

D. Had a few draws. She was very funny. She started singing and said it was a song she used to sing in Germany. 'Dolly-mouse's song,' she said. She used to be called Dolly-mouse by her German cousins.

I couldn't stop laughing.

'You're red in the face.' D. Said.

'I'm about to burst,' I said.

I thought my hand was my pipe and put it to my mouth. It was a very odd sensation.

I staggered to bed. Then read my manuscript (my autobiography) in bed. Found certain things wrong with it merely by looking at it - flicking over the pages. Certain things seemed visually

wrong. This is interesting. There seemed to be no difference between appearance and content.

In looking at the manuscript I was passive - not particularly interested in myself - but at the same time absorbed. The manuscript seemed empty of myself. I didn't feel I had to justify or defend anything. If it was wrong, it was wrong. As simple as that.

And I felt the physical discomfort in a different way from how I feel drunk. The physical discomfort was felt with more clarity and distinctness.

Another interesting thing was that the effect of the lager went the moment I started smoking cannabis. It was as if someone had taken a duster and wiped away a dirty mark.

FEEDBACK

Hans Lobstein was one of the founder members of the British Association for Humanistic Psychology. He has been running groups for eight years and is currently working in social welfare.

Jim Elliot told us a story and it certainly got home to me. The story pictures a large marquee in which there is a stage and I am the actor on that stage, playing my self-assigned role. Now I may just play one role, or one predominant role, and this will be written up on the outside of the marquee so that people can decide what play they are coming to see. For instance, I might have 'HELPER' written up in large letters, offering some sort of helping service, and the auditorium may be filled with people who have come to see me perform this role and they would not want to see me play any other . . .

But in the wings on the stage there are all the other parts of me hidden from view, the hurt little boy, the angry bit, even further back the little girl, and all the rest. If I bring

out any of those parts the audience will leave in dismay:
that is not what they have come to see. But there are openings
above the wings unseen by the audience and out of these
rotten tomatoes come flying and they hit the audience in the
face from time to time. The audience is startled by this,
they cannot explain where they come from. Some of them may
throw them back at me and I wonder what on earth has hit me . . .
Here I am, the kind helper, and here they are throwing rotten
tomatoes at me . . .

In the back of the stage the playwright is fast asleep. How
do I wake him up to write a new play for me? How can I get
him to write a new play bringing in all these other parts
of me? And what will the audience do if I put on a different
show which isn't the one they have come to see?

Eventually I get fed up and kick the playwright awake. Oh,
I have such joy kicking him. Get up you lazy cop-out and do
something! But the audience doesn't like the new play, it
isn't what they have come for, and they walk out. For months
I may be left without friends. I shall need to put a new
heading on the marquee and see I can attract to see the new
me. But I change all the time, I am never quite sure who I
am. So I put on my billboard . . . well, I haven't decided
what to put up there yet, but the stalls are already full,
waiting in expectation, and I rush about anxiously lest
I might disappoint them all . . .

Hans Lobstein

I have long roots
But they are dreams
Holding me to the past,
Tenuous but nylon-strong.
They are the story
Of the world's beginning.

The dreams grow faint,
The past crumbles,
I am free.

Anne Coghill