

MANY VOICES

WORDS OF HOPE FOR CLIENTS WITH MPD AND DISSOCIATIVE DISORDERS

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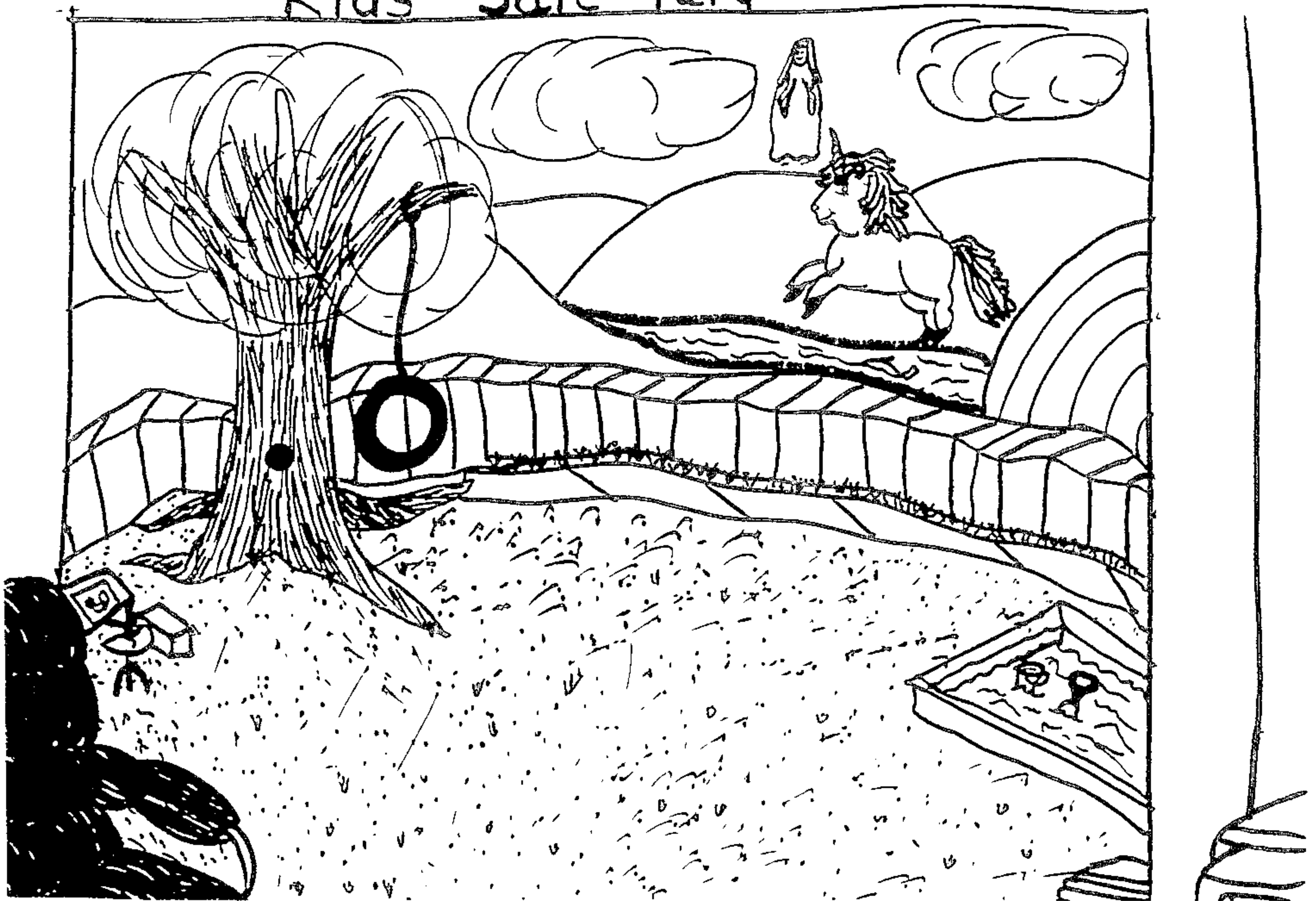
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Holiday Surprise! FOUR EXTRA PAGES!

I wanted to personally thank ALL of you for your interest and support in 1989. Since that's not possible, here's a four-page gift to you — from me. May you enjoy a hopeful, healing holiday!

—LW

Kids Safe Yard



This is a painting of the Kids' safe yard. It is made so that any age kid can be in it alone and be very safe, even babies. It has everything anybody could need. It even has a sidewalk so Sarah and Colleen can skate or play hopscotch. It is built just outside our therapists' office so that we can go into her office any time we want. See the rainbow singing fence? It has moving rainbow colors and sings safe music. It is too high for little kids to climb on, but bigger kids can sit on top of it ('cuz they know not to go outside the fence without Unicorn or Blessed Mother.) The Unicorn watches all of us and takes us to the meadow to play, or to go swimming in the stream. Our Magical Blessed Mother watches over us all the time.

By Layla and Family

A Healing Meditation

My name is Kasha. I am an integration of at least 10 personalities. We have been aware of being a multiple for 2½ years. We participated in a meditation group this year which focused on self-love and self-nurturance. In these meditations all of the personalities were welcomed to participate, though we who already meditated made it clear to others that they did not have to participate if they chose not to.

The meditations involved relaxation of the body, getting into a quiet meditative state, then putting our right hand over our heart and saying with feeling, "I love you. I accept you as you are. I commit to you. You are important to me. I value you. Your life counts."

Many of the personalities who had never meditated before could respond to this approach — could feel the sincerity with which the words were spoken — and hungered for more. Even the most cynical of the personalities became calm and joyful, feeling the power of love to heal. Several of the personalities were so damaged from our abuse that they did not have the conscious awareness to participate. The rest of us jointly decided that during each meditation we would send love to

these others. Doing this meditative practice regularly allowed healing and growth and eventual integration of these personalities within a few month's time.

The meditation class we took was called "Filling to Overflowing". One of the meditations involved receiving a chalice filled with life-force energy from our Higher Self. We each took the chalice and drank drank our fill. We felt very thirsty but the chalice did not empty.

Next we took the chalice and poured the healing energy on the wounds on our body, and also fed the hungry little ones. We practiced this pouring daily, and used this technique at various times during the day, allowing ourselves to receive the healing energy available to us. As we were pouring the chalice we would say: "Open to receive! Open to receive all of the good things our Higher Self has in store for us!"

The group facilitator was honored to have us participate as a multiple and our therapist was insightful enough to realize that at this point in our healing, taking a meditation group might allow us to harmonize, instead of separating us. We are very grateful for all of the assistance we have had in this process.

MV

Clothes-shopping, Multiple-style:

When shopping for a new dress, I suddenly found myself in a dressing room with 24 dresses. As you can guess, they were of varied style and age-appropriateness. I found myself wondering, "Why is *this* in here? Who chose that?" I soon got my answer, as my various alters chimed in about their favorites.

My answer was a little more difficult to the salesperson who indicated in a rather exasperated tone, that store policy only allowed three items per person in the dressing room. After she left we laughed. I only *had* three per person!

By L.S. et al

My Family Tree is a Forest

By E.L. & Legion

My family tree is a forest
It's true.
Not just a tree
with branches.

In my family
there are trees
upon trees, upon trees,
as far as the eye can see.

I've come through this forest
Walked along many
different paths.
It's amazing the people I meet!

I'm trying to make
a clearing.
An opening in the forest
for healing.

The others —
THEY DON'T LIKE IT!
"Stop!" they say.
The pain is too great for them.

The pruning —
cutting, necessary for healthy
growth.
"Go away!" they shout.
Health is too painful for them.

So as I cut through
the forest,
I see
tree after tree.

It goes that way
for a long way back.

Generations of abuse.

A coping mechanism —
it works.
Branch out.
Be somebody else!

Note: In this article, Dr. Klein attempts to describe the workings of an abuser's mind, and the difference between a victim and a perpetrator. Please read this with a friend or your therapist nearby, if it seems frightening.

Therapists' Page

By Lawrence R. Klein, Ph.D.

Clinical Director of the Wood County Mental Health Center in Bowling Green, Ohio, and a Professional Associate in the Psychology Department at Bowling Green State University. Secretary/Treasurer of the OSSMP&D. Dr Klein works with both the victims of, and the perpetrators of, sexual abuse

Inside the head of each and every perpetrator/sexual offender*, there exists ONE fully equipped, personally customized, battery operated, rechargeable, guaranteed to gratify, KINGDOM.**

The KINGDOM quite simply is a place in the perpetrator's mind where he as King can do anything he pleases; when, where, how, and with whom he pleases. As King, he defines reality. He creates the rules that govern. He is The SUPREME BEING. The ENTITLED ONE. All others are things that exist for his ownership and pleasure. The Kingdom is the ideal of one who has lost faith in humanity.

A perpetrator lives a double life. There is the life of the Real World, a world that for the perpetrator has long been bereft of meaningful and genuine human contact. Then, there is the Revised World, or the world of the Kingdom. Over years of experience the perpetrator learns to pass unobtrusively between the two realms. Quite typically, the perpetrator is viewed by associates as an unremarkable, law abiding citizen.

The lure of the Kingdom becomes compelling, however. At first the Kingdom provides a haven from the pain and loneliness of the

real world. But ultimately the Kingdom becomes powerfully reinforcing. Like smack for a junkie, or crack for a cokehead, the Kingdom becomes the perpetrator's habit. As with a habit, tolerance develops. Simulated action or fantasy, confined to the bounds of the Kingdom, pales when contrasted to the rush of control experienced when the perpetrator acts out into the Real World. This is when he gets his hands on a living, breathing, victim. As the King ventures beyond the bounds of his realm, entranced, he maintains the sense of entitlement and egocentrism characteristic of the Kingdom. From this worldview, quite similar to that of a pre-toddler, others exist as an extension of himself, there merely to meet his needs. Those activities that best mask pain in a cloud of pleasure are selected as most satisfying. Those pursuits that elevate the perpetrator, and subjugate others, are chosen with greatest relish.

Uniformly, and without exception, all perpetrators were either abused themselves, violated psychologically, or significantly neglected as children. Perpetrators are made, not born. In any event, their ability to experience an empathic connection with others is severely damaged. They know not

what it is to be nurtured and cared for in a way that has acknowledged their unique personhood. They cannot trust, and they cannot be trusted. Unable to cathect to others, they develop in effect in isolation, despite their level of apparent social skill, or number of others surrounding them. They grow like withered flowers in a soil depleted by abandonment.

Stripped of any sense of interpersonal effectiveness, of any sense of real recognition or mirroring, the perpetrator improvises a personal land of empowerment. He discovers his own device for escaping from the misery of his daily existence: a Scotty-like transporter. One that beams him to the Kingdom. The vehicle, the transporter, is self-induced trance.

An important quality of the Kingdom is its capacity to reorder, modify, and reshape experience. The motto of the day, every day: "A wish is the King's Command." Every sort of hypnotically-based device stands at the ready for the King's reality-distorting pleasure. A favorite is the "regression machine." By concentrating in a special way, the King can reduce himself in size to that of his victim. Then as he "plays" with her, he can hear what ordinarily in

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*Definition: a *perpetrator* in this discussion is "one who sexually offends against another of their own volition. No coercive force or threat compels their action."

** "The masculine pronoun, and the gender indicated by the term KINGDOM have been purposefully selected, because male perpetrators significantly outnumber their female counterparts. The notion of the perpetrator's imperial realm is viewed as applicable to both sexes, however."

(Therapist's Page cont'd)

the Real World would be her cries, as squeals of glee. Reality aside, in his own mind's Kingdom, he hears what he wants to hear.

Typically, the King's rule extends only to the edge of his Kingdom. He does not regularly "act out" in the real world the fantasies of the Kingdom. Were it otherwise, he would more quickly be caught. Though often not clearly in focus, the perpetrator maintains an awareness of social norms, and when he is at risk for being apprehended. However, there are times for him when the boundary between the Real World and the Kingdom becomes quite blurred. Further, there may be times when he does not care about the distinction; times when he adopts the rules of the Kingdom as his everyday code; times when he has chosen to act on what he figures he can get away with.

You have been abused by him at these times.

Your own abuser(s) never saw YOU. No "You" can be seen from the Kingdom. Only things/objects can be seen. No people. He/They looked past You and saw a thing. You could have stood on your head, whistled Dixie, been perfect. It would not have mattered to them. They saw your body, period. And what they saw had to do with what was in their mind's eye, not even how your body objectively appeared. From the Kingdom, perpetrators cannot see beyond their own needs. It is beyond their capacity to see You as anything but an object to serve them.

Hence, for those of you who maintain contact with your abusers, please beware than in all likelihood they remain quite dangerous. Perpetrators do not stop their pattern of abuse until they renounce the Kingdom, and strive to embrace humanity. To do so, perpetrators must remember and not reenact. They must feel and not act out. When this happens, in almost all instances, it follows criminal prosecution. Only the jolt of pending incarceration can counter the allure of solitary gratification, in an individual who

has lost faith in the viability of human relationships. To accomplish this renewal of faith the perpetrator must start by asking for help. This is no small undertaking, given that the perpetrator has never experienced a trusting relationship. The odds that a perpetrator of his own accord would take such courageous action, are exceedingly long. His path in treatment is arduous and painful. The Kingdom is a much easier course to fall back on.

You well know the rigors of treatment. Renouncing the Kingdom means that a perpetrator must make a commitment to recovery. He must provide a full account of his crimes, with an exhaustive exploration of his attendant feelings and thoughts. He must assume full responsibility for his abusive actions, and not shift blame onto you and his other victims. (There is a strong likelihood that he does indeed have other victims.) He must own his behavior, and not pass it off as attributable to alcohol abuse, job pressures, marital discord, or his own childhood victimization. All of these may have been contributing factors, but they did not ultimately cause him to choose to abuse. His own trust in others may well have been violated, but this does NOT justify his violation of YOUR trust.

In the process of dismantling the Kingdom, a perpetrator must feel the feelings he typically channels into abusive fantasies or actions. He needs also to challenge his own rationalizations, and the attitude of entitlement used to excuse his damaging actions. He must confront and work through his own victimization, and fully experience his own losses. In addition, a perpetrator needs to appreciate and accept responsibility for the effects his abuse has had upon YOU. Finally, he must work to establish genuine relationships with others; associations in which he acknowledges others as people, not objects.

This formidable undertaking

cannot be accomplished by the perpetrator alone. A therapeutic group format, where perpetrators can help pull one another from the Kingdom, is found to be most effective, particularly when augmented by individual therapy, and possibly marital therapy. Family treatment, which includes the victim, can prove to be a retraumatizing experience for the victim, when undertaken prematurely.

Until a perpetrator has dismantled his Kingdom, and embraced humanity, he remains a threat to you and others.

A word about forgiveness, as it relates to perpetrators: Forgiveness is something you might choose to consider, after you have remembered all you need to remember; felt all you need to feel; and learned all you need to learn about your victimization. Forgiveness is a highly personal attitude. However, please consider that in extending forgiveness outwardly to a perpetrator, who has not renounced his Kingdom, he is apt to feel enabled and supported in continuing to pursue victimizing attitudes and behaviors.

Many of you have been the victims of ritualistic abuse perpetrated by Satanists. If this is the case for you, you likely were told that your abusers represented Satan. Therefore, you may believe that your abusers were evil. Further, if you have introjected your abusers, as is likely, you may believe that some parts of you are evil, as well. Likely too, your abusers told you that this was so. Please consider another point of view: Despite what they said (and Satanists have never received high marks for telling the truth), Satanists have not been "chosen" by Satan. They are sick, not evil individuals, very confused about right and wrong. Part of the lore perpetuated within their Kingdoms, is that their barbaric actions serve Satan. Saying this does not make it so!

The problem with viewing your abusers as evil is that it tends to
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(Therapist's Page cont'd)

make them seem larger than life. It tends to make them appear more powerful than what they were, and are. It tends to mystify them. If they are viewed instead as deeply disturbed, it cuts them down to size, and demystifies them. Working through issues of Satanic cult victimization is tough enough, what with the need to deactivate systematically-implanted psychic programming (a mind-control technique employed by worldly organizations like the Communist Chinese, during the Korean war, and by the KGB and our own CIA, during the Cold War, as well as the Cult.) Viewing your Satanic cult abusers as *Satanic imposters* can be empowering for you.

(A related note: if someone proposes doing an exorcism with you, BEWARE! What will be attempted is an effort to drive out a part, or parts of you. Such parts of you are as deserving of acceptance and understanding, as are all the others. A part viewed

as undesirable by the exorcist may be a part of you, who is reenacting, rather than remembering and feeling, but nonetheless is likely trying to protect you in the only way it has yet learned how. If an exorcism is proposed, consider seeking a second opinion.)

It is a most difficult part of the past for many of you, that your perpetrators forced you to harm others. You are not a perpetrator in the sense that has been discussed here; your acts of violence were not devised in a Kingdom of your own, but rather were the product of someone else's Kingdom. My good friend and colleague, Maribeth Kaye, ACSW, LISW, draws the analogy with her clients, to TV cops-and-robbers shows. She asks her clients, "When the bad guy shoots somebody, who is responsible, the bad guy or his gun?" The client answers, "The bad guy, of course." Maribeth then tells the client, who has been unfairly blaming herself

for an act coerced by her perpetrator, that, "You were like the gun. It was your perpetrator who pulled the trigger." No doubt you were traumatized by the acts of violence that you were forced to perform. You have a difficult task in working through these events. The responsibility for them rests with your perpetrator.

To those of you who do have Kingdoms of your own; who did choose without immediate coercion or force to act out and harm another, rather than remember and feel, you have tough work ahead of you. But take solace in the knowledge that you have sought and asked for help. As part of your work on your MPD, those perpetrator aspects within you, with support and understanding from the others, must strive to renounce and dismantle their Kingdoms. The love and encouragement that can be shared internally would be the foundation upon which to build a new faith in humanity. MV

To My Precious Child

By Mary L. P.

Dear and precious child within
 We are here to begin again.
 From the safety of the roundtower in my heart
 You may now venture forth to brave the dark.
 Enveloped with the vitality of my spirit
 You are protected; your powers, infinite.
 Roam my halls at will. Open any chamber door.
 Ghosts, goblins or monsters, you need fear no more.
 Bring to every corner of my mind your fanciful magic;
 Light all darkness and disarm the tragic.

My acceptance of your truth will set us free.
 We can go forth and forward with no finer pedigree.
 In the face of violence, tragedy and fright
 We will love and trust and hold each other tight.
 With you, I will scale tall buildings,
 Slay dragons and fly like a bird with wings.
 Together we will construct an invincible fortress.
 Radiating love, warmth, understanding and gentleness.
 There will be freedom, safety, comfort and relief in our haven,
 Growing from the honesty, assurance and strength within.

I will bring you trinkets, baubles, toys and things —
 Furry kittens, butterflies, skates, ladders of string;
 Soft, warm bunnies; the micro and macrocosm of the sea;
 Stuffed toys; the leaf, bark and wood from a tree;
 Colors of the rainbow in flowers, autumn leaves and gems;
 A prism to split the light; a lens to put it back again;
 Tinker toys, Lincoln logs and building blocks;
 Sand castles, modeling clay and piles of rocks.
 Rubber balls, kites with long tails; seeds that germinate;
 The reality and the fantasy of the world to imitate.

Words From a Feminist Witch

Techniques that work best for all of me come from feminism and witchcraft. Real witches do not believe in, let alone worship, "evil" or "satan". The witchcraft rule: do what you will and *harm none*. Healing from satanic/ritual abuse includes knowing the difference between real witchcraft and satanism/cults. This statement is adopted internationally:

"We, as practitioners of Pagan and Neo-Pagan religions, including Wicca (also known as Witchcraft), practice a positive, life-affirming faith that is dedicated towards healing, both of ourselves and others, and of the Earth. As such we do *not* advocate or condone criminal abuse or any other abuse that does harm to the bodies, minds or spirits of individuals. We offer prayers and support for the healing of the victims of such abuses. We recognize the divinity of Nature in our Mother Earth, and practice our rites of worship in a manner that is ethical, legal and safe. We will *not* tolerate slander or libel against our churches, clergy or congregations, and are prepared to defend our civil rights with such legal action as we deem necessary and appropriate."

I am alive and integrating, because of feminism and witchcraft. They emphasize wholeness, consensus and equality.

I do not have a dominant personality or hierarchal structure. Meditations include circle symbols (room for all of me since circles expand). Nature is my spiritual reference. Meditating upon Her cycles (day-night; seasons) helps me accept my own cycles (co-consciousness-emergence-integration.) For techniques, all of me recommend *The Spiral Dance*; *Motherpeace Tarot* (at most bookstores) and *Feminist Hypnosis* (via New Leaf Distribution.)

I am concerned about the proportion of publicity that satanism is getting. Statistics show that most abusers are "Christian", and next-most, Judaic, Islamic or other patriarchal religion. These religions invented "satan", "sin" and "punishment" and are not exposed enough in MPD conferences, publications and other resources. My rapist father is a fundamentalist Protestant. Tortures by my abusive mother had Catholic origins. I hope that multiples who survived satanic/ritual abuse get support. I also hope that MANY VOICES and others will publicize the more common types of abuse that cause MPD, see through the facade of the "moral" majority and explore spiritual techniques that validate all of a multiple.

Blessed Be!

MV



Foreseeing Light

By Alix

A chunk broke off,
coolness surrounded her.
We made a dead pledge
to an abandoned child,
a disciple
of extinguished memory.

One broke off and
took the first watch,
guarding the gulf
between the real and
how it should have been.
Days inscribed with pain.

Running lickety-split
away from obedient mind.
A notable feat.
A pet name becomes a person
possessive of the love that
was missed.

Each revelation
is salt in an unknown wound
broken open by sinuous hands
And sold to me.
Together, I stagger
struggling to find

what I am in a textbook.

Anger is pain
turned outside,
Depression is pain
turned inside,
Happiness is pain
faced and resolved.



Samantha
AKA, "Sam"

Recovering

By Rita M.

Q: Why do some MPD clients appear co-conscious or in control, while others don't?

A: I have yet to meet an MPD client whose alters are always co-conscious, or a client who never completely loses the ability to assume executive control. In most MPD clients, the personality in executive control usually doesn't know about the others, although *they* may know about each other and the executive personality.

That's another interesting feature of MPD. . . what I call the *two-way mirror*. In other words, the "executive" personality often functions on the outside without knowing about the influence that those on the inside exert, but the ones on the inside can see, hear, know, and influence what's going on outside. I think this "power-behind-the-throne" influence is far more common than "losing time" is. Often I hear MPD clients saying things like, "It was like watching myself", or "I don't know where that thought, statement, or behavior came from. It didn't feel like mine", or "I don't feel as if I'm in control of myself".

This is why MPD is so often misdiagnosed! Remember, it is a disorder of *hiddenness*. Its purpose is to hide that which is too

horrible to remember, from ourselves and from others. Therefore, the purpose of the system of alters is to blend in, to act "normal". If fitting in and acting "normal" is important, then "losing time" or acting out, or ending up in the hospital due to destructive behavior is contrary to the purpose of the system. (And if you want to be "normal", you certainly aren't going to admit that you "lose time"!)

Granted, there are MPD's who are very dysfunctional, act out, hurt themselves or others, end up being hospitalized repeatedly, etc. (Such individuals may have other psychiatric problems in addition to their MPD.) Again, it is a matter of degree. . . how much abuse, how many abusers, how strong is the system? These are factors which need to be assessed.

Although the treatment approach for all MPD clients is similar, timing and length of treatment will vary. The more abuse, the more dysfunctional the client, the longer the treatment will take. Treatment for highly dysfunctional and severely abused multiples may be more complicated and fraught with much conflict, compared to those who are more "functional". Also,

the prognosis for such individuals may not look as good, although they can and do recover as successfully as less severely abused MPD's. In either case, the resolution of trauma should be planned, taken slowly, and each stage completed before moving on to the next trauma.

As an MPD client moves into the real working stage of therapy, where most of the discovery of trauma is done (about 1-2 years into therapy after being correctly diagnosed), he or she may begin to become less functional. Often at this stage, co-consciousness occurs or increases, but we might see more acting out as alters come forward to do their work. This may cause a disruption in the balance of functioning that had been achieved prior to entering therapy. What this means is that often high-functioning multiples begin to have a really hard time managing their lives once they are in the throes of therapy, and they begin to look "dysfunctional". A good therapist will gauge the work to keep this disruption to a minimum. This is particularly important to clients who *must* keep their jobs in order to support themselves (and to pay for therapy.)

MV

Rita M. is a Licensed Independent Social Worker and Certified Alcoholism Counselor (LISW,CAC), and is also a recovering MPD client. She functions at a very high level (after much therapy) and is "integrated". MANY VOICES is pleased to have her help us provide the special viewpoint of a recovering, knowledgeable, MPD client/therapist. Readers may send questions to Rita, C/O MANY VOICES. We'll use as many as possible. —LW

Research Study

Help the experts answer MPD Q's! Respond to 2 questions on the experience of multiplicity and switching. 100% confidential and safe. Write for research packet from **Don Beere, Ph.D.**, Associate Professor, Dept. of Psychology, 100 West Preston, Central Michigan University, Mount Pleasant

Michigan 48858-9990.

This guy is legit!

Also, **E.Sue Blume, CSW**, researcher and author, offers a copy of the Incest Survivor's Aftereffects Checklist for a business-sized, stamped (45 cents), self-addressed envelope to Box

7167, Garden City, N.Y. 11530. It's been used internationally to help diagnose a history of hidden incest, since many survivors do not remember childhood molestation. Ms. Blume's book, *Secret Survivors: Uncovering Incest and Its Aftereffects in Women* will be published in Feb. 1990 by John Wiley & Sons. Look for it!

More Thoughts on Meditation

My meditations have expanded as my "self" has grown. Meditation began as a way to gain control over my body. This was my first awareness that I could separate my mind from my body; that I could allow my mind to live through memories without my body acting them out. Many of my abreactions have started or surfaced in my meditations. I can't say that my body didn't get involved in reliving most of my memories. But in some way the trauma or extremes for me were reduced by what I relived in my mind during my meditation. It was in my most dysfunctional times that I found meditations to keep me from losing control.

It was during those quiet times that I could share strengths within myself. The more disciplined me's shared that with the undisciplined me's and the childish me's shared the most-needed carefree attitudes with the over-disciplined me's. These internal awarenesses and exercises were the first real acceptance and real self-worth I had experienced. It gave me hope and faith that just maybe all those me's could live together in this one body. Today I am grateful that I have all those me's inside because it's fun to be carefree and even disciplined at the appropriate times. (And I am, most of the time now.)

After about 18 months, my daily meditations gradually emerged to more pleasant reflections and became a source of pleasure. At first I disciplined myself to go through the motions of meditation even when my mind would not go along. Now almost all the time I have mind and body together during meditation.

My current meditation time includes a short inspirational reading, some quiet time, some time listening to music, quiet time spent alone, and *most* important to me is my daily prayer practice of talking to, and seeking the guidance of the God of my understanding.

By PAM

To meditate is . . .

To deeply consider our future as One,
not hundreds of ones.

A zealous endeavor to remember the past,
with courage.

To thoughtfully view each of me and all of
me,

with respect and dignity.

To resolve the past in peace,
and look forward to a brighter future.

To reflect the light I have received in
my healing process to others,
and in spite of inner unresolved anger,
receive from others.

To look within as to not forget anyone,
so I am not forgotten.

To turn the nightmares into dreams,
and the dreams into reality.

To reflect, to search, to turn tears
into crystals of Hope.

That is what meditation is to me.

By Toni R.

(Note: the following three statements are by different alters of the same person, Marie J.)

We learned about the New Age Movement many months ago. It helps us a whole bunch. I learn about channeling and now I talk to a spirit guide named Shomar. She help explain grown-up stuff to me and explain integration and about people. She helps me feel love. She never say what to do but tells me tell the others what to talk about sometimes, and then they change plans. When I feel upset or like hurting myself I talk to parts and Shomar. I don't hurt us no more. Since I learn to put myself in a trance it be the best thing. Shomar talk to others twice when we be all together for couple hours. But usually have different spirit guide . . . not together enough talk to him much.

By Lili, age 8

When I meditate I put on tapes of music. Then I imagine I let go of the physical body and pretend I'm a bird and the notes of the music make me fly up and down and all around, usually in mountains, by lakes and creeks.

By Marie

When I meditate, I also use Lili's New Age tapes. They are very helpful. Sometimes I imagine just floating around in nature. But a lot of times I'll imagine us going together and the happy energetic music helps me feel that it will work, when I'm scared that it won't.

When one of us is out meditating, the rule is that the rest of us go back in the Bigroom and whisper or be very quiet so we don't disturb the one who is meditating. Allowing each other to have quiet, alone out-time is very important. Especially when Lili and Marie work at healing our body, or Lili is helping another outside person to heal their own body, or when Lili is talking to Shomar.

It was very important for us to learn to give each other quiet time instead of always keeping the body active.

By Angel



(And these are the words of Iris M. and alters:)

Mother Nature is my source of meditation. I find my greatest strength and resource is among those things provided by her. I prefer to go to a place that is secluded. Humans take away from nature. Many don't appreciate its depth.

I find a comfortable spot to sit—under a tree, on some large rock, or beside a creek bank. I look all around, take in the beauty of the sights provided: the color of the trees, wildflowers, water, even the soil.

Then I close my eyes and listen closely. Nature has sounds that are important to listen to: the chirping of birds, the rustling of critters moving about. Then I set my senses into motion. I feel for the breeze, the rays of the sun. They set all my senses alive. Then I take in deep breaths—smell the scents of all around me. Nothing smells as sweet as the outdoors!

I touch the leaves, run my fingers through the grass, the soil. I touch the bark of the trees, take notice of the direction of each branch, each stem, each leaf, each petal.

All of my senses are filled. I feel one with the universe. I become one with nature.

Nature has survived long past human beings. It could probably tell us many things of time and endurance. I feel love for the living things of nature. They survive all the elements. Wind, rain, storms bend and pound them, but they persevere and continue in their unique beauty. They give to me quietly and wholly.

A strength grows inside me. How can I expect anything else from life? My soul flies toward the skies and I feel part and whole with the universe.

Nature doesn't make demands. It exists whether we tend to it or not. It asks nothing of us mortals and gives so much to those who open themselves to its silent messages—strength, perseverance, trusting, bendability, ever-changing beauty, acceptance. Ah, nature—my friend! I feel alive with you! Life has meaning!

By Diana S.

I have my own room to go to when I'm scared. I have all my favorite things in there. No one can come into my room except I let them. I play with my dolls and no one can hurt me. I am happy in my room.

By Carla

When I want to relax I get Junior and we go to the movies. I love the movies. My favorite are the funny ones because I like to laugh. I buy a big box of buttered popcorn and a box of milk duds because they are Junior's favorite. When we go to the movies we sit up front where we can see real good. We like 3-D movies too, but they don't make very many of them. Junior and I laugh and have fun. Going to the movies makes us feel warm and happy inside.

By Debby & Junior

Many times I feel a sense of panic deep inside. It feels as if everything is turning and turning. My body feels like it's pacing inside. There's an intense feeling of being trapped and doomed.

One of the ways that I've found to help is to sit down with a sketch pad and pencil and begin drawing. The pictures seem to flow as my hand moves across the paper. I watch the picture develop and I'm always surprised. When I begin I don't know what I'm going to draw, then the picture begins to take form and I can see what's there. When it's finished all of the feelings I had when I sat down are gone.

These pictures are very good. (Note: It took me years, with the help of my therapist, to appreciate the art talent. Because of my mother, I always threw my pictures away or hid them. Now I proudly give them as gifts and even have some hanging in my home.)

Some of the pictures I've created myself. Other pictures are given to me by my alters. But no matter whose pictures flow through my hand, the feeling is always of relief when I'm finished. The feelings I had when I sat down to draw are gone, and I'm able to function again.

By Iris M.



Recently we have been working hard at communicating with each other, sharing thoughts and feelings both in a common journal and in our head, and we agree that this has helped to lower everybody's anxiety level. Along with helping us feel better, increased communication helps us coordinate activities specifically for relaxation. Things we find useful include listening to music, cuddling with our lover, doing needlepoint, going for walks, and spending time with our pets. We do most of those every day. If we have a difficult day at work, we sit down, close our eyes and take deep breaths. This is something our therapist taught us and uses in our sessions with her.

If someone is having flashbacks or is remembering something painful, one of us can do the deep breathing, visualize our entire body feeling relaxed, and remind the person to stay in the present. We keep reminding them that memories, though painful, are memories, not the abuse happening again, and they'll be OK. This helps a lot, and the more we do it the better we get. As time goes by, we are getting so someone can almost always respond to a child who is scared. Since we have a lot of children who get scared often, this is extremely useful.

Talking to each other and being sensitive to each other helps us to be able to take care of ourselves. It's taken time to learn this. We could not have come this far without the help of our partner whose love nurtures us each day, and our very capable and compassionate therapist. With their guidance we are seeing more and more that communication is the path to being more relaxed and calm.

By Carmen, Eddie,
Spice, Zino & Suzanne



I Think, Therefore We Are

By Elizabeth K.

A multiple who is married, has children, lives with a roommate, or who even has a particularly strong attachment to a housepet is generally understood when speaking in the plural. "We went to the movies last night," is vague, but obviously acceptable. No one at the water cooler will raise so much as an eyebrow, let alone a storm of protest. However, "We took a bubble bath," —no matter how accurate—is going to require an immediate explanation! For some of us, the matter is resolved by refusing to speak in complete sentences, thereby dismissing the issue of personal pronouns entirely. The only problem with that is our conversations sound like telegrams: "...went to the mall last Saturday...saw Mavis and the twins...moving to Cincinnati...bought a dress at Fader's..." and so on. If we (you) do this regularly, all of our (your) friends might run into each other at the audiologist's office or develop facial tics.

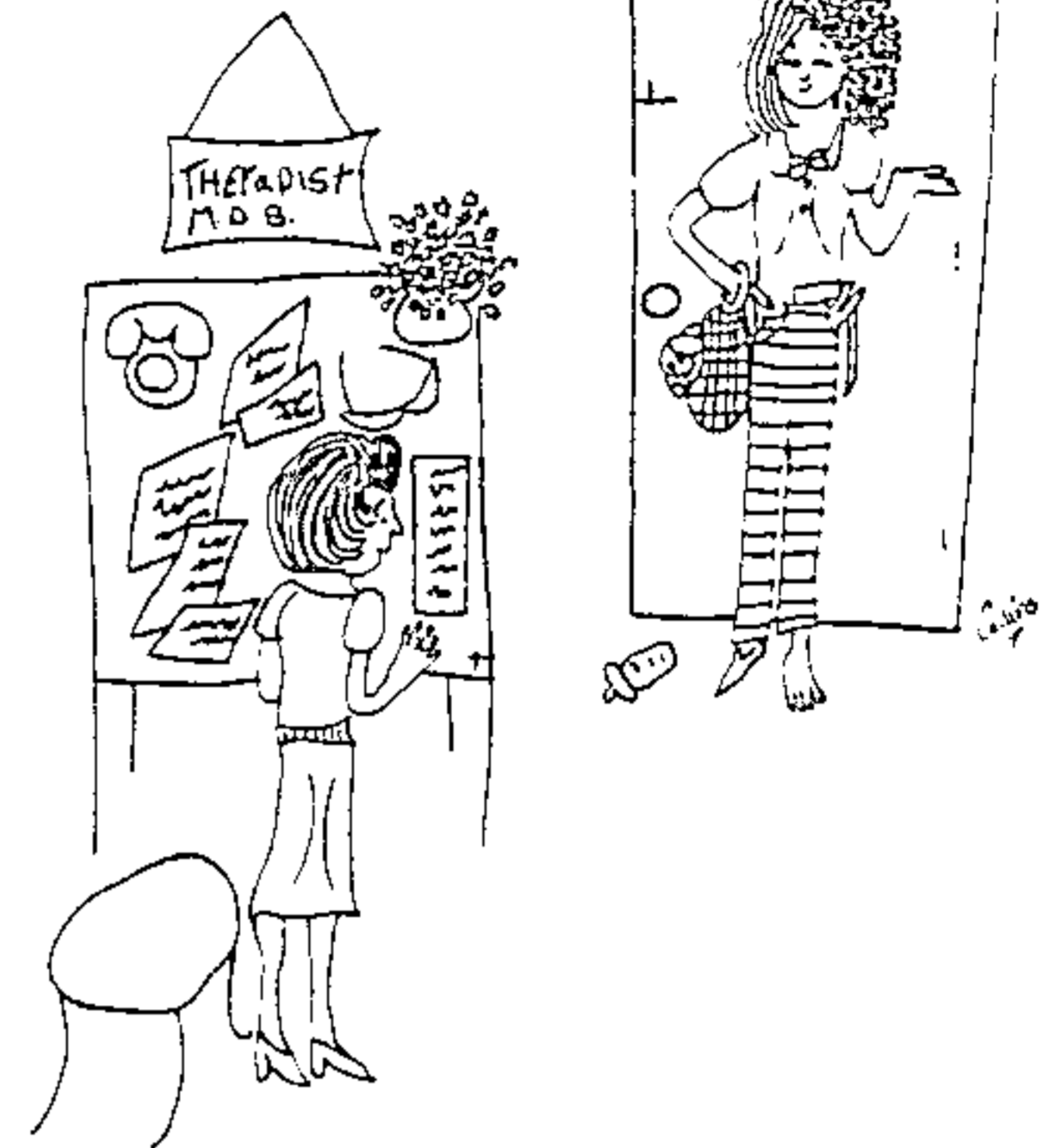
It gets complicated. For those of us who *do* attempt complete sentences, there is the hidden danger of subject-predicate disagreement. This awkwardness is usually the result of having to use more than six words in a spoken message and forgetting how you (we) began, resulting in something that sounds like: "I was going to take the cake-decorating course, but dropped it because we already have a problem with cellulite." If the speaker had stopped after the "it", and simply waited for a polite inquiry, he (she) (you) might have bettered the odds of being comprehensible.

I (we) know a man who constantly refers to himself by name, dispensing with pronouns altogether. The last time he used one was in 1968, when he said, "I do". And he's not even a multiple, just a corporation executive with a Freudian analyst. I don't recommend George's solution. I've been to stockholders' meetings where he's spoken, and after listening to "George feels..." and "George believes..." and even, "George estimates..." there's enough shredded Kleenex around the table for a reasonably large ticker tape parade. It makes people uncomfortable.

And it isn't as though we could stop talking and just nod. Or point. We're multiples after all, and as such, we have a lot more to say than most people. Lately, I've been practicing a technique I learned from my friend, Ruth. Hum-talking. I think it has real promise. It works for Ruth, and she has a six-year-old son who repeats everything he hears. Everything! And Ruth is no Girl Scout. Anyway, whenever Ruth wants to speak discreetly in Junior's presence, she hums on the indiscreet words and it comes out sounding like: "That gaaaaawdaaaaa dog from next door just took a crrrrrrraw on my rosebush!" Junior hears all about dogs, doors, and rosebushes in complete sentences, and Ruth has expressed herself even more completely. Everyone's happy including the dog. So far, I can only hum-talk pronouns, and I still sound like my grandfather did when his upper plate was loose. But I'm going to keep working at it. You bet we am!

MV

Fünnyside
OF THE
MULTISIDE



"You said to Cooperate.."

Ideas Wanted

It's clear that we would all benefit from a stronger voice in society. I have never been a fundraiser and still don't feel comfortable with that role. But I'd like to create a mechanism through **MANY VOICES** to develop channels for a smooth transfer of complaints, problems, legal and financial needs, etc., to appropriate and useful parties.

We can't solve all problems, but perhaps if we work together we can make a dent on a few thick skulls out there, in medicine and government. If you have ideas or know experts who would be interested in helping us with health care advocacy, legal support or intervention, insurance issues, etc., please share your knowledge with us! —LW

There's got to be *someone* who thinks it's nice!

Ever get in a bind and not want to have to lie? Well, there's an advantage to being multiple. With so many different opinions, there's *bound* to be someone who thinks it's nice. Let them out long enough to respond to those awkward moments!

By L.S., E.L., & Legion.

Excuses

By Michael

I go into a store and pick up a few items that I need. When I place them on the counter to pay for them, suddenly a little one surfaces.

"That will be \$14.89," says the clerk as she looks at me. I begin to shake in fear. I only brought my check book and I've suddenly forgotten how to write. I can feel the baby coming and I know it won't be long before I'll make a fool of myself. I only have a few minutes, maybe only seconds.

"Oh darn! I left my check book in the car. Could you hold this stuff aside for a moment so I can go get it?" Then I rush out to the car and lock myself in and wait.

The baby comes...but she doesn't have the strength to stay long. When she rests, I am shaky, but now able to write the check out in the privacy of the car. Quickly I rush into the store and pay for the items, then leave.

At work, the angry one pops out and tells off the boss. Later I go back in and humbly beg his forgiveness...I've been up all night with a sick child at home or my Uncle is dying or just when he walked in I came down with a migraine. Since I'm normally a good worker, he accepts this and,

after a short chewing out, I'm forgiven.

A neighbor asks why I keep putting my trash into her cans. I say that I don't remember doing that. She says that can't be, as we had a long conversation over it the other day in which I promised that I'd cease the activity. I tell her that things at work and at home have become so pressing that I just can't seem to keep my mind on anything for very long. I'm so sorry. I'll move my trash cans to the other side of the yard to try and avoid the mistake again. She accepts that.

EXCUSES! How many of them can a person come up with? EXCUSES to the outside world to seem normal, just under a little stress. I've developed so many of them that I sometimes tend to use them with people who KNOW what's wrong with me when I switch.

"What's wrong?" they ask.

"Oh nothing...just daydreaming," I answer, when in reality I'm having a violent internal war with the one who doesn't want to live.

"You don't seem yourself, today," comments my therapist.

"Oh, it's just things at work.

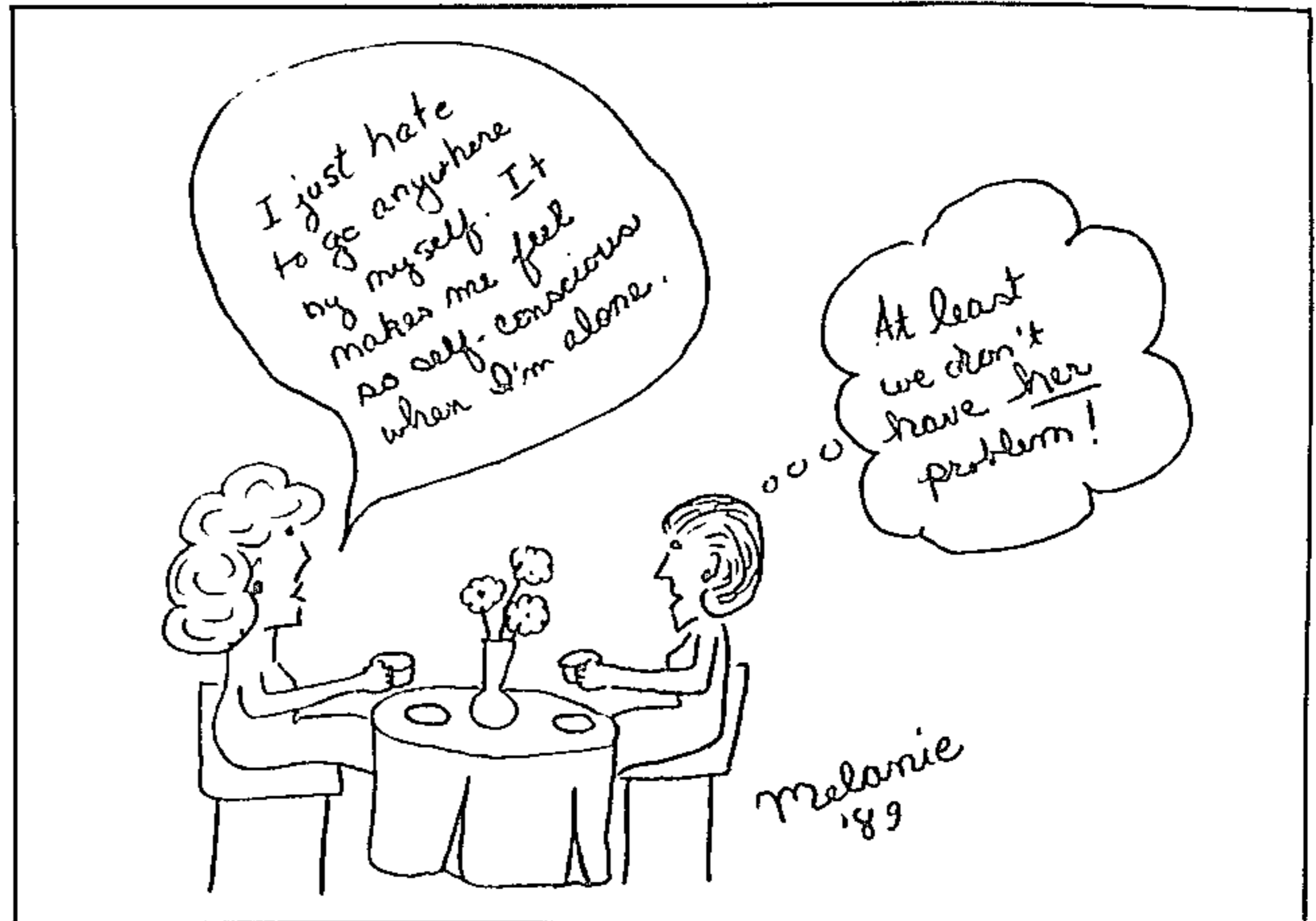
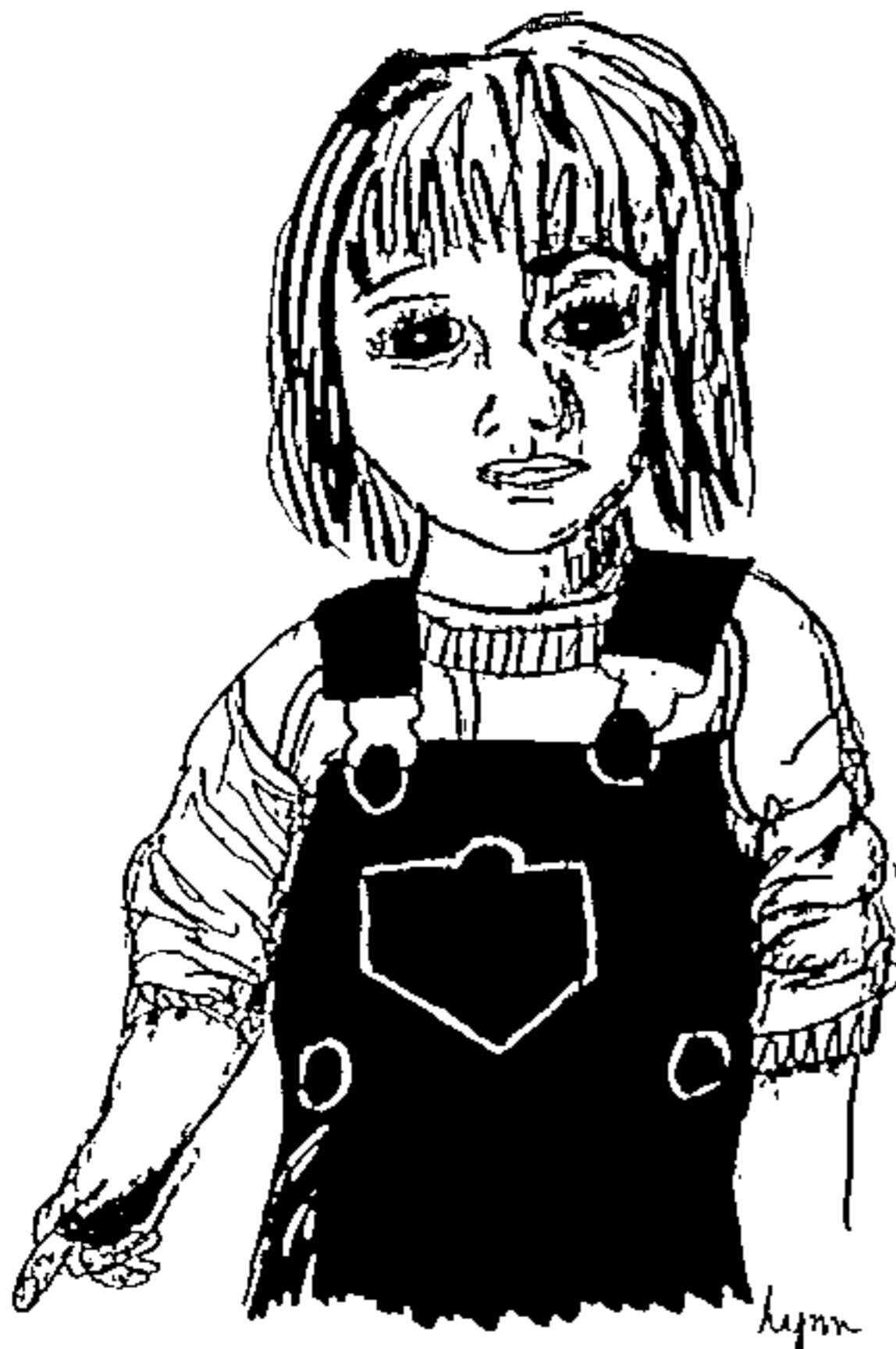
Nothing, really," I say, when in reality all my parts are in such an uproar that there is *no way* I could explain what is happening or even why.

EXCUSES. I live my life in a world of excuses and internal denial. I don't want any of this to be true, but it seems that every day SOMETHING happens that confirms it.

My therapist is gentle with me and often tries to sneak around my excuses and denials hoping to get at them from another angle that I won't recognize. It rarely works. I have a wall around me and each part guards the cracks. If he attempts to enter through one of those cracks, the warning is sounded and all my parts rush to the defense. When I let him inside nothing makes any sense. He assures me that someday it will, but I just get frustrated. "TIME," he says. "It takes time," and then he holds me as I cry.

TIME has always been the enemy...so elusive, so many minutes and hours that I don't remember. Now TIME must become my friend. Sometimes I wonder if I have enough of it to be cured.

If not, what EXCUSE will I give God when I stand before Him? MV



Note: This delightful children's story was sent to me several months ago by a therapist. One of her clients wrote it. It's longer than usual, and I wasn't sure we'd have room for it. So I returned the original, and in the process, misplaced the name of the therapist and author. I hope someone will write to me so I can properly recognize the contributors. Thank you — and I hope ALL of you enjoy this as I did! — LW

To the Little Child, Becky

Dear Becky,

I know that you do not know who I am, but I know you are having a very hard time. I have had many of the same kinds of pain you are having. I don't have much to give you, except a short story about a little potato. Read it and write me what you think it means to you:

In the beginning, Little Potato was a strong sturdy vegetable. Lying underground, she thrived on the warmth of the soil and on the cold water that trickled down from the rain. This little potato was so hardy, she had a chance to be anything in the world that she wanted to be.

However, in the same field and also underground were some bigger potatoes. They told Little Potato that she was crazy and they would eat her if she didn't do as they said. She was too small and helpless to fight back.

Little Potato was so frightened she decided to let the bigger potatoes do anything they wanted with her so she wouldn't be eaten. Even after all the potatoes were picked, including Little Potato, she kept quiet and tried to accept the many horrible things that happened to her.

But after one particularly hard time when two of the biggest potatoes pushed nails into her sides, one of Little Potato's eyes closed and would not open. Little Potato always healed very rapidly and damage to her insides soon passed, but the eye still would not open.

After each time something bad happened to Little Potato, another eye closed. She didn't notice what was happening at first, because she had so many eyes and could still see quite well, but gradually things became dimmer and dimmer. Her responses to the beauty around her began to disappear. Little Potato just thought this was normal because no one seemed concerned. After so many hard times and so much pain, all of Little Potato's eyes finally closed except one, and her world became shockingly different.

What had happened to Little Potato to make her world so different? It's hard to say, but I believe a large part of herself had gone to some dark place inside her body to hide and to forget.

In darkness—I mean in the very darkest of darkness—bad things for Little Potato could not be seen at all. Her shame and guilt, her fear, her distorted views of reality and her pain were covered with this darkness and blotted out. What had first started as darkness just being misplaced in her mind, was now darkness which was totally lost, and like a thing hidden in an attic, was also forgotten.

With one eye Little Potato functioned fairly well in her newly dimmed world, and to those who looked at her, she still seemed almost normal. She was slow, this is true, because she only partly saw what was in front of her. She walked funny and bumped into things. People thought she was lazy, drugged, retarded or crazy sometimes, but most of the time they ignored her behavior and accepted her learning problems as all right for a slow potato.

When she cried or complained, her elder potatoes reminded her, "Look at all the wonderful things you have. You, Little Potato, don't know what hard times are. You should see yourself as a very fortunate little potato with so many opportunities waiting at your door!" Her elders would then walk away in disgust.

But of course, Little Potato couldn't see well at all, and didn't understand what the people talked about. She thought if she didn't see things the way others did, maybe she was crazy after all.

Many years after, the hard times

and pain for Little Potato had passed, and the bad potatoes finally had died. Much to her relief, Little Potato felt alone with her somewhat normal self. However, she always felt something was missing.

More and more saddened by a dark side she knew nothing about, Little Potato tried to make life for herself. But as time went by she felt everything was lost and life itself would not carry her one more step.

So Little Potato sat on a log shaking her head and staring aimlessly on the ground where she had once been a baby. As she looked from one pebble to another she discovered a tiny golden crumb. Being very hungry, she picked up the crumb and ate it. Inside her head she experienced a little spark of light. She was still hungry and looked around for another crumb. To her surprise, she discovered more golden crumbs placed, as if on purpose, in a long winding line. She ate one crumb after another, and with each crumb she experienced a spark of light in her head.

When she was completely full, she found herself in front of a beautiful white castle. She pushed a buzzer and was escorted into the castle by a potato that had eyes larger than any she had ever seen in her life. After meeting some very kind potatoes who also had large eyes, and who gave her more crumbs to eat and a place to spend the night, Little Potato fell into a deep and peaceful sleep.

The next day the same wide-eyed potatoes not only treated her kindly, but began to tell her she was a good potato and things that happened to her were not her fault. Of course, she

(cont'd on page 13)

(Becky cont'd)

didn't believe them, and her poor eyesight did not allow her to see just how much these wide-eyed potatoes really knew.

But after awhile she began to try some of the things they told her to do. One wide-eyed potato wanted her to tell what had caused her eyes to close the way they had. Little Potato said she had no idea!

Then she was given a crumb, which of course set off a spark in her mind. Wide-eyes asked, "Did you see anything?"

"No!" Little Potato was disappointed. Another crumb set off a second spark of light. Still nothing. Finally, after several crumbs, Little Potato cried, "I see something very dimly lit." It was a bent rusted nail lying on the damp musty floor of the dark attic in her mind.

Little Potato thought about this rusty nail for awhile and she began to remember something that had happened to her so long ago. Wide-eyes could see that she was remembering and encouraged her to talk about what had happened. Little Potato thought the actual telling would hurt her, that she would be eaten. But reluctantly she told Wide-eyes what had happened: that the nail had been pushed into her side.

Almost immediately a low steady light appeared in that part of the attic where she had seen the nail. This time it was not a spark in her mind. This time the light was real, because one of her many closed eyes had opened. Little Potato felt the warmth

of the light. She watched the light beam with comfort and she felt a little safer with the light turned on in her attic.

Wide-eyes told her as soon as she felt strong enough to look around in her partially-lit attic, to see what else she could find. Little Potato saw many horrible things, but they were still and dusty, and each time when she told of her past experiences one more eye opened and let in warmth. After many days of looking and seeing more and more things in this attic, finally all her eyes were fully open.

She turned to Wide-eyes and said, "You know what? This attic is a mess! I can see that now, and I believe I am strong enough to clean my attic." So slowly at first, and sometimes with great effort and pain, Little Potato picked up unbelievably heavy and sharp things. She carried them outside and put them in a great pile. She tied them up and left them for the garbage collector.

Back inside her attic, it seemed brighter than ever. She was so overwhelmed by the magnitude of her finished project, she sat down and cried with happiness. Wide-eyes took her by the hand and led her to a mirror. She could not believe what she saw. In the mirror, all her eyes looked back at her. They were no longer eyes of a normal size, but had become the most amazingly wonderful wide eyes that she had ever seen.

With such wide eyes she could see so much better. She accepted the warmth the light gave her, and she

beamed with happiness as she radiantly felt, for the first time, like a whole potato—maybe even *more* than a whole potato.

After realizing who she really was, Little Potato told the other Wide-eyes that she had to leave soon. She could now see such beauty that she had to make use of every bit of her eyesight. So she thanked her wide-eyed friends for caring enough to help open her eyes. And then she said goodbye.

One of the Wide-eyes handed her a beautiful box and told her to open it on the way. When she opened it later, she found that the box was packed with delicious cookies which filled her mind with the light of good memories she had experienced in the castle with all of her wide-eyed friends.

And to this day, Little Potato sees things so well that she spends much of her time enjoying the beauty around her.

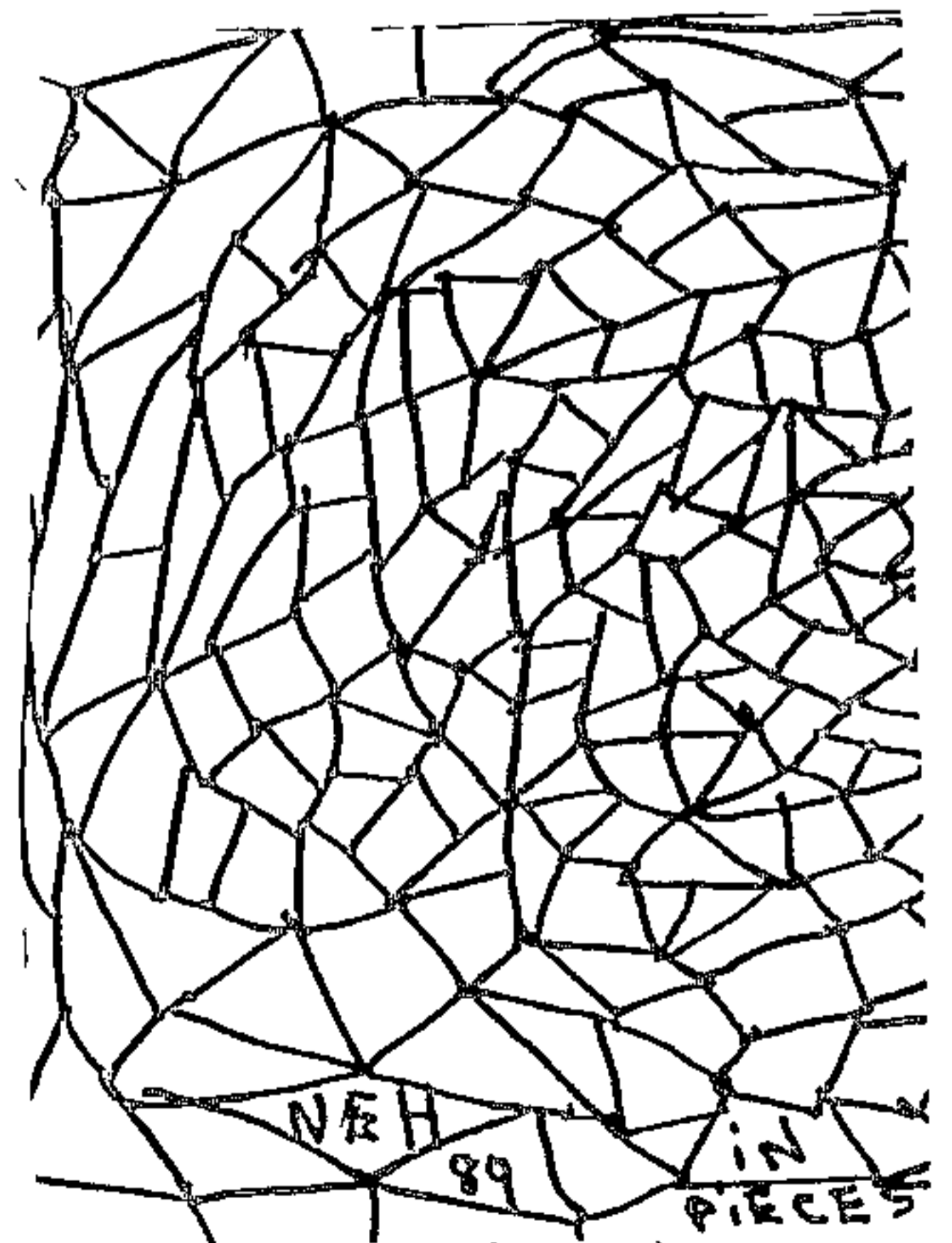
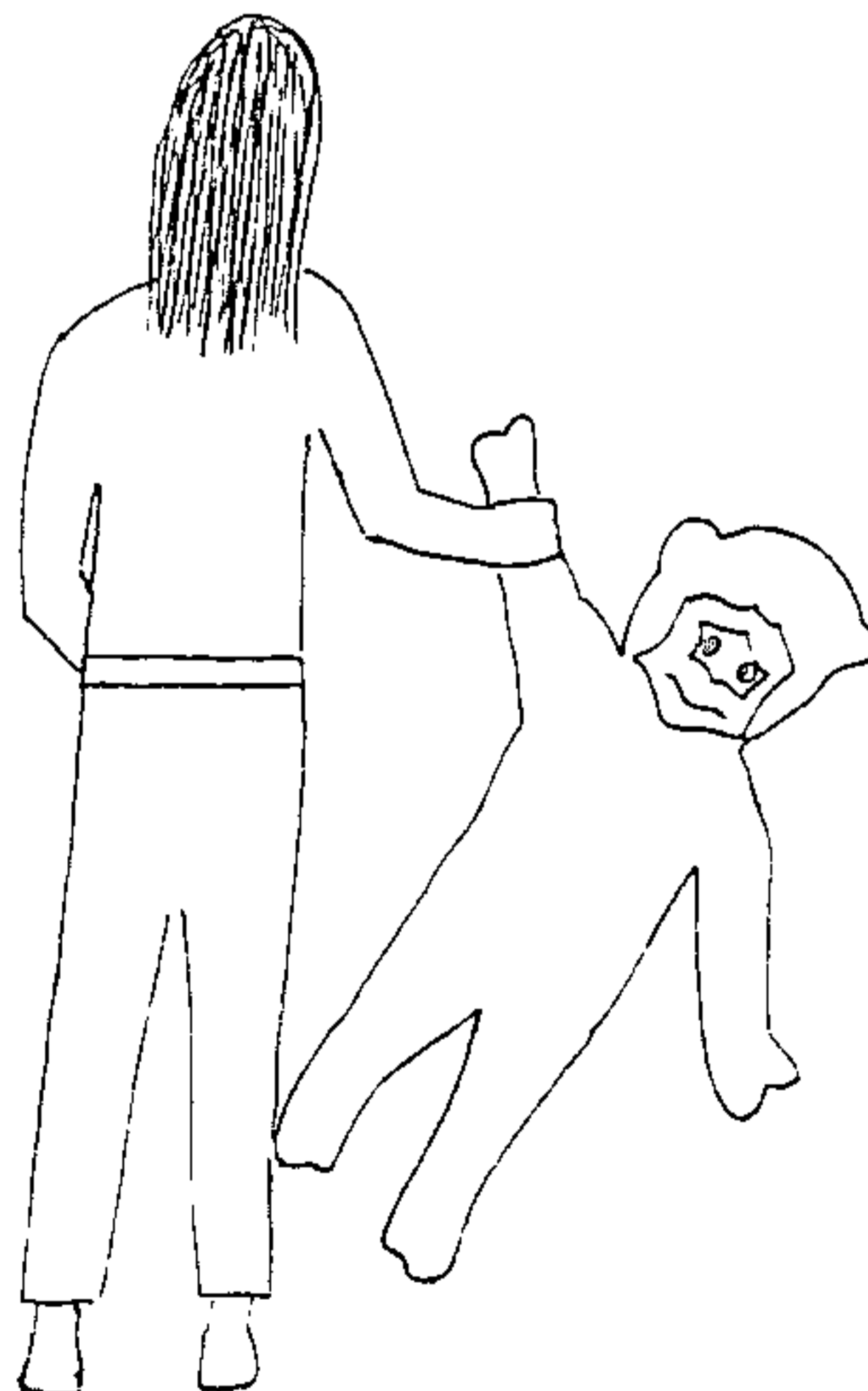


Becky, I hope this story will give you the courage and hope it will take to make a long journey into the dark hidden attic of your mind. Because if you can stay on the path of getting well, healing beyond your farthest dreams will take place. Please continue your journey until you become a whole person with eyes opened to the beauty around you.

—Your Special Friend

MV

ME AND TOBIE
GOING TO SEE
IRENE
HAVEN



Significant Others of Multiple Personality Victims

By Bob

We are a very small group, by percentages. We might even be an endangered species, but I don't think so. We are what we are because we love somebody, or a lot of people rolled up into one. They are with us because at least "somebody in there" loves us back.

I determined, three years ago, that the degree of anguish, helplessness, and rage I felt over my wife's crisis memories and pain, were a direct measure of how much I loved her. It took me over completely, leaving me unable to function professionally or otherwise... I must have loved her a lot! She's fully integrated now and, if it's possible, I think I might love her even more.

For the most part, marriages don't survive MPD. For the most part this is understandable, but I can look back now and honestly

say that I wouldn't trade the experience, or my marriage, for anything. This is not to say it was easy, fighting the cult-programmed alters, or hearing the child-alters' accounts of what they had been through. These were the most horribly painful and frightening experiences of MY life. But helping the "kids" with their pain, watching them heal, taking them camping and watching them play with my kids, and hearing the first "I love you Dad..." from someone whose love I'd earned, were the best.

When we were shunned by "friends" who chose to remain ignorant, it was an adult alter who became my best friend, advisor, confidant, and shoulder.

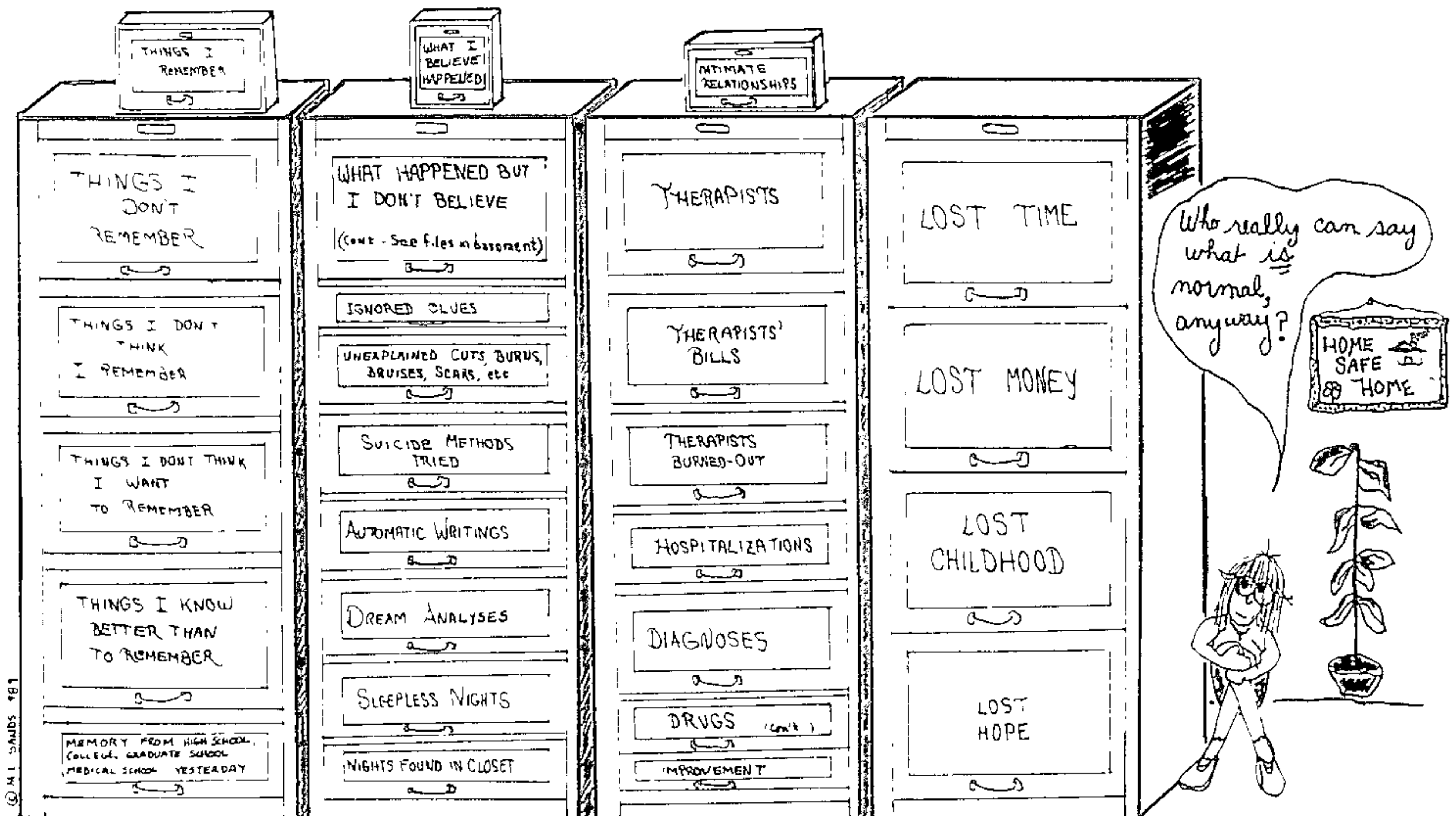
I cried for three days when the final integrations took place. I'd lost a family I had grown to love. I understand that most significant others don't get that attached... it's their loss. I see glimpses, now and then, of my alter friends and family. I miss them, but they don't miss me... they're still there, and the special feelings we developed for each other are still there. They're my ONE wife now, and I'm damn lucky to have her.

I don't know how many of us there are... but if you feel alone, as I did, contact me... I've been there.

If you're thinking about bailing out... talk to me first. Leaving means everyone loses; sticking it out means everyone CAN win.

(Note: You may write to Bob directly, at 2001-1 Calle La Sombra, Simi Valley, CA 93063.)

AT HOME, MATTIE CONSIDERS HER THERAPIST'S SUGGESTION THAT SHE MAY HAVE SOME DENIAL...



LIB. SPTS. TM



Books

The Obsidian Mirror: an adult healing from incest

©1988 by Loise M. Wischild
278 pgs.

Published by The Seal Press, P.O. Box 13, Seattle, WA 98111. \$10.95 paperback.

I kept seeing this book on lists of suggested reading, so I was pleased to run across it on one of my frequent bookstore "sweeps". This is one of the best books I've found by an incest survivor.

Although the author is not a multiple, she chose to write about her feelings as voices or parts of her personality. I think the names and descriptions of these voices will sound right to some of you!

SARAH: "...an inner voice I hear telling me I'm bad. She is a part of my personality who threatens me with repeating critical thoughts. ... I see a prematurely old woman with a tight mouth and a worried forehead. Sarah has told me that I'm bad and hopeless for as long as I remember. She often quotes God and my grandfather against me."

FUCKIT: "When she speaks, I defiantly harden my chest and poke out my chin. When I visualize Fuckit, I see her wearing flannel shirts, jeans, and loud

socks. I like her even though Sarah makes me feel guilty when I listen to her. Fuckit hates being told what to do. 'Fuck you!' she says, 'Leave me alone! I won't listen to Sarah! I don't care if I do go to hell!'"

SURE VOICE: This voice seems to know everying (an ISH?). "I don't intend to tell you what to do... I have been collecting your experiences. It is time to review them. It is time for you to see.' She sounds definite. 'You carry your past within your self,' the voice says firmly. 'You have been in school for a long time now. It is time you started learning something'... 'Do you think I'll make it?' I finally ask. 'I've always thought I would die before I turned thirty.' 'Sure,' the voice says. 'I'm sure.'"

CARRIE: This voice came while the author was attending school to learn massage therapy. "I was born in the pulsing of your hands. I began in touch when you felt another's body without hatred... I hold your dreams about the future."

YOUNGERONES, as various ages, are other voices.

This is a book about healing. Do yourself a favor, and read it.

—Annie

Dear Lynn.

I like a book called Picnic. It is about many mice. They go on a picnic. The little mouse gets lost behind. Then the other mice remember. They go find the little one. The little mouse got sad alone. It was nice to be found and not be so all alone and sad.

I am a little one too. I get sad. And other little ones get sad too. The other bigger parts remember us sometimes. Then we are not so sad alone. They let us listen to music we like.

This book has no words. Just pictures to see. I like it. And we read it to help us feel better.

I wanted to tell you about this book. Other peoples little parts might like it too. I wish I knew more good books. Do you know any?

Picnic is by Emily Arnold McCully. Picnic is printed by Harper and Row. I paid \$3.95 for it.

us littleones.
Susan P.

Coming up!

February 1990

Alternatives/adjuncts to individual psychotherapy Support groups, bodywork, holistic methods, personal study, self-hypnosis etc. When and how you've selected "what feels right" for you. Also, negotiating therapy payment options. ART Draw who/what helps in healing. DEADLINE for submissions: December 1, 1989

April 1990

The Twilight Zone: Working with dreams and experiences. Dealing with nightmares. 'Lucid' dreaming. Dreams as memory precursors. ART Draw a dream image that helped you. DEADLINE for submissions: Feb. 1, 1990

June 1990

Accepting diagnosis and developing co-consciousness. Videotaping? Journals? What helped you know or trust your self/selves? ART Making peace with your parts. DEADLINE for submissions: April 1, 1990



Seasons Greetings

August 1990

Limit-setting and boundaries in therapy. Input from clients and therapists on appropriate phone calls, touching questions, social interaction. ART Draw the part of you that knows the difference between safety and danger. DEADLINE for submissions: June 1, 1990

October 1990

Grief. Accepting loss in order to heal. How to "work through" grief. ART: Draw your path through grief. DEADLINE for submissions: August 1, 1990

December 1990

Relationships with "outsiders": children, friends, spouses, significant others. Who do you tell about your diagnosis? When and how much do you tell? Dealing with negative response. ART: Draw you and your friends/family. DEADLINE for submissions: October 1, 1990.

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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