited, I feel even more the imperative of continuing this mythopoetic voyage. Mythopoetic inquiry takes the very imaging of my myth into a selfing process that is creative rather than habitual, drawing on the transformative potentiality of the diaphoric sleeping in the myth. The diaphoric aspect of

the metaphor of my myth becomes animated, creating the appropriate ground for the seeds of a different future to take hold.

A new horizon appears for me to orientate myself in the inner and outer landscapes of experience. This mythopoetic horizon now looks back at me, and so teaches me its knowing of the future already inside my being, morphing reflexively through the Klein Body towards the spiral lens that sees past-present-future in a moment of deep time. The resonance between this mutually transformative knowing the horizon holds, and the seeds of this future in my body in the present, creates a field of meaning that is revolutionary to me. It is nothing less than learning how to see again. Sheldrake, (2012) proposes that "this kind of learning that happens through re-engaging pre-existing patterns" (the ancients, the ancestors, the myth, DNA), that are present now, affects learning all over the world (p. 208-10). This is the kind of learning where re-engaging and re-embodying the pre-existing patterns of personal and collective myths, archetypal DNA so to speak, can take place in a mythopoetic inquiry a living curriculum is I believe, essential to survival. The learning that happens through re-engaging pre-existing patterns is a core premise of my pedagogy. I am proposing it is a form of learning from the ancients, our own inner wisdom tradition so to speak.



Emergence

Through the practices of 1) deep democracy; 2) archetypal activism; 3) diaphoric imagination, (the steps of the mythopoetic), comes the increasing ability to sense pre-existing patterns that are present now in the Klein body which invoke new dimensions of meaning through the hermeneutics of the spiral lens. These new dimensions of meaning can offer revelatory understanding that the images and stories we hold, who hold us, are more than mere data. Instead, they become a new vision of imaging as a creation, a transformative power located within the human condition. They are the symbols pointing us to Psyche's deeper intent which holds alternate selves; alternate self stories; alternate self images that speak of the multidimensionality of perception, active perception that is looking through the spiral lens. Learning how the Klein body morphs into the spiral lens through embodying this process is the inquiry which leads to the crafting of the spiral lens that looks backwards and forwards reflexively in the vision-making of the lived mythopoetic curriculum.

The learning I receive in teaching my curriculum becomes the curriculum itself. The learning and the teaching and vice versa are the same dream⁵² within which the practice of deep democracy, all participants are dreaming together. I often suggest to my students that we are in this dreamscape while we spend time with each other making art. The group dream then is a mirror of the groupings or constellations of inner figures of each individual psyche, as well as that of the group's that is reflecting the collective psyche or collective unconscious⁵³ and the morphic resonances of previous self-organizing systems. Each of the above organizing systems—individual psyche, group dream, collective Psyche—all dreaming through the unconscious with their own idiosyncratic focus, contribute to creating wholeness. If any of these systems is excluded (shadowed), a gap emerges, a dark space left unoccupied. The question is what story and which archetypal figure will enter this invisibility?

“Attention and focus require some things to be out of the field of vision, to remain in the dark” (Hillman, in Zweig, 1991, pp. xvii-xviii). Here is the alchemical nigredo, the beginning of the opus of transformation, the gap I needed to enter to experience what my terror was bringing to light, to follow the glimpses of its trail through sensations in my body, a body of fear, the terror flickering with information and my being trembling.

I still have this trembling often without knowing the letters this Morse code is tapping out within/for me. I can be tricked easily and clamp down with the notion that something is wrong! My body is warning me of something. Alarm bells ringing, alerting me, reminding me of something else going on. Some animal language I am taking lessons in through the breaths of my dog, hearing her in and out breaths as they expand and contract her little body. She speaks to me in this language, and when I truly listen to these animal sounds (the instinctual, morphic), I sometimes catch a different tune in the

⁵² The dream is the small hidden door in the deepest and most intimate sanctum of the soul, which opens to that primeval cosmic night that was soul long before there was conscious ego and will be soul far beyond what a conscious ego could ever reach (Jung, 1933, p. 128).

⁵³ “The archetypal images are operative in every [hu]man and appear spontaneously whenever the layers of the collective unconscious are activated” (Edinger, 1954, p.120) such as in art making.

air and settle into a new smell. I stop trying to see and start to 'sniff'. The heart stops fluttering, and fingers cease their shaky search for something solid.

Intention/Extension II

Seeing's invisibility to itself is what makes it approximate to thought, to transform itself into "insight" to capture itself as "reflection". We are always seeing; seeing can stand for consciousness as a whole. Our seeing reaches into sleep. We see even in our dreams. We need to pay careful attention to all the different kinds of seeing—staring, glaring, looking, glancing, gazing, inspecting [sniffing, hearing animal breaths, feel the leaning of plants towards the sun, psyche yearning, soma aching]. There is a rich plurality to the practice of seeing.

(Merleau-Ponty, 1945, p. 87)

Merleau-Ponty's quote here is key to the development of an aspect of method in mythopoetic inquiry that is the listening to the polyphonic texture of perception. That is, two or more simultaneous lines of independent consciousness (duo-consciousness of the myth and the alternate story speaking and heard through the practice of deep democracy), as opposed to listening to just one voice/seeing myself only through the lens of the wounded narrative.

Field Notes

December 2013

*Lately I have noticed a subtle forthcoming of another way of finding an image in the dark. On several occasions recently I lost a small object while at home in my apartment. Previously when this happened, I would search endlessly for this object, or often not even bother due to my diminished eyesight. Now unexpectedly, Psyche has offered me an alternate means of finding what I lost through a seemingly imperceptible sound memory. It could be days after the **loss (the split)** when the tiny sound of the **impact (trauma)** of the lost object hitting the hard floor would spontaneously come to the forefront of my memory (complex). In that moment of 'hearing', I could 'see' where my body was when the*

*earring, for example, dropped. I then went to that space my body had previously occupied and quickly found the precious item (**the Self**).*

The first time this happened I was intrigued as I had never had this experience before. When these ‘sightings/hearings’ from the reservoir of my spontaneous memory (Klein body) continued to guide me to the desired outcome of finding what I had lost, I was truly stunned (spiral lens). An alternate ‘self’ (the archetypal activist), who was not reliant on literal seeing, and who had the resilience to move beyond the fear of having No-image (blindness), was now fully animated by Psyche (imaginal ego). I believe that this animation is the expression and extension of Psyche as she holds the archetypal polarities of image and No-image, sightedness and blindness—even with the enormous tension between them—in deep time (stepping into the mythopoetic). Is this a little bit like the “soul throwing out an image in front of her and stepping into it?” (Eckhart, 2009).

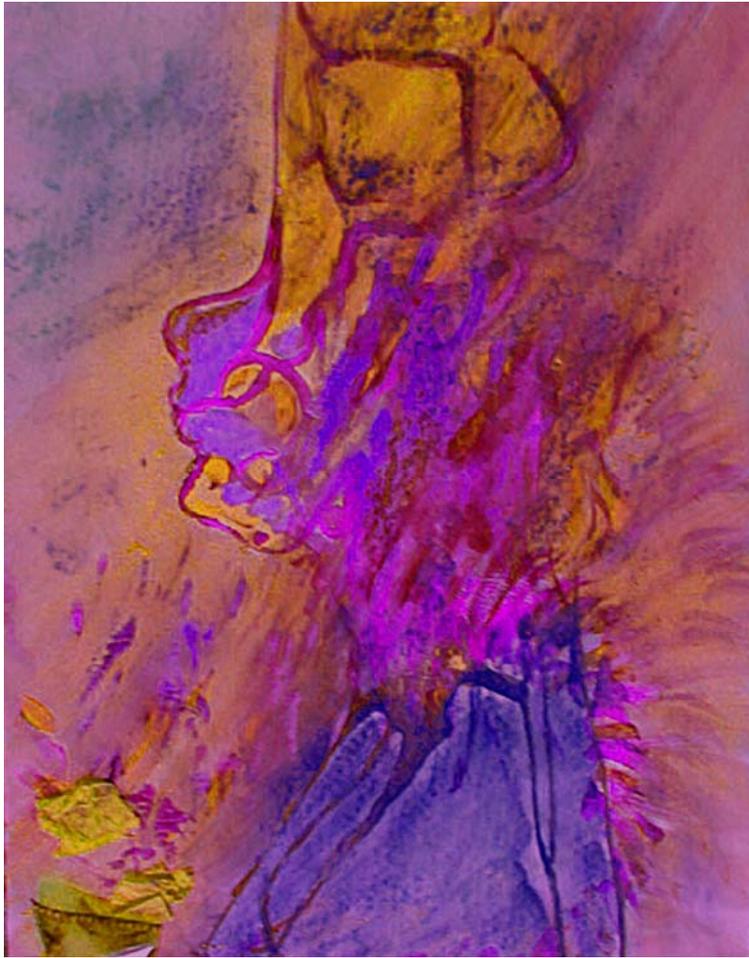
The method of the “soul throwing out an image in front of her and stepping into it” (Eckhart, 2009), is central to mythopoetic inquiry that pays careful attention to all kinds of seeing. The quality of this attention includes listening to the polyphonic texture of perception. I remember my mother having this uncanny ability to find things in the house that I could not. Whenever I could not find something I had misplaced, I would ask her about it. It was as if she/I was finding images in the dark through morphic resonances.

The method of developing this kind of attention to all kinds of seeing seems to have quite naturally emerged in my curriculum. When I suggest to students/clients that they close their eyes and use both hands to draw, they seem to enter a universe of presences of the imaginal which then reveal themselves in the bodies and art of participants. As if by magic, students/clients feel into (Einführung) their own beingness, and their presence in space both interiorly and exteriorly as they share the collective dreamspace with others (again, internal and external others).

A kind of deep listening occurs in this space: the sounds of one’s own heartbeat and breathing, the breath of other beings present; the shuffling and shifts in body

movement and posture; the sound of the pastel touching paper, all creating the polyphonic of a deep democracy of perception. Through this kind of attending one is being led by a living curriculum that leads and is led by embodiment, insight and the resonances of soul in deep time.

I did not realize until almost two decades after my vision loss, that this practice of closing the eyes was actually a manoeuvre on Psyche's part. Through her uncanny craft of secretly guiding me to throw my blindness in front of the students/clients—the blindness now leading and developing method—Psyche indirectly invited a living curriculum that was a seamless extension of my own journey of finding images in the dark. I found myself no longer alone in this blackness; this invitation was a spontaneous gift from Psych that helped me take the soul of the blindness into the world without my even noticing. Unconsciously I was already using the spiral lens. When I finally became aware of what seems so obvious now, I had a similar feeling to when the “sound memories” described in the field notes above woke me up to the multidimensional capacity of perception.



Plurality in the Practice of Seeing

Merleau-Ponty (1945) says: “to see is to enter a universe of beings that display themselves... in other words to look at an object is to inhabit it” (p. 79). Psyche throws an image out in front of Herself and steps into it. Fully experiencing—seeing in the manner Merleau-Ponty is suggesting here—correlates to my opening notion in this chapter that the extension of deeper impulses/intensions of mind, body, heart, and psyche offers these intentions form, embodiment. While seeing seems to be detached from the other senses, in fact it is folded in with them. The spiral lens emerges from the Klein body.

Sniffing, animal breaths, sprouts reaching, plants leaning, psyche yearning, soma aching, all localize me in the world in a way that seeing does not. We can only see because we can touch which is the archetypal sense that lives in all perception. The eyes touch and are touched by light and other beings in light which create light-forms. The body touches and is touched by inner and outer forces which are the “flickers” signalling invisible presences and events, the morphic resonances we are tuned into. The soul touches and is touched by its own nature that animates being: anima (life force) and anima mundi (inherent connectedness) dancing the mythopoetic. And so we are in intimate dialogue with our own existence. We are looking into our very nature. "If we want to reach a living perception of nature, we must become as living and flexible as nature herself" (Goethe, 1995, p. 64): The presence of Nature; The nature of presence.

As the experiential source of both psyche and spirit, it would seem that the air was once felt to be the very matter of awareness, the subtle body of the mind. And hence that awareness, far from being experienced as a quality that distinguished humans from the rest of nature, was originally felt as that which invisibly joined human beings to the other animals and to the plants, to the forests and to the mountains. For it was the unseen but common medium of their existence

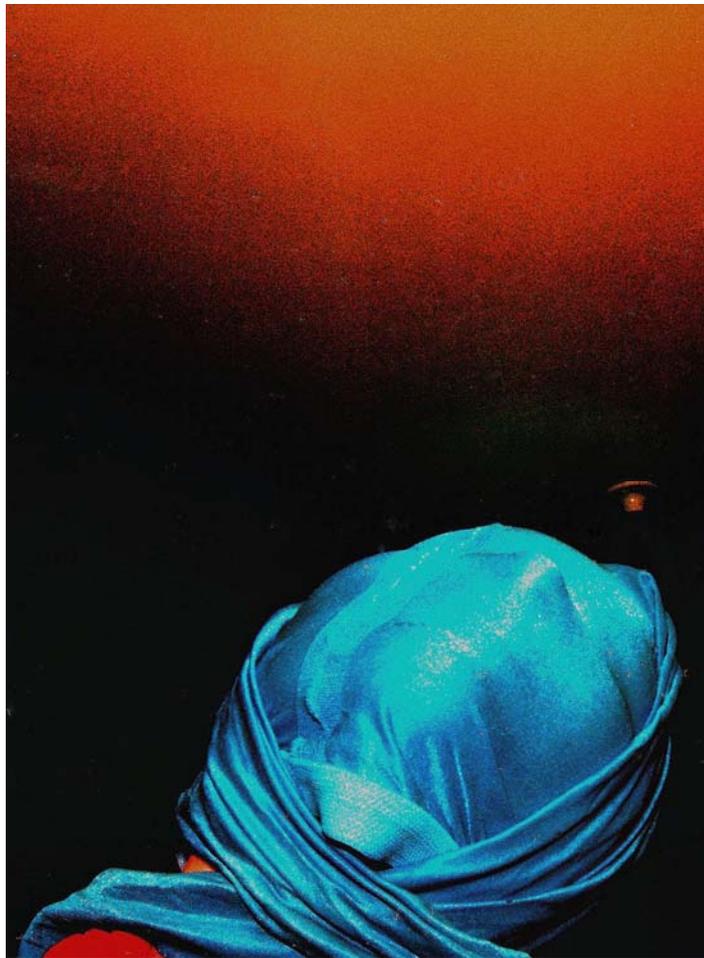
(Abrams, 1997, p. 237)

Anima Mundi.

I am searching in for that Presence, that deep breath I am taking into quiet chambers of my body. I can feel subtle stirrings in those places this breath reaches that quickly become still as soon as my awareness touches them. I must continue (as Psyche did in her offering me the technique of closing eyes) as if I do not know of this Presence, exhale, and move deeply into its path—following its invisible footsteps that are indicated only by feel. What presence entered me when I lost my vision? Because I was alone with this unfamiliar presence; because everything I trusted and was used to had vanished, no horizon line; because I stood in the midst of a transition where I could not remain standing... How could it not be difficult for me? (adapted from Rilke, 1904, p. 151). Was it a moment when something new entered me, a “stop” for something unknown, a breath of an un-lived life? The ‘not-me’ autonomously takes her rightful place Incorporating a kindness for the one who incorporates and what is incorporated. “A

silence arose, and the new experience, which I did not know, stood in the midst of it all and said nothing” (Rilke, 1904, p. 151).

I was trying to navigate through a liminal landscape and I desperately needed to hold the paradox of seeing/not seeing, visible/invisible. But I did not know how. I kept slipping away into the uncontained unconscious, into the imaginal that was let loose without a container: deep into my complex of not being seen.



I Cannot See so How Can I Be Seen?

The unconscious was spilling out in unbearable images that I needed to call home, not be depleted by simply releasing them, letting them run rogue and eat me. I needed a new relationship to the images—help them find their home in their initial intent of survival. Their rogueness needed guidance from me to give them direction: a viable process for them to let me know what their intent was. I could only discover this intent through its extension, its embodiment in the images themselves, allowing them to express creatively and sometimes even destructively—somatically first perhaps, then symbolically, diaphorically through art making, writing and stumbling into the steps of the mythopoetic inquiry and curriculum.

This re-direction, re-textualizing would require the conceptual end of the spectrum between sensual embodiment—direct experience, perception through my whole being (the apperception of the Klein Body)—and then collecting/gathering through tracking these perceptions so that they could inform the conceptual and imaginal end of the spectrum. The latter would serve to appease my conscious mind so that it would get its fair share of the process and so less likely sabotage the possibility of transformation. This conscious tracking was the creation of the mythopoetic curriculum that is ultimately presented here in this dissertation.

Conscious intention is part of the unfoldment of knowing through reflexion, as distinguished from reflection. Noticing the face in the mirror looking back at me, I literally bring it to consciousness, bring it consciousness through turning my gaze to the possibilities inherent in this dialogical, diaphoric space-in-between, this third space. The more reflexive the relationship between the embodied (flesh face) and the conceptualized/imaginal (face reflected in mirror) is, the more depth the gaze holds—subject/object melt like silver into one embodied moment in deep time, this peek into the mirror of my experience, the mirror holding the symbol of transformation. This gaze is a container for the mythopoetic.

Staying with this gaze, holding the symbol of the mirror in hand is an archetypal action flickering the beginnings of the crafting of the spiral lens that. Through the spiral lens I can see potential ambushes by symptoms/complexes that, like the hand of Hades pull me back into the Underworld. Holding the gaze (which acts as a form of containment for the liminal), while performing archetypal activism protects me to an extent through

adopting the mythopoetic sensibility it brings to life. That is why staying in the gaze (liminality) is a crucial part of a mythopoetic inquiry, a performative aspect necessary for embodiment and transition into the living inquiry. While in the Underworld I must remember how reflexivity 'bends back on' thoughts, sensations, emotions or intuitions, inviting these very extensions of Psyche to become raw material for the mythopoetic endeavour of moving from the literal to the symbolic, understanding that these extensions of thought, sensation, emotion and intuitions are the symbolic twin of Psyche's deeper intent: a performance of her ulteriority.

As well, these extensions, or performances are what activated the process of the mythopoetic inquiry to begin with, and led me to the development of the methodology and curriculum of a mythopoetic approach to pass on to others (clients, students and now, other therapists whom I am formally training as an educator, as well perhaps as the life lines of the persons whose past performances in the morphic field). My symbolic re-mapping of their course of existence now present as a morphic resonance can be repeated anywhere in the world. This is of great significance in our collective learning and healing of the materialist modern narrative, asking it to turn instead to the teachings and learnings of anima mundi: Psyche's ulterior motive waiting in the collective unconscious.

Tethering spider silk strands: Indra's web has a multifaceted jewel at each vertex, each jewel reflecting in all of the other jewels (Zimmer, 1974). To stay now, part time in the Underworld with Hades, and the rest of the time in the Upper World asks for a great capacity for paradoxical states of being. Blind/Sighted. This apparent duality is the foreshadowing, or perhaps the first step in the emergence of reflexivity: the bending back on the experience of descent so that it might have a circular relationship between Underworld (altered states) and the upper world (consensus reality).



Hand of Hades

Through paying attention to the “flickerings” that are signalling another reality trying to come into consciousness, I might be able to catch glimpses of a narrative that hints at a deeper, story that is affecting me, nudging me towards participating more consciously with the logic of “otherness”. From this mythopoetic perspective, Persephone shows me a way of bringing polarities together through her seasonal descents and ascents to and from the Underworld. Just as Persephone has been snatched away from her mother and the upper world, there is a tearing apart from life and into death that is necessary for something new to happen (a new pattern of experience, a shift in consciousness). This dynamic sets up the conditions for the archetypal activist, as liminal figure, to enter that space in-between life/death (creative/destructive), “coniunctio, that union of unlike substances in alchemy, the marrying of the opposites which has as its fruition the birth of a new element. This is

symbolized by the child that manifests potential for greater wholeness by combining attributes of both” (Samuels, 1986, p. 135).



Persephone

To bring about the coniunctio⁵⁴ within my own psyche and my practice as an educator and researcher, the vision of the mythopoetic asks that I *be* that liminal space for the archetypal Persephone to traverse the space-in-between the upper and under worlds, visiting the ancestors and the dead so that we might develop a living relationship. By becoming the mythography itself, my body the mountains and lakes and

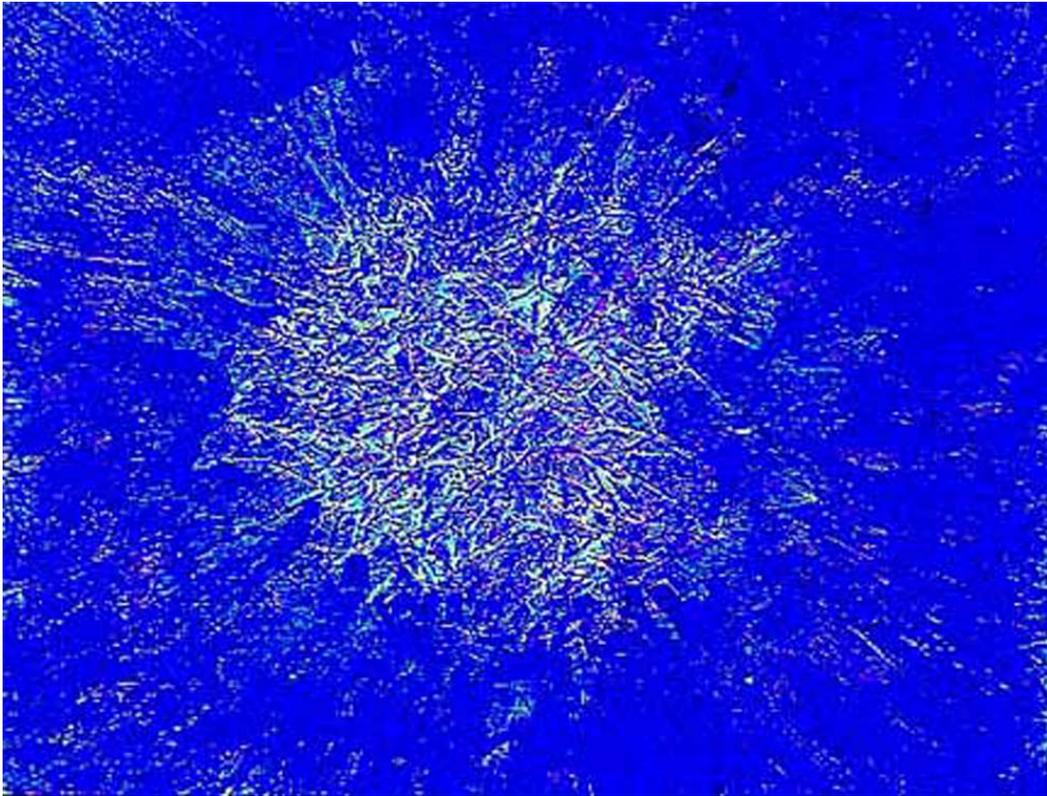
⁵⁴ “The alchemical operation consisted essentially in separating the prima material, the so-called chaos, into the active principle, the soul, and the passive principle, the body, which were then reunited in the personified form in the *coniunctio*, or chemical marriage” (Jung, 1960, p. 122, 123).

trees, what I have discovered is that the open wound (mourning openly), becomes the place of inquiry, the open field of experience.

It seems apparent to me in this moment that both my *being*, and *travelling into*, those “serious journeys of living images of death and dying images of life”, have been the routes the vision-maker of the mythopoetic takes. As archetypal activist and imaginal ego she knew Psyche’s deeper intent for me was to break the binding agreement with the old myth. My method of doing this is by re-placing myself into the text here and through art making activities, the structure and steps of mythopoetic inquiry and curriculum for clients, student and therapists to use for the same purposes in regards to their stepping into the gaps in their vision (consciousness) and throw out an image of themselves to step into as I have. Into the mythopoetic inquiry through the mythopoetic curriculum.

In the con-text of mythopoesis, by being the open wound *and* mourning this wound as one complete breath comes the opportunity for the diaphoric imagination to re-embody the old myth. The re-imagining, re-visioning requires a serious practice of archetypal activism in which unbearable images are tended to gently and nourished back to health so that they do not eat me, so that they might instead, feed me. I must step out of the war zone by facing the images of my own mortality—those living images of death, and dying images of life and consciously make the decision to be where I already am: with the presences of the old souls.

My blindness has been an attempt to look away, turn away from instead of towards... it has made me look deeper, against my will. Psyche had a deeper intent. The blindness has had me see in a different way. It does not allow me to extend in the usual unconscious manner I had previously functioned in. It has pushed me towards a reflexive capacity that involves my whole being, each avenue of perception—sensation, thought, feeling, intuition—each a jewel in Indra’s web; each reflecting in all of the other jewels (Zimmer, 1974).



Indra's Web

The nature of consciousness and what we can know about it *is* a matter of epistemology. As the study of knowledge, epistemology is concerned with questions, some of which have been identified and pursued in this mythopoetic journey:

Am I how I see myself?

Am I how I think of myself?

Or am I simply a way of seeing?

Epistemology holds the underpinnings of beliefs and their justifications. It aims to answer questions such as those above that I propose are living questions, and many more. Knowledge implies two facts: the nature of that which is known, *existence*, and the nature of that which knows. I can only be aware of consciousness subjectively (looking

into the mirror), and by introspection (the image in the mirror looking back into me). The research lies in-between the seeing and being seen reflexively. The research attempts to offer a possibility of embodying the mythopoetic, as does my pedagogy.

The researcher's self-awareness in a mythopoetic inquiry is fostered by the use of a reflexive journal ("field notes") which is mirrored by the participants' (the inquirer herself and all the inner "guests" in this con-text). In her capacity to reflect on interpretations (images) of her own myth, and on the therapeutic and educational benefits of the research process, the researcher can develop methodology and curriculum reflexively, both informing the other in a continuous inquiring process. My "field notes" are a part of my data that reveal previously hidden contextual information, which then transforms through the mythopoetic endeavour. From this "data" emerges an inherent structure that is underlying the entire mythopoetic project that Psyche offers through my request that she show me her methodology through image. With her guidance as midwife—and the practices of the steps outlined above of mythopoetic inquiry—a reflexive living curriculum takes shape. The reflexive and ongoing curriculum then further births "field notes", derived from actual teaching, and so generates more method towards pedagogy of the imagination.

The aim of bringing a reflexive hermetical lens to a mythopoetic inquiry such as *Mourning the Dream/Amor Fait* is to disclose through the candidness of the "field notes", the process through which the required conditions for such an inquiry can be created. As well, the goal of the research includes discovering its inherent structure, practice, pedagogy, and curriculum that "turns back on itself" and continues the circular dance of cause and effect. The spiralling of *Anima and Anima Mundi*. The application of the findings of the research involves asking living questions, while dwelling in the everyday, listening to the call and feeling into the "flickers" as clues the direction the inquiry is both led by, and leading me to the symbolic. The insights that emerge through the application of the research provide another mirror through which the inquirer—artist, art therapist and educator—can deeply consider her own assumptions, values, motivations and relationship to her myth and the unconscious, and apply these to her practice, and everyday life. The truth of one's myth and what its mythopoetic purpose is, is to unveil and animate a new alternate narrative which imagines my story reflected in your story, building a depth dialogue: dreaming together.

In this dreaming together, big, universal, as well as highly personal questions and motifs can be asked: What is the meaning of my life or life itself? Through these questions we can discern what kind of conditions we are creating within ourselves and the world, and so address personal and collective issues. While the reflecting form of hermeneutics is to obtain insight, a reflexive hermeneutics is an active vital part of organizing both the inner and outer world: intention/extension. It is not a passive reception of information, but an active understanding, that automatically positions the inquirer ethically in relation to the phenomenon that activates the mythopoetic response.

The research I have been conducting, this hermeneutics of the Self, has been the learning journey which has drawn out, and drawn into the world the inspiration and aspiration for the crafting of the methodology of this mythopoetic inquiry, which in turn, has generated, as it has been generated by, both a living and formalized curriculum for art therapy trainees that I now teach. Teaching from my own research has brought in another reflexive layer of the living inquiry through which my blindness can speak confidently and authentically, opening a field of experience that needs no justification or proof of its validity. My ongoing developing pedagogy carries its own proof by the very fact that I am teaching the theories and methodology that were birthed in my inquiry in the context of my community and in the field of art therapy, and appears to serve or be helpful to the process of others. Thus the evidence of the reception of the work to date resonates and affirm the learnings and teachings of Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati.

Just as it would be impossible to prove to a world that was blind that I actually see, it would be impossible to "prove" to a world denying consciousness, that I really am conscious. I know I can see, not because I can prove it to anyone else, but because I do it. I know I am conscious, not because I can demonstrate it to anyone, but because I am. I do *not* perceive my consciousness, my consciousness *is* perception. It is the existential pain I feel when I look into the mirror, into the abyss, and when it looks back into me seeing nothing, I am still present. That is the conscious experience. It is possible for a physical process to produce consciousness as it walks the in-between coming upon meaning that has and is always present there, living in Presence.

For Merleau-Ponty (1962), consciousness is experienced in and through our bodies. With his concept of the lived body, Merleau-Ponty overcomes the mind-body

dualism of the father of Modern Philosophy, Descartes. Merleau-Ponty (1962) brings into philosophical discussion the idea that the body is not a machine the mind is running. He introduces for the first time the body as a living organism, by which I body-forth my possibilities in the world. I am my body, and consciousness is not just locked up inside my head. By intention and extension consciousness lies in the intersubjective, liminality of our gaze into...ourselves/the world, the space in-between our wounded story and the abyss.

The abyss gazes back and so a reflexive performative hermeneutic spiral lens begins to take shape in the dark density of the Klein body. The flickers of light that become visible in the depth ignite the gaze between anima and anima mundi which is un-animous in its intent. Bodying-forth into this gaze, this place-in-between of the liminal, links the inner, psychological world and the perceptual terrain that surrounds me. This is the mythography, the ground of metamorphosis. I turn inside-out, loosening my blindness from its confinement within my myth, freeing its sentience to return to the sensible world that contains me. I touch and smell the roses and listen as they call out to me as one of them. Consciousness is no longer mine alone, but a gestalt in this gaze between anima and anima mundi: soul-to-soul; body-to-body; heart-to-heart immersed in the depths of a mythopoetic inquiry that travels far beyond my narrative.

Our individual story is part of a larger narrative to which we contribute our particular perspective, our way of seeing our unique fragments of the whole. These fragments, like pieces of a mosaic or stained glass window, form a structure that holds meaning. Building this structure of meaning through images and stories becomes the daily activity and evolves into soul-work. When fully attended to, this daily practice creates an orientation in a landscape that has lost its previous landmarks. So the tending must find interior passages that extend beyond skin, into those hills and valleys, mountains and lakes that are made of shivers, sighs, sobs, jublations, insights, deaths: momentary sensations; feelings and thoughts within the magnetic field of intensions of mind; body; heart; psyche/ soul. As mentioned near the beginning of this chapter, fully experiencing and attending to the extension of deeper impulses/intensions of mind, body, heart, and psyche offers these intentions form. These forms—sensation, feeling, thought, intuition—are the foundations or raw material our stories and images are made

of. Like a braid, they plait our myth that is lived out until the ultimate extension: Death when we join the dead as we must.



Death

Mythopoetic approach is interested in Psyche's story after the descent. Tracking and tending to the phenomena of what 'this story being in your story, dreaming together'

becomes education through the development of the theory and curriculum Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati has inspired. It is a new hermeneutic which clearly contributes to embodied and contemplative practices of artists, art therapists, educators and researchers who would like to move from the literal to the symbolic, and deeply honour the innate power of image as symbol pointing to something beyond itself. I see the role of education to be facilitating this kind of gaze that sees into and beyond itself.

Embodied Reflections in the Diaphoric Mirror of Experience: Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati

Field Notes from the Dark Presence

I look through my bedroom door in the dark. I am lying in my bed but I am not sleeping. I bend my eyes around the corner to the right and travel into the kitchen. I feel the graininess of this dark as the rough skin of an ancient animal rubbing along the length of my turn. I keep moving even while I am still lying in bed. I follow the eyes I swallowed so many years ago and trusted they were guiding me towards something; something necessary that could only happen in this moment, the moment I went to bed to let my eyes rest after having worked so hard at trying to see. In the bed of the symbolic, the metaphoric—the diaphoric imagination conceives Presence.

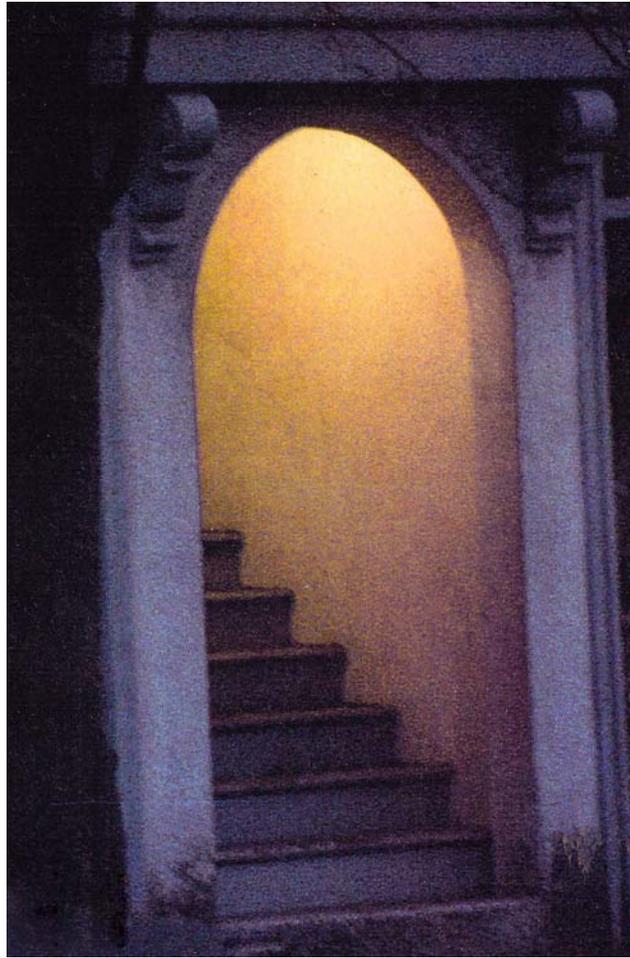


Image as a Door

I look through the image in the dark. I am lying in my bed but I am not dreaming. I bend my imagination around the corner to the left and journey into a new pattern of being. I feel the rasp of going against the grain of the old dark myth I have been travelling for so long. My flesh is scratched and cut as I make this uncanny turn, the characters of the old narrative using their tongues as knives as I pass. But I keep moving even while I am still lying in bed, following a Presence that had come into me long before this moment: a Presence that spoke to me long ago, but I had not yet grown the ears to hear it.

I am travelling across this invisible threshold of self by throwing an image of soul in front of me, and embodying this image even while my body is quietly lying alone in bed in the dark.

Through traversing my own mythopoetic inquiry and discovering the methodology it revealed (the steps Psyche showed me), I offer students and clients and other inquirers the opportunity to consider the following:

The Work of Wording Is Done

The work of wording is done.
Now do soul work
Upon the cells within your dreambody



After First transplant: Whose Cells

Something/someone has come in.

Something/someone has come into being.

Something/someone has trans-formed into another Presence.

This Presence comes into being through the diaphoric imagination which opens to hiddenesses that usual ways of seeing cannot apprehend. Sometimes this opening initially reveals a disturbing presence (or presences), that lies just around the corner of perception. It hangs there, suspended in the unconscious, yet asking to be known. The presence(s) is sometimes disturbingly known to the Klein body which can experience an existential confrontation consciousness itself cannot acknowledge.

The presence of these hiddenesses, these invisibles through their embodiment starting with the flickers, makes possible an encounter with the numinous through the body itself. Through a direct experiencing of these presences and an acknowledgment of this within the mythopoetic framework, a full-on meeting of the creative/destructive dialectic is presented as a potential opportunity to re-myth, re-embody ancient wounds, traumas: to hear the laments of the ancients and invite them finally to sing their long silenced song without the devastation the memory of its tune has continued to carry forward.



Silenced Presences

The Presence comes into view after having been sleeping in the body before this body knew itself as Klein body that would work its entire being into crafting the spiral lens, the vision-maker.

Field Notes: Voices of the Ancients

Who is it that is left hanging here, darkened by decades of silenced disturbances in the corners of experience left untraveled/unravelling? Old portraits of forgotten or denied embodiments suspended in shadow moments. If I look closely at these images, these presences, they might act as a door for me to see through to a resemblance a pattern that now re-cognized is released of its imperative to repeat itself; an archetypal pattern whose presence lies beyond consciousness,; morphic resonances

that echo back and forth, back and forth through past and future generations in the timeless chambers of forgotten or hidden trauma.

Yet the images here, as I gaze at them body-to-body re-mind me of deep forces my flesh knows only too well; the same forces carried in the bodies of my siblings; my parents; their parents and all who have since come from their flesh. Flesh both carrying and hiding those dark stories that are pleading to be told in a different voice, a mythopoetic voice,

To “stop” and fully experience the profound impact of such multi-intergenerational intersubjectivity is possible when one has prepared a vessel strong enough not to be swallowed by this powerful potentially dangerous archetypal shadow vortex. The body as place of liminality, as the inside/outside non-dualistic Klein body that lives in the space in between the creative and destructive—life and death; the living and the dead—divine and incarnate has this capacity. As my Klein body is doing the alchemical work of transforming itself into a spiral lens, the body itself is viscerally re-minded of the lament of the ancients and so has deep empathy for those still living *and* dying in the present moment of selfing. The Klein body aches in this painful dissolution much like the body of a larvae first dissolving before its new structure as a butterfly emerges.

So I must take up this task of dissolving/dying so that I might become a vision-maker, a spiral lens who can see the ancient ones and go to them, not leave them behind, buried, abandoned to their own absence—these old lamenting souls—who were unable because of their own circumstances to close the wounds for themselves. I must bend to them through the reflexive contortions the Klein body is able to make, to begin the work of the archetypal activist stitching together their absence/presence living in my own gestures, those invisible visibles. Through embodied gestures, I invite their laments, their attempts at transfiguration taking place in my Klein body for the sake of the spiral lens: to see the ancients and myself non-dualistically as one Self.

To do this I must mourn openly. Dream fully. Love fate. Amor fati. Love the images, those mirrors of my experience that offer me the possibility of embodying living moments diaphorically, creating a new sense of Presence the Klein body and spiral lens have offered up as the fruits of their hard work. As I re-cognize that the core of

mythopoesis, living mythopoetically, includes this love of dying images of life and living images of death—having relationship with the dead directly in my body—knowing that these images and the dead are loving me back, each moment a caress, even if the caress of death. Through this radical mythopoetic love the diaphoric creates Presence through the metaphors engendered from my myth transfigured into a new living mythopoetic Presence that knows amor fati as it breathes life (and death) into the old narrative. As the old myth dies, having served with its entire being in its preparation for this death, its dissolution leaves a space, a void into which the Presence of the dead having waited so long watching can step forward and speak their truth.

Mythopoetic Presence is a dimension that transcends both time and space and includes the pooled memories of our ancestors from the collective imagination. The mythopoetic sensibility knows life *and* death, as the body does and can carry the grief of the ancient ones, the intergenerational intersubjectivity that tried to emigrate to un-bloodied lands and bodies unwounded by war, but unsuccessfully. The mythopoetic voyage returns the traveler to the waters that separated the old from the new: the waters of trauma, war, dis-memberment, a crippled symmetry and loss of the dream of a vision of a life to live. Mythopoeia is a place in between self and other, the living and the dead, a human container that is the Self and has the capacity to mourn openly. From the mythopoetic perspective my-Self is the site of mourning deeply the grief transported through generations across great lands and oceans.

Mythopoetic practice 1) deep democracy 2) archetypal activism 3) diaphoric imagination trans-forms lament into song; absence to presence spiralling through this archetypal dynamic back to absence and so on... the transfiguration of loss back into love (which was its origin), amor fati which includes the love of death, love of our spiralling destiny. Deeply conflicted love births images that love bodies just as the light/life force needs bodies to be reflected in; it is catching the reflexive light of the flickering moon: true seeing, a true embodiment. The con-figuration of conflicted love is a dialectic of fear and desire all of which the Klein body feels and the spiral lens sees: all of one's fate. Our fate.

Field Notes: (Braga, Portugal)

I am sitting here in an office down the hall from my host who is a professor of education at the Universidade do Minho. I stayed with her and her family in their home and we spent a lot of time touring the local castles, churches cafes and other historical sites, in particular, the renowned beginning of Portugal: the town of Guimarães.

It has been interesting not being able to understand this unusual language, so not having language of any kind to communicate. Also, wandering well beyond my comfort zone in terms of my sight, I find myself having to rely on other less obvious forms of navigating the unfamiliar. I have had some startling experiences regarding this, coming face to face with how little I actually see. I didn't expect to meet the blind one here in a far-away country across a continent and an ocean. I thought I had left her behind.

Here I am/here she is lost in those dark wombs of the churches; cannot find the edge of steps in castle passageways walking from one enormous stone room to another with invisible, to me, artefacts all around the ancient chambers. Large expanses of tapestries illustrating historical kings and wars remain secret from me; just whispers that might slip into small peek holes my vision offers up here and there.

I feel my way along the stone floors to detect possible ends and beginnings of descending or ascending steps into the next invisible display.

My body is tight. I am contracting yet moving forward slowly so as to not lose the semi-discernable heads of the group I am with. My host sees my hesitations in the thresholds between the different spaces we are travelling through and tells the group, her Brazilian students in Portuguese, that they must help me. I only know this as I feel a soft touch or voice at my shoulder as we encounter another step: "up", "down".

I feel vulnerable, terrified, dependent in an awkward kind of way. But also grateful, softening this familiar harshness towards myself when I cannot do something because of my vision: the hatred towards this blind one who blocks my view. But I allow myself to receive the help of the Brazilian students so full of life and generosity; I let myself experience this dependency and I feel a double pang inside my body: brittleness and a softening simultaneously. This is so odd. It confuses me. I feel this great fear and enormous desire coming face to face inside these interiorities of body and history.

My desire to move forward into and through the dark chambers of those historical passages has me meet my fear head on.

Face to face; body to body. The body of the fear and the body of the desire.

What happens when these two meet in a new place without the usual defensive strategies? Without the ever so habitual avoidance tactics so that neither have the chance to live out their full lives?

Here I am. Feeling for the edge of another step, inching my toe along the cool stone floor, tightening, pulling in to avoid a fall. Yet encouraged by my desire to open into those dark places inside me, inside the vestibules of the chapels where the Madonnas sit high above me holding the child: the hope.

I feel this meeting place of fear and desire viscerally. I don't need to see the tapestries of the battle scenes inside the castles. I can feel them in my own flesh as the fear and desire come to meet with the outcome yet unknown; hanging in the liminal just as the tapestries covering the castle walls so silently, their grand narratives stilled.

Desire and fear. What is their relationship? Why is it even important to want to know this? Where can this pair rendezvous for the first time in the

light of day; in the light of a consciousness of their simultaneous mutual presence; so potent, each.

I would like to explore further this fresh meeting place—the little cafe on the street corner of a small town, the origin of Portugal no les—with a full view of the church nearby.



Simply a Way of Seeing through the Eye of the Chapel (Braga)

Where is this new meeting place that has come in, this Presence from so long ago that has little interest in how I see myself, or what I even think of myself? I didn't expect to meet the blind one here in a far-away country across a continent and an ocean. Did she cross the great ocean and feel her body as a ship as she longed to do with her older brother and sister and father so long ago? This time she was not left at the

shore waiting. She dove into the water and was swept deeply into the currents of the unconscious; so powerful in their capacity to have carried her here now, into the dark womb of mother church, and the ancient chambers of her myth. Here she was, naked as a baby.

Here the blind one was dead centre in the archetypal vortex of the relationship between fear/desire, and mourning the dream/amor fati. This was the destination of her voyage, back to the continent of her tribe, though still far enough away from their country of origin. This seemed appropriate somehow: close yet far enough away. This geographical metaphoric gap created the space-in-between necessary for the dis-membered body-memories that were not included in the myth, memory being selective as it is. Ancestral guests were invited in and a re-union of the memorized and the forgotten held comm-union in the body of the church.

To be able to mourn such great losses, the wounds of anima mundi, I must know the gaze of the ancients and see what they have seen and lived, listen to their murmurs in my throat, feel their stirrings and aches in my viscera. I yearn to receive their messages, reading their flickers of light in the darkness of my vision. I want to open up the blackness as spaces for me to enter—entering into those gaps in my vision—gaps in my understanding subjectively, bringing my voice now to the song of the tribe and be touched by the mythopoetic melody streaming through me. This melody helps me. I know now that I am not how I see myself or think of myself, as these old ways of seeing did not include the essential Presences of Psyche's deepest intent: Psyche's polyphonic nature knows and addresses the death archetype. How can 'I' know my death—which my life is an unfolding of and ritual preparation for—if I cannot conceive of it?

Visiting with the old souls including everything I cannot remember, helps me to come out of the narcissistic wound and disidentify with the melancholia that has replaced my sense of cohesion: the trauma having become the self-image; the false self-presence; the self-absence my body has been grieving so terribly. To begin the true mourning a death of the self-image in the mirror of narcissism must take place. This dying is already taking place in the body and is asking to be held in a temenos of empathy, tended by the intersubjective souls of anima mundi.

There is great fear in pulling myself away from my mirror of who I think I am. And yet there is a profound ache my body speaks, asking me to hear to the very bottom of its desire to move out of this fixated state and identification with the wounded narrative; wounded because it was incomplete, left constantly wanting. The broken-language of the ancients is uttering the request to re-compassion the body. I desire to re-connect with them whose voices and presence can replace my false sense of cohesion through the narcissistic wound by offering their laments as the missing notes of the song of the tribe I lost so long ago. Joining their lament now, connects me to my own grief.

The lament is the first sounding of transformation.

In the company of the ancient ones in this mythopoetic place, I cannot continue to gaze at the image in the narcissistic mirror, the unbearable image of trauma that became the intolerable self-image having been originally generated by a loss of connection, loss of self-presence in the absence of 'other'; a betrayal of the love between anima and anima mundi. In the dark womb of this interiority of fear/desire and mourning the dream/amor fati is birthed the diaphoric imagination that can re-embody the myth of the blind one into a mythopoetic process of "turning the light around" (Cleary, 1991, p. 28); an imagination that can hear the sustaining notes of the song the ancients are trying to sing to me through their lamenting in my flesh.

If I might mourn that traumatized self and see the larger picture my darkened eyes (those abysses), my absent-self could not experience, the transparency of diaphoric presences might become a-parent to me and act as symbolic formations unblocking dammed up energy, releasing me from my identification with the wounded narrative. This release would allow me a more authentic and realistic relationship with the wound and hence the wounding of others, connecting and being compassionate towards the grief of anima mundi, soul of the world. I could find a liminal solution in my liminal body suspended so delicately between life and death. a revelation in the body as primary perception presented as embodied.

The world of the imagination is fully embodied, all senses are involved: Psyche imaging and seeing with a clear phenomenological eye, a cultivated inner eye/I. I know I can access the inaccessible through the body and the diaphoric imagination and let the

inaccessible come to me through the door of image. This is self-healing in which the liminal limbs (eyes) return, pulled back from the trauma/shadow vortex they were sucked into, now re-membered, my eyes remembering their inherent desire to see even as vision was swallowed up long ago.

I want to wait for meaning to unfold by attending to the images that this re-membering will spontaneously ignite. *Stopping*; taking the risk of being in the invisible trusting that my body will find its way. "Your body will be somewhere". Waiting on images; waiting for the diaphoric; discovering/uncovering how the body works/lives with conflicts of love. I think the work is about deep conflicts of love that have buried themselves in flesh. Wounds that tell wounded stories...

The relationship to the wound is central to this mythopoetic inquiry. It is what creates soul; soul not as entity, but as a space: a movement; a process; a relationship to the unconscious. It is the wound that generally generates a more conscious relationship with the unconscious, the wound acting as a portal as such as it has drawn in attention so dramatically. The wound unites us in our humanity through the telling of its tale.

Ethically speaking, it seems imperative to work with the wound through the telling of the wounded narrative if we choose to interrupt the ongoing wounding that we will inevitably maintain without this conscious choice of engaging and re-embodying it

I wound and am wounded out of my own and others' wounds. Let me instead go to the wound as a portal I can enter in order to gain access to the numinous. The wound is in direct relationship to the authentic self (archetypal Self), as well to the many false selves that are constructed to protect me from being overwhelmed. The image in the mirror of the narcissistic wound is such a false self that could not complete its intent of keeping me safe. It was alone in its fixation, one-sided and could not access the plurality of Psyche in her generosity of offering such a multitude of images, doors, portals to go through into a new pattern of existence.

Feeling wounded or being a wounder (I am always both) is a clue that this relationship with the wound needs tending, deep tending and that the wound needs to find a place to be in my life so that I can take care of it, for my-self, and others' sake. The

manner in which I relate to the wound is crucial. This relation is the place and process of soul as crucible, alchemical container of archetypal embodiment. The wound is the portal to the deepest part of ourselves as human and is connected to Psyche's deeper intent. It is the meeting place of fear/desire; destruction/creation; mourning the dream/amor fati. This is soul work. This includes the soul of the world: Anima Mundi.

The speaking and doing is done.
Now I turn to this presence that lies within
and all around in the dreaming bodies that we are



Dreaming Bodies

Embodied imagination has the ability to re-enchant the world and bring authentic spirituality back into culture by recognizing the primacy of intersubjectivity and the way we are always already embedded in the world, part of a cosmic process of unfolding. As a form of spiritual phenomenology, this unfolding, intending and extending may be the possibility of deconstructing the mythic modern materialistic narrative that has yet to move from the literal to the symbolic, from myth to mythopoesis. In its deconstruction through the mythopoetic endeavour, this wounded modern materialistic myth, like our own body and mind, could “unbind ... and in that unravelling we have a chance to connect with something greater than the small self so identified with our sense of being separate ... Dying to our story, we pass through loss, and possibly the relief of letting go” (Halifax, 2011).



Childhood Story

I must die into each moment to enter the timeless. From this perspective the research/inquiry of Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati is an account of a journey among imaginal presences. Imaging *is* Presence. It is the power of this imaging (Psyche) which is the manner the images that I believed I had made up, are actually presented to me as not of my own making, but as the embodied presence of the ancient ones, the old souls, soul of the world. If I can apprehend this in its fullest essence, then I might mourn the dreams of all those souls and know in my blood through their blood what amor fati is.



Waiting for Charon⁵⁵ the Ferryman

⁵⁵ Charon is the ferryman who carries souls brought to him by Hermes taking them across the river to the Underworld where they wait again for Hermes to escort them back.

7. A Mythopoetic Curriculum

Threading Back, Stitching Forward:

Mythopoetic Inquiry *is* the Living Curriculum

The previous chapters of *Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati: A Mythopoetic Inquiry* have led me to this last chapter: *A Mythopoetic Curriculum*. In the threading back and stitching forward of the words and images, a living curriculum emerged. Because the nature of such a threading and stitching has been so very much the workings of the unconscious—a semi-concealed process inherently embedded in the larger fabric of the numinous—I am hesitant yet excited to present these workings in a step-by-step manner. However, if I am able to plate—as one does when crafting a reflective surface—the notion of “steps” into the mirror of Psyche’s footsteps through the guiding flickers she has offered me—I will be able to honour the conscious and unconscious desires of the reader here for their guidance.

Though it has come through a long slow birth, shaped by the many contractions of living images of death and dying images of life—images of living into death and dying into life—this curriculum now lives as an embodiment of moving from the literal to the symbolic, following Psyche’s intricate dance steps leading us from the mythic into the mythopoetic. A facilitator of a mythopoetic curriculum can act as bridge that connects the archetypal space-in-between life and death. As an 1) archetypal activist she can witness, be a carrier of, as well as transmit—through her liminal Klein body, her mythopoetic presence—forbidden images and information of this sacred process not quite comprehensible to the living without the dead. The 2) mythopoetic practitioner translates the lamentings of the ancient ones, letting us hear and see symptoms as part of the signalling of the presence of living images of death and dying images of life. The archetypal activist as imaginal ego escort us through the 3) diaphoric imagination, like Hermes into the liminal, the mythopoetic where we can begin to do the work of mourning

the dream/amor fati through being fully present, “wide awake” to the most fundamental of polarities: life/death.

Such a practitioner offers this transformative process (through her mythopoetic practice), birthing it into that alchemical vessel of the diaphoric imagination to create Presence. Through having experienced, articulated and embodied the many symbolic alchemical transformations this dissertation speaks of, which were also simultaneously lived at the literal level of biology, this mythopoetic curriculum now asks to be seriously considered as a means to move the dream forward in a deeply democratic manner of collective dreaming that no longer excludes the dead, the morphic resonances that inform and shape our movements towards amor fati.

The role of this mythopoetic curriculum is to offer a method that guides how one might move through this process. As well, it is my hope that it might act as a form of support in picking up one’s own clues, cues or “flickers” that will light the path through the images held within the body, the personal unconscious and the collective Psyche. The very core of a mythopoetic pedagogy is an invitation, an ethical one that keeps in check the often unethical outpourings of the unconscious, particularly the complexes, that can lead one astray and dismayed when embarking upon such a journey of engagement (again both personal and collective) in *mythos*, *pathos*, *eros*, *logos* and *telos* (Psyche’s deeper intent) towards *ethos*: knowledge; knowing one’s truth. In short, actively dialoguing with the myth (personal and collective) ethically brings consciousness into the literal, as well as inviting the symbolic that provides the expansiveness that awareness is.

Field Work: The Living Curriculum

Fieldwork in a mythopoetic inquiry is about getting into the imaginal world through the apertures of the “flickers” that are the Morse code of the ancients, these morphic resonances that live in and amongst us.

Engaging this soul-to-soul language, the texts of body-heart-mind learning and knowing that is the soul’s most intimate dialogue with its own existence, is the living curriculum. This “living” includes interacting with inner figures and archetypal patterns established by the ancient ones we

feel and know, but mostly do not recognize. The field we are “working”, which is also working us, includes the morphic field which I am proposing we experience through these “flickers” described and explored throughout this dissertation. Becoming attuned and taking seriously these flickers, we may begin inviting these as “guests” of the unconscious, texts to be studied by learning how they work, live and play. This form of fieldwork is a key method for mythopoetic research.

Through this research I come to meet the “guests” as they come to meet me in the dance of opposites in that space-in-between of the liminal. Having developed and practiced 1) deep democracy 2) archetypal activism and invited the 3) diaphoric imagination into the alchemy of this experiment in order to do inner work and world work, I am able to see how profoundly the ancient ones have been present in my life and in anima mundi; I feel how their seemingly invisible and silent presence so affects and directs my way of seeing and, I am, proposing continually influences all interconnected beings. I have come to see and respond more consciously to these morphic resonances through tracking their flickers in my Klein body and have been stunned by their multidimensional and varying embodiments in the intersubjective field. This has literally exploded my previous learned and instinctual methods of perception that were, I see now, symbolically foreshadowed in the bursting of blood vessels in my retinas resulting in blindness. The writing and images that emerged from this mythopoetic “feeling in the dark” experiment for survival, formed and moulded the body of my field notes as they then shaped the directionality of the narrative; the method; pedagogy and curriculum that mythopoetic inquiry generates, and birthed this dissertation.

The mythopoetic curriculum shapes and is shaped by, the autonomy of image and story, which are the forms created by our myth to speak to us of its need to be lived, listened and responded to, in order to re-embody the laments of the ancients (archetypal patterns—archaic remnants—rippling through our being). Part of the curriculum includes listening and heeding the “call”, discovering what this “call” is and how it might be concealed or disguised as “difficulties”. As a way of “knowing”, the mythopoetic curriculum proposed here is primarily theoretically informed by the discourse of Depth Psychology, a psychology of the secret, and concealment. Inherently then, this mythopoetic curriculum creates a container and process for what phenomenologically

and ontologically is revealed through the embodiment of secrets and concealment within the liminal. These ‘truths’ resonating in the morphic fields⁵⁶ that are being flickered through the Klein body and its extensions into symptoms, dreams, art making, performance, dance, poetry and storytelling, as well through cultural myths including the modern materialistic myth of our times. These clues are tracked in the curriculum that lives in the intersubjective mirroring of groups and the individual psyche.

The living mythopoetic curriculum arises and is tracked through these spontaneous phenomena of the unconscious in the midst of the dreamscape of the inter-relational field with its many “guests”. In receiving and tracking the secrets and concealments the “guests” are trying to reveal to consciousness, albeit symbolically through the performances of animated inner figures—Psyche’s deeper intent is offered extension in body-to-body encounters of flesh and paint. In the liminality of the creative process; in the theatre of Psyche; the dialogue of the conscious and unconscious; the souls most intimate conversation with its own existence; the personifications of these “guests”, like actors in a Shakespearean play, reveal an alternate plot to one’s myth. Through the embodiments of one’s wounded story, the myth one is living unconsciously, lost or forgotten, loves and betrayals speak their way into our being and find new living stories to be told, danced, sung releasing the ancients of their prison of lament upon hearing the now up-to-date version of the mythopoesis.

The mythopoetic curriculum, as “mirror” of unrecognized processes in the field of groups or the individual psyche reflects and is reflected upon by its participants, and so is ever changing, fluid and continuing in its offering up of more images and stories to play with. This love story best described as an image always desiring another image reclaims the notion of amor fati from its previous ‘life sentence, of personal and collective tragedy. Such an amorous relationship with the unconscious, to one’s life however, requires seeing symbolic connections through pattern and metaphor, drawing on history

⁵⁶ Morphic fields are organizing fields that work by imposing patterns on otherwise random or indeterminate patterns of activity. The fields organizing the activity of the nervous system are inherited through morphic resonance, conveying a collective, instinctive memory. Each individual both draws upon and contributes to the collective memory of the species. This means that new patterns of behaviour can spread more rapidly than would otherwise be possible. (Sheldrake, 2012, p. 108).

as depth illumination. In the mythopoetic model, taking this responsibility means understanding this relationship to patterns that existed far before our time, archetypal patterns throughout millennia though living in the present through us. Understanding these patterns which have lived through history and now live through us is self affirming and potentially evolutionary. The enormous potency of a symbolic gaze—that sees through to the imaginal and into the liminal space of the *currere*—holds a moment by moment living embodiment of the conscious and unconscious itself, transcending the restrictions the wounded myth imposes. The mythopoetic curriculum is activated once “seeing myself as a way of seeing” is the *modus operandi*. At the same time this curriculum is an invitation to a mythopoetic sensibility that has the capacity to lead one beyond the literal and into this symbolic way of perceiving the polarities presented in one’s myth diaphorically, creating Presence.

The willingness to engage the diaphoric imagination fully, while anchoring myself in the metaphor the mirroring of my experience is, is the role of the ego in its transformation as receptor *and* actor, as the imaginal ego is capable of being subject and object simultaneously, it surpasses all dualities, particularly that of illness and wholeness that I would say is the core complex of my personal myth. The mercurial capacity (remember the silver element in the alchemical mirror) of the imaginal ego enables it to pass through the mirror to the other side of the wounded narrative. It can do this by engaging polarities through the practices of deep democracy, archetypal activism and diaphoric consciousness within the container of a mythopoetic curriculum where nothing is fixed. It maintains the following of Psyche’s gestures/movements, flickers that reach far back and ahead into mythic time. The liminality of this reflexive action enables the place of narrative now, to become a place of humanity. This place, this *currere* that is the mythopoetic curriculum empowers the imaginal ego to meet the wounded narrative with an equal force of creativity that transforms the very myth it is informed by and the victim of the original myth becomes wounder healer.

Field Notes: An Exchange with a Colleague

It seems we are all the hero or anti hero of our own myth, the family being the original context that then templates the rest of our heroic, or non-heroic encounters.

*In light of this, how could we **not** cast ourselves thus, even if the "hero", as you imply, is the anti-hero or victim. Is this not the most powerful of roles? Is the myth then not about power, that is, finding/creating that power within the original context as symbol for engaging our ultimate sense of powerlessness in the face of existence?*

I see the mythopoetic as the inquiry that takes us into the liminal void that lies at the core of unanswerable questions that catapult us towards no longer asking the impossible, other than re-framing "Who am I in the presence of the impossible?"

"Who am I in the presence of the impossible?" seems to me now to be an underlying living query, an unuttered and unanswered question that the earlier questions posed in the dissertation: *Am I how I see myself? Am I what I think of myself?* were avoiding. A-voiding. Not facing the void. The proposed *Am I simply a way of seeing?* does not skirt the existential question of *Who am I in the presence of the impossible?* Instead it acts as a diaphoric invitation that does not split seeing into the two halves of seer and seen; knower and known; subject and object; teacher and student. *Seeing myself as simply a way of seeing* is the liminal action of the void where the imaginal ego takes on the responsibility of being receptor *and* actor, the reflexive being of the Klein body sitting in the void.

The Klein body as liminal presence *is* and *holds* the tension of the opposites within its non-dualistic sensibility, freeing practitioners of an *either/or* perspective and into the mythopoetic *both/and*. Mythopoetic curriculum ushers in an existential shift into a field of awareness that points to the possibility of both mourning the dream *and* amor fati with the understanding that these are the same process. Through its methodology and practice, a mythopoetic curriculum escorts this possibility into the symbolic and

diaphoric where the seeds planted by the laments of the ancients can sprout and grow into creative embodiments of moving the dream forward. Not just through contemplation, but taking seriously Psyche's ulterior motive, her evolutionary intent embedded deeply in the call between anima and anima mundi.

Through my threading back and stitching forward in this mythopoetic inquiry—with my own myth as well as the stories and images of clients and students—some steps that I receive as offerings are now ready to be passed on. Knowing full well that they will change in their continuous re-embodying through others' mythopoetic endeavour, it is my hope that they might act as a beginning, an invitation to mythopoetic inquirers even if they do not see themselves, as I didn't initially, as such. I invite you the reader to consider the following for your own mythopoetic endeavour:

The following may assist in the teachings of the mythopoetic curriculum:

When tracking the footsteps of Psyche, remembering that when She is looking for an image of Herself Psyche throws an image out in front of Her and steps into it. I ask the reader and participant of a mythopoetic curriculum to try out some of the dance steps, the footsteps of Psyche I discovered, knowing they are not set. As invitations, they are presented here as a dance that can improvise with whatever is relevant in the moment to the reader as they are drawn upon to act as guides.

Psyche's Footsteps: Dancing Psyche's ulterior motive towards an alternate story:

1. Asking:

Am I how I see myself?

Am I how I think of myself?

Or

Am I simply a way of seeing?

Posing these questions will naturally create “stops” (Appelbaum, 1995) that can shift consciousness into a “wide-awakeness” (Greene, 1978) to the symbolic pull these questions gravitate to. These “stops” offer glimpses of the mirror that our experience is: image is a way of seeing, seeing an alternate story that our myth is pointing us to.

2. Lifting:

The myth is the story that is lifted out of the literal and into the literary through the process of mythopoesis.

3. Suspending:

A “let’s see what happens” approach (not fixed) in the creative process in order to facilitate the interiorities of one’s (students’) dreamscape.

4. Dropping:

This is the sensibility of deep time in which, participants, conscious or unconscious, enter the liminality or temenos that is much like a dreamscape.

5. Dreaming:

Moving into the dreamscape, releasing the true character or nature of the myth being lived.

6. Travel:

Travel the rooms of your past (myth) through your bodies and the body of the art materials so that they too can have an opportunity to complete a process you are unable to think yourself through. This listening and attending to the ancient ones that live in the cells and who want to express their desires and losses in the body of the art.

7. Asking again:

Who do you become in the presence of who shows up in the chambers of your past, your myth, your body, the image before you?

8. Visit:

Sit with the “guests” and gaze into the inter-relational liminal field that is your relationship, the currere where the dynamics of the story the dialogue of the conscious and unconscious is telling you.

9. Time:

How do you move through time? How do you move through soul

10. Arising:

As you are present to the “guests” so they are present to you and a creative relationship to these previously unacknowledged “guests” becomes manifest through your direct and immediate relating body-to-body: the body of the art materials and your body: trans-formed.

11. Receiving:

Through the gift of your presence to the unconscious, the unconscious gives back to you its inherent reflexivity, the image in the mirror looking back at you.

12. Seeing:

Being in the reflection the image in the mirror sees as “you”, at the same time knowing the image *is* you, you step into the uncanny, into the heart of the soul’s most intimate dialogue with its own existence. This is the space between conscious and unconscious, deep time that moves towards Presence.

These steps are the embarking upon the mythopoetic voyage: each one engaging, embodying and reflecting, then re-engaging, re-embodying and re-reflecting again and again on the presences the images of subject/object; self/other; conscious/unconscious; illness/wholeness as they are flickering through the Klein bottle and embodying themselves imaginally (as seen through the spiral lens).

The mythopoetic curriculum is the container *and* the inquiry. The writing and image-making itself became the inquiry through the presence of the archetypal activist who as visceral Klein bottle embodying inside and outside, metamorphosed into the Spiral Lens. Through the active perception of the spiral lens the imaginal ego is able to confront the void. The shift from “Am I a way of seeing?” to “Who am I in the presence of the impossible” holds the enormity of the inquiry in facing the profound void that is life.

Navigating a Mythopoetic Inquiry

1. How do we enter?
 - a) Telling one’s self-story or narrative/myth (self image).
 - b) Practicing “deep democracy,”
 - c) Practicing “archetypal activism.”
 - d) Inviting the “diaphoric imagination” through activities for art making, performance, dance poetry.... exploring or asking:
2. How does a mythopoetic inquiry affect the original story/myth as it becomes re-embodied as a presence in-the-world in art making?
3. How does this re-embodied Presence in turn affect the participant?
4. What is awakened through the participation and deep listening of the myth?
5. What is the nature of the “Presence” that becomes embodied in the participant/listener of the original myth, and what is its importance for living a more deeply fulfilling life?

The intent of the mythopoetic curriculum is to do heart work upon the images within from Psyche (anima and anima mundi) and embody Her intent through their expression in the body/the world: the images now found in the dark, things apprehended without 'seeing' them as they move and live within, through and throughout the mythopoeia. This completes one cycle of the ongoing dialogue of the visible/invisible: stepping into and from the invisible to the visible, and stepping into the visible from the invisible (world work). This dance of the visible/invisible lifts the personal and collective myth from the literal to the symbolic out of yet from, the wounded story into a fluid living mercurial mythopoeia when the future enters into all of us and a new spiral begins.

Following Psyche's visible and invisible footprints is the curriculum offered here to others who might engage the raw material of their own self-story, re-cognizing the "flickers" as the clues to their own mythopoetic journey. The living mythopoetic curriculum is an embodiment-through-extension into the world, of the deeper intention, the seeds of the wisdom Psyche offers through the images that are our direct experience of being in the world *and* the void. This curriculum, I hope, can act as a guide—as it too is an image that is as sound as it is earnest in its commitment to enter and re-enter the unknown through the symbols of experience resonating in the Klein body now re-visioned through the spiral lens. Morphic resonances that are echoing the experiences of the ancients seen now through the spiral lens are invitations to bring potent personal, cultural and archetypal symbols, including the lamentations of the ancestors, into consciousness and creative embodiment. That is, an ethical, aesthetic response to the imperative of mourning the dream/*amor fati*: mourning their dream as it is embodied in us so that we will heed the call, the pull towards *amor fati*.

A mythopoetic response to the stirrings of the collective soul is healing the myth of woundedness by re-membering the narrative of the imagination. It is through bending back on this myth in the reflexive act that archetypal activists can assist in creating an alternate story to the previously dominant one. Through this kind of response as practice, the story, the myth changes as we are living it mythopoetically. We are writing the narrative, our history at the same time as we are 'reading' it to ourselves and the world; creating a vision while seeing; it is an imaginative vision about what is and what can be through stepping into the darkened collective threshold ahead: the twins of the archetype of wounding and wholeness. Such a living curriculum brings seemingly random experiences into a dialogical fold that frames them within the symbolic in which images point the way through the mythographic landscape into the mythopoetic.

The learning I receive in teaching my curriculum becomes the curriculum itself. In making art together the students and I explore a dream landscape that mirrors inner figures of each individual psyche and the collective as well. The creative act captures instinctive energy and gives it form (images) so that the conscious mind is invited to engage. In turn, the primordial images are the true force that shapes and channels instinct—the reflexivity of the dialogical Self.

To Students of a Mythopoetic Curriculum:

1. "Try out" some of the existential questions you encounter in you own journey.
2. Move into gestures, journeying yourself into place.
3. Listen to the questions that arise (internally and externally) as if they are a pebble tossed into a pool.
4. Then observe the rings that ripple out from where the pebble entered your being.
5. In this way of listening the questions allow you to inquire into the intersubjectivity (inner and outer 'realities') present.
6. Indigenous traditions all have voice, gesture and action in conjunction with other voices. We know about the world because we embody the polyphonic voices of the world. Thus we know ourselves and the world as one breath: in-breath/out-breath.

7. So take this holistic knowledge home, and into the world through relationships (intrapsychic; in your art; and teaching/therapy practice), even with the non-sentient – aesthetically (art materials).

This is a holistic bringing together

Benefits of Practicing Mythopoesis:

- Becoming aware of deep possibly repressed experiences of loss: of what has actually been lost, or what one has never achieved (one's life dream; the life un-lived). Homeland: homeland of parents for which the longing has been inherited.
- Opening the possibility of mourning the dream—the mourning of what has been lost, or never even achieved—and moving towards a perspective of loving one's fate: a sacred way of seeing.
- Illuminating this sacred way of seeing/being as a path of 'letting go' and 'seizing hold' of life towards one's fate, and falling in love with this continuous revelation of the mysteries of Self.
- Learning short, simple art making activities that allow the unconscious to reveal to us our un-lived life and then enter it through their embodiment in the art.
- Reflecting on the process of the art making, and the resulting images as a doorway to living a more symbolic life where previously unimagined possibilities present in the unconscious all along, become accessible to the conscious mind.

In terms of ways of understanding, the mythopoetic asks that there be:

1. a willingness to engage the diaphoric imagination fully, while anchoring yourself in the metaphor the mirroring of my experience is.
2. that nothing be fixed, following Psyche's gestures/movement.
3. that the inquiry *be* the curriculum.

4. a kind of listening to and heeding of the “call” that is often concealed or disguised as “difficulties”, remembering that Depth Psychology is an inquiry into secrets and concealment from consciousness (the ego).
5. that phenomenologically and ontologically these “secrets” be revealed as intentional seeds of truth (Psyche’s ulteriority) through their embodiment within fields in groups and individual psyches.
6. a spontaneous and simultaneous arising of curriculum in the midst of teaching within the “dreamscape” of the inter-relational field of the group and its many “guests”.

The presence of the above can be developed through the following processes:

1. Personification, which brings to life the inner figures that appear in the psyche as symbols of archetypal processes, archetypal images for us to consider.
2. “Turning the light around” so that being-in, and seeing through the myth can begin and continue the mythopoetic inquiry. Being-in and seeing through the myth is mythopoesis.
3. Portraying archetypal motifs, acting out a mythic theme, the images, the imaginal figures, the characters of the inner play that have their own autonomy and offerings and are a collection of images together forming another image knowing that this is the mythography to be explored and embodied.
4. Creating the space–in-between, the liminal as *currere*, a process for engendering a receptivity *and* activation of the mythopoetic perspective of engagement with the guests of the unconscious through personification and embodiment in performative actions, movement, art making; voice, poetry and storytelling.

5. Amplifying personal myth through fairytales; films; literature and different forms of cultural expression that “shed light on” one’s story/myth through their “flickers” of collective archetypal patterns.
6. Reading “between the lines” of our cultural texts that feed the feeling of being alone, or the tendency to pathologize oneself,
7. Re-contextualizing one’s myths as an important thread in the weave of the human story, rather than think of their predicament as isolated, personal stories of failure or sickness.

Embodying presences into Presence.

When one deepens one’s perception of one’s myth what comes into view is the archetypal.

I would like to leave the reader with a series of questions to be considered sequentially as clusters of images that together generate a movement of archetypal dimension.

I leave myself with the following inquiries to continue...

Who do you/I become in the presence of the impossible?

What does the impossible become in your/my presence?

What am I/ you hanging onto?

Stop and feel into/out of your Klein body the unspoken response to these questions.

Then ask:

What is hanging onto me/you?

Stop.



Mythopoetic Voyage to Under Water Cave Paintings

“Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati: A Mythopoetic Inquiry Looking through a Spiral Lens” has offered me the opportunity of seeing past the stories I have been telling myself to get through the day. These stories and images have been important to my survival being much like small boats, sailing crafts that carried me from the shore of each morning to the beaches of each night. Looking through the spiral lens I was able to see through the stories of who I thought I was each day and into knowing that these stories are images, self-images that are symbolically pointing to something much vaster.

Mourning the Dream/Amor Fati: A Mythopoetic Inquiry has brought me to a kind of "faith" you might call it, after much wrestling with provisional stories and self-images that have in fact been cradles holding a Presence I had yet to experience as an adult. The role of the dissertation now is to invite the reader to consider the same and become

a spiral lens which sees the dimensionality of past-present-future as a synchronistically organized Presence. With this Presence amor fati seems natural and inevitable.



I Am A Spiral Lens

The impossible becomes...

A place of magic...



In Our Presence

Post script

I am finished with the material in this dissertation for the time being. But I know the material is not finished with me.

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