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Story Genres and Enneagram Type

Finding Buried Treasure: Getting Reacquainted with Innovative EM Articles and their Authors continues with a conversation we had a few days ago followed by the original article:

Jack Labanauskas: More than ten years ago you wrote *Story Genres and Enneagram Types*, an impressive article full of ideas that later you expanded into a book and countless workshops.

Judith Searle: I've certainly expanded some of my ideas about story genres and their relation to Enneagram types since I wrote that article.

Jack: Looking back, what do you feel about it today?

Judith: I basically got the categories right, but there is some fine tuning I would do now with some of the types. For example, Type Five story genres include a category I really didn't see back then: the Sherlock Holmes detective story, a distinctive kind of story in which the detective solves the case through pure mental analysis. I came



Judith Searle

to understand this aspect of the picture when I was working on *The Literary Enneagram* and realized that the best way to begin my chapter on Fives was with excerpts from one of the Sherlock Holmes stories. This version of the detective story is completely different from those in which the detective gets emotionally and physically involved in a case to the point where his or her safety is jeopardized (examples being in Sara Paretsky's V.I. Warshawski books such as *Blood Shot*, in which the protagonist is an Eight and in *The Silence of the Lambs*, both the book and the movie, in which the Jodie Foster role represents a Type One "moral hero.") In a Type Five story the detective solves the mystery by pure mental brilliance. An example of this would be "the dog that didn't bark" clue that informed Sherlock in *Silver Blaze*.

Jack: So you would add that category to the Five column.

Judith: Yes. Here's another example of how I've expanded some of the story genre categories: in the Type Two stories, I mentioned in my original article the genres associated with romantic comedies, romance novels, and battle-of-the-sexes stories, to which I would now add family stories like *Little Miss Sunshine*. ...CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

Wake up, You're Already There

My Journey

I have been exploring ways to get free of fixation since *before* I knew about fixation. I called it awakening or enlightenment and approached it through meditation, spiritual teachers and psychology.

I spent over 30 years trying every which way to shake the ego pattern. I tried becoming very aware of the patterning, accepting it, detaching from it, attacking it, surrendering to it, resolving it, and satisfying it - you name it. *None of it really worked.* I even tried accepting that there is nothing I can do. Through this search there have been periods of great peace and bliss, intermixed with periods of great suffering.

In the last year I found myself tied in one of the tightest knots of fixation I can remember. Several extremely painful issues - to which I was most attached - came up at once. This forced me, once again, to try everything I knew to relieve the pressure.

Somehow, I found myself looking directly into the face of my ego structure or fixation; into the issues I have tried to resolve my whole life. I found myself realizing that

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this was the story of my life; that I was *wired* to go through this life with this story.

This was the most painful truth for me. Certainly, the thought of dying is terrifying; but dying *without* finding freedom from these issues is even more unbearable.

I couldn't think of anything else to do but surrender *completely* into the heart of this pattern, give up, let go, and just die into it. This was devastating at first; but as I let go, deeper and deeper, I *finally* fell through.

The *ego* that was looking for relief, the *separate identity* that wanted to be free, dissolved with the pattern. There were some interesting phenomena that don't happen for everyone, or need to.

I had the odd sensation that the top of my head had blown off. There was just an open airy spaciousness with no physical structure containing it. I was flooded with energy, and the thoughts in my mind to a large extent stopped ...CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

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