



SPRING '84

	Inside Covers
• It's Difficult	1
• What the CSPCC is all About	2-5
• Letters	6
• The Medical Consequences of Loneliness	7-10
• Reciprocal Sharing - The Essence of Life	11
• Perfect Dialogue	12
• Monologue Disguised as Dialogue	13-15
• Dear Dad	17
• Some Things You Can Do to Help	18-22
• How Can I Win if You Don't Lose?	23
• Psychopathy Begins at Home	24-28
• The Poverty of a Rich Society	

"We must be willing to face the hard reality that preventing child abuse and neglect is possible only when we are ready to attack its sources in the fabric of our society and culture, rather than merely provide social and medical services to its victims..."



The Journal of the Canadian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children

Volume 7

Issue 2

Spring 1984

It's Difficult

...Striving to live simply in a world which tells us differently is a challenge worth pursuing. It is difficult to turn down the enticements of owning more and more, even though the family budget is skyrocketing. It is difficult to turn down the lure of numerous involvements outside of the home when it means night after night of meetings, leaving the family behind. It is difficult to slow down the exciting pace of building a business or pursuing a career when it means little contact with your little people at home. Families require that turning down, that slowing down and the rewards are far more fulfilling than the quick pace spiral set by society...

Marie Luttrell
British Columbia Council
for the Family

The Canadian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children

- The basic premise of the CSPCC is that the worst of all possible cruelties is to inflict permanent emotional damage on another human being.
 - Given the evidence that such permanent emotional damage can be relatively easily inflicted during the very early years of life, our concern is with ignorance of, or indifference to, the emotional needs of very young children.
 - By permanent emotional damage we do not mean only the psychological illnesses of adults which are recognized as having their roots in early childhood. More importantly we mean the (as yet) less recognizable and measurable deficient capacities for trust, empathy and affection.
 - To prevent such permanent emotional damage, the CSPCC is working toward higher status for parenting, greater support for parents with young children, increased emphasis on trust, empathy, and affection in the adult world, and vastly improved preparation for parenthood.
 - By preparation for parenthood we mean that girls **and boys**, prior to the age when conception is a possibility, should appreciate:
 - the permanent emotional damage that can result if the emotional needs of a child are not met during infancy,
 - the amount of time and energy required to care for an infant empathically,
 - that remaining childless may be the most sensible option, given one's interests and priorities,
 - the wrong reasons for having children: proving one's masculinity or femininity, making or patching up a marriage or relationship, having a son and heir, having a weapon to use against the other parent, obtaining the love and affection they have been unable to get from the adult world, fulfilling a need to dominate and control,
 - the radical ways in which caring for an infant empathically alters the lives of the parents,
 - the hazards of poor nutrition, poor health, inadequate medical care, and substance abuse during pregnancy,
 - all about obstetrical practices which facilitate attachment, bonding and engrossment of babies, mothers and fathers,
 - the basic facts of infant development,
 - why babies who are not breastfed are disadvantaged,
 - the reasons why babies arriving too soon and too often make it more difficult to adequately meet their emotional needs.
- They should know the ways in which our appetite for consumer goods and services can become so insatiable by the time children are conceived, that satisfaction of consumer cravings and status and careerism based on these are easily rationalized as having a higher priority than nurturing one's children.**
- They should know the subtle and damaging ramifications of our tradition of arbitrary male dominance, and the reasons why it will continue to be difficult to adequately nurture children until males become aware of, and change their irrational ways of relating to women.**
- Increasing the number of members in the Society and the readership of the Journal are at present the principal means by which the CSPCC is working to unite those who share a concern for the importance of the Society's objectives.

CSPCC, BOX 700, 246 KING STREET, MIDLAND, ONTARIO, L4R 4P4
Annual Membership and Quarterly Journal \$10.00

THE JOURNAL OF THE CSPCC

Volume 7 Issue 2 Spring 1984

Editor: E.T. Barker, M.D., D. Psych., F.R.C.P. (C)
Layout and Composition: John Maxim
Graphics Consultant: Judi Wilson
Printing: Bayweb Limited, Elmvale and
Midland Printers Limited, Midland

The Journal, official publication of the Canadian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, is published four times a year (Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall) and is mailed without charge to all CSPCC members.

Journal subscriptions are available as part of Membership in the CSPCC.

Annual Associate Membership	\$10.00
Annual Supporting Membership	\$25.00
Annual Sustaining Membership	\$100.00
Annual Endowing Membership	\$250.00
Three Year Associate Membership	\$25.00

All Membership fees and donations are income tax deductible. Registration No. 0457960-09-13.

A bulk subscription rate of \$6.00 per volume (four issues) is available when five or more copies are sent to the same address.

Back copies of the Journal, when available, cost \$1.00 each.

The Editor welcomes letters, suggestions for content, articles, photos, drawings, etc. for consideration. Opinions expressed in the Journal are not necessarily those of the CSPCC or the Editor.

Copyright, Canadian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children 1984.

Requests for permission to reprint will be granted whenever possible.

ISSN 0705-6591. Second Class Mail registration No. 4947. Return postage guaranteed.

Subscription orders, undeliverable copies, and change of address notices should be sent to CSPCC, Box 700, 246 King Street, Midland, Ontario, L4R 4P4. (705) 526-5647.

The cover photo may be reproduced and used at any time as the symbol of the CSPCC for reporting matters related to the Society, provided the credit line "Courtesy Miller Services Ltd., Toronto" is included.

Indexed in the Canadian Periodical Index.

Special thanks to Louise Després Jones for the illustrations on pages 11, 16, 19, 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28.

Letters

A 'MODERATE' VIEW OF DAYCARE

Dear Sir/Madam:

While I appreciate your concern for child welfare, I disagree with your implications that daycare is harmful to children. (I, too, worry about the results of daycare for children under the age of two; however for many mothers it's the best option, and they need moral support, not more guilt feelings.)

However, I think that there are daycare centres which can enhance a toddler's life (age two to five) rather than doing him harm. Though they are probably few and far between, there are daycare centres in which children receive attention, affection, (and why does this always have to come from the parents?) trips to the firehall, library, etc. hot meals, naps, and outdoor play.

Daycare, in my opinion, is especially helpful for the only child. They learn a sense of structure, which, due to the small family, isn't always necessary at home, but which is helpful to the child. They also have interaction with other children. (I have seen two to five year old only children at nursery school who already have trouble interacting with other children, because they are used to adult company.)

I sincerely doubt that daycare is going to "make or break" a toddler who has been treated with affection, firmness and fairness at home. By age two such a child has enough of a sense of "self" to benefit from a good daycare. By the same token, being at home all day with a parent (especially an indifferent or resentful one) doesn't guarantee a happy, healthy child.

In a world of few absolutes, I believe daycare can't be generalized as right or wrong. It depends both on the child and the daycare. With daycare being so common among working parents, it would be relevant and useful to print articles which help parents choose a good daycare.

Respectfully
(Mrs.) Judy Gyska
Kirkland Lake, Ont.

IN REPLY

Dear Mrs. Gyska:

Thank you for your thoughtful letter on daycare. I think your views are shared by a great many people.

My view is that there is evidence that changing, paid, shared caretaking ar-

Letters

rangements for very young children put at risk the development of their capacities for trust, empathy, and affection — capacities essential for adults to form lasting, mutually satisfying, co-operative relationships. Unfortunately, it is hard to get an adequate measure of those important capacities until adulthood. And even then it is difficult.

But the underlying problem is that, just as is the case with the hazards of radiation, those who debate what level of exposure is “acceptable”, interpret the evidence according to their vested interests. For example company scientists say the risks are minimal and scientists representing Three-Mile Island residents argue the opposite. Infants and toddlers are unrepresented in the debate over the hazards of daycare.

If infants and toddlers had an equal say about who looked after them, how many would opt for changing, paid, shared caretakers? If infants and toddlers had an equal opportunity to gather evidence we would have a proliferation of studies supporting their vested interests. If infants and toddlers had an equal ability to lobby politicians there is no doubt that we would see not daycare subsidies but vigorous campaigns to raise the status of parenting to its proper place, extensive and intensive support systems for families with young children, and parenting education as thorough as that required for airline pilots. Funds spent in these ways would address the problems which create indifferent, resentful parents, rather than the symptoms.

Basically, we get what we want as parents because we are bigger and can force our vested interests on small people who have no individual or political clout. And as if that is not enough, we have the arrogance to rationalize our wishes as being in their best interest — or not a ‘make or break’ situation for them.

There are many mothers in a desperate situation. They have been the victims of arbitrary male dominance all their lives and it has affected them in subtle as well as obvious ways. Many are presently the victims of husbands who do not share equally the joys and hard work of child care, and oppress them in a thousand little and big ways. In addition, most mothers — and most of us — are the victims of a culture that first tricks us into believing that happiness can be found by consuming misnamed “goods and services” and then subsidizes costlier, inferior substitute child care arrangements so that parents can earn more money rather than empathically care for their own children.

Mothers find themselves in an extremely demanding job for which they have been given little meaningful preparation — a job which is usually carried on in isolation, for very long hours and often with no support, practical or moral. Given all these things, one can very well understand why such mothers are attracted to daycare.

Should the CSPCC, whose purpose is to speak up for the interests of CHILDREN, not point out the potential dangers of daycare? Should the Cancer Society have avoided causing guilt in those unfortunate smokers dying of lung cancer by never publishing evidence of the dangers of smoking?

The thrust of this organization is not directed at those parents who have been driven or led to place other priorities above the empathic care of their very young children. It is to the parents of tomorrow, so that when they choose to have children they will hopefully be more self-consciously aware of all those things listed on page one of every issue of this Journal, which, if known in the detailed way kids learn all about T.V. programs and pop music, baseball, hockey and football scores, cosmetics and clothing fashions — a more enlightened choice would be made. And why can't a society which can so effectively fill the minds of parenting age young people with all those trivia, find a way of teaching them things that will

“I want you to share with Mary because Mary needs to have some of that.”



And if you tell that to a three-year-old, that makes about as much sense as if you quoted to me some fantastic mathematical theoretical formula and I wouldn't have really any understanding of it.

Otto Weininger

"Research shows quite strongly that first-class people had someone who was absolutely nuts about them in the first three years of their lives, someone who loved them no matter what.

"There are maybe six people in the world who feel that way about a baby — his parents and his grandparents — and that's where he gets the roots of a solid self-confidence that will carry him forever. It's the whole ball of wax. It's not just values he learns from his parents in his first years — it's everything..."

Burton White

actually matter to them — to their children — and to everyone?

Asking the Canadian Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children to print articles which help parents choose a good daycare is like asking us to publish a users guide to street drugs. Those mothers that feel guilt about their priorities should assuage their guilt by subscribing to "Working Mother" (as if those mothers working for dollars are the only ones that work). It's slick, glossy, well laid out, heavily supported by consumer ads and full of rationalized nonsense like "quality time" and the need for very young children to be taught to share.

I have spent eighteen years as a forensic psychiatrist working with psychopaths — those unfortunate hollow men who, in varying degrees, are permanently deficient in their capacities for trust, for empathy, and for affection. Each new time I listen to yet another bland recounting of the sickening details of another psychopathic killing, I find myself asking the same questions — why weren't this man's emotional needs met during the earliest crucial few years when it mattered most? When will the killing of an infant's capacities for trust, empathy, and affection become as much of a concern to society as today's sensational murderer?

I find it very hard to have a 'moderate' view on the matter of part time orphanages for very young children. My apologies for dumping my feelings on you — especially you — who have taken the trouble to join this organization and to write your concerns about children's welfare. We both want the best for kids — it's just that our past experience leads us to believe in different ways of achieving it.

Sincerely,
Elliott Barker

What I really feel is that when provision is made at all for young families, it tends to be in ways which seem to be designed to help mothers out of mothering rather than to help them with it or within it. In other words, the most money and the most time and the most publicity is expended on schemes for providing workplace nurseries or creches or this or that or the other ways in which a mother may legitimately leave her baby. If a comparable amount of effort were spent on finding ways of helping her enjoy the job she's doing with that baby, I think we might see a very different picture of demand.

Penelope Leach

Letters

THE GOLDEN RULE OF DAY CARE

He who has the gold makes the rules

Dear Sir:

Most people — children, parents, day care workers, and other professionals, would rather see infants and children reared at home than at some substitute centre. People who run such centres are not doing it because they think they have found a better way of raising children...

Because the cost of living is rising every day, parents have to work and so do day care people and other professionals. This river of work makes us all see ourselves in terms of the jobs we do for money. Having money allows us to do things — collect, ski, fly, dance, and savour the delights of good living. However, being able to do these things is neither necessary nor sufficient for being caring and sharing parents of young children.

Children are people too, and because they are smaller doesn't give us licence to pat them on the head, box their ears, pull their hair, or spank them — just because we think it will be good for them or for us. We certainly wouldn't do this with an unconsenting adult; so why do we do these things to unconsenting children? It is high time we took a long look at our principles of child rearing, and at our principles for doing unto little people what we would have done unto ourselves. This should be our golden rule.

Sincerely
J. Bishop, Professor
Dept. of Educational Psychology
Edmonton, Alberta

A FULL TIME JOB

Dear CSPCC:

I applaud your Journal and your work! I am a stay-at-home mother and it is so good to realize I am not vegetating or wasting my time. You and La Leche League help me do the best job I can with my four sons. You put words to what I know in my heart. As I gaze at the messy house and piles of laundry and ask myself what I did today I can honestly say, "I helped to raise a human being!"

Thank you!

Sincerely,
Jane Fox
Gloucester, Ontario

MOST VALUABLE COURSES

Dear Dr. Barker:

Since you have published some of Michael Trout's excellent work in previous Journals (Autumn '80, Winter '83) it occurred to me that Journal readers might be interested to know that he is giving courses here at the Centre for the Study of Infants and Their Families. Apart from a one year course for clinicians with a basic training in psychology, psychiatry, family practise, social work, or psychiatric nursing, there are intensive four-day introductory courses in theoretical and clinical issues, and treatment of families with disordered relationships with their babies. These courses are being offered not only here in Michigan but in various other states and in the Province of Ontario. For detailed information interested persons should write to the Centre for the Study of Infants and Their Families, 503 North State Street, Alma, Michigan, 48801, U.S.A.

As founding Editor of the Infant Mental Health Journal I want to tell you just how much I appreciate receiving your Journal.

Sincerely
Jack M. Stack, M.D.
Alma, Michigan

The Medical Consequences of Loneliness...

New York Times Book Review

by Christopher Lehmann-Haupt

The thesis of James J. Lynch's "The Broken Heart: The Medical Consequences of Loneliness" is so simple and obvious that one would hardly think it worth an entire book. There are physical consequences to emotional states? The most serious of them is what the loss of a loved one does to the heart? Why, we already knew as much, if only from that famous "Life Change Index Scale" compiled by Dr. L.T. Holmes and Dr. Richard Rahe, at the top of which was the loss of a spouse or close family member through death, divorce or separation.

On the other hand, if you stop to consider for a moment what Professor Lynch is saying, you realize that a book is scarcely adequate to explore all the implications of the thesis. How do you go about measuring the effect of companionship on human health? Is it even possible to do so, or is the thesis ipso facto antithetical to all methods of objective inquiry? And if it is true that loneliness breaks hearts, what does it mean for the future of our society, where companionship — or the forms of it embodied in the institution of the family — is increasingly breaking down? (Obviously, in raising these questions I am anticipating the author's game plan.)

A psychology professor and a specialist in psychosomatic disease at the University of Maryland's medical school, Professor Lynch proceeds very deliberately in dissecting the broken heart. He begins with statistics — citing study upon study that has indicated that single people are more likely to die of heart disease than the married; that the state of Nevada, where singles swing, has a high rate of death from major cardiovascular diseases, while next-door Utah, where Mormons maintain stable lives and "family ties remain strong", is quite the opposite, and that children from broken homes are eventually more vulnerable to heart ailments than those from secure backgrounds.

The Human Touch

From statistics, which suggest only correlations, the Professor moves on to "lessons from the clinic". Here he describes random observations of the direct effect of human propinquity on cardiovascular function: case upon case in which the electrocardiograms of the ill could be seen to "flatten out" in response to someone's touch. And to bridge the gap between statistics and the clinic, Professor Lynch proceeds to the laboratory, where it has been observed that "in general, social interactions with man can have noticeable, and at times profound, effects on the cardiac systems of animals."

It is all very suggestive, but highly in-

conclusive from a scientific point of view, which Professor Lynch is the first to admit. Moreover, he recognizes the underlying paradox in what he is trying to do — namely, demonstrate by objective inquiry that objective inquiry may not be the answer to the question of what ails the human heart.

Still, you have to be extremely devoted to the scientific method not to be impressed by his conclusions. And if you are such a devotee you will have to withstand Professor Lynch's assault on that method in his concluding section, where he calls for a "medicine beyond science" and asks the question, "What can be done to help alleviate the spread of loneliness-induced disease in our society?"

I was particularly struck, in this section, by Professor Lynch's attack on the prevailing American attitude that people only have the right to love from strength, so to speak, and that to love out of a sense of need and dependency is somehow shameful and inadmissible. Throughout his book I had been dreading the inevitable moment when the author would lecture us on the need for togetherness, an admonition I was prepared to counter with the observation that we already spend far too much time practicing artificial modes of sociability, such as group encounters, sensitivity training, "T" groups, Roling and the like.

A Modest Proposal

But Professor Lynch takes the surprising position that such activities are part of the problem, not the solution. We indulge in them because we are losing the institutions, such as the church and the extended family, that once satisfied our needs for companionship. We cannot simply admit that we are lonely: "We live in a society in which King Loneliness has no clothing, yet, because everyone believes he is the only one who feels lonely, we tell ourselves that loneliness must be a mirage." So we congregate in search of sex and sensitivity, and deny what is actually troubling us.

Of course, it is just possible that Professor Lynch is too late. At a time when the two-parent family may soon become the exception rather than the rule, it does seem a bit quixotic of him to be worrying about the integrity of the family and even going so far as to imply that living together unmarried or having extramarital affairs may be bad for our health. Well, if Professor Lynch is right that aloneness is a killer but it is too late to do anything about it, I suppose we can trust in natural selection to work things out. Perhaps in the long run the lonely will die out, the companionable will prosper, and society will be healthy once again. Let's call that a modest proposal.

Copyright © 1977 by the New York Times Company. Reprinted by Permission.

Life and the Dialogue

We cannot raise children with surrogate (lifeless) parents, or satisfy each other as adults with material substitutes for dialogue. Toys and teddy bears, blue blankets and rotary wheels, television and tape recorders, these can never be adequate substitutes for the dialogue that we need. When a child "goos" or smiles, it is vitally important that someone else — someone alive — say "ga" or smile back. Someone must respond. These responses cannot be programmed. Since no one can predict when a child will "goo" or smile, someone simply has to be there, ready to respond appropriately. Someone has to care.

It seemed all so familiar, and yet my feelings were so different. On the evening of a late winter's day in 1976, a 75-year-old man lay in bed in an intensive care unit with his wife standing quietly beside him, gently stroking his hand while the flash of each heartbeat on the nurses' central monitoring station traced out the fact that he had had a severe heart attack earlier that morning. His electrocardiogram was markedly abnormal; runs of arrhythmic heartbeats caused the warning red light to flash brightly but ominously on the monitor, while intravenous needles dripped fluid into both his arms in a frantic effort to stave off the inevitable. For several hours before his life ended my father knew he was going to die, and he had only one simple request — that his wife of almost 48 years, my mother, stay by his side.

The pain from a heart that sorely ached from lack of oxygen made it difficult for him to speak, but between them words were not necessary. She gently stroked his hand for hours as his body temperature slowly dropped, until late in the evening he died peacefully, ending a lifetime of exquisite dialogue. The grief etched in my mother's face was the price of a commitment that knew no limits.

The next time I entered a hospital room I was back at work at our University Medical School. The very first patient I saw was my coronary care nursing research assistant, who was sitting up in bed, tenderly holding her one-day old son, her first child. She too was gently stroking a human being on the arm; he too could not speak and between them words were equally unnecessary. The joy, pride, and peace that caused her to sparkle marked the beginning of a life of dialogue that also would know no limits.

Within a brief period I had come full circle, first witnessing the death of a person loved deeply, then witnessing life renewed. Common to both was human love, and in both cases its expression did not need spoken words. The essence of both of these encounters was dialogue, nonverbal dialogue — communication between those who are alive and in love.

Staring at the lifeless body of my father in that hospital bed, I knew what had been lost. No longer could we verbally communicate with each other; our physical dialogue had come to an end. Between the mother and child it was also clear what had been born — a dialogue of love between two living persons.

This article is excerpted from Chapter 9 of the book "The Broken Heart - The Medical Consequences of Loneliness" by James J. Lynch. Copyright © 1977 by Basic Books, Inc., Publishers. Reprinted by permission of the publisher. Special thanks to Dr. J.J. Curtin for drawing this book to the attention of the editor.

Dialogue is the essential element of every social interaction, it is the elixir of life.

This book has ranged over a large number of social situations that influence the heart. From the quiet comforting of a dying person to the cuddling of an infant — in our earliest years, in adulthood, whether single, widowed, divorced, or married, whether neurotic, schizophrenic, or normal, whether human or animal — one factor unites all of us, and that is dialogue. Dialogue is the essential element of every social interaction, it is the elixir of life. The wasting away of children, the broken hearts of adults, the proportionately higher death rates of single, widowed, and divorced individuals — common to all these situations, I believe, is a breakdown in dialogue. The elixir of life somehow dries up, and without it people begin to wither away and die. Those who lack the dialogue early in life can perish quickly, while those who lose it as children, adolescents, or adults feel acutely what they have lost and struggle to get it back.

However, identifying dialogue as an elixir that sustains our lives creates its own special problems, not the least of which is defining just what this process is. In addition, the labeling of dialogue as the common denominator of all human interactions reminds us how many issues raised in this book still remain unsettled.

Recall the research of Dr. Harry Harlow, described in an earlier chapter. In much the same way that children were once treated in orphanages, hospitals and foundling homes, he separated infant monkeys from their mothers at birth, raised them in social isolation, but carefully tended to every physical need except their need for other living creatures. And yet, in spite of the physical care, they became profoundly

disturbed; they cried, they fought, and they eventually became severely depressed. They spent a good deal of their infancy clinging to soft terry-cloth surrogate mothers, as if they were hanging on for dear life. Witnessing the destruction of these motherless monkeys, Dr. Harlow began to speak and write about the biological need for love in infant monkeys, an idea that did not endear him to a certain U.S. congressional committee, which demanded to know what type of ridiculous nonsense was being studied at the University of Wisconsin under the aegis of federally financed research grants.*

Dr. Rene Spitz,† who had spent a lifetime trying to improve the care of children wasting away from lack of human contact in foundling homes, immediately saw the importance of this work and how it related to his own clinical observations. He suggested that what had disturbed these infant monkeys was not specifically the lack of love, as Dr. Harlow had suggested, but rather the lack of something he called "dialogue". Surrogate mothers, whether wire or terry cloth, could not react or respond to the infant monkeys. When the infant cried there was no response from the surrogate; when the infant clung, the surrogate did not cling back; the black lifeless, buttonhole eyes of the surrogate mother never changed, never responded, and so the infant monkeys were trapped in an overwhelming isolation that ultimately destroyed them.

The distinction between love and dialogue that emerged from these studies is one that is crucial to this book. For it was clear to Spitz that what destroyed the health of Harlow's infant monkeys was not

Our health and our lives depend on dialogue in general and not exclusively on a dialogue of love.

*Darwin notwithstanding, a great deal of residual resistance still obviously existed in the halls of Congress toward the idea that animals have emotions similar to humans.

†The title of this chapter was first used by Dr. Spitz in an article published in 1963 in which he examined the implications of Dr. Harlow's research and his own clinical observations.

No material substitute — no simple thing — can fill the human need for dialogue.

solely the lack of love, but rather the total lack of *any* response, not just from mothers but from *any* living creature. While one type of response from a living monkey mother might have been love, other types of responses would also have occurred. Joy, pleasure, displeasure, irritation, fatigue, anger — live mothers (animal or human) have a wide range, perhaps even an infinite variety of responses, and these are all part of the dialogue.

The title of this chapter was meant to emphasize the belief that our health and our lives depend on a dialogue in general and not exclusively on a dialogue of love. An individual may lack a dialogue of love and still remain relatively healthy as long as other forms of human dialogue are maintained and the individual does not become socially isolated.* What emerges from all the clinical cases and statistics described in this book is a picture of dialogue as a continuum that stretches from total social isolation at one extreme to a life totally saturated with love at the other. In between are an infinite variety of dialogues that vary in quantity, quality, intensity, and duration, all linked to our physical health in a fashion that ranges from the least to the most conducive.

In its most general meaning, dialogue consists of reciprocal communication between two or more living creatures. It involves the sharing of thoughts, physical sensations, ideas, ideals, hopes, and feelings. In sum, dialogue involves the reciprocal sharing of any and all life experiences.

As a definition, the idea of reciprocal sharing, responding to or communicating with other living creatures, sounds innocent enough. But as already suggested in

Chapter 7, the process ultimately goes beyond anything that can be measured with scientific instruments. In fact, descriptions of this process can be traced all the way back to ancient Greek philosophy.

The notion that loneliness involves the lack of dialogue did not originate in the work of Rene Spitz or Harry Harlow. The very word was first used by Plato in the *Dialogues*, written records of the conversations of his teacher Socrates. Nor was the word *dialogos* chosen by Plato at random; instead, it was the core idea of a philosophy that helped shape Western civilization. Bertrand Russell noted that from the very beginning the Greeks' *logos* was a bridge linking philosophic discourse (the word) and scientific inquiry (the measure). Plato's *logos* was a given, a necessary prerequisite for orderly philosophic and scientific discourse.

It is important to add that while Plato recognized that loneliness was the end result of the lack of dialogue, he added an important dimension to the concept. He proposed that real dialogue was a *process* and not a *thing*. In a sense the same point was exacted in a painful way from Harlow's motherless monkeys — a material mother substitute destroyed their health. The profoundly depressed children that Spitz watched withering away and dying were also tragic examples of the same principle: physical care, material care, was not sufficient to keep them alive. The broken hearts of the bereaved and the terrible agony of loneliness, as well as the mortality data that fill this book, give ample testimony to this same point. No material substitute — no simple *thing* — can fill the human need for dialogue.

Other characteristics of the process of

Material substitutes like cars and diamonds are in the end only surrogates that cannot sustain us.

*In what would perhaps be an extreme extension of this position, I would go so far as to suggest that married couples who live together in "bonds of hatred" may be physically healthier than those who live together like surrogate monkeys, without any dialogue. The total lack of dialogue between a couple "living together" may be the ultimate form of hatred.

Knowledge about dialogue is, by itself, no guarantee that a person will be able to communicate with others or help them out of their loneliness. Indeed, knowledge about dialogue may even keep people at a distance.

dialogue are that it is reciprocal, spontaneous, often nonverbal, *and* alive. These characteristics explain why dialogue cannot be packaged, codified, or described by a neat set of rules, laws, or classifications. If, for example, you accept the proposition that dialogue is a spontaneous process, something that is continually changing so that it cannot be fixed in time or predicted, then it becomes apparent that dialogue could never be "captured" in a microscope or quantified on a scale, for that would destroy its spontaneity. Trying to objectify dialogue in order to examine it would destroy the process.

These characteristics of dialogue also explain why we cannot raise children with surrogate (lifeless) parents, or satisfy each other as adults with material substitutes for dialogue. Toys and teddy bears, blue blankets and rotary wheels, television and tape recorders, these can never be adequate substitutes for the dialogue that we need. When a child "goos" or smiles, it is vitally important that someone else — someone alive — say "ga" or smile back. *Someone must respond.* These responses cannot be programmed. Since no one can predict when a child will "goo" or smile, someone simply has to be there, ready to respond appropriately. Someone has to care.

The Bell System notwithstanding, even devices such as the telephone will never quite be "the next best thing to being there", because most of the dialogue of life is nonverbal. Since the process is not exclusively in you or in the other person, but rather between people as a reciprocal,

spontaneous, and mutually flowing process, deviousness, fraud, or artificiality will only cause static that will disrupt dialogue. While we are alive, therefore, what we have to give to each other is at one and the same time the simplest yet most sublime gift — ourselves. Material substitutes like cars and diamonds are in the end only surrogates that cannot sustain us. Even objective knowledge by itself is a lifeless surrogate that only has meaning in human dialogue.

As already emphasized there are no specific potions or magical formulas that can help an individual achieve dialogue with other people, any more than there are serums that will create love. Dialogues such as love are processes that move beyond and outside the realm of science. Knowledge about dialogue is, by itself, no guarantee that a person will be able to communicate with others or help them out of their loneliness. Indeed, knowledge about dialogue may even keep people at a distance. What often are sold in our society as guidelines for communication — rules on how you should engage your friends, how you should act toward your lover, or how you should speak to your child — seem to be the very way to disrupt dialogue. Many of the cookbook-objective rules instructing people on how to communicate with one another only seem to serve to keep people all the more isolated and lonely. The child at the mother's breast contains all the elements of perfect dialogue, and neither the mother nor the child have to work to achieve this reciprocal relationship...■

What often are sold in our society as guidelines for communication — rules on how you should engage your friends, how you should act toward your lover, or how you should speak to your child — seem to be the very way to disrupt dialogue.

Perfect Dialogue...



The child at the mother's breast contains all the elements of perfect dialogue, and neither the mother nor the child have to work to achieve this reciprocal relationship.

MONOLOGUE

disguised as

DIALOGUE

There is genuine dialogue — no matter whether spoken or silent — where each of the participants really has in mind the other or others in their present and particular being and turns to them with the intention of establishing a living mutual relation between himself and them.

And there is monologue disguised as dialogue, in which two or more men, meeting in space, speak each with himself in strangely tortuous and circuitous ways and yet imagine they have escaped the torment of being thrown back on their own resources.

A DEBATE

in which the thoughts are not expressed in the way in which they existed in the mind but in the speaking are so pointed that they may strike home in the sharpest way, and moreover without the men that are spoken to being regarded in any way present as persons.

A CONVERSATION

characterized by the need neither to communicate something, nor to learn something, nor to influence someone, nor to come into connexion with someone, but solely by the desire to have one's own self-reliance confirmed by marking the impression that is made, or if it has become unsteady to have it strengthened.

A FRIENDLY CHAT

in which each regards himself as absolute and legitimate and the other as relativized and questionable.

A LOVERS' TALK

in which both partners alike enjoy their own glorious soul and their precious experience.

- what an underworld of faceless spectres of dialogue!

Excerpted from the book "Between Man and Man" by Martin Buber. The work of Martin Buber is recognized as amongst the most important and creative of our time. His influence on such diverse fields of study as psychiatry, philosophy, education and sociology is immense. Martin Buber was born in Vienna in 1878. In 1923 he became a Professor of Philosophy of Religion at the University of Frankfurt. That same year he published his great theological study "I and Thou". From 1938 until his death in 1965 Buber lived in Israel, a world famous figure, whose contribution to the history and philosophy of religion is unsurpassed in this century.

Letters

Dear Dad,

Sitting on my desk is a membership form for "THE CANADIAN SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN". There is a message on its cover by Erik H. Erikson "Some day, maybe there will exist a well considered and yet fervent public conviction that the most deadly of all possible sins is the mutilation of a child's spirit..."

The society is not new, although I have just recently heard of it. It was started by Dr. Elliott Barker, a forensic psychiatrist and a pioneer in the prevention of cruelty to children. Dr. Barker does a great deal of his work with male prisoners who have often been diagnosed as criminally insane. One common experience that all these men shared in their backgrounds was violence, the violence that was inflicted on them time after time by someone bigger, stronger and more powerful than themselves.

I am sure as you read this, Dad, you are already feeling impatient, wondering why I am writing a letter to you with this as the subject. A society for the prevention of cruelty to children is of no interest to you. I know you dislike causes and you dislike me for the way, you think, I have of involving myself in and expounding on disturbing subjects. The Canadian Society For The Prevention Of Cruelty To Children is for you, just another disturbing subject to dismiss, but for me it is vital. I was an abused child and you abused me.

How shocked and disturbed you would have been if I had brought the subject up this past summer as we sat sharing a bottle of wine in the cabin of your comfortable boat. I have never been able to confront you with the brutal memories I have of being beaten up by you.

I know all about the Charles Dickens childhood you experienced and your unquestionable heroism during the war and I know you had part of your brain blown out of your head on Christmas Day 1943. Obviously, a lonely and deprived childhood, a childhood that the British are to this day masters at creating and the fact that you were a wounded hero excused you or gave you a license to beat up small children. All in the name of discipline, of course. I know so much about you but you know so little about me.

The physical abuse finally stopped. In fact I remember the last time. It was a Saturday, I was well on the way to recovering from a sore throat and was at loose ends, wanting something to do. You were in

the kitchen, fastidiously pressing the trousers of each suit you had worn the previous week. I asked you if I could go outside? You said no, since I was too sick to go to school on Friday I was not allowed to go outside on Saturday. A little later when I was in another part of the house with Mummy she suggested I put a coat on and go outside for a while. I jumped at the chance, never thinking for a moment that I was heading for a beating so severe that I would remember it clearly 24 years later.

I took my wagon, called on my friend Gail and off we went to take our favourite joy ride from the top of Birch Hill at the foot of Sparrow Mountain right down to the Ocean Park ferry docks. You met us as we were making our way back up the hill. I remember now you pulled the car over and got out. I smiled at you thinking you had stopped to greet us. But the fury on your face said otherwise. Grabbing the wagon handle from my hand you opened the trunk of the car and literally threw the wagon into its cavern. I remember how amazed I was that you would throw this large object into your beloved car with such force. There was a possibility of scratching the paint and your possessions have always been so sacred to you. The next object to be heaved into the car with equal force was me. I heard Gail saying "can I have a ride too?" Little, fat, secure Gail standing there as I sat terrified in the back seat of your car. After arriving home the wagon was heaved through the basement door and you grabbed my arm and dragged me out of the car along the garage floor and into the basement. I had on a pair of very thick rubber soled shoes which came off my feet during this dragging process. You picked one of them up and stood over me and bellowed at me to remove my clothes — all my clothes — and to bend over one of your saw horses. You beat me with that shoe until I was black and blue and then you left me lying on the cold basement floor shaking with sobs, physical pain, and fear. The most dreadful fear. I found it difficult to walk but I got myself to our neighbour's house. The look of horror on her face as she inspected the welts and bruises on my body, the fury in her voice as she questioned me, this was my first inkling that these seemingly endless beatings were wrong, that I wasn't too hopelessly bad after all. The expression of her anger to Mummy gave my mother the opportunity to threaten you with the law, which was your final deterrent. After that all you could vilify me with was your tongue. For me, one of

the most destructive aspects of your abuse, is that I have chosen to remember most of your violent attacks on my person just as you have chosen to forget them.

Strange, because you haven't chosen to forget your war experiences. Do you remember how often you have told and retold me about your initial advantage over the young, pitifully immature Canadian soldiers, who unlike you, had not had the harrowing experience of fending for themselves since the age of eight? What it was like to live in constant discomfort, eating foul food, sleeping in cold damp ditches with loneliness and fear as bed companions. What it was like to be faced with death 24 hours a day, witnessing endless blood and guts. Describing to me what it was like to bayonet a man, feeling the force of the spear penetrate his soft body and at the same time witnessing the terror in his eyes. Then, robbing his blood-soaked body of any valuable possessions. Most importantly, what it was to be so savagely wounded at the moment of victory. Although you choose not to believe it, I have read your citation, I know the story of how you led your men to safety through an exploding mine field, how you took the town of Roseto.

I saw the torment on your face as your wounded body was carried on a stretcher across my television screen, while I sat in my living room watching a CBC war documentary.

Do you remember what you used to say to me if I tried to talk to you about myself? That I was selfish and self centered? Do you remember telling me how ugly I was, how stupid I was, doomed only for failure? That my very presence on the scene threatened the breakup of your marriage? Maybe I was the instigating factor; after all, my birth coincided with your mistress' appearance on the scene. I will never forget your telling me that if your marriage to my mother came to an end I was responsible. Responsibility. I think Peter Ustinov has a slightly better understanding of the word responsibility than you do. The following quote is from his preface to *Justice and Troubled Children around the world*:

"Children are the only constant result of human ecstasy. As a consequence, they should be the only constant beneficiaries of adult responsibility. Alas, they are not."

I have had to fight very hard to prevent your destructive tactics from penetrating my soul. It is, after all, your superior ability as a salesman that has afforded you such success in life. Even as a small child I was well aware of the dichotomy in your personality. What THEY saw on the outside, your good looks, good taste, your geniality, heartiness and sociability. What I saw on

the inside, your frustration with your family, your fierce and unpredictable temper, your inhospitality, unapproachability and your unmistakable dislike for your fellow human beings. I remember well the day that you so expertly demonstrated this dichotomy to me: You were standing at the foot of the stairwell in our house, I, quite innocently came bouncing down the stairs, as eight years olds so often do. I unfortunately allowed my hand to follow my descent on the wall beside me, instead of sliding it along the bannister. Did I leave a sticky handprint? The evidence or lack of it was not important, my punishment was already waiting for me. As I reached the bottom step you clenched your fist and struck the side of my face with such force, that it knocked me off my feet and sent me sprawling along the floor. My tears were uncontrollable, as was the rush of hot urine which ran down the inside of my leg. Unaware of my shame, humiliation and torment, you insisted that I get up and accompany you on an errand to the hardware store. I sat beside you on the front seat of your car, petrified that my, by now, cold, wet pants would leave a stain giving you fresh incentive for more abuse. Instead, arriving at our destination, the bruised side of my face beginning to swell I watched you turn from a battering father into a genial customer, joking and chatting your way through a purchase of lumber. My heart truly ached.

I am now 34 years old, you are 70. We have seen more of each other in the past two years than we have over the preceding fourteen. This, you apparently feel, entitles you the privilege of voicing your critical opinions on the way in which I am currently living my life. That I should experience even a fraction of success seems unacceptable to you. When I bring up subjects that interest me you look at me with a quizzical and unbelieving expression on your face.

Has your disapproving attitude toward me got anything to do with your fear that I might say "Do you remember the time when I was about 6 or 7 and I came home with mud on my black patent leather shoes?" Do you remember ordering me upstairs to the bedroom I shared with my brother and once again instructing me to remove my clothes in preparation for another ritualistic beating? Do you remember me cowering on the floor pleading "Please don't hit me, Daddy, please don't, I am sorry, I won't get mud on my shoes again!" Your answer was a firm "Of course I will beat you." Which you did. I remember that later when my sobs were still reverberating through my body you repeated to me that I had pleaded with you not to beat me. It intrigued you somehow. Am I to believe that you experienced some kind of thrill from beating

up a little girl, possibly, floating around in an orgiastic haze for several hours afterwards?

I can go on and on accusing you of cruel and unjust behavior. Not only did I suffer the physical pain of abuse, I also suffered an emotional and psychological agony for my brother to whom you were equally as cruel. I remember the cold and grey Saturday in February when you had taken my brother and me down to the yacht club to help you work on your boat. You were busy with a particular chore inside the cabin and my brother and I were involved in some task on the dock alongside. I accidentally tripped over a cleat and fell into the cold, murky water. My life jacket kept my head well above water which enabled me to let out a lusty cry for help. My brother was in the process of pulling me out as you came charging out of the boat and on to the dock. After hauling me out of the water you pushed my brother on board the boat and with a forceful kick you sent him flying into the forward cabin. Before he had even the slightest chance to struggle to his feet you were beating him black and blue. I stood shivering in a little puddle of water looking on in disbelief and horror. Why were you doing that to my innocent brother? I can remember, on another occasion, you beating him practically to a comatose state because he broke a geranium, when in fact, he had not broken the flower at all, our dog had done it. I witnessed many of these and I am still witnessing my brother's confusion, but more than anything his rage.

I am thankfully aware that you did not break my bones, that you did not blind me, that you did not burn me leaving telltale scars as permanent reminders. But you did try to annihilate me, which is something that I have to contend with to this day.

Your destructive force that governed my life year after year set a pattern. When you, the instigator of that evil force eventually departed and became less prominent in my life I continued to put myself into negative situations, or soul destroying and hurtful relationships in order to perpetuate your pattern. Changing these self-destructive habits or patterns is very difficult, due to their psychological nature, I often do not recognize them in myself. Furthermore, the

debilitating and destructive effect that your abuse of me had upon my ability to concentrate or give my absolute attention to any constructive, outside stimulation, whether it was school work, recreation or the learning of skills, resulted in repeated failure. I was battered for my good intentions as well as for my, so called, bad intentions. Just like the time that our boat was tied up at a public dock and our dog was on his leash and securely tied to the side of the wharf. Someone unleashed him and he immediately became involved in a dog fight — none of which I witnessed. I only became aware of the catastrophe when I found myself being dragged out of the forward cabin and onto the dock where you beat me until your fury abated. But on that particular occasion there were witnesses and they were so horrified that you found it impossible to endure their disapproval. You had no choice but to untie the boat and move on to a less conspicuous harbour.

There was never any consistency in the provocation. In other words, there was never any consistent reaction or behaviour from me that determined a consistent reaction or battering from you. I never knew when the next incident of abuse was to take place. For this reason I was unable to focus on anything in my life other than my fear of your next beating. The world of reading, writing, and arithmetic passed me by in a blur of perpetual anxiety. The world of sports, games, laughter, conversation, listening and being listened to was only for other children, successful children. The children who were enthusiastic and fascinated rather than terrified, the children with the advantage, the children with the vital ingredient to success, the ability to concentrate.

Although it has taken me so many years I have finally decided to fight back. You refuse to acknowledge me in a constructive way. You refuse to acknowledge my children, your grandchildren, but you still feel that it is somehow my duty to keep in touch and to greet you with open arms as any loving daughter would. Not anymore. This letter to you is my way of saying I am more important to me than you are.

Goodbye, Dad
Your Daughter

The Author of this piece is a successful full time mother and wife with a wide variety of interests, one of which is writing. Because of the very personal nature of this article, the author's name has been withheld. However, with her own experience as proof she feels it very important that with effort and determination it is possible for victims of abuse to triumph over their experiences and most importantly, they can prevent abusive tactics from being passed on from generation to generation. Editor's Note: Some specific names and dates have been changed in the interests of anonymity.



NONE OF US CAN AFFORD THE LUXURY OF BEING UPSET ABOUT CHILD ABUSE AND
DOING NOTHING TO PREVENT IT

SOME THINGS YOU CAN DO TO HELP

1. Become Better Informed about PREVENTION:

- **Read important books:** For example, "Who Cares" by Penelope Leach, "Every Child's Birthright" by Selma Fraiberg, "A Baby in the Family" by James and Joyce Robertson, "The First Three Years of Life" by Burton L. White.
- **Preview the best films:** For example, "We Were Just Too Young", "John", "Emotional Development: Aggression", "Rock-a-bye Baby", "Amazing Newborn", "Victims", "Child's Play", "Child Abuse - Cradle of Violence", "A Chain to be Broken", "Newborn - Birthright".

2. Learn what already exists in your community to PREVENT child abuse:

- What parenting education is given in your schools?
- Is there a Family Planning Centre or Clinic in your community?
- What proportion of parents of all births in your community have been offered pre-natal classes?
- What birthing practices are followed in your hospital?
- Is there a La Leche League Leader or Group in your community to provide breast feeding information?
- Is there a Childbirth Education Association in your community?
- Are there Parent & Child Groups (See CSPCC Journal Sept. 82) available within walking distance of all pre-school children?
- What parenting materials — books and films does your public library have?

3. Volunteer your Services:

Ask if there are things that you can do as a volunteer to help your Public Health Nurses or Children's Aid Society with their Child Abuse Prevention programs. For example: distributing literature to doctors' offices, visiting shut-in mothers.

4. Some Activities:

- Let your School Board know you support parenting education programs.
- Distribute books and literature to expecting parents.
- Organize the showing of some of the important films (above) in your community or on your cable T.V. or make them available to teachers who might like to use them.
- Initiate the development of Family Planning Information Centres, Pre-natal classes, and Parent and Child groups in your community if they do not exist.

5. Support the CSPCC:

- Let the secondary school teachers in your area who are responsible for parenting education know about the CSPCC Journal, Student Reprints and Films available from the CSPCC.
- Distribute the information pamphlet "About the CSPCC" in your community.
- Let your local television station know you appreciate their use of the CSPCC Public Service Announcement.
- Make the CSPCC-Rotary video tape "The Greatest Cruelty" available to your secondary school or public service groups.
- Organize fundraising activities on behalf of the CSPCC.

6. In General:

- Support activities that enhance Trust and Affection amongst adults.
- Speak up for the empathic care of infants whenever the opportunity arises: with friends, at meetings, on committees, at coffee break — wherever it's appropriate. You won't be believed, and others will carry the day, win the argument, pass the motion, make you feel old fashioned and out of it, but speak your mind — and heart — anyway: quietly, even haltingly and uncertainly on behalf of those who can't speak for themselves.

How can I win if you don't lose?

Games where the winner doesn't take all

by Judith Knelman

It's commonly believed that so-called zero-sum games like Monopoly, poker and bridge, in which what one player wins represents the loss to his opponents, are an imitation of life. Success means someone else's failure, a feast someone else's famine. Survival of the fittest means it's you or the other guy: to keep on top of the competition, you have to deprive others of what you all want.

Anatol Rapoport, professor emeritus at U of T, director of the Institute for Advanced Studies in Vienna until December and now back here to do research and teaching in peace studies at University College, returned to Toronto each summer to teach a course in social psychology that demonstrates, among other things, the folly of this notion. In 1970 he came to the University on a dual appointment in mathematics and psychology, and now he combines the two approaches in a statistical analysis of how people tend to resolve conflict.

By means of a program of strategy he has worked out for a simple game called the Prisoner's Dilemma, which looks something like tick-tack-toe and takes even less time to play, he is able to show that life is not a zero-sum game at all. Not only is it not necessary for the winner to take all: it is impossible. The winner does best by sharing and never attempting to put one over on the opponent. To win, you quietly follow the other person's lead, never trying to outmanoeuvre him except in immediate retaliation.

Life, says Rapoport, is a mixed motive game in which the interests of people partly coincide and partly conflict. To get what they want, they have to co-operate. They must trust each other consistently and be prepared to share the rewards available.

The game, which was discovered and circulated in the early 1950s, has aroused a tremendous amount of interest in academic circles, he says, because it demonstrates an important moral lesson: that the meek shall inherit the earth. When it is played in a situation that simulates society or evolution — a tournament environment wherein every player uses his own peculiar strategy consistently against every other player and then against himself — those who co-operate do much better than those who try to trick their opponents.

...he is able to show that life is not a zero-sum game at all.

Life, says Rapoport, is a mixed motive game in which the interests of people partly coincide and partly conflict. To get what they want, they have to co-operate. They must trust each other consistently and be prepared to share the rewards available.



"Think of two scorpions in a bottle," he suggests. "If neither attacks, both will survive. If one attacks, the other retaliates, and both die. An even worse situation for the scorpions develops when one has to plot its strategy for survival on the assumption that the other may attack at any time."

The game worked out to represent the prisoner's dilemma mathematically gives each prisoner two alternatives. Each is told that if both keep quiet they will both get a sentence of two years, but if one rats he will get off free while the accomplice will get five years. The catch is that if they rat on one another both will get four years. If each is sure that the other will keep quiet as well, that is the best course for both. But can they trust each other?

		Your Accomplice	
		Keeps Quiet	Rats
You	Keep Quiet	(-2, -2)	(-5, 0)
	Rat	(0, -5)	(-4, -4)

The dilemma of the game is in the circumstance that it is in the interest of each prisoner to implicate the other whether or not the other co-operates. If the other keeps quiet, he will still get a two-year sentence, while telling on the other gets him off free. As betrayal by both results in a four-year sentence while keeping quiet could result in a five-year sentence, it's best to rat no matter what the other does. However, if neither rats, both get only two years.

The goal is to do as well as possible in your dealings with others over the long term.

Robert Axelrod, a political scientist at the University of Michigan, where Rapoport taught before coming to U of T, decided to extend this problem to a tournament using computers to find the best consistent strategy for this sort of dilemma, which regularly confronts individuals and governments, in the form of potential rewards rather than punishments. The goal is to do as well as possible in your dealings with others over the long term. Rapoport won over all the other experts with the shortest, and simplest program submitted, TIT FOR TAT, which shows that you do not have to deprive others in order to succeed yourself. His strategy is to co-operate or defect according to the lead of the other player. Even the most successful of the rival programs came to grief when they had to play against themselves, but TIT FOR TAT did nothing to hurt itself. It demonstrates the golden-rule, do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

		Player A	
		Co-operates	Defects
Player B	Co-operates	X, Y	
	Defects		

If Player A chooses the left column and Player B chooses the top row, the top left box prevails: Player A gets the value of Y in that segment, and player B the value of X.

You play the game over and over again with the same partner, so that what happens in one game influences what happens in the next. You also play it over and over again with other people, just as you interact more than once with a large group of people in your everyday life. The idea is to accumulate the highest overall score. It is not necessary to vanquish individual rivals in order to do this.

One of you chooses the boxes in a horizontal row, the other in a vertical column. Neither knows until the game is over what the other's choice was but it's obvious that if you are playing for money you will want 10 points rather than — 10 and may have to settle for 5. You get the number of points contained in the square that overlaps both choices, the row chooser getting the number of points on the left and the column chooser the number on the right in that square.

It demonstrates the golden rule, do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

This is one example of the game played for money:

5, 5	-10,10
10, -10	-1, -1

If you were sure that the other would choose the column or row that contained the 5s, you might opt for that one — except that you might be tempted to outmanoeuvre your opponent by opting for the 10. The hitch is that the two of you have to play again, and he wouldn't trust you the next time.



**The hitch is that the two of you
have to play again, and he
wouldn't trust you the next time.**

Many experiments have been conducted...to see how long it takes people to realize that it pays to co-operate...

"It is a very neat way of testing to see how people co-operate and compete," says Rapoport. Many experiments have been conducted — including some at the Ontario Science Centre — to see how long it takes people to realize that it pays to co-operate, how long one player can stand to be the loser in an effort to induce the other to be co-operative, etc. Rapoport says that people in the test situation of a long series of plays (usually about 300) seem to learn at the beginning not to co-operate but to try to beat "their opponents or to defend themselves. Then they both start losing. About half start out co-operating, and after an initial decline of co-operation 70 per cent of the men have fixed on co-operation, but there is not the same recovery for women, of whom only about 35 per cent end up co-operating. That seems to be not because women are less co-operative but because they pay less attention to a diagrammatic representation of the game. When men play without seeing the diagram they do as poorly as women or worse.

The research has obvious implications in many areas from domestic (the parent-effectiveness method seems to be based on it) to international. Rapoport uses it to plead publicly for nuclear disarmament: in fact, he was recently brought from Vienna to Toronto to give a symposium on the university's responsibility in the promotion of peace sponsored by Philosophers for Peace, Physicians for Social Responsibility, Science for Peace, the Student Christian Movement, University College and the University of Toronto Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. He thinks that like two scorpions in a bottle we are doomed if we do not trust our rivals. And even if our trust is not justified, he points out — if the other side does not disarm and we do — we may actually be safer than if we remained armed, since once we are no longer a threat they would have no need to attack us.

"I have no use for either superpower," says Rapoport. "I very much admire the small democratic countries that are not powerful." Canada, he says, is "sensible". It has the advantages of the U.S. without succumbing to the excesses.

In his own life, Rapoport has avoided competition as much as possible. He gave up a career as a concert pianist in Europe and the U.S. in the 1930s because he did not enjoy the competitive aspect of it. In 1938 he enrolled in the graduate program in mathematics at the University of Chicago and received his Ph.D. two days before Pearl Harbour — on Dec. 5, 1941. Then he became a captain in the U.S. Air Force. "At that time I believed it was absolutely necessary to crush the Axis," he says. "Now I'm not sure. We expected that the destruction of the fascist power would bring global co-operation, but that certainly did not happen."

As in the game, the secret of success lies in the correct definition of the problem. "You make your choice by asking not 'How do I do better?'," says Rapoport, "but 'How do we do better?' You have to trust each other to co-operate. Then the answer is obvious." ■

This article is reprinted from the University of Toronto Bulletin. Special thanks to Marylysbeth Brown for drawing it to the attention of the editor.

Psychopathy begins at home: prison expert

By Anne Kershaw

Kingston Whig-Standard

Ottawa — "In a society in which it's possible to market the most useless junk, it should not be difficult to build consumer taste, through modern marketing techniques, for what is probably the most important job anyone can do — the nurturing of a new member of society."

Dr. Elliott Barker, a speaker at this week's 2nd World Congress on Prison Health Care, would like to see governments launch a Participaction-type campaign to raise public consciousness on the importance of being parents.

Fifteen years ago, Barker was a young, idealistic psychiatrist working with some of society's most dangerous criminals at Oak Ridge, Ontario's maximum-security mental hospital near Penetanguishene.

Today, while he continues to act as a psychiatric consultant for the mental health centre, his energies and hopes are staked in The Canadian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, an organization he founded shortly after leaving Oak Ridge.

He chose the name because of his belief that there is no greater cruelty than rendering a human forever unable to trust and give and receive affection.

An expert in psychopathy, Barker became convinced after seven years of trying to cure violent and sex offenders, that they are childhood victims of cruelty and abuse.

When Barker arrived at Penetanguishene in 1965, his job was to set up therapeutic community programs — through which patients are involved in treating one another — within the traditional custodial setting of the prison hospital. Four 38-bed ranges were transformed into a "social therapy unit", and by the late 1960s and early 1970s, the intensive treatment program became a stopping ground for experts from around the world who were interested in psychopathy.

In 1977, the Parliamentary Committee set up to investigate the causes of prison violence, after seeing the unit, recommended in its final report to Parliament that similar programs be established in all medium and maximum-security prisons in Canada.

Through his work with psychopaths, Barker witnessed a cycle of violence and victims that he now believes will be broken only when society begins to recognize how crucial the early relationship between parent and child is.

Barker addressed the topic of Alternatives in Health Care and Criminal Justice at an afternoon workshop yesterday that was unique at the four-day international conference for its focus on prevention.

But, Barker says, reducing the prison population or preventing crime is only a small part of the challenge currently facing society.

"I have come to view the solution to these apparently serious problems as more or less trivial compared to the more serious problems for all of us if our society increasingly rears and rewards psychopaths, most especially in a world with weapons of mass destruction," he said.

Barker says the core of psychopathy — lack of trust, the inability to feel empathy and to give and receive affection — is central to the inability of some human beings to form long-term co-operative relationships.

He says the important questions are:

What proportion of our general population is psychopathic?

What are the consequences for society if there are too many psychopaths?

How do we increase the number of people in our society who have a well developed capacity for trust, empathy and affection?

Since the earliest years are crucial, every program and policy that affects infants should be scrutinized to determine "whose needs are being met," he says.

"The current worship of child-rearing practices that produce the highest possible IQ, or the child with the greatest possible number of factual crumbs by the lowest age, or the child who can play the cello best at the earliest age, should be suspect."

"If, 50 or 60 years ago, we had developed an AQ or an EQ — affectionate or empathy quotient — instead of IQ, I think we'd be a much less violent society today." ■

The Poverty of a Rich Society...

...We know that millions of Americans in rural as well as urban areas are ill-fed, ill-housed and ill-clothed. We could be so incautious as to suppose that these areas are the centre of poverty in our society. Yet how many gleaming, cheerful, well-centered faces one sees among men and women whose livelihood is meager; and how many clouded, petulant, craving faces among those who seem to have everything! Which of the two is poorer? And if Want cries out so painfully, so balefully, from the squalor of ghettos, how much of this sense of want is the simple need for more adequate food, housing and clothes; and how much results from inner deprivations and distortions that can hardly be distinguished from those of the pampered rich?...



...how many gleaming, cheerful, well-centered faces one sees among men and women whose livelihood is meager...

The Poverty of a Rich Society...

...Without making distinctions between those who have money and those who do not, we can say of most Americans at the present time that they suffer from a hunger of the soul, which they try to satisfy by eating too much, smoking and drinking too much, buying too much, looking at too much TV, and rushing around more and faster than necessary. Their unfulfilled hunger drives them to self-destroying life-habits and the growing gap between what they need from life and what they succeed in getting opens them to anguish and despair that they try to suppress by sedatives, stimulants, and mind-changing drugs in enormous amounts, at enormous cost...



...we can say of most Americans at the present time that they suffer from a hunger of the soul, which they try to satisfy by eating too much, smoking and drinking too much, buying too much, looking at too much TV, and rushing around more and faster than necessary.

The Poverty of a Rich Society...

...No doubt it is materialism that so robs American souls of security, hope, and enduring forms of enjoyment. Materialism devours, as sensuality does. But the hollowing out of human hearts by mechanistic thinking, the atrophy of human wills by over-dependence upon machines, can be concealed for a time, so long as at least material abundance prevails. Women in a shopping centre, with money in their pocketbooks, may not be at all of the opinion that they are hungry for more than what presents itself on the store shelves. Men who can buy a bigger, faster car every year or two may scoff at the idea that the car leads away from the satisfaction of their more fundamental desires. While it lasts, material opulence certainly has power to delude us into thinking dark is light, down is up, ugly is beautiful, and bankruptcy of soul is fulfillment...



While it lasts, material opulence certainly has power to delude us into thinking dark is light, down is up, ugly is beautiful, and bankruptcy of soul is fulfillment...

The Poverty of a Rich Society...

...In *The Dark Eye in Africa* Laurens van der Post writes that the difference between the outwardly poor and ignorant peoples of Africa and the outwardly prepossessing Europeans was once described to him by a longtime observer as the difference between being and having. It seemed to him that those who are short on being develop the craving to have, while in those having fewer possessions, being can more often, more fully, come to the fore. By being, the African veteran meant all things connected with simple joy in living: thankfulness, hopefulness and love of life; and enriching communion with the inexhaustible, self-renewing wonder of cosmic nature...



...those who are short on being develop the craving to have...

The Poverty of a Rich Society...

...One can picture two men walking a road. Both are destitute of home, money, job, food. They stand at zero-security and wealth. Yet one is a have, the other a have-not. The latter is gloomy, angry, resentful. The former is glad for life, glad for sun and air, glad for kind thoughts that arise in his heart towards a bird singing. From the inner fullness of his outer nothing he is ready to offer a friendly greeting, a listening ear, a helping hand. Can we not imagine how on his further journey he will find friends, and work to do, and cause to be thankful to life in ever new ways? But will not his momentary companion continue to find life disappointing?...



...one is a have, the other a have-not.

Excerpted from "The Poverty of a Rich Society," Proceedings No. 31, by John F. Gardner, © The Myrin Institute, Inc., 1976. Copies of the complete version maybe obtained from the Myrin Institute, 136 East 64th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021 for \$1.50 each.

Special thanks to Dorothy and Mike Chambers for drawing this book to the attention of the editor.

Journal de la Société Canadienne pour la Prévention de la Cruauté envers les Enfants

Tome 7

Numéro 2

Printemps 1984

Il est difficile...

Essayer de vivre simplement dans un monde qui nous dit autre chose, c'est un défi qui vaut la peine d'être accepté. Il est difficile de refuser la séduction de posséder de plus en plus de choses, quoique le budget familial dise "non". Il est difficile de refuser l'attrait de nombreux embrouillements hors de la maison quoique cela entraîne des soirées de réunions à cause desquelles la famille est négligée. Il est difficile de ralentir l'entraîn excitant de développer une entreprise ou de se faire une carrière même si cela veut dire qu'on verra de moins en moins ses enfants. Avoir une famille, cela demande un refus, un ralenti, dont les recompenses sont bien plus satisfaisantes que celles du pas accéléré que semble demander la société.

Maire Luttrell
British Columbia Council
for the Family

*(French courtesy M.B. May,
Erikson Institute, Advanced Study
in Child Development, Chicago)*

**Abonnement Annuel Associé \$10.00 - pour trois ans \$25.00
(incluant le Journal trimestriel)**

**Veillez faire parvenir votre chèque ou mandat de poste à:
CSPCC**

Box 700, 246 King Street, Midland, Ontario, L4R 4P4

**Des reçus pour fin d'impôt seront envoyés
pour les dons et pour les abonnements**



Recognizing that the capacity to give and receive trust, affection and empathy is fundamental to being human.

Knowing that all of us suffer the consequences when children are raised in a way that makes them affectionless and violent, and;

Realizing that for the first time in History we have definite knowledge that these qualities are determined by the way a child is cared for in the very early years.

CREDO



WE BELIEVE THAT:

- The necessity that every new human being develop the capacity for trust, affection and empathy dictates that potential parents re-order their priorities with this in mind.
- Most parents are willing and able to provide their children with the necessary loving empathic care, given support from others, appropriate understanding of the task and the conviction of its absolute importance.
- It is unutterably cruel to permanently maim a human being by failing to provide this quality of care during the first three years of life.

THERE IS AN URGENCY THEREFORE TO:

- Re-evaluate all our institutions, traditions and beliefs from this perspective.
- Oppose and weaken all forces which undermine the desire or ability of parents to successfully carry out a task which ultimately affects us all.
- Support and strengthen all aspects of family and community life which assist parents to meet their obligation to each new member of the human race.