

# Out of Step But in Time

by Nikki Alderman

**Nikki is a psychologist working in private practise and an Advanced Trainee in the Queensland Training Institute for Psychodrama. She has a love for both psychodrama and for writing stories. In this story she explores the inner life of a psychodramatic role which illustrates how an awareness and an appreciation of these roles can assist us to integrate difficult areas of our day-to-day lives.**

History has a funny way of representing itself in the present day. For my part the way I live in the world today is a far cry from my time around the table in Camelot. My name is Arthur and I own a small novelty shop that specialises in challenging puzzles for all ages, but that is another story.

Growing up in England I wanted to be the same as all my peers, but I had a capacity to misfit that was unheralded in time. In most ages misfits are marginalised and required to follow the linear order of things and that is as nature intends. Very occasionally there are brief moments in this world where instantaneous change is welcomed as though the planet is in a trance. All the usual laws of nature do not apply. This is no struggle or upheaval and the trees grow down with ease from the sky, beginning with fruit, flowers and leaves and eventually sprouting branches, trunks, roots and seeds. This canopy of wisdom must grow down to take seed in the earth before it can be realised and grow back up to maturity. The clouds came down with the trees to meet

the earth in my time in Camelot. It must have felt similar for Noah when the water rose to meet the sky and bring new possibilities back down to earth. The laws of time changed when I was King of England as well. We lived outside of logical and linear

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higher and lower but never back or forth. So we very often had our heads in the clouds or our chins resting in earth.

There was no grounded belief in my visions of equality, imagination, developed thinking or justice. Knights still wanted the physical tests that decided issues irrevocably and the ladies of the court considered the round table nothing more than a unique fashion statement. All maintained their original beliefs and could simultaneously accommodate the new ideas with some assistance from the clouds. My ability to think these strange, new and apparently wild thoughts aloud perpetuated the trance and allowed a new order to be voiced. It needed to be voiced to later evolve up through people's beliefs and take hold, but not to be embraced before time is ready. I grew younger with age and I gave birth to a son who carried the old order of conflict. We met in middle age and died in conflict, as there was no way to hold our opposing experience of time or the different laws of nature. The clouds lifted and the trees came crashing to the ground, as they do when a trance is broken and an age is ending to take fruit at another time. Awake once more the knights fought and, simply, whoever was left standing, won. The seeds of this time grew stronger with the blood shed on the fallen trees and couldn't be wiped away. The world had changed and a new way forward was beginning.

As I look through my shop window, I can see that the time for that particular world order has not yet arrived. The world is expectant and alive with anticipation for a new age. This new age started over a thousand years ago and as with all lasting change, the growth takes a long patient time to eventually exist.

The real change occurs when the ideas are very old and it is the fruit of King Arthur's age we are about to encounter. Some of us are born not to fit so that new ideas can continue to take seed outside of time and appropriateness.