

PRIMAL

*Supporting Growth and Healing Through Deep Feeling Process*

FALL NEWSLETTER • NOVEMBER 2006

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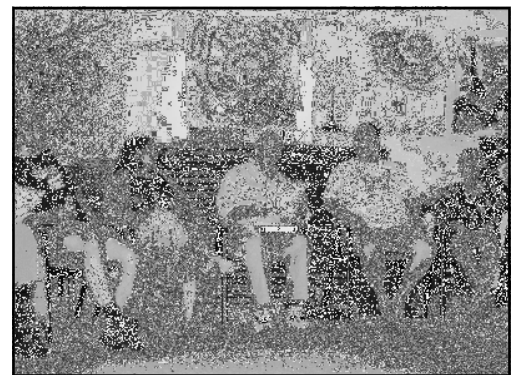
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IPA Convention Moments  
 Summer 2006

By Diane Kohl

I really liked The Country Place with the big pond, where fresh water refreshes me like the free-flowing tears we share. Best of all is the Primal family of course, where we can FEEL anger, fear, sadness, and hurt, with tons of safety.

The women's group is a favorite of many of us, and I was once again inspired by risks taken there that made me feel a bit scared as well as happy all at once! Isn't this the blessedly good craziness we all seek? And, as silly as it seems, I'm glad to see my tears cause torrents from others when I shared about my daughter's "need to feel pain," by wanting another tattoo.

I loved sharing about the word HEARTs too, the connection to our ONE-NESS when you see all the words that are meaningfully intertwined within our language. Like the first four letters of EVOLU-

tion backwards! That could be another beautiful article to share later, to expand on how needing an EAR to HEAR our TEARS, is the essence of having HEART.

And, of course laughter ensues at the auction with hilarious Larry, and at the Cabaret. Harriet, you are still one of my faves. And, of course, I love the limelight and being able to dance to beautiful tunes like "Love" by the Lettermen, the only group whose record I was allowed to own, due to my strict religious mother who thought secular arts were the work of the devil. Yikes, that's bad craziness!

I was especially delighted to have two of my clients, Jennifer and Valerie, present with me for one day and to bring my new children's book to the Convention.

Thank you soooooo much to all who worked so hard to bring us all together!

*"Convention 2006" continued on page 2*

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Next deadline: February 1, 2007

*"Convention 2006" continued from page 1*

*By Mickey Judkovics*

This past convention, I had the wonderful opportunity to be a "nice guy" and give rides to two people I have been fortunate to have met at past IPA conventions. One was Walter Gambin who I called up prior to the convention to arrange the pickup time and place. Walter, on hearing the tone of my voice, said, "What's going on with you?" "Well it could be better, Walter," I replied. "What should I do?" Walter's answer was, "Go deeper, Mickey." Thank you, Walter, for reminding me and giving me permission to do the one thing I am called to do and need to do on

my healing journey.

The other person I gave a ride to was Alice Rose, one of the very early members of the IPA. I met Dr. Rose at my first IPA Convention. On watching her work I was dumfounded to be present when someone was going deeper. I had been involved in deep feeling work for 15 years prior to my encounter with Dr. Rose, but it was at this convention that I first learned what I "had" to do—go deeper.

It has my privilege and honor to have Dr. Rose as my primal buddy, friend and mentor for these last 11 years. It is now my privilege and honor have her as co-chair of next year's convention. May all of us get exactly what we need on our healing journey at each and every convention.



*Photography by Shelly Beach, Larry Schumer and Wayne Carr*



## Convention Portrait 2006



**Sitting:** Marlene Schiller, Leonard Rosenbaum, Karuna O'Donnell, Bob Holmes, Barbara Bryan, Barbara Carr, "empty chair" for Wayne Carr, Convention Chair and photographer, Paivi Cherkas, Bill Whitesell, Mary Thompson, Denise Kline

**Standing front row:** Steve Marcellino, Jennifer "JJ" Jackson, Cynthia McNellis, Alex Tadeskung, Carol Holmes, Michele DelGesso Singer.

**Standing second row:** Joe Dunn, Bill Owen, Ed Durkin, Erik Tootell, Dianea Kohl, Gene Long, Sandy Weymouth, Alice Jones, Cecilia Pelliccioni, Fred Zielke, John Cogswell, Robert Carr, Warren Davis, Adam Carr, Sheila Turner, David Alpert, Jennifer Tryon (we know you are there), Esta Powell, Walter Gambin, Alice Rose, Mickey Judkovics, Jean Rashkind, Lynn Turner, Rick Benson, Joe Sanders, Daniel Benor, Valerie Pate, Harriet Geller

*By Erik Tootell*

"Walking in Your Shoes" is a simple procedure that we learned at the IPA Summer Convention in Pennsylvania. It helps to deepen one's understanding of another person by owning how much understanding one has inside already. Most, if not all, of us who learned about walking people did so with enthusiasm and excitement. Our instructor was one of the Convention keynoters, John Cogswell, a psychologist in Santa Barbara, California.

After learning this method, I walked my father, who grew up in an American missionary family in China. I walked his being tormented by his mother. I walked his birth confirming her sense of being trapped by life, as my birth may have done for him. I walked his distress at being constantly frustrated by her and by his father's indifference to this. I walked my father's fear of wealth as not only a psychological issue, but an outgrowth of his compassion for the starving, impoverished people that he saw in China, including old women whose feet had been bound to satisfy the preferences of wealthy and powerful horny men. I walked his pervasive social fears, and his fear of being locked up in an insane asylum. I walked his shame of himself, reinforced by his shame for avoiding things that

frightened him. I walked his inability to live life in solitude amidst a hostile world, because his sons were extensions of him and could not be kept from exploring their worlds.

I walked his fears that he would be seen as a bad father if he did not come down hard on us sometimes. I walked his perception that sometimes I did better without him, and that maybe he should give me some space. I walked his seeing that I had inherited the same sensitivity that had caused so much distress in his life, and his efforts to teach me to be strong and survive in a world in which there would be no understanding. I also walked his fear of me with this sensitivity, not wanting to go to his pain with it, wanting to stay away from me so as not to cry. I walked his having heard my brother's feedback that he was a frustrating father to have, and his choice to stay away for this reason.

I walked his inability to understand our world, with television, Newport Beach, lots of candy, and more freedom of speech. I walked the bottom line, that his pain separated him from people and from me. That my pain still separates me from others. And that by being here I can work on allowing my pain to be a means for connecting with people instead.



## IPA Calendar

### Spring Board Meeting

Friday, March 16 –  
Sunday, March 18, 2007  
Bill Whitesell's Home  
811 Whann Ave.  
McLean, VA, USA 22101  
treasurer@primals.org

### Spring Retreat 2007

Thursday, April 19 –  
Sunday, April 22  
Kirkridge Retreat Center  
Bangor, Pennsylvania, USA

For more information  
www.primals.org/  
activities.html#retreat

Or contact Retreat Chair  
Karuna O'Donnell  
karunapaints@hotmail.com

### Summer Convention 2007

Monday, August 13 –  
Sunday, August 19  
The Country Place Retreat  
& Conference Center  
White Haven,  
Pennsylvania, USA  
www.retreatpa.com

Details announced at:  
www.primals.org

Please send workshop  
proposals to the Co-chairs:

Dr. Alice Rose  
alicerosephd@yahoo.com

Mickey Judkovics  
mjudd@stny.rr.com

## New Members

A warm welcome to four new members of our growing world-wide IPA community

Richard Austin (Michigan)  
John Cogswell (California)  
Norm Cohen (Michigan)  
Cecilia Pelliccioni (Italy)

*"Convention 2006" cont. from page 3*

By Bob Holmes

I'm still glowing from our convention experience at The Country Place this year. Some remembered thoughts and feelings:

- ~ white-knuckling the drive from Jean's cabin to the convention site with a trailer in tow that at times seemed like it weighed more than my van;

- ~ continued surprise at the variation in food selection and taste,

- ~ lying in my tent at night while lightning played through the canvas;

- ~ spending a couple of hours out in the sun by the pond getting to know Larry Schumer a little better, and sharing some of my inner self with him;

- ~ men's group, a different energy every year;

- ~ seeing the stone frog out front, and thinking of Daniel Miller (house of the singing frog) who made his exit this year;

- ~ feeling the acceptance of the membership after having been elected IPA president;

- ~ picking up a peach under the peach tree, and finding it juicy and delicious;

- ~ dismantling the doorknobs of two bathroom doors that had been locked from the inside;

- ~ feeling supported in my role of Facilities Manager by The Country Place staff;

- ~ my deep appreciation of Bill Whitesell's plumbing assistance;

- ~ talks with Joe Dunn;

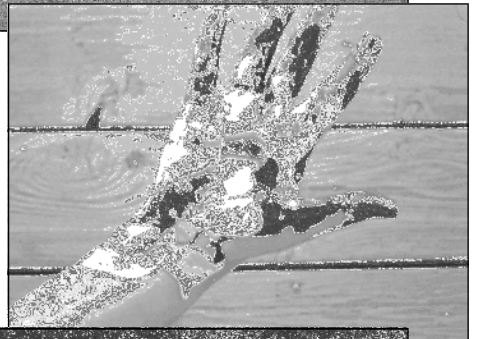
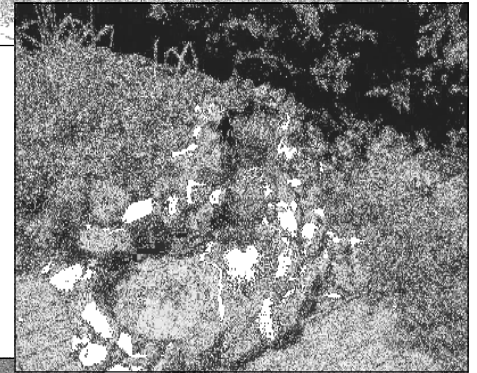
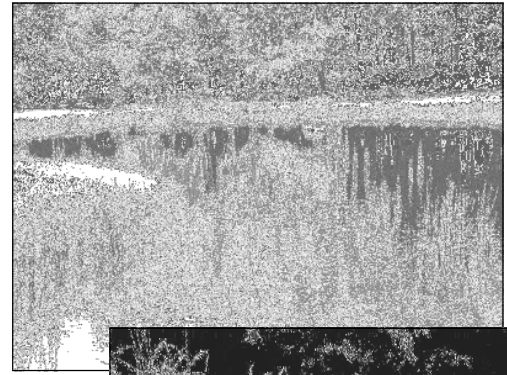
- ~ the dance party!

- ~ missing Larry King;

- ~ missing Steve Austill;

- ~ deep relief as Sandy "The Emperor" Weymouth took charge of the trailer;

- ~ the overall sense of openness, love, camaraderie and helpfulness in the community that is the IPA, and being glad that I am a part of it.



# The Amygdala and Primal

By Barbara A. Bryan, M.A., L.L.S.W.

The noted neuroscientist, Joseph LeDoux, argues that phobias and neurotic fears, indeed all strong emotional memories, are neuro-biologically indelible, and the amygdala, two almond-shaped areas of the brain, hold these repressed memories of trauma, neglect, fear and anger. Therapies that “extinguish” phobias or help patients “work through” irrational fears can stop the symptoms and gain the person some freedom from them, but, whatever the conscious experience, the neuronal residue of the fear remains intact in the amygdala, and may someday return to stalk again – a phenomenon observed by many clinicians treating previously traumatized clients in the wake of 9/11. A phobia can be in remission, but when some difficult event occurs, it rises again.

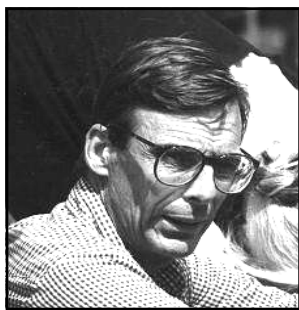
Some neural networks maintaining dysfunctional behavior record fears set down at a young age in the amygdala, the one part of the brain that never forgets. That’s why therapy is never simply a matter of “explaining” to people how irrational their thinking, or how counterproductive their behavior, is.

Emotions are powerful forces in the service of reason. Therapy isn’t just about behavioral change. In brain terms, that would be incomplete. Choice, self-determination, and personal freedom unimpeded by crippling fears and hidden motives – dare one say “self-actualization” – all depend on a healthy appreciation of our emotional roots. As neuroscience suggests, the expression of emotion and the use of reason are each manacled without the other.

Scientists are discovering more about the way the brain deals with emotions and repressed traumatic memories. They now theorize that the amygdala hold the repressed memories, and the way to release those memories and free the person is with a deep, intense cathartic experience. This usually consists of a re-experiencing of the original trauma. This is the healing that your body desires and will allow – with proper support and safety. We have known this through our own experiences and working with others. This is what Primal is all about.

*(Excerpts from an article in Psychotherapy Network, Sept.-Oct. 2002, The Brain in the Palm of Your Hand, by Daniel Siegel)*

## In Memory of Francis “Taff” Welch



Taff, who died suddenly on August 5, 2006, was one of primal’s “old timers.” He began his primal work in New York during the 1970’s and continued until his death. He worked with Alec Rubin and other well-know primal facilitators throughout the country, and he was a faithful and helpful member of the Boston Primal Association, Saugus Chapter, for its seven years of existence. His commitment to primal is reflected in his service to the IPA as Board

Member, President and Secretary from 1994-1998.

He is fondly remembered for his weather reporting at the Summer Conventions. At breakfast each morning he would give the long and short range forecasts spiced with some hilarious side comments. He also delighted us with his Down East characters at Cabaret, drawing on his New England upbringing. He was a dedicated environmentalist and photographer, and those who got his Christmas greetings were treated to his beautiful landscapes.

Taff had two sons and was devoted to his grandchildren. A few years ago he remarried, to his beloved Linden, who we were fortunate to spend some time with at the Summer Convention. We offer them our sincere condolences. Taff will be greatly missed by the primal community.

## Primal Groups

### Barbara Bryan

Farmington Hills, Michigan  
Thursdays from 7:00-9:30 pm  
Some primal experience required  
babryan@twmi.rr.com  
248-478-5559

### Bill Whitesell

McLean, Virginia  
No charge to participate  
wmwhitesell@yahoo.com  
703-734-1405

### Esko and Marja Rintala

Helsinki, Finland  
Weekend groups Friday evening  
and Saturday. Experienced  
primallers and first timers  
welcome  
esko.rintala@pp.inet.fi  
358-9-611184

### Primal Theatre

#### Group a la Alec Rubin

New York City, Wed. evenings  
Peer facilitated, nominal cost  
Harriet Geller, 212-263-5134

## Primal Voice

Primal Voice, the IPA Member e-News, is a great success with a monthly offering of announcements and events in the IPA world community. To post an announcement about upcoming intensives, workshops, retreats, gatherings or any other primal-related news, send your information to the editor before the end-of-month deadline. If you aren’t receiving Primal Voice and would like to start, contact the editor with your email address.

**Carol Holmes, Editor**  
enews@primals.org

## IPA Nonprofit Status

The IRS confirmed permanent nonprofit status for the IPA! Up to now, we have had only preliminary nonprofit status for a 5-year advance ruling period. Now it is permanent and forever! Thanks to Bill Whitesell for your hard work!



## Member News

### Primal Integration Center of Michigan Intensives

December 8-9, 2006 (\$160 US)  
January 5-6, 2007 (\$160 US)  
February 9-11, 2007 (\$290 US)

Led by Barbara Bryan and staff. Food and lodging are included in the fees. Please call Barbara at 248-478-5559 to reserve your space.

### Primal Psychodrama Weekends

Lead by Esta Powell

December 1-3, 2006  
January 19-21, 2007

Sponsored by Primal Integration center of Michigan. For more information visit: [www.primalmatters.com](http://www.primalmatters.com) or call 614-893-3527

### Week Long Experiential Primal Intensives/Trainings

Sam Turton and Esta Powell offer 5-6 day trainings/primal intensives locally and internationally. If you would like to organize a workshop in your area, please contact Sam or Esta.

- Group size 6-12 participants
- Demonstration/therapy sessions with Sam and Esta
- Daily co-therapy sessions in safe, supervised dyads
- Post-session discussion with supportive, constructive feedback.

Contact:

[www.primalmatters.com](http://www.primalmatters.com)  
[primalesta@ahoo.com](mailto:primalesta@ahoo.com)  
[www.primalworks.com](http://www.primalworks.com)  
[sam@primalworks.com](mailto:sam@primalworks.com)

### Dianea Kohl's New Children's Book

*Everybody Laughs* is available for \$9.99, postage free within the USA. Contact: [dianeako@yahoo.com](mailto:dianeako@yahoo.com)

# Snailwail: Primal Spirituality

By Linda Marks

I heard that some people didn't think spirituality was an appropriate theme for a primal convention last summer. I don't share that view, though I can relate to it. In my opinion, spiritual feelings can be deep feelings and deep feelings can be primal. I also make a distinction between religion, which I think can be anti-primal and spirituality, which I think can be powerfully primal.

I'd like to share some thoughts and personal history about how religion and spirituality have intersected with primal in my life. I was very intellectual when I was young and not very happy. I rejected my lukewarm Protestant upbringing and embraced primal as an antidote to WASP repression of feeling. I decided I was a Transcendentalist or a Deist or a Pantheist or a Taoist or an Agnostic or an Atheist or a Mystic or an Existentialist or a Hindu at various times. I eventually gave up on trying to be anything. I did some guided fantasies and journaling and empty chair conversations with myself, along with some art therapy, and began to occasionally encounter a Wise Old Woman figure who I called by many names, including Goddess, Higher Power, Blessed Mother, Madonna, Sister of Mercy, and Grace, for short.

She told me she was there for me and could do anything for me if I needed her. She unfolded herself as unconditionally loving, omniscient, omnipotent, in short, whatever God was supposed to have been, She was It. If I had not been an almost Atheist, I would have thought God(dess) had been revealed to me. Instead, I just figured she was my best Sub-Personality and She was what they meant by God being within all of us in all those religions I had considered in my youth. I took it all to mean that I had within me a transcendent, powerful part that I could believe in the way some people believe in God. I was thrilled with this idea, but then I mostly forgot that I had encountered this part of myself and rarely sought to contact her for a long time.

Then I had a Really-Deep-Turning-Point Primal. I was two years old and felt unlovable and hopeless. When I came out of it, I knew I needed to remind my two-year-old self that I was an adult now and would take care of her. She would have none of it. She wanted "Grace" and only "Grace" to comfort her. (Luckily, by this time we were on a first name basis with Grace.) Well, Grace really did save the day.

I, the adult, wasn't sure I could make scared two-year-old me feel safe. I don't feel very safe these days my (adult) self, what with terrorism and turning 60. So I hesitated, and two-year-old me noticed this, and Grace had to come in and fix things. Grace said to me (the adult): "She's two. She'll believe anything. She needs absolutes. I have absolutes. I'll take care of her." So she said to two-year-old me: "Don't worry. I won't ever let anything bad happen to you. I'll love you and take perfect care of you forever." In that instant, I knew how primal even those old conventional religions were when they started. I knew whom they were for.

My two-year-old self was eternally grateful. My skeptical adult self could believe many things, but my two year old needed what she needed. I still don't know how all this adds up; maybe it doesn't. But that's okay with me. In fact, it's good. It allows me to believe contradictory things if I want to and not deny any of my feelings or thoughts. I do feel safer on some primal level. I'm glad not to be a stone atheist. I can still believe in Magic or Miracles if it suits my purposes. I can believe that I have powers that I don't understand. I can also acknowledge that not all of my fears are neurotic or groundless, that the world is a dangerous place, that life is fraught with peril. But if I want to, I can also believe (even if I think it might be an illusion) that there is power in love, that I have strength I don't even know about, that faith might save me in some way if I need it to.

This stuff is my new spirituality and I'm finding it to be very powerful and moving—and primal. I'm grateful to my two-year-old self for leading me to my Higher Power.

# Supervision in Primal Practice

By Julia Mitchell

Coming from an analytic background, steeped in tradition and history, Primal Integration sometimes feels (to me) as though it's in its infancy, as developmental stages go.

"The word Infant derives from the Latin in-fans, meaning unable to speak. It is commonly used as a slightly more formal word for baby (the youngest category of child)".

To consider the Latin, in-fans, being unable to speak, seems apposite in relation to an approach that often sinks beneath the layers of words, to other sensory expression, movement, smell, touch, sounds, taste. Memories, both cerebral and cellular are unearthed, not unlike an archaeologist digging deep into the earth until the first glimpses of ancient relics and artefacts are discovered. The spade is set aside, and, carefully, the soil is brushed away to reveal the treasures hidden from awareness, frozen in time, containing information and clues from a time long past.

So what is my point? Simply this. In a world of increasing expectations, litigation and more and more exacting professional accountability, isn't it time we got our act together, and realised the fundamental necessity of regular and responsible supervision. I ask this, because to date, my experience has been that some practitioners do not see supervision as part of their professional requirements, and as a result, are vulnerable to powerful transference and counter-transference impulses that at best are disturbing, at worst lead to acting out and transgression of boundaries, causing hurt and damage to the client.

In this paper I aim to describe the process and structure of supervision, in relation to psychotherapy, and to look at the most effective application to primal

practice. I believe it is time to encourage the development of a structured, accountable body of experienced practitioners, skilled and focussed in their field, with the inherent regulatory and advisory role that supervisors can provide.

The NHS Management Executive wrote describing supervision: "...a formal process of professional support and learning which enables individual practitioners to develop knowledge and competence, assume responsibility for their own practice, and enhance consumer protection and safety of care in complex situation".

Primal therapists, by their very nature, hold values based in instinct, spontaneity, and freedom of expression. In describing formal processes, competence, consumer protection, and

accountability, it may seem to be trying to rein in a free spirit, to limit and suppress creativity, to squeeze the rainbow-coloured bubble into a cold dark box. Not so. Maturity and

development call for integration, learning by experience, a merging of all that's best in current practice. Evidence based practice is the buzz work in English health care. Common sense was what it used to be called. Never mind if it creates an understanding of why people need to look at what's useful, what's worked, so be it. Call a spade an implement to aerate, disseminate and rotivate the humus, gravel and clay, it still digs the earth. The action remains the same, whatever words are used to describe it.

We work in a profession that requires exceptional levels of self-awareness and integrity. And we are human, prone to the same forces and impulses as everyone else. The difference is that we choose to work at that very interface, looking at and working through

*"We work in a profession that requires exceptional levels of self-awareness and integrity."*

## Cry

By Valerie Pate

Cry, My Eyes  
Cry, My Body  
Give way to torrents  
of trickle and tremble  
Emotional spasms  
A shaky sob-scream  
The depths of your core  
are plastered with feelings  
Unstick them  
Unleash them  
A cleansing of pain  
Release them  
Parade them  
Be young, and bold  
and free again  
Cry out, My Eyes  
Cry out, My Body  
Come undone from inside  
Outside.

Fear not your naked  
and beautiful humanity  
Wonderful, warm tears  
Consuming blaze of vivid anger  
These are the gifts of the  
spirit  
The body.  
Unbind the shackles  
of resistant stoicism  
Society's cages  
poison our souls  
Revolution of feeling  
Arise from suppression  
Cry for your eyes  
Cry for your body  
Cry for yourselves as  
innocent children  
Expressing for the future  
Expressing for yourself

Inspired by Dianea  
2006

Continued on page 10

# Do Rag Dolls Make Good Enough Primal Therapists?

By Clare Gill

Nobody quite knew where she came from. It wasn't Christmas and no one had had a birthday in the household that week. But there she was, sitting proudly in the dusty basket on the pantry floor. She was about 12" high with sewn on red curly hair made with left over wool from an old jumper. Her black eyelashes had been lovingly painted on her pink cloth face and red spots were daubed on her cheeks. Shirt buttons had been carefully sewn on her blue patchwork waistcoat and her little pleated skirt was made from ticking that had been left over from the pillows a seamstress had made for the old house.

Annie, the housekeeper, said that she arrived with the collection of bric-a-brac that the mistress had bought at a local auction. The late Dowager's mansion had been sold and all the contents had been disposed of that Sunday at an auction. The mistress always had an eye for a bargain and had spotted a rare piece of Dresden china among the collection of junk that day, so the little rag doll found herself sitting among broken pieces of china, old decanters, jam pots, rubber bands, and a rusty old nut cracker; not such salubrious surroundings but at least she didn't end up in the dustbin like some of the others.

She didn't look like the other dolls in the house. The other dolls had beautiful soft blonde curls, and faces made of china, with painted smiles on them, and each wore frilly dresses, which stood up all by themselves when they were undressed. Most of all, these dolls had shoes; real satin slippers with sewn on sequins that sparkled. One of them could even say Mamma when she was turned upside down. They stood proudly in pink cardboard boxes on the nursery shelves, and each Sunday they were lovingly taken down to be played with by the girls. No one played with the little rag doll because she had no voice to cry Mama; all she could do was fall over and lie on the floor staring motionless up at the ceiling. She was a plain old rag doll.

Annie, who had been in the household for two generations, was fat and soft, with her white hair tied up in a bun, and she wore a white apron. Her big rough hands smelled of wax polish and cake mixture. She spent most of her days baking in the old kitchen, standing for hours on the cold flagged floor; the only heat coming from the old range in the corner. There were enormous draughty gaps under the back door, where the cold winds would swish around her legs, causing her painful chilblains every winter. She was forever complaining about the cold. One day, as Annie was sweeping the hall, she found the little rag doll lying at the bottom of the stairs, and she picked her up, saying "I know, I could use you in my kitchen. It looks like the children don't want you". The little rag doll was delighted. She had been found. Somebody

wanted to play games with her.

Annie took the excited little rag doll into the kitchen, and then triumphantly stuffed her across the gaping hole under the back door. "There, that will keep the cold wind out" she said smiling at the little doll. The little rag doll shivered and sighed, but knew inside, that at least someone wanted her, even if only to be used as a draught excluder. And so, she lay on her side day after day in the gap between the old door and the cold floor, keeping Annie's feet warm; her eyes following her as she made the meals for the household, baked cakes, washed, and ironed. Several times a day Tom, the gardener would come in carrying vegetables from the garden and knock loudly on the door which would shake under his big fist, and scare the little rag doll half to death. She had to close her eyes and pull herself in tight as a ball, so she



wouldn't get squashed every time the door pushed open and closed, and Annie would shout "Put that doll back in the hole, she is keeping the cold wind out". Often the little rag doll would be dragged across the floor by Tom's muddy feet, and some days she ended up tossed outside on the cold door step. Annie would gently lift her and put her back in her special place - keeping Annie warm.

One winter's day, Brutus, the neighbour's dog, who had a black shiny coat and a mouth that drooled with saliva, was skulking around the back yard. The little rag doll could sense his nose sniffing and snorting at the gap in the kitchen door. She knew he was not to be trusted; he had stolen the girls' pet rabbit from the hutch that summer. She began to tremble as his breath dampened her little body. She wanted to cry out to Annie, "Help," but she didn't know how. She couldn't cry like the china dolls. All she could do was keep very still, not breathe, and hope that he would go away. Suddenly Tom came storming into the kitchen in his usual bustling way, dragging mud across the floor and accidentally kicking the little doll on to the step causing her to tumble out into the yard. She lay there helpless as the wet black nose of the dog sniffed her little body. Annie had cooked a goose that day for dinner, and her goose fat hands had rubbed off on the little dolls dress, so now she smelled like a tasty morsel! With one snap Brutus had her in his mouth and off he went, jumping the fence and running like mad into the long field to devour her.

He looked hungrily into her little eyes, and began to lick the goose fat from her dress. He became angry as he tried to chew her little legs, and discovered that they were filled with wood wool, not the juicy marrow he had hoped for. She just lay there. She didn't feel the sharp points of his teeth as they gnawed at her; she simply did as she had always done, and stared motionless into the cold grey sky, and, before long, she had forgotten everything, even her beloved Annie. The dog soon realized that she wasn't worth eating so he tossed



her into the ditch, and bounded off, leaving her twisted and damp, and curled up on the cold ground.

She lay there for what seemed like an eternity. Several weeks and months went by, and no one came to look for her, no one, not even Annie. And still her eyes never closed. They simply couldn't. She just stared blankly up at the sky, and each day her eyes followed the birds flying high and the clouds making familiar shapes. One day, a cold soft blanket of snow began to cover her, and her little body, became rigid, and frozen. And still no one came. She lay hidden under this blanket for months; she couldn't tell if it was day or night. And quietly, one spring day the white blanket began to melt, but now, she couldn't even feel her hands or her feet. She felt nothing!

One day, as she numbly lay in the ditch she heard soft voices close by "There she is" they said as they came towards her. "Looks like she hasn't felt for a long time" someone said. She tried to tell them, "I am not felt, I'm cotton", but she couldn't speak. "Maybe she's dead" another said. "No she's not dead, she's in shock". She wondered what shock was. They bent over her and looked into her eyes. "Hello, we are rag dolls just like you", and one by one they smiled at her and each one softly said, "Hi."

Picking her up, they tenderly carried her in their arms through the fields until they came to a large building with a bright red hall door, and a shiny brass plaque on it which read The Rag Doll Primal Healing Centre. They brought her into a small warm room with lots of mattresses and soft pillows on the floor. One by one the rag dolls sat quietly with her, as she became accustomed to the new surroundings. Day after day, the warmth from their loving gaze slowly touched her and when if felt safe enough for the little rag doll, her frozen little body began to thaw. "Don't rush it," one rag doll said to the others, you will only cause her more pain. Each one listened as she screamed in agony for what seemed like an eternity as the fibres on her cloth body began to soften one by one. She slowly began to move her arms, then her legs. Sometimes, they would gently hold her as she struggled to reach out. She cautiously began to open her mouth, and discovered that she did have a voice, but more than that, someone could really hear her. "What is this place and who are you" she asked timidly. The older lady doll whose name was Julia said "This is a rag doll primal centre, and we are healers." "Oh," said the little rag doll, "what is a healer?" "Well," Julia said, "to become a rag doll primal healer, there are three stages. First, you must become a feeler, then you become a realer, and finally, if you really want to, you can become a healer." The little rag doll asked, "How do I know how to feel?" Julia said, "You just notice how you are." The little rag doll began to look down at her threadbare body, seams all torn, and her throbbing arms and legs bruised and battered, and suddenly she felt her eyes hurting and her cheeks becoming wet as hot salty tears began to soak her face, her hair, her neck and her belly. The tears fell like rain as she sobbed and cried out again and again, "I want to go home! I need my mum! Please help me!" and sadly she began to remember her beloved Annie and longed to be with her again. Even the other cold china dolls would have been a

welcome sight! She raged in anger as her body remembered and felt the kicks from Tom's boot; and she screamed in pain as she sensed Brutus' jaws upon her. And all the while her body began to swell as the tears soaked into the old stuffing in her belly, which by now had become rotten and smelly. She swelled up. Bigger and bigger she grew, until her seams began to burst, and suddenly all her innards were spilling out on to the floor, making a frightful mess. No one tried to push the stuffing back. Someone discretely removed the smelly old kapok and scratchy wood wool, which tore her skin as it burst out. And all the while the rag dolls sat quietly with her for what seemed like weeks, until finally there was little or nothing left of the rotting stuffing but the frayed old cloth for skin, and her lifeless legs and arms, and her heart weak with exhaustion.

She looked into the eyes of the "others" and suddenly realized that without all the rotting stuffing she began to feel a lot lighter. She wasn't stiff and swollen anymore. Looking at the others she began to see through the tears that she looked a bit like them. "Did you come from the Dowager's house too?" she asked. They all nodded. "Yes, we have all come from the same place," and she sensed they knew something she hadn't quite fully understood yet.

Time passed quickly, and the little rag doll grew in many ways, learning from the others how to be a primal rag doll. She discovered that there were many rag dolls whose hurting lives were different from hers; some had come to this place because they had been lost, abandoned, fought over; others had even been badly damaged when they were first sewn up. She quickly learned everything there was to know about rag doll centered presence, congruence, resistance, transference, co-dependence, interdependence, avoidance, naissance, resonance, acceptance. In fact, all the 'essences' needed to be present to the other vulnerable rag doll clients as they too poured out their lifelong synthetic stuffings.

A few years went by, and one morning, as the little rag doll sat quietly meditating in the centre's Zen garden, she felt her old wounds stinging, as they often did. And, as she looked down at her tummy, she could see something shining through a small tear in her cloth skin. She wondered what it might be, so she took a deep breath and squeezed her belly and pushed. And out it popped! It was a beautiful pearl, which glowed with a sort of luminous light. "It must have been put there by the seamstress in the dowager's house when she made me," she said. "But why?" she asked. One of

One of the older rag dolls sitting close by said "This is no ordinary pearl; this pearl keeps growing. We have all been given this precious treasure, but most people never find it. They don't know that it's concealed in all their original stuffing. We call it 'Presence' because it's a gift, you see. It's the greatest gift a primal rag doll healer can ever have. It's the simple feeling of being. Nothing more is needed," she said. "Presence is our essence. When we are empty of our stuffing, all that's left is presence, and most of us need to have our stuffing knocked out of us before we discover this innate gift."

So the little rag doll quietly smiled and placed the

*Continued on page 11*

the feelings and behaviours that get evoked and played out in the therapeutic relationship. Our aim is to facilitate the growth and increased awareness of the individual that comes seeking our help, and one safeguard is to ensure the practitioners have their own safe space to discuss and examine their own thoughts, feelings and reactions. Many times in supervision I have felt annoyed with myself, as though I really should have known something my supervisor had pointed out. In that space, it seems so obvious, yet I didn't see. I am fortunate in having a wise and skilled supervisor, who approaches the task with caring and clarity. She is not afraid to be open about her own experiences, where relevant, and this in turn allows me to trust the fact that she is not there to judge, but to work alongside me. She pointed out that when the interaction between you and the client is happening; it is difficult, if not impossible at times, to be able to have an overview, and see the dynamics and undertones as they occur. My sense is that she understands the level of criticism I need. Too much and it would feed into a hyper-critical super ego, already very strong and quick to undermine any qualities I might have, too little, and I would feel uneasy, that I was not being challenged enough.

When I first began training, I chose very highly skilled analytic supervisors, ostensibly in the belief that I wanted to learn from the best, that I could take the harshness, and learn a lot. Interestingly, my reactions did not agree. Instead of relishing the “challenge,” I shrank away, my sense of confidence eroded, and I began to dread going. I saw myself as an idiot, unable to master even the most basic of techniques.

I believe that we need to find a supervisor who is clear, appropriate and attuned enough for a good working alliance to be formed. Supervision, at its best, creates another viewpoint, another dimension to this work that illuminates and explores areas that may be blind spots, weaknesses, or just simply things we are unaware of. There are many aspects of the supervisory relationship that mirror personal issues and dynamics, indeed the way a client is presented in supervision can be remarkably accurate in demonstrating the client/therapist interactions.

This was reflected in my presentation of Joe, a highly motivated, driven personality who had come to me wanting to understand why he suffered recurrent depression. In the sessions, his behaviour manifested this by pressurised speech, difficulty in slowing down, finding it hard to allow me anywhere to intervene or make contact. As I recalled him and his issues to my supervisor, she noticed my behaviour was very similar, not a usual pattern for me, but one that showed very clearly the unconscious resonance.

A skilled supervisor is looking at all the levels of

presentation, verbal, physical (reactions both in the supervisee and supervisor) and emotional. The unconscious has light shed on it as it does in therapy. The boundaries of time, content, safety and the like are maintained in this unique relationship. It is not therapy however, and the adult needs to remain in the foreground, using cognition, emotion and analysis to better understand the therapeutic process.

As therapists, we hold a solemn responsibility. It would serve us well to note the words of Hippocrates:

“Declare the past, diagnose the present, foretell the future; practice these acts. As to diseases, make a habit of two things – to help, or at least to do no harm.”

Throughout my training and experience I have always understood the need to find a supervisor of the same orientation, not to “share blind spots,” but to learn and gain from the specialist expertise that person would bring. An illustration of how different theoretical backgrounds can cause significant gaps in understanding and knowledge occurred recently. I asked my supervisor, who is trained in the Jungian

perspective, to include clients in primal practice in our supervision, as well as the ones she was familiar with, that is, the people who wanted to stay talking, rather than allow connection to feelings.

Things got off to a tentative start, with the dynamic of me explaining, and she reluctantly giving the benefit of the doubt. Her understanding of boundaries became more and more of an

obstacle to shared understanding of the actual process. As an analytic therapist, she would never touch a patient, move her chair, or disclose personal details. As I explained how I was planning to take one of my clients to a residential group that I was involved in, she became very concerned, and made strenuous efforts to persuade me to tell the client she could not come. I would not do this, as I believed that although it posed some risk (she was fragile and needed a lot of support) I also felt strongly it would be beneficial. Her persuasion nearly led to her reporting me to the professional body to which I am accountable, as she felt I was transgressing boundaries that they outline. In the end she decided to withdraw from supervising the clients I was working with in that way, and remain within her area of expertise. She told me she was “out of her depth“ with the unfamiliar approach I was presenting.

To end this essay, I would summarise my conclusions in the following way. Primal Integration is one of many approaches that can provide effective and powerful tools toward attaining mental/emotional health. If this approach is to continue to develop and provide high professional standards, as well as establishing itself alongside the contemporary analytic therapies, it needs to provide a structure and basis for monitoring and attaining recognisable ethics and standards. Supervision is integral to this process.

*“I believe that we need to find a supervisor who is clear, appropriate and attuned enough ...”*

“Rag Dolls” continued from page 9

precious pearl back inside her, and the cloth skin magically folded it in, concealing the precious treasure for ever. She knew at some deep level, that she had come home, and that nothing else in the world was needed, other than her spontaneous expression of joy and love, pain and sorrow, and compassionate caring and total unattachment. And she took a deep breath and walked briskly on this new pathless path through the garden to The Rag Doll Primal Healing Centre, knowing that in her heart she was becoming a wounded healer.



## Afterword

I wrote the above piece as my ‘essay’ for the Intermediate Training in Primal Integration Facilitation held in Guelph in June 2006. For me, especially during the last ten years or so, synchronicities have become more and more a way of life, and nevertheless I never cease to be surprised by joy

when they happen. And what occurred during this workshop was no exception.

On the first day of our weeklong Intermediate training workshop, having had a coffee break, we re-gathered in the primal centre for our morning lecture. And, as we took our seats, one of the other trainees, who during the break, had wandered away to the end of the wild garden, came back to the group carrying in her outstretched hands something that she had found in the long grass. She was reverently holding a little doll, about 10 inches high, all weathered and spattered with mud; her small rotting cloth body was empty and lifeless, and her eyes were fixed in a stare. She had been at the end of this garden for a long long time.

Was this another playful creation of cosmic intelligence? Perhaps! But one thing I was certain of; I was in the right place!

*Illustration by Clare Gill. Photo by Julia Mitchell.*

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## New Primal Books

### Who’s Afraid of the Teddy Bear’s Picnic?

*(A Story of Sexual Abuse and Recovery Through Psychotherapy)*

by Pam Smart, published by Chipmunka publishing

“This remarkable woman has let her life speak here. Winston Churchill could have been referring to her journey when he once said, ‘If you’re going through hell, keep going.’ Every psychotherapist who has ever thought a case was hopeless should read this book, and get a morale boost.”

—Morton Schatzman, MD, Psychiatrist and Psychotherapist

This first-person account tells the story of Pam, who

was considered a hopeless psychiatric case, showing how dedicated professionals in the fields of psychotherapy and social work went beyond the call of duty to make her recovery possible. It details her inner processes as she undergoes what was mostly primal therapy.

It takes the reader through the child’s horrific experience of family abuse, and reveals teachers’ and other professionals’ blindness to her ordeal. As a distressed and disturbed teenager in the 1950’s, she journeyed unsuccessfully through several psychiatric hospitals until landing in the famous Henderson hospital where her recovery began. Ultimately, she was able to become a psychotherapist herself.

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### Decline & Fall of Practically Everyone, Or, We Blew it Real Good

By Victor G. Novander Jr., published by Xlibris

It has been decades since Dr. Arthur Janov pioneered Primal Therapy and first wrote about primal pain. Primal pain is pain that results from early needs not being met, pain that is too traumatic to experience and is suppressed into the subconscious. In his new book, *The Decline & Fall of Practically Everyone*, author Victor G. Novander, Jr. shares his views and analysis in his quest to make people aware of their primal pain and how to resolve it.

This book brings to readers a concise history of

humanity, focusing on the role primal pain has played throughout human history in the devolution of original consciousness into unconscious self-awareness. The book shows that people’s inner and outer worlds mirror each other, which means that the status of our internal world is projected outwardly and becomes the status of our external world. The history of religion, for example, reveals what has been our internal history, and the same thing holds true for the analysis of political history.

Victor Novander, born in 1930, experienced Primal Therapy in 1974. He realized that all of humanity has had to become ever more unconscious in order to survive. His book unravels humanity’s scrambled notion of being conscious.

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*Editor’s note: These books have been recommended to the editor by the author or publisher.*

*If any IPAer would like to review them, please let me know.*



# IPA Membership - We Need You!

By Bob Holmes, IPA President

Please consider renewing your IPA membership now for 2007. For those readers who are not yet members, here are some of the reasons why you should join the IPA:

You'll be supporting primal education, training and process throughout the world;

You'll be joining a world community of feeling-oriented people;

You'll receive a hard copy of the IPA newsletter ~ rich in articles, news, reviews, past and future events and the like, without interruption, three times a year;

You'll receive monthly email updates on what's happening in the IPA community via eNews, without interruption;

You'll receive member discounts to all IPA events, like the Summer Convention and the Spring Retreat;

You'll be eligible to participate in EWAIL, the IPA members-only on-line group;

You'll be eligible to vote in the IPA election;

You'll be eligible to run for positions on the IPA Board of Directors;

Your membership cost is tax-deductible.

The cost of membership is based on income so that anyone can afford to be a part of this world community. While the IPA is a fully volunteer-driven organization, your membership fees are essential to the costs of our yearly operations, right down to the mailing of this newsletter, so every membership dollar is greatly appreciated. I sincerely hope you will join us.

## Summer Convention Scholarship Fundraising

The IPA is seeking donations so that we can continue to offer an Annual Convention scholarship to a candidate living overseas who has not previously attended the convention and who can help promote primal and the IPA in their area. Past recipients have included Sheila Turner (Scotland), Reinhold Rausch (Germany), and Jan Armitage (England).

Please send your tax deductible donations to: IPA, 811 Whann Ave., McLean VA, 22101, or email: [treasurer@primals.org](mailto:treasurer@primals.org) to arrange for other forms of payment.

### SPECIAL THANKS

Special thanks to Sam Turton, the editor for the last six years, for bringing the IPA Newsletter to a new level of professionalism in design and breadth of content. Your leadership will be missed, but your innovations will be carried on.

### & IPA ROSES

- to Barbara Bryan for an outstanding five-year term as IPA President.
- to Jean Rashkind for conscientiously guiding our finances over the last two years.
- to Leonard Rosenbaum for stepping in as Secretary when needed.
- to Wayne Carr, this summer's Convention Chair, for bringing a new dimension to the IPA's consciousness.
- to Warren Davis for his ongoing generous contributions to the Scholarship Fund.
- to Sheila Turner (and Daisy), who joined us at the Summer Convention from Scotland, for her contribution and delightful presence.
- to Sandy Weymouth for generously taking charge of the IPA trailer.
- to Barbara Bryan for her hospitality in hosting yet another IPA Board meeting.
- to this issue's many contributors—Barbara Bryan, Shelley Beach, Wayne Carr, Clare Gill, Bob Holmes, Diane Kohl, Linda Marks, Julia Mitchell, Valerie Pate, Larry Schumer, and Erik Tootell.

### IPA Membership Dues

	Single	Joint
<b>Lifetime Membership</b> (payable over five years)	\$1000	\$1500
<b>Annual Membership (based on income)</b>		
\$100,000 or more	\$110	\$165
\$50,000-99,999	\$75	\$112
\$25,000-49,999	\$60	\$90
Less than \$25,000	\$50	\$75

• Membership for \$30 per year is available to overseas residents, full-time students, and individuals who support themselves exclusively with public assistance.

• All dues cover the fiscal year from January 1 to December 31. To qualify for joint membership, both members must live at the same address and pool resources. Joint members will receive one mailing per household.

• Please make out your check to the IPA in US funds. Canadian checks (in US Funds) are accepted with an additional \$5 service fee.

• International money orders are accepted with additional \$7 service fee.

• Pay by credit card (MC or VISA). Indicate credit card type, number, exp. date, and mail to the address below, or pay by calling 1-877-PRIMALS.

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