



### **My brain: “the red”**

My brain responded to my childhood experiences in what I call “the red”. I used to see “the red” in my brain, just as I’ve drawn it for you, here in this box. Over the years I came to understand “the red” represented my feelings of dread ... my feelings of pending doom. And, I think I started having an awareness of these feelings—dread and pending doom—when I was about 18 months old. “The red” was like black and red blobs that moved and filled my brain ... my brain didn’t feel like it was moving ... just the black and red blobs moved ... and I felt in a state of fearfulness, dread, pending doom and total confusion. When I closed my eyes I’d feel panicky and the confusion would intensify. Sometimes these feelings seemed to go on for infinity. I can’t remember ever being free of this brain image until shortly after I got married ... it stopped. Then there were days when I cried all day ... not out of sadness but it felt more like a release. I don’t have these feelings anymore but I can still remember how “the Red” felt ... everyday day ... fleeting ... coming and going.

A participant in our “kitchen table” research project, 1999 and from our book, *The torturers walk among us*, a work in progress.