

## Harry Guntrip manuscripts

### Section 12, Pages 331 - 360

This sub-collection consists of originals and photocopies of a draft of the first twelve chapters of Guntrip's autobiography, annotated and marked up by hand. The chapters cover the years 1901-1948 in Guntrip's life. Also included are journals, notes, and other manuscript material regarding Guntrip's analyses with Drs. Fairbairn and Winnicott in the 1950s and 1960s, and a copy of an article by Guntrip regarding his analysis experience with them.

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~~that in~~ ~~though not a 'materialist'.~~ 295.  
I did ~~fact~~ think that, and realized that some people I valued would think I had given up 'religion' or 'the Christian faith'. Mother once said that I didn't preach 'conversion' as my father did, which was true enough, though ~~neither~~ did she hear it preached in their East Dulwich Church. Much that was naively traditional and belonging to Europe's pre-scientific culture, I had long ago dropped, as had very many leading churchmen of all denominations, without becoming 'scientific materialists', a position that I then ~~rejected~~, and still do most emphatically. It is in fact ~~scientifically transcended and~~ philosophically out of fashion today as well. Since, then, this played no part at all in my conscious thinking it raises the question as to why I apparently come so near to it in a dream. It might well be the veiled expression of an angry wish to reject everything my mother, and in the light of the next <sup>two</sup> dreams, even my father stood for.

On the night of January 1, 1942, i.e. two nights later, I had two dreams.

Dream 401. "I jumped (actually) in bed with a waking dream in which I was slipping and falling" and jumped again literally before I came fully awake.

Dream 402. There was a concert at a school near Grove Vale or Goose Green, at which I was present. A girl of about fifteen named 'O' played a solo. As I was going home, my father called me back and said: 'You must keep a check on the conversation'. I said 'Do you mean the younger school children's talk or my own?'

'O' was actually a Salem girl who recently in a discussion about the war had said to us adults: "Your generation has made a mess of the world. We'll have to put it right". She must thus stand for my own unconscious feeling of being in revolt against everything both my parents had stood for, and the intensity of my feeling against my mother had made me involve father as well as a critic. ~~probably because~~ I sensed that I was moving beyond Bertram Smith was well and he was uneasy and somewhat critical of some of my views.

Such dreams show that the emotional implications of intellectual developments ~~must not be overlooked~~ <sup>when they challenge the remains of a parental 'superego'.</sup> though in my case, at this time, they were closely linked to the profound disturbance caused to both my wife and myself by my mother's severely deteriorated and hostile state of mind. The stress of that emotional tension must have caused in me a longing for security. On Jan. 3, 1942.



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I had a surprizing dream that found no echo in my conscious thinking.

Dr.403. "I sat beside the Pope who was big and in great robes. I was small half hidden by a curtain and reading a beautifully illuminated paper."

This suggests that more radical intellectual change was slowed down by my ~~need~~ need for a protective paternal superego against mother's tempers. In fact she did not have them in father's presence, and my inquiring if he lived in Moses's time as he seemed so tall, suggests I felt some protection in his presence as a child. The reason for dreams 401-3 may well be a felt need to control the intense anger mother had roused in me during the blitz winter, by putting myself under paternal superego authority. On the same night I chose a more realistic and reassuring father figure, with obvious associations with father.

Dr.410. "I was in a crowd outside Jack Hobbs shop, watching him try a cricket bat, holding it with delicate fingers, making practice strokes. The crowd was waived away and I was alone with him."

Hobbs was my boyhood idol, the greatest batsman of all,, playing with consummate skill, not brute force, a fine model for a boy. This was a calmer state of mind, but my counter-aggression against mother began to reappear. On Feb.10 I had Dr. 415. "Several of us were assembled with bomber crews waiting for instructions before take off. We were sent out as untrained, but I did not go, and somehow got into a plane, wondering how I'd bale out if I had to."

It would seem that mother's year with us had roused in me an intensity of anger I had not felt since childhood except on isolated occasions; as if she had forced me to inner awareness of a basic permanent anger, and I was now unconsciously working over its inhibited, but now more disinhibited state, taking me right back to the weaning trauma. On March 6 I had

Dr.419. "I saw a baby breast-fed. Then it seemed older, and then suddenly it was not at the breast and was resenting it,"

I was breast-fed for eleven months, not I believe very satisfyingly and then weaned suddenly, and doubtless resented it. The next night my aggression flared up once more. It was on March 7 and I had

Dr. 420. "We were attacking Germans with hand grenades in a house. I was in the cellar. One came downstairs and I threw a grenade at him."

These dreams make a lot of use of wartime symbolism, but clearly have very deep roots in my earliest emotional experiences. I am not now concerned with a supposed 'aggressive instinct' but with plain object-related anger against my mother.



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That I was deeply aware that mother both aroused my anger and inhibited any aggressive expression of it in early childhood, so that a strong persisting repression on aggressive reactions in any circumstances became a marked aspect of my personality, is implied in my early insistence on her reading that story of Nimrod spearing the lion. While this was being so peacefully read to me Sunday after Sunday, the bloodthirsty story fascinated me. This expectation of being unable to cope with mother's, and therefore other's, aggression, was probably suggested, on March 19, by

Dream 423. The Australian Test team were playing a local County side, which was all out for 95. I went away to tea and wondered whether I should return to see the end of the game. I went in without paying, feeling they let people in free at the end, but was nervous about asking a policeman what the score was lest he should ask if I had paid. Two Australians had made ~~millions~~ centuries, and I felt it was rather hopeless because they always won, some Australian always did well."

This would qualify as a dream of inhibited aggression. As a small reaction against this inhibition, on an unconscious fantasy level, on Mch.20 I had

Dream 424. I was driving up Dog Kennell Hill in a motor car, but someone ran over a woman, and a small boy seemed to have his foot cut off and dangling. I put him (but apparently not the woman) in my car and ran him back to a doctor at Goose Green."

The dream evoked memories of walking up Dog Kennell Hill to school, from the age of seven, when my small world was enlarging and I was having to keep my end up against a rougher type of boys than I was used to. I remember trying to outstrip all the other people who were walking up that Hill. In this dream presumably the woman who is run over must be a mother symbol, but I do not represent myself as having run her over, though the episode was my dream invention; and I ~~must~~ clearly feel 'the small boy' is not going to escape what looks like castration (cp. circumcision) for his aggression against the mother figure, and all my solicitude is only for him. The emotional stress of the long battle with mother in the Blitz Winter of 1940-1 had reactivated my deeper memories of my struggles to assert myself more vigorously from seven years onwards, and of how it must have been a mixture of striving, defeat, fear, healing and trying again. The need I then felt to begin to make both my parents <sup>see</sup> me, and let me be, a more assertive boy, shows in the next dream





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on the same night, March 20.

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Dream 425. "I was sitting at a table with my mother and father, and I was analysing a patient in front of them. He was a somewhat manic person, and talked a great deal."

He was an actual patient who did develop a talkative manic phase, and I no doubt use him both to represent myself <sup>probably talking mother down with father there,</sup> ~~and also my~~ own self-analysis of this self-assertion definitely here <sup>in front of</sup> ~~against~~ parents, not now analysed as an 'instinct of aggression' or a 'narcissistic character-trait' but as my need to free myself from mother's early inhibiting hold over me, now so recently reactivated by her attempted renewal of the same threat.

On April 6 I again made use of a patient to express my preoccupation with the theme of 'freeing myself from mother's inhibiting influence'. This time the choice of patient was apt though it was a female, because her problem lay in

<sup>the</sup> inhibiting effect on her personality of a dominating mother.

Dream 427. Mrs. X was holding a baby. I was saying it was a 'bonnie baby' while it was defecating in her lap. I took the towel it had done it in, to empty it down the lavatory, and while there I sat down and defecated myself, but bolted the door as I heard someone, I think my mother, coming up the passage."

My mother always used the expression 'my bonnie babe' or 'my bonnie babes' in letters when she referred to Percy or to both of us; thus since my mother appears in the dream, the baby must be me. It will be remembered that one of the psychosomatic complaints by means of which I both expressed my rejection of her (by withholding) and also tried to compel her attention, from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 5, was constipation, and true to that resistance to her, I bolt the door when I hear her coming. But the baby on Mrs. X's lap had no such trouble, because Mrs. X herself had broken away from a dominating mother. In fact her symptom had been diarrhoea, which came on whenever she went out of the house, and which resisted all attempts at medical cure. In her psychotherapy with me, it emerged that in fact, though married, she was still under mother's domination, and afraid to do anything on her own. Hence the acute anxiety attack, in the form of diarrhoea, whenever she went out alone into the big world. As she freed herself from mother's control, and gained in self-reliance, her diarrhoea



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faded out. In the dream I represent her as the self-confident mother, helping her baby self to act naturally and uninhibitedly. My note on the dream at the time was that I was reversing my own early constipation, but making sure I was keeping mother shut out.

Whether anything had occurred ~~between~~ <sup>after</sup> April 6, the date of the last dream, to disturb me, or whether mother had intervened in the meantime with one of her disturbing letters, I have no record, but clearly I was not secure in my freeing of myself from mother's control over me by means of fear, still operating in my deep unconscious. That was clear in dreams 423-4, though in 425 and 427 I had apparently established my independence, though mother was hovering around at the end of dream 427 and I had to bolt her out. I had no dreams for eleven nights and then produced a most disturbing dream while I was in bed with gastric flu'; at least that ~~was~~ the diagnosis, but considering ~~the~~ the defecatory theme of my emancipation from mother in dream 427, and my use of a patient in the dream whose symptom of anxiety under mother's domination was diarrhoea, it must be relevant that my symptoms were diarrhoea and sickness. I noted at the time that I suspected it was an anxiety state, since on the previous night in bed, I had remembered that earlier dream of the Rev.

Arnold MEE visiting his dead brother's grave in the cemetery, and I was there and felt the 'Messenger of Death who comes for folk' must have been coming for ME. This seems to me now, in <sup>the</sup> light of my <sup>next</sup> dream of April 17, to stand for my breakdown into an 'apparently dying state' after Percy died; and probably, in the light of mother's often speaking of Percy in a way that made me feel I should <sup>have</sup> died and not him, I have suddenly taken fright of mother's revenge after the recent ~~dreams~~ of rebellious self-assertion, and given up the fight. This may be the first full scale reliving of that early trauma.

Dream 434. I was dying, lying alone in a room and was aware of father passing in the passage and called to him in a weak voice. He came in and I told him I had left all I had to leave in my will to him, mother and Aunt Mary, but I hadn't mentioned Uncle Sam. I wanted father to see that Sam had a share. Mother, father and Auntie were busy about my bed, I



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\* think about my will, and as mother passed I caught hold of her hand. Then I was led out supported, into another room, and lay on my left side with my arms folded, dying. Several people were watching and knew I was dying, and I thought 'I will preserve a nice expression so they will think it a beautiful death.'

I did not then know that many years later I was to have a clear dream of sacrificing myself for the sake of brother Percy. What astonishes me now is that, unlike several other big dreams (the tomb-man, the dying Aunt Mary for example) I have lost all memory of this dream. Coming upon it again in working over the notes I kept in 1942, I find it startling. It must have been the expression of a very severe unconscious conflict at the time, masked as gastric flu', and I have no doubt it is an actual dream reliving of the illness I had after Percy died, when I was thought to be dying. If that is so coming as it did after a series of dreams in which I was facing my fear of mother and developing an assertive independent personality of my own in ~~indirect~~ opposition to her, it is clear evidence of the destructive intensity of my early fear of her at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  years of age; finding Percy dead on her lap must have terrified me into a mental collapse of all will to live. In this dream I have no doubt that Sam is really a disguise for Percy, whom I had blotted out entirely from all conscious memory, and could not yet (as I did 30 years later) let myself see him as himself even in a dream. It seems clear in this dream that I saw myself dying while father, mother and Mary were all alive but no Sam in the scene, i.e. no Percy, which would be true to the original situation the memory of which is 'contaminated' by the importation of later rationalization, as that if I died, Percy could live. Once more, it is father who is really my 'trusted parent', not mother. The item of the 'death mask' certainly has its origin in my memory of mother's face setting, not in a quiet peaceful expression like father's did, but in a horrible cynical superior triumphant expression. It is as if in having this dream, I felt afraid that my death mask would betray the intense mixture of fear and hate that I actually felt. I want to blot everything out and be able to die in peace. My reaction to my brother's death was evidently a 'death or oblivion wish', a full scale trauma.



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In my notes at the time I wrote <sup>381</sup> "I suspect my gastric flu' is an anxiety state due to my analysis reaching down to Percy's death." The dream reminded me at that time, so I noted, of that Kelso dream of the 'men buried alive in the tomb'. I noted <sup>also</sup> at the time that this seemed to be a dream of guilt and self-punishment for my aggression against mother, an Oedipal interpretation. I later added a note that it reminded me of a female patient whose father was even more of a sadistic autocrat than my mother, and she had 'dying dream' which seemed to express 'failure of vitality through inhibition of the ability to assert herself against him'. I must have felt that kind of collapse of strength and vitality over the shock of seeing Percy dead, and later linked it up with all that I felt about mother and the whole family <sup>on</sup> situation.

The next night, April 18, while I was still in bed with 'gastric flu', I had

Dream 435. "I was second to Churchill and working with him in his office, both in a wartime post, though he didn't seem to be quite the top man. I made a propaganda suggestion and added 'or do you think it a bit too highbrow'. He thought probably it was."

This seems to be an effort to rehabilitate myself with the support of a new father-figure, though I feel he is not really the top man: odd concerning Churchill, <sup>but</sup> appropriate concerning my father. I noted that both my

'dying dream' and this 'comeback dream', and my present anxiety-illness, could be due to the fact that the whole unconscious conflict that was so utterly fundamental in my make-up, was being played on by the fact that a new young go-ahead minister had come to a neighbouring Church, and gave some appearance of trying to rival Salem by arranging 'Celebrity Lectures'. <sup>It is relevant that he was a student junior to me in my college days, and as to my unconscious, he could be interpreted as Percy come back from wherever he ~~was~~ had been, and I felt that automatically involved me in dying; or at least</sup>

being made an impotent personality, for I had <sup>three</sup> ~~had~~ probably symbolic castration Dreams, 436, 7, and 9. "A doctor was operating on my thumb, cutting it." "A woman was cutting my hair and not doing it well." "A doctor was cutting out people's appendixes."

From April 20 to May 29 (my birthday) I had twenty dreams of diffuse and rambling stories on church or war themes and then on the day after my birthday I had another probable castration dream.



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Dream 460. "I went to hospital for a nose operation and had a big apron put round my neck (like ~~the First Harrogate~~ the First Harrogate surgeon used for small jobs). Then it seemed it was an appendix I was to have out."

I suspect all such dreams contain a disguised memory of my first, circumcision, operation, which apparently put an end to my psychosomatic demandingness on mother. The next night, May 31, I had a short dream.

Dream 461. "I was going to Hell, Hades."

Presumably, however life was going <sup>in</sup> in my outer world, I did not feel at all happy in my deep unconscious inner <sup>dreaming</sup> world. There the conflict was still <sup>active</sup> ~~between~~ between resentment and hate of mother, the moralistic guilt she made me feel, inhibited aggressiveness over attempts to rebel and free myself, and deeper than all that, the completely undermining legacy of the trauma of Percy's death: so that 'fantasies of aggressive rebellion against mother' were liable to be turned suddenly into <sup>a</sup> 'dream fantasy of dying' <sup>on of castration.</sup> ~~This on~~

~~June 2 in Dream 462 "I was looking in a Left Book Club shop window, and then went in to get lunch. As I did so, a terrific Labour Party children's procession came by, and I thought 'They can get the children better than the Church Men'."~~

~~Here is the problem of rebellion against the 'Establishment' in my family, on the level of the child, and that it is in the opposite from the self-sacrificing life of service to others that Christianity teaches. Certainly~~

At an unconscious level I could not realize that genuine devotion to the needs of others <sup>(such as Percy)</sup> is only possible in a secure and basically strong personality.

In the basically insecure, self-sacrifice tends to be an enforced abrogation of the primary right to be a free active person: it smothers all creative spontaneity, and debilitates the personality. My family religious tradition

would ~~play~~ lay into the hands of this tendency, and led on June 6, the next night, to Dream 463. "I was committing suicide. I had cut an incision in my right arm and it was bleeding, at first very slowly. Miss D. was there and we understood each other. Then I was alone and shut an outer door so that no one would come in while I bled to death. But a man came in and I talked to take his attention off my bleeding and was wishing impatiently he would go."

Miss D. was an extremely depressed patient who had dreams of dying, and was full of hate for a tyrannical father. I clearly understood her predicament, for I felt in the same relation to mother. <sup>This dream may disguise an unconscious memory of my early castration.</sup> But I bring in another part of



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myself, the man who talks, to ~~steve~~ off the final calamity. I feel that such dreams express the deep-down sense of 'hopelessness' in a small child who cannot make headway in ~~the~~ growth of his personality against the power of an inhibiting parent. On the next night again, June 7, I once more had a dream that swung back to the opposite theme of 'freedom and self-development'.

Dream 466. "I was a surgeon operating on men to get their babies born. Then I was at tea with Professor John Macmurray and his family, but had a feeling that I was with a Mr. Freeman."

The name 'Freeman' is clearly symbolic. I was 'operating' in my self-analysis to try to get my own traumatized and inhibited 'baby' self born, and then was with Macmurray and in his family. His philosophy of 'personal relationships' had long been, I felt, the healthiest intellectual influence in my life, and had provided for me a way of escape from the sense of intellectual stalemate that University 'philosophy' and Freudian 'instinct theory' had created in me, and from which the reactionary Neo-Calvinistic theology of the prewar period had offered no way ~~escape~~ <sup>out</sup>. It is intriguing to see how, while I was carrying on my adult life, with all its varied and interesting activities, ~~religiosity~~ Church work, war work, psychotherapy, lecturing, I was at the same time carrying on in my deeper unconscious self an unremitting struggle to free myself from the handicaps of a traumatized and inhibiting childhood, a struggle in which the battle swayed to and fro between submission, failure, breakdown, and revolt, freedom, active self-expression. Keeping this long dream record <sup>has</sup> provided me with a unique running commentary on how one has to cope with adult commitments in spite of constant invisible interference from the emotional legacy of infancy and childhood, stored up in the so dynamic unconscious aspect of our personality.

On June 10 I had two dreams which suggested to me a Jungian interpretation.

Dream 468. "I was <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ a small Church with my wife. A neatly dressed girl who looked to be a good type, was sharing the Bible reading, alternate verses, with a man. Her confident voice rather surprised me. At first he was on the right, then they changed places and she seemed to become the leading figure of the two."

Dream 469. "I was at some kind of school and did not seem to have any





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friend. There was a neatly dressed girl there. I was not particularly attracted to her, but somehow it seemed that I had to become her friend."

In my notes on these two dreams, I regarded the young female in both dreams as what Jung called the 'Anima', the female feeling function, the opposite of the male intellectual thinking function. These dreams would then be a self-diagnosis. I am telling myself that the two <sup>functions</sup> ~~of~~ of my personality, feeling and thinking, ~~have become opposed as unconscious disturbed feeling, & conscious compulsive thinking,~~ <sup>have become opposed as unconscious disturbed feeling, & conscious compulsive thinking,</sup> I need to integrate them in one whole self. I regard Jung's theory as too formalistic, but as representing an important truth. <sup>I have no doubt I did use intellectual interests to suppress disturbed emotion.</sup> I was later to find a ~~satisfying~~ satisfying formulation in Winnicott's suggestion that there ~~is~~ a male and a female element by nature in both males ~~and~~ and females; the male element <sup>in a secure personality is</sup> ~~is~~ 'doing' and the female element as 'being'. This analysis is based on his view that at the very beginning of life, there is an important division of labour between males and females, the female must mother the baby while the male must protect and provide for her so that she is not distracted from giving the baby the 'total security of reliable mothering contact' and 'feeling rapport' that is the absolutely indispensable starting-point for the growth of a secure Ego in the infant. The mother must 'be' for the baby while the father 'does' for both of them, but for 'wholeness of personality, both males and females must have the capacity both to 'be' and to 'do' in their own ways; and this does involve the feeling function or emotional capacity in 'being' for others, i.e. in being able to 'feel for' them and therefore able to relate to them, as persons. <sup>The ability to 'do'</sup> ~~involves~~ involves the thinking function or intellectual capacity in the ability to understand and cope with activity in the externally real world. There is much to be said for regarding 'quintessential religion' as the expression of 'being' and 'emotional reality', and 'science' as the essential expression of the 'doing', experimental, intellectual reality. These two dreams, in that sense do, I feel, quite simply and accurately express what I felt to be true of myself, that I had developed intellectually <sup>as a defence against</sup> ~~emotionally~~ <sup>deeply disturbed</sup> ~~emotionally~~, because my emotional ~~state~~ had been ~~disturbed~~ by mother.



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I had always been aware that my wife represented for me undeveloped aspects of my own nature, and I owe it to her that I did not grow to be a more one-sided intellectual than I would probably otherwise have been. I was happy if I could 'do' things for people in practical ways, and if I could put my 'thinking' at their service in preaching and lecturing and discussion groups. But I was always aware that my wife made a more personal relation to people, and felt a kind of interest in them, in all the 'trivia' of their lives, that I was unable to feel, and that made so much of the conventional 'pastoral visitation' boring to me. I know that this is what Salem found in my non-intellectual colleague. He was supremely the 'pastor' and 'visiting' was his role in a way that I could not fulfil. I have no doubt that this too one-sided development of my personality, due to mother's inhibiting effect on my emotional development, was what made me a better lecturer than preacher and was what basically made my leaving the ministry for psychotherapy inevitable. These two small but very important dreams reveal that my self-analysis was leading me, at a deep level, to sense my need to resolve the emotional fixations, due to trauma, of early childhood, so as to free myself for a more all-round and integrated development. It would seem justifiable to regard this development as a result of my self-analysis, which, however, blindly, was at least enabling me not to stand still psychologically.

A dream on June 12 shows me still having to fall back on 'instinct theory' for want of any better conceptualization of 'personality problems', and this must have hindered the development of insight.

Dream 472. I was trying frantically to get away from crying babies. It was as if I had done something wrong and had to get away from them. In the end I rushed into a room that seemed red carpeted, and the far end of it was two steps up like the Salem Communion Table platform. As I rushed up, Bertram Smith came in with a smile, and I caved in as if to say, 'It's no good, now I'm done!'

My comment in my notes then was: "Crying babies are the lusty self-assertion of infant nature. It must represent the clamour of my instinctive nature for release, resurgent infancy, and the clamour of helpless frustration. I fear



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my protesting instincts, and dislike my frustrated helplessness." Once again 'theory' partly deflected my insight away from the 'situation' that was frustrating, to something called 'instincts', discrete entities in ~~the~~ <sup>one's</sup> make-up instead of to myself as an immature but potentially whole growing person. The instinct theory favours the idea of 'guilt' about the assertion of one's natural needs. "It was as if I had done something wrong" i.e. the babies were wrong, bad, to be crying, protesting, and I feel all that ought to be suppressed again, and take refuge in the 'commonsense' non-psychological Bertram Smith and the consolations of religion. I must have been feeling in fact that the desperate straits my infant self still felt to be in, in my deep unconscious, was more than I could cope with, and was opting for repression once more. It is significant that in a recent letter about my childhood, in answer to some inquiries of mine, my mother had written:

"You were breast fed for more than nine months. You refused anything but the breast, would heave at the rubber tit of a bottle and push a spoon out of your mouth. You had great trouble with feeding up to seven years of age. You were sweet-tempered till later on you began to refuse to do as you were told. About Percy, you once said: 'Let me look, and I said 'Oh! this is my treasure. I don't know if I can.'"

Evidently the 'crying babies' in my dream had good reason to cry, for it is now generally accepted that feeding difficulties in infancy and childhood are the result of an inadequate relationship of the baby with ~~the~~ mother. It is clear also that my mother's idea in bringing me up, was not to foster a vigorous development of an independent personality in me, but to make me a docile little boy who would do as I was told and cause her no trouble. I do not feel <sup>an</sup> ~~sure~~ <sup>sure</sup> her remark to me about Percy is true, or a retrospective attempt to allay the guilt she certainly felt about his death. If she did say that to me, it certainly reveals her ~~her~~ lack of understanding of the emotional needs of a small child and would be calculated to make me feel rejected and jealous.

On June 13<sup>th</sup> I had Dream 473. "Salem had only about 50 left in the evening congregation, forty in the morning and 120 in the Men's Meeting. I felt probably it was time I resigned. My preaching was not of the kind that drew and kept the crowd."

The figures bear no relation to the facts. Even allowing for the inevitable



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drop<sup>225.807.</sup> in numbers owing to the war, which affected the Men's Meeting and the Young People's organizations and attendance most, the Men's Meeting kept up to around 200 to the end of the war <sup>but</sup> the Evening Service (Afternoon, in the 'black out' winters) kept to around ~~250~~ 250. But Mr. Meck, the Church Secretary at that time, had recently spoken to me about the drop in numbers and his concern as to whether the Church could afford in the future the plans that were being discussed <sup>by this time</sup> for a 'Youth Leader'. But the very discussion <sup>of</sup> the subject must have played on my doubts as to whether my type of preaching suited a general congregation. (What in fact lay ahead, in the post-war years would have frightened Mr. Meck if he could have foreseen it. After I had left, my successor and the Church had to face the fact that the wholesale housing redevelopment ~~was~~ practically denuded Salem of its immediately surrounding population, and the Men's Meeting had to be abandoned. Yet the Church still lives with a vigorous nucleus of some 200 hardworking members, and all the four South Leeds Congregational Churches joined together in a 'Team Ministry' which includes a specialist 'Youth and Social Worker' (an ordained Minister) who co-operates with the organized Social Work of the <sup>and a whole-time Social Worker.</sup> City. The pattern of Church life has changed completely, but Salem remains the strongest and most active Church in the group and my wife and I at the personal request of the Ministers and members, remain in membership.)

My comment on a dream of June 15 surprises me, in foreshadowing a totally different overall psychological theory of personality, not based on 'Instincts' Dream 477. "I was examining bombed property with a view to its reconstruction."

In my notes I wrote: "Bombed property is disintegrated into its elements, like my Ego, under the impact of psychic reality. Hence insomnia which is the physical reflection of a perpetual unsolved problem. But Reconstruction involves accepting and integrating my 'feeling function', which arouses fears of being swept away by irrational forces." I was clearly here ~~at~~ falling back on Jung's theories for lack of a better one, but the use of the term



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'Ego disintegration' and re-integration foreshadowed the 'Personal Object-Relations Theory' ~~which~~ that was already taking shape in Fairbairn's wartime thinking, and would replace physicalistic 'psychobiology' and 'instinct theory', and provide me with the intellectual tools I needed. My perception even then of the fact that 'basic Ego-orientation' was the important matter, is implied in a dream of two nights later, June 17.

Dream 478. "I was rambling hand in hand with a Salem girl and then broke away to shake hands with a group of Salem people and enquire kindly after them."

This particular girl, I commented in my notes, is "too cut off from people, lives in her own mental world, basically sound but distorted in childhood, and not popular because not friendly. I am trying to break away from all she represents, and develop friendly extra-verted interests." This was perhaps the simplest and truest 'Ego-diagnosis' of my own state I had yet been able to make. I did not realize its importance or depth at the time, nor that this girl's personality epitomized 'the schizoid element' in personality that I was later to discover to be so fundamental; an element of basic withdrawnness due to a seriously insecure infancy and a difficulty in 'relating' to people with the normal friendly 'common touch'. That was really my problem in the Ministry. I could more easily 'relate' to a person with a 'specific need' ~~rather~~ and over a definite 'personal problem' than I could in friendly generalities in a crowd of people. ~~That was something my colleagues could do better than I could.~~ My wife has helped me more than anyone to recognise this limitation in my personality. Without realizing it clearly as yet, my self-analysis was bringing internal matters to an important focus. I made a note at this time that "I seem to be in a markedly introverted phase. Organizational duties are not interesting me (though of course I carried them through in practice). I tend to want to shut myself up with books and not go into social groups more than I must". My self-analysis was, though I did not then know it, beginning to isolate the 'schizoid' element in my make-up, which I would need to find rooted in my early relation to mother and the Percy-trauma





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buried in an unresolved amnesia. *My deep emotion was too disturbed to be allowed free outward expression, as is clear in the next dream.*

On July 26 I had a dream that I think I entirely missed the point of then.

Dream 487. I was walking in a forest and came across a ~~hutch~~ closed in hutch, in which was an small animal, possibly a dog or kitten, trying to get out between the bars and it couldn't. I felt it might be in danger if it got out and was alone. Then I stood by the hutch holding our kitten 'Pinky' tight in my hands."

I made some typical Jungian comments in my notes about the 'intellectual' function restricting the 'feeling' function. My thought about the dream now is simply that it reminds me of my letting that ~~rabbit~~ out of its hutch on holiday as a small boy, which I have always felt represented my wish to get free myself, *to show that I wanted to escape from* a 'restrictive' family situation.

Early July brought several dreams of the 'short story' or 'thumb-nail sketch' kind, but not having any information about the current events that provoked them, they cannot be interpreted except speculatively. However on *a dream* July 12 ~~that~~ related clearly to both inner and outer reality.

Dream 498. Mother had been talking about my wife and I was trying to decide whether I would cut ~~her~~ *mother* off altogether and have no more to do with her. I felt I could hardly do that ~~and~~ yet ought to."

That simple dream relates both to the real life situation, and to my deep

unconscious emotional situation ~~where~~ *mother* I am seeking to free myself from ~~the~~ *and the disturbed emotional state all raised in me,*

~~and the disturbed emotional state all raised in me,~~ and yet feel I don't really succeed. The part

played by mother in my final dream sequence at seventy, thirty years later,

shows that I had little hope of succeeding at that ~~time~~ *earlier*. Three nights later

I dreamed of mother again, a long disturbing dream which shows how troubled

my basic relation to her had always been, and how alive in my unconscious it

still was. I have summarized briefly the second, train accident part. On

July 15. Dream 502. "Mother was in bed and I was at a table. We were discussing why she had no sexual intercourse in marriage, or rather why it failed. She said it was dropped because it was painful to her. I explained that that was because she was unconsciously hostile and resistant to it. She did not seem to like the explanation and half buried her head in the bed clothes. As I was looking out of the window I suddenly saw an approaching train break up into a mass of crashed carriages. I climbed down and found debris and blood everywhere, and nearly got my hand caught in something and just got it out without being badly hurt, only nastily scratched. Another man was helping the injured. I don't remember helping anyone."



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Just before that dream, on the ~~same~~ <sup>3/10</sup> night, I had woken up with a vivid dream in my mind in the form of a visual picture of a great circular waterspout boiling up out of the depths of the sea and exploding into small clouds. That must have represented a very disturbing unconscious experience of a powerful explosion of destructive emotion, which seems to have been represented in the dream that followed by the terrible train crash, with debris and blood everywhere, and my hand is very nearly badly injured. In between the 'Waterspout' explosion and the 'train crash', and certainly linking the two as to their meaning, is that revealing <sup>dream</sup> conversation in which I forced mother to admit that she was hostile to intimate personal relationship and sexual partnership (as, on her own admissions to me years ago, she certainly was) and deprived my father of any physical expression of affection. On one of her short visits to us, prior to this, she had once said (I do not now know what it related to) "I don't like being touched". My discussion with her in the dream is of course entirely divorced from emotion, but is prefaced and followed by the representation of truly terrible outbursts of destructive emotion, which can only be traced to her hostile rejection of all affectionate intimacy. Deeper down than my memory of what she had told me, her rejection of father, was my own complex childhood experience of the combination of her inability to give a physically and emotionally warm, intimate relationship, with her ability to fly into sadistic tempers and beat me. I dare say that the dream symbol of the near miss to a bad accident to my hand expresses the feeling that 'It is a wonder she didn't castrate me altogether'. I feel that I interpreted the circumcision as an indirect threat of that, if I was not submissive to her. My comment in my notes at the time was: "This dream is probably a vivid symbol of my feeling that my love was rejected and my life shattered, and myself injured as a result."

Again on that same night I had a third dream which shows how mother's ~~in~~ inability to love turned me back on myself.



Dream 503<sup>1</sup>. I was married to a young man, and told someone that the advantage was that if we wished we could just part. Then I was looking at a photo where I was dimly visible in the background holding my own penis."

This is clearly an expression of the fact that a serious breakdown of true relationship between a mother and her child, throws the child back, at least temporarily, on autoerotism. I was to learn some years later that Fairbairn had put the matter extremely simply, in writing: "Why does a baby suck its thumb? Because he has no other love object to turn to", and Fairbairn held that to be the explanation of adolescent masturbation as well, when sexuality awakens in adult form before the boy has any love object. I did not have any more than the normal adolescent masturbation experiences, and it never became a problem. I do not know if I sucked my thumb markedly as a baby. But what is certain is that when Percy died, I collapsed and nearly died as if I had no one else to live for. On recovery I must have been left with a powerfully repressed part of my young Ego turned in upon myself, to account for the introverted characteristics that I had been becoming more aware of in myself during this 1941-2 period of self-analysis. The young man in the dream was an actual person who had confided in me that his mother died, that he had an attractive young step-mother with whom, being in his teens, he could have no physical relationship, and it drove him into masturbation. In this dream, I identify myself (by the symbol of marriage) with him, but only temporarily; because in reality I found it possible to solve my emotional problem *without too much introversion* by seeking marriage with a woman who was in every way the opposite of mother's type. But somewhere deep in me was the small child,

turned in on himself for lack of a love-object to go out to, a part of myself  
 however that identified with father's & followed the normal father  
 of a homosexual phase of 'boy's gay', sports & scouting interests to  
 gain independence of mother; thereafter returning to mother's sex but  
 not to mother, with Melaine's father maintaining an identification with  
 father in S.A. friendship. Thro Dr SOB was followed by a series of  
 dreams of 'youth work' situations in the next three weeks to Aug 5.





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~~312.~~ <sup>312.</sup> Behind them must be the deep need to rediscover Percy.

Dream 505 "I was at a Prep School watching the boys play a kind of rounders game with a wire bat and ball."

Dream 507 "I was at school and was one of a group of Prefects. A young couple who had become friendly at our Salem Young People's Institute Dances were there, and we were all sitting round a table."

Dream 509 "I was at a gathering to discuss Youth Club Work. It was a group of grown ups and someone named me and said: 'You are in the group!'"

Dream 511. "I was taken prisoner by the Germans but thought: 'Well I've got two books fortunately to occupy my time, Kunkel's 'What it Means to grow up' and another psychological book. Then I escaped and met Dr. Moody's two sons."

Dr. Moody was an outstandingly fine christian medical man in London, a Jamaican, who had twice conducted our Sunday School Anniversaries at Salem, and whose two sons, I discovered, had been at Alleyns, one being a fine sports player.

Dream 513. "Some kind of public demonstration to help a Flag Day. There were two living tableaux, one representing Football, a group of young men of athletic type and dress, and the other represented Cricket."

Dream 515. "I was at our Salem Camp."

Dream 516. "I was going out for the day with X." (the delinquent youth I had been asked to help and whom I took to camp and who made good.)

These dreams were a welcome relief from such dreams as 464, 463, and 502.

They suggest that the part of me which set about making a determined 'come back' by growing a slow but steady independence of mother, after the debacle of my collapse after Percy's death, and had made a great deal of headway in real life in my teens and twenties, was <sup>now</sup> finding renewed stimulus in my unconscious experience as a result of slow progress I had made, if somewhat blindly, in my self-analysis. Nevertheless, it still remained true that whatever progress I made, nothing could be secure till that trauma of infancy was recovered and worked through consciously. It might be that <sup>once again</sup> at this time, if I could have had an experienced analyst, progress could have been made to that end. I do not know. Even my two training analyses failed to accomplish that, though they put me in a position to deal with it, when finally a variety of factors facilitated its break-through. Meanwhile I had to live for years over the top of this insecurity. Perhaps it was some secret awareness of that, that led, on August 8 to



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Dream 521. "I was looking at a large Greek tombstone which had been erected piece by piece in a museum, a fine piece of work. I then found that its great weight was supported wholly on a small model of a horse, and wondered however that could keep it up. Max Janes was holding a meeting there, and I slipped round the back to see how this was propped up. I then saw the legs of the model horse slowly bend under the weight and give way and the whole tomb fell back against the wall and pinned me there. I felt however that I would be able to get out."

Here is a sudden and striking, even alarming, change of dream theme from those of recent weeks. My interpretation at the time shows that I could not risk giving myself any real clue to its significance. I fell back on Jungian ideas for want of a better approach, and saw the Classical Tomb as representing my over-intellectualized conscious self, and the puny horse as my underdeveloped emotional and 'instinctive' life: the whole proving itself to be topheavy and leading to breakdown. Jung's neatly schematic ideas do not now appeal to me, and I am more inclined to see this dream as my way of telling myself that, in spite of whatever progress my self-analysis was making (and I am sure that by means of it I did save myself from some inevitable outbreaks of neurosis, whatever forms they may have been disguised in), the fundamental problem was still there unsolved. There was the memory, preserved but hidden in my unconscious, of an ancient death of years ago (symbolized by the old Greek Tombstone) and beneath it, trapped as it were, was my infant and small child self, unable to move or get free. ~~That~~ This internal situation was a persisting source of instability, and at any time there might be an breakdown but somehow I managed to arrange for it not to crash completely. It is propped up for the time being, and I am able to get out somehow from being trapped under it: a temporary solution that I had to be content with, even though it was a source of strain, tension ~~and~~ and anxiety, for many more years yet. It would seem that at the time, the inward revelation to myself of my precarious stability in that dream disturbed me, especially for psychotherapy. Ought I to be treating others, with such a tremendous unresolved problem in myself. This anxiety is what seems to be expressed in a dream of the next night Aug. 9.

Dream 524. "Some doctor had perhaps caused a death by neglect or mistake.



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It was discovered. I think I had to report on him psychologically, and the man had to give up doctoring. The wife of the doctor to whom I had to give my report, said something about when he had had his 'withdrawal', i.e. from life, a nervous breakdown. I had not known about that, and thought that he would not be pleased with her having mentioned it. I passed it off by some reference to some trouble I had had."

I am certainly here warning myself that I should not go on treating others without working for a solution to whatever was my own basic problem, ~~2~~, ~~many years later I found out that I was not alone in this~~ "I can't think what motives any of us could have for being psychotherapists if we had had no problems of our own." Having now practised psychoanalytical psychotherapy for 34 years, without any patient coming to harm by being involved in my inner conflicts, I can only conclude that in the end, it is only by coming to face and understand one's own inner psychic reality, that we can develop the insight to understand other people's problems. Perhaps I was unconsciously keeping myself up to scratch with a reminder in the following dream, of the same night.

Dream 526. "I picked someone up in my car and then it began to run backwards. I held on the brake but could not stop it, and we went through a wire fence and across a tram track, stopping against a wooden fence on the other side."

Since the fundamental emotional problems are disturbances of our few basic reactions to life, i.e. to other people in our personal relationships, it is to be expected that simple dream expressions of them must keep recurring at different stages of any analysis, as a reminder that one has not yet cleared up the whole problem. So on August 12 I had

Dream 529. "Something about criticizing Pacifism as disguised hostility." Certainly that is a reminder that the 'pacific' personality with which I grew up was a cover for, and a defence against any outburst of, my deep hostility to mother. On August 14 I had

Dream 532. "I was sitting on a table and it tilted and I had a sensation of falling as it shot me off."

Falling dreams are the most typical of all anxiety dreams, and it seems here that I am letting myself know that I do not yet ~~at all~~ feel secure within.

Dreaming petered out on August 18 with a few inconsequential dreams. My final comment on the ~~twelve~~ months of dreaming was: "The general problem of some 170 dreams of this August 1941 to August 1942 has been the struggle to win release





from a too rigid intellectual, defensive ego, with its inability to relax control and be free and spontaneous, and too accept my upthrusting unconscious, which I therefore often represented as small, weak, a kitten, the puny wooden horse under the Greek tomb, undeveloped, but yet striving to push out and become integrated with my conscious Ego, for a

revitalizing of my whole self. *"This is a quite inadequate summary in view of such precise 'family situation dreams' at 384 'Terror of the Queen mother', 394, 'mother as the black attacking bird', 434, 'I was dying in or inhibited, or dying infant, but also an explosive and destructive one: the presence of father, mother, and many', 463, 'I was committing suicide', and also some dreams about my parents and especially my mother of the utmost 502 'mother's hostility to me, followed by a train crash'.*

I was still not clearly relating the stubbornness of my basic repressions, to my amnesia for all the events and the family situation, especially concerning Percy's death and my collapse illness, though all that is clearly implied in some of the most important dreams.

### PSYCHOLOGICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY...

During this August, 1942, while the twelve months period of dream recording August 1941 to August 1942, was petering out, I must have felt a need to review my whole situation, since self-analysis did not seem to me to produce sufficiently concrete results. In fact I had no experience of 'transference analysis' to compare it with, other than my own psychotherapy with patients, so far, whose problems were *mostly less serious.* I was just beginning to get more ill patients referred to me, however, and felt a need to arrive at more clear cut results with myself therefore. *In the next year, 1943, I was invited to lecture in the Medical School, and partly as preparation for that, and partly to secure more help than I had hitherto had for myself, I started a period of analysis with Dr. Alan Warley, the wartime Acting Director of the Tavistock Clinic. But I did not know anything about that in August 1942, and so for a fortnight, while recording the few last dreams of that period, I wrote 42 pages of 'Psychological Autobiography-cum-Diary', in an attempt to find out where I had arrived at. I was, I gather from these notes, stimulated to this by reading 'Self-Analysis' by E.P. Farrow. I later came*



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to the conclusion that his method was a useless conscious intellectualization which only fostered 'introversion' without leading to basic change in one's infancy legacy in the deep unconscious. I realized that the 'transference situation' was as much missing in his method and as in my dream analysis, though I had then no means of securing a transference analysis. But I wrote:

Aug. 3 - 16. "I have come to the conclusion that exclusive dream interpretation by myself needs supplementing by a more thorough sorting out of conscious problems, beginning with the present day and working backwards."

However, I came to realize that this ~~was~~ <sup>also</sup> was a purely intellectual and critical examination and statement of problems I was fully conscious of, to be a true analysis. However, it is of consequence to note that, by contrast with my Dairy at 18-20, I called this an attempt at 'Psychological Autobiography', showing my awareness by that time of the fact that I was dealing with something that had effected, and was still effecting, my whole life. The 41 pages I wrote contain some interesting comments.

"Aug. 3. 10-45 p.m. I am firewatching alone at Salem, tired after a heavy Sunday, 3 addresses plus three hospital visits, and am ready for our holiday at Wilsil (a village near Pateley Bridge, from which I could get back to Leeds quickly in the event of an Air Raid). I feel somewhat depressed and need to release my mind by writing. Six years of self-analysis, recurrent sleep trouble, ministerial disappointment in the Salem internal crisis and the low level of organized Church life owing to the war, and I have just turned the corner of middle age at 41, youth has gone and I have not fulfilled my own hopes. I know I have had plenty of successes and helped a lot of people. But I have not yet achieved a philosophy or theology and religious faith that grips me, and I have not settled the problem of my own mental make-up, and the tendency to feel depressed, as for a time at home when I left the Salvation Army, in my second year of the Philosophy course at U.C.L., the third year at Ipswich, and now in this third year of war I have lost the thrill of wartime Church leadership. I am aware of a profound change in my attitude to life in general. I used to be idealistic, with naively simple assumptions about people responding to example and reason. I heard the Bishop of Bradford (Dr. Blunt) say recently that as you get older you can easily lose faith in human nature. I see that much less can be done to better the world than I had always believed and hoped. Is this a mood or a recognition of hard facts. Here perhaps is the spiritual crisis of middle age, to see the world with disillusioned eyes, and go on and win for oneself all over again a faith."

I believe ~~that~~ that that conclusion had a great deal of truth in it, for now at seventy, I know that I did in fact do just that, go on and win a new faith. After a few days rest at Wilsil, I felt much better, but I wrote a comment which shows that I would cheerfully <sup>have</sup> given up self-analysis, if I could.



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"Too exclusively psychological interests are bad. To be always examining the engine of a motor car abstracts one from travelling. Engines and minds need understanding and occasional care, but their use is more interesting than their laws of operation. To make the unconscious too much the visible obsessing reality in one's life, instead of the silent, harmoniously co-operating, fruitful depths of the personality, is bad."

That looks like a bit of robust common sense, but alas, when something goes wrong with the engine, it must be put right before the car can travel, and when something too disturbing exists in the unconscious, that too must be put right before one can 'live unselfconsciously'. I had had plenty of startling dream evidence that my unconscious harboured a very serious and deep-seated infantile traumatic experience, and I was never to be able to ignore it, though I was able to make valuable use of it in understanding other people's problems in the years to come, until ultimately I was able to find a solution. Later in these notes I wrote:

"My self-analysis has made me aware of the unconscious motives and needs for compensation that tend to drive me."

There was enough evidence in the dreams I have already recorded, to enable me to see beyond that, to the fact that a seriously traumatic family situation in the impressionable years of early childhood can leave one with unconscious tensions that can sabotage adult living and call for very experienced help if they are to be grown out of. *Why I could not do it without such help is what the rest of this book is about.* Concerning Salem, I wrote:

"I was expected to revive the glories of the Smith and Wrigley era. That has been made impossible (1) by the Church's unwise attempts to create artificially a 'Joint Pastorate' on the Smith and Wrigley model (2) my health, bound up with both infection and the Salem Ministry crisis, ~~(3) the war~~ (3) the war, (4) slum clearance which ~~has~~ *has* already *begun* before the war is over, beginning to redistribute the South Leeds population, which affects Salem, (5) the general drift away from religion."

On August 7 I had a look at the overall problem of Insomnia, and wrote:

"Slept poorly last night and had a tight aching head this morning. The first two nights at Pateley, knowing I was very tired and in need of sleep, I took two sleeping tablets and slept well. Last night I determined to do without them, and of course found it hard not to keep wondering whether I would sleep or not. Insomnia has been a major factor for six years now, though never as terribly acute as at the time of its first onset from January to the sinus operation in April and then seeing Crichton-Miller. Then I could get no sleep without 7 or 8 Adalin tablets a night. After the operation had dealt with the infection and I was seeing Clifford Allen, I cut down one a night and was getting 3 hours natural sleep per night after a week. By the time I was back at work I was getting 5 to 6 hours sleep. Since then I have had periods of months when I needed no tablets, and then, usually with a





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recurrence of sinus infection as winter set in, most usually with fogs, two or three times a winter I would get sinus attacks and bad sleep again. I ~~used~~ I would have to take tablets for a month or two and then set myself to do without them at any cost and would be able to do so for several months. Several times <sup>in the 6 years</sup> I have gone six to nine months without tablets, and they were a form of dependence I hated. If I had slept better I would have kept more physically fit in general, and though it was regularly a sinus infection that upset my sleep again, I felt sure that 'anxiety' also had something to do with it. I was relying on tablets a lot last winter, but have kept off them all this summer, till a few days before this Wilsill holiday when I was feeling very tired. Dr. Allen advised me to rely on analysis to produce sleep. Last November, after having dropped analysis for a long time, I determined to make a thorough study of my records again and restart dream-recording."

I noted that the earlier phases of my self-analysis were mainly in Freudian Oedipal terms, of father and brother rivalry and mother fixation, following Miller and Allen; looking for oral, urethral and anal themes, though I had never felt very satisfied with those interpretations. Later I turned to Jung's ideas and found that I oscillated between being an active exhibitionistic extravert and an intellectual, emotionally inhibited introvert with a strong urge to withdraw. I cannot now feel that ~~these~~ <sup>those Freudian + Jungian theories</sup> promoted any very deep insight, especially when I now look afresh at the dream evidence for a powerful urge to 'withdraw from life' being associated with my fear of mother's hostility and the signs of an unconscious drag emanating from the forgotten illness over Percy's death. Equally wide of the ~~mark~~ mark do the Oedipal themes seem to me to be, for my dreams predominantly show hostility to mother and <sup>a need for</sup> ~~greater effort from~~ a passive father with whom I had much more in common in other ways. I noted, however, at this time that "I have not yet recovered memories of Percy's death and wonder if this must be done." I had as yet no clue at all to the fact that insomnia, once started up by infection, could be unconsciously used as a way of resisting, of staying awake and on guard against, the 'pull out of life' that was active in my unconscious and found expression in some dreams, such as the 'suicide dream' (Number 463). That of itself fostered insomnia as a bad habit, leading to self-consciously wondering if I would get to sleep, and not knowing that it ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> part of an unceasing vigil I had to maintain against the return to consciousness <sup>of</sup> traumatic early experiences.





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That habit factor might not have become so strong, had I not returned in 1936 to two years of growingly acute anxiety about Salem's ministerial problem, which I had realized played on whatever repressed experiences I had about Percy. I noted at the time of these 'Wilsil Notes', that:

"I have succeeded in not letting myself be too consciously ~~obsessed~~ with bad sleep as a problem, and have acquired a fairly disciplined habit of lying still and resting my body if not asleep, and taking it in a fairly matter of fact way: and knowing I could return to Adeline if necessary, have often found that normal sleep returned again. Insomnia has often been the spur to grapple again with my self-analysis when I had stopped it, and will probably turn out in the end to have been a blessing in disguise; especially as I was never, before ever this arose, the deep-sleeping type who would be dead off as soon as I laid my head on the pillow, and I could never sleep with a clock in the room and would be more than averagely annoyed at irritating noises in the night, especially when at home from College, my parents would go on talking in the next bedroom when I wanted to get to sleep."

Very slowly I was developing an understanding of the complexity of my own, as of my patients and everyone's personality, for I wrote in those notes:

"My conscious Ego with its well-established habits forms a hard crust of resistance to deeper changes developing in my unconscious. But the established ways of the surface self must break down to give room for psychic growth and enlargement of the personality."

I could have seen then, but it did not occur to <sup>me</sup> when writing that, that the breakdown of the conscious Ego and the eruption of the unconscious, is 'diagnosable neurosis', and I had to be content to hold on to relative conscious stability while slower changes grew deeper down. At Wilsil I also wrote

"There ~~is~~ seems a clear parallel between my illness after my colleague ~~had~~ left and my illness after Percy died." *I was slowly gaining insight.*

But Oedipal theory still prevented my seeing the real nature of my relationship to Percy. I took it for granted that the ministerial crisis:

"Played on my repressed infantile hostility ~~to~~ and guilt towards Percy. Thus resentment, kept under by so much unconscious energy of repression was gratified by my colleague's removal, and must have been followed by an equally unconscious guilt reaction, and self-punishment by illness, for this 'bad wish'. Hence that vivid dream in Scotland, of an apparently dead man of ancient aspect who would only lie down under my threats of illness, and who must have represented a repressed childhood self in me struggling for an outlet which was denied it."

I had not clearly grasped at that date, August 1942, that that theory dictated view did not represent at all the real situation which was ultimately to emerge in dreams many years later. My Wilsil survey included an assessment of my gradually growing work in psychotherapy.



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"My work in psychotherapy grew, at the invitation of several G.P.s and Professor MacAdam, out of my self-analysis. (Had it been otherwise I might have fallen into the trap of treating others as an escape from facing my own problems). I could not help recognizing the signs of deeper causes than were superficially apparent, in other people's problems. As a 'cure of souls' it gave me that intimate work to do in helping others, that redeemed my ministry from superficiality. Probably it has had for me a sense of reality that I felt to be lacking in much formal religious work. It certainly suits my type of mind better than most pastoral visitation, which is often little more than ~~me~~ dropping in to talk generalities and show people they are not forgotten. But it poses a problem, namely its place in my own or any ministry. I feel 'Healing' is a New Testament obligation on the Church. MacKenzie could manage it as a Theological College Professor. Birch could manage it as a Minister of a Church. Yet with me, it certainly competes with visitation. Though Salem is now getting £30 to £50 per annum from my patients, these patients must not be expected to ~~at~~ throw in their lot with my Church (though one or two did come to some services) and when I spend Tuesday and Friday in psychotherapy, there are Salemites I ought to be visiting."

I could not then know that the medical men who sent patients to me, and the war that gave me the time to treat them, were in fact enabling me to find what has turned out to be my real vocation, without any shadow of doubt. But ~~this~~ transitional period, which was to last till 1946, another four years, did create some anxieties for me of a very real kind. That I ~~was~~ beginning to sense what would have to come, if I could find the way, is clear, for I wrote: "Therapeutic work of a psychological kind, has broadened and deepened by understanding of human nature, and is laying the foundations of a firmer grasp on problems of religion and life, then I think I could have come by in any other way. Probably, after the war, when Salem will open up again, I will have to decide between psychotherapy and the conventional ministry."

My Willisil notes also include a statement about our financial worries, which at this time were becoming pressing. Salem paid £375 per an. plus a £50 car allowance. When my colleague left, a ministerial aid grant was suggested so that we could get a maid for the house and my wife could help me with the Secretarial work, (which Salem Church Secretaries had always left to the Ministers). When war broke out I surrendered this grant of £50 per an. to help the Church, but our income tax went up from £3 to £40, as did all other expenses for everyone, our daughter's education was just beginning to become an expense, and Salem did not do what many other Churches did, grant a war bonus to the Minister. In 1942 I calculated we were £100 per an. poorer in fact, and the Rev. Bertram Smith realized this and got some friends to put



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up £35 to replace the £50 we had given up. ~~320.~~ But by then my old secondhand car broke down finally, and the £35 went in procuring another one, without which I could not have coped with either Salem visitation or our wartime work for refugees. Finally the secretary realized our position and the Ministerial Assistance Grant was restored. After this Wilsil summary survey of my situation with myself, I dropped self-analysis and dream recording for a year. Much was to happen in the next twelve months, ~~in particular my being invited to a part-time Lectureship in Psychology in Relation to Medicine, in the Medical School, my arranging for some Training Analysis with Dr. Alan Moberley in preparation for that, in August 1943, and my donating the lecture fees to Salem, which along with increased income from patients, made it possible to invite a part-time Assistant Minister, as already recorded, my self-analysis stood still until I began with Moberley, probably because I had by August 1942 got as far as I could get by my own unaided efforts, In August 1943, Moberley gave me a new start, with a fresh theoretical approach as well.~~





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226. 321.  
Chapter 10 (7) Dreams 540-620. *may. 1943-5.*

DR. ALAN MABERLEY AND FURTHER SELF-ANALYSIS

I have already explained how I stopped dream-recording and self-analysis in August 1942, summing up the results by the intention of writing a full-scale 'Psychological Autobiography'. In that project I got no further than an assessment of my position in the present day at that time. *I started recording dreams again in May which year was the* 1943 saw the important development of my invitation to accept a part-time lectureship in The University Medical School in 'Psychology in Relation to Medicine', to prepare the way for the creation of a Department of Psychiatry after the war. *(4 pp. 185-6)* This unexpected development must be regarded as determining my whole future, for it led to the creation of a situation both in Salem and in my practice of psychotherapy, that enabled me in 1946 to retire from the active Ministry and devote myself to psychotherapy wholetime as my real vocation. The matter was first broached to me by Professor MacAdam, the Professor of Medicine, and Professor Stewart, the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, early in May 1943, and Professor Stewart asked me to send him details of my training and experience in psychotherapy, and my academic qualifications. I sent that information to him in a letter of May 5, and at once decided that if this lectureship did materialize, I ought to have some further training in psychotherapy by analytical methods. This was not easy to come by, as so many analysts and therapists were in the Army Psychiatric Services. However, I learned that Dr. Alan Maberley was 'Acting War-time Director of the Tavistock Clinic' in London and I wrote to ask him if he could take me for some private training sessions, on a somewhat piecemeal arrangement. This he agreed to do and I saw him for 6 sessions in May, 26 in August (two sessions a day for two weeks while I was in London writing the Life of Smith and Wrigley), *2 in September, 2 in October,* 2 in December, 1943; and 3 sessions in January, 2 in March and 3 in October, 1944, a total of *46* sessions in all over one year and five months, *this one or two odd sessions in January & April 1945: probably 50 in all.* It was the best that could be done, and valuable meanwhile. *I restarted my*



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~~dream recording and self-analysis with his help, and~~ <sup>322</sup> gained better experience of how a trained professional psychotherapist work<sup>ed</sup> in practice. Maberley was not a Freudian Psychoanalyst, but leaned markedly to the theories of Jung, with which I had already made myself familiar. Nevertheless, he did~~n~~ not commit<sup>t</sup> himself in a doctrinaire way to any particular theory, and that kind of independence suited my outlook. After the ~~preliminary~~ <sup>preliminary</sup> six sessions in May, I heard from Professor Stewart on June 3, 1943, and saw him the next week to learn that I had been appointed to the part-time lectureship, one lecture a week to the senior year students, and it was then that I arranged for the two weeks in London for 26 regular sessions with Dr. Maberley. I have no record of the first 6 sessions in May, and my dream record begins on August 1 when I started the two weeks intensive sessions. Dr. Maberley, recognizing the difficulty I faced in getting any help for this new commitment, was very helpful and gave me sessions usually last<sup>ing</sup> a good hour and a half.

I was staying at the home of a Leeds female medical student who had joined Salem for the period of her medical training in Leeds, having been a Congregationalist in London. My wife had agreed to my giving up our August holiday for the special purpose of taking two weeks off both to write the Life of Smith and Wrigley, and to get some intensive training with Maberley. I must have been missing home right at the start; on Aug. 1 I had the first dream. Dream 540. "My wife and daughter came into my room." My second dream on Aug. 3. was much longer and was a clear statement that I inwardly recognized that I was coming to the vital period of decision in my life, even though no final decision could be made at this time.

Dream 541. (The dream was in three parts) 1. I was on top of a tram holding a deacons meeting. The diaconate was enlarged to 34 and filled the top deck. I said 'Let's get together in the middle, you can't hear.' I had decided to tell them that if congregations did not improve, I would leave in a year's time, and not stand in the Church's way of growing. I thought 'I missed my big chance when I first came here, through being tied up in emotional difficulties'. 2. Parallel with this in some way, I was at a University building, working for a degree in psychology, which had some connection with, or suggested the work I might do if I left Salem. 3. Then I was staying at Mrs. Kind's (my wife's mother) and Mrs.



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<sup>S</sup>  
~~was~~ <sup>228</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>323</sup> there. I got up in the morning and came down and said 'Good morning' to Mrs. Kind, and put my arm round her and leaned my head on her shoulder."

*Salem to Leeds*

This dream states thus early my realization of the implications of the fact, that I would now be working in both the Church and the University at the same time (which, owing to the war, was a position that lasted for three years). I made it clear to myself that I ~~was~~ now actually, as I had felt for some time, growing away from Salem and into psychotherapy. As I see it, I was telling the deacons that I would require strong evidence, in the shape of a big increase in congregations, that my real work was in the Church if I was to stay at Salem and in fact practically announce to them (i.e. since it is a dream, I am announcing to myself) my intention to leave. I evidently felt some regret, in that the Church had given me great opportunities for development, many friends and the satisfaction of knowing that my wife and I had been helpful to and valued by many people in ways that only the Ministerial life could have provided. Nevertheless, ~~having in mind that~~ my interest in and enthusiasm for psychological studies had grown continuously since I was 17 years old, <sup>and</sup> that I had very early become unable to accept in the usual way the theological orthodoxy that most, even of the Congregational Churches, would expect, ~~that~~ Even at Ipswich I had seriously considered going out of the Ministry into teaching, and ~~that~~ in Leeds I had found myself for the first time drawn into actual practical psychological work and had discovered that I could and did help people to solve their emotional conflicts and free their personalities (that I could do that more fully for other people than for myself). All that coupled with the fact that I could see the first dim beginnings of a career in psychotherapy shaping as a real possibility, and was getting some practical training even at this early stage for the work, must have made me basically aware that it was now only a matter of time before I would make this move out of wholtime religious work into the fulfilment of my hopes for a vocation in psychology. Had I remained in the Church I would have become static. I must have sensed that in the dream, for at the time in the notes I made on it, I