

NEWS LETTER

of the International Primal Association

Summer 1980

The European Scene: A Meeting with Leboyer

by Dan Miller

One of the people I met in Europe last November was Dr. F. Leboyer. Our meeting took place over dinner in Frankfort and was arranged by my host, Peter Orban. Peter is worth an article himself, but just a few words about him now to say that he has worked as a primaler and is now a therapist at the Frankfort Center. Perhaps even more important, he is an editor for a prominent academic publishing company, doing everything he can to get books published in Germany on the intensive affective therapies. Aside from that he teaches at Frankfort University.

Peter and a German obstetrician friend of Dr. Leboyer had chosen a fine French restaurant to make him feel comfortable. Peter and I arrived first. Soon, Leboyer came in with the obstetrician and the latter's woman friend who was also a midwife and an advocate of the Leboyer method.

He was somewhat shorter than I expected, looked like French gentry, shy, diffident, gentle and apparently depressed. I said a few things to let him know I appreciated and valued his books and his methods, was glad to meet him, and that there were many therapists in the U.S. who accepted his ideas. He soon opened up with some of the reasons for his glumness, at least superficially. To paraphrase, he said he thought the civilized world was still in a barbaric state, that he was fed up with it and wanted to withdraw from the world. The condition of society was depressing and there was little that anyone seemed able to do about it. He seemed to be referring in a general way

(cont'd on pg. 4)

Our Eighth Annual Convention Common Ground Camp Sequoia, Rockhill, N.Y. August 27 to September 1 Be There

This year I am really excited about the upcoming convention. The moment Dean, Loretta, Lin and I drove up to the camp, the afternoon of Friday, June 13, we fell in love with the place. The first thing that struck me was that the cabins formed a half circle around a huge grassy field (you see I have this thing about roundness) . . . "because the world is round it turns me on," the Beatles sing. My initial feelings about the rightness of the place kept increasing as Len Shapiro, the manager, showed us around.

The cabins, comfortably small and freshly painted white, are sparkling inside and out. The showers and toilets have closing doors. The beds are firm with specially imported metal springs. We looked at several small one- and two-bedroom cottages suitable for families. The public rooms are large and cheerful. They include a picture window dining room and a fully equipped gym as an annex to a theater.

Across the field a huge swimming pool is being filled. Len tells us that it, as well as some of the ten tennis courts, will be lit at night. Spreading out from the camp we glimpse the ball fields for volleyball, baseball and softball. There are cottages for nature studies and arts and crafts, and a stable with horses grazing in the corral.

(cont'd on pg 3)

The Cure Experiences on the First Line Letting Go—down into the body

by Jonathan Hall

So much has been debated about Art's claim that Primal Therapy is The Cure for neurosis that some people still wonder . . . "Is it really true?" I'd like to relate my own experiences with this and what I've gotten from primal.

Starting out seven years ago as an uptight, middle-aged man living in my head, totally cut off from my feelings and my body, I was asked what I actually felt. "I can tell you what I

think," I replied, "but all I feel is a vague sense of being dead and disgusted." Thus I began.

Primal to me is the process of letting go.

At first just letting go of the grossest defenses like cigarettes and tranquilizers was enough to vent the pent-up energies of anger and rage. Then letting go of my mind's busyness and constant chatter made me aware of the physical sensations in my body . . . not just occasionally . . . but constantly aware of the body sensing itself. "A feeling is sensation raised into consciousness." So let go . . . think about

(cont'd on pg. 5)

NEWS LETTER

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Calendar—Year of 1980

- August 27-September 1, 1980—Eighth Annual Summer Convention. Theme—Common Ground. Camp Sequoia, Rockhill, N.Y.
- August 31—General Membership & Elections Meeting, 00:00 A.M., Camp Sequoia, Rockhill, N.Y.

Executive Board Minutes

as again remembered by Loretta Fogel and Alan McFarland

The meeting was called to order by Fred Zielke on June 14 at 1:15 at the home of Lin Whittle and Lisa Novick. In attendance were Fred, Nona, Lin, Dan, Alan, Gro, Charlotte, Leslie, Alec and Lisa from our elected set and Gary Cohen from our membership (we need more of you).

The meeting opened with a discussion of our leadership for the upcoming year. Our three elected officers along with the *Newsletter* editor all expect to be retiring this year. Several board spots will also be up for reelection. People with strong wishes to do something with the organization are needed for these positions. A wish was expressed that we not wait until the last minute, but rather that members begin talking about possibilities now and make their wishes and availability known.

A "who are we" discussion ensued and moved on to a "what do we want our name to be" discussion. A majority of the board seemed to have some dissatisfaction with our present name or at least were open to discussing the possibility of changing it. Some objections to "primal" are that we don't have it defined, that it often carries a negative connotation, that it is not broad enough to cover our activities and that we have grown beyond or away from it. One person not wanting a name change, Alec Rubin, nonetheless suggested 'The International Association for Affective Therapies' as a possibility. From our short brainstorm for names, this one emerged on top. A motion was then passed that we will take a vote at the general membership meeting at the annual convention to determine if we want to pursue a name change. If the vote is affirmative, the new elected board and officers will determine an alternative name and a ballot vote will

go out to the general membership with a choice to either retain our present name or to accept the newly proposed one. A majority vote of at least one half of our membership will pass it with at least one half of our membership voting.

The meeting then moved to a discussion of our annual convention. Lin and crew seem to have it well in hand. A feeling of excitement went through the group as Lin, Gro and Loretta described the site. It will be the perfect place to spend a Labor Day vacation as well as to provide safety and stimulation for growth. Families are welcomed and encouraged (I'd sure like to see a lot more kids, Alan). The site details are contained in Gro's article leading off this newsletter. The convention theme is Common Ground.

The meeting was adjourned at 4:45.



Notes:

Please be sure to read the Board minutes, as an important NAME CHANGE motion was passed, bringing up the possibility of adopting a name other than the International Primal Association during the upcoming year.

Loretta Fogel deserves credit for acting the part of Board Liaison for the *Newsletter* last issue.

Spots will be open for President, Vice President, Secretary/Treasurer, *Newsletter* Editor, and some Board spots. Now is the time to put thought towards filling them.

Common Ground—Be There

(cont'd from pg. 1)

Before we ask, Len says if we need a place to have our feelings there is a large separate fully padded cottage that is used for martial arts. It's perfect. Right now it is housing the canoes and sailboats for the lake. We wander down toward the lake. Facing it, next to some ancient rock formations, is the barbecue area. Further on what looks like a modern cathedral turns out to be a huge semi-enclosed basketball court. Even if it rains for 5 days we will have enough attractive sheltered spaces. High above the lake is the outdoor theater; what a setting for our spontaneous dramatic creations.

We eat our snacks here and I leave the others to explore an inviting trail into the woods. The laurel in bloom and the pine trees are intoxicating. My trail crosses a wider riding trail and then seems to wind around the lake. The sun is hot as we walk back to the boating and swimming area. Schools of shimmering blue-finned fish invite us in for a swim.

Back at the office, wrapping up our negotiations with Len, I confirm some of my impressions of this man, who, with his parents, has run Camp Sequoia for the last 49 years. The camp opens in a week and everyone is busy, busy getting ready for the onslaught of 300 kids. Workmen are milling around and young counselors come and go. The phone is ringing constantly as he is talking with us. With everyone Len is friendly, firm and decisive. With us his manner is cordial and direct. To almost all of our questions the answer is, "No problem, just tell us what you need and I will deliver." When we talk about food, Len grows enthusiastic, "Vegetarian meals, no problem. Health food, we grow all of our own organic vegetables. Chicken and fish, name your recipe." It so happens Len is a former gourmet chef for the Hilton Continental chain. "On the chef's night off I cook and you won't be sorry. We also bake all of our own whole grain breads and cookies; you can have all you want."

His pride and confidence in running the camp is evident, as is his enormous energy. When I ask for a brochure he says they never had one and never have had to advertise. The camp has third generation campers. He shows us pictures of exuberant youngsters. This is the first time he has rented to outsiders. We hope it will be a permanent connection. Len and his staff seem interested in us and our program and graciously accept Lin's invitation to join us and attend our workshops. In a high mood we say goodbye and drive the ten minutes to Monticello to have dinner. The restaurant is excellent but we know we won't be coming here during the convention. We toast to Lin, who with Lisa, found this perfect place and is running the convention, to Loretta who as usual is taking care of all those important details, to Dean who will be our site manager, and to me who no longer has any qualms about doing the publicity.

By the way, this piece has been all about the site, not about the workshops and programs. I could easily spend five days there happily without attending a single workshop. It is also a fact that out of the forty or so workshops that we have lined up, I will have a most difficult time deciding which ones to take, and so, I expect, will you. I am also very excited about the morning program of playshops and creative play. The evening program will be all we always have and more.

So come, bring yourself, your friends, your family, and your enthusiasm and energies. Send your reservations now to Loretta. It should be the best convention ever. See you in August. Love Gro.

MEMBER NEWS & NOTICES

David Freundlich, M.D. and Mary Beswick, M.A. will be co-leading 12-hour Primal Group Intensives on October 4 and December 13. On November 1, David and Armand DiMele, C.S.W., C.R.C. will co-lead a Training Workshop entitled Intense Feeling Therapy, in which The Fear of Losing Control and Corrective Rebirthing will be focused upon. For information, registration, and brochures, contact David at Center for the Whole Person, 304 West 105 St., New York, N.Y. 10025, or phone (212) 222-9445 (a.m.'s).

Barb Valassis has a room for rent at the Center. The rent will be \$175.00 a month including utilities, kitchen privileges, and the use of the primal room (in off-hours). She prefers someone interested in being close to or involved in primal. She accepts a limited number of work-study clients. Write Barb Valassis, 23011 Middlebelt, Farmington Hill, MI 48024

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INTERNATIONAL PRIMAL ASSOCIATION, INC.
8th ANNUAL CONVENTION, Aug. 27—Sept. 1, 1980

(cont'd from pg. 1)

to man's inhumanity to man, and I didn't press him for details. In general I could agree, and we stayed with the generalities. But I wondered what was going on to make him so bitter and negative when he had recently given the world a most profound new way of being human. I asked him about India, where he had written a beautiful book about massaging infants, but it turned out the book was not written in India at all, and that country too could join the heap. The only civilized place left in the world at all was England. He wanted to withdraw from everything having to do with childbirth, retire to London and write nothing but poetry.

It was an interesting revelation about his character. His core is not that of a scientist, it is that of a poet. His books are an extremely sensitive, poetic presentation of the human side of a problem the medical establishment can only regard as purely medical, scientific domain. Later, Peter offered the observation that he'd had a very unresponsive reception in Germany; very few obstetricians accepted and practiced his methods. In France, his homeland, he had been rejected by the medical community and was deprived of his medical status.

Peter told me an anecdote that went something like this: After showing his childbirth film to a group of doctors in Germany, one of them got up and said very harshly to Leboyer, "Doctor, how can you perform a birth without sterilized gloves? You take the risk of not having a sterilized baby." To which Leboyer responded, "Doctor, if you wish to have a sterilized baby you must drown it in water at 140 degrees Fahrenheit for 7 minutes."

I probably don't have the degrees and minutes correct but the rest is close to accurate.

To return to our dinner conversation: I was itching to ask him about Janov because I knew he was a friend of his, and I finally decided to do it. Speaking for myself, I said, in effect, that I thought that Janov promised more than he actually delivered and brought up the issue of "the cure" as an example. Leboyer retorted, "Then why do you call yourselves primal therapists?"

I explained that many of us preferred not to be called primal therapists but included regression to infancy and birth in our therapeutic methods. Nevertheless, others who wished to call themselves primal therapists had the right to do so, and I briefly reviewed the legal status of the word following the IPA's pursuit and winning of a court decision. He apparently was not familiar with the case and took in what I said without comment.

At first I was afraid that my challenge about Janov had alienated him, but it turned out not to be so. I was satisfied that we'd had an exchange of different viewpoints without animosity. The rest of the evening was basically cordial and chit-chatty about world affairs and whatever else came into our minds. We parted with warm handshakes, hoping to meet one another again.

On the way to his house, Peter talked further about the situation in Germany. It turned out that psychoanalysts controlled the psychotherapeutic milieu because they were supported by government coverage for patients' sessions. The government would not give coverage for primal or any of the other active therapies. Probably they also reject financial support for the Leboyer techniques.

Nevertheless, enough patients eschewed the psychoanalysts to enable competent centers such as the Frankfurt Center run by Gertrude Kapellen and Dieter Hermann to flourish. Actually, they draw young people from other countries in Europe, as well as Germany, who want to break with the traditional values of society represented most actively in psychotherapy by psychoanalysis.

The thoroughness and rigidity of medical and psychoanalytic control was exemplified by the dilemma of the obstetrician. He started as a traditional practicing obstetrician working in a first-class hospital and lecturing at the University. After seeing Leboyer's work he adopted his methods in obstetrics and included the material in his lectures. His lectures, attempting to re-educate the public, were disapproved and took on the onus of an opposition to the medical and university authorities. He refused, however, to change his beliefs and was, when I met

him, in the dilemma of having to return to traditional ways or give up his hospital and university positions. This would leave him essentially without income, but he did not seem inclined to bow down to the authorities.

Currently, there is no licensing for non-psychoanalytic therapists in Germany. However, psychologists, social workers and others are not stopped from practicing therapy according to their viewpoint. Licensing legislation is being drafted, and as in the U.S., it would be a mixed blessing since it would make the legal status of competent people, as well as incompetents, questionable. But it could ultimately lead to a broadening of insurance and government coverage for psychologists and social workers who are licensed, just as it is doing in the U.S.

I saw Gertrude and Dieter the next day and told them about my meeting with Leboyer. Gertrude said she might possibly work with the obstetrician, using the center to organize groups. It would become a base on which to continue the reeducation of parents in the Leboyer ideas and methods despite the official disapproval. There is no question that the effort to change social attitudes about birth will go forward in Germany as well as in the U.S. Leboyer started something which is too significant to be stopped now by the lack of official approval.



A New Center

Things are really changing here in the Detroit area. I made the big jump and have bought a house in the suburbs where I now live and also run the Center. It is a good feeling place, much better than the vibes in Detroit. I am enjoying living where I work. I used to drive 18 miles each way to the Center in Detroit so the time and gas savings are great!

My primal friends have all pitched in and helped me move, build walls, do electrical work, put in plumbing, put in a driveway and parking area, establish a lawn, and do a myriad other jobs that a new house requires. We have a very neat set-up now. Our primal room is completely padded and has five corners (we especially like to work in corners). We have special lighting and sound equipment, including several jacks for private listening to mood music. Other various equipment includes a massage table with heat lamps (on a rheostat). There is an 8 x 10 private room that is almost a sensory-deprivation area. There will soon be a primal box cubbyhole under the stairs. We have a lounge and art corner and a 4 x 8 shower room. Then upstairs there are two conference rooms and a large

family room and country kitchen for use during weekends and marathons. And of course we have a commercial size negative-ion generator to insure 'good' air.

Our Center is very active with ongoing groups twice weekly and marathons every month. We do intensives and private sessions as well. I am on the staff at Metropolitan Transactional-Analysis and Gestalt Institute and building a practice there with insurance coverage for my clients. Plans for the future at the Center include a training group. We will be hosting a re-birthing workshop, a polarity workshop, and a psychic marathon, and will be bringing in other primal therapists on occasion. I strongly believe it to be beneficial for people to work with a variety of therapists if possible.

I am eagerly looking forward to the convention again this year. I'm hoping there will be a group from here driving together. It is the high point of my year to be with all my friends in the primal world.

Barb Valassis
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The Cure—Experiences on the First Line

the body. No matter where I was/am mentally, my body is Always anchored in the Here and Now.

And then there was the pain. Pain in the neck, shoulders and upper back as the anger was being released. Pain is pain and not easy to stay with. So often I wanted it to be just a "physical problem" and believe that I could deal with it in some other way. But, . . . feel the pain. Go into it again and again and again until I was thru it and could let go of it.

Descending further into the body then, there was the fear of death in the throat. Choke . . . gag . . . contract . . . I'm gonna die. I'm dying . . . feel it . . . and reemerge alive . . . over and over and

over until I drop thru and can let go of that too.

It's really so scary that I cannot be pushed . . . it just has to be safe . . . loving . . . secure enough to let go deeper into the chest. Tight bands around the heart . . . yes, I had been hard-hearted, but this feels like a heart attack . . . contractions . . . more feelings to be felt and let go of. Then it really got scary because I seemed so far away from my head. The more I let go the further my consciousness seemed to descend into the unknown labyrinth of the body . . . far far from the safety and security of my head. Down past the diaphragm into the gut . . . and the need.

I need so bad, I feel like I'm gonna die. I need so bad, all my joints ache like arthritis. I need so bad that my whole body contracts until I almost don't even exist. But let go . . . go down. Let go of the thoughts of food . . . even thoughts of special food and health food. Just keep feeling the need and letting go even further. It really takes a while to learn that it's safe down in the body and feel enough of the first line pain to be able to live comfortably down there . . . past the throat choking . . . past the lungs gasping . . . past the gut gagging.

Down then to the pain in the lower back and the fear and terror in the hips and legs. Paralysis . . . weak-kneed and light-headed . . . nothing left to hang on to . . . numbness all over my body . . . literally scared stiff. I so badly wanted to stop . . . act out in some way . . . any way . . . forget somehow . . . get distracted for a while. But once again . . . let go . . . drop into it . . . and feel it. Push thru the numbness . . . push thru the paralysis . . . push thru the fear . . . the global fear . . . the electric pins and needles . . . panic/pain all over the surface of the body. Sometimes it felt as if my consciousness was going to melt and dissolve into space. Somehow it's always safe and I always return.

So let go of it all. Then what? What's left?

For me, it's a head that's uncluttered . . . empty of thoughts . . . empty of negativity . . . empty of the chatter. Sure I can think . . . if I want to I can think clearly and without distraction or unnecessary congestion. And my body . . . it's turned on . . . it senses its Self . . . it's open . . . internally at its core as well as topically on its surface. It's connected both right and left . . . upper and lower. And the energy flows evenly from the central to the autonomic to the peripheral nervous systems in a sense of wholeness and oneness with itself.

So, is this cured? I believe so . . . I really don't know what else to call it.

And the last thing that I learned to let go of is the belief that Primal Therapy is the only way to get here. I can only describe my own path and know that it is truly one of many.

Feelings & Feedback

The Editor's Corner

Primal! What is it? Some people keep wanting to know. No two seem to agree. Some say they do it. Others say no, mine is different.

For me there is a process which led me to finding myself. It was a mix of ME and a lot of people, including Janov. I call it primal. My choice. When someone mentions primal, love comes to my heart. When I sit with someone in a session, the love and safety that flows from me has a primal base. It is also called "ALAN" though not many people know what that is.

Our law suit had its purpose, probably many. I have never understood what motivated Janov to sue people who used the word primal. I do know our organization rallied around the word and my hunch is, without it we would never have found each other. Our law suit kept Janov's law suits against individual therapists and organizations out of court for over 5 years and now permanently. Many of you would probably have been sued and many others like me would never have found the process advertised in a local newspaper.

Should we keep our name? You know my answer is YES though I'm open. I hear many people struggling with it. Do we have love for the name? Seems many people don't. A lot of our board are into something quite different.

My rough drafts of this editorial contain many crossed out, negative and sideways remarks (my anger!). The truth is I am appalled by the squirming I see people doing around the word primal. If we change our name for this reason I believe the organization will be dead for me (my anger?). To change our name to something like International Friends of Primal in order to broaden our scope and not make such definite implications as to what we all do would be OK. The decision will be made, to a large degree, when we elect people this summer. I want a primal base in my organization.

Love Alan

A Letter to the Board

Softball and Sufi dancing won't do it!!!!

Do what?

Induce primals, that's what!

And that's the direction of the 1980 IPA Convention!

Let's face it, the IPA Convention is the poor man's Primal Institute—a place where people can go and for a little money really get into primaling because, largely, of the setting and program designed for PRIMALING.

First of all, we have to decide IF there is such a thing as primaling. I believe that Janov's "primal" is as near to a scientific approach to psychosis as there is. Janov's premise is reproducible, just as any scientific theory must be. (Fall into your feelings and re-live them and you will gain insight, and thus extricate yourself from your problems.) Yelling may or may not be primaling. It depends on the individual.

The IPA Convention MUST be designed to do ONE thing: assist people to primal however they achieve it.

BUT SOFTBALL AND SUFI DANCING IN AND OF THEMSELVES WON'T DO IT!

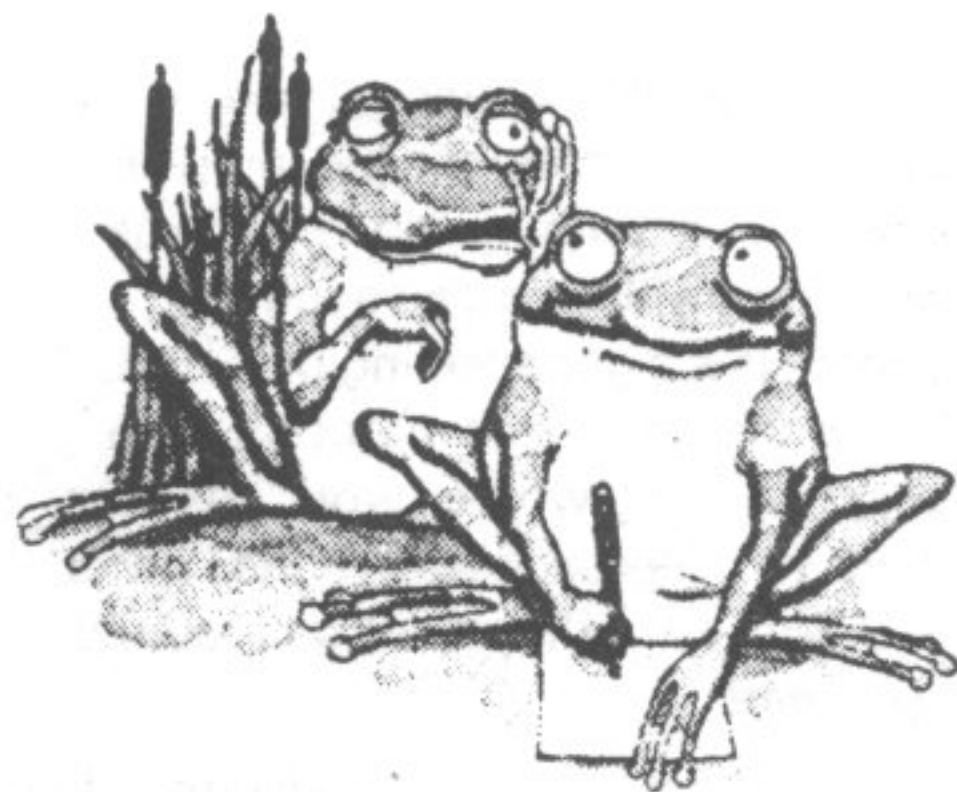
(And it is odd to me that since we've won the right to use the word "primal," some people want to discard it from our name. Which says to me that for them, "primaling" is nothing.)

One other thing: We *must* have a place of privacy where people, if they NEED, in order to primal, can undress. That is the reason for nudity. Not because we want to see and be seen. We are not a little Mr. & Miss (nude) America contest.

The IPA is a MAGNIFICENT and historic group. But we have to decide whether primaling (yes, as Janov discovered and described it) is a real and valid therapy. I don't *think* it is—I KNOW it is from what I've seen it do for myself.

Let's keep primaling at the center of the IPA Convention!

Dean Shaw



Dear Alan,

I was so very happy to receive your marvelous letter, especially the part that pointed out that Adam's deafness could be an opportunity for myself and my wife to feel our sadness and grief. So many people in our culture try to avoid the inevitable feelings of grief and pain and your sentence implies that these feelings are a positive, magnificent opportunity for people to get more in touch with themselves. I can only say that for Susan and myself, being involved with Adam, despite the hard work and worry, has been an ongoing peak experience; one that continually opens me up to all the magnificent possibilities of the universe. He did come into this world to keep us aware of that. To that extent he is a messenger. And yet, we are affording him an opportunity to live his life in this existence to the fullest.

As you might know, I have always had a pretty good practice down here, but lately that has been assuming much less importance as my energies take me into the direction of creative music. My musical group "ID" is now slowly and painstakingly trying to "break into" the world of theatrical show business. I'd love to bring my whole crew to the primal convention but, at this time, it is not financially feasible since we must direct our resources towards investigating schools for the hearing-impaired. Adam is a brave little person and is perhaps the most joyful creature I have ever come in contact with. His deafness will never be a hindrance to him as long as Susan and I have an ounce of breath left in our bodies. Our love will carry him to whatever heights he wants to go. And, believe me, his primal spontaneity is the most powerful, creative force working for him. He learns when

and how he wants to learn and his childhood curiosity is the greatest teaching device any human being can ever have.

I was so very pleased that you decided to put my letter in the Primal *Newsletter* along with Adam's picture. It is so good to know that there are other people in the world who care and think about things the way we do. The deep feeling experience has become an important and integrated part of many people's lives and is definitely here to stay. Needless to say, I have absorbed my slings and arrows from opponents of the core feeling movement. I love it—let them take their shots, it only makes me stronger and more determined. I also think that the deep feeling movement is a precious phenomenon and needs to be nurtured and protected as best as possible. This can only be done by true adherents . . . and there are too few of them.

If the IPA is considering a name change, I would suggest the Association for the Dynamic Affective Psychotherapies. This would encompass most of the elements that we deal with. There is also a creative parenting task force operating in California. If you are interested in any of their materials, contact Rep. John Vasconcellos, Assemblyman, Twenty-third District, Capitol Office Room 5119, State Capitol, Sacramento 95814. I'm sure he will send you some information. Tell everyone in the IPA that I appreciate their concerns.

Sincerely,
Paul Hannig

Dear Alan,

My copy of the December-March *Newsletter* arrived yesterday and it's left me so stimulated and excited that I just had to sit right down and write. Actually I'm writing for several purposes, as you will see, but I really want to congratulate you on the terrific job you and everyone involved have done with the *Newsletter*. I feel it is the most focused one I've read yet, tho I've thought they were all terrific. It may have something to do with my perception; I've made some tremendous strides in my therapy and seem to be seeing everything just a little differently and more clearly these days.

First with some exciting news from our neck of the woods. Thanks to the

U.S. Pony Express, your postcard to Tom requesting something for this *Newsletter* arrived the day before the publication deadline. Tom still intended to sit down and at least send back a card, but with where we were at, it just never happened. In early January Tom purchased a building in the business district of Zion and began remodeling it for his new Psychotherapy Center. Except for that work the city required to have done by contractors, Tom and a score of client volunteers, many with their families, did all the remodeling work. Those of us women who had only the barest acquaintance with a hammer and nail could now be found wielding power tools and putting up walls, often to the wee hours of the morning on weekends. We drew from it a real sense of community and of course accomplishment, and now feel more that it is OUR Center and not just a building we come to for therapy. Tom had formerly practiced out of the basement of his home and now we have the whole basement of this building for a primal room . . . thickly carpeted walls and floor . . . huge compared to what we'd been used to . . . 15 to 18 people could easily "work" in the space. On the first floor is a waiting room, Tom's office and individual client area, my office area (as Tom's secretary) and a large group room for personal growth groups and families. On March 17 we opened with many small things unfinished but in 2 months had transformed this large building with no interior walls into our therapy "home."

That is a long way of telling you that Tom's address has changed. Please note the letterhead and make this change on the mailing list (3232 Sheridan Rd., Zion, Ill. 60099).

The other reason I'm writing is in reference to the enclosed *Newsletter* wrapper. That is how Tom received his copy of the *Newsletter*, just the wrapper, no insides! Please send him a copy all intact.

I really appreciate the hours of work and dedication that go into the *Newsletter* and wish there were some way I could help.

Again, congratulations, good luck and you'll be hearing from us again soon and we hope to hear from you also.

Love,
Sandra M. Johnson

Dear Alan,

The last *Newsletter* was so inspiring that I'm determined to get my head, my feelings, my pencil and paper and a clear space on my cluttered table all together at once so that I can finally communicate with you and the rest of the IPA. Now I feel as though I have everything and nothing to say . . .

Victor, Sam and I are all fine—we sure have been through a lot this year! We bought an old farm in Samsonville, NY last fall. There are no "primal people" in Samsonville, NY! Adjusting to living in a very rural place with a baby has been difficult but good. I've been a full-time mommy for the past year—committed to being with Sam. . . . Sometimes I feel as though my brain has turned to clouds. Much as I love him and *want* to be with him, I feel that this is the roughest job I've ever had. Somehow I feel compelled to write about all the negative shit, but once I get a sentence down, I start thinking, yeah, but what about all the wonderful stuff?! It's hell, it's shitty, I love it! My main problem is worrying that I'm not a "good enough" mother (same old stuff!). Thank God I've got a great therapist who's helping me deal with that shit. Seems like all I want to write tonight is SHIT, shit shit shit.

Samuel is now a year old and is just starting to walk. He puts his arms up over his head and takes off!—sometimes going more sideways than frontways. He loves grapes and chicken and yogurt (and NURSING!). I can't come up with any more words about him—he is a joyful *experience*.

There never seems to be enough time any more. Victor and I seem to have much less time to talk, walk, get into deep feelings, etc., etc. There's always a diaper to change, a wood-burning furnace to tend; Sam just woke up . . . (Victor went to him this time), a garden to plow (we just bought a tractor, can you believe it?). We're hangin' in there, though. Trying to stay open, being constantly "forced" into more growth and awareness by Samuel.

Love to you all
Diane, Victor & Sam
Zeines



