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Even deciding on deodorant took longer than it should. Standing in aisle five of her local drugstore Sally was assaulted by a cacophony of pastel and deeper-hued vessels bearing stick, roll-on, and spray. Even the fluorescent lights seemed to interrogate her. She thought about the aluminum leeching into her skin and also the scent that might be required to seduce her evening's date. Should she buy Dove and fly through the night like a bird of peace? Or the flowery roll-on advocated by this year's top model? Should she even use deodorant—after all, she was single, relatively odourless, and needed her pheromones? Rather than help her reach a conclusion these questions begged more. Ultimately, deadlines mandated Sally's choices. As a result, no decision ever felt quite right.

That fall, she had at least found an ally in indecisiveness at a visual arts lecture. The speaker, a photographer, had documented his father looking small and overwhelmed in a horizontal sea of cereal boxes. The father had said to the son, 'There used to be only two boxes on the shelves once: Raisin Bran and Corn Flakes. Now there are 100s.' He was yearning for simpler times. She knew what he meant even without the backing of nostalgia.

Indecision and deliberation had plagued Sally since her decisions began. Not knowing when or why it started, in order to make a decision she needed to weigh the evidence. On each occasion she assessed the pros and cons. It didn't matter whether the object to be assessed was a muffin or a lover. It was the process she found excruciating.

Her quest for clarity began with a naturopath who soothed her with hoarse yet alto vocalisations. He convinced her it was down to her star sign. She was a Libra. 'Honey, you just want balance.' She found this interpretation of her neurosis strangely comforting, especially as it came in the wake of the hot stone massage delivered by the naturopath's best friend. Here was a gentle rationale for Sally's obsession.

Apart from her astrological sign, Sally suspected her need for evidence stemmed from a lack of intuition. Each time she visited her parents, Gloria and Alvin, in Los Angeles, her mother's soft hands would stroke Sally's own while both her parents stared in bewilderment. Gloria repeated sentences to her daughter intended as mantras. Last week's offerings, for example: 'But you should know these things,' and 'Just feel what's right, sweetheart.'

Getting groceries the day she returned from LA, Sally noticed a woman waving a crystal in front of a mango. In her trance, she was searching for the fruit's energetic vibrations. Apparently, they were good. The woman

walked off, caressing the mottled fruit. Perhaps, thought Sally, the fruit department would be a good place to connect to her intuition, particularly as the choices were limited. She visited the fruit daily, waiting for intuition to strike over the choice between apple or pear. To her dismay, it never showed itself.

Next, she tried a hand game. When faced with a difficult decision, she'd whittle down the options to two and assign one to her right hand, the other to her left. Next, she'd ask a stranger to pick one of these hands. Then, she'd wait for her intuition to tell her whether she'd made the right choice. This game also failed to produce a convincing result.

Her acupuncturist, Laura, was the next to recommend a treatment. Laura's friend Bill practiced ThetaHealing. It seemed to involve a cocktail of acupuncture, energy and muscle testing and a belief in God's unconditional love. Sally was agnostic, but decided to try anyway.

Bill welcomed her at the door of his converted Victorian house with incandescent eyes and a toothy smile. 'Sally, great to meet you. Laura told me that you're having some problems connecting to your intuition. I think you're going to like this.' Sally was not at all sure as she followed Bill up the stairs to his consulting room.

'I'm going to start with some muscle testing to check out your energy. Then we're going to work on meditation. But first, I want to talk a bit. Since indecision is what brought you here, why don't we start with how you make decisions, Sally.'

'I look at the evidence.'

'Close your eyes. Now, tell me more.'

Eyes closed, she began to distance herself from her body. She imagined herself first as a balancing beam, a round tray in each hand, then, quickly, imagined herself in a courtroom. The decision at this moment was whether to stay on the Breuer chair in Bill's over-heated room. She pictured herself in a courtroom with stuffed briefcases and approached the evidence table, partitioned into 'Pro' and 'Con'. She laid out charts and graphs in smart presentation books on either side of the partition. Emotions pulsed against the mahogany. She imagined an impatient judge, the hot breathe of an attorney on her neck. She couldn't conjure the jury. There was just too much evidence. She opened her eyes, struggled out of the Breuer, thanked Bill and decided to give the crystals another go.

Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by Susannah Bielak.