ABSTRACT: This paper gives three important grandiose demands and absolutistic musts by which therapists and supervisors of therapy commonly disturb themselves and how the author manages to make himself aware of and to surrender these demands both inside and outside of the office.

How the hell do I leave my work at the office and stubbornly refuse to take my clients home with me? By doing the same thing with myself that I advise for the therapists I supervise at our training Institute. As you might slightly suspect, most of them are pretty nutty. No, not because they are therapists but because they are human.

For many years now I have had the quaint idea that all humans—yes, the whole five billion of them on this planet—are out of their fucking minds. No, not because I extrapolate from my clients—who are admittedly neurotic. I also have closely observed my friends and relatives—who usually pretend to be sensible and sane. But you, having a number of friends and relatives of your own, of course know how batty they are! Or haven't you noticed?

Now I have another quaint idea—that I, too, am human—and therefore reasonably screwy. Moreover, having figured out a marvelous theory of human disturbance—which I now call Rational Emotive Behavior
Therapy (REBT)—I take the unprejudiced view that it most probably applies to me, too. So I apply it.

I assume—as the principles of REBT of course brilliantly posit—that if and when I am out of my goddamned head, I foolishly make myself dogmatically musturbate about my goals and desires instead of merely strongly preferring to fulfill them. I do this as a person, as a friend, as a relative—and even as a therapist. Like other people, including the screwballs I therapize and supervise, I often construct and create—not to mention also imbibe and adopt from my not-too-rational culture—three neurotic commands and insistences:

1. I (ego) absolutely must be an outstanding therapist, must incredibly help practically all my clients, and must be totally adored by them—and by all my colleagues, relatives, friends, and countrymen and countrywomen as well—for being so astoundingly great! If I don't prodigiously excel, as again I must, I am a turd for acting turdily and I'd better go back to being a beachcomber.

2. My clients completely must heed everything I say, must love me dearly, must always work their asses off to help themselves improve, and must spread the word of my miracle cures to everyone they meet. If they don't react to my therapy as they utterly must, they deserve to stay miserable forever—damn their stubborn hides!

3. The conditions that prevail in therapy—as well as in my general life—unquestionably must be totally easy, comfortable, and enjoyable! If they are not and if therapy includes any hassles, troubles, or lack of enormous rewards, it's awful and horrible! I can't stand it! I might as well quit and win ten million dollars in the lottery or marry a rich partner to take care of me!

Being a fallible human and having extraordinarily little power to be a perfect therapist, to induce all my clients to kiss my ass in Macy's window, and to make every single therapy session one hundred and ten percent hassle free, I have for the last 40 years used the principles and practice of Rational Emotive Behavior Therapy (REBT) to forcefully dispute my irrational beliefs—such as the musturbatory horse-shit just described—until I take it out of my head and heart and (hopefully!) stick it up my behind. Why should I insanely keep following it when I try so hard in my office to help my clients become aware of their own irrationalities and work hard to reduce them? What do you think I am—stupid?

Shall I be more specific about how I leave my work at the office? Indeed I shall. Actually, I paradoxically don't leave my therapy at the office. I first use it at the office itself—on me, I mean, and not just on