

Memorial



Armin Klein, Jr. died at his home on Tuesday, November 15, 2011.

He had been cared for lovingly by his wife Grace, neighbors, friends and current and former clients who became friends and by home health aides, Steve Nichols and hospice professionals, Lisa Sieg, Karl Sarkozy and Jean Bennett, a volunteer massage therapist. Peter Costello and Sarah Rajotte were his companions with Grace through the ending of his life. He had been a psychotherapist for over sixty years and continued to work with clients throughout his illness.

He was born on May 1, 1928 in Newton, Ma. to Armin Klein, Sr. and Anna Rogovin Klein who, with his sister Brenda White, and his niece Celeste Ann Klein preceded him in death.

He graduated from Princeton University in 1948 and received his Ph.D. in Clinical Psychology from Teachers College, Columbia University in 1956. He studied with Nicholas Hobbs and with Carl R. Rogers, noted psychologist and originator of the Person-Centered Approach to psychotherapy. Rogers became his life-long mentor and friend.

He came to Rochester, NY in 1957 and joined the faculty of the University of Rochester in Psychology and Psychiatry. He became Chief Psychologist for the new Convalescent Hospital for Children where he remained for seventeen years. He established a private practice in psychotherapy which he maintained in his residence at 15 Arnold Park. His professional life was sustained by his associations in the American Academy of Psychotherapists and the American Psychological Association where he was a lifetime member in both, the Association for the Development of the Person-Centered Approach, the International Forum for the Person-Centered Approach and by his colleagues and friends, Gerald Bauman, Nathaniel Raskin, Howard Mele, Sheldon Zitner, from his days at Hampton Institute, Lewis Ward-Baker, Virginia Whitmire and many others. He was a poet and, encouraged by Jean Clark of England, published a collection of his work, Songs of Living, which he generously shared with clients and friends.

He was known for his warmth and generous spirit in navigating life's challenges and his openness and involvement with his clients.

He is survived by his wife, Grace Harlow Klein, whom he met in Mexico at the First International Forum for the Person-Centered Approach, his children and stepchildren, Shakati Singh Khalsa (Upkar Kaur), Meg Klein-Trull (Tim Trull), John Klein (Patti), Lisa Chickadonz (Christine Tanner), Cindy Chickadonz Hunter (Keith) and Thomas Connelly, Jr., his brother, Robert Klein, Muriel Bank Klein, nine grandchildren who were dear to him, his niece and nephews, and many close friends here and internationally.

He loved classical music and was a supporter of the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra and the Society for Chamber Music in Rochester. His life was enriched by his friendship with Vivian and Don Weilerstein and their daughter, Alisa, all classical musicians. Alisa was his goddaughter. They played a memorable concert for him at his 80th birthday celebration in Kilburn Hall in 2008. He was also fascinated by early American history, automobiles, tennis, sailing, wine, dark chocolate and coffee, long before they were in vogue. His children remember many trips together to New Hampshire where he loved to hike on Mt Washington.

Armin was an active member of the person-centered community, attending ADPCA and Forum meetings with Grace and Warm Springs workshops with Gerald Bauman and Nat Raskin, where he often shared his poetry.

Memorial contributions may be made to ADPCA; designate on the check: **Armin Klein Memorial Fund** which will be used for scholarship support for students to attend ADPCA meetings. Send tax deductible contributions to ADPCA c/o Bert Rice, 5530 South Shore Drive, #4C Chicago, Illinois, 60637.

Armin's book, Songs of Living is available at www.graceharlowpress.com (Storefront).

Armin and his Poetry

A kinder man I never knew - Jere Moorman

One of the most gentle spirits I have known - Dottie

One of the warmest, kindest, caring and most gentle man I've ever met - Yvette

Between 1995-2001, Armin wrote three poems about his pain – Annals of Pain 1995-1997, Three Years of Dying in 2000 and Pain in 2001. Finally, in those reflections, Armin confronted the enormous pain of his childhood. Combined with his ongoing conversations with our friend and colleague, Virginia Whitmire, Armin was able to resolve his life-long struggle with his pain. These efforts left him able to be only love, warmth and empathy which carried him to the end of his life, perhaps achieving the hope he expressed, to live as a poem. In resolving that pain, Armin experienced a rapprochement with his parents and asked that I spread some of his ashes on their graves, completing the cycle of life to death in his family of origin.

Armin worked very hard to be that kind, warm and gentle man as others knew him, but in his poetry he wanted us to know his pain, as well as his joys and growth throughout his life. I believe he wanted that as encouragement that we all can come to know and resolve our own pain.

The last poem, "Pain," I did not remember until I found it at the time of his death among his unpublished poems. It begins, "My Beloved, thank you for asking me to tell you about my pain." I felt instantly, "Of course, I wanted to know your pain" – and had listened to his experiences as he shared them with me from very early in our relationship, and as he had shared them with Gerald Bauman and Nat Raskin for even longer. I wanted to know Armin – and the greatest gift of our relationship was that of knowing each other, deeply, intimately. His poem ended,

"What remains and stands out even more brilliantly than ever

Is the deep, beautiful, and powerful unconditionality of your love."

I also felt chosen by Armin – as I had chosen him – which touched a deep place in me. In every photograph of the two of us, he is holding me – or I him – and I am comforted by his love as I look at those photographs.

My favorite story came from Jenny Bell who sent one of those photographs and recalled her interaction with Armin when he spoke so proudly of me when he said, "I thought I could have married a butler" – I understood this to mean someone quiet, polite and unobtrusive who

would have let him live a dull, quiet and boxed in life. He said, "Instead I married a tiger," and he smiled and spoke more about how being with me had brought him so alive and what a huge blessing it was to be with me.

What Armin wanted and needed was love. The tenderness and love we found in each other transformed both our lives. We found our dreams in each other and created a life together that was rich, expansive, loving and shared.

And that "tiger" in me was seen and commented on by friends who saw me as I fiercely loved and cared for and protected Armin to the end.

Grace Harlow Klein

Excerpts from *Songs of Living* by Armin Klein

Annals of Pain

I. My Control, My Iron Maiden

I am opening my cuirass, the armor of my explorations.

I am laying down my harquebus, weapon of my protection.

I am even considering not imposing my desperate imagination,

My illusions, upon our interactions.

Something is beginning to disintegrate, crumbling inside of me;

An enormously pain-hiding and pain-maintaining vise

That has crushed my guts all of my adult life,

The inner iron maiden of my inquisition.

Like a cuirass, but with inward-pointing spikes to torture and kill.

Now I know I do not need to win the battle!

I do not need to control the controlling persons of my childhood!

That was a mistaken path toward a distorted, imagined adulthood.

I won control over my pain, an imagined control over my oppressors,

And – I lost my freedom.

I lost my freedom into that iron maiden, crushing my guts, my spirit,

Controlling my pain, controlling my self

So that I could contemptuously imagine myself

Controlling my oppressors with my new superiority.

I entombed my pain about their crushing attempts to control me.

I entombed my pain about my helpless submission to them.

I entombed my love for myself and my love for them.

I identified in that tomb with their controlling behaviors,

I sadly and with great loneliness never got to know
Their inner selves, as I continually lost more of my own.

I am angry with my continued attempts to control hiding
My pain, crushing my guts, my spirit, in that iron maiden.
Now, through loving sharing, some of my pain has escaped and is
Expressing itself. The maiden has begun to crumble.
I feel the pain flowing out. I feel great sadness - and hope.
I hope that as my controls yield,
I will increasingly flow with my pain and my loving openness.
Perhaps, then, I will approach the possibility,
The possibility that I have come to wish for so much as I write my poems,
That I might, myself – someday - live as a poem.

-Mount Olympus, July 4, 1995

II. The Tomb

Today, the archeological me found the tomb of my mother.
I had been searching for her for many decades,
Searching and exploring throughout my world.
Looking directly for her, I was blinded by my self-controls,
Though I reconnoitered my exciting world and drew many maps.

There are so many levels and kinds of pain;
Disappointments, resentments, hostilities, panics.
I experience them all as very painful.
Yet, all of those kinds of pain spring from my own interpretations,
My self-controls, my ironic creativity.

My creations blinded me to the place where my mother lay buried.
Listening openly to a loved friend's very deep pain and
Their metaphor for its place, I looked for a metaphor for my place.
I found my inner iron maiden, my torturing capsule,
Inside of which my deepest, simple pain lay buried - hidden
Without my creative elaborations or controls.

The maiden began a slow crumble, pain flowing through the cracks.
The searcher me said, "Surely we can direct this process!"
I told him that that attitude might well have forged the maiden.
With great fear, I said, "Let's just be the pain that is appearing."
Oh, the tears, the trembling, the pain, without controlling interpretations.
The terrors, the helplessness, and then the loneliness...
The loneliness.

Finally, the whisper -

"You were not alone with that person of so much difficulty.
We all had so much difficulty and pain with her,
But we did not talk." Ohhhhhh... sadness and grieving.

Yes, I can see, now, that we were companions
Who did not talk.

My heart opens. My vision is transformed.

My iron maiden, my creation, is no longer in my gut.
Now, it is bigger than me, big enough for my whole family.

Now, it is a stone house without apparent openings,
Hidden by thorny vines, guarded by wild beasts.

It is the tomb of my mother, their mother, his wife.
I am on the outside. I feel pain and fear.

I want to enter.
Will I ever be able to do it?

-1995

III. The Family

I found my mother's tomb by including

My brother, my sister and my father in my search.
Their pain, so much like mine, our love for each other.

There was the tomb, a house for all of us
With no entrance.

I cut myself on the thorns and feared the raging beasts.

I bruised myself on the repelling walls, as
I had once cut myself on her sharp hostilities and attacking rages.

As I had once bruised myself, knocked myself out,
On her stiff blocking, her powerful denials, her stonewalling.

No entrance.

Then from my mother's inner self. I finally heard it.

"I have my own life-long inner pain.
I have never talked about it.

I will never talk about it!"
I finally heard it, not guessing it as before.
Now I could explore what I sensed.
Now I could feel some of her pain.

The walls of my mother's tomb opened.

I entered and found us all there in our home,

With windows and light, and a beckoning outer world.

My mother was at the center of our home.

We were all revolving around her.

Her way of being was so difficult and so painful for us all.

There she was, so real and so difficult.

A magnificent presence, loved by us all.

- 1995

III. The Epicenter

I have struggled with my pain all my life

Except for the first five years

When a young woman was in my home sharing my life.

My mother had given herself and me her most loving gift

When, at my birth, she acknowledged her limitations,

Hiring a lively woman to take the responsibility for my care.

She could, then, herself have a loving approach, unburdened.

I had two loving mothers!

I loved them both. I remember my foster-mother's loving care,

Her direct sharing of feelings, her warm enjoyment of life.

I remember playing with my biological mother's large breasts

From which she later said she could coax no milk.

I called them her pillows.

When I was five, my mother triggered my introduction to great pain.

In a screaming fit of jealousy, she fired my foster-mother.

I grieved mightily! I did not struggle against that pain.

Then, I was stunned and overwhelmed by a strange new blow

In response to my grieving.

I met my first experience of great hostility.

Another, new kind of great pain! Terrifying.

A revelation of what was now demanded of me for

Continued loving from my mother.

Control of my feelings, my pain, a sacrifice for so-called "maturity!"

I began my life-long battle against my pain

In this new parenting of my overburdened,

Angry, and hurting mother.

I tightened my body mightily against inner feelings,

Frightened of accidental release.

After having two loving mothers, I desperately wanted to keep one,
Even if she was now less loving
Under the weight of her new responsibility.

I hid my mourning. I encapsulated it in an iron maiden,
My pain that was crying for some intimacy, some sharing.
I continued loving my mother and experiencing her love for me,
Conditional and without sharing of feelings.
Her love was expressed indirectly - as in her need for me,
Her wish for me to take care of her.
I strongly wanted to take care of her.
I tried. I felt overwhelmed and powerless.
I felt myself a failure.

I finally tried to listen intently to her,
Beginning my training to become a psychotherapist.

Without sharing our feelings, neither one of us was able
To help ourselves or the other become a friend.
We did love each other.
We never learned how to know each other.

It has taken me a lifetime to accept this story;
The history of my attempts to control pain.
I am deeply, painfully mourning the loss of my two loving mothers.
I am feeling enormous sadness - awesome and far reaching,
With a deep, flowing well of tears, watering
A blossoming of peace for all of us.

-1997

From Where my Songs have Come

My songs are of my living. A major influence in my life has been living with the Person-Centered Approach. That interaction began fifty years ago upon my graduation from college, when I spent the summer taking a course with Carl Rogers. The Person-Centered Approach, first as a theory and then as a philosophy of interpersonal relationships, is his creation. I should like to share with you my personal reflection of him and our interaction.

For me, Rogers is the major contributor to the development of psychotherapy in this century, influencing all others since Freud started the process in the last century. His development is also fascinating to me as the spreading of the learnings from psychotherapy beyond its own field to all fields where people seek to be change agents, facilitators, for human growth and development.

I see him in his context, as an American phenomenon, reflecting American values from the Midwestern farm culture in which he grew up and reflecting the American pragmatist philosopher-psychologists before him, especially William James and John Dewey. The values of self-reliance, respect for the uniqueness of the individual, and the struggle for the development of new visions of democracy expressed this influence at the beginning of this century. Rogers followed in the tradition of those great American philosopher-psychologists, and he became one of them in the course of his life, as one of the leading founders of humanistic psychology, for which movement James and Dewey were the forefathers.

Freud had initiated modern psychotherapy during the latter part of the last century in his context of the authoritarian culture of Victorian Europe, and the sub-culture of medicine. His great contribution to society was calling attention to unaware motivations and feelings and the way that they become hidden from awareness. He created a psychotherapy to help people learn more about themselves and their unaware motives. He developed these contributions within a biological or mechanical model. He saw difficulties in living as illnesses in their many described forms, or 'diagnoses.' He 'treated' these 'neuroses' as if there were tangible, consistent, and predictable patterns to unhappiness. By Rogers' time, psychotherapy was, then, prescriptive and administered externally from the knowledge of the therapist.

Rogers had spent much of his youth on a farm outside of Chicago. It was there that Carl's fascination with nature became an intimacy with natural processes - especially with growth and its nurturance. He had gone to agriculture school at the University of Wisconsin at the time when the state universities were in their great foment of introducing the scientific method to agriculture. He had become very involved in the research activity and perspective of natural, controlled observation.

This was the source from which came his famous "potato" story about growth and the influence upon it of environment. When younger, he had discovered a potato stored in the family's dark cellar whose flowering sprout had grown across the floor and up the wall to the only source of light, a high small basement window, showing both the strength of its natural growth drive, and the distortion of its nature in a poorly facilitating environment. Rather than accepting Freud's notion of destructive instincts as an explanation for unconstructive human behavior, Rogers, as a psychologist, looked back to that experience to focus on the nature of the interpersonal environment; as a facilitating or inhibiting developmental influence in constant interaction with the growth drive. For psychotherapy, it meant focusing on the nature of the interpersonal relationship, or personal interaction, of the therapist and client for growth and change, rather than the therapist acting upon people to control pathology. Though the statement of this change in perspective is simple, its ramifications have been monumental as they have created and facilitated a changing paradigm in many areas of society, including psychotherapy, medicine, and education in Rogers' lifetime.

When Rogers studied and trained to be a psychologist at Columbia University, clinical psychology was in the college of education, Teachers College. There, he was influenced by one of John Dewey's principal students and expositors. The impact of Dewey's progressive education in theory and practice on that college of education where Dewey had done his creative work was still very powerful. Carl's basic clinical training there, however, was psychoanalytic and prescriptive. His first position was in Rochester, New York, where he became the director of a new child guidance center. He and his staff gave children many tests,

diagnosed them and their problems; then counseled the children, interpreting their behavior to them, and/or counseled the mothers and interpreted their behaviors and parenting. During this time he became increasingly dissatisfied and frustrated. Rogers describes how a milestone occurred when

"working with a highly intelligent mother whose boy was somewhat of a hellion. The problem was clearly her early rejection of the boy, but over many interviews I could not help her to this insight...Finally I gave up. I told her that it seemed we had both tried, but we had failed, and that we might as well give up our contacts. She agreed. So we concluded the interview, shook hands, and she walked to the door of the office. Then she turned and asked, 'Do you ever take adults here for counseling?' When I replied in the affirmative, she said, 'Well then, I would like some help.' She returned to the chair she had left, and began to pour out her despair about her marriage, her troubled relationship with her husband, her sense of failure and confusion, all very different from the sterile 'case history' she had given before. Real therapy began then, and ultimately it was very successful.

This incident was one of a number which helped me to experience the fact – only fully realized later - that it is the client who knows what hurts, what directions to go, what problems are crucial, what experiences have been deeply buried. It began to occur to me that unless I had a need to demonstrate my own cleverness and learning, I would do better to rely upon the client for the direction of movement in the process" (Rogers, 1961, p.11).

Thus began his new thinking, called at that time "Non-directive," and published in his book, *Counseling and Psychotherapy* (Rogers, 1942). Rogers saw persons as capable of resolving, through the growth drive, past inhibiting or distorting influences. He saw that process, itself, as able to be facilitated or inhibited by the environment which could be, or include, a psychotherapist or psychotherapeutic interaction. The term non- directive, however, was misleading and led to much misunderstanding. It was meant to convey respect for the client's self-direction and abilities, but seemed to imply that the therapist was not to be influential or active. As Rogers and his thinking developed, the description changed as expressed in the title of his next book, *Client-Centered Therapy: Its Current Practice, Implications, and Theory* (Rogers, 1951).

My Introduction to Carl Rogers

In 1948, my own developmental path took me to an intersection with that of Rogers', an interaction which had a profound effect on me. I was twenty years old and had just graduated from college, where I had majored in psychology and been introduced to scientific humanism in its most abstract form, unrelated to clinical psychology. Rogers was forty-five years old, at the height of his earliest phase of creativity and influence. I was waiting to go to graduate school

and asked my favorite professor, a psychoanalyst, if he knew anything about this man who was offering a course in personality theory at Harvard summer school in my home town. He smiled and said, "You might as well get it from the horse's mouth!" No further explanation, but with an aroused curiosity, I entered a course where learning was to be facilitated rather than taught - in a discussion group of two hundred students. The first ten minutes of each session was spent with a presentation of sections of his new personality theory and introductions to previous theorists on the concept of self, self-actualization, field theory, and phenomenology, the latter being a way of looking at human behavior through the experience of the individual. When we students would make a comment or even ask a question, Rogers would respond only by trying to deeply understand what he thought we were trying to convey of our own individual experience of the issue. All of us seemed to feel some frustration, but also heightening stimulation. I had never experienced such intellectual excitement or studied and read so much in my life.

At the end of the summer, I went to see Rogers in his office hours to discuss whether I might hold off graduate school so that I could apply to the University of Chicago where he was. By this time, he had left Rochester and had entered the academic world, first at Ohio State University and then later moving to Chicago. He asked me about myself and my interests. I told him about my background, my environment. Looking back now, it is clear how, essentially, I was trying to fit into my family's view of life, hoping to win their approval. Despite having spent every weekday in class with him, I was shocked by his response. Nevertheless, I think the experience with him in class and his unique theory had softened me up for what happened. Without that preparation, I would not have grasped at all or experienced the significance of what he was saying. He said, simply, "But, Armin, how do you see your life, for yourself?" It seemed as if in all my twenty years of trying to learn about life and make my way in it, no one had ever shown an interest in my internal perception or experience of my life. I had never imagined that anyone ever would, or even could.

What got through to me was that my unique inner experience of my life was real. It could be valued by me. It could be valued by other persons. The interaction with him felt profound and very empowering. I remember it always as a turning point in my life. It was the beginning of my life-long attempts to stop searching for and depending on the approval of others and the beginning of my attempts to respect my inner unique self and the inner unique selves of other persons. In short, I see it as the beginning of my conscious acquaintance with my human spirit and the possibility of appreciating the human spirit in others.

My personal story serves to introduce Rogers' theory of personality and change. A few excerpts seem especially useful here.

- I. *Every individual exists in a continually changing world of experience of which he is the center.*
- II. *The organism reacts to the field as it is experienced and perceived. This perceptual field is, for the individual, 'reality.'*
- IV. *The organism has one basic tendency and striving - to actualize, maintain, and enhance the experiencing organism.*

Under certain conditions, involving primarily complete absence of threat to the self-structure, experiences which are inconsistent with it may be perceived, and examined, and the structure of self revised to assimilate and include such experiences" (Rogers, 1959, pp. 184-256).

During the time that non-directive was becoming client-centered psychotherapy, the emphasis was changing from concern for the therapist's verbal responses which technically might encourage client movement to a more direct emphasis on the relationship. This meant focusing less on techniques and more on the therapist's attitudes, feelings of warmth, acceptance, genuineness, and understanding. The actual verbal expressions of the therapist became, more clearly, means to express these feelings and to help clients feel safe enough to explore themselves.

In the meantime, my developmental path had taken me to begin the graduate school where I had been heading, Teachers College at Columbia University, Rogers' alma mater. To my delight, it was still imbued with John Dewey. Also, the director of the clinical program was not this time a psychoanalyst, but turned out to be a former student of Rogers'. Nicholas Hobbs became my mentor. When *Client-Centered Therapy* was published, it included a chapter by him on his specialty, group-centered psychotherapy. That chapter included a verbatim excerpt from one of his therapy groups in which I was a client, with a few of my words quoted (Hobbs, 1951).

By this time, also, Rogers had developed The Counseling Center of the University of Chicago - which was a quite unusual place. It became famous as a training center, the leading research center of psychotherapy at that time, and at the same time, a most interesting experiment in humanistic democracy, Rogers refused to be the director and when the university administration insisted that he be the responsible link between them and The Counseling Center, he accepted the title of secretary. Everyone on the staff, faculty and interns alike, had the same vote and the same participation in committees. Votes, however, were last resorts if hours of consensus struggling did not work. Of course, some voices in staff meetings seemed to carry more weight than others. My knowledge of this came about as follows.

Internships at The Counseling Center were reserved for Chicago graduate students. My mentor at Columbia proposed to the staff there that I be an experiment for cross-fertilization between the universities - which resulted in another intersection of our paths, with great benefits for me. This time, however, there were also two benefits for Rogers in his development. First, my mentor and I opened up Rogers' closed circle of training, which continued throughout the life of the Center. More personally, I brought with me the sub-culture of my school, calling him Carl, as I had been reintroduced to him by my mentor. I was surprised to find that the Chicago interns were aghast that I should act so familiar with this austere, very reserved, and dignified man. It hadn't been done before by students at that level. Carl accepted it well, and the other interns began to risk it, all of us helping him with his long, slow process of loosening up, which continued in his reserved fashion the rest of his life.

The whole year of 1950-51 was for me filled with profound experiences, this time being totally immersed in Carl's creativity and the creativity of the people who worked with him in that mutually facilitating community. I lived in the home of one of the professors who was a leader in The Counseling Center. I had intense training in all the forms of psychotherapy and

research. I was in therapy that year for myself, and I spent all of what time was left for leisure with the members of that creative community. In his reserved manner, Carl was very warm and extremely encouraging. I witnessed his growth, both theoretically and personally, toward ever more emphasis on the importance of the personal relationship and personal interaction between psychotherapist and client.

In this client-centered phase of his history, as mentioned above, Carl was exploring and asserting the priority of the therapist's attitudes of warmth, acceptance, genuineness, and understanding - an exciting exploration that grew continually deeper in that decade.

Eventually, this exploration and development brought Rogers to a new formulation, published in 1957, of what he called, *The Necessary and Sufficient Conditions of Therapeutic Personality Change* (Rogers, 1957).

Attitudes, which imply levels of thinking, conscious or not, were replaced by deep conditions of the therapist's being. This was a major contribution which not only became the touchstone and identifying concepts of the person-centered approach, but was a serious, stimulating, and challenging attempt to isolate what might be what really works in any successful psychotherapy, regardless of schools of therapy and their differences in overt behaviors.

Warmth and acceptance deepened to become unconditional positive regard. Understanding went deeper to become empathy. The condition of empathy, and Rogers' major contributions toward its understanding, seems to have been the condition that has had the most obvious impact on the helping professions. Finally, the genuineness of the therapist became to be called congruence. I see this as a challenging concept which has emerged as an additional field of study, leading eventually to the present special interest of some of us in the personhood of the psychotherapist.

Rogers went on to develop the name of 'The Person-Centered Approach' as he moved into the fields of working with persons who were not clients. He explored and made major contributions to the fields of encounter groups, education, conflict resolution, and world peace, becoming nominated for the Nobel peace prize in 1987. He died before that nomination could be considered.

Rogers' last book, in 1980, *A Way of Being*, is one of the places where he shows his development as a philosopher-psychologist like his philosopher-psychologist forebears, James and Dewey. He also expresses the three central conditions beautifully.

"The central hypothesis of the person centered approach can be briefly stated. Individuals have within themselves vast resources for self-understanding and for altering their self-concepts, basic attitudes, and self-directed behavior; these resources can be tapped if a definable climate of facilitative psychological attitudes can be provided.

There are three conditions that must be present in order for a climate to be growth-promoting....the conditions apply in any situation in which the development of the person is a goal.

The first element could be called genuineness, realness, or congruence. The more the therapist is himself in the relationship, putting up no professional front or personal facade, the greater is the likelihood that the

client will change and grow in a constructive manner. This means that the therapist is openly being the feelings and attitudes that are flowing within at the moment. What he or she is experiencing is available to awareness, can be lived in the relationship, and can be communicated, if appropriate. Thus, there is a close matching, or congruence, between what is being experienced at the gut level, and what is being expressed by the client.

The second attitude of Importance in creating a climate for change is acceptance, or caring, or prizing - what I have called 'unconditional positive regard.' When the therapist is experiencing a positive, acceptant attitude toward whatever the client is at that moment, therapeutic movement or change is more likely to occur. The therapist is willing for the client to be whatever immediate feeling is going on - confusion, resentment, fear, anger, courage, love, or pride. Such caring on the part of the therapist is nonpossessive. The therapist prizes the client in a total rather than a conditional way.

The third facilitative aspect of the relationship is empathic understanding. An empathic way of being with another person....means entering the private perceptual world of the other and becoming thoroughly at home in it. It involves being sensitive, moment by moment, to the changing felt meanings which flow in this other person, from the fear or rage or tenderness or confusion or whatever he or she is experiencing. It means temporarily living in the other's life, moving about in it delicately without making judgments~ it means sensing meanings of which he or she is scarcely aware, but not trying to uncover totally unconscious feelings, since this would be too threatening. It includes communicating your sensing of the person's world as you look with fresh and unfringed eyes at elements of which he or she is fearful. It means frequently checking with the person as to the accuracy of your sensing, and being guided by the responses you receive. You are a confident companion to the person in his or her inner world. By pointing to the possible meanings in the flow of another person's experiencing, you help the other to focus on this useful type of referent, to experience the meanings more fully, and to move forward in the experiencing.

To be with another in this way means that for the time being, you lay aside your own views and values in order to enter another's world without prejudice. In some sense it means that you try to lay aside yourself; this can only be done by persons who are secure enough in themselves that they know they will not get lost in what may turn out to be the strange or bizarre world of another, and that they can comfortably return to their own world when they wish.

Perhaps this description makes clear that being empathic is a complex, demanding, and strong - yet also a subtle and gentle - way of being" (Rogers, 1980, pp.115-116, 142-143).

Following my year at The Counseling Center, I returned to New York and maintained my contact with Carl in various personal and professional contexts. Always a major encouraging influence in my life, Carl especially encouraged my poetic writings. The poem, "Identity," was chosen by him in 1997 to set a person-centered atmosphere at the opening of a symposium we were in together to honor his seventy-fifth birthday. Later, in 1982 at the First International Forum of the Person-Centered Approach, he very intuitively tried to introduce Grace and me. We had, however, already begun our person-centered relationship that same first day at breakfast and were married in the following year.

In the last decade of his life, Rogers applied his principles, energy, and skills to the challenges of conflict resolution and the struggle for world peace. He traveled widely and worked with many groups of opposing factions around the world, in South Africa, Central America, Ireland, and Russia. His results were quite touching and amazing to the participants. He died in 1987 at the age of eighty five.

The above is the background from which come my songs. In his own interactionist terms, Carl, personally, and the person-centered approach, have been major facilitative parts of the personal and professional environment with which I have been interacting.

I early struggled mightily with prose essays to share and dialogue with others, to my constant frustration and major stress. Finally, I learned that I could escape my painful self-controls and express myself by writing my essays in loose poetic form. It took me a long time to call them poetry and even longer to call them songs. The latter expresses my joy in being able to express and share myself and to have found it a way to deeply connect with other persons.

Part of my process was to experiment with sharing my poems with people who came to see me in psychotherapy. That began when a dear friend of mine, an artist in another city, asked me to recommend a therapist for him. He had been in therapy for several months before I sent the poems to him. When that happened he seemed to explode with relaxation. "Now I understand this therapy business! I know it's been very helpful, but I've been so confused and puzzled about it. Your poems are very helpful! You should make your poems available to everyone who comes to see you!" I began slowly and carefully. Most people reported that the poems were very helpful in stimulating and encouraging their own self exploration; others seemed quite capable and comfortable in politely ignoring them. I like to think that the poetic form is facilitating of the readers own control - in considering the poems and equally of their own control in rejecting them. I did still worry about my own explorations being intrusive in their process. I led discussions about it in two person-centered meetings with my poem, "Poems of the Person of This Psychotherapist." These discussions developed into substantive, searching explorations of congruence, culminating in a quiet, dignified statement by a poet in Greece, "I think that poetry is the deepest congruence." That stunned me and opened new vistas for me in the exploration of the inner experience of congruence, resulting in more poems about it and a different perspective in other poems.

I hope these songs will be facilitative to people in any form of self-exploration. I especially hope they might facilitate a feeling of connection and company among us explorers in this existence. My main wish, however, is that you enjoy my songs.

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