

# THE EIDETIC DANCER WITH THE LIGHT

by

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## ABSTRACT

This retrospective of an eidetic imaging trainer's personal healing journey presents the case that all sorts of people can enjoy the benefits of practicing preventive image medicine on themselves, and each other, by looking methodically into the often overlooked eidetic (eye-deht'-ic) level of imagination, and seeing how the inner motion pictures that move us actually work.

Passages from the trainer's Transformational Autobiography show how releasing dramatic eidetic images – as she practices Akhter Ahsen's eidetic method of self-analytic consciousness – keeps bringing more and more light, calm, wholeness, balance and verve out in what had long been her overwhelmingly dark and volatile interior.

Reading these passages one sees how a person can outgrow disturbances as severe as narcissism, alcoholism, manic-depression and Tourette's syndrome by merely releasing new self-images that balance out and overcome old self-defeating images. In this trainer's case the shy, wavery and snappish girl, who was once told she had "a doubting disease," finally shows up as the solid and forthright and helpful citizen she always longed to be.

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## CONTENTS

### **Part 1 FROM DAY ONE, As It Happened**

A Deep Perspective

Janet On The New Nature Of  
Following Eidetic Pathways

Getting The Whole Picture

Dramatic Eidetic Images

Empathic Confessions

Epic Ways

Fluent Empathy Imaging

Two New Transformational Art Forms

Parental Influence: Art For Public Health

*A Desaparecido*

Powers Of Concentration

A Family Of Origin

Self-Analytic Consciousness:  
Profoundly Effective Self-Help

Showing People To Their Health

Janet's Progress

A Deeper Outlook On People

Scenes On The Way

Swift, Profound, & Lasting Transformations

Most Moving Images

Surfacing Mythic Structures

A New Picture Of Narcissism

Letting A Coherent Picture Emerge

Dropped

Getting Your Own Back

Recovery

Beyond Narcissism

Lovely Lena

Being Shocked and Shocking

Seeing And Ousting What Comes Over You

**Part 2 LETTING THE INSIDE STORY  
WORK ITS WAY OUT**

Out Of Fear

From Janet's Transformational Autobiography

Free To Be Baby

The Laughing Buddha

*To Be Continued*

# THE EIDETIC DANCER WITH THE LIGHT

## Part 1 FROM DAY ONE, As It Took Place

A Deep Perspective

Janet K Bloom is the eidetic dancer with the light. Reading her “soul progressions” – which is what she calls her eidetic imaging explorations – is like watching light dancing through water. The brilliance, agility, and daring of her writing – with its superlative sensitivity to the subtleties and depths and reaches of the eidetic stream of imaging – makes the threads of inner light she is following so engaging that they become illuminatingly entwined in one’s own journey.

Janet expressed one day that she wanted a review of her imaging work from me for her forthcoming website. As I usually do in such cases, I asked her to write down what she wanted the material to say. This unleashed her whole story, going far beyond either of our expectations. Her wish for a retrospective view of her imaging work prompted her images to reveal, more thoroughly than they had before, how her whole picture puzzle went together. This became a most welcome instance of seek and ye shall find. As it progressed, her story became more and more fascinating.

I present this as she wrote it for I could not have said it better myself. In my recent books I have, in fact, given more and more space to passages from my students’ work. Janet’s request gave me a chance to present, in short order, a whole picture of the journey of one person’s eidetic images. Her story beautifully illustrates how the most illuminating and formative images of consciousness work when concentrated on in the ways I have developed for bringing them to light.

Janet’s story turned out to center on Hamlet’s question, “To be or not to be.” In Janet’s hands this turned out to be the question for our times. Her mother had been a Shakespearean actress as a young woman. When Janet was very young, her mother told her, and her older sister, that she was keeping pills in her safe deposit box in case disease or accident defaced her so much that she wanted out of life. Thinking of this part of her story in this context, Janet finally

understood what she had never been able to understand: why people at least talk so much of keeping certain knowledge out of children's way.

My part in this writing was largely in being more of a listening presence than the teacher I had mostly been before to her. This gave her more breathing space in which to find and express her independent authoritative voice. While this came about almost casually, it unleashed a telling of her story that involved a battle to the death with her usual squirming around in getting her story out.

The more she wrote to express in my voice as much as possible, and seeing things from my vantage point as best as she could, saying only things she thought I would see, the more she let go of the lesser voices of doubt and perpetual self-reversal, the scrambling of voices, which had kept tripping her up. By giving herself the time, and the calm this brought, she increasingly overrode and outgrew jumpy habits, instead of revising and revising. She imitated my being – which she described as direct and authoritative like her father's – through which she found a unity of consciousness. She thus arrived at statements she felt were perfectly proportioned and judiciously aimed. They felt right. They did not emanate from a skittery, insecure person with "a doubting disease." She had discovered the procedural basis upon which she could be securely authoritative, freeing herself from the uncertainties that are so tenacious in people starting out from insecurity as deep as hers.

In addition to gaining something of that father sense of authority, through identifying with my being Janet found her way into my ability to flow in and out of eidetic images, and maintain the eidetic understanding of consciousness. This freed her from being stuck with the one dimensionality of her father, and being tripped up by the perpetual doubting fixations her mother's criticism left her with.

I feel so much identified with the eidetic stream of consciousness that I am the eidetic; that's my being. Through identifying with my being Janet found her way more thoroughly into this state of being in the flow of real events and free. It is a state of being fully at home with the universe. The universe doesn't free associate. Freud or Jung tried to free associate in order to get there. But you can't get there by free association. You just go there and be there and it will be with you.

Janet's father fell victim to her mother because he couldn't flow in and out of her mother's states of mind. He was more straight, rather than rolling in and rolling out. Until Janet entered into a more encompassing flow of consciousness through identifying with me and my eidetic consciousness, she was tending to get stuck in identifying with this limitation of her father's, when not overcome by her mother's volatility.

She had recently made a forlorn statement indicating she had no hope of ever being authoritative in ways that would prompt people to see her as an authority. Proceeding more steadily and carefully than she was used to doing while revising, she got in touch with the root meaning of the word *author*, which is *increase*. This is the meaning that unites all the related words, including *augment* and *augment*. Revising now became more like repeating an image, giving her occasion to deepen and expand her understanding and augment the strength of her voice.

She had long seen every eidetic image she practiced growing on its own with each repetition, thus giving her a more whole picture of whatever was at issue, as new lights and new features and new moves entered into it. Now, repeating the whole eidetic story of her life day after day, the integrity of her life story became even clearer, strengthening her, and greatly enhancing the sense of her own authority, freeing her of knottiness in writing better than anything else had done.

She began this work by responding to requests she'd received from readers who wanted her to be more organized.

*Janet On The New Nature Of  
Following Eidetic Pathways*

*"I write about a new way of looking into ourselves and seeing ourselves anew. I often write about it in celebratory tones because of the magnificent sense it allows us to make not only of ourselves but also of each other. This is not to mention the amount of nonsense it does away with, enabling us to both see and sense exactly what is happening, and what is meant, even in tricky and trying situations.*

*"Essentially I write from selectively looking at certain images few people now have heard of before, eidetic (eye-deht'-ic) images. They play like movies in front of our minds, while touching and moving our bodies in dramatic and meaningful ways. Everybody has these images. We all have lived learned and played with them as children. But, unfortunately, we were taught to put them away. When we bring them out, and release them to follow their full and natural course, we find that they let us make far more sense, deep and clear sense of ourselves, in a whole new way.*

*"When I began keeping a journal of my eidetic imaging practice I saw myself as keeping a pioneer's log, like Darwin's or Cousteau's. I wrote daily reports on what I was seeing and sensing as I ventured into previously unseen depths. I was not a known animal traveling a known path. While discovering myself I was*

at the same time discovering the watershed and pathways of inner light as well. Despite the fact that I grew up in a family that didn't pay heed to such things.

*"With practice, my inner landscape became clearer and clearer. Each new image took me into new territory. But sometimes an old image would pop into a new scene. When this happened, it seemed like some inner intelligence set the old image alight and put it into place, exactly where it was needed, just at the time when I was ready to accept it as properly filling in a missing piece in my story.*

*"Nothing from my extensive education, or therapy, or work in the arts had ever given me any idea that this was possible. I didn't know that I could get my whole picture together; or that someone could show me how to do this, even more clearly than someone could show me how to paint with a brush. Or that anybody can see how to do this for themselves. I kept feeling this is the world's best kept secret.*

*"Gradually I felt at home with the way my inner lights went on and off as I passed from one image, one illuminating island of consciousness, to the next. Readers of my writing sometimes complain that it is repetitive, too long, too detailed, too wordy. I plead guilty. And never forget my sister saying, 'You can do your best, and it's not good enough.' People also want my writing to be better organized. One woman put it very clearly, stating why she wanted my writing to follow the Who, Where, When, What and Why formula: 'Every page is a mix, and as a reader I feel I am being taken off and on course.'*

*"That very interesting comment enabled me to see and state boldly, yet as delicately as possible, what had been throwing me off course all my life. *While I am throwing her on and off the linear course we were both brought up on, I am now staying on the new course of light I'm following.**

*"Light does travel at the speed of light. It also goes straight through to things that no linear thinking can get to. Having learned to ride the light, I do not and cannot see things in that rigid linear way any more. To tell the truth, I was never good at it, or comfortable with it. It always made me feel awkward. It cramped my being. Which is, no doubt, why I veered into being a dancer and poet; why I didn't last in journalism, and could never even dream of writing a Ph.D. thesis. That is not my style.*

*"My need has been to see my whole picture come together; and to see other people's whole picture come together along with mine. Akhter Ahsen – a fine poet, playwright and painter himself, but also a rigorous scientist – has developed a method of concentration that gives all of us ways of seeing ourselves grow whole in whatever we do.*

*“As a result of my thoroughgoing training with him, I now write with my holographic bodymind in action. This means that, as I am telling one image, one or several other images may light up. They are asking for attention so they can shed light that will help to fill out the current picture growing in front of my mind’s eye. As I let these additional lights enter my current picture, they give more body to the whole healing picture that is growing within me spontaneously. Readers who concentrate on seeing and sensing the dramatic action that I’m concentrating on, and don’t leap out of the growing framework of what I am saying, will see and sense how this works. If they are in a hurry to get to some destination other than the depth and ramifications of the dramatically growing image I’m looking into, they will feel out of sorts with what I’m doing.*

*“I report what I see, as my whole picture fills out, in the order in which it comes out. NOT revising is crucial for me. It lets the cleansing healing flow of new imagery take place. Were I to try to revise and correct in many of the ways people think I ought to, I’d not only be tying myself up in the same sort of knots my critical mother tied me up in, so I could barely step forward. I’d also defeat my real aim, which is to show what our new access to this healing flow of imagery does for us when we give it, in its profound orderliness, free rein.*

*“What I am doing is not at all the same thing as free associating because I AM FOLLOWING THE CENTERING SENSE MY BODY MAKES IN RESPONSE TO IMAGES WHEN I FREE IT TO DO SO.*

*“Were I to revise and rearrange my images and my response to them I’d be cutting in on and making nonsense of the whole sense they want to and can make.*

*“I welcome this new way of seeing things because there was nothing my mother did not want to revise about me, including my breasts and rump. She could bring me to a standstill over how to cook her hamburger for lunch. I had to learn how to let me be and put my feet forward as they saw fit.*

*“Now, while going with the uninterrupted flow of an eidetic image as I write, I feel I am getting pure intelligence, the straight scoop, from this inner motion picture. I know it wants to get me going, or keep me going, not trip me up; and will help me shun so-called vantage points I have no current use for because they will prompt me to be untrue to the whole story of my being.*

*“I cannot expect readers who are trained to see linearly – as I was, too, of course – to really understand what I am talking about until they try this new way of seeing themselves. It is not merely holistic. It is just plain whole.*



*“Prior to seeing this whole for themselves, readers do need to also understand that I am writing from a new point of view, telling an inside story from inside out. I can even SEE MYSELF AS A BABY, ASK MYSELF TO ENTER THE HEAD OF THAT BABY, AND SEE MOMMY AND DADDY IN ACTION FROM THAT BABY’S EYE VIEW, a vantage point you will get glimpses of further on. My inside stories navigate past, present and future, leap across generation and gender gaps, and move differently than trains seen traveling around mountains.*

*“As an imager I am like a star gazer looking into the brilliance of the night sky, looking forward to learning from the constellations, and seeing how they relate to each other. But my stars are really inner motion pictures that will flower when I know how to concentrate on them, and tell me the stories I’ve long needed and wanted to hear in order to clear my inner skies.*

*“I have been trying to write the officially correct way all my life. But I never could get it right. In writing the following piece I tried to answer the questions I thought might come up in readers’ minds, in an order which would facilitate their getting into seeing how I see things, how I use living images as stepping stones from one useful illumination to the other.*

*“What is most important first of all is realizing that there is now a way in which all of us can start doing this in order to see ourselves and each other whole, from inside out, deeply and clearly. We haven’t been able to do this before.*

*“We’ve been guessing what’s within us; guessing what’s on our minds or going on in our heads; or letting outsiders do our guessing for us. Now we can see this exactly for ourselves, by following our eidetic images. As Dr. Ahsen says, “In the mind, the light which really illuminates consciousness is the eidetic image.” I use myself to show how this brilliant image works, and indicate how substantially it effects a person’s life mentally, physically and spiritually.*

*“In the practice of eidetic imaging you turn your inner headlights on by asking yourself to SEE something, SEE A TREE, for instance (instead of asking yourself to think of a tree or remember a tree.) Then you ride the beams of the image that turns up. Eventually you see fountains of illumination before you. People who start out, as I did, thinking I can’t do this, find out they can.*

*“Fountains of illumination are what I’m going for. In those fountains I’ve restored my health, my vitality, my sense of beauty and friendship for all. I know that we all have such fountains to go on. So it’s a terrible pity that anyone resists finding them or insists on remaining blind to them.*

*“Eidetic imaging may seem strange to you at first. Or it may make you feel awkward for a little while. But after the first few dates you’ll see that imaging is a winning game you have long wanted to be playing. You miss it. It saw you through childhood, until you were cut off from it. Now you can let it rejuvenate you, and wise you up.”*

## Getting The Whole Picture

From the beginning of her training with me, Janet was fascinated with how eidetic imaging gives us the whole picture of a scene or issue that could be seen only partially before. For instance, if you ask yourself to SEE A TREE, the image that comes up in your mind’s eye will likely be of a tree seen from the ground up. Then, if you ask yourself to SEE THE ROOTS OF THIS TREE, your image may well show you the root system of the tree, something you ordinarily do not see with your naked eye. Then, if you ask yourself to LOOK UP THE TREE AT NIGHT you may see the stars in its branches, and see yourself going for a journey among the stars.

In this retrospective view of the journey that her practice of eidetic imaging has taken her on so far, we were both interested in seeing her issues in true perspective. At the same time, we wanted to present a portrait of her eidetic journeying that would give others a sense of the healing progression of pictures they, too, can release from their inside stories by embarking on seeing themselves eidetically. Her story illustrates the way in which each person’s unique journey of images can shed new light in the psyche, and evolve dynamic new understandings of dramatic family structures that shape body and mind interactions lifelong.

## Dramatic Eidetic Images

By virtue of her intensive and thoroughgoing eidetic training, Janet’s work clearly brings to light the dramatic consequences of eidetic imaging, revealing exactly how each image, and each feature in each image, is touching and moving her, and her students. She always represents as fully as possible the three interactive components of eidetics – the Image, Somatic response and Meaning, or ISM – as I define them. In other words, she conveys the auditory, visual, kinesthetic or other sensory IMAGE; the imager’s BODY RESPONSES to the image; and the imager’s dramatic sense of its MEANINGS. (See her video, *WE BECOME WHAT WE SEE.*)

Because of her earlier training as a dancer, and years as an architectural editor, Janet intuitively heightens readers’ sensitivity to the incipient meanings of movement through space. As each image illuminates another space, she moves

through a psychic cavern system revealing the structural passageways between family, nature and mythic images. Seeing her picture growing whole in such depth, her inner caves become living temples. (See her poem, *INTO SHIVA'S CAVE*.)

### Empathic Confessions

Although Janet's writing may at first seem to be only autobiographical, she, in fact, writes with the aim of enabling readers to develop their own expeditions in parallel with hers as they read. She keeps showing that people can, through eidetic empathy, see other people's inside stories nearly as clearly and helpfully as they can see their own. (See her video, *FINDING THE FATHER YOU ALWAYS WANTED*.)

Janet came of age as a writer at a time when confessional writing was in vogue. But she wrote autobiographically, involving extensive self-exposure, out of necessity, never being comfortable with self-expression as an end in itself, or the end-all for art. Before she started practicing eidetic imaging, she found that being confessional gave her ways of hanging on and getting through disjunctures such as the death of the man she loved. *Writing from eidetic visions – instead of memories and metaphors – she was always going for transformation instead; looking beyond the current level of imagination to see her and our way out of trouble.* Since her mother's inability to see and know her was the root of her severest difficulties, her focus on herself always aimed at transcending rather than promoting narcissistic self-concern.

Janet is happy with self-expression when using it in the service of mutual illumination through eidetic empathy imaging. Then, instead of merely exposing past uneasiness, her history provided a way of helping other people see their way out of similar situations more swiftly than they might otherwise be able to. Her "soul progressions" do not merely give people vague hope. They actually demonstrate specific, effective means I've developed that people can use immediately to clear the negativity out of their own histories.

### Epic Ways

In Janet's work one sees a person's troubles – that would formerly have been deemed worthy only of lonely venting or purging or murky guesswork – become the source of beautiful individual and even group clarifications and purifications. She shows people how to see beyond harboring replays of old woundings, and, instead, become fascinated with eidetic imagination's epic ways of projecting them into heroic adventures.

When Janet shares an eidetic image in writing or teaching, or prompts students to share theirs, she is seeing each shared eidetic image as setting a stage for eidetic empathy imaging. That means participants can see themselves in other people's scenes. In doing so they discover that another person's image can provide a deep, living – and surprisingly helpful – mirror to their souls.

The facets of one person's story can light up and regenerate important aspects of another person's story. Thus all who are sharing their images become involved in a mutually illuminating exchange, with each person developing deeper and more inclusive perspectives.

Janet's approach founds a new form of writing which is not a solo act. *It is writing with arms out to a dancing partner.* It poses to the reader the prospect of entering into a companionable search for mutually illuminating interactions. It involves exact self-transformation that is experienced in a deeply personal yet social context.

### Fluent Empathy Imaging

Readers or viewers who image along with Janet will see that their images do not merely mirror hers; their variations on her scene show how the two are distinct while revealing what they have in common. *By becoming aware of how their distinctness and universality interact, imagers free themselves from imposing or confusing projections.* They thus become attuned to crucial subtleties in other people's actions and reactions, gaining an acuity that enables them to release helpfulness from what appeared to be merely obstructive behavior. This clarity frees them from inappropriately distancing themselves in antagonistic ways.

Through highlighting our fluent empathy with nature, our parents and neighbors, Janet's work deepens and broadens people's comprehension of personal experience and interactions. They see clear ways of overcoming the mutual suspicions and hatreds that now prevent them from enjoying relations of deep mutual respect and understanding.

### Two New Transformational Art Forms

Janet has launched two transformational art forms involving the mutually illuminating streams of consciousness that eidetic empathy imaging brings out in people. The journal entries that form her ongoing Transformational Autobiography invite readers to ride along on their parallel empathy images as they read. The live sharing of eidetic empathy imaging that she evokes during Lucid Improvisations invites two or more imagers to enact variations of their

own and each other's eidetic images. *This develops an interlace of elevating transformational interactions.*

Through following the dynamic principles of eidetic empathy imaging that my research has set forth, Janet's work sets people up to gracefully and even comically release themselves from confusions and stalemates they've felt stuck with all their lives. They discover all the surprising verve, joy and sense of direction that is at the ready to surge up in them.

I have noticed that many artists become artists because they have been starved for images in their lives. In line with that, Janet has come to see her art callings – to be a dancer and a writer – as responding to her deepest needs, enabling her to discover abundance in areas where she had felt deficiencies.

Dancing gives her a sense of substance and place she was lacking. Lucid Improvisations let her enter into deeply illuminating exchanges and positive social experiences that the isolation resulting from her extreme shyness prevented her from having. While expanding her own inner ground, the eidetic images that meet her needs also present the other players in Lucid Improvisations with many occasions for richly extending their inner landscapes and repertoire. Janet's generous attention to what is of mutual interest may be the most distinctly valuable quality of her mind.

#### Parental Influence: Art For Public Health

Janet's formulation of Transformational Autobiography and Lucid Improvisations reflects an interesting confluence of parental influences. When she chose to become an eidetic imaging trainer, she was becoming a health care professional, following in the footsteps of her doctor father and uncle and their social worker sister, of Jewish ancestry. She was also following in the footsteps of her performer mother, a gentile, who had been a Shakespearean actress, and was also a fine writer, and interior decorator and home furnishings executive. As divided as her parents were, they were united in their devotion to working for public health. As a result of this, *Janet practices art not for art's sake but in the interests of both personal and public health.*

#### *A Desaparecido*

Janet told me of looking deep into the woods from her studio desk while enjoying her first residency at The Mac Dowell Colony for artists, when the thought occurred to her that the hole in the doughnut makes a doughnut what it is. She saw then that her job – her calling – was to make something out of

nothing, which she often felt like.

When she came to me a few years later, she complained of frequently feeling like a *desaparecido* – a disappeared person. She had identified with them since first hearing of them on the radio news in her teens. At seventeen she saw a friend standing taking a moon bath for the longest time, and realized that she'd never done such a thing and could not imagine anyone in her family doing so either. She finally understood that for her there was "no just being there."

Thus her eidetic imaging work, recounted here, has centered essentially on bringing out the powers of presence from within her, as well as the sense of being somebody, that she – like so many in our culture – feels the want of.

It is no wonder, then, that she has wanted to be a dancer since she was nine, in order to feel and be seen as full bodied. And that she was also attracted to teaching my new understanding of imaging, since it enables people to bring out the body in their pictures of themselves, and thus restore a dramatic, consequential sense of their own substance and powers.

#### Powers Of Concentration

Janet relishes the eidetic process of concentration now as much as she did when it was fresh to her many years ago. *She enjoys the instant sense of deep orientation and direction and suspense that concentrating on an eidetic image draws her into.* As she lets her mind alight on one of these inner motion pictures playing in front of her mind's eye, she gives way to following its coherent inner guidance. By staying in touch with the way an image is touching and moving her, she lets its deeply dramatic meaning come through, instead of slipping by unnoticed.

*She is forever fascinated with how right on eidetic images are. She sees them as intriguingly accurate corrective signals that release an imager from a deep problem by making the essential nature of the problem dramatically clear, while at the same time revealing the moves the person is ready to make to free himself from this problem. She has seen into and clear through many extremely baffling and perturbing problems by looking into each of her images like somebody discovering more and more and more interior facets of a living gem.*

#### A Family Of Origin

Janet seemed to have all the advantages of being well brought up in a doctor's family. At the time of her parents' divorce, when she was eleven, the piano

teacher said Janet's parents had "the best marriage in town."

But Janet was, in fact, immersed in major challenges to well being from day one. Her conception had been delayed for a long time by her father's recurrent T.B. Since he was a doctor, he was walking alongside the gurney as Janet and her mother were being wheeled from the delivery room. In her exaltation at Janet's birth, her mother exclaimed to him, "When can we have another?" "You're too old was his dour reply." As soon as she looked into that oft told tale eidetically, Janet saw her manic depression as beginning right there, in that scene.

She was welcomed home by her half-sister, six years older, whom she later called "the holy terror." Born a few months after her father died, her sister was troubled in ways that were the source of endless parental quarreling, and was sent away to school when Janet was six, leaving Janet with a lifelong sense of missing a close companion. Going unaware of her depression until it was too late, Janet's professionally esteemed sister died before her time, of alcoholism, smoking and emphysema.

Janet's flamboyant mother was severely narcissistic, and what was then called "a social drinker." She put on a convincing act of being a good mother, and doctor's wife, and public servant, but she was divided and divisive, as Janet's images of her show.

Janet's father was diagnosed manic depressive in his mid-eighties, which accounted for certain bouts of inertia that had made him unable to work a few times during his estimable career as a doctor and chief of staff of the Tucson Medical Center and the Bronx and Albuquerque Veterans Administration hospitals. Being removed from him, taken fifteen hundred miles away, because of the divorce, was drastic for Janet, since he was the most stable of the two.

Given this array of troubles, it is no wonder Janet looked vastly relieved when I said to her one day, "It's all normal." I had welcomed her to the broad understanding – in Greek tragedies and elsewhere – which accepts that we're all touched by the touch of many peoples' madnesses. As a result of the great relief this inclusive view gave her, Janet hopes to put others in touch with it, and move them to free themselves from, instead of remaining saddled with, any madness that has marked them.

Self-Analytic Consciousness:  
Profoundly Effective Self-Help

Since her family story includes many of the major commonplace ills in our

time, Janet's ongoing Transformational Autobiography shows how she has kept grappling with and releasing such common emotional, physical and social symptoms as shyness, inhibition, procrastination, depression, volatility, separation, lack of perseverance, dependency, inertia, chronic fatigue, dread and isolation. Because she feels that no one can afford the amount of therapy they want or need, she is grateful for, and a great exemplar of my self-analytic consciousness approach. Her work shows that imagers can methodically follow their eidetic images in order to show themselves out of troubles they may otherwise never get help for.

This is possible because eidetic images distinguish themselves from other forms of imaging by always making the bodymind connection. By virtue of this they always aim to show imagers into better positions and states of mind. Thus eidetic imaging is a purposeful, practically consequential process, quite distinct from verbal free association, which is not rooted in the centering sense our body responses make.

### Showing People To Their Health

Janet's work indicates the range of effective self-help that an imaginative, cost effective health care system could initiate by making eidetic imaging a required course in health care training for doctors, nurses, social workers, and rehabilitation personnel. A basic understanding of eidetic imaging would greatly facilitate professionals' ability to work with each other and their patients more effectively. It would also enable them to pass eidetic skills and understanding on to their patients, so they can engage themselves and their families and friends in more effective and easeful self help.

When people who are in need not only see but also feel right away the dramatic difference imaging makes to them mentally, emotionally and physically, they are readily motivated to do their therapeutic homework. They also like pursuing this profound form of imaging because they enjoy nothing more than solving the deepest mysteries of their lives on their own, of their own accord.

Janet shows how much healing can pour forth in people as soon as they put their minds on *going for their health*, and discover all the active help that is alive and well in them. All of this is obscured now by our overwhelming focus on cognitivism, disease and chemicals, or surgical interventions.



## Janet's Progress

Janet now travels both the depths and heights of imagination with what I would call equal grace. She proceeds steadily and lucidly in her thinking, feeling and moving, while discovering increasing inner strength, and depth of focus as she keeps moving along. She is grateful that her daily practice of eidetic imaging has enabled her to outgrow being jerked around by the whirlpools and whiplashing in the currents of her consciousness that were the legacy of her disruptive early family life.

She has even occasionally experienced the surprisingly forceful eruptions of Tourette's syndrome, during which she often shouted out, "I don't know." Because her experiences of Tourette's syndrome were such rare shots in the dark, she never mentioned them to any therapist. When she finally mentioned them to me, we both saw them as of central importance in understanding her whole picture.

Looking again into an image showing **her mother giving her the back of her head**, Janet saw that situation as giving her reason to exclaim, "I don't know." It also revealed the basis for an analyst telling her, "You have a doubting disease." In the image, **Janet saw herself as an infant hanging over her mother's arm, sensing that her mother was turning the back of her head to her. Seeing the utterly lost look on her face as an infant, Janet said, "What could I know! often being suspended in the arms of abandonment and contradictory evidence, instead of face to face confirmation, at such an early age?!"** (For more on this see *A New Picture Of Narcissism* further on.)

The same psychoanalyst told her, "Your waters are muddy." She now sees and feels that her waters are running clear and sweet. She sustains dramatic illuminations often for months, even years. Each new dramatic development keeps her going on a more even keel. These illuminations give her more and more of the balance that comes from having a more whole picture of her inner life. They also give her a greater, as well as far more accurate, sense of her place in the world.

Proceeding on these illuminations she has emerged from continual drawbacks, and gained a sense that a sustained impetus is projecting her into the world, moving her beyond any predisposition to feel reluctant and withdraw.

## A Deeper Outlook On People

Janet has developed a keen eye for seeing other people more deeply, clearly, empathically and helpfully by working extensively with my Eidetic Parents Test

with her students, and thus seeing exactly how many early situations have shaped her own and her students' lives. Having this new awareness, she can far more readily see the sources of someone's behavior, and correctly sense its likely outcome in their lives, if they do or if they don't work with their eidetic images. *Picking up on her acuity, those who become familiar with Janet's work will see how to replace blind projection with imagining more accurately what a person is going through. They will also be more able to draw their attention to searching out health that has long been overlooked.*

When Janet first came to see me she was in another of her tailspins. The whirlwind turbulence of her consciousness was obstructing her ability to hold eidetic images in front of her mind's eye long enough to get in touch with her body responses to the images. Despite this, she grasped my confidence in her capability. She was also ready to hear that working with eidetic imaging could free her from living the life of a depressive. That is what she wanted to hear. She'd kept going to therapy for many years believing that was what therapy was for. But each new therapist opened with some version of, "There are no guarantees," expressing the profession's ever-doubting disease.

### Scenes On The Way

As we shared in reviewing her "soul progressions," Janet mentioned some of the major eidetic feats she had experienced, and noted some of the landmarks she'd seen on her journey.

Please note: Her images are represented here in ***bold face italics***, and usually include all three components of an eidetic as I've defined them: the IMAGE, the SOMATIC (BODY) RESPONSE, and the MEANING.

*She told me that, while she was writing one day, she saw that a metaphor is very like a helicopter flying sky high, providing only a fragmentary and distant vision of a subject. Whereas an eidetic gives you the whole living picture of your subject, an up close and personal view of what is touching and moving you now and has been doing so for years.*

With astonishment still very alive in her eyes, she spoke of her next eidetic realization. ***"My head was clear! The steel wool had cleared out of my head!" She had had a physical sensation of the congestion from confusion and irritability having cleared out from inside her head.***

Next she recalled ***seeing a floating coconut coming in for a landing. This meant to her that she was coming in off the high seas of consciousness that her family tumult had left her in.***

Not long after that she saw in her mind's eye **a boulder promontory standing before her, inviting her to step up onto terra firma.** After that, **she saw Shiva, the Hindu Lord Of Tantra and Dance, nearing the top of the mountain he was climbing, his tall golden trident in hand. She then felt that she, too, was nearing a mountaintop as the contours of her inner landscape began to be increasingly clear to her.**

One day **she saw herself as a child hiding timidly behind a huge boulder, and being encouraged by a very patient moose to meet him eye to eye.** Through this image she began to feel more in touch with the strength of her father, whom she'd largely lost touch with because of her parents' long-distance divorce.

The longer Janet worked with eidetic imaging the deeper her images went to bring out the underlying structural problems, and release the antidote images and inner strengths that reside in them.

Not much later **she saw a powerful figure, whom she called Mama Mountain, rise up from the center of a black lake, marking the emergence of a sense of her center, and the beginning of her movement from extreme introversion to extroversion.** As her inner strength grew, the haphazard currents of her consciousness gave way to the organized sense of balance that came from a deep grasp of the true center. Her forthrightness was winning out over her precipitous and circuitous withdrawals.

### Swift, Profound, & Lasting Transformations

Before going further it is essential for readers who have not experienced eidetic transformations to get a better picture of them, to see how much fun they can be, and what a difference they make in a person's whole outlook. The quickest way to do this is to look at of Janet's videos on her website <[www.ImageGrove.org](http://www.ImageGrove.org) – coming soon> especially, *FINDING THE FATHER YOU ALWAYS WANTED*, and "Swinging To the Positive" from "VICTORY!" a segment of her DVD, "SEEING OURSELVES IN EACH OTHER'S SHOES."

Her videos show that brilliant transformations, which may appear drawn out in writing, actually happen at the speed of light. After the initial appearance of an eidetic image, repeated concentration on it brings out transformational ripple effects. These are often startling, usually clarifying, purifying and freeing. People who know that such transformations are at the ready have a better outlook overall. Instead of predicting that they or others will remain stuck in their resistant old ways, *they expect to see needed changes through imaging.*

*They look forward to this; and enjoy seeing these changes take place efficiently and often entertainingly.*

People who release this hidden natural aptitude for transformation look into difficult situations boldly, instead of reflexively turning away from them. They become fascinated with the possibility of swiftly and straightaway getting out of a trouble that has been obscure or stuck on replay.

A reader who is not alert to the sound hope of transformation that Janet proceeds on may still have discouraging expectations that Janet no longer is beset with. They may think the trouble she is facing is more than they, or anyone else, would ever care to know about. They may also believe that we can get away with overlooking such difficulties. At what cost? Janet has pointed out that not getting rid of the troubles eidetic imaging can, in fact, free us of is a lot more trouble than she wants to face, in herself or others.

Janet now has confidence that the thread of light she is following at any moment is tough enough to steer her clear through the problem, however deep and twisty it is. And she wants everyone to understand that they, too, can find the strong thread of light they need to take in hand.

#### Most Moving Images

The image that took her to the source of her dejection, and extensive suicidal ideation is among the most moving images Janet recalls going through. It began with ***seeing herself as a child driven to her knees under the kitchen table – or her bed – by her mother furiously glaring, and shaking a pointing finger at her, and criticizing her.***

Janet later saw that her depression was deep and protracted because it was composed of two clearly interlocking components of this scene. The first component was the extreme state of *compression* that her mother's furies drove her down into. The second component was the tensing up she went into mirroring the way her father tensed up in fear of her mother letting all hell break loose. In this way he managed to control himself but not the situation.

Upon ***seeing how she had been trapped in the interlock of her mother's fury and her father's fear of it, Janet felt released from the dread that had kept overshadowing her life.*** She currently sees this as the greatest miracle her eidetic images have worked.

Another image that was of great magnitude and quite surprising to her gave Janet the feeling that ***the split her parents' divorce had left in her was being healed. This profound sense of healing, which she sensed from several images,***

***deepened conspicuously when she concentrated on an image that reunited her with the affection that her father shared with Lena, the woman who cared and played with her when she was little. Lena was the pillar of stability for Janet weathering this stormy childhood.*** When eidetic images cannot release the solution in the parental figures themselves, alternative figures surface that also have the power to prompt the imager's needed developmental strength to grow.

### Surfacing Mythic Structures

Having had what she calls an almost anti-spiritual upbringing, Janet was not conversant with seeing the light. Because of this void in her, she became keenly alert to the structuring powers of mythic eidetic imaging. She describes these profoundly orienting architectural moments in her imaging in ways that enable others to enter into them. See her essay, on her website, *Discovering The Dramatic, Futuristic, Architectural Anatomy Of Emotion Under The Sun*.

She recalls the following scenes – which appeared spontaneously, not being deliberately sought, while she was imaging – as providing momentous visual experiences, each of them touching and moving her in a distinct way: ***seeing the sun rising between two standing stones at Stonehenge; seeing the sun glowing off the golden tip of an Egyptian pyramid, before washing down its sides and penetrating its dark interior through a little door; and seeing lion suspending Janet as an infant within the hammock-like protection of its haunches.*** These images came to her all of a sudden when she needed exactly what they offered her.

Following my instructions for Visiting Shiva In His Cave, ***Janet sees her way out of her extreme shyness. In the beginning of the image, she sees herself as a very scared kid rubbing her back and hands along a cliff face as she inches her way along above the cliff edge, on her way to the cave's entrance, where she hears Shiva's heart beating. She sneaks into a shallow dark side cave off the vestibule, and lies there on her back wriggling, taking her time about proceeding any further. Having shyly following a cricket around a wall of light, a glorious inner sanctum filled with golden light appears deep in the mountain. There Shiva stands in the center of the glow; and Jannie soon appears before his eyes dancing like a cupid on his palm, both of them beaming with ultimate happiness.***

These are the profound psychic situations that Janet portrays so finely. She shows step by step how skillful handling of negative images releases positive antidote images that move an imager into new positions and states of mind and body that are free of the negative reactions they were saddled with.

## A New Picture Of Narcissism

By releasing a succession of inner movies – each one showing her the next move she is ready to make on her way out of trouble – Janet has outgrown not only her extreme shyness, but also the fearfulness and chronic depression accompanying that shyness.

One of the most instructive images that has come up for Janet, and one she would most like the world to use, is the aforementioned image *showing her as an infant getting the back of her mother's head*, which is described completely below. In Janet's view, this image gives us the deep inside story of the drama that is the root cause of the symptoms of narcissism, a disease we have been seeing more externally, relying on the Greek myth, which pictures *the youth, Narcissus, brought to his knees, bending over a stream endlessly looking at his image in it. Instead of seeing this as Narcissus being in love with himself, Janet sees this as showing him looking for his lost self image, and knows that, instead of suffering from a superabundance of self-love, a narcissist is far more likely to suffer from excessive self-loathing.*

The self-image that turned out to be so illuminating emerged from the eidetic stream of consciousness in which mythic figures will sometimes judiciously bring to light overwhelming internal situations that have long been obscured by a person's fear. By making such horrifying or terrifying scenes graphically, dramatically and beneficently clear, such revealing mythic images free a person from the fear they've lived in.

Thus it was that in this imaging progression Kali – the fierce Hindu goddess whose image I had asked Janet to work with – models a quiet move characteristic of the way Janet's mother often treated Janet from infancy on, exaggerating it in caricature to make with the impact of the move thoroughly felt. This quiet move revealed a negative aspect of her mother's historical behavior that was overlooked in the family drama in which Janet's mother was usually seen as highly competent and gentle, and rarely seen as emotionally extremely violent. Since quiet moves go unseen in nicks of time, the damage they do goes undetected and unremedied. Janet hopes this image of hers will make such an indelible impression that people will be able to see what is hitting them – or their patients – instead of leaving the off spring or partners of narcissists to suffer through the mystery of what hit them for decades, as Janet had to.

*Standing tall and large in the image, Kali holds the infant Janet hanging over her right arm, fiddling with a toy in her hands. Instead of looking attentively towards the infant, as good mothers do, Kali demonstrates the way Janet's mother looked away from her, giving Janet the back of her head, a mere wall of hair.*

The most shocking instance of getting the back of her mother's head came when her mother was in a nursing home, lying in the bed where she later died. Janet had come from the East for a Christmas visit before her mother fell ill, bringing a recent video of being interviewed on television about eidetic imaging. The social worker had kindly brought a TV monitor to her mother's bedside so they could all view it together. Janet was standing at the foot of her mother's bed, facing her mother. The social worker stood facing the TV monitor and Janet.

*When the social worker turned the video on, Janet's mother looked the other way, right out the window. Viewing this scene again eidetically Janet felt she was looking straight into the split that sometimes made her mother so contrary, and left Janet endlessly perplexed.* In that moment her last hope of giving her mother a proud-mother moment was terminally dashed. Janet had been told by her mother's psychoanalyst that people just become more the way they are as they age. But that had not prepared her for this. The social worker threw Janet a quizzical look, threw her mother a look of shock and disdain, and went on watching.

Concentrating further on this image of getting the back of her mother's head, instead of her face, *Janet saw that, by not focusing Janet's attention within a stable caring embrace – as Lena, her caregiver did – Janet's mother had let her daughter's attention go all over the place.*

Janet sees that this contributes to her openness, which enabled her to readily grasp the comprehensive nature of eidetic imaging. But she also sees how this openness has posed immense hurdles to her efficiency.

She got a profound sense of what this meant to her attention span by contrasting her situation in this scene with *scenes of Christ being held in the concerted focus of the Madonna, or the circle of attentive wise men and animals.* She then pictured the formation of attention spans among millions of *children being raised by sitting dazed before televisions or clutching their cell phones.*

To Janet, our deepest challenge is really to surface and restore a fundamental sense of concerted effort in consciousness, in order to overcome being chronically astray.

## Letting A Coherent Picture Emerge

Janet puzzled for years over what a therapist meant when he said her mother was schizophrenogenic. The image of **her mother looking away** solved her puzzlement. She saw how her own concentration was split by being held in the arms of this contortionist maternal attitude.

***Looking at herself hanging over Kali's arm, with Kali's head turned away from her, Janet saw that, through being "abandoned to everywhere," she consequently had little or no focus or destiny. She thought this might be the early state of consciousness that graffiti, and a culture necessitating graffiti, arises out of.***

This image showed her that, instead of being held in the focusing embrace of her mother's caring attention, she'd been left alone, hanging on her mother's arm, her mind abandoned, not knowing where to go. Her attention was thus too wide open for Janet to funnel it towards a coherent sense of direction, until eidetic imaging gave her an opportunity to do so. *This disability gave Janet a keen appetite for and appreciation of all the senses of direction and directional signals her eidetic images keep bringing out in her.*

## Dropped

What Janet calls The-Turn-Of-The-Head image, finally formed the keystone to the arch of her grappling with the subject of narcissism over many years. As she continued to concentrate on this image, there was a further development. ***Her mother – still modeled by Kali giving Janet the back of her head – drops her. Just widening the gap between her body and her arm, she lets Janet slip straight down. Plop.***

Janet said seeing this eidetic dramatization of her mother's attitude is a relief, because it so accurately reflects how abandoned and dropped – how heartsunk – she often feels, without having been physically dropped. It made something very deep in her quite clear.

This image provided a good example of how the verification in an eidetic image both confirms and soothes the imager, even when the burden of the message the image brings to the person is heavy. She'd been able to both see, and release herself from, her deepest emotional problem – her feeling of being dropped – so long held under wraps.



It also cleared up a large part of the emotional mystery of having been jilted, showing how she'd been drawn into yet another similar relationship with a narcissist who had dropped her. She'd long known, and seen in others, that eidetic images magically draw people into life relationships that present them with just the problem they need to resolve. Being dropped by the man she'd devoted loving attention to for many years brought this eidetic dynamic into her awareness in a big way. She saw that she had fallen prey to the classic love-is-blind state, even though she'd known from the very beginning that the relationship had a lot of odds against it. However, still blind to her deepest wound, she overlooked the predictable end of this relationship which she could have seen coming right under her nose, which would have considerably ameliorated if not prevented the breakup.

### Getting Your Own Back

Having her feelings of being dropped awakened while doing this Kali image, she was reminded of another interesting facet of her mechanism, remembering that her love told her he had, in fact, felt at one time, that she had dropped him. Knowing she had not, she tried to refute his misunderstanding, but her words fell on deaf ears. Dumbfounded, she dropped the subject, instead of persisting in reaching understanding. When he complained of her no longer calling him at work she didn't see or hear that he was feeling dropped! "Of all people," she said, "I should have known better, I should have heard those feelings in his beautiful voice when what he was saying did not ring true to my side of the story. I should not have dropped what I could not understand. Not looking into this, I let his early story break into our present life, and bust it up. There were other reasons. But this one could have been avoided, and should have been, if I'd had my eyes and my heart fully open."

"Only after I'd let my feelings of being dropped by my mother come fully alive in my mind did I see that I had inadvertently triggered his sense of being dropped by his own mother. If I'd persisted in reaching an understanding at this point I would have prevented my image in his mind from remaining marked for life by having triggered all those dreadful old feelings in him, feelings I knew all too well in my own self, deep feelings of sudden loss and terrible insoluble perplexity. I was so sorry that in trying to do well by him I had in fact revived a very deep old grief."

"I saw how deep the expression 'you will get your own back' goes. **You do get your own back, while you disown it.** It was clear that until I completely deactivate my own image of being dropped, and stop dropping myself in ways that make me drop back inappropriately, I will continue to drop important subjects I should pursue, and make others feel dropped, or be dropped myself."

## Recovery

As the images emanated further, ***Janet saw herself as a baby landing on her diapered rump. She said, “The dropped baby just sits there for a while, looking back on this scene.” To Janet, the imager, this baby looked like a somewhat dazed Buddha or lingam filling up with the reverberating illuminations struck by this image.***

She saw that her soul got lost when she was not seen properly – according to her own self – in her parents’ eyes. From being dropped out of sight – and care – in her parents’ eyes, she had kept dropping out in her own eyes.

In doing so she also became more deeply invisible in the eyes of her fellow in what has been called our “culture of narcissism.” From her own period of identifying with the homeless, Janet knows that this state of mind can give a person a sense of homelessness that can readily lead into becoming actually homeless.

## Beyond Narcissism

By sharing her transformational journey Janet is not narcissistically focusing on herself alone. She is in fact generously providing others in our sprawling narcissistic culture with something to go on; some stepping stones they can put their feet on in order to get out of the prevailing stream of narcissistic disappearance less perilously.

As Janet’s writings make abundantly clear, the child of a narcissist is caught in the predicament of not being seen; and therefore being unable to see herself clearly enough *to have some standing in her own imagination*. As she began her eidetic imaging work with me, Janet was almost always invisible to herself, to the degree that, quite to her dismay, she often saw her older sister standing in her stead! This degree of dissolution of identity makes this phenomenon so elusive that mind cannot grasp it. Janet’s previous therapists couldn’t grasp what she couldn’t grasp.

*Janet’s illuminating accounts of her heroic struggle to reconstitute her identity, while also seeing her way clear through to the bottom of this disappearance problem eidetically, can be surely valuable to others suffering from similar narcissistic self-loss, and to those trying to help others grasp their disappeared selves.*

Her story tells us that she needed, first of all, to appear in her own images, facing the moose (the daddy), for instance; instead of hopelessly searching for herself, as many people do, in their fleeting reflections in the stream of subway or shop windows. After she began appearing consistently in her own images, her images then showed her the way of gaining footing and standing firmly in her own imagination, a standing which had kept being washed away in the family havoc.

Janet sees that a person appears to be what we call narcissistic as a direct result of being constantly erased or written over by their parent's – and society's – deep blindness to all this, which makes them feel like nothing, and act like nothing and nobodies. How can they be somebody in their own minds if they are only a body to be dropped or bumped off in their parent's eyes? When she first began to grapple with this phenomenon, at the age of seventeen, she called it “cellophane murder.” As the depth of her depressions as well as tenacity of her suicidal tendencies were becoming apparent, she was becoming aware of how lethal it could be in the end.

From the new vantage point this image gave her, which had been escaping her all her life, Janet saw that her whole enterprise – even as a poet prior to becoming an eidetic imager – had been gathering the slithering shards of her elusive self image out of the rushing streams of her frightful consciousness. How could she not be afraid, even of herself, from being nothinged when she so constantly disappeared? And how could others not back away from someone so infused with being nothinged that abounds in our society? I once asked her if she was competitive in some way. Her instant reply was, “I am competitive only with my own death.”

### Lovely Lena

Since starting imaging in her forties, Janet's images have increasingly shown how important her childhood caregiver, Lena, was to her, giving her imagination material from which she could gain a sense of standing. A tall, elderly, profoundly calm and purely loving Swedish woman, Lena played devotedly with Janet throughout her early childhood, becoming thus the pillar of Janet's historical upbringing. The presence of Lena's stability within her became apparent to Janet, and grew stronger, only through eidetic imaging.

She first noticed the presence of a person of standing within her while imaging her first grade teacher, Mrs. Shirer, who stood tall. Only later did Janet realize that Mrs. Shirer had stability and calm very akin to Lena's. Janet has kept practicing many of images to gain standing over the years, especially positive father images and tree and lingam images. These images bring out a person's

awareness of the dynamics of being upstanding, something children of divorce, or single or foster parenting may have little or no ken of.

Before experiencing this yourself, or seeing this happen with a student, it is hard for anyone to believe the extent to which eidetic imaging can bring out what has seemed to be missing in a person. To fill in gaps in their developmental experience eidetic imaging surfaces either historic or mythic figures – or brings out the mythic proportions of historic figures – who have the power to bring out needed potential strengths that were not brought out because of deficiencies in the person’s upbringing.

### Being Shocked and Shocking

When she mentioned having Tourette’s, I asked Janet to demonstrate for me how it struck her. She suddenly sat forward sternly and blurted out, “I don’t know,” with ferocious intensity; clamping her jaw shut in the end. She remembered that “I don’t know” was the single phrase that had most frequently shot out of her. In her demonstration, it shot out of her like a lightning bolt, and then she instantly clamped down on it as if chomping it off with her teeth. The elements of this form of expression she’d enacted – its suddenness, thrust and curtailment – were all shocking.

By enacting the moment of Tourette’s, she realized that these ejaculations – the term by which they are known in the therapy trade – were a direct reflection of the thrust of her mother’s furious attacks. She saw that her mother’s form of attack was so thoroughly mirrored in her own outbursts that she, Janet, attacked others as compulsively and impulsively and blindly as her mother did, being only vaguely aware of the ferocity, or the impact it was having.

It now made sense to Janet that it was her mother’s furies that were still coming out through her. She was reflecting her mother’s furies just as her mother was reflecting her father’s ill temper. It became clear to Janet that these moments of intense anger were what occasionally made people scared of her, and blinded them to the helpful person she knew herself to be deep down. Seeing all this made it understandable why she often felt there had been some miscarriage of justice in her life. These sudden distortions of her good nature had kept compelling her to live the life of “a loner” far more than she wished.

Then she saw that this form of anger – which has the repetitive qualities of a fractal – was the shape many behaviors of hers took, marked by sudden intense forthrightness and withdrawal. She could see that this dynamic structure in her consciousness accounted not only for her occasional unbearable intensity, but

also for its unpredictable and explosive nature. She saw as well that this in fact affected her whole life so much that she rarely even tried to plan anything.

Now she understood why. She always lived on volatile not to say volcanic ground. She never felt that she had either a steady enough leg to stand on, or sufficient calm to see ahead, and proceed steadily, instead of fitfully. In writing, for instance, she could never work from outlines. "Now I can get organized!" she exclaimed. With this new hope she felt a lifelong guilt about her chronic disarray blow away.

Janet had once asked an analyst – her mother's, in fact – "Does what got into you have to come out?" He had no answer for her. Now, in eidetic imaging, the answer comes out. Sure enough.

When I said to her, "Tourette's syndrome is your calling," she smiled at my deep humor. She was enjoying a great sense of relief from seeing the depth and complete justice in my understanding. But she was also feeling chagrin over how much of her life had been wasted because her shyness about mentioning these outbursts had prevented earlier recognition of and freedom from how extensively they disrupted her operations. But, instead of feeling burdened by seeing the wide-ranging effects of this difficult dynamic she'd been caught up in all her life, she felt elated. Because, in seeing it so deeply and clearly, she felt it falling away from her as she was backing off from it.

### Seeing And Ousting What Comes Over You

Getting more in touch with the frightening level of her consciousness, she saw why, in fifth grade, the year before her parents' divorce, she had named the ghost for the Halloween radio play Frightful. From that perspective, having realized how and why she occasionally erupted with such extreme force occasionally, she now saw how dejection struck her with equal suddenness, casting her down deeply, body and soul. As a result of recognizing the similarity in the suddenness with which dejection and anger struck her, the next time she felt herself being thrown into deep dejection she was able to swiftly dismiss it as a replay that was neither appropriate nor helpful to the situation, and carry on in a level headed way. Every eidetic image she'd ever released appeared to have come to help her ease her way out of that chronic underlying state of terror. Thus the intensity and frequency of her Tourette's symptoms had gradually diminished, without our having addressed them head on.

As we talked, she recalled that her first love kept saying to her, lovingly but emphatically, "Ease off!" But the easing off she needed had to go very deep,

through many twisty layers, to defuse the situations that often felt to her like landmines lodged in her inner landscape from an early age.

End Of Part 1

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## THE EIDETIC DANCER WITH THE LIGHT

### Part 2

### Letting The Inside Story Work Its Way Out

#### Out Of Fear

After our discussion of her Tourette's, Janet saw that current signs of this jolting disorder were asking for her attention. A mild manifestation of the disturbance occurred fleetingly when two recent memories kept jerking her around, sending shocks of deep embarrassment through her. She noticed they both involved situations requiring suppression or curtailment of expressing her deep affection.

She could look into this suddenness deeply only after a spurt of teeth-gritting anger came shooting out of her on the phone. Afterwards she realized that what lit her fuse was being treated in the same ignominious way her mother often treated her, when she was too engrossed with being busy to take Janet's comfort in the situation into account. Looking at the word *comfort* – *com* + *fort* – Janet saw that people who are being inconsiderate show no concern for leaving you in your comfort zone, in a position of strength you are comfortable with.

Janet showed me the journal entry, below, in which she describes looking into this situation head on eidetically. I am quoting it at length here – just as I have quoted many passages of my students' work in my recent books – because I have found that letting their whole picture roll is soothing to people, because it verifies what they have been through, while releasing them from it at the same

time. In this passage the reader sees Janet exhibit the surprisingly penetrating self-healing brilliance that eidetic imagers can expect to discover within themselves.

*From Janet's Transformational Autobiography:*

"So the question is: How can I get rid of this reaction for good?"

***"I see myself sitting in this chair, going into the anger, and feel my body hunch forward as I am overcome with fury, gnashing my teeth, a deep thrust of anger volleying forth from between my tight teeth-gritting jaws. Fulminating is the word that keeps coming to me. ..."***

"A swift emanation that I did on this scene yesterday showed ***Jannie, baby me, just crawling straight, head up, smiling.*** That's the idea! I get the picture. But it came too fast for me. I don't feel that it alone has the power to prevent these sudden reactions from bolting through me. I want to see what will stop me from reacting that way ever again; the image that will 'cut it out!' as my Father used to say, 'Yes,' my inner voice says.

"I feel pretty sure that the way this anger comes over me is the way a friend's anger comes over him. He's just suddenly into it; there's no stopping him. It is like a roof of fury that overcomes the whole person, and shoots out of him.

***"I hear the woman pushing me around yesterday, clearly innocent or ignorant of what she's doing wrong. I feel the teeth gnashing taking over my whole jaw. I see a dim image of baby Janet. Her right arm flies up and pounds down. She spins around, looking furiously at me, and throwing something in my imager's face. Now her head is bowed down over her knees, as if she's ducking from being hit by a ball being thrown at her. She again turns around, shooting a furious face at me, and throws another projectile in my face.*** Her actions seem to diagram the contortions I went through. "Ructions," my mother would call them, blaming me for them. These are what gave Akhter reason to speak of my consciousness as being 'knotted.'

"Is it just millions of mirrorings of my mother turning on me that I have to dissolve and thus defuse? I know it can be hard work sometimes; though it's usually entertaining. But I also know it will do the job, as nothing else has.

" 'Yes,' my inner voice says. This shows again that a *spinning around* is involved in response to the immediate threat of being hit by a projectile.

“The tension that takes over my jaw and whole head during such sudden anger must be what is causing my jaw to keep locking lately. The mantle of fury coming over me is a direct response to the threat of being overlooked and overridden. The narcissistic person does not realize he is posing any danger since he is acting out of being numb and blind and deaf to a similar situation in himself.

***“Turning to Kali, I am thinking: ‘You can see what’s going on. With this in mind, please show me what you think I need to see in order to root this reaction out of my system for good. I want to be disconnected from it; unafraid of anyone ever touching it off again. I see that the fury I experience, reflecting my mother’s, is that of a furious cat leaping in your face with gnashing teeth prominent. ‘Yes,’ my inner voice says.***

***“ ‘Kali, I know Jackal is with you. I see him sniffing around towards me more avidly than usual, as if he senses he is right onto something.’ That’s for sure.***

***“I get a funny dim cartoon image, drawn in grey lines of light almost more swiftly than I can see. It is as if Jackal, like a bird, has dug a worm out of the ground, and, after tossing it up in the air and getting another bite hold on it, tosses it over his shoulder and puts it behind him. I see this as a sign that we’re going to get this bug out of my system. ‘Yes!’ an inner voice says with triumphant excitement.***

“This image is showing the speed at which the eidetic images Akhter calls autisma become full blown. Sense, dig, bite, toss away. Instant, distilled, pointed action dramas. Just pinch it and throw. ...

“This reminds me of my sister for some reason. I am wondering if some innocent seeming act of hers drew me into getting stung. “Yes,” my inner voice says. ***I see her smiling moon face, not at all suggestive of any harm that’s coming to me.***

“I think of my lost love. Did something my sister did to me, before she went away to high school, blind me to the mechanism in him, the ditching capacity, by which he betrayed me. ‘Yes,’ my inner voice says, though I don’t see it yet. It’s a *whiplash phenomenon*. I know that.

***“Aha. I see myself escaping from my sister’s lap. She’s sitting cross legged. I’m crawling out in front of her. I have been in her care. She is looking imperious, not caring. I don’t see what she’s done that makes me crawl to mother. I am appealing to Mommy’s leg for help, expecting to be picked up and cared for. Then Mommy thrusts me into the far corner of a handy bulldozer shovel.***

Here’s a good instance of the dramatic exaggeration eidetics sometimes use to



drive a point home through your calluses. We did not have a handy bulldozer shovel.

“Further emanations of this image revealed that the image of baby **Jannie crawling straight ahead, head up, smiling**, was indeed the antidote image Janet needed to realize in order to free herself from being trapped in the lap of her mother’s and sister’s hostility. It showed her making the perfectly graceful exit from being caught up in the angry machinations of their sanitation department attitude toward child rearing.

“I felt I was being generous towards the woman who was giving me short shrift. **Fury erupts in me at the mere whiff of this thought, and my jaw is clamping down on it.** So my current jaw locking is clamping down on my complete fury at the contradictory giving/ungiving situation I’ve been caught in ...

“My mother held me hostage too. **I see myself age three sitting on the bench in the breakfast nook swinging my legs. I am looking up at Mommy standing talking away on the phone.** I must have spent many hours of my childhood like that. Not free to go out to play. Held hostage to watching Mommy do her thing. My life, my play life, my life of action on hold.

“A narcissist has no thought for the damage that putting you on hold like this – disregarding your interests – does you. You are nothing to them. Absolutely nothing. You know it and feel it. But you are not allowed to protest. This image reveals the position I’ve held in far too many situations. ...

“And I see now that a narcissist’s blindness to you is the red carpet by which she or he walks all over you. !!!!!!!

“Hence what I recently called ‘the dissolution of identities.’ In their blindness narcissists project their identity onto you so they don’t see the difference between the two of you. So you are disappeared; being engulfed in their projection.

“But yet, at the same time, you are entangled in some entwinement that falsely treats you as if you were a free agent, a free and independent employee.

“Is this the world’s most miserable disease? “Yes,” my inner voice says. ...

“Repeating the image I am concentrating on, **I see myself gnashing my teeth yesterday, and going down into an eruption of teeth-gritting anger and loud fury.** I am acting the way my friend acted on the phone the other day when he was overcome with anger, “beside himself.” That expression recognizes the fact

that the person is possessed by something like a demonic presence instead of his true self.

*"I am going as deeply as possible into the scene that made me so mad. **I dimly envision her beautiful face on the other end of the phone line. And hear her innocent voice as she's unable to grasp how disturbing she is.***

*"Doing emanation – intensifying the negative image by concentrating on it in order to swing to the positive – **I see another me jumping out of the me descending into that eruption of fury. This new me is thrown back. I am a rag doll baby who has been thrown out in front by a wave and is being caught in a wave coming from behind. I look scared and helpless. I am caught hanging, hung between waves; in the midst of, surrounded by erupting waves.***

*"So a Tourette's outburst can be seen as an attempt to fight fire with fire; erupting with a wave of anger as the only answer to disappearance when **being held over the trough between waves.** What else would I know to do in such circumstances? 'Right,' my inner voice says firmly.*

*"There's a structural understanding of the origin of Tourette's!*

#### Free To Be Baby

*"**I look at that baby held up in that wave, suspended in the sense of total fear.** 'Yes,' my inner voice says. That's what is beyond most people's imaginations. Few can imagine what it's like not to have some support or kindness to hold onto because of being tossed on the high seas of consciousness as an infant, and brought up in a long-impending divorce.*

*"**The baby turns and looks at me, and claps her hands. The most perfectly beautiful pure smile of baby happiness and glee comes over her face.***

With her dire situation recognized, she is free at last to BE BABY, instead of being fear. Intensification of the negative image – by deeply concentrating on it – has worked as reliably as ever, popping up an antidote image that swings me into the opposite positive state.

*"So here is the solution to the longstanding mystery of my fascination with smiles. I would hang in fascination on other people's smiles. But what I really wanted and needed to do was get down to my own. I couldn't see where other people's smiles were coming from until I went beyond being suspended in fear, and **knew my own pure, original wholehearted smile.***

*"I look at myself folding over into the fearful eruption of rage. I see myself thrown back in a laughing smile. I am a happy baby turning to a new toy on my right. I gather it up in my hands and throw it a little ahead of me, preparing to go for it, with a big happy smile on my face and throughout my hands. This is a life-welcoming smile and grasp. I am out of fear.*

### The Laughing Buddha

*"Is it possible that, having let this baby descend from the wave clashing womb of fear she grew up in, I have just now gone to the root of Tourette's and uprooted it at its source, at its headwaters? So that now I have separated from it. It doesn't have me any more. I have it at my disposal.*

*"I look to Jackal to see if he thinks we've done the job. He looks away in Kali's direction unconcerned. This reminds me of Akhter's way of ignoring a pressing question, not wanting to be hung up on some little thing. 'Yes,' my inner voice says. Will I never get confirmation? 'Yes,' my inner voice says. Just as I suspected.*

*"I look to Kali wanting some acknowledgement, some approval of the work done here. She, too, has moved onto the next thing. She doesn't approve of approval any more than Akhter does! For good reason. As I see it, true approval is so rare you're apt to be standing on no leg if you depend on finding it.*

*"Kali starts digging as fast and furiously as Jackal did, throwing shovels full of dirt behind her. She looks like a Russian peasant woman digging ditches, but draped in robes. Now she stands up straight before me, perfectly straight, as straight as my lost lover. I am thinking this means I can stop the frantic digging. "That's right!" an inner voice says emphatically. I am as straight as an arrow. All straightened out. Wow. At ease.*

*"Going back to the initial image again, I look at myself going over into that eruption. Now I feel a big me, a giant me clapping. That whole little knot-of-anger me is enveloped and dissolved in this giant, clapping Buddha me. Wow.*

*"Here is the welcoming presence, the laughing Buddha, plenteous with his sense of pleasure and praise for being alive in the clapping moment.*

*"I remember snubbing the laughing Buddha when I first saw him as some tchotchke when I was a teenager. I thought he was just some cheap junk Buddha. Now he's the ultimate cure.*

*"I feel a smile subtly crossing my cheeks and infusing my eyes.*

*"Out of fear. Out from under frown, and pain, and wriggling and squirming, and scowling.*

*"I am no longer Janet Oop – Alley Oop's familiar, as I dubbed myself recently – holding her authoritative club at her side. Now Janet Laughing Buddha, sitting in her smiling lotus position, is emitting a fragrance of pleasantness and pleasures to come.*

"How could I do outreach work without becoming Lotus Blossom Bloom first?

"My jaw feels better. Wouldn't it be something if I cured myself! Just by paying a little of the deepest possible attention.

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TO BE CONTINUED