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ON BECOMING A PSYCHOTHERAPIST

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To Wallace

There is much for which I am grateful.

Professor Dreyer Kruger, thank you for yourself, for your recognition and your trust.

Tony, from you I learned to become a psychotherapist. Thank you.

Archie, you opened so many doors to me.

John, thank-you for the many hours of patient supervision.

I also want to say thank you to all those from whom I learned and to all my friends who worried with me that this would never happen, and Dinky, for your paintings. Robert, thank you for putting aside your personal project - the merging of our differentiation allowed this work a more complete expression.

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ON BECOMING A PSYCHOTHERAPIST

May I use a simile, the simile of the tree? The artist has studied this world of variety and has, we may suppose, unobtrusively found his way in it. His sense of direction has brought order into the passing stream of image and experience. This sense of direction in nature and in life, this branching and spreading array, I shall compare with the root of the tree.

From the root the sap flows to the artist, flows through him, flows to his eye.

Thus he stands as the trunk of the tree.

Battered and stirred by the strength of the flow, he moulds his vision into his work.

As, in full view of the world, the crown of the tree unfolds and spreads in time and space, so does his work.

Nobody would affirm that the tree grows its crown in the image of its root. Between above and below can be no mirrored reflection. It is obvious that different functions expanding in different elements must produce vital divergencies.

But it is just the artist who at times is denied those departures from nature which his art demands. He has even been charged with incompetence and deliberate distortion.

And yet, standing at his appointed place, the trunk of the tree, he does nothing other than gather and pass on what comes to him from the depths. He neither serves nor rules - he transmits.

His position is humble. And the beauty at the crown is not his own. He is merely a channel.

Paul Klee  
On Modern Art

## INTRODUCTION

Psychotherapy is a very ordinary experience. Its foundation is being human. I can be a psychotherapist only to the extent that I have become human.

I am here, in this chair. Opposite me is the person in psychotherapy. By my perception of their true person, I offer them a space to step into. By their stepping into this space, we enter into relatedness. Thus psychotherapy happens.

It is up to me to focus that space in exactly the right place, neither too easy nor too difficult for the person to move into. I have to be able to open this space wherever the person is and I have to be able to keep it before the person during even rapid shifts in his or her being.

Above all, I have to know the quality of the space I am offering. I cannot scrub it totally clean nor illuminate it with total brightness, because it is a human space and I am a human being. What I can do, what I must do as a responsible psychotherapist, is learn about its dimensions and its particular shadows. The way I learned about it during one psychotherapeutic relationship is the subject

of this thesis.

To learn to focus on the other, I first have to learn my natural limits. Unless my natural limits are found, I cannot focus on myself or the other with freedom. I will either draw back or intrude. As I learn my natural limits, I free the energy I previously used in questioning limits. Having recognised that I am bounded, the effect of my released energy is to deepen my space. The infinity which used to lie beyond the horizon is brought into the realm of the human where it can be useful. As a psychotherapist the deepening (that is differentiation) of my own space is very important. It means that the space I share with the other is better explored and better known.

The raw data for this thesis is a record of 2½ weeks of intensive psychotherapy and 3 weeks of intensive explanation. During this time I explored the interrelated themes of my own limits and the particular shadowedness of the space I shared with Tony, the person in psychotherapy with me.

The shadowed aspects to which I refer are not to be confused with Jung's archetype of the Shadow. The Shadow archetype is undifferentiated consciousness: it contains

aspects of both the personal and the collective unconscious. Unfortunately the mistake is frequently made that the Shadow is synonymous with our negative aspects. What is contained in the Shadow are those aspects of ourselves which threaten us. Often, the opposite poles of our most irreconcilable aspects are thus shadowed:

H.S. Sullivan has stated that the opposite of love is not hate but anxiety. Anxiety, according to Sullivan, is the great disjunctive force in human relations. Hate does not disjoin but rather relates, even binds people together. C.G. Jung has seen power, i.e. the need and propensity to control others, as the polar opposite of love ...

Dreyer Kruger  
An Introduction to Phenomenological  
Psychology, 1969

As anxiety and not hate is the Shadow of love, in my case, as we shall see, "control" is the Shadow of my warmth. The difference between this Shadow and what I have called the shadowed aspects is that the true Shadow is unconsciously projected onto the moment while the shadowed aspects are consciously experienced. They are in my field of awareness, I am in them, I recognise their presence. I recognise their shrouding of my being in the moment. They shadow my openness.

This thesis is essentially my experience and explication

of psychotherapy with Tony. Because of the quantity of data it has not been possible to go into the details of the way Tony presented himself in psychotherapy. However I have tried to give an indication of our respective processes of becoming during this time, but the focus is on my becoming a psychotherapist. In the 2½ weeks covered by this research we worked for 50 hours of psychotherapy.

I have not given a bibliography. This is a record of experience and explicated experience, and the work of the many writers who have influenced my understanding of psychotherapy and of people was useful only as it was available to me in the moment. To refer back to their works directly would not reflect the truth. Only what I had internalised of their works at the time was available. This internalisation was related to their work, but not identical with it. For this reason, I have not used any specific references.

An important aim in writing this thesis has been to find universal themes within the uniqueness of the experience, thus enabling me to share it. It is exactly in this that I have found the greatest difficulty, because of both a particular, personal limitation and because of a

conditioned tendency to validate my experiences in accordance with an external frame of reference. However the subject would not allow itself to be thus limited, and scheme after scheme became dysfunctional. What we are left with is its natural expression.

## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

In explicating my experiences of being a psychotherapist I am both the subject and the object. Thus the full meaning of my attempts at explication can be understood only within the context of my life. I have therefore decided to start with an account of some aspects of my becoming.

I grew up on a farm, isolated from peers and neighbours. The emotional background of my family was characterised by hostile interactions within the various triangles which existed between the four of us. My mother was a large, powerful and able woman, my father was the opposite in every respect. My sister, the more gifted of the two of us, still lives, with her family, on the farm where we grew up.

Life and acceptance during those early years revolved around work, helping my mother with the numerous farming and householding tasks which filled her days to capacity. When I played it was with total absorption, on my own and away from the house. Even as a toddler I often strayed from home with the two farm dogs in my wake. In later years my free time was filled by tending to a menagerie of animals. "Die hanskalwers, -katjies,

-varkies, en dies meer" became my pets and intimate friends.

Fortunately for me, my maternal grandfather was a splendid person and the little time which I spent with him became for me the realisation of many archetypal promises which could not find fruition through my parents. I still think of him with deep respect and fondness. His relationship with God was intimate, very real and matter of fact.

From those early years I gained a love of nature, the veld and all creatures. From my mother I learned the practicalities of daily life, a careful attention to detail, a love and respect of hard and honest work, and the art of caring for things outside oneself.

Primary school was a miserable affair, due to my own inabilities and many external factors. I was an absolute outsider. High school was even worse. My mother worked and slaved to send us to Afrikaans Hoër Meisieskool in Pretoria, probably the best Afrikaans high school at that time. It was hell. I remained an outsider, spent hours writing miserable and stereotyped letters home, and pined for my animals. I was excruciatingly self-conscious about my clothes, many of

which were handed down from my sister. I became hypersensitive to the class differences between me and many of my fellow boarders. I still remember with an ache the dilapidated Willys, a mean little car which very rarely concluded a journey without a breakdown. Punctures and running out of petrol were its natural elements. It became the ideal object of my undiluted hate for many years.

Well schooled in hard work and conscientiousness, I gained recognition from my teachers and held various responsible positions in the school and hostel. However I was not a favoured pupil; in fact I must have been quite a pain in the neck. I was too caught up in the web of misery to enter into the spirit of things. But some things did develop at school. There was within me a basis for refinement, a sensibility which stemmed particularly from my mother and her ancestors. This was held dormant by our situation but nurtured by my mother's awareness and her deliberate attempts to keep it alive (by doing things like having tea at John Orr's despite the expense). In the refined atmosphere of dignity and good taste at school this sensibility could develop. The rich cultural aspect of the school was personified by our very able principal.

Something else of great importance happened, although I have only recently understood the full significance of it. The two teachers whom I hero-worshipped had the same qualities as my mother. But they used their abilities and powerful natures to gain autonomy and to enrich their way of being, in sharp contrast to the gradual process of self-destruction which happened with my mother. They showed me the difference between independence and the dubious dependence of marriage. I knew quite clearly, even then, that I would never repeat my mother's mistake: I would never destroy a husband. Being dependent together meant strife and hatred; being independent held some promise.

One of these teachers recognised and understood my plight and her reaching out to me became my first relationship outside my family. Her caring and careful friendship became a sound part of the foundation from which I started building my future.

An intense and closely guarded dream to become a doctor could not be realised. On leaving school I became a nurse and firmly set off on the road to independence. I still treasure the memory of my first cheque of £19, the careful budgets, the copy of the Picasso painting which I paid off and which I still love.

I was an excellent nurse. My patients loved me and felt safe in my care. During this time an important shift occurred. What had to be done was dictated by the needs of the patients, and no longer by parents or teachers now embodied in the starched uniform of the matron. Where the two sets of expectations clashed, I rebelled in favour of my patients in subtle and often devious ways. Thus started the long and difficult struggle for what I thought to be right. But my subservience was so deeply ingrained that only after many years could I openly express my defiance of unjust authority.

During the early years of nursing I gained financial independence, enjoyed the luxury of privacy, and tentatively tasted freedom. As to be expected I curbed my own freedom by many hours of overtime (unpaid), a manifestation of my being Pollyanna. But elements of fun crept into my life: the delight in making Christmas decorations for the wards, the taste of solidarity in carol singing, the fun of being naughty (cooking condensed milk in the Operating theatre autoclave, and if you had known Miss K you would know how excellent it was to break a rule in that place where clockwork precision was the order of the day.)

With careful savings from my salary I started to investigate

new geographical frontiers. My first holiday in Cape Town left a wondrous imprint, an imprint as clear now as the clarity of this moment. I can still feel myself in the dress, a soft yellow, which I bought for my holiday. It was also my first contact with my natural element, the sea. I further expanded my horizons by questioning the Calvinistic religion of my birth and investigating many others, finally becoming an ardent Catholic. I had a complicated relationship with a priest, which in its final results left me with a deep experience of having been loved.

On completing my training I went overseas. My world expanded, never to shrink back into the confinement of a single society's norm. Holding a sprig of holly, flying across the Atlantic, walking through the Canadian snow, the immense otherness of New York. My total religious involvement in Rome, being in the presence of Pope Pius XII. The hours and hours of walking amongst ancient buildings, powerful yet softened with age. Standing many times before Michelangelo's Moses. In Rome I first experienced the realisation of man's collectivity, of our ability to be powerful in beauty.

On my return I did midwifery in the old Peninsula Maternity Hospital in District 6. My political vision exploded.

I loved the coloured people and enjoyed working amongst them. For the first time I was at home with my peers. Seven of us were buddies and became quite notorious in the hospital. We had fun - I had fun. I learned to smoke and no doubt still treasure some of those experiences with each cigarette I light. A lonely shack at Llandudno was our favourite haunt. For the first time I experienced the joy of belonging.

True to Fromm's principles of submission-domination, my urge to mastery found devious expression in my becoming qualified as an Operating Theatre Sister. I became the sister in charge, and needless to say I was efficient and worked very hard. I was by now in command of myself - I was able to take control and it was an effective control. The operating theatre ran well, was sought after by surgeons, and I enjoyed being successful. I was, however, clever enough to recognise the dangers of a sergeant-major syndrome and knew that all this was a stepping stone. When a manufacturing firm approached me to apply for a position as public relations officer, I hesitated but briefly.

I arrived late for the interview, windblown from a scooter chase to the multi-starred hotel, in a drab, bloodied and ill-fitting uniform. I met some of my rivals. They were very smart, very cool and very gracious but by this

time I had become a confident and competent young woman in my work (not even the surgeons shouted at me), and I wanted the job. I got it. Thus another door opened for me. The little brown girl became an elegant and very smart woman for four and a half years. I lived and played with men in a man's world. It was super and I loved it.

However I knew that this too was only another stepping stone, an intermediary phase. I had recognised the limitations which nursing imposed on me: for example, the ceiling on one's own initiative was too low. I realised that I would never find a productive niche in a formal organisation: my quest for independence added to my impatient disregard for petty bureaucracy. I knew that I was unusually good at caring for patients and making them comfortable. I further understood instinctively that many ill people were deeply unhappy. Some of my friends were psychiatric nurses - we talked and talked and in a sense we also caught up on our unlived adolescent years in those nights of earnest conversation. Gradually the possibility of becoming a clinical psychologist took form. I started my studies with Unisa while still a public relations officer. The slip of paper from Unisa with my first year B.A. results was in many ways the most rewarding achievement to date. I felt vibrantly alive

and on my way.

After four and a half years as a public relations officer, I "specialled" for about two years. This was the best way to cope with a very bad financial crisis which was not of my making. Those two years were extremely difficult and I was severely confronted with my aloneness.

Those two years were full of bewilderment and conflict. My mother had died some years earlier. Some of the ramifications of her death resulted in complicated and horrible crises between me and my family. In later years I understood that all this was largely due to my unwitting refusal to continue in the role of the Sweet Pollyanna. My relationship with men went no further than comfortable affairs. A closer contact could result in marriage - a way of life that I knew would ultimately be destructive. My brief lesbian period, during the first one and a half years of working in the operating theatre, very firmly closed the door on any desire to find close company in that way. I had experienced the lesbian way of life as both superficial and artificial and it left me feeling out of contact with myself. As a special I was self-employed, without a supportive work structure. I was working up to 18 hours a day both to support myself and to resolve my financial crisis.

I had gained sufficient understanding through my studies, reading and talking with the few friends I had (three of whom were in psychotherapy) to realise that the masked depression which had been lurking for many years was finally manifesting.

My previous attitude was that psychotherapy was for those who were unable to solve their problems and not for someone as tough and able as I was. This attitude was forced into perspective by my needs. I decided to go for psychotherapy and had initial interviews with three practising analysts. One gave me an enormous interpretation within the first few minutes, which I have still not been able to recognise in terms of myself. The second did not allow smoking as he got hay fever. The third was Archie Borowitz who worked in an analytic framework but was not a registered analyst.

I was in psychotherapy with Archie for three years. He opened so many doors that the work we did was still actively crystallising some six years after termination. Termination was very difficult; Archie made some mistakes which we clarified during an encounter a couple of years later.

While still in psychotherapy I started working as a Nursing Sister at Tara. Working at Tara was characterised by a multitude of conflicts. Having experienced psychotherapy,

I understood the needs of the patients within a totally different framework to the medical model which was the alpha and omega of those in charge. I was probably the only person on the staff who had any direct experience of psychotherapy. What pharmaceuticals, shock treatment and Insulin treatment could not cure was largely manipulated by various kinds of behavioural techniques. For instance, inexplicable behaviour was treated with isolation therapy. In these cases no conversation was allowed with the patient, who was kept alone in a room adjoining the duty room: a "therapy" of no contact. The psychologists and interns were largely psychometrists and doing psychotherapy largely in accordance with the psychiatrist's rulings.

Although employed as a nurse, my approach to my work was influenced by my studies, my own psychotherapy, and my now clearly formed ideal of becoming a psychotherapist. But at the best of times, and even in the most favourable situations, the psychiatric nurse found herself in a no man's land. Her medical training and experience was largely inappropriate: in busy surgical, intensive care and other hospital units, nurses are discouraged from conversing with their patients. This resulted partially from work-pressure, partially from the rules of the sister-in-charge.

Communication with patients was limited to chatting to them while you worked with them. Thus most of the psychiatric nurses spent very little time "being with" their patients despite the fact that they spent more time with them than anyone else. Those who contacted their patients in a more direct and open way had to take care not to enter the domain of the psychologists, who jealously guarded the little territory they had gained. From the psychiatrist's point of view, the nurse's contact with her patients was essentially used as a fact-finding exercise. All information which could facilitate diagnosis was always welcome. Thus the nurses understandably took flight in the safety of the duty room and administrative tasks. It was an escape well facilitated by the dysfunction of bureaucracy, the numerous Sisyphean hours spent in an effort to account for each milligram of valium and its cousins.

Thus I was a misfit and with no one to guide me I indiscriminately and passionately fought for the rights of the person who is the patient as well as for my own right to practise at least some of my convictions and budding skills. In retrospect I recognise my clumsiness and over-enthusiasm. Not surprisingly I was banned from working in the Professorial Unit. The

overflow of unresolved conflicts in this working situation and my professional isolation fed a deep uncertainty as to my right to assert myself. In addition I was no nearer to completing my B.A. (Hons) course, having failed two consecutive years of statistics, a subject I hated on principle. I was becoming quite desperate.

A year without trying to study, a holiday, and the purchasing of my first car (Skilpadbesie remains a treasured possession) enabled me to gradually work through that ambiance of suffering and struggling which had been my particular brand of masochism.

R.A.U. accepted me as a B.A. (Hons) student and I completed my two years of Hons. studies with a distinction in statistics and a very comfortable, overall second. My application to R.A.U. for M.A. (Clinical Psychology), was however very firmly turned down and I was told "to go back to nursing and to practise my skills there."

The two years at R.A.U. were characterised by the increasing realisation of freedom and enjoyment, resulting primarily from my psychotherapy. Although I still worked and studied I had gained a splendid and heterogeneous circle of friends. I went out, entertained a lot, and generally experienced

life as rich and varied. My flat became an attractive home, with enjoyable possessions (albeit too many) and a flourishing postage stamp garden. A lovely Zulu woman assigned to the block of flats enjoyed looking after me and I enjoyed being looked after. This was a very significant change as I had always done all my own household work, an attitude which came from deeper layers of my psyche than the apparent 'moral principle' of not employing someone else to do your dirty work. At R.A.U. the lecturers regarded me and my large basket (in lieu of a handbag) with considerable suspicion. Three of us had formed a tight liaison and in our different ways proclaimed our viewpoint. We believed in depth psychology and therapies which were directly based on dialectic principles, and we persistently questioned, for example, the role of quantitative diagnosis in psychiatry.

By some synchronous happening in which Prof. Schepers was involved, I applied to Rhodes. Their invitation for M.A. applicants was phrased in such a way that I instantly knew that my loyalty to Jung and Freud would not interfere with my acceptance or non-acceptance. However I left the interview quite certain that I would not be accepted.

The letter bearing the good news left me with a feeling of having arrived, which I had only rarely experienced before.

Rhodes meant Grahamstown and being close to the sea. Only when I got there could I allow myself to realise how in Johannesburg I had missed the contact with the earth. Rhodes also meant the end of fighting for what I believed to be right. I had become so used to fighting that it took a long time to relax. Prof. Kruger prefers to run his department in a way which allows the maximum freedom for his staff and students. He allowed me my first opportunity to find and define my natural boundaries, a process which forms the core of this work.

At the age of 47, I have arrived at the last stage of becoming a qualified psychotherapist, after too many years of studies and struggle. A difficult relationship during my first M.A. year finally precipitated my gaining perspective on the deep-seated need for acceptance, which had always been in constant conflict with my unwavering quest for autonomy.

I am at peace with myself. Struggles and problems only rarely stir the old misery. I am more able and in a position to relax and let things be. I have come to rest physically in my own home, and psychically in the gradually deepening of a wholesome acceptance of being alone.

## IN SEARCH OF A METHOD

Experience has taught me to keep away from therapeutic 'methods' as much as from diagnoses. The enormous variation among individuals...has set before me the ideal of approaching each case with a minimum of prior assumptions. The ideal would naturally be to have no assumptions at all. But this is impossible even if one exercises the most rigorous self-criticism, for one is oneself the biggest of all one's assumptions, and the one with the gravest consequences. Try as we may to have no assumptions, and to use no ready-made methods, the assumption that I myself am, will determine my method: as I am, so will I proceed.

C.G. Jung  
The Practice of Psychotherapy,  
 Collected Works Volume 16

The most important objective in attempting this research was to capture some aspects of the quality and texture of psychotherapy.

### The research plan

None of the research I had come across had focussed on the quality of psychotherapy or on the deeper aspects of the psychotherapist's experience. When Tony approached me for psychotherapy, I recognised this could be an ideal opportunity for focussing my research on the psychotherapeutic process. After discussing the issue with him it was clear that he too was enthusiastic about the prospect of doing research along these lines. Little

did I understand the enormity and complexity of our undertaking. Had I foreseen some of the difficulties ahead I might never have started.

Our initial research plan was quite simple:

The basic rule was that Tony's therapy would always come first. We agreed that our research would be stopped if at any point we found that it detracted from this rule.

We agreed that our research method would be flexible, particularly as we were moving into a virgin area of research where no clear guidelines were available.

We further agreed:

We would record all the psychotherapy sessions on both video and cassette.

We would independently explicate our experiences of the psychotherapy after each session.

These explications would form the basis of our respective research.

We soon found that our initial plan would not work.

A few hours after our first therapy session I duly did my explication; in his explication, however, Tony became overwhelmed by both his thoughts and feelings and experienced considerable distress. He felt himself unable to continue.

Fortunately for us Tony was able to recognise his distress. He understood that he was in need of support even though this need had been translated into asking me to help him with his explication. As Tony's distress was evident we arranged to meet that evening. I made the decision fully realising that we were now deviating from our research plan.

During that meeting we spent a considerable time simply working with what had happened to Tony while he tried to explicate his experience of the therapy session. It was only as we slowly worked through his recording that Tony was able to understand the poignancy of what he had said. Contrary to his experience that his thoughts and feelings were blocked, they were all there. It was as if he needed the supportive presence of an other before he could own his experiences.

Later that evening we tried doing a joint explication

from the videotape of the session but found we were totally unable to do so. It was as if the videotape itself kept us remote from each other. It became a barrier. We then decided not to involve ourselves with the video recording any further but to attempt a joint explication with the cassette recording. As we listened to the therapy session we stopped the tape wherever a sentence or tone of voice seemed significant to either one of us. Thus we came to the realisation that the first session contained the germ of many hours of work.

At the end of our meeting that evening we realised that we had to redefine our research plan. Our decisions were :

We would retain our basic principles - Tony's therapy would at all times be our first priority. We would remain flexible regarding the future development of our research.

We would meet twice a day for psychotherapy and have open sessions (with no time limits, "allowing the moment to spend itself".)

We would use the tape of our first session as a

starting point for each of our sessions, and in this way gradually work through the tape.

We agreed to continue the recording of our sessions even though we were uncertain if we would be able to use the raw data for the purpose of our respective theses.

We also agreed not to use the video recording as we both experienced the technicalities of the video as too distracting and the video itself as too intrusive. We realised in any case that we would have more than enough raw data without the additional information from the video.

We agreed that I would continue my attempts at explicating my experiences of each session.

We agreed that Tony would make no further attempt at explication, at least for the time being.

I decided that I would reflect on each psychotherapy session as a whole rather than reflecting on each session in detail.

We had a meeting with Prof. Kruger the next day. We related to him our experiences, the discoveries that we had made and the changes in our research plan.

Although he had several reservations he gallantly agreed that we could continue as planned.

It was decided that I would have as supervisor a clinical psychologist outside Grahamstown. Although my supervisor was unable to co-experience Tony's experience with me he gave me valuable assistance in understanding some of my own difficulties with Tony's therapy. He was also able to help me gain insight into the dreams which I had during this time.

During the 17 days of the research, we taped about fifty hours of psychotherapy, most of which have been transcribed. I stopped my explication after 21 days: in later chapters this is referred to as the initial explication. The full transcriptions of the psychotherapy and the initial explication are not given here. The transcription of the therapy is available should anyone with justifiable motives wish to have access to it.

Tony's psychotherapy continued well beyond the 17 days of our research, to its natural completion. Tony's own thesis on our research was completed in September 1981.

### In search of a method

I have always questioned the validity of statistical research in relation to the individual, particularly in psychotherapy where the individual experiences himself or herself within a unique context. In statistical research the researcher controls or excludes variables which are defined as not having direct relevance to the subject matter, or which could interfere with the interpretation of the data. However, it is precisely the exclusion of troublesome variables which leaves us with bits and pieces of factual evidence, so remote from the complexity and depth of that which is a person. Although statistical research might give us a clearer understanding of such bits and pieces, it is of a normative, general nature.

Furthermore, most research findings are expressed as the acceptance or rejection of the operational hypothesis. This can only provide a yes or no type of statement about man's behaviour. But man stretches beyond the definite and absolute boundaries of a yes or no statement. True understanding in psychotherapy can only come about when research attempts to see the individual within his or her complexity. I stress attempt, as I doubt whether

we can ever fully - even momentarily - perceive, understand and hold the ramifications of a single moment.

Phenomenology provides us with a method to observe the whole: in his wholeness, the nature of man defies being compartmentalised into discrete categories. In phenomenology, the boundaries of research are defined only by the limitations of the research worker. The process of phenomenological research in fact very closely resembles the approach to a therapeutic encounter.

Only to the extent that I am open to the moment, to the extent that I am 'there', can I be in the moment with a freshness of perception. I can explicate the moment only to the extent that I am able to be in the moment. Thus subjectivity vs objectivity, the worn out battleground of psychological research, is neither valid nor an issue. Using a phenomenological approach, it is not necessary for me to search for data from a reality outside my natural boundaries as is the case with traditional research. I am the subject and object of my search, and I am the method and the result.

This much I knew before I began this research. I thought

that by understanding the alienation and restriction of traditional methods, that I would be free of assumptions. I would thus be liberated from a basic drive for security, and would not need to resort to a concrete factual framework.

But being liberated was scary. Freed from one set of assumptions, I promptly grabbed for another. This caused the flow of this research, particularly the writing of the thesis, to be hampered. I worked out one scheme after another instead of allowing the natural process to dictate its own course. I searched for certainty by trying to define a scheme according to preconceived facts. As a research worker I did not believe what I knew as a psychotherapist, that life is never certain. I persisted in seeking for certainty where there was no certainty.

So it happened that my research became my own process. This is a simple statement but a statement which was arrived at by a long ardent struggle. This struggle resulted from my reluctance to acknowledge that no preconceived research method was appropriate to the means, the data and the aim of my research. I had to recognise that I could only do research in the way that I do psychotherapy. The creative processes of my intuition had to

be facilitated. I had to learn to come to rest at  
the fountainhead of my own resources.

I laugh when I hear that the fish in the water is  
thirsty,  
You don't grasp the fact that what is most alive of  
all is inside your own house;  
and so you walk from one holy city to the next with  
a confused look!  
Kabir will tell you the truth: go wherever you like,  
to Calcutta or Tibet;  
if you can't find where your soul is hidden, for you  
the world will never be real!

Kabir 15th Century  
translated by Robert Bly

## EXPLICATION IS A PROCESS

In explication, we attempt to "hold" time, in order to extract from a moment its meaning. That is how I understood explication before I started this research. However, for me the attempt to stand still became the catalyst for a process which accelerated, drawing more and more of myself into it, finally integrating into the process of self-analysis. In this chapter I try to describe how I made this discovery.

In my initial attempts at explication I sat down with my notes and a tape recorder within a few hours of each session, spending as much as an hour explicating my experiences. These tapes were transcribed and altogether made an imposing mass of ninety closely typed pages. They were carefully packed away, awaiting the day that I would start on the completion of this thesis.

The day came to open the treasure; about five months ago. I sat down and with great expectations started reading. The initial momentum carried me through three pages: then I could no longer delay acknowledging my reaction - a reaction of shocked horror. What I had remembered as a clear and concise reflection of my

experience was a jungle of apparently unrelated bits and pieces, each embroidered in detailed petit point. I forced myself to read, in the hope of finding something that I could use, but relentlessly I rejected page after page. It was not that the explication was drifting out of reality, for reading it brought back the memories of achievement and conviction.

I did not know exactly what was wrong, but I knew I could not use those precious pages. With a mounting sense of panic, I decided that there was only one solution - to start all over again. So I again listened to the tapes, read the transcriptions and started explicating. (I refer to this explication below as "explication of 5 months ago").

Thus I proceeded with yet another explication. Then I suddenly realised "But I said these things in the initial explication!" I returned to the initial explication - fortunately the original had escaped being hurled into the waste bin. My "memory" of what had happened was not there in the words on the transcript - it was in the awareness of the processes which had been happening and still were happening, within me.

I understood then that explication was not instant recognition of meaning. It was as if the effort to stand still within a moment brought about the spontaneous recognition of some or other pertinent happening. These happenings were related to aspects of myself which were least available to me in the moment as if the past were present but in a shrouded manner.

Recognising these happenings was like seeing a falling star. Like falling stars, the relevance and implication of each recognition fell out of the spectrum of focussed awareness. I was unable to stay within the recognition. Instead I had spent hours narrating 'relevant' bits and pieces of my frames of reference, formulating my own understanding of psychodynamics, holding forth my views of psychotherapy - anything to avoid the continued confrontation which the moment of recognition had brought about.

These meanderings were not random. They evolved from the central issue but spun away from it as if by a centrifugal force. It was as if in those three weeks during which I continued the routine of explication I confronted myself with every aspect of my being. I now realised that I needed to veil some of the acuity and

nakedness of those experiences. In unwittingly protecting myself, my explications spiralled away from the core issues of my instant recognition.

During the time of the initial explication I had felt an enormous energy, a hyperactivity, a euphoria which I kept at bay with an effort of will. My concentrated and earnest effort to explicate had similar effects to very intensive therapy. I had condensed months and months of exploration into three weeks. By the 12th day I had felt as if I could take off into a personal space odyssey:

It is as if gravity has lost some of its magnetic pull. As I gain insight after insight I find the pieces fitting into a inter-related whole; I experience a lightness and feel myself to be quite euphoric ...

excerpt from initial explication

What I had been experiencing, this lightness, was a result of an enormous flooding of consciousness by the unconscious. The great power of what is usually dormant in the background of awareness had been activated by the energy I had brought into focus by explication. I had inadvertently stimulated my awareness to a point approaching overloading. The 'insights' I referred to were really bombardments from within,

unlike true insights which mature gradually and at the appropriate moment become manifest.

However the natural process of being had provided an anchor. I had become irritated at having too many things not done and became very tired. One day I had become really irritated by the dust and disorder around me. I switched off the tape and set about the small tasks of springcleaning, at an enormous pace and with total enjoyment and absorption. I went to town, enjoyed leisurely cups of coffee, rediscovering the joy of watching people going about their ordinary tasks. I spent a day at the sea. Only a few days later did I make the rational decision that that was enough.

I had made another attempt at explication about five months later. All I could do at that time was to focus on the superficial and the technical aspects of the sessions, and in this way a natural balance was restored. In that explication many of the bits and pieces of the initial explication constellated into groups.

The part of the process with which I am most intrigued is its almost silent growth, its gradual unfolding. During the three years between that first psychotherapy session

and now, the research project has remained ever present. I think my conviction and enthusiasm provided a kind of natural climate for its spontaneous growth. It grew like a tree in its natural forest habitat in contrast to the deliberate care with which I tend the little trees which I have planted in my garden. Sometimes the natural and cultivated modes of growth merged as an aspect of the research would present itself to me. I would then stay with the specific aspect for hours, sometimes even days, until it gradually receded from my thoughts.

We can describe the explicatory process by a natural image, that of a tree. The initial recognition is the seed; germination the environment of psychic receptivity; rooting is dependent on the available natural resources; growth is related to both the passage of time and to the impetus of commitment; the branches and leaves are the ramifications and the ensuing details which grow out of that momentum. Insights flower and become fruit. The fruit is the effect of this whole process on my way of being in the world; at times I have eaten the fruit: that is, I have been able to integrate insights into my way of being. Some fruit has been wasted, some has been picked for its beauty but then allowed to decay from

neglect, some has been preserved for later use. Other fruit has been carefully tended for its seeds while some has gone unnoticed. In my explicatory process, there were many trees. Some are growing well; others have died from neglect or overattentiveness or from the inhospitable climate of my psyche at the time.

### Openness and differentiation

In my experience of this research, openness has been the single most important part of the process of explication. I understand being open as the extent to which I am able to perceive the person (or the flower or the stone) in its totality and in its unique reality, together with the extent to which I am able to integrate this awareness. For me the most important qualities of being open lie in the ability to recognise the unique qualities of a person, to see the person with whom I am working in his or her otherness, and to see each person within their own reality.

Being open is relatively independent of an act of will. (According to Jung, will is freely available psychic energy: with it we are able to focus our attention and to maintain concentration). We cannot determine being open nor can we by a conscious effort of the intellect

decree how open we are. What we are open to and the quality of our experience is determined by the totality of our being at that moment.

I believe explication is determined by the strength of intention. In addition awareness seems to generate an increasing desire to become more aware. The combination of intention and awareness made me focus intuitively on precisely those aspects of my experience to which I was not open. That to which we are open is illuminated by our perception and that to which we are not open is shadowed. It is from these shadowed aspects that explication, under favourable conditions, deepens into a process.

Each time I behold a flower I grow to know it a little better. I am my only reference point in my experience of that flower. It is easy to see that flower in its specific reality, and the danger of confusing the flower with myself is very unlikely because of the difference of our respective realities. When I behold a person in psychotherapy, it is more difficult. It is difficult to behold another person precisely because of the paradox of the relatedness of our human nature. Only to the extent that I am differentiated

in myself can the boundaries of my being be permeable. With permeable boundaries, I am with the person, I am in the world.

To the extent that I am differentiating, and thus able to trust myself, can I be present in the psychotherapeutic encounter. I have often experienced how my searching for a technique which could possibly help me out of a difficult moment literally drags me out of myself and thus out of being there in the moment. This is not surprising, as searching for a technique has nothing to do with differentiation.

Many writers have repeatedly stressed the fact that in psychotherapy we ourselves are our only instrument. But this statement is usually made with reference to closely defined aspects of the therapeutic encounter. My experience is that it can go much deeper than this. I believe I will only realise my ideal of becoming a psychotherapist, improving myself as an instrument, by the continued effort of explicating my experiences as a psychotherapist. This, for me means that I must continue the processes of introspection and self-analysis. We cast shadows on our field of perception by un-lived aspects of our past. We cannot get rid of the Shadow, it is a part

of being human. Nevertheless our familiarity with our closedness can facilitate our ability to grasp the meaning of a psychotherapeutic encounter.

I believe that this has an important bearing on psychotherapeutic research. Research which is not directed at the experience of the people involved, including their growth outside of psychotherapy, will continuously result in the confirmation of existing nomenclatures or the birth of new ones. Research workers who do not address themselves to direct experiences have to resort to concepts such as transference or resistance in their attempt to find meaning. Concepts are generalised terms. They facilitate professional communications where a gross meaning will suffice, but have as little relevance to the individual as these gross meanings do. Psychotherapeutic theories are a result of our desire to fix our world in time and space with clearcut conceptual boundaries and discrete facts. But psychotherapy is a unique experience where facts are the person's experience from moment to moment and truth is as transient as the earth's fixedness in space.

I am not denying the reality of the interactional patterns that these theories describe. But to say that

Tony is in transference with me says no more about him than saying that he is a young man. It is much more useful to describe in detail various modes of our interaction (as I endeavour to do in the next chapter). However, describing the unique interactional modes of each psychotherapeutic encounter requires a perception unprejudiced by theoretical constructs yet enriched by a shared knowledge of our experiences.

#### Differentiation and relatedness

The psychotherapeutic encounter is like a system of prisms. A prism can take the white light of undifferentiated experience and differentiate it into the primary colours. In psychotherapy we learn to differentiate the colours (to open the primary channels of relatedness) and also to re-integrate insights into the white light, which results in the illumination of the unconscious.

The two-prism system is thus an analogy for the whole person, who experiences diversity and unity as inseparable. One does not do justice to the psyche, however, by representing it as a simple triangular prism. I prefer to conceive of the psyche as a number of multifaceted prisms. I use "Psyche" throughout this thesis to mean the totality of our being actively in the World

and in relatedness to the World, to oneself, to people and to all phenomena.

Now the interesting thing about prisms is that the angles at which they face the light and each other is very important for how they differentiate and integrate the spectrum. Openness in psychotherapy is like adjusting these angles to obtain the richest spectrum and the truest integration. Explication resembles one prism (the psychotherapist) finding its own best orientation, so that full attention can be given to the orientation of the other. But unlike glass, which has a fixed refractive index, the dimensionality of human awareness can change when light shines through it.

My experience tells me that the meeting of two people results in a third dimension, the dimension of relatedness. In this dimension, experience crystallises. It gains in acuity and spectrum.

In my work with Tony such relatedness happened continuously. Both of us were often amazed at the fact that we had moved beyond a particularly difficult encounter in which each one of us had felt stuck, unable to meet. It was the momentum of the therapeutic process which

had carried us through. I am not talking about something new - existential writers like Rollo May refer to this momentum as a mystical process. It is mystical in that its manifestation is beyond our cognitive grasp but it is not mysterious. It is as comprehensible as my awareness of light despite the fact I do not see light as such.

In openness we transcend our singularity and our physical form. Our bodies do not contain us but are more like a vehicle for those aspects of our humanness which are related to matter. Thus it is very clear to me that my experience of Tony, of our sharing, of our being as one in some moments of psychotherapy, happened out of our being human, and a human experience is not reducible to quantification.

I understand now that research and psychotherapy are similar in a number of ways. In each case we endeavour to make sense of our experience with the only means at our disposal - ourselves. I am the centre of my world, and thus I am essentially equipped for the task of being a psychotherapist. From that centre can flow all that is necessary for me to encounter another in psychotherapy. In my uncertainty, enthusiasm and haste, I have

found myself frequently setting out on false trails in pursuit of truth. I have for many years defined psychotherapy in Eliot's words - little did I know how they would apply to research:

We shall not cease from exploration  
And the end of all our exploring  
Will be to arrive where we started  
And know the place for the first time.

T.S. Eliot  
Little Gidding: Four Quartets

## THE EXPLICATION

Explication became exploration. This chapter is an attempt to give an honest account of how I discovered some of the shadowed aspects of myself and of myself as psychotherapist. These shadowed aspects I have labelled and discuss below as "Writing", "Efficiency", "Cleverness", "Piggybacking the first tortoise and not the second", "Limits", "Language" and "Control".

### "Writing"

In preparing for this thesis I read the transcripts again and listened to some of the tapes. There were many moments in which I did not think I would ever start writing. The intense experience of "I am a fraud" "I have no right to be a psychotherapist" was severe to the point of depression. But I gradually realised that the raw experience of exposure had more to do with confronting myself than actually exposing myself to others. There is no way in which I can hide from myself. Having realised this, the exposure to unknown others fell into perspective.

A number of experiences helped to restore the balance:

The realisation that my feeling a fraud was an over-reaction to the stark recognition of my inabilities.

The awareness of my differentiated qualities.

The memory of the lived reality (belewenis) of psychotherapy with Tony.

The intense sharing of his feelings and struggles, the dimension of relatedness, the shared excitement when we understood yet another bit of his being, the comfort of my increasing familiarity with his person. The unshakable knowledge that Tony's psychotherapy initiated a process through which he will continuously release himself from many old habitual and constricting patterns.

During the three weeks of this research I knew my availability was shadowed but it is only now that I understand how I was held captive by my various struggles. Nevertheless Tony's psychotherapy gained in its irreversible momentum. There were at least two reasons for this. The first was Tony's eager commitment to the discovery of himself. The second reason was the nature of the relationship which developed between us. Our relatedness was 'there' and it remained thus even in the moments of our most severe struggles. My warmth and care seemed to have created an ambiance to which Tony's hidden self

could respond.

Why, then, did I feel such a fraud? Why was reading the transcripts a horrible experience? Why were the words on the transcripts so foreign to my memory of what we had achieved? Knowing that the qualities of warmth, caring and acceptance were involved only added to my confusion. The acute presence of these questions stayed with me for four days. The answer came as gently as the first glimpses of light, long before dawn. Its profundity was as exciting as the sunrise.

The revelation was that I had happily stayed in the bed of my complacency: 'I am an intuitive - feeling person: I am not an intellectual'. Thus my whole approach to being a psychotherapist was a lopsided affair where words and their appropriate functions featured more by chance than as a skill. This relates to my autobiography: the cornerstones of respectability and acceptance had been chiselled out of work and defined by rigidity. Somewhere within me, however, I wanted to retain the treasure of my natural qualities uncontaminated by work and self-discipline. I believed I was a psychotherapist because of my natural qualities, because of having those abilities so beloved of the Rogerians.

Thus subtly and unconsciously I resisted learning to become a psychotherapist.

I know now that I was compelled to do this research, compelled in a manner similar to the artist transmitting creativity "from the depths". I believe that the urge towards growth is deeply ingrained, an inherent process which is only disturbed by continuous and repetitive blocking. This blocking results from hidden moments of unlived experience, the associated threat, and the fear which accompanies any change, any movement into the unknown.

In this case explication uncovered a vast complex. I need not go into all of it here, but what is relevant is that unlived experiences had associations with my father, my painful experiences of learning, and the unrelenting ache of school. The associated threat was that I was intellectually lacking, a fact 'proved' by my many academic struggles. My resistance to differentiating my intellect became an inability to write legibly, to express myself intelligibly and to study productively. In addition these difficulties had become enmeshed with unresolved issues with authority: 'I will only learn from someone I respect'. My father, a primary school

teacher with minimal qualifications, was my first teacher.

### The First Session

Looking back to the first session with Tony, I have a greater understanding of the enormous tension which I must have experienced. Little of this tension found direct expression. My reluctance to show my uncertainty was sanctioned by the convenient norm of the deadpan psychotherapist, that blank screen onto which the client can project. Some of the tension was the urgency of proving myself to be a good psychotherapist, some was due to an excitement similar to starting off on a long journey, some came from the authentic wish to be a good psychotherapist. I also wanted to be an effective psychotherapist for Tony. Thus the first session was already loaded before it had begun and the research aspect brought additional pressure.

I remember clearly the moments before we started. I paid close attention to my posture, and straightened my dress, hair and face with nervous little movements and gestures, painfully aware of the camera. When the session started, I lit a cigarette, a behavioural pattern which in part is an expression of the need to nurture

myself. Tony started:

T I'm not quite sure how to, how to... (M get going?) get going, hmmm...I'm actually feeling quite nervous about it...hmmm...about this therapy...I think because...I've realised that...the therapy I did last year, was - I won't say a waste of time - but I was doing a lot of bullshitting... (M hmmm)...I tried to solve my problems with K also was a lot of bullshitting, because...the basic problem...with everything... lay with me and I've never been able to look at that before. I've never known that before, I took it for granted that, you know, everything was O.K. with me... and the problem was outside... (M hmmm)... and I've come to realise that...there is...something in me which I need to find...(pause)...need to sort out... hmmm...that is holding me back in just about everything I do...and...(pause)...I'm nervous now because it's quite scary to actually admit that to myself, and then to want to go and have a look at it. (Pause).

M Do you know what the nervousness is?

excerpt from 1st therapy session \*

An absurd response to what Tony had been saying but totally in keeping with the confusion inside me. It was like standing still at the start of a race when the go signal had already been given. I did not know what to

---

\* For the verbatim transcripts of the therapy sessions I use the following notation

... - hesitation / brief pause

...(pause)... - longer pause

...(long pause)... - very long pause

...(....)... - section of transcript left out

do but I knew with a sense of panic that this was going to be so much more difficult than I had ever expected. Later that day I said in the initial explication:

I feel that for the first time I am doing what I believe psychotherapy is and I am just allowing it to happen.

excerpt from initial explication.

This is a good example of the "falling star" phenomenon. In being so severely confronted with what happened in the session compared to how I wanted it to be, I had to defend myself from being bombarded with the truth. My defence here was idealisation. What I expressed here was not a reflection of the session, but the expression of an ideal. The ideal is that effective psychotherapy is facilitated by my being in the moment, allowing the process to unfold. Being in the moment is not non-active. It is active, but it is non-intrusive.

To come back to the session:

T My defence against everything, for most of my life: rationalising,...and intellectualising...and, you know, the link that I try to make just now between... hmmm...sitting there and not crying, and not crying ... (pause)

M And sitting here...(pause)...sitting there and not crying and now sitting here with me...

T Ja, and...ja, I try to think about something else... else...(pause)...hmmm...to get away from my feelings maybe. I don't...(pause)...experience it like that. I mean, I've got the feeling inside me and it's like ...it's a dull feeling...that maybe if I think, it takes, it takes my mind off it.

M Maybe if you talk, it takes your mind off of it.

excerpt from 1st therapy session

I know that I was with Tony in that moment and yet even there I intruded. By substituting 'talk' for 'think' I was helping Tony take a step from inside to outside. It was effective psychotherapy although it was rushed and 'efficient'. A silence would have been better.

Each time I reflect on the first session the spectrum of my awareness becomes more differentiated. I recognise broad behavioural patterns which I can now relate to my intrapsychic dynamics. Reflecting on the first session in my explication of five months ago, I said:

I was frightened of doing the wrong thing...I wanted to show off my ability to be a good psychotherapist... I wanted and needed to prove a lot of things, some of which I did not even know, some of which I proudly knew but which turned out to have been isolated from my being by having been safely stored on a cognitive level...I now experience myself as having played to an audience of which I was the guest of honour.

excerpt from explication of 5 months ago

whereas in the initial explication three years ago I said:

I think the session was not as honest as it would have been had there been no recording. I also think I would have been more careless. I think I would have intruded more often, interrupted more often, sent Tony's talking more into the direction I felt he should go.

excerpt from initial explication

This is quite different from my comment of five months ago, and quite different from my understanding now. I am smiling at my naivety, but again there is the uncanny recognition of a core issue. I was dishonest. My conscious attention was partially focussed on Tony but even in my awareness and not even considering all the unrecognised subliminal aspects, the spotlight was on myself, on the need to prove myself. I did interrupt, I did intrude, and in my unrecognised struggle to be in the dominant position - to be in control - I tried at times to manoeuvre the sessions to where I thought Tony should be.

For example:

M And how did you feel?

T ...mad...angry...very angry...and resentful...(pause) ...hmmm...(pause)...what I'm thinking now is...that, maybe I was angry and resentful...because of the way she gave me affection...(M hmmm)...I wanted it in a

different way perhaps...(pause)...hmmm...I don't remember, I really do not remember ever being affectionate with my parents and my parents being affectionate with me, and I'm sure they must have at some stage.

M How are you feeling now?

T ... (pause)...a little sad... (pause)...ah...ja, I'm smiling.

M And then you smile...

T Ja, to chase the sadness away...hmmm...affection... a need for affection from my parents...hmmm...I never really had anything close with my parents.

M Tell me, you're talking about - sorry, I know I'm interrupting - we're talking about one, or two, things? We're talking about affection, and we're talking about closeness.

T Hmmm...somehow they're related.

excerpt from 1st therapy session

I am not only interrupting, I am intruding, by not allowing Tony to stay with his feelings. I assume relatedness by the way in which I automatically include myself in what Tony is saying ("we're talking"). I further intrude and control by being clever. I now experience myself to have been uncertain and over-enthusiastic. This is how I reflected on the session in my initial explication:

I became very aware of the fact that the responses that come to mind, that I want to make, are not necessarily responses that I should give expression to,

but that I should take note of, and then maybe let be and if they, in other words, don't come out at all in the session, that I should then pay attention to them, but not necessarily to interrupt. This is technically how I felt about the session. As far as myself is concerned, I felt incompetent. I felt that I was not able to let Tony be...not that I was interrupting him, I was not, not in the sense of interrupting, but I wasn't facilitating his...(pause)...his getting into the session... hmmm...that I remained distant from him...that I wasn't able to be with him. In that sense I felt lacking. At this moment, and also during the session, it didn't feel that this was only from me. I also felt that this was from Tony as there was a definite barrier between us and because of all the technological activities. Let me take care of that first, I don't think it was that...maybe to some extent there was a lack of spontaneity, but as I said earlier there was a definite barrier, and I wasn't able to move across it and able to bring Tony across it. Why was this?...(...)... I experienced a sense of alienation that I was unable to reach Tony...(...)...I also felt him to be playing a role...

excerpt from initial explication

The last few lines were extracted from two closely typed pages of the verbatim explication. The fact that from so much only these few phrases remained relevant demonstrates another means by which I protected myself from overexposure to the unconscious. Here the tendency to circumstantiality and overinclusion demonstrates how the 'falling star' phenomena spun away from awareness as if by centrifugal force. These recognitions nevertheless contained several of the themes which form this chapter.

Having recognised the 'falling star' phenomena for

what they were, I no longer fear that this chapter will deteriorate into a series of 'mea culpas'. Self-analysis is not self-interrogation, on the contrary, it is self-exploration. As the first session held the germ of Tony's psychotherapy, so my first attempt at explication held the germ of my self-analysis.

### "Efficiency" and "Cleverness"

One of the falling star issues was "efficiency":  
 "I felt incompetent." My autobiography shows that I developed the ability to be efficient from early childhood, particularly during the years of nursing. Yet in the first session with Tony and many times later I was uncertain as to what I could or should do. This, combined with the impenetrable barrier of Tony's alienation and other issues made me feel afraid. In a recent explication I expressed this as:

Experiencing again what I was like during those early days of psychotherapy with Tony, I feel myself to be rushing headlong with everything at my disposal, blundering, stumbling in my confidence and enthusiasm. However it was not all headlong blundering. I remember the very many times when I knew that what was happening was essentially the product of Tony's struggle, his inabilities, the result of why he came into psychotherapy in the first place. But I didn't know what to do. The times when my every move was met with a solid seemingly impenetrable mass of alienation, resistance, intellectualisation - there are

many words which can be used, but the fact remained that I couldn't get through, nor obviously could Tony break through the barrier. The words which now come to me in thinking about these very moments are isolation, helplessness, inadequacy, frustration, annoyance and anxiety. Remembering very clearly one particular incident, I will describe what these words meant for me. It is as if I am standing in the past, "my be-klemming" (feeling of oppression) that I am not a psychotherapist, that all the years of hardship to become a psychotherapist had been misdirected. Here I am sitting with a very special kind of a person, someone whom I would like to help and I can't. My anger at Tony that he won't let me help him! Even then I knew how unreasonable that was, but I am a great giver - and to have my gifts refused! Why can't he just see how hard I am trying, how much I have sacrificed to be here with him in this moment? And then I look at Tony and I see a very white taut face with eyes filled with anguish and fear, searching - appealing to me to break through his barrier. And then I would frantically and almost desperately search my mind for something, something to do - what would Jung have done, how would Freud have interpreted this, maybe I should try one of the gestalt techniques, how does one initiate a primal? But with each thought - the immediate knowledge that, that is not the answer, but what then?

excerpt from explication of 5 months ago

How would Freud have interpreted this, indeed! - after about 15 minutes of the first session Tony related an early memory. In his telling of that story I must have felt quite overwhelmed by its content, its implication, his manner, and what was happening between us. My uncertainty threatened to overwhelm me. The old efficiency as nurse took on the form of being clever and in my uncertainty I was thankful for the

the profundity of the Oedipal complex. This is how it happened:

T When I was very young...I think that something must have happened, which I used - to block off affection when it was given...(pause) hmm, I'm just thinking of a scene that I think of time and time again from my childhood...and I'm not sure quite how it...(long pause)...When I was very young, I must have been, I think it was before my sister was born, I must have been younger than five, I was probably about four...hmm, we lived in a house in Greenside and...it was a Sunday...and in the morning the neighbour from across the road, was attacked by a black guy, and had his throat cut. He didn't die but I seem to remember seeing him running around the house outside, with blood running down his neck...(M mmm)...and...I was quite frightened by it. And the police arrived and, you know, there was a whole to-do and lots of people crowding around the house, and...that happened in the morning, and after...lunch...I remember I went with the nanny, next door not across the road, next door, at the side, and I was sitting with her in the garden...and my parents went into the bedroom, I know they...they went to have a sleep I think. That's what I believed, and they locked the door, I knew that they'd done that too, and...I remember sitting then very, very frustrated and very very angry, and I wanted to know why I couldn't be with my parents...(M mmm)...(pause)...And like that afternoon, really dragged for me, there was still a police van outside...but...you know, I felt so completely cut off I think from them, and that's a , you know, that scene is something I think about very often...(pause)...hmm...something that...I did look at before, in therapy, was hmm...the possibility that I in fact felt excluded from my parents' relationship.

excerpt from 1st therapy session

Standing again in this moment of Tony's psychotherapy I am now more able to grasp the totality of his statement. It is not only the content of that early child-

hood incident, but the painful hesitancy with which he relates the story. The way that Tony searches to locate when this incident happened in his childhood suggests to me that he was already grappling with the reality of the early origin of his insecurity: "When I was very young" went through a number of halting re-statements to "I was probably about four".

It is difficult to know what was most dangerous for Tony at this moment - facing an issue of anger or "I felt completely cut off". All of this narrative was spoken in a relatively dull monotone. It was, in fact, with his intellect that he had learned to defend himself. Therefore only when asking "Why?" could Tony allow himself some expression. A little boy of four would be very frightened by the incident of attack that Tony described. In keeping with his fear of being vulnerable, the adult could only allow himself to say "I was quite frightened by it."

Even at the time of this first session I was aware of how much Tony was revealing. I feel my involvement in the places where I say "mmm". We were able to stay with Tony's experience for a little while until I could no longer keep my uncertainty at bay. Then I

learnedly blundered:

M Why was the door locked, Tony?

T I don't know.

M No, course you don't know... (pause)...but in your fantasy?

T ...As a four year old, I don't know. I know that... my parents were together.

M And you were cut off.

T And I was cut off. I didn't have any fantasies about sex or anything like that.

M No.

T I don't think...

M I'm sorry, I didn't mean to suggest anything to you at all. All, all I all I wanted to emphasise was...

excerpt from 1st therapy session

The initial shock I experienced when I had read this for the first time has now become mellowed by the understanding I have gained, both of my uncertainty and of the complexity of factors which led to my being trapped in the past.

The session had not gone well. My means to acceptance was being threatened from all sides. I felt incompetent. Not being in control, I drifted. And here Tony presents me firstly with an early memory and secondly a memory out of the Oedipal phase. I rose to the

occasion as it presented itself to me by "being clever", the sublimation of a stilted and neglected intellect. I still remember, and can again hear in my taped voice, the subtle but smug satisfaction I experienced when I said "And you were cut off."

I knew even then that I had recognised and shared with Tony a crucial aspect of himself. He was cut off, not in terms of the Oedipal complex, but from his feelings and from his parents who couldn't show him affection. He was cut off from his father, but shielded himself by idealising him. The castration fear and Oedipal fantasies certainly featured, but in that moment it was primarily Tony's loneliness and isolation which presented itself. The session continued:

M ...all I wanted to emphasise was...in the various ways that you were cut off from your parents...  
(pause)...it felt as though it was...a feeling, of, of separateness that was emphasised time...and time again...

T Hmm

M You were in the other garden...you were not with the parents, your parents, you were with the nanny, they were in the room together the door was closed, and the door was locked. So the separateness gained momentum with each one of these...things...(....)  
...

T Something that, hmm...sort of comes to mind is ah... when you said, I sat there and didn't do anything

about it, I didn't cry or scream...That kind of... that rings a bell...with what went on with the rest of my life, until pretty recently...That...hmm...I never showed...what I was feeling, I never showed feelings. I don't know if I actually...felt them, or whether I cut them off inside me and then...for that reason didn't show them.

M ...mmm...

T But, you know, I can't ever remember displaying emotion after the age of about 5 when I used to cry when I was...sore. But you know, crying was just something which you never...which I never came near to...until fairly recently.

M ...mmm...

T Hmm...(long pause)...And sitting there without crying ...maybe I was building a block inside me.

M What are you feeling now?...(...)...How are you feeling about your talking? How are you feeling about us being here? How are you feeling about the way that ...things are progressing?

T I'm actually not...(pause)...I'm not, I'm just feeling very, very sad at the moment. I don't know why.

M ...mmm...

T I'm just am feeling very very sad.

M ...mmm...

T Hmm...I haven't been thinking about these other things,I can if you want me too.

M Mmm. I'm wondering why I asked a question then. If ...if I remember correctly I asked the question because I felt you...half drifting away, quite a few times, and I was wondering whether this is now, after you've said this...I'm wondering if this is what you do...when you do experience these feelings, especially sadness - you drift away.

T Maybe what I do is when I...feel sadness, I start to think.

excerpt from 1st therapy session

In the process of explication I came to understand what had happened here. I was acutely aware of Tony's distress and struggle, but I was unable to stay with him:

There was a definite barrier, and I wasn't able to move across it nor able to bring Tony across. Why was this?

excerpt from initial explication

That was as far as I could go at that time. Prior to this moment in the first session, I had twice before tried to bring Tony's feelings out into the open. I was shocked, however, that Tony didn't spontaneously yield to my caring. I had come to take it for granted that people spontaneously turned to me for help and that they easily allowed themselves the experience of comfort by having cried on my shoulder. For years and years I had comforted my mother, my family, my patients.

The crucial differences between my being a Pollyanna and psychotherapy gradually presented themselves to my reluctant recognition: psychotherapy can only happen, independence can only be secured, to the extent that I do not infect the situation with my unfulfilled needs. I have grown to understand that true motivation for psychotherapy is not born out of the need to have suffering removed, but out of the need to encounter

suffering. We should take more cognizance of that meaning of suffering which is "to allow". In psychotherapy the psychotherapist has the opportunity to allow people the experience of their suffering leading to the integration of what Tony refers to as "blocked off, cut off" parts of experience.

For years a powerful means of relieving, removing suffering was for me only as far away as the medicine chest and the prescription sheet. Or the even more glorious means of taking over housekeeping chores, actively sorting out problems, earnestly and confidently giving advice. There were many ways in which I used to take people's suffering away, or at least lessened their burdens. Thus I gained acceptance both from others and from myself as being virtuous and good. No doubt I did do a lot of good, but I had no knowledge or awareness of the insult that I caused to people's dignity by my need to take suffering away. My need to alleviate suffering was a very straightforward manifestation of my isolated struggle to overcome my own suffering. Coming from a Calvinistic background I "knew" that my suffering was indirectly correlated to how "bad" I was. It has taken many years for this misconception to be dissipated by a growing under-

standing of myself and of humanity.

When Tony did not respond in a way appropriate to old expectations I abandoned the confidence of my authentic intuitive way of being and grabbed at the tangible world of facts and learnt skills. I resorted to yet another manifestation of "being clever", going on a fact finding mission:

M What did you do when your mother said, "come here my baby?"

T I used to boil up inside but I didn't used to do anything. You know, I used to go then and be thoroughly stiff and she used to have her fun and give me a hug and I used to... (pause)...

M And after that? What did you do?

T Nothing, I just kept it inside of me.

M Did you stay in the room with her?

excerpt from 1st therapy session

- yet another way in which my being with Tony was shadowed.

### Shadowed issues

Despite all my genuine intentions of wanting to be a good psychotherapist, I could not break through the shadowed aspects which prevented my being in the moment.

Nevertheless psychotherapy "happened". This remains a source of reassurance and wonderment to me. Despite my experiential chaos in the first therapy session, moments of true psychotherapy emerged. Towards the end of the session Tony and I were in good contact.

Part of the reason why psychotherapy could happen under such adverse conditions can be explained in terms of the natural law of balance in the psyche. Having had psychotherapy and acquired a reasonable knowledge of myself, I recognised, even if only subliminally, the nature and density of the shadowed aspects ("efficiency" etc) of myself in our encounter. I think the extent that I was able to recognise this activated the opposite pole of my Shadow from which these shadowed aspects emerged. Somehow the mere recognition, the acknowledgement, was sufficient for me to become more open. It was as if the recognition in itself was sufficient to dissolve the darkness of the shadowedness and the field of awareness became more transparent. The process of continuously recognising these shadowed aspects, being your own watchdog is exhausting because the shadowed aspects creep insidiously into the psychotherapeutic encounter. However it is false economy only to be continuously on guard. As psychotherapists we are morally obliged to allow the

moments of recognition to continue into the process of explication and find completion in self-exploration. It is preferable to recognise the beam of our own shadowedness than the mote of the other's resistance.

If I had had a greater awareness of my shadowedness it would have lessened the degree of Tony's struggles. But as therapy is of life, it can only happen in life. Therefore the nature of the psychotherapist's shadowed relatedness can be used productively. Tony needed to actively experience the shadowed nature of his relatedness and work with it as he encountered his Shadow within my Shadow. At times it was "n noodsaaklike worstelstryd" (a Protean struggle). Psychotherapy takes place not only in the illuminated field of our awareness but in the greyness of our uncertainties and the domain of our shadowedness.

Knowing my shadowedness has brought about a humility and has increased the deep respect I have for my fellow beings. I am now more careful when I work. I am less inclined to shoulder the burdens of those with whom I work. I have become more quiet, less frantic in wanting to get things done. The effort to differentiate my Shadow is a continuing process, to determine

that which is I in the session and that which is the other. With such understanding I might well have been tempted to sit back and fold my arms in complacency, were it not for my knowing that I caused Tony pain and, yes, even unnecessary pain. I shall never forget his silent scream of needing to be heard, needing to be understood.

"Piggybacking the first tortoise and not the second"

Ironically, the next shadowed issue I describe is an overindulgence in my mistakes. It only crystallised a few days ago from a partly active, partly inactive process. It happened as I was driving to Port Elizabeth. I stopped to move a tortoise to safety off the main road, so for me this insight will always be known as "Piggybacking the first tortoise and not the second". I had stopped to piggyback a tortoise, then while I was standing in the veld I thought I'd pick some wild flowers. Then I drove on some more and stopped to buy some pot plants which after all are as important as wild flowers. By now I had made myself late, I had to fetch a friend from the airport, so I hurried on. Then I came across the second tortoise making its way across the road. I wanted to stop and piggyback this one too, but I just didn't have time. So I drove on, feeling guilty,

a guilt increasing with each car passing in the opposite direction, praying earnestly to the Great Tortoise that the second tortoise would be safe.

As is always the case with a matured insight the lesson was very simple. I had spent too much time and energy being overly distressed at the mistakes I made, too involved with the awareness of my inabilities. This led to an unnecessary intrusion into the therapeutic process, causing disruptions of a magnitude far greater than the original "mistake" could ever have caused. The following example demonstrates how much harm this can generate.

T Hmm, ja, and I trust you, Margaret the therapist.  
But I don't trust, and that part is much deeper than the other part.

M Yes.

T And it's...you know, I can pretend that I trust you.  
I can trust you outwardly as Margaret the therapist.

M Rationally, intellectually.

T Rationally, intellectually, yes, and I do trust you that way.

M Oh yes. And this is...this is why therapy is also a function of time. One doesn't switch on trust, it needs to grow very gently, and what makes it more difficult, is that the ambivalence between the eyes open and the eyes shut Tony, is that, some of the fear there, is real, I will let you down, I will make mistakes, I will go away, I will see other people. So I also in my every day being, confirm your fears, I will

threaten you, I will misunderstand you, you know, I will say things at the wrong time...

T And even when you do that, I think, the eyes open me, denies that you have done it, you know that, um, because I think, well, maybe I am going back to, to that tightrope place. But where we were at that tightrope place, hmm...(pause)...I felt that you weren't listening to me, that you weren't understanding, at one stage there, and when I went home and I thought about you Margaret the therapist, eyes open me, hmm I think of you as completely infallible, any mistake you make, is not really a mistake, it's just a resistance on my part, or something like that...

M And now you're wanting me to say, I don't make mistakes?

T Hmm, no you've said that, you've said that you do, and, you know, I know, I know you do.

M But you look at me .....

T But I don't

M ...pleadingly...or I saw you look, pleading in it.

T It was, not pleading, but, hmm...don't hit me for saying that...(pause)...I don't know why, that sounds crazy now.

M Don't hit me for saying which?...

T It sounds crazy now, don't hit me for saying... (pause)...this sounds crazy but don't hit me for saying that, er, even when you make mistakes, I don't see them...(M (softly): whew!)

T And that sounds really crazy.

M No, you're saying to me, please don't tell me that you make mistakes, don't threaten me don't hurt me, don't disturb the balance, let's just play this game, that you're infallible, I don't want to know that you can fail me because then I am totally vulnerable.

excerpt from 15th hour of therapy

This interaction happened after only 15 hours of psychotherapy, and after I had been absent for 1½ days to work elsewhere. There is much happening here, but I quote it specifically to illustrate how I had threatened Tony's safety in my need to confess my mistakes. It is an intrusion caused by overconcern with my mistakes and inabilities, resulting in a false humility which is more proud than pride, more dishonest than silence. There are times when it is crucial for people to believe that their psychotherapist is a stable and secure being. Very often this need, as Tony expressed, translates the psychotherapist into an infallible being. It would have been so much more appropriate for me to acknowledge Tony's need for security than to have spent the energy I used to convince him that I was fallible. Instead of working at making psychotherapy a safe place for Tony I was inadvertently working at making a safe image for myself: the good psychotherapist is "honest".

#### "Limits" and the quest for independence

On the second day of the initial explication I started by saying: "The first thing that I must say is my enormous excitement about what is happening...(....)...."

there is no constraint."

Constraints, limits, the quest for independence without limits: this is the shadowed issue that I explore here. My experiences of it and my acting on it, throughout my childhood, my studies and my varied working life have resulted in ramifications which have reached into every aspect of my being, deeper than any other issue of my own making.

The roots of the Cling Fig cling in starkness to the rock face, bleached by the sun and exposed to the weather. Like these roots, the issue of limits is intertwined with other issues, those of "acceptance as psychotherapist", "control" and "fear of losing Tony". My attempt to separate them resulted in an ever increasing spinning away of thoughts, feelings, ideas and experiences.

The quest for my independence has yielded both the sweetest and the most bitter fruits. It has caused me to be rejected more severely than any other aspect of my being, yet it has also yielded a harvest more generous than any other. I have always had to fight for a place appropriate to where I was, or where I believed I was. My autobiography shows that when I was an

adolescent, I was a hard working responsible "adult", whereas at 44 I was a full time student participating for the first time in many of the delightful nonsenses of student life. No wonder the experience of "there is no constraint" left me dizzy with freedom.

There are many reasons why I went overboard with the freedom allowed me, a freedom granted partly by the fact of being a student but largely because Professor Kruger as head of the department allows freedom to both his staff and students as a matter of policy. This stems from his belief in the dignity and autonomy of individuals and his conviction that true productivity arises within the context of an "individual life-project". This leeway is usually appreciated by all concerned, so there is a natural or at least a common tendency to respect implicit boundaries. My own particular need for boundlessness must have caused Prof a number of sleepless nights. It is to his credit that he never turned back on his principle even though he endeavoured to channel my efforts into more traditionally acceptable ways.

These circumstances of freedom initiated the final

stages of something I had battled with all my life. I had always questioned boundaries, searched for new horizons, for a way of life with more meaning than the rigid and hollow confinement caused by my overdisciplined background. Not that I didn't want boundaries, but I found most of society's laws and boundaries dishonest and continue to find them so. When we blindly adhere to them they serve only our egocentric needs. Thus we allow laws to remain unchallenged despite the fact that the reasons for which they were made are frequently detached from the results of their application.

An example is the fixed time per session and other structural principles which have become standard for practising psychotherapists. Running a practice is facilitated by this clockwork precision, but this is only rarely acknowledged. Admittedly some people need a strictly formal approach in terms of both time limits and the structure of the relationship. But there are others for whom it is crucial to experience a therapeutic relationship of overt warmth, where its expression is not dictated by the formality of structure. It should not be standardisation of structure which determines the psychotherapist's plan of action, but the specific needs and context of the person coming for

psychotherapy.

Having the opportunity, I questioned these psycho-therapeutic limits and threw all constraint to the wind. Sessions were to be open ended, to take place when necessary. In short, Tony became my son of the psyche. This led to moments of chaos. After 12 days, I said in my initial explication:

...but I think what I am expressing is that I have allowed this whole thing to run away and I think I have caused it to run away knowing that I can maintain this kind of thing, in terms of energy, but not allowing and not acknowledging Tony's needs...Tony's needs are to go ahead with therapy, but to do it at a slower pace... and O.K. fine, I know that when we started off it was O.K. to work at this pace, and instead of being totally aware of what was happening, continuing, in other words as we started, as the process unfolds, we would change with it. In my usual enthusiasm, I have overrun the thing. Gosh, I don't know whether that makes any sense.

excerpt from 12th day of initial explication

As so often in the initial explication, I recognise an issue, but then unwittingly protect myself by deflection. Here it is deflection by rationalisation in terms of tiredness and energy. This was not even honest as I too was getting exhausted, having many other commitments apart from Tony's psychotherapy. (I see now that this too is a rationalisation, but I leave it for the reader's

amusement). My over-enthusiasm was, however, curtailed: by Tony himself, by my authentic need to be a good psychotherapist and by the natural process of psychotherapy. I had recognised many warning signals and worked very hard both inside and outside the therapy sessions trying to understand them. Some I had understood but was unable to act on. On the 10th day I had said in my explication:

Despite that apparent lack of structure, there is an inherent structure, in the intention of Tony and myself when we meet for doing therapy. It is not that I become someone else. It is not that Tony becomes someone else. But the focus of our attention, is that of Tony finding himself, understanding himself, accepting himself. In other words, provided that the intention of the two people involved in therapy is available, the structure is created within that intention, and it is maintained by the focussed attention of the two people working. I remember now a phrase that I have used very frequently, that we have a session until the moment has spent itself, and this is certainly true.

excerpt from 10th day of initial explication

This illustrates how I knew things, but without those rational thoughts being sufficiently available to my awareness for me really to comprehend. Somehow I could recognise and say those things in my explication but they got lost in the complexity of what was happening (as is clearly demonstrated by comparing the two

excerpts above). However a single insight, even a "mature" one, does not necessarily result in sufficient growth to immediately alter inappropriate behavioural patterns, more so when all those patterns are intertwined like the roots of the Cling Fig.

The time, place, and frequency of sessions were not the only areas where we stepped over traditional boundaries. There were other areas. One was the question of a social contact with someone in psychotherapy.

The objection usually raised by the analytically oriented psychotherapist is that the process of transference is disrupted by social contact. Now I do not reject the concept of transference, it has great meaning in my work. But transference is not a phenomenon unique to psychotherapy: it is a fact of every person's everyday life. The old patterns, present within the immediacy of the psychotherapeutic encounter, help us understand how we are trapped in the past by our past. Psychotherapy shows us how the traumatic experiences of the past caused us to become fixed in time and even in place. For Tony, closeness and affection were issues which resulted in a continuous and painful conflict.

He wanted and needed those unfulfilled and frozen needs to be met, but he feared that the resulting closeness would render him vulnerable and helpless, without recourse to his defensive strategies.

Tony's psychotherapy had grown out of our social contact and the beginning of a possible friendship during the previous year. Although I was misguided in my belief that true friendship can happen simultaneously with psychotherapy, the social contact we had never interfered with psychotherapy. On several occasions, in fact, it served to enrich psychotherapy.

As I was open to the intricacies of social contact, it was easy to recognise Tony's changing needs. We were not true friends, and at times avoided deliberate social contact. I knew that whatever social contact we had could only happen in accordance with his needs. Neither my needs nor my spontaneity could be given full expression. Friendship requires spontaneity: I was no longer that old Polyanna who was prepared to continuously and indiscriminately suppress her needs to be at the beck and call of all around her.

This sounds very straightforward now, but it was only

possible because of the crystallisation of one of the most important themes on which Archie and I had worked during my own psychotherapy. My autobiography shows how I fulfilled my basic needs of acceptance by work and by being a helpful Polyanna. At the time of starting my own psychotherapy I had practically no lasting relationships which did not revolve around my being of service. The Polyanna investment was that in turn my needs would be fulfilled in ways, and at times dictated by my inner chaos. Needless to say most of my relationships were "sick", empty, and filled with hurt resentment. Even today I am struggling with remnants of this old pattern in that I hook acquaintances and friends into doing "small things" for me. Partly because of awareness of the complexity of this whole mode of interacting and partly because of my self-sufficiency I tend to make these requests in a harsh and uncompromising tone. Because there is no division of labour in my daily existence, I manage my life with nursing efficiency and with the skills of an old veteran. But it is lovely to have someone to make a cup of coffee for me or who will do some of the shopping. Because of these Polyanna remnants I constantly have to guard against the temptation to "use" those around me and at times I also have to be

on guard against the resentment I sometimes experience when I am able to resist the temptation to ask.

Another aspect of limits to which I want to pay attention is related to the questions of emotional involvement in psychotherapy.

The crucial limits which I finally learned during the process of this research was to contain the availability of my warmth and caring. Two of my supervisors had said this to me in many different ways. Because I respected their judgement I paid close attention, but I was not open to what they were saying.

My tendency to emotional involvement stems from the fact that my becoming a person was channelled along dynamic pathways which maintained vulnerability in a continuously deepening mode of warmth and acceptance. One of the reasons why I resisted training and learning was that the survival of these qualities was the rich reward of my learning to be alive, and I didn't want any sophisticated theories or clinical systems to contaminate a basic way of life.

Learning to contain the availability of my warmth and

caring was possibly the aspect of my being a psychotherapist which developed to fruition more than any other aspect while I was working with Tony. Tony's mode of relating was such that he had to constantly defend himself against being open to precisely these qualities. I learned the lesson well. Although I still have a lot to learn, I no longer need to test these limits.

The psychotherapist who departs from standardised limits cannot, however dispense with discipline. The more flexible the psychotherapeutic structure, the greater the responsibility. Take, for example, the decision to work until the moment spent itself. This requires an unshadowed awareness through which we can contain insights, be aware of saturation, and incorporate the person's pace into the process. This will always remain challenging to me because I tend to boisterous spontaneity. I don't believe that the changes in the psychotherapeutic structure need necessarily be initiated by me, nor do I think that a flexible structure is appropriate to all people at all times.

Psychotherapy is an essentially human endeavour: that alone is a sufficient reason for it not to be locked

within the confines, albeit safe, of rigid structure. Having been given the freedom, I was able to define my own boundaries.

### "Language"

The tapes and transcripts reveal the eagerness with which I supplied words when Tony hesitated. I again experience my enthusiastic eagerness - my pleasure when it was "obviously" the correct or appropriate word. And surely, in many situations my satisfaction was justified. But in the process of our work I gradually came down to earth. I started to realise what it meant when Tony, in response to my "word", hesitated, looked away - he didn't want my word even when it was right, sometimes particularly when it was right. He wanted to do his own work, find his own word. The twinges of hurt - of not being wanted - were replaced by my growing understanding of the distinction between what Tony needed and what my needs were. My needs were finding indirect expression in this verbal manifestation of my eagerness.

I gradually stopped showing how clever I was, how I knew where Tony was, and now when someone says what I

am expecting them to say, the feeling of satisfaction is tentative. Tentative as I am very wary of the possibility of projecting my thoughts into the psyche of the other - if we can dump feelings then surely we can dump words and thoughts. I have learned, in being more careful, not to supply words during hesitant pauses and not to fill silence with language. This awareness led to a very exciting discovery on the 6th day of Tony's psychotherapy:

T Hmm, I was actually stopping myself from being powerful, I thought, you know, when I am powerful, I actually become quite hmm, extrovert in the way that I talk, I feel like, you know, I could talk for ever and words could just keep coming out and I talk much louder.

M Hmm, your voice is quite different.

T And I thought, as I started to suck my thumb as you say, hmm... (pause) I was thinking to myself, it's not a good game to play, stop being so...hmm, powerful...I was...I know it's only a game.

M Try and find another word: 'stop being so...?'

T I was going to say verbose, because I was very aware as I was saying it, that my voice was sort of excited, it was, like, I wasn't talking from my throat, it was sort of coming from my stomach.

M That's amazing because I am hearing it as coming from here. (indicates throat).

T Really?

M Because it has a sort of treble sound to it, high...

T Ja, there's excitement in it, it's you know, it's not as controlled, it's excited, because when I am

powerful, there's nothing to be scared of...like if I am powerful I can shout...

M Verbose. What does verbose mean?

T What does it mean? Talk a lot (laughs) Talking is... (long pause)...a way of hiding things, talking a lot is a distraction. Hell, that's amazing! (laughs) I didn't even realise what I was saying, do you know that, and that really means something! jeepers! and like when I was thinking when I said what I was going to say was verbose. I had no idea why I wanted to say verbose, and like it didn't really fit with what I was saying, but I said it anyway because that is what I was thinking, it was the word that came to mind, and now we've like followed that word through, and (laughs) it's quite amazing, it was exactly the right word! well, it wasn't the right word, but it had the right meaning, the power game...is a distraction, it hides what's underneath, it keeps, keeps me away from feelings.....whew!

excerpt from therapy session of 6th day

Supplying a word here would have revealed my own eagerness, my need to be clever. Encouraging Tony to find his own word led to a word escaping spontaneously from his intellectual control. He was both excited and astonished although with his nimble intellect he endeavoured to deny that a word so apt could appear with so little effort. It was most exciting.

But not all was so straightforward. Tony's response to my word (or for that matter even my non-verbal reaction) was at times as if I was some unrecognisable alien. This reflected a very important aspect of Tony's way of

relating. Tony acquired much needed safety from living inside a private world which he believed no one could or should enter - or at least not enter very easily. It was therefore understandable that he reacted with shocked bewilderment when a word I supplied rang true. Realising this left me in a very difficult dilemma as the same situation arose with interpretation and at times all verbal communication. Supplying the word or the interpretation was often inappropriate and intruded upon Tony, but at the same time Tony needed to experience that his inner world was not so uniquely other that no one could understand him. How was I therefore to let Tony know that I was able to understand, that I had heard, that I was able to acknowledge him?

This dilemma caused me to become over-cautious, and often hesitant. Being hesitant blocked the way to my most valuable skill, intuition. I grabbed around for a more purely thinking process. It was in these moments that I became efficient and clinical, spending a lot of energy explaining myself. Often I referred to various theories of intrapsychic dynamics. At times I even became involved in arguments with Tony. I knew even then that all this was absurd, but the more un-

certain I became and the more trapped I felt the more I stopped myself from relying on basic human abilities and resorted to acquired, learnt skills and external frames of reference. I moved from my person to my head. The more defended Tony became, the more frequently I felt trapped, and thus communication became extremely limited.

#### The Impasse

On the 13th day, the psychotherapy reached an impasse. The power struggle which had been a characteristic feature of our work (identified earlier as "walking the tight-rope") rapidly grew like a cancer. I found all of my efforts boomeranging from that impenetrable barrier, while Tony became increasingly desperate.

Though some of my efforts were sound, the power struggle became suffused by my shadowedness. It was then that I resorted to non-therapeutic manoeuvres like convincing, arguing and intellectualising. For his part Tony became more and more isolated and in his effort to retain control resorted to the power struggle as a means of protection. Here is an example of the power struggle from the 3rd day:

T I am feeling very sad now.

M And very...very alone? And very let down?

T Ja...(pause)...I have experienced what happened... this thing that bugs me is that I have consciously been trying to be understood, I have been consciously trying to tell you...what's going on in me. I have been trying to make myself understood. The more I try, the less chance there is, or the more I try the further away you go... but it's not that, its just that the more I try the more aware I am becoming that you don't understand...because I don't think you are moving further away, I think you are at the same point that you were...and I think that I have been moving further away...I have been becoming more and more cut off as I have been trying to make myself understood and I have been experiencing myself not as cutting myself off, but as trying to make myself understood...

M Why are you smiling?

T Because this moment is very intense and I feel that it's...I am very much alone...if you weren't here now and I was just talking to the wall, I'd be in the same position...

M Is there anything that I can do to come closer?...  
(pause)

T I can't say something, you know, do this, and you will come closer...

M If I could make you...

T Hmm...

M If I could, in some way...make you know, that I am understanding, it will help.

T Ja, but I would have to believe it first...and I don't.

M And I cannot convince you, so I will not even try.

T And the more I have tried to make you understand, the more I have had the feeling that you're not... and that's why I have been moving away, hmm...

(long pause)... ja, it's...I've just thought of like an analogy, like...there's this building and there's something wrong with the building and you and I are looking at it together, and you're up on the fourth floor and you find a huge crack there, and you want me to come and have a look at this crack, but I am down in the basement and I can see in the foundation what caused the crack and I am trying to make you understand that, but you are too much with that crack up there, to know that this is where it starts.

M And now you feel that I am too much in the upper storey, is it not at all possible for you to conceive that I can understand?

T I can concede it, but at this moment, in terms of everything that has just passed between us, you don't ...I experience it like that, and if you tell me, I am not going to believe you because I really don't think you do...it's like I've been experiencing that you are...hmm (long pause)...preoccupied...with... something theoretical which has followed from what's happened between us, whereas I am stuck with the feeling.

M Even now?

T ...No I'm just talking about the whole thing that has just happened...hmm...(long pause)...I think I experienced you most trying to understand what I have said is sort of...now this is totally my feelings, the way I am experiencing this, that, hmm, what I have said, has...kind of shocked you...maybe you are feeling sort of the two different levels that we have been...been on, as well...hmm, and that you are trying to listen to what I am saying...but I don't think you can.

M Do you think anybody can?

T I think you could...I don't think you can now, I think that...hmm... we go like we were not together in the beginning, and I have gone somewhere now, moved somewhere...

M And you won't let me there now?

T And you can't get there now because I'm past where I was in the beginning where I was available...

M And you won't let me where you are now?

T I can try to let you, I don't know...

M Whatever has happened to come here, we are here now, and what is happening now, we can only deal with now ...and at the moment...what is most in my mind, is how we can overcome what has happened...

T May I tell you how I would like to overcome it, and I think this is just typical of the way I do overcome things like this. I'd like to get on with the tape and just go to the next place and just pretend that what happened, hasn't happened at all, and, you know, if there is something, we can start again, the next part of the tape, but there is something happened here that we have missed each other.

M I don't want to walk away from here...

T Ja, and I do.

M So, we are possibly starting the whole cycle again.

T What happened now is a complete cycle...and in terms of what has happened we are very far away, from each other, this is the way I experience it. And, you know, let's try again, let's start with something new and maybe next time we'll start together.

excerpt from therapy session of 3rd day

In this extract there are a number of suggestions of the pitfalls in which I became increasingly trapped as the shadowed aspects of being in the moment held me captive. For example, "Why are you smiling?" The question reflects a questioning of myself and the confusion in myself: Am I losing Tony? Am I being a good therapist? Why was he experiencing himself as not having been understood? Despite my acute awareness of Tony's suffering, I found myself unable to reach him -

by now I believed I had been rejected so often because Tony had been unable to share his feelings in a way which would have had meaning for me. It was only later that I could fully understand that his share in the power struggle gave Tony an opportunity to express diffuse feelings in a way which had meaning for him. Incompetently I grabbed for the concrete "Why are you smiling?"

My ability to be wholly with Tony was juxtaposed with my frenetic trying to be with Tony. In such moments the centre of our relatedness could not hold - things fell apart. This culminated in my saying "Is there anything I can do to come closer?" I felt I would give anything to be able to reach him. I was literally appealing to Tony to let me help him. In this my sincerity was trapped in its shadowedness.

By the 14th day these pitfalls had surrounded us. I was explaining, convincing, intruding. In working with Tony's relationship with his ex-girlfriend K, this is what happened:

M Whatever it is, to have experienced love becomes a part of one and it can never be taken away...

- T It's not to have experienced love, Margaret,... it's not a past experience that is a memory that can't be taken away,...(pause)...You're talking about it in the past tense...(pause)...We're just wasting tape now, I have got nothing else to say. I have said what I want to say...
- M And I think what you've, have to summarise what you've said...I will say, or would hate to say that...you are saying, look just stay clear of K, you can do anything else, just stay clear of K... I don't want to share that thing again.
- T It's the way you experience it, it's not the way I am saying it...it sounded quite foreign to me the way you said it, I didn't know I had been saying that at all...because I really would like to relinquish K, the need side...therapy.
- M But you're very frightened, that in relinquishing the need side, you will also contaminate the basic love.
- T I think I am saying something before that, that we can't because there is the basic love.
- M Alright...And now I am going to ask you...did you come to therapy because you wanted to come to therapy, or was a very strong part of it, we know that was a strong part of it, alright, in whatever way I am going to phrase this question, it's going to be loaded with possibilities of the, reacting against what I am saying...I am suggesting to you that despite your motivation was that by having therapy, you will be able to re-establish your relationship with K you will make the relationship right, that you didn't come to therapy for you, but for your relationship with K.....
- T I think that's a strong element of it...but you know it goes beyond that because...whether or not I am ever going to be, to have a relationship with K, is ...very very dicey...and I honestly believe that the chances aren't very good, and I know that if I can't have a relationship with K, I can't have a relationship with anybody...so whether it's K or not, I have to do something for myself...as well.
- M Hmm...and I think we are...from what you've just said, I think we are back, ...(...)...but

that situation, that...to be able to...realise having a permanent relationship in the future...means having to relinquish an impermanent relationship in the present, but in the impermanent relationship, are you still listening? But in the impermanent relationship, there was something very good, something very precious to you and having to let go of that... for the gamble of the future...is difficult and feels impossible.

T What is this thing that I am having to let go of?  
It's not my love for K?

M It's not, no Tony, because, that that love cannot be taken away from you whether you will be able to express it again in a relationship with K, this we do not know, and actually, that is not important at the moment, be careful that you don't misconstrue my words, what is important at the moment, is to help you to be able to have a permanent relationship... but because that feeling of loving K, that true feeling of loving K, has been one of the warmest things that you have experienced, every time that we talk about the relationship with K you feel that to be threatened and you say, I cannot relinquish that relationship, it's impossible...you are also having to learn to lose here, now...and it's very difficult, because you have never experienced it before ...as you said the other day, my life has been a success...

T What you say is true...(pause)...

M But you say this...(sighs)

T Intellectual except it's

M An emotional...gesture of abandonment...I am not sure, I can't quite put into words, what you make me feel when you say that...

T I don't know how I am going to answer that.

M It's not important.

T I am saying it intellectually...and I know that you are right,...

M Hmm, But?

T My feelings contradicted inside...I am not, when I say I know you're right, my feelings are not being kept down.

M And what are your feelings?...the feeling that I got from you which I couldn't get a word for just now, was a feeling of hopelessness...or am I misunderstanding your feelings?

T Ja, it could be right...I was telling you what I was feeling when I was talking just now.

M Meaning?

T Meaning that if I closed my eyes and stopped thinking rationally about what you've just said, that that's still the way I feel.

M Hmm... (pause)...

T And I don't think we're getting there by just sitting like this.

M Ja, and I am feeling that you...urgently want to get away from the moment.

excerpt from session of 14th day

Here I prematurely introduce an interpretation. For Tony, love was K, so to let K go was to lose love forever. I knew that the love was in Tony and not in the ex-relationship with K, but I did not give him sufficient space to come to that realisation in his own time. This was the essence of this particular power struggle: in my urgency to share my understanding with Tony, I activated the barrier. No wonder Tony felt that I was "onto my own thing". "Onto my own thing", "not understanding", "not hearing", were phrases that always featured in the power struggle.

The night after this session I did my explication and spent hours and hours listening to the tapes. Only in the context of my own becoming did I eventually understand what was happening. Acceptance for me had never come about by simply being. It was earned by being the dutiful daughter, the conscientious pupil and the hard working nurse. The unresolved areas related to being accepted because of work, had, by the time I started working with Tony, gradually and unbeknown to me become translated into "I will be accepted to the extent that I am a good psychotherapist."

This was the most important understanding of myself as psychotherapist which I gained during the initial explication. The progression from "why I worked so hard" to "acceptance as psychotherapist" was so logical. Taking 14 days of self-exploration to discover it only demonstrates my vulnerability in this area. As the pieces fell into place I realised that because I was so vulnerable I was reluctant to take control in my work with Tony. The issue of control had been the background against which the power struggles raged.

## "Control"

This issue has been the most difficult to write about because here the process of explication and self-exploration is still actively happening. Each time I look at it I am able to orientate the prism so that differentiation has more definition. Even 5 months ago there were still some pieces which had not fallen into place:

To be in "control" of the psychotherapy situation is not a principle invented by behaviourists or family therapists. It is implicit in the principles of all therapies where the focus is on the person and the relationship is the means by which we work. As I use the word in relation to psychotherapy, control should never manifest on the dominance-submission continuum. In confrontation, however, there is the ever present danger that control can manifest on this continuum... (...) ...Control in psychotherapy is really the extent that the psychotherapist's grasp of any one moment enables him or her to see the moment within its totality. This is rarely, if ever, possible in its ideal form. But only to the extent that we are able to achieve this awareness are we able to make a productive interpretation at the appropriate moment. However being in control inevitably implies being in a position of power, as the psychotherapeutic situation is to a large extent guided and directed by the psychotherapist's control.

excerpt from explication of 5 months ago

Control, power and manipulation are moral issues which demand integrity. Here even more than usual, we should suspend judgment and speculation, and remain with the

given. As long as we remain with the given, it is unlikely that we will abuse our position of power.

As I see it, the shift from control to power is only permissible in unavoidable situations where everything else has failed. Confrontation in psychotherapy is so loaded and the shift from control to power is so subtle that it is one of the most taxing moments of our work.

Thinking of all the moments preceding my having to resort to confrontation with Tony, knowing at that time I no longer had a choice, will for me be a lifetime reminder of all the shadowed happenings which inevitably preceded this impasse. The confrontation with Tony was even more a confrontation with myself, and has remained so. Having gained this awareness I understand how difficult it is to act with integrity in confrontation: the likelihood of our making a conscious and rational decision is very slim.

Even then, in that crucial moment of Tony's therapy, I was aware of the weight of responsibility. Much light has penetrated into the shadowed aspects of that moment but even now and particularly now, the risk of that moment still makes me shudder.

The Confrontation

M That which is whole, that love for K, is is whole and that need not come into the therapeutic process ...it is acknowledged by the very fact that we don't talk about it...and I am understanding now...

T It's denied by the very fact, that we don't talk about it.

M That is how you've experienced it...that because it need not be tampered with because it is an accepted positive part of you it need not be unraveled, and looked at...but because of our, or because of my continual acknowledgement that that is real, and that is good, you're afraid that I can't understand that you can love...and therefore that I cannot understand that you love K...by its very absence from the therapeutic process, it is a confirmation of its reality.

T But it's not separate Margaret...that's how I see it, and don't see how we can get to the need... because that's in the way...because this has to go, I don't see how we can get to it because this is in the way...

M And whatever I am saying...

T And by denying it, well, not denying it, by not talking about it, I can't just move it out the way, when this moves, the whole thing moves...

M And when I talk about it, you tell me that I don't understand it, and when I tell you that I know that it is there, and that I accept that it is there...

T That doesn't alter the fact that it is there...even if you know that it's there, you can say, ja, I know it's there, but that doesn't take it out of the way ...that doesn't suddenly give you access to this, or me access to this...

M Tony?

T Hmm... (pause)

M I am away from here, because I need to...I need to find out what's happening inside me...hmm...I know

that I have been knocking my head against a brick wall that's how I have been feeling...since we interrupted or since it re-became this, I don't want to call it a conversation, that sounds very crude, but, until, from the time that this whole thing entered...whatever I have said, whatever I have done has been wrong. You have experienced as inappropriate as not understanding, as denying something in you... and...when I tried the last time, and it was still completely unsuccessful, I became angry and frustrated, with you and...I just need to know where you are at the moment.

T I am listening to you...

M But where are you apart from listening?

T With that...I think I can explain it very well, in terms of...(pause)...What you do, you acknowledged that, in words...and then you say, ja, let's look at that, this is the only way I can see us looking at anything, but by acknowledging that, doesn't take it out of my feelings for K, so that we can look at that, it's still in the way and then when you say, when you acknowledge that and say now look, okay, let's get onto this, you are actually denying what you have acknowledged, because it's still there, it's still in the way...that's the best way that I can explain to you...why you're knocking your head against a brick wall, why I think you are knocking your head against a brick wall.

M So what do you want me to do?

T I don't know.

M Right, and this is what I think we should do.

T Ja...

M I think you should go, and come back when you want to come back because I think that, sorry (sighs)... try to...

T Right, hmm...(pause)...You are saying that the moment, I talk about, I acknowledge, the whole love for K, then we can't continue with the therapeutic process? Because I am ignoring...(pause)...No...

M Hmm?

T My feelings for K are the total thing...

M Yes.

T And hmm...you acknowledge this genuine love part, and, but by acknowledging it we can't actually shelve it and look at the other thing because this is a part of this other thing as well, that's something that blocks us from getting through to this other thing... so when you acknowledge it that's fine, but when you afterwards, say okay, well let's get onto this thing, you actually denying that this thing is in the way which I am experiencing it to be...

M Hmm...that's what I was saying, that the moment I acknowledge that, we don't get to that, because the moment we get to that, to the need part of it, then you feel that I am...denying the reality of the wholeness.

T Ja, Ja...

M Right, and, I have known this for a long time...and ...and this is what's happened time and time again this morning...that the moment, I acknowledge this, you say to me, don't be so bloody stupid what about that, not in those words, but in what comes out of it...the moment I go to that, having acknowledged this, the same thing happens.

T Ja, I would put it slightly differently...that... hmhm, when you acknowledge this that's okay, hmm... and I like it when you acknowledge that, and I need that to be acknowledged, but that is not what has to be looked at, when you acknowledge this, then I say to you...

M When you, sorry, just say it at the moment I just can't see the tie up.

T Alright, when you acknowledge the genuine love...

M Ja...

T Then what I think I am saying to you, or what I would like to be saying to you, is that, ja, that exists but that's not where the problem is, the problem is with this need...

M Ja...

T But I don't see any way that we can get to this need without denying this, or without somehow failing to, like this colours everything here...

M And...

T Like this is just a total defence against getting to this...

M Yes, Tony, and that covers everything here, because you do not love K here and here and here and here, you love K...

T Ja...

M One cannot take a little bit and say right, now we will look at this, and this is what you are saying... and therefore, the moment we talk about the need love you feel the authentic love, to be threatened, and until such time that you can accept that I know and that I believe...that within your need love, you have the ability to love, and that you are good enough to love, we will not move beyond this point...

T Can you tell me how to go about acknowledging that? ... (pause)... Because I know that what you are saying is true...but I can't exactly go home and now decide that, ja, okay...I have decided that Margaret does trust me. That I can trust Margaret.

M What I said, I am answering you, what I said a long time ago, this morning, was that you came into therapy with the apparent contrasting...I want to get hold of my pathologies, however you felt about it...but saying to you this morning that you actually came with the more dominant reason of wanting to sort yourself out, so that you could re-establish your relationship with K...

excerpt from therapy session of 15th day

My having taken a position of power had an enormous impact on Tony. Its excruciating effects can be seen from what he related during the session of the next day:

T Can I read this?...This is the way I experienced you as saying to me (reads note written after previous therapy session) "I have allowed you to con me for, long enough, I have seen through you but I am still available provided you stop conning me... you're not motivated for the right reasons now, if you ever have been, so go away and if your motivation changes you can come back, but don't waste my time anymore..."

Earlier in the session Tony had said:

T I went home and I had a good long cry and then I tried to work out what was going on...hmm. I wrote down what I felt and...hmm...I experienced the whole thing as a total rejection, hmm...and I was sure that hmm...you had done it for a reason, that you were angry with me... so I wrote down as many things as I could think of that... reasons that you could have for being angry with me, then I phoned you and asked you and you told me that you weren't angry with me hmm...and I think I have accepted that... what that means to me is that...hmm,your reason for rejecting me was that you were angry with me, hmm... and what you said to me was that, you said what you said this morning because you had total trust in me, hmm...hmm... and that is another alternative, another reason why you could have said it...hmm...(pause)...I believe you that you're not angry with me, but for a whole host of reasons that I could put down why you could be hmm...and, I did do that...so what it means, is...that you said what you said this morning, I want to ask you if you knew that I would experience it as a rejection?

Later on he said:

T Hmm...as far as the trust goes, hmm...I think that I have an appreciation of what you did, and I do believe you that you felt you could do it because you trusted me and that does tell me that you think I am O.K....and that's like the final thought I am left with because experiencing that the rejection, the way I experienced it, was that I am not O.K., and that I had to try and sort myself out between those two and decide which one I was going to, hmm ...accept,hmm...and it wasn't a rational decision, but I think I made it this afternoon, hmm...and I felt much lighter after I had made it...but, hmm... I cannot forget the rejection, hmm...I am prepared to accept that the end justified the means, but the

means was very unpleasant, hmm...I thought you had done it out of anger...but you did it out of a confidence in me...

extracts from therapy session of 16th day

The effect of confrontation was to upset equilibrium in our therapy. In subsequent sessions, however, balance was restored. We were able to work with the positive effects of the confrontations. The negative effects gradually dissipated by our focussing on them in the sessions and by the natural process of healing and generating from Tony's growing trust in himself.

In confrontation the psychotherapist risks abusing the position of power: confrontation itself can be a power struggle; it can be egocentric domination; or it can further deteriorate into manipulation. I define manipulation as a more passive use of power geared to self gain by some or other indirect manoeuvre.

The confrontation with Tony was also a confrontation with myself. My growth from this experience resulted in a further differentiation on the manipulation-domination-control continuum.

This had been an almost lifelong process but it

continued very actively in the 3 years since the confrontation. In the last 5 months this differentiation came to fruition:

Well I "knew" about the issue of control. I knew it and even thought I knew all its implications. But I didn't know how easily it becomes entangled in the dominance-submission continuum. I didn't know how vulnerable I was (and still am) to this entanglement, especially where it intertwines with "acceptance as psychotherapist". I think I understood control to be a skill which is taught and acquired, like learning a behavioural act. No behavioural act, even learning to make a cup of instant coffee, is a surface thing. Precisely because I "knew" that, I totally fell into the trap.

excerpt from explication of 5 months ago

The trap was that I failed to recognise the enmeshed nature of my own power struggles. Despite the hours spent outside our sessions trying to understand my contribution to our repetitive power struggles:

I spent part of this morning with 10 or so pages of transcript where the power struggle really emerged. There I find myself bobbing around like a cork on the ocean. I respond to Tony's various defensive manoeuvres as if I had no life force of my own, as if I had no therapeutic skills.

excerpt from explication of 5 months ago

That I was doing something odd in my work with Tony became increasingly clear to me. The odd thing was precisely that I was reluctant to wear the cloak of

power. It occurred to me that I was deeply disturbed to be in a position of power because of the fear that I would then become like my mother. The way in which her power manifested led to the almost total destruction of my father. This fear was amplified by the fact that so many qualities of my mother have become productive and integrated aspects of my way of being. I had been utterly confronted with the destructive nature of the relationship between my powerful mother and my powerless father when I faced my dead father in a government mortuary. I think it was one of the times in my life that I approached breaking point. The contrast between his silent, resigned face in death and his anguished, drawn and desperate face in life tore at my being with relentless finality. My silent vow not to marry, never to be destructive to a man, was totally reaffirmed, and thus I embarked on a journey of ambivalence from which I am only just emerging.

My efforts to prevent myself being dominating now seem quite nonsensical and ineffective. I half cringe and half smile at myself when I think about the feigned submission with which I approached those in authority. My behaviour was squeezed through a tube of devious expression resulting from my fear of being dominating.

This clarifies for me why I so frequently rubbed people up the wrong way, particularly those in authority. It was inevitable that this whole issue would explode in my work as a psychotherapist at some or other time. My need to belong, to be loved and to be accepted had been transformed all along the line by being of service. Becoming a psychotherapist provided the perfect situation to release all these shadowed areas of my being.

Tony not only needed affection, he also fought against it. My warmth precipitated his defences and his withdrawal, which in turn resulted in my fear that I had "lost" Tony, that I was destroying him. That caused me to fear the consequences of my taking control. Instead of taking control I worriedly burnt away many hours.

It is different now. I love the people with whom I work and therefore the shadowed aspects of my loving will always caution me to tread gently. With the awareness of the shadowed aspects I can take control knowing that I love. With love, power can never destroy.

## CONCLUSION

Research is a goal-directed search for truth. I always had wanted this research to be a learning experience. Little did I realise how much and how intensely this was to be. It was as if all the years of study, the influence of those who were truly my teachers, all the books I had read, the seminar papers and exams I had written, and the hours of patient supervision gradually crystallised through this research into the psychotherapist I am now becoming. I think this experience in many ways approximated that of a training analysis. I know that it has been the most decisive experience of my studies.

Learning happened right from the onset of our work. Our first important experiential discovery was that a person in psychotherapy cannot simultaneously attempt explication. It is as if psychotherapy is activated by explication. Tony's attempt to explicate his experiences of the first therapy session caused him distress and caused him to distantiate himself from his experiences: he felt his thoughts and feelings to be blocked off. For me, Tony's experience confirmed that psychotherapy is a process, a process which needs the

supportive presence of an other.

Another discovery was the realisation that there was no need for us to have collected so much data. I am still amazed at the sheer mass of material which originated from that first hour of psychotherapy. Like a stone dropped into a deep still pool, psychotherapy vibrates within the unconscious in ever widening circles.

I would like to summarise some practical issues I have learnt which may be of use to other research workers in this area.

I think one therapy session, properly explicated, can provide sufficient material for a research project. The research worker could then avoid being swamped by too much data as I was. An alternative is to record all the sessions of a psychotherapeutic process and make an arbitrary selection of a limited number. Whether one or several sessions are used, I suspect the more productive approach is to explicate the same material regularly over a period of time.

The whole issue of recording equipment in psychotherapeutic

research is something which needs closer attention. In our research I found that the equipment complicated my understanding of what had happened. It was difficult to distinguish how much the barrier of alienation originated from Tony, how much from my shadowedness, or how much it was activated by these extraneous factors.

I only understood the degree to which the tape recorder intruded when we stopped using it some time after the completion of the research. Insidiously, it had become a presence in its own right. It fulfilled its role silently and objectively. My being an other had been shrouded by its presence. Once it had been removed, Tony had to face me unprotected by the deflection which the tape recorder offered him.

Psychotherapeutic research is facilitated by the use of a tape recorder, but we need to investigate the role of the tape recorder more precisely. We need to know how it distorts the psychotherapeutic process and the degree of its interference. What we actually need to know is why we use a tape recorder at all.

It took me a long time to realise how I had become dependent on the tape recorder and the variety of ways

it became a technological crutch. Did I actually need it? I believe that we do have everything within our grasp in the moment and I believe that we have everything at our disposal to make sense of the moment. But somehow we have either unlearned or have yet to learn how to bring these two things together. Apparently we are aware of this lack because we develop methods and use technology to try and fill the void, but it brings us no nearer to the moment.

Explication, with all its implications, follows a similar route to psychotherapy itself. One would therefore hope that the psychotherapist could explicate his or her experiences of the psychotherapeutic encounter with the ease one expects from a skilled professional. Although I was not skilled my aim was by explication to focus on the psychotherapeutic process with Tony. But as we have seen, the focus of my search could go no further than my own shadowedness and its effects on the process.

It is often said that effective explication is only possible when a sufficient distance has been achieved. This distance is considered to be a function of time. My own experience of the process of this research was

somewhat different. With me, it was not time which created the distance but the barrage of words in my initial explication.

Why do we need this distance? We need it because there are shadowed regions in our awareness which demand our attention when we explicate. Distance is always needed when we face our inabilities, and to face our inabilities within a psychotherapeutic encounter is that much more threatening. An attempt to hold a moment in psychotherapy became for me self-confrontation. The ease and immediacy with which we can explicate is not indicative of our skill, but of our differentiation.

The completion of this research has left me with the rich reward of having lived through a task. With it I have owned my natural limits. Having freed my intellect from the neglect of many years, I find myself able to be that much more rational, that much more disciplined. I have discovered the joy of using my intellect as a skill in psychotherapy, in writing, and particularly in my own thinking.

I realise with excitement that this research has been a creative process. Creativity is too often associated

with art, but to be creative is not the exclusive right of the artist: to live one's life is to be creative. To live is to experience all that the moment holds, to integrate that experience into all that we are and to share what we are by transmitting the experience. I see the flower, I am moved by the flower, that experience changes me a little, the joy it brings me is inevitably shared.

Research, being of life, happens from moment to moment. The process of explication allowed the integration of so much. Differentiation, the outcome of this integration, has allowed me to be more in the moment, more free from shadowedness, more able to share with those with whom I work.

To share is to hold the other, to allow the other the space in which to become, to allow the other to experience the moment in the psychotherapeutic hour so they too can stand in the stream of their life.

To see a World in a Grain of Sand  
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower  
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand  
And Eternity in an hour.

William Blake  
Auguries of Innocence