



Living Live by
Jenny Hickinbotham

2016 Coffee Rock Merlot
HICKINBOTHAM OF DROMANA
MORNINGTON PENINSULA

Jenny Hickinbotham
@melbfringe
Woodend

Polyvagal Body Song Lyrics
Polyvagal Nervous system connected through the brain stem, Limbic Brain-emotional memories, trauma memories reside. Pressure, fear, anxiety, stress, panic too, increase the heart rate, breathing too-rapid heavy breathing. Sympathetic fight and flight, effects of the Polyvagal Nervous system Opposite is parasympathetic effect-same nervous system, just slowing down now. Heart rate slowly, breathing slows to brief and shallow hyperventilations. Stomach, bladder, bowels, genitals react to slowing body organs. Indigestion, irritation off to the loo we go further stress, ongoing emotional distress lead to dissociation catatonia the body slows right down. Parasympathetic Polyvagal Nervous system, balance is the goal, acknowledge your emotions, be true to your feelings, be well, stay well, know you body's senses.

WWW.HICKINBOTHAM.BIZ
194 NEPEAN HWY DROMANA VIC 3936
PRESERVATIVE 220 ADDED
13.5% ALC/VOL 8 STANDARD DRINKS
750ML WINE MADE IN AUSTRALIA

Living Live
Norma Richardson Hall,
Anglican Church, Woodend
15 & 16 October, 2021, 7pm.

Family Systems

Family Systems

How do they impact us?

In this show they're outside the body

But some say they reside within.

Richard Schwartz teaches a therapy

Called Internal Family Systems.

Schwartz started in family therapy

But parents just got offended

Walked out, refused to pay the bill.

Supporting the person whose

Family exists as parts inside their body,

Schwartz empowers them

to explore these relationships

give voice to each part.

We all have parts, he says, some balanced, others not

Managers are most prominent for people with depression.

Fire fighters, most prominent for people with bi-polar

Exiles most prominent for people with anxiety and fear.

The self or the core is the part to uncover, the part with balance.

Parts are supported by the therapist and the person

to accept that they are not helping the 'whole' person

to achieve safety, self-awareness, core balance, integration

My home-grown therapy installed mannequins,

representatives of my mother's family.

Each mannequin couple given voice

through a song exploring core parts.

Without a leading therapist will I find internal awareness

of my Family System?

My learned emotional know-how

self-consideration and balance

fulfill an epigenetic dream.

An inter-generational desire

to know and share emotional knowledge.

Researching, knowing my ancestors

has supported me to know myself, my parts, my voices.

I Feel enriched, enlightened, dare I say balanced?

I hear the next generation are learning to heal their traumas

So, another generation does not grow up passing

traumatic experiences off as culture



Figure 1 Mannequin Families, photograph
Jenny Hickenbotham

Family Systems

Family Systems tells the stories of my mother, Judith's, ancestors. Frederick Nordhausen arrived at Hobson's Bay in 1859 contracted to build the Melbourne to Bendigo railway. He settled in Whroo near Rushworth the following year, met Elizabeth Nixon and married, they had five children, the eldest Elizabeth died. Living at the Whroo goldfields they must have bought up their children in a tent, life was hard, people toiled, people died, there was no natural water at Whroo.

Family Systems investigates inner and outer families, my experience of dissociative identities challenges me emotionally and intellectually. I am led to ask why? Evidence I do have relates to my mother who became a voice inside my head, not an identity but she talked to me through her relational self. Internal voices we hear may be real, they may be memories, or they may be imagined. Dr Dan Siegel is a relational neuroscientist, he calls himself MWE, meaning me the inner self and WE the relational self, the self between us. This story investigates mother and daughter relationship hoping to find some answers and my emotional inheritance, which has resulted in various diagnostic labels including schizophrenia, Developmental Trauma, Asperges and Complex Post Traumatic Stress (I don't use the word Disorder, because I don't think I am disordered – challenging psychiatry is a whole other performance).

Epigenetics is the inheritance of emotional experience, attitudes, values and beliefs. Intergenerational trauma is one expression of epigenetic inheritance, there may also be supportive and positive inheritance. Family Systems considers my mother's ancestors, their emotionally charged cultural, social and family experiences, such as loss and grief associated with the death of a child, war, depression, poverty, homelessness, food shortages, violence etc.

Frederick & son William's era was patriarchally driven, women had very few rights. Emotion was considered feminine and weak, emotions were not discussed, unless between women. Secrets and denial of feelings can lead to ill-health. Family Systems considers if there might be particular ways of listening to secrets, through inner voices. Professor Antonio Damasio says that all mental health challenge begins with emotional distress. Dr Dan Siegel proposes we integrate, acknowledge our emotions if we want inner balance, thereby achieve healthy internal and relational connections. Listen with our ears and with our perception.



Figure 2 Archival photographs of Elizabeth and Frederick Nordhausen, photographer unknown.

Song for a pub

Frederick my beloved
My daddy says I can marry you
when you recover from bankruptcy!
But Eliza, my darling Lizzy all my money paid
for accommodation as I was held against my will
On the ship Olympia after arriving from Hamburg

Lizzy my beautiful love, I didn't know,
when I signed the contract for ten-hour days
building Cornish & Bruce's railway I would be breaking a union agreement
Lizzy, please Lizzy do beg your daddy, beg for leniency, darling.

Freddy my daring beloved, my daddy is lenient!!
When you get a job we can be married
When I get a job, get a job, doing what?
Going down that Balaclava Mind shaft
Getting claustrophobia, losing my balance, falling, falling
That's not my calling Liz my darling, not for me at all!!

Something else is for you, my love.
Daddy says he will help us to secure the publican's
License for the Star Hotel, if you are keen!
We will pay him back when we're on our feet.

Oooohhhh my darling Lizzy, daddy, your daddy is my hero
Please tell daddy yes and yes a thousand times yes
Let's be publicans Lizzy my love,
Let's bring our babies up in our pub
Let's teach them how to pour a great beer

Ohh Freddy, how many babies
will we need to run the Star Hotel?
We'll teach them young, Lizzy love,
You'll have help in the kitchen
I'll have help in the bar
We'll be a family tilting at windmills, lovie dove.

No canaries in pubs Fred dear!!
No I won't be the bluey in our pub
Only the bluey in your eyes
the rose in your heart,
Elizabeth my beloved.

Two voices make this song:

Lizzie's voice in red

Frederick's voice in blue



Figure 3 Mannequins Elizabeth + Frederick, in the garden, animation photograph by Jenny Hickinbotham

Hey William!

Hey William, second son of Fred and Lizzy
Born at Whroo, rough and populous
Gold mining site, life was hard & water scarce

Fred and Liz were publicans at the Star Hotel
Coy's Diggings and beer licensees at Carr's Reef.
In 1865, you were one year old.
Did you grow up to pull a good beer Will?
Your daddy imagined you would.

You were Whroo's bootmaker in 1886
Aged 25 you married Margaret Maud
her dad a Balaclava Gold miner and
soon you joined him in the epi-zonal mine

Your nine children born to this hard
Rough life in Whroo. Did you live in a tent
Like other miners, or a built structure?
Granny never said, Julie Doris Mary,
your second last baby, born in 1903

Granny married Charley Youren
walked off their Gir-garry soldier settlement
during the deep depression years
walked to Rushworth
lived with you & Margaret
They had five daughters

Granny & gramps' second daughter
My mother, Judith, remembers
when they lived with you,
William, at Rushworth,
Jude says her life was good.

Jude says, Uncle Fred was a scally-wag
Aunties Eve and Dulcie never married
Too many men lost at war
They lived in Richmond, Dulcie's pet
Possum swinging through the house

William you died of miner's lung
Mum says the last years of your life
Living in Rushworth with Margaret
were better, much better for a miner,
a lover, and a father.



Figure 4 Mannequin William, at the Balaclava Mine in Whroo, animated photograph by Jenny Hickenbotham

Listening with our ears and listening with our perception, our relational between self.

When I was six I was left with carers, some family friends, some extended family, while my parents travelled overseas, I was chronically abused.

In Camberwell, I was eight and assaulted by a stranger in our local park, I walked through the park on my way to the Golden Bowl to collect my brother from his swimming lesson, I heard a voice in my head ask if I was returning the same way, I politely answered yes.

As I walked to school on the days that followed, beside that park, I heard my mother's warnings, look behind, look behind, is anyone coming up behind. I developed psychosis, I imagined the stranger was talking to me at night, I thought he was going to break the glass in my bedroom window and steal me away, back to the South Australians. One lunch time I sat by the red brick wall and looked up past the tuck shop, I saw the man standing on a knob, with his great coat flapping in the breeze, he said, come her. Fifty years later I walked this path, I sat against the red brick wall, I looked up and saw a statue of the virgin mary on the top of the Catholic Church.

My mother collapsed with stress and overwork when I was fourteen, it was a very emotionally challenging time, she said things that didn't make sense to me, that threatened my sense of safety and family. At school over the next weeks, I heard my mother's voice, she was asking me where the accounts go, this one says Automobile, where do I put it? She asked me, with her inside voice. Slowly we both recovered.

Psychiatry and psychology were new sciences my parents were not prepared to trust after my father's brother was thrown into an asylum for life, after assaulting his father. My mother told me Paul had been playing cricket as a young man and killed the batter by hitting him in the forehead with his bowl.

Mid-twenties I was living alone at Mount Anakie. I was talking to two men, using my inside voice. I thought these men wanted me to leave the family company and move back to Adelaide. On the way to Adelaide, with all my portable property in my car, I drove to Portland because I thought one of the men wanted to meet me there. I drove around this part of the country for eight days, once stopping at a farm to phone my mother. That farmer recorded the number I rang and phoned my mother after I had left, she told my mother I was schizophrenic. Eventually, the police approached my car as I rested beside the Warnambool railway line. I followed them to my great aunt and uncle's house in Shirley Street. My father arrived to accompany me home. A doctor gave the all clear. I asked why mother had not come, as one would have expected, dad said she couldn't. Later mum told me that dad would not let her come, that he blamed her for my troubles.

Stomping at the Moon

Granny: Look Jen
The moon is full
Narrator: Dobbin's stomping and snorting
The full-moon spirits are about

Jenny: 'What does it mean, "full-moon", Granny?
Granny: It's a big ball of light with ghostly ladies making shadows inside
They're dancing and singing, just like you love!

Silence

Jenny: I'm thinking Granny
your hand is strong and warm
Granny let's stay here forever and watch the moon.

Granny: Carrots love the moon light
They dance and sway in their dirty-beds

Jenny: Mum makes me eat carrots

Granny: Tomorrow we will roast some with the chicken
Do you like them roasted?

Jenny: Ummm maybe, I don't think so

Granny: Do you want to see what grandpa's doing in his shed?
Narrator: Granny's warm strong hand led me across the dewy grass to grandpa's shed
The light inside shone bright
Granny: What ya doing dad?
Grandpa: Making Jen a doll's bed for Betty.

Silence, hammer, banging

Narrator: Granny leads Jen through the shed to look at Gramps work
Granny: It's a true miniature bed
Grandpa: I thought Betty needed a proper adult doll's bed
She's looking like a big girl now with her new blond curls.
Granny: You're a good man, Chas
Narrator: Charlie smiled.
Narrator: Granny's strong hand led Jen outside into the moon-light.
Granny: Do you like the doll's bed?
Jenny: Yes

Silence

Four voices in this song:

Granny's voice in red
Narrator
Jenny (Jen)
Grandpa
Directions to singers

Granny: Penny for your thoughts
Silence

Granny: You can tell me
Jenny: I liked Betty's long brown hair
I don't want her to have tight curls

Silence

Granny: What happened to her long brown hair
Jenny: Mum said it was too tangly and took Betty to the shop so they changed it'.
Granny: Ahhh

Granny: Shall we see what they're doing inside?
Jenny: If you want
Granny: I hope they have done the dishes

Narrator: Granny put her strong hand on the back-door knob and gave it a turn
Light shone out
Lots of people in the kitchen
Lots of laughter, yelling and singing
Granny's strong hand led Jenny reluctantly inside
Granny headed for her corner straight-back wooden chair
Granny: Sit on my knee Jen
Narrator: Granny lifted Jen onto her knee

Granny: Has anyone heard the story about the monkey who sang up a stick while playing
with his balls?



Figure 5 & 5a Animation Stills from Living Live, created by Jenny Hickinbotham, 2021



Listening with our ears and Listening with our perception, our relational between self.

Dad was practiced at such listening, he helped me out once when a man got me into the back seat of his car and started to force himself upon me, we were parked in the side-street and I reached out to my dad, with my inside voice, dad said, get out of the car and I was able to feel for the door handle and get out. Sometimes, people trick our minds into thinking we have no authority or power.

I often lamented that my parents didn't intervene when as a six-year-old I was abused and exploited by the people my parents trusted to care for me while they travelled overseas for three months. Why were they not able to perceive the terrible traumas my body and my brain experienced over that time?

A few weeks before he passed away dad played Kenny Rogers singing *Coward of the Country*, dad played the song over and over and over, until I said, please, I can't listen to that poor woman being gang raped one more time. Dad sheepishly turned the song off and said nothing, although, I perceived him to be saying sorry, sorry for not being there for me, sorry, he never asked what happened, sorry, sorry, sorry. Still no words were spoken, Family systems are very difficult territory to negotiate, so much is felt but unspoken, emotionally denied and silenced, disempowering people.



Figure 6 Jenny (me) + Ian (dad) at Newport Bowls Club, my 60th, April 2017, photographer unknown.

Science led them forward

He picked her up in Wolfie's ute
Nurses and grape vineworkers
Hitting Mount Gambier's hotspots
Police stopped the homeward lads
'Seen a missing jumbuck?' baaaa, baaaa
lads cried out beneath their tarp

Science lead them forward
History took them back
Jude a gourmet creative
Ian Australia's plonky
A family tilting at windmills

She accepted his offer over the Spirit's
radio, on route to Launceton hospital
Sister Norma, telephonist, evedroper witness
Married at St James in Melbourne
Auntie Eve ironed 23 shirts
Jude paid their honeymoon

Science lead them forward
History took them back
Jude a gourmet creative
Ian Australia's plonky
A family tilting at windmills

Jude sewed kids' clothes
Her suits were tailor made
Jude loved gardening, growing veg
Ian's vintage pressures saw kids
Lying on grass, watching evening clouds
Drift by as tigers elephants & clowns

Science lead them forward
History took them back
Jude a gourmet creative
Ian Australia's plonky
A family tilting at windmills

Barossa valley to Melbourne they created
A famous icon called Gini's of Toorak
He needed a hip replacement, 2nd in Aus
She found the pressure exhausting
Back to nursing, kids all grown
He became a journalist & an educator



Figure 7 Hickinbotham family at Nuriootpa, 1960s, photographer unknown.

Science lead them forward
History took them back
Jude a gourmet creative
Ian Australia's plonky
A family tilting at windmills

Kids travelled to Bordeaux France
To Saratoga California to Lausanne Swiss
They leased Mount Anakie vineyard
Ian & Jude visitors, kids creative endeavours
Their passions for caring, food & wine
Remembered in story, song and picx

Science lead them forward
History took them back
Jude a gourmet creative
Ian Australia's plonky
A family tilting at windmills



Figure 8 Ian + Judith Hickinbotham, at Hickinbotham of Dromana Winery, about 2016, photographer unknown.

Listening with our ears and Listening with our perception, our relational between self.

Family Systems are complex, especially as we can engage relationally, within and without. Voices are real, remembered and imagined, I have engaged in all three inner voice experiences. This cathartic art making research project has supported me to know myself better, in relation to relatives, immediate family and myself.

Therapy helps, sporadically, one hour ever month doesn't really unravel a lifetime of psychotic, chaotic and rigid thinking. Dr Dan Siegel, Dr Richard Schwartz, Dr Bessel van der Kolk, Professor Antonio Damasio are all practitioners in the fields of neuroscience, relational neuroscience, behavioral science and psychiatry leading us to practices which are self-supporting and healing. If we can work hard on ourselves, if we can heal our traumas, we have a good chance of stopping the traumatizing of another generation. Dan Siegel in his video *Presence, Parenting and the Planets* says that 35-45% of Americans live with attachment disorder symptoms such as no reflective ability, no awareness of emotions or bodily sensations, and dissociation, the result of parental trauma being passed on through Family Systems.

Dan Siegel puts all of his research and findings onto YouTube, you can know all that he knows just by following. Essentially, being mentally and physically healthy results from taking self-care and time to know yourself, inside and out. Know your emotions, don't deny them, develop a rich inner life, as AIDS survivor and author Robert Dossa advised at the launch of his book, *The Time of our Lives*. My Family System incorporates many dissociative identities survivors of my six-year-old self, recovery means finding core balance through integration. Siegle says, 'when we differentiate, integrate and link we find harmony, flexibility. Integration, the fundamental basis of health, when visible, is kindness'.

It's my premise that when we learn to stop hurting ourselves and our children, we'll stop hurting our country, our planet, our universe.



Figure 9 Jude, Stephen, Jenny and Andrew about 1960, photographer unknown.

What a Dayo

First thing I remember...

Was lying on the front lawn,
with Ian, Jude, Stephen and Andrew
Staeher Street, Nuriootpa.

'There's a bear' Andrew yelled,
'And a goat with a spear,' said Stephen,
'It's shifting fast', dad said. The billowing clouds, moved on.

Next thing I remember...

Sitting under the piano, in Camberwell.

Dad singing, 'Dayo' and conducting everyone with his finger.

Grandma teaching me the knee wobble dance.

'Dayo, dayaaaaaoooooo' sang Dad,

'Daylight come and he wana go home. Daaayyyyooooo, d-a-a-a-a-OOOOO....

Next thing I remember....

Lunch at the big table in Burwood.

At least three catholic priests beside me-

Ian's uncle Terry, with his mates,

all as humorous as celibate Benny Hills...

minus the chase - di, di, diddle, diddle, diddly, de...,

to table, for mum's great food and dad's great wine.

Next thing I remember....

the typewriter clacking, clack, clack, clack,

outside my bedroom door.

But it's five am,

dad's writing an article, for The Age.

'Turning over the Pages', about a meal with Eric and Doreen Page.

And I remember....

Going to Hollydene, with dad, in the Hunter.

Dad built the round winery, bins moved around on rails,

to catch mast from the Potters above.

Soft mist through the morning gums, lazy kangaroos.

Fashion, YES, I DO remember a Fashion Parade!

At the Nataraja, Indian Restaurant, upstairs.

Cousins, friends, quickly changing into Indian day-wear

behind the curtain (not for me),

Prancing, striding, strolling, rolling, down the aisle,

for charity.

Lectures, classes, I remember!!

At Grace Park, for CAE,

Ian teaching wine appreciation.

Thousand dollar bottles from France, Spain, Germany, Australia, New Zealand...

Pork Rilletes, cooked lovingly, over thirteen hours, by Jude.
Chris helping, everyone, helping out.
Everyone learning about wine and food.

What about lunch at the Wine Press Club!!
Yeah, and we won the trophy, 1983 Mt Anakie Cabernet.
Dad so proud, Inaugural President.
We kids dressed-up, year after year, anxious, self-conscious,
partaking of the formalities and ceremony,
learning dad's passion, learning Plonky Business.

And remember Stelvin!
Dad paid to promote the screw top.
Oh, did he love that,
a bottle top so technical, that any waiter could
just, well,
screw it off.

Reminiscing
Special memories, happy, fun, adventures.
Love these recollections, Dad. Thanks.

Oh, Yeah, I remember, a VERY special time.
After Stephen died, Andrew on the Peninsula, Jude in Newport.
Dad and I working together, just the two of us,
I learned to love you, like I'd never done before.
Extraordinary, cooperative, sharing-time together.
Never more to be.



Figure 10 Centre Ian Hickinbotham, top left Ian's youngest son Andrew + wife Terryn, top right, Ian's daughter (me) Jenny + oldest son Stephen, bottom left Julie+ Charlie Youren, Jude's parents + Jude, Ian's wife, bottom right, Ian's parents Hick (Alan) + Nell

Thank you for supporting my event.

Jennyhickinbotham@gmail.com

You can see more of my art at jennyhickinbotham.info

If you are in need of any talking support you could
phone Lifeline on 13 11 14

Beyond blue on 1300 224 636

Or you can talk to me Jenny on 0438733165

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