

# MANY VOICES

WORDS OF HOPE FOR PEOPLE WITH MPD OR A DISSOCIATIVE DISORDER

Vol. IV, No. 2

April 1992

ISSN1042-2277



## INSIDE: Finding an Effective Therapist and Budgeting for Therapy!

Once again, you folks outdid yourselves in sharing the pain and promise of therapy. Also, the artwork was outstanding! If your piece didn't get in this time, please try again. I'm saving some work for possible use in future issues. No words can describe how much I appreciate the time and effort you make in sending material to MANY VOICES. Thank you so very much!

— Lynn W.

*Our Strongest and  
Wisest - The Kids!*

## Go Inside and Ask

Amanda M.

This poem is dedicated to my therapist, whose repeated urging for me to Go inside and ask brought about anger tears laughter and finally, answers —

*Go inside and ask, he said  
The answers there inside your head.  
Ask who knows, who's willing to  
tell  
All I get is "GO TO HELL!"*

*Go inside and ask—you should!  
Oh, I would—if only I could  
Somedays getting IN is OUT  
The walls are up and theres no  
doubt.*

*Go inside and ask—you'll see  
How much better knowing will be.  
But whose answer do I listen to  
The one who is three or thirty  
two?*

*Go inside and ask—lets see  
As if there is some guarantee  
I get inside—theres no one here  
Am I crazy or not—what is the  
fear?*

*Go inside and ask—again.  
How many times now—five or ten?  
I got an answer today—just one  
Hey, could this be really fun?*

*Go inside and ask—I will  
Until I learn what is really real.  
Until I know and love you all  
The upward climb, the downward  
fall*

*Go inside and ask—it works!  
I'll soon learn all the little quirks  
The ups and downs, the right, the  
wrong  
And then I know, it wont be long*

*Go inside and ask, he said—  
You'll find the answer in your head.  
I'll nod, I'll smile, I know it's there  
Because we've all learned how to  
share*

## Three Cats in a Bag

By R.S. Loagan

I feel like a burlap bag and someone put three alley cats inside of me  
They are snarling, hissing, clawing, fighting, and biting to rule the bag  
Its a strange thing to fight about  
each one wants to be king of the potato sack.  
And when they claw or bite and miss, they get me.  
The bag is being slashed and fanged to shreds.  
The fur is really flying in there and  
I cant tell who is winning this round.  
Is it any wonder that I dont think well  
or change from day to day?  
Uncle Howard's boat on Lake Erie is where I want to be.  
When I was on his boat the cats purred and took a long nap.  
I felt like I was one person  
I wasnt afraid and I wasn't confused.  
I wasnt ashamed and I didn't ache inside  
Is it too much to ask from God? To be safe?  
To be proud of something and not to hurt?  
Is it a sin to get it for yourself if God fails you?  
Peace is addicting, one dose of it and  
you want it all the time  
I put it on my Christmas list but Santa didnt bring it  
Peace is not a toy.

## Conferences

**Costa Mesa, CA: April 10-12.** 5th Annual Western Clinical Conf. on Multiple Personality & Dissociation. Emerging trends and treatment. Featuring Colin A Ross, M.D. Call 310/499-1055.

**Akron, Ohio: April 24 & 25** (Pre-Conf. Workshops, April 23). 7th Regional Conference on Trauma, Dissociation and Multiple Personality. Moshe Torem, M.D., Jean Goodwin, M.D., Walter Young, M.D. and many others. Call 216/384-6525.

**Amsterdam, The Netherlands: May 23-23.** Int'l Conf. on MPD & Dissociated States (ISSMP&D). The Free University. Internationally recognized experts in the field. Write to Postgraduate Medical Education, Tafelbergweg 25, 1105 BC, Amsterdam, The Netherlands, or call 011-31(0)20-566-4801.

**Sacramento, CA: June 13.** Seminar for Survivors of Extreme Childhood Abuse. Sponsored by Fair Oaks Hospital & Survivors Reaching Out. Write to Mary Clawson/Director, 106 McRoberts Way,

Mather AFB CA 95655.

**Alexandria, VA: June 25-29.** Eastern Regional Conference on Abuse and Multiple Personality. Training in Treatment. Faculty of 30 includes Richard Kluft, M.D., James Chu M.D., Catherine Fine, Ph.D., Richard Lowenstein, M.D. & many more leaders in the field.

Write Eastern Regional Conf. PO Box 9593, Washington DC 20016.

**Chicago, IL: Nov. 13-15.** 9th International Conf. on Multiple Personality/Dissociative States. Deadline for Gen. Abstracts, April 15. Research Abstracts, May 22. Bennett G. Braun M.D., program chairman. Call 708/933-6685.

### TV Guide

Coming soon:

"MPD"—Your alternative to MTV. We dance to the beat of a different drummer. Featuring: The Dissociations, a hot new group from the Ego States. Like Madonna, they constantly reinvent themselves. Tune in and tune out.

By Dee Realization

# Good Therapy

by Cathy K.

**Y**ou reached your hand through the time warp and grabbed mine. Or did I offer it to you? Have you heard me crying, did you see me standing beneath you there? I kept tugging on your dress, using your hanky for my bare red nose. I needed you to feel my enormous tears as they flowed down over and over like sleet on the roof. I needed you to make a move towards me. I pictured it gentle and painless, yet when I felt our hands touch I thought for a fleeting moment that you were one of them. Another enemy to hide from.

I coiled back into my black space womb room waiting, listening for your footsteps to run fast away, or your fists to come crashing down.

But no, instead you seized my tiny hand in your wisdom and collected me, all exposed, in your firm but loving heart.

You asked such questions of me. Why? I thought I had safely said enough, breezed the surface, no one asked for any details. My skin felt like layers of paint, changing colors from pink, red, dead white. Now I lay wondering, unable to stop the pastmares.

You stirred up rusty skeletons, cramped tightly in a remote corner of my inner being. Bones that had not been explored before, left for a future generation to discover and explain. As you did your work, they began to ache, from simple creaking to intense splitting, bone fragment by bone fragment, torment. You took her back there. Why? did it help you? Will it eventually help me? So much is loose now. Horrible creatures flying about, dropping their filth on her, on me. Pounding her skull into the wood. She must be dead, she must be dead. Oh God, let her be dead!

Endless agony ripping her body

about, flapping like a sail in the breeze. They played wishbone with her flesh, and they all won... all but her. No tears, no noise, no gulping. I must be quiet. I feel the fraying of my yet so new skin. I feel the wetness absorb every inch of me. Part monster semen, part lamb's blood. I am covered in his hatred, the acid melting my soul.

Help, mommy, help! You just stand there, watching the evil one kill what you once gave birth to. Where were you? What were you doing? Was I a babe from hell for you, as you were my cursed traitor? We are separate, the link is gone, you cut it, you and him together broke the bond. Who were you anyway?

It is alive, worse now, shouting to be stuffed back into its safety coma, where the pain rips, where only the very few can see, and the mask can still remain to protect me. You opened my eyes and made me look at her. A cruel necessity.

Did you see her? She was so sad. So lonely and afraid. She endured, survived even through my hate and blame.

I felt sorry for her. I wanted to walk over and hold her, but I felt so ashamed, afraid. I tried to hide her, protect her, soothe her, get rid of her, hurt her, but never did I accept her.

She sat there talking to you, confused but needing to tell. To cry. To grieve. To absorb your warmth. She is safe, isn't she? Details... each individual cell of emotional and physical agony revealed bit by bit, cell by cell, session by session, till the last cell combines with the first and a true self is created... with the hand of God guiding the hand of the artist to bring forth the much-labored-over, and loved, masterpiece.

MV

This issue is made possible in part by a contribution from:

**The National Center for  
the Treatment of  
Dissociative Disorders**  
1290 S. Potomac  
Aurora, CO 80012  
(303) 751-8373 or  
1-800-441-6921  
**Walter C. Young, M.D.;**  
**Clinical Director**

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## Success Dept.

*Congratulations to our readers who continue to heal and contribute to the community!*

Last fall we filed a lawsuit against a therapist who had a sexual relationship with us in the course of "treating" us for childhood sexual abuse. I don't know how far we'll get. It isn't clear whether his attorneys will try to use our MPD & ritual abuse against us if the case goes to trial. The main thing is, we are doing what we can to confront the harm that was done and to hold the perpetrator accountable.

At times the grief and shame at our brokenness seems endless. (We loved the therapist very much and believed him when he said he was doing it for our healing. Our system was set up to handle torture and brutality, and we had never been abused in a way that felt caring and gentle, so we split off the sexual parts of the "therapy" for a long time.)

We are now slogging our way through treatment again, trying to work through the new layers of damage he created so that we can finally get some help for why we went in the first place. We are also in a networking group for survivors of therapy and clergy abuse. This is very helpful, but we are the only multiple there.

We hope you print this so others who have had this excruciating experience will know that they are not alone.

By Beth

# Finding an Effective Therapist

We've watched other people try to find a good therapist and know how hard that can be. We were very lucky! Sue was the one who decided to get help and she didn't know about us then. She was in a crisis state and got a referral from her lover's therapist. It turned out to be great. This lady is very sharp and soon some of us were talking to her too. It's been hard on Sue (and a couple of the others) to accept that we're really here and have been for a long time, but gradually acceptance has come. Knowing what we do now, we came up with some questions to ask in your first interview that seem important in finding an effective therapist.

1. Are you familiar with MPD/Dissociative Disorders?
2. Have you ever worked with multiples before?
3. If not, are you willing to seek advice from a colleague who has?
4. Do you believe in the MPD diagnosis, or do you still think it's a rarity like Sybil?
5. Can you be there for all of us without taking sides?
6. How flexible are your telephone hours?
7. Will you accept calls from all of us?
8. Explain your rules about touching, getting angry, etc.
9. Is abuse ever the fault of the child?
10. Do you push for forgiveness or reconciliation with the abusers?
11. Are you willing to listen to everything no matter how awful?
12. Do you encourage the building of an outside support system?
13. Will you ever try to force me to do anything I don't want to do?
14. What is your position on hospitalization, drug treatment, hypnosis etc.

Some things to ask yourselves:

1. What kind of therapist do we want/need? (e.g. soft-spoken, logical, nurturing, strong, pushy etc.)
2. Can we afford to go—is the

fee negotiable?

3. Is the location close enough so that we will go on a regular basis?

4. Do I want a man or a woman counselor?  
The list of considerations could go on and on, but this gives a general idea of what seems to be important to us.

By Diana



**On finding an effective therapist:** First he/she must believe that such a thing as MPD exists! It is essential for the therapist to be empathetic and caring, while at the same time keeping good boundaries. When the alters begin to appear, the therapist must not pick favorites, for *all* the alters need to learn to trust the therapist. The therapy is intense and time-consuming and can last many years. The therapist needs to be willing to devote the time necessary to complete the therapy. Patience is most certainly required in the treatment of MPD, and it will be rewarded.

By Aileen et al



**My name is Krystyne.** I am my host's strongest alter and her therapist's most formidable opponent. I am often opposed to change based on changes within me. But the way therapy is progressing, I must now state how I feel.

It took us over 20 years to locate our effective therapist. Having been in therapy since the age of 16, we've had every type of therapy done, with every conceivable diagnosis.

Julian came to us as a gift from the psychiatrist who admitted us to the hospital upon our family's wishes. Some of the children and teens became confused and some

of us became angry. He was able to see through all this and diagnosed us after a process of elimination.

Like someone opening a door, we were all finally able to show ourselves. I'm not saying that it's been an easy time, but things are progressing.

He's been there for all of us in some manner. When the bills of necessity are paid (rent, car, phone, utilities), the money would be there for therapy if insurance wasn't covering it. I allow the children to buy one bear a month, unless one of the other adults buys one for them. Just to keep them from screaming in my ear, I would probably work an extra day if I had to, to pay for therapy. Her family consists of 78 within and a six-year old son on the outside. Her daughter and two kids recently moved in so it gets difficult to do things or buy things for myself.

Still, therapy must go on.

By Krystyne



**When I was in college,** I was suicidal and sought counseling. The counselor was so quick with judgements, and came out and told me after two one-hour sessions that I wanted to sleep with my father and brothers. I thought he was the crazy one. His words and manners hurt me, and I sensed a danger about this man. I never went back.

But that was then. Today, I see a different therapist. I used my senses. This man was caring and wise. I felt comfortable with him. He worked with me a long time before delivering a shocking diagnosis of MPD. It was a shock to me. But he took a long time to confirm the diagnosis before relaying the information to me. He helped me see it with time and patience. We work carefully, respectfully with each other to heal

(cont'd on page 5)

**(Finding cont'd)**

these terrible memories I never knew I had. I can tell my therapist anything, for the more I tell him, the more "tools" he has to work with to help me help myself.

I made the decision to work with this therapist, and he has agreed to journey with me through these awful times. It's a common goal we share — get Elaine better, let Elaine have a better journey through life than she's had.

My therapist is effective because I help him be as informed as possible. Working together creates the environment for great strides in getting well. So how do you find effective therapists? Make the commitment yourself, then trust your senses about the therapist. Change until you are comfortable with the person. Attend to your own needs. And give the therapist time to work with you. (Unless you feel very bad to start with, I'd change therapists immediately if things felt real weird from the start.)

By Elaine's Journey

*(Note the following experience works well for Cheryl, but it might be a problem for some clients and therapists to work with two close family-members. All participants should think it through carefully alone and with the others involved. —LW)*

I was fortunate because I didn't have to search for a great therapist. He was a gift from my best friend. Before either of us were diagnosed, my sister-in-law and I would take long walks and talk about many things including how different we felt from most other people. We easily understood each other's unusual sense of reality.

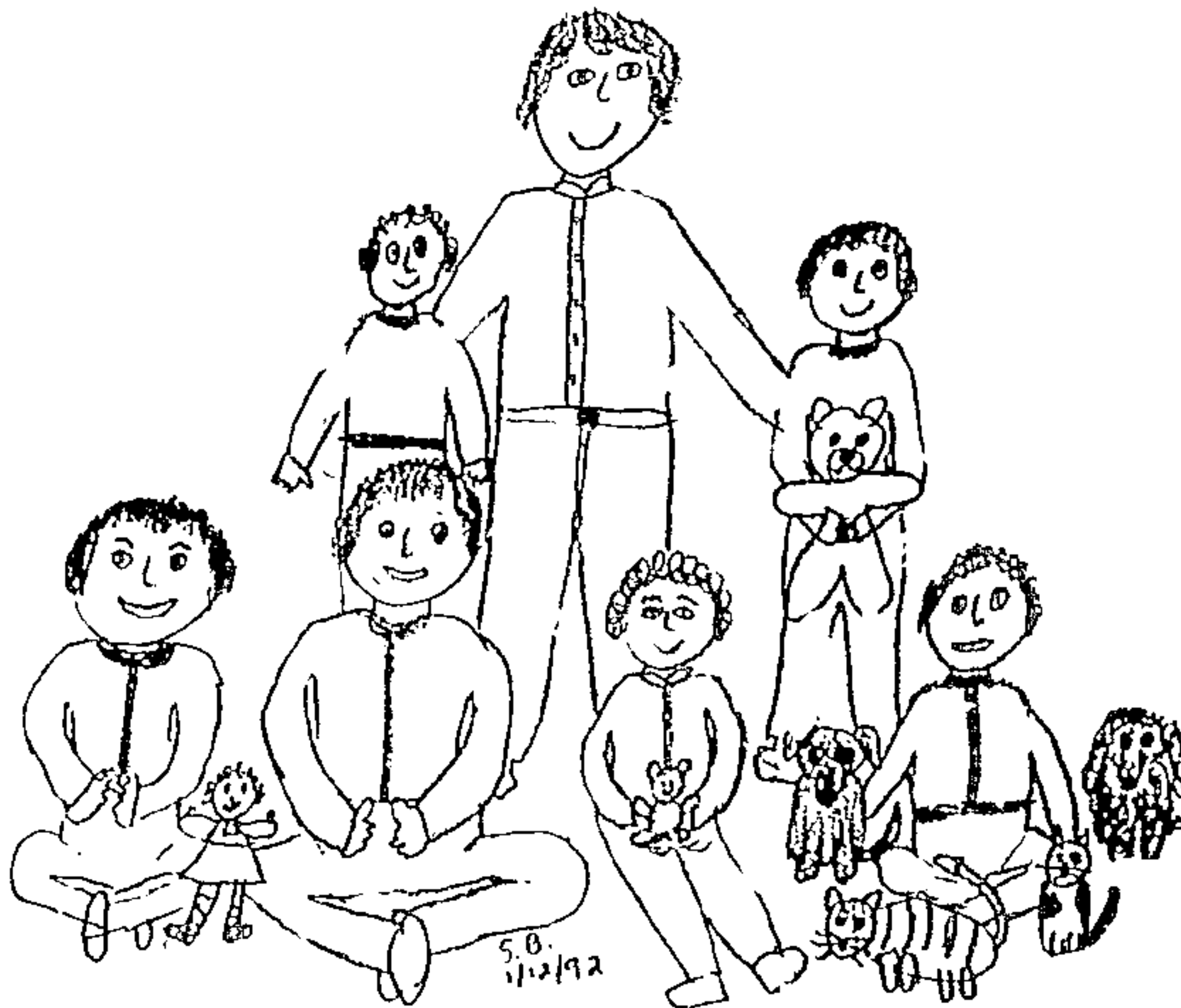
A series of major traumatic events led my sister-in-law to therapy. She found out that she had multiple personalities. I was allowed to be there to support her when a few of her personalities came out to meet her therapist. It was shocking but it guaranteed that I'd never doubt her diagnosis. Her therapist was very experienced and I was impressed by the way she related to the different alters.

After many months, my sister-in-

law changed therapists. The second therapist was very good, too. For months I heard about how ethical, intelligent and dedicated he was. She had tremendous respect for him so I respected him even though I didn't know him. My sister-in-law often tried to convince me that I should be evaluated by her therapist for MPD. I was sure that I wouldn't be a multiple. When she asked her therapist if he would evaluate me, he expressed concern about her having to share her therapist with a family member. My sis said she wanted him to see me because she wanted me to have the best.

When I went to talk to the therapist, he was everything she said that he was. I felt safe and trusted him immediately. I knew how protective he had been of my sis. After several sessions, I was also diagnosed as a multiple. It took awhile to accept the diagnosis, but now I know our therapist was right. I am a multiple. My sister-in-law was right, too. Our therapist is GREAT!

By Cheryl



Dark used to be mean and angry. Now she is the protector of the little kids and the world's best big sister. That's her in the back with the twins, Georgie and Sarah. Georgie has Moonie bear. He belongs to Dark, but she shares him with who needs him. In the front is Punkin and Laurie B with Janie doll. Tina with her Tinabear and Bridget with our animals Daisy, Tigger, Cookie and Ranger.

By Susie of Laurie and the Kids



Lynne - our strongest and wisest alter

with some of our little ones

# Therapists' Page

By Robert Benjamin, M.D.

*Associate Medical Director, Northwestern Institute, Fort Washington, Pennsylvania. Currently involved in MPD/DD program development, outpatient services, and training, Dr. Benjamin has been active in the field since 1980. Professional member, ISSMP&D. Readers are welcome to write to him, c/o MANY VOICES, with comments or reactions to this column.*

**T**herapeutic stories have been used since time immemorial to instruct and inspire. Early examples include The Bible and Greek Tragedies. In modern times, they have been popularized by the famous hypnotherapist Milton Erickson, M.D. Several collections of his stories have been published by his followers. Recently, they have also been created or compiled by therapists working

with children, in which case they are often crafted to make a particular point or to teach a specific lesson. This technique has also been used by authors writing for "Inner Children" in both MPD patients and also in the ACOA (Adult Children of Alcoholics) community. The story that follows is one of a series I have developed. They are by no means original, but have been retold in the

context of intensive individual insight-oriented psychotherapy for clients struggling to recover from MPD or similar Dissociative Disorders. They are meant to promote reflection, reframing, and self-forgiving for the purpose of healing. I hope that you find this sample story beneficial, as many of my own patients have, in their efforts to get well and become whole.

## The Magic Mask

(This story has been adapted from a traditional Yiddish folk story that tells the same moral. It is particularly meaningful to clients who have been ashamed of their own deeds in the past as a part of their traumatic abuse, who are seeking ways to forgive themselves and find healing.)

Once upon a time there was a valiant knight who sought the love of a beautiful princess who was the only child of a famous king. He had been watching her from afar for a long time and he knew that she was as wise and good as she was lovely. One day, he summoned up all of his courage and asked her father the king for her hand in marriage. Now the king had great respect for the knight, who was the captain of his guard and a brave soldier, so he answered him earnestly; "My fine knight, I can think of no one to whom I would rather trust my daughter and my kingdom than you, as you have always been loyal and true. I would be delighted to have you as my son-in-law and heir to my throne. However, my daughter must decide if you are someone whom she could accept and love as her husband."

Now the knight was elated that the king would favor his suit, so he ran to the sitting room of the princess to propose immediately. But when she heard his declarations of love for her, the

princess demurred, and said "You are a soldier and you have killed many people. How could I ever love someone who has the face of a murderer?"

The knight was crushed in spirit. He thought that his heart would break and that his tears would never stop. And yet, when he looked in the mirror, he saw that it was indeed true: there staring back at him was the fierce face of a warrior, hardened by many battles. How could that which had kept him alive and made him so valuable to the king be the very feature that would prevent him from realizing the love of his life? Dejectedly, he returned to the throne room and asked the king what he should do.

He found the king to be very sympathetic but firm that his daughter's will must be respected. "I cannot make my child, who is good and wise, do that which she finds to be against her moral principles. But I do know someone who may know how to help. Go and seek out the court magician who lives in the cave under the

hill beyond the castle wall." And so the knight gathered up all of his gold (Translator's comment: these days it would be his health insurance card!) and he set out to see the great wizard.

When he arrived at the chamber of the magician, he poured out his story with much emotion. The wizard could tell from his tears and his sincerity that the knight was really a good man who desperately wanted to earn the love and respect of the princess. And so he told him that he would grant his wish and fashion for him a miraculous mask that would cause the princess to fall madly in love with him and forget all about her previous objections. The knight thanked the magician profusely and ran back to the castle with the magic mask. And indeed it worked just as the wizard had foretold; the princess swooned into his arms and pledged to love him forever.

In the months that followed the magnificent royal wedding, the

(cont'd on page 7)

**(Therapist's Page cont'd)**

knight did many new things, as would befit a newly-crowned prince. He studied with his father-in-law the king the laws of the country and the art of governing fairly and well. He accompanied the princess, who now adored him, on visits to the sick and the poor, where they listened to the people and tried to ease their suffering. He talked to the soldiers and taught them to always try to preserve the peace and to only resort to fighting when their cause was just and all other ways had been exhausted first. He enjoyed all of the new things that he was learning. And most of all, he was constantly astounded to be greeted by the people of the kingdom as

"the handsome and beloved prince who sought to rule them in justice and prosperity."

But secretly he felt guilty, for he knew that all that he had accomplished was based on a trick — a deception — for he wore the magic mask day and night. One evening, as he prepared for bed, he could stand it no longer. He poured out his heart to his wife, the princess. "My dear, I am very sorry to have to confess to you that I am a liar and a fraud. I have tricked you into loving me by wearing a magic mask. The wizard gave it to me to cover up my soldier's fierce face with the facade of a kind and handsome prince. You were fooled into loving an

unworthy murderer who hid his face behind a magic mask!"

And so with tears in his eyes, he lifted his hands and reached to tear the magic mask off of his face. But to his great surprise, the mask had disappeared! All that he held in his hands was his own face! Where the mask had been, now there were only his own features. And although the mirror showed those features to be the same as the ones that had always been there, he now looked to himself and to others as a person whose great and kind heart shown through his rough exterior. He had truly become the person he had wished to be.

MV

## My Therapeutic Experience

Donna Inc.

I've had 3 therapists in my 4 years of therapy. My first was an associate of a suggested therapist who was not taking new clients. My "kids" were looking for a mother to take care of them and she fulfilled that role for months before she realized what was happening. The boundary was set and the issue was mine. She moved out of state, and I had to find a new therapist.

This time I developed a list of questions.

1 How long the person has been a therapist.

2 What kind of experience does she have with addicts, with sexual abuse, with ritual abuse, with MPD. (Although some believe we are *not* multiple, we didn't want to be a guinea pig anymore.)

3. How much they charge. Is there a sliding scale? Is my insurance approved?

4 Type of therapeutic boundaries.

5 Their personal model for remembering and feeling work.

6. Assess safety and their safety precautions.

I made a list and checked inside with everyone while listening to our own intuition about the person and surroundings. Also a responsible adult (alter) had to be present. My kids were great at finding "surrogate mothers" until they left like my mom did.

We called a list of therapists, and were especially impressed with one. She heard our terror on the phone and called on one of my internal self-

helpers to calm and take care of the children. The cult parts trusted her. Pertinent information was given and I landed in the hospital on a DD Unit where there were lots of people like me. I was scared and in terrible pain.

This hospital was in a different city. I was treated by a "shrink" and a PhD, which totally turned me off. I hate doctors and don't trust them. I didn't much care for therapists either. I was stuck. I couldn't leave because the cult had sent for me and I knew that meant death. All I knew was I wanted to live and feel better. I took a risk and walked through a ritual memory with feelings I thought would kill me. I screamed and raged for two hours. They helped me in spite of my feelings about their credentials. I felt a peace and calmness inside that was unknown to everyone.

Something special happened that day. It was finally over, and it was safe for me. Donna the adult, to be present. I had never been out in the forefront and for a long time it was tiring and overwhelming to be out all the time.

When I was discharged and returned to my present therapist, I was more scared than ever I had signed a contract to stay present. It was weird seeing people who knew "me", but I didn't know who they were. The transition was hard. The thought of opening up to trust a therapist was too overwhelming.

The whole system went to therapy, and for many months tested our

therapist. We have been abandoned so many times, everyone needed to see that she wasn't going anywhere. The little ones wanted a mother. She flat-out told them they need to look for mothers and nurturing inside. Some protectors went in raging at her, others petrified. Finally we let her see our deep pain and tears, and asked if she were overwhelmed... could she really handle it. She was there, and everybody knew it.

So much healing has taken place since then. I have walked through pain I never thought I could feel without being locked up. I am truly grateful I didn't give up. I'm getting my life back. At times it is very painful; however, the increased inner strength and peace I feel afterward is worth it. I can experience a deeper level of trust and acceptance with myself and others just because someone let all of me test and check out every aspect of her therapeutic style. Her boundaries, experience and continuity helped me learn that I'm not too complex or split to get better. Life is manageable today. It is actually safe to be a woman, an adult, and live outside a locked unit. (I really thought I would be totally psychotic if I remembered.)

If there is anyone who hasn't found the right therapist, don't give up! Not all therapists are fucked up. Keep looking, because when you find the right one, mountains will start tumbling and many positive changes will take place.

MV

# Unexpected Intimacy

By Windy

## UNEXPECTED INTIMACY

unwanted  
unwarranted  
a travesty  
in therapy . . .  
betrayal  
of trust  
betrayal  
of unknowingness  
betrayal  
of unsureness  
betrayal  
of a healing process in  
motion  
unexpected intimacy  
in therapy  
a betrayal . . .  
betrayal beyond words  
unexpected intimacy

By L.R.

**UNEXPECTED INTIMACY** in any situation can be very painful. However, when Unexpected Intimacy is put into motion by a therapist with a client(s), the effects can be devastating.

We cannot write for how all MPs (multiple persons) may or may not survive such tragic abuse by his/her therapist. More so we cannot write for how a SP (single person) may or may not survive a similar betrayal.

What we can write about is that the devastation we have and continue to suffer and attempt to heal from, is complex and multiplied by the fact we are who we are: Multiple persons, otherwise known as a person who has Multiple Personality Disorder.

The following is what we have told our new counselor, one who hasn't initiated any Unexpected Intimacy with us, as we attempt to heal from what we believe to be an abusive therapeutic relationship.

We are MP WE need to figure out what WE feel, think, and believe about our therapy with a psychologist for over seven years. The following are my bottom lines in therapy if you will see me.

Don't tell us to keep any aspect of our therapy with you 'private'. Don't tell me I can't talk to another therapist or anyone else about what you have done. You can't tell your friends,

family, and people you work with about us. If you want to consult with another therapist about me, you have to get written permission and you have to tell me the name of the person. You can't tell others, among us, to keep secrets from me that are about me. You can't tell me secrets to keep from others that are about them. You can't tell one person one set of secrets while telling other sets of secrets to people among us, about personal problems you are having, or problems with your family, colleagues, or friends.

"We don't want you to give us a key to your office to keep. We don't want to have your office available to us, to spend the night at during crisis times.

"We will only pay you money in exchange for therapy. Don't ask any of us to engage in any insurance scam. We will not clean or paint your house(s), do your office yards, home yards, make a curtain for you, take care of your kid, take care of your dog, or watch your house when you are on vacation in exchange for, or partial payment for, therapy. We will not take care of your extended family or your friends' kids. We will not go into a business with you. Nor will anyone pick you up or drive you home from a therapy session.

"Don't yell at me or anyone else among us. When you decide to terminate therapy with us, don't do it as you would throw out dirty water.

"We will not meet with you for therapy at any restaurant, in your bedroom, or anywhere in your house(s). We don't want to spend the night at your house(s), in times of crisis. In fact, we don't want to know where you live. You can't do therapy in our bedroom or anywhere in our house(s). In fact, you are not allowed to come to our house, even if to leave notes on our car, on our front and back doors, or in the mail box. You can't do therapy with us in our car or your car. You can't do therapy anywhere with us except in your office. You can't have all night sessions with us at any location. Your husband and child can't be involved with us, in our therapy with you.

You can't be 'mom' in any shape, form, or way to any of us. We don't want to go to your wedding or baby shower. We don't want to be your child's 'sister' or 'mom' in any shape, form, or way. We don't want your child

in therapy sessions. We don't want you to be our "friend" and "family" in any shape, form or way. We don't want to meet any of your family and friends. We don't want you to ask any of us if any member of your family can come to our house, with you, on any holidays. In fact, we don't want to be involved with you on any holidays. We don't want to take car rides, go to the fair, zoo, or any other place with you. We don't want to be invited to your house to watch a mini-series.

"You aren't allowed to give any of the kids among us a "bottle". You aren't allowed to rub anyone's back under their blouse, or run your finger in their ear. You aren't allowed to masturbate around any of us. You are not allowed to "nurse" anyone among us. You are not allowed to put anyone's face on your pubic hair. You are not allowed to go to a doctor's appointment and stay in the examining room while someone among us is nude from the waist up.

"And we want a hand-written statement from you, saying that you know not to do anything sexual or otherwise unethical with us."

These are SOME of the events and issues of UNEXPECTED INTIMACY we are slowly healing from, with the assistance of our new counselor who has never done any of these things to us. There are only a few among us who are currently in therapy. "I" am certain this is so because of the devastating betrayal we have experienced with the psychologist we had come to trust and believe in. With our present counselor we are slowly learning to come to trust, believe, depend on and take care of ourselves.

We don't know if all the wounds will ever heal from our experience with the psychologist we had seen for over seven years. However, in our own ways we all hope healing will occur and at the worst only scars will remain. Some of us know with the assistance of our current counselor, we are learning to do more than just survive this tragic abuse.

By Victims of UNEXPECTED  
INTIMACY



# RECOVERING

By A Survivor

*This month Rita M., our regular columnist, is recovering herself from some physical ailments. (If you drop her a note, I'll forward it.) We hope she'll be back soon. Taking this space is a guest column which refers to Rita's comments in the Feb '92 issue of MV. It's a subject worth considering.—LW*

**"One of the hardest occupations to have if you are MD and in the process of therapy is to be a therapist or counselor" (Rita M., 2/92 MV)**

I would like to add a client's perspective on this issue, having been on the receiving end of the situation. I was in therapy for almost two years for severe childhood sexual abuse and MPD/DD with a therapist who acted out wildly (including engaging in various kinds of dual relationships, breaking client confidentiality, manically bounding his fees around, using his own theology as a therapy tool, vastly exaggerating his expertise and capabilities, introducing sexual contact as part of the treatment, coming to therapy on mind-altering drugs—and then dramatically abandoning his practice to go "work on his own trauma", leaving his clients to pick up the pieces he had shattered, and his colleagues to clean up the mess.)

I know my story sounds bizarre, but it is true and most of it is very well documented. (Being MPD, he left a paper trail a mile long—for which I, my attorneys and the state licensing board will be eternally grateful.) There are no words, however, to adequately express the devastation of living out this tragedy. I left the treatment in far worse shape than when I began. I have spent years working to learn about trust in therapy from the ground up just to get back to where I was when I went to him for help.

I have as much compassion for the exigencies of MPD as the next guy—I'm multiple, after all. Some of my close friends are multiple. None of us are perfect. Therapists are human. We all make mistakes. *Ad nauseum*. But I must say it infuriates me that, while lip service

is paid to the fact that there are therapists out there struggling with MPD/DD, there is precious little acknowledgement that clients are, and have been, devastated by some of their transgressions.

When I tell my story, I can feel listeners flinch inside and step back internally: "her issues... her childhood... intolerance... mixing up the present with the past... not taking responsibility... narcissistic rage... bad object transference..." The mechanisms of distancing are excruciating and seemingly endless. I know: I'm on the receiving end of them a lot these days.

Therapy abuse is starting to come out of the closet. However, the topic is rarely explored in terms of the incidence and effects on MPD/DD clients (one exception being an article by the eminent Dr. Kluft in the 9/90 *Dissociation* dealing with our subsequent vulnerabilities to revictimization). The fact that I was "high functioning," had solid recovery from drug, alcohol and food abuse, had impressive career credentials and was a super-achiever in other areas of my life didn't make one bit of difference in my level of vulnerability when he hooked into the children's neediness and the teenager's longing to adore and be adored. If I could have "just said no" at the time, I certainly would have. I'm appalled and furious at having participated in this sham of a therapy. The point is: I couldn't have done anything else under the circumstances. He was the therapist; it was his responsibility to represent himself honestly and hold the treatment framework appropriately; he failed me and his other clients monumentally; and he did a hell of a lot of damage in

the process. I'm sick and tired of carrying the weight for it.

I'm *not* saying that all therapists/counselors with MPD/DD are abusing their clients. For all I know, some of you out there may be doing an extraordinary job. But this is my plea to you in your 'dual role' as professionals who are also clients: PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE do NOT keep this a secret. Be aware of the potential for severely damaging your clients if you are not scrupulously attending to your issues in all their complexity. As professionals, you have a particular responsibility to safeguard the treatment framework by first and foremost attending to your own mental health. If you can do both at once, great—but please don't work out your issues on those of us who come to you seeking help.

MV



# Budgeting for Therapy

Hi! My name is Chip. I'm part of "Sharon". Tomboy, Kathryn and I are in charge of making money at our job; therefore, we make up the budget. At first, it was hard to keep all of us from spending the money... especially the kids. We have a check list for each paycheck of the month (first and middle of each month.) Our therapy payment, along with the essentials, is on the check list. Every item on the check list must be paid for before money is used for our "FUN LIST". When someone wants something (like a teddy bear or bathtub toys) they put it on the FUN LIST. 5% of the budget must be saved back to buy things from the FUN LIST. Sometimes, there's more than 5% left over. Then, all the extra goes on the FUN LIST. We've been trying this for 5 months. So far, its been working. We've been in therapy for 20 months, and a lot of us know each other.

**SAMPLE CHECK LIST**

	1st	
Electricity Bill	\$ _____	
Phone Bill	\$ _____	
Car Insurance	\$ _____	
Grocery Store	\$ _____	
Church	\$ _____	
Car Payment	\$ _____	
	Middle	
Dr. T	\$ _____	
Rent Money	\$ _____	
Gasoline	\$ _____	
Cable T.V.	\$ _____	
FUN LIST	\$ _____	
Charge Card (clothes, misc.)	\$ _____	

This check list stays on an index card in Tomboy's checkbook!

I belong to a group for MPD Survivors. I believe that this group has been essential to solving some major financial problems for the participants. The first step is to allow yourself to talk about these sometimes embarrassing situations. The topic can be addressed, and many potential ideas for solving the dilemma presented. If no answer is immediately thought of,

the support we offer each other is so important, we can ride the waves until a solution is found.

On a more personal level, I have tried to alleviate financial stresses by looking inside to my alters. They have so many talents if I could just learn to tap them, I could maybe make some money. Like sell my artwork that Renee does. I've had many praises of her work. Why not try to sell it? I've got to get the strength to get past the fear of rejection. I've got the ability to market my art, but fear gets in the way. All I can do is, keep trying.

By "Elaine's Journey"



The best way we've found to budget for our needs is to have town meetings. We are polyfragmented SRA's, so for now are unable to work, which has put a crimp in our budget. We have a husband and 3 teenagers but also for now are unable to be home to care for them. We live with a very supportive and caring couple with no kids. They pay for our food and usually if they can afford it will try to get goodies for the inside kids. We collect a very small amount of Social Security Disability. The therapist we see has agreed to accept a reduced fee for our sessions so the husband pays a large portion of our therapy and we contribute a portion. We pay for our other medical expenses such as doctor, chiropractor (which is extremely important and helpful) and medications. We also pay for our own personal items. There isn't much left over at the end of a month so whatever we have is spent wisely. We discuss all large purchases and usually have money for an occasional ice cream cone or something. We discuss spending money on extra-curricular activities but don't usually get to do many of them because of the cost.

By ?? (no name on submission. Sorry.)

We began treatment with our current therapist when he was our pastoral counselor. For two years we did not have to worry about finances for our therapy as it was part of our church service. Recently he left the church to go into private practice. We have decided to continue with him, at reduced rates.

To make the financial burden fair to both of us, we figured out our bills, took the rest and split it in half: half for the therapist and half for our spending money. This is going to change our lifestyle, but we love our counselor and work so well with him that it is important that we stay with him and not change at this time of our therapy.

We have all the little stuffies we need or can buy them at the Salvation Army or Goodwill. They are already full of kid love and are special because we adopt them into our family. Our (outside) family helps to make sure we don't go without. Our sister has been especially supportive, with a good sense of humor in her acceptance of the others within. We are very fortunate in this, as we realize many others have conflict with their families.

Life is not a bed of roses of course. Lots of thorns still exist. But we have a very good support network that we thank God for, everyday: our therapist, case managers, doctor and sister... not to forget our very special friend who also has others within.

We have many hobbies that are now beginning to pay off, selling crafts to supplement our income: tiny teddies made from pompoms, sock puppets, soon "animal rocks" when our sister can get us a bucket of beach rocks. We have some written work we plan to try and get published. We're using our natural talents to make up for our change in income, now that we need to pay for part of our therapy.

By Martha in Stacey  
MV

## Land of Switch

By M Cat

Welcome to the land of switch  
where I'm learning which one's  
which  
and who is who  
and why they're there  
wishing to be anywhere  
else!

All the time  
the bumps and bruises follow me  
as pictures explode in memories  
given me by who is who  
to get the hang of what is what  
No luck  
Why? Did this happen at all  
It sucks!

Mostly I just *won't* believe  
what my mind cannot conceive  
The facts of *my* life are not my life  
not the life I pretend is me  
I try to make another me  
But who is who says that can't be

I'm all the pieces of they and they  
God, it's been a switchy day!

**Survivors interested in display/** auction of their artworks may contact HEALING, General Delivery, Elkton, MD 21921. Participants would receive a portion of the profit, the remainder to be used to "support the healing process of other survivors who qualify for assistance". (What percent is held back, who is qualified, and how people are selected for help is not known to me. Ask the founders.—LW)

**Copies of a Survivor Reading List and Survivor Resource List** are available free from Button and Dietz, Inc. PO Box 19243, Austin TX 78760-9234. Write them also for a schedule of intensive workshops for sexual abuse survivors and partners in intimate relationships.

**Incest: Remember & Tell**, a 45-minute theatre performance on 1/2" videotape. Written, choreographed by Wendy Hoffman. Multimedia performance brings issues of child sexual abuse to light, focuses on repressing

*My husband has been there from our beginning. He has seen my pain and felt helpless, struggled with me and felt powerless, been strong enough for both of us when he needed strength himself.*

*So often our husbands, partners, soulmates leave their needs behind so that they can be there for us, to help pick up the pieces as we try to heal. They are, I believe, a survivor's innocent victim.*

*With this poem I want to tell my husband that he has helped more than he can see. Please dedicate this to Lenny, from Deedje:*

## Survivor's Innocent Victim

From the very beginning  
at a time before we knew  
our lives intermingled  
and as we struggled in the  
confusion  
you were there, to understand.

As the ghosts arose, one by one  
with haunting memories  
your strength emerged  
like a warm beacon of light  
and surrounded me  
You were there, to Protect

When the dragons came  
spewing forth fire that  
scorched my heart  
Like a gentle knight  
you were there, to Rescue

When endless tears fell silently  
in the dark  
as my soul cried with the pain  
of times long forgotten  
You were there, to Comfort

Though laden with many pebbles  
and bits of glass  
our path goes on  
always twisting and winding  
always finding new direction

Yet there somehow  
seems hope  
in the hopelessness  
and a glowing candle  
in the blackness  
because deep within  
we know  
you are here, Unconditionally

## Resources

conscious awareness of being raped. Send check of \$100 to Human Healing Arts Inc, Box 1898, New York, NY 10025 or call 212/932-1835.

**A survivor who is self-publishing** a story book on MPD needs an illustrator. Please send a sample of your work: one simple line drawing a child could color, and a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Inner Children at Play, Box 873, Dayton NJ 08810.

**Many interesting publications** on child abuse prevention and recovery are available from The National Resource Center on Child Sexual Abuse, 106 Lincoln Street, Huntsville, AL 35801. Info service number: 1-800-543-7006.

**Information wanted for Incest Survivors Resource Directory.** Send references on any useful topic to Lucia V. Ranieri, PO Box 235, Natick, MA 01760.

**Mental health professionals** who are formerly-Multiple or currently-Multiple may join an international network/support system. Send \$5

for biannual newsletter to Eileen Grellert, Psy.D. P.C., PO Box 13593, Salem OR 97309.

**College student doing independent research** has questionnaire for adult victims of child sexual abuse. Her goals include guidelines for teachers/parents to recognize abusive situations & an educational program for children. To participate, write to Michelle Beaulieu, HB 200 Dartmouth College, Hanover NH 03755.

**A book on histories of incest pregnancies** is planned. Anonymous submissions OK. Donations accepted. If you would like to participate, write to Michele Nappi, PO Box 82, Milton VT 05468-3525.

**SHARE is a newsletter** planned for partners, friends and family members of persons with MPD or DD. \$30, bimonthly. Write to PO Box 88722, Tukwila, WA 98138-2722 for information and sharing.

# Caution: Therapist Selection in Process!

By V. and Assoc.

**A**fter twenty-five years and seventeen therapists, I finally learned that my next (and last) therapist should be the best possible in the field of MPD, ritual abuse, eating disorders, and the myriad other complications of MPD.

PLEASE, readers . . . don't choose a therapist simply because a friend or relative recommends someone, or because you have been assigned to a psychiatrist during hospitalization, for example. Why? Because working with MPD patients requires highly specialized, on-the-job training and supervision. Just imagine, brave therapists who venture into this demanding occupation must know about child development, addictive disorders, family systems (we are a family-system inside), abnormal psychology, group therapy, religions, sexual dysfunction, etc. ad infinitum; and must be familiar with and know how to treat almost the entire DSM III-R list of disorders and symptoms. They must be flexible, yet maintain boundaries; nurturing, yet not foster too much dependency. . . . need I go on? How much more should be expected of one therapist?

Not yet aware of the above, however, I accepted the recommendation of a friend, and began therapy with a hospital chaplain who claimed nine-years experience with MPD/SRA clients. Yes, he had experience. The chaplain used his knowledge of MPD and SRA programming to swindle me out of an unmentionable amount of money, moved into our home with a legal joint-ownership contract in hand, and manipulated my system of personalities in other countless and horrifying misadventures.

Needless to say, this hospital chaplain was found to be fraudulent (he wasn't even a chaplain), and he had victimized numerous other clients. And yes,

we filed a civil suit — *no* more victimization!

\*(Therapists: Know those you recommend. Check degrees and licensure claims. You may be held liable should you knowingly recommend a therapist who has no legitimate degree or license.)

So how *does* one find an effective MPD therapist? One way is to call the International Society for the Study of Multiple Personality and Dissociation (5700 Old Orchard Road, First Floor, Skokie, IL 60077-1024; Ph 708-966-4322) and request the name of the leader of the nearest ISSMP&D Study Group. Make an appointment for consultation, and you may get an appropriate referral from that professional who knows the people who practice in your area. There are no guarantees, but your chances of finding a qualified MPD therapist are good. And should you already have a therapist who has learned that you are populated with people, he or she may be delighted to learn that ISSMP&D study groups are an available resource.

Through the above channels, I found the most effective therapist for me. He has endured the "normal" (?) vicissitudes of therapy with an MPD/SRA patient. But he has also survived scathing verbal-attacks, jealousy, quirks, and an undeserved lack of trust (It took a year to even *begin* to recover from past therapy abuses). We are settling down and are learning about a new word, feeling and process — Trust. (You deserve a Medal of Valor, John, for your courage, patience, and effectiveness.)

Please, MPD survivors, be careful to find the best therapist for *you*. It may take some time and research. But don't waste twenty-five years to learn that an effective therapist is crucial to your recovery!

## Please Note!

ISSMP&D *cannot* refer you to therapists directly. The people who answer the phones are *administrators*, not professionals. *Do not assume that because a person is a member of ISSMP&D, that this person is an "expert"*.

The Society was organized as a network for people who are interested in dissociative disorders (although there is a very large professional contingent) and there is *no* special training, education, or experience required for membership. Also, at this time, there is no verification of degrees, licenses etc. claimed by professional members of the organization.

This caution is not meant to devalue the ISSMP&D (I'm active in it myself) or to dismiss the very high quality skills and dedication offered by the reputable doctors and therapists who have contributed so much to the recognition of MPD/DD and its successful treatment. Most of these people are ISSMP&D members.

But for legal and ethical reasons, don't expect the ISSMP&D to "find you an effective therapist." That's YOUR job. ISSMP&D's membership list is a tool you may decide to use in your search. . . . but check out references and use your intuition as well. And if you find yourself in an unhealthy "therapy" situation, vote with your feet and get out of there.

—LW.

# If You Really Can't Work . . .

By Camille

If you are unable to maintain a job at this time, you may qualify for Social Security Disability. I learned this while visiting a friend in the hospital. Her roommate had the same diagnosis of MPD and received both disability and Medicare insurance (after one year).

It took nearly a year before I gathered the courage and accepted my diagnosis enough to apply. There were no more funds available for therapy. My business-part had no other ideas or options. The decision was difficult. It's one thing for my therapist, husband and most of my insiders to say I'm multiple. It was quite another for unknown, unseen people from the Federal Government to agree. Part of me prayed they would say the diagnosis was all wrong. The whole system was rattled. The bottom line was: no Social Security, no therapy. While that appealed to parts who don't want to be there anyway, it was unacceptable to the rest.

Applying and filling out the necessary paperwork was one of the first times my entire system chose to cooperate. The needs of the whole were put above the desires of individuals. The parts with no interest in the idea stubbornly agreed to stay out of the process with no threat of sabotage. Business Me usually doesn't involve herself with the

content or particulars of therapy beyond payment. But, for the interview, she gave details she wasn't comfortable with. The children didn't show up. They were cared for by protectors, helped with their fear of unknown places.

The day my letter of acceptance came, I cried for hours. More chipping away at my precious denial. While at the time it felt horrible, that turned to relief as the benefits were realized. I could continue going to therapy. Social Security alleviated the guilt (deserved or not) I felt about the financial strain on my family. We could pay some long-neglected bills. We could eat some decent meals. I was running out of new ways to serve pasta or eggs! I focused fully on therapy without having to bury issues and switch to perform odd jobs.

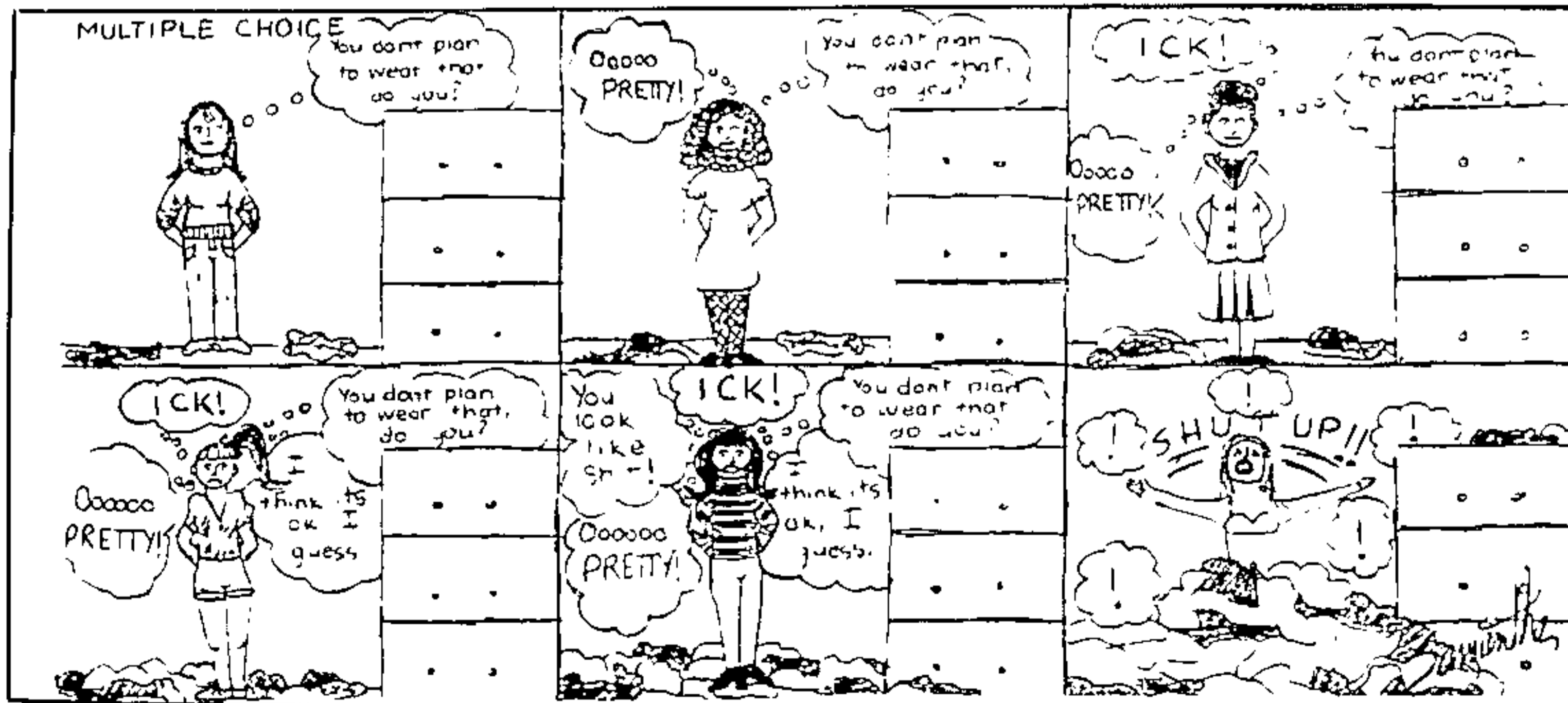
There are no fees to apply. You can contact the Social Security office directly.

Some other ways I try to keep a budget: To avoid unplanned, surprise purchases, I lock extra money, checks, and credit cards in the car while I shop. That gives me time to think twice before buying. I realized an \$85 porcelain doll one of my inside children had to have wouldn't be such a good idea during a trek to the car. If anyone really wants an extra — makeup, toys, books — deals are made to help. She/he can

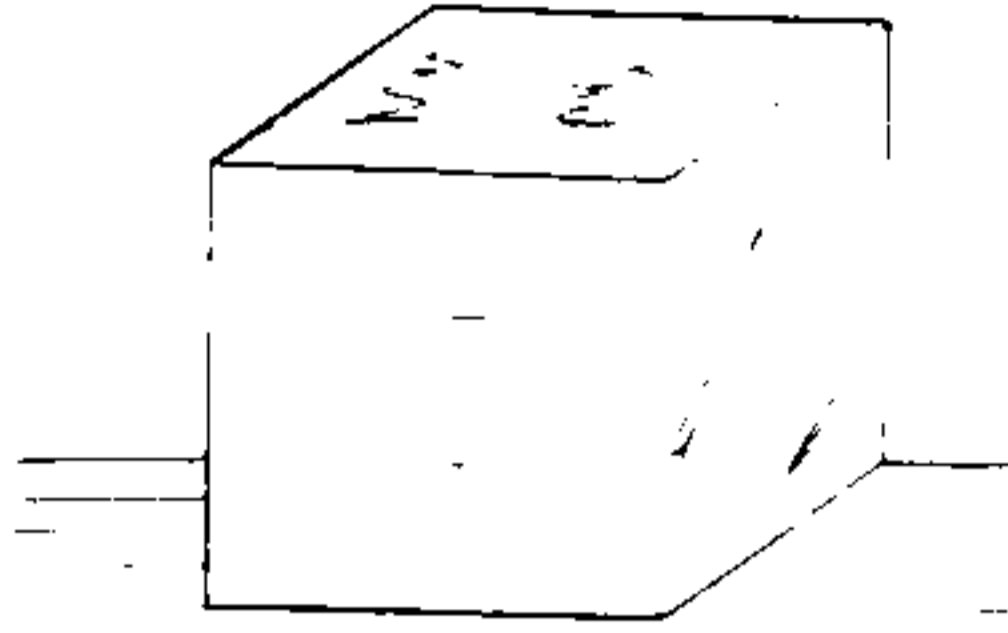
encourage another not to make a long distance call to my mother or other family members. That also goes for spur-of-the-moment visits to them. Phone and gas money saved goes to the extras. (That helps avoid the inevitable therapy disruption those calls and trips cause, too.) Anyone willing to sit through the boredom of coupon clipping gets a bit extra.

At this time, due to insurance (&\*#!?\*&!), I'm just having to accept cutting back on therapy time. It's a hard lesson for the impatient "I want what I want when I want it, all or nothing" parts. It's difficult for Business Me, who has tried so effectively for so long. I fight the urge to quit. All of it will still be there when I start going more. I'll take this time to catch my breath. Right now, it's just that much more necessary for parts to depend on and cooperate with each other. So at this time I've come to a point where the only way to ensure future therapy is to know when it's time to slow down. Now maybe I can stop the frenetic spin of frustration with insurance companies, rage at my perpetrators (that wasn't helping), sleepless nights, feeling defeated, smoking more, and spending precious therapy time discussing how it's affecting me.

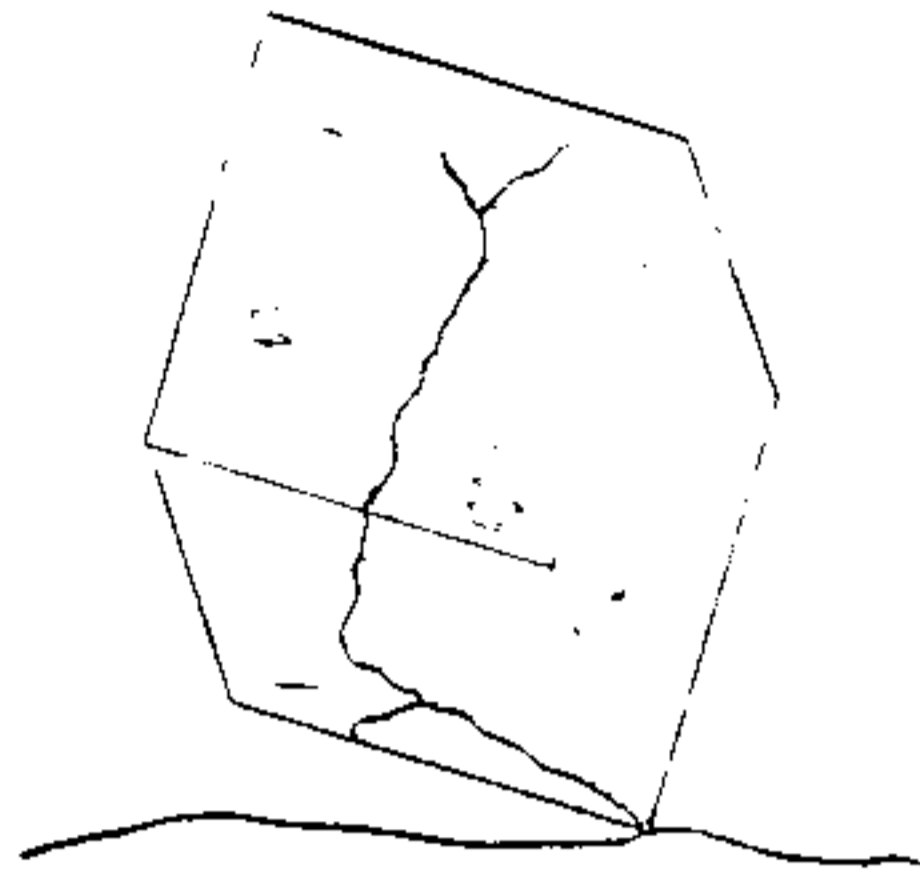
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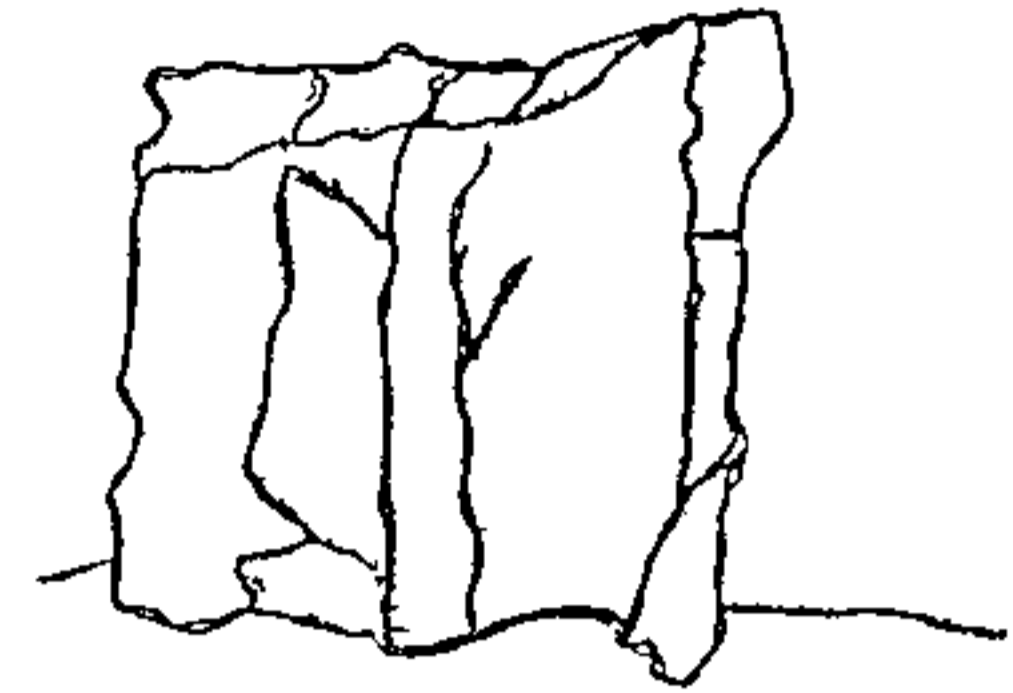
## The Stone



I was a foundation stone  
Placed on this earth  
So perfectly planed and  
unblemished  
Solid and ready to take my  
rightful place



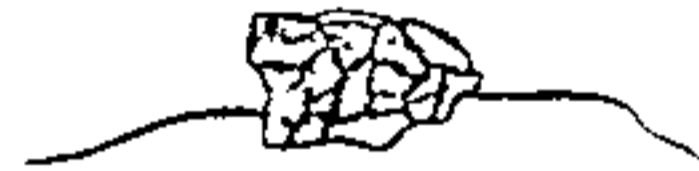
But the irresponsible Mason  
dropped me  
And a large fracture appeared  
So I was rejected and set aside  
For upon a damaged stone is a  
poor place to build



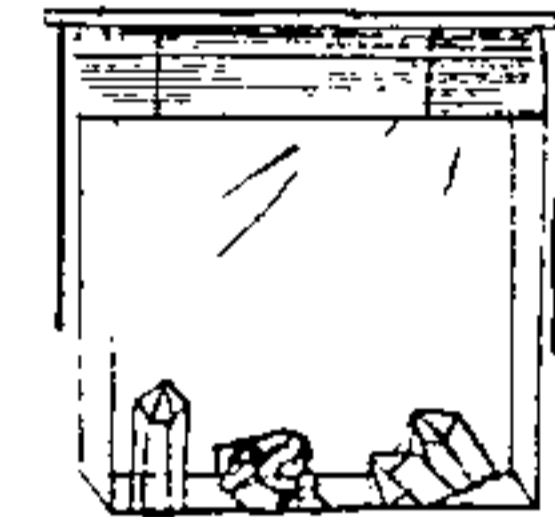
I sat unprotected from the  
elements.  
No one cared about an imperfect  
foundation stone  
The weather beat its way into the  
fractured place  
People passing by chipped off  
chunks for this and that.



Year after year my stone self got  
smaller  
My shape deformed so far from  
the original  
No one rememberd I had once  
been a beautiful foundation  
stone  
They still kicked me around and  
broke off my pieces.



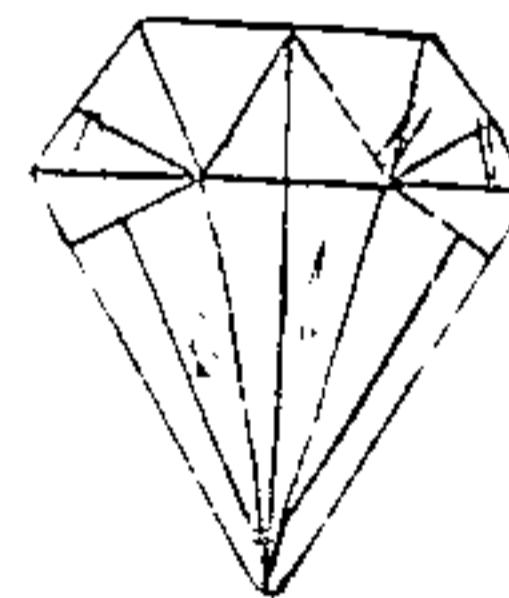
Finally, all that was left of a once  
perfect stone  
Was a pathetic, pock-marked,  
moss covered, dirty little rock  
Alone beside the building I was  
meant to hold up  
And the building itself held  
disdain for my ugliness.



Then a woman-child of mystery  
saw my little rock-self  
She gathered me up into her deep  
pocket and took me home  
She placed me gently, lowly as I  
was, on the windowsill among  
her crystals  
Where the sun shown down around  
me.

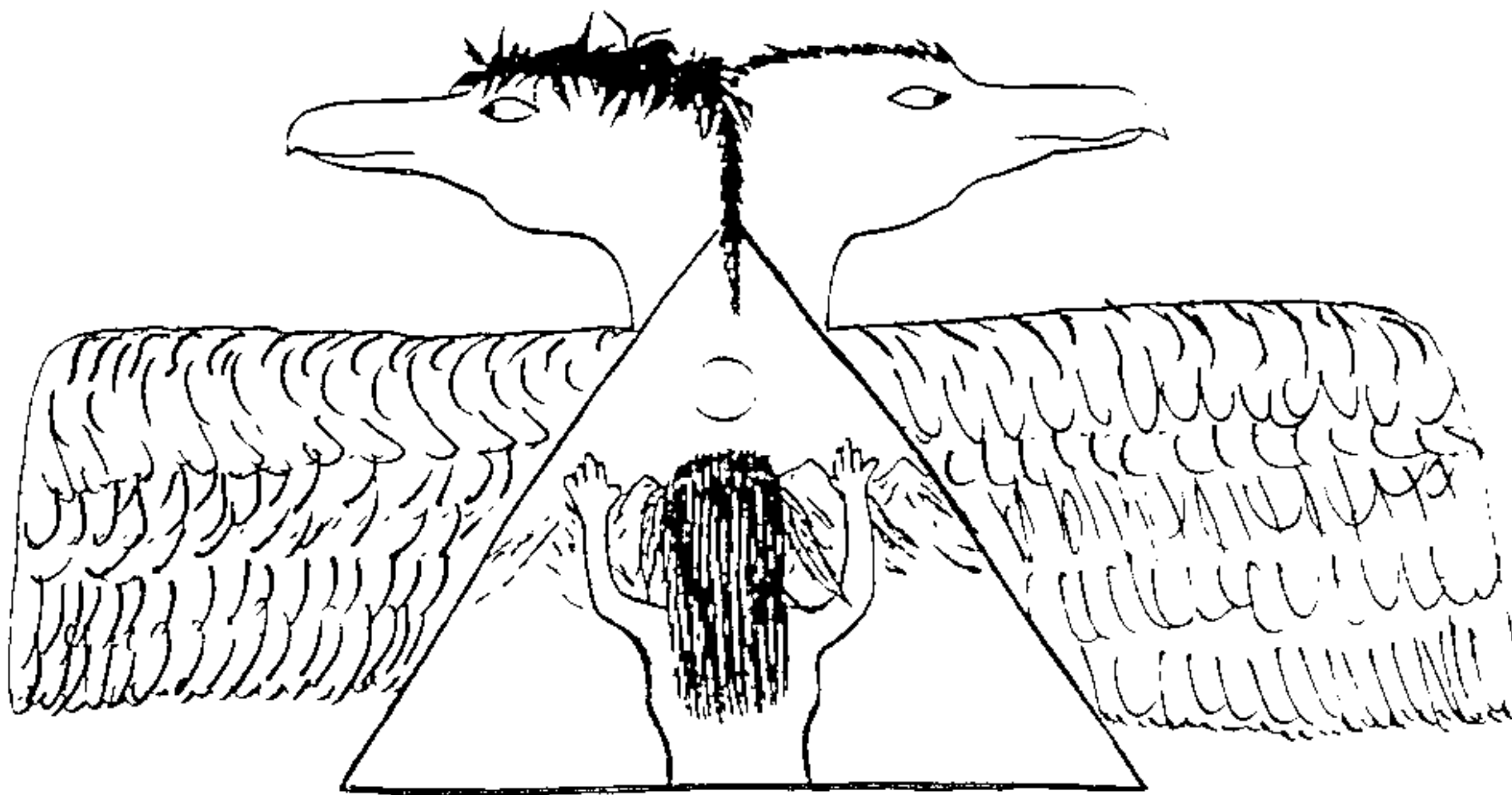


Weeks passed, and the wise old  
woman of a laughing child  
Washed my stone self gently in  
warm sudsy water  
The moss and dirt and loose, worn  
chips came off  
And my little stone-self was  
wrapped securely in a soft,  
dry cloth.



My stone-self still held this  
wondrous place on the  
windowsill  
Every week the little hands would  
polish my little stone-self  
Then I would be put back into the  
natural light of the sun  
Until, as time passed, I became a  
little diamond among the  
crystals.

By Judy Rivera



By Jamie with help from others

Woman Spirit and Drum are Strong. Wise parts of our team. Woman Spirit can see lots of things, and Drum is very calm.

By Jamie with help from others

## We Sometimes Dance

By Marco

I'm next to myself sitting there,  
gazing out the window;  
The blue sky, tainted with dusty  
gray clouds.  
As we fix a stare, each of us sees  
with our own eyes  
The silhouette of a single bird in  
flight.  
We all join hands, the younger  
ones and older:  
We dance about in our space of  
spaces and rejoice.  
Fragmented as we are but healing  
slowly.  
We become with nature and all of  
our energies  
as One.  
With its music we grow . . .

## Books

### Jennifer and Her Selves

By Dr. Gerald Schoenewolf 1991.  
Donald I. Fine Inc. 208 pgs \$20.95  
hardback.

The title of this book is misleading, for its storyline revolves much more around her therapist than about Jennifer. Actually, it's mostly a story about the transference and counter-transference between them. While I found the book enjoyable, I'm not sure I'd recommend it to many people, especially not to anyone in the beginning stages of therapy. (Anyone else might want to ask their therapist first, and discuss it while reading it). The therapist's candid discussion of transference and counter-transference could be unsettling for some people.

The middle section is taken from Jennifer's Diary in which she discusses her thoughts and feelings about integration. This section could be interesting to someone in that stage of therapy.

The book is well-written and openly discusses many therapy issues and dynamics, but again, I would *not* recommend it to someone unless they are *very* stable in their therapeutic relationship as well as being in the later stages of therapy.

By LuAnn & Others

### Dancing with Daddy

By Betsy Peterson 1991 Bantam Books. \$19.00 hardback.

Dancing with Daddy was a very enjoyable book. It's the story of a woman who was severely abused as a child and blocked those memories from her conscious mind. Now, in therapy, these memories are coming back to her. The most wonderful and *real* part of this book is how honestly she discusses her experiences and feelings — especially her rage. She makes great insights into connection between her maladaptive behaviors in the present and their formation in her childhood. I would highly recommend this book to anyone — especially if you were sexually or physically abused. Make sure to pay special attention to the chapter called "Going Public" — every survivor's "confrontation fantasy" is described in wonderful detail. You have to read it!

By LuAnn & Others

### Healing the Heart

By Alvin Rosenfeld & Saul Wasserman. 1990. Order from Child Welfare League of America, c/o CSSC 300 Raritan Center Parkway, Edison, NJ 08818 or call 908/225 1900. 96 pgs. \$13.95 paperback

This book tells how to treat disturbed kids in a group setting. It is a very empathic approach to meeting these kids where they are, not punishing them for having a normal reaction to a sick situation (being abused at home.)

I highly recommend this book to care providers and Multiples because I wish I had treatment like this. My one doctor follows this model in part, but I've had some real yo-yos who wrote me off as "untreatable" or "resistive" because I wasn't where *they* were at, and therefore didn't utilize the program effectively.

I hope this book helps others realize that there are people out there who have some idea how to treat kids.

By Barb W

A new address/phone for UNITED WE STAND, by Eliana Gil (Launch Press): PO Box 5629, Rockville, MD 20855. 1-800-321 9167. Happy Reading!

## Please Write!

And Draw! Themes or non-themes, if healing is the focus, send it! All submissions or ideas for improvement are welcome, anytime!

### June 1992

People, parts, fragments, ego states What is your concept of self? How do you deal with differences between your outside (physical) self and internal (psychic) structures (different genders, animal alters, etc.) ART Exotic alters and their purpose DEADLINE for submissions: April 1, 1992

### August 1992

Memories are they all real? Does it matter? Retrieving and processing memories safely. ART Draw memory containment or pacing images that reduce overloading your system DEADLINE for submissions: June 1, 1992

### October 1992

Employment and dissociative disorders Keeping a job or getting one while in therapy Strategies to improve selves control ART New Fall Styles in defensive barriers for the workplace DEADLINE for submissions: August 1, 1992

### December 1992

How to build a safe support system, with peers or 'normals' or both. Info list of support groups/resources. ART: Draw your connections with society, as they are or will become, with healing DEADLINE for submissions: October 1, 1992.



## Share with us!

Prose, poetry, and art are accepted on upcoming issue themes, (and even on NON-themes, if it's really great.) DO send humor, cartoons, good ideas, and whatever is useful to you. Please limit prose to about 4 typed double spaced pages. Line drawings (black on white) are best. We can't possibly print everything. Some pieces will be condensed, but we'll print as much as we can. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return of your originals and a note giving us permission to publish and/or edit or excerpt your work.

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