

such that, if the prediction is contradicted by the facts, the theory is falsified. The relationship of the prediction to the theory is cast in the form of a syllogism; with a general statement (the theory), and the here and now initial condition as premisses implying the prediction as conclusion. This is called a hypothetico-deductive system. (Popper, 1959, page 59)

3. Sir John Eccles, Fellow of the Royal Society and Nobel Laureate in Medicine, was Professor at Buffalo, where the Creative Education Foundation is also located.

References

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A FAIRY STORY?

Once upon a time a little girl was born. It was a cold winter's day and snow flakes were falling fast and furiously onto everything in her new world. From the second she was born she was cold. She turned hopefully to her mother for warmth and although the mother picked her up, she was unable to give the girl any relief from the terrible cold. The mother gave the girl some clothes and then tried to feed the girl milk from her breasts. The girl didn't like the taste of the mother's milk nor the smell of her body. The girl felt so lost in her new world. Her whole being was in terrible distress. She cried and then she screamed. She screamed herself into silence. The mother was relieved when the girl became silent and the girl was relieved because the mother then left her alone. However, the girl's relief was only temporary for it was washed away by utter despair. She was hungry for nourishment of all kinds, but that which was offered to her did not satisfy her in any way. As she got older she learned to tolerate the food that was nastily given to her; so as she aged, her body grew stronger and bigger. Her heart and soul shrank within her growing body. She grew more and more sad. Her heart broke. Her soul, or spirit, weakened. She almost died from distress.

However, she didn't die and this was because her spirit was only weakened, but not broken. Her spirit was fed, in a rather obtuse way, by all the non-loving she got. Her spirit became angry. As she grew so did her anger. The anger was fed by the persecuting mother and the hopeless father. Occasionally the anger ate into her broken heart and she really gave the parents a bad time. She spat out her food, she kicked, she bit, she was sick; yes, she was often sick because that worried them the most. When her spirit got tired and she hadn't the energy to do any of these things, she screamed. Whilst she screamed her pain hurt her so much, until she arrived in the Desolate Place. In this place her pain became a kind of numb feeling and she was sad and alone holding her broken heart.

In the Desolate Place the parents could not hurt her. No-one could hurt her whilst she was in this place. Here she could at last find peace. She had travelled to her inner world. She found it full of nourishment. In the rich inner world she played games, sang songs and skipped and danced through her childhood. She discovered the joy of feeling laughter in her tummy and also the satisfaction of being in an enveloping quietness. Yes, she really loved the softness of the quietness. She found her best friend in the Desolate Place. This friend was her happy little girl self. Her friend gave her hugs, found her good things to eat and comforted her sadness. Her friend tantalised and teased the angry spirit and gave it only a very small space in which to grumble. The little girl's broken heart was also cared for and held so that it had a chance of mending. The Desolate Place became her haven of warmth and peace.

She often thought it was strange that her angry spirit had a place in the rich inner world, but she wasn't mature enough to understand why she needed the anger. She didn't know that the angry, fighting spirit would ensure her survival. However, she did not survive easily or well. In her every-day life she carried around so much distress.

When she got to an age where she could think carefully about the two people who were her parents, she realised that for her they were no good. They were never able to comfort her in any way. She gave up asking for anything from them because their brutality bruised her broken heart and burned her angry spirit. Her distress lay heavily inside her body. It was sadness and anger and she carried it always.

It lies there today. Occasionally it causes her anguish, but in the journey through to her Desolate Place she met her laughter and her joy. She learned about her vulnerability and her strength. She is happy that she took the journey. She is happy she found her friend in the Desolate Place and discovered her rich inner world. Everywhere she goes she takes this world.

The End?

Sister Silence.
We come from silence;
When the daffodil
Breaks golden
From the winter
Of the earth,
It is the quietness
That calls her glory forth,
Born of that peace
She knew before her birth.
When, in some pause
For the moments, shared with friends,
We hear the great chime
On the shores of space,
It is not knowing that
Tomorrow comes familiar
That comforts us
But longing, face to face,
Upon the seas of silence and
Despair, to find a place.
The buds that burgeon
Come unwillingly
Into the changing airs
Of restless spring;
Only in the dark womb
Upon the bough,
Before the heats of April
Force them forth,
They learn surrendering.

Marion B. Alford