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Alternative

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They Almost MECHANIZED Me... 1 and more..

Consuming

by Cathy Field

In an environment where food is plentiful, we approach each meal as if it were our last. Why do we worry so much about starving to death?

Feeling unable to produce our own food because we must buy it in a supermarket, we are terrified lest there not be enough. What if it were Sunday every day and all the stores were closed?

We have become so distant from the earth we live on that we have forgotten that we grow the food we eat, we make the clothes we wear and the houses we live in.

We see the environment as one in which the physical necessities are scarce, mostly because we cannot produce what we need, and must depend on what is outside our control. On supermarkets for food, on landlords for homes, on stores for clothing, on people we don't know for sex, affection, and love.

There is so much food produced that much is wasted. There is so much clothing made that fashion has been invented to urge people to buy a new wardrobe every few months. There is so much housing being built that laws are being passed to limit the number of people in each unit.

There is so much excess that our energy has been channelled into producing luxury and consumer items that at best do not improve the quality of our lives, and at worst destroy our minds and bodies. Cigarettes, and television, potato chips, chocolate bars, silver-starred platform boots, knickknacks for the whatnot in the corner.

For people to feel compelled to buy all these gewgaws, we must feel that there is something lacking in our lives. We must be discontent and not know the source of our discontent. We must be dissatisfied and not know why. We must be needing something we're not getting.

It's obvious that we need food, clothing, a place to live. We also need friends, people with whom we can relax and be ourselves. We need real interaction with others. We need to be creative, to express ourselves as creative people.

But we have set up our lives so that we do almost nothing that we really want to do. We almost never

express desires or thoughts or feelings unless they are appropriate; we censor our self-expression.

How can we ever feel that we are able to affect the environment when what we say and do often has nothing to do with us, but is something that fits into what is going on, and thus doesn't change what is happening.

Trying to fit in and be appropriate means that we must sell ourselves like so many groceries on the shelf. There is a market for candy dishes, a market for celery, a market for people.

If I'm not bought, I'm worthless. If no one wants to rent my labour or use my skill, I am of no value. This often makes it difficult to obtain the physical things that I need.

This is true in a social structure where we exist for the benefit of the institutions we create and maintain. We are helpless and incomplete. We have little desire to change anything because we believe that nothing can be changed, by us or anyone else.

Our institutions try to give the illusion of changing with the needs of the public. Politics, community organizations, schools, urban planning groups, all try to involve the "grass-roots" in their decisions, but there is no real interaction, no real equality.

The attempts are merely to pacify, all on the surface, no depth. But few are really fooled.

We can't help but feel helpless and that if we are to survive we must be used by other people. We feel that we exist so that our nation may be strong, for the greater glory of God, for the benefit of others.

That gets turned around and we see other people as things to buy and sell and trade and then throw out. We become tired of them, so we abandon them like so many empty tin cans.

Soon we are all commodities like cigarettes and paper cups, newspapers and movies. We start to protect ourselves so that others don't use us and leave us empty, discard us.

But who wants to spend their life in a garbage can?

Alternative
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Photo by Joan Latchford

They Almost MECHANIZED Me

by Bill Holloway

I took a factory job, not as an assignment for a newspaper article, but because I needed some money. I anticipated that I wouldn't exactly enjoy working in a factory, but I figured that I could keep my purpose in mind and at least cope with the routine. I really wasn't ready for the heavy negative affect the work would have on me.

I'd had another job, a few months before, doing outdoor construction. On that job, I'd had to do many different tasks, some requiring complicated thinking and some requiring heavy labour. These varied physical and mental tasks made me feel active and awake. The situation in the factory turned out to be quite different.

For the previous two years I'd been living communally with a large group of people and we were learning to overcome our alienation. I was doing what I'd always needed but never done: integrating myself, awakening my emotions, relating with others on an open, truthful, and equal basis. The factory, right from the beginning, was alienated and alienating; it was an environment which disintegrated, deadened, and divided me.

First, there was the pitch. The interviewer told me that he could "see" that I was "intelligent" and the "kind he likes to hire". Then came the indoctrination, which was short and stern. "We make the best furniture in Canada, and our men take pride in their work." Yet, despite the alleged pride, there seemed to be difficulty

getting workers to stay on, which the interviewer seemed to be telling me to gain my sympathy: "We have a problem keeping men. I can't understand it. I guess they just don't like the work."

I was told I'd be working in the finishing room, which was supposed to be not a difficult job, but dirty. The production foreman then gave me his spiel, which was directed at showing me that he wasn't such a bad guy to unequivocally submit to. I heard all the things they were telling me with half an ear, having had previous experiences that employers' descriptions of jobs were usually far from my impressions as the worker.

I soon saw what there was to dislike about the work. It was a dull, boring routine. I only had to do about four simple actions. It got to me very soon; I felt like I was losing a part of myself, my imagination and enthusiasm. I felt like doing the same thing, day after day, was making me depressed. I felt like I had to control and harden myself to do it. I couldn't be loose and free. I had to abandon my feeling of well-being, and shut off my warmth and pleasantness.

WORKING WITH A CHAINED GANG

The other workers' talk coincided with what the interviewer had said about men coming and going very often.

Nevertheless, the actual situation didn't seem too bad to me; there were only two new men hired the previous week.

Of course, they did all need to be working full-time to fulfill their luxurious wants and to support themselves in the living situations they were trapped into. They all rented or were buying a private, non-shared dwelling and were supporting a wife and kids. Despite this hardship in living, most of them submissively accepted and sternly stood up for the restrictive moral code which denounced communal living.

But their private ownership of property - including a non-working wife - filled a different need for them: the need to be taken care of like a child, knowing that "mother" will on the finishing line the other twenty-six had been working there for over a year. It seemed that their idea of people leaving "often" wasn't based as much on reality as on their own feelings about it. Judging from comments I heard in conversations, it seemed that all the men (and the one woman) were very anxious to be free of the factory, but at the same time they felt that they had no choice about being there, and they resented that very strongly. Whenever anyone did take a day off, the fellow workers jokingly chided him, expressing indirectly a truly felt resentment that they were left to suffer while someone else was free for a day.

[cont'd on page 4]

Editorials

So many people who have heard about alienation don't want to hear any more. They say "let's not dwell on the negative"; maybe they've given up hope of ever being allowed to be themselves. They flip around from whim to whim to forget about their emptiness. But sometime between being entertained with movies and forgetting it all on a vacation they must ask, "What's missing from my life?" Yet what keeps them on their hopeless treadmill?

The horrible reality is that our present environment keeps us divided from our own inner power. We blindly abide by dehumanizing ethics imposed on us from outside ourselves, and we forget our own. We take on the

selves of others who are themselves incomplete and powerless to live by human proportions.

The freedom to actively create a human world is unimaginable to most people. Because of our passive character structures, we cannot conceive of alternatives, let alone create them. At some level, most of us have the tendency to accept, however unconsciously or resentfully, that everything is the way it is and there's nothing we can do about it.

But becoming free is possible. If we make the choice, and learn to change our passive characters, we can develop toward the alternative. *Alternative to Alienation* intends to explore what is blocking our individual and social growth, and what paths we can take in this direction.

Romance Isn't Love

What is love? Is love an emotion? Is it an emotional state into which we fall when we find the right person? Is it a feeling we get when we encounter a person who appears to be in tune with what we want out of life?

The myth of romantic love being an ideal which people should strive to realize is one which has long dominated the philosophy of life governing the life-style of most people.

But, as Bob Dylan has said, "The times they are a' changin'."

Romantic love is not providing the firm foundation which is needed to make marriage and the family work and provide happiness and security for its members.

Instead, it is producing broken homes, battered babies, and the bitterness and disillusionment which is the product of most modern marriages.

How can we solve this problem? What is wrong with our thinking?

Erich Fromm has pointed out that love is not merely an emotion, something we 'feel' toward some special person, which has a pronounced effect on our lives.

Love, for Fromm, is an activity, a power within the person who loves, which has little or nothing to do with the disposition of the person loved.

It is an art, which the loving person must learn, and which begets love in return.

Two thousand years ago, Jesus expressed the idea that love should produce love in the person loved, and he made this his criterion in judging between truly loving people and people who only pretended to be loving.



"By their fruits ye shall know them," he told his disciples.

Karl Marx held a similar view and in the Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts of 1844, he expresses the idea that love should beget love, that love should produce reciprocal love.

Romantic love has failed miserably in producing reciprocal love, and it is time that it be evaluated in regard to its effectiveness in producing a loving society.

It is the opinion of this paper

that romantic love, and the institution of pairing, are obsolete, that they belong in an obsolete society, with pollution, overpopulation, inequality, and other vices which are accepted as normal under capitalism.

This, of course, is a bitter pill to swallow, because almost all people are paired, and they are up to their eyeballs in romantic notions about love. To implement what we are talking about, they must challenge traditional values which they themselves probably value.

Comment

by Mary Field

A few months ago I underwent a therapeutic abortion at a large Toronto hospital. The abortion itself was quite easy to obtain because of the hospital's "liberal attitude" that any woman should be allowed to choose whether she wishes to bear a child or not. To arrange the abortion, I had to be one of the first women to phone on a Monday morning at 8:30. When I went for the appointment, the receptionist was turning down numerous desperate women. She should have tried to help each woman who phoned. Anyway, I was advised to come to a meeting of women who were about to have abortions, to discuss our fears and feelings and to ask questions. I thought this was far-out because I really like to talk with other women about our feelings. Until recently, I've never had real friends who could understand how I feel or whose feelings I could understand. I played games to relate, I did not communicate on a deep emotional level. I feel as though I have an affinity with other women; we share basic problems.

I went to the meeting with another woman who lives in our house. I needed some emotional support and felt like if I had a friend with me I would not feel so alone and frightened. I would be more able to express myself and assert myself.

We came a little late for the meeting and when we got there a woman greeted us and sat us at opposite sides of a circle of women who were all pretty uptight and frightened. There were female social workers spaced strategically between every 4 or 5 women, although they didn't identify themselves as such. We were encouraged to ask questions by a couple of "eager to help" women. Only one or two women spoke up at first and their questions were answered meticulously and with much phoney concern and 'encouragement'.

One woman, who had not spoken all evening, was put on the spot and asked if she was sure she had no questions and nothing to say. I could see her just wanting to disappear, she was so embarrassed and frightened. Another woman spoke up about what had happened at other hospitals where she had tried to get an abortion. She started to cry and really feel hurt about the inhumane way doctors had treated her. She was alone in her pain; no one comforted her. The social workers, who were only concerned about their image in a liberal hospital, negated her feelings completely and tripped off asking her questions about which hospitals

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were involved and said they were going to make an issue of it. I was talking with one benevolent, smiling social worker but she was not really there, looking around the room, thinking about going home and relaxing or something.

What really bothered me was that these social workers were filling some kind of obligation; they were not truly interested in me. Helping people, being concerned about others, cannot be a job, cannot be something one gets paid to do, something one feels pressured to do. Real concern for people comes from within, from seeing what is outside of oneself and responding.

I feel that these social workers were not really too aware of what was outside of themselves. They weren't sensitive to other people's feelings; they were more concerned about their images. These women may feel a desire to help and a concern for others. But in a society such as ours the only way they can feel potent, the only way they can feel they are actively helping others is in the framework of an institution. Their humanness becomes a commodity, a duty to perform. How can they give spontaneously in a nine to five job?

If these social workers were able to make real emotional contact with others, if they had an alternative environment which was conducive to feeling and being real and spontaneous, there would be no need for the institution. They would be gratified by relating to others on a deep level, having a basic need filled. They wouldn't need the reinforcement of making a lot of money or writing good reports or presenting a good image which is acceptable to society. As it is, they help to maintain the status quo, and they help people with problems fit back into society.

We ask our readers to participate with their views. Please write ALTERNATIVE to Alienation, Box 46, Station M, Toronto, Ontario M6S 4T2.

Alternative to alienation

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in furthering humanistic ideals, to contribute

relevant work for the paper

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Letters :

Therapists are role-players and name-callers, social worker says

Editors:

I have just finished reading several articles in your new publication, most of which have touched a responsive chord in me. Your articles "The Exorcist, the Inquisition, and 1984" and "Idolatry, or Love" were particularly relevant for me. I have been working in the so-called social service field for over three years. I have been struck by the complete ineffectiveness of institutions and professionals to really help people overcome their alienation and to bring about real change.

Much of the problem is due to the fact that it is impossible to make contact with people in a completely impersonal, bureaucratic setting where emphasis is placed on therapeutic role-playing. The other major stumbling block to the establishment of a truly therapeutic, growth-enhancing community, is the split between "patients" and "staff". Some of the most alienated (and alienating) people around are in positions of power and authority in these establishments. Those of us who have worked in these settings and who have observed the contradictions are usually put down if we speak up. Those in command often go as far as labelling us with their psychiatric jargon.

Our protests are completely ineffective. I see little hope for these institutions changing from within. The only viable alternative appears to be the erection of radical experiments by people who want to

join together in exploring ways of overcoming their mutual alienation.

I, myself, have been painfully aware of my own alienation for a number of years. While reading radical books, magazines, and newspapers has developed my critical intellectual faculties, it has done little to change my essential character. I am still dominated by a marketing personality. I desperately crave social acceptance and friendship, but this need merely lead to a fragmentation of self and constant role-playing. I am continually left with inauthentic, superficial relationships and concomitant feelings of loneliness and despair.

I am presently living alone and feeling quite isolated. My desperation is acute enough now that my fear of making genuine contact is overcome. The result is this letter. I am very much interested in becoming involved in groups that seek to create alternatives for those presently alienated (including myself), especially a group such as yours that is attempting to integrate a variety of orientations — psychological, religious, philosophical, etc. Although the people at *Alternative to Alienation* are unknown to me, it is comforting to realize that others share my sense of despair and are beginning to discover solutions.

Peace,

Dave O'Connor
Toronto

Editors:

At last!—Some people in Toronto who seem to think in more or less the same way as me. A few weeks after arriving here from England I was beginning to feel that I had come to a completely alien world. Then I came across the first issue of *Alternative to Alienation*. Of course I didn't agree with everything in it, but at least I feel that a spectrum of thought is represented there into which my own ideas would fit quite easily...

Best wishes,

David Williams
Toronto

Editors:

Expressing to you a welcome. Glad to see you. Glad you could make it. Happy for you and for what looks like many thoughtful nights writing, editing, boiling down, laying out, and putting to bed. I was waiting for a statement on contemporary life to emerge which places the individual, the group, the economy, the professional, the family, and the reader in such clear perspective, and delineated an editorial policy which will be a continual challenge to meet.

Reservations I have so far: broaden your contribution sources each issue intentionally so that you don't turn "alienation" into a term like "running dog of imperialist capitalist blah blah blah". Also don't worry about your format. Even though it's humble, your readers will find their way to you through

your reputation.

It will happen. I know it. I just know it. Looking forward to your next issue.

Regards,

David McLauchlin
Toronto

Editors:

We thank you for sending us a complimentary copy of the first issue of the paper.

Your paper is a refresher to the big city corporate newspaper eyesores. We at The Book Store enjoy the articles, laid out well, without the obvious political overtones that tend to devalue the news that sometimes appears between the advertisements of many other papers....

Thank you again for your interest in our store.

Yours truly,

Mike Lorrinan
The Book Store
Peterborough, Ontario

Editors:

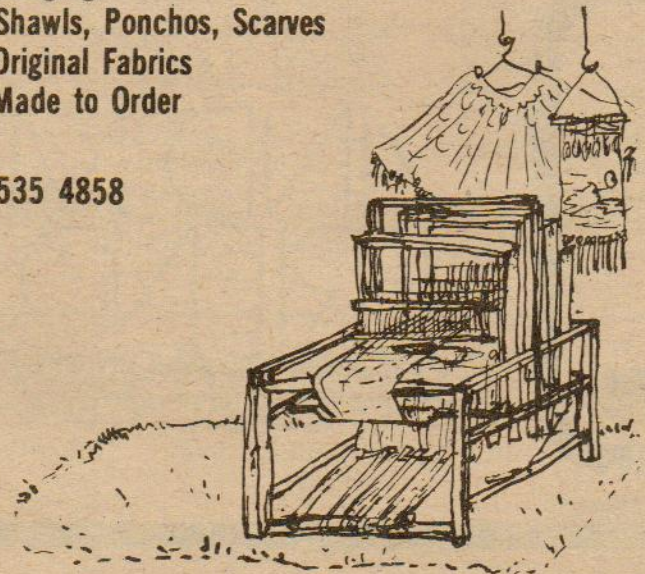
I read with great interest your first issue (cover to cover) — think it's the most relevant writing I've read for ages and sincerely hope your publication will survive. Wish you the best of luck.

Lin Joyce
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They Almost MECHANIZED Me

cont'd from page 1]

always be there. It was obvious that the relationship each man had with his wife was to some degree like child-to-mother. They expressed feeling glad that they were married and could accept being trapped because it was good to have someone to cook for them. In fact it seemed that they never mentioned their wives without mentioning cooking in the next breath. This preoccupation with eating and having food prepared for them by their wives shows how passive and dependent they were.

Their feelings of helplessness in their man-woman relationships were further expressed by their violent defenses of their arrangements against even the most fantastic threats. It was common for a man to joke about another man's wife "playing around", which would be met with a violent reaction, usually with a threat to the (absent) wife that she'd better not or he'd kick her ass. This reaction was also defending a main portion of the only little manly identity the worker had.

SECURITY

The other part of the manly identity came from being able to maintain material security, and pride in performing even the most menial tasks on the job. But I had to doubt the depth of this pride, because it was always expressed in a mock-fierce sort of way.

They also expressed pride that they were able to work full-time year-round at a "difficult" (boring) job. I also questioned the integrity of this pride, because they expressed so often the knowledge that they were submitting and being trapped. As one guy who'd been there twenty years said, "The only way you get out of here is if you die." The feeling of being trapped and mistreated was shown by the telling of the story of a guy who had a heart attack at work and was carried outside at the order of the owner so that he wouldn't die inside the plant. When I talked about how working so much prevented anyone from having other interests, one guy, who'd also been there twenty years, said, "I'll agree with you there -- working only leaves time for one other interest -- and mine's drinking!"

GETTING USED TO IT

Even the youngest men agreed with the necessity of submitting to this kind of life being imposed on them. Many were high school dropouts who'd been working less than two years and were already married. One of these young men agreed with me at length on how depressing and deadening the job was, but when I asked how he'd done it for two years, he said, "well, you get used to it."

I could see how all the men had gotten used to it. They were all very hard in their manner, always spoke in hard tones to one another, and never revealed any feeling except anger. Their only ways of relating were to chide one another about not working fast enough and such, to make sadistic, put-down remarks or competitive challenges, or to converse about hunting, fast cars or snowmobiles. These last three activities were probably the most active, lively parts of their lives. Many owned farms, but few farmed. When I tried to discuss the idea of several men living on one farm and working it together, they off-handedly said, "yes, it would work better", then changed the subject.

The young were no different from the old, except that they were still trying to get to own property. Several of the



When I told them the work was too depressing for me, most of them said emphatically, "I'll agree with that!", yet they were staying on.

Photo by Liss Jeffrey, Baldwin Street Gallery

young men played together in a rock band, but this didn't seem to bring them any closer to life or each other; they related in the same hard, shallow, distant way.

THE BLUE COLLAR BLUES

In this environment, with its dull routine of activity and its social hardness, I was feeling isolated. I felt like I couldn't be there at all, yet I had to. So I started not being there while I was there, by spacing out, letting my mind wander through disconnected thoughts which I never remembered.

I became progressively more depressed, and began to be uptight and withdrawn with my friends at home. My friends really understand human relations, and aren't scared to act to affect one another. One day after work I was particularly tense and uptight. My friends purposely ignored me, in order to make me feel my uptight condition more intensely. When I asked why they were ignoring me, they gave me off-hand answers which negated me. Then one of them angrily told me that he was tired of seeing me uptight and hoarding myself. At first I felt unaccepted, but then I got really angry and told them I didn't like the way they were treating me. And that was what they'd been aiming at: to get me to assert myself!

My friends pointed out to me how I didn't get angry and assert myself until I'd been totally negated, and that was why working was depressing me. Because I couldn't assert myself, I was submitting to the conditions outside myself. I allowed the external conditions to overwhelm me; I was so afraid of being deadened by the factory that I forgot that I was a sensitive person. I was letting my job strengthen the

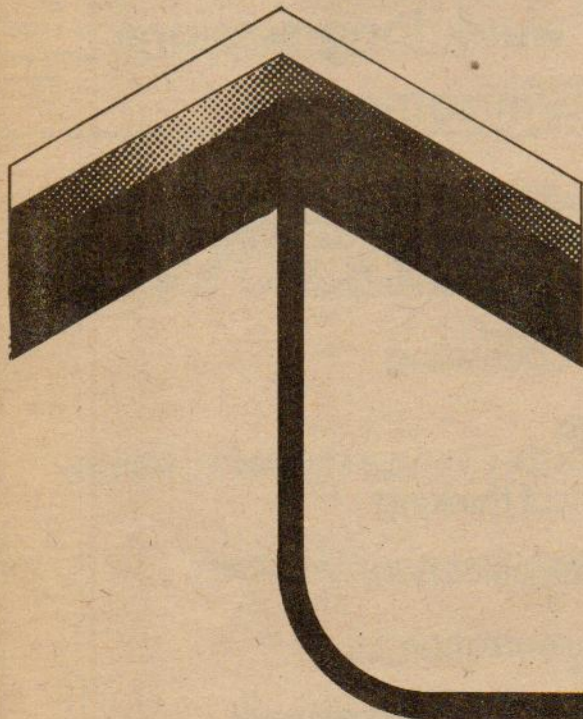
very thing I was trying to change in myself -- the fact that I repress and keep myself to myself, rather than expressing, living out and being whole.

I was able to approach work with a new attitude the next day: I was centered in myself. I found that I could be myself around the hard people. I could feel my anger at their life-negating without feeling negated by them. And performing the dull tasks, I could be fully there and feel myself doing, my body moving and getting tired. The day seemed longer, but I felt more alive and awake in the evening. Nevertheless, I knew I couldn't keep up the job because I needed to do other things.

PULLING OUT IN TIME

When I let it be known at the factory that I was quitting, everyone was disappointed, because someone else was showing them that they didn't have to be there. Naturally, they all assumed I already had another job lined up. When I told them the work was too depressing for me, most of them said emphatically, "I'll agree with that!", yet they were staying on. I mentioned that I might drive taxi part-time in Toronto, and several of them started going on about how many cab drivers get robbed, stabbed, and killed in accidents, trying to devalue my alternative.

One old guy was a bit different from the others. He'd said before in conversations with me that he agreed with common law, communes, and young people thinking for themselves. and that on his days off he spent his time taking long walks in the woods. When I'd talked about the job being depressing, he'd agreed saying, "this is no place for a man". When I told him I was quitting he said, "Good for you! But me, I'm too old to change!"



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ME
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Challenging The Work Ethic

by Bill Holloway

The hardened, dehumanized women and men who pour their physical and mental energy into producing our economy's consumer goods are the pillars of their own exploitation.

The workers submit themselves to this situation because their character structures have been arranged for it. The world of their parents and relatives, to which they had to adapt, was a world of people who lived in parts and were always divided from one another.

Adults are under the unconscious control of their own inhibitions, fears, moralism, and unfulfilled needs. They show children, by minute displays of emotion such as affection, anger, anxiety, guilt, and indifference, what really counts in life. Often what really counts is different from what is said. Children learn that human relations are based on untruth, distrust, favouritism, shallowness, selfishness, control, dependency, contradiction and double-binds, and that one thing that counts is to not know that those things count. They develop personalities which enable them to sacrifice their strivings to be autonomous, whole, feeling, strong and assertive. They move away from their emotional cores, their energy which moves them toward the world and binds them to others. Devoid of the capacity to be whole and to be in relationship with others and the environment, they are ready to be put to work.

Any kind of full-time labour requires that the worker be virtually empty. We cannot feel well and work at a full time routine. Humans are just not that rigid. But workers are kept that rigid by what they are doing. Working keeps their energies drawn away from feeling themselves, away from determining their own values, and away from relating closely and deeply with others. If they were in touch with their physical and emotional well-being, they would not be able to perform mechanical functions all day long. If their strivings to be autonomous were active, they would not allow themselves to be led around, abused, and exploited. If they knew of their need to be in deep communication with others, they would make sure that they had the necessary time and energy to fill that need.

Social change in the area of labour will take place when individuals who are working, change what they are doing to themselves by working. Working people must realize that they have goals in life which they have been out of touch with, and which do not coincide with a working life as it is now; that they have been turned away from their need to experience a deeper, more natural, more feeling state and to be in active communication with others on that level.

Workers can begin to make these changes in their lives by gearing down their activities, minimizing the time spent working, and devoting time to developing their physical and emotional awareness.

Body awareness is a very important part of consciousness. In order to cope with working full time, and in order to cope with the contradictions, dependencies, and double-binds in human relations, we hold in check our body feelings and emotions by physical tensions, and we move our centre of awareness into our heads.

Being "in our heads", we can only relate to others and to the world from an abstract and sterile logical position. This position misses the element of feelings and subjective experience. We can get back into our feelings by working on our bodies with massages, yoga, walking, breathing exercises, etc., and by learning to relate with others on the emotional level.

Learning to relate is a process in which we allow our feelings to be fully felt in our bodies and expressed. We need to be able to be open and feeling our feelings in the presence of others, and we must devote attention to recognizing and responding to the feelings of others in order to help create the environment in which that kind of trust will develop.

As we become more feeling, we will be able to integrate emotion and reason; and our form of awareness will become more spontaneous and intuitive. Communication and self-experience will be more intense.

There are many hurdles in this process. Most working people have become so thoroughly removed from their active emotional energy that stopping work is like pulling a prop out from under them, which makes them depressed and unable to act. Unless this depression is understood as a step in the building of a new self, these people will despair or go back to prop themselves up.

Another feeling that will often come up is anger. When people who have been out of touch with their emotions begin to get back in touch and see how they have been split apart by inhuman conditions forced on them, they can feel intense anger. This anger is healthy and natural, and the person

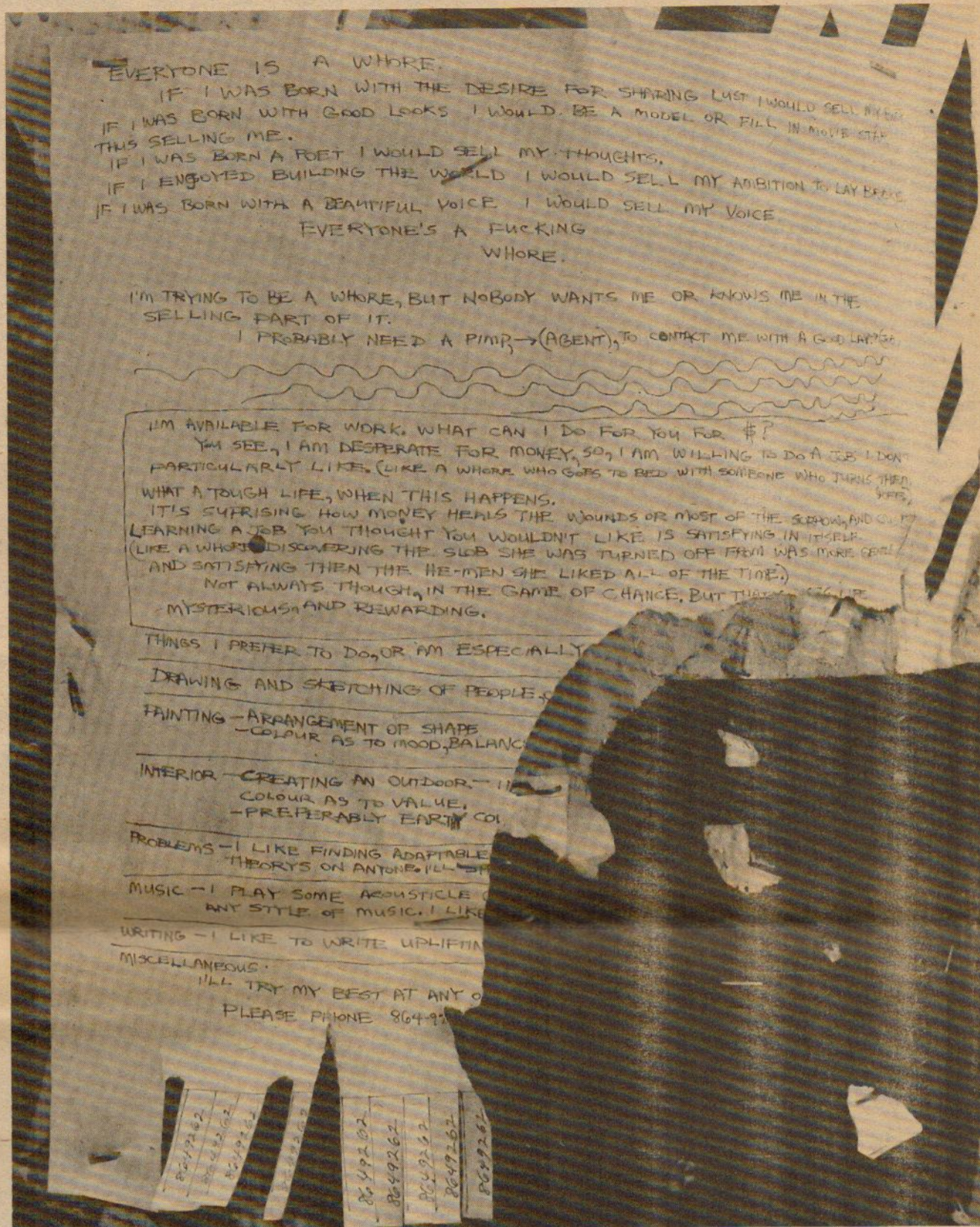


Photo by John F. Phillips, Baldwin Street Gallery

needs to fully express it in order to become whole. Sometimes this anger is displaced onto someone, but this should not be a reason to suppress or discourage its expression. If the angry person feels it deeply enough, she or he will spontaneously experience the real root of the anger in her or his emotional oppression.

Sometimes people who are vaguely aware of a deep anger in themselves will become afraid to get in touch with their feelings, because loss of control to such a violent feeling is frightening to them. Some people experience any kind of emotion as frightening, because feeling begins to dissolve their body tension and rational control. These people have an identity based on their control and lack of feeling, and so whenever someone tries to reach them on a feeling level, identities are threatened. When you try to become familiar with these people, at a certain point they say, either directly or symbolically, "Whoa! You're getting too close, too personal, too real!"

Many people, even some who have radical ideas and profess to want social change, have the conventional moral against "not working" so ingrained in them that they will

not quit their full-time jobs. To not work would actually make them feel guilty; they have become thoroughly conditioned that they need to "deserve" to exist by working. I wonder to what extent the reason for their feelings of not deserving to exist is that they have lost their human capacities to be whole, to relate, to be creative and compassionate; and that their work is not oriented towards their own lives and communities. It would be ironic that they are working in order to not feel guilty, while work is the agent that prevents them from overcoming their real guilt.

People who are working must realize that their human needs require that they devote a major part of their time and energy to self-experience, emotional awareness, and communication; and that employers, business-owners, and governments do not respect those needs or share those goals. Social change means to begin the process of changing the conditions of human awareness which foster alienated labour and alienated living, by getting together and working on human relations.

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Competition Means Betrayal

by Paul Trapp

We white North Americans are members of a society thoroughly indoctrinated in individualism and competitiveness — traits which have been presented to us as desirable from early our lives. We are told that, if pursued assiduously, individualism and competitiveness will lead us to happiness and success in life, and these qualities have become an integral part of our life scripts.

Claude Steiner, "Cooperation" in
Issues in Radical Therapy,
summer 1973

During the last several years I have become more and more aware, often quite painfully, of the effects of this indoctrination on my own life.

The feeling of being on my own against the world was instilled in me from a very early age. My first formal schooling began at nursery school in a large mid-western metropolis in the United States. The main focus of this school was a swimming pool. Learning to swim is an exciting activity, but my memory is not having been taught swimming for my enjoyment, but rather, I was learning a skill which could be used to my advantage if I "worked" hard enough.

Since the school doubled as an organized swimming team whose 'best' members were allowed to compete against other teams, at the age of four, I understood that my elders and peers accepted me according to my achievements against others.

This indoctrination of competitiveness continued in elementary school. I found that not only in sports, but in every other area of my education, competition against others was stressed.

SELL-OUT FOR ACCEPTANCE

My mother continuously impressed upon me the importance of "doing—well" in school. Since she was a teacher at the same school, I not only had to prove myself but also prove that she was a good teacher and mother. It wasn't enough for me to win in sports and compete for top grades. I also was being judged on my conduct and social manners since teachers are rated on how well they can 'discipline' their students. I learned quickly that if I was to be accepted by my parents, and 'earn' their love, I would have to be a smart, athletic good little boy.

Still striving for the promise of love and acceptance, I allowed the indoctrination of competitiveness to permeate

every aspect of my childhood. In Boy Scouts I competed for rank (and respect) by collecting merit badges. In "Y" and church football and basketball leagues I competed against my friends and "teammates" for a place on the first team.

I learned quickly that coaches, despite their preaching that the point wasn't just to win, were themselves being judged according to the won—lost—tied records of their teams. It was a continual chain of everyone striving for and competing for the attention, approval, and acceptance of others. I was trying to win the admiration of my parents and coaches who were trying to win the admiration of their peers and "higher—ups". The process alienated me from my human qualities and other people. Everyone was so caught up in trying to win the love of others that there was little time and energy left to just be and give love to others.

Even in Sunday school there was the pressure to compete. Students who paid attention and asked relevant questions were treated differently than the 'less—bright' children. By the time I entered high school, competition was so integrated into my behavior, that any early feelings of something being wrong or missing in my life had been repressed and forgotten. In fact, the system didn't seem so bad, at this point, since I could play the games well and was winning more often than losing.

THE NAVAL ACADEMY

During my last year of high school I was told that since I was a good football player and making good grades, it could be arranged that I be accepted to the U.S. Naval Academy. At that point in my life, I had little awareness of my human qualities. I was only vaguely aware of the split between how I lived and the values I had been taught in church. For example, I couldn't see the contradiction between being a warrior for Uncle Sam and loving my neighbour as myself.

I was still hung up on competing and had little self-confidence. Since the service academies were only for the "cream of the crop", and I had never remotely considered myself as "being good enough" for one of these institutions, when the opportunity was presented I jumped at the chance to "prove myself".

Ah, the illusions of grandeur, the uniform, the women the uniform would attract. What a dream come true. And then came the shattering reality—the military academies of the U.S. were (and still are) the very epitome of competition and psychological alienation.

The first day we were told that we were the "cream of the crop", the best young men America had to offer, and

that here we would be competing not against the average nobodies from our hometown, but against the above-average somebodies from all over America. So dig in, grit your teeth, and get ready to fight! From the very first days, the dream bubbles began bursting.

Competition was always in my life but there were also moments of relaxation from the strain of competition—restful moments when I could feel a little human—walks in the country, picnics, conversation with another sensitive human being. In the Naval Academy, these moments were violently and vengefully ripped away. The desire for peaceful cooperation with other humans was the very target for destruction. All our time was used for 'constructive growth' aimed at creating little was machines who were to blindly accept orders from their 'superiors'.

LOSS OF INDIVIDUALITY

Especially during the first year, each day was filled with physical and mental activity which was designed to break down creativity and feelings of individual human worth.

At the Naval Academy the important thing becomes the nation, and every individual is expendable in the struggle to save the nation from its enemies. This is done by creating a hierarchy of teams.

Upon entering the Academy, one is placed into this system of teams: platoon, company, battalion, brigade, Navy, and finally, the Armed Forces of the United States. Thus the individual's identity is spread farther and farther away from himself. His only identity is of being a member of these teams. He is not important in himself, only as a working member of his unit.

Competition exists between each unit and within each unit for position in the chain of command. The result is a group of people each distrusting every other individual, each looking for ways to get ahead by whatever possible means.

WAKING UP

Fortunately for me, my military experience achieved the opposite of what was intended. It served to wake me up and redirect my energy away from competition and towards cooperation, creativity and self-expression. But I realize that the system I grew up in is so much a part of my character that to really change I will have to root out, with the help of friends, those parts of me which perpetuate competition.

A Night On The Town

with John and Carol

by Carol Komarowsky and John Steer

Having no beer in the house and wishing I had a new friend, I went out to a bar. If you're ever looking for a friend, don't look in Toronto bars. You'll never find one.

It's always been hard for me to project the right image (role). As a matter of fact I've become disinterested in fitting in. The other night on one of my quests, what I found was almost indescribable. Shuddering in the middle of the dance floor (masquerade ball room), wanting to dance to one of the favourite tunes, "Leave me alone" (which is an odd song to play in a meeting place), I felt like a martian! I had to be light in my earth shoes to avoid being stomped out by prancing platform moon shoes! Finding it almost impossible to see through the barrage of strobe

lights, spinning colors, shimmering silk pants, and mascara, I could hardly make it back to my seat. I wasn't drunk but when I saw everyone in pairs, looking the same, dancing the same, wearing the same clothes, and speaking in the same platitudes, I thought I was seeing double.

It was a great party. Everyone was there — Juicy Lucy, Great Gatsby, lots of David Bowies, and a few left-over frustrated Mick Jagers, only to mention a few of the great (brand) names. But I didn't see an individual in the whole crowd! I felt like a real freak. With the pounding heavy rock sounds, and people raving about the new looks, what's in, what's out, what's a far out flick, what's good dope to turn on with, what's a bummer

chemical to turn off with, it would have been impossible to carry on an intelligent conversation, let alone hear myself think.

Seeing that trying to reach anyone with words was absurd, I got up and tried my hand at dancing again. I asked someone to dance and he or she said no. I thought "well what's wrong with me?" I had assumed that people were there to meet other people. Someone suggested that they were, but how could they get 'picked up' if they were so busy waiting they wouldn't even dance?

When the price of beer also doubled, and I was still alone with no one with whom I could share my frightening experience, I went home not wanting to fit in.



"...I was still alone with no one with whom I could share my frightening experience..." Photo by Anthony Crickmay

Living in the Now

by Louise Dorfman

Until now, my life has been focused on finding the "right" man. I was taught to wear the right clothes, get the right job, say the right things, and play the right games to catch and keep him.

Trying to live up to someone else's expectations, I was looking for someone I didn't know. And not being able to find him, I had to imagine that who I found was who I had been looking for.

I deluded myself, of course, fantasizing, and often despaired when the hallucination wore off.

Most people fantasize, see who they want to see. They "fall in love", prefer men to women, women to men, Jews to Catholics, Protestants to Jews, because that's what they've been taught to do. When this vision fades, when the bloom of romantic love withers and dies, their disappointment is overwhelming. They are left with

themselves and someone else whom they really never knew. Marriages then break up, and couples usually part.

LIVED BY SUPERLATIVES

I have been hallucinating most of my life, not just on others, but on myself. I used to imagine that I was shorter than I was short, fatter than I was fat, or thinner than I was thin. Just looking in the mirror would confirm reality, but I preferred to continue fooling myself all the same.

I was used to thinking in superlatives: I could have had nicer friends, better grades, and loftier ideals. "Live for others...stop being so selfish...give, give, give", I was told time and time again.

From this came illusions of being a great writer, dancer, singer, teacher and philosopher. Some of these qualities I no doubt possess,

but certainly not to the extent I imagined. When left with my self, I was usually disappointed. Life seemed dull and unsatisfying, not worth living.

NOT THERE

Oriented to thinking there was much more to life than I was experiencing, I never really experienced the moment. I dreamt continuously of the past, and anxiously awaited the future.

Happiness and security, I thought, came from the environment, and the people I knew. So I planned my life accordingly. After finishing school, I got well-paying jobs and took expensive vacations. I confronted myself with life and activity whenever I could. But I couldn't be there to enjoy it.

WITHDRAWAL VS. GREED

What happened to me is not that

uncommon. I structured my life to fit my fantasies. I became passive and withdrawn, expecting things to happen to me, and being disappointed when they didn't. Sometimes I went off in the other direction, greedily reaching out for more than I could get. I wanted a lot of attention, ate more than I needed, and bought more clothes than I could wear.

I waited for life to happen to me, or tried to grab it from others, rather than looking for it inside me.

Looking for the right man was really a way of looking for a 'raison d'etre' (reason for being) outside myself. Left alone, I usually felt helpless, impotent, and insecure.

MOMENT TO MOMENT LIVING

Unwilling to take responsibility for myself, I never really considered or knew if I wanted to live from one moment to another.

The idea of living moment-to-moment is nothing new. Religious freaks have been preaching and practising it for centuries. But many find their solution in a god. I can't rely on anyone but my self.

Living in an environment, now where I can develop my creative potential and self-reliance, I am beginning to see that no "right" man, or god can give me a reason to be. Whether I am to be alive, awake and willing to really experience every moment, is up to me. So that's what I'm trying to do.

If I am not for myself, who will be for me?
If I am for myself only, what am I?
If not now—when?

Talmudic Saying
Mishnah, Abot



We can never know about the days to come.
But we think about them anyway
And I wonder if I'm really with you now
Or just chasing after some finer days.
Anticipation is making me late.
Anticipation is keeping me waiting.

And I tell you
How easy it feels to be with you
How right your arms feel around me
But I rehearsed these words just late last night.
When I was thinking about how bright tonight might be.
Anticipation is making me late.
Anticipation is keeping me waiting.

And tomorrow we might not be together.
I'm not perfect.
Lord, I don't know nature's ways.
So I try to see into your eyes right now
And stay right here because
These are the good old days,
These are the good old days.

Anticipation
a song by Carley Simon

Photo by Joan Latchford

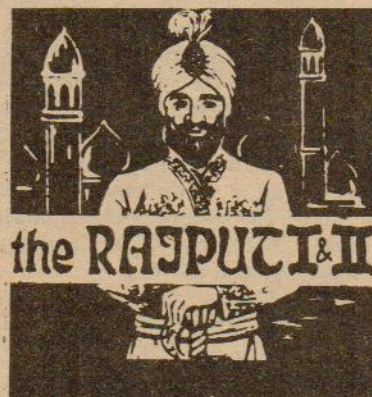
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There Are Communes And There Are Communes

Pairing : Why Communes Don't Work

by Ernest E. Barr

What is wrong with the institutions of marriage and the family? What is it about them that makes them the breeding ground for the alienated character type of our capitalist society?

INEQUALITY

First of all, the very foundation upon which marriage and the family rest is inequality, and a high degree of division of labor.

The inequality of members within the family unit is taken for granted. Father and mother share in common the privilege of belonging to the upper, powerful class within the family, while the children share the dubious honor of making up the lower, powerless class.

At best, father and mother are benevolent dictators in what is essentially a benevolent dictatorship. As worst, they are a couple of brutal tyrants, who force their will on their children by brute force.

The other institutions in society condone this and even enforce and reinforce it. The school, the church, and the law all stress obedience to the authorities, and the most fundamental authorities of all are father and mother.

What R. D. Laing calls "violence, masquerading as love" is the rule, rather than the exception, in the nuclear family, and the law fully approves of this, provided it is kept this side of the battered baby level.

The ethic which prevails is one of Might Is Right, but this fact is mystified by the illusion that the parents love their children and one another.

The children sense that they are caught in the middle of a power struggle, but they fail to grasp the full impact of just what is going on, because they are unconsciously drawn into playing a Bernean game.

Claude Steiner has shown how the game of the Rescue Triangle operates within the framework of the family. The three players in the Rescue Triangle game are the Persecutor, the Victim, and the Rescuer.

Father, as the enforcer of the family rules, usually gets cast in the role of the Persecutor, while the child, who is forced to submit to these rules, acts out the part of the Victim.

Mother, not wanting to get cast in the role of the "bad guy", even though the rules being enforced are partly hers, plays the part of the child's friend and Rescuer.

These roles, however, are interchangeable, and each member of the family will at one time or another play all three.

WORK-ROLES

Work within the family unit is divided into specialties and each member of the family takes on a work-role; father earns the money while mother does the washing and cooking and the children "work" at school.

Again, these roles are interchangeable, and in some families mother may be the breadwinner, going out of the home to work, while father attends school, and the children address themselves to the task of doing domestic chores and babysitting.

But changing the roles does not change the game. The game goes on, and the emphasis remains on self-sacrifice.

Father selflessly sacrifices himself in his work, so that his wife and children can "enjoy" the good things of life.

Mother slaves at home, making meals, washing clothes, keeping the house clean and minding children, so that her husband and her children can "enjoy" a good home.

The children, on the other hand, selflessly endure the boredom and drudgery of formal schooling, to "please" their parents.

Who benefits from the existence of the family and all the work which goes into making it function?

The fact of the matter is that no one benefits from it, but the individual family member is not conscious of this. Each experiences himself or herself as being cheated and exploited in a living situation which benefits some other members of the family, but not oneself.

The family is by far the most popularly worshipped idol in the capitalist society, and on its altar is sacrificed the human happiness of men, women and children alike.

Why, then, do people persist in living that way? Why do they insist on institutionalizing themselves into nuclear family units, destroying the hope of finding happiness and fulfillment in life?

ENVIRONMENT OF SCARCITY?

The reason is that we have been brought up to believe that those elements which are needed to produce happiness are very, very scarce, and that our only hope of finding happiness lies in having an advantage over others.

If the means toward human happiness are scarce, then only a small few can attain it, and everyone wants to be a member of that privileged few.

We all pay lip service to the humanistic ideal of equality, but deep down in our hearts we want no part of it.

What we really want, if we had the courage to voice it, even to ourselves, is preferential treatment for us and discrimination for others.

Our operational motto is the one of the pigs in Orwell's *Animal Farm*: "All animals are equal, only some animals are more equal than other animals."

Now there is no real evidence that we live in an environment of real scarcity. Were it not for our neurotic way of organizing ourselves socially and economically, I am sure there would be plenty for all.

However, a belief in scarcity actually creates shortage, and the scarcity which is feared soon becomes a fact. As each of us scrambles selfishly and competitively to commandeer a supply of the scarce items for ourselves, the general availability of them dwindles.

This, which is true of purely physical commodities, is even more painfully true with regard to human resources; love, tenderness, affection, understanding, sex, appreciation, friendship, and so on.

LOVE BECOMES HATE

Human qualities which are hoarded are like unrefrigerated lettuce, hoarded in the highest heat of the summer. They rot and are converted into their opposites.

Love becomes hate, tenderness becomes bitterness, affection becomes resentment, understanding becomes misunderstanding, sex becomes frigidity and impotence, appreciation becomes jealousy, and friendship becomes indifference.

Pairing is an attempt to hoard the human qualities of another person, to gain an exclusive access to that person's

love, tenderness, affection, sexuality, and so on.

In exchange for this special privilege, this preferential treatment, the person paired agrees to give up some of his or her freedom. He or she forsakes freedom in favor of licence.

A marriage "licence" purports to provide the person who is married with special privileges, and thus extend or expand his or her freedom beyond the boundaries of the single state. But, as most people soon marriage is a "bond" which restricts their freedom.

Even when pairing is not formalized, as it is in marriage, the quality of the relationship between the two people who are paired is much the same as if they were married. If there are children, the distinction between legal marriage and the common law kind becomes more academic than real.

CONVENTIONAL COMMUNAL LIVING

Communes offer an alternative life-style to those people who value their freedom, and who at the same time have no desire to live alone.

Unfortunately, most communes are set up by people who have a firm belief in the problem of scarcity, and a firm belief that hoarding is the solution.

Within any given commune, we can almost always observe two different kinds of relationships. On the one hand there are the "pairs", who live by a code of unwritten rules which they insist others respect; on the other there are the unattached "singles", who relate to one another through the restrictions of conventional taboos.

The same power games are in operation as exist within the framework of the traditional nuclear family, and the "pairs", as Claude Steiner has pointed out, have a distinct power advantage over the "singles".

But all of this is unconscious, and no one is aware that a power game is being played until a concrete clash of interest comes to the foreground. Then, usually, someone leaves or the commune breaks up. This is why most communes are short-lived.

GROUNDWORK FOR CHANGE

The alternative to this type of commune must start out from a shared ethic, which all who live in the commune spell out concretely and agree to.

The first principle in the ethic governing the commune must be a belief in equality, and the concrete practise of this means no pairing. Pairing means preferential treatment, and preferential treatment and discrimination exist as a figure-background Gestalt.

Can non-paired communes work? Are people willing to relate to one another deeply on all levels, including the sexual level, if they are denied the "security" of pairing?

The answer to both these questions is an emphatic yes, and I say this as a conclusion drawn from my own experience of two years and a half of living in a non-paired commune.

The collective which produces this publication is a non-paired commune of eighteen people, and we feel that our relationships are continually improving as a product of effort expended and time spent together.

People who are interested in this type of living are invited to write us in care of Box 46, Station M, Toronto M6S4T2.



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Coming Out

by John Steer

Two and a half years of fighting, biting, kicking, scratching, hugging, making up, and fighting again has brought 16 people together and at last this newspaper. The paper is only one of our experiences together, one expression of who we are.

Before I met the people I am now living with, I was working in a theatre doing props and writing poems about being locked up in cages. I was half asleep all day long except to cash my welfare cheques or to buy food. Sometimes, while walking the streets, I used to pull my eyelids open and peek to see, just in case someone else passing by might be awake. I didn't notice anyone (of course these statistics are based on only twenty years of looking, while being half asleep myself.) Looking for someone to see who you are is rather tiring.

Then I came out. One day I decided to drag myself out of bed because I didn't want to live off welfare forever. I went searching for a good job, one that would be a little bit stimulating, and that's when I met George and Ernie. They were starting a job working with children, which was financed by the government. It was in the most rundown part of Toronto.

I had an interview with them but they told me nothing about the job. They looked right at me and kept asking questions. I couldn't figure out whether it was an ordinary job interview, if they were interested in me, whether they were practising mind reading, or if this was an initiation for their club.

"Did I say something strange? Did I think something strange?" Ernie's eyes got bigger and he moved closer in on me... Not a word. He wouldn't say anything. He looked like he'd seen something terrible. Whatever it was that he saw in me I didn't want to see. And I didn't like him because he looked like a business man.

He seemed to know my every thought. He towered over me, a defenseless little chicken with no feathers. I kept thinking "He's trying to get at something", "What is it?" "What does he want?" "What is it that he is seeing that I don't know about?" At one point he asked me what I was feeling. I thought and thought for a long time (which incidentally isn't the fastest way to

find out). Finally I came up with "I'm feeling very angry". But at the same time, I was smiling like an idiot. They sent me out of the room. They had to decide whether they wanted me or not. I was a borderline case.

While outside I realized how I had goofed in the interview. It occurred to me that they were trying to see if I could be open and be myself. Realizing this, I wanted the job and I wanted it right away. I wanted to climb up the wall of the office to get back in. I wished for a second chance. It wasn't my fault. Most people I've met don't give money to somebody to be real. That's ridiculous. It was too late. I pretended too much. I'd thought it was a regular job interview.

After waiting for what seemed like hours and hours, George called me back in. They said they were really taking a big chance, but they'd hire me. My excitement was overwhelming. Immediately, I tried to be open. I told them of all my secret 'perversions'.

After the interview we went upstairs to meet the other people who had been hired. They looked like they were in just as bad shape as I was! There were seven or eight people scattered around the room, some sitting, some lying, a few smoking, and one or two picking their noses.

Ernie told the group that this project would be more than just a job. That it would become a whole way of life. It meant a twenty-four hour a day commitment. We all agreed with great enthusiasm (which means that the odd person nodded his head, someone else rolled over in her sleep, another grunted).

"Good! Now the next thing I want to talk about is..." ZZZZZZ-ZZZZZZ..... "Hey wake up! George, I think we'll need to put alarm clocks behind each person's head."

Our project was to work with children to help them overcome their alienation. There was a two week(!) training program where the newly hired leaders would overcome their own alienation and learn to relate to the children in a humanistic way rather than as detached social workers.

We tried, and it worked to some degree, but we needed more help than the kids. We sent out a flyer to the schools which read:

"Come Alive!
Learn to co-operate
in group activities.
Develop skills.
Make friends.
And by the way,
there's a free swim
afterwards."

I don't know how many turned out, but it seemed like thousands. Kids everywhere! There were basketballs flying, water splashing, screaming, screaming, and more screaming. After two weeks of that, we felt like sending out a second flyer saying: "Drop Dead!"

I remember Ernie used to talk about dream interpretation. This was the time when most people listened. We liked dreams. He said that, people are more awake when they are sleeping than when they are awake. He meant that people's real desires come out, their unconscious speaks, through dreams. We'd just have to learn how to read the messages of the unconscious. From then on Ernie and George became our personal alarm clocks waking us up with confrontations, bringing us more and more into the present.

I was getting excited about this new life and sometimes I would stay up half the night thinking.

All I really knew was that I had a feeling or sense of distance from myself and others. I was scared of myself, of what might come out. If I was scared then I must have been split off from certain parts of me.

I didn't experience parts of me as parts of my self. I tried to act out any feelings I had. In acting out, expressing, my voices seemed far away and not mine.

Through different experiences with the other people, I have gotten closer to my self.

As for the kids, we did develop a lot of trust with some. But we came to a point where we realized they would have to live with us before they could change effectively. They were living in an environment of hostile parents and deadening schools. Any stimulation we could give them would be wasted without support from all sides. We're now in a position where we can live with children and treat them as friends and equals rather than as clients.

As for us, well one thing I've learned is that you can't overcome alienation in two weeks. More time and persistence is needed; but it's working.

*i feel you have compassion i hear your laugh it's free
and with the sparkle in your eyes you make me feel so free*

*i feel i met you yesterday someone of kindred mind
you left me feeling differently with wider open eyes*

*master of the arts of life pilgrim of the wind
to see how you accept the truth of other learned men*

*i'm curious to know you more to talk and be your friend
to hear of your perception of the things you've seen and been*

*you moved my soul to different heights left blindness far behind
i love you more than anyone beyond all space and time*

*master of the arts of life pilgrim of the wind
to see how you accept the truth of other learned men*

*a guide upon the ways we go to reach its mountain peak
the fountain of all knowledge is here for all who seek*

*that we are one with all sometimes too close to see
the knowing of the truth may tell be open and be free*

*master of the arts of life fellow pilgrim of the wind
to see how you accept the truth of ordinary men*

to see how we accept the truth of ordinary men

the master song by Bob Burchill

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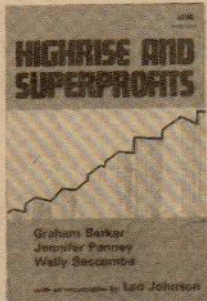
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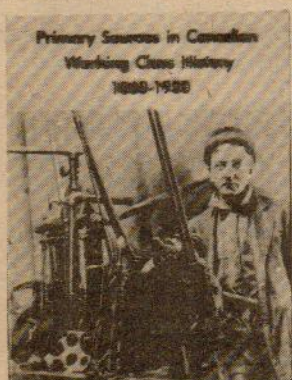
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Highrise and Superprofits, by Graham Barker, Jennifer Penney, and Wally Seccombe, with an introduction by Leo Johnson.

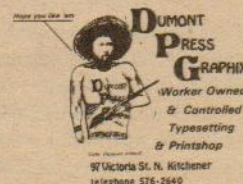
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mired by Stanslawsky in Russia and sketched by Rodin. She had three children, all of whom died young. This woman experienced personal and public suffering, as well as a joy that most of us barely can comprehend, the joy of meeting her potential as an individuated person.

To express feelings there must be feelings to express. Without experience there can be no feelings. For instance, if music is deadening and hypnotic, there will be no emotional experience to express. If, on the other hand, feelings are blocked, music can't be experienced fully and emotionally. Again there is nothing to express. In order to be awake you must be conscious of what is happening inside you and see that there is a difference, but not a distance between yourself and the rest of life.

"...Voluminous, vast, swelling like sails in the wind, the movements of my dance carry me onward—onward and upward, and I feel the presence of a mighty power within me which listens to the music and reaches out through all my body, trying to find an outlet for this listening. Sometimes this power grew furious, sometimes it raged and shook me until my heart nearly burst from its passion, and I thought my last moments on earth had surely arrived. At other times it brooded heavily, and I would suddenly feel such anguish that though my arms stretched to the Heavens, I implored help from where no help came. Often I thought to myself, what a mistake to call me a dancer—I am the magnetic center to convey the emotional expression of the orchestra. From my soul sprang fiery rays to connect me with my trembling vibrating orchestra."

What astounds me most about Isadora was the sense of self this woman had. She was able to hold onto her own reality. She knew who she was, whether overwhelmingly appreciated or virtually unseen and unappreciated. She was her own person. She had an inner spirit that moved her and

kept her moving, the spirit that the French call *joie de vivre* [joy of living]. All of us who were born have it, once we've made it out of the womb! It's something very basic to all of us. It's a feeling of love and beauty and energy and life and going on and looking up. Sunshine and smiling and happiness and energy in a continuous direction.

"by dancing to express Love—Woman—Formation—Springtime. Botticelli's picture... Everything rustling, promising New Life. That is what my Dance means...."

It's just a question of whether our experience is such that our life energy is a basic part of who we are, a source in ourselves we can always draw from, or whether that energy has been nullified or repressed. Living creates life. Being you makes you more yourself. The more yourself you are, the more of you there is. Isadora knew this intuitively.

Controlling yourself and trying to control your environment is a way of killing, murdering all that is free-flowing and spontaneous and reproductively creative. Control produces people who are unable to create, because creation comes from being able to openly experience what is.

Most of us have fallen victim to all kinds of oppression. The oppression is often anonymous and conspiratorial by its nature. We have been forced to still ourselves and now are afraid to be spontaneous. It's no longer a question of choosing whether to be spontaneous or not. We've actually lost the capacity for letting go, for letting ourselves come out.

Isadora not only understood spontaneity in her dance, but in everything she did. She trusted herself. To Isadora dance was an art of liberation, both for herself and for those who saw her.

"...one had but to see her dance for one's thoughts to wing their way, as it were, with the fresh air. It rid us of all the nonsense that we had been pondering for so long. Hows that?—She said nothing. On the contrary, she said everything that was worth hearing—and everything that

everyone else but the poets had forgotten to say."§

Part of trusting yourself is being trusted being you. This indicates to me that Isadora's mother played an important part in her early development. Because she was allowed to develop along her own path, at her own pace, she managed to escape being conditioned. To Isadora it was obvious:

"no matter how great the artist, without the proper setting even the greatest art can be lost."

Her mother stimulated her and then allowed her to explore this stimulation on her own so that who she developed into was herself. Most mothers, fathers and other institutions work towards "molding" and "remaking" children which empties them of who they are and leaves hollow shells instead of people, incapable of living, and often incapable of even grasping the concept, let alone the reality, of letting themselves flow with the world.

Isadora knew that life was experiencing many different kinds of experiences. She knew she was capable of creating experience, creating life in other people. She was able to reach inside people and touch them emotionally. She was able to speak the universal language of feelings.

§ Gordon Craig

You never enjoy the world aright, till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens and crowned with the stars.

The Incredible String Band

New Doors To Love

by John Kellerman

I am a person. I have a disability entitled Cerebral Palsy; I am not a "handicapped person" as people like to categorize me. When people see me walk down the street they think I am drunk or some odd ball just landed from Mars. People are tremendously afraid of me, and of disabled people in wheelchairs. I guess they think a wheelchair might run them over or some odd thing.

One windy day in March I went to mail some letters and the wind blew me over and I fell on the sidewalk. People were walking by me, apparently frightened to help. I felt like the victim of the Good Samaritan Story. Ironically, this incident happened on a Sunday morning as people walked by to church. However, someone did pick me up as I was really hurt.

Because I look and act differently than non-disabled people, it seems to give some people the right to refuse me into bars, theatres, on buses and trains. All of these things alienate me from participating in society and from interacting with non-disabled people.

Disabled people are not supposed to have sex drives and have sex with members of the same or opposite sex. We are not supposed to have emotions or feelings. We are just supposed to sit in corners living subexistence lives.

In the late 60's I was involved in radical movements through the Company of Young Canadians, Opportunities for Youth, and Summer of Studies.

The trouble with political movements is that they are often so political that there is no room for compassion and love. In '69 I worked on a project to organize a political handicapped group of people to get things moving. I felt like

a fifth wheel on a car because the other 4 people had boyfriends and girlfriends to relate to and I had no one. The same thing happened in '72. I was the coordinator of a project to organize a camp at Beaverton for the disabled and the non-disabled people in the area. A lot of the time the disabled went off in cliques and so did the non-disabled. I conjured up the fantasy of getting a girlfriend at camp. When it didn't happen, I collapsed and ended up in a year long nervous breakdown.

THE CHURCH AND VOLUNTEERS

The churches are like huge windtunnels that catch up the physically handicapped people because the disabled can't go to other organizations. The church people can get off on their trips saying "Oh what a good boy I am for helping that poor handicapped person to church". Volunteers outside the church pull their ego trips too to lord it over the disabled. Many disabled are more people orientated than the volunteers are.

Not even in the 'hippie' movement is there much acceptance of the physically handicapped. We are not often accepted into communes because we are more freakish than hippies. The question I ask is WHY?

ACCEPTANCE

I have lived in Toronto for 6 years and until about 3 weeks ago, when I went to the home of the people who write and publish *Alternative*, I thought of becoming a hermit, moving to Ottawa, or committing suicide. I felt as though no one really gave a damn about me. What the hell was I doing in Toronto. I felt warm, good vibes from the people in this commune. They really cared about each other, and

about me. It was the first time in 6 years anyone in this rotten city had asked me to stay overnight. I felt really good about it. I want to belong to this commune. Yes, people in the commune are still a little afraid of me, but I am hoping that they will get used to me and overcome their fears about me. It is important to me that I belong to this type of commune. It is important to me to be loved and wanted. It is also important that other communes like this one become used to disabled people, to accept and love them and see them as persons.

I think that love, personal relationships, and community support are the most important things to overcoming alienation of the disabled, because without love, compassion, personal understanding and community support, all of my projects or the projects of others, the self-investment isn't worth the powder to blow it to hell.

There is a lot more I could say about the alienation of disabled people. The main point is that they need to be wanted and loved in order to reach their maximum potential. I guess overcoming fear of the disabled is the only way of ridding alienation between the disabled and the abled.

Incidentally, on June 15, 1974, there will be a one day workshop on "Sex and the Handicapped". For more information, phone Mrs. Rena Paul, 367-8704.

Mind you, this conference is one of the first of its kind in Canada. Pretty sad, eh? They are still sweeping the sex issue under the rug.

I have been writing on the problems of the disabled for years and I would like to get into something else because I'm hurting my head hitting it against a brick wall.

Why Men Took Over

Part 2 of Women's Lib, Social Change For All

by Bill Holloway

Life was harmonious in the prehistoric matriarchal societies. The people were life-loving, open, and respectful in a natural way. They lived communally, and carried out their life-activities by relying on personal responsiveness. Life was direct, and experience was concrete.

Society has evolved to the place where natural order has been replaced by a complex system of abstract, force-oriented duties, moralities, and hierarchies. Social, economic, and personal relations are all based on abstract definitions involving divisions, competitions, and abstract power. The main characteristic of modern behavior and thinking is that they aim to secure and control, rather than to interact with a natural, uncontrolled environment. Somewhere along the line of history, communal, self-regulated social forms were replaced by institutions of security and control: monogamy, family, property, and authority. The response between people changed from cooperation and integration to prejudice and control.

It has been suggested that the factor leading to this control of men over women and other men was scarcity of food and sex. For instance, this is what Wilhelm Reich postulates in *The Invasion of Compulsory Sex Morality*. But in order for a whole way of life to have come out of it, the scarcities would have had to produce a great deal of insecurity in the feelings of the men.

Why was this insecurity so great? And why was this insecurity solved by turning against other humans? To answer these questions, we must try to understand what early men's experience of insecurity would have been like.

Primal Consciousness

At the time of the dawn of human consciousness, men and women were only partly conscious, only partly emerged from the primal unconscious condition of not being able to distinguish between themselves and their environment. To a degree they experienced themselves as one with the environment; they experienced themselves as nature and nature as themselves.

This condition, narcissism, is a form of awareness in which the self is the whole world. The infant, for instance, has no sense of self or of others as entities apart from the realm of its immediate needs. As the infant matures, the knowledge of an independent reality and an independent self develops. An adult who remains narcissistic never fully knows the world and other people as they really are. His or her inner world of desires and fears is projected onto the outer world, distorting its perception.

Even as primitive human powers of reason and emotion were unfolding, these powers were not fully felt as being separate from the undifferentiated experience of nature. And, as early humans were totally dependent on nature, they experienced themselves as the helpless subjects of nature's powers. Despite the evolution of human powers, they felt the power of existence to be in nature not in themselves. Their experience was removed or alienated from their own potential human powers, and externalized or projected onto nature. This externalization of the self, feeling selfless and feeling all power to be outside oneself, is the essence of alienation.

Primal Insecurity

The very nature of human awareness itself produces anxiety. As humans become aware of themselves as entities separate from their primeval roots in nature, from the preconscious state of oneness, embeddedness, and dependent bliss, they feel uprooted, insecure, and wanting to return to unity.

The human emotional dynamism of life is to overcome this separateness and insecurity. This can be done either by emerging from the need for dependent, unconscious oneness or by trying to maintain unconscious oneness. In the former choice, conscious activeness and relatedness becomes the passionate striving, and in the latter choice, narcissism is the passionate striving. But we are separate from nature by our biology, and so narcissism is wishful and unattainable. As long as narcissism is not emerged from, the experience of insecurity will produce anxiety. Unless it is stepped out of by developing a related self, the anxiety will be solved by attempting to maintain an illusion of the unity of narcissism by making active growth unnecessary, by controlling, defining, and securing the environment.

After the primeval part of history, at the matriarchal stage, a degree of integration and active cooperation in living had developed. Awareness and reason had increased, but humans had not fully emerged from narcissism. The primitive human's tie to the matriarchal group was similar to the primeval tie to nature, a tie not of conscious relatedness but rather one of unconscious dependence.

Whether food became scarce because of ecological changes or population growth, or whether food didn't become scarce, the growing sense of separation from nature would produce an anxiety. The primitives experienced this anxiety through their alienated mode of awareness, removed from their powers to step into con-

scious independence. They felt helpless, and became more anxious and afraid, and more unable to focus on the causes of their anxiety. Their terror drove them to regain security. But the primal narcissism cannot be regained, and since they were so alienated from their own humanity with others, another kind of security evolved: control of others and the environment.

Control Over Women

Why did men seek special control over women? One factor may have been an alienated awe of women's powers. The men in primitive matriarchy, while subject to nature's powers with regard to hunting, were subject to the powers of women with regard to many other needs because the women carried out all the other life-sustaining activities. The men's experience of this situation would have been one of alienation and anxiety. But women would have concretely experienced their skills and reason, and felt their own life-sustaining powers as distinct from nature's power. These experiences comprised an identity of relatedness for the women; they were, to a degree, rooted in their experience of themselves relating to the environment. Men felt greater helplessness and anxiety, and a greater striving for security and an identity.

Earlier primeval men, who had felt helpless, alienated, and identityless before nature, had expressed their alienation by worshipping nature. By making nature into an idol, a symbol for their own human powers, and submitting themselves to their idol, they had hoped to psychologically reunify themselves with nature—themselves.

Primitive men, subject to the power of women, made women into idols, the goddesses of matriarchal religions, onto which they externalized their own active potential. Later in history, when awareness increased and the experience of alienation became more intense and anxiety-ridden, men's narcissism led them to prejudiced, hostile solutions. They overcame their anxiety by bringing onto themselves an alienated external—image identity of power by abstractly elevating themselves in a social hierarchy based on arbitrary class privilege. They arranged to maintain their security and narcissism through the ownership of property and the subjugation of women.

These men replaced the matriarchal principle of social positions based on concrete skills and knowledge, and they moved away from their potential to develop an identity rooted in their own capacities to relate. Their alienation, their externalization of the self, became more external, further from concrete living, more abstract. Social concepts and the way of thinking and behaving became based on abstractions. The new patriarchal religions were abstract, controlling and moralistic. Economics became guided by abstractions outside the direct needs of people. "Society" became an entity in the minds of the people. "Progress" became an entity in itself, and replaced God as the main idol and power of life to which people increasingly submitted themselves. The division developed between men as "rational" and controlling, and women as "emotional".

Envy Of Women

There is evidence that the skills of sustaining life were not the only potential area of envy of women by primitive men. R. Briffault states in *The Mothers* that a main cause of the change to patriarchy was the males' desire to monopolize magic. This shows again that men were more in need of obtaining power, an alienated identity, than women were. Bruno Bettelheim, in *Symbolic Wounds*, quotes several different myths from various tribal cultures in scattered parts of the world, all of which follow the same basic pattern: an object which is a symbol of power or magic is stolen or received by a man from a woman who had previously possessed it, then the woman is killed or sworn to secrecy so the others won't find out that the man didn't possess it all along. This story explicitly expresses the hostility caused by alienated anxiety, and shows that mystification of the powers of women and the myth of the inferiority of women are world-wide phenomena based on alienation and narcissism.

Bettelheim, in the same book, suggests that the onset of sexuality in adolescence may cause another area of envy, because the girl's menstruation, a concrete undoubtable occurrence, appears at the same time that the boys are wondering about their vague experience of their own sexuality. Certainly if the boys were already anxious about their experience of identity, this could cause greater anxiety.

Bettelheim observed four adolescents who were labelled schizophrenic, a condition to which he attributes the free living out of inner feelings. The two boys in this group became wildly curious, jealous, and frightened when they found out that the girls were menstruating. The two girls then wanted the boys to bleed from their genitals, and the boys were quite willing to undergo this ordeal.

Bettelheim noticed the similarity between this occurrence and the puberty rites of primitive tribes. He

proceeded to study anthropology more deeply and found evidence that in many primitive puberty rites the bleeding from the males' penis in circumcision and subincision is symbolic of his obtaining the same sexual powers as the women have. This is another expression of alienation; the male, feeling sexually powerless, projects his own power onto the female and then wants to take this power onto himself in an alienated and narcissistic form.

All these areas of potential envy may have helped to drive men to focus their alienated anxiety on women. And though the women were less alienated than the men were at the matriarchal stage of society, the women still were at roughly the same stage of narcissism, still striving to reproduce a state of security. Submission to male-dominated monogamous marriage provided this security and guaranteed a place in the new abstract social classes.

Even for the male, aggression on women is essentially submission to the unconscious forces which work behind his back. He submits to the striving to regress to the state of total narcissism, unconscious unity, absolute dependence. This regressive quality of male dominance is evident in today's idolization of "motherhood" and of "femininity". It is further evident if you investigate the character dynamics of today's normal male. At his inner core, beneath his socially-successful self-image, he is alienated and frightened, passive and crippled, and unconsciously mother—fixated. In his helplessness and narcissism, he develops an authoritarian character and a socio-economic environment to coincide with his alienated needs. The environment in turn influences all people, and women come to have submission and alienated ideology ingrained into their very being.

Human Consciousness

All people in their human development go through the same stages of consciousness as those which occurred through human evolution. The infant at birth emerges from total narcissism, unconscious unity with the womb. The growing child emerges from unconsciousness as the awareness of reality as distinctly separate from his or her self develops, and as he or she must self-activate capacities to change with new situations of separation from dependency. Separateness brings anxiety, which can be solved either by fully emerging as an individual capable of relating one's whole self to one's environment or by regressing into narcissism, illusory unity, and alienation.

People in capitalism are trying to solve their human dilemma the same way primeval humans did. The capitalistic environment perpetuates infantile narcissism and feeds alienation.

Today parents maintain children's dependencies until the children are helpless and selfless. People are encouraged to seek psychological security instead of developing self-confidence in independence. Helpless, alienated, and anxious, people in capitalism attempt to reunify their empty selves with an alienated identity within abstract institutions like nations and universities, to which they have attributed power. They cannot attempt to develop a related identity based on concretely filling their inner needs and experiencing themselves as a center of consciousness, because they have been convinced that the fulfillment of all their needs comes from outside themselves and they have negated their nature of autonomy and self-activeness.

The capitalistic economy feeds alienation by negating real human emotional needs of self-activeness and inventing consumer needs for the dehumanized consumer to fill up on. The capitalistic economy feeds narcissism by providing instant gratification of the alienated needs it invents, making consumers feel like the environment is blissful. Many other alienated identity props are perpetuated in capitalism, including the subjugation of women to male dominance.

Social Change and Narcissism

Clearly, to overcome male dominance is to overcome narcissism and alienation. These problems are central to the attainment of real social change. Narcissism and alienation are the basic causes of the inequalities in our society, and they relate to every imbalance in living contributing to the dehumanization of people. Alienation keeps people externalized, selfless, anxious, and in need of power and a narcissistic unity. The maintenance of their narcissism keeps them unable to see one another and relate.

Women who feel tremendous bitterness toward men may think that if they get the message of their bitterness across to men then change will happen. In fact, no amount of bitterness toward, or withdrawal from men will help women or men. However, I do not suggest that women should not express their bitterness. Bitterness is self-awareness in an alienated form, and it should be concretely brought up and worked through between individuals who want to become conscious of themselves and one another. If it is not worked through, it will be a drain on emotional

Is There Life Before Death ?

by John Steer

A woman was found frozen to death on her child's grave in Toronto's Mount Pleasant Cemetary. The daily newspapers wasted no time in reporting the 'news'. We can be sure that the reporter who got this scoop was patted on the back for a great 'Human Interest' story. Good news is gory news.

Death has an attraction for all of us. We love to read about it and watch porno-masochistic movies about it.

Literally, "necrophilia" means "love of the dead" (as "biophilia" means "love of life".) The term is customarily used to denote a sexual perversion, namely the desire to possess the dead body (of a woman) for purposes of sexual intercourse, or the morbid desire to be in the presence of a dead body. But, as is often the case, a sexual perversion presents only the more overt and clear picture of an orientation which is to be found without sexual admixture in many people.

Erich Fromm
The Heart of Man

Necrophilia may start out as a function for survival. A child who's parents punish him, who are mean and negate his existence, must learn to cope, learn to love them. He needs them. Love to him becomes masochistic. Love means hurt, hurt means love. If getting the belt is the only contact he can have he will want the attention. In later life, if someone is warm towards this child, it will not be understood. He will not be able to appreciate love and warmth. The child has become accustomed and secure with coldness and violence. The child will seek out, be attracted to, people who are violent in overt or subtle ways.

The child can only persevere and enjoy suffering. He will develop a whole martyr's attitude towards

life. Anything free and alive will be seen as unreal and phoney.

"Feel guilty! Christ died on the cross for you. Repent! Sacrifice for the Lord Jesus!" (who is dead and gone). These are great expressions of how we love to suffer.

In church we spend our life energies kneeling in front of crosses or statues of saviors. If we're not into religion, we can do a loyalty to 'our nation' trip. We salute a flag for our 'great fore-fathers' who died in battle, or stand at attention in front of a picture of the Queen who is 3,000 miles away filing her nails. Meanwhile we might as well be dead

because nothing is happening.

The never ending search for security which many seek is tantamount to death. In a violent world, the need for security is great. People get married, "settle down", and have kids. The husband has a steady job, the wife takes care of the kids, and they go to Mother's for Sunday dinner. They are secure. They have life insurance, luxury insurance, car insurance, a dog tag on the dog, a marriage certificate (guaranteed life-time of love); nothing could go wrong. But it's boring. The boredom leads to anxiety and anger. They need changes and need to grow and resent not being able to. They want

to express what they feel but can't directly. They end up making others feel the way they do: deadened. These are people who are afraid of life. Life by its nature is unpredictable. There is no real security except for the unborn and for the dead. Another form of security is an illusion.

As long as we seek security, we are insecure (instead of being free). The more we try to control, the more we control ourselves. As we run away from the mysterious and new, we live in boredom, we turn ourselves off.

There is always beauty with ugliness. Life is dialectical. There is

good in everything if we can look deeply and see without a moralistic attitude, with an open mind. Then we can change ourselves and others.

Sweet are the uses of adversity:
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears but a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in the trees,
books in running brooks,
Sermons in the stones, and
good in everything.

energy and will draw consciousness away from the person's own experience of self-alienation.

All people in our society are to some degree alienated and narcissistic, unconscious of themselves and others. To a large degree our interpersonal relationships are experienced through a distorted emotional filter created in our pasts by hurtful and mystified experience. Narcissism and alienated strivings will continue to distort our relationships until we become strong, awake individuals capable of freedom and related love.

Integrating Our Lives

We can only overcome our alienation and become emotionally self-reliant if we extricate ourselves from the way of life which is keeping us alienated. In the conventional social context few people can bring together what they want to do, with what they must do; what companions they want, with what companions they must have; or who they want themselves to be, with who they must be. Those who cannot integrate their lives cannot feel emotionally whole and cannot be perceptually whole. Many people still think that they can go into professions and effect social change through institutions. Change cannot occur through institutions because people in institutions cannot integrate themselves, as the institutional bureaucracy by nature disintegrates human energy. And meanwhile the institution goes on as an idol, crippling people's self-activeness and feeding their strivings for security, which is unattainable

and the source of neurotic conflicts.

Nor can change occur in the capitalistic economy because our life-functions are so split up that we cannot be conscious of what life is. Like Karl Marx wrote in *German Ideology*, "consciousness can never be anything but conscious life-process". The capitalistic economy holds us in deadly sleep. We must be reoriented in a work-democratic situation; our activities must become conscious life-process, the filling of real needs of self-activeness.

Despite the necessity, at this point in time, we cannot eliminate institutions and capitalist economy. The existing mass attitudes are too solidly entrenched.

And we ourselves are not conscious enough to know what changes to make on a mass scale to develop people out of narcissism and alienation. In fact we are too alienated ourselves to live in a truly humanistic, non-alienated way. Our characters are too bound in knots.

We must not avoid this fact by focusing instead on our diseased "social organism"—an abstraction. Each of our lives, our consciousness, is concretely each of our social and economic situations. To raise our consciousness we must change these situations and live a new way. In doing so, we must untie the knots of our characters, and educate ourselves to the reality of our inner nature of autonomy.

Education to reality takes a lot of time and energy, and only people who can achieve some economic self-sufficiency can begin at this task.

Education to reality is the experience of self-alienation on the emotional level, the experience of the

narcissistic distortions which occur in people's experience of one another and of themselves and which prevent relatedness.

This can only be done by people getting together and opening up their feelings with one another on a deep level and on a consistent basis. This can best be done by a group of people living communally with the agreed purpose of understanding and working to overcome their self-alienation, to radically change their way of being and become self-active and related individuals.

Members of a commune must be fully committed to going through the pain of becoming emotionally aware that they are alienated, externalized, isolated, and that unconscious dynamics of character work behind their backs. They must be willing to go through the pain of developing full separateness from all narcissistic ties. The stress must be on seeing truth, developing critical awareness, an understanding of the unconscious, the ability to touch others emotionally, and concrete trust and compassion.

Most importantly, the thrust must be organic rather than forced. A radical commune of deeply committed individuals can only develop through time and circumstance of reality. In this way, the members of radical communes will be the people who are educated to reality, and who will provide for others the methods of overcoming narcissism and alienation. They will develop the solution to the human dilemma in learning how to relate to themselves, to others and to their environment, how to live fully and grow with life.

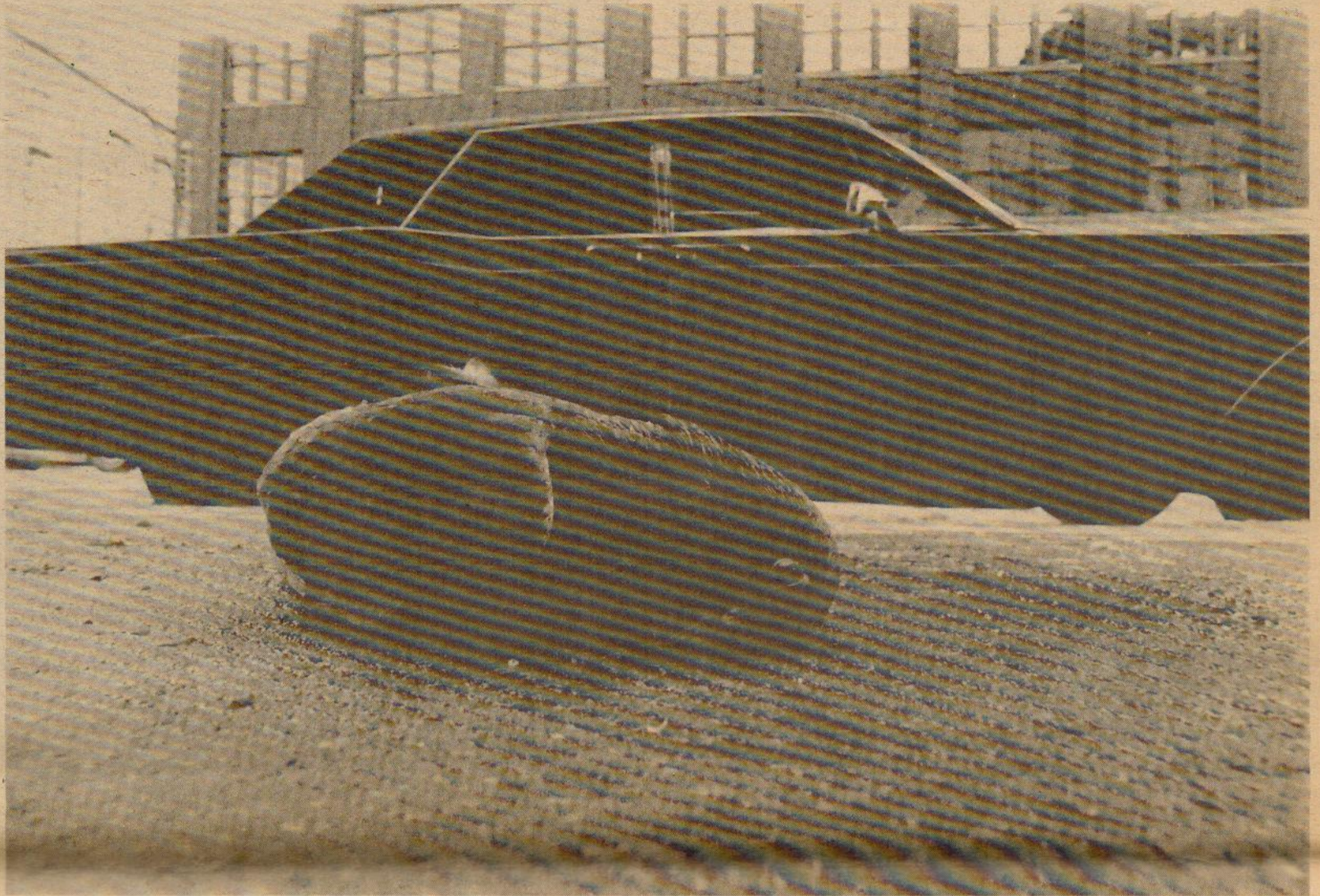


Photo by Shin Sugino

Care Less Daycare

by Paul Trapp

I recently spent one day a week for about four months volunteering at a cooperative daycare centre in Toronto. This experience led me to question the concept of institutionalized child care in relation to how I feel children should be treated.

HOW MUCH CARE IN DAYCARE?

What quality of attention and responsiveness can be expected at daycare centres? Almost all the staff and volunteer workers at daycare centres are women. Because of this, children pick up the sexist concept that women are the "child-raisers" and men are the "workers", who do not care enough to help watch over the young people. Most of the female daycare workers are young-to-middle-aged people who were brought up in our patriarchal society. They have no choice but to perpetuate sexist values, even when they have the desire to change.

Many workers I encountered were sincerely interested in children and treated them with respect and care. But many others were not so interested. Often there were students who were volunteering, not because of their interest in children, but because it was a requirement of one of their courses. At many daycare centres it is required that parents spend time as volunteers. This creates a situation in which some parents, who are not capable of being responsive and loving to their child, must spread their lack of attention

I found that my own capacities became overloaded when about four young energized dynamos were put in my care. But the ratio is almost always more than four to one at daycare centres. Even the most patient, attentive, responsive adult could not give her best attention to so many children at once. Yet the fact is that in many instances, the not so patient, attentive, responsive adults are called upon to do just that.

In the vast majority of daycare centres, the main aim is to discipline the youngsters to fit more easily into the public school system and later into capitalistic class system. They are taught sex roles; when to be silent and when to make noise; who may do carpentry and who may learn housekeeping; who may wear dresses and who may wear pants. They are taught that certain parts of the body must not be shown. They

are not allowed to become themselves, whoever they may be, but are directed into preconceived identities, a practice which stifles their individual creativity and spontaneous social responsiveness.

SO WHY DO WE DO IT ?

Even though daycare centres leave much to be desired in terms of the quality of care, more and more people are rushing to place their children in these institutions. According to the Wednesday, May 2, 1974 edition of the Toronto Star, the waiting list is so long at one popular Toronto daycare centre, "that expectant mothers are putting their unborn children on it. The birth rate is declining, but nursery schools and daycare centres are blossoming around Metro, hard-put to keep up with the demand."

The Star reported that "the province, whose budget for daycare and nursery programs in Metro alone exceeded \$4.4 million, is getting into the nursery business around Ontario in a big way. John Heywood, the branch finance officer, said in an interview that projected province-wide expenditures on pre-school programs will reach at least \$20 million in 1978—a hike of nearly \$10 million in just four years."

Why this unprecedented surge to place infants and young children in these institutional baby-sitting centres? Many parents did not plan for, and now are unable to care for their children. I was devastated when I learned that child-beating is the leading cause of infant mortality in the United States. Daycare centres allow single mothers and fathers to work or to have free time away from the heavy burden of attending their children. Most parents place their children in daycare centres so they will be better suited for public school; the nursery provides the environment where many children get their first contact with others of their own age. Many parents rationalize that they can be more responsive and attentive to their children if they only have to be responsive and attentive for part of the day.

These are the reasons given by parents, but I feel there is another underlying reason which creates the need for more and more professional full-time babysitting services. It is impossible for one or two adults, living alone, to devote



"Is there an alternative to institutional babysitting, where our children are herded like animals and are subjected to inadequate attention and the perpetuation of the games people play?"
Photo Laura Jones, Baldwin Street Gallery

the amount of energy and attention necessary to respond to the needs of a growing person, let alone two or more. Yet that is exactly what must be attempted within the nuclear family lifestyle.

Until recently most families have solved this problem by strictly controlling children through the fear of physical punishment for "misbehaviour" such as crying, tugging at clothing, or throwing temper tantrums. Children couldn't express a lack of love and attention because of fear of retribution. Now, however, many parents have been conditioned away from physical punishment and into a more permissive attitude, which allows the child more freedom to express the need for attention. But the parents also have their own needs and self-interests, and often can't spend the necessary time and energy to satisfy their child. They place their child in a daycare centre or nursery school because they are incapable of satisfying the child's needs by themselves.

HOW DOES DAYCARE AFFECT THE CHILD ?

Instead of teaching the children body awareness and means of relating to one another honestly and directly, daycare environments teach the children the social games that have kept us apart from each other, generation after generation. Even at the age of two, children exhibit character masks and various role identities.

Herding our children together for eight hours a day must make them feel that somehow they are not acceptable to their parents. Many children cry and become physically shaken when first brought to nursery school. Gradually this feeling is repressed and the child learns to cope with his or her misfortune. But the damage has been done and will affect the child for the rest of his or her life.

WHAT IS THE ALTERNATIVE ?

Is there an alternative to institutional babysitting, where our children are herded like animals and are subjected to inadequate attention and the perpetuation of the games people play? I feel there are many people who have arrived at the conclusion that they must unlearn these social games themselves and be rid of them completely and forever, and who want the same for their children. By changing ourselves and our social environment, we will allow our children to develop naturally.

I'm not talking about social change which allows long hair on men, pot-smoking instead of beer-drinking, or sex between two consenting people. What I'm talking about is the recognition by each person that all humans have the same needs for shelter, food, clothing, and affection. If we live together with this in mind, we can help each other to fill our needs. We who recognize the need for integrated social change must identify

ourselves to one another. This won't be done by wishing, praying, or waiting for the government to pass a law about it.

Those of us who really want to change, who want to stop playing the games we've been playing with each other, who want to create an environment of love, trust, and human kindness in which our children will be able to grow strong mentally and physically, must come together and stay together. Grow together. Help each other change. Create together an environment where children do not belong to one or two people, or to anyone, but rather are recognized as equal human beings with human needs. An environment where each adult is responsive to, and responsible for, the well-being of every other adult and every child. An environment which nurtures trust, cooperation, honesty, love for life, and which destroys hate, distrust, competition, and the wish for death. This is the only real solution to the problems inherent in raising children in this society.

Every child, before family indoctrination passes a certain point and primary school indoctrination begins, is germinally at least, an artist, a visionary and a revolutionary.

-David Cooper

So, When Are You Going To Have Kids?

by Louise Dorfman

In the last year-and-a-half I have met and talked with more women than most people probably meet up with in a lifetime.

Five of us live in a commune which, at the moment, has more men than women. But new women are always dropping by, having met us while selling the paper, in bookstores, or just out walking.

Several women have moved in, and out, of the commune in that period of time; some with kids, most of them alone. Strangely, they have in common a real fear of being alone, because they feel helpless and insecure.

Somehow the life energy has been sapped out of them; they have been so crushed, so ignored, that they are now actually unable to express themselves, assert themselves as people and as women. They are afraid of doing anything but parroting what they have been taught at home, in school, or by their sometimes 'radical', equally frightened friends. When confronted with this, they often leave.

Not having had the opportunity to speak for themselves (and be heard), most women find it extremely painful to attempt regaining their feelings of self-worth.

If they begin to assert themselves, chances are they will be put down, name-called, categorized, considered part of a group, not heard as individuals. This keeps them from being open and direct with each other.

Wanting to be accepted and loved, they look for love from those who seemed to have shown it in the past: their boyfriends, husbands, lovers. And they distrust and fear other women, who have endlessly competed with them for that love. How can they expect any help from virtual competitors? So they must stand alone.

But fear of each other can't

compete with the fear they have of themselves. Most women I have met have expressed feeling terribly empty, ugly, ineffective, and uninteresting. Caught up in roles as housewife, mother, businesswoman, or waitress, they lose touch with who they really are, what they really think, how they really feel.

What keeps them apart (and here I speak personally as well), is the desire to seek security in twos, with men, or with other women. And doing so, they focus their energies outside themselves on someone who they can dream about, worry about, follow about, cry about—so they don't have to think about themselves.

Getting married makes the job easier. Until recently, many women have been willing to give up even their superficial identities in marriage. Being labelled "Mrs." Something or other meant more than losing a last name (even if that one was their father's!).

Being a "Mrs." has its seeming advantages. It gives some women a feeling of status, some a feeling of safety, others an opportunity to be on top, in control, a winner at last. Some are so threatened at the thought of breaking these ties, that they wear their wedding bands years after giving up on their marriages.

But even those women who consider themselves "liberated", don't realize how dependent they are on their chosen "life-mates". Their relationships have become totally mystified. They live and work in different environments, and so can easily split their identities (roles), as well as split these identities off from themselves.

This means that a woman might have an identity as a loving housewife, irritable mother, and aggressive real estate broker. She may be so preoccupied playing these three different roles, that she has no time to feel how none of them ex-

press who she really is.

In addition to that, she works at a different job than her husband, which means that her day-to-day contact with the very person to whom she vowed to devote her life—love, is limited. She can neither experience him fully emotionally, physically, or spiritually.

She has her own feelings about things, but often the discrepancy about how he feels about them and how she feels about them, is so apparent, that she submits to his whims, so as not to look, and feel, so alone.

Often I meet "coupled" women who can't speak for themselves as individuals. While canvassing with the first issue of *Alternative to Alienation* last month, I met a woman who, on first glance, seemed interested in reading the newspaper. The man with her bluntly interrupted that "they" weren't interested. That ended that! And the couple moved on. The two had forgotten they were separate people, with probably different life experiences, and (it would seem obvious) two separate thought processes and abilities to relate to what they read. (I should point out, mind you, that the same experience happened where a man was submissive, and the woman controlling.)

Many women find it hard to regain their individuality, their sense of self. They are so used to kowtowing to Mommy, Daddy, teacher, priest, and acquaintances, that they can't help but perpetuate the relationships that have become, for them, a form of security. Pull the rug away from under them, even at their request, and they feel helplessly and hopelessly alone.

Unfortunately, by choosing to meet the expectations of business associates, parents, neighbours, friends, and church, they have to play the baby game; answering the sometimes unspoken, but never-

theless demonstrative and continuing jingle: "So, when are you going to have kids?"

Women who go along with this game learn to express their desire to feel potent and productive, symbolically. Sex has become a commodity, an exchange for a mink coat, keeping mother silent, competing with a best friend, or impressing a fellow-worker. And the game-playing is extended to every other aspect of their lives.

One woman openly admitted to me, recently, that she never really expected marriage, or any kind of coupling, to work:

"I couldn't imagine how two people could spend their whole lives, (that is, every moment of free time) together, growling at the breakfast table, love—making in the evening, and never wanting a break from that routine. How could they never want to meet, hold, love, touch another person emotionally or physically?"

She was torn by a conflict that left her "insanely" jealous of any woman her boyfriends looked at; while at the same time feeling natural and enlivened by joyously flirting with other men.

Her insecurities turned her desires into possessiveness and greed, a conflict which kept her in a constant state of anxiety. Acting out these feelings with a few short-lived boyfriends (we're not sure how or if they survived), she felt tremendously guilty and confused.

Most women feel this double-bind. But they suffer with it silently because they assume the contradiction is inevitable. They fear that if they were to let go of either their possessiveness or their greed, they would doublecross themselves and be left all alone.

Some women will loudly proclaim that they are not into coupling. But, upon questioning, they will often admit to a faint hope of still being able to have their cake

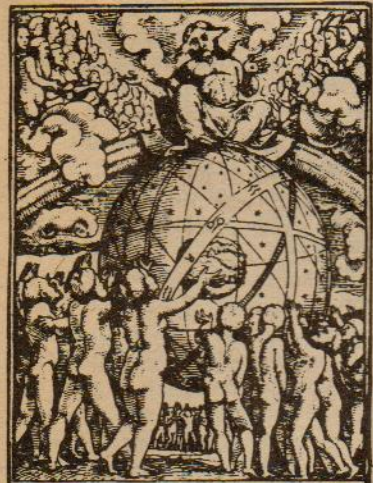
and eat it too. They know they can control, if only temporarily, what happens to them by holding onto one person; but they fear being unappreciated and unloved while standing alone.

Some women will say that they have a great but "uninvolved" relationship with someone. They mean that they don't trust anyone not to abandon them again. The best way to avoid feeling hurt is to be closed, keep to themselves, experience nobody and nothing, remain alone.

Celibacy or promiscuity, then, seem to be the only solutions. But they need not be so.

Women who live in co-operatives have an opportunity to overcome their one-person dependencies, as well as their distance from and misunderstanding of each other. But communal living can't solve the problem by numbers alone. Most co-operatives and communes are privacy-oriented. People remain secretive about their thoughts and feelings. Many exploit each other for housework, cheap rent, companionship (if any), and sex. The only thing women can feel in common under these circumstances is a fear of being left out.

Women who want to make radical changes to their lives, who want to build stronger selves, have a lot of undoing to do. They should expect that in learning to stand up for themselves they will meet up with a lot of heavy resistance. They should be careful, (and this again I know from our experience in the commune) to hold onto their reality as individuals, and as women, without forming gangs to put men down. They should do all they can to help affirm each other's existence, in a positive, sensitive, loving way. Finally, they should not expect to make radical, or lasting, changes quickly. After all, they took a lifetime to get that way!



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The Tragedy Of Institutional Religion

by Daniel Burston

For most people, religion is a drab and deadening ritual, a duty performed on weekends. Its nonfulfillment is unpleasant because it brings pangs of conscience or a fear of losing face with the neighbors, but it is not disturbing otherwise. In this context religion is a superficial binding agent that holds people together under the yoke of ritualism and dogmatic conformity; it's based on illusion and wishful thinking.

For some, religion is an agent of separation. The monk, the ascetic, the religious hermit, those people who have renounced society, choose instead to relate themselves to a god, or an equivalent of god, rather than to other people.

Both of these expressions of religion are substitutes for meaningful person to person relationships.

THE SOCIAL GOSPEL OF RELIGION

As they are taught by their founders, the great religions do not seek to separate people from each other, but rather to unify them in love.

For example, both Christianity and Buddhism teach a gospel of individualism to be expressed by love for others. Individuality, in the great religions, is in fact a prerequisite for love.

Jesus said "Think not that I am come to bring peace into the world. I am come to bring the sword; to separate a son from his father and a daughter from her mother." But he also said: "This is my commandment: that you love one another even as I have loved you."

Buddha's teachings were similar. He also taught that individuality and social relation were compatible. He preached to trust the lamp within your own heart, implying that one must not rely on others for truth, but rather to direct your search inward. Yet by his own example, Buddha showed his lovingkindness and compassion for not only all of humanity, but also for all living beings.

BUDDHIST TEACHINGS

In practice, most Buddhists are no more truly religious than most Christians, Jews, Moslems, and other "religious" followers. The essence of religion (devotion, effort, and expressed love) however, is beautifully illustrated in at least three different ways in Buddhist scriptures. First is the example of the Buddha himself, who worked patiently and tirelessly to

help suffering people. His teachings were especially meant to dispel their illusions, superstitions, and caste bias, to which the Buddha was strenuously opposed.

Second is the emphasis placed on unlimited compassion and unlimited empathetic joy as necessary stages or modes of relatedness which the religious aspirant must reach to become enlightened. Compassion and joy must be practised concretely, not in the abstract or in word only, if the candidate is to be liberated. This is considered by the Buddhists to be a very high stage of spiritual development, very close to Buddhahood.

The Mahayana Buddhists believe that the traits of lovingkindness and wisdom, and not the detachment and inner stillness achieved in Nirvana, mark the most highly developed, authentic Buddhist. For the Mahayana Buddhist suffering really consists in pursuing one's egotistic happiness, while Nirvana is found in sacrificing one's welfare for the sake of others. People generally think that it is an emancipation when they are released from their own pain, but a man with a loving heart finds it in rescuing others from misery.

This is the Mahayanist Buddhist's tremendous social responsibility: to sacrifice his selfish desires and to forego final liberation, or Nirvana, so that he may show others the cure for their suffering, which is compassion and concrete expressed love for others.

NOT ONLY BUDDHISM

Not only Buddhism, but all the great religions, contain the same core of radical humanism and social obligation. Tragically, organized institutional religion has distorted the true meaning of religion as it was presented by the true masters. Professional authority figures are looked for the truth, to forgive us our transgressions, and to take our money in return. Religion has been turned into an instrument of psychological manipulation in the hands of those who desire to maintain the status quo.

A picture on the front pages of Metro daily newspapers a few years ago, showed the Saigon chief of police blowing out the brains of a suspected Viet Cong, a prisoner who was bound and helpless. The chief excused himself by saying "The Buddha will understand". Religions start out as radical social forces, designed as alternatives to the status quo and as answers to man's deepest conflicts and psychological needs, but end up as rationalizations for discrimination, manipulation and irrational violence.

A Fairy Tale

Copyright 1969 by Claude M. Steiner, Ph.D.
2901 Piedmont, Berkeley, California 94705

Once upon a time, a long time ago, there lived two very happy people called Tim and Maggie with two children called John and Lucy. To understand how happy they were, you have to understand how things were in those days. You see, in those happy days everyone was given at birth a small Fuzzy Bag. Anytime a person reached into this bag he was able to pull out a Warm Fuzzy. Warm Fuzzies were very much in demand because whenever somebody was given a Warm Fuzzy it made him feel warm and fuzzy all over. People who didn't get Warm Fuzzies regularly were in danger of developing a sickness in their back which caused them to shrivel up and die.

In those days it was very easy to get Warm Fuzzies. Any time that

somebody felt like it, he might walk up to you and say, "I'd like to have a Warm Fuzzy." You would then reach into your bag and pull out a Fuzzy the size of a little girl's hand. As soon as the Fuzzy saw the light of day it would smile and blossom into a large, shaggy, Warm Fuzzy. You then would lay it on the person's shoulder or head or lap and it would snuggle up and melt right against their skin and make them feel good all over. People were always asking each other for Warm Fuzzies, and since they were always given freely, getting enough of them was never a problem. There were always plenty to go around and as a consequence everyone was happy and felt warm and fuzzy most of the time.

One day a bad witch became

angry because everyone was so happy and no one was buying her potions and spells. This witch was very clever and she decided a very wicked plan. One beautiful morning she crept up to Tim while Maggie was playing with their daughter and whispered in his ear, "See here, Tim, look at all the Fuzzies that Maggie is giving to Lucy. You know, if she keeps it up, eventually she is going to run out and then there won't be any left for you."

Tim was astonished. He turned to the witch and said, "Do you mean to tell me that there isn't a Warm Fuzzy in our bag every time we reach into it?"

And the witch said, "No, absolutely not, and once you run out that's it. You don't have any more."

With this she flew away on her broom laughing and cackling hysterically.

Tim took this to heart and began to notice every time Maggie gave up a Warm Fuzzy to somebody else. Eventually he got very worried and upset because he liked Maggie's Warm Fuzzies very much and did not want to give them up. He certainly did not think it was right for Maggie to be spending all her Warm Fuzzies on the children and on other people. He began to complain every time he saw Maggie giving a Warm Fuzzy to somebody else, and because Maggie liked him very much, she stopped giving Warm Fuzzies to other people as often and reserved them for him.

The children watched this and soon began to get the idea that it was wrong to give up Warm Fuzzies any time you were asked or felt like it. They too became very careful. They would watch their parents closely and whenever they felt that one of their parents was giving too many Fuzzies to others, they also began to object. They began to feel worried whenever they gave away too many Warm Fuzzies. Even though they found a Warm Fuzzy every time they reached into their bag, they reached in less and less and became more and more stingy. Soon people began to notice the lack of warm Fuzzies, and they began to feel less and less fuzzy. They began to shrivel up and occasionally people would die from lack of Warm Fuzzies. More and more people went to the witch to buy her potions and salves even though they didn't seem to work.

Well, the situation was getting very serious indeed. The bad witch who had been watching all this didn't really want the people to die so she devised a new plan. She gave everyone a bag that was very similar to the Fuzzy Bag except that this one was cold while the Fuzzy bag was warm. Inside the witch's bag were Cold Pricklies. These cold Pricklies did not make people feel warm and fuzzy but made them feel cold and prickly instead. But, they did prevent people's backs from shrivelling up. So from then on, every time somebody said "I want a Warm Fuzzy" people who were worried about depleting their supply would say "I can't give you a Warm Fuzzy but would you like a Cold Prickly?" Sometimes, two people would walk up to each other thinking they could get a Warm Fuzzy but one or the other of them would change his mind and they would wind up giving each other Cold Prickles. So the end result was that while very few people were dying, a lot of people were still unhappy and feeling very cold and prickly.

The situation got very complicated because, since the coming of the witch, there were less and less warm fuzzies around so warm fuzzies, which used to be thought of as free as air, became extremely valuable. This caused people to do all sorts of things in order to obtain them. Before the witch had appeared, people used to get together in groups of three or four or five never caring much who was giving warm fuzzies to who. Since the

coming of the witch, people began to pair off and to reserve all their Warm Fuzzies for each other exclusively.

If ever one of the two persons forgot himself and gave a Warm Fuzzy to someone else, he would immediately feel guilty about it because he knew that his partner would probably resent the loss of a Warm Fuzzy. People who could not find a generous partner had to buy their Warm Fuzzies and had to work long hours to earn the money.

Another thing which happened was that some people would take Cold Pricklies which were limitless and freely available, coat them white and fluffy and pass them on as Warm Fuzzies. These counterfeit Warm Fuzzies were really Plastic Fuzzies, and they caused additional difficulties.

For instance, two people would get together and freely exchange Plastic Fuzzies which presumably should make them feel good but they came away feeling bad instead. Since they thought they had been exchanging Warm Fuzzies, people grew very confused about this never realizing that their cold prickly feelings were really the result of the fact they had been given a lot of Plastic Fuzzies.

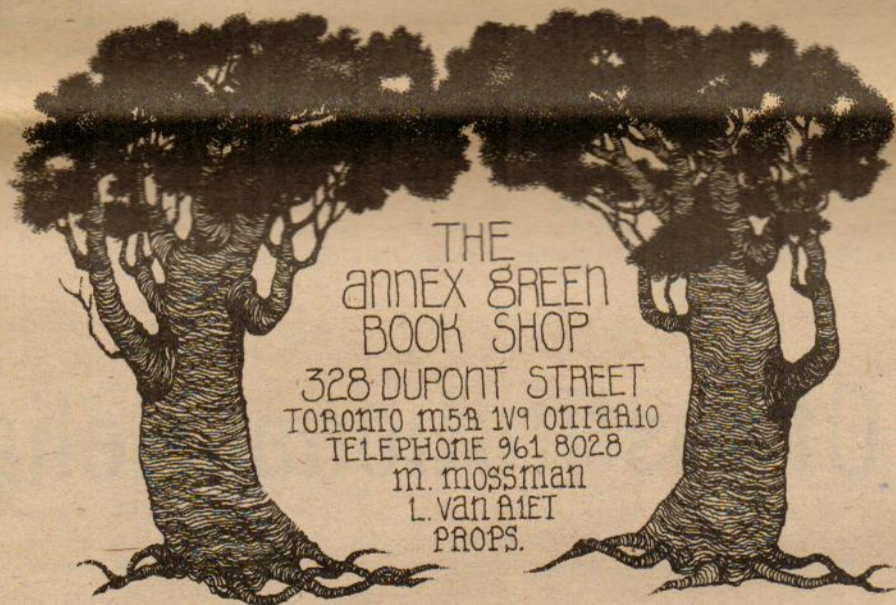
So the situation was very, very, dismal and it all started because of the coming of the witch who made people believe that some day, when least expected, they might reach into their Warm Fuzzy Bag and find no more.

Not long ago, a young woman with big hips born under the sign of Aquarius came to this unhappy land. She had not heard about the bad witch and was not worried about running out of Warm Fuzzies. She gave them out freely, even when not asked. They called her the Hip Woman and disapproved of her because she was giving the children the ideas that they should not worry about running out of Warm Fuzzies.

The children liked her very much because they felt good around her and they too began to give out Warm Fuzzies whenever they felt like it. The grownups became concerned and decided to pass a law to protect the children from depleting their supplies of Warm Fuzzies.

The law made it a criminal offence to give out Warm Fuzzies in a reckless manner. The children, however, seemed not to care and in spite of the law they continued to give each other Warm Fuzzies whenever they felt like it and always when asked. Because there were many children, almost as many as grownups, it began to look as if maybe they would have their way.

As of now it is hard to say what will happen. Will the grownup forces of law and order stop the recklessness of the children? Are the grownups going to join with the Hip Woman and the children in taking a chance that there will always be as many Warm Fuzzies as needed? Will they remember the days their children are trying to bring back when Warm Fuzzies were abundant because people gave them away freely?



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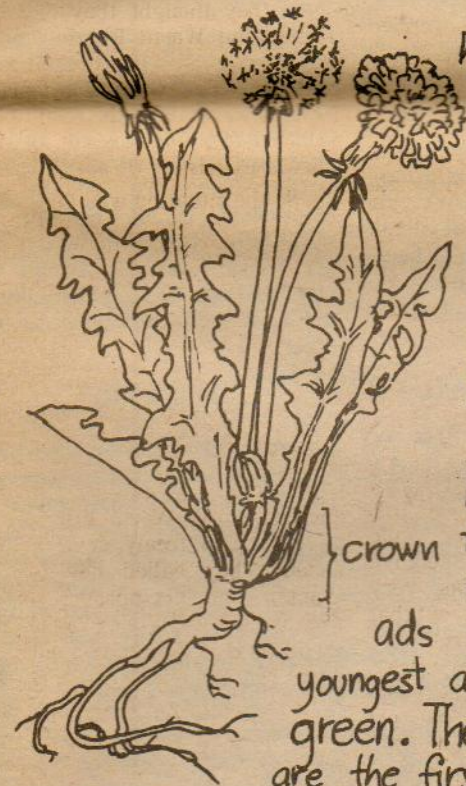
Wild Food

Eat Your Weed Problems Away

by Tom Field

GATHERING FOOD from the wild is not a new idea. In the spring, before any of the planted crops were ready to be harvested, the pioneers relied on the wild food in their area for the vitamins & minerals that they needed after the heavily salted and mainly preserved diet of winter.

Today, wild foods still have the vitamins and minerals (that we need after our winter diet of imported fruits and vegetables). But gathering our food from the world around us serves also to de-alienate us from nature and make us more conscious of the world around us.



The dandelion, a lawn pest, makes for good eating during spring.

The best leaves for eating raw in salads are the youngest and lightest green. These leaves are the first to come up in the spring. The leaves are fine to eat until the blossom material is well-developed, but after then they become too bitter to eat. The greens are cooked in two or three waters and then served with salt, pepper and butter, or treated like spinach (i.e. creamed, to stuff squash, etc...). Dandelions may also be blanched (covered with anything that will exclude light) for a few days to reduce the bitterness so only one water during cooking will suffice.

The part of the leaves closest to the roots is often lighter in color and flavour than the greens and

is called the CROWN. This part may be lightly cooked in a little water or made into a salad, as follows: Slice the crowns thinly and add a small onion, chopped, one or two stalks celery, chopped, with vegetable oil and fresh lemon juice or cider vinegar.



Common Plantain

Dandelion roots may be washed and peeled (lightly), sliced and boiled or fried with onions and other vegetables as chop suey. It is a little bitter but still makes a fresh, wild, spring vegetable which is palatable, (especially considering it is very rich in Vitamins A & C, and minerals).

The yellow blossoms make a light flavored wine. Pick one gallon of the blossoms on a dry day, omitting as much stem and sepals as possible. Use only the best, fullest, most yellow of the blossoms. Place in a 2-gallon crock and pour one gallon of boiling water over them. Steep for 3 days covered. Strain in jelly cloth and squeeze the liquid out. Put in a kettle with 1 small piece ginger root, 3 sliced oranges and 1 sliced lemon, and 3 lbs. of brown sugar. Stir and boil gently for 20 minutes. Strain and return the liquid to the crock, letting cool to lukewarm. Add 1/2 cake yeast spread on a slice of toasted rye bread, floating it on top of the liquid. Cover crock with clean cloth and let sit 6 days in a warm room. Strain off the wine into a gallon jug and cork loosely with a wad of cotton. After 3 wks in a dark place, decant carefully into bottles. Cork tightly and age 6 mos.

Common Plantain can be found in many of the same places where dandelions can be found: lawns, gardens, empty lots, and parks and roadsides.

Its broad leaves are best in the early spring before they become tough. Pick the leaves when they are still light green and cook like spinach. Only one water is necessary as plantain has no bitter taste. Young leaves may also be thrown into a salad with other salad greens.

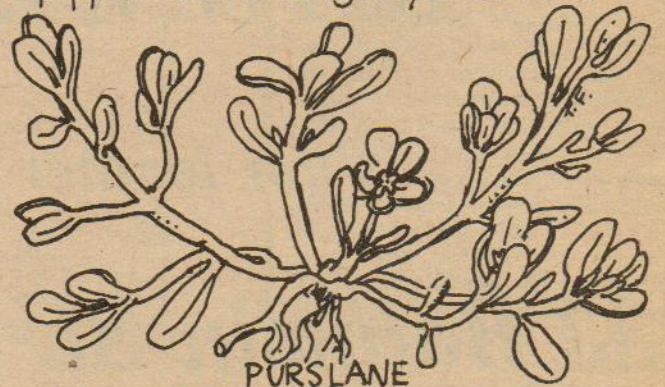
Plantain has broad, long leaves and the leaves usually are close to the ground. Most plantain is about six inches in diameter (the whole plant) but can grow much larger in proper conditions. The leaves have a small stem; the roots are like in the drawing.

Another edible weed found in gardens and cultivated fields is PURSLANE. It comes originally from India, where it is a favored vegetable.

Purslane hugs the ground, rarely reaching 2 inches height, but often has a diameter of over a foot. It likes rich, sandy soil, so is a garden pest sometimes. The plant has several tender stems, radiating from the center, and about 1/4 inch in diameter.

The whole plant may be eaten; leaves, stems and flower buds.

Like okra, the plant has a mucilaginous characteristic and will thicken soups and stews. It can also be cooked as a green vegetable and served with salt, pepper and lemon juice or butter.



PURSLANE

more on wild foods next issue!!

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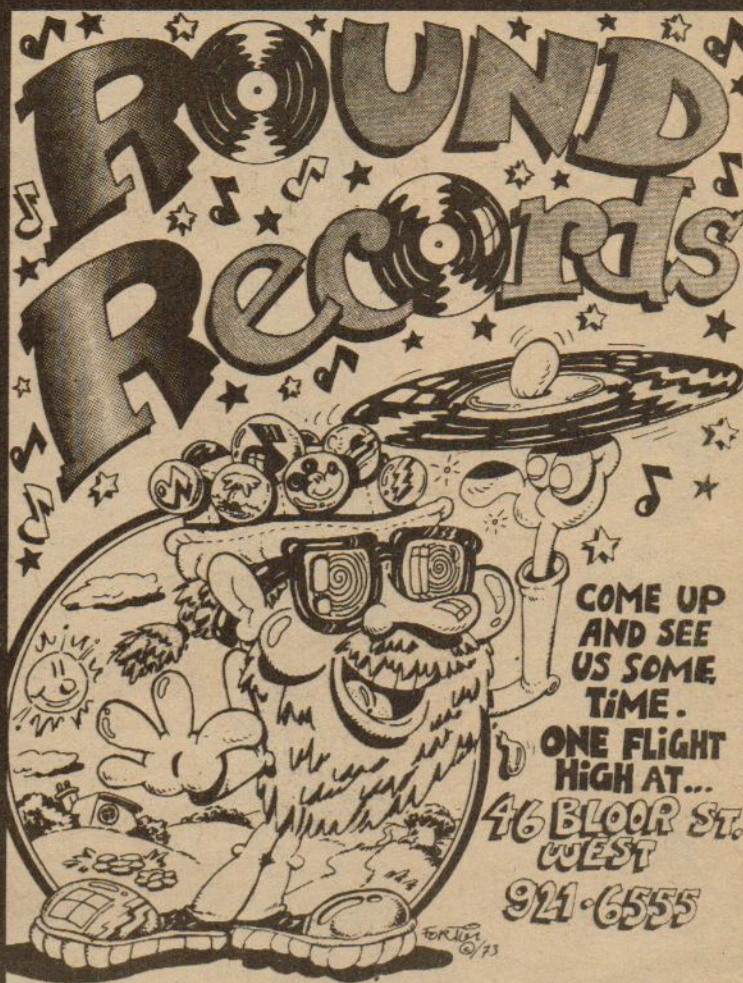
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On Being Allowed

by Nancy Christopoulos



It takes a lot of work and a lot of time to break down old, internalized and projected moralisms and patterns. Photo by Jearld Moldenhauer

bear, but not probable. I knew I was paranoid and that what I saw as a bear was really in me. I decided to internalize the fears and aggression I had projected outside myself. I envisioned the bear. Big, hairy, sharp teeth and claws, angry, drooling at the mouth, frightened. The bear was also warm, physical, aggressive, liked sweets, didn't like bees, and would attack out of fear. By concentrating, I got in touch with these qualities inside me. I started to feel like a bear. Once I had internalized the bear and felt the bear to be me, I was able to analyze. Was this really me?

meet the ideal, the more we feel the gap between who we really are and who we think we should be. And, of course, if no one loves us for who we really are, then we only experience conditional or patriarchal love.

PATRIARCHAL MOTHERS AND INSTITUTIONS

Mothers today are extremely patriarchal and force one demand upon another on us. From the moment we are born, in the hospital, at home, school and church, we are forced to hide how we really feel. We are forced to go against the grain of what is natural and organic development for us.

PSYCHOANALYSIS

I used a psychoanalytic process known as free-association. I discovered I wanted to be a bear. I'd always felt submissive and passive. I had an aunt who was a lot like a bear—aggressive, big and angry. She was never pushed around. As a child, I wanted to be her because I didn't like myself.

THE OUTCOME

We can try to be ourselves in an overwhelming environment of institutions and institutionalized people which will not love us. This leads to a lot of hurt at the least, and usually a higher price—deadening ourselves emotionally-insanity. It's not a pretty picture of reality!

WHAT'S REALLY AMAZING

I find it amazing that there are even a few people who have survived this holocaust of rejection and force. People who have been able to love themselves enough in spite of everyone and everything being against them. To still be alive emotionally at all. To still have some belief that somewhere there are people who can accept each other and who do not place inhuman demands and conditions on each other.

Mostly my environment has been such that the conditions for love were that I be passive and not angry. I'd created an avenue for my own aggression and anger by imagining animals and people to have these qualities. Only by getting back inside my own skin did I come to see that what I thought was me—always passive, submissive and quiet—was not really me at all. I'd created an ideal self—image based on the morals I'd internalized, and this moralism was not mine originally.

THE MYSTIFIED IDEAL

The mystified ideal? No one can define it. Everyone is trying hard to live up to and not be left out of IT.

We all feel so lonely and so totally unacceptable as ourselves. We go to such incredible lengths to convince ourselves and everyone else that we are accepted in and part of something that doesn't exist. Fads and fashions help keep this image going.

If only I can dress the RIGHT way and say and do the RIGHT things and be in the RIGHT place at the RIGHT time. Everyone will think I'm in and very with it and I'll be admired and envied and loved. But trying to meet the image feeds hopelessness. The more we try to

IT'S HARD

It's really difficult even when people who have not given up hope completely on being themselves and relating to others get together. It takes a lot of work and a lot of time to break down old, internalized and projected moralisms and patterns. It's hard to really see and experience and learn to love yourself and each other.

HOPE

I know from my experience of the last 2 and a half years that there's still hope and that much can be done in a short time to become human again. But, if you're going to change, you've got to start with you!

Mothers, Ah, mothers! We've all had one, that's for sure. Motherly love, now that's another thing.

A DEFINITION

Motherly love, as Erich Fromm defines it, is unconditional love. To love without conditions. No strings, umbilical cords either. We all may have had mothers, but how many of us have had much motherly love?

This is a patriarchal society, a society that says from the moment of birth, "I'll only love you if you do as I wish." "I'll only love you if..." implies conditions or morals, and they are usually someone else's.

Most moralism is so rigid and inflexible and dogmatic that there is no room to be human. When love is only conditional, people are incapable of being themselves.

THINK ABOUT IT!

Unconditional love! No expectations to meet. Nothing to do, nowhere to go. No one to be—just yourself!

Of course you can't accept that! You have been conditioned to and condition yourself to love conditionally. Think about it! Can you really even accept your own thoughts, feelings and actions?

PROJECTED MORALISM

Projecting your moralism onto others, or seeing your values in them, is one way to avoid facing this morality you've internalized. Unless you can become aware of this projection, you are asleep and unconscious. In addition to not seeing this moralism as your own, you are not seeing the other person as themselves. You are negating yourself and negating the other.

FIRST STEP TO CONSCIOUSNESS

The best way to become aware of projection is to be with people you trust. People who are awake, non-moralistic and non-sadistic. People who care enough to let you know who they are and how they experience you.

SECOND STEP TO CONSCIOUSNESS

The next step is to get yourself back inside your own skin. There are numerous ways of doing this. Strenuous physical work is one way. Breathing and meditation is another. Music is good too. One way I've done this effectively for myself, which may not work for you, but you can try it, is this:

Once in the woods I was afraid of meeting up with a bear. I was in an area where there were no bears. It was possible I could have met a

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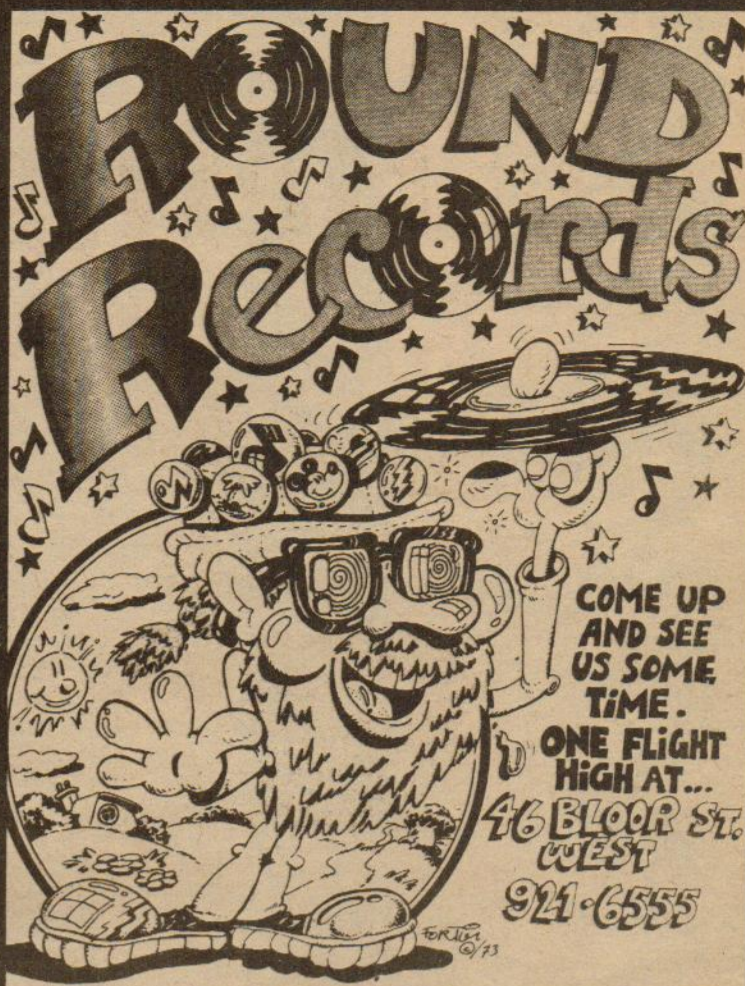
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