humanistic postulate that client agency is a major generative factor in therapeutic change and that the therapist and therapeutic relationship are more important than the therapy or method practised.' Finally we get the 'Guidelines for the provision of humanistic services', six pages covering three topics. The first discusses for whom humanistic therapy is appropriate. The second is headed 'Appropriate practice' (client's role in therapy; diagnosis and therapeutic process; therapeutic relationship; facilitative therapeutic processes). The third covers social and legal matters (medication; societal responsibilities; suicide). All these are in line with the considerations already outlined.

This is a very thorough piece of work, with six pages of references at the end, and the writers must be congratulated on what they have achieved. It deserves consideration from all those involved with humanistic psychotherapy or counselling in this country.

Further reading

Task force for the development of guidelines for the provision of humanistic psychosocial services (Arthur C. Bohart, Maureen M. O'Hara, Larry M. Leitner, Fred Wertz, E. Mark Stern, Kirk Schneider, Ilene Serlin and Tom Greening) 'Guidelines for the provision of humanistic psychosocial services' in *The Humanistic Psychologist*, 25/1 64-107, 1997

Memories and Traces of Eva Rosenfeld

Patricia Welles

'It is next to impossible to account for what transpires in a psychoanalysis . . . some people find themselves incapacitated by the question "What did you get out of your analysis?"'
Christopher Bollas, *Forces of Destiny*

Two psychoanalyst friends of mine, one retired, the other still in practice, have told me of their disenchantment with psychoanalysis. One said that he thought that in the future people would just run down to the corner chemist and buy a drug for what ailed them. The other said he had virtually nothing to say about his experience

Patricia Welles is an author and editor. *'Memories and Traces of Eva Rosenfeld' was first published in the* British Psycho-Analytical Society Bulletin *in April 1997 in conjunction with a 1970s BBC radio interview between the psychoanalyst Dr Tom Main, author of* The Ailment, *and Eva Rosenfeld, a training psychoanalyst, one of the few people alive at the time who had known and been analysed by Freud.*

as an analyst and that he felt his work had not mattered. I was saddened to hear this and wondered if other analysts and therapists/counsellors felt the same, and if so, whether this had something to do with a lack-of-recognition syndrome for not writing and publishing. Although writing and publishing has its important place, it is the *good work* which is meaningful from the patient's point of view, and this good work assures that in the future psychoanalysis, or any other therapy, will not become only literary criticism or theory but will remain a living therapy.

I had a short analysis with Eva Rosenfeld in the late 1960s. After the sudden, tragic death of my twin sister I came to London grief-struck and consumed by the feelings of helplessness and fear which her death engendered in me. I was fortunate to meet Alan Tyson, who at that time was finishing medical school (he was already a psychoanalyst and had achieved recognition by editing the *Standard Edition* with James Strachey). Alan referred me to Eva Rosenfeld so that she could assess me and send me to a person of her choice. *She* was the person of my choice. Although at 79 she was retired and no longer seeing patients I convinced her that she ought to see me. Of course Christopher Bollas is right. It is not easy to write about the experience of psychoanalysis. There is an ineffable quality in the relationship which is beyond words, yet I feel impelled to write about this unique woman.

Analysis with Eva Rosenfeld was one of the most powerful experiences of my life. I still remember her pithy and unusual interpretations (no textbook analyst she), the feeling of dread and excitement I got when I entered her flat in St John's Wood and waited in the little room that contained her books on archaeology and other fascinating subjects. There was a comfortable, peaceful aura in her consulting room, which was dimly lit, with dark Persian rugs on the bed on which I lay after a while. When the long winter days were cold she would cover me up with the rugs. I felt safe and could therefore rant and rave without fear of retaliation. My fear and helplessness were contained by her while we battled through them.

She never used technical terms. I never heard 'Oedipus' or 'cathecting' or even 'denial'. Such terms were a foreign language. She spoke in ordinary language, and it is only in retrospect I realise that she was using her deep theoretical knowledge and training and her life experience all of the time.

I was moved by the fact that Mrs Rosenfeld had a beautiful harpsichord in her consulting room. Her harpsichord was a metaphor for her being, yet she was such a very real person, with a particular expression on her face, a mix of intelligence, empathy, sardonic wit, and tragedy. She had a beguiling accent, but when I told her she reminded me of my Russian grandmother she registered surprise: 'Not your *mother*?' she said, loudly and incredulously. I knew I was in the presence of a wonderful and wondrous person. Some of her comments still ring in my ears.

'You are a plant, Patricia, where all the leaves are perfectly mature except one. The leaf is your impulse life!'

After reading my second published novel she commented dryly, 'I did not read it as literature, but symbolically.' Later she said, 'You need an absorbing interest.'

Once we were discussing what it meant to be a Jew and she said, 'Didn't you know we used to be regarded as having horns?'

When my mother had the beginnings of what turned out to be a terrible brain illness and would not go out of her apartment, I said that I thought she was afraid to go outside for fear she would also die after an accident like her daughter, my twin, and Eva Rosenfield replied, 'Perhaps she thinks she will harm someone.' She saw the other side of my mother's fear.

I felt we had an alliance, that her sole purpose in the treatment was to help me deal with my chaotic inner life. If she made a mistake she apologised. Because she could admit to being human, I trusted her. Occasionally she told me about her life; the tragic deaths of three of her children, her daughter also having died in an accident (her son Victor was living and I hope he still is), and her richly textured life as a wife, social worker, and teacher before she became a psychoanalyst.

Eva Rosenfeld was there for me psychically when my first baby was stillborn. She wrote to me, 'Your baby has gone from one paradise to the next.' Her beautiful words stayed with me through the years.

I am quoting Eva Rosenfeld to give an idea of how she spoke to me and undoubtedly to her other patients, too. She was hard of hearing and sometimes I found I had to speak loudly, in a quasi-English accent, for her to understand. It had its strangely amusing side. She did understand. She understood the subtext. As the poet Anthony Thwaite said in a stanza in his poem 'Memoir':

> *And it is those words, on the page below*
> *That somehow stick, as he goes down below*
> *Experience to innocence, and finds*
> *The thing he looked for is the thing he finds.*

Eva Rosenfeld had a very creative style of working and this was probably her style of living, too. She called herself a 'renegade' and she may not have fitted in precisely with any establishment, either psychoanalytic or otherwise. I have read that she was in the 'middle group' of psychoanalysts, and a peacemaker. She had her own personal and training analysis with Freud and with Melanie Klein. At the time of my analysis I was not *au courant* with the factions within psychoanalysis, nor had I read extensively in this area until recently.

Because she did not write books and therefore did not publish (except for two papers: one on Freud's Egyptian bird dream, 'Dream and Vision', and the other, 'The Pan-headed Moses', read before the British Psychoanalytic Society in 1950 and 1956), only her lucky patients and her younger colleagues would still know of her remarkable work as an analyst.

I have read very little by ex-patients on how the analytic experience affected them; whether they felt it was a valuable and useful part of their lives. I find it important to think about what my analysis has meant to me and how it is possible that nearly 30 years later it is still affecting my life.

When my treatment ended I continued with my life. I had another baby, who lived. I divorced again. I published more novels, had a few plays produced, and so on. I lived in three different countries. It was a tumultuous life and, except for my daughter, not a particularly fulfilling one. Did this mean I had had a failed analysis?

Several years ago I noticed an advert in the *Guardian* and became a volunteer on a bereavement Helpline. I did their training course and I also volunteered at Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital for their Child Death Helpline. Feeling I needed a deeper understanding I decided to take a year-long course in counselling

skills. It was at this point that I began to review my experience of Eva Rosenfeld, and it all came back — the many days in her flat, everything I had told her and everything she had told me. I recalled things I had thought were long buried and forgotten. It was like beginning analysis all over again.

I began to turn away from fiction to write short pieces on bereavement. I decided to do a two-year diploma in psychoanalytic psychology at the University of London. I have become happily immersed in the vast body of literature on psychoanalysis and other kinds of therapy which is written by some extremely talented people, not all of whom are psychoanalysts. My interest in psychic reality and behaviour, the links therein, keeps growing. I have finally found that 'absorbing interest' which Eva Rosenfeld alluded to. There is no doubt in my mind that my analysis with her, after lying dormant all that time, several years ago resurfaced and became once again extremely important in my life. This past significant experience has led to my present direction.

I now consider that I had a successful analysis and that part of its success is my recognition that more therapy will be useful to me in the rest of my life. I am now in once-a-week therapy. I can admit to myself that I have unresolved conflicts. Eva Rosenfeld would be the first to say, 'Ah, Patricia, I made a mistake, you did not finish your analysis,' if she thought this to be true. I have incorporated her way of thinking into my own.

When she died her family sent me an announcement of her death. They said she had died peacefully in her sleep. This short poignant note saved me from despair. I felt that Eva Rosenfeld was all right. She had gone to her paradise. Yet I realise that I am trying to complete my mourning for her by writing this memoir to tell others of her special creativity, and to celebrate her life and her great gift as a psychoanalyst. Perhaps I write this in her place, because she herself did not publish papers, nor write about herself. She wrote her ideas, her enduring messages, her 'self' upon her patients. She is lovingly remembered.

Eleven Embarrassing Problems for Psychotherapy

John Rowan

On 24th January 1998 Professor Alvin Mahrer spoke to the Psychotherapy Section of the British Psychological Society. His challenging talk was received with much interest and a few tough questions. What follows is not meant to be an accurate report of the meeting, but rather a record of my responses to it. Here are the eleven issues he raised.

1. *Is there a field called psychotherapy?* He pointed out that in North America (including the USA and Canada) there were no