

closed doors away from nature' (p. 301; cf. Lucy Scurfield's article, this issue). Nick Totton's important work on 'wild therapy' is surprisingly not quoted in what is an otherwise impressive bibliography.

In Chapter 4, Milton et al. maintain that while CP has its roots in modernist therapeutic approaches, 'it is evolving and modifying itself in light of the changing cultural context within which it is situated', with CP seeking understanding 'without the certainties of modernist assumptions', and 'developing more liberatory notions of psychological difference and emancipatory forms of applied practice' (p. 65). This is all very well and commendable, but perhaps a key question remaining to be addressed is the tension, and even contradiction, between a CP approach which claims to be humanistic to the core, and a 'profession-centred' mentality (and CP certainly claims to be 'a profession') that might

struggle to remain authentic in a conventional 'modernist' professional context. Relatedly, there are also strident voices within mainstream (Clinical) Psychology who would collapse CP into Clinical Psychology and so possibly eradicate the one strong humanistic influence that does exist in conventional Psychology.

This otherwise admirable book might have spent more time addressing these tensions, then – and only on the final page (p. 312), in Milton's Afterword, do we start to hear concerns about the HPC regulation of the CP field and their compulsory state-defined 'health professional' identity, for 'These new statements about the psychological professions set precedents, benchmarks that may not always be helpful' (*ibid.*). Perhaps in his next book, Martin Milton might address these key issues, for a deepened exploration of the place of CP in late-modern psy culture would certainly be most welcome. ⑤

Poem

Self and Society

The breakdown, the marvel, the end of the line,
 The waiter, the gosling, the value of time,
 The waste of the water, the post of the ghost,
 All names that reveal, that hide, that deride,
 As they move, as they chime, as they twist and
 deceive,
 With a time, with a locus, a metre, a tide
 In a sigh, in a sight, in a plea, in a light -
 Perhaps they are One, as they take to the sky,
 Perhaps they are all that they seem, that they be,
 So the screen on your desk is a bee in the pane,
 Is the weight of the world, is a sign in the road,
 Is the eloquent sigh of a faraway train,
 And each of them, all, is a way to the cry,
 And each of them, all of them, I, I, I, I.

John Rowan, 2013

With acknowledgement to Laurence Whistler