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Diana's Diary: A Case-Study of Hypnotherapy

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ABSTRACT

This case-study accounts on a 25 year's old woman's serious suffering and recovery due to successful hypnotherapy conducted by the author. Diana, the patient was a salesgirl in a little store. She was inflicted numerous stab-wounds with culpable homicide, and her life depended on few seconds only. After having had a chest surgery she was gradually becoming anxious while reliving her trauma again and again, and she became ill suffering from posttraumatic stress disorder (PTSD), and she had to take antidepressant and anxiolytic drugs. Her Jungian type of psychotherapy including hypnotic sessions with Guiding Spirit Method divided into two periods. In the course of the first period longing for a year she was relieving from anxious attacks and intrusive traumatic images as characterized by PTSD, and she has become balanced mentally. Although, she had been quite well after the first period of therapy, a new serious problem came to light since she aborted twice, and she was unable to be pregnant again. Then, the second period of therapy started for her request, and ended when she became pregnant again, and she had a newborn baby, later. This study is divided into two parts. In the first part the patient will be the leading character, whose subjective report serves as a basis of the case-study. In doing so an intimacy of the report is felt as it is told in Diana's voice written in her diary. The therapist's interpretation upon the therapeutic process can be read in the second part. The patient made reports based on her own

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experiences and gave her written consent for publication. The client's name mentioned in this paper is fictional and non-identifiable.

Keywords

PTSD, the patient's self-report, hypnotherapy, Guiding Spirit Method, work with symbols

Diana's Diary. A self-report. Part 1.

My story

His step-parents are cripple, an honest old man and a woman. They were regularly going shopping to the store, where I was working. Really a nice place it is for me, a one-person's store. I could realize myself while serving people. I cannot sell in a way to watch someone to take or not. I talk to them. I am getting acquainted to them. Most of people will open. I have acquainted to the boy in the store. To introduce to me his step-parents brought him in that he would do shopping instead of them in the future. I said that they were cripple, didn't I? The boy was adopted to them in his childhood. He's intact, of course. What is he like? Well, I don't like thinking of him. He's tall and slim. He didn't say too much. He came to the store sometimes. I didn't watch him so much, I was not particularly interested in him. During direct examination his friends said supposedly, that I had to take a responsibility for everything since I fed him with hope. They threatened me that if he came out he would find me, and I couldn't escape ...That's a nightmare...It began that night... My life has changed from this time on. I can only think of what happened. Why just me?

In the evening times I am very anxious that it will be repeated... I can see it like a scene in a slow-motion film, however, the most strange thing is that I can't remember but I revive it again and again...everything is sharper in some way as if being true reality... I will have never been the person, who I was. I don't dare to stay alone at home. I always need someone to take care of me. It isn't normal, is it?...I have no idea why he did that with me. I gave no reason for this to

be done. I was still not interested in that boy when he came to the store. I know that he liked me but I didn't show any sign as a response of it. Even if he had begun to jump around me I wouldn't have noticed him at all. Simply, I didn't care of him. Why did he want to kill me if he liked me? I am unable to understand it with a reasonable mind.

I was ready to close the store that night. I was alone when he came in. First, he was looking around. I asked him if he wanted to buy something. In the moment he took out of a knife and stabbed towards me. I don't know if I was reached or not. I didn't feel any pain. We started to wrestle with each other. I shouted that there was money in the cash-desk to take it away! He didn't listen to it but he kept beating and kicking me. I made me free but he was persecuting me further. He caught me several times. I really don't know how much I was stabbed. I felt warm blood on my face, and I started to cry for help. Somehow I made me free from his hands, and I run out to the street. The owner resides above the store. I cried to her up. The boy run away. I went back, and I called the ambulance, the police, and my parents. I was still conscious in the ambulance. When I was carried in the operating room I lifted my head to say good evening as a well-educated woman, then I fainted. They said that there was 1-2 minutes from my life left.

The operation proved as successful. When I took a bath at home for the first time and looked at myself in the mirror I would have never forgotten this moment. Suddenly, I recognized that it couldn't already have undone, and I should live my life this way from that moment on. Even if my husband comforts me saying that it really doesn't matter for him, how I could learn when he will find to be unbearable to live his life together with a handicapped woman tortured physically and emotionally in her youth.

The knife wasn't found out. After operation they said to me to walk. When I went to the street and got on a train or a bus I started to stare at men's hands whether they had a knife or not. I have already been unable to travel without fearing still in the vicinity of an accompanying person. My life has broken. It was as if another Diana had lived in the past, who wouldn't know me at present. A question always splits into my mind: "What is the reason of your life, Diana since you have been sentenced to death?" I have had to realize the fact that someone exists on earth, who, cannot be known why, had decided on me to be forbidden to live. It is impossible to bear this feeling...Everybody

in the vicinity comforted me in vain, I lose my heart and even I thought of suicide...Can I recover from this trouble?

The therapy begins

I haven't known yet what and how I have to do before my first hypnosis. The Doctor said that I would be strengthened by it. It begins such a way that I imagine a golden ball in the middle of my forehead. I am relaxed when the ball starts to increase due to my breathing. I mean that I have a body but I don't sense it. Noises coming from the outside are getting away so I can hear the Doctor's making calm voice only. A gate appears before me. I opens it. I am in a meadow. It is full of tiny flowers. I am imagining a place where I was in safety. I can see my Grandma' house in the middle of the meadow. It is a village house with veranda, porch, bower of vine, fruit trees, hens and cats. I can call a guiding spirit, who will defend me against all of evil. I can't see I can only sense a figure of spirit floating somewhere beside me for the first time. It is such transparent and easy as a veil. I call her as Veil. Firstly, Veil and me eye each other. When I start to play with her I realize her as a merry and playful spirit. It is good to me being with her. We say good by then. I start to count back from five to one meanwhile I am sensing my body. When counting one I open my eyes. The room is clean and clear as if having tidied up.

The investigation seems as a very slow procedure. I am so much distressed. Half a year has already passed without giving file to the Prosecution. For the first time I thought that it was a simple issue as there were witnesses, who saw me how to look like thus court hearing would be soon and he would be sentenced. But it wasn't the case. Everything needs to be accurately verified. The boy denies. He doesn't speak in a stubborn way, supposedly. He didn't do confession. As a material proof the knife couldn't be found out. Well, the Doctor tells me that the boy might experience strokes of fate. Why do I have to be interested in? Should I think of what he could feel being neglected by his native parents and being adopted by crippled people? If I do so I don't still understand why one needs to kill innocent people. I want to care for him by no means.

Veil as a Guiding Spirit

Veil came to the lounge in the afternoon. The patients were talking on a theme that disturbed me. Veil covered my ears such a way that I couldn't hear it. Then

she began to fan with them. I am able to call Veil during the day or suddenly, I notice her staying by me. In the moment she is just sitting here criticizing me while I am writing my diary. She wants to make a decoration, and to burn the edge of the sheet in order to be seen as an old codex.

I am in Grandma' bower of vine, again. I am playing with the cats. Veil is coming. As to the Doctor's suggestion I imagine that Veil goes to the store to look around. She notices pools of blood, the fridge I have kept kicking, and the counter displaced. Everything is in as the same position as it was that evening. Veil comes back. We are taking a bath in an old iron bath. Veil keeps looking at my wounds, she asks me what those are. I tell her that they are cicatrices after operation. She is looking at so strongly that I starts to feel warm on that region. We are lying in the grass and playing with the cats. Then we say good by with heart-ache. When I open my eyes the room seems as lemon-yellow colour.

I was called by the police in the afternoon. I felt self-pity and began to tear. My impish spirit tasted a drop of tear, she had a grimace, and claimed that I should cry in "sweetly way". Veil was riding on my knee and caressing my hair in the evening until I fell asleep.

In hypnosis we are in Grandma' bower of vine. We are going to Veil's homeland, to Realm of Spirits according to the Doctor's suggestion. I can see a nice wood above clouds. Here a huge amount of spirits dwell, they are of different colours, however, their figure is as the same as Veil's one. Veil takes my hand to lead me to Rainbow-bridge. The bridge serves as a passage for spirits where they are crossing between fantasy and reality. Such as the spirit's colour it is the same as the rainbow's colour they can get across on. The more joyful they are the lighter their colour is. We returns to Grandma' bower of vine.

I feel well at Psychotherapy Department in Csanyik. However, I am going to be recovered. I haven't known yet how but I feel it will be successful. These hypnotic sessions mean great experience for me and the highlight of that is Veil. The environment vanishes during all the hypnoses, and I fly to Veil, whom I like. I like her impish, naive and joyful character like a child, and I like that she likes people. She accepts everyone to be such person as [s]he actually is. After hypnoses I am full of energy and joy. Might Veil represent the better part of myself?

I am in the regularly safety place. Here is always

summertime, interestingly. The Doctor asks me to tell Veil what happened with me. After having carefully listened to the story Veil offers me an old suite of armour to hold if I am fearing of. She puts on a carate-suit and boxing-gloves, and she starts to jump in such an aggressive way that I laugh a lot. We are turning back to Realm of Spirits. Veil leads me to a nice spring, and gives me water. I have to take off my dress. Veil sends light through my body, and she is winding along it like a snake. Then she is staying on my neck, and I have to swing to and fro like a street-walker. I am looking at my body. The wounds have disappeared. I am allowed to glance into my body: it is milky white and warm. We are flying to Rainbow-bridge, and I am taking a rainbow-bath there. My body is full of warmth. We say good by near Grandma' house. Veil is seen as light blue colour. When I open my eyes the room is also blue coloured.

I am at home again. I will go back every week. Veil appears out of hypnosis more rarely. I went to her in self-hypnosis. I put her on my neck and we are flying to the store. And the Boy is arriving at. He caressed my face and said that he intended to do a bigger cutting. In the moment my husband entered the room and hypnosis was interrupted.

They found out the knife. The investigation will be finished very soon, and the file will be transferred to the Prosecution with an accusation. The most terrible thing is that I am still unable to make me free from this. I can't start to do anything until it will have come to an end. The Doctor often tells me that it isn't good for me to put my life into "brackets" so I have to start to work, again. OK, but I am unable.

Now I am in the Doctor's well-known room again. This time I am as weeping as a little girl in her tantrum state. During my fifth hypnosis Veil does a house-cleaning in my soul as suggested by the Doctor. She collects my hankies cast away, meanwhile she chanced upon the boys photo. She covers herself into a cross sitting position and she is pondering on what to do with it. She tears it to six pieces but it has become six whole photoes from the pieces. The photo shouldn't be burnt since it will be rooted and sprouted. The Doctor advises me to find out my fortune-script. It is a big leather-bound brown book. My name, Diana is readable on it. I open it hit or miss. There's some writing on the left, the right page is empty. The text is dealing with the Boy's act he did with me. We are fixing the Boy's photoes onto the empty page, then the writing will be fixed onto the photoes by the Doctor's

suggestion. This action makes those photoes impossible being revived. It comes to light that both the text and the photoes seem as actually being transfer pictures. As to the Doctor's saying none of them belong to me so I have nothing to do with it, thus I send the person, whom it belongs to. We gather and put them into a huge envelop. I write the Boy's address onto it. The text is substituted with the word „joy" close to Veil's photoes. We close the book and returns.

In the next hypnosis we are travelling in Realm of Spirits with Veil to visit Great Spirit to help me bear confrontation in the police. The Great Spirit advises me to cope with evil not to avoid it. According to the Doctor's suggestion I incorporate Veil to diminish my anxiety. We are going to the police this way. The detective, the Boy's lawyer and the attorney are waiting for me. I sign some documents, then I am sent to an empty room. The attorney comes soon. Now it is the time of confrontation. I enter. The Boy is sitting alone. He looks at me with a superior glance. I sit down a chair. I am unable to avoid his glance. I feel getting stuck to the chair. I leave with it. After having managed to be free from the chair I go to the Boy's parents. I take his father's hand, I think of giving him power. Finally, I am comforted in Veil's lap in Grandma' bower of vine during self-hypnosis.

The Stream

A little bit strange task I've got from the Doctor. From this time on I always have to do my imagery journeys on well-defined theme at home. The Doctor will tell me what to imagine without giving details anymore. I have to do everything by myself. After my self-hypnotic sessions I am to draw and write my experiences and bring them along with me to the next meeting. The first theme is to imagine a stream. Veil and I look at a stream in my self-hypnosis. It goes through a little wood. It is clean like a crystal. Wind is rattling leaves of trees, birds are singing. I am relaxed and comforted. I change myself into a little plashing stream. We couldn't notice for the first time but we are astonishing on how much things belong to me. How many beings live by myself and inside me. Flowers blow on the banks, birds drink my water, and I feed wood with water. Frogs and their offsprings live inside. Snakes are faster than me, and they are swimming through rapidly. My bed is getting deeper and wider. I run into a dam built up from dirt. I feel getting bigger and full of rage since I must run further. I possess an immense power, and now, that there is an obstacle in my way I fly into a violent rage. I break

through it in an explosion-like way, involuntarily. I am carrying along the dirt with me, and I am casting out it to the banks. Wearing a park-keeper's suit Veil is gathering them with a stick. From that time on fish are also swimming inside. My current is getting slower. I get to a little village. Children are playing inside. Further I run into a river. This is also me. Now I feel bigger and more dangerous. Ships are floating on my surface. Sea is waiting to me at the end of my long way. After awakening I feel having more energy. I have changed myself. I have become a stream, from a stream I have become a river, finally a sea however but I am still the same.

The Fire

Veil is waiting. We arrive at a village on a flying carpet. It is very hot. It is thundering. A storm is approaching. Suddenly, a lightning strikes into a cornloft. A fire is evolving and spreading rapidly. It is an immense, orange-coloured one. People fall into panic. The Fire progresses inappeasably from house to house following destruction. There are burnt trees and injured animals. It is rather heavy for me to do that task prescribed by the Doctor. I am resisting tooth and nail against destruction caused by fire. Only one house counters Fire. They are looking at each other steadily in the eyes. I can see the eyes of Fire. The house begins to smile. With collecting own energy it blows the Fire out. By way of releasing out of itself such a big wind so that makes Fire glowing embers only. It starts raining with big drops. The live coal is damped. Veil and I enters the house. It is a little cottage made from adobes with veranda and red tiles. I sit down a bench. Three kitten are coming to play with me. There is a terrible view outside with fire-brand ruins, smoke and ash are seen everywhere. I can see the room as pale and colourless when I returned.

I am the Fire

Veil casts a spell upon me, and I change myself into Fire. I am flaming. I am afraid of burning and broiling somebody or something. Veil feeds me with dry wood. I am also afraid of being no one to feed me, and I will extinct. We are searching a home when a furnace is found. I jump into it. Here is good to me there. I am not already afraid of broiling someone. Beside furnace somebody can feel warmth I give. One can bake even bread. When returning the room is bright.

The Inner Fire

I am relaxing. First, I am just observing my inner feelings. They are gradually transformed into fire. They seem as fires with alternating extent, some of them is just smouldering. The biggest flame belongs to my openness, love, anger, disappointment and sorrow. I hope that the last ones start to diminish and maybe extinct. How can I stir fire in somebody? It is managed to my openness and enthusiasm. When I was fire I was afraid of being no one to feed me and I extinct. Now I am not afraid of that since my inner fire will be fed by the others' love. When returned I was thinking of that for a long time.

The Lodge of Guilt

The Doctor explains how can I build up the lodges of my emotions. Veil is carrying me to the seashore. There are lots of material accumulated for building in a desolate gulf. There are visible such ones about them I wouldn't think of in my dream being suitable to use it for building. For example, beeswax. We have to choose those matters from which we can build up the lodge of guilt. It is important what colour, form, density, touch, and smell of the matter like. It is built from beton. It's four grated windows and gate are made of iron. It is only plastered outside without painted. It's inner walls are white. Some benches are placed inside. My husband appears in. I have guilt because I am not able to explain to him why I have changed. I have guilt because of myself, too. If I hadn't behaved in such an open and direct way with people, maybe that trouble wouldn't have happened. „It happened“, Veil says, „You don't need to blame yourself!“ I am nervous because of the grated windows. Perhaps, my guilt can't run away since it is imprisoned. I take my chanting skill to be alive with closed eyes I direct my hands towards the gratings, and I make them alive. I am astonished at gratings having changed into snakes. They are twisting on my body to want me choked. I am forced to undo my enchanting. In a strange way they don't change into gratings but they become people. The boy's father, my boss and colleague. Lying near my feet they are looking upwards me. Maybe, they also have guilt. I open the iron-gate and let them away. They don't stand up but they are sliding out of the gate as if being snakes. The boy is not among them since he has no guilt. After returning I see the room as clean and bright. I think that everyone has a task to relieve his/her own guilt.

The Lodge of Rebirth

We are chipping and spalling it from marble. It has a

shape like a shell with light brown colour. Since rebirth seems having a superior quality it is built up to a hill. It is covered with blue pillows inside. Lying on a pillow Veil waits for me while having a cocktail. I mean my rebirth to happen when I got acquainted to her. After returning the room seems as light blue as sky.

I feel better. My joy of life starts to returning. I have changed my mind to have a job in a warehouse, come what may! I can never live in eternal terror. I bought a kitten to be my child until I'll have a true one.

The Blind Princess

My next task is to imagine a tale in my self-hypnosis which was told me by the Doctor. We are flying on a balloon to Fairyland, Veil and me. We can see Tom Thumb, Puss in Boots, and the other figures of tale. We arrive at realm of an old king. The old king and his wife have no children, and they pray a lot to God to give them a child as the Doctor told me. After having listened to their prayer God gave them a wonderful girl as a present for their old age. They were so happy, however their joy became sorrow for it turned to light that the little princess was blind. The old king announced to the whole world that someone, who could heal his only daughter he would liberally be rewarded. Famous doctors and wizzards came from distant countries, nevertheless, the little princess could have healed by no one among them. Two of us as the princess' guiding spirits will heal her if she outstands three trials as the Doctor said. We have to convince her to do the trials which can be troublesome task, especially if she gave up her belief of being healed. Finally, we have to control the process of trials if she is really able to outstand them. However, it would' not be an easy task.

The old king and his wife have already waited us. They seemed as hospitable very much. A servant leads us to the Princess' room. I knock the door. A soft voice says to come in. I open the door. There are a bed covered with a blue velvet, a wash-bowl, and a red sofa in the room. Two windows are open. It is rather strange for us since we expect greater luxury. The Princess is sitting on her bed. She is thin and blond, she has blue eyes, and wears yellow clothing made of linen. She turns her head towards us. We introduce ourselves to her. We explain to get acquainted with her in order that we should help her. She answers that she would look at us, too. She stands up to start to enfilade me with her bony hand. She stops at the cicatrices for a while without any questions. Veil is her turn. The Princess' hands have sunk into

her "body". She begins to laugh at this very much. She says she has never felt such a sense since Veil's body is warm and it is like milk. We ask why she wears such cheap dress, and why she lives in such simple room. It is because a richer clothing and more pieces of furniture would prevent her movements and orientation.

The Three Trials

With the Princess we are going to a near forest next morning. We take off our shoes and we are running in a nice meadow. Then we are sitting and talking. Going further we can see a stream. Veil and I ask her what if she outstood three trials to regain her sight. She agrees. She regards it like a play she doesn't fear. The first trial is that she has to cross on some stones placed into the stream. She accomplishes it with a playful skill. We are happy but there are two trials left.

The next morning we are talking with a servant, and he reveals a secret underground passage located in the deepest level of the castle leading to the outside. With the Princess we start to go downstairs. Astonishingly, we can see to get to a dungeon. Narrow cells, irons on the walls, instruments of torture, and chains are hung up everywhere. We are sinking into damp darkness. We can find out the door of that secret passage. We open it and wish great luck to the Princess to go and find out the outcome leading to freedom. We are running upstairs and meet the king. He asks us when his daughter will have sight. We say that a day is left yet. We are anxiously finding out the outcome of the secret passage. We can find out it behind the castle. This is a rusty door of iron hidden by ivy. We sit down waiting for the Princess. We began to think of going in the passage for the Princess at sunset time, because she might lose her way in the labyrinth. Before sunset the door opens and the Princess appears in an uncombed and dirty way. She doesn't say a word. She sheds tears. We try to give her comfort as she is over it. When she has calmed down she says that the worst thing was to hear nothing in the passage. She felt more abandoned for this reason. After a while she cheers up and asks what the third trial will be.

The venue of the third trial is located on border of Fairyland far from the castle. There are huge stones on frontier of fantasy and reality. A suspension bridge ties these two worlds together. Under it one can see unfathomable depths. The slats of the bridge seem as gap-toothed. Undauntedly, the Princess started

to cross on the bridge. When she gets to half of her way, she takes a wrong step and loses her balance. She grasps tenaciously the rope, and she manages to climb on the bridge by virtue of big torture, and she goes on. We are ready to rescue her with a flying carpet. She becomes unsteady again, however, she regains her balance. Slowly, she arrives at us. Her palm is bloody there are scores on her body, but she does not care of it. She steps out of the bridge. As to our request first she closes then she opens her eyes. A great joy is seen to appear on her face. She can see the world. We brings back her on the flying carpet. We have just a glance as the parents embrace her. After awakening I was envy of the Princess for her endurance and fortitude. Might I be the Princess myself?

I gave a report to the Doctor about court hearing. I was rather anxious so I had to take my "mad-medicine". I have learned to be the most important thing during therapy to stand his gaze. He has to know he has never won me. It has been in vain to commit his crime. He also has to know that it isn't me but him who has become ruined. I tried to stare at his eyes when we took a glance to each other, and I felt successful. Finally, he got nervous I saw him to fidget. I felt sorry for him somehow.

The lawyer asked me why I hadn't started to scream, and why I didn't run away when I had made me free from his hands. I was shocked at this kind of cynicism. He surely expected me to break out a hysterical sobbing, to tear away my bodice, and to exhibit my wounds to honourable Court. I didn't give them that joy. I answered in a cool-headed way: "I didn't do it Mr. lawyer since I hadn't been alive. I would have bled to death."

Thank God, I am over it. It is strange that I don't feel so relieved how I have expected. I have no care for it this time. It would have been a problem if I had thought of fate as depended on an outcome of "that issue". I have great plans. I and my husband want to move, to start again our life, and to end this period definitely.

Diana's Diary. A self-report. Part 2.

Nursery of Unborn Babies

I and my husband have reorganized our life. We dwellt in the new house when the scene of the store

had happened in all but repeated in the opposite sense. I have fairly killed a man. I was alone at home. I heard somebody to scraping the door. I thought: "Diana, it shouldn't happen that issue once more". I took purposely the biggest knife to defend myself, and if it needed I would cut it into him...Then the noise vanished. The neighbour told me the next day that it was the former owner, who forgot to having had moved from here in his drunker state...

We would have liked to have a child so much. I became pregnant, however, I began to be anxious. As if I weren't capable to give safety to the baby as a good mother. I have aborted. Some months have passed and I was waiting to become pregnant again. I realized to do wrong as I should have been glad instead of being anxious.

Which baby likes a fearful mother? I decided to follow self-hypnosis with Veil's help. I went into hypnotic regression to that house when I always got a lot of love. My spirit was very active in the garden. She wasn't astonished at my arrival at all as to me she knew me coming. I told her that I was not able to be pregnant for some months. She said immediately that we had to go to where we could find out those babies' souls who were waiting for their being born. We got ready to travel. We arrived at a gate of a snow-white town in flying carpet. Dressed in white toga a security man approached to us. He controlled us whether we were soul-robbers, who robbed innocent souls in secret. Carried those souls to that place where they are not waited it is the reason of lots of abortions, and the neglected children suffering from mental traumas. Where we were it seemed as a big city with immense squares, skyscrapers, many people but everything was white coloured. We found out "Souls' Office". We were seen to a woman of ample proportions having a knot of hair. I told her my story. She asked us for how many years we had been married. Seven, I answered. She said in a forceful way that the baby, who belonged to us lost interest in waiting on, and turned back to the nursery where we could find it. Getting to the courtyard of a colosseum-like building we saw souls waiting for being born, they played flying and floating with each other. We sat down to a chair. Having a look round I noticed that we weren't alone. Men and women as a couple or alone with sorrowful eyes but smiling were looking at the babies' playing. One of the souls flew towards us in a teasing manner. I had to hold back Veil so that she shoudn't fly after it. It was ringing. They had to go to their rooms. The tiny soul, who wanted to play with us called us in. I would

have wanted to speak of it. I sat down to its little chair. Nevertheless, I wasn't able to say a word, and I start to tear. I became awoken crying, and then I couldn't go into hypnosis because I was choked by tearing.

I became pregnant for the second time. The gynecologist said that I had a chance of 10 per cent to hold on. That time I picked up strength again to go down to Veil to tell her bad news. Veil invented to go to my uterus and to embrace the sack of ovum to take care of it. After two weeks it turned out due to sonography that the pregnancy had been aborted. I went down to Veil again. She was sitting on my grandfather's bed and she kept crying. She shouted that she should have taken care of the baby. Then she turned to the wall and didn't tell me anything else. I called the Doctor crying.

I am in the Csanyik again. It is a good and a bad feeling at the same time. Truly, when I visited the patients this summer I was proud of myself among them as if I had never been ill at all. Now it is as if I should feel shame because of needing help. The Doctor is interested in the story of my family and birth. According to my mother's story I came to light to eight month with breech position in a caul. I could be twelve when I found out in Grandma' bower of vine my father's letters he had written from army to my mother. In one of those letters my father agreed with my mother that one child was enough [I had a sister], and the current pregnancy should be aborted. It is easy to find out that they discussed upon my fate. My paternal grandmother claimed that three persons could have the right to be at them however, a fourth one couldn't. Then my mother moved to her mother, who said that the baby was to hold on. My maternal grandfather said that if God gave a ship He also gave pasture.

The Mushroom Lodge

To do together with the Doctor the hypnosis I was very exciting at the beginning. I arrived at the house in bower of vine which meant safety for me. I got on a balloon and I was flying to fairyland. I landed in a nice meadow in the middle of which a mushroom lodge was with red dots. It was a good feeling to walk on the silky grass with nude feet. The Doctor advised me to enter the mushroom lodge. I was anxious before entering since I felt Veil being in. I really didn't know what kind of mental state she would be found. Finally, she was really sitting and waiting for me when I entered. The mushroom lodge was made of rubber. I felt with my hands how resilience it was. I wanted to make Veil jumping together. She didn't like it so much

I noticed her doing this only for my entertainment. However, it was very interesting to experience the lodge dilating with us when we jumped to high. The mushroom lodge took on our figure without sticking fully to our bodies and it was a fine feeling. Then we were rolling around the meadow. Then Veil also liked doing so. As to the Doctor's suggestion I imagined the lodge to change to a swimming-pool. Its edge remained dotted. I laughed at Veil when I noticed her to ready for diving with a perfect facility. We played with each other in water for a minute, nevertheless, the Doctor made me curious if what could be at the bottom of the pool. We noticed a huge shell there. It's size could be about three metre. It was white inside, and apricot-coloured towards the outside. We were swimming around it. To touch and carress the shell was an incredibly good sense. To touch the shell was really as the same feeling as to touch the skin. It attracted me so much that I felt an invincible desire to finger it. Veil's sadness vanished because the shell made her also very curious. We sat down in front of the shell waiting to open. It was vain. Finally, we realized that the shell wouldn't open this time. We started to swim upwards, and getting out of the pool which changed back into the mushroom lodge in a minute. We were lying in the grass while Veil was embracing me, and we were looking at clouds. When I returned from hypnosis the Doctor's room seemed green, and I was very much confused. I felt tired the whole afternoon probably since I invested all of my energy into this hypnosis.

Veil's Mission

As the Doctor's suggestion during the next hypnosis I questioned Veil closely, who was she, what was her aim, and from which part of earth she came to appear here. As a response Veil brought me along with her to Spirits' World. We landed near the stream where she had healed my wounds. The stream led us to a lake with a surface smooth as glass. My spirit told me that they had been born with a heavy labour in this place. After having had been born she went to Great Spirit, from whom she got the key of her service flat. She had lived there until I wanted her to be my guiding spirit. I asked her why she existed. "It is because you live. When you will have died I will go to the lake and sink down. It depends on Great Spirit whether I can be born again" answered Veil.

My being born

I went back till my birthing time during the next hypnosis. Near the bower of vine there was a stair. While

going downstairs pictures of my life were spinning turn round. When I was a baby I saw my mother as young. It was very good feeling the way she spoke to me. Suddenly, I was in her womb. I saw sometimes a light, another time a dark orange colour. Her heartbeating were accompanying with me till my being born. It was fantastic! When my grandmother said that I shouldn't have been born I turned to inside, however, I didn't fear because I felt mother being on my side. Suddenly, the place became narrow, and I wanted to come out. I felt an immense pain in my backbone, and I knew that I had to slide downwards. Meanwhile I was only occupied with one question that where I was coming to. Then I saw a blinding white world which was painful to my eyes. They gave me from hands to hands, and finally they placed me onto my mother's chest. Ultimately, a feeling of insecurity vanished, and I was surrounded by infinite calmness. Returning the room was yellow coloured. I was confused again after hypnosis. It was great and fantastic. Thanks!

The Shell

We went to the shell the next hypnosis. From one end to the other we caressed it, especially its edge because its skin seemed as thinner there. It was a great feeling such as when a lover held his lover's hand or he caressed her face for the first time. The shell is alive. It needs confidence to open. Thus we didn't do anything, we were sitting and waiting. Veil listened to it with a phonendoscop, then she gave me that instrument, too. It pulsed only once or twice in an irregular rhythm as if giving a signal: 'I am alive, don't bother me!' It blew little bubbles on his one edge for the first time, and then on the other edge. I thought that it mocked us. We were helpless. Veil had an idea. She swam upwards and returned with a submarine. I was itching to laugh seeing her prideful manner as driving it. She said that she would stay here to keep watch steadily at the shell night and day.

The next hypnosis I saw Veil dressed in her red apron to clean the stair of submarine. When I touched the shell again I felt warm radiating into my hands. It was as if it gave me energy-balls. Then [s]he said hello with a multitude of bubbles, and opened just like a narrow mouth. A wonderful white light came from it. Veil placed her hand into it. The shell tricked her and closed. Suddenly, it was open wider, and environment became spreaded over the white light. It was a scattered light to change definitely the world of under water. The green plants looked glorious in golden

and purple colours, it was quite discernible a lot of nuances of green colour. We had a bath in flooding of light, and my body was walked through by warmth. There were frightened fish, who swam away, however, the rest of animals remained here floating curiously in the light. The stone-wall was shining in a crystal light. Everything became alive. Clown-fish with yellow and white stripes were swimming beside me. The animals, multi-coloured octopuses, crabs, and jelly-fish floating around the shell began to dance. We were whirled by them as well. No need to be asked Veil began to dance "czardas" with an oafish flat-fish and to shout that it was a bash then! The shell behaved in a way that this dancing was a signal of gratitude [s] he deserved. Its edges became closed slowly, and the light became getting pale, then it vanished. The animals had got away. Veil and me were sitting in the submarine. Veil wanted still to dance. She was going to put a note of arrangement relating opening hours on the edge of the shell, and to fence it with a velvet cordon. HHHHowever, I argued her out of doing that. My body was entirely walked through by warmth which was still felt for a long time after having awakened.

Giving birth

This time the Doctor conducted me into hypnosis. The Grandma' house became alive again in my fantasy. My abdomen having had got thoroughly warm due to that warmth given from the shell. I concentrated all of my energy to that point. I began to feel a tiny being inside. I was fearful very much even to lose it. I felt a tickling sense in my abdomen due to the baby's signal as if saying to me [s]he was well: "Don't worry, Mum!". I was unable to say a word when I had to talk to her. I had a heavy heart when the Doctor helped me say that "I love my darling baby! We are going to take care of you! You are a healthy baby!" I was very much moved by those words. I was crying because of emotion. I could only utter that for the second trial. Later I had been comforted. The tiny baby was a little bit moving in my abdomen which was getting increased. I felt fat myself and I became irritable since I was unable to moving so much as before. [S]he responded to resonate a little to my caress. When it was date I waited for my contractions. I felt his/her nob at my cervical os. We started to giving birth. [S] he was very cooperative. I collected all of my energy to push and press it out of my body while having a stop sometimes to have a breath. She had been born! She had been cleaned, and placed onto my brest. That was an incredible feeling. With a tortured

and furrowed little face she looked like a little troll. She was beautiful to me. She was a girl. I embraced her to be in safety. While returning from hypnosis my whole body was shaking due to emotion as it was so much wonderful experience. After being awoken I went to my room, and I was sleeping all afternoon.

The Shell-Girl and the Pearl

My staying in Csanyik has come to an end. It was discussed on that I would come in every two weeks to sessions of psychotherapy after doing self-hypnoses by myself at home. The next hypnosis Veil showed me her hands in a comic way to begin to have a membrane among her fingers, and she suspected to grow gills behind her ears because a lot of staying under water. I felt being unable to do anything with the shell, again. We were swimming to there, and I touched it, the warmth was coming through my hand, nothing else. We sat down, and looked at it without any inspiration. Veil called me in the submarine to debate on what to do while having a tea but none of us had any good idea. Several thoughts were stirring in my mind. This hypnosis wouldn't be said to be first class, and I was more and more disturbed by noises outside so I ended disappointedly. I have expected better.

Next hypnosis Veil comforted me not even to change into a water-nymph. The Shell and I said hello. She opened in a way of secretly slow motion. There was a pearl as big as a melon inside. It was softly swinging in water-bed. We went more closely to scrutinize at it carefully. Warmth and light were coming from inside. The Shell was concerned for it very much, and after a while she closed for that reason.

To my surprise the next hypnosis was accomplished with the Doctor. Veil was already waiting for me. As I was caressing the Shell's edges I felt her to open. She showed the pearl for just a minute, and closed. I was envy of her to possess a pearl which I didn't. I know that I shouldn't feel this way since the Shell was good to me. The Doctor advised me to see what kind of human shape the Shell could be transformed into. After a while I saw a woman's leg to appear in the aperture. Then I changed myself into a shell. I was dark brown and thinner than her. She was a woman, and me a man. I felt her to fear from me. I touched her slightly with my viscous body but she remained closed. The Doctor drew my attention not to initiate myself, however I had to wait for her what to do. Nothing was happening. Then I changed from the shell into myself. I gave some holidays to Veil, and

returned. The room was brown coloured.

Next hypnosis I changed myself into shell again, and the Shell changed into a human form at my great surprise. She was a tall and brown-haired woman. She was directly staring her eyes at me. Veil whispered into her ears that I could be a human, too if she wanted it. I stood near to her. "Are you that?" she asked me as if she were acquainted me for thousand years. Her voice was pitch and very weak. After having experienced her fearfulness I was astonished at her kindness and spontaneity. "I am glad to see both of you" she said. She took my hand and made us lie in sand. Warmth of her hand was very good to me. "What is your desire now?" she asked me. I was thinking of the Pearl. She sat up and asked: "Have you already been ready for it? You need to know to be different to desire at something, and it is another thing to take care of it if you have!" she taught me. "I feel I have been ready" I responded. "That's right. Now we two of us change ourselves into shells" she said. It happened as it was told. She opened her edges I also did so mine, and Veil placed the Pearl into my body. I closed it into myself. I was overwhelmed by feeling worry. The Shell changed herself into a girl, again. She came to me and said: "You are a nice and big shell. You have very strong edges. I have a confidence that the Pearl will be in a good place at you. Certain time is needed to get accustomed to each other so you have to be patient." I changed into myself again. I said goodbye to them. The room was bright then. I was tearing from emotion when I was writing that experience.

The neighbour woman gave birth. I was at her for a good talk in the morning of the day. She called me that amniotic fluid had flown, and she went to the hospital in the afternoon. She was very kind to me, she called me in the evening, too, that she was in the delivery-room, then she gave birth, and everything was OK. I couldn't sleep at night, I felt a terrible envy. I was crying, and I was in a tantrum for a long, not being proud of it.

I tried to go into hypnosis for several times when I was succeeded. Veil and the Shell-Girl were already waiting for me. I changed myself into shell. I felt having the Pearl inside me. I was worried of her, nevertheless I had a feeling of responsibility which was stronger than other feelings. The Shell-Girl started to learn me: "Creat a nest from your body in which she feels comfort." I did as she advised me so I made a nest from my viscous body. "Now, swing her a little,

she is fond of it!" I started to swing my body. I felt the Pearl to trust me, and she liked swinging. I stopped doing it. She was knocking to do it again. The Shell-Girl taught me to be self-consistent not to start it again if I stopped it. It is important for me to be steady. "The rest will be next time" the Shell-Girl said good bye as she realized that I was tired of listening to lots of advices. "You will be surely competent" Veil stimulated me. My head was full of ideas. Worry, responsibility, self-consistency, being steadily, and nursing. After having returned I was thinking of it to some length.

When I went down again I was wondered at Veil and the Shell-Girl to be nowhere. They wrote into sand that they went to wander. It was good to me to be alone. I changed myself into shell. The Pearl said hello with knocking. I started her to swing, and she was very glad to it. Veil and the Shell-Girl arrived at. They proposed to me to show the outer world to the Pearl for not to feel herself always closed. I scarcely made my mind to do that, finally, I opened just a little. The Pearl rolled to the mouth, and she looked at outside while Veil looked at inside. Both of them were playing. We laughed at that very much. Then I opened wider. The Pearl was looking at all directions with moving of emotion. I was revolving with her that she enjoyed most. Veil showed her water plants. She followed curiously with her glance fish swimming closely. She became tired from lots of impressions, and she rolled into her nest to be placed comfortably in it. I closed myself and began to swing her. Then we discussed on several issues. It looks that I begin to establish a regular activity with the Pearl. Greeting—swinging—playing—discovering new things—swinging—resting. It seems to be important to make her well-balanced by regular activity. The Shell-Girl looked at us for a while, then she came closely, and said: "You and Veil are ready to do the greatest and the happiest task in your life! I know that you will always decide in a prudent way relating Pearl." She gave us two kisses, she caressed my edges, and vanished. We were astonished at that but we were full of joy that she had confidence to give us Pearl. I said good bye to Veil, and returned. As to me Veil gives Pearl playfulness, and I give her safety and consistency. And the most important thing that both of us love her very much!

Discussion Upon Diana's Therapy

After the final hypnosis I, the therapist, told Diana: "The therapy has come to an end. Now you just have

to *expect* for a while." Diana answered: "I suspect to be *expectant*." She has been right. She has had a nice girl. Later she said that the gynecologist had not understood why her uterus had no dilated in a normal way, and why the newborn baby had closed her mouth so strickly after being born. It is possible that the rigidity of the shell as a symbol became embodied signaling Diana's rigidity to insist on security.

Guiding Spirit Method

Guiding Spirit Method used in many other psychotherapies can also be a special technique of hypnotherapy^[1,2]. A guiding spirit elicited in hypnotic imagery can be considered as a transitional object^[3], and, a virtual co-therapist existing in a patient's curative fantasy^[4], who can be able to work in a cooperative way with the patient and the therapist in a frame of therapeutic triad for the patient's recovery. Moreover, a guiding spirit can represent one or more parts of the patient's ego-functions with a potential for successful coping^[5].

Diana's trauma can be viewed as the rudest harm of her intimacy^[6]. At the beginning of hypnotherapy she chooses her Grandma' bower of vine as a safety place. This place is likely to a venue of her regressive and omnipotent fantasies^[7]. Her guiding spirit is called as Veil relating symbolically to the part of her personality which represents ease, flight, overcoming, humour, and playfulness.

As a matter of fact her guiding spirit can be interpreted as an Ego-state, too by Ego-state therapy^[8, 9]. Especially, Veil's good humour and a skill to transform tragic meaning to comic one can be regarded as Diana's main coping strategy^[10], e.g. when Diana told Veil how she had been attacked Veil gave her a coat of armour, and amused her with carate movements. One can wonder about her unconscious wisdom to make her connect to a female archetype Artemis in ancient Greek or Diana in Latin mythology, a combative Goddess of hunting^[11].

A specific feature of therapy is seen to Veil's appearance outside of hypnosis as well due to Diana's very strong suggestibility and coping strategy. It is very important for Diana that she is in safety all the day due to Veil's appearance in her fantasy. That is the reason why she is also guarded against intrusions of traumatic images^[12]. She is guarded by a healing power projected into Veil by herself, not a symbol the therapist has given her^[13].

Treating Projective Processes via Hypnotherapy

In case of such serious trauma as Diana suffered the victim's self-system can be distorted in a way that good and bad self-representations will be splitted off [14,15,16]. This means that a close and well-balanced relationship between inner good and bad self-representations is disrupted and the bad, that is, the aggressive-threatening part is projected into the offender [17]. That is the reason why her relationship is so close with the boy who is seen to be exaggerated as an archetype of all bad. According to my suggestions she makes efforts to view him as a person not merely as an archetypal mask of Evil [18]. When Veil, Diana's Guiding Spirit looks at the store and notices pools of blood, Diana is shocked. To relieve her sense of torture I decide to open a new dimension in fantasy, to imagine a spirit world where Veil lives. An effectiveness of hypnotherapy is proved as both Diana's wounds have disappeared in hypnosis and she can imagine to having been healed physically and mentally due to Veil in spirits' realm.

The imagination of Rainbow-bridge on which spirits cross between fantasy and reality is a nice symbol of Diana's hope for being healed. It is not by chance that she writes about her going to be recovered in the diary for the first time. She begins to recognize Veil as belonging to her personality as a representative of healing power.

It is important to observe a process while Diana is getting able to have power to look the offender in the face. She wants to understand his motives. For doing that she needs to change her mind to see him as a man. That time Diana writes in her diary the offender's name with a big letter: "Boy". Maybe this increased importance is a sign of her individual interest of him. She wants to know what kind of his emotion has been distorted to become a destructive drive. It is very interesting that a pale profile of some kind of sado-masochistic relationship is created in her fantasy. It is especially obvious in her self-hypnosis accomplished at home when the offender caresses her face and says he wanted to do a bigger cutting. This hypnosis ends with her husband entering the room. One can sense plastically Diana's ambivalent emotions, her horror, nevertheless, her hidden intimate emotions, too. In her posttraumatic fantasies Diana seems to relive what would have been the case if the offender had no wanted to kill but he had wanted to seduce her. However, the offender could be motivated by his rage, namely, if she could not be his own property

she should not be anyone's woman, and let her die instead!

A technique named as withdrawal of projections is employed during the hypnosis when Veil tore the boy's photo to six pieces, and six whole photos would be from each of pieces [NB! six is an evil number]. It is obvious that Diana's aggressive and threatening self-part was symbolically revived again. This picture can be considered as a symbol of inner process in which Diana's bad object-representation aims at weakening her good self-representation [19]. However, this inner process can be disrupted by means of erasing her projections relating the boy with a symbol of fortune-script. This type of technique seems to be effective because she writes that she is full of joy for the first time.

At this point it is use to mention some thoughts about transference and counter-transference paradigms. Since Ferenczi's time in the context of psychodynamic psychotherapies transference and counter-transference phenomena are sometimes interpreted as being in correlation with each other [20,21]. It is especially interesting that viewpoint to treat counter-transference as a repeated trauma being acted in a reduced way to immunize the patient in a psychological sense [22]. Thus, Diana expects me as a therapist to defend her against troubles of life, however, my role reminds a father's one, who strengthens her coping strategies by means of confronting her with dangerous situations in hypnosis.

Primordial Elements Method

Battles against primordial elements are emphasized in mankind's myths, e.g. Orpheus' journey in underworld as an archetype of earth, Odyssey's wanderings on 'Mare Tenebrosus' as an archetype of water, phoenix's revival as an archetype of fire, and Icaros' flying as an archetype of aether [23]. These archetypes cannot only be viewed as symbols of destruction but as symbols of revival as well [24]. Characteristics of primordial elements can be experienced by a patient in a way of identification in order to be built up into his/her personality and coping strategies. For the first time Diana can observe some forms of primordial elements from an outside viewpoint as a stream, a fire etc. as being in reality which means to experience in object-representational level. Then she can be transformed into a stream, a fire, a lodge, etc. while sensing their features which means to experience from an inside viewpoint in self-representational level. The healing power of these

primordial elements seems to be in their dual nature being symbols of death and revival at the same time, that is, they can be experienced in either way [25,26,27]. Since identified with water a patient like Diana can experience water as a transition between inanimate and alive while reliving an anorganic state after death without danger [28]. At the same time experiencing a reviving flow of that stream can result in reviving of her inner organic flow, that is, reviving of her vital force both in symbolic and somato-visceral levels. The fire as a symbol consists of partly passions, hate, revengefulness summing up destruction, and partly revival, enlightenment, a sphere of reason and spirituality [29]. In a way of reliving nature of fire in hypnosis the patient can be confronted with her hate, envy and seduction, however a possibility of revival in a spiritual sense can be opened for her as well. She can recognize how to generate or control „inner fires”, and what kind effects those fires have she is giving others or given from others.

Diana's psychotherapy goes on in the form of a symbolic working-through, as a matter of fact, I give her a sketch of the story only, and she has to do it during self-hypnosis alone filling content in it. In doing so is an important step for regaining her autonomy. The suggestion of a stream can mean both one's emotional and life process. When she changes herself into a stream in self-hypnosis, suddenly she meets a dam built up from dirt which has been broken with her violent rage since the stream has to follow its way. Life goes on, however, Diana has been stopped by a "dirty person" and she has been unable to go on this time. She carries along the dirt further and casts out it to the banks. In order that she should not avenge others for her mortification, Veil as her ego-ideal cleans Diana's way [of life] from dirt.

Diana experienced the destructive impacts of her „fire" e.g. her hate, revengefulness and seduction, then identified with her inner fires she was able to control them, and to transform them as a means of useful activity [baking bread] and mutual love in family.

Lodge Of Emotions Method

In order that a patient be capable to recognize, control and regulate his/her emotions standing behind symptoms distorted by defenses there is a possibility to built lodges of his/her emotions in hypnosis. To do so [s]he has to select materials by its origin, shape, voice, colour, touch, smell, taste, and weight from which [s]he can build up lodges in a

sequence of several hypnotic sessions as following: lodges of loss, sorrow, guilt, envy, jealousy, anger and hate, revival, peace and, finally happiness and love [30]. After getting ready the patient enters the lodge and has a look round. The guiding spirit endows the patient three chanting skills: to make someone inanimate, small, and alive which mean narcissistic defense mechanisms for that case if the patient's unbearable emotions relating a trauma were revived. The patient can meet someone and complete a conversation interrupted earlier. This protocol secures communication and working through among all emotions, e.g. a loss can change to guilt, the guilt can transform to anger, the anger can be formed into calm and peace, etc.

Diana does not meet the boy in the lodge of guilt as he has no guilt. It is very curious that she experienced the persons' guilt of her vicinity as gratings. Using her enchanting skills the gratings become alive as snakes to threaten her to be choked. By means of an other enchanting skill the snakes will be real people in her vicinity who can leave. To say, she was able to leave her guilt. Although the boy has no guilt she knows that there is no need for her to revenge him. That is an important point in the process of therapy as she starts to unfix a pathological attachment relating her trauma. Another lodge Diana builds up is of „Rebirth". Shaping it as a shell when building up this lodge can be viewed as having a predictive value since the shell as a symbol of uterus will play an important role in the course of the second phase of her therapy.

The Patient As A Guiding Spirit – Method

The imagination in her last self-hypnosis is a tale of a blind princess. There's a crucial moment for Diana and Veil as taking on guiding spirits' roles which are to help the princess. Their task is to convince the princess to stand three trials to gain her sight. Since the blind princess can be considered as an injured and split off part of Diana's self closed into the moment of trauma it is the best resolution for Diana to realize how the princess can be healed. This partly conscious, partly unconscious identity between Diana and the blind princess is illustrated by that moment when the princess touches Diana's wounds and the princess stops moving for a while, however, she does not say a word as if recognizing something. The frame of that tale-story is stemmed from the author and the happening of the three trials is of Diana's idea. The first trial is to cross on a stream. Crossing over is a symbol of a rite of passage when the opposite

riverside means a new way of life ^[31]. The scene of the second trial, a dungeon with instruments of torture, seems as horrible relating the trauma from which the princess, who has not only be deprived from her sight but also from hearing because of deaf silence, can come out to the open air through a secret channel, which is a symbol of underworld and birth canal. This scene is similar to rites of passage of archaic tribes ^[32,33]. While wandering in the labyrinth of deadly anxiety the princess has almost been lost. Diana's life has become left due to a minor miracle. The princess needed to relive that cruel trial accompanied by life threatening in order that her eyes be open and discover the world beyond her room. Diana's efforts in therapy proves as a contribution to be able to confront face to face to the offender, because she has been capable to accept and integrate the knowledge of her own finiteness into her personality this way.

The last trial is a nice symbol. The princess must cross from fantasy to reality on a gap-toothed suspension bridge. This imaginative scene means that Diana has had nothing to expect from an illusion of safety world existing a priori, that is, without experience. Moreover she thinks of time has come to leave realm of fantasy and to cope her decisive battle with Evil due to her strengthened ego to create her individual security. As a matter of fact world can and must be [!] changed to be secure. The real scene of that decisive battle is in the court when Diana, the patient provided with arms of an archetype of Diana, Goddess of hunting bears witness to have courage and moral attitude. She has won over the offender. The farewell letter having ended her one year's therapy proclaims that Evil's destructive impact will be lost if one has got enough power to make it insignificant ^[34].

May Be Any Correlation Between Trauma and Fertility?

Diana asked help for Veil again when she aborted for the first time. Her two self-hypnotic sessions are full of upsetting experiences, and they show that Veil could not cope with that situation. In the course of second part of therapy Diana made me wondering with an activity of her fantasy as she was step by step creating a new guiding spirit named Shell-Girl. Her relationship with the Shell-Girl means obviously a symbolic reliving of female fertility, an openness for conception, and embedding of zygote. Diana as a shell makes a nest from a part of her body for Pearl. Moreover, she can experience holding pregnancy in

a symbolic way, ready for giving birth, and for child-rearing by means of such female qualities as worry, responsibility, self-consistency, being steadily, and nursing. Diana has really become ready for fertility due to her intensive psychological efforts. It has become true that a concept can mean a conception.

Looking back upon the whole process of therapy one can raise a question if any correspondence can exist between Diana's severe physical and psychic trauma and her abortions. It is no reason why Diana could not be pregnant according to our traditional mindset. She had no reason that her fertility be paralysed by fear, we could mean, since she has fully recovered both physically and mentally, the offender has been committed to prison for 17 years, Diana and her husband have moved to start a new life, and she has a clean conscience. In this sense these two events do not have to do with each other, therefore her abortions may be stemmed from another causes. On the contrary this argument Diana's gynecological examination resulted in seeing her as a healthy woman. As a matter of fact a brutal trauma and infertility evolved later could be brought into connection to each other by an evolutionary psychology interpretation ^[35].

In *Magna Mater*, Erich Neumann's monography it is depicted in detail how female principle works in nature manifesting in feeding and in nursing, as to say, in metamorphic functions ^[36]. The invincibility of both nature and fertility seems to be inferring obviously from this metamorphic function. As she has almost been killed and the attack has caused enduring aesthetic signs on her body Diana has suffered a serious injury not only in a general sense of humanity but, and mainly, in a sense of her female authority ^[37]. This viewpoint can be supported by the fact that the offense had been committed in a predatory and sexual way. It is as if practices of certain medieval wars of conquest had been repeated in the course of it when women and children of occupied colonies had been put to the sword in order that they should not have offsprings at all. The most serious trauma a woman can experience seems a disruption of fertility or a castration of womanliness besides taking away her life. It is an important turning point in Diana's personal story when her mother was pregnant with her, and her paternal grandmother declared that she should not be born. Whether she might have an implicit procedural memory of being almost a victim of murder nobody knows.

To be perfected Diana's life the process of working through trauma can not be regarded as sufficient since it can only contribute to restore her mental equilibrium, however, she needs regaining her fertility for possessing whole female competence and authority. If evaluating this psychotherapy consisting of two parts from that point of view we can notice the most remarkable difference between the two periods the disparate characteristics of the two guiding spirits. On the one Veil seems as a merry child as Puck is in Shakespeare's comedy titled as A Midsummer Night's Dream, and the most important feature seems as her sexual immaturity, on the other the Shell-Girl as Aphrodite in Ancient Greek or Venus in Latin myths, is viewed as a mature woman, who carries a baby called as Pearl in her body. How it is curious that a shell is interpreted as a symbol of self-revelation [38]. Diana's inner maturation will be completed this way, she needed to regain her child-ego named Veil existing in security in the first period of therapy that she could become the Shell-Girl, who is capable to give birth Pearl in the second period of therapy.

Correspondence between trauma and fertility casts light at so-called unified trauma definition. Since both physical injuries has some mental consequence and a mental harm has some kind of somatic impact the trauma needs to be defined in a unified way as a loss of somatic-psychic integrity or as a danger of that loss [39]. As to my opinion the trauma means as an impact caused by either intentionally or accidentally in a frame of interaction between man and his/her environment; an impact on recollecting a danger of distorsion, making inferior and withdrawal of man's humanity and spiritual essence, and a danger of disruption of relationship between mind and body going together a deficit of both psychological and somatic integrity [40].

Follow-up

12 years has passed after this kind of psychotherapy finished. Diana and her daughter are well both mentally and physically. Later she gave birth a boy, too, who shows slight signs of autism. Her husband is an epileptic, whose disorder has been more severely after his son was born, however, he is now well-balanced with medicines. Nobody could know about these troubles to be in any correlations with Diana's trauma, however, one cannot still be easy about being free of Evil when every new life begins.

Conflict of Interest

As to her diary and its psychological interpretation be published the patient gave a written consent

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Author's biography

Vas, József Pál MD, former president of the Hungarian Association of Hypnosis, supervisor hypnotherapist, art therapist, was a Head of Psychotherapy Department in Miskolc, Hungary. This institute was founded by him in 1990. He dealt with music therapy and music psychology presented several articles in this topic. He is the author of the book titled "Hypnose bei Psychosen", München, Quintessenz, 1993, and two further professional books edited in Hungary, and several articles upon healing methods of late consequences of prenatal traumas, and neuropsychology. He has recently developed the Tandem Hypnotherapy method. Now as a retired he works in private practice in Budapest and Miskolc.
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