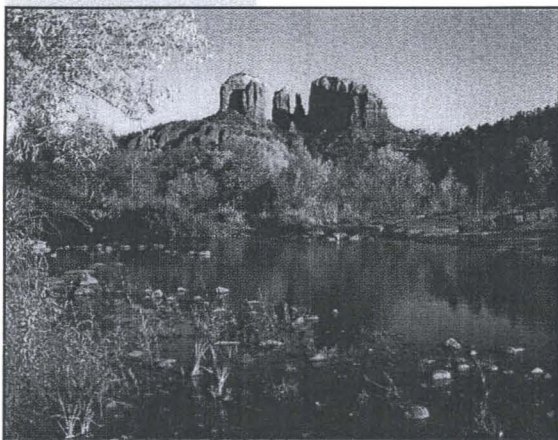


In A Nutshell

Fall/Winter 2001/2002



Here's hoping for some sunshine breaking through our B.C. Winter.

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Underdog Carry On

by Jim Gifford

As someone with bipolar affective disorder, I have crossed paths with many persons who suffer emotional and mental disease. These people are often creatively talented,

even gifted, and possess a strong sense of the spirit. One weakness among too many of them, however, is the lack of accepting responsibility for their actions. They fall back on the crutch of their psychiatric diagnosis.

For a long time, I also magnified my manic-depressive illness out of proportion with other aspects of my life. As a poet and writer, I was aware that disturbed genius was prevalent among poets such as Lord Byron and Sylvia Plath. I was near the point of wallowing in my crucible of madness as the price for my artistic temperament. I exhibited a pride in my affliction.

Once, when I met people, I would let them know, almost in my opening remarks, that I was manic-depressive. It was my badge of distinction, my ticket to secret realms beyond their knowledge. I also felt I was being upfront and accepted the response, good, bad or indifferent. Today my attitude has changed substantially.

I realize that I have a severe chronic illness yet feel it is in abeyance or remission, resulting in a healing state of balance and contentment, due to the alleviating effects brought on by my present life situation. Medication, therapy, lifestyle changes, such as slowing down and getting lots of sleep, have been vital to my health. Perhaps key to my well-being is the love and encouragement of family and friends.

After long periods of symptomatic growing pains such as extreme moodswings, today I have a

broader and deeper sense of who I am, beyond my psychiatric diagnosis, and the Mental Health label of consumer. I am a human being, son, brother, uncle, friend, citizen, poet, journalist, swimmer, artist, actor on the world stage.

My dis-ease is no longer an excuse for unacceptable behaviour for I have taken on the responsibility of caring for myself and openly accepting help from others. I understand that we all deal with tragedy, sickness and unexpected difficulties along the journey of life. Hopefully they strengthen character for we must always be aware life is a miracle. The secret is to carry on. ■

"My dis-ease is no longer an excuse for unacceptable behaviour..."

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Fall/Winter 2001-02

Fascination

by Terrence Levesque

Morning saw me walking in fascination along the streets of town, my coat collar turned up, wearing scruffy shoes. Where was the sun today? Gone behind a cloud. The wind was picking up and the leaves were falling. Around the corner, there was a dog and someone riding a bicycle. A woman was pushing a baby that was crying. It was a nice day but turning cold. I saw a squirrel climb a tree and a black cat crossed my path. I wondered if I would have any luck today, having little money in my pocket. Where was there to go and what was there to do? I headed for the coffee shop, taking my time.

Early morning in the fall of the year. Another year come and gone. The people had left the beach behind; it was all over for another year. Now I saw the street coming to life and a man was buying a newspaper. What day was it today? I didn't know. A bus went by and then a truck. A taxi stopped and the light turned green. Across the street, someone was down on

his luck and up the street, a dog was loudly barking. Two women went by, going in the opposite direction. I stood for a moment holding my coffee. Why was I so fascinated? Because, I didn't understand it. It was real life passing by and, for God's sake, where had I been?

*"It was real life
passing by and
for God's sake,
where had I
been?"*

I had things to do so I headed back home. The telephone rang and I answered it. I opened my patio door and stood on my balcony. I then came in and sat in a chair. What would take place today? Again, I didn't know. I was left on my own; to do what I had to do, to go where I had to go, and to see what I had to see. Was I lonely? Not at all, although some company would be better. Perhaps later I would meet someone and we could talk privately. At any rate, this was a day in my life and I was walking slowly in a fascination.

"The curious paradox is that when I accept myself just as I am, then I can change."

Carl Rogers

The Editorial Board of "In A Nutshell" welcomes letters, articles, and poetry on mental health issues from you, our readers.

Warning! Do not abruptly stop psychiatric medications! Most psychiatric medications are powerful drugs and should be withdrawn from gradually under the care of a physician or other health practitioner.

"In A Nutshell" is a publication of the Mental Patients' Association, #202 -1675 W. 4th Ave., Vancouver, BC, V6J 1L8, ph. (604) 738-2811, fax (604) 738-4132. The MPA is a non-profit organization that offers a variety of programs in **ADVOCACY, HOUSING, RECREATIONAL, and SOCIAL ACTIVITIES** for former mental patients. For more information on any of the above programs or housing waiting lists, please phone the office at (604) 738-2811. Editorial Board: Jim Gifford, Terrence Levesque, Reinhart, Byron Fraser, D. Paul Strashok.

The opinions expressed in this magazine are those of the individual writers and not necessarily those of the MPA. Donations toward the cost of "In A Nutshell" will be gratefully accepted by MPA.

Heavenly Bodies of My Youth

by Sam Roddan

My early interest in the female form had its origins in the colour reproductions of renaissance art in the 11th edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

"Don't let your mind be distracted by the flesh," Dad would say when he found me pouring over the maternal features of a well-known Reubens. "Consider the hues and shades of the landscape. The brush techniques. The harmonies of colour."

My study of Renaissance art led from one thing to another. I quickly learned the effects of climate on style. In a salubrious climate fewer clothes are necessary for well-being. Drapes only obscure the natural and healthy beauty of what my Dad called the "heavenly bodies."

"Never stifle a natural curiosity about life" Dad said. "Never play peek-a-boo. Face the facts. Beauty is only skin deep. Don't hide your head in a pillow."

My formal sex education fell on the shoulders of George Ross, chief mentor of the old YMCA at Cambie and Dunsmuir.

Every spring George put on his "Sex Education Walk" for the boys of the East End. The course and exhibition was set up in the semi-darkened gym with booths appropriately labelled "First Steps to Manhood." George and his leaders provided a guided tour with both commentary and explanations.

On the walls of each booth was a collection of charts, diagrams, blueprints, elevations and posters. Some of the diagrams were very specific and graphically illustrated the effects of social disease on mind and body. One chart followed the odyssey of a healthy sperm up a dark and forbidding channel to its home port. Others seemed to lack stamina for the ordeal and disappeared forever into a cavernous abyss.

One booth consisted of photographs of pale and pimply youths from Powell Street, all victims of self-

abuse, staring at pictures of famous movie stars and reading trashy magazines such as "True Confessions" and the "Calgary Eye-Opener."

"The photographs speak for themselves," our guide said. "Note the appearance of guilt in the faces. The unhealthy quality of skin. Downcast eyes. Absence of up and go. These East End kids have abused not only their bodies but their minds and spirit."

*"... each of us
had a man-to-
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George Ross's
office."*

One of the most popular booths was the collection of faded prints, most of them old acquaintances of mine from the Encyclopedia Britannica, plus a few ones such as "Woman On A Couch" by Titian (1480-1560) and "Ariadne and Bacchus" by Tintoretto (1518-1594). One of our guides said "Not to worry about the dates but just concentrate on the subject matter."

After we had finished our "walk-through", each of us had a man-to-man talk in George Ross's office. George assured us that the best approach to boy-girl relationships was exercise, deep-breathing, push-ups and running-on-the-spot. His big point was to keep the brain clear and fresh. Don't smoke. Foster spirituality and remember a girl is somebody's sister to be respected and appreciated for her inner qualities.

But, alas, best-laid plans can easily get muddled up.

In a few weeks I tired of deep breathing, push-ups and running-on-the-spot. One night I walked Angelo Vizutti's sister home from the Girl Guide troop at the Mission via Powell Street and the sugar refinery....

Ever since that night I noticed a big improvement in my complexion. My eyes sparkled. I lost my hang-dog look. My chest expansion increased a couple of inches. And best of all, I found again the will to whistle and live.

■

Minute Particulars

by Andrew Feldmar

We all wish for safety and security. At times like the present, after September 11, 2001, we are all very anxious, because the maintenance of the illusion of safety and security becomes almost impossible. It is an unwanted, unwished for, truth that for us sentient, alive beings there is **no** safety and security, and there never was. Life is extremely dangerous, very fragile, always at risk. We are all so very vulnerable. It is a miracle that there is any duration to our existence at all.

Up to a certain point in our development we are in a state of **double dependency**: we are totally dependent on our environment and don't know it, are not aware of it. We cannot yet distinguish between self and other. There is only one. Mother's joy is my joy, her fear is my fear, her face is my face, the love in her eyes is my well-being. Waking up to the awareness of how utterly dependent we are on mother is a rude and terrifying moment. Our sense of security depends on her presence, her touch, her availability. Her absence, after even a few minutes, can threaten, with what feels like annihilation. So, we invent, find, create a **transitional object**, that we can hang on to and have control over, that stands in for our absent, erratic, uncontrollable, other mother. Like a diaper, such as Linus' blanket, or a doll, or a piece of furry, fluffy material.

What can we hang onto now? What can we clutch that will keep our anxiety on this side of panic? Money will do it for some; status for others; drugs, sex and rock-and-roll help. Who, however, could reassure you? Who could promise that you'll be safe? Actually, reassurance feeds anxiety. Somewhere we know that behind the reassuring tone of voice there is nothing but ignorance and uncertainty.

Yukio Mishima, the Japanese author who ended his own life by ritual suicide, wrote in **Sun and Steel** [1970] that "No moment is so dazzling as when everyday imaginings concerning death and danger and world destruction are transformed into duty". He trained himself to stay in the present moment, to deal

with what is, without thought, without imagination. He took up body building, fencing, boxing, meditation and martial arts. He sought redemption through the living, breathing, flesh-and-blood body. "Victory," he wrote, "where the mind is concerned comes from the balance that is achieved in the face of ever-imminent destruction."

What is my **duty**? The word comes from the root *due*, meaning *debt*. Age-old wisdom teaches that (i) If I am not for myself, who will be for me? And (ii)

"... I am not to make myself my aim, I am to be of service to others."

If I am for myself alone, what am I? My duty then is twofold: (i) I am to honor and cherish the bit of a spark of life that lives in me, and (ii) I am not to make myself my aim, I am to be of **service** to others. One dictionary definition of *duty* reads, "the conduct or acts of a person motivated by pure goodwill: conduct that produces the greatest good." We are in the realm of **ethics**.

Perhaps what Mishima realized when he urged us to transform our imaginings into duty, was that the effort to be of service is so all-engrossing that it leaves no time for self-indulgent worries, fears, anxieties. One of my patients happened to be in New York on the day of the terrorist attacks. Finding that he had no way to leave and return home, he volunteered his services as an MD. Until the day that he could get a flight out of New York, he worked with the injured and dying in makeshift emergency clinics, around the clock, almost without rest. He told me that the horror didn't strike him until after he had returned home and had time on his hands.

I tend to take refuge in the moment. **Right now** all is well with me, I'm breathing, I am writing, I am alive. I experience true **gratitude** for this moment, and for the fact that my children and wife are alive and well, **right now**. I've been practicing this path of gratitude and taking refuge in the moment for many years now. Because it is based on the truth, not on illusion or distraction or empty reassurance, it works. Using my awareness of my own breathing as reassurance works because it brings my attention to here and

now. Finding refuge for/in the moment and feeling gratitude for my localized good fortune doesn't preclude the experience of profound grief for the suffering of innocent others, friends or strangers. No, but it leaves no room for useless, ineffectual, obsessive worry and anxiety.

When war is declared, when I listen to all the talk surrounding the devastating events, the major source of discomfort for me is the feeling that I am not told the truth. I have to fight against regressive forces that arise in me. When presidents and prime ministers talk their patronizing rhetoric, they infantilize the rest of us. It reminds me of being a child in my family, knowing that something was going on that will have consequences that I won't like, but not being able to get the truth from my parents. It used to fill me

with dread, and it does now. And even if I was told the truth, I wasn't given any choice in the matter. I felt insignificant, worthless and voiceless. And that is how I feel now. The adults are bombing Afghanistan. Who cares about the children?

"It's all politics now, power plays with/against power."

It's all politics now, power plays with/against power. There are no principles, no ethics, very little prudence. This is nothing new, we've been at each other's throats as far back as history can take us. Some inspired *ad hoc*ery might get us out of this mess sooner or later. Whatever the outcome, it's evident that love and rationality are not common human capacities. Fortunate are those of us who have had the good luck to meet loving, rational human beings. I hope to meet a few more before I die.

The Natural World

by Terrence Levesque

I have an affinity for the natural world. I suppose it comes from reading Walt Whitman. The changing of the seasons, the sun and the moon, the night sky and the singing of birds all make me more aware of my reality. I am very attuned to the rhythms of the natural world yet to leave the natural world, in my mind, is a mistake. It is very much a part of who we are as people. With all the problems facing people today, I take solace in the fact that the rhythms of the natural world call us once again. To take a walk on the beach and to be by the ocean is calming and gives one a sense of awe and wonder.

Watching the ships in the harbour or looking pensively at the scenery brings me out of myself and down to earth. From birth to death we are held firmly in the grip of the natural world. There are many roads to take in life and one must choose wisely, but whatever happens to be your calling, the natural world will bring you back again. I no longer question the actual, nor do I fight to change the impossible, but I

give in with an easy grace and a nodding acceptance to that which surrounds me. It is only after many years of trials and tribulations that I have seen the wisdom of the ages. All things pass into death but the earth is ever-present. A road may lead to nowhere or I may hear a never-ending song, but when all is said and done, I give the natural world its respect and rightful due.

In the morning I have coffee. If it is nice, I go for a walk. Before I think of what I have to do, I take full notice of my surroundings. We will all pass away some day. In the meantime, I want to take in the beauty of it all. What has this got to do with your mental health? Nothing... and everything! It is a question of being real and of living in real time. Shortly it will be winter once again and I will try to get into the Christmas spirit. Things may come and things may go but, in the end, I bow down to the awe and wonder of the natural world.

"Adopt the pace of nature; her secret is
patience."

Ralph Waldo Emerson

It Looks Like Armageddon

by Frank G. Sterle, Jr.

The September 11th New York City terrorist atrocity has left an impression on my psyche — as it has undoubtedly with millions of other people — like no other event of my time. I endured some unusually-extended form of “survivor’s guilt,” although I was thousands of miles away from the terrorist attacks and had no relation to the tragic, brutal event.

Viewing the repeatedly replayed televised atrocity (yes, I know, why did I watch it, then?) took from me a rare mental-health edge I had been enjoying for a couple of weeks, after so many years of unrelenting chronic depression. A friend of mine, as well as the friend of an associate of mine, were affected more so — they were admitted to a hospital psychiatric ward. Both thought that the Second Coming of Christ was imminent; however, my friend, being simultaneously of a religious background and gay, had it even worse, since he believed that being homosexual translated into a greater eternal punishment than that of the heterosexual person.

When I told another friend how I had first learned the horrible news, she suggested that I put pen down to paper and make my experience into an essay (albeit utilizing my somewhat-fading recollection). Thus:

Upon waking-up on Tuesday morning (approximately 7:15), September 11th, I sent a second cleaning rinse (the first, the night before) through my brand-new coffee machine. Following this, I (typically) sat down to watch the Space channel.

While somewhat dazed, mostly from a bloodstream not yet saturated with caffeine, I had watched TV for only about 35 minutes, when my phone rang. Although I was convinced that it could only be Dad on the phone so early — since I had not sent off any letters-to-the-editor for a couple weeks, and therefore, I thought, it couldn’t be a Letters Editor (the only other alternative caller) — I resisted wittily answering the phone with a “Hi, Dad.”

But instead it was a soft female voice (as though the beholder was still in her teens): “Is Frank G. Sterle, Jr., there?”

“Speaking.”

“Hi, I’m Sherita ... from the *Detroit Free Press*; we’ve published letters of yours in the past, and we’d like to know your thoughts on the [atrocities occurring].”

“Actually,” I corrected her, rather bluntly, “you [*Detroit Free Press*] considered [publishing] one of my letters, but it didn’t get published.”

“Well, we have your letters here, anyway. So what are your thoughts on the [atrocities occurring]?”

“You mean the Israeli conflict?” I asked, uninformed.

“No, I mean here, currently, in the United States,” she informed me. “There are airplanes flying into the World Trade Center buildings [Towers One and Two], and they’re collapsing ...”

I sincerely did not have a clue as to what she could be referring to — i.e., “currently, in the United States.”

“Well, I know about the strife between the Palestinians and Israelis ...

That’s what I wrote to you about in my last few letters ...,” I said, quite bewildered. “You mean there’s all these things [you mentioned] happening this morning in the U.S.?”

“Yes, as we speak.”

“Wait a [moment]; I’ll flip it [channel] over to CNN,” I mumbled, just before the incredible sight hit me. “Wow.”

Surreal is definitely a befitting adjective to describe the situation in which I found myself. Here I was: watching a “Breaking News” event — nightmare — of the century, perhaps of the brand-new millennium; a horrific event of which I was informed by a U.S. metro-daily newspaper copy editor, who rather patiently awaited *my* (!) comment/opinion; a horrific event that, as I watched in stunned awe, included repeated televised replays of heavy jetliners, with innocent passengers on board, slamming into the two World Trade Center 110-storey skyscrapers.

“Why ask me?” I queried her.

“Because your name was randomly selected from amongst our [non-U.S.] letter writers, and we’d just like to know your thoughts on these [atrocities].”

“Were the planes filled with passengers?” I asked her. However, if I accurately recall, she wasn’t sure.

“It looks like Armageddon ...,” I began. As I

“Surreal is definitely a befitting adjective to describe the situation in which I

related to her my thoughts regarding my brief observations of the rotten, ugly fruits of terrorism, I immediately heard the clattering of her computer keyboard as she touch-typed *my* (!!) words.

At her completion of typing, she read my quote back to me (a journalistic practice that I'd thought was unheard of in that profession). I suggested a correction, "in between dashes," to clarify what I had said, or meant to say — words that could easily offend countless readers, especially considering the extremely-sensitive subject matter.

She then thanked me and politely hung up.

Of course, I hoped that my quote would get published (it never did) in *The Detroit Free Press*; however, it was a hope that, because of my formidable guilt complex (amongst some other complexes), left me exceptionally struggling with my conscience as to the morality of (in an unusual way) "profiting" from this incredible, barbaric human loss — i.e., to actually be quoted, with my full name, in a major U.S. metro-daily newspaper. I struggled between my instinctual compulsion to hope to see my quote utilized by the

newspaper, and guilt resulting from my gain from this horrific tragedy.

Although this guilt, as well as my "survivor's guilt," completely dissipated over the next few weeks, other susceptible mentally-ill persons would/will continue to suffer. But everyone who witnessed the video replays that September 11 morning was, to some extent, indeed negatively affected — a fact honestly noted by a B.C. doctor and syndicated newspaper columnist. In an article titled "Mind and emotions — Dealing with terrorism fallout," he wrote: "Unable to divert my attention from the scene that played out that day, I rose from the couch after three emotionally exhausting hours and found myself physically unwell and wobbly, a testament to the intimate connection between the mind and body. I found myself unable to hold back tears. I'd been traumatized by events of that day; in fact, we all have. As eyewitnesses to mass murder and destruction, we've all been damaged. As unwilling participants in fear and sudden uncertainty, we were all victimized."

Shadow In The Light

by Terrence Levesque

The time changes for all of us so what is the matter? In the daily rush of our lives, time slips away. I have known of many things, they are all part of a by gone day. And a memory lingers of the good and the bad times. These days, I walk quietly and stop to look at the things around me. It is a new world I see. And all the things that have caused me pain and heart ache are no more. They have been taken away in the wind and in the passing of time.

We are all human and we all suffer from the trials and tests of the human condition. One should turn his mind to brighter topics that have colour and life. To think of things, people and places is to be active and looking forward... to stagnate is not healthy. I want to see and hear, feel and touch, the things that colour my world. I must try to be happy with myself and those around me.

*"...we all suffer
from the trials
and tests of
the human
condition."*

History casts a long shadow and I feel it is better to walk in the light. When the day is bright and sunny, I feel better about myself. I don't like gloomy days. You might ask what this has to do with reflection or dealing with heavier subjects, but I say to you that I must lighten up, and not be as analytical, depressing and worrisome. To be out and about, walking, thinking, and seeing and to experience the pleasure of my freedom is what I like to do. History will take care of itself and I would rather not think about the long shadow it casts.

I have come to a new understanding of myself and the world I live in. I accept things now that I could never accept before. I see things differently and I do not dwell on things that I cannot change. An acceptance and understanding of others and myself is one of the great changes that has occurred in my life. And there will come a day when I will not see a shadow in the light.

"Use the light that dwells within you to
regain your natural clarity of sight."

Lao -tzu

Bookworm

The Feminine and the Sacred

by Catherine Clément and Julia Kristeva
Columbia University Press, 2001

Reviewed by Andrew Feldmár

This book consists of letters written by two exceptional women, to each other, for about a year in 1996/97. Clément is more of the anthropologist, Kristeva more the psychoanalyst but their expertise overlaps as they produce a dialogue sparked by their common interest in the intersection of the feminine and the sacred. Both women have been influenced by Jacques Lacan, who thought that women and mystics of either gender had something in common that men simply knew nothing about. As a result he found that men and women were fundamentally incompatible, and rapport between them was impossible. What is that something that the feminine and the sacred share and the masculine lacks? Lacan gestures towards a special relationship to the infinite. I would put it in terms of differences in the necessity for control, in tolerance for chaos and the unknown. The so-called *phallic* attitude that defines maleness has a lot to do with the observable, measurable, with that which moves and has power: men tend to be *heroic*. Mystics and women find pleasure in *surrendering* to superior forces, men tend to fight them. For men it is shameful to surrender. "Shame sets things apart, as does the sacred, by hiding them under clothes, so there is an unavoidable alliance between shame, the obscene, and the sacred," writes Francis Huxley in The Way of the Sacred (1974). He goes on to say, "When the constraints of society become too much for man, it is then that he attempts to go into the nakedness of either the body or the spirit. But the naked truth can be a disconcerting sight, if only because it is a judgment upon one's preconceptions and the blindness of habit." The force of a naked mind, or "that steely barb of the infinite that Baudelaire remarked on, is indeed hard to bear. To be confronted by that force is a sacred experience, and the way in which one reacts to it can lead either to a blessing or to a curse. The sacred is both, as French usage implies. The word *sacré* can be either a title of holiness or an execration."

Clément's first letter from Dakar, Senegal, describes a Catholic pilgrimage in honor of the black

Virgin. There were eighty thousand men, women, and children in the congregation. During mass one woman after another shrieks, screams, then medics rush in, stretcher in hand, find the afflicted woman, strap her down firmly, and disappear with her. Someone declares that these women simply suffer from "hysterical fits." Clément wonders whether this letting oneself go, normally out of the question, isn't a sacred *trance*, rather than pathology. She comments, "The sacred among women may express an instantaneous revolt that passes through the body and cries out." Kristeva, in turn, wonders about "the sources of that uncontrollable female melancholia." Clément responds, "Yes, depression is really and truly indispensable. Yes, it is a useful retreat... when a person is depressed, the 'stage character' has collapsed." Elsewhere she comments, "when you are exploited, you have the right to the depressive condition... if I understand you properly, depression comes from an undervalued position." Catherine says, "the feminine share of the sacred is tears."

*"Catherine says,
'the feminine
share of the
sacred is tears'."*

Both authors are mothers, and motherhood becomes an important topic. Julia writes, "The serenity of maternal love is a deferred eros, desire in waiting... Outside motherhood, no situations exist in human experience that so radically and so simply bring us face to face with the emergence of the other... is not the ethics of love always a 'heretics'?" Catherine thinks about the 'baby blues' experienced by some new mothers after childbirth. I am struck by the warmth and naturalness of this expression, especially when you compare it with the pathologizing and much more commonly used 'postpartum depression'. The blues, she points out, "the music of deported slaves, originated in songs about the land cultivated for the masters, a land that will never again be that of 'Mother Africa'." Love is voluntary slavery, but at first it might feel like loss of self, loss of freedom, and one's newborn could be perceived as an exacting and demanding master. If 'voluntary' is not yet experienced and all the new chores seem overwhelming and unwanted, if there

is reluctance or resentment, no wonder the new mother will struggle with the 'baby blues'.

Clément makes the observation that "all the carnage of the twentieth century in India has involved the confrontation between polytheistic Hindus and monotheistic Muslims, or between monotheists, Muslims and Sikhs... true polytheism is rather well behaved, and it is monotheism that gives rise to fanatics." Seems to be true at the moment as the USA is bombing Afghanistan.

This lively, free-spirited, at times challenging exchange between old friends and colleagues raises more questions than it answers, but that makes the book exciting and

thought-provoking. At times you, the reader, may want to enter into correspondence with one or the other voices in this duet, impatiently here, enthusiastically there. This book may also inspire you to read the works of these two prolific writers, most of which has been translated into English. I particularly enjoyed Clément's The Lives and Legends of Jacques Lacan and The Weary Sons of Freud, and also Kristeva's New Maladies of the Soul and Strangers to Ourselves.

This is not easy reading. But hey, who said that thinking and feeling and speculating should be easy? It's confusing, exciting, frustrating, sexy and disturbing: Women! ■

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Death Shall Have No Dominion

By Terrence Levesque

A week, a month, a year, a season and a day are ways to look at time. But other people have a mental map of people, places, events and geography. Still others see time as being eternal, all encompassing and pervasive. Then again there is Father Time and Mother Earth. It is quite perplexing and often requires some thought. Thinking too much is a fault of mine. And I try to remember smaller things that have value and meaning to me. I have, over the years, kept in touch with family members and I remember some of the people that I have known in the past. I hold these days firmly in my grasp and am confident and sure of myself. Each day I go about my business, stopping at times to see this and that. I have often referred to myself as being a grain of

sand on the beach. It is how I see myself in the great sea of humanity.

And what can I say about my life in general?

That it has had its ups and downs, some good times and some bad. That it seems to me it is like a long journey. In the scheme of things I have tried to maintain my balance and to always look around a little bit. I am neither a great thinker nor an important person. I am not an intellectual but then again, I am not dumb. I am outgoing and easy to talk to. I like good conversation. With a bit of luck, I may experience more in this life. I look forward to it. My smile and my walk is quiet. And I believe, as I go, that death shall have no dominion.

*"...I try to
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and meaning to*

"Adversity is the first path to truth."
Lord Byron

Happy Birthday, Bob

By Reinhart

I was in Alberta, Calgary, paying some dues, with a crappy, old, clock radio playing, "Stuck Inside Mobile with the Memphis Blues." And the song struck me so funny, weird and true, that I forgot everything else and listened to you. And I listened hard to find out who's singin', and the D.J. said that was Mr. Bob Dylan. And while I was scratching and sweating to pay for school, you poignantly showed me how "The American Dream" was for fools.

Well, I went to school for a couple, four terms, but I lost interest in what I was made to learn. After two years I quit the scene, and began my quest to learn an original dream. I remember an old teacher mentioned your name; you took Dylan from Thomas, before you went on to fame. I bought your "Greatest Hits, Vol. 1," loved what I heard, and bought everything else that you'd done. Now I own every record you ever cut, and I teach myself what feels right in the gut.

So Happy Birthday Bob, wherever you are. If you're alone and softly strumming your guitar. Or surrounded by pretenders, frauds and friends, who just want to say they shook your hand. Happy Birthday Bob, wherever you be. Maybe you're jamming with the heavenly. I just want to thank you for the sound; the music that turned my heart around.

My friends all said you couldn't sing, and we were hard pressed to agree on anything. For myself, your sound eased my raging brain, and your voice was beautiful as the sound of a freight train. I tried to show them the genius you were relating, during times when your popularity was fading. But they refused to honestly lend an ear, and winced at those times when I bade them to hear. Eventually I kept you to myself, a lifetime of song upon my shelf.

In the sixties some said you were the reincarnation of Christ; some said you were a holy prophet. A friend of mine claims that you're Eli, come before the Second Coming; another is convinced that you're the final, false prophet. Most will concede that you're Rock and Roll's greatest poet, and now and then they award you to show it. But fewer of us are left who listen to your song, and fewer ever still, who've listened all along. And who will carry on when you're dead and gone?

So Happy Birthday Bob, wherever you are. If you're alone and softly strumming your guitar. Or surrounded by pretenders, frauds and friends, who just want to say they shook your hand. Happy Birthday Bob, wherever you be. Maybe you're jamming with the heavenly. I just want to thank you for the sound; the music that turned my heart around.

You've done folk and rock and country; jazz and blues and gospel too. And with every new direction, you lost a fan or two. And with every twist and turn, and step along your trail, you aimed to prove the beauty, truth, justice and love, would in the end prevail. And with a voice without restraint, and a heart of fire and ice, you inspired us that we should be busy building paradise. And you sang with hope and strength, a sign along the way, that we would sing together on that great and joyous day.

Now there's one thing you've always said. That none of your fans can get inside your head. They may know you're lyrics, music, words and song, but if they claimed to know you, they'd be wrong. They may be the greatest fan, but they will never know the man. I'm sure you're right and we will find, a terrible mystery is the mind. But there's one place where we may start, and that's the mystery of the heart. And you may find yourself surprised, that this is much harder to disguise.

So Happy Birthday Bob, wherever you are. If you're alone and softly strumming your guitar. Or surrounded by pretenders, frauds and friends, who just want to say they shook your hand. Happy Birthday Bob, wherever you be. Maybe you're jamming with the heavenly. I just want to thank you for the sound; the music that turned my heart around.

Your music, my treasured collection, spans more than forty years. I've shared in your gladness, laughter and fears, your sadness, hopes and tears. I've listened to you sing about a lifetime of things, and heard your plaintive six-string ring. And it seems to me what's concerned you most, is romance, love and the Lord of Hosts. A world in need of kindness, grace and light, your lonely fight to urge the very Hand of God, that He might set us free and end our night: transform the world and set it right.

So Happy Birthday Bob, wherever you are. If you're alone and softly strumming your guitar. Or surrounded by pretenders, frauds and friends, who just want to say they shook your hand. Happy Birthday Bob, wherever you be. Maybe you're jamming with the heavenly. I just want to thank you for the sound; the music that turned my heart around.

ODE: To the INFINITE, the FINITE & OUR FOOLISHNESS

by Frank G. Sterle, Jr.

Life's bitter irony is that we believe we benefit
from that which gives us but physical, material delight
— as though nothing exists except all that's felt, heard or in sight —
while we fail to invest into what our need's desperate,
to concern ourselves with what really should count — *the infinite*;
a mistake we'll continue till it's all too late, and despite
that the instinct within us we ignore is actually right,
regardless of the fact life's contents are so inadequate.
Yet knowing these truths I still stubbornly cling onto life tight
likely because only the physical appears definite;
my concern over the material prolongs my fight
— a vicious mind cycle requiring a strong barbiturate —
as I place the Great Hereafter way behind the finite
since such skewed core values are but all that my mind will permit.

Ode: to a Tortured Mind

by Frank G. Sterle, Jr.

Oh, what can I do when you're prevalent,
when you're overwhelming my consciousness
with distortions of thoughts causing distress
which indeed understates what has been sent
to me perhaps from some Black place Hell bent
— though you would say that the bitter duress
with which you torture me, procure much stress
is but my whining with long precedent.
But you, my dark tortured mind, do resent
those who are 'at fault' as I do regress
in my mental state; so I'll not repent
nor deny you, tormenter, nor suppress
the cruel anguish you know I represent
till death — the sufferer's day of success.

Portals of Paradise

by D. Paul Strashok

Looking to the future with interest
and no particular intemperate desire;
having been subdued through a recent exposure
to the sacred scriptures.
Walking the Way so many have walked before,
always claiming the end of the age was upon us.
But now the voices rise much more insistently –
voices crying out for release,
as possessions become more valuable than persons.
What value to be placed on a soul?
But persons stand out as being precious
beyond all commodity –
valuable planets in the whirling gases of urban galaxies –
gases that threaten to kill the beauty of planets,
those everlasting doors.
And beauty never-ceasing
with content as well releasing
are the watchword and desire
of all who aspire
to enter the Portals of Paradise.

Four Arguments For The Elimination of Television

(New York : Morrow Quill Paperbacks, 1977, 372 Pages. \$14.50 Cdn.)

by Jerry Mander

Review Essay by Byron Fraser

Introductory Quotes:

"Moving pictures help keep the hallucinatory process going and duplicate the imprinted 'reality' delusion."

Timothy Leary, Ch.7 : "Languages: Energy systems sent and received", Changing My Mind, Among Others (1982), p.79.

"What follows, therefore, proceeds in what might be called book-time through four dimensions of television's role and impact....

...Yet, this argument is not about television itself... . It is about a process already long underway, which has successfully redirected and confined human experience and therefore knowledge and perceived reality... .

The fourth argument demonstrates that television has no democratic potential. The technology itself places absolute limits on what may pass through it. The medium, in effect, chooses its own content from a very narrow field of possibilities. The effect is to drastically confine all human understanding within a rigid channel.

...What is revealed in the end is that there is ideology in the technology itself. To speak of television as 'neutral' and therefore subject to change is... absurd... ."

pp. 46-47, Ch. 2: "War To Control The Unity Machine", Four Arguments For.

"Schizophrenia and the Influencing Machine

In 1919, Dr. Viktor Tausk, a colleague of Freud's, wrote an amazing article called 'On the Origin of the "Influencing Machine" in Schizophrenia.'

Tausk wrote that a significant number of patients described their problems as being caused by an 'influencing machine' operated by alien forces... .

The influencing machine... often has the ability to project pictures and invisible rays in some way capable of imprinting the brain. The pictures frequently emanate from a 'small black box' and are flat, not three-dimensional, images. The machine and its emanations can produce feelings and thoughts in the victim, while removing other ones, according to Tausk, 'by means of rays or mysterious forces which the patient's knowledge of physics is inadequate to explain... .'

Soon, Tausk reports, the victim cannot distinguish information — feelings, thoughts, sensations, memories — that have been received from this 'external' source from those that have been personally generated or are the result of personal experience and discovery... .

The schizophrenic, says Tausk, does not learn to make this distinction and cannot tell which images emanate from inside the mind and which are connected to experience in the world... .

At this point, Tausk suggests, the patient will create an 'influencing machine' fantasy as a physical manifestation of the confusion. Capable of implanting images... , capable of implanting alien realities outside of one's own experiences, capable of changing one's feelings, this machine 'causes' the patient to fall into utter confusion about what is real and what is not, what is internal and what is external.

Doubtless, you have noticed that this 'influencing machine' sounds an awful lot like television. The mystery is how the phenomenon could have existed in 1919 before the apparatus was invented... . In any event, there is no question that television does what schizophrenic fantasy says it does. It places in our minds images of realities which are outside our experience. The picture comes in the form of rays from a box. They cause changes in feeling and, as we shall see, utter confusion as to what is real and what is not...

...This confusion existed at the time Tausk was writing, but it has now been institutionalized by the ubiquitousness of the artificial environments we live in. A real world which cannot be questioned has been submerged beneath a reconstructed, human-created world... . We can't know the natural from the artificial, since the processes that would reveal that are nowhere visible... . We see a stimulus, a light, and we cling to it. It becomes everything. It causes images in our brain. We call this experience, but we can't tell if it is our experience or something else. It is in our heads, but we didn't create it. We don't know if it is real or it isn't. We can't stop the broadcasts. We accept whatever comes. One vision is equal to the next. One thought is as good as the next. All information merges. All experience merges. We take everything on faith. One explanation is the same as the next one. Contradictions do not exist. We have lost control of our minds... . Everything is arbitrary. TV is the guru speaking reality. We have

merged with the influencing machine... .”

pp. 108-112, Ch. 5: “Adrift in Mental Space”, Four Arguments For

“...human beings have not yet been equipped... to distinguish in our minds between natural images and those which are artificially created and implanted. Neither are we equipped to defend against the implantation... .

And so the final effect, as we shall see, is that the two kinds of image — artificial and natural — merge in the mind and we are driven into a nether world of confusion... we cannot differentiate between present and past, the concrete and the imaginary. Like the schizophrenic, we cannot tell which image is the product of our own minds, which is representative of a real world, and which has been put inside us by a machine.

...Only by realizing that the image carried in the mind — the tape — is ...implanted is it possible to disconnect oneself from the cycle of taped replay and subvert an otherwise inevitable process whereby the image is translated into reality.”

pp. 216-217, & 238. Ch. 11: “How We Turn Into Our Images”, Four Arguments For

“...Our senses are no longer reacting to information that comes directly from the source. They are reacting to processed information, the manifestation of human minds. Our information is confined in advance to the forms that other humans provide.

Now, with electronic media, our senses are removed a step further from the source. The very images that we see can be altered and are. They are framed, ripped out of context, edited, re-created, sped up, slowed down and interrupted by other images. They arrive from a variety of places on the planet where we are not and were filmed at times which are not the present. What’s more, many of the images are totally fictional. The things that we see are not happening and never happened. That is, they happened, but it is only the acting that happened, not the event.

Obviously, in the present age, we ought not rely on images to the same degree that our ancestors relied on the imagery of flying birds.

Meanwhile, the images proceed inward as though they were the same as natural, unprocessed imagery. They move, walk, talk, and seem real. We assume they are real in the way images have always been real. We are unaware of any alteration. The change is difficult to absorb.

What is required is a doubting process, a sensory cynicism that would have been profoundly inappropriate, even dangerous, for all previous human history. To assume that some sensory data could be eliminated totally and other sense information made unreliable would have left humans totally confused, lost

in space, without knowledge of how to do anything, as though the sensory environment itself had somehow gone mad... . The synapse would be broken. Contact lost. That is the present situation.

...Seeing things on television as false and unreal is learned. It goes against nature... .”

pp. 248-249, Ch. 12 : “The Replacement of Human Images by Television”, Four Arguments For. “Anne Waldman, the poet, has suggested that television might itself represent a surrogate moon; a substitute for the original experience for which we, somewhere, continue to long.

If true, this might be merely poignant if it weren’t for some important distinctions between looking at the moon or a fire and looking at television.

Television light is purposeful and directed rather than ambient. It is projected into our eyes from behind a screen by cathode-ray guns which are literally aimed at us. These guns are powered by 25,000 volts in the case of color television... .

The guns shoot electron streams at phosphors on the screen. This makes the phosphors glow, and their light projects from the screen into our eyes. It is not quite accurate to say that when we watch television we are looking at light; it is more accurate to say that light is projected into us. We are receiving light through our eyes into our bodies... .

...what needs to be appreciated is that whether light is matter or energy [in the sense of particle ‘matter’ vs. wave ‘energy’, a la the classic Heisenberg quantum physics formulation — B.F.] it is a thing which is entering us. When you are watching television, you are experiencing something like lines of energy passing from cathode gun to phosphor through your eyes and into your body. You are as connected to the television set as your arm would be to the electrical current in the wall — about which there is the same question of wave vs. particle — if you had stuck a knife into a socket.

These are not metaphors. There is a concentrated passage of energy from machine to you, and none of the reverse. In this sense, the machine is literally dominant, and you are passive.”

pp. 170-171, Ch. 9: “The Ingestion of Artificial Light”, Four Arguments For .

“...In three generations since Edison, we have become creatures of light alone.”

p. 58, Ch. 3 : “The Walling of Awareness”, Four Arguments For.

I’ve heard it said that “The Devil thinks in IMAGES,” and this certainly stands to reason since if, as it says in the Bible, “the god of this world” is a congenital liar (which I believe to be true), what could be more “natural” as its primary modus operandi? One does not need to apply any specifically religious

metaphor or allegory to realize that while, in certain instances, “a picture is worth a thousand words,” a picture selectively focused on — or repetitively “spot-lighted” before the collectively conscious “Mind’s Eye”, as it were — to the deliberate exclusion of relevant facts or broader context is every (corporate, state, or “other”) propagandist’s favorite “cheap trick” for summarily bypassing a thousand word-concepts or any critical thought capacity in general which might engender greater understanding — and for purposes of ad hominem moral indictment of the much-needed “Enemy” — other(s). The Nazi film-makers did this with their repeated malicious juxtaposing of Jewish faces with the faces of rats (an “association” you can still find in a good deal of what’s left of neo-Nazi and anti-Semitic propaganda even today) and Hollywood producers earlier in the last century were famous for their “Yellow Peril”/Fu Man Chu brand of stereotyping (amongst others). These examples could be multiplied.

But to return to the Biblical descriptive language for the ongoing “War of the (Mind) Worlds”, transpersonal aspects of Consciousness Superimposition, or simply “spiritual warfare” (as many traditional Christians are wont to say), what could be more diabolically subversive of the essential evangel of the 4 Gospels, or the New Testament of Jesus Christ — that to understand all is to forgive all, and that one should respond from a place of non-moralistic judgmentalism, of Love and not Hate — than to institute a selectively —programmed “telescreen”, so to speak, in the personal “living room of (everyone’s) mind” (in the classic Orwellian 1984 metaphor), all powered by the Angel of Light’s “1,000 points” (in due deference to G. W. Bush, Sr., for example [I jest!]), or some other suitably “blinding” variant of 30 kilovolt millenarian cortical “flash” (get the picture!)? Luciferic indeed!

And so it was, with these timely apocalyptic thoughts in mind, and ruminating on the many transpersonal origins of so-called mental “illness” problems, that I recently completed reading Jerry Mander’s minor “classic” on the modern phenomenon of television viewing, the technology of TV, and all of the multifarious ways these have affected our culture, education and society in general. The relevance of his study for the mental health field is quite obviously more than “hinted at” in the above quotes, which I’ve taken the liberty of giving a good deal of space to, to the exclusion of my own commentary this time, because I felt it best to give a worthy measure or “flavor” of the kind of conceptual richness and honed literary skill you’ll find in this pioneering work, page after page. Mander is one of those authors who writes because “he has something to say” and not because he wants to “have written” (in the telling distinction of noted American educator and philosopher, Jacques

Barzun) — and hence, though he does go on at length (some might, at first glance, think interminably), virtually every segment of his book has something of enduring — if not arresting — interest to impart. That it is still in print, after more than two decades, attests to this fact; its essential message is not “dated” in the least. My only problem is that I can’t possibly do much justice to conveying the scope and fullness of his total thesis here, other than relating the broad outline of the volume and highlighting a few points.

I should say, first of all, to give some background that Jerry Mander came to this study by way of being a highly successful adman in one of the most prestigious advertising agencies in the U.S. in the 60s and then gravitating into the service of various 70s radical type causes, including especially the early growth stage of the ecology movement. So there is a bit of “period-perspective” reflected here, but this does not at all detract from the relevancy of most of the cultural/ideological or pathbreaking analytical commentary. In fact, his poignant remarks about politics and television are probably much more in need of being listened to now than ever before. Here are just a couple of brief samplers around “the politics of perception” and/or “the triumph of style over substance”:

“...A new muddiness of mind was developing. People’s patterns of discernment, discrimination and understanding were taking a dive. They didn’t seem able to make distinctions between information which was pre-processed and then filtered through a machine, and that which came to them whole, by actual experience. Perhaps seeing was believing in a way that overrode the conscious mind... .

Slowly I began to see how the ubiquitousness of television, combined with a general failure to understand what it did to information, might affect the political work we were doing. If people were believing that an image of nature was equal to or even similar to the experience of nature, and were therefore satisfied enough with the image that they did not seek out the real experience, then nature was in a lot bigger trouble than anyone realized. Or, if people believed that images of historical events [he mentions “docudramas” and “the fake news”, etc. — B.F.] or news events were equal to the events or were even close approximations of them, then historical reality was in big trouble... .” (pp. 25-26)

“...As we shall see, a campaign run on content could not possibly work on television.” (p. 35)

Just to give the 4 main argument’s official titles, then, and some relevant subsection headings, they are: 1) The Mediation of Experience, 2) The Colonization of Experience, 3) Effects of Television on the Human Being, 4) The Inherent Biases of Television. And some

of the subheadings not already mentioned : 1) The Replacement of Experience, 2) Expropriation of Knowledge, 3) Anecdotal Reports: Sick, Crazy, Mesmerized, 4) Artificial Touch and Hyperactivity, 5) Television Is Sensory Deprivation, 6) Health and Light, 7) How Television Dims the Mind, 8) Hypnosis, 9) Television Bypasses Consciousness, 10) Television Is Not Relaxing, 11) The Concrete Power of Images, 12) Image Emulation : Are We All Taped Replays?, 13) Suppression of Imagination, 14) The Inherent Believability of All Images, 15) The Irresistibility of Images, 16) Information Loss, 17) Bias Against the Excluded, 18) The Bias Against Subtlety, 19) Images Disconnected from Source, 20) Condensation of Time : The Bias Against Accuracy, 21) Artificial Unusualness, 22) The Bias toward Technique as Replacement of Content, 23) Instinct to the Extraordinary, 24) Impossible Thoughts. I should mention, too, that interspersed through all the sections are abundant references to relevant literature and the extant scientific research up until that time. There is some very valuable interview material from top experts in related fields as well.

For any person with an interest in the correlation between TV and the inducement or exacerbation of psychiatric syndromes, though — and this, of course, was why I chose to focus on this particular book — I believe the research findings showing definitively 1) that television is not educational and actually causes cognitive incompetency along with reality-detachment and classic “schizoid” symptomatology, and 2) the “technical events” means by which healthy conscious functioning is overwhelmed and bypassed so that one is simultaneously fixated, yet bored, perceptually “programmed” and spasmodically titillated, rather than conceptually informed, are “key”.

With respect to this last, here are a few more brief illustrative quotes which give some clues as to “how ‘they’ do it” :
“When you are watching television, you are seeing images that are utterly impossible in nature. This in itself qualifies the imagery for your attention, even when the content within the image is nothing you’d otherwise care about... .

Through these technical events, television images alter the usual, natural imagery possibilities, taking on the quality of a naturally highlighted event. They make it seem that what you are looking at is unique, unusual and extraordinary.

Attention is stimulated as though something new or important was going on... . But nothing unusual is going on. All that’s happening is that the viewer is watching television, which is the same thing that happened an hour ago, or yesterday. A trick has been played. The viewer is fixated by a conspiracy of

dimmed-out environments combined with artificial, impossible, fictitious unusualness... .

Each technical event — each alteration of what would be natural imagery — is intended to keep your attention from waning as it might otherwise. The effect is to lure your attention forward like a mechanical rabbit teasing a greyhound. Each time you are about to relax your attention, another technical event keeps you attached.

The luring forward never ceases for very long. If it did, you might become aware of the vacuousness of the content that can get through the inherent limitations of the medium. Then you would be aware of the boredom... .” (pp. 302-303)

More anecdotally, Mander gives a representative quote from a friend : “It’s the most curious thing; when I watch television I’m bored and yet fixated at the same time. I hate what I’m watching and I feel deeply disinterested but I keep watching anyway.” Haven’t we all had this “experience”? And how can the mental and physical health effects of this not be substantial when this occurs day after day, for hours on end, year after year, for the vast majority of the populace? Indeed, these have been documented — but remain little known. (I wonder why?)

With respect to the essentially non-educational, or “functional gestalt by-pass of critical thought” (in the language of psychology), function of TV, Mander cites (amongst others) a very instructive study by a team of researchers from the Australian Center for Continuing Education headed by Merrelyn and Fred Emery: “... they were satisfied in the end that when we watch television, our usual processes of thinking and discernment are semi-functional at best. They conclude that while television appears to have the potential to provide useful information to viewers — and is celebrated for its educational function — the technology of television and the inherent nature of the viewing experience actually inhibit learning as we usually think of it. Very little cognitive, recallable, analyzable, thought-based learning takes place while watching TV.

The report says: ‘The evidence is that television not only destroys the capacity of the viewer to attend, it also, by taking over a complex of direct and indirect neural pathways decreases vigilance — the general state of arousal which prepares the organism for action should its attention be drawn to specific stimulus.

The individual therefore may be looking at the unexpected or interesting but cannot act upon it in such a way as to complete the purposeful processing gestalt. [And this feature is definitely linked to hyperactivity disorder behavior patterns — especially in children — elsewhere in the book — B.F.]

The continuous trance-like fixation of the TV viewer is then not attention but distraction — a form

akin to daydreaming or time out.'

The report explains that... television information... cannot be acted upon [as with the interactive feedback process you can have with reading a book, e.g. — B.E.] The viewer must deliberately inhibit the neural pathways between visual data and the autonomic nervous system, which stimulates movement and mental attention... . The viewer is left in a passive but also frustrated state... .

The Emerys say that the evidence shows that human beings 'habituate' to repetitive light-stimuli (flickering light, dot patterns, limited eye movement). If habituation occurs, then the brain has essentially decided that there is nothing of interest going on — at least nothing that anything can be done about — and virtually quits processing the information that goes in. In particular, they report, the left-brain 'common integrative area' goes into a kind of holding pattern. 'Viewing is at the conscious level of somnambulism,' they assert.

... their findings support the idea that television information enters unfiltered and whole, directly into the memory banks, but it is not available for conscious analysis, understanding or learning.....

All of this helps explain recent findings that children, after watching television, have difficulty recalling what they have just seen, whatever 'knowledge' they gain is the sort that passes through the conscious region where it would be available for recall and use." (pp. 205- 207)

These brief "glimpses" will hopefully have given any interested reader a "feel" for the kind of wide-ranging, both exoterically and esoterically significant, material dealt with in Four Arguments For. Mander ultimately concludes that: "... no change in programming format from the present... tendencies to the more 'prosocial' visions of educators and psychologists will mean much compared with the training in passivity, the destruction of creativity, the dulling of communicative abilities that any extended exposure to television inevitably produces... ." (pp. 354-355) Be that as it may, his work is of inestimable value in helping us to make up our own minds.

"Even though you tie a hundred knots, the string remains one."

Rumi

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The Alternative & Integrative Medical Society (AIMS) at UBC publishes the free AIMS Wellness Directory: Lower Mainland Guide to Complementary Health. It contains approximately 250 paid and many unpaid listings dealing with a broad spectrum of mental, physical, and spiritual aspects of healing. For a Directory and/or more info. about the Society, phone (604) 822-7604. Fax: (604) 822-2495. E-mail info@aims.ubc.ca. Web: www.aims.ubc.ca. AIMS, University of British Columbia, Box 81 – 6138 SUB Boulevard, Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1Z1. Office: B80A Woodward Building, UBC.

Vancouver Women's Health Collective has peer counselling and makes referrals to support services, groups, and does advocacy work in health care reform. Their address is #1 - 175 E. 15th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., V5T 2P6. Info. by phoning (604) 732-5262.

Vancouver/Richmond Mental Health Network sponsors many self-help groups including a Women's Circle. Their address is #109 - 96 E. Broadway, Vancouver, B.C., V5T 4N9 and the Co-ordinator of the Network may be reached at 733-5570.

Quotes From the Roundtable

by M. D. Arthurs

“art is not a substitute for life, but
a means to make it more abun-
dant and fruitful.”

“a poem has less a meaning than a
being.”

“being is believing.”

“without some noble purpose,
society becomes hopelessly oppressive.”

