

Thursday, 6th June 1968

Visit to mother and step-father, in their 35 Highland Road confectionery shop at Southsea.

I was thinking of Sartre's opinions. Started reading Franz Kafka's *Metamorphosis and Other Stories*'⁷

Friday, 7th June 1968

Kafka

Few hours sleep last night; much thought, much discomfort, little rest. If only one could record revelations of thought and digression as one enacted them well, sometimes, anyway. I concluded Kafka's *Metamorphosis*, late last night. An excellent insight to a state of hysteria, and the absolute animal-state it can reduce one to. As Sara, who too had read it, and I agreed — his self-inflicted condition, appears a direct escape from his ever-demanding family and 'Chief', and the debts and guilt of responsibility laid on his being. Kafka's style is uncanny, unlike any I've read before. Since beginning Sartre's *Nausea*, I've read an old *Playboy* magazine⁸... his philosophy and literature now constantly amid my thoughts. I should like to peruse, in depth, some references I have underlined. Most speak for themselves. From *Nausea*⁹:

'All these characters spend their time explaining themselves and happily recognizing that they hold the same opinions. Good God, how important they consider it to think the same things all together.'

Can Terry

Egotism. Adoring others, who agree with one's own superior opinions. Abhorring those who feign disagree. And worse, expound their own — ignorance... On reading Sartre's quote, I remembered an incident last week on Saturday night, a couple of hours before departing on leave. Terry, one young patient on our locked ward, is a very disturbed twenty-six year old schizophrenic. A week or two back, I had only just come on this locked-ward when in, what I thought sympathy, I struck a chord with him. At least I thought I had. For nearly two hours, Terry and I talked together. He talked, I listened. At the outcome, he made known to me his pleasure, that I *appeared* to understand his theories. The same deluded convictions that admitted him to Hospital seven years ago, amongst other anti-social actions. For two weeks afterward, I was on good terms with this often potentially aggressive young man. Beliefs superior-

opinions, and his outrage at the idiocy of television nonsense. It was a television show, that sparked Terry off and made him *high*. Shortly after, I as ‘someone-who-understands-me’ (his words) was approached.

As the hours followed his behaviour worsened, and he got more and more frustrated. *Why* didn’t *anyone* comprehend? After all, it’s all *so-easy* — he lamented. I must admit, that I was really scared for a while. When he went *up-the-stick*, he smashed windows and attacked other people with flailed fists, legs and body. Thanks to the moral presence of Dougie, the Charge Nurse, things were *just* kept in check. Eventually, we managed to divert his aggressive thoughts by nodding agreement and gently leading him away from the presence of the other patients, who felt quite threatened by Can Terry’s *physical* presence. It was a sad, frightening encounter. The anecdote vividly brought to mind Sartre’s quote. True an extreme case. But still one based on the human tendency to want everyone to agree to one’s own superiority:

‘Objects ought not to touch, since they are not alive ... a sort of nausea in the hands.’

Said Sartre.¹⁰

Philosophy

Sartre experienced an opposite to conclusions of Gurdjieff and Ouspensky. The latter two advocated *all* named objects as individual by the state of their own existence — *but* remain, integrated as part of The Whole.... and identified by their Heidegger named uses; a place coded in a consensus language strata. But, this does *not* describe feelings of alienation (alienation — aka nausea). I agree with George Gurdjieff and Peter Ouspensky. For me, not *Nausea*; but pleasure! The wonder and pleasure of holding, and then concentrating on, an object in an unknown, in words, physical communion with its portion of divine universality.

Apathy, rank indifference, boredom, man’s worst enemy from my limited experience. That is *after* striving to maintain existence; post Survival, much of Sartre’s philosophy in *Nausea* on inanimate objects, I viewed as truisms. But only if one deliberately blinkered oneself, from that which is common to mankind. He *alienated*, or appeared at first reading to do so; isolated the human component as but an abstract idea; *not-real*; unreal; surreal. Thus, the body alone may become repulsive following this de-personalization.

‘... and the varnish melts, nothing is left but a pale streak on a piece of wood. And everything is like that, everything, even my hands.’¹¹

Sans feelings. Sans humanity.

Roquentin, or rather Sartre, is of the opinion (in his novel) that if a future is predictable, fated - then it is worthless because of this fact. Always the gloom and shadow, seldom any gold or warmth. Exit, experience of both pain and pleasure - or is it. Why this attitude. When ‘ ... *nothing is left but words* ...’¹²

Depersonalisation

De-personalisation complete; de-civilising; regressing. ... Sartre rightly, realised the dependence of, mankind - *on words* - and, decried those words ... or did he - my naïvetè, in retrospect shows up clearly in these early responses. Roquentin appears to have lost himself and was not prepared to enquire into his positive potentialities as a thinking being. ... Rather isolated himself in self-pity ... Later on in this marvellous short philosophical novel Sartre admits to that unit named happiness:

‘I am happy as the hero of a novel ... you feel that time is passing, that each moment leads to another moment ... that each moment destroys itself and it’s no use trying to hold back ...’¹³

Heraclitus’ state of ‘flux’; and, that hoary chestnut, ‘time-waits-for-no-man’. For Sartre, again, it is fate. Man has little to say in the matter... back to Rollebon on whom Roquentin is composing a potted history. The human Saint, who dares to pass urine and faeces. The human Hero, that desires someone else’s wife. A god (not God), that shows a human trait. The Professional Man, who momentarily loses his dignity. Mother, Father, Son, Daughter, Husband, Wife. Human history appears to prove, that in the eyes of the one of the other, no-one is allowed to ‘err... an icon is an icon is...’ T.S. Eliot, Nietzsche and Koestler were three notables who sympathised with this fickleness of man. Later on, in *Nausea*, I found that Roquentin, too, finds things not up to his ideal ‘Rollebon’ and promptly decides to drop his history; clearly the historian did not feel comfortable — with a ‘warts an’ all’ human being. It seemed odd to me, at first, through Sartre’s *Age of Reason* and *Nausea* his so-called Heroes are anti-heroes — those for whom family life is repellent, all too binding. Not

just different. Visited Chichester and cycled my way miles through the gorgeous evergreen. Lingered a while in the second-hand book shop, next to *Shippams*, the fish paste factory, and medieval raised city wall in East Street, Chichester; shop owned by one of the Meynell's.

Chesterton and Superman

I purchased a paperback, G.K. Chesterton *Essays on Orthodoxy*, which writings I found optimistic and most inspiring. An answer to gloomy pessimism, of a dead-end blinkered materialism, God Is Dead — e'en as a metaphor, as to our origin and destinations; and that there really is nothing else, (viz those deluded humans who know everything - *really*?) being the be-all-and-end-all, ultimate, end of man's doctrines. From Chesterton ¹⁴:

'... *Even* the wildest poetry of insanity can only be enjoyed by the sane. To the insane man his insanity is quite prosaic, because it is quite true ... Oddities only strike ordinary people. Oddities do not strike odd people. This is why ordinary people have a much more exciting time; while odd people are always complaining of the dullness of life ...'

Saturday, 8th June 1968

I imagined Chesterton in an *imaginary* reply to Sartre about Heroes and Supermen:

'... Who thought that men would get on if they believed in themselves, those seekers after the Superman who are always looking for him in the looking-glass, ... all those people have really only an inch between them and this awful emptiness, ...' ¹⁵

Stating the obvious, I feel, that there is an *infinite* quantum of knowledge 'we-do-not-know' *albeit* ... 'will never know' ... *as homo sapiens*. I am often confounded when a personality, in one of the Sciences, or politicians, makes a new discovery and then declares, at last, that *they* have realised *the* secret (previously unknown) of *the* universe. Such arrogance.

Sunday, 9th June 1968

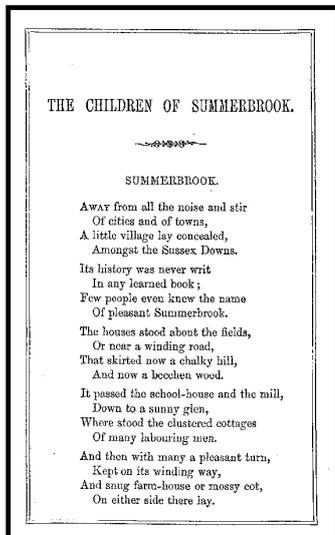
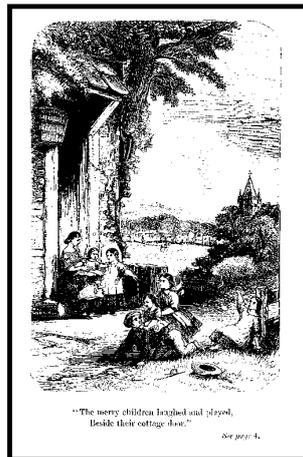
A beautiful hot sunny day. One of those days, when only the continual harassment of 'four' hectic young contesting, demanding, fighting, screaming, crying, hurt; lovable children; could at times colour the air. I took the oldest two boys, our

eldest Paul and his cousin Mark, into the woods with me, armed with my newly sharpened axe, to gather the daily collection of deadwood for our kitchen's Rayburn boiler. And, air... 'Mm'm!' delicious, it clears my head of all and any maladies, a treatment I often apply when in need of 'cleansing'. Wild life, too, is in much abundance. I have seen pheasants, rabbits, hares, rats, stoats and even a stray doe deer from the larger woods at West Dean. The country has many advantages, moving direct from London — but I still miss London.

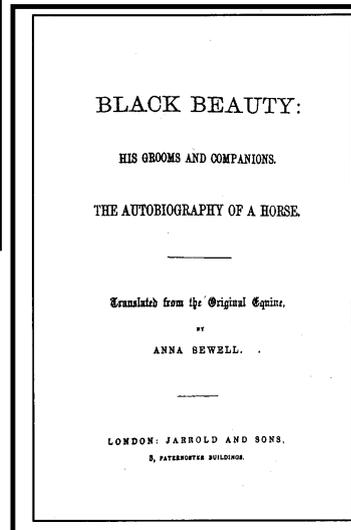
Today, I avoided reading, thinking, writing or discussing any of the P's... Psychology, Philosophy, Psychiatry. Instead, my relaxed reading, when possible, was Len Deighton's *Billion Dollar Brain*¹⁶; a light-weight thriller with his usual two-sided view of Russia, America and Britain, that Deighton's literary force can relate so well. Deighton promoted the right sort of interest and sympathies, so much needed perhaps these days when nations *hopefully* strive to move closer together. I'm due, now, to start my mandatory minimum of three months *Night Duty*. I suspect this will be of mixed blessings, as I must also continue additional daytime overtime shifts, essential school days attendances. And, full night duty; how will it influence my domestic life.?



Graylingwell Farmhouse, home to the Sewell family, 1853 - 1857. **Top left**, private residence of farm bailiff, Mr Peacock, and family, in 1909; **centre**, as a day hospital, in the 1970s and early eighties; **bottom right**, closed down in late 1980s — now a listed building.



First published 1859



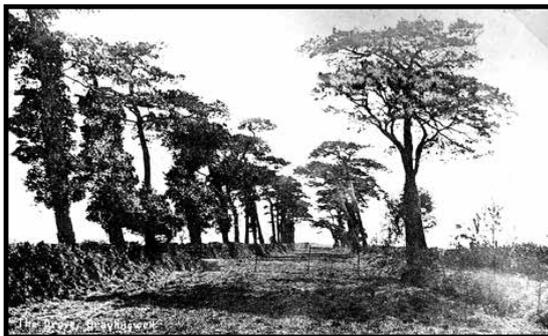
First published 1878

Pictures from Bay-ly; Jarrold.
(1884 ed.)

Anna Sewell, born 1820 in Yarmouth — The Sewells, afterward, moved down to London and, later, to Sussex — Brighton, Lancing, Haywards Heath and then to Grayling Wells, Chichester on October 1853, where they stayed until 1858 — hence, westward, to Bristol and Bath. Anna's mother, Mary Sewell, published, in 1859, a collection of verses, written for young persons, called Summerbrook. The first page, shown above, apparently describes Grayling Wells farmhouse, in rural, 1850s Summersdale (Near Chichester), in the river Lavant valley, near Binderton. Lavant village had a mill way back to Saxon times; this recorded in the Norman Domesday book.... Hospital staff regularly took groups of patients for walks about this same lovely countryside previously frequented by the Sewell family.



1909. The Farm Road. At left end is the farmhouse. Photo taken from a 1909 brochure.



1909. The Drove. Running from the Yard of the Farmhouse, to the south. Photo taken from a 1909 brochure



1980. Farmhouse rear. Showing how large the property is — or was. Photo by author.



1915. The Grayling Well. Near the pond was a crab-apple tree; the pond filled in, during the 1960s.



1950. One hundred years since the Sewells left; in a Graylingwell Farm meadow, cows and horses were kept. The farm was closed, and the stock sold, in 1957. Photo courtesy of the Green (Brown) family.

Chapter Seven

Night Duty

‘ Not the power to remember, but its very opposite, the power to forget, is a necessary condition of our existence. If the lore of the transmigration of souls is a true one, then these, between their exchange of bodies, must pass through the sea of forgetfulness.’¹

Sholem Asch. 1939.

24th June 1968 to 1st October 1968

Night Duty—Night Thoughts—Mysticism—Gradgrind—Surreal—Rehab—Physicist John—On Patrol—Richmond Villa—Memories, The Time Paradox—Dreams—When is Real?—Can Terry—Experiment—Nothingness—Insidious Death—Fragile Beings, Robb & others—Commentaries—Faust—Refractory—Deja Vu—An Experience—Stress—Atavist—Admission—Ghost—NUPE Mike—Flies—Fechner—Existential Dave—Drug is a drug—Psychology

Night Thoughts

My maternal grandmother, *Beatrice Sarah Manton* (nee Ayres nee Wilson (1889-1968), *Beat*), was born in Eighteen-eighty-nine, as were, in that natal year, playwright and poet Jean Cocteau and stage and screen comedian Charles Chaplin; the latter both performers, geniuses of their art. By pure chance, Chaplin and Cocteau met between the two world-wars, half-way-round-the-world on May 11th 1936: ‘on board the Japanese tramp steamer *Karoa* plying between Hong Kong and Shanghai, on the China seas.’ Cocteau could speak no English... Chaplin could not converse in French. Fortunately, the latter had a secretary with enough French to be able to render translation. Afterwards, both artistes wrote of this meeting of the two Masters. Cocteau In an autobiographical account of his Jules Verne-like *Round The World Again In 80 Days*.² And. Almost thirty-years later. Written in comic genius Chaplin’s *My Autobiography*³, Chaplin recalled that their French interpreter, who spoke unemotionally, (had said to Chaplin) ‘Mr Cocteau, he say, *You are a poet of zer sunshine, and he is a poet of zer night.*’

The Night is an oft used metaphor, in the language of art⁴, by film-makers, musicians, poets and painters, to light-up insight into *dark*, mostly unrecognised, regions of the inner psyche (a generic term, like *ether*, for unseen and unknown

content of an apparent vacuum — within inner and outer space). Cocteau, in an 1959 interview, which was later published in *The Paris Review* of 1967,⁵ said: ‘*Art is a marriage of the conscious and the unconscious.*’

And so... in writings about Night Thoughts and any artistic compound, made out of Freudian Dreams, I believed all human beings, in addition to fulfilling innate complex instincts to eat and gratify bodily needs, also *experience* a plethora of *emotional* needs to ‘think and feel’ and, above all, the crucial need to be able to *think* and express freely for oneself, and not always be bound by others. And, if *not* free, there *might* well be problems. Three months compulsory Night Duty provided an abundance of *new* thoughts, and unexpected meetings, some confrontations, which in time I would translate and link up with threads of past of legion others; especially day and night thoughts among our patients.

Tuesday, 25th June 1968

In the hospital nine-months as first-year student, I was detailed *Night-Duty*. Initially, base on most nights was Lister Ward (The Sick Ward), with the Senior Staff Nurse on night-duty. Duties varied, most nights in set-routines; including essential fire-piquet patrols.

Each night, emphasis was on helping-out, in giving-out suppers and night-medication, helping patients to bed, assisting on any New Admission and being called-out to Emergencies. Routine was to assist other night-nurses on ward rounds — changing dressings and any wet and dirty patients, and opening up ward-kitchens for patients going out to work, or to lay breakfast tables on unstaffed night wards. Early morning included helping out in getting patients up, dressed, and beds changed and made-up, if possible, by the morning handover.

Last duty. each night early morning, was to visit every male ward and collect their night-reports, and deliver them to the Night Superintendent, or other Senior Nurse in charge at *The Office*. I was unused to night-duties and underestimated its effects on my domestic life, physiology and in timing on my mental development. To remain true to myself, I had to frequently examine what I was doing, the circumstances and surroundings I was working within; and to enlarge my reading (separate from formal study reading). Where possible, I decided to experiment (never, *never* with any drugs) when viable on myself; and write-up such self-observation. Unfortunately, my amateur literary style at times would show as a regrettable handicap.

Whilst the purpose in being a student Registered Mental Nurse was to study and practice grounding in psychiatric (and psychology) nursing, for me it also demanded an exploration of what (and whys) many of our patients express, in verbal and non-verbal communications... intangible subjectivity.... on sensing, seeing, hearing, feeling, and attempting to identify... ghosts, gods, demons and, aspects of joy and despair.... during *their* days and nights.

And, of encountering other beings, other *human* beings, in their *other* worlds, and of what physiological effects may (and do) do to the 'inner' and 'outer' worlds of patients when chemical norms are interfered with, by prescription or abuse? Also, topically, existential enquiries relating to others; myself, my inner-space, and worlds; out there? Sartre in 1947⁶, declared he was 'atheistic.' and said: 'It is impossible for man to transcend human subjectivity.' At this time, in 1968, I compared Sartre's with Wilson's⁷ writings, which ask the kind of questions that were once regarded as Religious; questions about *The Meaning* of human existence (and), of God.

I found psychologist William James⁸ had explored both belief systems, the atheist (Nothingness — '*the beyond*') and religious (God the creator and destroyer)... and combined them; observing, but frail portions, of porous skin contained inner-and-outer worlds of *living* creatures. Every creature is part of 'all and everything', known and unknown. Forty years on, collating my notes, at 70, I discovered Dr. Darold. A. Treffert's monumental book called *Extraordinary People*⁹ which affected me, just as Professor Will James *Principles of Psychology*¹⁰ had done in 1968. We are still but embryos. Yet to explore what is potentially human. All we seem to look at is our shell. I knew I was, at most, *only* scratching at the hollow surface *of things*, like a Darwin chimpanzee exploring its body for fleas. Just scratching at the surface; curiosity was already a permanent, *living* itch.

Monday, 24th June 1968

Mysticism

Last night commenced night-duty at the hospital; first shift was from eight-fifty-five pm to seven am the next morning; started on the Chilgrove block long-stay wards and moved on to Lister male sick ward.

For light-reading (home and time-out at work), I completed Rider Haggard's *The People of the Mist*¹¹, a pattern of Jung's archetypal mythological symbols; and finished *Orthodoxy* by G.K. Chesterton¹². I was impressed with Chesterton's commentary on *Ethics, Morals and Paradoxes in Christianity*; his analysis

applied to all world religions; which faiths seem based on written down *inflexible* human dogma. I was confounded that, on *forensic* evidence, most inflamed wars between humans and humans, were on behalf of their own particular 'brand name'; and evoke most vicious bloodletting, between sects and schisms, seem *within* their own designated faith edicts that were cast in stone. Surely contradicting the *real* goodness written, *within* their own Holy Books?

I began a work, helpful as a philosophical buffer, in the oft stress laden work of the years ahead. It was *A New Model of the Universe* by P.D. Ouspensky¹³. In 1966, only months before entering the hospital, I had been mesmerised by Russian Ouspensky's 1922 *Tertium Organum*; an update of Roger Bacon's 13th century *Opus Tertium*.¹⁴

The above writers indicated... 'Whatever we are' and 'wherever we come from', and in death, as spirits 'in flesh depart'. The Master! The Mistress!, we're not - Not! Are we not but global robots (or puppets) examining our allocated half-life molecules? Back, in the Night-time, to the moment when the first hypothetical man and woman, *Adam and Eve*, issued from whatever Laboratory appeared on Earth. Mankind made a mistake; according to Tradition. He thought, by himself, he could guide and direct his life without any help from 'the outside'. Ouspensky's early utterings, on *The Fall and Mysticism*, are about subjectivity; human emotion. He said¹⁵:

'Mysticism is entirely emotional, entirely made up of subtle, incommunicable sensations, which are even more incapable of verbal expression and logical definition than are such things as sound and colour and line.'

In between shifts.... back to concrete reality. Our portable Dansette record player was on; the small radio turned off, its batteries dead; no shillings-and-pence to replace them, and no television. Rachmaninov's vinyl *Concerto No. 2*, a favourite of mine, was being played. Upstairs, both boys were happily asleep. I returned for a while to study Ouspensky.... very tired.... Tomorrow *must* read up on Psychiatry! And work.

Mysticism and the Fall, of man's innocence and sin... who, what defines? Surely, such dialogue must always be subjective, and not scientific, according to a, seeming, blind Establishment. My head was full of raw dialogue, as I put the alchemical work aside and retired to bed. Up to bed, fifteen minutes of Arthur Koestler's *Spanish Testament*¹⁶, and bliss of a fashion. Sara downstairs, typing contentedly away on a short story. Psychiatry is about healing sick

minds, and I am learning about this field. Ouspensky, esoteric, exotic, and physick, continued to be, for me, a useful catalyst. A counter, amidst all hospital work. Mental and physical, living, working, midst zombie death, disorder; hope and resurrection....

Tuesday, 25th June 1968

Gradgrind

For the past few days there has been nothing but gales, and rain, rain, rain, rain! Last night was my first night at home, since beginning night duty. I have had little sleep and little rest. The boys, both of them, got us up during the night. Result; I am over-sensitive, over-tired and short-tempered. Presently, Sara and boys are out, dressed up; *out*, in all this stinking rain! I'm trying to catch up with some rest, but being blasted by noisy blue-bottle flies.

I curse the flies. Their Beelzebub loud buzzing assaults my searching temporary peace of mind, as they so often do. Curse them; The Flies. What can I do? Tired. And angry with myself for being tired and bad tempered. Yes, Yes, Yes, I know; subjective emotion is the key to human self-control, for and against. Nothing mystical about that. Family returns, the gates outside close.

Rain! The Strain remains but all else, this time, resolved. The boys, bless them, are laying down for a kip, much needed since they were awake so early. I Resume (consume) reading. Sartre's written answer to the Philosophy of Andre Gide¹⁷, found in *Playboy* of May 1965¹⁸, copy from a patient on Amberley; Spider. An article on Sartre and, topical, R.D. Laing; on anti-psychiatry. One Dickensian notion bubbles to mind, as Sartre quoted in the aforementioned magazine interview:

‘I can wonder if it wouldn't be rewarding to act like Gide's character.’
(Surrender to sensual joys - search for God in everything.) ‘But advice of that sort is lost on a worker who does eight hours on an assembly line. He's tired out. How can one tell him to go out and ransack the universe for sensations when he has been stupefied by a day of brain deadening, brutalizing labour?’

Chesterton on complementing Sartre (I imagined) in his *Orthodoxy*¹⁹ said, he felt that:

‘...true philosophy is concerned with the instant.’

I am too tired to continue any more Commentary on Sartre's seminal *Nausea*²⁰; or anything else. This afternoon, shortly, I will again be up, and cycle through this monsoon rain to the hospital, for *another* overtime shift.

Surreal

Back. Night-time. Close to midnight at home. I recalled I'd been on an overtime shift, on a long-stay back ward. On return home, cycling back from Chichester, up through the so-green South Downs, to here at Stonerock Cottage in Chilgrove, surreal thoughts pass through my biological brain and its visceral vehicle. All inner visualised thoughts, perceptions, and concepts are active, *as I live*, in this earth molecular instance. Last evening, a young patient I helped on Amberley, four to five months ago, approached me. Dave was taken ill during his first year at Manchester University. I recall, when I first arrived on the Admission Ward, he was sat down deep down in depression, trying hard to concentrate on one of Kafka's works. We talked. I noticed all his readings were mostly on nihilistic, pessimistic philosophies. Dave was fascinated by Kafka and Sartre; and well read on Kierkegaard and Heidegger's works. He showed interest in Hesse, Ouspensky and Gurdjieff' and collective Universality; perhaps, more optimistic philosophies, a new Pandora's box?

Early evening, Dave appeared on the ward on which I was working. He was feeling depressed and wanted to lift his spirits. His object was to ask my opinion on some poetry he had written. 'Dave', I said, 'This is much better than a few months ago.' Eventually, he persuaded me to borrow two books off him, *Existentialism as Philosophy* by Fernando Molina²¹, a study on Sartre, Neitzche, Kierkegaard, Heidegger and Husserl, and *Six Existentialist Thinkers*, by H.J. Blackham²². Both books were much scored and clearly well tattered in being, heavily read by him. I promised to read both books, before returning them. (Dave later, after his discharge, sent the books back to me, to keep as a gift; in thanks for my passing support.)

Treatises, of academy philosophers written works, run to many hundreds of pages; a collective, thick, jungle of *thousands* of pages, most of which are central to the examination of being; about nothing (yet everything), about human existence, relating to itself and everything, and Nothing-ness? There is no way I can presently (or near future) have time to read and digest all such demanding heavy tomes. I was, already, a compulsive bibliophile mostly dipping into 'whatever' out of raw curiosity and, long ago, recognised it was the *only* pathway for me to enjoy any communion with learned authors (it could only

be one-sided; and my fluency of any other language, except a number of French and Latin words internally fossilised from early grammar school days). And so, aided by Book Titles, Tables of Contents, Indexes and glossaries (especially with time locked First Editions; with annotations, and information in original context.)

And so, delighted, I later purchased two second-hand hardbacks. One, *Being and Nothingness* by Jean Paul Sartre²³ and the Second, *Being And Time* by Martin Heidegger.²⁴ The latter looked as if had been owned by a student in philosophy as the item was a little biro-scored and annotated by him (inscribed on flyleaf by a William ... in 1969); these scored additions would normally be commercially disastrous, thus cheaper, but for me they were a blessing, a bonus, as these helped initial (discuss) dippings, and provided several (discuss - argue) leads into foreign Heidegger's wordy labyrinth. And helped me to thread a labyrinth way, into non-sensual realities, that *must* exist as in the realms of science-fiction writers; about, eternal nothing-ness, paradoxically to imagine, formalise 'whatever' is presently out-of-bounds to mortal beings; in our time.

Cycling, mechanical pedalling away, I scanned the Sussex countryside in travelling home but, with a little *more* so than usual. I *added* a new Summary of thoughts in my transport. Looking across at a horizon of numerous anonymous trees (it was a clear but windy night — ouch!), waving well-decked branches from side-to-side like octopus tentacles. Gazing at the hill in which they were thickly rooted, I became *aware* that although I perceived the beautiful symmetrical greenery, as they faded and disappeared slowly dropping into the black shadow of the night, I thought....

'S' funny, they are all ... *its all*', seen yet unseen, balanced, molecular whirling atoms, nuclei. But, built like live polyps, for they are; *it's all alive* - in some form or another; all around me... *Everything is alive*... mobile, as Ouspensky described so vividly.

More. And I withdrew into my egg-shaped shell (as then I envisaged my head).

All me, I, my body, is just like that, those same nuclei polyps...

I tried so hard to be *aware* of everything outside myself, and therefore isolate my seed of being from its tentacles, antennae of perception and sensations... *not to be*. I felt a physical pressure where, I believed, is my seat of emotions.... the frontal lobes of my brain. And I registered a definite holding back of

emotional sensations. On realizing this attempt at a greater natural awareness (cycling mechanically all the while), an immense feeling of relief, momentary well-being, as if a headache was removed; and, once more, I in my body became but a traveller. It was unique, for me. Noise, without doubt, is the one sensation that singularly rapes my brain's awareness, when attempting peace or concentration in any form. I'm on double-shift (fourteen hours) tomorrow, I don't know on what wards. I'm continuing, where possible, a Pelican Original paperback *New Horizons in Psychiatry* by Peter Hays, for study.²⁵

Wednesday, 26th June 1968

Rehab

It continued dark and cloudy; rained all the way to work, even harder on the way back. A long day, six-thirty in the morning to seven o'clock in the evening, all that day spent assisting a Charge Nurse on Cavell One, a new Rehabilitation Ward. Cavell was located on the still, otherwise, tabooed Female Side of the hospital. I'll not enlarge on first impressions, as they could only be first observations. I'll wait until experience allows me to comment. Suffice it to say that only 'one' Nurse would invariably be at the helm here, with forty-eight patients, I looked, listened and reassured.

I learnt of Assessment Tests (a fair number), which were to be used on this new Rehab ward, and how patients were to be coaxed towards being moved back into outside society, with self-assurance. This major move was certainly part of the de-institutionalisation (aka institutional neuroses) of our long-stay residents. This new rehab term was certainly influenced by Dr. Russell Barton's seminal 1959 *Institutional Neurosis*,²⁶ and the pioneer work of Graylingwell's own Dr. Joshua Carse's *Worthing Experiment*.²⁷

The reason why I was asked to help, was that long stay patients were moving into a new ward, from the dormitory ward of what was part of Chilgrove One; they included burnt out Barney, Mensa Charles, and epileptic aide John. With these and other patients to assist me, we moved dozens of old tables, cupboards, case-note folios, baggage, clothes, kitchenware, etc. etc. I was introduced favourably to a number of no-name patients. But, as I was already acquainted with most of them, having worked on Chilgrove One and Two wards, the task felt like helping out friendly neighbours. All these new FC1 patients had moved into their, new home by the following day, and marked the end of an era.

On return home, Sara gaily informed me that she had been out in the potato fields, gathering new spuds into sacks. To my amazement, I learnt that here the rain held off till she had finished; seven hours, she worked. It appears that, early this morning, a local farmer called and asked if she would like to help in the fields; she jumped at the opportunity. The boys, it seemed, played happily around her and loved the mobile tractor turning up the earth. Too tired. Too late for any discourse. Well, another day over. Tomorrow another School study day at the hospital.

Thursday, 27th June 1968

Evening, and it was still raining. Rain, all the way to work, with a strong gale force wind; and, it rained again all the way back. Earlier that day, Sara had had to clear the front room up from falling soot. First impression, on arriving 'home', was the mess; flipping black, ugly black soot. Yet another solid fall, due to the rain... Sara's back ached. The boys had been very good. I played with them, briefly, before they went to sleep, a happy, quiet, sleep which soon overtook them. How my heart reached out to them, as they had giggled so chirpily, and again, a little later, when I had looked down at them, then fast asleep.

Nothing special, to record this day, with regard to private study, on which to comment. But... an interesting conversation on basic biology at work, with Harry from Ghana and our tutor. The talk originated just before tea break, when our tutor, Mr Ilford, sat down to chat to us. Something he said about *age*, started us off. 'Tell me, is it true, what some textbooks infer, that the 'entire' human body is totally changed over a period of seven years...?', I asked Mr Ilford. 'You mean the cellular structure?', he replied. 'Yes, all of it,' I said. 'Every bone, fibre, skin, and blood cell...?' Mr Ilford looked for a reference book; we three were seated in the Training School Library. 'Ah, here it is; let me see. Somewhere... here... there is a case....'

He had a little trouble in finding the reference, then pulled out one book off of the top library shelf and said, 'Ah, here we are. Well, anyway. If a man is deliberately held back from eating proteins for whatever reason or other...'. Mr Ilford then quoted clinical data, on Nephritis, or similar complaint and, in a gravitas tone, continued as a matter-of-fact: 'He wraps patient in a blanket to sweat it out of him...'. He read on. 'They found that, despite the fact that no proteins have been administered, protein waste products were *still* being excreted by the kidneys.'

I thought, is this what happens in starvation as the body begins to decay, as the brain and breath yet survive, while the will is sapped; blood drawn out like rubber tapped from a tree. Sort of implosion — mechanical eating of itself to stay alive... invisible to disappear like a Kekule snake up its own... and, in its spiral, is re-born as a phoenix. ‘That the body is breaking itself down.... erosion....’ Mr Ilford had our drift and completed the quotation.

But... Harry and I felt we had *not* really got The Answer. I commented, ‘We were thinking of the ketone bodies?... Well, That... Yes, Mr Ilford, that’s the sort of thing I mean... but *all* the body?’ ‘I’m not sure about the bones and tendons.’ He said. ‘But, it’s basic biology, as you know, that all *living* bodies appear to be constantly creating, building up and, in keeping the bodies’ status-quo, destroying older tissue by Anabolism and Katabolism.... the state in flux of the body...’ Our tutor was called away, before we could complete our teatime exchange. Harry and I decided to continue the debate, asking questions of each other, more metaphysic and philosophical than somatic. And this was a tea-break, or smoke-break, for those who indulged (Harry and I did not).

Although Summer mid-afternoon, it was dark outside, (we had the lights on). Outside, a curtain of trees shook invisible, long-arms into the room and seemed to scratch like harpies upon the blackboard; as wind driven rain fingertips dripped hieroglyphs upon our school window panes. Harry suggested a searching question. ‘Barry, what do *you* think of Ghosts and the like?’ Interesting, I thought. ‘Ghosts?... Water shapes, that leak through brick walls, window panes and re-assemble, the other side?’ ‘Right!’ , he said. And, into it, I replied, ‘Well. I like Leonardo da Vinci’s introduction amongst his notes, Harry. If it’s truly a Ghost, Spirit or Angel, then it’s impossible for them to be seen *in their own shape* by us, unless interpreted by some terrestrial medium, and yes, yes; I believe a person can be possessed, in, erm, some way.’, and I paused.

‘Are you acquainted with Dr. Samuel Johnson, *the man* who put together the English Dictionary...?’ ‘Yes...’ Harry’s face wrinkled anticipation. ‘Well, his friend Boswell asked Johnson *that* same question; he said: ‘We talked of belief in Ghosts.’ And Johnson replied (think I’ve got it right):

‘...“Sir, I make a distinction between what a man may experience by the mere strength of his imagination, and what imagination cannot possibly produce.” ...’²⁸

‘What do *you* think, Harry?’ He looked at me as if at a mirror, and replied, ‘*I don’t know*; books I’ve read don’t discuss enough on neuroses and the electric, nervous system, since they only appear to define present and *physical* definition of *it*, the body... I am?’ Still intense, my Ghanaian friend continued. ‘Back home, most of us believe in a sort of holy ghost, whether we are Christian, Islam, or what. And, Barry, *I believe* in One spirit, as me, as a sort of ghost in my body. You know... What we, we were talking to Mr Ilford about, I don’t think this is necessarily the invisible ghost, as a separate, *you know*, discarnate apparition?... Do you ?’ Thinking about our patients, I hesitated. ‘Well, yes, no, but...’

Earlier, we’d discussed in the classroom what some patients described as ghosts, angels, devils, even succubi that may have sexually assaulted them in the night time; David on Amberley was one acute patient. It was then diagnosed as but a hallucination, a dream within a dream, as I recalled... there was also the obvious, numerous, hallucinatory experiences, of countless others, to consider. What, again, is one to perceive as real, surreal, occult, or but a distortion of the senses...?

‘Can we inhabit; can we, as a so-called ghost, or other spirit or, or other form be in, or be morphed from *Another World*?’ I was trying to admit to my ignorance on the topic; and keep to our, implicit, integrity... (I had read a little on the philosophy of Physics and of other more esoteric works at this time.) ‘Look across this room, and out of the window, *can you see the air*?’ ‘Well, no ...?’, replied Harry in affirmation. And, I continued, questions (*not Answers*) we were then both affirming.

‘Oh, you know it’s there and you *breathe* it; but you had to *learn about it*, or *read it*, with perceptions?’ I continued. ‘And, metaphorically, allocate *it* a name. ‘You seldom perceived or detected *it*, by your human I’s senses. You had to deduce it or accept, believing it so, in integrity, in good faith. It’s invisible. But can you deny its existence, just because you can’t necessarily see, hear, feel, taste or touch it. *And what is breathing*?’

‘Well of course not.’, Harry agreed, well tuned in to our present thread. I continued, ‘No, of course you don’t! But is this not what most of us do. Unless their own senses can physically identify it, they will *not* recognize its existence; the air is but one example. There is much that we cannot sense; that we are unable to actually see, actually feel, actually smell, actually taste, sense and identify. The other day, I read something by Ouspensky; *emotion is a sense*.

We become *aware* by the emotions, of something, even though our other senses do not seem to detect it.'

'The emotions must be able to perceive,' I droned on, 'just as the eyes must be open to see: certain experiences are intelligible only in mystical states... viewed entirely by the emotions. Just as difficult to convey verbally, as *what* compound, colour really is; *in words*. Eh?' We paused. Harry blinked, as the wind noisily plucked the tip of a branch against the window. I said; 'Imagine our senses adjusted so that the air before us is rendered visible; *in its present state that is*. Then, naturally, this table, those chairs, yes, even you yourself, would be rendered invisible too (for others?), for you are in density as in 'air', remember.'

'Imagine, take this to infinity, to infinite dimensions, as worlds. Each one, a *scale* gauged by the capable, performance possible, by the human senses. Now I ask, on the same scale; *the same*...Why in its own state, shape or form, should not other live beings exist in their dimensions of sense equally as we are valid in ours? Just imagination?' ²⁹

'I'm not so sure, are you ...?'

There was another, meaningful, pause shared by us in a dyad. 'Could not so called djinns, spirits, angels, which after all are only agreed names, noises we make to designate and assign to the mostly un-knowable, Harry? Surely, such similar science fiction and factual entities exist in those worlds, *all in and about us at all times*? Artists and poets, using metaphors, appear to know of these threads, and revere more than fear; the unknown.'

'It's the inevitable lack of direct import that seems impossible to change: for us, me, to communicate, the *scale must* be changed — yes, new concepts, applied in chemistry and physics. But, once in transport, you have changed to view or communicate, you have killed or transformed the original... erm ... *or have you*? Is it only the observer and thus participant that changes, or, in a subtle way, both? You cannot be absolutely stationary and mobile at the same time, or can you? Can one penetrate, without destruction? I often imagine, visualise, Harry, our whole body as a matrix, potentially, expanding consciousness, into and transcending, even momentary, infinite dimensions. Sadly, we remain mostly only conscious in this *sensual* world, and indeed *only* of atomic Elements Table material, always but...

Round about this point, Mr Ilford returned, poked his head around the door, and hinted that our afternoon tea-break had rather over-run... and, our other colleagues had returned from their smoke-break, smoking outside the

hut. About the time of talking of other worlds, I recall thinking it was *dogma* of many persons I knew, in an absolute dread denial (why?) of even the possibilities of unknown, other worlds. Here in the hospital, it seemed to be but a credible fiction, the province, only, of our disturbed patients....? We returned to the classroom to see an interesting film, called *Psychiatry and Art*, featuring children and creativity, its subject being Chaos; Base; Order....

Night work tomorrow. Detailed for the long-stay wards. Late shift. Ouspensky quoted³⁰ Mach's theory that:

‘ *a thing is only a complex of sensations.*’

Presumably, one-thing-leads-to-another. Philosopher John - Jean Paul Sartre's existential novel *Nausea*³¹ seminal work was first published in French, between the wars, in 1938, entitled *La Nausee*. The first John Lehmann English translation, out in 1949, was titled *The Diary of Antoine Roquentin*.³² But, it was the Penguin paperback, re-titled *Nausea* in 1965. This book was my personal *Rosetta Stone*, for introductory, existential, mental perambulations; and just why anti-psychiatry, as sanctuary, or imprisonment, was really *much* more than examining current methods of psychiatric treatment, in postwar Europe.

I realized that Ouspensky and Sartre appeared (to me) to be at one opposite pole to the other, in their philosophy; the former on a good life, the latter on angst and dread, and this belief would help to anchor me in my hospital day to day life. To legion Questions, but not, at all always, to answers. In good humour, I thought of Sartre's Roquentin, in his history, considering himself but *a thing*; and an unreal one at that. Was it, but yesterday or the day before, when cycling home, I *imagined*, or *really* perceived, everything I observed, in passing, as but nuclei atomic polyps; this the *so-called* limit of my so frail and narrow range of capabilities, my *reality*? We see, I see (understand in my mind's metaphoric eye) but the surface segments; even then, this and that surface is actually well gutted with holes (which we, I, don't see)!

This surface, being the lines, curves, colours, sounds, etc. etc. Ouspensky stated, rather well I think, that there is something perceived by us and our perceptive apparatus that sees, *in wonder*, the green of the trees, the blue of the skies and so on. Witness our *Ghost In the Machine*³³ ... always, and in tandem, I pondered how many of my colleagues, and patients, experience *their* natural phenomena, on an every day to day existence?

To interpret Austrian physicist Mach literally, *man is but a thing*, would be but to deny *that they exist*, even though this existence needs far more definition. The colours (as Colin Wilson aptly described, the materialist measures colours as but, only, thicknesses in angstroms) are but seen, as *reflections* of the sun's rays. (We see what is lit up, but not what is a truer awareness, of what is behind the metaphoric sun — and I don't mean in norm distance) Ouspensky added that this is *much more* than a truism. In a way I am just starting to work on, Ouspensky suggested that *thought* itself is of the fourth dimension, since it passes all barriers by way of imagination; all walls of three dimensional time, and space, are bypassed... Just what *are* thoughts? What's that, as we prepare to go up to bed. *Man cannot live by thought alone?* Hmm! Food for thought; yuk, how juvenile.

Friday, 28th June 1968

Mid-morning. It's still raining hard, bloody hard; heavy wind blowing pounds of filthy black soot, down the chimney, into our Chilgrove front room. For a couple of hours before breakfast, the boys wouldn't eat (much to their mother's annoyance). I played with them. They had had far too many biscuits, as fillers since awakening... tut! tut! Shut in, kept in by the inclement weather, plenty of toning down and consoling needed, for infants Paul and Kit. The rain was not letting them out. They would quarrel over their toys. Inevitable, I guess. Roll on Summer sunshine. Before going on duty tonight, I must continue some substance on *Nausea*. Well, I've had breakfast. Now, with Paul, a toy lorry is broken; fixed it!

My recent studies on Sartre's philosophy, triggered a number of recent memories when, but two years ago, we'd lived in Teddington — opposite Bushey Park, nearby a Thames weir and King Henry the VIII's *Hampton Court Palace*, all places in walking distance from our rented home. Also, close by, was the National Physics Laboratory buildings and its staff; one of whom was our next door neighbour, a junior research scientist named John.

Physicist John

In 1966, before moving down into West Sussex from our short-time in Teddington, west of Central London, where I'd worked as a civvie at New Scotland Yard. Where Kit, our second son (who would study Physics at London University many years later), was born at 165 Park Road Teddington. Our next-door neighbour was John, a physicist, and his family. He worked at the local NP

laboratory. I'd had a fascinating debate with John, who specialised in Laser and Maser rays. At the time, I made some notes in one of my numerous erratic red-notebooks (which I'd kept since, soon after being discharged from HM forces). My notes were on that debate, that was about words.... a debate on the value of Words.

(Words that Sartre had dismissed - but, used so well in *Nausea* - as unreal.)

I'd asked John to communicate, over the telephone, what a wooden chair was, to a person many miles away, without using The Word *chair*. Odd John was a devout believer in the absolute usage of Mathematics³⁴ as his language. That we talked, in the English language, appeared to have been bypassed by him. To me, it was an absurd *Alice in Wonderland* statement. He disowned the total value of words and all except, *per se*, mathematical symbols and any other use of metaphoric language. *Surely mathematics is a pure metaphorical language, on its own?* Now, in no way did I undervalue that wondrous world of maths; which certainly and sadly eludes me, and its kin, geometry. *But to eliminate words, well it was, to me, ridiculous...*

Lay boys down, for late morning rest. The rain was again descending in torrents, and the trees at the back of our small Chilgrove home leant as if, any moment, their backs would break. Trouble with this rain, was that it was difficult to gather fuel from the woods behind us, due to everything being so waterlogged. Oh well, it won't last forever... Memories. The debate continued... Physicist John insisted that *only* abstract metaphoric mathematics could describe any object *truthfully*; and not ambiguously to any stranger at any meeting; i.e. the *primary* communication to a lay individual, who is *not* mathematically minded. I challenged my neighbour, 'Imagine a man in Moscow you wished to talk to over the 'phone. You are to describe that object, that red seat, to your friend *without* ever using the meaningful words red, or seat?'. John attempted to describe it strictly in terms of dimensional space, symmetry and mathematical equations.

'All right!' my physicist neighbour declared, as the exchange began. Imagining sceptic myself, at the other end. So, after his description, given of course still in words, I concluded it was a cube, which exact size was first of all questionable, and any colour was impossible to diagnose. 'But your cube could be a dice, a television set, a box, anything; how do I know it's a seat for sitting on?' I challenged. 'That's my point', he replied, 'It's nothing but a cube.' Perplexed, I replied, 'Oh, I see.' I followed. 'You mean you *deliberately* discount all human words, shapes and analogies, because they are personal?'

‘Of course, they’re *not* real. This house is only a collection of bricks and mortar, etc.’

‘But...’, I was stunned. ‘You mean you only accept, in finality, that the house is *not* for human habitation at all; you deny its existence as such?’ ‘That’s right!’ he said, coldly confident. ‘And your seat is but a cube ...?’ ‘That’s right!’ ‘You insist, John, that this is your revolutionary universal language.... This mathematical breakdown?’ ‘Of course. It’s better than millions of words.’ ‘But... but...?’ I didn’t really believe him. ‘You must be totally *dependent* on the fact that, already, *all* your universal men and women are savants *well* versed in your common mathematical symbols. Your verbal equations. And, well *you, John*, can graphically draw those icons. How, *verbally*, do *you* communicate them to others...?’

I continued, ‘What if you meet a primitive man, a man from outer space; an ordinary man like myself who does not comprehend your code? How do you *talk* to him, describe things, perhaps, way above his head?’ John seemed dogmatic, rather than sure, of his answer on the value of words. And answered my plea, ‘oh well; if you’re going to bring the milkman into it. You can’t expect everyone to be of the elite. It’s a question of survival of the fittest.’

‘Good God! I don’t believe it,’ I spluttered. This was out of his previous, unbiased, debate. Mortified, I asked for a precis. ‘You believe *only* those who have already been schooled, primarily (and only) in maths, be addressed... no others...?’ John, a little subdued, answered, albeit reluctantly, ‘Well if they’re ignorant, as most of the masses are, they don’t want to know about politics, economics, science and so on.’ Here, I thought of the over-specialisation that I had so often met, read, and heard of. He was not my Hero figure, of a survival by the futurist Supermen of technocrats! ‘Well.’ I concluded, disillusioned. ‘I firmly believed that it was the common responsibility of so-called elite scientists and the like, like yourself, to communicate your scale to the populace in language; what is potentially with us....’ It was about that time, as I recall, that the debate broke off for me to go back home. Next door, to Sara and some tea.

Friday, 28th June 1968

Here is a line from Judith Groch’s fascinating work:³⁵

‘We use words and numbers’ she says, ‘to save ourselves the trouble of thinking about the objects and ideas they represent.’

I get one of our wooden chairs up to the kitchen table and join the boys for dinner. Damn this rain! Moments ago, I returned from collecting our milk from the churn, down at the end of our muddy farm road. Nice meal. Yell from kitchen, as I sat, reading, comfortably seated on the loo seat. ‘Your sweet is ready...’ Sartre³⁶ intrudes on my necessary task with words:

‘... Words had disappeared, and with them the meaning of things, the methods of using them, the feeble landmarks which men have traced on their surface...’

Roquentin, as Sartre, had found himself fast descending down into a realm of chaos. I thought, perhaps, like H.G. Wells’s Mr Fotheringay in *The Man who could work Miracles*³⁷, believing, falsely, he had spontaneously (by wishing for the experience) found a route to The Source; he finds himself instead an unknown vacuous part of the flotsam, a mote being in no-where space, a blip in forever nothingness, alive yet dead, in absolute chaos...

Sara insisted, since the time was two-thirty pm (I had been on night duty), that I go upstairs for a rest. I was again on duty that night and, before Nightfall, must leave the cottage around seven-thirty pm. I would not arrive back home till around eight am the following day, at the earliest... Ha! Just managed to get up to the bedroom. Close the door, sit on the edge of the bed, and Kit came up the stairs in search of me; bless his little heart. Rest? I descended the stairs again, and carried him into the front room where Paul was engrossed, building towers with coloured toy bricks. I played for a few moments with the boys. My wife entered from the bathroom, where she’d been on her hands and knees cleaning the floor, and cleaned up around the fireside, where the carbon soot (how much the detritus of old past dead lives shredded therein) has again laid its engrained mementoes. I was gently shoved away, with a gesture, towards the boys. Paul the eldest encouraged me to, ‘Have a nice rest, Daddy.’ It was three o’clock in the afternoon and I was soon resting on my bed, scribbling these passing lines of commentary on mere existence. At that present moment in time, there was no-doubt it was a happy time. Historian (as Sartre) Roquentin had written:

‘If anybody had asked me what existence was, I should have replied in good faith that it was nothing, just an empty form which added itself to external things, without changing anything in their nature .’

Why, why, why? Why, in commentary, should everything *always* be ugly and sordid in its not-known nothingness, its depersonified state; the veneer ignored (though just as true). I had to agree. that things shorn of their human utilities and sympathies were often at first *odd* but, good grief, to me they were often, also thrilling, wonderful, to just exist, as it did a minute atom, or a universe... To me, both were stark reminders of wonders that exist.

And what genius man has been gloriously endowed with, with clay, to shape and identify so much form and gracious beauty, from hitherto unidentified masses. Politics, filth, disease, destruction and barbaric ignorance are poles apart from bare existence, for although as real, to man, they are sordidness; never, but never, the things that existed, unknown, foreign perhaps; but hostile? Roquentin, Sartre ³⁸ continued, true but, but - had he found his Rosetta Stone, his Holy Grail - the one Einstein unifying factor? I doubted it. But it was an observation. He said:

‘I understood that I had found the key of Existence, the key to my Nausea, to my own life. In fact... Absurdity... the world of explanations and reasons is not that of existence.... Movements never quite exist, they are transitions intermediaries between two existences, unaccented beasts!’

A very real fact.

Monday, 1st July 1968

Days ago, we had had a week of gales and rain. But now, the sun is blazing down, a record of 96 degrees Fahrenheit here in Sussex. I have slept little since I started night work the previous week; I just cannot not get reoriented. Relieving the night nurse on the acutely disturbed ward of Bramber Two, the other night, I was left alone after midnight, for an hour, at one o'clock in that dark early morning; not then being used to it (my excuse), I became starkly aware that it was the *FIRST TIME ON MY OWN IN THAT WARD AT NIGHT* ; for a while I felt, fear, felt bloody, shit scared.... but it passed.

Any moment, at any moment entering a Gothic nightmare out of the darkness, a patient like a feeling-threatened Tall-John; or a wiry insane Terry attacking his evil god *Can*; any one resident might go *up-the-stick*; at me? Needless to say, those fears proved groundless and, in half-an-hour, I was immersed within that, sarcophagus, quiet. All my patients were either asleep, or appeared to be, with an occasional cough, or a patient's retort to an un-

comfortable dream. I continued reading Koestler's *Spanish Testament*³⁹ ears and senses primed, just in case.

The previous night, during my dinner break, stationed on Amberley One, I'd been contentedly (in between early morning patrols) engrossed, reading The Chapter on Superman, in Ouspensky's *New Model of the Universe*⁴⁰. Nietzsche's poem *Thus Spake Zarathusa*,⁴¹ used the icon of Zarathusa (in the Market Place) as a flawed model for a potential Superman? I pondered, was *he*, the Persian Zarathusa, a 'symbol', a myth, a cipher; or a frustrated Saint. Was he a real Persian leader, who inspired the Parsee faith with its Holy Gathas scripture and *The Zend Avesta*,⁴² a two thousand years old 'Good Health and Hygiene Guide' (Good thoughts, Good Words, Good Deeds); or, as I suspected, both. Nietzsche, poet, philosopher, was certainly such an honest human being; an *All Too Human* with his own achilles tendon.

Zend writings are full of commentary, on morals and how to potentially deter much human suffering. Sustaining good mental Health, and about Good versus Evil. I found, in the Avesta, none of the sad animosity written by other recordings and, subsequently, preached as Holy Words. Passed on as Human Law. As others with *their* interpretations of the words of God passed on to them; by others; who in turn had *read* of those before them. Bombast cast at other human groups (ethnic cleansing) and manifest in certain warlike factions, which to me dishonoured their own image of God; as Go'od, as in love and harmony in writings of the medieval Sufi poet Rumi.

And, in The Market Place, am I; like my maternal Great grandfather James Leigh Manton, and his brother George Leigh Manton who died in Victorian 1880s India (he was a real, true, Kiplingesque *Tommy Atkins* (as written into the pages of this Victorian army AB 64 pay books); aware of being fallible as 'an 'ooman-being'; not Supermen, but in other ranks, as most of our charges. Poor Toms and Bets o'Bedlam; long-term patients in Asylum hospitals and Sanctuary care; and on this acute ward.

A new time system is to be introduced, next week at the hospital. It means four nights on duty, at eight pm till seven am; then three nights off duty, two officially for me, as one day was a Study Day. Overtime had been very difficult to fit in, during these night-shifts, since rest was always so lacking. However, I will get used to it. This week, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, I was on duty *nights*; Thursday I was at day-school. Saturday night and, if possible, next Wednesday morning shift, I agreed to do overtime (no gap after nights!); and, then again, another Friday day-shift, on overtime. We'll see...