

I am thinking that we men are so dependent for our development upon the extent to which the women we are involved with are struggling for their own freedom. Which brings me back to men meeting their emotional needs with other men in intimacy, in affection, in dependence. The balance must be tilted so that women are not wrung dry by men in their (men's) 'weakness'. Men must 'believe in' men, believe in themselves just as I needed to believe in myself earlier, writing this.

From my own feelings of incompleteness, which I hide because 'men can cope', I move towards and stifle women, demanding that they fill the hole of desperation I feel at having to be so manly-strong. Met, in those women, by expected warmth, I meet also, unexpected coldness which pushes me to find another warmth. I move towards men to join hands in 'weakness', holding out the other hand for a new contact with women.

I feel I haven't got a lot of time to use that insight. My marriage relationship is not working well, nor have my working hours been satisfying enough.

I notice the whole emphasis of the discussion in this piece is personal, cramped within four domestic walls — no politics in a formal way at all. I find no way to integrate the struggles — for love and equality in bed, in housework; for love and equality in Brick Lane, in Soweto, in Kabul and Ho Chi Minh City. As an attempt to find an answer I share a quotation with you: it is from Marx's 'Theses on Feuerbach':

'The coincidence of the changing of circumstances and of human activity or self-changing can be conceived and rationally understood only as revolutionary practice.'

I have become a man, we have all become persons — flawed as we are and with perfect potential, as we are — in a particular society within a global society, in this particular age, of capitalist decline and crisis. No therapy, no politics which fails to will and practise the utter transformation of the power and property relations of this society, can liberate any of us. I believe that, more, I *know* that becoming a man or a woman, as men and women can truly be, is *not possible in this society*. I want you to argue with and work with me until, from the ruins of this world, we or our grandchildren can become persons.

Tom Richardson  
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Maggy Sundborn

Esalen — indescribable with words:

- pervasiveness of the beauty of the touching, the feeling, the exploring, the stretching, the accepting, the contacting of myself and others.
- so hedonic that for the first week I kept saying to myself — 'I don't deserve this' and 'something must be wrong somewhere', anger too that it was so white, middleclass and in America — (I came to terms with these feelings later); but mainly a 'Picnic at Hanging Rock' feeling of timelessness and perfection derived from the constant pleasure of the senses by flowers, sea, hot baths, cool pool, massages, food, moon, trees, rocks, grass, whales, sea lions, stream, waterfall and snakes: experiencing groups and moving through the everchanging moment during yoga, Feldenkrais and T'ai Chi.
- the music: the resident group playing Santana; the bongo drum jam sessions on the deck; Pachelbel's Canon drifting through an open door inviting me into a workshop;

in another groups the affirmation of an elderly woman's dance to Pachelbel — her first dance since her son had died six months previously.

— the colours — crystals shining at Daniel's window — with red nasturtians and green leaves through; near them the mirror that Daniel told me to look in after a deep tissue massage — my eyes were large and glowing and my face showed the ecstasy I was feeling — my spine straightened, the energy flowing freely through me.

— the joy of deep breathing — the aliveness of people with streaming tears showing me their sadness and telling me of the joy of showing that to me; the joy of moving through barriers in Radix neo-Reichian groups — the screams from my gut through which I broke like a sound/being barrier to the side of relief and sharing and not trying; and at last I gave myself permission to unload my resentments against my parents — delayed a week because of my fantasy father's look of vulnerability.

— the rapid movement into experiencing feelings — physical and emotional — out of my mind; the mind — Janet Zuckerman uses the image of a snake which she placed in a tree on the way to the steam baths and often forgot to collect on the way back — no pushing, controlling, judging and when it is like this (Reich is correct) there is harmony and paradise. I didn't want intellectual knowledge — my case of books remained unopened.

— caught up in the rhythms of expansion and contraction.

Alternatively experiencing steam baths and cold benches,  
I hear the rhythms of the ocean  
and nightly watch  
the swelling or shrinking moon.

— and the most important discovery for me —  
breath and breathing; the moment between  
the exhale and the inhale in the place/time  
to feel; the mantra: SO HUM

the pause  
the moment  
I stand by the fence  
the man approaches with the wheelbarrow  
above  
a hive of bees  
in the trees  
humming  
all surrounded by warm sun

*Maggy Sundborn,  
Melbourne.*

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