

# Medical Orgone Therapy of a Child: A Narrative

## Part II

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The following narrative, Part I of which appeared in *The Journal of Orgonomy*, volume 29, number 1, describes the treatment of a severely emotionally disturbed boy with medical orgone therapy beginning when he was seven years old. It comes from two sources: observations of the boy, T, by his mother (presented in regular type) through the course of her son's therapy and observations made by the child's medical orgonomist (presented in bold type). The two points of view are presented together to provide a unique perspective of the medical orgone therapy of a child. (It is recommended that the reader read Part I of the narrative first for continuity).

### Medical Orgonomist

At the end of T's thirteenth session he looked glowing and alive and his eyes sparkled. In the last few sessions I have begun to work gently on his cervical paraspinal and occipital muscles. When he looks particularly deadened and flat at various times during the session, five or ten seconds of this biophysical work gets him moving: his respiration increases, his eyes begin to light up again, and he becomes playfully aggressive toward me. In the most recent session, the thirteenth, he expressed a lot of negativity, screaming, "No!" to my repeated "Yes!", over and over again. He enjoys my provocations as they give him permission to express rage in the session. Such provocations are never given nor received as cruel jabs. T responds to them with a sly smile, knowing I have a sense of where things are emotionally charged for him. When I tell him I know he loves to come to therapy it affords him an opportunity to say, "No I don't!" and also allows his negative feelings about therapy to be openly expressed. It is now understood between us that if I insist to him that he come to therapy two or three

times more that week he will blow up, handing me a pillow to hold as he pummels it. Once as he was punching me through the pillow I looked at his mother who seemed somewhat horrified that her little boy could be so ferociously angry. I smiled and said to her, "It's a tough job but somebody has to do it." T's mother laughed, which helped relieve her tensions. I knew that if T sensed her discomfort it might inhibit him. I repeated, "It's a tough job but someone has to do it," several times during that session and subsequent sessions with the eventual result that the three of us could take a break and laugh together.

Since my goal is to make any connection with T that I can, I gave him an old penlight that he had been interested in at the end of the thirteenth session. I told him I no longer needed it and that he could have it. He took it and started looking it over, figuring out how it worked. However, I noticed after T left the office that he had forgotten the light. I knew he had wanted it but somehow he had also "forgotten" it. I felt that T had much emotional feeling focused on the penlight and I was sure that his wanting the penlight and forgetting it would bring out some of his characterologic tendencies in the next session, specifically his ambivalence. I speculated that T's having "forgotten" the penlight despite his wanting it was a perfect example of this ambivalence: "I want it...no I don't...yes I do...no I don't."

### Mother's Journal:

August 2, 1990

On the way home in the car T realized that we forgot the penlight that Dr. Rosin had given him. He wanted me to be sure to call so that Dr. Rosin wouldn't give it to someone else.

Despite this T was very cheerful during the ride home. When we arrived I went in the house to get dinner started...T went across the street to visit neighbors who had out-of-town company staying with them. He then went with the man next door, G, to walk his dog to the park. When they returned, T and G had a "Championship Wrestling Match" on the front lawn. They had a great time. I can't believe this is the same boy who wouldn't step out of the front door without me two months ago.

As we settled in for the evening, T commented "how boring it is to

just sit and watch TV.” He wanted to go fishing, play miniature golf, or go to a movie. Of course it was too late for any of these activities.

T is continuing to go to bed each night without me having to lay down next to him. I still can't believe it.

#### **August 4, 1990**

T has assembled several plastic snap-together models this week. He has been able to use the step-by-step instructions and put them together on his own. He is very proud of being able to do it by himself. This morning, he started a model of a truck that just wouldn't go together. He started getting frustrated and the crying and whining began. When I tried to help him, he got upset because he wanted to do it alone. I backed off and gave him a few more minutes but I could see that the part was defective. He finally let me take a look at it and I convinced him to put it aside until we could get special glue to make it work. He cried and whined the entire time. I haven't seen T in this type of a mood for quite a while. When he is in this frustrated state it is very hard to reason with him. He only sees things his way and refuses to listen to what you have to say. We used to have these types of things happening on a very regular basis, almost every day.

#### **August 6, 1990**

Tonight after dinner I helped T clean his fish tank. We emptied it completely and really did a thorough job. He did most of the work and I supervised at his request. When we set it back up, he wanted to put in some new things he had gotten for his birthday. I could see he was getting upset because the hoses for the air pump just wouldn't fit right. I tried to help him but he again wanted to do it himself. I backed off and let him try to do it alone. The frustration and crying began again. When I let him alone, he was crying because “no one will help me.” When I tried to help he cried because “I want to do it alone.” I didn't know what to do and at this point I was feeling very upset and frustrated, too. I walked out and told him to call me if he wanted help. S went in and went through the same steps of trying to be helpful. T refused his help also. S left T's room and started on a project of his own. I was really glad that S didn't get angry and start yelling. In



the past, in a similar situation, when S got angry, Ts whining and crying would be magnified. This time S walked away. T was still upset but things didn't get out of hand. I finally went back in and explained to T again that it was not a bad thing to have someone help you ... I gave him examples of when S is working on a car, sometimes it takes two people to do certain things. It would be silly for one person to try to lift an engine out of a car. So he asks for help. I began to fix the hoses and the air pump, letting him help when possible. It only took a few minutes to hook up and I thought, all this arguing and nonsense over something so small. T proceeded to fill the tank with water and was in a great mood, acting as though none of the arguing and crying had ever taken place.

#### August 7, 1990

S and I went to a concert tonight with another couple. T was great when we left; a simple kiss and hug and we were on our way. In the past, he would cry and carry on when we left, hanging on me and wanting to know exactly when we'd be home. Tonight he didn't even ask when we'd be home. He does still want us to wake him when we get home. He did wake up when we arrived home but went right back to sleep. My mom, who took care of T while we were gone, said they had a great time together and she enjoyed talking to him.

#### August 8, 1990

T has started playing baseball with B, the boy down the street, and B's cousins. T has never joined in a team sport before (except in school where he had to). He always seemed too shy to join in. Now he can't wait to go to B's house and play ball.

When T came home and started taking his shower and getting ready for bed, he was in a great mood. He came into the living room with kind of a sly smile on his face and said he didn't have to see Dr. Rosin tomorrow. When I asked him what he was talking about he said that he thought he would be sick tomorrow and not be able to go. Dr. Rosin had mentioned to me weeks ago that many people will make up excuses to miss their appointments. I told T to plan on going for his appointment because I could tell if he was really sick or not. He laughed

as though he may have just been joking about it. I'm not sure.

This week I've noticed that T is beginning to mention Dr. Rosin in casual conversation. For example, if he is reminded of something that Dr. Rosin said or did he will say, "Just like Dr. Rosin." Or he'll repeat things that Dr. Rosin has said to him: "It's a hard job but somebody has got to do it," and then he'll glance at me and smile.

### August 9, 1990

T made several comments about not wanting to go to visit Dr. Rosin today but he did want to pick up the penlight he forgot to take from the office last week.

When we got into the office, T seemed more lively than last week. He began playing right away and moved around the room freely. All other visits he stayed in the chair unless Dr. Rosin asked him to move to the couch. Today, he was hiding behind the chairs and was up and down on the couch and floor. T wanted me to remind Dr. Rosin about the penlight. I told him to ask about it but he wouldn't. I finally said, "No, I won't ask him about it" (per Dr. Rosin's suggestion) and Dr. Rosin let T know that if he didn't tell him what he wanted he would have to again leave behind whatever it was. T then began to act out "penlight," pretending he was writing and pointing to the lamp. Dr. Rosin pretended not to know what he wanted and waited for him to just say what it was. T finally said, "You know, the penlight you gave me last week!"

It saddens me to realize how difficult it is for T to communicate such a simple thing. I used to think he acted like this because he was extremely shy so I would try to help him by answering for him. I know now that it is not shyness and that answering for him was not really helping him.

In this session it became clear to me that underneath T's difficulty communicating with others is an intense stubbornness. He won't give in. I also see that T holds back by stopping his breathing in inspiration. When he is mobilized biophysically he begins almost grunting, the sound catching in his throat. As any emotion begins to approach expression T's throat contracts. His frequent whining is either anger or anxiety caught by the sphincter-like functioning of his throat armor. In sessions when he yells and discharges anger, his throat

opens.<sup>1</sup> In this session, when I put him on the couch, his thorax was held in inspiration. I knew that if I told him to breathe he wouldn't. So I told him to hold his breath, as I imitated his grunting and how he held his chest high. He began to breathe, smiling at defying me. I protested, "No, hold your breath like this!" He continued to breathe more fully. I pressed on his occiput and upper paraspinal muscles and T yelled with a smile on his face. When I stopped he handed me a pillow and began punching it, all the while glaring in my face and occasionally letting out a "Rambo yell." These actions increase his energetic charge and allow for some discharge.

After this session I realized, by virtue of the physical interaction during these sessions and his very occasional comments, that T is now opening up to me. Before, he was largely mute in our interactions, no matter what the activity. Despite his efforts to keep me at arms length and avoid emotional contact, I was becoming part of his life. It was clear that while he wanted to avoid contact with me, our interactions indicated he also wanted to have it. I suspected that much of the immobility and deadness seen at the beginning of his sessions was the biophysical expression of this ambivalence. He was literally stuck between reaching out to me with excitement and holding this back. To further challenge T to reach out, as well as to maintain continuity between sessions, I made a two dollar bet that he couldn't leave a message on my answering machine before the next session.

Because T was opening up and had become accustomed to my pursuing him during each session, I now decided to wait and let him begin to initiate our interactions. I also decided to hold off any direct biophysical work on his muscular armor to observe how much vitality he could maintain on his own.

T's first comment when we got into the car was, "We really didn't do anything today." He was kind of quiet on the ride home and was busy inspecting his penlight, taking it apart to see how it worked.

T was in a great mood in the evening. His sense of humor is really blossoming, especially after his visits with Dr. Rosin. I don't know why but he seems to see the funny side of everything, making jokes and really funny puns.

<sup>1</sup>Konia has noted that the catatonic schizophrenic character's throat block functions like the anal sphincter.



August 10, 1990

I've been thinking about T's showing anger in Dr. Rosin's office. As I mentioned, I had never seen T get mad before the last two office visits. In thinking it over, I have realized that I don't usually show anger either. I tolerate an awful lot from my family before I let them know that I am really angry. If anyone outside of the family makes me mad, I tend to overlook it. I would rather walk away than have an argument, even if I know I'm right. It's almost as though I would rather walk away feeling hurt and upset than show my anger and possibly hurt the other person's feelings or have them dislike me. I'm wondering if my feelings toward showing anger have directly affected T. Am I the reason he is having so much difficulty showing anger?

I feel that both my personality and my husband's personality have contributed greatly to the problems T is having. I just wonder why my other two kids have grown up in the same household and not had the same problems as T.

This afternoon, my girlfriend, B, came over for a cup of tea. While she was there, T showed her the penlight and immediately told her that Dr. Rosin gave it to him. He asked her if she wanted to see how the doctor uses the penlight. She said, "Sure" and he began testing her eyes with the light. He began to pretend that he was Dr. Rosin and imitated him perfectly. He not only used the light, he repeated word for word what Dr. Rosin says to him. He asked her to take off her shoes and lay on the couch. He also told her to take deeper breaths so she "wouldn't pass out." (This is what Dr. Rosin sometimes says to T.) He even imitated the grunting sounds that Dr. Rosin uses to remind T to breathe deeper. B played along with him and I was really relieved that she didn't question him about his visits and just let him do the talking. He felt very comfortable discussing it. I was surprised.

Tonight S and I were trying to watch the news on TV and T was very restless. He was playing rough with the dog, running around in the living room, and just making a lot of noise. Even when he sat in the rocking chair he rocked it as far forward and as far backward as it could go. I thought he was going to get hurt so I told him to try to settle down. S told him to "...sit still and be quiet and behave!" It immediately reminded me of Dr. Rosin's comment to T to "sit quietly, do nothing, like a good little boy" though I know Dr. Rosin said this to

get the opposite reaction. S's next response was, "Isn't it his bedtime yet?" Actually, it was his bedtime. I told S that T was just acting like a normal, healthy eight year old. S smiled at me agreeably but it was obvious that he would much rather have T sitting quietly and not disturbing him.

Getting ready for bed, T told me he really doesn't like going to bed without me. He said he feels much more comfortable when I am there. I told him he was doing great and that I was very proud of him. I sat with him for a few minutes and we took turns reading a book together. I left the room and told him to relax and go to sleep. He said he didn't think he could but when I checked on him a few minutes later, he was sound asleep.

#### **August 11, 1990**

Dr. Rosin made a bet with T during his last session. It was a two dollar bet that T couldn't leave a message on Dr. Rosin's answering machine before his next visit. Two days later, on Saturday morning, T remembered the bet and said, "Oh, I'm supposed to call Dr. Rosin," but he decided not to.

#### **August 12, 1990**

At lunch today, T mentioned the call to Dr. Rosin again. He told the whole family that he was supposed to call Dr. Rosin and say, "Hi, this is T, bye." Then he said he wasn't going to call because they didn't shake hands about it and he didn't know the phone number. I wrote the phone number on a card and left it on the counter in the kitchen. I let him know that the number was there if he wanted to use it.

T's friend, B, and his dad were over today. His dad commented about how great the boys get along. He also said that T is a very good ball player and shows a lot of confidence when he is playing ball. I was happy to hear this and I am noticing T being more and more self-confident.

#### **August 14, 1990**

Summer is almost over and T has mentioned going back to school in a very casual manner several times. Dr. Rosin has warned me that it might be difficult for T to start school again. I hope he's wrong. T has



told me that in September, he will go to school but he won't go to see Dr. Rosin. The last time he mentioned it, it sounded as though he was trying to "bargain" with me. I reminded him that during Dr. Rosin's upcoming vacation he will not see him for two weeks but that in September he will go to school and he will see Dr. Rosin. He didn't argue with me and just went off to play.

I've been thinking a lot this week about how S and I have contributed to T's emotional problems. When we started T in therapy we knew that he had some kind of deep problem that we didn't know how to deal with. It was very difficult for us to admit that he might have a mental problem, since for so long we had rationalized that T was supersensitive and super shy. When T was in treatment for about a month, I started realizing some flaws in S's personality, such as him exploding over little things unexpectedly. He would blow things out of proportion. I could see that T was afraid at those times. When S had these outbursts of anger, I would always take T aside, in his room, and tell him how much his dad really loved him and that S was under a lot of stress with running the business. By the time I was finished talking to T, S could be calmed down and usually apologized even though he had no idea what I had said to T. These type of things do not happen often but they used to occur frequently and as I said before, very unexpectedly. I remember thinking near the end of June that I wished I could convince S to see Dr. Rosin on a regular basis. How could I help T get better until S got "better."

Now my eyes have been opened a little more and I realize that my personality and my always backing down from an angry situation has not helped T either. I have gone from thinking T had a major emotional problem, to thinking that S was the major factor in T's problem, to seeing that our whole family is not functioning the way it should. I used to think that a non-functioning family was one where one or both of the parents were alcoholics, abusive, or deserted the family, etc. I am seeing that even though S and I are loving, caring parents, we haven't dealt with our own emotional problems correctly and T may be suffering as a result of it.

**August 16, 1990**

On the way to Dr. Rosin's today, T tried to get me to turn off the high-

way at the wrong exit. He said if he had to go, at least he could be late if we got off at the wrong exit.

I noticed that when we enter Dr. Rosin's office T never says hello to him, even when Dr. Rosin repeats a few times, "Hello, T."

It seems as though with each visit T interacts more quickly with Dr. Rosin. During his first visits they played koosh® ball almost the entire visit. Now it seems that the koosh® balls last about five minutes. T is definitely trying to hit Dr. Rosin with them. T quickly goes to hitting the pillow that Dr. Rosin holds. Even though he is looking angry during these hitting and punching sessions, he seems to really enjoy it. Dr. Rosin is trying to get T to shout loudly while hitting the pillow instead of clenching his jaw and making grunting sounds. He doesn't seem to be able to do it although he did try it a few times.

T does not seem to be cooperating with the eye light coordination exercises. I'm not sure if he just doesn't like to do it or if he is bored with it. He did tell Dr. Rosin about the camping trip we are planning this weekend and how much he is really looking forward to it.

Although T said he felt cold when we arrived at Dr. Rosin's office, when we left, T had sweat dripping from his forehead from all the activity. As we left the office I realized that T does not say "good-bye" to Dr. Rosin either. He is anxious to leave and glad that he doesn't have to come back for two weeks while Dr. Rosin is on vacation. Dr. Rosin told him he could at least come in on Monday before he left on vacation but T told Dr. Rosin, with a smile, that he had to work at his father's business that day from six in the morning until seven at night. He does occasionally fill the soda machine, but he never works from so early in the morning to so late at night.

When T came in today, I told him I had a cold and was not feeling well so he'd have to do all the work. I sat back and waited. T struggled with his ambivalence: should he take the koosh® balls and throw them or should he sit still? Should he interact with me or hold back until I interacted with him? He looked statue-like as he waited and did nothing. He finally picked up the koosh® balls and threw them at me, at first tentatively, then with increasing intensity. He was charging up without my pushing him and he escalated to walloping the pillow he gave me to hold. It was like watching a train engine laboriously begin to move and finally go full throttle.

In the car on the way home, T asked me, "How is Dr. Rosin going to find out what's wrong with me when all he does is play with me?" I told him that was a very good question and he should ask Dr. Rosin. Of course, he wanted me to ask. I told him that I would not and that if he wanted to know the answer to that question, he will have to ask Dr. Rosin. When we arrived home, T didn't even come in the house. He played outside with B until dinner time. As usual, his afternoon and evening are very vibrant after his session. He seems full of life and chats constantly. At dinner during a lull in conversation, T asked why everyone was so quiet, didn't anyone have anything to talk about?

During the evening, T and S had a few conflicts. For example, we were getting ready to go out and T was lagging behind. S told him to hurry up and T screamed at him, "Can't you see I'm getting a drink of water before we go?" S told him in an angry voice not to speak to him like that and T started whining that he needed a drink. Later on, they were getting together some camping supplies and I kept hearing small arguments from the garage. I tried not to interfere but I heard S say several times, "Just be quiet...shut up and behave!" *S seems to be saying this more and more since T has been more outgoing.* [author's italics.]

When T went to bed, I pointed out to S that he is always telling T to "be quiet, be good." He denies that he says it often and I wish I had a tape recorder going tonight so I could prove it to him. I told S I would signal him with a code word from now on just to let him be aware of how often he actually says it. I explained to him that I believe Dr. Rosin is trying to teach T how to let out his feelings of anger and he shouldn't try to always suppress T's anger.

### August 19, 1990

We went camping this weekend and most of the trip was very enjoyable. T had a great time swimming, fishing, playing ball, and just having fun being outdoors. He did have several times when he was frustrated and angry. Setting up and taking down the screen house and camper were times when T seems not to be able to cope. He wants to do things his own way, even if he is not capable of the task. When S and I try to help him out he is very ornery. His tone of voice is very "cutting" and I think both S and I are having a hard time dealing



with him. Although I want T to be able to express his feelings, I really don't want him to be disrespectful to us. I am getting confused myself: when is it okay for T to be angry?

I knew that as T became more outgoing and aggressive it would be difficult for both parents to tolerate his new found expansion. T's father reacts to this change in his son by clamping down on the expression. His mother becomes frightened by it. I told T's mother that it is true that T must be given some latitude now in expressing his anger but that doesn't mean she needs to or should tolerate the outer boundaries of bad behavior. It is essential to directly address parents' emotional reactions to a child becoming healthier as a result of therapy. It is also necessary to predict for them, as much as possible, when there may be a return of the child's symptoms so they don't become discouraged. Symptoms seen at presentation will return with stress. However, as the child improves with therapy, the symptoms that reoccur will be of shorter duration.

With this in mind, I called T's mother after this recent session to reassure her that although T would probably have some difficulty returning to school in September, she and her husband should not be discouraged if this happened. I asked her to remember that T had been in therapy for only a short time, certainly not long enough for improvements to become firmly integrated into his character structure. She said she understood. I also told her that T becoming more independent of her was progress and that any time she could let him handle things on his own, so much the better. I asked her if it bothered her at all that he was becoming so independent and she said no. Finally, I reminded her of something I'd said at the beginning of her son's treatment: that when a child improves, often it can be felt by others in the family.

I am beginning to realize how hard it must be for T to be living with a teenage brother and sister. I've been noticing that they too want him to be quiet most of the time. They often treat him like a pesky kid and have very little patience with him.

Tonight, my eighteen year old son, H, had some friends over. They were in the recreation room watching TV and playing pool. T was with them for a few minutes. I could hear him laughing and I thought he was having a good time. The laughter turned to screaming and I

checked immediately to see what was wrong. Apparently two of the girls that were over had pinned T down to tickle him. In an effort to get away he began kicking and hitting. He hit one of the girls and my older son got mad at T for hitting her. He then took T by the feet and held him upside down. Needless to say, T was very upset and I was furious with H. T came into the living room with me but couldn't stop crying for a few minutes. I took H aside and explained to him that under no circumstances was he ever to treat T like that again. I explained to him that T had emotional problems and that before T went to bed, I wanted H to apologize to him and let him know that he did really care about him. H did sit with T and said he was sorry. He promised T that he would never do it again. T was very emotional at bedtime. He said he was crying because he was so happy that H had apologized to him and told him that he loved him.

After T was in bed I had another talk with S. I feel mentally drained. I've got to get my whole family to realize T's problem. Everyone is going to have to make some changes. I can't do it alone. S was very supportive and told me that I was doing a great job. Part of me wants to just take T out of this environment all together. I feel like I want to protect him from anything that might crush him emotionally. I know that kind of "protection " would also be a form of crushing him emotionally.

### **August 20, 1990**

Tonight T said he is beginning to feel "schoolish." I asked him what he meant by that and he said, "You know, that nervous feeling that I get about going to school." I told him it was O.K. to feel that way and that most kids are nervous for the first day of school. I tried to encourage him by reminding him that he would be seeing lots of familiar faces of friends and teachers that he already knew.

### **August 22, 1990**

T's friend, B, is on vacation this week so T is spending lots of time close to the house. He's been getting bored easily and is happiest when he has a job to do. Today he helped me take wallpaper off the walls in the bathroom. It took most of the day since it had to be soaked and scraped off. T had a great time and would not stop working until

the job was done. I was ready to quit way before he was. He did a great job and was really a big help to me. I worry about him though, since he has said more than once that he would just rather work than play. I'm concerned that he will be a "workaholic" like his dad.

#### **August 23, 1990**

S has been spending more time with T alone. They have had several fishing trips at the canal together. When they first started going, T pleaded with me to go along. I went the first time and did not like it. Normally, I would go along with things even if I wasn't enjoying myself. I decided not to this time. I thought it would be good for them to spend some time alone because when I am around, T depends on me. If they were alone, he would have to look to his dad.

At first, T wasn't too happy about me staying behind and seemed as though he would not go if I didn't go. Now they seem to really enjoy the "guys" going fishing together. I'm glad I stuck to my guns. It's been good for them and it gives me some free time, too.

#### **August 24, 1990**

Although T doesn't "space out" like he used to, there are still times when he won't answer people. I know I shouldn't answer for him, but at times it is awkward when we are with people and he doesn't answer them. When this happens I try to get his attention. I'll say to him, "T, did you hear J asked you a question." He will sometimes answer and sometimes he does not. These types of things are happening much less than they used to but they still do occur.

#### **August 25, 1990**

We attended a christening for my niece's baby. There were lots of people there that we had never met before. T was very choosy as to whom he spoke to. He was very comfortable with my nieces and other family members, even though he only sees them once or twice a year. My niece commented to me later in the day that she had never heard T speak before. She said that the only time she had ever heard him talk was when he was having a temper tantrum. He had never had a conversation in her presence before.



**August 27, 1990**

We spent part of the day painting my daughter's bedroom. Since it needed two coats of paint, we let T help with the first coat. He was having a great time painting the inside of the closet and couldn't wait for S to get home to show him what he had done. When S got home he said that the paint wasn't covering that well and it needed to be done again. He also kept instructing T about how to use the roller on the wall. "Do this...don't do that." T left the room, went in to his own room, and started crying. I tried to tell S how bad T was feeling because of the things he said. He said he wasn't trying to hurt T's feelings but rather he just wanted to teach him the right way to do things. I told S that no matter what he told him, T was still only capable of painting like an eight year old and he shouldn't expect it to be perfect. S left the room since we couldn't agree. T came in again and I let him paint some more. He told me he wants S to "stop acting like he's a king: making up the rules and telling everyone what to do." S finished the second coat of paint and later in the evening he thanked T for his help and told him he did a great job. I wish he had done that right from the beginning.

**August 28, 1990**

About a month ago Dr. Rosin had asked me if it bothered me at all that T was so independent lately. I remember feeling elated at that time that T was finally doing things on his own. I actually felt free myself since I had so much less to do for him. I still feel this way but since I have less to do for T I am realizing that my relationship with S is not what I would like it to be. Lately, I get very annoyed with him for not noticing me or not paying attention to me. I sometimes feel very lonely even though S is in the same room with me. If he is not involved in a major project around the house he is very happy to fall asleep in front of the TV or spend hours reading the paper. I sometimes feel as though we are just existing in the same house and not really sharing our lives together. When I've told S how alone I feel he doesn't seem to understand. He argues that he is home every night, he's not running around or spending nights at the bar. This is true but I would like him to treat me with the consideration he shows everyone else. He will sit for hours and talk to anyone who might be over at our house.

If it is just the two of us, however, he makes no effort to carry on a conversation. He admits that this is true but he doesn't know why. S has questioned me as to why these things are bothering me now, since his actions have not changed. All I can say is before I was so wrapped up in doing things for T that I just didn't notice what was happening between S and myself.

### August 29, 1990

I guess S has been listening to me after all. Today is our anniversary. S took me out to dinner alone and surprised me by making overnight reservations at a local motel. We have never left T overnight and I was very concerned that he might be upset. He was great about it and did not have the panic attack that I had expected. S and I had a great time and really enjoyed each others' company. We talked for hours and hours and I felt great having his total attention. I wish things could be like this all the time.

### September 6, 1990

Today was T's first day of school. he was very nervous before he left. He did eat breakfast though and got dressed and ready to go. At first he said he was excited and couldn't wait to go. Then he said he was nervous, over and over again. When he got in line for school I could tell he was nervous but he did go in with no problem. After school he was very happy and told me bits and pieces of what went on at school. He seems to really like his teacher but he is concerned because there is a boy in his class that he had problems with last year.

We went directly from school to Dr. Rosin's office. T was annoyed because I was "wrecking" his first day of school by making him see Dr. Rosin. He hoped this would be his last visit. I told him it would not be his last and he wanted to know how much longer he had to go to see Dr. Rosin. I again told him to ask Dr. Rosin. When we arrived, Dr. Rosin asked T if he would like to go into his office without me. T "froze" for a second and refused to go in without me. During this visit, T was not as cooperative with Dr. Rosin as in the past. He did not want to do the eye exercises anymore. Each time Dr. Rosin tried to do the eye exercises, T resisted. He either wiggled away or tried to hold Dr. Rosin's arm so he could not move the light. I'm surprised that he

won't cooperate and although I didn't say anything, I wanted to tell T to "behave" and do as the doctor asked.

Whenever they play with the koosh® balls, T seems to be attacking the doctor with them rather than tossing them. T is showing more aggressiveness each visit. Before he would barely get off the chair to pick up the koosh® ball off the floor. Now he is moving freely around the room, climbing on the couch and actually grabbing koosh® balls out of Dr. Rosin's hands. When Dr. Rosin asked T about his first day of school he briefly told him that he had a good day and liked his teacher. Dr. Rosin then asked T if he wanted to hear about his vacation. T said, "No." Later in the session, Dr. Rosin gave him another opportunity to hear about his vacation and T again acted like he was not interested. I am sure T would have liked to hear about it because while we were on our camping trip, he mentioned that Dr. Rosin was on vacation and he wondered about it. But T just wouldn't ask. As we left the office, he shook Dr. Rosin's hand but he still would not say good-bye. He just walks out. (About ten minutes before we left the office, Dr. Rosin introduced the idea to T that I might leave the room. T, of course, was not in agreement and said if I left he would walk out, too.)

That evening S and I went with some friends to a Kenny G concert. T was fine when we left but he wanted me to promise him that I would wake him when we returned, which I did. Although I did wake him and said goodnight, he did not remember it the next morning.

### September 7, 1990

Although T was great about us leaving last night, I think he is trying to make me feel guilty about it today. He said he is nervous when I'm not here and he didn't get to spend enough time with me after his first day of school. I didn't let him know it but I am realizing that he knows just how to get to me.

He was very nervous getting ready for school and kept mentioning the boy who is in his class that he is afraid of. I told him I would mention it to his teacher and I did. Mr. F is aware of the problem and says he will keep a close eye on things. While T was in line waiting to go into school he did not want me to leave. He kept getting off the



line to tell me "one more thing." He had tears in his eyes and I was worried that he might not go in. Mr. F spotted us and came over and gave T a few pictures of his new puppy. He asked him to show the pictures to the other kids when they got in. They went into the school and I left. I knew he'd be O.K. but I spent most of the day worrying about how he was doing emotionally.

When I picked him up after school, he was very happy. He did mention a few problems with the other boy, D, who had spit at him but basically he seems to be enjoying school once he gets in the building.

### September 10, 1990

Each morning is more tense. This morning T cried on the way to school. When I asked him what he was upset about, he said he was nervous that he couldn't do third grade work, nervous about having D in his class, nervous about being away from home for six hours. He said, "I feel nervous about everything I do." I tried to comfort him and explained that he wasn't expected to know third grade work, that he was there to learn third grade work. He went into school but was still very choked up.

After school, things were great, as always. He had a great day, had no problems with D, and any classwork that is not completed during the day can be done for homework. T played outside with B for a while, then sat down and did his homework on his own without any whining.

### September 11, 1990

T woke up in a very happy mood this morning. He said he had just had a dream that he helped the Ninja Turtles chase a monster. He got dressed, ate, and was actually early for school. He did want me to wait in the school yard until he went in but there were no tears and no fuss. He seemed very confident this morning. I hope this lasts.

### September 12, 1990

We had another great morning before school. When we arrived at school, T explained that just as we get to school his "nervousness is very high, up to the sky." When he gets in the building his "nervousness comes down low until I don't feel it." I told him I was very proud

of him and to have a great day. I am getting a sense that he is learning to really deal with his feelings.

I knew that the time was coming when T's mother would have to leave T in the session alone with me. I will begin to mention it to T to slowly get him used to the idea. Often I have found that when there is a symbiotic overenmeshment between a mother and a child a point is reached in the therapy when the parent must be asked to leave the treatment room. If the therapist times it right, the child will often have an emotional discharge in the session and also, perhaps, afterwards but will move on from there with an increase in independence. If the therapist attempts this break too early (for both the mother and the child) the symbiosis intensifies.

I knew that the next stage of T's therapy would be emotionally challenging for his mother and I wanted to prepare her. Accordingly, I told her that prior to September the results of therapy had been dramatic. I explained that they were achieved at a superficial level and that from this time forward I would be working at deeper levels of T's character structure. As such, she needed to know that results might not be as immediate and that there would be more periods of apparent regression. I further explained that such apparent regressions would consist of remnants of T's more superficial defenses which we had largely worked through already, although their appearance would be similar to that of T's original problems. T's mother looked anxious and I reassured her that I would help her get through this.

*(To be continued)*