

vocation because one might want to abandon it at any time. So why go to a vocational counsellor?

Only to uncover limitations. And most of the limitations will be readily eliminated by science anyway. For example, suppose one wanted to become a good surgeon or run a four-minute mile. The computer center would tell him which characteristics are necessary to perform delicate operations or run swiftly. It would also prescribe the proper drugs or psychological treatment that would remove the limitations, making it possible for him to achieve his goals.

Knowing that almost anything is possible, mankind will be divided into two groups: the minority that cares and strives for perfection, for creativity, and for knowledge, and those who are unmotivated — the uncurious. The former group will probably be in the minority for they will face the tension of doubt and uncertainty, the drive for accomplishment and the frustration of failure. They will care. And because of these self-generated tensions they will also need human counsellors to listen, empathize, and comfort. The rest of the people will be contented recipients of goods, services and vocational counselling.

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ACCOUNTABILITY IN COUNSELLING — WHO WILL ANSWER?

It is conceivable to me that man, in the course of his development, is both a work of art and a scientific endeavour. The infant artist, artless, an unconscious part of the larger consciousness of the universe, is doomed to eventually experience himself as a part of and apart from something greater than himself. Shock! With this awareness comes the effort to control the show. The mindless matter attempts, more or less, an almost impossible feat — that of jumping over his own head to get a better look at his brain. He is, gigantically, sometimes, a peak of consciousness peering out over consciousness — grandeur without delusion.

The scientist, half-mad, seeks to heal the agonizing mind-body split. He searches desperately for the unity which renders him unconscious. It is a life and death struggle, a backward tug, and a forward thrust. The womb-tomb dilemma burdens man with the desire for that which he dreads — the end of this agony.

Healing measures are applied in the form of rituals, rites, **rights**, work, overwork, overweight, overexpenditure, overindulgence, notions and love potions, feast and famine, crime and punishment, **capitalism**, communism, puritanism, catholicism, fanaticism — and **therapy**.

For what purpose and to what avail? What do we, as counsellors, do, when man utters his first conscious scream? Behavior modification

therapists teach one how to grin and bear it; psychoanalytic therapists how to bare it; existential therapists how to be grim and bear it. Client-centered therapists have added a new turn of the screw — verbalize your agony — it keeps your mind off it — “Look ma, I feel as if I’m alive!”

When man, part of the stream of existence, first awakens, experiencing himself lying face down in the bottom of a canoe rushing backwards pell mell into who knows where, of course he’ll shout. What self-respecting consciousness would not? His shout is barely perceptible above the roaring rapids of time, but the effort almost capsizes him. He freezes. Lie low. Find out what’s going on. Time passes. Or man passes. Nothing changes. He lifts his head. Higher. Looks over the edge of the canoe. Game over for some. They never lift it again. Spend the rest of their lives getting their nourishment by licking drops of water sprayed into the bottom of the canoe.

Others figure what the hell and get up on their hands and knees, bassackwards into the abyss. They never see the humour of the situation. All commentary is directed toward a mile back up the river. “The grass used to be greener.” “The sky used to be bluer.” “Water’s wet.” “Etc.” They throw up a lot. The Freudians tell ’em they’re sick with the hopes that’ll make them feel better.

A few manage to shift around and sit down. The immensity of the rapids leaves them open-mouthed. They never speak again, Existentialists. Mouth moves, but no sound. Some have frozen grins. Misleading.

Others count. Fingers. Toes. Trees. Rocks. Stars. Thoughts. Add ’em up. Scientists. Keeps ’em busy.

Still others quit. Quit counting. On anything. Watch the show. Do their bit. Watch others. Laugh a lot. Cry a lot. Ecstasy. Agony. Noisy desperation.

Scientists, now mad, make plans. Try to pull together. Climb in others’ canoes. Tip. Gone. Not a word said. Failure. Destroy the evidence. Quiet desperation.

Artists — smile sometimes. Sometimes cry. It’s the least they can do. Also the most. Passion. Peace.

ALL IN SAME BOAT.

One of the greatest arts in the world is the effect one individual has on another.

Man the artist tries. Man the scientist evaluates the effort. Man the artists says, “How do I love thee!” Man the scientist adds “Let me count the ways” — and can get carried away with the counting.

The dilemma — how to influence without injury, how to touch without toying, penetrate without piercing, embrace without engulfing.

How, in this stream of existence, to position ourselves in relation to others so that we experience gravity at a distance. How to be satisfied with knowing rather than knowing how. How to keep from capsizing other canoes. How to interpret the results without fingering the evidence.

How to keep within touching distance without touching. How?