

About the Material in This Book – The Story Behind the Story

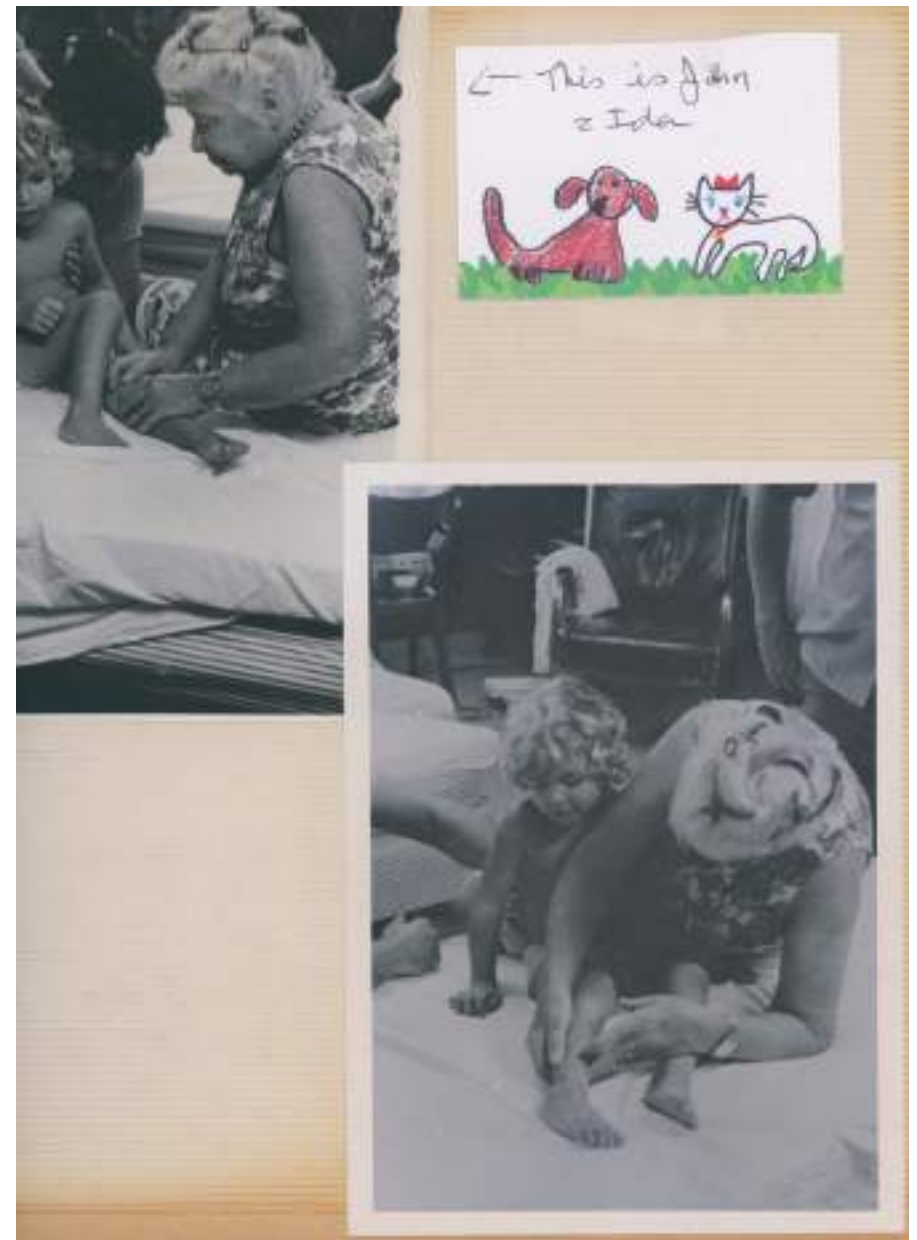
I didn't know John Lodge. I knew of him. I knew that he was the artist who had drawn all the pictures in the book **Rolfing – The Integration of Human Structures**. He was the artist, whose sketches of 4-year-old Timmy served as the basis for the "Little Boy Logo" of the Dr. Ida Rolf Institute (see page 26). Little did I know at the beginning of the year 2020 that I was soon to get acquainted not only with him, but also with the history of Dr. Rolf's book.

By April 2020 I had started to familiarise myself with John Lodge – through his writings, his drawings, his ideas. I had empathised with his quest to understand Ida Rolf's inquiry into the balance between gravity and man on a much deeper level than the pure mechanics of Structural Integration. I had bonded with him when I had learned that he had been, like myself, an actor – the sheriff in some episodes of "Bonanza." I sensed his longing for something that surpassed "consensus reality." I got to know John Lodge – the dreamer, the visionary, the philosopher, the mystic – I got to know him by way of material that had been stored for decades in an attic.

Backtracking two months to February 2020, I was looking for unpublished pictures of Ida Rolf and her first instructors Emmett Hutchins and Peter Melchior. I had been inserting subtitles into Peter Melchior's Basic Series videos and had started posting some of them on International SI forums. There was a very positive resonance and my few scattered posts metamorphosed into a blog which I kept going over three months. In the course of this project I had the idea to create a calendar in honour of Ida Rolf's 125th birthday in 2021 with some of these valuable insights. So I asked on the forum for pictures and Margaret Van Der Waerden responded, telling me that she not only had some pictures, but also a "box." Its contents, notes and drawings by John Lodge and texts by Ida Rolf, are at the heart of the material presented in this book.

Letter from Margaret Van Der Waerden

John Lodge and I were married and we considered ourselves to be soul mates. For 20 years, John also worked as the Rolfer in my physical therapy clinic doing the 10 Series and occasionally Advanced Work. During that time, I frequently sat in on sessions to watch him work and I learned quite a bit from him over the years. I had initially learned Myofascial Release as a PT attending work-



Timmy – from a photo album

a working title with meaning primarily to the author. Ida Rolf's working title for her book was **The Re-Creation of Adam and Eve**. Reading it for the first time I was shocked at the apparent hubris. Going through the manuscripts, however, allowed me to empathise with Dr. Rolf and the enormity of the task – the writing of this one fundamental book as her legacy, without the help of computers – first in long hand on a yellow pad, then typewritten with numerous notes attached, corrected and re-corrected – and all of this work alongside her teaching obligations. It started dawning on me that the working-title may well have helped her generate the strength to finish the project and I began sensing humour and energy instead of pretension. The title **The Re-Creation of Adam and Eve** was subsequently changed to **Blueprint for change – The meaning of Structural Integration** and finally amended to the published title **Rolfing – The Integration of Human Structures**.

The many corrections and re-writings speak of an on-going struggle to decide how much "esoteric" or "spiritual" content the readers could be confronted with. How well can you stay true to your spiritual convictions while at the same time intending for as wide as possible an audience? Ida Rolf clearly wanted her work to spread beyond the counterculture of the Human Potential Movement. The inner struggle, the need to compromise, are palpable and some texts, like the Buddhist Introductory Fable on page 34, had to be dropped, possibly in the hope of enlarging the potential audience. Having examined the entire material I understand the omissions, but regret them. They left a void.

The images in parts of her pre-print manuscripts along with John Lodge's notes chosen for this book are biased towards the philosophical and spiritual to fill that void and thus render Dr. Rolf's ideas more complete. I hope they will demonstrate that Structural Integration at its origin and, as we believe at its best, can be much more than a mechanical fascial manipulation. It offers a different perspective on the everlasting question, "What is life?"

David Davis, Dario Di Lorenzo, Cornelia Studer, Fulvio Faudella and Adam Polański became the group who helped sort through John Lodge's notes and were an invaluable help in creating what you now hold in your hands.

Aleš Urbanczik

July 8, 1974

Dr. Ida F. Rolf
The Guild for Structural Integration
Box 1968
Boulder, Colorado 80300

Dear Ida:

Here are rough page layouts of the book, demonstrating the ways chapter openings and spreads would be treated. As you can see, the intention of the design is to leave air around both the text and the illustrations for ease in reading. Let us know your reactions, please.

As for the title and sub-title: I picked up the "re-creation" idea from your original working title, "The Re-Creation of Adam and Eve." If you don't want to use this approach, how about calling it, "STRUCTURAL INTEGRATION: Developing the Balanced Human Body"? Let's talk about this, too.

I'm sorry I've been out of the office so much lately. My schedule now is that I will be here Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays until July 10th; back here August 20th. In that month I can reach you by phone and relay instructions on details to New York. (I'll be in California.)

As ever,

Dear Dick:

Ida is in Los Angeles and will return July 18th, as you no doubt know from the Guild secretary. We are having your sample layout sent to me here in Georgetown and to Ida in Los Angeles. We will discuss it by phone and send you the result of our publication next week.

As to the title, we would prefer something closer to the title you announced. Hopefully, this will be easier for you: STRUCTURAL INTEGRATION: Toward the creation of the balanced man. We would also like to see the catalogue accompanying the book, if only to see with our own eyes that it is at least announced. Would you have this sent, please, to Ida at the Guild office? The address is below.

As I told you on the phone, Ida and I have repeatedly discussed the matter of the publication date, so long postponed. She is worried and pessimistic, and she has voiced these worries and pessimism not only to me but to the people who ask her consistently when the book will be out. You must know how important the book is to the current and future business of the Guild, which is expanding and growing at a great rate now. She has, after all, been obliged to tell these people, some of whom have every right to ask, that the publication date had been postponed four times now. The obvious possibility is that it will again be postponed. I have told her of your willingness to send her a letter guaranteeing the Spring, 1975, publication date (saving, of course, acts of God and labor unions). We both confidently expected such a letter. Since it has not been possible for you to send it, this paragraph may serve in its stead. Would you, therefore, counter-sign it and return it to Ida at the Guild office?

With best wishes,

Discussion with the publisher about the title of the book.

One Artistic Experiment



Sharon Wheeler

The GI Bill was paying my way through college until I either got a four year degree or I turned 28. According to a guidance counselor I tested "off the charts at three dimensional puzzle solving, but it was just too bad that there wasn't anything I could do with it." I was going to classes year round trying different majors; searching for something interesting that I was good at.

It was the 60s. The best of times with great music and good friends to share it with. On the weekends, I went dancing in the Haight-Ashbury where I met Lars Larson. He invited me to come down to Esalen to meet all of his friends. I answered him, "Big Sur? I know that place. It is cold, wet, and foggy, and it is a long way from Oakland. I don't have time to come down there. I'll just see you when you come up here." We went dancing on the weekends until one day he said to me "My friends don't believe I have a girl friend." He did have a point. Christmas break was coming up and I told him he could have New Years. I drove

down and met his friends, braved my first co-educational bath and had a lovely dinner in the "Lodge" (with the bar and nowadays WiFi, you can eat, meet your best friends, and find quiet refuge in a corner). I was informed that if the cook liked you, you were "somebody" and would be allowed into the kitchen for the New Year's Eve party. Neal Powers was the cook.

In the kitchen was a huge circle of people with their arms around each other swaying and "Ohm-ing." We joined the circle. Next to me was a short, 80+ year old man with white hair and beard. Just as I started to relax, I felt his hand creeping up under my shirt. Shocked, I looked down at him and said, "Excuse me!" He smiled and wiggled his hand up higher. I decided on revenge. I allowed him to get high enough to pin his hand against my ribs and did my level best to break his fingers. He jerked and pulled frantically trying to get away. When he finally escaped he looked up at me with such wounded reproach. I experienced a phenomenal rush of rage that swept up from my feet. I wanted to kill him in the worst way. I closed my eyes to gain control and silently admonished myself: "Now Sharon. You can not kill an 80 year old man on your first night at Esalen. You. Just. Can't." I ran for it instead. Ducking out of the circle, I informed Lars I was leaving and probably never coming back, and drove home to Oakland on New Year's Eve to escape the crazy people.

My school was Merritt Junior College, home to the Black Panthers. They demanded the board of governors create a black studies program starting the semester after Christmas break. The board thought this was a fine idea – but it was too late for this semester. How about in two semesters? The Panthers closed the college down. I showed up to attend my first class and found the parking lot deserted except for one Panther patrolling with a sawed off shotgun on his shoulder. It was too late to transfer to another school.

No school meant no money. I swallowed my pride and asked Lars if I could stay with him for one semester. He was delighted and invited me to stay as long as I liked. He had built his home out of salvaged Japanese shipping crates that had washed up on the Big Sur beaches. It was cantilevered out over the ocean, hidden within a cypress tree. There were windows all around and a balcony. You could drop things into the surf from a trap door that had a hanging ladder leading to a trail down the cliff face to the beach 200 feet below. We had kerosene lamps, a two burner gas stove and a metal cooler in the floor that kept the butter cold. There was a wood stove for winter. The kitchen sink rested on

a bough of the cypress. I brought my great grandmother's patchwork quilt and her treadle sewing machine with me. I planted a garden along the edge of the cliff. The passion flower vines still grow there. Esalen's most favored Tom cat, TJ (short for Tom Jones) honored me with a visit on most mornings – graciously accepting my offerings of food.

Esalen gave me work as a waitress, I had the early shift. The kitchen staff all helped me learn what to do. Neal was steady and calm and things ran smoothly. He taught me how to crack four eggs at the same time with both hands to fill up a big pot for scrambled eggs. We had short daily menus, different for each day. As each person seated themselves for breakfast, I would take their order and bring them something to drink. When it was ready, I brought their food, cleared and cleaned the tables and set up for the next person. We kept serving until everyone had eaten breakfast, then we prepared and served lunch. Each waitress had several tables to take care of.

Fritz Perls, MD, the founder of Gestalt Therapy, was that 80 year old man whose fingers I had tried to break. He lived on the grounds in a beautiful stone house built especially for him. I was careful to avoid him. Whenever I saw him, I would take off up the hill moving so fast that he had no chance to catch me and say hello – or worse. This went on for quite awhile until he showed up one morning sitting at one of my tables with a triumphant grin on his face. I had to say good morning and bring him his breakfast. He sat in my section from then on. One day I asked him why he misbehaved with all the women. He admitted that he was well beyond following it up – he just wanted to see what they would do. Over time, we became friends. He invited me to sit in on his Gestalt groups. He was a great therapist.

Esalen Institute was started by two Stanford graduates, Michael Murphy and Dick Price. Esalen's seminars were modeled on Stanford's undergraduate program which brought in cutting edge professors who inspired students to become creative innovators. Esalen was a grand success. It was also home to a unique community of people who ran the place and lived what they learned and taught. Dick was the soul of the place, holding enough space from saints to murderers in his heart. I considered him a dear friend.

Joan Baez brought the Big Sur Folk Festival. Ravi Shankar and George Harrison taught Indian music. The people who lived in the Big Sur hills came down to play music in the evening once or twice a week. They had been learning Con-

ga drumming from the legendary jazz drummer, Steve Jardini. Jeffery Stewart along with Gordy Howe were regulars. Peter Melchior and Jan Sultan often sat in. Gabrielle Roth developed her five rhythms dance from these evenings. It was excellent music and I loved dancing with the drums.

Lars suggested that I learn Esalen massage. To qualify, I had to give a perfect massage to the creator of the massage. Soon after I qualified, Esalen tapped me to teach massage workshops for them, which I did over the next five years. I practically lived at the baths. Esalen massage is not remotely concerned with anatomy or structural balance. Instead of anatomical names, I used simple "kitchen table" terms such as legs and arms, the head, and in the middle was the tummy. I incorporated Robert Nadeau's Aikido energy exercises and principles into the massage. It's purpose was to induce an alpha state (deep meditation) by matching the rhythm of the massage with the breath. Long sweeping strokes connected everything to the center and breathing. Being in an alpha state for an hour or two can be life changing. John Pierrakos, MD, creator of Core Energetics told me the massage he received from me at Esalen was the highlight of his entire life. Because of this connection with John, I did personal therapy work and studied Core Energetics with him from 1974 until 2001, when he passed. Core Energetics is an excellent foundation for helping people through the traumas revealed through Structural Integration.

Fritz Perls was the one who discovered Dr. Ida Rolf and brought her to Esalen. She called her work "Structural Integration." My neighbor, Pam Portugal Walatka nick-named it "Rolfing" and the name stuck. I cannot claim to have had the good sense to go looking for what became my life's work. Structural Integration came to my community.

My first encounter with Dr. Rolf's work was in the baths. I noticed something odd about Deborah Meadows' legs when she stepped into the big tub. The insides of both of her legs were spectacularly black and blue. I could understand her getting one leg into trouble, but two? I asked her how she had hurt herself. She told me that it wasn't an accident, she had gotten Rolfed. I was horrified, "You let them do that to you? Are you nuts?" She said her legs were so much better. I took a good, long look at her legs and told her "They look the same to me." I decided that Ida Rolf had to be a very good talker, and if she was that good, I was having nothing to do with her. I avoided Structural Integration until I was about the last un-Rolfed body in the whole place.