

MANY VOICES

WORDS OF HOPE FOR PEOPLE RECOVERING FROM TRAUMA & DISSOCIATION

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Inside:

**Dissociation: Young and Old
New no-fee therapy plan that works!**



Angel of the Rose

This picture is Angel of the Rose. The rose is the symbol of the open, vulnerable heart that is vital for healing. The layers of rose petals symbolize, of course, the layers of healing we must embrace. I believe that when we do this healing, ie, making ourselves vulnerable in this way, we are very specially protected by angels. The beauty of a rose makes my heart open.

By Jan W

Castles in the Air

I built these castles in the air
A dwelling place for us to share.
I filled them with my happy dreams.
They looked so beautiful, and seemed
To shine like diamonds in the air.
I prayed that we'd be happy there

But I had failed to build them well.
And one by one, my castles fell.
They stood quite high up in the sky
Resting on clouds, and by and by
All of the clouds drifted away
And then the castles could not stay

And as the castles fell apart,
Their tragic loss just broke my heart.
And I had all these happy dreams
All scattered round me, and my
schemes
Of perfect love and harmony
Were gone,
and you could not help me.

And then the energy I spent
Building these castles simply went
Right into rage, because I knew
That you had seen the castles too.
But you could not prevent their fall
I wondered if you cared at all.

But then I thought of how you said
That I could build on earth instead.

I've built a home where I can rest
It is the place that I like best.
A place that is all of my own.
And I am safe there in my home.

It's not a palace fit for queens.
Majestic in the air.

But it is mine, and I can have
Some peace and comfort there

Though castles may be unsurpassed.
What's built on earth is meant to last.

By Mary Katherine

MV

Panic

By Diana S.

Therapist #1: Stiff, formal woman with a constant frown on her face who grew impatient with me and didn't want to do therapy for me if limited to ten sessions max.

Therapist #2: Middle-aged man named Roy who had the peculiar tendency of talking about himself non-stop. It was quite the role reversal. I felt like I was his therapist listening patiently while he unloaded all of his problems onto me.

Therapist #3: I loved my Kathy so much! All of my children inside thought of her as their "mom," the kind and supportive parent they never had. It wasn't known yet that I was DID, although I always heard voices. So it broke my heart when she told me that she was moving to a different state. We cried every day for two years after that. All of the kids inside felt so abandoned and alone. They cried out to "mommy" constantly. They wanted Kathy to adopt them. They still cry sometimes about it. The hardest part was how she left so mysteriously and didn't want us to contact her. That was the most difficult part. Just—WHAM! Goodbye. No follow-up whatsoever. Now I wonder...did she ever care about me at all? Or was I just another speck of dirt to be squashed into the floor?

Therapist #4. Gwena was a lot like Kathy in that she was so loving and nurturing. We cried for the first time in therapy within the safe embrace of her arms. After four years however, she grew impatient with us because we weren't "working." It still was not known that I was DID at this point. I didn't know why I was so stuck. I just knew that something was not right with me. As a result, Gwena told me that she could no longer be my therapist because I wasn't going anywhere. And then, WHAM! Another unexpected goodbye. Just like that. Ouch!! (A few years later I was able to reconnect with Gwena and tell her what I discovered later in therapy—that I was DID. She wasn't surprised, and suddenly my

resistance in therapy with her made sense. Thus I was able to resolve some of the negative feelings surrounding our therapy.)

Therapist #5. Sigh...Betsy. My therapist at an anorexia treatment center. I held such fond feelings for her in my heart. Unfortunately, Betsy took me to an Indian "healing" ceremony which ended up being a very traumatic experience. I didn't know that Peyote was a drug. It was literally poured into me by the Medicine Man. He was a leader at this meeting and was very mean to me, screaming at me and telling me that I deserved and wanted to be abused. (I did have a few memories to work with at this point but I still didn't know about my parts.) Forty other persons participating in the ceremony verbally attacked me as well. Betsy was there with me and didn't stop them. All of the kids and little ones inside were crying. They still talk in therapy about the scary Medicine Man. Later, Betsy said that she was too sick to respond back in my defense because of the Peyote's ill effects. I don't doubt that this could be true. However, she started siding with the rest of the individuals present in telling me that the abuse really was my fault. I filed a report with the police concerning my experience with the Medicine Man and his illegal use of Peyote to non-Indians (I didn't know this at the time of the ceremony). Betsy is very angry with me because she says that the Medicine Man is her friend. She says I have betrayed her trust, and that she may lose her practice license because of me. What the hell about MY trust? Do I not have the right to feel betrayed??! The little ones inside are so sad.

Therapist #6: "Kat" was an oriental woman with black glasses, black hair, black dress, black jewelry, black shoes, and a room that was nearly black. What a poker face. That woman had a completely blunt facial affect. She never reacted to anything I said, even when it was shocking. She was

completely expressionless, and never uttered more than two words each session. She would just sit there staring at you with a bored look on her face.

Therapist #7: Dr. Johns. I wanted his approval more than anything. I never got it, and he could have cared less about me. Yet he wanted me to still trust him. The only words I remember from our sessions are "Oh, woops...time's up...looks like I have another client."

Therapist #8.: I finally come to my current therapist named Anthony. Anthony is the first therapist who discovered that I had parts. We have done so much work together, and it is both wonderful and unfamiliar to have a man be gentle and caring towards me. Each one of my parts has a rock that Anthony gave to them. We hold it when we get scared. We have been in therapy for two years now with him. In May he is leaving to complete his degree in another state. It is still months away and yet I am so sad because we finally found a decent therapist who figured out what was wrong with us, and now he is leaving. Dusty and some of the other little ones inside panic about it a lot. Anthony tells us that it can be different this time, and not like the times before with other therapists. I guess I have my doubts. I am just as scared as the little ones are. We want Anthony to be a part of the nice imaginary family inside that we never had, although it can never be.

Can anyone out there help me? Any suggestions would be most appreciated.

MV



Two Poems by Mary G.

No one to listen

I was a child crying, but no one
heard my tears
I was only allowed to cry for
a short time.
I would stay in my room and
just be alone.
I had no one to hear my feelings
or see my pain.
I pretended things were fine;
inside I was hurting a lot
but no one knew on the outside.
I wish someone could have been
taken there
to take the bad stuff,
just take it all away,
but there was no one.
There are people now who can help,
but why not when I was a child,
I was a child screaming out,
but no one heard me
That I will never understand.
I still cry alone...!

A safe place within

So young and innocent
I was once like that.
Free as a bird's feather and as
light as a grain of sand.
Until a certain age, I don't remember
but what happened destroyed that
young
and innocent little being.
I withdrew into a safe place
inside of me. It's a place
no one knows about and no one
can enter.
It's a place that has no hurts
or dangers. I am real
happy in this place.
I can laugh as hard as I can
and no one can tell me to stop,
or hit me if something bad
happens that isn't ladylike.
No one can touch me unless
I say it's ok.

By Mary G.

MV

MANY THANKS TO OUR FRIENDS!

Forest View Hospital - Grand Rapids, MI

Call Bill van Harken: (616) 942-9610 or (800) 949-8439

River Oaks Hospital - New Orleans, LA

Call Martha Bujanda: (504) 734-1740 or (800) 366-1740

Sheppard Pratt Health System - Baltimore, MD

Call Kimberly Colbert: (410) 938-5078

Timberlawn Mental Health System - Dallas, TX

Call Christie Clark: (214) 381-7181 or (800) 426-4944

The Center Posttraumatic Disorders Prog. - Washington, DC

Call Florence Hannigan: (202) 885-5752

Two Rivers Psychiatric Hospital - Kansas City, MO

Call David Tate: (816) 356-5688 or (800) 225-8577

Women's Institute for Incorporation Therapy - Hollywood, FL

Call Larry Spinosa: (800) 437-5478

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If you know of clinics or conferences that need flyers, please call us!
We appreciate your support! — Lynn W., Editor

Words of Encouragement

By Kendra & Amanda

We just finished reading *Many Voices*' October issue. In it we found two articles which speak of the pain involved when therapy goes wrong and having to leave a bad therapist.

We want to speak as someone who has been blessed. Yes, we have had a number of therapists before we were diagnosed with DID, but since 1997 we have had the privilege to work through intense memories, the appearance of new alters and a myriad of other issues that arise out of a fragmented self, with one therapist.

We want to encourage readers by saying therapy can work and work well. My therapist and all of us worked slow to gain one another's trust, respect and yes, even care for one another.

I decided near the early stages of therapy that I had to risk all—my thoughts, feelings, memories, fears, tears, pain etc., if I was going to fully engage in a healing therapeutic process. On my bathroom wall, I've put a quote that reads "Do not be afraid to encounter risks. It is by taking chances that we learn how to be brave."

Today I realize it is not only myself

who has had to risk, but my therapist has risked much as well. She has had to face fear when an angry or violent alter has appeared, risked having her emotions stirred while witnessing and helping us through a memory or flashback. She has read graphic journal entries and art work. And in the midst of this she too has found a way to connect. It is this connection, this alliance—this safe, non-abusive, persistent and predictable relationship, that provides a place where we can heal along the painful journey. Healing in the small, not so remarkable ways, and also the powerful 180 degree turn sort of ways.

I'm not at all saying one should risk without certain boundaries in place. That could cause great pain. We just want to say thank you to those therapists who risk themselves, who learn as we learn, who teach and are taught. Thanks to the many "small t" therapists we meet in hospitals as nurses and group therapy facilitators or others we may meet along the way

And thank you especially to my therapist who has shown great strength in character, integrity and humanness. We applaud you!

MV

Once Upon a Time

By a Girl*

Once upon a time there was a girl who wandered around the world stuck inside another girl's body.

She knew she was in there and knew why she was in there but still didn't always understand how come she didn't just get her own body and do her own things.

The lady whose body she was in tried to share her life as much as she could but most of the time had to keep the girl a secret 'cause people in the world can see only one body and wouldn't handle the idea of more than one person in a body.

So the lady mostly did her own thing, she had her own husband, her kids, her friends, her life.

But pretty soon a girl started wanting to come out. She wasn't so thrilled with just settling inside in a world of nothing. So she busted out and tried getting heard and seen in many ways. The more the lady tried to ignore her, the worse the girl would act to be seen and heard.

So finally the lady couldn't take it any more so she went to see a helper lady and told her about this girl. So out popped the girl. She was sure she would freak the helper out and she would run away and she wished she could spin her head all the way around a lot of times to really freak her out but she couldn't. So she just said words to her and the helper didn't go away. Then the lady went home and went back another day. This time she pulled out some razor blades. Surely this would scare the helper away but it didn't. So she went back and back and this helper kept being there and saying words that didn't match voices in a head and it made a girl want to come more and it made a girl start thinking about what she always wished for, and that was someone who really wanted her and someone to belong to, because the voices are always telling her she don't belong anywhere but dead, and nobody can ever want or have a girl with no body. And when the voices said these things it made her

want to die more than anything else in the whole wide world. Even the baddest of all the bad pictures didn't never want to make a girl get dead as much as knowing she could never have her own family that wanted her and loved her and would never leave her. And everybody thought it should always be enough that she has a lady's family, that a John was her family, and Kyle, Kacee and a Kody and Kalan. But they weren't a girl's family 'cause most of the time a John hardly talks to a girl and they fight a lot and she thinks he hates a girl for hitting and hurting his wife's body and for saying bad words to him. And a girl really thinks that a man named John mostly wishes a girl would just go away so he could have his wife without a crazy fuckhead in it.

And a lady's kids can't even know a girl is alive inside a lady, so they really can't be a girl's kids. She can play with them but they don't know she's even alive.

And a lady's friend named Sue knows about a girl and sometimes talks to a girl, but mostly there's just time to spend with a lady, and then a lady gets the hugs and told the words and Sue will say that to everyone, but it's still not just to a girl.

But what is a girl going to do? You have to just take what you can get when you don't have your own body. That's what happens when you're a fuck head.

A girl has a lady named Darcy and Mary and Melissa that will talk to her on a phone and sometimes Darcy will do something with a girl.

But a girl still never had anyone say in her ears that they would like a girl to belong to them, and one upon a time, in 1997, a lady named Tressa said that to a girl—that if a girl had her own body she wanted to take her to her home to be hers. But a girl knows that because she don't have her own body that can't be real, so a girl will want to know what can be real, and a Tressa lady would say that they can play football and stuff and finally she said

what a girl's ears thought they would never ever hear. And that is that a lady named Tressa would want to adopt a girl.

And so they pretended that a judge came and did it for real, and Tressa says she is her girl and no one can take that away, and she will never leave like Mary won't ever leave her kids and she'll want me like Mary wants and will always keep her kids and Tressa will be a girl's mom. That can always be real, just can't really be 14 and really grow up in a girl's own body in a Tressa's house. But a girl can maybe still say her home is with Tressa and she can still see and hear her a lot maybe, and that could help it to be as close to a whole wish and dream come true as it can be.

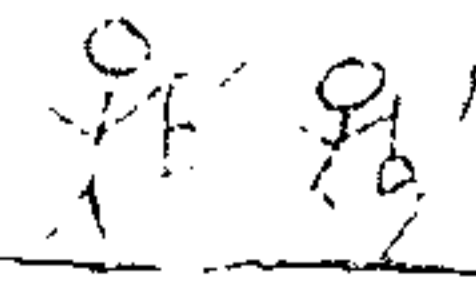
And then when a girl's head start shouting and screaming all the bad things, like "you don't belong anywhere but in the ground", and "you are nothing, and a nobody and nobody can ever want you. You belong to the devil, you belong dead, you are a piece of shit, garbage shit for brains. You belong dead, that's the only place for you." I'll scream to them inside good and loud that they ain't gonna have me now, 'cause I belong to Tressa.

** I'm sorry, but the name of the person who sent this got separated from the manuscript. Please put your name, address and/or pseudonym on the actual paper that has your work...otherwise, it can get lost!-LW*

MV

A therapist is a person who holds the lantern while you dig

Shovel
shovel
shovel



Diary

8/29/02

It's 6:20 AM and I've been up about an hour crying. I feel lonesome and sad. I feel nobody really cares about me a lot. People don't think of me and call me up to say hello and ask me how I am. I am sad right now about this and I am crying.

I am all alone

But honey ..God is here. You know you're not alone

Yeah but I can't touch God and snuggle up to God and feel a warm body of God. I miss that. I really need that. My body really has a need for touching and being held and snuggling. That hasn't happened in many years.

Once I remember it happened for about thirty seconds a few months ago. It was the one time I went to Jolee's dance class and I was her grown-up partner and the grown-ups were sitting in a circle and she came over to me because it was time for the children to go sit with their grown-up and she came over to me and snuggled right up on my lap and it felt so good. I wondered if I was being bad because it felt so good.

** Julia called me back!

I had called and left a message. First time I've ever done that with a therapist. called and said I was crying and sad and lonely And she called me back! 6.30 in the morning, no less! Feels so good to be heard. I said it felt so good to cry and she understood. I'm sure I did the right thing to call her, but I didn't expect her to call me back! She said she had stopped by her office on the way to her yoga class.

I got the idea to call her from this "Many Voices" publication for multiples, and there's articles in it sometimes about how people call their therapists when they're feeling something hard, and they'd say things like "It was so reassuring just to hear their voice on the answering machine." So I figured I'd try it.

I'm so glad to cry, really.

The feelings of loneliness are not fun.

And yet I know they're there and I've got to open to them to reach deeper into myself, to ultimately clean out all the pain and clutter and leftovers in there.

So after all these years, I'm finally feeling my loneliness. My wall, my door that was

so tightly closed against my brother, who kept trying to get in. Boy, I'm getting paid back for that one. Not that I don't deserve it

Look, honey. "deserve" does not compute here. That you locked your brother out indicates that somebody locked YOU out. indicates you were taught somehow that locking out others would keep you safe

So my point is, don't go feeling you were "bad", being so tightly closed against your brother. It was a sad tragic thing to do, yet it didn't come out of nowhere

A sudden thought...well, I wasn't close to my brother, but I sure got close to the dog, Hoppy. And the insight here ..My DAD got Hoppy, my dad brought Hoppy home to the family. Maybe. and I remember seeing my dad touch Hoppy on the face in a furtively tender way. Maybe that's why I loved Hoppy so much...It was how I felt close to my dad.

And no. I don't remember my dad ever touching my brother or me, either

By N B.

MV

I AM MONDAY

Empty

The whole world is huge and new

Nothing is familiar...yet

Is "Mommy" the warm or cold feeling that surrounds me?

All I know how to do yet is to sleep or cry

I am hungry!

I AM TUESDAY

Does being taken somewhere mean I will get left?

Will somebody come back for me?

I know I like being warm and fed and dry

I don't like dark

If I turn over, will I fall?

What is down there?

What means DOWN?

If it is a "him" it is a "hurt"

I AM WEDNESDAY

Things have different tastes and I like sweets

Can I get away if somebody is hurting me?

Do I have any choice but to stay still?

Does maybe not all "hims" mean "hurts"?

Do some "hims" be easy around me?

As This Child Views Life

Why are some loud sounds okay and some scary?

Can I push the edges further?

I AM THURSDAY

If Mommy goes away, will she always come back?

Can I run away from who hurts me?

Can I go to food instead of waiting for it to come to me?

Is it all right some of the time for it to get dark?

Does it all the time get light sooner or later?

If I cry out loud, will you hit me?

I AM FRIDAY

I can tell which voices I am afraid of

I know enough to be still and hide

Can I find words that mean "hungry" and "cold" that you will know?

I know some things I like to eat and some not. Why?

What are YOU?

Touch my hand, just my hand

I AM SATURDAY

I want to think I can take care of my self

I know YOU are not ME

Where is HERE?

What does ME mean?

What means SAFE?

Are you safe to be with?

What is GOD?

Is God safe to be with?

I want to know about you

Where do you go when you leave me?

Will you come back?

I AM SUNDAY

I have a way to say what I want and need

I know "happy" from "afraid"

I want some yous and not other yous at all.

I can remember yesterdays

I like to ask questions

I know I am growing

I know what you look like and what I look like

I still don't know what God looks like

Where is God?

DO YOU LIKE ME?

WHY?

By Lynne of Augusta

MV

Therapists' Page

By Richard Shulman Ph. D.

Dr Richard Shulman is Director of Volunteers in Psychotherapy (VIP), a Connecticut-based nonprofit with a progressive approach to conducting therapy and paying for it. He has been a licensed clinical psychologist and therapist for over eighteen years. VIP received the Award for Psychological Contribution in the Public Interest by the Connecticut Psychological Association. Learn more about VIP from the pre-recorded information line at (860) 233-5115 or online at www.CTVIP.org.

(Editor's note: I learned about Dr. Shulman's organization while this issue was already in production. I knew immediately that Many Voices readers would be interested in what he and his colleagues are doing. To get the word out without delay, this article is a compilation of material available on the CTVIP website supplemented by brief communication with Dr. Shulman.)

Your Private Life: Not an Insurer's Business

If you were raped, would you use your insurance to speak to a psychotherapist? Would you discuss a marital affair knowing that reports would be required of your therapist by your managed care company?

You've probably heard that managed care has killed private psychotherapy, or at least mortally wounded it. Will you entrust your most nervously guarded secrets to professionals who feel economically coerced to play ball with for-profit insurance companies: limiting your access to therapy, and revealing your private life in insurance reports?

On two separate occasions in the same recent summer, young women revealed to me in their first session that they had been sexually molested as children. They were each clear about what they wanted from me: to privately discuss the ongoing ways that their abuse continued to bother them, interfering with their adult lives. Both times I was required, in the public clinic where I worked, to detail their reasons for seeking therapy to an outside psychiatric reviewer, employed by the third party who might pay for their sessions (or might save money by not paying). Both times the reviewer stopped matters, saying that they would not financially underwrite such "unfocused explorations" about these women's pasts. They would be willing to pay for short term sessions focused on a number of different topics, not of the young women's choosing, or to pay for a medication evaluation.

Just as a brief essay can't convey the dilemmas in a person's life, few matters of true complexity and importance in people's private lives fit neatly into a brief telling. Most people won't allow their deepest fears and secrets into open, audible expression in a brief span of 3, 6 or 12 sessions, or whatever interval an insurance company will subsidize. And people will wisely censor themselves in settings where they aren't assured total privacy, where their trust has not been earned.

If you don't have \$100 (or more) per session in your pocket, to hire a trained psychotherapist to hear you out about confidential topics you choose to discuss nowhere else, what options are left to you? Your insurer may be happy to pay for medication evaluations, followed by intermittent 15 minute med-checks. Or you may be permitted a few therapy sessions in which details of your private discussions are available to the insurance company - or perhaps you will be referred to a short-term educational group. But would you reveal your intimate or troubling thoughts to a therapist with the equivalent of a microphone sitting on the desk, with wires running to unknown readers of your medical records?

In the recent past, no ethical, thoughtful therapist would have worked under such circumstances. Today, with an increasingly small group of insurers covering an ever growing number of "lives," therapists are pressured to blind themselves to compromises they would have

previously resisted. But if you "follow the money" you'll uncover the big story in psychotherapy today. Money talks, and privacy and client-control walks. The therapist you see under contract with your managed care company may not tell you this. But ask a therapist whom you know personally, and you'll get this inside story.

Talk may not "be cheap," but options for private therapy don't have to be limited and distorted by the insurance business. A group of psychologists in Greater Hartford is proving that.

We formed an independent nonprofit organization that offers therapy to everyone, regardless of their ability to pay, or possession of health insurance. In fact, we work completely independently of the seductive gravy train of insurance, with its fat servitude. Our program provides "lean freedom" and not a hand out. We offer private therapy that our clients "pay for" by doing independent volunteer work of their choice in the community. Our clients pick a hospital, soup kitchen, shelter, youth program, nursing home where they privately volunteer; and for every documented 4 hours worked, we provide them with a therapy session. Their sweat equity "insures" their own independence. As consumers who work for their own services, they control their privacy and decisions about the length of their therapy.

Through Volunteers in Psychotherapy (VIP), everyone contributes to the common good.

Our clients are put in the position of being active helpers themselves, working for the good of the community (this alone can be substantial self-help). Participating psychotherapists agree to receive a significantly low fee from VIP (less than what most garages charge for an hour's labor). But therapists get the satisfaction of doing their work as it should be done: They maintain their client's confidences, without which honest discussions rarely take place.

As a tax-exempt nonprofit, VIP is supported by a growing number of small philanthropic grants and private donations. We donate all administrative time, office space and phone to make this work, and to assure donors that their money supports only good works which serve the community.

Volunteers in Psychotherapy is worth the work involved. Lost confidence and confidentiality in psychotherapy is restored. And people can talk about their private lives in my office, confident that it is not their "insurer's business."

MV

Therapy for all

"We" are infants, children, teens and adults. The child alters play with toys and color and play games, The infants we adults hold close, feed and comfort. The teens we assign jobs to, put limits on, and encourage to behave acceptably. The adults supervise, organize, and try to excel at our school work, crafts and other activities.

We have age-appropriate treatment for all our alters. Not only in therapy, but at home, too. We have playtime when children get to enjoy their toys and be read stories. Teens get to eat pizza and listen to rock music. Adults get to read and work and visit with friends.

"We seem to be more like a family than just separate people. We are, for the most part, getting along well. This takes effort, but is definitely worth it.

By Sally B.

MV

More Facts about VIP

Volunteers In Psychotherapy was founded in 1998 by a nonprofit board of four psychologists and two non-profit specialists. Other professional counselors may participate by providing psychotherapy in the program, committing as little as one hour a week. Payment per session is below market rate, but is stable, no-hassle payment. Some professionals may choose to continue participating with insurance companies as part of their practice—but VIP-related clients are not subject to insurance rules and insurance reporting in any way.

Funding sources: At this time most VIP funding is derived from local foundation grants and donations from individuals. Volunteers In Psychotherapy, Inc. is a Connecticut non-profit charitable organization, ruled tax-exempt by the Internal Revenue Service under I. R. C. 501(c)3, (EIN 06-1532207). Time spent administering the program is donated by the professional participants. Professionals are paid only for time spent providing therapy services.

VIP currently serves more than 100 clients with professional counseling services, only. It does not provide legal or third party evaluations, or custody reports. Most clients are self-referred. To qualify for no-fee therapy, clients must volunteer at the nonprofit or charity of their choice, and document the hours served there. (Four hours of documented volunteer service earns one therapy session.) Clients do not have to tell the charity why they are volunteering. They simply ask the charity to state on paper the hours they have worked "for their personal records" and submit a copy of this document to VIP. Clients can change charities where they volunteer as they

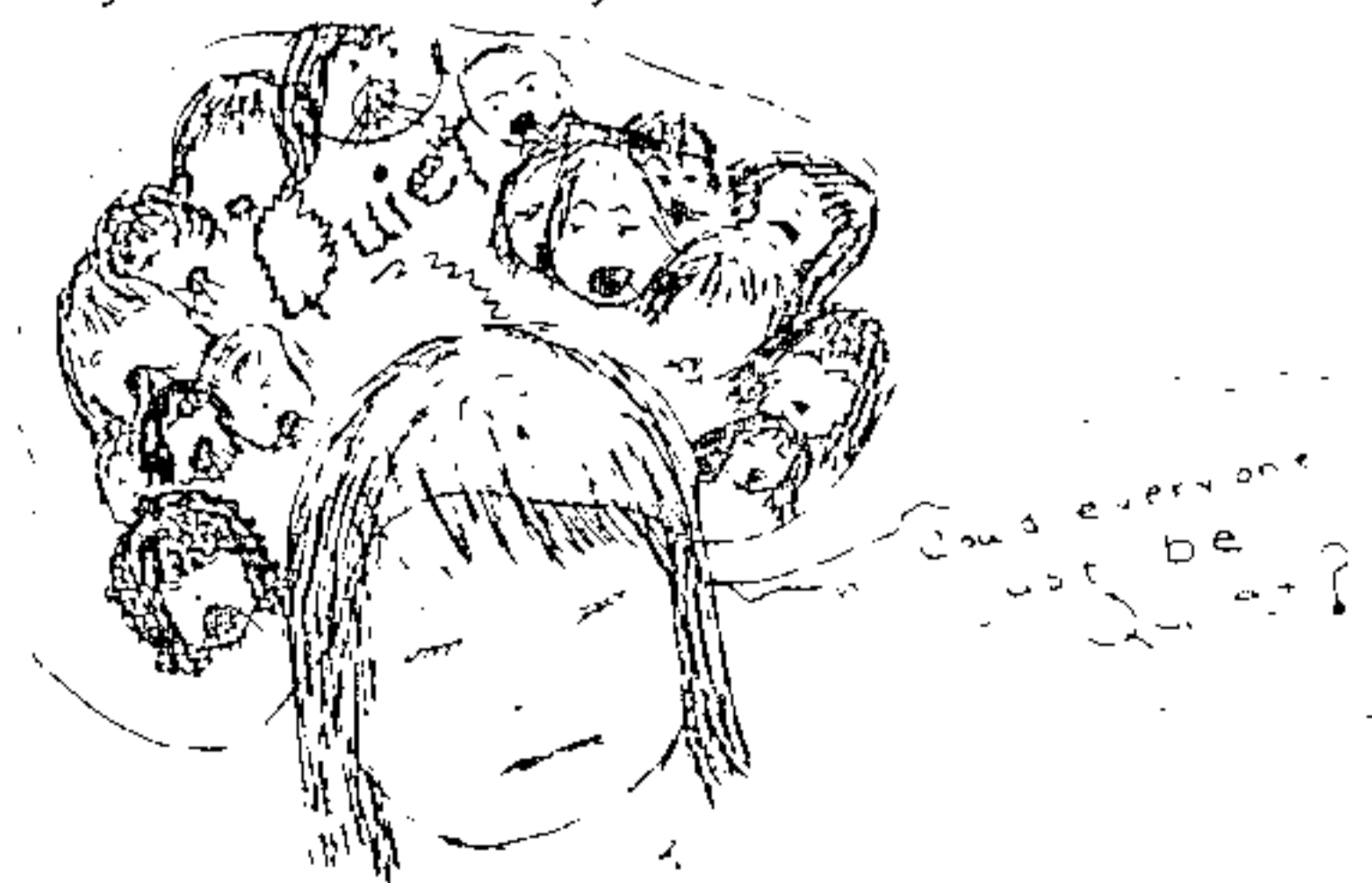
wish. It is permissible to reduce the number of mandated volunteer hours by making partial out-of-pocket payment to VIP. But to receive therapy, some level of volunteer effort is required of VIP clients.

VIP intends to provide therapy to a client as long as it is useful. However, this plan depends on adequate donations and grants to support services. VIP actively seeks funding through philanthropic grants and donations to support VIP's ongoing work.

Can a similar program work in your area?

Thanks to national publicity in outlets including *Psychology Today*, *NPR*, *The Family Therapy Networker* and *The New York Times*, psychotherapists in other cities have contacted Dr. Shulman to consider setting up a similar program. To succeed, the founders must rally enough commitment and motivation to go establish a not-for-profit organization, solicit donations and apply for grants. Foundations and donors are sometimes skeptical of people who might seek "easy money" through administering a non-profit organization, so fees and costs must be clear, reasonable, and directly benefit clients. As Dr. Shulman has stated, "Our mission is not in lining our own pockets, but rather our mission is in serving the community. I think donors recognize that there is benefit in having this type of safety valve in the community and we make this same case when we apply to local philanthropic or charitable foundations." Interested professionals are welcome to contact Dr. Shulman for more information about VIP.

MV



Growing Older, Divided

By Lynn W.

I really hoped more older dissociative folks would write in, since this issue is supposed to be 'covering the spectrum.' Well, we have a lot of the 'kid view' but not much from the aged. So I'm going to fill part of the age-gap with my own perspective.

Confession #1: I am fifty-eight. I've been internally divided my whole life. When I was a kid one-of-me flipped another-of-me over the foot of an old iron bed, trying to chase him out of my body, because I didn't like the way he thought, and got me into trouble. It did shut him up for awhile.

From early childhood into my 30s and 40s, I'd stare in mirrors, watching my face change. Half in trance, the face would shift from one to another, all sorts of different features, different genders, different ages. I thought of these various faces back then as spirits or ancestors, or possibly my future. I still remember the first time I got a really good look at the way I would look today. I was in my mid-twenties at the time. It scared the daylight out of me. And it was accurate, from wrinkles to wattles. Ugh. I try staring now, once in awhile, but unfortunately the young faces don't materialize in front of me anymore. Just older and older faces. This is not much fun.

When I was younger, I didn't feel my body. I paid absolutely zero attention to how my body felt—I was not "in touch" as they say. Growing up, I was forced to wear long braids, and the kids at school would pull on them, playing as if they were horse reins. It never bothered me. I felt no pain, no matter how hard someone pulled. I didn't feel my legs either...I didn't pay attention to legs. In fact, for amusement or fascination, clear into my late twenties, I'd walk on purpose through bramble patches with shorts on and notice how the scratches would bleed, but there was no pain. This always surprised me.

All through my twenties and early thirties, I was sure I was psychotic. Horrendous visions of violence and destruction took place behind my

eyelids as I did my daily chores. A continual battle I called "World War III" was fought in my head. Mostly, I kept quiet about it. I had no interest whatsoever in winding up in a mental hospital, and I knew, if I told anyone what I experienced, that's where I'd be. I still consider myself fortunate that I was smart enough to hide. I did some writing back then, but I was very careful not to write about what I was really feeling. I'd "act natural" despite the internal chaos. Nobody knew. I did secretly read up on psychology to see if I could settle this down myself. I also tried a couple times to go to counseling. But I didn't trust the counselors and had no money to pursue it, and no one really understood why I was going (including me) because there was no way I was going to admit what I was dealing with.

I married at sixteen, had two kids, and was divorced at 32. After my divorce, things changed a bit. Now I was "in control" for the first time in my life, so I could make my own decisions. One decision was to get a little bit of therapy. It helped me stabilize. I decided that some therapy was ok. At the same time, I was able to reduce the vicious internal criticism—life on the outside was giving me enough punishment, I decided. It was time for me to be nicer to me.

Another point: fortunately I've always been able to function in the world, though not as smoothly or successfully as I wish. I've made a zillion mistakes that I'd correct if I could...but I've always been able to discuss them as if they were the normal mistakes-of-daily-living that are part of all human life. I managed to dodge most of the stigma of mental illness—partly by not discussing it much with others outside the therapeutic community. I've not struggled with addictions. I've lived a relatively stable life, compared to many. I consider my functioning pure luck, just as I was lucky to be born Caucasian in the USA, with a reasonably good brain (despite its internal divisions).

When I finally found work that paid decently, I got into "real therapy" for the first time in my life. I was already 40. I did not go to therapy because I felt divided. I went because I wanted to write certain kinds of things, and was emotionally unable to do so. Beginning in my early twenties I'd come to believe that I could heal myself by writing, if I could write freely. But I couldn't write freely. I'd stall out. And I wanted to solve it.

I went through one terrible therapist and one helpful therapist, before the helpful one saw me "switch" and referred me to an MD who was experienced in treating dissociation. Then, for the first time, I learned that I wasn't psychotic. That what I experienced was a coping mechanism that had been useful, but now was getting in my road. I had no trouble accepting the diagnosis. It made perfect sense of my life and the horrendous internal conflicts I'd dealt with forever.

I plunged seriously into therapy, worked very hard, got on meds (which helped a little), got off meds (I was ready), and finally left regular ongoing therapy about ten years ago. I had acquired many new healthier coping skills. I knew what to do when a major internal conflict surfaced. I no longer felt like a bunch of different people inside...but I was not fully integrated. I knew that because there were still problem areas that popped up out of nowhere...days when I couldn't make phone calls...poor choices in men...and (sometimes) big trouble writing. (Since writing is my profession, that's a problem.) I must also admit I was sick sick sick of the whole "mental illness" thing. I've always been a rather untrusting person who would "rather do it myself." My therapist said until I could trust more, I probably couldn't integrate. This may (or may not) be true.

Still, I soldiered on. For a number of years I consulted with a very able therapist by phone...but not about dissociation. We concentrated on writing, and the habits that interfered

with it. And then that therapy ended, as well, by mutual consent.

How am I different, now that I'm older? Well, things inside have really calmed down—compared to the bad old days. I do have and express more feelings, though I still don't trust much. I think I am more positive. I can look people in the eye—most of the time. I can smile and talk to strangers—most of the time. I am definitely taking more chances with my work and my writing, though I'm still not out of the woods on that score. I have always had some friends, but I think my friends today know more about the 'real me' than friends in my twenties did. And I feel my body. BOY do I feel my body! Getting older for me means aches and pains and stiffness, and not being about to sit on the floor easily (or get up easily once I'm down). Getting older means eyes that can't see the page without glasses (and I used to be able to thread the tiniest of needles.) Getting older means that in the mirror I see the face that scared the heck out of me in my twenties, every single morning! And frankly, it is very frustrating to be losing my physical attractiveness now that I'm finally figuring out what a good relationship really entails! But that is life.

As editor of *Many Voices*, I hear frequently from people who don't want to integrate. I am not one of them. I

would LOVE to integrate. I go around quietly thinking to myself, "Let's cooperate, coalesce, blend, harmonize...think what we can do if we all work together." And slowly, slowly, slowly the sharp edges are fading.

But time is running out for me. My younger sister is seriously ill. Today's medicine offers no cure. Now that I fully realize how precious life is, I am trying to do everything I can as quickly and effectively as I can. I'm trying to cram in every bit of enjoyment that is offered me, or that I can dredge up on my own. I wish integration was in the cards. I know I could work better, play better, feel better if I was not still bouncing from A to B to C to D. But I've bounced like that all my life, and I'm finally beginning to reconcile myself to the possibility that I will not be able to focus the way some people can, ever. That I will not be as clear-minded and coherent as some folks are, ever. That I might not have the kind of intimate relationship I always hoped to have.

This is tough to face, when I first face it. But as I get used to the idea that what I am able to do is "enough" I am hoping there will be some peace with that. And rather than bitterness, some hope that small constructive things I do will make a difference, in ways I cannot know.

MV

Sixty Magic

Sixty Magic. Arthritis bends and turns the fingers. Bend and turn. Heredity and life experience weigh heavily on all scales. Doctors' charts read "reticent. Reluctant. Refuses to be weighed." This collective does not wish to see the weight, burden, accumulation of a life's experience.

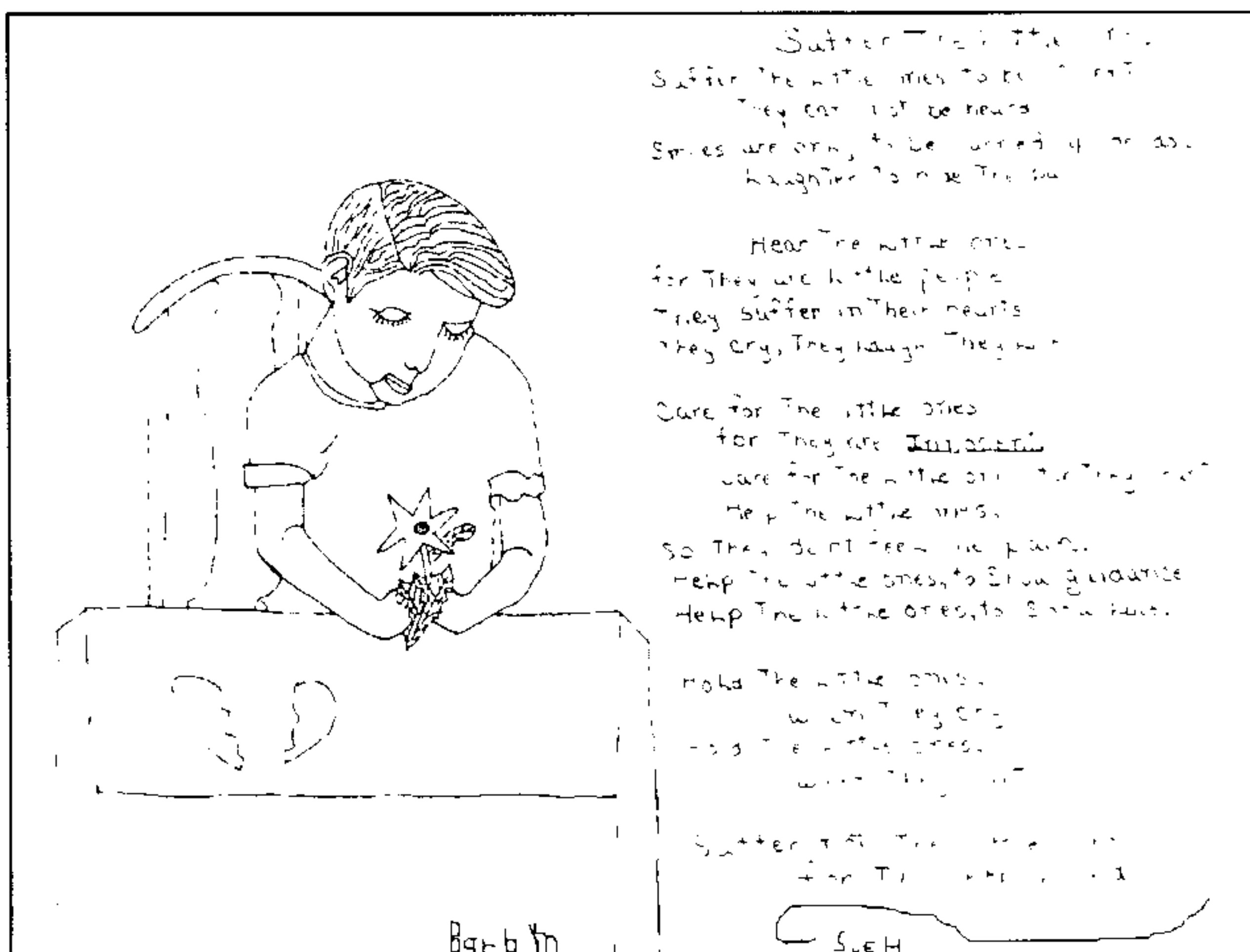
Sixty magic. That's when some recognition appears. Senior citizen coupon day at the grocery. Special deals at the bank, restaurant, variety store. Doors open, heads nod, fees waived or lowered. They don't know I am sixty, seventy, eighty now for many years. Bend and turn beneath the weight. Illnesses emerging in spurts are green things poking through earth and rock in spring. These hungry companions educate.

Publications declare a truce with aging. They tell of elder abuse, exploitation, scams geared to the nest egg savings of the white haired among us. I don't read of concern for "senile dementia" confused for dissociation. I see articles about young folks losing time, wandering in unfamiliar places. Cutting and bruising themselves to relieve inner pressure, release inner entities, and reclaim themselves. There are stories around about people detained or jailed for poisoning their children—with hatred, confusion, fear, violence, their own history. Where are the white haired among them? The ones with days and long journeyed nights etched into their faces? These eyes tire from walking through worded pages of foreign images. Foreign because not me. Not anything like me except for white hair. Tired eyes with old, deep flames.

This is the earned, silent, unnamed coupon. Is this seniors' day? Let's see what's on sale. Must remember to bring the cane.

By Living Earth

MV



Writing to Share

By Peg + "The Gang"

I am a survivor of severe physical, emotional and sexual abuse that extended throughout my childhood and into my adult life. I am 39 years old, mother of two teenagers, divorced, and aside from a DID diagnosis, struggle with severe depression and an eating disorder. Despite all of my obstacles, I continue to slowly move towards stability and what I hope to be some serenity.

As with many others who have shred, my story is long, complicated, and very painful. I write a lot in an attempt to release some of the intense emotions that are always close to the surface. As a step in my recovery, I would like to share some of my work with you:

The look in her eyes was far away, deep inside, where people keep their darkest fears and seldom look at them. Nightmarish images crowded her mind, vivid flashes of unsummoned memories. A dozen feelings gurgled up inside her like tainted water from an underground spring—guilt and anger, hurt and shame. She wanted to draw herself into that small dark space inside herself, as she had when she was a child. But she was unable to keep the world out now, she was losing the protective detachment which had cloaked her childhood in its only shabby source of safety. Her childhood had jammed her into a tiny box of fear, had slammed the heavy lid and locked it, and since then she had looked out at the world from the dark confines of that box. Now she was sharply aware of that spectral darkness at the edges of things, that crouching nightmare waiting to spring and devour her. Life had instilled in her a quiet but ever-present paranoia that stained

everything, good or bad. Be vigilant, for the predator is cloaked in shadows. It reminded her that the world was a dangerous place, a shadowy cellar with unsafe creatures crouching in the dark corners. Just as she was struggling out of her pit, before she had a chance to enjoy the world above ground, someone, something, kicked her in the face and sent her tumbling back where she came from, down into doubt and fear and suspicion, down into the awful safety of loneliness. The past was gone, but its taint was stubborn and pervasive, memories and fears lingering like the smell of smoke.

I suppose this is a little dark, but this is a place I am familiar with. I have written some with positive and hopeful aspects. At this point, for myself, they are only wishes of what I hope to achieve further into my quest. Thank you for taking the time to share with me. Thank you for hearing us.

MV

Art Therapy

Will the words or the lines or the colors

Please come forward?

Be a taper for my soul's story.

Sweeten the sour sorrows of antecedent events

So this purr and joy of life can breathe.

Lines could draw the way

Back

To the cave that holds the child

From

Arms that will bring her, whole and safe

Into the light.

Words could remember the gnarled, Warded, twisted path.

And colors could guide the way to forgive

Monsters, mutant many generations past.

I must paint as I go slowly

And listen for shy words of songs

Earth sung to determined feet

Wind felt in tangled hair, on weathered cheek.

I will go back

All the way back to the niche

In the cave where she hides

An unexpected survivor of the days

She well remembers

By E.L.

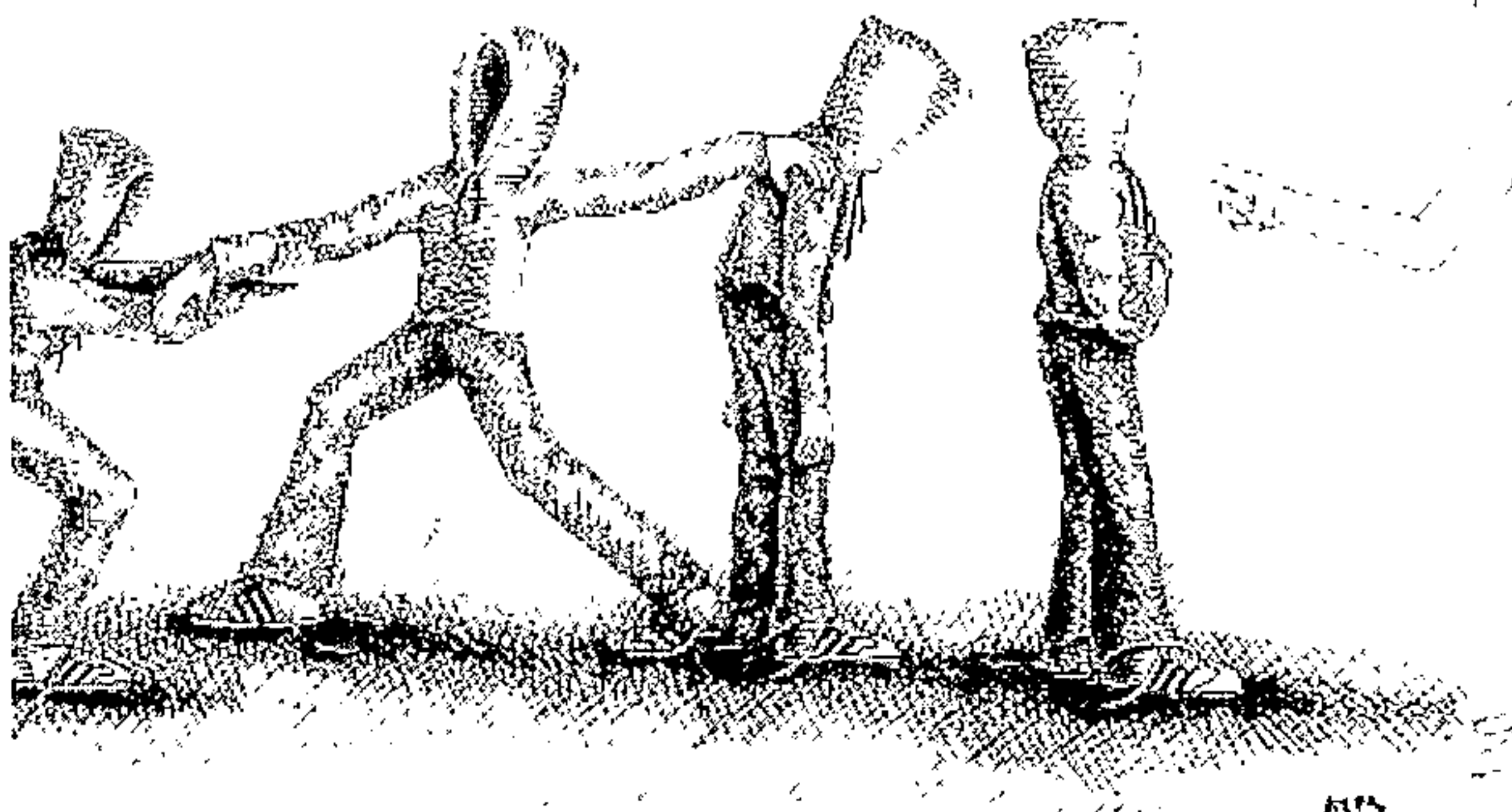
MV

Hope

I wanted to write the word
letter by letter
like you would with a stick
in the sand,
or your finger in the dirt,
each letter
magnified on the ground.
Four letters
shaped by a shoe tip
or the edge of a rock
a memorial
in wet cement

By Elizabeth F.

MV



A Special Gift

By MO!! (for Sherry)

Almost ten years ago my inside grownups used to write and draw things for Lynn W to put in Many Voices. They wrote about us kids, they drew us kids, but no kid inside ever wrote or drew anything them selfs.

Then we went away. We got sick of thinking about being multiple, and we didn't want to read anything more about it. Lynn tried to find us but we move too much.

It's been about 10 years since Babe and Estelle sent in their first commic strip, and Lynn put it in the June 1991 issue of MV. I know the date because Lynn just sent us back issues of MV and I found the first issue with our stuff printed in it.

We've done LOTS of work all these years we were away from the survivor community. We integrated and then it fell apart. We spent some miserable time trying hard not to let no one else integrate again. It was too hard to be lonely inside.

Sherry got misdiagnosed bipolar, went in the hospital a bunch and got over-medicated.

We're much better now.

I wanted to send Lynn something special because I realized that the best thing she gave us was to still be here, making new issues of MV, and still

being Sherry's friend when we came back to find her.

My gift is this—to tell her that it means the world to us kids inside Sherry, to have something good not go away and change, even tho we went away.

My hope is that Lynn puts this in MV anyway even tho she's not the kind of person who wants fame and glory.

I could have tried to be less personal and write this different because then she mite put my writing in MV, but I'm an honest Monkey boy, and to say it different would be like lieing.

Finding Lynn again and reading the old writing my grownups sent her is like finding an old friend. Not just Lynn, but writing and drawings by some of my other selfs who are integrated into Sherry. I almost forgot what it was reely like in here, before they integrated.

I miss Morgan the most. She was "keeper of the kids" and when she integrated, I took over the job.

My writing is reely plain compared to my grown ups writing. They're good at it.

But I think the best way to thank Lynn for keeping the candle burning in the window of hope for people like me, who have other selfs, is to write this all

by myself. Me. Mo. Five years old and not a writer. Some times it's just more special to say "thank you" all by yourself, insted of letting one of your other selfs, who is better at it than you are, do it for you.

Lynn don't know me. She knows my grownups. So I speak for all Sherry's inside kids when I write this.

Lynn, thank you. The whole world feels safer because MV is still a light house, shining from the jagged cliffs of a very scary world outside Sherry's body. You are proof that there really are other outside grownups in the world who are good, do good, and care enough to keep trying. It encourages me to keep trying too.

Next time somebody in this body sends you something, it'll be good stuff. Good art. Good writing. This time tho, it's a special thing, not so good, but precious cause it comes from the part of Sherry who don't know how to make it sound good and look pretty.

This time its the most real.

With sincere appreciation and affection,

Your old friend (who you ain't met yet)

MO!! (cut with fancy sizzors by Anjil. 5 years old)

MV

Nice to meet you, Mo!

& Thanks Mo, Anjil and all of Sherry. Please notice that I tried to keep Mo's "creative spelling" in the letter! It's great to have you back. Sherry drew the wonderful picture of three adults and several children wrapped together, which MV has used on promotional material—with Sherry's permission—for years and years. She (in Total) is incredibly creative, in writing, art, music—you name it. I printed this excerpt partly because I was so happy that MV makes a difference—but also to let other readers know that the work you share through MV can help so many others as well as yourself. Please write and draw for us—we can always use more material. Next issue is about men's issues and PTSD, but we'll take other topics at well. So get out your pens and typewriters--And I'll try as hard as I can to keep MV alive and functioning. A big hug and thanks to ALL of you!- Lynn W., Editor)

MV



Another picture Sherry may have forgotten...

Black Box

fifty two years
 try to vomit
 howl
 scratch
 starve
 get it out

 Not knowing what
 if
 where

 how to get to it

 get it out

 not knowing but knowing
 it is here

 I drive to new hampshire
 find it

 hold it in front of my chest

 name
 black box

 I can show you
 a little bigger than my hands
 two sides
 front and back

bottom
 top
 smooth
 shiny

 not sure
 eggplant
 color of passion
 no
 black

 foolish
 I speak to the box

 black box
 I know you

 can
 will
 will open you

 something slithers out
 I know
 long
 dark red
 hard
 rubber tube

 something I do not know
 a snapshot

black and white
 stark

 leans against the front of the box
 disappears

 my father
 his face

 a baby body
 flat
 face down

 a phrase comes
 grazing like a cow

 soundless
 no smells
 touch

 no feelings

 just picture

 stay in the black box
 I am not ready for you yet

By Kate A.

MV

Wanting to Disappear

Weight loss...the gradual reduction of bodily bulk and substance. Disguised as normal and so desirable. After all, everyone is doing it...or wanting to. Being thin is equated with self-confidence and success and even good health.

But oh so subtly, there can be a metamorphosis from diet to danger Stealthily as a man crouching under your bedroom window in the dark. Thinner becomes not thin enough. It sucks away rational thought. And its demonic drive blinds you to fact.

Food seemingly turns to poison. Every bite produces gnawing guilt. Feeling empty creates its own high. You push away hunger as the enemy.

Denying yourself makes you feel terribly powerful. You lie to others, you lie to yourself. The mirror is the biggest liar of all as seeing bones becomes exhilarating.

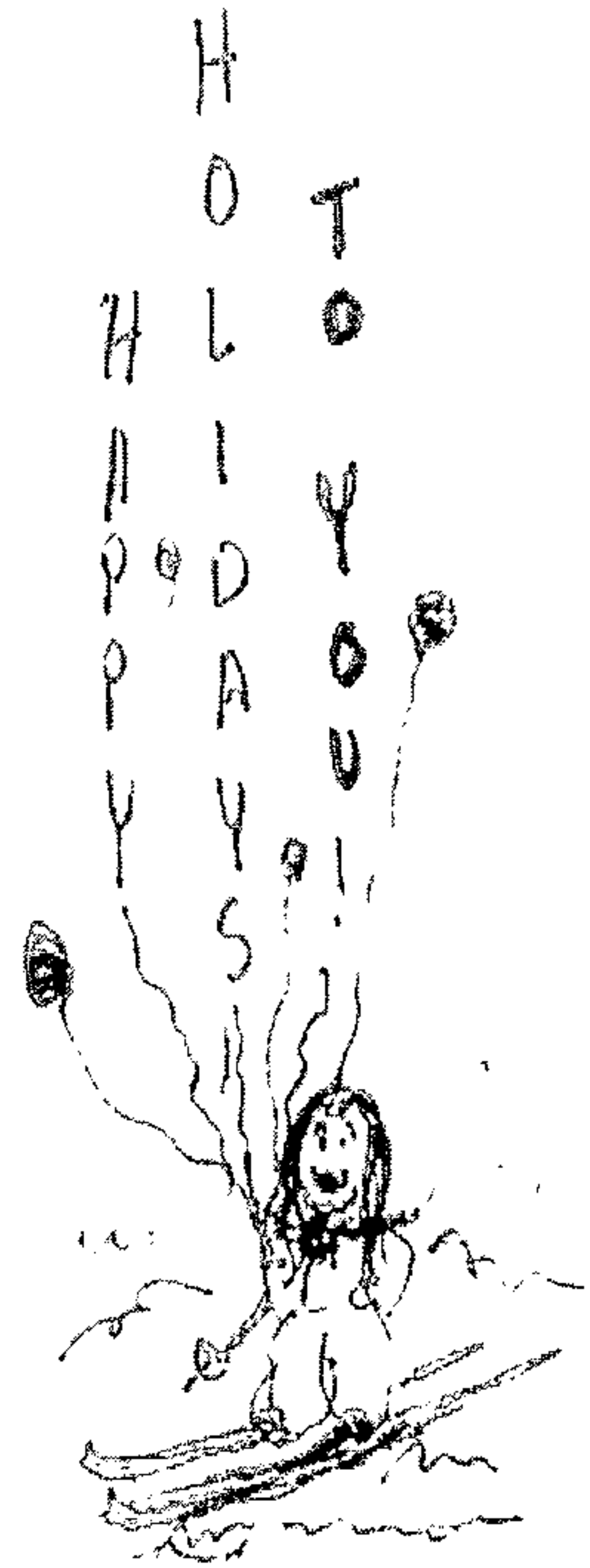
Protective parts of you scream to come back, to turn around. Sadly however, it's the only thing in an unhappy life you feel you can truly control. You want to be so thin that when you turn sideways no one can see you. That ancient desire to hide and disappear comes back to haunt and beckon.

But then the shrinking becomes life threatening. The diagnosis is dire...the prognosis poor. And you become the walking dead continuing to push away the plate.

Just another form of suicide that began so innocently...

Victims of abuse and those who are dissociative are particularly prone to eating disorders. These disorders have the highest death rate of all psychiatric disorders. Be aware. Be careful and treat yourself with love and respect.

By CE



Beauty Beyond Brokenness (Within a Shattered Vessel)

By Cathy

A plan was set in motion. A vision was about to begin. In anticipation, the potter's hands were anxious to create what his eyes visualized for so long. With his touch he fashioned a lump of clay into a form unlike any others. With immediate conviction, he knew where either pressure or gentleness would shape its unique character. The vibrant colors he chose placed in a specific design, lent itself to its own beauty. Although trimmed with precious metals to establish its value, to himself it was priceless simply because it was formed from his own image. For the final touches, he carefully cradled it in his arms as he gently polished it for the natural sparkle to shine forth.

As he stepped back to view his finished creation, he was well pleased. There were no mistakes by the master's hands. The vase was perfect, one of a kind, just as he envisioned it to be. Nothing he ever created was without a purpose. The time was right for the vase to be released into the hands of others where it could give of its anticipated potential. Although each individual vase had significant value to the potter, he never once created them for personal gain. They were intended gifts simply worthy of his cause. He placed the vase in its purposed environment. Acknowledged as the true gift it was, given from the master himself; it seemed fitting to be centered at a focal point in which a nearby mirror could reflect its uniqueness.

Just as in all of the potter's creations, this vase had an appointed position to fill. A role which in turn would enrich the purpose of its own existence. Throughout time, it had been the vessel which adorned many other places by displaying a showcase of blooming flowers. Inside was held the vital source which would potentially nourish and enhance the beauty of life around itself. Each day the radiance of that life was born through fresh and new experiences of growth.

New seasons of celebrations came and passed in anticipation of more to come. Who would have known it possible that around such simple beauty, ugliness would strike with disease and contaminate with its touch? in violation of the safety of the vase's surroundings and against the intentions of the creator's own purpose, in a selfish and vile act someone mishandled and carelessly dropped the vase, shattering it into many pieces.

Realizing the obvious destructive intrusion, the vase was secretly glued, sanded, re-patched, repainted and manipulated every way possible to hide the resulting damage. The vase was left in its original place hoping no one would notice

its destruction, but the vase knew, felt and experienced the pain from the scars left behind. The reflection it saw now of itself in the nearby mirror magnified even the most hidden brokenness. The cracks, chips and missing parts were leaking, causing fears and unworthiness around its own reality. The capacity it had to hold the source, to help nurture or sustain life, was stripped away.

Years have passed as the vase hid in the darkest of corners disguising or minimizing the aura of ugliness it felt it personified. The constant awareness of its own visual scars was an endless reminder that penetrated the deep despair of all its permanent losses. Held hostage in the darkness of shame, the vase became paralyzed in recounting the unmerciful helplessness and hopelessness. The past haunting its present and the present nullifying its future solidified a silent persuasion of its mere existence. Any vision of purpose eluded its self image through its own feeble attempts to mask its inadequacies. With its last drop of hope deferred, the vase cast itself aside as the damaged good the mirror unforgivably portrayed it to be. Fearing much availability would make its damage more vulnerable, the vase remained in an internal battle of seclusion, hidden from the public eye. More and more each day, sustaining life seemed more a matter of surviving life.

Broken and disheartened, the vase sought the only familiar refuge of safety it knew in the solitude of its silence. However, the energy to continue to masquerade its inhibitions began to weaken its resolve to endure.

With evident indications determining the need for repair, the vase was transported to skilled craftsmen where the mastery of refurbishing damaged vessels could restore their disfigured states. Carefully, gently and with much precision, the work of renewal began. As more of the details behind the cracks, chips and missing parts were realized, the work became more invasive and intense. The sanding painfully stung as the rough edges were cautiously reshaped. The re-patching seemed only to add mass confusion to make sense of pieces that no longer seem to fit. With fragmented pieces still void of withholding the seepage, the vase wondered if it would ever be possible to fulfill the purpose it was originally created to do.

One day while the hands of the specifically skilled were concentrating their efforts on reshaping the vase a timely story to help substantiate a sense of stability was presented

The story referred to a stressed vessel with markings from years of wear. This particular vessel was put in a wagon among other vessels, some with markings of their own and others seemingly without a scratch, flawless in condition. Each day a certain groundskeeper would come and fill each vessel with water to carry to the most colorful, beautiful gardens ever seen. Continually, day after day till the end of the long trip, the vessel had not one drop of water left to offer the beautiful gardens. Unlike the other vessels who were efficient and confidently effective, doubting emerged as daily the cycle would repeat itself. How will I ever be useful? What purpose can I possibly have? Why am I still here in this wagon?

The next day the groundskeeper came and began to fill the vessels full of water. As he began to fill the worn vessel yet again, it could no longer repress its bewilderment. Subsequently the vase asked the groundskeeper why he would continuously fill him with water that ends up lost before reaching the gardens. The groundskeeper graciously responded with "Did you not notice the beautiful flowers along the way? You have not lost your water but have inherently furnished it in your journey. You see, if you would have kept your water, the beautiful flowers leading to the gardens wouldn't have blossomed. It is in your trickles left behind that this beauty was able to develop along the path you traveled toward reaching these beautifully manicured gardens."

The similarities in this story caught the attention of the vase and engaged it to associate the correlation to its own existence. Responding against its ingrained skepticism, the work of restoration soon began to influence glimmers of hope toward a purpose of renewed possibilities. Retrospectively, the vase began to differentiate between founded and unfounded beauty. Beauty doesn't lie merely in what appears to be seen. Many times it is hidden behind walls or disguised around other sorts of distractions waiting to be discovered and enjoyed. True beauty really does lie in the eye of the beholder. It's just that it takes a rare eye to notice. Rare eyes have the ability to see through the windows to the soul where lasting beauty begins. In the midst of its journey, the vase often refers to the words of the groundskeeper, and in that journey seeks the blossoms along the way that have been missed through the dormancy of its season of blindness. Seasons where a discovered sight recognizes its reflection can begin to cast a reformed image of beauty beyond brokenness.

The Seed of Life

We need to plant the seed of life
 in place of death.
 Accepting nurture
 and water
 and sunshine
 to help it grow
 into a young sapling
 Once a sapling
 Life will need to
 spread its branches
 and reach for dreams,
 until one day it becomes
 a mighty oak
 with the strength
 to withstand storms
 and provide enough foliage
 to shade the weary.
 Strong to look at
 with a root system
 so intricate it reaches
 in both depth and width.
 Helping to keep the tree alive
 during the cold, windy
 or blustery days
 of winter.
 This tree is special
 because it shows
 the scars of life
 Engraved are names
 and gouges
 in the bark when it
 almost lost its will
 to survive.
 Broken branches
 allow for new growth.
 The tree trunk
 contains all memory
 of the years
 of drought and pain
 Each branch reaches high
 to capture the
 rays of sunshine
 and feel the freedom of the wind
 as it blows in and around
 each one
 It continues to grow
 to show the world that
 it lives!

By KC 2000

MV

Never Alone

Alone? Never, I didn't understand
 why, the games I played, the contests I
 held, all in the space of my mind.

I never knew this was not common,
 something so easy, so much fun, and
 even through feelings of fear, They
 were always companions of mine.

This may help explain for me now,
 the reason I could keep going on, thru
 fun, and thru sorrow, I was never
 alone. My inability to communicate to
 myself, my family, my friends, each
 one came into being to keep me from
 losing my mind. I never knew they
 existed, I'm only now beginning to
 know, to consciously ask them
 questions, to learn what to do to let go.
 Let go of my tightness, my shame, my
 control, and acknowledge they were
 needed so we could survive, each one
 came in order to keep us all alive.

First Martha, then Betsy, my cuddly
 Gingerbread Man, the Joker, and Dick,
 he was really first of all. I thought my
 mind was working overtime, and he
 was there all along. The knowing smile,
 the wave of his hand as tho, to tell me



don't worry, it's all going to be OK, just
 trust me, you'll relax and really enjoy
 this all someday.

Then "The Table" fully seated with 19
 little ones round, their bodies stiff with
 terror, their eyes filled with fear, looking
 at me as questioning if I would want
 them near.

As I gradually accept this and begin
 to sometimes understand, they really
 took my place and took the terror
 which my mind could not stand.

Some give their names, Honey, Baby
 and Derek and little lost soul, and lastly
 so far, Lovely Sachamo.

I welcome these all and anyone else
 still not trusting me enough to come
 forth, in time and however you want it
 to be, I acknowledge and Thank You,
 for taking care of me.

Even tho I cannot now understand
 this, how it works or how long it's been
 going on, I am ever so grateful and
 thankful I was Never, Never alone.

By Lydia W.

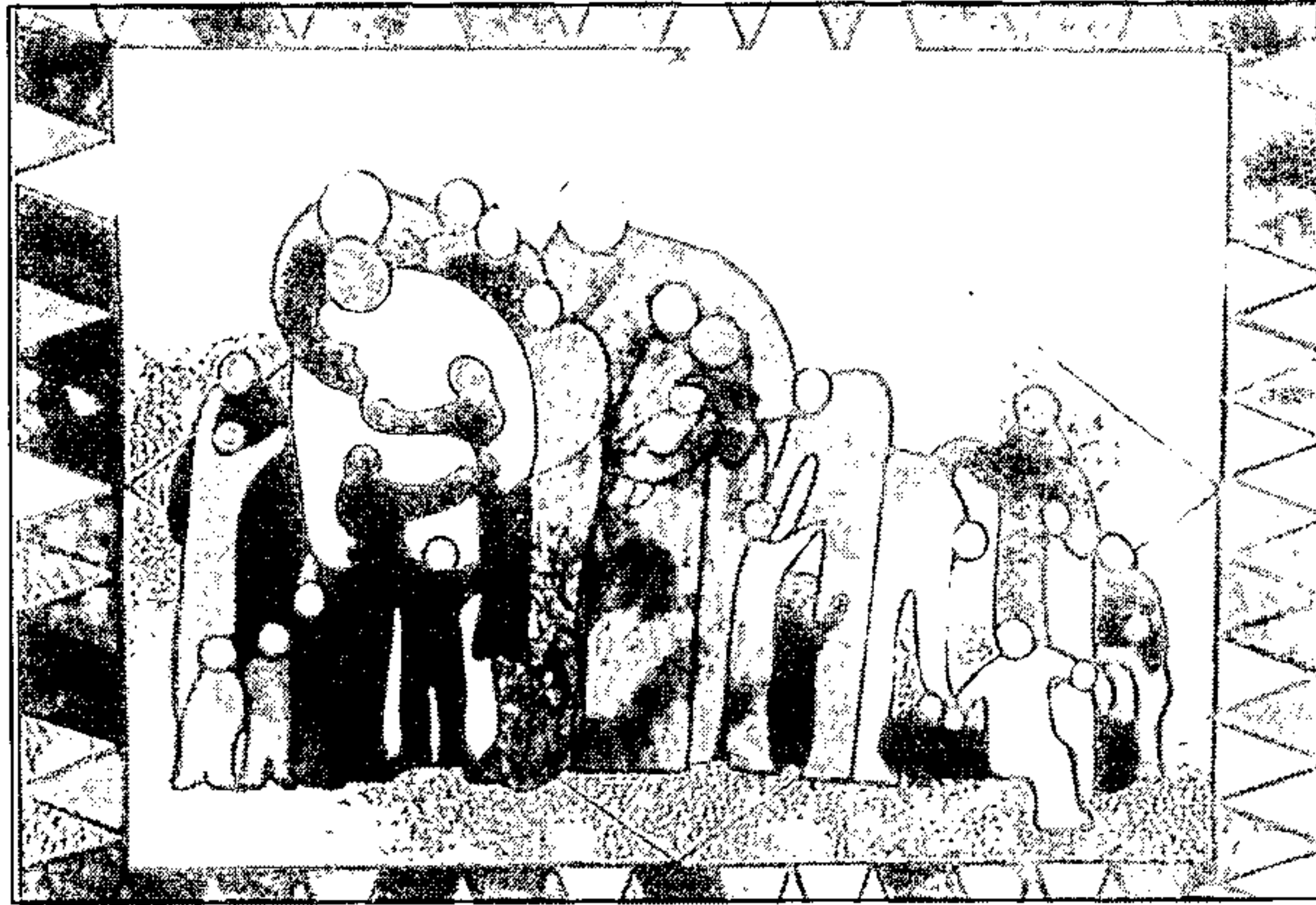
MV

Freed Soul

She hides in the corners of
 The recesses of the mind
 A fragmented soul
 She waits her time.
 Until the day,
 She's brought to speak of
 Childhood tales
 Long forgotten.
 Twenty-five years, dark, tormented
 Shivering, quaking,
 She makes her way forth.
 Not unlike Pandora's Box.
 She begins to open just a little.
 Others inside
 Deny, abuse, scar.
 Fighting Memories
 Too afraid to confront.
 Yet, she opens her heart
 And sings.

By Caroline A. Martin

MV



Stained glass by
Judy Castelli.
www.multiple-personality.com

Books

Misinformation Concerning Child Sexual Abuse and Adult Survivors

Edited by Charles L. Whitfield, MD FASA, Joyanna Silberg, Ph.D, Paul Jay Fink, MD
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We mentioned this last issue, but it's important so I'm bringing it up again. Here is a lucid, scientifically-based book that counters the false memory "backlash" with up to date clinical research. It addresses the myths of "false memory syndrome," "recovered memory therapy," and the claim that some boys are not harmed by child sexual abuse. This is not a book intended for lay readers...but there's fascinating information here. For example a chapter entitled *The Legend of Robert Halsey*, authored by Ross E. Cheit, meticulously examines the actual trial transcript of this convicted child molester—frequently cited in the media as a false conviction resulting from a witch hunt. Charles Whitfield authors a chapter on the forensics of child abuse and how junk science has been used to sway judges, juries and the public in court. He points out again that there has never been even one case report documenting "false memory syndrome" or "recovered memory therapy" in any peer-reviewed clinical or scientific publication. Yet

some false memory advocates, defense attorneys and their expert witnesses continue to use this term. He shows how frms advocates invariably find someone else to blame—often a therapist, therapy group, book or movie. He suggests questions that judges might use to screen so-called "expert witnesses" to insure that they are familiar with traumatic memory and the clinical evolution of traumatic amnesia, PTSD and dissociative disorders, as well as documented clinical experience in treating survivors of child sexual abuse or sex offenders. There's much more in this chapter, and others equally fascinating. This book should be must-reading for therapists, attorneys, journalists and anyone who wonders where some of those media-people get their strange ideas...as well as what to do about it.

The Self-Help Group Soucebook: Your Guide to Community and Online Support Groups, 7th Edition.

Published by the American Self-Help Group Clearinghouse, 100 East Hanover Ave., Suite 202, Cedar Knolls, NJ 07927-2020 (973) 326-6789 © 2002 \$15 +\$3 shipping. 410 pgs + index Paperback.

This is a very interesting collection of support groups for all sorts of conditions ranging from aphasia to XYY disorder. You won't find *Many Voices* in here though... despite fourteen years printing your helpful

ideas, hundreds (by now, thousands) of referrals and a website with sharing. Oh well. We do our best. I'd still recommend this book to people who are working on crisis lines or need to make referrals. It includes support listings for abuse, addiction recovery and dissociation too.

In The Shadow of Madness: A Memoir

By Dolores Brandon © 2000 Published by Sky Blue Press, 13210 Stonegate Drive #8, Sterling Heights, MI 48312 www.skybluepress.com \$14.95 +\$1 50 postage. 216 pages. Paperback

Dolores Brandon's father was bipolar. Her memoir describes growing up in a home shaped by this tragic mental illness, in the years before diagnosis and medication was readily available. She comes across to this reader as both loving and perplexed, as her fathers' illness affected her own life, and those around her. Brandon's writing style is a mixture of poetry and prose which to me was a bit confusing, but perhaps this is a good way to describe what it's really like to live with a parent who struggles to control emotional highs and lows. Brandon uses this experimental approach to good effect for those willing to accompany her journey through the fifties and sixties, under that shadow

—Lynn W

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THANKS!--Lynn W.

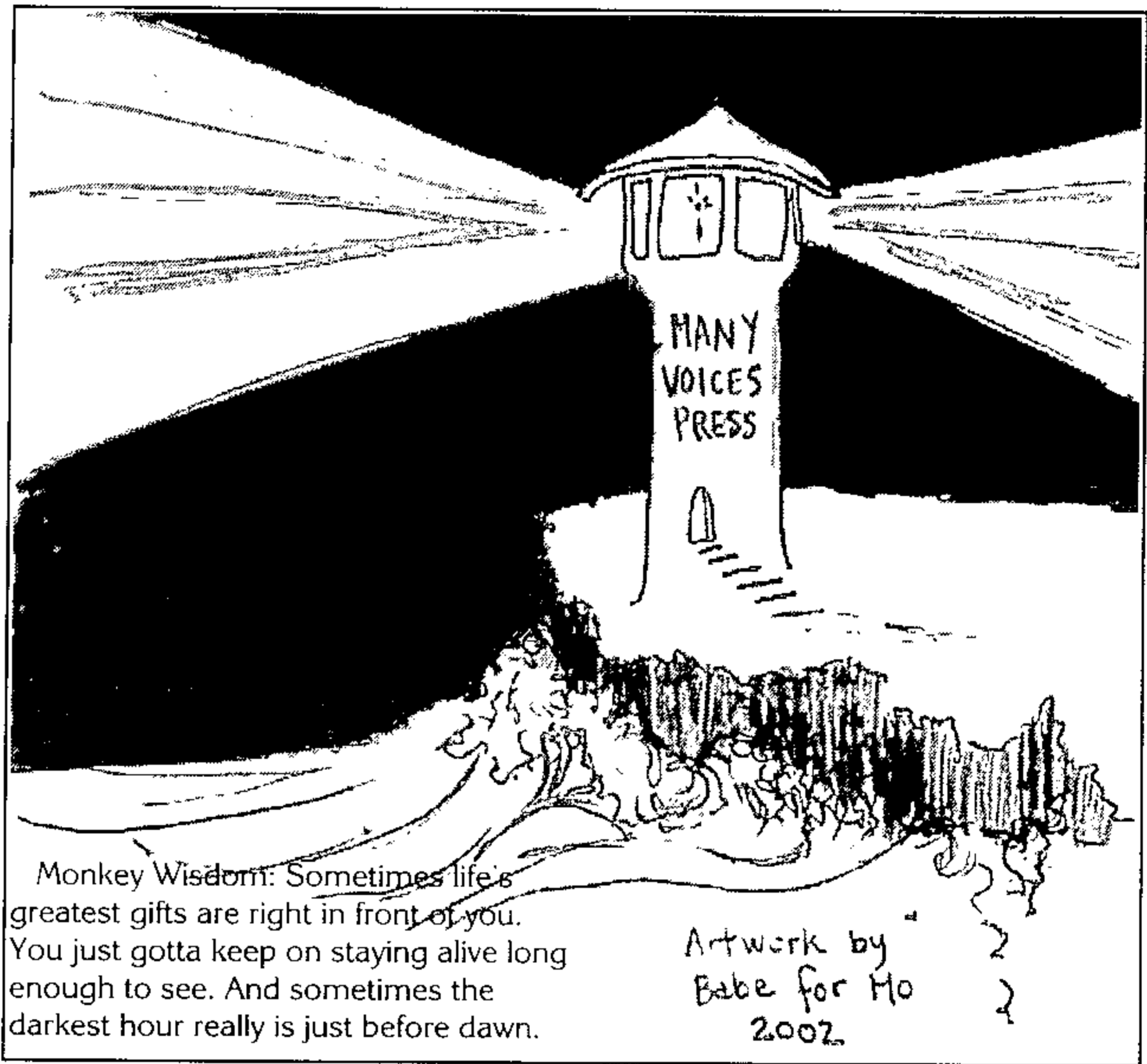
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February 2003

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April 2003

Work fears. Disability. Finances. Post-Integration problems & success. Art: Work you enjoy. Deadline: Feb 1, 2003



Monkey Wisdom: Sometimes life's greatest gifts are right in front of you. You just gotta keep on staying alive long enough to see. And sometimes the darkest hour really is just before dawn.

Artwork by Babe for Mo 2002

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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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