To my people, the artists, psychologists, and writers,
who whispered encouragement, with their powerful images and words.
My gratitude to David Russell,
Giles Clark and Craig San Roque
who supported this work throughout.
Statement of Authentication

The work presented in this thesis is, to the best of my knowledge and belief, original except as acknowledged in the text. I hereby declare that I have not submitted this material, either in full or in part, for a degree at this or any other institution.

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Abstract

This thesis is an exploration of the psychodynamic body and its mythos. I take a phenomenological approach to research that remains connected to lived experience. I begin with image making, painting from the subjective body in response to the ancient Mesopotamian myth of the flood and archaic cultural material on the flood theme. I discover a relationship between this imagery, this mythos, and earlier work on the Dionysian mythology and mysteries. I gather these images together and with work on my own family history I create a painting performance titled *Wings from the Deep*. The mythos, the poetic structure, of this performance and this thesis, is an exploration of how a people, a person, a body, can journey through traumatic states. The core phenomenon of this thesis is the psychodynamic movement from deadness to aliveness, a movement at the heart of the psychotherapeutic process. I apply knowledge of the psychotherapeutic conversation to the research process by writing to an important other, Etty Hillesum, a young Dutch Jewish woman who wrote a series of diaries during the Holocaust. I then link this conversation with my earlier imagery and the images of the Holocaust to the biblical myth of the flood. This linking of somatic states to mythic material through imagery and text is how I develop the poetic language integral to this thesis. I create a constant dialogue from body to image to word, a process, a language, that mirrors psychotherapy. The psychodynamic body structures the mythos of this thesis. The psychodynamic body structures a mythos of psychotherapy.
Prologue

The primary philosophical approach in this thesis is phenomenology. I remain with embodied experience, with inner necessity, inner momentum. To express this I develop a particular linguistic structure for the thesis writing: poetics. I not only speak with the language of image and worded image but I show the reader how this language came into being. It is through this expression of the creation of language that I come to the core meaning of the thesis. The core phenomenon is psychodynamic movement. Embodied psychodynamic movement. The movement from deadness to aliveness. The creation and presentation of the painting performance *Wings from the Deep* was an active and embodied immersion in this psychodynamic movement, this poetry. In this way it became the foundation for the thesis.

Phenomenology is a return to things as they are, as they appear to the consciousness that both creates and observes them. In this way experience, ie. imagination and memory, is deepened, and essential structures are revealed. It is an intuitive process of discovering meaning, an approach that aims to reach beyond the traditional subject-object dichotomy (Brooke, 2000, p.3). Phenomenology and psychodynamic psychology are approaches that can work together to recover the thinking, feeling and living body in this “therapeutics of humanity’s modern psychological life” (Romanyshyn, 1991, p. xiv).

This is my philosophical position. I remain with lived experience, with the flow of the subjective inner world. A world brought into being in relationship to the body. In this way I remain with the body’s experience. I immerse myself in the psychodynamic body and its movement. I discover the body’s language, an imagistic poetic language. It is a disciplined process.

...the poet’s imagination is an attempt to see accurately what is there and to find precisely the right words to speak what is seen. Poetic work is both disciplined and committed to accuracy. (Brooke, 1991, p. 8)
The style of writing in this thesis was inspired by authors like Anne Michaels. *Fugitive Pieces* (1997), her first novel, was written with a poet’s sensitivity to language. Michaels’ previous books were both award winning collections of poetry, imagistically complex and emotively rich. My experience of poetry and of Michaels’ writing in *Fugitive Pieces* is that it follows psyche, it follows the structure of the internal world. The punctuation emphasises sound, timing, imagery and emotion. This is how I have used punctuation in this thesis. I have attempted to construct a psycho-poetic language. A language elaborated by Russell Meares.

‘Inner speech is not the interior aspect of external speech – it is a function of itself’. It is often lacking the grammar of ordinary communicative language. It is condensed, makes jumps, and moves capriciously according to association and analogies. Indeed at times the condensations are such that both Piaget and Vygotsky remark that it is incomprehensible. This led Vygotsky to conclude that its purpose was not communicative.

…We might suppose that this curious, non-linear form of language has the purpose of representing and so bringing into being, the sense of self…

The two main forms of human language described here are found in pure form only in unusual circumstances. One, which might be called the language of adaption, is linear. It is shown, undiluted, in legal and political documents. The other, which concerns self, is non-linear and found, relatively pristine, in certain kinds of poetry. The habitual use of the language of adaption can be understood as a manifestation of alienation, whereas the sense of self is manifest in a language having something of the form of Vygotsky’s ‘inner speech’.

(Meares, 2000, p. 25)

This thesis is constructed from the language of the inner world, ‘inner speech’, poetry, a language of movement. In 1890 philosopher William James in his book *Principles of Psychology* described this inner movement as a “stream of consciousness”. Writers of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries were aware of this insightful formulation of the inner life, and in 1918 May Sinclair referred to *Pilgrimage* a series of
novels by Dorothy Richardson as a ‘stream of consciousness’ text. Richardson’s particular approach to imagery in language has inspired many modern day writers including Jonathan Coe who writes that:

...the rhythms of Richardson’s prose are unique...as a critic for the avant garde film magazine Close Up, she was acutely sensitive to the potency of the moving image, and much of the descriptive writing in Pilgrimage consists of flickering, transient, seemingly random images, cut together to form montages that somehow carry an unexpected rightness. (Coe, 2007, p. 13)

Philosopher and psychoanalyst Julia Kristeva also looks back to this fertile time in history through her work on ‘poetic language’. She analyses turn of the century texts in order to create her own textual form. Her main argument in Revolution in Poetic Language is “that the nineteenth-century post-Symbolist avant-garde effected a real mutation in literary “representation”” (Roudiez, 1984, p. 1). Like Meares, Kristeva sees poetic language as a language free of external constraints, a language with the potential to be uniquely individual.

The language I have created for this thesis, is, I believe, a contemporary version of this poetic avant-garde form. The form is vital. The written form expresses the phenomenon of the inner world. The relationship to theory follows this form and has been made through the internal world. I have made associative links to the images and worded imagery of the theorists. The theorists are not only theorists in the obvious sense of the word, they are also artists and writers. The images and textual imagery express theory in a subtle way within this poetic structure.

At its core the structure of the inner world is movement. Movement from one psychic state to another. States felt through the body and in response to our “current interpersonal relationships” (Meares, 2000, p.11). It must be said that this thesis, all its imaginings, experiences and internal workings were held in relationship. The psychodynamic body that I describe in images and words, is a body in relationship. I was held by conversations with my analysts and supervisors in a large relational and
analytically oriented field. I brought traumatic states into this relational field. This is why I could move through them. Trauma moves in and through relationship.

I express this movement, this embodied movement in the theatre performance *Wings from the Deep*. I express the movement of the psychodynamic body in the improvised gestural painting. At its core it is a movement from death to life. I return again and again throughout the thesis to Meares and his comment that:

The heart of the matter...is deadness and aliveness. Above all, the therapeutic aim is to develop a form of conversation in which ‘aliveness’ emerges out of deadness. What is required is a form of language, resembling the artistic process as Susanne Langer defined it, which strives towards the finding of ‘expressive forms to present ideas of feeling’. (Meares, 2000, p. 145)

In the thesis I have attempted to show how a poetic form comes into being through the psychotherapeutic experience. I invite the reader to discover how poetry is constructed. I show the aliveness of the psychodynamic process, working through the impassioned body to intellectual reflection3. Consciousness coming into being in this poetic form is ‘aliveness from deadness’.

Myths are creation stories. Mythos is thinking in images. A myth, a mythos, is a narrative of creation, in images. A poetic form. Every individual psychotherapy is a creation story: a mythos. Poetry, mythos, contains the profound notion, by its very structure, of the movement from death into life. This is why this movement is at the core of this thesis. Sigmund Freud “looks upon Eros and Death as two primal powers, as cosmological not just psychological energies...engaged in a dramatic struggle with one another and sometimes in so close an embrace that we cannot distinguish between them” (Downing, 2000, p. 70). The core movement of a mythos of psychotherapy is death into life. An embodied psychodynamic, a poetry of lived psychic reality.

3 A process discussed in the context of analytical psychology and current scientific research by Jungian Analyst Jean Knox in her 2004 paper *From archetypes to reflective function*. 
Introduction

The psychodynamic body is a psychologically alive body. A body that is engaging with its own personal and cultural imagination. In my own research I have found that to engage with the psychodynamic body is to enter a cyclical dynamic the body has known for thousands of years. For me, in my contemporary female body, the cycle begins with aliveness and journeys through states of deadness and madness to rediscover aliveness again.

In *psychodynamic psychology* one’s own psychological body, or psyche, is depended upon as the tool for understanding. It is a qualitative, individual and introverted approach to thinking psychologically. Carl Jung, one of the founders of this approach, created the foundations of his ideas during a period Henri Ellenberger (1970) terms his ‘creative illness’.

It occurs in various settings and is to be found among shamans, among the mystics of various religions, in certain philosophers and creative writers…A creative illness succeeds a period of intense preoccupation with an idea and search for a certain truth. It is a polymorphous condition that can take the shape of depression, neurosis, psychosomatic ailments, or even psychosis. Whatever the symptoms, they are felt as painful, if not agonizing, by the subject, with alternating periods of alleviation and worsening…He suffers from feelings of utter isolation, even when he has a mentor who guides him through the ordeal…The termination is often rapid and marked by a phase of exhilaration. The subject emerges from his ordeal with a permanent transformation in his personality and the conviction that he has discovered a great truth or a new spiritual world. (pp. 447-448)

From 1913 to 1919 was a deeply introverted time in Jung’s life. One in which he used every possible avenue to begin to think about what was happening within his own psyche. Imagery was central to his research. We see this in his own artworks,
his dream images and the interior images of himself. The conversations he was able to create between his different inner selves was crucial at this time. He discovered layers within his own psyche, each with its own inherent logic.

Jung resorted to the technique of provoking the upsurge of unconscious imagery and its overflowing into consciousness by two means: first by writing down and drawing his dreams every morning, and second by telling himself stories and forcing himself to prolong them by writing down everything that his unfettered imagination could dictate…At first he directed his daydreams by fancying that he was digging into the earth and into underground galleries and caves, where he encountered all kinds of weird figures…In the subterranean world where his fantasies now led him he met the figure of the old man, Elias with a young blind woman, Salome, and later a wise and learned man, Philemon. By conversing with Philemon, Jung learned that man can teach himself things of which he is not aware. (Ellenberger, 1970, p. 671)
The metaphor of Archaeology is useful here. Archaeology interprets history through layers. Each layer is recognised as a different developmental stage in our collective history. A particular place may have hundreds of discreet layers each with its own mythology and belief structure. A psyche is like this.

In “Constructions in Analysis” Freud draws a parallel between the work of the analyst and the archaeologist.

The two processes are in fact identical, except that the analyst works under better conditions and has more material at his command to assist him, since what he is dealing with is not something destroyed but something that is still alive…But just as the archaeologist builds up the walls of a building from the foundations that have remained standing, determines the number and position of the columns from depressions in the floor, and reconstructs the mural decorations and paintings from the remains found in the debris, so does the analyst proceed when he draws his inferences from fragments of memories, from the associations and from the behaviour of the subject of the analysis.

(as cited in Kuspit, 1989, p. 138)

Similarly, I have been the archaeologist of my own psyche, engaging different research methods for different layers. This has included a strong focus on imagery in the early phases of my research, to reach instinctive layers of experience. And the use of the conversation with significant others, real and imaginary, in the later phases, to discover and express the structures of my thinking.

One significant other in my research has been Etty Hillesum, a young Dutch Jewess who wrote a compelling series of diaries of her experience during the Holocaust. As I read her diaries, and learnt of her life and loves, I was able to write back to her, much like Jung wrote to fantasy figures in his imagination.
In October 1942 during a brief period of leave to Amsterdam she writes this about her experience at Westerbork Camp:

At night, as I lay in the camp on my plank bed, surrounded by women and girls gently snoring, dreaming aloud, quietly sobbing and tossing and turning, women and girls who often told me during the day, ‘We don’t want to think, we don’t want to feel, otherwise we are sure to go out of our minds,’ I was sometimes filled with an infinite tenderness, and lay awake for hours letting all the many, too many impressions of a much too long day wash over me, and I prayed, ‘Let me be the thinking heart of these barracks.’ And that is what I want to be again. The thinking heart of a whole concentration camp. (Hillesum, 1981/1983, p. 191)

Through my conversation with Etty I discovered the ‘thinking heart’, alive in the midst of a ‘whole concentration camp’. Alive in the midst of profound trauma. Thinking heart. It was through our written conversation that I discovered the patterning of my own feelings and thoughts and was able to write this thesis.

The conversation is the tool of psychodynamic psychology. The conversation is a creative form. It is through the conversation that a patient is transformed.

This conversation is carefully constructed. It exists within a formal structure of relationship. It has rules and boundaries. It is contained. It is regularly maintained and sustained. The therapist is empathic, careful, and observant. The focus is the internal world of imagery and feelings, the flow of self. The conversation occurs between two people, two bodies, and includes words, silences, emotions, images, projections, introjections and many other psychological states of communication and transformation. Everything that occurs between these two people is vital information about the client’s psychology and process. The unseen past makes itself known in the present conversation. It can have the quality of an archaeological project. The therapist and the client together uncover layers of the psyche. Within these layers can be monstrous creations as well as previously undiscovered gems.
Anne Michaels in her poetic writing about the life of Holocaust survivor Jakob Beer describes a scene where Jakob the seven-year-old emerges from the mud of an archaeological dig where he has been hiding from the Nazis. He reveals himself to a Greek archaeologist who would become his saviour.

A grey fall day. At the end of strength, at the place where faith is most like despair, I leaped from the streets of Biskupin; from underground into air.

I limped towards him, stiff as a golem, clay tight behind my knees. I stopped a few yards from where he was digging – later he told me it was as if I’d hit a glass door, an inarguable surface of pure air – “and your mud mask cracked with tears and I knew you were human, just a child, crying with the abandonment of your age.”

He said he spoke to me. But I was wild with deafness. My peat-clogged ears.

So hungry. I screamed into the silence the only phrase I knew in more than one language, I screamed it in Polish and German and Yiddish, thumping my fists on my own chest: dirty Jew, dirty Jew, dirty Jew.

(Michaels, 1997, pp. 12-13)

This image of Jakob emerging from the mud of the archaeological dig at Biskupin is a deeply evocative image. Something like the images that emerge in the therapeutic conversation.

Throughout his creative illness Jung maintained a constant engagement in clinical work, as have I. During such a sensitised period of self analysis and learning the therapist may become deeply affected by their clients. While in my doctoral research I struggled to find a connection to life midst the debris of the Holocaust, the psychological struggles in my clinical practice were life and death. Psychological aliveness was a crucial goal.
The heart of the matter...is deadness and aliveness. Above all, the therapeutic aim is to develop a form of conversation in which ‘aliveness’ emerges out of deadness. (Meares, 2000, p. 145)

This necessary compulsion of the psychotherapist towards ‘aliveness’ is not new. Meares’ insight has an ancient foundation. In Neolithic imagery and ritual a similar process occurs. In the Neolithic shrine at Çatal Hüyük for example, there are strong images of birth, death and renewal.

*Figure 2. Grace Huxtable. Shrine at Çatal Hüyük*

Artist and Archaeologist Dorothy Cameron (1981) describes the symbolic meaning of the imagery as she sees it:

In this shrine we see a vivid example of the Neolithic concept of the continuous life cycle, the symbols of life and death juxtaposed in a remarkable way. Life (or birth) is symbolised by the bull’s head (the uterus) decorated with the zig-zag ‘water of life’ motif, standing impressively over the head of the dead person, the sweeping horns indicating the breast which awaits the succouring of the new birth. On the north wall is the vulture with human legs (presumably, as Mellart says, representing the priestesses dressed as vultures for the performance of the
funerary rite) and along the lower walls are the triangles, again in black (death) and red (life), so intertwined as to need no interpretation…This shrine is indeed an impressive example of a symbiotic religious belief expressed in forceful symbols. (p. 30)

This was a contained space, a focused ritual space, where transformation was structured by imagery. What happens now in the psychotherapy room inside the individual psyche of the client, was happening then in the group. There is a Greek term for this collective thinking in images: mythos.

The historical psychologist thus had to proceed like a linguist in order to understand how thought was generated and developed within a collective. This was true for all kinds of thought, but comparatively easy to discern in myth, seen as a kind of language composed of narrative details. (Von Reden, 1999, p. 59)

Mythos is the kind of thinking which has formed the great mythologies of the world. Each place and people has a creation story, a mythos. For the researching of this thesis, I chose a myth. As an artist I had worked with myth before and had found that it created a structure for the instinctive process I engaged in through my art making. From the very beginning I immersed myself in the flood myth, allowing its inherent archetypal structures to inform the process of this thesis.

This is an excerpt from *The Epic of Gilgamesh* of ancient Mesopotamia:

The Story of the Flood...

Utanapishtim spoke to Gilgamesh, saying:

I will reveal to you, Gilgamesh, a thing that is hidden, a secret of the gods I will tell you!...
The hearts of the Great Gods moved them to inflict the Flood.
Their father Anu uttered the oath (of secrecy)...
Ea, the clever Prince...was under oath with them
so he repeated their talk to the reed house:
‘Reed house, reed house! Wall, wall!
Hear, O reed house! Understand, O wall!
O man of Shuruppak, son of Ubartutu:
Tear down the house and build a boat!
Abandon wealth and seek living beings!
Spurn possessions and keep alive living beings!
Make all living beings go up into the boat.
The boat which you are to build,
its dimensions must measure equal to each other:
its length must correspond to its width.
(Kovacs, 2000, pp. 97-98)

Through working with this ancient myth, this archaeological fragment dug up
from the past, I was hoping to reconstruct, recycle and construct new life.

The artist is used to engaging with a subject and allowing images to flow in
response to that material. For this reason a group of artists\(^4\) were invited by the Institute
of Archaeomythology\(^5\) to work with the flood myth and present a performance to the
*International Symposium on the Interdisciplinary Significance of the Black Sea Flood, c. 6700 BC.* held at the Liguria Study Centre, Bogliasco Italy, in 2002. Many of my initial flood paintings were a result of that collaboration.

\(^4\) Collaborators on this project titled *Dreaming the Deep* included: Jungian Analyst and Singer Glenda Cloughley, Dancer and Choreographer Elizabeth Dalman Cameron, Artist Peter Cameron, Dancer Niki Shepherd, Dancer Vivienne Rogis, Artist Mary Murray, Dancer Peter Camarotto and Artist Anna Hueneke. The purpose of the project was to explore “...the notion that some of the Western equivalents to Australian Aboriginal dreamings...have been ‘forgotten’ – and also that they can be remembered...a task for singers, dancers and painters...” (quote from *Symposium Abstracts*).

\(^5\) “Archaeomythology is an interdisciplinary approach to scholarship formulated by archaeologist Marija Gimbutas for the purpose of expanding the parameters of the study and understanding of the multidimensional fabric of human cultures. Special emphasis is placed upon the beliefs, rituals, symbolism, social structure, and systems of communication of prehistoric societies.” Quote from Institute of Archaeomythology website, December, 2007: http://www.archaeomythology.org/about/about.html.
Figure 3 arose out of work on the birds in the flood myth, the raven and the dove, and particularly in response to a Neolithic image spoken of by Cameron about a white bird being the eye of a flock of black. White bird, eye of a flock of black. Death into life.

![Image](image.jpg)

Figure 3. Anna Hueneke. *White Bird from a Flock of Black*. 2002.

The Institute of Archaeomythology also granted me the opportunity of painting throughout the symposium in response to the scholars work. As artist-in-residence I was able to stay immersed in an imagistic mind while the scholars presented from a place of cultural depth. This process generated many images which I believe represent something of the archaic mind/body. The images are presented throughout the thesis.

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6 Cameron, Dorothy., personal communication, 2002.
Figure 4. (below), was painted during dramatic circumstances. The wooden room that housed the symposium was built on the edge of a cliff beside the sea. In the middle of the symposium, the scholars entered into a heated debate. At that same moment a storm erupted outside and the sea became dark and heaving. Whereas I normally painted at a small table in the room with the scholars, for this event I went outside unrolled a very large piece of paper and painted *Bird from the Sea* in the heavy rain.

![Image of Bird from the Sea by Anna Hueneke](image)

*Figure 4. Anna Hueneke. Bird from the Sea. 2002.*

With these images as foundation I was able to begin work on *Wings from the Deep* a personal interpretation of the flood mythos.

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7 At the beginning of 2003 I obtained funding from *ArtsACT* “to assist with the costs of developing *Wings from the Flood*, a cross art performance work in 2003” (excerpt from funding application). I later retitled the performance *Wings from the Deep*. I worked on this project with several well known Canberra artists (listed on page 109 at the beginning of the included script). By coincidence, as I began this work, I came to know of the conference *Re-creating the World. The Transformative Power of Arts and Play in Psychotherapy* hosted by the Society for C. G. Jung, Bulgaria, held in September 2003. With additional funding from the University of Western Sydney I was able to attend. This focused the creative work towards the audience of the conference: artists, psychotherapists and Jungian analysts who work with the arts.
The word *mythos* was a technical term in classical Greek for the plot of a tragedy or comedy (Aristotle, *Poetics*...). This usage probably goes back to the time when these art-forms were wholly religious: the *mythos* or *hieros logos* was a sacred story involving the gods, and the *drama* (from *drao*, do, act) was the ritual enactment of the story, each being necessary to the other and to the whole production. (Brown, 1971/1976, pp. 643-4)

In order to research the flood myth I went to my studio. The artist’s studio is another contained space where imagery and feelings are the focus. Where any material is acceptable in the creation process. As an artist I always begin with the body, the psychodynamic body. I go to my studio. I shut the door. I set up the space. A large blank sheet of paper, a big empty space, big enough to hold whatever somatic material I wish to express. Then I mix the paint. It too becomes somatic material. The colours become different meanings as I paint. The feeling though is that they come directly out of bodily states. These are some: blue as water or tears, white as salt, lightness, cleanliness or bone, black as death or darkness, red as blood, anger or fire and an earth colour as sand or skin. A somatically related palette.

Then I would paint whatever had compelled me to enter the studio, whatever I was feeling in my body. What I discovered in the research paintings for *Wings from the Deep* is that my imagery depicted a cyclical dynamic from war and oppression to strength and ascension (*Figure 5*); an ancestral experience passed on from one generation to another through the body. I gathered enough images to begin to structure a painting performance.
The performance space, like my studio, is a contained space. In this case it is the marble foyer of an ancient monastery built beside the Black Sea in Bulgaria. The audience is an international group of artists, analysts and psychotherapists who work with the arts. It is an audience who understands the subject matter of the performance and who are used to being presented with a series of images as a communication of experience. A flow of imagery is considered by the therapist to be an expression of self.
I painted on a large piece of paper on the floor while a soundtrack, which included quotes from the flood myth, from analysts and artists, as well as music, song and voice played. I also showed other artists work on a screen behind me as I painted (Figure 7).

Becoming a psychotherapist, as it was for Jung and Freud, is a journey through the darkness of one’s own psyche. This personal journey inevitably leads to its cultural context, the collective. To become immersed in a myth, a mythos, is to enter a collective form. By engaging with the flood myth I became engaged with the collective experience of my heritage. At an imagistic and instinctive level I was engaging with the Holocaust.

In a psychological sense, I grew up in a war-zone. I spent much of my childhood swapping between the house of my mother, a Russian Jewish immigrant, and the house of my father, a German immigrant. For both my parents there is a conspicuous dissociation from the Holocaust. My mother’s family completely cut off from the Sydney Jewish
community and their own Jewish identity during the Holocaust. For my father the Holocaust does not exist because he cannot look at it. For me the process of becoming a psychotherapist has included re-experiencing in some way, the dissociated experiences of my parents and their forefathers. It is what sits in my body. It is the inherited inter-generational trauma I have had to face to become someone who can be with others’ and their suffering.

Mark Rothko a Russian Jewish immigrant to the USA, describes the emptiness of the immigrant well in his large emotive rectangles. At the same time though it is also a spiritual space. This is the north wall of The Rothko Chapel in Houston (Figure 8).

Figure 8. Mark Rothko. The Rothko Chapel. 1964-67.
Saturday 14th April, 2007

Yom HaShoah (Holocaust Memorial)

Dear Etty,

How do I describe sitting here now for Yom HaShoah, looking at the Jewish dignitaries maintaining a gentle reverent tone of conversation? I feel bathed by this, sad too, wondering how it has taken me so long to return.

‘Call us back and we’ll return’, the words of the Hebrew song I included in Wings from the Deep.

I read today in the paper, “...the Russian Jews were the worst treated in Europe.” (Whittam Smith, 2007). This is why I am here (in Australia) today.

Now everyone is still, as Ravel is played on cello and piano. I feel held by the sadness. I feel like the six candles that have been lit, are being lit inside my heart. I think of Rothko’s black square and I imagine a light in the middle of it burning there now.8 (Hueneke, 2007)

For the Greeks mythos was a collective thinking in images, a narrative structure of transformation, the theatrical psyche. There was another complementary notion: logos. Clear, realistic thinking. For Primo Levi, a survivor of Auschwitz, logos was his god, his inner necessity. Throughout his ordeal, he remained alert, alive, and conscious of his experience. He remained an analytic mind throughout the trauma. This has tremendous importance, for complex thinking is the first casualty of trauma. I quote from

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8Throughout this thesis I include excerpts from my Letters To Etty. I use these inclusions in the same way as I use various quotes and images: to speak in an emotionally alive voice, a psychodynamically alive voice. This thesis is painted and written from the psychodynamic body. The images have been created using a psychodynamic approach to art. The writing follows this psychodynamic approach, constructed through a conversation consisting of six volumes of handwritten letters. In this way an emotionally alive, imagistic language evolved and the psychodynamic body structured the narrative of the thesis. Hence the importance of my conversation with Etty and my reference to it.
his book *The Drowned and the Saved* a chapter entitled *The Intellectual in Auschwitz* based upon an essay by his friend Jean Améry who also survived Auschwitz.

*Death in Auschwitz* was trivial, bureaucratic, and an everyday affair. It was not commented on, it was not ‘comforted by tears’. In the face of death, in the habit of death, the frontier between culture and lack of culture disappeared. Améry states that one no longer thought about *whether* one would die, an accepted fact, but rather about *how*:

There were discussions about the time necessary for the poison in the gas chambers to take effect. There were speculations about the painfulness of death by phenol injection. Should one hope for a blow on the skull or death by exhaustion in the infirmary?

On this point, my experience and my recollections diverge from Améry’s. Perhaps because I was younger, perhaps because I was more ignorant than he, or less marked, or less conscious, I almost never had the time to devote to death; I had many other things to keep me busy – find a bit of bread, avoid exhausting work, patch my shoes, steal a broom, or interpret the signs and faces around me. The aims of life are the best defence against death: and not only in the Lager.

(Levi, 1986/1995, p. 120)

The challenge of this thesis has been to continue to think while empathically feeling into unbearable psychological states. To ceaselessly search for aliveness midst deadening dissociative trauma is also the position of the therapist, who must remain as conscious as possible, as alert and awake as possible to what is being communicated in the therapeutic encounter. In this way ‘the frontier between culture and lack of culture’ can be rediscovered, re-enlivened and retained.

The work of psychodynamic psychology is the work of the individual in the face of dehumanising collective pressures. In the midst of the Holocaust, Etty was able to retain her humanity. She kept a space within her for the most sacred of human feelings:
...one thing is becoming increasingly clear to me: that You cannot help us, that we must help You to help ourselves. And that is all we can manage these days and also all that really matters: that we safeguard that little piece of You, God, in ourselves. And perhaps in others as well. Alas, there doesn’t seem to be much You Yourself can do about our circumstances, about our lives. Neither do I hold You responsible. You cannot help us but we must help You and defend Your dwelling place inside us to the last. (Hillesum, 1981/1983, p. 151)

As Erich Neumann, a German Jew in Israel, wrote just after the Holocaust ended in 1948:

The shadow side of the human race towers over us all, darkening the sky with its death-rays and its atom bombers. Yet the little creature, though always almost annihilated by the big battalions, always manages to survive, and David always triumphs over Goliath. It is the little creature that is the bearer of the divine miracle, for this little creature is nothing less than the creative individual, and it is under his guidance that the human race makes progress on its journey through history.

And so, in the last analysis, the little creature is in fact the greatest of all creatures; and it is only on the surface that a psychology which, at this time of all times, regards individuality as the central problem of community, appears to be fighting a losing battle. Again and again, these losing battles turn out to be the growing-points at which decisive developments take place for mankind.

Tel Aviv, Israel, May 1948

(Neumann, 1948/1990, pp. 19-20)

This is the work of the therapist, making space for the individual midst the pressure of the collective.

It is also the work of the doctorate. From the creative illness of the doctoral process finally the thesis is born.
Whoever was still alive had reason for hope. Health, family, happiness, professional abilities, fortune, position in society – all these were things that could be achieved again or restored. After all, we still had all our bones intact.

(Frankl, 1946/1964, p.82)
Bones

Bones. Bones. That’s all that is left. I remember the fragment of a lost culture. My mother is telling me about her mother grating potatoes. I find a recipe. It is a traditional Chanukkah dish. Potato Latkes. From the fragments I can find food. The food will sustain me. Something is alive and embodied.

Potato Latkes

…As Chanucah falls in December, Russian Jews substituted potatoes for cheese to make these delectable latkes…

4 large potatoes
2 beaten eggs
4 level tbsp self-raising flour
1 level teasp salt
Pinch of white pepper

Grate potatoes so finely that they are almost a pulp. Leave in a sieve to drain for 10 minutes. Put in a bowl and add the remaining ingredients. In a heavy frying pan put enough oil to come to a depth of 1 cm. When it is hot, put in tablespoons of mixture, flattening each latke with the back of spoon. Cook over steady moderate heat, 5 minutes on each side, until a rich brown. Drain on crumpled tissue paper and serve at once. Serves 5-6.
(Rose, 1976, p. 230)

What is a recipe? A fragment from the mother. Mother culture. A fragment of the mother’s body. A memory of a feed. Grating the potatoes. Rebuilding from there. This is therapy. Find a fragment in a conversation. Rebuild from there.

Victor Tausk (1879-1919) asserted, a few years after joining the movement in 1909, that the “progress of psychoanalysis” rested with the Jews. He explained
that the unique position of the Jews as society’s outcasts furnished them with a special sensitivity to the collapse of the traditional political and moral order, as well as with a capacity for discerning the foundations of a more stable order: “It is understandable that in ancient, neglected palaces, with crumbling walls, we [Jews] can see the inner structure and can gain insights which are inaccessible [to those living] in beautiful new houses with polished facades.

(Klein, 1985, p. 140)

I begin to look in ancient neglected places. My archaeological dig begins.

The Ancient Body

The ancient body lives in us all, thousands of years old. A body with knowledge, instincts, images, potentials. A body with knowledge of its own psychodynamics. To come to know this ancient body I went to look at ancient art. I wondered how this ancient art expressed the body and its cyclical dynamics.

Archeological materials are not mute. They speak their own language. And they need to be used for the great source they are to help unravel the spirituality of those of our ancestors who predate the Indo-European by many thousands of years. (Gimbutas, 1991, p. xix)

The concept of regeneration and renewal is perhaps the most outstanding and dramatic theme that we perceive in this symbolism. (Gimbutas, 1991, p. 316)

The question of mortality was of profound concern but the deep perception of the periodicity of nature based on the cycles of the moon and the female body led to the creation of a strong belief in the immediate regeneration of life at the crisis of death. There was no simple death, only death and regeneration. And this was the key to the hymn of life reflected in this art. (Gimbutas, 1991, p.321)
This art, these images, belong to ancient culture before writing existed. The body is experienced as a series of images. The body is a cultural form, an imagistic mythos. ‘Death and regeneration’.

The ark, or ship is an ancient symbol, belonging to the body. The womb a sea within which the ship can travel. The Cycladic anthropomorphic platters of Keros-Syros culture throw more light on ship symbolism. The middle part is usually decorated by interconnected spirals symbolizing water (the sea) with a ship in the middle, or there is a radiant sun or snake coil design. The handle is a pair of legs with a triangular vulva above, surrounded by plant motifs, zig-zags or striations...Why vulva and ship on the same cult object? Let us note that there are bird’s feet and a fish attached to the prow...The feet indicate the presence of the Goddess herself, and the fish is one of her basic epiphanies as the Goddess of Regeneration. 

(Gimbutas, 1991, p. 247)

Figure 10. James Bennett. Cycladic Artifact.
**Freshwater Lake – Saltwater Flood**

The flood as a reality was proposed by William Ryan and Walter Pitman in *Noah’s Flood* (2000). Ryan and Pitman summarized their findings thus:

The Black Sea was created when melting glaciers raised the sea level [of the Mediterranean] until the sea breached a natural dam at what is now the Bosporus, the strait that separates the Mediterranean Sea from the Black Sea. An apocalyptic deluge followed, inundating the freshwater lake below the dam, submerging thousands of square miles of dry land, flipping the ecosystem from fresh water to salt practically overnight, and probably killing thousands of people and billions of land and sea creatures. (as cited in Cloughley, 2003, p.8)

From this research I constructed the idea in my mind of a freshwater lake held within a saltwater sea (see *Figure 11*9). Freshwater lake as the preserved culture. Freshwater lake as self without the saltwater trauma system. Idealised self split off from trauma.

Later in therapy the saltwater trauma system becomes integrated, in a way that is conscious, not flooding.

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The notion that the traumatic memory system must be integrated into the stream of consciousness changes the whole emphasis of therapeutic behaviour. There must be a stream of consciousness before integration can occur. Priority is therefore given to the establishment of this experience. The therapist’s first task is to develop a relationship with the patient in which it is possible for a mental activity, which is non-linear and feeling based, to emerge.

Second, the traumatic system can only enter the stream if it is made of the same kind of experience. Whereas inner life is visualised, the traumatic system is not. In order to facilitate its integration, it must slowly be converted, in the context of a relationship in which the associative form of mental activity is operative, into an experience which can be ‘looked at’. Visualisation is fundamental to the process of integration.

The narrative form of the stream of consciousness is made up of scenes. In order that the traumatic systems and their satellites can be viewed, they must slowly be ‘brought before the eyes’, and built up, bit by bit, through imaginative immersion in the patient’s experience.”

(Meares, 2000, pp 130-131)

The goal of this thesis to bring the trauma system¹⁰ ‘before the eyes’. This thesis is a visual thesis, alike to the ‘stream of consciousness’. It presents a flow of images, in art and words, as representative of this journey of integration

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¹⁰ In this thesis two primary images of the trauma system are the flood and the Holocaust.
East and West

A closer inspection of the deluge that separated Europe from Asia Minor reveals that it had a sensational effect on the development of human culture: it mobilized people with an intensity unknown until that time, triggered a drive for a more efficient organization of cultural institutions, and functioned as a cultural divide. Whereas, before 6700 B.C., cultural evolution in the circum-Pontic area had been one of convergence, the geological separation of the settlements on the southern shores of the Black Sea had long-term consequences, above all the diversification of cultural patterns in the West and the East. (Haarmann, 2002)

Figure 12. Anna Hueneke. Separation of East and West. 2002.11

I recalled Harold Haarmann’s idea of the separation of east and west by the flood when I read of Freud’s attempt to bring an eastern sensibility to the west through psychoanalysis. Dennis Klein refers to Marthe Robert’s study into the relationship for Freud between Jewish culture and psychoanalysis:

According to Robert, psychoanalysis resolved Freud’s personal dilemma of pursuing his ambitions in the West European world, without betraying his Jewish past by assimilating or submitting to Christian culture: As a rational and scientific theory, it neutralized the differences between Jews and non-Jews, in preparation for communication between the two sides.

(as cited in Klein, 1985, p. xiii)

Psychoanalysis as a connection point between the two cultures. Perhaps there is a longing deep in our collective psyche for the ancient connection between east and west. Perhaps psychoanalysis is a kind of ark upon the sea, upon the flood, between the two.

I wonder too, about Moses Mendelssohn12. He advocated for Judaism at the same time as extending its parameters. Wider education outside of the traditional orthodox education. Hebrew alongside German and French.

I wonder about the Jewish Enlightenment Haskalah13, a time when east and west were more connected, invigorated by one another. A basis for the later development of psychoanalysis.

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12 “Mendelssohn wanted to take the Jews out of a ghetto lifestyle and into secular society. He translated the Bible into German, although it was written in Hebrew letters, with a Hebrew commentary called the Biur. He campaigned for emancipation and instructed Jews to form bonds with the gentile governments. He tried to improve the relationship between Jews and Christians as he argued for tolerance and humanity. He became the symbol of the Jewish Enlightenment, the Haskalah.” (Schoenberg)

13 “The Haskalah, or Jewish Enlightenment, was an intellectual movement in Europe that lasted from approximately the 1770s to the 1880s. The Haskalah was inspired by the European Enlightenment but had a Jewish character. Literally, Haskalah comes from the Hebrew word sekel, meaning "reason" or "intellect" and the movement was based on rationality. It encouraged Jews to study secular subjects, to learn both the European and Hebrew languages, and to enter fields such as agriculture, crafts, the arts and science. The maskilim (followers of the Haskalah) tried to assimilate into European society in dress, language, manners and loyalty to the ruling power. The Haskalah eventually influenced the creation of both the Reform and Zionist movements.” (Schoenberg)
In my own imagination, on this ark, between cultures, are not only philosophers and psychologists but also artists.

Freud himself says:

I am really by nature an artist...in all countries into which psychoanalysis has penetrated it has been better understood and applied by writers and artists than by doctors. My books, in fact, more resemble works of imagination than treatises on pathology...In psychoanalysis you may find fused together though changed into scientific jargon, the three greatest literary schools of the nineteenth century: Heine, Zola, and Mallarmé are united in me under the patronage of my old master, Goethe. (as cited in Hillman, 1995, p. 3)

I sense the richness of a forgotten age. An age that perhaps my forbears would have some experience of. That is, before they escaped another later flood, the deluge of destruction that flooded Europe in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.
Graves

When the prisoners were forced to dig up the mass graves, the dead entered them through their pores and were carried through their bloodstreams to their brains and hearts. And through their blood into another generation. Their arms were into death up to the elbows, but not only into death – into music, into a memory of the way a husband or son leaned over his dinner, a wife’s expression as she watched her child in the bath; into beliefs, mathematical formulas, dreams. As they felt another man’s and another’s blood-soaked hair through their fingers, the diggers begged forgiveness. And those lost lives made molecular passage into their hands.

How can one man take on the memories of even one other man, let alone five or ten or a thousand or ten thousand; how can they be sanctified each? He stops thinking. He concentrates on the whip, he feels a face in his hand, he grasps hair as if in a passion grasp, its matted thickness between his fingers, pulling, his hands full of names. His holy hands move, autonomous.

(Michaels, 1997, p.52)

The Jewish Body

I am unfolding my piece of heritage, and at once there rise to my nose the odors of my old home.

My ears begin to sound with the clamor of the shop and the melodies that the rabbi sang on holidays. From every corner a shadow thrusts out, and no sooner do I touch it that it pulls me into a dancing circle with other shadows. They jostle one another, prod me in the back, grasp me by the hands, the feet, until all of them together fall upon me like a host of humming flies on a hot day. I do not know where to take refuge from them. And so, just once, I want very much to wrest from the darkness a day, an hour, a moment belonging to my vanished home.

(Chagall, Bella., 1969, p. 10)
My great-grandmother Sophia Hillman was born in 1876, in Dvinsk, Latvia to parents Isaac Hillman, traveller and Emma Deitz\textsuperscript{14}. My great-grandfather Philip Josephs was born in 1876, in Libau, Latvia to parents Simon Josephs\textsuperscript{15}, tailor and Rachael Israels\textsuperscript{16}.

It was the time of pogroms and fear.

…the son had lived through a pogrom when he was a schoolboy, a three-day Cossack raid. On the third morning when the houses were still smoldering and he was led, with a half dozen other children, out of a cellar where they had been hiding he saw a black-bearded Jew with a white sausage stuffed into his mouth, lying in the road on a pile of bloody feathers, a peasant’s pig devouring his arm.” (Malamud, 1966, pp. 4-5)

As young adults Sophia and Philip migrated to Glasgow, Scotland where in 1897 they married\textsuperscript{17}. In 1902 they immigrated again to New Zealand. There they began their family with my grandfather Harold, the seventh child of eight, born in 1910 in Johnsonville. In 1921 they immigrated again to Australia.

In his immigration papers my great-grandfather describes himself as having grey hair, brown eyes and as ‘a bit round shouldered’. He was self-employed as a tailor in his own business on Pitt Street. Their home was in Randwick, Sydney, where a strong Jewish community was growing\textsuperscript{18}.

\textsuperscript{15} National Archives of Australia. (1926). \textit{Application for Certificate of Naturalization}. (1926/3885) by Philip Josephs.
\textsuperscript{16} Josephs, Caroline., personal communication, 2000
\textsuperscript{17} Registry of Births Deaths and Marriages. (1946). \textit{Death Certificate}. (1946/010085) of Philip Josephs. New South Wales, Australia.
\textsuperscript{18} National Archives of Australia. (1926). \textit{Application for Certificate of Naturalization}. (1926/3885) by Philip Josephs.
My great-grandmother Jane Rosenberg was born in Manchester, England in 1882 to parents Simon Rosenberg\(^{19}\) and Esther Jividsky\(^{20}\). My great-grandfather Wolf Kersh was born in 1876, in Krementchey, the Department of Mogilev, Russia to father Jacob Kersh and a Russian Jewish mother\(^{21}\).

As a young man he was conscripted into the Russian army. A cruel army especially to its Jewish members. After being whipped repeatedly by an officer Wolf’s fiery temper exploded and he hit the officer. He ran for his life across the fields of Europe till he finally arrived in Manchester, a long way from home. He was taken in by a Jewish family\(^{22}\).

They offer him a warm bowl of soup. I imagine chicken soup with matzo balls.

Knaidlach

These are sometimes called ‘halkes’ or ‘matzo balls’. The secret of success is to use sufficient fat to make them tender yet firm. Providing the specified amount of fat is used, the amount of matzo meal may be increased if you prefer a firmer (though equally tender) texture. Ground almonds greatly enhance the flavour and texture, but an equal quantity of medium matzo meal can be used instead.

1 slightly rounded tbsp soft rendered chicken fat

(or 3 level tbsp of margarine)

1 large egg

2 tbsp chicken soup or warm water

Half level teasp salt

Pinch white pepper

2 level tbsp ground almonds

2 oz (50 g/approx 6 level tbsp) medium matzo meal

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\(^{21}\) National Archives of Australia. (1923). \textit{Application for Certificate of Naturalization}. (1923/28532) by Wolf Kersh.

\(^{22}\) Josephs, Caroline., personal communication, 1997
Beat the egg with a rotary whisk until fluffy, then stir in the fat, tepid soup or water, seasonings, matzo meal and ground almonds...Refrigerate or chill in a cold larder for at least one hour...Wet your hands under cold water tap, take a walnut-sized piece of the now stiffened mixture, and roll it into a ball between your palms. Have ready a large pan half full of boiling water (or chicken soup). Add 1 teaspoon salt, then drop in the balls. When the water is barely bubbling, put on the lid, and simmer gently for 40 minutes, without looking at the contents of the pan during that time. Uncover, lift out the knaidlach with a slotted spoon, and lower them gently into simmering chicken soup...Makes 8 knaidlach, enough for 4 people.

(Rose, 1976, pp. 35-36)

In this family home Wolf met Jane Rosenberg. They married in Manchester in 1900 and there began their family. My grandmother Hannah Kersh was born in Manchester, the third of six children, in 1907. Hannah was her Hebrew name\textsuperscript{23}. Later she came to be known as Annie, Connie or even Queenie. In 1910 Wolf travelled to Sydney, Australia and some years later his family followed. Wolf was employed in his own ‘Furniture Factory’ as ‘Master cabinet maker’ in Surry Hills. The family home was also in Surry Hills\textsuperscript{24}.

The Maccabean Hall was built in Sydney with the aim of centralising all activities relating to the social, educational and sporting interests of the community, and also to assist with the integration of Jewish immigrants. This important step helped in attempts to revitalise the community...in November 1920 a site was purchased in Darlinghurst Road, Darlinghurst. The Maccabean Hall, or the ‘Mac’ as it was called, was erected under the supervision of architect Gordon S. Keesing, and on 9 November 1923 it was opened with great pomp and ceremony by Sir John Monash.

\textsuperscript{23} The Great Synagogue, Sydney. (1931). \textit{Marriage Certificate} of Harold Josephs and Annie Kersh. The certificate includes both their Hebrew names in the Hebrew script.

\textsuperscript{24} National Archives of Australia. (1923). \textit{Application for Certificate of Naturalization}. (1923/28532) by Wolf Kersh.
The opening of the hall increased communal social activities and a number of local youth clubs amalgamated and became affiliated with it…

The growth of Jewish youth clubs also aimed at preventing assimilation by providing the younger generation with opportunities for more social contact. The involvement of youth was important for maintaining the vitality of the community as ‘young blood will bring young courage and new ideas, all of which are needed in Sydney’. In the 1920s attempts were made to fill the need for more permanent youth groups. The Young People’s Hebrew Association was established in 1915 and the Randwick-Coogee Social Club in 1922…

(Rutland, 1988, p. 155)

It was through these organisations that my grandparents became vibrant members of their own community.

Harold Josephs and Annie Kersh were married at The Great Synagogue, Elizabeth Street, Sydney on the 6th December, 1931 by Rabbi Cohen. I discover their Hebrew names on the marriage certificate. Harold is ‘Deer son of My Light’. Tsvee ben Ori. Annie is ‘Hannah daughter of Wolf’. Channa bat Ze’ev.25


In Sydney, 1935, The Hebrew Standard published an article ‘The Nazi Terror in Action’, by Rev. L. M. Birkhead on his recent visit to the secret offices of Streicher in Nuremberg, Germany.

...I became so persistent that the office of “Der Stuermer” sent me to what was described to as Streicher’s “secret office” where his plans for fomenting world violence against the Jews are promoted. Paul Wurm, in charge of this office,

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25 Aharoni, Nurit. (My Hebrew teacher in Canberra translated all the Hebrew in this section on The Jewish Body) personal communication, 2007.
which has over its doors the legend, “Fencing School,” unfolded to me the plans which Streicher has laid for starting trouble against the Jews in every country.

I saw the files which contain the books and papers and pamphlets which Streicher has collected from anti-Semites from all over the world. Also, Wurm said, “we are in correspondence with all of these people.”

“We purpose to teach them the German technique of dealing with the Jews,” he boasted.

In 1941, with their young son Brian, Harold and Annie moved to Manly cutting off their ties to family and the Jewish community. Cut. Cut. Cut. Cut.

I ask my grandmother years later, “Are we Jewish?”

“I don’t care if you are a Calathumpian,” she tells me, “as long as you are a good person.”

My grandfather wanted to help the war effort but was too old. He applied twice to join up. The second time he was accepted as a general clerk for the RAAF. He was posted to ‘Rec. Centre 2’, which from his records looks to be near Narrandera 26.

My mother was conceived just before he left. Caroline.


Loss of mother too. In 1945 Harold is called home. Urgent needs.

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This is to certify that Mrs Josephs is suffering from Total Deafness and neurasthenia. Her condition is deteriorating and she is quite unable to supervise her two young children.

I therefore, consider it essential that her husband should be released as soon as possible to relieve her of domestic responsibility and to properly control the children. This matter should be dealt with urgently. ¹²³


This emptiness is passed on. I am feeling into the emptiness. Seeing the emptiness. Seeing into the emptiness with my body.

The development of self is related to a form of memory in which the past can be metaphorically ‘seen’. States in which the sense of self is deficient are dominated by forms of memory in which the component of ‘visualisation’ is lacking. The individual is unaware that he or she is remembering. In such states, the therapist has the task of taking part in the mutual struggle to represent that which cannot be seen. (Meares, 2000, p. 144)

I visit the graves of my four great-grandparents at the Rookwood Cemetery in Sydney. I find them one by one. They are not buried together. Wolf Kersh, died 28th June 1955. ‘Wolf son of Jacob’ is inscribed in Hebrew. Ze’ev ben Yakov. Wolf retained his Hebrew name all his life.

Quietly I pay tribute to the long journey from home.

Next I find his wife Jane Kersh, who died some years before him on the 28th March 1942. Another secret is revealed. Jane and her mother’s Hebrew names are inscribed on the headstone. ‘Living, daughter of Happiness’. \textit{Chaia bat Seemcha}.

And on both headstones in Hebrew ‘May this soul be part of the living group’. \textit{Tehee nishmato tzroorah betzror hachayeem}.

The graves of Philip and Sophia Josephs are unmarked. Philip died on the 25th of April 1946. His wife Sophia died on the 9th of November 1935.

Just a small piece of earth. A space. But not empty. I stand and pay homage to the hidden body resting there and its long journey across the seas from the place of birth. The skeleton.

\textit{Figure 14. Anna Hueneke. Skeletons. 2002$^{28}$}

The naked skeleton, or the dead person who still lives, is an indestructible, eternal figure, which cannot be harmed by the changes of life. The ideas of eternal indestructibility, of form-giving and of solidity-bestowing power – these are all ideas which belong to the archetypal symbol of the Self. The symbols of the naked skeleton and of the divine, living dead are consequently outer shapes of the Self. (Fierz-David, 1957/1988, p. 128)

**The German Body**

I know this body. I have spent time in this body. I have the broad shoulders and strong bones of my father’s body. As a teenager I spent much time following him through his beloved mountains. Through blizzards, long treks along windy ridges, camping in tents in the freezing cold snow. Yes I know this body and its tenacity too. My uncle, aunts, and cousins, my Opa, Oma, and Omi, were all here, all around me as a child

There are records of this German body dating back to the 1700s all documented on a family tree *Precht – Hüneke Stammtafel* created by my father Klaus Hueneke in 1977. He wrote it in the local dialect of German *Plattdeutsch* that he grew up with.

My great-grandfather Karl Albert Hüneke was born in 1885 in Bremen. He was the first born of six to parents Johann Albert Hüneke, Shoemaker *Shuhmacher* and Anna Margarethe Bremermann.

My great-grandmother Bertha Gesine Schierloh was born in 1887 in Schwachhausen. She was fourth born of five children to Johann Hinrich Schierloh, bricklayer, *Maurer* and Elizabeth Bertha Emilie Eltrich.

Karl and Bertha married in Bremen on the 31st of October 1908. *Heiratstag*. Two months later their first child was born, Berta Gesine, followed by my grandfather Karl
Walter in 1910, and his younger brother Rudolf in 1913. *Kinder.* Karl worked as a boilermaker *Kesselschmied,* soldier *Soldat* and campmaster *Lagermeister.* There is a photo of Karl Albert as an eighteen-year-old. He was a wrestler. Strong body. Proud German body.

My great-grandfather Johannes Friedrich Precht was born in 1877 in Bremen. He was the fourth child of Christian Diedrich Precht, carpenter *Zimmermann,* and Christiane Johanne Dorothee Stohlbreder, dressmaker *Schneiderin.*

My great-grandmother Clara Erna Marie Bruns was born in 1888 in Bremen. She was sixth child to Ludwig Heinrich Bruns, cigar-maker *Cigarrenmacher* and Dorothee Wilhelmine Henriette Friedhoff.

Friedrich (Johannes) and Marie (Clara) married in 1909. Their first daughter, my grandmother Clara was born in 1910, followed in quick succession by her four younger siblings Cita in 1910, Fritz in 1912, Erika in 1913 and Ludwig in 1914. *Kinder.* Friedrich worked as a waiter *Kellner* and a soldier *Soldat* during the first world war. As well as being wife and mother Marie worked as a cook *Köchin.*

*Figure 15.* Clara Precht with her mother Marie. 1910.
Clara becomes the carer for her four younger siblings when her father goes to war. Fatherless families. Loss. Overburdened mother.

Friedrich returns from war troubled, depressed. He works in town as a waiter. But alcohol tempts him and worsens his depressive temperament. Clara remembers collecting him from work after he’d been drinking accompanying him on the long walk home.

After a nervous breakdown in the 1930s her father is hospitalised. Clara visits him every week. Riding her bicycle across Bremen to visit her father at the Nervenklinik. Every week.

Already the path to becoming a therapist is made. Two generations later her grand-daughter rides her bicycle across town to visit her analyst. Every week. From this discipline comes the capacity to hold others. Every week.


Loss of Father. Overburdened mother. Friedrich returns home from the clinic an utterly broken man. For the remainder of his life he is bedridden, speechless, tapping all day on the window sill. A silent communication of despair. It was the time of Hitler. Drastic actions were taken. The operation broke a fundamental connection to life lived. An unspoken sadness permeates the family. A silence. A shame. A terror.

Oma is showing me how to cook *Rolladen und Kartoffel*. She is telling me in her simple English how to roll the thin beef, with the gherkin and bacon inside, and then tie it with cotton. She is telling me how to brown these rolls first then cook them slowly in water. She is showing me how to steam the potatoes in a pressure cooker. When I try at home I can never get the meat as tender as she used to make it. Rich sauce, tender meat, soft potatoes. *Es schmeckt gut Anna? Sehr gut Oma.* Perfect.


15 MARCH, 9:30 A.M. Yesterday afternoon we read over the notes he had given me. And when we came to the words, ‘If there were only one human being worthy of the name of “man”, then we should be justified in believing in men and in humanity,’ I threw my arms round him on a sudden impulse. It is the problem of our age: hatred of Germans poisons everyone’s mind. ‘Let the bastards drown, the lot of them’ – such sentiments make one feel that life these days has grown impossible. Until suddenly, a few weeks ago, I had a liberating thought which surfaced in me like a hesitant, tender young blade of grass thrusting its way through a wilderness of weeds: if there were only one decent German, then he should be cherished despite that whole barbaric gang, and because of that one decent German it is wrong to pour hatred over an entire people. (Hillesum, 1981/1983, p. 8)
My grandfather was a draughtsman for Focke-Wulf, an aeroplane manufacturer in Bremen, during the war. In 1941 they moved their entire office to Bad Eilsen in the country north of Bremen. Prisoners came from the camp nearby to dig out the air raid shelters for him and his work colleagues. Seeing they were near starvation he fed them his sandwiches in secret.30

Irony is scissors, a divining rod, always pointing in two directions. If the evil can’t be erased, then neither can the good. It’s as accurate a measure of any society: what is the smallest act of kindness that is considered heroic? In those days, to be moral required no more than the slightest flicker of movement – a micrometre – of eyes looking away or blinking, while a running man crossed a field. And those who gave water or bread! They entered a realm higher than the angels’ simply by remaining in the human mire.

Complicity is not sudden, though it occurs in an instant.

To be proved true, violence need only occur once. But good is proved true by repetition.

(Michaels, 1997, p. 162)

What did my grandfather see that the German lens does not record? He used to stamp his fist on the table if we left a piece of uneaten food on our plate. His face would contort and in simple English with a heavy German accent he would reprimand and remind about those starving in other parts of the world.

When my parents were liberated...There was no more simple meal, no thing was less than extraordinary: a fork, a mattress, a clean shirt, a book. Not to mention such things that can make one weep: an orange, meat and vegetables, hot water. There was no ordinariness to return to, no refuge from the blinding potency of things, an apple screaming its sweet juice.

(Michaels, 1997, p. 205)

“Is an apple food?”
“Yes.”
“And you throw away food? You—my son—you throw away food?”
“It’s rotten—“
“Eat it...Eat it!”
“Pa, it’s rotten—I won’t—“

He pushed it into my teeth until I opened my jaw. Struggling, sobbing, I ate. Its brown taste, oversweetness, tears. Years later, living on my own, if I threw out leftovers or left food on my plate in a restaurant, I was haunted by pathetic cartoon scraps in my sleep.
(Michaels, 1997, p. 218)

My grandfather was a traveller. In 1955, he brought his whole family to a new country. Across the globe. He knew about the journey. During the Depression he travelled Europe on foot, sleeping on trains at night. He had a camera from which he made postcards which he sold to feed himself. The traveller. The German lens. Ideal moments, ideal landscapes captured through the precision of the German lens. He passes this on to his son Klaus.

The Huenekes lived first at Bonegilla Migrant Camp on Lake Hume near Wodonga, then in Orange near Bathurst. There they had many German friends and lived in a countryside much like home. Rich land. Fertile crops. Healthy bodies. The mantra of survival. Immer grün.

I go to the local Farmers Market. I am speaking to a farmer from Orange. He is selling me a large hessian bag full of potatoes. Just a week out of the ground. He is telling me that potatoes are a living organism. Alive. Keep them in the dark or they grow eyes.

Klaus moves to Sydney in the 1960s.
Trapped

The Daughter’s Body

What happens when these two histories meet? Sparks fly. Powerful instincts take over.


A powerful connection is made. A dangerous conjunction of fated opposites. Caroline Josephs and Klaus Hueneke marry on the 14th of September, 1968 in Sydney.

I am born into this on June 20th 1970, the Jewish-German hybrid, the immigrants’ Australian daughter.

Wild idealism. Difficult realities. Artistic expression and creativity. My parents run a week-long multi-arts workshop at the Canberra School of Art, Exploring Creativity in 1977. Creation and destruction sit side by side. It was soon after that their marriage fell apart.

TUESDAY, 25 MARCH, 9.00 P.M… I can’t remember the precise words we exchanged. It was that afternoon when people thought of nothing but getting away to England and I asked, ‘Do you think it makes sense to escape?’ And he said, ‘The young have to stay put.’ And I, ‘Do you think democracy can win?’ And he, ‘It’s bound to win but it’s going to cost us several generations.’ And he, fearless Bonger, was suddenly as defenceless as a child, almost gentle, and I felt an irresistible need to put my arms round him and to lead him like a child and so, with my arm round him, we walked on across the Skating Club. He seemed a broken man and good through and through. All the passion and fire in him had
been doused. My heart overflows when I think of how he was that afternoon – he, the college tyrant. And at Jan Willem Brouwers Square I took my leave of him. I stood in front of him, took one of his hands between mine and he gently lowered his heavy head a little and looked at me through his blue glasses, which hid his eyes, and sounded almost like a stage comic as he said, ‘My pleasure.’

And next evening at Becker’s, the first thing I heard was: ‘Bonger is dead!’ I said, ‘That’s impossible, I spoke to him last night at seven o’clock.’ And Becker said, ‘Then you must have been one of the last people to speak to him. He put a bullet through his brain at eight o’clock.’31 (Hillesum, 1981/1983, pp. 18-20)

In times of war death is a protective cocoon.

My younger sister and I began swapping from house to house across Canberra in 1978. Two separate worlds. The meeting points are battle lines. Fighting. Running. Fighting. I went into hiding. Trapped.

Figure 17. Anna Hueneke. *Trapped*. 2004

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31 The bold is my emphasis.
…thousands were stuffed into baking stoves, sewers, garbage bins. In the crawlspaces of double ceilings, in stables, pigsties, chicken coops. A boy my age hid in a crate; after ten months he was blind and mute, his limbs atrophied. A woman stood in a closet for a year and a half, never sitting down, blood bursting her veins…Jews were filling the corners and cracks of Europe, every available space. They buried themselves in strange graves, any space that would fit their bodies, absorbing more room than was allotted to them in the world.

(Michaels, 1997, p. 45)

Trapped in a ‘strange grave’. Trapped in the imagination with no body to enliven it. I could imagine anything. But there was no way I could move. There was no space to move into. No relationship to enliven the body. Warzone.

…I feel like a small battlefield, in which the problems, or some of the problems, of our time are being fought out. All one can hope to do is keep oneself humbly
available, to allow oneself to be a battlefield. After all, the problems must be accommodated, have somewhere to struggle and come to rest and we, poor little humans, must put our inner space at their service and not run away. In that respect, I am probably very hospitable; mine is often an exceedingly bloody battlefield and dreadful fatigue and splitting headaches are the toll I have to pay. (Hillesum, 1981/1983, p. 25)

Hidden Realities during War

I am as mystified by my history as anyone. What is real? Images. Associative Images. Painted images. How else do I know who I am?

How does the imagistic mind see reality? What reality? There is a moment in therapy when a client reveals themself as they really are. Reality. As therapist it can be difficult and confronting to really see the damage. The images are real. The images do represent a felt and experienced reality.

Reality. As a child it was not always clear.

My father is renting a house in O’Connor. My sister and I share a room. There is almost nothing in it. A squeaky narrow bunk bed, made from metal tubing and sprung wires stretched to sagging by previous owners. My sister is on the top bunk. I poke her through the thin mattress. We giggle until we are told it is time to sleep.

The night. The night. I am always scared at night. I imagine a hundred predators. The night. The night.

My sister and I are creeping into our father’s bedroom. It is early morning. We wonder, will he be there this time?
A sliver of memory, almost lost. Easily deniable reality.

Keep them in the dark or they grow eyes.

…the typical case of someone who, accustomed to lying publicly, ends by lying in private too, to himself, and building for himself a comforting truth which allows him to live in peace. (Levi, 1986/1995, p. 15)

I am in my mother’s house on the other side of town to my father. I have woken up to a spider above my bed. A huntsman. I am convinced that if I leave my room the spider will fall into my bed and remain there hidden until I return, ready to pounce. I am petrified. My mother and my sister are asleep. I am paralysed by the spider. Waiting.


This system [Accommodation] typically arises as a consequence of the failures of the mother, or other caregivers, to respond in a way which connects with the child’s feeling based reality. These failures are experienced as mini-separations and evoke anxiety. This anxiety drives the child towards re-establishing the bond with her. The child behaves in a way which it believes is required in order to regain contact with the mother. This involves a sacrifice. The child, in complying to what seems to be demanded, will jettison those emotional responses which threaten the link with the caregiver. He or she emits only those expressions which are acceptable even if these expressions are not congruent with the bodily states which accompany emotions. As a consequence, the developing individual senses a diminished aliveness which, in later life, he or she will describe as ‘deadness’ or even ‘falseness’. In essence, the child gives up the later developing system of intimacy, which depends upon the revelation of inner states, in favour of attachment, the stronger, earlier imperative. The relationship is one of ‘non-intimate attachment’. (Meares, 2000, pp. 113-114)
Thirty years later I meet the huntsman again. I am living in a house surrounded by bush. In the summer a huntsman spider drops from the hallway ceiling every week. I steel myself. I kill the spider. I hit it with the back of a broom. I scream as I do this. I am still petrified.

It is the spider mother I am killing. Finally I can leave her sticky web. Lost in the web there is no reality. I want to connect with reality. Leave the sticky web.

Reality wasn’t mirrored. Psychological reality. What was left but to retreat into the imagination. Imagination without body. Dead body. When the psychological reality is understood the body is enlivened.
The psychological reality of the Holocaust was hidden by many.

…it is certain that the failure to divulge the truth about the Lagers represents one of the major collective crimes of the German people, and the most obvious demonstration of the cowardice to which Hitlerian terror had reduced them: a cowardice which became an integral part of mores, and so profound as to prevent husbands from telling their wives, parents their children. Without this cowardice the greatest excesses would not have been carried out, and Europe and the world would be different today.  (Levi, 1986/1995, p. 4)

One has to remember that those who enter therapy are the brave souls who may well be operating within a relational system that is something like the Holocaust scene. Where the real self has to hide away.

The man excavating in the mud at Biskupin, the man I came to know as Athos, wore me under his clothes. My limbs bone-shadows on his strong legs and arms, my head buried in his neck, both of us beneath a heavy coat. I was suffocating but I couldn’t get warm. Inside Athos’s coat, cold air streaming in from the edge of the car door. The drone of engine and wheels, once in a while the sound of a passing lorry. In our strange coupling, Athos’s voice burrowed into my brain. I didn’t understand so I made it up myself: It’s right, it’s necessary to run…  (Michaels, 1997, p. 13)

This evocative image represents protection, flight to safety. It is an image that describes something of the beginning of a therapeutic relationship. We begin deep in unconsciousness. Protection. Safety. Separation from the war. Safety from the collective. Jakob is the buried Jew ‘crying with the abandonment of his age’. He belongs to a collective tragedy. Yet he is the individual who walks through the therapist’s door.
Psychotherapy can initiate processes and healing, always providing we admit that the sick person is the product of a particular history and culture. Thus, a psychotherapy not founded on culture, or a psychotherapist who does not have a cultured view of life and is unaware that sickness has its roots in cultural complexes, is inconceivable. 
(López-Pedraza, 1990, p. 58)

For the therapist, facing the reality of the client’s suffering is confronting. The client communicates their suffering in powerful ways through the relationship.

If, as analysts, we work with children of survivors, we must also accept the strong emotions projected by the patient when the Holocaust silence is broken and the trauma is exposed. We must have the strength to bear the unbearable countertransference that mirrors what is unbearable and secret in every human being – the impact of the fragility of civilization in patient and analyst alike, which tries to defend against a deeper evil: man’s inhumanity to man. 
(Pines, 1993, pp. 224-225)

‘It’s going to cost us several generations.’ ‘Unbearable countertransference.’

The persecutor suffers too.

…the entire history of the brief ‘millennial Reich’ can be reread as a war against memory, an Orwellian falsification of memory, falsification of reality, negation of reality...Like all gamblers, he [Hitler] erected around himself a stage set woven out of superstitious lies, which he ended by believing with the same fanatical faith that he demanded from every German. His collapse was not only a salvation for mankind but also a demonstration of the price to be paid when one dismembers the truth. (Levi, 1986/1995, p. 18)
…Hitler’s…father was brutal and repeatedly beat Adolf and his mother did nothing to protect him since she felt too intimidated by the father.

Shamed individuals or groups or nations commonly strike back in rage at those they perceive as oppressing them… (Barney, 1996)

What we encounter through our client in therapy is their internalised familial and cultural system. A system passed from generation to generation. The parents who are unable to empathise were once children whose psychological reality was not brought into relationship.

Gustav Dreifuss notes:

For many years, I worked with Holocaust victims. I was confronted on the one hand with man's unbounded capacity for evil, and on the other hand with man's capacity to suffer and yet survive. It was difficult even to listen to the endless tales of atrocities, and difficult to imagine how victims of the Holocaust, who had undergone such terrible experiences, could continue to live their everyday lives. Empathy and patient listening were my main tools for helping my patients. I believe in the healing power of compassion and have used it to alleviate the suffering and enable the victim to live with his wounds.

In the 1980’s I was invited to Berlin to give a seminar to Jungian analysts on the Holocaust. Here I encountered the now adult children of Nazis, and I came to realize that their experiences were in one respect comparable to those of children of Jewish Holocaust survivors. Jews who had survived very often did not tell their children anything about their appalling experiences, in order to spare them their parents' mental anguish. The children nevertheless felt that some secret was being withheld from them. There is some similarity between Jews and Nazis withholding information from their children. Yet there is a fundamental difference between the victimizers, the Nazis, and the victims, the Jews: The Nazis were ashamed of their past and the Jews wanted to protect their children from the
confrontation with their suffering. Yet, for the victims of the Holocaust, their gruesome memories remain with them all their lives.

(Dreifuss, 1999)

Slowly, slowly we begin to bring back the embodied experience. Images are the key. Images lead to deeper body experiences. Image schemas. Body knowledge.

The image schema is a mental gestalt, developing out of bodily experience and forming the basis for abstract meanings. Image schemas are the mental structures which underpin our experience of discernible order, both in the physical and in the world of imagination and metaphor.

(Knox, 2004, p. 9)

I am the therapist seeing. Experiencing and understanding through my own body.

Attachment is a major image schema in psychodynamic psychology. But so often I find myself with a client in utero.

Other forms of memory are ‘non-conscious’ or ‘anoetic’. They include the perceptual representation system (PRS) which is operative at birth or even earlier...

The perceptual representation system (PRS) is an aspect of ‘implicit memory’ which causes an individual to be influenced by a past experience without awareness that he or she is remembering. In the sense that it does not depend upon later maturing aspects of brain function, perceptual representation can be regarded as ‘primitive’. However, this word should not imply relative inefficiency. Perceptual representation is extraordinarily accurate.

(Meares, 2000, p. 102)

This unconscious feeling constantly informs the therapy. In utero. Limitless. A basic body state. We feel it. We are in the deep pregnant body. We feel the baby,
frightened, limitless. We feel the dangerous swallowing mother. A devouring gestation. We work hard to find a real and separate body. Facing reality. Seeing and feeling the psychological reality. Experiencing movement for the first time. These are the wings.
Images

The Imagistic Mind

The imagistic mind constructs memory not as a historical chronicle but as a narrative of images. Psychologically this has a parallel to Meares’ comparison between a ‘chronicle’ and the flow or ‘narrative’ of self.

The therapeutic conversation starts in the language of alienation...When the therapist is confronted with a chronicle, the therapeutic aim will be to transform this conversation into one that is more complex. Using Spence’s (1984) terminology, the task involves the transformation of “historical truth” into “narrative truth.”
(Meares, 1998, p. 888)

In local indigenous culture, collective memory is stored in the dreamtime narrative. It is imagistic and theatrical.

The concept of time represented by the Dreaming is cyclical. Time is not a linear sequence moving from past to present to future; it is one in which the long past is ever present and ties both future and past to the moment when a correct reproduction of a Dreaming performance takes place.
(Ellis, 1984, p. 153)

For indigenous Australians memory is recorded in an inner structure, the dreaming. It is imagistic and alive. Not a historical record. This thesis is like this. The flood is a historical reality, as is the holocaust, my childhood, and the histories of my parents, grandparents and great-grandparents. I am approaching these historical realities from within the imagistic mind. I am attempting in my whole approach to this thesis to embody this imagistic mind. To think from within it and express it through this written form.
This is, for me, the psychotherapist’s position. I constantly work to sustain this position in my practice. Every single moment, action, movement, word, feeling and image is a communication of the poetic structure of my client’s psyche. Yes it is reality. Yes they are telling me about real situations. My responsive position though is of entering psyche’s poetry.

A language of connectedness is the opposite of the logical and linear. Although it is apparently “ordinary”, it has ideally the effect of poetic expression. (Meares, 1998, p. 888)

Early in my research I was reading about the Greek Mysteries, not as a scholar of history, but as a psychologist searching to understand the process of transformation. What I discovered was that the mysteries rituals were a search for image from within an experience of darkness; “‘aliveness’ emerges out of deadness” (Meares, 2000, p.145).

Carl Kerényi, on the etymology of the mysteries says:

…the Mysteria begin for the mystes when, as sufferer of the event, he closes his eyes, falls back as it were into his own darkness, enters into the darkness. The Romans use the term “going-into,” “in-itia” (in the plural), not only for this initiating action, the act of closing the eyes, the myesis, which is exactly rendered as initiatio, but for the Mysteria themselves. A festival of entering into the darkness, regardless of what issue and ascent this initiation may lead to: that is what the Mysteria were, in the original sense of the word. (Kerényi, 1944/1978, p.39)

Entering the darkness. I sense it is about entering the darkness of the body. As Walter Otto says, image is at the core of the process:

…the climax of the Eleusinian Mysteries was not a ritual, or anything which the mystes did or physically experienced, but a vision…”Happy is he who has seen it!” says the Homeric Hymn, directly relating the vision to the assurance of a
favored lot in the other world. As all witnesses agree, everything was a preparation for this vision.
(Otto, 1939/1978, p. 23)

Neuroscientist, Antonio Damasio says that:

...consciousness...is a feeling that accompanies the making of any kind of image – visual, auditory, tactile, visceral – within our living organisms.
(Damasio, 1999, p. 26)

Consciousness begins when brains acquire the power...of telling a story without words...Consciousness emerges when this primordial story – the story of an object causally changing the state of the body – can be told using the universal nonverbal language of body signals. (Damasio, 1999, pp. 30-31)

...the body, as represented in the brain, may constitute the indispensable frame of reference for the neural processes that we experience as the mind...
(Damasio, 1999, p. xvi)

This is crucial. Consciousness is the ‘feeling that accompanies the making of any kind of image’. This is aliveness. Consciousness is aliveness. Aliveness from deadness. The vision in the darkness.

Dream Images

Dream images inform my process long before I know what they mean.

I am in an old school corridor, now used only for storage. I see an old A-frame for a backpack, like my father had from his father, but instead of a backpack, attached to the frame are a pair of wings.
I dream I am being chased. I run out onto a pier. It is night. The sea is dark and stormy. I am being pushed into the sea. I am almost drowning. Two children come. They throw wings to me.

Wings from the Deep emerges years later.

After the flood symposium\textsuperscript{32}, I dream of swimming in the shallows of a warm sea bay, diving for smooth coloured rocks. Jewels from the sea. I emerge from the water to see the image of a winged snake.

\textit{Figure 20. Anna Hueneke. Winged Snake. 2002}\textsuperscript{33}

\textsuperscript{32}International Symposium on the Interdisciplinary Significance of the Black Sea Flood, c. 6700 BC. held at the Liguria Study Centre, Bogliasco, Italy, and hosted by the Institute of Archaeomythology in 2002.

\textsuperscript{33}Painted while artist-in-residence at the International Symposium on the Interdisciplinary Significance of the Black Sea Flood, c. 6700 BC. Liguria Study Centre, Bogliasco, Italy, 2002. In response to Anthropologist, Mary Brenneman’s presentation ‘First off the ark: A psycho-mythological study of the black bird’.
Years later in Hans Leisegang’s erudite essay on *The mystery of the serpent*, I discover the winged snake:

The inside of the bowl, which first attracts our attention, has at the center a winged snake – one wing is broken off – twined around an egg-shaped omphalos...

(Leisegang, 1939/1978, p. 195)

*Figure 21. The alabaster “serpent bowl”: interior.*

I come to know that this winged snake is intimately related to Eros-Phanes and Dionysus, figures integral to the mythos of this work.

...the inscription on the bowl refers to the Orphic Helios-Zeus-Dionysus-Phanes and since this Phanes is described in one fragment as having “the body and form of a serpent,” the snake on the bowl is evidently the Orphic Phanes. It has his golden wings, and the double crown of flames which we see in the Phanes relief and in many representations of Helios.

(Leisegang, 1939/1978, pp. 216-217)
Some time after the performance of *Wings from the Deep* in Bulgaria, I dream of the holocaust room. Dark. A figure is trapped there. See *Figure 22*.

Years later I am introduced to the diaries of Etty Hillesum34 and my imaginative relationship to the Holocaust is extended from images into a process that is also worded and integral to the writing of this thesis.

I remember the dream images. I remember their emotional power. They inform the process. Sometimes I paint them. Sometimes the images become part of poetry or theatre.

...when Jung says the dream has a dramatic *structure* he is saying it has a dramatic *logic*, that there is a Dionysian logos and this is the logic of theater. The dream is not only psychic nature, it also presents psychic logic...if psychotherapy is to understand the dreaming soul from within, it had best turn to ‘theatrical logic’. The nature of the mind as it presents itself most immediately has a specific form: Dionysian form...Dionysos’s own art form, theatrical poetics.

(Hillman, 1995, p. 37)

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Linguistic Beginnings

The origins of the imagistic language that formed Wings From the Deep and later this thesis, began earlier in a performance called Artistories\(^{35}\).

The creative foundations of the performance included the study of language for one year. I immersed myself in the cultural sounds and structures of my history through the Russian and German languages. I also studied the indigenous languages of this land, Australia.

I immersed myself in a linguistic expression of cultural forms: a unique set of sounds, a particular thinking structure, a mythos\(^{36}\). Over the course of the year, the languages formed two thinking and feeling bodies in my imagination: one Russian Jewish, one German. The languaged mind became embodied. I was then able to inhabit these bodies and write from within them. Empathy.

\(^{35}\) Artistories, pronounced Artist-Stories, was a project inspired by Jungian Analyst Glenda Cloughley. Dancer Niki Shepherd, and myself Visual Artist worked with local theatre director Eulea Kiraly on two separate but related performances together titled Artistories. Glenda Cloughley oversaw the process with particular attention to mythology and archetypes. The title Artistories was based on an earlier poem I had written titled artist story (Australian National Capital Artists, 1996, p. 40). With funding from Temenos “a circle of friends interested in cultural applications of Jungian ideas” (quote from Artistories theatre program, 1997) we were able to launch a week long season at The Street Theatre, Canberra, in February 1997. Artistories was so successful that we were invited to perform in Canberra twice more that year, with a short season in October at the Festival of Contemporary Arts, Ralph Wilson Theatre, Gorman House and as the opening event for the Australian National Art Therapy Association’s national conference in Canberra. On that November evening, Glenda Cloughley presented a short paper titled “Artistories: Therapeutic Reflections”. She says: “This is about the connection between the human and the divine...the deeper we go into our own stories and the big stories we belong to, the more we discover of this link, and the greater is our experience of wholeness.” (quote from Artistories ANATA performance program, 1997).

\(^{36}\) I think of language as a mythos. I elaborate this idea in the section on language, p. 218.
I wrote the story of Wolf escaping the Russian army in Russian. I wrote the story of Friedrich and his daughter Clara in German. At first these stories, these languages, became part of the background of a set of small paintings exploring my relationship, as someone from a migrant background, to Australia.

![Image](image-url)

*Figure 24. Anna Hueneke. *Outside and Inside the Land. 1997.*

Later these stories became the background soundscape for the performance. I painted in response to these imaginal bodies, these historical bodies, these migrant bodies. Initially though I was never going to paint onstage. I worked with theatre director Eulea Kiraly and two esteemed local actors, Virginia Anderson and Simon Clarke. We workshopped the performance over several weeks with the idea that Anderson and Clarke would embody the stories by physically acting them out. But after a short break and a lengthy discussion between the two actors they confronted the director and myself insisting that I paint. It had to be my body onstage, the body of the artist, and I had to be painting. It was less than a week to opening night. We realised the most alive response would be an improvised one. So large sheets of thick paper were prepared and the two actors became the English speaking storytellers, translating the Russian and German for the audience, while I painted.
Figure 25. Anna Hueneke. *Artstories I*. Canberra, 1997.

Figure 26. Anna Hueneke. *Artstories II*. Canberra, 1997.
But I also had to address the audience. This was a direct conversational form, an imagistic form. It had to be emotive, informative and symbolic, as an image is. For this languaging I worked closely with Kiraly. Her sensitivity to the imagery and her experience of the theatrical conversation informed this process. She taught me how to be sparse and spare with strong imagistic language. A language of emotion. The language of theatre.

There is a place where these two stories meet.
It’s on a boat, coming from Europe, on its way to Australia.
In the sea, the rocking of the sea, a love story begins.
Eggs are born. Tiny precious eggs.
But the journey is rough, the seas are rough, and history and memory play their part.
Some eggs are broken.
That sacred boat, became a warzone.
(Hueneke, 1997)
This performance held within it the movement from deadness to aliveness. The theatre space became my art studio, the place where I take these tragic stories to find life within them.

I went to my studio.
There I found the other beloved, the one within.
In that sacred space I could transform the pain into beauty.
(Hueneke, 1997)

In a subsequent season of Artistories at the Festival of Contemporary Arts later that year, the end of the story changed in response to the events of my life.

I take that dark soul back to my studio.
I paint and the fire begins.
(Hueneke, 1997)

The imagery changed too. It included a fiery bird. An egg. A boat. I look back now and see wings emerging from the ark.
The *Artistories* performance was a highly condensed and symbolised form of my life. An intensified, imagistic narrative that included sound, language, music and large expressive body gestures in paint. This experience of my own body painting in a theatre space was formative. I could feel my body and its expressive capacity contained. Later that same year, back in my studio, the dancing figure emerged. Through the theatre experience I came to know the psychodynamic body. A body that could paint through
trauma to aliveness. At the moment of the performance I also experienced a place where body, image and word were one. A new language. A vital learning.

Figure 31. Anna Hueneke. Dancing Woman. 1997.

The Dionysian Body

After Artistories I began work on the myth of Ariadne, Dionysus and the Minotaur. The dancing figure became a vital linguistic foundation in forming a language of the body in the context of the myth.

Figure 32. Anna Hueneke. Dancing Woman with Bull Mask, 1997.
The physical experience of the body, my body painting, in the theatre, informed this series of images.

Figure 33. Anna Hueneke. Minotaur, Man with Bull Mask. 1997.

Dionysus is the god of the theatre and the Dionysian body is a tenaciously alive body. Mythologically Dionysus is thrice born. Born in the Underworld, killed off, split apart, fragmented, destroyed, and then miraculously reconstituted and born again. Then again, plucked from the burning embers of his mother’s body and saved (San Roque, 1998).

…to live in the body is very difficult and alien for us, as alien as the Greeks imagined the origins of Dionysus to be…but we can begin to have an awareness of the psychological body when we become conscious of our alienation from the body, when we become conscious of how easy it is to lose our connection to it.

37 The bull mask (Figures 32 and 33) is an important symbol of the Dionysian mythology and theatrical practice and has its roots in much earlier fertility rituals (Gimbutas, 1991, pp.178-180).
Through this consciousness, if we are patient, we can grow into a relationship with the body and form a possible psychological connection to it.

In modern psychology, as with Dionysus, there is very little discussion about the psychic body and our connection to it. But here, in the context of the body, is the place to discuss Dionysus and the theater. The art of Dionysus par excellence is seen in the theater. We cannot conceive of a good actor who does not have a consciousness of the body. One’s thoughts move into the fascinating field of the actor’s training, a discipline in which the psychology of the body becomes a painful reality and words and the body of the actor must come together in a Dionysiac consciousness. Such a combination of words and body constellate the Dionysiac strata of the psyche not only in the actor but also in the psychotherapist. (Lopez-Pedraza, 2000, p. 52)

What is the emptiness that the dionysian body enters? The theatrical space. The therapeutic space. The artist’s studio. The blank page. In the unenlivened, lost, unloved and dissociated lies the potential membrane to a new body.

What body can go into the mysteries of darkness and create life: the dionysian body. The dionysian body is expressed in the hasidic fervour that Martin Buber describes.

The hasidim could not model the tales they told in praise of their zaddikim on a literary form either extant or in the making, nor could they wholly adapt them to the style of tales current among the people. The inner tempo of the hasidim is frequently too impassioned, too violent for the calm form of such tales, a form which could not contain the abundance of what they had to say. (Buber, 1947/1991, pp. xviii-xix)

Performance painting became my impassioned form to express the dionysian body. For me this dionysian body is the psychodynamic body. This body is the basis of my work, as artist, performer, therapist and writer.
Images from the Psychodynamic Body

To express the psychodynamic body, I begin with the body. What is in my body? What does my body want to express? These are always my questions. I paint with my body. Image from body. Body is instinct. Image is instinct.

The primacy of images means that they are in the realm of cognition what instinctual activity is on the conative-affective level. In the realm of mind, instinct is perceived in images. (p. 174, 1975, Hillman)

…the body provides the substrate, the anatomical structures and physiological mechanisms that underpin and provide the foundation for symbolic thought. (Knox, 2004, p. 3)

I make embodied images. Every colour, every mark, every texture is related to a felt reality. A somatic reality. Paint is symbolic soma.

…an old Mangalili artist from Arnhem Land, placing three ochres and some white clay before him, demonstrates:

The red rock, he said, was his blood, the yellow rock his fat, the black rock his skin and the white clay his bones. These colours made up his palette…

(as cited in Hoffert et al., 1988, p.174)

In making images for Wings from the Deep I began with soma.

Salt comes first. Salt as preserver. Bitter salt holds deeper waters.
The freshwater lake separated from the larger saltwater sea.
Blue has depth. Black Depths. The flood begins. The blood begins.
Clay is integral to the flood story: “...all the human beings had turned to clay! (Kovacs, 2000, p. 101)”. This is the first breath of the winged body, out of the clay.


Figure 38. Anna Hueneke. Clay. 2002

Figure 39. Anna Hueneke. Lung. 2003.
The crow picks out life amongst the remains.

*Figure 40. Anna Hueneke. *Crow* (Detail). 2002
Blood turns to life.

Figure 41. Anna Hueneke. Blood to Wings. 2002.

Even these simple images contain narratives. The salt holds depth. The blue water is related to the black of death. The flood. Wings in the blackness. The clay figure buried takes its first breath. Breathing into darkness. Something is rising, becoming alive. The figures arise from the blood. Narratives. The body feelings present their own narrative. I move to larger pieces of paper. The narratives begin to weave together.
At the same time in the *Wings from the Deep* creative process, we were searching for narrative. I did a painting performance. A first draft. There was no formed structure. A mess. But from this necessary body mess something was emerging.
It began to become clear, images were forming. Archetypal images. From body to image. Archetypal images were structuring the narrative. A narrative was forming. A mythos.

To complete the collective context, personality is amplified by mythological parallels. Myths give another dimension to the present plight. For Jung, myths describe the behaviour of the archetypes; they are dramatic descriptions in personified language of psychic processes….to understand one’s mess, one seeks the mythical pattern, for its mythical personalities (the archetypal figures) and their behaviour give the clues to what is happening in our behaviour. The ultimate context of personality are the myths which the personality is enacting. (Hillman, 1975, p. 180)

I was becoming powerfully related to the myth of the flood. I was learning the narrative of the myth’s psychic states, its ‘archetypal figures’.

At the same time I was reading, gathering words. Word images. Each quote created an image. Much like the use of quotes in this thesis. They are images. They become part of the conversation. The flow of images. The inner conversation.

I gathered all my images, gathering them around themes38. I was developing a mythos: salt, the ark, rain and tears, flood, war, madness, death, bones, birds, blood, Eros and the “Mouth of the Rivers” (Kovacs, 2000, p. 103). I had a structure for the narrative. Twelve. In the theatre studio I put up 12 large blank sheets of paper. Twelve archetypal moments. Twelve imagistic points of reference. On each panel I attached excerpts from the myth, photos of my research paintings, quotes from artists, copies of artists’ images, quotes from psychological thinkers such as Jung, Freud and others, as well as the beginnings of poetry of my own.

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38 I had assistance for this from Jungian Analyst Craig San Roque as well as the two theatre professionals Fiona Navilly and Joe Woodward, who worked with me on the creative development of Wings from the Deep; all of us working to identify the archetypes in the imagery.
With co-writer, Fiona Navilly, we began to craft the script for *Wings from the Deep*. We wrote to the content of each panel. Body to image to word. Cyclical. Fiona had a particular capacity to write imagistic words. We would choose an important evocative word, then build word pictures around it. We worked associatively. We worked imagistically. Both of us, from years of working in the arts, attuned to the imagistic process.

We had worked together before. With a group of women. Where images were frightening. Where self expression created unbearable anxiety. We worked slowly. Draw a face. Now add a word to the face. Now draw another face with a different emotion. Now add a word to that face. Slowly. Slowly. Now make a mask from that face. The mask is safe. The mask has its own story. We began to enter the theatrical body. Now draw the body. Now add words to that body. Believe in those words. Use those words and those images to make the costumes for the characters. Use those words and those images to make a story. Body to image to word. A script was formed. Songs were formed. We worked together and with several other artists. Inching forward for a year towards the performance of *Wonderful Women Wearing Masks*.

![Wonderful Women Wearing Masks](image)

*Figure 46. Wonderful Women Wearing Masks Flyer. 2003.*

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39 Although I never spoke about it with the women I had the Dionysian mysteries/mythology in my mind throughout the project. It was fascinating to see how effective the mask was as a creative device, both psychologically and theatrically. With the masks on, the women felt emboldened to tell their stories.

40 Clothing designers Mary Murray and Helen Cathles assisted the women to create the costumes from inside to outside the body. Musician and actress Chrissie Shaw helped the women to sing with full voices and then to use that confidence to put the stories they wrote with Fiona and I to music.

41 This was a project funded by the ACT Government through Healthpact and the YWCA for residents of ACT Housing. The group of women met weekly at the BAC Flats near Civic in Canberra. I became Artistic Co-ordinator for the group in June 2002, working over the course of a year, towards the final performance of *Wonderful Women Wearing Masks* at The Street Theatre, Canberra in 2003.
This history informed our process in *Wings from the Deep*. Image to word image. We created poetries of word images. The script.

The two of us engaged in an intense creative conversation. I could present any material to Fiona and she would respond, with images, words, sounds, writing. Where our writing appears in the script, it is two voices as one. As we had done before we worked from primal states through image to word and then narrative structure. Mythos was created from within our creative conversation.

Joe Woodward, theatre director was part of this conversation too. His role was different, sometimes engaged in this intense conversation, but also with an eye to larger structures. He could always see the whole space. He could fill it with voice, a chorus. He could fill it with imagery.

Many other artists worked with us. The script became embodied.

Jim Sharrock, the drummer, provides the tempo. The structure. The imagistic, sound footsteps. Footsteps through the myth. The drummer is also the storyteller. He reads from the ancient myth.

Moya Simpson, the singer provides the space, the sound texture of each moment. Sometimes a sweet song, sometimes a scratched scream. We ask her to improvise with sound. She tunes in to the embodied intention of the script. It works. The words and word images inform her sounds.

The chorus provides a body of people. The collective body. The collective voice. The collective body at war. The collective body split apart by the madness of war. Woodward knows this territory. This territory of darkness.
Finally Kimmo Vennonen, the sound artist, and I arrange the narrative. The narrative of sound. He adds the rain, the stormy sea, and the sound, he finds the sound of golden wings.

The sounds. The embodied sounds. These artists give sound and language to my images. We are languaging emptiness. Creating language.

In investigating the origin of language and “after tracing back its history as far as we can, we see that the earliest language was anything but intellectual, that it was indeed a sort of half-way house between singing and speech with long almost conglomerations of sounds, which served rather as an outlet for intense feelings than for an intelligible expression of them…” Indeed, even in modern days language is employed “by children (and often by grown people), not so much to formulate and express thoughts as to give vent to feelings…” (Jespersen as cited in Chomsky, 1982, p. 3)

It is in response to this soundscape that I paint in performance. Embodied painting. I never know what will occur on the large blank paper. I am nervous for days. I keep disciplined. I stay in the body. No alcohol. I keep the disciplined body. Discipline and focus. I want to stay connected. Connected to the psychodynamic body. That is what I take with me in to the performance.

**Entering the Theatrical Space**

When I am performing. I listen carefully to the soundtrack. I follow what is in my body and my mind. I follow the imagination. I use the body to make marks. The body is my paintbrush. Body to imagination. Imagination to mark making.

...I still think people can’t be reduced to psychological formulae, that only the artist can render human beings down to their last irrational elements. (Hillesum, 1983, p. 26)
Performance Prologue

Antonin Artaud who lived from 1896 to 1948 has inspired many forms of theatre including the ‘theatre of the absurd’, avant garde drama, theatrical happenings and performance art. Artaud was a man who knew madness (Schumacher, 1991, pp. xxvi-xxx). He took this embodied madness into the contained space of theatre in a search for transformation, “Like the plague theatre is a crisis resolved either by death or cure” (Artaud, 1964/1995, pp. 20-22).

Like Artaud, I entered the theatre in search of transformation. Into this space I took the intergenerational embodiments of trauma: bitterness, grief, flooding rage, madness and death. I took these ‘archetypal’ states into the space in a form as close to their original instinctive and embodied form as I could. I bombarded myself with emotive cues to respond to. I created a symbolic flood/war. I wanted to immerse myself in it. Like Artaud, in the midst of this madness I was searching for movement, life, ‘cure’.

I entered that hermetic vessel, to discover intuitive themes. I entered the theatre to create a new poetry. Poetry in space, ‘language in space’, “…the notion of language belonging to theatre could be fused with the notion of a language in space, such as might appear on a stage…things will be stripped of their immediate meaning and will be given a new one” (Artaud, 1991, p. 119). This is the language of the impassioned body, the dionysian body. I was searching to understand, flood, madness and death on their own terms, in terms of theatrical logic. I was wanting to get inside these feelings, find their movement.

...if psychotherapy is to understand the dreaming soul from within, it had best turn to ‘theatrical logic’. The nature of mind as it presents itself most immediately has a specific form: Dionysian form...Dionysos’s own art form; theatrical poetics. (Hillman, 1995, p. 37).
Kristeva refers to Artaud’s writing as “unblended genotext”, a poetic language unmitigated by external constraints (Roudiez, 1984, p. 5). This is the discipline of entering the internal world. It has its own logic. The logic of the mysteries of life coming into being. Greek scholar Walter Burkett, in his 1999 paper *The Logic of Cosmogony*, writes that: “It is from mortification, from the corpse, that the new and stable structure takes its beginning.”

I entered the contained space of theatre to physically embody imagery, to try and discover something about the movement inherent in psychotherapy. To generate an embodied experience and then understanding of ‘theatrical logic’, ‘language in space’, ‘stream of consciousness’, and ‘aliveness from deadness’.42

The ‘costume’ that I wear for the performance was inspired by the vulture figures on the walls of the shrine at Çatal Hüyük, “On the north wall is the vulture with human legs...representing the priestesses dressed as vultures for the performance of the funerary rite...” (Cameron, 1981, p.30). I am clothed in black and winged.

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42 This embodied experience was internalised, and from it I could then elaborate on the psychotherapeutic process, as I have done in further chapters after *Wings from the Deep*. 
Wings from the Deep

Wings from the Deep was performed at the international conference Re-creating the World. The Transformative Power of Arts and Play in Psychotherapy hosted by the Society for C. G. Jung, Bulgaria, September 2003.

Wings from the Deep: concept and creative development, Anna Hueneke; performance painter, Anna Hueneke; co-scriptwriters, Fiona Navilly and Anna Hueneke; theatrical advisor, Joe Woodward; sound design, Kimmo Vennonen; Singer, Moya Simpson; Singer, Jacqui Bradley; drumming, percussion and voice, Jim Sharrock; voice, Kate Harris; voice of Jung and Beckmann, Hermann Pretorius; voice of Bones and Death, Joe Woodward; voice of Rothko, Jeremy Yapp; Chorus Director, Joe Woodward; and Chorus of voices, students from Daramalan College. I acknowledge all those involved in Dreaming the Deep (footnoted in the Introduction), the matrix from which Wings from the Deep emerged.

I include the script here as it was written in 2003, but slightly adapted to the thesis format, including referencing, and the photos of the performance in Bulgaria. The CD soundtrack - that I produced in Canberra, took to Bulgaria and painted in response to - is included at the back of this thesis.

The DVD of the performance in Bulgaria is also included at the back of this thesis. It includes an introduction by Jungian Analyst Craig San Roque (with translation into Bulgarian by Art Historian Kristin Raszolkova) who makes reference to the Sugarman Project (San Roque, 1998) which the audience has just seen on video (Roberts, 2000). This is an example, along with my performance, of the work in Cultural Psychology at the University of Western Sydney. At the end of the performance San Roque invites the artists in the audience to respond. Ethnomusicologist and Anthropologist, Daniela Ivanova sings a song about soldiers dying and yet flowers still growing in the Spring, (from the Rhodope Mountains of Bulgaria), and Jungian Analyst and Dancer, Paulo Pereira gently steps into the painting and responds in movement. This response retains the conversation between the performance and the audience in an imagistic form.

As the DVD does not always show the artist’s images that were projected on the screen behind me I include them here with the text. The images from artists Kollwitz and Munch appear in the included performance photos.

I begin with a bowl of salt, a symbol of the bitterness that has been carried for generations, also of the residue left by the flooding salt waters.
Salt

In the salt is the memory of betrayal
Betrayal by the mother of life itself
Forsaking all to die in the mud
The wound is etched onto time and history
Salt is rubbed into the wound, forever
Bitter sarcasm comes
Quick and sharp, cutting, biting
at soft insides.

Wall of rock hiding the face of the lost mother,
Can we see her appearing?

Figure 48. Anna Hueneke. *Wings from the Deep II*. Bulgaria, 2003.

I was in a house I did not know, which had two stories. It was “my house.” I found myself in the upper story, where there was a kind of salon furnished with fine old pieces in rococo style. On the walls hung a number of precious old paintings. I wondered that this should be my house, and thought, “Not bad.” But then it occurred to me that I did not know what the lower floor looked like.
Descending the stairs, I reached the ground floor. There everything was much older, and I realised that this part of the house must date from about the fifteenth or sixteenth century. The furnishings were medieval; the floors were of red brick. Everywhere it was rather dark. I went from one room to another, thinking, “Now I really must explore the whole house.” I came upon a heavy door, and opened it. Beyond it, I discovered a stone stairway that led down into the cellar. Descending again, I found myself in a beautifully vaulted room which looked exceedingly ancient. Examining the walls, I discovered layers of brick among the ordinary stone blocks, and chips of brick in the mortar. As soon as I saw this I knew that the walls dated from Roman times. My interest by now was intense. I looked more closely at the floor. It was of stone slabs, and in one of these I discovered a ring. When I pulled it, the stone slab lifted, and again I saw a stairway of narrow stone steps leading down into the depths. These, too, I descended, and entered a low cave cut into the rock. Thick dust lay on the floor, and in the dust were scattered bones and broken pottery, like the remains of a primitive culture. I discovered two human skulls, obviously very old and half disintegrated. Then I awoke.

(Jung, 1989, pp. 158-159)

Figure 49. Anna Hueneke. *Wings from the Deep III.* Bulgaria, 2003.

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45 Jung’s dream symbolises the process of this thesis work, of going down into ancient depth, the archaeological dig.
The Ark

The Story of the Flood

...I will reveal to you...a thing that is hidden,
a secret of the gods I will tell you!

...The hearts of the Great Gods moved them to inflict the Flood.
Their father Anu uttered the oath (of secrecy)... 

Ea, the clever Prince...was under oath with them
so he repeated their talk to the reed house:
   ‘...Tear down the house and build a boat!
   Abandon wealth and seek living beings!
   Spurn possessions and keep alive living beings!
   Make all living beings go up into the boat.
   The boat which you are to build,
   its dimensions must measure equal to each other:
   its length must correspond to its width…’ 

Just as dawn began to glow
the land assembled around me –
the carpenter carried his hatchet,
the reed worker carried his...stone…
The child carried the pitch,
the weak brought whatever else was needed.
On the fifth day I laid out her exterior.
It was a field in area,
its walls were each 10 times 12 cubits in height,
the sides of its top were of equal length, 10 times 12 cubits each.
I laid out its (interior) structure and drew a picture of it...
I provided it with six decks,
thus dividing it into seven...
The inside of it I divided into nine...
I drove plugs (to keep out) water in its middle part.
I saw to the punting poles and laid in what was necessary.
Three times 3,600 (units) of raw bitumen I poured into the bitumen kiln,
three times 3,600 (units of ) pitch…into it…

The boat was finished by sunset.
The launching was very difficult.
They had to keep carrying a runway of poles front to back,
it until two-thirds of it had gone into the water...
Whatever I had I loaded on it:
whatever silver I had I loaded on it,
whatever gold I had I loaded on it.
All the living beings that I had I loaded on it,
I had all my kith and kin go up into the boat,
all the beasts and animals of the field and the craftsmen I had go up.
(Kovacs, 2000, pp. 97-100)
Rain/Tears

Waters of the heart
These soft tears
loosen my vision
lead me on
into my grief and longing


Waters of the heart
Cry out
and the waters grow

Waters of the heart
overflow
enter the body
enter the water
enter the ocean
abandon.

Figure 52. Jackson Pollock. *Blue Poles: Number 11*. 1952.
Flood

In the morning he let loaves of bread shower down,
and in the evening a rain of wheat.
I watched the appearance of the weather-
the weather was frightful to behold!
I went into the boat and sealed the entry.

(Kovacs, 2000, p. 100)

The darkness is suffocating us
Thunder shakes us
Water, cold and alien overpowers
An ominous roar can be heard
as we run towards higher ground

But some of us find nothing
but the cold bitter waters of death.
A silence swallows the screams
as the bodies sink down, down, down,
into the deep.

Figure 53. Anna Hueneke. *Wings from the Deep* VI. Bulgaria, 2003.
All I thought to be real is obliterated by the flooding rage,
this rage of flood,
with which I struggle for uncertain future.

Stunned shock…overtook the heavens,
and turned to blackness all that had been light.
The…land shattered like a …pot.
All day long the South Wind blew…,
blowing fast, submerging the mountain in water,
overwhelming the people like an attack.

No one could see his fellow,
they could not recognize each other in the torrent.
The gods were frightened by the Flood,
and retreated, ascending to the heaven…
The gods were cowering like dogs, crouching by the outer wall.
Ishtar shrieked like a woman in childbirth,
the sweet-voiced Mistress of the Gods wailed:
‘The olden days have alas turned to clay,
because I said evil things in the Assembly of the Gods!
How could I say evil things in the Assembly of the Gods,
ordering a catastrophe to destroy my people?!
No sooner have I given birth to my dear people
than they fill the sea like so many fish!’
The gods…were weeping with her,
the gods humbly sat weeping, sobbing with grief...
their lips burning, parched with thirst.
Six days and seven nights
came the wind and flood, the storm flattening the land.
(Kovacs, 2000, pp. 100-101)

Figure 55. Rayner Hoff. Deluge - stampede of the lower gods. 1927.46

46 This artwork, by an Australian artist originally from England, created between the two world wars, depicts a profound connection between the Dionysian and flood mythologies, also including indigenous Australians in the themes. I first discovered this remarkable work in Edwards, 1989, p. 58.
When the seventh day arrived, the storm was pounding, the flood was a war – struggling with itself like a woman writhing (in labour). (Kovacs, 2000, p. 101)

The seventh day and still it burns
Still more violent
Still more forceful
More cannot be endured
but more rages on
Uncontrolled
driven by its own violence
its marauding consumption
Taking life into its own
Violent hands
It ravages everything
consuming it, devouring it
It must eat itself
to exhaustion
devastation
charred and blackened.

Chorus:
Tiger monster\textsuperscript{47}
looking out
squashed in
wondering WHEN TO STRIKE

Tiger monster
mouth open
black hole mouth
void inside
no words
locked in

Purge Purge Purge
\quad all evil
Purge Purge Purge
\quad dirty evil monsters
He hit me
\quad I hit them

\textsuperscript{47} This section was written in response to \textit{Tiger Monster}, see \textit{Figure 118}.
I died inside
    They will die

Nothing left now
    ALL DIE INSIDE
    Power is the only way
    Power Power Power
    RED UNIFORM

Figure 57. Anna Hueneke. *Wings from the Deep IX*. Bulgaria, 2003.

Big Red Uniform
    Stomp on You
    Stomp on You

Big Red Legs, Shoulders
    Stomp on You
    Shake You
    Poke You
    Push You

till you no longer know who you are
Read my body

    RED UNIFORM
    Stomp on You

HATE, HATE

eyes of hate
body of loathing
it is you who will suffer
rid the world of You
and I will be at peace

BEAT ME TILL I’M BLACK AND BLUE

and I will beat you
    beat you…

Figure 58. Mauricio Lasansky. Nazi Drawing #26. 1961-1966.48

48 “From 1961 to 1966, he [Mauricio Lasansky] worked on The Nazi Drawings which he described as “an instinctive reaction” to the Holocaust.” (as cited in Toll, 1978, p.100)
…Hitler’s…father was brutal and repeatedly beat Adolf and his mother did nothing to protect him since she felt too intimidated by the father.

Shamed individuals or groups or nations commonly strike back in rage at those they perceive as oppressing them… (Barney, 1996)

Figure 59. Mark Rothko. Red on Maroon, 1959.

I would like to say to those who think of my pictures as serene…that I have imprisoned the most utter violence in every inch of their surface.

(Rothko as cited in Breslin, 1993, p. 355)
I walked along the road
with two friends then
the sun went down the
sky suddenly became
blood and I felt
the great scream in
nature.
(Munch as cited in Torjesen, 1989, p.138)
Figure 61. Drawn in Buchenwald Concentration Camp.

Chorus:
The Blood obscures my vision\(^{49}\)
but I still see you
“Leave me alone, God!”
The sky is red
With Nature’s screaming
I am bracing my self…
…I can still stand
See what they have done to me?
The blood…my eyes…but still…

\(^{49}\) Inspiration for this section of writing came from Trotsky’s violent death: “I took the…ice axe…out of my pocket, took it in my fist and, closing my eyes, I gave him a tremendous blow on the head...” (as cited in Sinclair, 1972, p. 444). “Trotsky saw Hansen through the blood now covering his eyes and weakly said, “See what they have done to me!”” (as cited in Sinclair, 1972, p. 445).
She cooks up the pieces\(^{50}\)
She cooks up the pieces
    the fathers, they cut him up
    cut him up
She cooked up the pieces
    in a big pot
    pot of blood and bits of body
    boiling away

HE MUST BE MAD
They say he has visions of blood
    He must be mad
They killed him with an ice pick
    He must be mad
She’s cooking up the pieces
    boiling, boiling, boiling
    in a big pot.

Out of the bloody carnage
Out of the bloody sea
comes the dark bird\(^{51}\)
dark bird whose utterances no human
can understand
dark bird the size of a wave
wings of waves

\(^{50}\) This section relates the death of Trotsky to the mythological death of Dionysus in the underworld where he is hacked to pieces by the Titans (Nonnos as cited in Evans, 1988, p. 154). Unlike Trotsky’s death though Dionysus is miraculously returned to life when all the pieces are cooked up together by his grandmother Rea. “She cooks up the pieces,” is a line from Craig San Roque’s interpretation of the myth in his script for Sugarman, a performance developed over many years with indigenous communities in Central Australia and the creative foundation of his doctoral work Intoxication, University of Western Sydney, 1998.

\(^{51}\) This section was written in response to the painting Bird From the Sea, see Figure 4.
dark mad bird
wings of waves
    uttering out of the blood
DARK MAD BIRD
    come home to roost
tell me the story of the deep
tell me the story of belonging

Madness is naked
Skeletons walking
Naked
Skeletons Naked
    alienation
Madness has stripped them bare
Madness stripped bare
    Naked
MADNESS, NAKED
naked and alone
wandering
across country that was once home
skeletons walking home
naked
madness eaten away all living things
Madness
    within, without
world gone mad
    paint the sanity
    painting moments of sanity
So the mad dark bird
    arriving out of the bloody sea
    can come home to roost
Listen to what he says
    the mad dark bird
    whispers in the artist’s ear.

Painting madness
Painting is madness
Painting in madness

Death

The sea calmed, fell still, the whirlwind (and) flood stopped up.
I looked around all day long – quiet had set in
and all the human beings had turned to clay!
The terrain was as flat as a roof.
I opened a vent and fresh air...fell upon the side of my nose.
I fell to my knees and sat weeping,
tears streaming down the side of my nose. (Kovacs, 2000, p. 101)
Bones

Bind up the bones in my back and neck. Wind the sheets tight around me…Bind my neck and back for me. Put up the knife, gather my bones and place them in my body. Bind me tight that I may walk. Bind me sturdy that I may stalk after death and strike a blow with the broad, flat sword of my will. I dig my feet into earth. I toss my head to the sky. I am a man living in two worlds. I am a man with two eyes on two legs walking home. Bind my vertebrae with thick grapevines dipped in saffron and water. Cover me with a blanket of sky. (Ellis, 1988, p.122)

Figure 65. Anna Hueneke. Wings from the Deep XIII. Bulgaria, 2003.

It is as if I had seen my bones for the first time and knew how they fit together, how fitting is the nature of a man to walk. It is as if I fell in love with my bones and was born in their form…This body is the book of all I remember. These are the bones of a living god. I am the reed from which words flow. Bind up my legs, my back and neck. These bones know where I’ve been. (Ellis, 1988, p.122)
Figure 66. Georgia O’Keeffe. *Pelvis with Moon*. 1943.
Birds

I looked around for coastlines in the expanse of the sea, and at twelve leagues there emerged a region (of land).

On Mt. Nimush the boat lodged firm,

Mt. Nimush held the boat, allowing no sway.

One day and a second Mt. Nimush held the boat, allowing no sway.

A third day, a fourth, Mt. Nimush held the boat, allowing no sway.

A fifth day, a sixth, Mt. Nimush held the boat, allowing no sway.

When a seventh day arrived

I sent forth a dove and released it.

The dove went off, but came back to me;

no perch was visible so it circled back to me…

I sent forth a raven and released it.

The raven went off, and saw the waters slither back.

It eats, it scratches, it bobs, but does not circle back to me.

(Kovacs, 2000, pp. 101-102)

Figure 67. Grace Huxtable. Detail of Shrine at Çatal Hüyük.
Death lies still
    and the birds fly out
Death lies still
    and the wings begin to rise
Death lies within
    and the wings float up
Death speaks a word
    and the wings can sing
Death utters a final word
    and the wings can rise
Death speaks to life
    and the birds are free
Death speaks to life
    and wings rise from the Deep
Death unto life
    Wings from the Deep

Figure 68. Anna Hueneke. *Wings from the Deep XIV*. Bulgaria, 2003.
I offered incense in front of the mountain-ziggurat.
Seven and seven cult vessels I put in place,
and (into the fire) underneath...I poured reeds, cedar, and myrtle.
The gods smelled the savor,
the gods smelled the sweet savor...
(Kovacs, 2000, p. 102)

...In ecstasy I’ll light the great candles for you now in the night, in the deep black night. We are playing hide-and-seek, we are playing hide-and-seek across a thousand seas, we gods...when the skies are red in the middle of the day, when the skies are red at night.
(Beckmann, 1938, p. 121)

It’s raining now
souls thirsty for life
drinking in the blood of life
a blood sky
drinking it in.52

Sweet blood
Sweet blood
Sweet Water

---

52 This section is written in response to Raining Blood, (see Figure 72).
Eros lived in a cave with the goddess Night…

In the red heart of night beats golden wings

…the goddess of black-winged Night united with the Wind and laid a silver egg in the womb of Darkness. Out of this egg came golden-winged Eros…who then set the universe in motion.

(an interpretation of Graves, 1969, p. 30)
‘The Mouth of the Rivers’

‘Previously Utanapishtim was a human being.
But now let Utanapishtim and his wife become like us, the gods!
Let Utanapishtim reside far away, at the Mouth of the Rivers.’
(Kovacs, 2000, p. 103)

Figure 71. Anna Hueneke. *Wings from the Deep XV*. Bulgaria, 2003.
After the Flood

Blood

It is said that from the bloody whip wounds of Saint Clare of Assisi came the scent of roses (Largier, 2007).

Menstruation for a woman embodies a birth, death, rebirth process. Blood is important.

Before going to Bulgaria I dreamt of a group of young women running at night through an old multi-storeyed building, with many verandahs. This was part of a ritual of becoming a woman. When I arrived in Bulgaria I was astonished that the building I was staying in was just like the dream.

One of my research drawings depicted a young maiden body with blood dripping down her body (see Figure 72).

We worked with the image of blood as transformative in the Wings from the Deep script (see section titled Blood).

In the lead up to Wings from the Deep, in the days of travel from Australia to Europe, and then during the first days of the conference, my body swelled from within, filling with blood.

My body was full of nascent fertility. Blood and paint in psychosomatic relationship. Full of blood. Full of paint. Full of possibility.
Finally, I painted in *Wings from the Deep*.

I fell into exhaustion.

I began to bleed.

Something was dying.

**Saltwater**

After the flood, Utanapishtim and his wife went to the “Mouth of the Rivers”, (Kovacs, 2000, p. 103).

After the performance there was an overwhelming impulse to take the painting to the shore of the sea. The Black Sea. Return the painting, return the trauma to its original place, the place where the flood began.

*Figure 73. Collaboration at the Black Sea I. 2003.*
A natural group\textsuperscript{53} formed who felt there was more to be done with the painting. Together we carried this large painting down to the shore. Together we wondered how this feeling of incompleteness could be resolved.

\begin{figure}[h]
\centering
\includegraphics[width=0.5\textwidth]{figure74}
\caption{Collaboration at the Black Sea II. 2003.}
\end{figure}

With very little talking, we worked with the painting. I felt instinctively it needed more water.

\begin{figure}[h]
\centering
\includegraphics[width=0.5\textwidth]{figure75}
\caption{Collaboration at the Black Sea III. 2003.}
\end{figure}

\textsuperscript{53} This group included myself, Photographer and Psychotherapist Frederik Beeftink from France, Jungian Analyst and Analytical Psychologist Craig San Roque and Psychologist and Jungian Analyst Joy Norton from Australia, Psychiatrist and Psychotherapist Dmitry Zalessky and Psychologist and Psychotherapist Oxana Zalesskaya from the Ukraine, Psychotherapist and Jungian Analyst Janet Robinson from the USA and Psychologist and Psychotherapist Yuri Danko also from the Ukraine.
It felt as if the painting wanted to be immersed in water. Saltwater, cleansing.

Saltwater. We placed it in the sea.

![Image](image1.jpg)

*Figure 76. Collaboration at the Black Sea IV. 2003.*

It fell to pieces.

![Image](image2.jpg)

*Figure 77. Collaboration at the Black Sea V. 2003.*
We gathered the pieces.

Figure 78. Collaboration at the Black Sea VI. 2003.

Figure 79. Collaboration at the Black Sea VII. 2003.
Painting resonant images at the shore.

Figure 80. Collaboration at the Black Sea VIII. 2003.

Figure 81. Collaboration at the Black Sea IX. 2003.
The red was important. The blood red. Blood into the sea.

Figure 82. Collaboration at the Black Sea X. 2003.

Figure 83. Collaboration at the Black Sea XI. 2003.

Figure 84. Collaboration at the Black Sea XII. 2003.
With the materials around us we began to reconstruct a body. We did not yet know what body.

Figure 85. Collaboration at the Black Sea XIII. 2003.

The body of a woman emerged.

Figure 86. Collaboration at the Black Sea XIV. 2003.
We began to see that the body we were creating had to have its own place. Contained. We moved it from the shore to another piece of paper. Ready for a new journey.

Figure 87. Collaboration at the Black Sea XV. 2003.

A Ukrainian man sat nearby singing Ukrainian songs. Snippets of sounds would return to us on the wind. He thought she was a Mava. A Ukrainian forest spirit. Body bits, images and song. She was re-emerging.

Figure 88. Collaboration at the Black Sea XVI. 2003.
We felt very happy.

Figure 89. Collaboration at the Black Sea XVII. 2003.

Figure 90. Collaboration at the Black Sea XVIII.

Figure 91. Collaboration at the Black Sea XIX.
We carefully wrapped her up feeling that psychodynamically we had returned the pieces torn apart by war to the cultural body they belonged to. Re-embodied experience.

Jungian Analyst Joy Norton, with us at the Black Sea wrote:

The archetypal realm was free to flow. Anna painted as a performance; this was both a personal and collective expression…This performance felt like a sacred return to the source of creation in this place at the Black Sea, in order to remember something…The painting created by Anna Hueneke in the conference was a sacred performance, an offering to this place of creation, and a waiting to experience what arose. The image of the flood seemed cleansing; as much a flooding of feeling as a moment where creation might be fostered away from the fleshless, skeleton-man outside life, who cages experience.

(Norton, 2003, p. 52)
The Rose

Back home in Australia I dream.

I am in a painting class. The teacher asks us to paint the city using only shadows.
I paint the shadows as roses. Sepia Roses. A city defined by its shadows. Rose shadows.

I am taken by the rose, by this dream. I sit in the rose gardens of my own city and I paint.

![First Rose](image)

*Figure 92. Anna Hueneke. First Rose. 2003.*

I was bleeding. Now I am infused with the scent of roses. I am back in the mysteries. This mystery of the pain of blood. Red pain. Red wound. To beauty and fragrance and the subtlety of the rose. Red rose. Shadow rose. Building up the shadows.
This careful attention to the rose infuses my psychotherapy practice. I begin to see each client as a different individual rose. Together, we build up the form through the shadows.
In this mythos, the blood, the rose and the water are linked. After the blood and the rose, I immerse myself in water. I discover the swimmer.

The rhythm. Breathe in. Breathe out. Arms move through the water, heavy, push, heavy, pull. Determined. Push through the water, follow the rhythm. There is a moment, when it opens up. The emptiness inside, it’s not strangling me. It opens out. My back opens out. I have wings not arms. I am flying through the water. Space. Space to breathe.

I am integrating new body states. They become part of the Australian performance of Wings from the Deep.\textsuperscript{54}

\textsuperscript{54} Presented to the Canberra Jung Society in March 2004, in the old Currong Theatre at Gorman House Arts Centre.
Figure 97. Anna Hueneke. *Wings from the Deep II*. Australia, 2004.

Figure 98. Anna Hueneke. *Wings from the Deep III*. Australia, 2004.

Roses in the deep. Roses as wings.

From the broken comes the rose. Images move associatively. Birth, death, rebirth.
The Broken

Crash! My sister and I wake in fright. Bleary eyed we wander out. The kitchen floor is covered with broken crockery.

From the broken comes the rose.

I am standing in front of a public sculpture, a memorial to war. I am speaking with the artist, Matthew Harding, still in the process of completing the artwork. He is telling me about the day of its ceremonially opening.

The central piece of the sculpture was not finished. The circle of concrete blocks, the stone paving and the metal rods, which reached up to the sky to symbolise wings, were complete. But the most detailed, central part of the sculpture was the sphere. The sphere was made of many pieces of thick glass, put together as a small world, which sat within the circular space made by the two metal wings. The artist spoke of arriving in the midst of this ceremony, to install the sphere, but the glue had not had time to set around some of the pieces of glass.

In front of this silent reverent crowd, breaking glass was heard, “Crash”, and “Crash” again, as several of the thick, translucent and greenish hued, glass pieces fell onto the stone ground.

55 “The ACT Memorial honours men and women who have an association with the ACT and who served in conflicts, peacekeeping missions and related service throughout the world, some of whom paid the supreme sacrifice...” Retrieved from: //www.memorial.act.gov.au/ September, 2006. “The ACT Memorial was designed by Canberra artist Matthew Harding incorporating representations of the world and the overarching goal of peace, and provides a quiet place for remembrance and contemplation...The screen takes the form of a large stylised wing or feather acting as an interpretation of the Dove of Peace that enfolds and nurtures the memorial space and the central globe. Stainless steel tubes rise from an arc along the concentric ground plane, before spiralling and interweaving into the form of the wing/feather above the central ceremonial space...The central sphere acts as a symbol for the world, and as a focal point for ceremonial purposes and remembering all those who served, died or volunteered during conflicts and on peacekeeping missions throughout the world.” Retrieved from: //www.memorial.act.gov.au/category.php?id=2 February, 2008.
The artist felt his world, this beautiful glass world, was shattering.

He and his assistant had had six hours of sleep in one week. They had been on their feet the entire time, working furiously to finish for this ceremony. They were in a heightened state of concentration and identification with the sphere. They were also in a physical state of extreme deprivation. The artist told me that he felt no one was there, at the moment of the final installation it was ‘surreal’ arriving with the truck, with this glass sphere, and then it shattered.

…the artist is so identified with his work that his intentions and his faculties are indistinguishable from the act of creation itself… (Jung, 1993, p. 72)

In such a heightened state this glass sphere was his world, literally.

The artist described how ‘arduous’ the process of making this sculpture had been, physically, mentally and emotionally.

Glass shattering, relationships breaking, sleepless nights, feelings of death…

I suggested to him that the presentation of the sculpture had actually been like a performance and that this shattering of glass was like a soldier dying, or like war itself. The sleeplessness of the artist reminded me of soldiers at the war front unable to sleep for fear of death. The arduousness of his whole creative process reminded me of war. It seemed to me that by creating this memorial to war and death he had also entered the archetypal field of this experience both in his own life and in the creative process of making the sculpture.

The primordial image, or archetype, is a figure – be it a daemon, a human being, or a process – that constantly recurs in the course of history and appears wherever creative fantasy is freely expressed. Essentially, therefore, it is a mythological figure. (Jung, 1993, p. 81)
As in religious experience where a mythical model is the vehicle for human participation in the transcendent reality, the artist gives herself to a prototype – often mythical in essence – that she internalises and then reenacts or recreates through her art. (Yarian, 1982, p. 93)

It is precisely in great art, that the artist remains indifferent in face of the work, almost like a channel that annihilates itself in the creative process for the sake of the emergence of the work. (Heidegger as cited in Yarian, 1982, p. 93)

A Circle of Roses

Over the next few weeks I returned many times to this experience in my thoughts. Like the artist I was identifying with the glass sphere. I felt it was so cold: the green glass, the cold stone, the cold response from the dignitaries at the opening, and the coldness and aloneness of the creative process. I had experienced the pressure placed upon the individual artist to produce a meaningful image to a large audience. I identified with the shattered glass, and the fragmentation of self. This was how I had felt after each painting performance. I wanted to respond. An image came into my mind of the glass sphere surrounded by a circle of red rose petals.

At this time I was in the process of completing my training as a psychotherapist. This circle of rose petals symbolised my growing capacity to hold others. During the intensity of my training I had the experience of holding my client through a psychotic episode. This circle of roses, and this shattered sphere, echoed that experience.

I returned to the sculpture some weeks later, with a bag of red rose petals. It was a grey Sunday afternoon, there weren’t many people around. For the first time I had a quiet moment with this sculpture and its story of shattered glass. I placed the rose petals inside the wings, in a circle around the sphere.
For me, this form, this sculpture, now felt whole. The form had life, blood, roses. What had been broken now had a circle of aliveness around it.

I began to see the metal wings of the sculpture as the wings of a giant bird deep within the earth. I could only see the tips of the wings above the earth’s crust. The sphere became this giant bird’s egg.

Figure 101. Anna Hueneke. *Bird from the Deep*. 2006.

Figure 102. Anna Hueneke. *Bird from the Deep (Red)*. 2006.
But the Orphics say that black-winged Night, a goddess of whom even Zeus stands in awe, was courted by the Wind and laid a silver egg in the womb of Darkness; and that Eros, whom some call Phanes, was hatched from this egg and set the Universe in motion. (Graves, 1969, p. 30)

Since including Eros in the *Wings from the Deep* script I had been waiting and searching to understand this mystery of Eros' birth. I felt it that day looking at the sculpture. I felt it laying roses in a circle around the sphere. I saw it when I saw the giant bird lying dormant inside the earth, waking with the scent of roses to lay this beautiful silvery egg.

I discovered that Eros-Phanes and Dionysus were related.

> Melting the glittering ether that had previously been motionless, he appeared, a glorious sight to the gods, he whom we now call Phanes and Dionysus... when he first came to light, he was called Dionysus,
because *he moves in a circle round the infinite broad Olympus*...

(*Saturnalia* by Macrobius, as cited in Leisegang, 1939/1978, pp. 199-200)

Let us mix the Erotes’ rose with Dionysus: let us fasten on our brows the rose with its lovely petals and drink, laughing gently. Rose, finest of flowers, rose, darling of spring, rose, delight of the gods also, rose with which Kythere’s [Aphrodite’s] son [Eros] garlands his lovely curls when he dances with the Kharites. (‘Greek Lyric II The Anacreontea’)

A circle of roses. A circle of love. A circle of fire. Eros had a hold on me. Red birds, red bird-women poured forth. Like fire. Like blood. Alive.
Figure 107. Anna Hueneke. Red Birdwoman II.

Figure 108. Anna Hueneke. Red Birdwoman III.
The God

Like Saint Theresa I felt pierced by the god. Eros.

In the *Villa of Mysteries* in Pompeii Jungian Analyst Linda Fierz-David describes the state of the initiate after she has witnessed the sacred connection of Ariadne and Dionysus as *theia mania*:

…in *enthusiasm*, the state of being filled with god, unity with the Dionysus-Allbeing is experienced. Dionysian enthusiasm, which is exactly the experience of the pneuma, is a *theia mania*, a divine madness. For the Greeks, madness was originally a divine punishment…but in the cult of Dionysus, the curse becomes a mystical gift of grace… (Fierz-David, 1957/1988, pp. 98-99)

The moment I put the rose petals around the sphere, for me, was a moment when I was filled with the god, and like the initiate in the *Villa of Mysteries* this state also had
the quality of a kind of mania. Something was going to bring me back to earth. The next day my car was involved in a rear end collision. Like the ‘dark angel’ of Dionysus who arrives with a whip to bring the initiate back to ‘modesty’ this car driving into mine brought me back to earth.

What is needed then, perhaps, is a flash of lightning out of the clear sky descending like the winged Dionysian pneuma of the seventh scene, to set the person straight... (Fierz-David, 1957/1988, pp. 114-115)

![Figure 110. Villa of Mysteries Detail.](image)

It is the whip of the dark winged angel in the *Villa of Mysteries* that creates the differentiation between the god and the initiate:

The angel, as manifest bearer of the Dionysian *theia mania*, stands face to face with the initiate. The angel shows her that it is not she who has the gift of the seer. The Holy Ghost has filled her for a brief moment, and already, with a powerful warding-off movement of the hand, the angel cuts off from itself again the mortal being who is certainly not “Christ-like.” Through this appearance – an act of grace – the angel *differentiates* the woman from the higher femininity of Sophia, who she herself never is. (Fierz-David, 1957/1988, p. 101)
This differentiation between the archetypal image and the ego brings life and clarity. Similarly Meares differentiates Erasmus’ embodied religious experience, with that of St Paul:

In his *Praise of Folly* (1511), Erasmus argued that “the whole man” had the capacity for a curious state of mind, which he likened to madness or folly, although not quite seriously. He also likened this state to love:

He who loves intensely no longer lives in himself but in whatever he loves, and the more he can depart from himself and enter into the other, the happier he is. And when a mind yearns towards travelling out of the body, and does not rightly use its own bodily organs, you doubtless, and with accuracy, call the state of it madness.

This notion seems central to Erasmanian philosophy, but is also fundamental to an understanding of empathy. What is most important, in the state that Erasmus described is that one imaginatively inhabits the other person, at the same time retaining one’s own “soul.” Michael Screech points out that his idea was revolutionary in that it reversed the teaching of St Paul. The Pauline assertion was “I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me,” whereas Erasmus suggests that the highest form of experiencing involves the capacity to “migrate” into another. For St Paul the movement was in the opposite direction, so that he was inhabited by the Christ.” (Meares, 2005, pp. 182-183)

I think this idea that one loses one’s own body when one is inhabited by the god has its roots in the change in consciousness that occurred when writing developed. A monotheistic god was created. Monotheism and written language came together as part of a change in consciousness. The god was also personified as masculine. At this point body was left behind.

Turning, then, to Hebrew mythology on its own terms, the Great Father God Yahweh-Elohim created heaven and earth in the beginning, and what he said was so, and he saw that it was good. Unlike any earlier god, this god creates and
rules alone: he has no lineage, no family, no mother, wife or child. The world he makes and looks upon comes not from his body but from his word.

(Baring & Cashford, 1993, p.417)

The monotheistic editor of the cosmogony in Genesis I and II could assign no part in Creation to anyone but God, and therefore omitted all pre-existing elements or beings which might be held divine. Such abstractions as Chaos (tohu wa-bohu), Darkness (hosekh), and the Deep (tehom) would, however tempt no worshippers: so these took the place of the ancient matriarchal deities.” (Graves & Patai as cited in Baring & Cashford, 1993, p. 419)

Although this shift in consciousness occurred to word, to logos, we do not have to leave the body behind. Embodied empathy is possible. In the therapeutic conversation, image, body and word come together. My own experience of the word, the god, the logos, was an embodied experience. I was empathising with the sculpture as a body. A body fragmented by war. I was empathising with the artist’s experience of creating the sculpture. Empathically, I, like him, became identified with the sculpture, and with the mythos of war. The circle of roses was an act of love, a holding embrace around the shattered parts of the psychodynamic body. This led to an experience of the god. Eros, a maddening love, from which, with a whip of the dark angel, I recovered. Recovered my own body. Embodied experience. Embodied dualism. Image with word. Body with Mind. Mythos with Logos. This is the therapeutic relationship.

In the next scene of the Villa of Mysteries we see the final stage of the initiation ritual.

A nude woman stretches herself upward, dancing and floating. She turns her back on the onlooker while a beautifully dressed woman, who looks into the Initiation Chamber, circles about the nude one with a thyrsus in her hand.

These two figures have been interpreted by all scholars as the representation of a deificatio – that is, a deification – such as forms the conclusion in many ancient mystery cults...
The goal of the Orphic mystery cult is, of course, not deification of the human being. It consists of the definitive liberation of the Dionysian spark, which is the immortal soul of the human being, and its union with Dionysus. Accordingly, one must understand the nude, aspiring figure in the eighth scene as a symbol for the divine spark in the initiate which, having just been freed by the blow of the Dionysian pneuma, prepares to soar upward to achieve union with the god...the aspiring figure is entirely nude, that is, entirely divine, for in antiquity, nudity is an attribute of the divine. That the aspiring figure turns her back to the onlooker is also very significant; it means that she is indeed to be sensed in outline, but nevertheless remains impenetrable, as indeed, the divine is always impenetrable to the human being...she clashes the Dionysian cymbals in her upraised hands and thereby beats the time or the rhythm for the woman’s figure which revolves around her. This figure of the beautifully dressed woman with the thyrsus...she, I believe, is an embodiment of the initiate who has found redemption and has learned to know the way which will be right for her...

(Fierz-David, 1957/1988, pp. 134-135)
I make a drawing, my own interpretation, of this embodied experience.

56 Red Birdwoman I – III (Figures 106 – 108) were images like the naked figure in the Villa of Mysteries scene (Figure 111) an ecstatic and erotic expression of the god. But Red Birdwoman IV (above) is clothed and contained, like the second figure, an ‘embodiment of the initiate’. I drew it immediately after I found out I had qualified as a psychotherapist. It embodies the internal achievement of becoming a psychotherapist.
Autonomous Body

The Diasporist – The Wine Maker


Dionysus and Noah inhabit the traveller’s body, the body of the diasporist.

Modern artist R. B. Kitaj makes a compelling description of the diasporist in his First Diasporist Manifesto.

Diasporist painting, which I just made up, is enacted under peculiar historical and personal freedoms, stresses, dislocation, rupture and momentum. The Diasporist lives and paints in two or more societies at once. Diasporism, as I wish to write about it, is as old as the hills (or caves) but new enough to react to today’s newspaper or last week’s aesthetic musing or tomorrow’s terror…My case is built on a cliché which may also be an insightful art lesson. It is that the threatened condition of the Jews witnesses the condition of our wider world. It is a radical witness.57 (Kitaj, 1989, pp. 19-21.)

The traveller is the ‘radical witness’. The traveller is archetypal. The traveller sees from outside as does the artist.

There is a traditional notion that the divine presence itself is in the Diaspora… (Kitaj, 1989, p. 37)

57 The bold is my emphasis.

I am reminded of Mark Rothko, and his evocative rectangular shapes which describe the archetypal experience of the migrant living with the loss of homeland.

I consider that there is a specific connection between the abstract painting of America and the experience of exile…I suspect that for such artists the psychological longings surrounding the person of the mother, phase and merge into cultural longings. The life of an exile is dominated by the absent presence of the mother-land. This acute, private accentuation of cultural displacement paradoxically enables these painters to touch upon a widely experienced sense of alienation or dislocation. To use Bion’s language...it need not surprise us if the

Figure 113. Mark Rothko. 1957 #20. 1957

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exile of the immigrant is acutely attuned to the inadequacies of the geometer’s space and to the presence of the absence within him of a continent that is elsewhere. (Fuller, 1981, p. 231)

Absence of body. The empty space. Rothko painted this space, this enormous space. But his body wanted to fill it with blood.

Rothko killed himself very early in the morning of February 25th 1970, cutting clean across the arteries just below the crook of his elbow. His friends found him face up in a pool of blood.

A dionysian longing for life midst death?

I would like to say to those who think of my pictures as serene, whether on friendship or mere observation, that I have imprisoned the most utter violence in every inch of their surface. (Rothko as cited in Breslin, 1993, p. 355)

I wonder if this violence is the violence of Dionysus’ dismemberment. I wonder if in his suicide Rothko literalised and physicalised a symbolic process, a ritual. I wonder if instinctively and unconsciously he felt that through the blood, the stew of wine, life would be recreated.

Jung believed that man expressed his most important and fundamental psychological conditions in ritual and that if appropriate rituals were not provided, persons spontaneously and unconsciously devised rituals...
(Samuels, Shorter, & Plaut, 2000, p. 131)

The first thing Noah does on arrival after the flood is to make and ingest wine…
Noah, the first man to plant a vineyard, made wine from its grapes, grew drunk, and uncovered his secret parts… (Graves & Patai, 1965, p. 120)
Noah and Dionysus are both related to wine.

Deucalion’s son Hellen was the supposed ancestor of all Greeks, and ‘Deucalion’ means ‘new wine sailor’ (deuco-halieus); which makes a connexion with Noah, inventor of wine. Hellen was brother to Ariadne of Crete, who married Dionysus the Wine-god. Dionysus also voyaged in a new-moon boat full of animals, including a lion and a serpent. Deucalion’s wife was Pyrrha whose name means ‘bright red’, like wine. (Graves & Patai, 1965, p. 118)

Wine is integral to this arriving after the journey. Wine is integral to the recreation of a new body from the dismembered bits. A mystery. The ‘secret parts’.

The diasporist lives with dismemberment. Dismemberment of their cultural body. Dismemberment of their own narrative flow. The diasporist lives with dismembered body bits and must learn how to reunite them anew, creatively and individually away from the regular patterns of the cultural body.
What narrative appears before my eyes? What do I imagine after reading the writing of Heinrich Heine, Etty Hillesum’s diaries, the writing of Primo Levi, the experience of Victor Frankl in the camps, the First Diasporist Manifesto of Kitaj and the evocative prose of Anne Michaels. I imagine a narrative of the oppressed.

This is the narrative of the client in psychotherapy. The client is so often the member of the family pushed out, scapegoated, punished. They work against this fate. As does the therapist.

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The narrative of the oppressed.

The bloody corpse of a baby is brought to trap The Rabbi of Bacherach.

Unable to speak, the Rabbi moved his lips without a sound. At last he cried, “Do you not see the Angel of Death? Down there, he hovers over Bacherach! But we have escaped his sword. Praised be the Lord!” And in a voice still quivering with horror he told her that while he was cheerfully singing the Haggadah, and reclining in comfort, he chanced to glance under the table, and there at his feet he saw the bloody corpse of a little child. “Then I knew,” the Rabbi continued, “that our two guests were not of the community of Israel, but of the assembly of the godless, who had plotted to place the corpse in our house by stealth in order to charge us with child-murder, and to stir up the people to plunder and to murder us. I dared not betray that I had seen through that work of darkness; I would simply have hastened my own destruction. Only by craft have I succeeded in saving both of us. Praised be the Lord!”

(Heine, 1948, p. 266)

This is the tragedy of the oppressed. They become an easy scapegoat, an easy vessel for projections.

The psychotherapist sometimes must wear an ugly mask, appear to the client as the hated other.

The psychotherapist knows the position of the scapegoat. At once feeling the projected emotions of the client’s previous bad experiences as well as having to steel oneself to respond differently to the countertransference feelings.
The Silenus there has above his head the ghostly mask of terror, which promises death and horror as a preliminary to transformation.
(Fierz-David, 1957/1988, p. 86)

Like the figures in the *Villa of Mysteries* scene, client and therapist stare into the horror. Staring into the flask of wine to see the image of horror reflected there. The wine. The mask. Dionysian horror.

Victor Frankl with inspiring strength, was able from his position as prisoner in a concentration camp, to enter a therapeutic conversation with his Capo.

Fortunately the Capo in my working party was obliged to me; he had taken a liking to me because I listened to his love stories and matrimonial troubles, which he poured out during the long marches to our work site. I had made an impression on him with my diagnosis of his character and with my psychotherapeutic advice. (Frankl, 1946/1964, p. 24)
The oppressed can see with different eyes. Oppressed peoples see from within the trauma system. The personal and cultural trauma system. They see the psychic necessity of qualities like aggression and depression. They have the capacity to think in two worlds. They understand from within the depth of their inherited bodies the process of bringing that which is unseen into view.

Whispers

A dream whispers to me as I am writing. It was a dream I had when I was seventeen. I had left my home in Canberra and begun study in Melbourne to be an artist.

I am in the desert at night. Rolling sand dunes. It is not Australia. It is the Middle East. There is music overhead. I look up. There are hundreds of coloured scarves in the sky. Blowing in the wind. A beautiful voice speaks through the coloured scarves.

“There comes a time in your life when you must give yourself over.”

In becoming an artist, a maker of images, I did give myself over to something beyond me. An autonomous task, of bringing that which is unseen into view.

The Autonomous Creative Complex

How does an autonomous complex arise?...a hitherto unconscious portion of the psyche is thrown into activity, and gains ground by activating the adjacent areas of association. The energy needed for this is naturally drawn from consciousness – unless the latter happens to identify with the complex... (Jung, 1993, p. 79)

The normal man can follow the general trend without injury to himself; but the man who takes to the back streets and alleys because he cannot endure the broad
highway will be the first to discover the psychic elements that are waiting to play their part in the life of the collective. Here the artist’s relative lack of adaptation turns out to his advantage; it enables him to follow his own yearnings far from the beaten path, and to discover what it is that would meet the unconscious needs of his age. Thus, just as the one-sidedness of the individual’s conscious attitude is corrected by reactions from the unconscious, so art represents a process of self-regulation in the life of nations and epochs. (Jung, 1993, p. 83)

Jung’s autonomous creative complex gives an idea, a structure to this experience of the diasporist artist. It recognises the important role of the individual artist and their vision.

In my early adult life the autonomous creative complex became the driver of my psyche. I identified with this complex. My own internal dynamics were led by its autonomous creative drive. I began to structure my self and my work, as artist and director of my new School of Creativity around this principle.

**The School of Creativity**

This was my experiment. A school of art led by the psychodynamic body. A school of art through which the autonomous creative complex could be nurtured in a positive way.

The aim is to develop creativity through visual art within a psychodynamic frame. (Hueneke, 2003)
It was an idea which I could only embody when I was living within the autonomous creative complex\(^59\). As I developed as a therapist I built a different internal structure.

Dear Etty,

I ended my School of Creativity last week. A ten year project. I was trying to do something bold and courageous. I was trying to make a cultural vessel for internal necessity. I was trying to make a space, a place for art led by internal necessity, led by the autonomous creative complex. So much work, so much bold enthusiasm...I worked for the half forgotten, half alive members of our society. All those on the edges: Schizophrenia, Brain Damage, Psychosis, Depression, Autism. These are all names Etty, for those extreme states brought about by the war embedded in our collective psyche. These are the people who live with dissociation, and so quite profoundly, they all embody the potential to also be fiercely creative. I keep using this word ‘fierce’ Etty because my experience of the autonomous creative complex is that it is a…what is it?…part of its driving energy is aggression. I think of aggression not as punching someone, although it could manifest as that, but as a force exploding out of silence and depression. (Hueneke, 2007)

While many people referred to what I did as art therapy, I made a distinction. I felt these images were both intra-psychic and cultural. I was restoring image making to its original cultural necessity. This is how I hope my images, and those of other well known artists, are seen in the context of this thesis. Images of the psychodynamics of a personal and cultural mythos.

\(^{59}\) I established the school in Canberra in 1997, and ran it for ten years, first from a studio at Australian National Capital Artists in Dickson and then from a studio at Gorman House Arts Centre, until 2007.
In Euripides *The Bacchae* Dionysus was angry with the people of Thebes, for forgetting their instincts, for forgetting the body, for forgetting the embodied god. They worshipped a disembodied mind, a repressive Pentheus.

**DIONYSUS**

Hear me all! I speak to you now as Dionysus, a God revealed to mortal eyes.

I came back to this land of my virgin birth, to suffer the indignities that only human folly can invent.

I was mocked at, chained, thrown in prison. Men like Pentheus who abuse their power in defiance of the Gods shall ever rediscover the inexorable terror of divine justice.

(Euripides, 1982, p.82)

*Metallica* is a rock band which formed in the 1980’s. They formed around the musical expression of aggression and anger, and drew enormous crowds who shared in
this collective experience. In the film *VIP Pass: Metallica – Some Kind of Monster*60 we see the band twenty years later. The two formative members of the band now have children and families to attend to. Whereas twenty years ago they didn’t consider what the culture of drinking and drugs that came along with the music was doing to them. They are now. The aggressive form has become destructive. Now they are searching for a positive way to make their music. They are searching for a positive form, a positive purpose to their angry aggressive music. They employ a psychotherapist to sit with the band at all meetings, rehearsals and recordings. It is fascinating to watch what happens when the psychotherapist engages with a cultural form in the making.

That was my aim at the School of Creativity, to bring a psychodynamic approach to the cultural form of art making. It was differently structured to therapy in that I could take on clients who needed to really explore issues around death and rage in an artistic form. “You cannot kill the art materials”, I would say, “no matter how destructive you feel towards the art materials, no matter how aggressive, you will always make art.” There is a freedom in this, an autonomy.

In this film we see a process unfolding over two years. *Metallica* are trying to record a new album, but the relationships are very strained. Their bass player has left under explosive circumstances. The psychotherapist remains present throughout a profound process. One band member leaves for a year to face his own alcoholism. They grieve for their original bass player who died tragically early in the band’s career. The lead singer and the drummer express their anger at one another. This all happens while they struggle to write their new album. They try and fire the psychotherapist, but then realise they still need him. There is a strong transference and countertransference

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60“This documentary chronicles the heavy metal band Metallica over a two year period focusing on the time of the recording of their album ‘St Anger’, their first studio album in over five years. After being together as a band for over 20 years, the relationships between band members have become extremely strained resulting in long-time bass player, Jason Newsted, leaving the band. At the suggestion of their management, the band engages a therapist/performance enhancement coach, Phil Towle, to try and help them overcome their personal and professional problems. Midway through filming, James Hetfield (singer and co-founder of Metallica) checks himself into rehab to try and overcome his alcohol addiction. (From the US, in English)” Retrieved February 2008 from http://www20.sbs.com.au/whatson/?date=2007-05-5&channelID=1
relationship of the psychotherapist to the band. He is the good father who they struggle with for independence.

Finally they decide to hire a new bass player. This is a crucial turning point. Hope. After this long process things begin to fall into place with their music. They go to play at a prison full of men whose aggressive energies led them to powerful destructive acts. The lead singer speaks about music as a positive expression of anger.

They put the new finished CD together. They title it *Saint Anger*. The drummer puts it succinctly: “Aggression and anger can be positive.”

In my psychotherapeutic practice I am delighted when someone cocooned by narcissistic defences hits the enlivening power of their rage.

The rage, emptiness, and despair that have been warded off by the grandiose self now start to be felt and mastered.

This phase marks what some schools of thought would call the *genuine* analytic work. Most prominent, especially at its onset, is intense rage in the transference...and if the confrontations and interpretations are being introduced gradually and empathically, the rage itself should support the individuation process...The rage, and often the envy, that have been attendant upon the denied yearnings, become gradually integrated as normal assertiveness and self-regard as a growing sense of separateness, a therapeutic collaboration, and a communicable and analyzable transference experience begin to develop.”

(Bromberg, 1983, p. 94)

We work against the power of death.

Freud...suggests that narcissism may be the most intimate and archaic expression of the death drive. (Downing, 2000, p.71)
In the early 1930s, as Nazism was becoming more and more powerful, Freud saw a world more and more dominated by Death – and saw how our fear of Death leads to its gaining more and more power over us. (Downing, 2000, p. 71)

Figure 119. Anna Hueneke. Flood of Death. 200261.

And there she stepped on to the platform she herself had described only a fortnight before in her own unforgettable way. Talking gaily, smiling, a kind word for everyone she met on the way, full of sparkling humour, perhaps just a touch of sadness, but every inch the Etty you all know so well. ‘I have my diaries, my little Bible, my Russian grammar and Tolstoy with me and God knows what else.’ One of the camp leaders came to take his leave of her and told her that he had used every argument he knew to plead her case but in vain. Etty thanked him very much. I only wish I could describe for you exactly how it happened and with what grace she and her family left!

So here I sit now, a little sad, certainly, but not sad for something that has been lost, since a friendship like ours is never lost, it is and it endures.

That is what I wrote down, too, on a slip of paper that I pushed into her hand at the last moment. Then I lost sight of her for a bit and wandered around the platform. Tried again to find someone who could still do something for her but in vain. I saw Mother, Father H. and Mischa board Wagon No. 1. Etty finished up in Wagon No. 12, having first stopped to look for a friend in Wagon No. 14 who was pulled out again at the last moment. Then a shrill whistle and the 1000 ‘transport cases’ were moving out. Another flourish from Mischa who waved through a crack in Wagon No. 1, a cheerful ‘bye’ from Etty in No. 12 and they were gone...

*Etty Hillesum died in Auschwitz on 30 November 1943.*

(Hillesum, 1983, pp. 221-223)


In *Atrahasis*, *Enuma elish*, and other Akkadian texts, in order to create humans from clay a god has to be killed, ‘that the god’s blood be thoroughly mixed with the clay’. (Burkert, 1999, p.100)

Levi speaks in the voice of the Nazis:

We were the diligent executors, and for our diligence we were praised and promoted. The decisions were not ours, because the regime in which we grew up did not allow us autonomous decisions: others have decided for us, and it could only happen that way, because our ability to decide had been amputated. So we are not responsible and cannot be punished.

Levi himself retained his autonomy through fierce aggressive thinking. No God to salve his wounds. He killed the narcissistic God. Blood mixed with clay. He remained alert and alive.

I must nevertheless admit that I experienced (and again only once) the temptation to yield, to seek refuge in prayer. This happened in the October of 1944, in the one moment in which I lucidly perceived the imminence of death: when, naked and compressed among my naked companions with my personal index card in hand, I was waiting to file past the ‘commission’ that with one glance would decide whether I should immediately go into the gas chamber or was instead strong enough to go on working. For one instant I felt the need for help and asylum; then, despite my anguish, equanimity prevailed: one does not change the rules of the game at the end of the match, nor when you are losing. A prayer under these conditions would have been not only absurd (what rights could I claim? and from whom?) but blasphemous, obscene, laden with the greatest impiety of which a nonbeliever is capable. I rejected the temptation: I know that otherwise were I to survive, I would have to be ashamed of it. (Levi, 1986/1995, p. xvi)

I remember well the experience of the raging victim in my practice. Levi’s rage is his survival, his aliveness.

It is said in my family that when my great-grandfather was taken to the Nervenklinik after a nervous breakdown he was castrated. His aggressive energies were cut off by the Hitlerian system, which in itself was aggression gone mad. He arrived home to his family a severely depressed almost completely incapacitated man. They had cut off his aggressive resource, his way out of depression.

Sue Austin, an Australian Jungian Analyst has done powerful work understanding the aggressive underpinnings of work with eating disorders. She understands the possibility that rage can be used to discover self. Rage can enliven the psychodynamic
body. In eating disorders the body is caged in a kind of holocaust. The rage is trapping and starving the person. No psychodynamic.

Austin’s goal is to rediscover, with the client, how the rage or aggression can be turned around in an enlivening dynamic.

Anorexia is a physically and psychologically violent illness, in which aggressive energies have become caught up in self-hating, and self- and other- punishing amalgams. I argue that one of the important aspects of recovery is that these amalgams need to be dissolved to some extent, so that the aggressive energies caught up in them become available for forming other, more enlivening amalgams. (Austin, 2005, p. 174)

Dear Etty,
I know this. The alive heat of a client’s murderous rage. Or my own. The exhilarating danger, and the almost porous surface that lies between it and love.
(Hueneke, 2007)

The dove descending breaks the air
With flame of incandescent terror
Of which the tongues declare
The one discharge from sin and error.
The only hope, or else despair
Lies in the choice of pyre or pyre –
To be redeemed from fire by fire.
Who then devised the torment? Love.
Love is the unfamiliar Name
Behind the hands that wove
The intolerable shirt of flame
Which human power cannot remove.
    We only live, only suspire
    Consumed by either fire or fire.

(Eliot, 1944/1959, p. 47)
Dionysian Body

Different traumatic memory systems are likely to be organised about different feeling states. These states might involve a mingling of emotions. The central affect is anxiety. Sometimes it is felt merely as a dull and pervasive tension, a feeling of unsafety and unease. At an extreme, there is terror. Shame is common and expressed as humiliation, or utter exposure. Anger is often intense and felt not only towards the other but towards oneself, so that revengeful hate is linked to destructive and suicidal ideas.

The patient may confess, with shame, that in the midst of these fantasies involving hateful and terrifying images, he or she might wish the raping, abusive, and destructive scenes to be acted out upon him/her. At the same time the thought is utterly horrifying, repellant, and rejected. Mixed up in all this are mutilated parts of bodies. The traumatic system is embodied.

(Meares, 2000, p. 81)

Figure 122. Anna Hueneke. Anger is the only love. 2005.
The journey expressed in the *The Bacchae* is a journey into the utterly horrifying parts of a traumatic system. The self hatred, the murderous rage, the vile, forgotten, abused, isolated. Dionysus seeks to revivify, re enliven those lost parts. It is dangerous.

This is the aliveness of therapy. Dangerous aspects of experience become known on the way to integration.

This to me is Dionysus’ message. Gather the anger, the rage, the body bits. Gather them up. Cook up the pieces. Gather the whole body.

*Figure 123. Anna Hueneke. A fierce attack on me for offering love. 2005.*

Shambolic body bits
Sick
in the middle of the night
body madness
can't sleep
no rest
no resolution
bits of madness
tearing at me
like teeth into flesh
body enacting
madness
teeth into flesh

Figure 124. Anna Hueneke. *Biting*. 2005.

spit it out
spit

swallow
digesting madness

blood
dripping
searing

It's the Bacchae
She was foaming at the mouth.
Her eyes bulged, rolling wildly.
There was no corner of her mind
not possessed by Bacchus.
She was insane, oblivious to her son!
Seizing his left arm just above the wrist
and pushing with her foot against his chest
she wrenched his arm clean out of the shoulder.
It was not her strength that did it
but the God's power racing in her blood.
Ino, her sister, was working on the other side,
tearing off his flesh. And now Autonoe
pounced upon him, followed by the whole rabid pack.
The mountains boomed with shrill confusion-
Pentheus wailing while there was still a gasp left in him,
the women howling in their triumph.
One carried off an arm,
another a foot with the boot still on it.
They laid his ribs bare - clawed him clean.
His blood still warm on their hands,
they tossed the flesh of Pentheus back and forth
like children playing games.
Nothing is left of him. His body
lies scattered - some of it on the jagged rocks,
some buried in the forest thickets -
by no means easy to recover.
Except for his poor head. His mother has it,
proudly in her grip. She raises it high
on her thyrsus point - that head
she thinks is of some forest beast -
and carries it through the glades of Cithaeron,
leaving her sisters dancing with those raving women.
She is on her way here, inside the city,
exulting in her fearful and pathetic quarry.
She cries out to Bacchus, calling him
“fellow-hunter,” “my ally in the kill,”
“the victor of our chase”!...”
(Euripides, 1982, pp. 63-64)

Triumphant Agave displays the lion’s head to the town

**CADMUS** [grasping her head, forcing her to look]

Look at it! Go on looking
till you know what it is!

**AGAVE**
I see – oh, Gods, no, not this grief,
not this agony...

CADMUS
Does it seem like a lion now?

AGAVE
No. It is Pentheus – his head – in my hands.

CADMUS
We wept for him long before you knew.

AGAVE
Who killed him? How did he come into my hands?

CADMUS
Oh, merciless truth – you always come too soon.

AGAVE
Tell me! Now! My heart is leaping out to the horror I must hear.

CADMUS
It was you! You and your sisters! You killed him!

(Euripides, 1982, pp. 74-75)
Madness itself
Madness of war
Madness inside the camps
world utterly mad

Madness of the destructive mother
Madness of isolation

Madness of frenzy
Madness of rage.

the therapist
the client
entering this
blood spitting madness
together

sick, sick, sick
together

how do we survive?
remaining present
body bits flying
fragmented

red
mad
blood

body bits
no structure
no cohesion
no narrative
shambolic
mad

useless destruction
but wait,
tiny shards of life...

but wait,
watch

tiny shards
of self reflection.

Cadmus shows Agave how to see.
Painful seeing.

Figure 126. Anna Hueneke. The angry baby finds its own shape. 2005.
tiny whispers
of authentic feeling

the antidote
to madness

The therapist searches
ceaselessly
maddeningly

searching by waiting
searching by speaking
searching by understanding
embodied listening

‘aliveness out of deadness’
aliveness out of madness.

Figure 127. Anna Hueneke. Anger creates the new form. 2005.
Jungian Analyst, Giles Clark, makes a sharp formulation of the therapeutic journey through madness in his paper *The Animating Body*.

The order of damaged developmental events in the psychotic transference seems to go something like this:

1. Initially, as felt from the inside, we find that we are both in one shared active environment. This means that we have created our shared natural psychic universe around us. The fantasy is: ‘I love you absolutely and shall for ever because you love me absolutely and shall forever. You are mine and we are therefore one.’

2. Then, disillusioning experience changes or develops the fantasy: ‘I simultaneously find that you are not one with me, but are separate, different; you have a separate body and a separate mind and live in a different world. This is terrible and intolerable. I hate and envy you your separateness. I cannot have you because you do not love me absolutely and eternally.’

3. ‘Therefore I must force us into a shared unit environment. I must force you to be one with me, and me to be one with you: force us into love.’

4. ‘Simultaneously, I hate and envy you so much that I must kill you. So I shall wound you, hurt you, make you ill and sick unto death.’ Therefore this commonly sensed active universe or environment field which the analysand has created is now simultaneously:

   (a) a place full of inactive oceanic reverie and bliss; and

   (b) an active battlefield of bullet-like projections and psychic germ warfare. So it is both good and bad, pleasure and pain, loving and hating, sex and sickness, a love and death struggle. This mix-up is maddening. It is an overwhelming state of disorder, chaos and psychosomatic infection.

5. But first the analyst and thence the analysand discover a paradox: namely, that the apparently loving side, the blissful inactive oneness, is deathly, and on the other hand that the murderous hate, pain and sickness is actually energising, vitalising, animating.
6. And even more paradoxically; this terrible animating body, which is so fierce, disharmonious, sickening and disassociated is in fact what brings life and unites us. (Clark, 2001, pp. 121-122)

This psychosomatic aliveness, this ‘animating body’, reminds me of Garcia Lorca’s *duende*.

To help us seek the *duende* there is neither map nor discipline. All one knows is that it burns the blood like powdered glass, that it exhausts, that it rejects all the sweet geometry one has learned, that it breaks with all styles...

In idea, in sound, or in gesture, the *duende* likes a straight fight with the creator on the edge of the well. While angel and muse are content with violin or measured rhythm, the *duende* wounds, and in the healing of this wound which never closes is the prodigious, the original in the work of man...

(Lorca, 1959, pp. 129-136)

The ‘animating body’, the *duende*, the Dionysian body. López-Pedraza reflects:

...the irrational Dionysian complexes, where the incredible and the rejected manifest themselves in a single body...

We cannot conceive of Dionysus as belief. He is living experience: emotions, feelings, complaints, cries of grief and bodily expressions: manifestations through which lives repressed by consensus and relegated to the social and geographical sidelines in their constant battle for survival made their attempts at self-expression. I speak of those defeated by history, as was the case with Garcia Lorca’s Duende which lives on in Andalusia, a region steeped in its Roman, Jewish, Moorish and Gypsy complexes.

...the clinic for the mentally ill, the psychotherapist’s consulting room and the study of psychosomatic processes may well be understood as observations of the actual world which can, I feel, at times grant us a vision of the irrational as it emerges, leaping over the barriers of repression and trying desperately to come alive.

(López-Pedraza, 1990, pp. 57-59)
Aggression, madness, mixed up relations, violence, envy, longing, grief, depression, rage; these are all psychosomatic states that belong to my history, my body, my mythos as a therapist. A mythos I am compelled to look at, internally live through, make images through, think through, in order to be with others in their mythos.

Freud...understood that the entire narrative of a human life, the characters that we are and the dreams we enter, are structured by the selective logic of a profound mythos in the psyche. (Hillman, 1995, p. 11)

Destruction and Creation

During reproduction, a union of female and male cells occurs. The unity of each cell thus is destroyed and, from the product of this destruction, new life originates...The male component merges with the female component that becomes reorganized and assumes a new form mediated by the unfamiliar intruder. An alteration comes over the whole organism; destruction and reconstruction...The joyful feeling of coming into being that is present within the reproductive drive is accompanied by a feeling of resistance, of anxiety or disgust. This does not result from spatial proximity to the excreta or from the negativity of a renunciation of sexual activity; the feeling directly corresponds to the destructive component of the sexual instinct. (Spielrein, 1994, pp. 156-157)

The ascent to another way of being – the ascent of transformation – cannot occur without disintegration, without the process of breaking down; being pulverized physically, emotionally, spiritually. If the container of self is not smashed, the vision cannot enter. (Metzger, 1999, p.75)

This is not descending into chaos, although it feels chaotic when we are there. It is entering into domains that cannot be understood in the ways we generally seek and convey understanding. It is entering into worlds which operate by different
laws. Integrity is required, and so we must be reconstituted; this is the way of transformation. (Metzger, 1999, p. 78)


Jackson Pollock, that self-destructive alcoholic artist, a man who bravely plunged his wounded depths, painted body bits, body bits in motion. He used a very viscous form of paint that could move. He captured the movement. The psychodynamic body.

Pollock began drinking heavily at an early age, 15 years (McIntyre, 2002, p. 76). I wonder if Pollock, like Rothko, unconsciously longed for a Dionysian ritual of re-memberment, hoping that through the wine, the alcohol, something disconnected could be reconstituted and made whole. My sense is that his paintings achieve this; that in the viscousness of the paint, which is like blood or bodily fluids (or wine), and with the physicality of the throwing, is a ritual of re-memberment.

Dionysus is torn to pieces then reconstituted in the blood, the wine.

The body bits of Jackson Pollock are in the thrown paint. There he finds rhythm. And in these fragmented body bits, in the rhythm, in terms of the body, is a narrative.
Once rhythm or narrative is discovered there is the potential for a whole, a belonging, perspective. Experience becomes part of a flow. Narrative is a natural flow of images. Images in flux, transformation. Jackson Pollock’s thrown paint, his body bits, form rhythm and meaning in body’s terms. Fragmentation is death. Rhythm is life.

The apparent contradiction in Pollock’s desire to create and simultaneously to destroy imagery may be consistent with Henderson’s belief that a psychic birth-death-rebirth cycle was essential to the maintenance of Pollock’s sanity.62

(Pollock, 1970, p.21)

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62 Jungian Analyst, Dr. Joseph Henderson worked with Pollock for eighteen months from 1939.
Death and Rebirth

...generation and fertility...are indissolubly bound up with death. Without death, there would be no procreation. The inevitability of death is not a destiny decreed by some hostile power. In birth itself, in the very act of procreation, death is at work....This then is the core of the myth of Persephone, to which the Eleusinian Mysteries attach. Man receives the fertility which is indispensable to him from the hand of death. (Otto, 1939/1978, pp. 20-21)

It is from mortification, from the corpse, that the new and stable structure takes its beginning. (Burkett, 1999, p. 100)

...neither men nor women can endure the darkening which precedes the transformation unless they are unswervingly mindful of the goal, that is, of rebirth. (Fierz-David, 1957/1988, p. 89)

As Death becomes an ever more important theme, Freud comes to speak of Eros, the cosmic life principle, rather than of sexuality...

He looks upon Eros and Death as two primal powers, as cosmological not just psychological energies, forces that are at work in us, through us, and in the
whole outer world. He speaks of them as twin brothers, engaged in a dramatic struggle with one another and sometimes in so close an embrace that we cannot distinguish between them. (Downing, 2000, p. 70)

On the walls of the shrine at Çatal Hüyük the many vultures depicting death are painted in red also symbolising life.

The fact that the vultures were frequently painted in red rather than black could reinforce in symbolic terms the concept of rebirth. (Cameron, 1981, p. 29)

For me, the movement from death to life is expressed in the birds.

Figure 131. Anna Hueneke. Bird with Skeleton. 2002

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The Individual Body

The individual body emerges from these powerful autonomous drives. An individual relationship to one’s body, and one’s cultural body. Individuation.

Erich Neumann writing during what must have been very dark circumstances in 1948 says:

The mortal peril which confronts modern man is that he may be collectivised by the pressure of mass events, become the plaything of the forces of the unconscious, and finally himself perish in the disintegration of his own consciousness. The analytical psychology of Jung counters this peril by teaching the principle of growth towards wholeness through the process of individuation. But this growth towards wholeness necessarily involves a creative relationship between the dark instinctual side of man’s nature and the light side represented by the conscious mind. A new form of humanism is needed, in which man will learn to make friends with himself and to experience his own shadow side as an essential component of his creative vitality. The shadow is not a transitional stage or “nothing but” the instinctual side considered simply as the soil in which the roots of life are bedded. It is the paradoxical secret of transformation itself, since it is in fact in and through the shadow that the lead is transformed into gold. It is only when man learns to experience himself as the creature of the creator who made light and darkness, good and evil, that he becomes aware of his own Self as a paradoxical totality in which the opposites are linked together as they are in the Godhead. Only then – when the creative interrelationship of light and shadow is accepted and lived as the foundation of
this world – is life in this world truly possible for man; only then will the unity of
creation and of human existence escape destruction by that disastrous rift which
threatens the future of the human race. (Neumann, 1948/1990, p. 146-147)
The Ark

Figure 133. Anna Hueneke. The Vessel. 200264.

**Teshuva – Return. Return to the Ark**

There is a place in the myth that is not consumed by flood. This is the ark.

During the building of the ark in *Wings from the Deep* I added a Hebrew song to the soundtrack. Both the singer who introduced me to it, and I, did not know the meaning of the words, only that it was in Hebrew and this in itself seemed important to me. It was not until an Israeli woman in the audience in Bulgaria told me: *Call us back and we’ll return.*

**Teshuva. Return**

I find out much later that the principle of *teshuva* is integral to the flood story. I discover it in a translation of the Torah for children, written in the style of the Ashkenazi Jews with some words retained in Hebrew (*Noah Noach, God Hashem, return teshuva*). My Russian Jewish ancestors were Ashkenazi Jews.

“Noach listened to Hashem and began to build the ark.

“Why are you building an ark?” everyone asked.

“In another 120 years, Hashem is going to bring a great flood to the world. He is very angry about all the sinning. When the flood comes, I will go into the ark and be saved. You can also be saved, if you do *teshuvah* and stop sinning.”

(Heller, 2003, p. 17)
Return to the ark. One’s own ark. One’s own right path. I see this story not in the classical Ashkenazi orthodox terms, but in terms of psychodynamic psychology. That is that each place in the flood story is valid. That the mapping of territories within the myth is not based on good or bad, but on different psychic states. And that to be contained by one’s own purpose is to be with God. It is a psychological interpretation of the flood myth. A psychological interpretation of God.

I escape the tragedy. I escape the flood. I get on the Ark. I enter the psychotherapeutic vessel. I begin to pray. Therapy.

*therapeia* (fem. n.) I. a waiting on, service: e.g., service done to the gods, divine worship…

*therapeuein* (v.) I. to be an attendant, do service; do service to the gods...

(Hofmann, 1950/1994)

...the stem *thera-* is related to *threskos* and *thranos*. *Threskos* means pious, devout, god-fearing, religious; other forms of the stem are *threskeia* (fem. n.), religious worship or usage (later, in New Test., religion per se); *threskeuein* (v.), to hold religious observances, observe religiously; be a devotee.

(Stamatakos, 1994)

On the Ark something occurs. Transformation is possible. The ark is a boundaried space. Within it a shift in consciousness occurs. A shift to complexity. Language begins after the Ark arrives65. Language is gestated on the Ark.

It is no mistake that the Torah is placed inside the Ark in the Jewish synagogue. The Holy Ark, *Aron Ha-Kodesh*. In the synagogue the Torah is held within the Ark (Bryan & Whitburn, 1985). The Torah is the imprint of the thinking of the Jewish people.

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65 In Genesis the next big story/event after the ‘Flood’ is the ‘Tower of Babel’. (Graves & Patai, 1965)
It is significant that neither biblical nor mishnaic Hebrew possesses a term for either “religion” or “Judaism”…The traditional term for this concept, employed in the Bible and in the Talmud, is “Torah”. Now this term...embraces the totality of Jewish beliefs and practices, ideals and ideas, in fact, all the products of the Jewish creative genius through the centuries.

(Chomsky, 1982, pp. 8-9)

The Ark, where the Torah is both created and held safe, is the place where complexity is possible. In that safety, a relationship of trust can be made, with God. Sacred.

Figure 135. Marc Chagall.

*The Rainbow, sign of the covenant between God and the Earth (Genesis 9:9 – 17)*. 1931.

In the mythos of human experience the flooding of emotions is always a potential. Flooding is a traumatic state in which there is no hope. The only hope is to get onto the ark. Make a container. Make a vessel. This is the therapeutic frame. This is the ark.
The ark is made of wood, and as Athos says to Jakob:

‘The great mystery of wood is not that it burns, but that it floats.’

(Michaels, 1997, p. 28)

The ark, a vessel, floating on the sea.


No Sex on the Ark

Noah had parted his sons from their wives, and forbidden them marital rites: while the world was being destroyed they must take no thought for its replenishment. He laid the same prohibition upon all beasts, birds and creeping things.

(Graves & Patai, 1965, p. 114)

On the ark, as in therapy, the instincts are frustrated. From this optimum frustration a new desire emerges. A desire for culture.

Adam Phillips, a post-Freudian, says about sublimation:

Work had to be done on the forbidden desires – a work akin to alchemy – to make them culturally viable. From a psychoanalytic point of view, sexual and aggressive desires inform all cultural production.

(Phillips, 1998, p. 121)

Isaac Bashevis Singer in *The Death of Methuselah* describes the significance of the flood:

Whenever I begin to ponder modern man and his disappointment with his own culture, my mind leads me back to the history of creation as it is described by the divine genius who wrote the Book of Genesis. The very creation of man became a disappointment to God. He had to destroy his own masterpiece, which had
become corrupted. According to the Talmud and the Midrash, the corruption was all sexual. Even the animals became sexually perverted at the time of the flood, and perhaps later in Sodom and Gomorrah.

In my story “The Death of Methuselah,” I explore this theme. Methuselah, the man who lived longer than any other human being, was madly in love with a shedemon I call Naahma. She and her lover Ashiel were directing a conference of perverts and sadists from all over the world. Evil had become man’s greatest art, his main achievement. However, there is a spark of hope, because Methuselah’s grandson Noah has undertaken the mission to save mankind from utter destruction, in his ark.

(Bashevis Singer, 1990, pp. vii-viii)

On the ark is the creation of separateness. Noah’s son is called Shem, name. To have a name is to create a separate identity. Separateness means thought. Individual thinking. Not just unconscious body processes. Thinking, culture and separateness are created on the ark.

What has my body longed for while I have been researching this thesis? To have a baby. I frustrate my body’s desire. I move to culture. A cultural baby. This is my thesis. This is the therapeutic process. We make new culture inside the vessel of psychotherapy. The therapeutic ark is the vessel which produces a separate identity, language and culture.

Shem, name. A person, no longer lost in a collective experience of body. Separate. This happens in therapy. New relationships can be made, with the therapist, with the body, and with the cultural body. The ark is a structure for the personal, for introversion, for the potential of the individual. It creates a boundary, not between right and wrong, holiness and sin, but between the collective tragedy and the potential of the individual. And it happens in conversation.
The Conversation as Image

Over the years of attention to this doctoral work, which included training as a psychotherapist, a series of images have grown from within me, depicting the therapeutic conversation. The ark, the sea, and the two people slowly became one image as I myself internalised the process of psychotherapy. The conversation.

Figure 136. Anna Hueneke. Blood into Wings (Detail). 2002.
Figure 137. Anna Hueneke. *Two emerging from the Sea.* 200266.

Figure 138. Anna Hueneke. *Two with golden snake.* 200267.


Figure 139. Anna Hueneke. *The therapy boat*. 2005

Figure 140. Anna Hueneke. *The therapy boat in the Sea*. 2007
Out of this conversation emerged the ‘third’.

In this case, ‘myself’ is not equivalent to ‘I’ and ‘me’. Rather, it is a third term. This third term is necessary to the whole argument of this book. It emerges during development, is lost in trauma, and is recovered during successful treatment – the ‘analytic third’ of Thomas Ogden. (Meares, 2000, p. 10)
The Conversation - Letters to Etty

In becoming a psychotherapist I learnt the craft of the imagistic conversation68. I applied this knowledge as a research mode through my Letters to Etty (Hueneke, 2007).

…at times I think that I will be able to write one day, to describe things, but then I suddenly grow tired and say to myself, ‘Why all these words?’ I want every word I write to be born, truly born, none to be artificial, every one to be essential. For otherwise there is no point to it at all…Every word born of an inner necessity – writing must never be anything else. (Hillesum, 1981/1983, pp. 100-101)

As I read her diaries I wrote back to Etty. I read the book slowly over many months. I read and absorbed and responded. I entered into conversation. I allowed Etty’s psychic state to affect me. I allowed her writing style to pattern my responses. I allowed the atmosphere she was living in, that was conveyed through her writing, to affect me. I became empathically attuned to Etty in an embodied way. Not as therapist or client, but as fellow explorer in the darkness of the Shoah.

I am not a survivor of the Holocaust in the sense that there are real survivors who experienced the concentration camps and their horrors directly. Nor am I daughter to such survivors in a direct sense.

‘The black mystery of what happened in Europe is to me indivisible from my own identity. Precisely because I was not there.’

(Steiner as cited in Pines, p. 211)

I have found that I continually return to the particular time and place of Europe from the 1880s to the 1950s. I keep circling around this time and place, wondering what

68 The ‘Conversational Model’ of psychotherapy was established by the late Robert Hobson and Russell Meares in 1985. It is the training model for the ANZAP Australia New Zealand Association of Psychotherapy, Graduate Diploma in Adult Psychotherapy, which I completed in 2006.
was happening in the soul of the larger community. Like López-Pedraza in *Reflections on the Duende* (1990), he concentrates on the Spanish Civil War, drawing on a wide range of sources including the artists Francisco Goya, Pablo Picasso and Garcia Lorca, the ritual of the bullfight, the *Duende*, Dionysian rituals, the philosopher Ortega y Gasset and the Spanish language to illustrate the archetypal processes present in the Spanish psyche.

This is how I feel and this is where my feeling takes me: to see the Spanish Civil War as a great mythological corrida. (López-Pedraza, 1990, p. 73) The Holocaust, the Shoah, is my ‘mythological corrida’. The Holocaust, as image and reality belongs to my mythos.

In my conversation with Etty I went through a kind of Holocaust of the imagination based on my childhood experiences. My parents denial of my emotional body, and their lack of empathy was a result of the Holocaust, the real Holocaust, because the personal and cultural patterning of dissociation from pain was at its most powerful there.

What I discovered with Etty was a way to re-pattern this dissociative habit through the written word. With the structure of the therapeutic conversation as my tool I was able to re-connect with and express in words, traumatic psychological states. I was re-connecting with my disavowed childhood, and my parents disavowed cultural trauma.

I was writing through and into and in response to the image of the Holocaust. The image of cultural emptiness. The image of personal and collective emptiness. Through Etty’s words and my own in response I was beginning to create my own language and thinking around trauma.

Like Etty I followed my own inner necessity. I followed my own emotional life and allowed that psychodynamic energy to structure the writing.
The artist must...watch his own inner life and hearken to the demands of internal necessity...All means are sacred which are called for by internal necessity. (Kandinsky, 1964, p.53)

Hilda Doolittle, an imagistic poet, comments on the process of writing about her experience of analysis with Freud:

I do not want to become involved in the strictly historical sequence. I wish to recall the impressions or rather I wish the impressions to recall me. Let the impressions come in their own way, make their own sequence. (Doolittle, 1971, p.21)

Etty too says this:

I don’t know how to settle down to my writing. Everything is still much too chaotic and I lack self-confidence, or perhaps the urgent need to speak out. I am still waiting for things to come out and find a form of their own accord. But first I myself must find the right pattern, my own pattern. (Hillesum, 1981/1983, p. 26)

I filled six two-hundred-page notebooks from cover to cover. I allowed the raw emotional flow going on inside me to find its own pattern. By doing this I tried to remain connected to the integrity of my own inner structure. My mythos. I wrote till I found my voice.

When I stopped writing to Etty I immediately began writing this thesis. The writing voice was shaped by my written conversation with Etty. And it developed in complexity as I progressed. This complexity is what Meares describes as occurring in the therapeutic conversation.

Levenson contrasts the kind of therapist’s remark which is a ‘transmission of information across interpersonal space’ with another form of communication which has more to do with ‘interpersonal resonance’. ‘Out of resonance, a
patterning emerges. It is as though all the harmonic variations of the same melody light up’. Put another way, resonance has the effect of triggering a previously linear system into one of complexity. (Meares, 2000, p. 127)

I identified with Etty, a young woman coming to terms with profound trauma. I resonated with the patterning of Etty’s responses to the Holocaust and to the analytically oriented relationships she gathered around her. Out of this resonance emerged complexity.

I have not used the narrative of case histories in this thesis.

...are our case histories not so much empirical demonstrations of the way the psyche works but empirical demonstrations of the way that poiesis works in organising our vision?

...Case history...is merely a relic of the medical model, incidental to the concerns of the soul...we have to see the inner necessity of historical events...

(Hillman, 1995, pp. 21-25)

I have allowed my own inner narrative to structure the writing. According to post-Jungian, James Hillman, this is what the founders of psychodynamic psychology also did.

Jung’s...autobiography...came at the end of his twenty-volume cosmology and was not intended to belong to the evidence for his much earlier theories, although it subsequently turns out to have been the main empirical vessel of his entire work. For Jung’s work, like Freud’s theory of dreams, repression, and the unconscious, results from one principal case history and is demonstrated by it, the author’s own. (Hillman, 1995, pp. 32-33)

The writing in this thesis is structured by the mythos of my own psyche.

Freud’s one plot is named after a myth, Oedipus. With this move, Freud too placed mind on a poetic basis. He understood that the entire narrative of a human
life, the characters that we are and the dreams we enter, are structured by the
selective logic of a profound mythos in the psyche. (Hillman, 1995, p. 11)

Wings from the Deep was a mythos in images. I discovered through this
conversation with Etty that I could expand this mythos into words. It was a shift in
consciousness.

The Cultural Shift from Image to Word

Jungian Analysts, Anne Baring and Jules Cashford (1993) propose a shift in
consciousness depicted in mythology as a shift from woman to man, Goddess to God. I
see it as a shift from image to word.

I see the psyche as a narrative that includes both. Two cultures. Two forms of
consciousness. Image and word. Both necessary.

Freud suggests that it might be more appropriate to recognize that the animistic,
subjective, mode of apprehending and organizing experience which brings
together thought and feeling and works by way of symbols and association is the
original mode of psychic functioning, the psyche’s primary process. This more
poetical, mythic, way of functioning is not a distortion of normal psychic process
but rather the form of the psyche’s uninhibited activity; it represents the core of
our being. (Downing, 2000, pp. 62-63)

People often say...that Dr Jung does not write very clearly, but he does that on
purpose – he writes with a double attitude, giving full justice to the paradoxes of
the unconscious... (Von Franz, 1980, p.156)
This is the conversation on the ark, the ark of psychotherapy. A paradoxical conversation, for as it floats upon the sea it looks into the past that was before the flood, at the same time as it recognises the brave future ahead.

Duality is held on the ark. In its constant movement, the movement of conversation, the two forms come together. Past and present. Image and word. The two are one.

Before the flood were primitive images. Body images. On the Ark the formation of language occurs. Word images. In psychotherapy, images lead to language, language of self.

The ark holds the animals. The primitive instincts. The ark holds the humans. The ark holds all things. Look to the ark. This is the model for psychotherapy. For a modern religious psychology.

It does not have to be split as in Christianity and Orphism. Light and dark.

…whereas in Christianity the unfolding leads toward the light and the height of spirit, in our Orphic mystery cult it leads toward the Dionysian depth of the unconscious psyche… (Fierz-David, 1957/1988, p. 144)

Noah and Dionysus are two figures from the same narrative. The two figures are one.

Through the vine, the wine, we remember our instincts. Noah and Dionysus remind us not to forget.

Through the sanctified wine of ritual we remember the blood of our instincts.

Two figures, one form.
Instinct, body and blood: wine and god.

This thesis is an attempt to write in both languages. Image and word. Writing from the body. Attempting to retain the connection to ancient imagistic mythological knowledge in the language written. Mythos and Logos.

My experience is that when a group or an individual has an awareness of all the physical states of the body - an awareness of the whole, a whole narrative - this leads to language. When all the images of an archetypal drama or mythos are known, then logos, language, is born. Language is a narrative. Language is a mythos. A mythos that is always cultural and collective as well as individual\(^69\).

Language of self.

Two of Jackson’s ideas are central to Damasio’s thesis. First, representations of all parts of the body are involved in the nervous activity which results in the experience of self. Second, this experience depends on co-ordination of all parts of the brain... (Meares, 2000, p. 48)

**Language**

*Shem*. Name. *HaShem*. The Name. The one and only name. The name of God. Noah’s son is called *Shem*.


\(^69\) Mary Williams makes a compelling argument “that the personal and collective unconscious are indivisible” in her 1963 paper *The Indivisibility of the Personal and Collective Unconscious*. 
Dinora Pines says powerfully of second generation survivors of the Holocaust, and clients she has seen in psychoanalysis:

…they knew, from their parents’ suffering, that the price we paid for a Jewish identity also comprises what we know and cannot bear, that we belong to a community with a long history of persecution and martyrdom.

(Pines, 1993, p. 224)

It is dangerous to have a Jewish identity. I think constantly of my name. I have a German name. I wonder about a Jewish name.

In Egyptian mythology, to know a person’s name is to know their most powerful secret.

“‘Tell me your secret name, Father, and you shall live.’

‘Then Re spoke: ‘I am abounding in names…I am Khepri at dawn, Re at noon, Atum in the evening. These are my names.’

‘‘Yes,’ I said to him. ‘These are your names. But tell me your secret name, the one your mother and father hid inside you when you were born so no magician might have power over you.’

‘Re was silent. The hours passed. At last, in the evening when the poison ran through him like fire and he could scarcely breathe, he whispered, ‘You shall have my name. Come closer so it passes from my body to yours.’

‘Then he closed his eyes. There was darkness. He went deeper and deeper into himself. He took his name from his heart and placed it in my heart. ‘One day,’ he said, ‘you will tell my name to your son, and my name will shine in his eyes.’”

(Wolkstein, 1992, pp. 18-19)

Arriving. The son of Noah, Noach. The son of a traveller. The Name. Shem. Separateness. Self. You cannot name what is not known. Self becomes known in therapy. Name. This is a profound notion. For when you have language you have the capacity to name many things. Shem - Name begins language. They stop travelling. The
journey is over. They begin to cultivate the land. They begin to cultivate language. What was gestated on the ark, can now be born.

The language family which concerns us most at this time is that designated since 1781 as Semitic. The origin of this designation is the genealogical record of Genesis 10, 21-31, according to which the peoples employing these languages were descendants of Shem, son of Noah. (Chomsky, 1982, p. 21)

To reconstruct a ‘self’ after generations of trauma requires the rebuilding of language. Language itself was destroyed by the Nazis.

There were no ‘beautiful words’ in the Lagers. ‘It is an obvious observation that where violence is inflicted on man, it is also inflicted on language,’ Levi writes in the fourth chapter, entitled ‘Communicating’. Each Lager had its own peculiar jargon, a mixture of old Prussian terms and words newly invented by the SS. This was not the German of Heine and Goethe – ‘melodious, refined’ – but a sub-language, ‘a language apart’; it was Orts-und zeitgebunden, ‘tied to the place and time’. (Bailey, 1988, p. xii)

…Primo Levi considers the linguistic hell into which the Austrian philosopher Hans Mayer, who re-named himself Jean Améry, was plunged. The barbaric jargon caused him spiritual anguish. ‘He suffered from it because German was his language, because he was a philologist who loved his language: just as a sculptor would suffer at seeing one of his statues befouled or mutilated.’…che gli scorticava la bocca se cercava di parlarlo: ‘it scorched his mouth when he tried to speak it’. (Bailey, 1988, p. xii)

I came to know the language of this thesis through rediscovering my own unknown cultural language. Years ago, while working on the family stories for Artistories I had learnt German, Russian, and a small amount of Walpiri, an indigenous Australian language. But the language of Judaism had eluded me.
Athos didn’t want me to forget. He made me review my Hebrew alphabet. He said the same thing every day: “It is your future you are remembering.” (Michaels, 1997, p. 21)

During the writing of this thesis, I made a beginning learning Hebrew. I felt I was entering the cultural body. Resonant words that corresponded to the images I had been painting for years. Resonant emotive imagistic words. And letters.

The Hebrew alphabet felt like a long ago familiar form.

Dear Etty,
I am learning Hebrew. I am fascinated. We learn sounds, meanings, writing it down phonetically using the English alphabet. Then we shift to the Hebrew alphabet. Suddenly the thinking structures are different. It is all visual. The structure. The consonants form the structure. The vowels are not written down.

The vowels are the hidden God.
The vowels are the images, the inner flow.
Sounds, structure, image.
(Hueneke, 2007)

In this vowel-less Hebraic structure there is space in the language for the body to walk into and enliven personally. Just like the therapeutic hour. That vessel remains. The therapist holds it open. But it is the client who gives it body, who walks into it and enlivens it.

Rothko’s paintings are to me visual images of the Hebrew script. Spaces held open for the body to walk into. Spiritual spaces.”

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70 The Rothko Chapel is used by many people of different spiritual disciplines as a space within which to gather and reflect. (Barnes, 1989)
I begin to read the story of Hebrew. I am inspired by this story, of its survival over thousands of years, and its recent resurrection. I feel identified with Hebrew itself. As if its story and its foundations in visual structures encodes something of my soul as Jew.

Hebrew has been the *sacred language* of the Jewish people – the language of its religion, culture and civilization. It has been, in sum, the language of Judaism and intimately identified with the national and religious experiences of the Jewish people throughout the generations. The Jewish people can no more be dissociated from Hebrew than they can be dissociated from their own spiritual identity – Judaism. (Chomsky, 1982, p. 3)

Uncle Chatzkel, a Lithuanian Jew, who survived horror after horror, loss after loss, is devoted to language. At the age of 91 his occupying passion is the writing of a dictionary in Lithuanian and Yiddish (Freedman, 1999).71

I believe that it is in language where the Jewish soul resides. Devotion to language.

Dear Etty,

Today, at the National Archives, I held my great-grandfathers’ original written words in my hand. Their beautiful ink curves before my eyes.

My own family’s word-less-ness emerges out of brutal oppression; the Kersh family from Poland and the Ukraine, and the Josephs from Latvia. All using languages other than their own. In a new place communication would be small, incremental.

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71 “Uncle Chatzkel portrays the patient triumph of one man’s dignity and intellect over genocide, oppression and personal adversity. Chatzkel Lemchen has lived through the Russian Revolution, two world wars, a communist regime and survived the Holocaust which claimed the lives of his parents and children. He has seen it all, except for his Australian relatives. Australian filmmaker Rod Freedman travels to Lithuania to meet his great uncle Chatzkel for the first time. He documents this highly personal, intense and enlightening experience.”
Moving through the image-less, word-less death space of collective/cultural trauma. Mourning, surviving, reviving – finding life again. (Hueneke, 2007)

Languaging emptiness. ‘Aliveness emerges out of deadness’. And it happens at every level of consciousness.

Hughlings Jackson’s hierarchical model of psychic function depends upon the notion of a reverberating system of representations, in which a representation is re-represented, after which the new representation is re-re-represented. The highest level of these reverberations allows ‘self’ to emerge. (Meares, 2000, p. 55)


In the creation of Wings from the Deep I began with images from the body. Then we wrote from these images to word, then from word back to image. A constant interplay between image and word. This is psyche’s mode. In this way the script remained in the imagistic voice, as does the basis of this thesis. Psyche’s imagistic voice is a kind of poetry. Poetry of the self.

But poetry, the power of language to restore: this was what both Athos and Kostas were trying to teach me. (Michaels, 1997, p. 79)

Poetry of the Psyche. George Eliot said this about poetry:

In Poetry – which has this superiority over all the other arts, that its medium, language, is the least imitative, & is in the most complex relation with what it expresses... (Eliot as cited in Davis, 2006, p. 190)
I was creating a new language of self in culture. From body to image to word and back again. Endlessly cyclical. Endlessly re-referencing. Growing in complexity. Growing a language of self.

Ted Hughes says of his wife and fellow poet Sylvia Plath:

> Though I spent every day with her for six years, and was rarely separated from her for more than two or three hours at a time, I never saw her show her real self to anybody – except, perhaps, in the last three months of her life.

> Her real self had showed itself in her writing, just for a moment, three years earlier, and when I heard it – the self I had married, after all, and lived with and knew well – in that brief moment, three lines recited as she went out through a doorway, I knew that what I had always felt must happen had now begun to happen, that her real self, being the real poet, would now speak for itself, and would throw off all those lesser and artificial selves that had monopolized the words up to that point. It was as if a dumb person suddenly spoke…

> …when a real self finds language, and manages to speak, it is surely a dazzling event.

(Hughes as cited in Malcolm, 1994, pp. 3-4)

I have included the fragments of my ancestors’ languages. My journey has been a constant search through language. To discover the sounds of my culture and the structures of knowledge held in language. Ultimately though it is a search for the language of self.

In my conversations with Etty I discovered a language, a structure, a patterning of thinking, of words and of images, with which to construct this thesis. The research process had to include conversation.

A babbling conversation. An inner conversation.
’Inner speech is not the interior aspect of external speech – it is a function of itself’.

…We might suppose that this curious, non-linear form of language has the purpose of representing and so bringing into being, the sense of self…

The...[language]...which concerns self, is non-linear and found, relatively pristine, in certain kinds of poetry...the sense of self is manifest in a language having something of the form of Vygotsky’s ‘inner speech’.

(Meares, 2000, p. 25)

The conversation with Etty was an inner conversation which developed into a personal language, a culture, a self. Culture that was lost in the Holocaust. Self that was lost in the Holocaust of my childhood. Language of self nascent in the bones of my body. Language reconstructed from ruins.

These are the wings. The worded wings. Wings from the deep.

For me Jewish culture, the Jewish imagination, Jewish language, has been integral to this reconstruction. Language and its inherent images is so vital to this artform of the conversation.

Every language, including English, has a stock of words which are charged with the emotional and intellectual experiences of the people employing it...The richer and the more intense the historical experiences of a people, the greater is the number of such words in its language and the more emotionally charged they are.

(Chomsky, 1982, p. 6)

This happens in therapy, as we learn our client’s language we learn which words are the more emotionally charged, which words represent major images in their emotional mythos.
The most emotionally loaded image-word-idea in my inner structure, inner language, is wings from the deep. This is the fundamental movement in my psyche, a movement I have faith in, a movement that allows me to enter the depths as an artist, analysand, therapist or writer knowing that I/we can and will rise up once again. It is a fundamental belief. A mythos.

![Angel with Palette by Marc Chagall](image)

*Figure 142. Marc Chagall. Angel with Palette. 1927-36*
The Torah as Cultural Imagination

...it cannot be doubted that the Bible and the esteem with which it has been cherished throughout the centuries, counteracted and prevented fundamental changes in the structure of the language. (Chomsky, 1982, p. 31)

The biblical phrases and expressions of thirty-five centuries ago pulsate with vitality and vigor almost on a par with the language spoken in Israel today. (Chomsky, 1982, p. 31)

The Torah, the bible, is a flow of images. It has provided me with a cultural body to engage with. It has allowed me to think and imagine in an imagistic cultural form. An ancient, and also modern form.

For me, each moment I made a deeper relationship with my own psychodynamic body, its images and its words I also unconsciously and consciously deepened my relationship to the cultural imagination.

Mother stays at the shul through the whole day…

Mother is weeping quietly. She can scarcely any longer see the little letters of her prayer book through her clouded spectacles.

I stand at some distance and wait. Mother catches her breath, raises her weeping face, and nods to me to tell me that she is feeling well, although she resumes her weeping at once. I come closer to her. I do not know what to do among all these weeping mothers. I look down into the men’s section…

Suddenly a humming and a clamor rise over the shul. It becomes full of men. There is a bustle, the air grows hot. Men throng around the cantor. The heavy curtain of the holy ark is drawn aside. Now there is silence, the air has become motionless. Only the rustle of prayer shawls can be heard. The men hurry toward the holy ark. The shining scrolls of the Torah, like princesses awakened from sleep, are carried out from the ark. On their white and dark red
velvet mantles great stars gleam – shields of David embroidered in silver and gold. The handles are mounted with silver, encrusted with mother-of-pearl, and crowns and little bells hang from them.

Light glows around the scrolls of the Torah. All the men in the shul are drawn toward them. The scrolls are surrounded, escorted. The men crowd after the scrolls of the Torah, trying at least to catch a glimpse of them, send a kiss from a distance. And they, the beautiful scrolls of the Torah, tower high above the heads of the worshipers, above all the out-stretched hands, and move slowly through the shul.

I can hardly keep myself behind the handrail of the women’s section. I should like so much to jump down, to fall straight into the embrace of the holy Torahs, or at least move closer to them, to their quivering light, at least touch them, kiss their bright glory. But the scrolls are already being carried back, back to the holy ark. From both sides of it the tall candles twinkle at them. The velvet curtain is drawn, darkness comes to my eyes.

As though to drown the sadness, the men begin at once to pray aloud.

I remain standing at the window. I am attracted by the men’s section, its clamorous air, filled with white talesim, like upraised wings surging through the shul, covering every dark spot…

Grown-up men are crying like children. I cannot stand it any longer. I myself am crying more and more. I recover only when I perceive at last a living weeping eye behind a crouching talis, when I hear trembling voices saying to one another: “Gut yom-tov! Gut yom-tov!”

I run home, for soon everyone will be back from shul, and I must set the table…In high spirits we fall upon the food. Glasses of tea are poured and drunk.

We have saved ourselves. We are no longer hungry. May God give his seal upon a good year for all of us. So be it, amen!

(Bella Chagall, 1946/1969, pp. 90-95)
The Torah is brought out in the darkness of the fast. The light. The image. The Word of the Torah, appearing in the darkest hour. And then the feast. Sweet. Sweet.

And on it goes. Life is lived through the constant structure of ritual and festival. A mythos for the soul. This is the mythos which structures life.

The god is communicated through the language and narrative structure of the Torah. The mythos of the Jews. Through an immersion in mythos, in the imagistic flow of a narrative, one feels psychological space. Through immersion in mythos, in embodied imaginings we come to logos, God. It is through narrative that we come to know God.

A Mythos of Psychotherapy

Mythos of the Body

The image schema is a mental gestalt, developing out of bodily experience and forming the basis for abstract meanings. Image schemas are the mental structures which underpin our experience of discernible order, both in the physical and in the world of imagination and metaphor. (Knox, 2004, p. 9)

Out of early bodily developmental experience a mythos is formed. It occurs in images, many of them bodily sense impressions, and it gradually gathers to itself information to form a mythological structure innate to that individual. Myths themselves are collective forms of humanity’s early developmental process. For some time I had felt I had to make a choice as a therapist between a mythological or a developmental approach. I now see the two as interlinked.

The image schema would therefore seem to be a model that, for the first time, offers a developmentally sound description of the archetype-as-such and of the archetypal image. The abstract pattern itself, the image schema, is never experienced directly, but acts as a foundation or ground plan that can be likened to the concept of the archetype-as-such. This provides the invisible scaffolding for a whole range of metaphorical extensions that can be expressed in conscious imagery and language and that would therefore seem to correspond to the archetypal image. These metaphorical elaborations are always based on the gestalt of the image schema from which they are derived. (Knox, 2004, p. 9)

If we consider these early image schemas to be archetypal then it follows analytical theory (Hillman, 1975) that a configuration, grouping or sequence of these images schemas forms a mythos. Just as a myth contains a grouping or sequencing of archetypal images. A grouping of a full sequence of image schemas would be the body. The body is a mythos.
In our bodies are the ‘image schemas’ of our early bodily experiences: sexual intercourse, orgasm, conception, foetus in utero, breast feeding – attachment, baby biting the breast, excretion, defecation, menstruation and death.

Body bits. Pollock paints body bits. I imagine it is a traumatic infant experience coming into a pattern. Rothko paints space, the emptiness of the absence of mother. Soutine paints the bloody visceral dead-alive carcass-birth; his own experience of the struggle to be alive\textsuperscript{72}.

\begin{figure}[h]
\centering
\includegraphics[width=0.5\textwidth]{soutine_carcass_of_beef}
\caption{Chaim Soutine. Carcass of Beef. 1925.}
\end{figure}

\textsuperscript{72} This is my interpretation in response to his painting \textit{Carcass of Beef (Figure 144)} and to various written pieces about Soutine and his life (Güse, 1982) particularly one by Madeleine Castaing where she describes how often he destroyed his own creations. “Often the session ended with the canvas being destroyed, an ominous sound, and he was left weak, exhausted, ill. Other times he would call for us, pleased, but still full of doubt – this was the ritual of the first viewing.” (Güse, 1982, p.15)
Lucian Freud, grandson of Sigmund, paints the ambivalent sexuality of the body\textsuperscript{73}.

\begin{figure}[h]
\centering
\includegraphics[width=\textwidth]{image1.png}
\caption{Lucian Freud. \textit{After Cézanne}. 1999-2000.}
\end{figure}

There is a visceral quality to the picture. The flesh is palpable, tangible, alive. (Kennedy, 2001, p. 7)

Klein finds the mythos of early infant experience.

\ldots the language even of Kleinian psychoanalysis lends itself to talk of internal

\textquote{Gods} and, in fact, the Kleinian approach is essentially a mythological

\textsuperscript{73} “The play with perspective, whether the lines of floorboards, the undulating sheet or the damp line on the wall, the three wooden steps, the chest of drawers; each adds to the tension, the unresolved, tentative, questioning spirit which lies at the heart of Freud’s work. His subject matter is interpersonal relationships. He delights in the capacity of a painting to say so much about the way human beings interact.” (Kennedy, 2001, p. 6)
one...Klein stopped using the ‘scientific’ world view promulgated by Freud and simply started telling stories about the inner life of children. While she worked backwards from behaviour, even adult behaviour, in pursuit of the story, her conclusion was that inner stories (myths, unconscious phantasies) are the dominant powers, or Gods, in personal development. (Samuels, 1999, p. 262)

And Donald Meltzer speaking out of his psychoanalytic background:

Mrs Klein described, in effect, what you might call a theological model of the mind. Every person has to have what you might describe as a ‘religion’ in which his internal objects perform the functions of Gods – but it is not a religion that derives its power because of belief in these Gods but because these Gods do in fact perform functions in the mind. Therefore if you do not put your trust in them you are in trouble, and this trouble is the trouble of narcissism. (Meltzer, 1981, p. 179)

The flood mythos comes from the image schemas of the body: rain, semen ejaculations, conception, the small foetus in the sea of the womb, the body as ark forming in this sea, the wings as the movement of the baby inside the uterus, birth as deliverance from the flood and arrival on dry land. A new covenant can then be made with god, a new relationship with the mythos of the body.

Freud viewed the body as the dwelling place of soul, he found that to speak of the soul, of its deepest longings and most profound terror, is to speak of the body, of sexuality and death. And that to speak of the body as the soul knows it, is to speak metaphorically, imaginatively, mythically... (Downing, 2000, p. 60)

So finally I find the body has been there all along structuring the narrative, informing the process, guiding instincts until I could find words to speak its mind.

I come to the point of finishing this thesis and finally realise what I have been staring at for these last ten years. The heart of darkness. The horror of the destructive,
killing mother. Deep in the womb the sea is not calm but stormy. The angry uterus. Gestation itself is a flood. Birth a death. Klein knew this horror, working from it to develop her own methodology for processing such tragedy. Her own mythos.

Jung, Freud, Hillman, López-Pedraza, Meares, Meltzer and countless others have also developed their own mythos. As each of us have to in our own very individual ways. Because to be a therapist is to speak the language of psychodynamic movement, a poetic language of imagery, a mythos. This thesis is my mythos. A mythos of psychotherapy. Staring into the heart of darkness to find the pulsating blood that moves death into life.

From this movement, this struggle, between death and life, arise images.

I believe that phantasies operate from the outset, as do the instincts, and are the mental expression of the activity of both the life and death instincts.

(Klein, 1975, p. 58)

Like the flood the holocaust is a powerful collective cultural reality and image of the bad mother. The flood and the holocaust are also equally images of the bad father, violent, humiliating, destructive. The father whose rage destroys one’s world. These destructive parenting systems, trauma systems, are sometimes passed on through many generations.

This is the death we struggle with in the therapeutic relationship. And in this alive struggle with death, we begin to make images. We bring these destructive systems ‘before the eyes’, and into ‘the stream of consciousness’ (Meares, 2000). In this way the process is shifted from flooding to seeing. The prisoner inside the trauma system is set free.

...there was nothing but the wide earth and sky and the lark’s jubilation and the freedom of space. I stopped, looked around, and up to the sky – and then I went down on my knees. At that moment there was very little I knew of myself or of the world – I had but one sentence in mind – always the same:
“I called to the Lord from my narrow prison and He answered me in the freedom of space.”

How long I knelt there and repeated this sentence memory can no longer recall. But I knew that on that day, in that hour, my new life started. Step for step I progressed, until I again became a human being. (Frankl, 1946/1964, p. 90)

Figure 146. Constantin Brancusi.
*L’Oiseau dans l’espace [Bird in space]*. 1931-36.

Wings from the Body

The wings are there when the mystes witnessed a vision, an image. The wings are there at Çatal Hüyük, in the winged vultures who can transform death (black) into life (red). The wings are powerful on the dark angel of the Villa of Mysteries. The wings of the bees emerge from the carcass of the bull in Crete (Baring & Cashford, 1993). The wings, the birds, are on the ark and are the first to seek new life. In every case, they
occur at the moment when death turns to life. A crucial turning point: ‘aliveness from deadness’.

Physically it is the moment in the gestation of the baby when the mother feels the baby move for the first time, like the flutter of tiny wings.

This red is not the angry red of destruction. This is the other side of redness, life giving. Inside are the golden wings of Eros.

This image, *Inside Red, Golden Wings* is a religious image. Crafted in the medium of the gold leaf panel, it is an image from the body, from an ancient mythos, in a religious form.
The Religious Image


The religious image.

Religion would not only give us primary images of soul-making but would open depth psychology’s eyes to the religious depth of its activities, to the realization that since its inception it has been actively practising religion.

(Hillman, 1992, p.228)

Figure 148. Marc Chagall. Tribe of Zebulun, The Jerusalem Windows. 1962.

How is it that the air and earth of Vitebsk, my birthplace, and of thousands of years of exile, find themselves mingled in the air and earth of Jerusalem?
How could I have thought that not only my hands with their colours would direct me in my work, but that the poor hands of my parents and of others and still others with their mute lips and their closed eyes, who gathered and whispered behind me would direct me as if they also wished to take part in my life?

I feel, too, as though the tragic and heroic resistance movements, in the ghettos, and your war here in this country, are blended in my flowers and beasts and my fiery colours…

I feel as if colours and lines flow like tears from my eyes, though I do not weep. And do not think that I speak like this from weakness – on the contrary, as I advance in years the more certain I am of what I want, and the more certain I am of what I say.
I know that the path of our life is eternal and short, and while still in my mother’s womb I learned to travel this path with love rather than with hate.

These thoughts occurred to me many years ago, when I first stepped on biblical ground preparing to create etchings for the Bible. And they emboldened me to bring my modest gift to the Jewish people – to that Jewish people which always dreamt of biblical love, of friendship and peace among all peoples; to that people which lived here, thousands of years ago, among the other Semitic peoples. And this, which is today called “Religious Art” I created while bearing in mind the great and ancient creations of the surrounding Semitic peoples.

My hope is that I hereby extend my hand to seekers of culture, to poets and to artists among the neighbouring peoples.

I have concluded two years of labour, creating these twelve stained glass windows for this synagogue in Jerusalem. My hope is that the synagogue will please you and that it will overflow with harmony even as I have prayed…

(Chagall as cited in Werner, 1971, pp. 527-528)

The religious imagination seems to associate itself with a very sensitive part of the psyche. The place where self resides. A place which in damaged persons is fiercely protected. In the long process of therapy we sort through the wounds of childhood finally arriving at these intangible finer feelings. Whatever they may be for each individual. In my case it arrives with my engagement with Judaism. My ancestors stories. My new understanding of Judaism becomes part of an undiscovered vocabulary for self.

Empathy is crucial to the therapeutic vocabulary. Real embodied empathy, over the long term, leads to recreation of self. And self is both intrapsychic and cultural. The inner imagination is as important as the cultural imagination. This is where our artists, religious thinkers, psychologists, psychotherapists and other creative thinkers dream us on. Our collective inner world is as important finally as our personal inner world. They are part of each other.
And what is real for Jews is real for Jewish painters...To my mind, something instinct with one’s culture enters into one’s art. (Kitaj, 1989, p. 43)

Kitaj also says this in response to Martin Buber on the Holocaust:

According to Martin Buber (1878-1965), the innermost meaning of that event was a message from God for a turning and a renewal. I thought the message from God had not reached me yet but since my art has turned and renewed itself, maybe I got the message after all. (Kitaj, 1989, p. 107)

When he suffered a heart attack in 1989, Kitaj faced not only his own mortality, but the mortality of his culture. In his ‘rebirth’ after ‘death’ was also a renewed relationship to his own culture and religion.

*Figure 150. R. B. Kitaj. The Wedding. 1989-93.*
The cultural body is enlivening. The religious body. The religious imagination.

Jung, of course, began as all doctors did, on the basis also of his contact with Freud, with the idea of helping people to become more instinctive, in order that they might be healthy, but then he discovered that behind instinct was also religion, or that the latter was something instinctive and completely natural, for the natural man is the religious man. (Von Franz, 1980, p. 97)

No Graven Image

To interpret the second commandment ‘Thou shalt not make any graven images’ (Werner, 1971, p. 533) psychologically is to see it as a ruling which makes space for the individual imagination. While Chagall’s windows are exquisite representations of the cultural imagination it does not stop there. What was happening in the inner worlds of those 176,000 people who went to see his windows in New York is what matters (Werner, 1971, p. 529). What was enlivened in each individual? This is what the second commandment is trying to teach us; to leave the potential open to the imagination of the individual.

No Graven Image means, do not idolise the finished artwork. Look to its process and its affect on the inner life of the individual and the cultural psyche. No Graven image. Don’t stop at one image. Allow movement and flow.

Dear Etty,

I speak of the conversation as the artform of psychodynamic psychology. Because art is a sacred form. To make an image as part of a ritual is a movement, a transformation. That is art’s sacred role. Perhaps I should have said that the conversation is the ritual of psychodynamic psychology. And images are what flows through as psyche transforms. Images spoken are transforming. Images created in art are transforming. The movement of psyche.

(Hueneke, 2007)
My performances are not finished artworks. They represent the psychodynamic body in motion. The images of a moving psyche. After the performances I destroy the painting. The painting belongs with the words, sounds and songs of the soundtrack. It belongs in the context of the relationship between audience and painter. An alive embodied relationship. This brings the images into being, personally and culturally.

Soul-making needs adequate ideational vessels, and it equally needs to let go of them. In this sense all that is written in the foregoing pages is confessed to with passionate conviction, to be defended as articles of faith, and at the same time disavowed, broken, and left behind. By holding to nothing, nothing holds back the movement of soul-making from it ongoing process...and when the last image vanishes, all icons gone, the soul begins again to populate the stilled realms with figures and fantasies born of the imaginative heart. (Hillman, 1992, p. 229)

James...stated that: 'Thoughts connected as we feel them to be connected are what we mean by personal selves’…

'Thoughts’, in this statement, should be understood as a shorthand term, referring to the stream of consciousness, to that drift of images, memories, ideas, imaginings…

Intermingled with, and at the bottom of the flow of inner life is the feeling of the body, which is with us all the time. To much of this body feeling we pay no attention at all, though it fluctuates with the state of self...

The Jamesian self is alive. It involves change and chance, freedom and variety. It is not static, not a thing, not a ‘structure’, to use common psychoanalytic parlance. It is a process. (Meares, 2000, pp. 10-11)

I have attempted in this thesis writing to present ideas, in the way they are presented in the therapeutic conversation. I have tried to present the body feelings, imagery, cultural fragments in the way they are presented during conversation. I have tried to constantly express the personal and cultural aspects of the imaged and thinking body. The psychodynamic body in process. The psychodynamic body in relationship.
A Mythos of Psychotherapy

This thesis rests on the work of those who speak with image and word, and includes: the ancient peoples who created the imagistic narrative represented at Çatal Hüyük, the writers of the Epic of Gilgamesh including The Story of the Flood, the writers of the Torah, and the artists of the visual narrative at the Villa of Mysteries. It is supported by the work of psychodynamic psychologists who work with imagery and narrative including Freud, Jung, Klein, Kristeva, López-Pedraza, Hillman, Meltzer, Pines, Clark and Knox. Also, Meares, who has developed the Conversational Model of psychotherapy, out of a subtle and sophisticated understanding of imagistic language. Like these psychologists the artists also trust the power of images, artists such as Munch, Kollwitz, Beckmann, Brancusi, Rothko, Pollock, Soutine, Lucian Freud, Lasansky, Chagall and Kitaj, as well as the unknown artists of the concentration camps. Writers who have provided me with the depth of narrative structure as inspiration to this work are Richardson, T. S. Eliot, Bella Chagall and most particularly Michaels who in Fugitive Pieces wrote a moving narrative of the Holocaust and its generational ramifications in poetic prose. Also Artaud whose passionate writing takes one to the core of the theatrical form. Lastly has been those who write from direct experience of the Holocaust: Frankl, Levi and Hillesum who wrote through the daily images of her life during profound oppression of the tenaciously held inner space for God.

This thesis is a mythos, a body of images in psychodynamic motion. Mythos is a life lived. The body lives and moves through images. Mythos is the body of logos. God, logos, language, becomes known through the body. A passionate and embodied engagement with innerness leads to intellectual reflection. Implicit knowledge, known only in associative images and body feelings, gradually becomes explicit in language.

As we know from our analytic work implicit knowledge may form the unconscious bedrock of our understanding, but we frequently also need to be able to give conscious expression to this knowledge in the form of language. This requires a process Annette Karmiloff-Smith has identified as ‘representational re-
This process consists of a series of stages in which information is initially built up and stored implicitly and then re-encoded into ever more explicit format, eventually emerging as concepts which can be expressed in language (Karmiloff-Smith 1992)...Although she offers this primarily as a developmental model, she also suggests that it underpins the mastering of complex skills in adult life as well, which initially can only be learnt implicitly but can later be re-encoded and described in language. This is a fundamental feature of analytic work – so often we struggle for months or years with implicit awareness about a patient and then suddenly find the words to describe what we, and often the patient, already know. An implicit narrative can gradually become explicit. (Knox, 2004, p. 10)

In this way I have come to a mythos of psychotherapy. I began this thesis with the creative illness of Jung and Freud. I took their example seriously, this journey through darkness, as a way to becoming a psychodynamic psychotherapist. Like Jung and Freud I have built a structure from within the depths of my own psyche. I began with the body and built from there. I began in the chthonic (Jaffé, 1990) darkness of the body and moved into image. Primitive visceral images from the body. Slowly I built visual structures from unconscious image schemas. A mythos of images. *Wings from the Deep* was a mythos of images that was then amplified by sound and text. This mythos then became languaged. First through my experience as a psychotherapist working with the conversation and then through my conversation with Etty and with Jewish experience, thinking and culture.

In this way I took a journey to the depth of madness and death. And therein found the mystery of life. The mythos of the psychodynamic body. Death to life.

In the final scene of the frescos of the *Villa of Mysteries*:

This concentration upon the essential is expressed in the tenth scene of our fresco series by the attentiveness with which the so-called Domina is turned toward the holy, mystery-filled sphere of the inner wall. (Fierz-David, 1957/1988, p.143)
The ‘mystery-filled’ ‘inner wall’ of this thesis is *Wings from the Deep*. Through the performance I was able to enter into an embodied experience of Hillman’s ‘theatrical logic’, Artaud’s ‘language in space’, James’ ‘stream of consciousness’, and Meares’ ‘aliveness from deadness’. *Wings from the Deep* is the implicit foundation for this mythos of psychotherapy. A mythos made explicit through the poetic language of this thesis.

The art of being an analyst requires us constantly to focus on the subjective, to fine-tune to the intuitive, poetic, symbolic narrative that emerges in an analytic session...It is an art which requires years of personal analysis, training and supervision to nurture the capacity to resonate with the multiple and sometimes contradictory threads of the patient’s narrative. It also requires a deeply ingrained respect for the symbolic process. (Knox, 2004, p.15)

Dear Etty,
I had a dream last night of an older woman, sweet natured, who had lived through the Holocaust. Memories, images, sometimes flicker past in her mind. She is in the country. She is walking through a field of grassy tussocks into the bush. She carries a black leather doctor’s case. She has been travelling. Now she stops and opens the case. As if by magic, from out of this small suitcase she builds a house with one room. It has whitewashed walls with no windows. But one wall is open to the outside. In the dream the room is filled with flowers. They are overflowing out of the room through the one open side. She picks up one flower. It is separated from its stem, just the flower head, like a star, five white petals, with a rich layering of colours near the centre of each petal. It is hard, as if it has been preserved. (Hueneke, 2007)

The final image of this thesis was also the final image of my letters to Etty. And it encodes my own mythos as a psychotherapist. In the dream the land on which I build the room is not my own. The flowers in the room are all in pots, not in the earth. This is the tension the immigrant feels. I carry my history, my memories, my professional and cultural knowledge, in a doctor’s case. The dream doesn’t show it clearly, but inside that
heavy case, carried for so long, is a living heart cut out of its body. And where do I put this heart, not in the ground, no it’s not my land. I put this ‘thinking heart’\textsuperscript{74} into the body, the psychodynamic body.

\textsuperscript{74}“...I prayed, ‘Let me be the thinking heart of these barracks.’ And that is what I want to be again. The thinking heart of a whole concentration camp.” (Hillesum, 1981/1983, p. 191). My thesis is an attempt to be the thinking heart of the psychodynamic body. The thinking heart of a mythos of psychotherapy.
References


