

Sue Patman

## CHAOS AND REBIRTH

*Can I tell you a story of dreams and chaos  
Where the mirrors were once bright and clear, -  
a stone is thrown and I didn't catch it in time  
and shattered and broken I return  
like Humpty Dumpty  
or a Picasso painting.  
Light and Dark,  
on the edge of darkness on the edge of light,  
the middle of a broken Thermos,  
splinters of brightness, wet and sharp,  
liquid, shattered chaos.  
I had a name - but it was an illusion.  
You had names - illusions.  
God was real - an illusion.  
I have no name.  
I do not know who I am.  
I have seen chaos on the other side of night.  
From the Dark side of the Moon  
I come back and do not know who I am.  
There was a time the mirror was whole.  
That was an illusion too.  
Like when I felt our love was whole  
and I thought that you loved me too.  
There was a time when I knew my God  
He was shining bright and true  
But, somehow, when my internal mirror broke,  
He got broken too.*

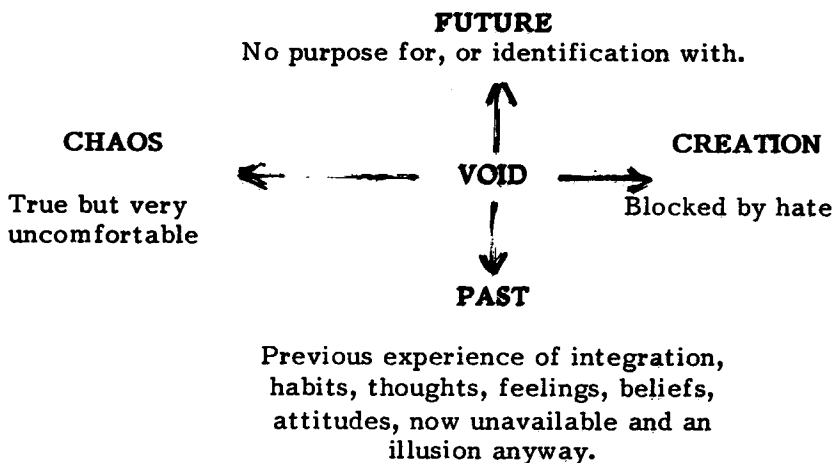
The structures are gone, shattered, I cannot see myself anymore,  
I cannot see my God anymore, I cannot trust that you are all who  
I think you are anymore. I look out into the darkness of the Universe  
where there was once order and light and receive back the mocking  
laughter of Chaos.

*My inner voice has lied to me.  
I am betrayed.  
I am Chaos.  
I have no name.  
You who named me have betrayed me  
and my name is Chaos  
from the other side of night.*

As I regained normal consciousness during Saturday morning the thing I became most aware of was an underlying feeling of betrayal. It was an all pervasive feeling, in my bones, my blood, my flesh, and it increased and decreased like waves coming onto the shore and sliding back again. It was a relief to be back in contact with accepted reality again. I was surprised to have lost two days, and at the same time I was surprised that it wasn't longer. Like a shipwrecked survivor I got up and began to walk about again and take stock of my situation. I was pretty dazed, but seemed to have all the bits - I was a consciously functioning unit BUT I COULD NOT RECOGNISE MYSELF! I don't mean that I had amnesia, I knew my name and what my life was about, and had no less connection with Rebecca and David, but my consciousness was strange to me. Like a child's kaleidoscope, the pattern had changed whilst I had been away and I could make head nor tail of what I now was. The only firm thing I had brought back with me from this journey was the undeniable feeling of betrayal, but even here I did not know who or what had betrayed me or how or why. The experience of betrayal was a more definite experience than my experience of myself so I judged it must be the key to where I was. It was all I had to hold onto anyway: so I accepted it and decided to co-operate with it by feeling it, and let it come through me, abstract as it was, for the rest of the day. The night was heavy with dreams. Sunday and a friend had joined Betrayal - it was Abandonment. I was alone and betrayed - they were close friends, this Betrayal and Abandonment, and throughout Sunday they danced their slow dance through me and I got to know them. The night was a hundred dreams again and on the Monday some feeling of self assertion came up to face Betrayal and Abandonment in the form of Anger and Hate. I was betrayed and abandoned and I was not only angry about this but held a deep hatred towards whatever had betrayed my trust. Anger increased the tempo and I identified with each of these four partners as they claimed me for their attention. Originally, when I had only betrayal, the identification gave me a sense of centre - at least I knew that some real part of me felt betrayed and I co-operated with that part. Now, however, I was four energies, comprising

two partnerships, and I experienced splitting and dizziness as what passed for my centre was swung from one to the other. In an effort to form a point of cohesion beyond these energies I looked, out of habit, upwards into the superconscious AND THERE WAS NOTHING THERE! Emptiness. Void. It was a mockery. I reached for my Self and saw in its place the Void. My Self had disintegrated. Not only had I lost all sense of personal I, but now I knew there was nothing further, or beyond that to go to. The Self was an illusion I had been living for years. My Hate surged towards the Self I had believed existed, for tricking me, but since there was no Self anyway it found no target. My Hate was cosmic, and without a subject on which to venge itself. All I knew for a fact existed was the Chaos I had just experienced and was still experiencing and beyond that I saw the Void. I had no personal I, no Self, and a consuming hate for having been tricked into believing there was such a structure in the first place. All I knew for a fact was that Chaos, Archetypal Chaos, existed and all else was an illusion - Creation, Love, God were man made inventions to escape the reality of Chaos. My betrayal and abandonment fused into one festering Wound and my anger and hate came together and focussed on Creation. I was in a complete double bind. On the one hand there was no creative element in the Universe at all, God did not exist, in fact there was nothing beyond Chaos but the Void, and I felt my Wound; whilst on the other hand my anger and hate needed God to vent itself on and venge my betrayal. Had I believed there was a God who valued his creation and that my death would lessen that creation by even the tiniest particle, I would have killed myself out of sheer spite. (It is very difficult to put into words the totality of my involvement with this dilemma because it involves its own logic and I hope some of it is getting over.) In retrospect I think this was the worst time because I was completely impotent, completely stuck, and the only element common to both poles, ironically, was the last thing I wanted, and that was my knowledge of my immortality. There was no escape, even in death.

For two days, Tuesday and Wednesday, I held this stuckness - hating my source, experiencing the only thing I really knew intimately - Chaos - and looked on the Void. The tension was excruciating - I was a grand cross of incredibly great and constipated energy and at the end of two days had moved not one iota. Diagrammatically, my consciousness was:-



Pictorially my consciousness was an abomination, an abortion, something given birth to by Hell. It had no cohesion, no harmony, no centre. One eye was light, the other dark. One eye saw creation intellectually through a blinding veil of hate, the other saw crazed Chaos. It was a broken picture put back together all wrong by a congenital idiot, each piece hard edged and grating on the next.

Something was going terribly wrong. No way could I sustain this tension much longer, my body was giving out. I was alternately very dry and bathed in sweat, had difficulty seeing, periodically shuddered, permanently trembled and had difficulty walking a straight line or co-ordinating my movements. I've blown fuses before in my process, I thought, but this time I've really done it; this time I've blown the mains.

*I am alone  
as the sound of the cyclone  
recedes.*

*Devastation on the beach,  
nothing left to reach  
to, as the hurricane recedes.*

*No larger than a grain of sand,  
am I formed enough to stand  
as the ocean recedes?*

*Committed to working you through,  
did I bite off more than I could chew  
as you recede?*

*Or can I be reborn?  
Is this the 'Dark before the Dawn'  
as Night recedes.*

Wednesday evening was Psychosynthesis again. A whole week had gone by and I was in a worse place now than at the beginning. I made my way to Lyndhurst Road like an animal, to die or be healed I didn't know which, I just knew I had to get 'home'. The evening started and Malcolm went on and on about some intellectual point - I knew that if my rescue was possible, it was here I would find it, but rescue seemed far away and pretty unlikely. Then Diana started to speak of belief structures and how we needed sometimes to let go of our belief structures, which are basically illusions, in order to get closer to the Self. "You fools" I thought "What you all don't know is that the Self itself is one of those bloody belief structures. It's a trick. That's the Ultimate Belief Structure and beyond that lies the Void. There is nothing beyond that one but the Void. Give that one up at your peril for there is nowhere else to go". I spoke - I could not sit there any longer listening to a discussion of something that did not exist. I asked what one did when one had given up the belief structure of the Self, because that is what I had done and it seemed that was the end, there was nowhere else to go but the Void, and this was not a theoretical point, but my present experience. Gently, Diana got me to describe my present reality of being stuck in the Void. -It seemed pretty pointless to talk about it but my pain was so great that I could not keep quiet. Diana asked questions and I answered - she asked me if I had ever experienced Chaos before in my life. I said I had. She asked if that had passed. I said yes, but it had taken years. Inside I felt a desert - I could not endure this state for years, waiting for it to pass - was that the remedy? Faith and hope and waiting? Faith in what? I'd die rather. Patiently, Diana persisted in her questioning, attempting to find a link between my present experience and some fact or trigger of present or past life event. She was hampered by a part of me that refused to co-operate in answering some questions and, sensing this after a while, she gave a gentle ultimatum "Sue, I must ask you for the last time, what triggered this in you?". DON'T LEAVE ME HERE, DIANA, DON'T LEAVE ME HERE. YOU ARE MY ONLY HOPE. I CANNOT LOOK. I CANNOT LOOK. And then I KNEW WHAT IT WAS! I was back 20 years looking at myself, looking at a telegram in my mother's hands. A telegram telling me that the man I loved and was to have married, had married someone else

instead. That was when I first cracked up and entered chaos and it took me seven years to recover.

*The Universe is a Perennial Betrayer.  
Does not Winter betray the Spring?  
Nightfall betray the Dawn?  
Death betray Birth?*

## REBIRTH

The relief I felt at being able at last to ground this energy, to have an actual fact to account for my state, was incredible. It was as if I had been holding my breath until I was just about to burst and then, suddenly, my psychic lungs started to work again! I was moving again, I was breathing again, and the future became real.

For the next few days I relived the pain and shock and emptiness I felt when I had been so suddenly abandoned by Dilip, all those years ago, but this time I also experienced what I had repressed then, my deep feelings of betrayal, my intense anger and hatred towards him for treating me that way and betraying my love and trust. Then memories of another pain began to surface - the sudden death of my brother, years before that - the news of which was also broken by the printed word on a telegram in the night. How I hated God then for taking him; there was no reason, it was such a waste, he was 23 and good and his plane crashed and he was burned to death and there wasn't even a war on. No-one could tell me why God should do this and I hated God and became an atheist at 14. I relived for several more days the grief and shock I had felt at his death, the feelings of a God of mercy being a joke if he could do this; the betrayal I felt at having been tricked into believing the Christian religion; a God of love indeed; a God of mercy who could do this without a reason being given? and I hated God again with all the outraged innocence of a 14 year old, and felt my anger at the betrayal of my trust. Then further back the betrayal echoed - this time without specific memories of one event, but endless small betrayals of my love and trust by my father as a child and throughout my life; numberless abandonments and emotional about turns, each like a knife wound to my vulnerability, sudden, unexpected and devastating. And, where there had been no anger then, I now felt hot anger on behalf of that little child.

Throughout the first week of regression my Ajna and Crown were very disturbed. The Ajna seemed to be open, I had a spot in the middle of my forehead that felt like a bullet hole letting the draught in.

It was so noticeable and uncomfortable I had to wear a plaster on it at night and a scarf around my forehead during the day to protect it. My Crown was etherically very tender, and I could not bear water anywhere near it, I was quite unable to wash my hair and felt physically sick at the thought of water on the top of my head. This was so strong an aversion that there is no doubt I would have become violent and freaked out had anyone, even in joke, tried to put water on my head. I experienced a vulnerability all over my head, as if I had lost my etheric skin (been blown wide open?); I could not bear anyone to get near it or touch it, and it was difficult even for me to brush and comb my hair. Even I could not touch it. But by the end of the second week these phenomena had disappeared - the air no longer blew through my head and, thankfully, I was just able to wash my hair!

I was also gradually becoming aware that something had been internalised. I saw it numerically as my numbers having been reduced from 3 to 2. God was no longer "out there". I no longer lived an existence, as previously, where there was 1. God, 2. Me, 3. My relationship to life, but it was experienced more as 1. God in/and me 2. My relationship to life.

I also noticed my psychic centre of gravity had moved from my third eye area to my belly. This had a much more solid feel to it, but it was very strange, and seemed to demand that I include the Earth in some way; acknowledge and use the energy of the earth coming up, as well as that of the Heavens coming down. Psychologically I was in the position of having to learn to drive a new car, with all the gears and switches in different places, and as I struggled to find and identify the new controls, I comforted myself with the knowledge that, if mastered, this would undoubtedly be a far more powerful and versatile vehicle.

After two weeks of regression I found I was alone. The betrayal, abandonment, anger and hate had been traced back to source; I had re-experienced them in the present and experientially linked them to my own life history. Many ghosts had been laid and some logical understanding of this journey was dawning on me. The immediate trigger of the printed word in the night linked with sudden pain and loss. The ocean experiences were symbolic of dredging up stuff from the past in the lower unconscious. The raising of the sunken P & O liner was quite specifically related to Dilip - the last time I saw him was on a P & O liner leaving Tilbury for India. The feeling of betrayal was common to all three experiences - Dilip, death of my brother, and behaviour of my father - and this was the common denominator. It can all be very logically and satisfactorily understood

by the concrete mind afterwards, though the process whilst it was unfolding was quite beyond comprehension because it was too big to see. I find this an interesting experience to log because it shot so far out onto an abstract limb yet still ended up a very straightforward experience of past trauma. It had shot out into the abstract in an effort to avoid the other common denominator of these three experiences - ANGER AND HATE. Anger and hate were the items that had been rigidly repressed in all these experiences at the time, but were now allowed expression and in that expression these experiences were allowed to become completed.

And so our psyche continually breathes in the unconscious, lower, higher and collective, and breathes out into expression; breathes in again from the unconscious and out into expression, mirrored by our daily entry into sleep and waking into action; the lunar cycle and the larger cycle of birth to mid-life to death.

## CONCLUSION

In the beginning chaos and creation are one, past and future are one, male and female are one, our unconscious contains both. The deeper we go into our experiences of the unconscious the closer these pairs get, they cannot really be separated. The trademark to me of a truly high peak experience is the echo from the lower unconscious that follows of repressed childhood memories and trauma re-surfacing. The mark of a satisfactorily completed journey into the lower unconscious, our past and childhood trauma, is the echo in the higher unconscious that follows with the release of potential and a more integrated and widely based knowledge and experience of living. So we can grow either way - go forward and we become strong enough to face some more of the past and integrate it; go back and the clearing that takes place gives us space for new and more creative energies to work through us into the future. "Paradox is the Essence of Life". Go forward and we are faced with the past; go back and we change the future; reach for our masculine energy and we find our anima; reach for our feminine energy and we find our animus; identify with creation and we see chaos; go into chaos and we find creation; for at all times we are both - children caught in time composed of all the elements of the Universe.

I would like to end with a message from my Inner Teacher received during this experience because it so beautifully describes the larger context of my dreadful experience of Chaos and so gently and healingly put things into perspective and opened my understanding:-



" . . . . . My dear you **have** lost your Good Faith, indeed, indeed, you **have** lost your Name. What a lovely Name to lose too! . . . . . Just take it gently and listen. This is the nub of the matter - YOUR NAME IS TO BE CHANGED. That is why you have lost it, it is to be changed. Before you can get a new one, the old one must be got rid of, discarded. . . . . Faith is not enough for the work you want to do. Good Faith alone is not enough. It must be based on knowledge. Faith born of knowledge. You have worn your name proudly and well, carried your Good Faith nobly, and so it is and has come about that now it is outgrown. This is not a loss, it is an ongrowth. Does the caterpillar go into chaos to return again as a caterpillar? Of course not, of course not. A caterpillar goes into chaos to return as a butterfly. What does it know of butterflies? Nothing, and nothing should it know, being a good caterpillar. A good caterpillar lives as a caterpillar and one day, it knows not how or when, it goes into chaos. What for? it asks. What is happening? it asks. Where am I? it asks. Where is my caterpillarness gone? Where is my caterpillarness now? I was a good caterpillar but what good is that now when I am a soup? a chaos? a mush? Where is my form? Where is my structure? Where is my purpose? Above all - Where am I? I am nowhere, I am a soup, I am formless. And that is how it should be. When that happens all is going according to plan. Totally melted down to the basic raw materials from which a new form is to be manifested. You cry/shriek in desperation the call of all caterpillars from the void of their cocoon, the aloneness of their process, "WHERE AM I?" and that is how it should be, that is how it should be. So take heart my dear, take heart. All is according to plan, and your call is your first breath, as the child leaves the womb, as the caterpillar lets go its hold of its caterpillarness, never to **return**, but to **reform**. You do not **return**, you **reform**. So let go so that reformation can take place as swiftly as it may. The content of the trigger, the content of the trauma you are re-living, the memories, and present and past pain you experience **are but symptoms** of a greater context. They are immaterial, mere excuses for this deeper process that uses them for its own purposes. So to your new Name - it is . . . . . Do you know what that means? . . . . .? It means to work from the essence of things - to draw from the underlying chaos of existence the spontaneous creative element. To hold chaos as a given and creation as a choice. Is that not what God did when he created the world? He started with chaos and from that chaos he chose to manifest creation. He did not start with creation and then make his life difficult by inventing chaos! The chaos was first, it is the *prima materia* of creation. From out of chaos comes creation and chaos is therefore not an enemy but the essential ingredient for creation! So, . . . . ., know this - all is according

to plan, all is well, your experience is well foundationing, the basic building blocks of creation are chaos. And you are ready to know and hold both in your experience. So be born, butterfly, be born".

A couple of months after this, quite spontaneously on the inner, I saw my new God. He was standing, very tall, powerful and firm. The left half, from head to toe, was a body looking out sideways, totally black; the right half, head to toe, was a body looking out to the other side, gleaming gold, and, joining these two halves, from head to toe, was a shimmering void.

**P.S.**

When this paper was photocopied the machine printed off a page of its own, which was nothing to do with me. I looked at this page, created by the photocopying machine, and came to the conclusion that it says as much, using both sides of the paper but without a single word, as the whole 36 pages of my 'creation', so I include it too as the last page!

