

POP - CORNER

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REFLECTIONS ON ISRAEL

Arny gave an introductory seminar for lay people and professionals in Israel during the last week in March. It was his first trip to the mid-east and he was accompanied by about six other members of the POP community. The POPCORNER conducted the following interview shortly after his return to Switzerland.

Popcorner: Why did you go to Israel and what were your goals in going there?

Arny: Somebody offered us a job and my goal was to learn about conflict.

P: What did you learn about conflict?

A: Oh, wow, what I learned about conflict, are you serious? The biggest thing I learned about conflict is that the outer thing that you read in the newspapers about war is nothing in comparison to the war everybody has within themselves. And that is the important thing and is where conflict resolution begins. It begins with processing the hatred and bombs that people have inside themselves. Peace on the outside will never work without processing the conflict that is inside everyone. We went into the cinema and we were checked for bombs but I thought to myself that the bombs are in everybody's heart and that they have to work there.

P: Did you find that at your seminar people were interested in processing those bombs and that hatred?

A: I didn't find that people were interested in processing it. People at war are interested in your sympathy regarding their position. It's like a couple divorcing -- they don't want to understand their partner in themselves yet, first they need sympathy and coalition and understanding about their side and then you can gently approach the subject of what is happening internally. It's the only thing that works, it's buddhistic. You can try being intelligent and recommending to the people that they look at their opposite, but they'll tell you that you haven't lived here long enough and you don't understand.

P: How do you work with that attitude?

A: The best way is to say, "Yes, I've only been here a short time, teach me, teach me."

P: Were there any other differences working in a country at war than in a country at peace?

A: There were big differences. In a country at war every spot is at war. In the hotel you go into, the concierge is at war. You go to a private home and the mother is at war with the daughter over the same issues that the country is fighting about. Everybody is in conflict over those issues and the Arab and Jew can be found in every single spot in the country so if you just walk, you find it everywhere. We got into a taxi and asked the taxi driver how things were going in

Israel. He told us everything was fine but then asked us what was ticking in our bag. We told him it was not a bomb but our alarm clock; and this is the war.

P: But in a country at peace you find conflict all over, as well.

A: Yes but not about the same things. There are big content differences. People all over are in conflict and jealous. But in a country at war it's a hologram; everyone is involved in the same thing. The conflict is between those who want to join the opponent and those who want to kill it. It is always the same theme and there are different parties around it. So the actual connection between the Jews and Arabs is the smallest part. That is the amazing thing.

P: Do you think you are finding a way to make psychological work or awareness work relevant to people primarily concerned with an outer situation?

A: Yes, I'm 50% there but in 5 years I'll be closer. I don't feel I'm at the point with large groups yet that I am, for example, with small families and units. I'm optimistic about being able to make huge changes rapidly but I'm not there yet.

P: Do you know where you're growing or do you have a vision of that?

A: Uh, what a question that is. I need to grow and learn how to keep my center while I'm being hit by two opposite

EDITORIAL

by Joseph Goodbread

What a profession we have chosen for ourselves Who in his right mind would do such a thing?

What is it that we do? Ostensibly, we are helpers. Depending on your viewpoint, we are midwives, shamans, analysts, doctors of the body and soul, but what we have in common is that we dare to venture into realms that common sense would tell us to leave well enough alone. Where others are happy for a little peace and quiet, we go after those little double signals which seem at first to lead only to confusion and chaos. Where others might soothe a pain, we tease it to get it to show us its meaning and intent. Where others are content to make a wide circle around the hospitals and mental institutions, we beg for admission that we may work with those who are in the most extreme of situations that a person can find himself in. Why do we do this?

I needn't speak of the rewards, if it weren't for those we surely would all be doing something different. In fact, it often seems as though the chance to look in on the extremes of the human condition is a privilege rather than a right. But privilege seldom comes free. With what currency do we pay for this one?

The first is surely the comfort of certainty. In most other professions we can fall back upon accepted technique; here, at the limits of human experience there is only faith in our own abilities and the model of a small but ever-growing body of colleagues and teachers who have walked this path and have not perished, have suffered the agony of not knowing, of wrestling with personal complexes and inner critics, and have survived, may even have helped, and certainly have come away from the experience with more knowledge than they had before.

The second is the comfort of innocent relationships. We are finding that it is far easier to help our clients work at and over their relationship edges than it is for us to take our own medicine. When confronted with the necessity of supporting or even criticizing ourselves and our colleagues, we, like our clients, often find it easier to take the edgeless path.

It is a time of great experimentation in the POP community. All sorts of conflicts arise. Can we find our own path and still remain friends with our teachers and our colleagues? Can we have the freedom to exercise our enthusiasm and creativity in working with the collective and still remain democratic and open to the ideas of others? This juxtaposition of the individual and the collective is one of the thorniest and potentially painful issues in the world today. As each of us tries to work this out for ourselves, it may be comforting to realize that there is no simple, ready-made solution. It is a matter of research and exploration. Keeping this in mind over the coming months and years may change the business of defining and transforming POP, on both a local and international scale, from an agonizing chore to an adventure in mutual learning and awareness.

Letters to the editors
and editorials are
WELCOME.



MY LIFE AS A STUDENT

by Renate Ackermann

Maybe I'm not a very typical student, but since I was asked to write an article about students, I'd like to take the opportunity to talk about myself.

For three years I have been an official POP student. I was lucky that the day I was supposed to be introduced at the GV (General Assembly), an old friend of mine invited me to her wedding party. Sure enough, I would have been miserable waiting for the GV to start, hoping to see a few familiar faces. I can picture myself discouraged, realizing that the people I felt close to were busy kissing everybody else hello and that I wasn't their only friend (as I had wished in my boldest dreams). I snuck out of that, but could very well feel with one of the new students who told me at the last student meeting a similar experience.

A next big step in my career as a POP student was the first set of exams. Used to the Swiss University system, the exam philosophy in POP challenged me a lot. So far, my experience had been that personal interests, relationship issues and other unpredictable events had been very undesirable occurrences during exams and not only the students, but also the professors tried hard to ignore them. All of a sudden, a good brain wasn't the key to a sure success, but deeper layers of my personality needed to be accessed.

This wasn't the only attitude change I had to make as a student in POP. Unlike my previous experience, being a student isn't a state you are in until you pass the final exams, but it is considered a role. And strangely enough, you are even welcomed to switch roles and become a teacher once in a while. As I understand, it is actually a goal of the study program to become fluid enough to be able to occupy different roles and not be stuck in one place. This is very exciting and challenging and frees you from a boring identity. Being a student in POP is less a matter of fitting the right category than of an inner attitude. A student is someone who is interested in learning, no matter how advanced he or she is in the training.

This is a very new way of looking at a study program. It gives the students as many rights and possibilities as the teachers. Everyone can have both roles.

But sometimes I get screwed up and catch myself being trapped
CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

new seminar leaders arrive

by Adam Zwig

This past April, at Army's meditation and relationship seminars, there were several seminar assistants on hand who created a whole new atmosphere. The assistants: Moses, Mordecai, and Doch were so well received that they will be offering their own workshops in the fall.

Meet Moses: a husky Israeli who seemed at times to overshadow Army's usually strong presence in working with people. Moses is infinitely wise and incredibly creative with psychological interventions. For example, he pretended to have sex with one rather excited client but was actually pretending, and following the client's signals all along. In addition, Moses teamed up with Army on many

occasions to imitate a couple's strange behavior (Moses' idea). Moses will be leading his own workshop in September entitled: "How To Be Wise And Say 'Stuff It' When Necessary".

Meet Mordecai: of unknown ancestry, Mordecai is a handsome therapist with sharp wits. While sometimes a little green around the gills (there was a virus going around at the seminar) Mordecai managed to keep up the group's energy with his smart interventions and jokes. Several times, for example, Mordecai donned a pair of designer sunglasses right in the middle of a couple's work which distracted most of the onlookers and allowed a couple to go over an important edge -- brilliant trick Mordy. And Mordecai seemed to do all the right things just based on his

good looks; most people fell in love with him immediately. Mordecai is offering an October workshop in process-oriented grooming techniques as well as supervision.

Doch used to be with Barnum and Baley (on the trapeeze) making him acutely aware of movement processes. Several times at the seminar Doch did big bodywork and movement work with clients in trouble. His big verbal intervention seems to be in response to clients' complaints: he often replies with the pat phrase "doch." His cousin "Ebe" will be his assistant at his November seminar entitled: "Monkey Business". Mosy, Mordy, and Dochy we love you, as well as, all of the other stuffed animal therapists -- Wally, Mooky, Teddy, Homer, Life, Ducky, Helium etc...

PRESENTING: THE WAYS OF POP NEW ENGLAND

by Elke O'Donnell

So far we have been relatively quiet on the national and international POP scene. Only recently did we start to go more public by planning and organizing an East Coast Intensive and editing our first newsletter, "POPPourri". Our initial hesitation to become more visible was due to the closeness and intimacy of the "old group" which originally gathered around Douglas Williams in 1983 to attend the first workshop Army gave in New England.

After that workshop this group met monthly for a whole day in order to recapture what Army had taught them. Army returned every summer and in the course of time, a few people left and a few new ones joined.

Then, in the spring and summer of 1987, workshops given by Max and Joe (who had also worked with us before) as well as a well-attended public lecture given by Army in Cambridge, Ma. sparked such interest that we were suddenly flooded with requests to join the old group. We felt truly overwhelmed, terrified, and unable to open the door to the many knocking hands.

It was right for us that we didn't. But we felt responsible for enabling others to have an ongoing experience of POP and decided to create

two regional groups to which the members of the "old group" fully committed themselves. It worked well and these groups developed their own unique characters.

The "old group" meanwhile carries on. We drive long distances (by New England standards) of 2-4 hours -- one person even flies in from New York -- to get together for a day every month. Frequently, we spend the night, too, and the two houses which have become our meeting places by now feel like second homes.

We begin each gathering by naming those who cannot be with us that day. They always let us know why so that we can think of them...

We have come to value deeply the time we allow for everyone to tell her or his story -- whenever there is one to be told. The story simply stands for itself; we don't attempt to explain or analyze it; we don't give advice; we just listen. I have come to experience this as the weaving together of the myth of our small community.

There were times when the sharing of our stories took most of the day and not much POP work per se was done. Looking back on that time I now understand that we were working on making our container strong. The storytelling was a preparation for the intense and hard work that was to follow.

(It also made it possible to create a steering committee out of that group which now is laying the groundwork for a larger POP N.E. organization).

The bonds that have formed between us and the love carried through them are growing stronger through the work and the trust in it; and the more we work, the closer we get... We care for each other and I believe that without our stories our learning would have less depth and humanness.

I would like to share this one recent incident: One of our members had travelled to India and everybody awaited her return with anticipation. She arrived at our last meeting and sat there unusually quiet while we were planning the day. Then, when we asked her to tell us about her trip, tears filled her eyes while she reached into her pocket to bring forth a little plastic bottle filled with water. "This is water from the Ganges I brought back for you" she said "and I would like to pour a few drops on the hands of each of you. And then, I need to work on something very painful." It was utterly quiet when she went around in the circle pouring a few drops of Ganges water into our hands and touching us one by one. There was something holy in the air....and after a few moments of silence, we started to work.

Nothing but love makes this possible. Blessed be.

DURING THE RELATIONSHIP SEMINAR

by Harsha Adler

There is a theory that says that everything that happens, happens for the first time. And thus, Moses, formerly a teddy-bear, born in Israel, was instantly recognized by Arny as the ideal co-therapist and invited to the valley of Rona, where the two, Arny and Moses, took care of all the problems that humans like to create in relationships in order to get to know themselves better.

Moses, endowed with wisdom as old as the world, nodded to the wildest dreams and was yet able to see through all our tricks and programmings. This new team set up a new field: we often saw Arny do a minimal intervention - think of minimal music - and then smile and the tiptoe back to his seat in the circle. Moses' seriousness, constellated a lot of humor, especially when couples accused each other of the same thing and after a short while no longer knew who was who and who had the problem. Therefore, Arny introduced exercises of discrimination training us to sort out the WE and NOT-WE. The WE was what the couple could identify with. Often "we have a difficult relationship," was the only item of agreement. This grew particularly juicy when one partner accused the other of having affairs on the side and lying about them. We found out that the accused actually liked lying and that the accuser also had affairs. Out of this confusion emerged two teachers of wisdom, thoroughly versed in couple-relationships, and aware of its inevitable ups and downs.

We also saw Arny more and more playing the artist, touching the earth so lightly that you hardly notice him pass by. He would add a touch to the unfolding process and then stand back, out of the seekers' way. When working on edges and

couple's double edges he would beautifully slip into the person's role and say or do what they would say or do, if they could say or do it. Magic moments and deep trances thus preceded mini-satoris and opened the gate to new ways of being in the world. Mirroring took the group to moments of deep involvement when archetypal patterns were brought to full awareness by just lightly amplifying them. Role switching made all of us more aware of what happens when we refuse to embrace another definition of reality and many of us braved the challenge of daring to see the world differently. We often recognized that in order to understand ourselves, we needed to be understood by our partner. But in order to be understood by the partner, we needed to first understand the partner: and you are perfectly right in guessing that this was the point where heads would turn towards Arny with signals indicating the need for help.

Confusion, a part of many processes, was a way of sharpening our senses and attention to detail. It was sometimes the point of going back a few steps and re-living parts of the process in slow motion, similar to an awareness continuum. Sometimes it also became the starting point for letting-go and freeing one's mind through deliberate inattention so as to bring out the secondary process and break out of the old pattern. Order and chaos, as we know, are only determined by the perspective of the observer. Out of one chaos danced Rumpelstilzchen ... others gave birth to street fighters, liars, octopusses and many more, and the habit of looking for right and wrong fell into oblivion. Two courageous worthy opponents taught us

about family swamps, and a process of going into the swamp with detailed attention and drying out each little piece of dissonance emerged. Towards the end of the seminar the exercises became more advanced: choosing a partner and being negative to one another, going into altered states of anger or sadness, making a picture or a story out of these feelings and communicating them to the partner. Two lovers found out they had symmetrically irascible, hot tempered fathers. Instead of unconsciously acting like their fathers, Arny invited them to be their fathers. Thus, they yelled at each other until the process reversed and their voices lowered and they discovered their fathers' depression and frustration. For the group it was like looking into the karmic kitchen where half-cooked processes are handed from generation to generation until they are completed.

Another adventurous exercise consisted of exploring what wants to happen in the bedroom with a therapist as the loving meta-communicator, helping people to process memories from former relationships, or going beyond the edges and formulating the orgiastic experience into images. The last couple, two women working on their neediness, were able to keep their heads above water and they finished their work without a therapist.

We all agreed that the group had an unusually wide consciousness and that the work was more the creation of a new culture rather than what is traditionally understood as therapy. Let us whisper in your ears: you won't understand it, until you have it ... and we who were in it, met many mysteries to think about in our hearts.

... AND AFTERWARDS

by Elke O'Donnell

The final goodbyes were said, the clapping was done and the circle dissolved, and then a handful of us ran to catch the 2:30 bus. After we got on it we took our seats somewhat unaware, yet in flow with the process.

I found myself sitting next to Molly and pretty soon we all gently curved down from Rona to Tiefencastel through the

magnificent spectacle of the snow-crowned Graubündener Alpen. We were enraptured by these majestic mountains and we discussed the mountains versus the ocean and then mullied over some impressions of the seminar, of course double signalling all the time. One could have easily called that staying on the surface.

Then, suddenly, only a few minutes away from the train station of Tiefencastel, the secondary process hit both

Molly and me at once: heat ran through our bodies followed by nausea. There was only one way of picking it up, by storming out of the bus as soon as it stopped. Our primary process continued the trip by bus to Chur with the other seminar participants and after warm hugs from them we turned to the train station to occupy our secondary process each in her own way. Amplifying nausea? No thanks. There had to be a channel switch.

SEX IN POP

by Lane Arye

Sex. Along with money and family, sex is one of the biggest taboo subjects in the process community. To get the other two out of the way quickly, let me assure you that I receive no money for this article and that my family has nothing to do with it either (although my mother and father must have known something about the topic). Since I have just been married, and so (even in the eyes of the most moral among us) am allowed to partake in such forbidden activities, I have been chosen to write this piece. Well, on to the juice.

Sex in POP takes many forms. Clients fantasize about their therapists. Therapists fantasize about a lighter work load and a warm cup of ovomaltine. Although the subject is rarely broached in public, rumors have been floating around Etzelstrasse that a certain female therapist has an unquenchable lust for gortex panties. Other perversions take more acceptable forms, such as interspersing video analysis with favorite clips from "Virgin in Paradise" and "Wet Tee Shirt Contest, Part 2". Of course, there is always the real weirdo who goes home after a hard day at the office to spend a cozy night with his long term lover, but that's a little too kinky even for this article.

At the last Relationship Seminar we had a great opportunity to witness the love making style of many POPpers. Unfortunately, due to an oath of confidentiality, I can't tell you which well known therapist does it with her lover standing up (although, if you knew her busy schedule, you'd know why), or which couple spent so much time fighting that they couldn't even agree to do the exercise. Some individuals were sighted wrapped in loving embraces, but looking out of the corner of their eyes at the action across the room. (I had an excuse, since I was researching for this article.) But everyone had the chance to witness a real hot scene in which two brave participants bared their souls (and a lot more) in a touching portrait of their intimate life together. The "pot" has never been so quiet, awake and attentive. It seems people are really curious about what goes on in other people's bedrooms.

One of the big problems in the process community is a lack of available men. This poses a dilemma for women (and men) who won't settle for less than a

good male process worker. (Who can blame them?) Occasionally, stories circulate about women hitting the singles scene, only to realize that their training makes zipless sex next to impossible. All too often, a beautiful process worker is just about to climb into bed with the hunk of her dreams (not the dreams she works on in analysis), only to notice his double signals and start to work on herself. Either he leaves, or he becomes a client, which is good for her career but does nothing for her love life.

Although men also have problems in this area, they seem to handle them differently. At one group process class, one man said that he comes to seminars and intensive courses in order to find a mate. As a result of this announcement, he found enough mates to last him through his next five incarnations. He was one of a handful of POPpers at a recent bachelor party (we won't say whose) which took place at a well known but rarely visited nightclub. What started out as a visual evening turned quickly into a proprioceptive experience for some of the embarrassed (but happy) participants. (Who says altered states can't be fun?) There were some complexes present, but the men did a good job of ignoring them. The trouble was, their girlfriends did not ignore the smell of cheap perfume which lingered for days and days. That's the whole problem with sex: It's always mixed up with relationship!

We all have heard stories about sexuality in therapy sessions. Of course, we in POP deal with this touchy subject with professionalism and integrity. But what do you do when a client tells you that he masturbates constantly and, like a good process worker, you suggest that he does it now, only to be told that he has been doing so throughout the session? Or when a woman starts every session by taking off all of her clothes and begging you to sleep with her? Of course, we all know what to do. Pretend we're not turned on, start the video, and call Army and a good lawyer.

My wife is dismayed that I have been writing about sex instead of noticing her walking around in her new gortex lingerie. I suppose there comes a time in every process worker's life when theory has to be put into practice. Maybe this would be a topic for a Ph.D.?

moving the goddess

by Katherine Ziegler

For Ursula Hohler, Nancy Zenoff, and all the goddesses.

This was written at Ursula and Nancy's seminar Moving the Goddess the last weekend in March, 1988.

Once there was a tree stump, old and stiff and dry, standing at the edge of a field. She used to look up and watch the birds flying, wheeling in wide slow circles, soaring effortless up towering cliffs of air, sailing, gliding, their feathers marvellously flexible, their wings strong and supple responding to every breeze, every gust and every updraft. The tree stump was enchanted and tried to move her remaining branch stubs like a bird. But they only creaked painfully and were still, and of course her massive trunk would not budge. She was rooted in the earth and could not move at all, much less fly!

The old buzzard saw her struggles and came closer. "How is it that you even want to move?" he asked. "A plant, I should think, would be satisfied with its blind vegetable fate, turning to the sun perhaps or being swayed by the wind. But you can't even do that anymore -- you are only a stump."

The stump was sad. She had to admit it was true. "But I seem to remember a time," she said, "when my branches tossed gaily in the March sun -- and a time even before that when my leaves were feathers and my heart beat fast and light in my chest. And oh! I do so want that time to come again!"

The buzzard laughed. "Good luck!" he said.

A fox who had been listening stepped forward, looking at her with glistening silver eyes. "I can help you, Tree Princess," he said. "You have been enchanted by the Mother of Time, and only she can undo the spell."

"But how can I get her to do that?" asked the stump. "I've never even heard of this woman. Where does she live?"

"She lives in the wind," whispered the fox. "And even now she hears us, at this very moment. You must just say this prayer to her very loudly, over and over until she hears you and you feel yourself beginning to change:

savory intensive



winter a la 1988

by Maggi Kriger and Ann Suloway

Hello everyone. We intended to write an article about the 1988 Winter Intensive in the usual style. But a recipe came out instead. Hope you all enjoy it. Thank you all for your input.

Preparation Time: life times
Cooking Time: 6 weeks

Ingredients:

-40 students with artistic approach to life. 24 Americans, 7 Swiss, 3 Germans, 2 Greeks, 1 Brazilian and 1 Canadian.

-20 processed teachers

-Courses: process theory, bodywork I and II, movement, inner work, relationship work, supervision, dreamwork, video and extreme states, group process, case control, video

analysis, observing and accessing cues, addiction and seminar days.

-Chocolate - add daily

Presoak students with a dose of jetlag, culture shock and expectations. Revoke usual identities. Drop into Zürich POP community and Hotel Zürichberg. Add unseasonably gorgeous weather. Stir in lots of eagerness to learn. Marinate teachers with heaping portions of generosity, preparation, dedication, brilliance and flexibility. Add to pot and stir. Add instant fear, shyness and excitement. Fold in courses. Start cooking.

Blend genuine pranksters, diversity and magic and add mixture alternately with gossip. Shake in a pinch of passivity and a smidgeon of aggression. Sweeten generously

with love, support, talent and humor. Schmooz. Stir up constantly with dyads until bubbling. Disturb weekly. Process every Friday with chaos. If the mixture gets stuck, add a morning of reintroduction. Check periodically and adjust heat. Add assorted feelings and needs to taste and/or distaste.

Baste individual students with private sessions to prevent sticking. Remove instructors with a slotted spoon. Knead with unending demands from students and heavy workloads. Return to pot. Fold in parents, wild animals and other assorted dream figures. Process eternally. Grease baking pan with excellent organization. Pour in mixture. Sprinkle with delightful toppings, such as: music, juggling, skiing, talent show, Morgenstreich, and parties. Bake until done. Allow to integrate.

congratulations

Renate Ackermann and Lane Arye were married on April 28, 1988. Congratulations to both of you.

births

Erin Elizabeth Williams was born to Joy Jacobs and Douglas Williams on March 26, 1988.

Dominik was born to Michael and Rita Peus on March 25, 1988.

Congratulations to the parents and to their kids for arriving here.

Lane Arye's Master's thesis, "Music the Messenger" was completed in February, 1988, and Ruby Brooks completed her Master's thesis, entitled, "Our Inner God: The Wisdom of the Dreambody. Work on the Inner Critic in Learning Problems" in May, 1988. Congratulations to both of you. We're proud of your accomplishment.

This year also saw the very first edition of The Research Journal for Process-oriented Psychology. It's a great success, and many thanks and congratulations go to Joe Goodbread, Amy Kaplan, Kate Jobe and Lane Arye for bringing it out.

"Don't know nothin'
'bout kinesthesia. All
I know is that I want
to squeeze ya."



P.O.P INTENSIVE THEME SONG

**MANY THANKS
TO
THE CONTRIBUTORS**

Renate Ackermann
Harsha Adler
Lane Arye
Joseph Goodbread
Maggi Kriger
Army Mindell
Elke O'Donnell
Ann Suloway
Kathy Ziegler
Adam Zwig

PAGE 6

**NATIONAL INTENSIVE
U.S.A.**

Announcing the second annual National Intensive Course in Process-oriented Psychology in the USA. The Intensive will take place, once again, at Maryl Hurst College outside of Portland, Oregon. It begins on the evening of August 1st and ends on August 14th. For further information write to the Intensive Course c/o Waynelle Wilder, 11 Paramout Parkway, Lakewood, CO. 80215.

INTERVIEW WITH ARNY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

themes at the same time. I can't do that well yet. And therefore I am not as good as I should be in my own mind. I still need more knowledge about how to deal with a large group better as a unit. I think I'm very close but not quite there yet. I also need to grow and learn how to express my own pain and hurt better. I'm not sufficiently good at that so therefore I encourage people to be brutal instead of being hurt.

P: Were you in a lot of pain in Israel?

A: Yeah, shit, you go into a clothes shop and somebody yells at you. They call that the cultural attitude there but I'm hurt and instead of expressing my hurt and sitting down and crying, I get rough and I act like "fuck you" and walk out of the store. I'm half way there. I'm not fast enough with my feelings yet.

P: How about the pain in the seminar itself?

A: I can't talk about the details of the seminar but we processed a huge amount of pain and I felt very warmly to people when they did that. The second world war is as alive today as it was 50 years ago.

P: In general, how would you compare the processes of the Palestinians and the Jews?

A: The Palestinian has a smile in the foreground and a gun in the background. The Israelis have a gun in the front and a bag of tears in the background. The bag of tears is incredible. The next step in the middle east is processing the bag of tears, then maybe some of the roughness will disappear.

P: Can you tell some stories about some of your experiences for the readers?

A: Two experiences gave me a limited view of the middle east. One was near a mosque. We were at a mosque in a small village which was considered

the key to the middle east during the medieval period -- Akko. It's translation means acre, piece of ground. I stupidly wore a pair of short

pants while looking at the mosque from outside, which is a sign of disrespect in the Arab world towards something that is important to them. I just peaked into one of the doors of one of the mosques and left and as I was leaving, we were in an all Arab area, one of the men in a large group started shouting at us. He said "OUT! OUT!". And he was so aggressive that I lost my cool and said "fuck you", and then a group of men started following us and yelling, "Why do you say fuck you near a holy place?" It was a question, but it was like a gunshot. We walked away and they didn't go any further with the aggression. I felt anger, fear and fury with myself for being disrespectful and angry with myself that I didn't process what was happening in the village square. It was so quick and shocking that I was unconscious. Let's face it, absolutely.

The second event was a woman who spoke in a seminar when everyone was speaking about the Jews and the Nazis. She said, "I've been there, too. I've also been persecuted and a persecutor and now I've burned everything up and all that is left is white light," and that is where the seminar stopped.

P: What are your future plans with Israel?

A: There's a chance the POP group will be invited to work with the Knesset. Let's see.

P: What are your future plans for working with conflict in other parts of the world?

A: That's what I want to do. That's really creative for me.

I can't wait to go to Africa. I'm upset that I won't get to go to Central America this year.

great time where everything that had happened during the relationship seminar and at present during the train ride made utter sense. It was so simple!

Then, just as we were approaching Zürich, a new secondary process appeared on the horizon. Molly began to hum "Stop Making Sense," a song by the Talking Heads. And what a relief that was again. Thanks to Arny's teaching we knew we weren't stuck.

PAGE 7

MY LIFE AS A STUDENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

in my old ways of being a student. I have relapses and find myself back at the University, where students are students and teachers are professors, way up on their pedestals, unreachable for me. Then I get very angry and depressed about being a student. I don't find anything attractive about this role. It means that I'm weak, don't know anything, have no experience, better shut up and study a lot first before I can ever say anything in a class. I should honor the teachers and first work a lot on myself before I criticize, because these negative feelings are all projections and prove again how stupid I am and how much I have to learn. I feel caught in a vicious cycle and there seems to be no way out of it.

Luckily, there are also sunnier days where my brain isn't possessed by the thought that my troubles are caused by others. Then it seems possible that my rather destructive ideas about being a student might change the moment I try to be a teacher. Instead of using my energy secretly hating everyone who is not a poor victim like me, I could use it to find out where my special interests are and teach about them.

These days "The Wizard of Oz" is my favorite story. The different characters fascinate me a lot: Dorothy with her dog Toto who is carried far away by a cyclone into a different world. Her biggest wish is to go back home. She doesn't realize though that the whole time she wears the shoes which could bring her back. She needs to go through all the difficulties first before she gets access to the magic power. Something similar happens to the scarecrow who would be totally happy if he only had a brain. Although the wizard turns out to be a normal human being without magic skills, he can make the scarecrow believe in his own capacities and trust his intelligence. A silk heart makes the tinman into a heartfelt being and the cowardly lion becomes the king of the forest by drinking a glass of water that he believes is courage.

Sometimes the philosophy of POP makes me feel like Dorothy, carried away into another world, with different rules, wizards and sorcerers. I try to get along, thinking that if I only had a brain I could survive easily. Or maybe more heart would make a great therapist out of me. Sometimes it's only the courage that's missing for my dreams to come true. So I stumble along on the student's path, looking for the great wizard. And if the story is right, there will be many more adventures and surprises as I walk along my yellow brick road...

... AND AFTERWARDS CONT. FROM PAGE 4

I lay down flat on a wooden bench which was curving around the Bahnhofsgebäude looking at the clouds, letting the warm breeze blow over me.

It is obvious here that we both needed to do individual work before we could relate again. So we delved into our own, all the while waiting, waiting for the train to Chur.

After embracing our not-we and inviting it to come along on the train with us we just had a

Bough crack,
Heart break.
Spell lift,
Time take,
Wish world
Now be:
Wing of flame
Is me.

And then you will be in her hands; and even I do not know what will happen. But I wish you well," said the fox.

So the tree stump, calling as loudly as she could, began to chant the prayer to the Mother of Time. Over and over and over again -- five times, ten times, twenty times. She lost track but kept chanting til it seemed to her she had become sound, nothing but sound. The fox and the buzzard, watching from the bushes, saw her wood go all silver and begin to glow whiter until suddenly the whole stump burst into flame.

The tree stump was in an ecstasy. "Oh this heat! So wonderful!" She felt wild and free, leaping and dancing now with her many limbs. She felt how she sucked in the air swirling around her and transformed it into her own substance. "Lick the wind and laugh! Throw yourself into the sky! Now I must live forever!" she cried. Even as she became aware that her former substance would not last forever -- no wood feeds flame beyond a certain time.

"Then I will lay hold of you, my friends!" she cried, and ran in every direction over the dry grass to her neighbor trees, stumps, saplings. "Dance with me!" she called. They heard, and caught fire in answer. Soon the whole woods pranced and roared and shouted with laughter, rejoicing in the wild games they could now play. And the fox and the buzzard saw, rising from the smoking tree stump that had started it all, a white heron fling its wings wide and soar, long legs trailing behind, into the sky.

"So that's who she was in there all along," murmured the astonished buzzard to his companion as they hurried away from the party to safety. "But no," whispered a voice out of the wind. "She is a tree stump, and a flame, and a heron, and she will be swamp ooze and water lily and star, and her soul . . . has no name at all."

don't forget:

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shadow of the month..

How do you know when Army's asleep at a meditation seminar?
-He makes small movements and doesn't complete them.

When did Army have his first experience of jealousy?
-When Adam (jokingly) told him that Amy was having a relationship with someone for the past couple of years and he hadn't noticed.

What tools did he use to deal with it?
-Hammers!!!

Please send all POPCORNER contributions to Dawn Menken, Hopfenstr. 19, 8045 Zürich

This issue of POPCORNER was brought to you by: Julie Diamond, Jan Dworkin and Dawn Menken



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RESEARCH ARTICLES NEEDED

My research involves comparing a verbal approach to interpersonal problem solving to one that tries to integrate visual imagery, movement and verbal processing. I am looking for any articles that assess verbal vs. nonverbal treatments, or evaluate integrational methods. Thank you. Ken Benau, 750 Rand Ave., No. 2, Oakland, CA, 94610.

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as you know, for this year the membership fee is between SFr. 130.--200.--(what you can afford) on a sliding scale. This is the whole International fee: if you have already payed 40.-\$ to Suzanne for RSPOP America you can deduct this from what you pay to me. Also if you pay me the whole membership, you don't have to pay extra to Suzanne! Please be clear about what you pay where and THANKS for your money, we need it.

W. Sula
treasurer).