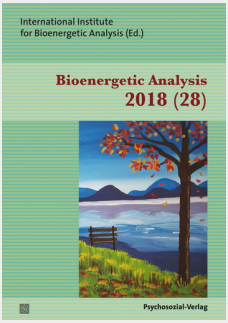
John Conger

Fleas on the Back of a Wild Dog



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Margit Koemeda, Maê Nascimento, Maria Rosario Filoni, Louise Frechette, Guy Tonella, Maryse Doess, Claudia Ucros, Rejean Simard, Jörg Clauer, Vita Heinrich-Clauer, Angela Klopstech

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Fleas on the Back of a Wild Dog

Five Skulls and Human History

John Conger

"Sick on my journey,
Only my dreams will wander
These desolate moors."
Basho's Death Poem (his last poem)

Abstract: "Fleas on the Back of a Wild Dog" describes the evolutionary history of the body we address as somatic therapists. Competent therapists take a complete history, and this paper addresses an ignored history, disregarded, concerning the body itself. As body-oriented therapists, the historical body in front of us, like the psychological history, has often unexpected relevance. The body we walk around in is no invention of the moment. Our instinctual attitudes carry a history that deepens our sense of the body's purposeful movements and it's frustrations. Otherwise uninformed, we suffer a loss of background. This paper provides something of the innate skills still underlying our present life experience.

On my desk are five human skulls: to be precise, Australopithicus afarensis (Lucy), Homo ergaster, Homo erectus, Homo neanderthalensis, and Homo cromagnonensis. They are not actual dug-up skulls but casts. I am not romantically invested in death. But I expect something from these skulls that aren't transmitted in words. I want to know where I came from. And so I am waiting for a deeper understanding of the evolutionary paradigm that has rushed urgently upon us with the unraveling of DNA and the subsequent genetic decoding of everything that walks or crawls and eats things. I am thrust into nature like a mud hole I can no longer climb out of. I am nature. The same gene that makes the front legs of a fruit fly designs my arms and the wings of other creatures.

I am no longer a human being with an animal aspect. I am very much like my dog, a mammal with an edge on everyone else. The cow I eat brings me alarmingly close to genetic cannibalism; and the mosquito I kill, sucking my blood, is only a few hundred million years behind me, according to our shared structure. We are all just a very weird family sharing a meal. The same genes formed us all, altered by yes/no, binary switches called hox genes, directed by only a few design alternatives. The evolutionary process sustains itself with durable simplicity.

I was brought up on the hard edge of the story book Judeo-Christian tradition in which King David was a big hero of mine and Jesus was ethically and personally, a brilliant, disturbing, compassionate mirror to human nature and the transcendent life. I was aware that human history was very old, predating the Greeks and Egyptians and even Phoenicians who gave us their alphabet. There was so much history to learn. And I went to graduate school and read as much great literature as I could ever wish, hearing voices as durable as rock.

But what is 10 or 20 thousand years up against a universe that came into being 13 billion, 700 million years earlier, or a solar system that exploded into being 4 billion, 600 million years ago? I am in awe of a creation story that tells me such unimaginable truths. After some millions of years, a rock the size of Mars hit our earth a glancing blow that sent it spinning so that the iron moved to the core and the basalt became the mantle and the gasses gathered as a protective atmosphere. The earth tilted and developed seasons and a piece ripped off that became our moon. And the earth still wobbles and shifts a few degrees and moves from a spherical trip to an elliptical trip around the sun, shifting back and forth every ten thousand years or so.

And for billions of years, on earth, it's just bacteria talking to itself – that's it. There was bacteria and then more bacteria, clumps of it for sure, but as far as we know (which isn't much), evolving life wasn't a priority. Oh yes, the bacteria develop finally a nucleus and DNA to reproduce, and then reorganized for different purposes. Four billion years pass and nothing mammalian happens but how would we know really!

Nothing we consider "advanced" lasts for long, no remnant. Maybe a race more brilliant and adaptive bred genius and destroyed itself leaving no record like the evocative Atlantis legend suggests. But after billions of years of apparently little change that would matter to us, such as the right mix of oxygen, heat, dry land, clean water, food and light – how are we to comprehend the Cambrian explosion?

From the creation of our solar system 4 billion, 600 million years ago, finally something did happen, a mere 543 million years ago. The life that existed in a primitive form within the range of four phyla (an internal structure classification), evolved into 38 phyla over the next ten million years; even more amazing, that number of phyla has not increased since that time. Life exploded into complex and varied forms that were hungry.

Life forms (fossils) developed internal complexity assisted by claws and armor. One theory proposes that life developed primitive eyes, presenting for all to see, an immediate form of protein. We were able to develop bigger brains and bodies because of the nasty habit of eating each other. One particular fact (as a once peace-loving Berkeley California resident) has impressed me – that built into our life plan as a species is the aggressive necessity of acquiring protein, one way or another. Aggression is not just the result of a bad childhood or a bad neighborhood.

And then, of course, came the near extinctions of all life 250 million years ago, the Permian Age, after Nature had put in all that work to build finally a viable future for complex life forms. Apparently on this planet, even continents are not nailed down. Roughly 300 million years ago, (the Mesozoic Era, spanning 245 to 66 million years ago, the age of dinosaurs), there was only one continent called Pangaea, before being pulled or split apart one million years later. There's a debate about which it was. (Science News: 4/4/2015). The temperature in general was tropical, just perfect for Dinosaurs, gradually shifting from deserts to forests, a cooler climate and the next catastrophe.

Nothing has prepared us to grasp the utter randomness of an earth whose priorities lean toward volcanoes and meteors, toward oxygen shortage, an earth that shows us no preference. Millions of years later, 3.6 million years ago, time for the continents to have drifted far apart, the Artic was covered with boreal forests; and by 2.2 million years, the end of the Pliocene Epoch, the North had grown colder ushering in the glacial period. There were ice ages after that – the last extending from 110,000 to 12,000 years ago, the last Ice Age so far.

The violence and destructive reverses of a world turning on itself places us like fleas on the back of a wild dog.

There is nothing safe about this later day creation story – far from it. No Fatherly or Motherly Evolutionary presence watches over our behavior once so artfully conceived of as a secure, earthly garden. Given our passion to own the truth about our existence, aside from manifestation, the Creator I believe in, doesn't reduce to something we can comfortably imagine at all. If we are to get a glimpse of the signature of the Creator, then science, mystical experience and what has been called Grace and I would add Simplicity, must draw us, against all arrogance, into sustained states of unknowing as the available contact point.

The Presence of God stands outside and beyond this evolutionary narrative. The intelligence written into the universe and universes speaks of an inconceivable brilliant Presence. There is in the religious narrative a bewildering reduction of the miraculous to bite-size in order to guide and sustain our fallible life path on our journey toward Light. The spiritual reality of religious traditions speaks of God's love for us and our immortality as points of light, of our immunity to death. Our precariousness is just an experience, nothing permanent. We are living within two great mythologies of body and spirit – but about the body.

But in this Earth-driven moment, who are we really if not the skulls that preceded us, our forebears, whose adjusted DNA define us now? You have probably heard of Lucy, 3 million 200 thousand years old. Recently, there are some who figure she fell from a high tree (four stories high) to her death because of the multiple bone fractures. (*Nature* 8/29/16 as reported in *Science News* 9/17/16) Her brain is the same size and shape as an ape, a fourth of the brain size of ours. Lucy was bipedal but obviously and to her detriment, she could hang from trees. Her pelvis was short and wide like ours and no longer long and flat but curling around

to provide leverage for muscles to hold her standing. She has been represented as our primal differentiation from our tree-climbing cousins. Instead of only eating like chimpanzees from the leafy trees and fruits of the forest, Lucy had moved as well to the grasslands diet. Supposedly, ten million years ago the planet got very cold for a few million years. Without water in Africa many of the forests disappeared and so our forebears of necessity left the trees for grassland and ate tubers and pick-up food. And we progressed and warmed up some of course. From 3.4 to 2.5 million years we were butchering animals and by 1. 8 million years ago we hunted large game.

The earliest fossil that represents the beginnings of the human family was found in Chad in Africa, and is tentatively dated at 7 million years old, called "Sahel man" after a part of Africa south of the Sahara desert. A skull and some jaw fragments were aligned, not like a guerrilla's alignment to the torso (45 degree angle), but to an upright positioning. (Walter, 2013) Recently in East Africa, stone tools were found 3.3 million years old. (*Science News*. 6/13. 2015). So far, we have identified 28 attempts at our species with homo sapiens sapiens the only survivor, while carrying forward some genetic material of our extinct forbears.

The story we want to tell from Lucy is that the human species moved from the trees to the ground and we then developed longer legs with the right tilt to facilitate running and our pelvis grew wider and shorter and later deeper to accommodate a larger head/brain. But recently someone discovered ardipithicus ramidis who was 4 million 400 thousand years old, who was 4 feet tall with longer legs apparently, a creature further along in development toward our human species than Lucy. From ramidis we might assume a different historical conjecture entirely, throwing doubt on all suppositions. (Bower, 2012)

Nevertheless, we can notice over time that the skull muzzle recedes and the brow ridge loses prominence and smelling gives way to seeing as the face flattens out. Homo ergaster with his craggy brow ridge and heavy jaw, my second skull, one million 800 thousand years old, represents a serious advance. S/he was possibly making fire and certainly tools, there being no hard evidence about fire until our last million years. Homo ergaster gave birth to homo erectus, who, with a brain capacity of two-thirds our present brain, dated at about one million seven hundred thousand years old. Stationed on my desk, homo erectus actually looks much more "like us". By that time, we had developed a wider, deeper pelvis and long legs for running distances, an arched foot with a big toe that takes 30% of the weight when we walk or run. Homo erectus had it all except for the misfortune of dying out.

Australopithicus afarensis (Lucy) like other apes (no tails) three million years ago no doubt followed the customs of apes in which the biggest male got to propagate the species with the much smaller females, while the smaller males slunk away disappointed. But somehow in the million years that followed we developed the pair bond approach in which many of the males had permanent girlfriends/wives. Consequently, with homo erectus, the male and female size dif-

ference became moderate. What defines us as human beings according to Nick Wade (p. 168) is the pair-bond, reciprocity, language and religion, (with a bit of a scuffle around the inclusion of rellgion).

> "We have some remarkable capabilities as human beings that allowed us to run down fleet footed food until they slowed from exhaustion. Fascia encases our muscles and organs, the 'fascia profunda,' a stretchy elastic that 'connects muscle to muscle, forming continuous spirals from our feet to our forehead, which twirl around each other like the strands of as double helix. Meaning? Our body is rigged like a compound archery bow. Super stretchy tissue links our left foot to the right hip, the right hip to the left shoulder, and its much tougher than any muscle.'" (McDougall, p. 69)

After several million years of adaptation, with our shoulders thick with fascia, ligaments and tendons, unlike apes, our species learned to throw spears and rocks with the energy of a slingshot. Our shoulders were lower, our wrist more flexible, our upper arm rotated more, and our waists wider. (McDougall, pps. 74–75.)

And for a while, Homo erectus sat on my desk; and without verbal language or fascia, s/he was communicating so much, so easily, even if I did not understand. There is nothing wrong with being visited by the unknown in a seemingly familiar form, for long periods of time. It's a form of waking up or going to sleep.

Some suppose that Homo heidelbergensis in Africa eventually fathered homo sapiens; and also the neanderthals in Europe – that is, Homo neanderthalensis. Neanderthal man had a brain one-fifth larger than our own and more of a muzzle, not that flat face that favors sight over smell. There continues to be debate about whether s/he could talk or symbolize through art and rituals. My neanderthal visitor is 125,000 years old but his type died out 30,000 years ago but not without leaving 4 percent of its genetic makeup with us, homo sapiens. Svante Paabo and his group at Max Planck Institute have decoded the Neanderthal DNA and discovered it to be an ancient species dating back three to four hundred years old in distinct contrast to Homo sapiens. Cave remains in the Carmel mountain range in Israel, dating back 100 thousand years, suggest a possible meeting place for the two species, in which the tools used were identical. (Paabo, pp. 197–208). Recently in Spain, evidence of the use of fire in a cave by Europeans was confirmed dating to 800,000 years ago. (SN, 7/9/16: "Europeans Lit Fires 800,000 years ago". Bruce Bower)

According to Steven Mithen, Homo sapiens emerged in Africa 130,000 years ago during a harsh glacial period, the earliest skeleton having been found at Omo Kibish in Ethiopia.

> "This new species behaved in quite a different way to those that had preceded them: the archaeological record begins to show traces of art, ritual

> and a new range of technology, reflecting a more creative mind. H. Sapiens rapidly replaced all existing human species, pushing the Neanderthals and H. Erectus into extinction." (Mithen, p. 10)

To leap ahead, the Cro-Magnon man skull is French and 30 thousand years old, and I want to believe he was creating artful tools and cave paintings. From the indentation on the forehead of his modern face, he lost an important, individual fight. I am told that Cro-Magnon man had a larger brain than we do at 1600 cc. I kind of resent that. He just doesn't look that big or that smart. I am also told that it was probably not just good protein that developed brain tissue. Ironically, starvation helps increase brain tissue and decreases the cell duplication in the rest of the body and so prolongs life.

I am not just thinking history when I see these ancient artifacts of our struggle to meet impossible odds. On my desk, their faces remind me, like any monk or phenomenologist, of being present to my own death. These skulls, standing beside if not elbowing past the Judaic-Christian/Classical Tradition, are the new narrative of who I am, my lineage which has extended to me a life against all odds, surviving on an earth that is no mother, whose nature, with all its generosity, is profligate, violent and untrainable, as we ourselves so often prove to be – perhaps the mother we deserve. These skulls tell me of youth, joyful, immortal, resilient, terrified, loving the earth always as if for the first time, relentlessly cut down like grass.

And aside from all that, you might be asking yourself, what is the genesis of this weird skull obsession, this guy's séances with composites? Is he recommending this practice to others?

The Development of my Skull Obsession under a Physician's Care

Not so long ago I went into analysis to become a Psychoanalyst. I was in so many ways directed toward being a Jungian Analyst; and yet I was reading British object relations, initially Klein, one of the early somatic psychoanalysts – fascinated by her study of the primitive development of a self. The great teachers I was studying under, at the time, taught at the Psychoanalytic Institute in San Francisco. I was amazed they let me in to PINC in 2003 and let me out in 2009.

While I was seeing my Analyst in downtown Berkeley, I thought I would save money on parking by using the Barnes and Noble lot. In order not to be identified as the exploiter (lying cheat) that I was, I walked through their bookstore both coming and going, and I was going three to four times a week to Analysis. I practically lived in the store because their buyer on Nature was a genius. I bought tons of books on evolution, anthropology, neuroscience, and consciousness. Gradual-

ly it dawned on me that those clever devils were exploiting me by luring me into their lot, a kind of Venus flytrap. Perhaps it is pure circumstance, but that particular branch went out of business after I finished my analysis.

As I mentioned before, I discovered that the same genes that created the front legs of a fly were the same that created wings and created my arms, that nature seldom starts over but builds by repeating past strategies and adapting them. In this case, by having a yes/no switch called a hox gene, all the variations of leg, arm and wing, the vast difference in size and nature, can be organized by evolutionary choices. Such evolutionary structures fill me with awe, perhaps like Einstein's sense of the intelligence we call God.

And if that were not enough, in Berkeley there is an amazing store on Solano Avenue called The Bone Room, and that is where I found myself buying reproductions, with that hunger to have a skull right there looking back at me. I thought I might understand who was looking at me from so long ago, so I bought others. Now my justification each few months, when I hunger to buy more remains, declares that as a teacher, these skulls are terribly useful props.

Why is the evolutionary body, along side psychoanalysis, so important to me and so much a part of what I teach others privately and in graduate school? Just as the cell phone threw the landline into shadow, so verbal language turns the body into a sound. We have bodies made out of words. Our body image goes to China through chat-roulette. We have a self that travels light.

The class I teach in analytic/somatic therapy attunes us to those earlier languages we pushed aside. The gene for verbal language, "foxp2", appeared roughly 120 thousand years ago, but judging from our tool development, we were not very proficient until about 50 thousand years ago. But long before verbal language, having survived every evolutionary destruction, we were a smart, always-young race talking up a storm through expressive gestures and images because the body thinks that way.

The development of a verbal language was intensified through a second stunning revolution. Between 40 and 20 thousand years ago (an array of fossilized teeth tell us this startling fact), we began to live beyond thirty years of age, surviving disease and accident. (Pringle, p. 49–55). Of course there is plenty of life before thirty. We can propagate, we can identify hundreds of plants to eat; we can weave baskets and build a shelter. We can tend a fire and we can jump on the back of a big animal with our spear.

However, I don't know what you were like at thirty, but I don't imagine a whole lot of reflective thinking or writing was happening, not until we lived longer lives. We developed an alphabet 3800 years ago. We got serious about writing at about the 8th century BCE when the Greeks adopted the Phoenician alphabet. For some time, agriculture freed us from wandering about desperately, grazing all the time, wearing us out too young, and suffering terrible accidents. Even more amazing, the complexity of writing and reading, so unique to our

species, had to develop within the constraints of our primate brain. (Dehaene, p. 8)

We had managed to develop agriculture and domesticate animals even as a primitive society that lives day to day. Primitive societies according to the noted anthropologist Claude Levi-Strauss, operate through egalitarian structures and agreement. Writing however marks the shift from primitive societies to modern societies. When asked to define the difference between primitive societies he had studied and civilized societies, Levi-Strauss in conversation with Georges Charbonnier in 1959, described the shift from a primitive society of stasis to the civilized sort, to one of built-in inequality – as a provocative disequilibrium, an inherent disorder that becomes the generative force for disturbed development and difference. He says,

> "So the only phenomena which, always and in all parts of the world seems to be linked with the appearance of writing, (and not only in the eastern Mediterranean but also in China in the earliest known period, before the conquest), is the establishment of hierarchical societies, consisting of masters and slaves, and where one part of the population is made to work for the other." (Claude Levi-Strauss pps. 29–30)

It has long been noted that we cannot bear very much reality. We must reduce reality to bite-size. We don't tend to see much, only what works for us at the time. *Verbal language, through abstraction and dissociation, has taken on the significant task of blocking out bodily sensations. Once we freed ourselves from the prejudicial demands of the body through the spoken word, through writings and analytic thought, we declared ourselves independent of the emotional hardships of a body-centered life*. The liberated mind left the house and wandered off securely on its own as if it had no family, a prodigal son who spent all its inheritance but still refused to call home. It's timeless apartment and companions are books, journals and computers, a brilliant but costly liberation from current circumstance and culture.

And so I take myself back before books.

I don't think it was only skulls that reconnected me to my somatic human Being as a significant structure in the erector set of evolution. Utterly lost to words, I needed long-term rehabilitation in somatic psychotherapy to return to the painful body experience I had magically escaped. Following my shift toward embodiment, it was Neuroscience that hypothesized for me how our human being developed a self through a move from a core consciousness, a "proto-self", to an "autobiographical self" as described by Antonio Damasio in, *The Feeling of What Happens*). To be clear, what further distinguished me from my fellow mammals was this prefrontal cortex development that made plans, constrained impulse, and recognized itself in reflection, a self that could build a story of itself and consider itself as an ongoing object in a larger context, a self-aware self with

a symbolic function – a self that could experience being free as a bird, that could invent itself as having escaped for the moment the artificial cage of body.

Only then did I experience my sameness to my cat – that I was like my cat in so many ways with an emergent awareness of feeling and emotion, an internal sensory system that evaluates inside and outside experience (Sohms), all complex and parallel, similar except for the self that flies. Otherwise, I truly was not that different from the deer that wander at will around Berkeley without regard to the leash law, deer that eat my favorite plants and make me dream of a country freezer and another kind of life.

Therefore, it seems odd to me that Psychoanalysis has strayed so far from the body, from psycho-somatic illness, from a truly Somatic Psycho-Analysis – given the awkward reality that our body, as it turns out, is not an artificial bird cage; but follows us everywhere as a mammal, like a lonely dog. Perhaps we think a dog is unable to keep up with our lofty conversation.

I teach my students to go back to an earlier time, to Homo erectus or Neanderthalensis, to a time when we were more sense driven and so much was understood through feel and emotional attitude, balance and imbalance, containment and release, amusement and play, posture and gesture, all the gifted intelligences of body.

I say to my students that there are at least 8 languages and the last is verbal: I list and describe them in general terms: instinct; sensory-motor; emotion; the six senses; patterns, numbers, and forms; art, music, and dance; sequences and grammatical constructs; and verbal language. I want my students to "see" energy as it stops and starts, as actually no-big-deal. I want them to feel the ancient body that survived.

When some people dance together, nothing happens at all, no magic, even if they keep the beat. It looks like mutual bumping, jumping and arm swinging. But when you look around a bit, you inevitably see someone else speaking with an exquisite something – no name for it but what an impact of natural art; and sometimes, two of those alien body language people talk with each other and gradually all the chatter stops.

Everyone steps back and clears a circle to watch. Now you get to see the evolutionary body unwrapped and vibrant, sophisticated, coherent and distinct, both alien and utterly familiar because our body knows what is said while our verbal mind falters. If we are not too afraid of the woods from a lifetime of city living, our bodies unwind in the wilderness in similar inexplicable ways that our head can't keep up with.

In college and in graduate school, for four summers, I was staff at a canoe camp in Canada in which we left camp for weeks at a time. Eventually I took a two-month trip, the second half of which carried us down the Hurricanaw River that fed into Hudson Bay. Reaching the Bay, we paddled across to Moosenee and returned by train. Modest as that was compared to the survival/wilderness sto-

ries I have read, I mention it because it changed my orientation to life, in which the significant, indeed overwhelming, experience of life is utterly wordless; and instead – intensely visual, visceral, and terrifying in the most ordinary way. The commonplace examples were the rapids that could kill you through a slight misjudgment. Some nights looking in the sky, the northern lights might have been a wild, Olympian party or the beginnings of an alien invasion, something not to be believed.

To this day I can see and feel the river and the low banks, the rapids – and I remember a huge moon through the rain that sat on the water as we emerged, finally, down the last rapids, shivering, to the Bay. After a month on the river, we had run out of tobacco. Anyone who has been in wilderness knows what I am talking about, how it reduces us in importance to less than a big rock and dominates our experience. There is also another powerful experience of simply being a part of something rather than alien. Important as they are as invaluable alternatives to the raw demand of nature, books are secondary to the moment-by-moment survival.

Nevertheless, it is the evolutionary body in nature, that within the protections of civilization, I return to with as much thoughtfulness and presence as I can muster. A civilized rationality can bite-size reality by discarding every experience that does not fit into it's one bedroom apartment. Mystery, spirituality, mythology, our "wild experience," all of it that may be scoffed at, sustains our humanity in trouble. Face it, the abandonment of wild experience has disembodied us.

And yet often, the deepest transactions between my patients and myself, the place that most needs to come together within us is wordless and wild, and it is in being there humbled, present, without the weapons, perhaps with only dim awareness of the mystery of water and fire, that the healing takes place.

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Abstracts

German

"Fleas on the Back of a Wild Dog" (Flöhe auf dem Rücken eines wilden Hundes) beschreibt die evolutionäre Geschichte des Körpers, mit der wir uns als somatische Therapeuten befassen. Kompetente Therapeuten nehmen eine vollständige Geschichte auf. Und dieser Artikel geht eine ignorierte, vernachlässigte Geschichte an, die den Körper selbst betrifft. Als körperorientierte Therapeuten hat der historische Körper vor uns – ähnlich wie die psychologische Geschichte – oft eine unerwartete Bedeutung. Der Körper, in den wir hineinkommen, ist keine Erfindung des Augenblickes. Unsere instinktiven Haltungen vermitteln eine Geschichte und vertiefen unseren Sinn für die absichtsvollen Bewegungen des Körpers und seine Frustrationen. Anderenfalls blieben wir uninformiert, würden wir einen Verlust an Hintergrund erleiden. Dieser Artikel erhellt etwas von den angeborenen Fähigkeiten, die noch unter unseren gegenwärtigen Lebenserfahrungen liegen.

French

"Fleas on the Back of a Wild Dog" (des puces sur le dos d'un chien sauvage) décrit l'histoire évolutive du corps auquel nous nous adressons en tant que thérapeutes corporels. Les thérapeutes compétents prennent note de l'histoire complète du patient. Dans cette présentation, il est question d'une histoire ignorée, méprisée et qui concerne le corps propre. Pour les thérapeutes d'orientation corporelle, le "corps historique" qui se présente devant nous a souvent une pertinence aussi inattendue que l'est l'histoire psychologique. Le corps que nous explorons n'est pas une invention du moment. Nos attitudes instinctives sont porteuses d'une histoire qui donne du sens aux mouvements délibérés du corps ainsi qu'à ses frustrations. Sans cette information, nous perdons le contexte.Cet article présente une partie des compétences innées qui sous-tendent toujours notre expérience du moment présent.

Italian

"Fleas on the Back of a Wild Dog" (pulci sulla schiena di un cane selvatico) descrive la storia evolutiva del corpo, che affrontiamo come terapeuti corporei. I terapeuti competenti colgono la storia completa e questo articolo affronta una storia ignorata, trascurata, riguardante il corpo stesso. Come terapeuti orientati al corpo, il corpo storico di fronte a noi e la storia psicologica, hanno spesso una rilevanza inaspettata. Il corpo attorno a cui ci muoviamo non è un'invenzione del momento. Le nostre attitudini istintive si uniscono alla storia che approfondisce il nostro senso dei movimenti intenzionali del corpo e delle sue frustrazioni. Se non informati in altro modo, soffriamo la perdita del background. Questo articolo fornisce alcune competenze innate che sottendono la nostra esperienza di vita presente.

Portuguese

"Fleas on the Back of a Wild Dog" (pulgas nas costas de um cachorro selvagem) descreve a história evolutiva do corpo que abordamos como terapeutas somáticos. Terapeutas

competentes tomam uma história completa e este artigo reporta uma história ignorada e desconsiderada sobre o corpo em si mesmo. Como terapeutas corporais, o corpo histórico que se põe diante de nós, assim como a história psicológica, tem frequentemente, uma inesperada relevância. O corpo em torno do qual giramos não é invenção de momento. Nossas atitudes instintivas carregam uma história que aprofunda nosso senso dos movimentos propositais do corpo e suas frustrações.

Caso contrário, desinformados, sofreríamos uma perda de background. Este artigo mostra como habilidades inatas ainda subjazem nossa experiência de vida atual.

Russian

Описывается эволюционная история формирования человеческого тела – основного объекта телесной терапии. Опытные терапевты хорошо знакомы с тем, как развивалось человеческое тело в ходе эволюции, однако, настоящая статья посвящена той части истории тела, которой не придавалось особого значения и, которая поэтому, игнорировалась. Для телесно-ориентированных терапевтов, взгляд на развитие человеческого тела, как это было и в истории психологии, часто приносит неожиданные открытия. Тело, с которым мы работаем, сформировалось не вчера. Инстинктивные реакции продиктованы долгой историей становления человека в процессе его природной, культурной и социальной эволюции, зная которую, можно глубже понимать как телесные целенаправленные движения, так и связанную с ними фрустрацию. Без этого понимания современные знания о человеке неполны. Настоящая статья расширяет представления о телесных возможностях, присущих человеку от природы, которые, лежат в основе функционирования современного человека.

About the Author

John P. Conger PhD, a psychologist, psychoanalyst and an International Trainer in Bioenergetic Analysis, is the author of (1988, 2004) *Jung and Reich: the Body as Shadow*, and (2006) *The Body in Recovery: Somatic Psychotherapy and the Self*.