

Rhyming Lines "WRITTEN AT

an encounter weekend
in Alan's house 28 Dec. 1980

IN DEFENCE OF ENCOUNTER GROUPS

to Jane and Rolande



I like myself, I have great friends
Yet I still think (big-headed)
There's more in me of love and joy -
But it's too deeply embedded.



If I had all time in the world
I'd just play chess, go drinking,
Talk casually, and play at games
Play music, go on thinking . . .



Leisurely enjoy my life
Learn Russian, go to Spain
Fall in love ten thousand times
Go walking in the rain . . .



I'd laugh and cry and swim and fly,
Have children of my own,
I'd hug them, watch them grow like flowers
Paint pictures, chisel stone . . .

And gradually I'd grow to love
The whole great breathing Globe
I'd save the groaning human race
Share food, and house, and robe . . .



Terrorists would lay down guns
And hate would fade away
The nation's armaments would rust
Their castles sink to clay.



But the time-bomb ticks, the earth
Is dashing to its fate:
Fanatics, con-men, terrorists . . .
Evil's flood is in full spate.

I must work fast, dig out the ore
I may be dead tomorrow,
Every scrap of tiny time
I'll beg or steal or borrow.

As the hydrogen bomb's great teeth grind
At my very ear
Emergency plans are needed
I'll sniff and look and hear

I'll try to rush nature
And speed my learning up
Examine every bit of life
Drink to the dregs this cup.

'cause the state of things around me
Needs all the skill I've got
I must drag up the things I fear
Inside me while they're hot.

cause it's not in Bibles or in Gods
Or in wizards or priests or witches
Or anywhere else that wisdom lies
In myself are all the riches.

The energy of feeling
Is a huge continent inside
An inferno of volcanic fire
Which I was taught to hide.

My mother said "Be nice!
Think of others first!
Give them your last glass of water
Tho' **you** are dying with thirst."

So the fiery horses of hate and love
Were tethered fast below
And I acted the tepid part of care -
No flames, only a glow.

She lies now, lone and bitter
All her fake niceness laid bare
A grotesque, dry-eyed, hollow thing
With no love that she can share.

All the anger she held down
In the effort to be caring
Now drowns and chokes her every hour
In a pain where there's no sharing.

She ignored the tiny peaks of pain
The envy and the rage
The mighty surge of feeling
Which she felt at an earlier age.

And yet **you** tell me *never mind*
These little spots of feeling . . .
Brush them aside, they're trivial
A kind of emotional peeling?!

Bruce Laurie Douglas



Letter to the Editor

Dear Vivian,

Today I received through the post an unsolicited pamphlet about groups run by Therapeia Collective. I read through it and mulled over it and was prompted to write something about the phenomenon of the therapy-junkie. I doubt whether you and **the readers of Self and Society will take kindly to this but here it is.**

For the past ten years or so I have been on the fringes of the awareness-movement. I did my yoga and meditation, encounter and other things; I studied religion; I went to California for primal therapy (while friends went to India for enlightenment). Throughout this time I maintained an 'interest' in Krishnamurti. Currently I am on a training programme for counsellors and am exposed to a great number of therapeutic models, all more or less at vari-