

Blue Beard and Me



By Lily O'Connell

TWO YEARS ON
THE NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER LIST
THE MILLION-COPY BESTSELLER

Women Who Run With the Wolves

Myths and Stories
of the Wild Woman
Archetype



Clarissa Pinkola Estés

"A deeply spiritual book... She honors what is
tough, smart, and untamed in women.
She venerates the female soul."
—The Washington Post Book World

One of my
Best Friends
Jenna Gifted
"Women Who
Run With the
Wolves" to me
for X-mas
when I was in
Montreal.

Open to
any PAGE
When you're
Feeling Lost
& let it
Give you
the wisdom
you need!

REAL

RACCOON
Pelt Hat

RED CORDUROY
SKIRT I GAVE
HER LAST
SUMMER!

FISHNETS,
JENNA CLAIMS
these ARE AS
WARM IF NOT WARMER
THAN REGULAR TIGHTS
IN THE MONTREAL
COLD!

HER SIGNATURE
FACEBOOK MARKETPLACE
DEMONIAS



"Women Who Run with the Wolves" has changed my life. Thank you, Jenna! The book follows ancient myths and identifies how they awaken the "Wild Woman" archetype.

Pinkola Estés begins each chapter with a myth, then provides a JUNGIAN ANALYSIS of the story. She shows the journey of Resiliency and triumph of "The Wild Woman" in all of U.S. It

is a Beautiful AND Extremely Quotable Book.

"...the doors to the wild self are few but precious. If you have a deep scar, that is a door. If you have an old, old story, that is a door. If you love the sky and the water so much you almost cannot bear it, that is a door. If you yearn for a deeper life, a full life, a sane life, that is a door (21)."



CLARISSA PINKOLA Estés, PhD... my Queen ♡♡♡



The BOOK has opened up ALOT FOR me. It's KINDA CRACKED OPEN MY BRAIN & GIVEN ME A MYTHOLOGICAL STRUCTURE & POWER TO UNDERSTAND MY LIFE.



"Stories ARE Medicine. I HAVE BEEN TAKEN WITH STORIES SINCE I HEARD MY FIRST. They HAVE SUCH POWER. They DO NOT REQUIRE THAT we DO, BE, ACT, ANYTHING. We NEED ONLY LISTEN. THE Remedies FOR Repair AND Reclamation OF ANY LOST PSYCHIC DRIVE ARE CONTAINED IN STORIES; STORIES ENGENDER the EXCITEMENT, Sadness, questions, longings & understandings that spontaneously BRING the ARCHETYPE, The Wild Woman, BACK to the surface (15)."

THE STORY that HAS Resonated with me most SO FAR IS PROBABLY THE FABLE OF "BLUEBEARD."



BlueBEARD WAS A Failed Magician. HIS Failures IN SORcery CURSED Him WITH the BRIGHT, BLUE BEARD. He WAS a Rich, OLDER MAN WITH the LARGest Castle, THE MOST SERVANTS, the GREAtest RICHes. But, He STRUGGled to FIND A WIFE AS most WERE TURNED away BY the UN-NATURAL Hue of his BEARD. There WAS something INTUITIVELY WRONG ABOUT Him to most Women IN THE Village.

EVENTUALLY, HE CAME UPON A YOUNG GIRL WHO COULD SEE PAST HIS BLUEBEARD. SHE WAS VERY YOUNG AND HE PROMISED HER THE CASTLE, THE SERVANTS, AND ALL THE RICHES. IT COULD ALL BE HERS. HE PURSUED HER & HER TWO SISTERS, BUT ONLY THE YOUNGEST GIRL FELL FOR HIM. HE PROMISED HER COMFORT, PARADISE, ESCAPISM. SHE STRUGGLED WITH THE INSTINCTUAL KNOWLEDGE THAT SOMETHING COULD NOT BE RIGHT WITH A MAN WITH A BEARD SO INCURABLY BLUE. BUT, SHE SWALLOWED HER PREMONITIONS FOR THE SPOILS OF LIFE HE PROMISED HER...



At First, things were OKAY....
GOODEVEN'G!



Being Mrs. Bluebeard is lovely! We LOVE each other SO MUCH! I no longer have to do the washing up & I have a closet FULL of clothes... and.... and.... and....

SOON INTO the marriage, BlueBEARD had to go away for the weekend, But he told the YOUNG GIRL...

My YOUNG wife, Have your whole family here while I'm gone. You CAN use my SERVANTS, my Castle, EVERYTHING!



"Have your Sisters over & you can explore every room in this castle, explore what all these keys open! But, don't you dare use this

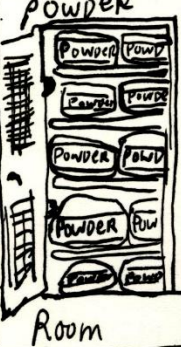
little key!!



So, the family & the sisters came over... they enjoyed the spoils of the Beautiful Castle.



The Sisters began opening ALL the Doors w/ Blue Beard's Keys...



"Like ALL CREATURES, the Girls were very CURIOUS... (51)"



They SEARCHED HIGH & LOW in the castle...



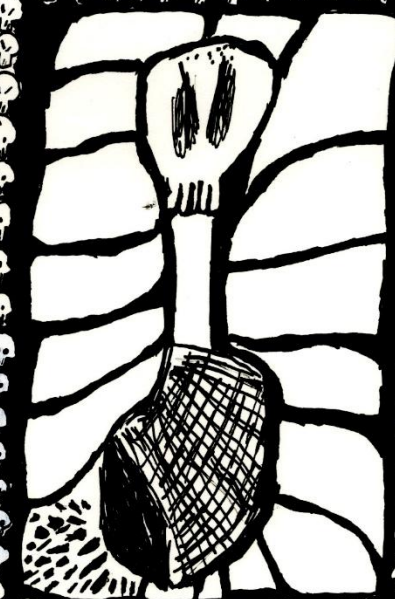
Until they finally found a little door...



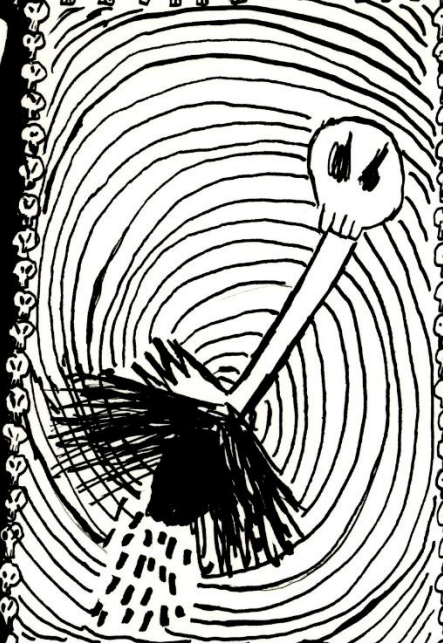


They found the ROTTING
CORPSES of the past WIVES
of BLUEBEARD

Next, the Key
BEGAN to Gush
BLOOD.



She tries WRAPPING
the key in Gauze,
in FABRIC...



Stuffing the Key
with May...

But, the key kept
BLEEDING.



THE TRUTH OF
WHAT THE GIRLS SAW
COULDN'T BE
HIDDEN.

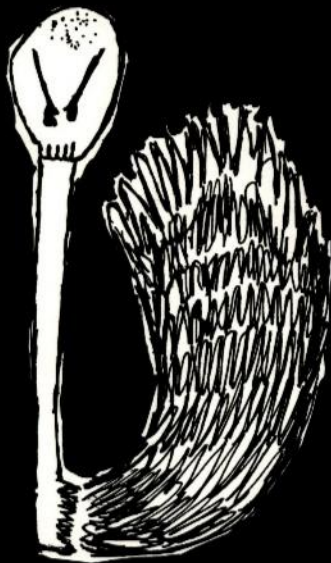


THE FRONT DOOR
CREAKED OPEN...



"A Woman may try to Hide from those devastations of
Her life, But the BLEEDING, the loss of life's energy,
will continue until she recognizes the PREDATOR
FOR WHAT it IS AND CONTAINS it (53)."

Bluebeard sees
the Key Bleeding



YOU'VE
BETRAY-
ED ME!
YOU'RE
JUST LIKE
ALL THE
OTHERS!
NOW YOU'VE
HAVE TO
JOIN THEM!



He tries to
kill the young
girl.

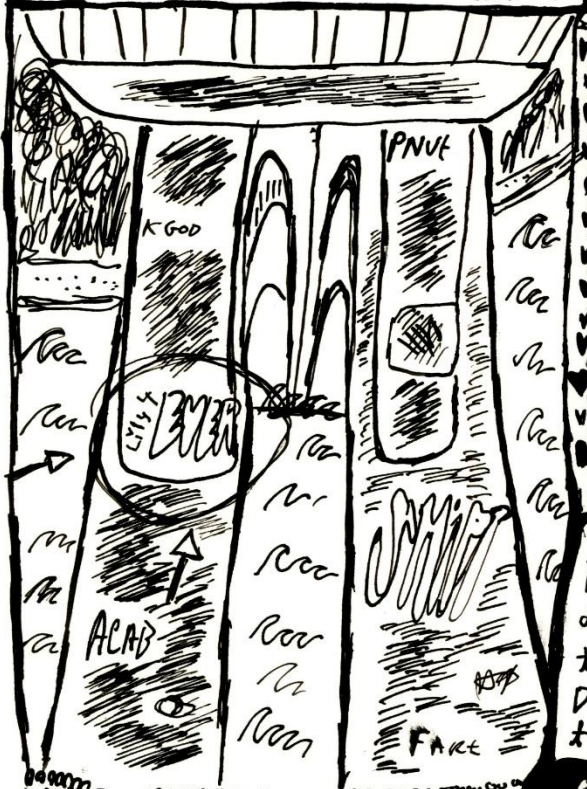
Ultimately, the girl is saved
by her sisters. They club Bluebeard
atop the head. Sometimes our sisters are
our greatest saviors.



Bluebeard Represents the age
old need for comfort & the
realization^{of} when that comfort
you found is also what will
kill you. Bluebeard's an outside
force as much as he's a part
of our psyche; What are you
clinging to? What's slowly choking
you? Are there any bleeding
keys you're trying to stuff with
hay? What's killing you and
what will save you?



He spray painted it all over town

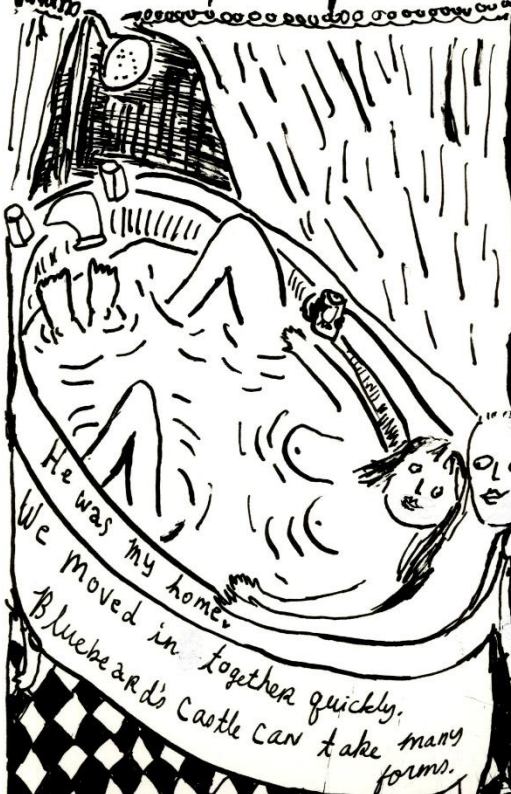


Our love was obsessive. He was 28 & I was 19.

ON A PLANE TO IRELAND!!!



LOVING Him was over the top, Gluttonous & insulated. He taught me a lot about doing drugs - something we did often! I enjoyed the Euphoria of combining LOVE with DRUGS. We entered new states of consciousness together & explored each other.



He was my home.
We moved in together quickly.
Bluebeard's Castle can take many forms.



Side Note: I Really recommend taking a BUNCH OF MDMA & whispering, "I Love you, person's name" into your lover's ear. It's the Best!

CIAN BROUGHT AN intensity & A PASSION to my life. We were wild together. He Had A fuck it all attitude & a violence that I found ATTRACTIVE and also often FRIGHTENING! ONE of my favorite CIAN STORIES was when we attempted to BREAK INTO Phil Lynott's (OF THIN LIZZY) GRAVE late one NIGHT. We Had TRAVELED to DUBLIN together to visit family & Lynott was OUR HERO. WHEN WE ARRIVED at the cemetery, it WAS ALREADY LOCKED UP. EACH time we attempted to jump the gate, the dumpster Beside us RATTLED out - Which felt like some COSMIC WARNING - BUT WAS PROBABLY JUST RATS.





So, despite OUR Best Wishes, we settled ON DRINKING ON the CURB outside the cemetery. He spray painted Next to the Gate to memorialize OUR PRESENCE and HOMAGE to OUR HERO.

LONG LIVE KING
PHIL

Still really
I do love Phil Lynott



If you get me
in trouble with
the GARDAI,
I've never
met you!



BRING WITH HIM WAS SCARY. I WALKED ON EGG-SHELLS, NEVER QUITE SURE WHAT MIGHT INFURIE HIM. I LEARNED HOW TO CALM HIM DOWN TO A POINT HE WAS LOVING AGAIN. HE WAS AS FUN AS HE WAS ANGRY. HE WAS A TOTAL POWDER KEG PUPPY. NOTHING WAS EASY, BUT NOTHING WAS EVER DULL.



THINGS GOT WORSE OVER TIME.

What if we moved to
EDINBURGH* together?

BLITZ

*MY DREAM
city to live
in when I was 20!

IF YOU
LEAVE
YOU'RE
A
FUCK-
ING
CUNT!!

"As long as a woman is forced into believing she is powerless and/or is trained to not consciously register what she knows to be TRUE, the feminine impulses and gifts of her psyche continue to be killed off (50)."



"The key represents the permission to know the deepest, darkest secrets of the psyche (50)." I could see when the key was bleeding. I watched "Comfort" begin to strangle me. I had many friends on speed dial whose homes I could stay at when mine became too scary. Yet, this seemed easier than having.

I Used to Run out of the house because I never knew what Cian might do to Retaliate in a fight. He got Scary quickly. Being Really Scared & Really loved began to feel familiar. There were lots of Uncomfortable feelings I could avoid if I was battling Cian. Loving Him was Lonely, But I could escape myself. Bluebeard promised PARADISE. WHEN THE key starts Bleeding, it Refuses to stop.

LEAVING CIAN WAS ONE OF THE HARDEST THINGS I'D EVER DONE.

CIAN, I CAN'T DO THIS ANYMORE.

I WAS SCARED OF HIM & OF LIFE WITHOUT HIM.

Lily
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE DOING THIS!

I hid in the closet THE MORNING WE BROKE UP.



I did leave Cian & later I left Winnipeg.



I'm glad I'm not here & this isn't me anymore. But it was my Home FOR a long time.

Sometimes, THOUGH, I still think of his BIG ARMS holding me TIGHT!





They were a Rock N Roller.
Together we ran into a
Familiar Hedonism. It felt
like we Had fallen into eachother's
life & triggered Pre-existing
Patterns of Grandiose Lust,
and later Violence.

There is something
within myself - as
within the young
GIRL - thats so
comforted by
BlueBeard. I
Run to BlueBeard
when I'm lost.
My ego craves
Paradise & the
Simplicity.

King Kong

Other women had warned me about Chevy. The cadavers in the closet were always there. I was 22 & they were 33.



Still, we stayed together for years. THROUGH SO MANY OF MY TRANSITIONS OF MY EARLY TWENTIES, they held MY SCARED HAND.



"A naive woman keeps making poor choices in a mate. Somewhere in her mind she knows this pattern is fruitless, that she should stop and follow a different value. She often even knows how to proceed. But there is something compelling, a sort of Bluebeardian Mesmerization about continuing the destructive pattern. In most cases, the woman feels if she just holds on a little longer, why surely the PARADISICAL BELOVED she seeks will appear in the next heart beat (Pinkola Estés, 49)."

The DRAMA of our LOVE took over my life many times. Our fights were so over the top with intense periods of perfection to heal the ways we hurt each other.



OUR PATTERN of EXTREMES



YEARS In, I followed them to *Portland*

Despite nothing ever working out between us for very long... I was dumb or in love or something in between. They bought me a one way ticket & got us an apartment to live in together. All of our decisions we rushed & we lived our lust-iest fantasies of a happy home-life together. But, unfortunately, our cycles of destruction became faster & more frequent...

The Relationship changed the course of my life in many positive ways.

I Rejoice the memories of learning to sing, blinking hard on stimulants after the show, the alchemy of late night basements.



I won't forget the loneliness, the screaming, the drama, the property damage of the next morning.

BEING SCARED of MY PARTNER
was a familiar feeling.



We hurt each other often.



They'd CHASE me AROUND the APART-
ment. I think we got ADDICTED to
that CHASE. FIGHTING MEANT
FULL ATTENTION - JAWS CLENCHED &
EYES DIALATED

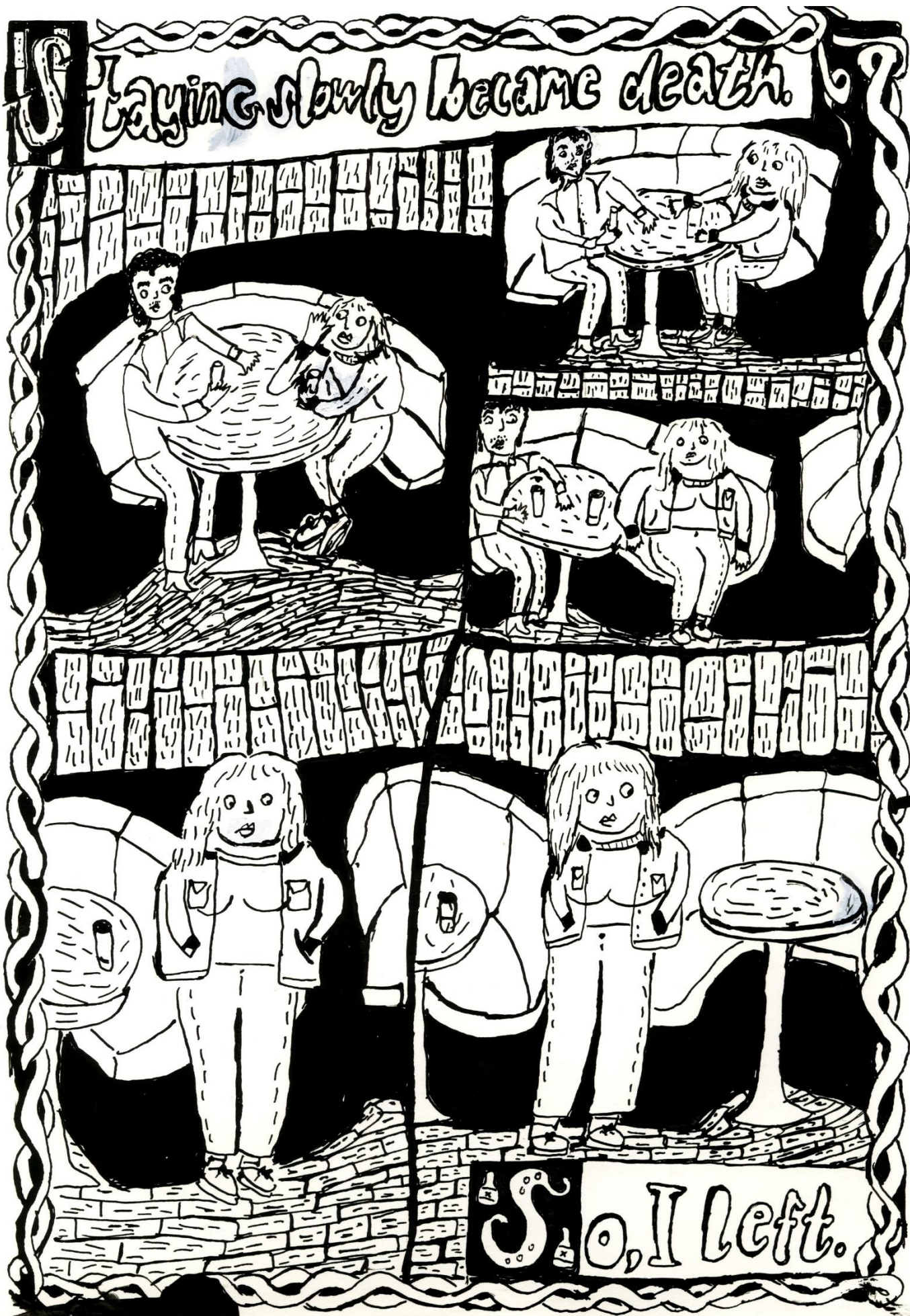


I'd slam doors & hide in the bathroom.
I'd blast music to black out the yelling.



They did this, I did that. We cried, we
fucked, we forgot...





"We all want everything to be wonderful. Every woman wants to sit upon a horse dressed in bells and go riding off through the boundless gardens and sensual forest. All humans want to attain early paradise here on earth. The problem is that ego desires to feel wonderful but a yen for the paradisaical when combined with naïveté, make us ~~not~~ fulfilled, but food for the predator (78)."

LEAVING MADE ME GO CRAZY. I'M STILL GOING A LITTLE CRAZY. Not ENTERING A NEW BLUEBEARDIAN CASTLE IS SOMETIMES DIFFICULT. BUT, life outside the castle is **Life!**



Hmmmm... I think I know this.



THROUGH the difficulties of my experiences, I know who I am. I can have passion, without cruelty. I can be my own most insane person - the synapses of my own creativity bursting me forward. I am learning about myself by being with myself.



Codendency, addiction and abuse
ARE a part of me & a part of my
past... I know & I don't know why
they exist within me. I am GLAD
I AM CHOOSING something
different.



Hopefully, with experience, I've
GAINED intuition.

Writing is my Alchemy



The YOUNG Girl leaves the castle &
there's NEVER ANY DISCUSSION ON
what allured her & No One else.



Why'd you MARRY Him
anyway? Everyone
else thought his
BEARD WAS TOO BLUE.
AND he WAS SO
annoying.

Ahhh...
I have
a thing
for old
people?

LEARNING WHY I'm willing to
RISK SAFETY for "COMFORT" is in
many ways a lifelong UNTANGLING.

Wanting more & TRUSTING more is possible is HARD WORK & a JOURNEY
ON ITS OWN.

"Developing A Relationship with the Wildish Nature is an
essential part of a woman's individuation. IN ORDER to
accomplish this, a woman must go into the DARK, But at the
same time, she must NOT get trapped, captured, or killed on
her way there or Back (43)."



"This is our meditation
Practice... calling
Back the dead &
dismembered aspects
of ourselves, calling back
the dead & dismembered
aspects of life itself... the Great
understand what within us and around
us must live, and what must die.
OUR work is to apprehend the
timing of Both; to allow what
must die to die; and must live
to live (32)."



OR NOW, I can say that I'm safe & I'm
happy. I (sometimes) do DRUGS with friends now. I wake up
With lovers I'm Not Codependent on. And we don't HURT each other!!



I've found a New Love for Ketamine!



Wrote this BOOK, I'll write more! I'm inspired all the time!
My heart is open & SYNCHRONICITY Happens Often. I've changed my life!



ew STORMS will arrive... AND I'll FIGURE that out too, No STORY is ever Really OVER

Author's Note

Author as "Dog-The
Boutin
Hunter"



W/Boobs

There were many moments while writing this when I thought "Why the fuck am I writing about all this painful stuff?" Why the fuck did I write this?? Well, I suppose it's my story. Maybe I'll never have to tell it again!

A week before completing this, I decided to go back into the archival chambers of an old broken iPhone and listened to old voice recordings. One was a 9 minute recording of me after a disastrous fight with one of the subjects in this book. I was crying hard and I wanted to remember how they made me feel. I wanted evidence. The other one I listened to was 35 minutes long. I did not listen to most of it. In it, I was extremely high and my teeth were chattering as my jaw shook in the recording. It was a message to one of these subjects. I told them how much I loved them. Despite this problem, and this fear, and the way this thing had rocked and ruined me; I truly, truly, truly loved them.

After listening to these and with about a page and a half left to ink of this book, I cried longer than I have cried in awhile about all these things. Breaks ups, trauma, love, drugs, evidence. Evidence. All this happened. I still talk to these subjects in my head sometimes... a lot of the time. I don't know if there is a point. Maybe you'll relate or find it relieving. Maybe none of it will make sense, and I've just conjured up all these demons from the past that I usually don't have to listen to. Why the fuck did I write this painful thing? Maybe I've exorcised something that would have laid dormant for a while inside of me.

I am safer and happier now. I receive love from many sources; rather than relying on the shakiness of needing one insane relationship to fill everything. I think I am happy I wrote this. I am really happy that you read it. Thank you. Thank you.

And thank you to my Best Friends; Dil Carr, Charlie Fraiser and Jenna Usick. There are so many more to name but these besties read the draft and witnessed me through these relationships and have held me now that they're over. Thank you for the chats til 7am at kitchen tables, on bedroom floors, in some random dude's bathtub, on the front stoops and roofs of some of our most iconic homes. I've traveled across borders countless times to sit under a moon next to you.

the

Thank you to my sisters, Kate and Aine O'Donnell. Having sisters has defined my life. You have saved me countless times whether you knew it or not. Thank you to my mom- who I have called frantically in varying unsafe situations throughout my life and she has never made me feel ashamed. Nor has her trust I could do anything ever shaken.

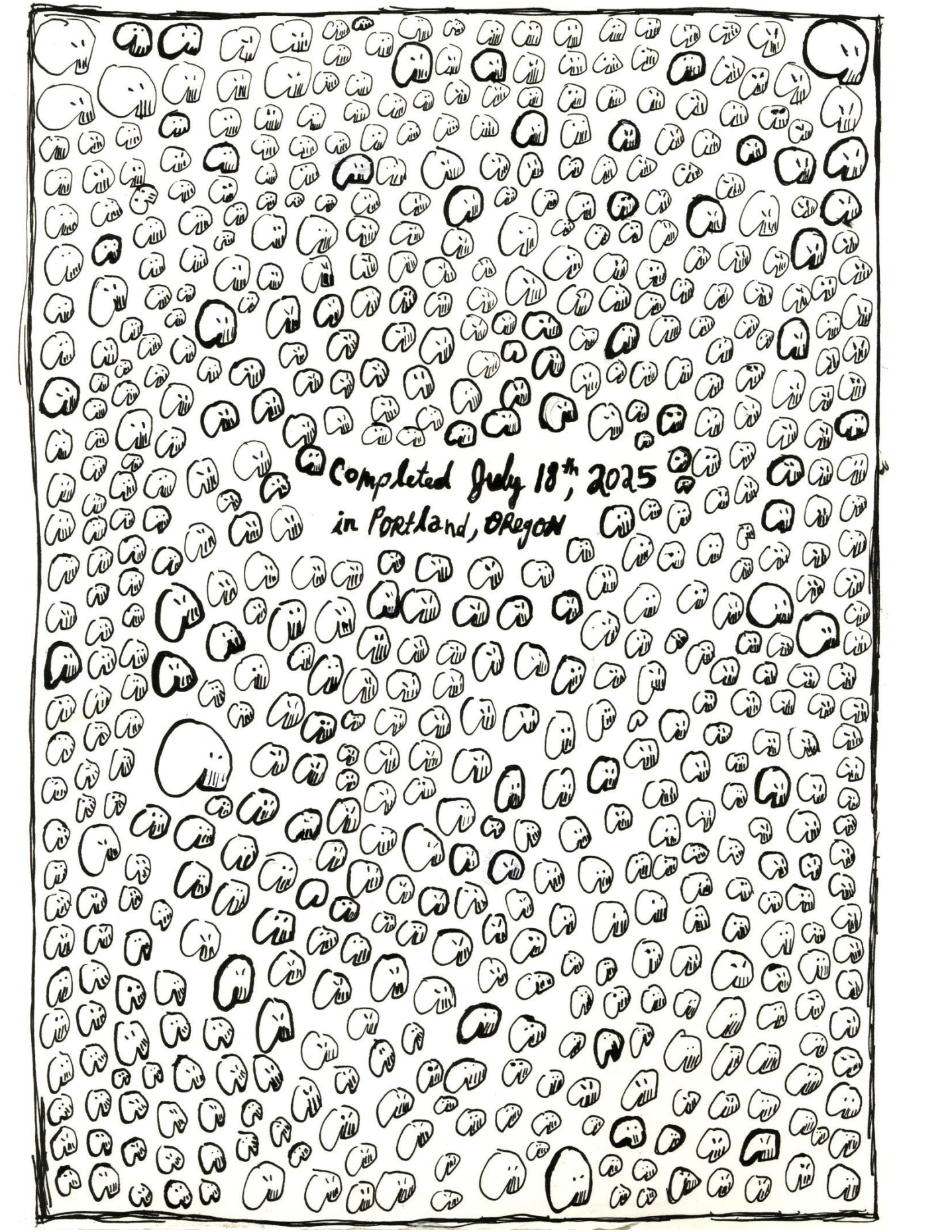
Thank you to the IPRC Portfolio Program. Thank you to Marissa Perez, the kindest instructor. Thank you to my amazing cohort; Yoko, Nadira, Swampy, Sky, Maya, Tommy, Katie and Eleanor. This program and my cohort changed my brain forever. Thanks for encouraging me to write this, empowering me, and telling me I am on the right path to something.

Lastly thank you to Clarissa Estes Pinkola - holy shit you wrote the greatest book ever-, Thank you to Julie Doucett, to Aline Kominsky- Crumb, to Lynda Barry, to Sam Szabo, to Lisa "SuckDog" Carver, to Sylvie Rancourt, to Krystine Kryttre, to Casey Plett, to Patti Smith, to Sophie Calle and to Nan Goldin. Weird Girl Artists have made my life make sense.

Love u so much --- Lily O'Donnell @prittykittylily on instagram---
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I DON'T NEED NO FUCKING BLUEBEARD!



Completed July 18th, 2025
in Portland, OREGON