

Cri de Coeur

Was I born in chains?
How have I learned to love my jailer
Gradually by small degrees did I accept my shame
and let it be me.
Until my unworthiness became me
and I it.

because I loved my father and mother
I believed I was bad and they were good
like they told me.
It was no good my trying to do do noble and
worthy things
like all the other
 clever
 good
 well behaved
 well mannered
 successful

children
because I was no good
So I did bad things because I liked doing bad things
and accepted their reproaches.

'Oh Alan How could you?' 'You must
try harder next time!'
So I tried harder next time and
somehow didn't quite make it or
made it in this but not in that
and then in that but not in this.

'Could do better if he tried.'

But I did try - I tried very hard.

Why am I writing this?
I am trying to understand me.
Trying to
Trying to
Do I really understand me?
I wait in the shadows so that the
phony mask will fall and I will
look upon me with
clear recognition
Love and
Tenderness.

I feel so guilty
Perhaps people will love if
I am guilty.

I hate feeling guilty - I deeply resent it,
and what of others?
They are mysterious to me, unknown
I fear them - they could kill me.

I will hate them in the lonely isolation
of the prison of my mind.

Alan Byron

Ian Maunder

Random Thoughts on Wholeness

When I first joined AHP, it was because of my concern as a social worker about the types of psychiatric and psychological 'help' given to people of my acquaintance. I'm not going to go into paroxysms of indignant rage about mechanistic, manipulative psychiatry and psychology, since it has all been said before. Suffice it to say that it took me some time to discover what it was that horrified me about this. Eventually, mainly through reading Carl Rogers' 'Client Centered Therapy' and John Lilly's 'The Centre of the Cyclone' and both books having a profound effect on my thinking, I realised that it had something to do with wholeness.

For some time before reading the books I had been doing a lot of work on myself and I don't think I had realised how little I was looking deeply at others during this period. I was aware that an aggression bubbled within me which was aimed at stopping myself being put down. After years of accepting put-downs without question because of a poor self-image, followed by much work on improving my own self-image, I was damned if I was going to let anybody put me down easily; I wanted consideration, respect for my humanity. Suddenly it struck me that my indignation at the treatment of others by self-styled experts was about the same thing as my own aggression about me. I knew these people and felt that their distress could be touched, worked with, and through that work they could come nearer to wholeness. Instead, the help they were offered was a dehumanising process of suppressing the more disturbing (to others) symptoms of their distress with little consideration given to the person as an individual human being, no respect for them as them. I cannot turn this argument entirely onto psychiatrists and psychologists as, being a social worker, I must admit that many thousands of social workers see their jobs in much the same way.

I began to wonder about the micro and macro levels of humanity and how these could be reconciled - as indeed I still do. It seemed to me that the micro level - consideration