

## Harry Guntrip manuscripts

### Section 14, Pages 391 - 420

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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Date: 1901 - 1962

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KSHS Identifier: DaRT ID: 223264

Item Identifier: 223264

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the day, till I began to feel we had no other topic of conversation. These first months of mother's residence with us were an acutely disturbing and testing time, but somehow we weathered the storm, and mother herself in the end provided me with the way out. As she grew stronger, she got bolder, and began complain to me of how badly Berthe treated her. She would go out into the nearby Park in the afternoon and with monotonous regularity come back and tell us the story of how she was sitting on a park seat when an old man came and sat beside her ~~and~~ and began to tell her how he was living in his old age with his son and daughter-in-law and how badly they treated him. Then she began to quarrel openly with Berthe when I was in the house and <sup>that</sup> ~~did~~ it. I exploded on her and she flung out of the room up to her bedroom, and we could hear her stamping up and down talking at the top of her voice. An hour later she would come down all smiles and for a week or fortnight we would have peace and then it would all blow up again. But I had found a technique for dealing with her which was good for me: it enabled me to vent my lifelong resentments against her openly without feeling guilty, because I could see that in fact it satisfied something in her. I think the knowledge that I was prepared to be frankly <sup>and</sup> really angry with her and put her in her place, made her feel safer. She must have had fears of losing her temper too violently, and to be stopped in her tracks was good for her. It even had the effect of making her, for the first time that I could ever remember, begin to question her own attitudes. On one occasion we heard her talking aloud in her own room and, to our surprise, saying: "I wonder if I am right. I wonder if I am imagining it all". It was after that that she on one or two occasions made a few odd comments that showed that she had not entirely lost all capacity to be objective about herself, as when she admitted that she had to give up keeping a dog because she could not <sup>stop</sup> ~~stop~~ hitting it and I faced her frankly with the way she beat me as a child, which she tried to deny but I rejected her denial; and also when she said that she ought never to have married and had children. Nature did not fit her for a wife and mother but for a

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business woman.<sup>353</sup> But her generally naïve complacent inability to see herself objectively, and even to realize when she was giving herself away, was shown when she said "Ah! Those were the days, at the shop, when everyone thought I was right". One experience, extremely unpleasant to me, but also extremely valuable in helping me to adjust realistically to her and her impact on our family life, occurred one day when I was late in to tea and sitting at the table, while mother who had finished sat back in an armchair. It happened to glance round and suddenly caught sight of her face, with an absolutely fierce thunderous scowl on it, staring into space; and to my disconcerted surprise I felt an immediate involuntary sharp pang of real fear. The utter absurdity of a man in the forties feeling physically frightened of an old lady in her seventies, made me immediately recognize that being taken by surprise and off guard, by the violence expressed on her face, had triggered off old stored up, unconscious experiences, and that I had often felt exactly like that as a small defenceless child; and that was what she was playing on. It helped me to adjust to the situation more realistically. Just how entirely she viewed everything exclusively from her own point of view was shown when one day, standing by the mantelpiece in that same dining room at 147 Cross Flatts Grove, and reminiscing in general about the past, she suddenly stamped her foot in a rage at the mention of father and Aunt Mary and said in a hard bitter voice "Why did you leave me?" I did not then sufficiently appreciate how deeply afraid of life and of being left alone to face it, at the mercy of her own deep-seated emotional tensions, she was.

One of our real anxieties during this period of April 1944 to September 1946 when we left Salem, was my mother's behaviour at the Church. We had found her talking about us behind our backs to our Church people at Ipswich. Now, she would come to the Sunday evening service, and though too old to expect, as she did before, to play an active part in the Church, she would sit with my wife, with a scowl on her face all the time, which to say the least was



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embarrassing. After the service, there was always a number of people who would want a word with us both about some organizational or personal matter, and my mother would have to wait till we were free to take her home. One or two of the responsible people who understood our problem, would come and have a word with her while she was waiting, but we were always somewhat on edge as to what she would be saying. Once I found her standing at the front of one aisle with a hard scowl on her face, and stopped to say I wouldn't be long but had to see so-and-so. She said: "I've just heard someone saying 'I don't know how Mrs. Guntrip puts up with it.'" I'm afraid I answered somewhat tartly: "They meant Bertha. She is Mrs. Guntrip to the people here." It removed some of our most embarrassing problems, that of the nine years my mother lived with us, only the first two were at Salem. I have gone somewhat into detail in this matter because it was a major emotional factor to be reckoned with in my self-analysis for the rest of my mother's life. This was not a new thing, but it was more immediate in its impact than it had been previously, even though every visit and practically every letter had always been a source of disturbance. It is against the background of this factor, plus the fact that I now know that in principle I would, at the end of the war, if I could find a viable way of doing it, leave Salem and devote myself to psychotherapy, that the dreams of the next period must be seen. I continued dream recording up to April 1945, and then ceased till January 1948 when I began recording dreams once more till the December of that year. My dream recording and self-analysis had been growing steadily less regular since August 1, 1943. In the five months of August to December 1943 I recorded 45 dreams, in the twelve months of 1944 only 34 dreams, and in the first three months of 1945 only 18 dreams, a total of 97 in 1 year and 8 months. Then a gap of 2 years + 9 months from April 1945 to December 1947, two years and nine months, the last year and five months at Salem and the first year and four months in the Department of Psychiatry. In 1948 I began self-analysis again and recorded 116 dreams in the year. The inference is



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that August 1943 to April 1945 was a <sup>357</sup> particularly critical period during which, with Maiberley's help I made useful progress in self-analysis, but came steadily more under the pressure of my two ~~main~~ major real life problems in the present day; what to do about my mother and my vocation. By April 1945 the problem of mother had been settled at least so far as external arrangements were concerned and we had to address ourselves to the long slow wear and tear of coping with her in the home. In Salem, I had secured the help of a part-time Assistant Minister, felt more free to carry my psychotherapeutic responsibilities without so much strain, and finally, after the war, made the actual move that had been so long gradually developing, into psychotherapy as my fully committed vocation. Presumably I then felt no urgent need to pursue self-analysis till in 1948 I began to feel disturbed at working with more seriously ill patients with an inadequate theory and experience, a problem resolved by my starting a full scale training analysis with Dr. W.R.D. Fairbairn of Edinburgh. It remains here to survey the <sup>East</sup> <sup>August</sup> dreams of the 1944 - 5 period, only 52 in all, and not all of the significant enough to reproduce. On August 31, 1944 I had

Dream 600. "A young man was living rather above his means, with no financial solidity or security, and asked me to stand guarantor for him for £50. I very reluctantly did so, because I had not got £50 to spare. Later the wealthy man he owed the money to, demanded it and I was indignant at being asked to pay."

I had made myself responsible for contributing £150 per an. to the Assistant's stipend by means of my lecture fees and psychotherapy, besides being still committed to a very heavy work programme. I must have been feeling some anxiety as to whether I taken on too much, the kind of anxiety I would be very likely to feel over arrangements I had worked out to carry me over the transitional period before making the final plunge of leaving the Ministry. As I noted at the time in my <sup>dream</sup> record, it was "a rather hard to mouth existence, essentially of a temporary nature", and I could not foresee how it would be finally resolved. The actual, unexpected and extraordinary way in which my path was smoothed in the transition, I have related in chapter 8. A dream on September 5 shows



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one of the unconscious reactions <sup>350. 351.</sup> activated in me by the influence of mother at this time. ~~She~~ said to me one Sunday evening "You don't preach 'conversion' like your father used to do." She could not be expected to understand all the enormous changes in intellectual outlook that had occurred in all the Churches, let alone in me, since the 1890's, but that was not really the point. Whenever mother made any direct criticism of me, she was always trying to get a hold over me and direct me, determine my actions at least as she had been able to do with father. That was obvious in the first year or two after my leaving the Salvation Army, when she very much disliked my 'revolutionary opinions' from her point of view. When she failed to influence me, these overt attempts perforce faded into the occasional hint that she wanted me back where father had been and where she thought I was till I left the S.A. She had already said "I don't like this psychotherapy. I don't know what it is", and she was jealous of my seeing anyone alone, and tried to attribute her jealousy to my wife. I knew what really lay behind this criticism of my preaching. It was her resenting my having moved beyond her understanding or control, and it must have <sup>aroused</sup> some slight unconscious guilt about breaking free from her, and therefore reactivated an unconscious conflict over my identification with my father as passive, ineffective, i.e. having surrendered his real self to mother. On Sept. 5 I had Dream 601. "I was conducting a religious service and I seemed to be not properly prepared for it. Father was pottering around ineffectively wanting to help but I wouldn't let him. He complained of the gulf between us and said we didn't really share interests. Then I seemed to be engaged in a struggle with him and finally subdued him till he collapsed. This must be my unconscious struggle not to fall back into the 'father-pattern' that mother wanted to tie me down to, and which her impact on me had reactivated but which I recognize as 'pottering and ineffective', and finally repudiate it. I was not consciously aware of this conflict at the time. My notes show no sign of my seeing this obvious aspect of the dream, which only shows that mother had subtle effects on my feelings, not all of which I could become clearly aware of. My interpretation at the time shows how 'theory' can be



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used to hide the real significance of the ~~basically~~ <sup>357.</sup> unconscious fantasy. I wrote: "This is a struggle between ~~my~~ extravert active self and my ineffective introvert side." It is less abstract to say that this shows that I still had, ~~in~~ somewhere deep in me, to counteract the influence of father's passive example, which mother would have liked me to adopt towards her, and which she sought to arouse in me; for I begin the dream by being only half prepared for what I am to do. Immediately after this dream, I noted, I had a return, for one night, of the impotence that had occurred for ~~a couple of~~ <sup>a couple of</sup> months after mother's arrival, but then I had another Dream 602 clearly relating this to the ineffectiveness of my activity and my struggle against it in Dream 601.

Dream 602. "I was having intercourse with my wife successfully, with just a vague doubt about my potency, which was not justified." For six months from September Vernon Sproxton and his wife were living with us, and this helped indirectly in that they unwittingly put something of a brake on my mother's reactions to my wife. But there are several indications in some vague dreams of this time that I was feeling an undercurrent of lack of energy, and fatigue, of the kind I had felt on College vacations at home with mother, and that was certainly due to repression of my conflicting feelings about her.

Dream 603. "I was lying in bed resting."

Dream 604. "I was resting in bed after a long Sunday and got up late, just as a male Church member called at the house. I felt a bit disturbed at his seeing me just up but felt I was wise to rest. Vernon was not yet up and I explained that he was having to work hard and ought to rest when he could."

Dream 605. "I was watching a cricket match" (my note was "This is the first cricket dream I have ever had in which I am a spectator, not a player.")

Dream 606. "I had a funeral to conduct at 4-30 a.m. and was worried about having to get up so early; and then found there was a second to conduct as well."

Some of this underlying sense of fatigue was probably due to the fact that I was feeling definitely more and more drawn to psychoanalysis and away from the Ministry; I noted in December that "I feel I am preaching more freely and better than I have ever done, especially on the 'human relations' and 'healing' themes of the Gospels." But I also felt that Sproxton was better suited than I was to the preaching Ministry, but not so temperamentally or naturally suited as I was to the individual 'therapeutic work' in the Vestry, where I saw patients. This



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question formed the basis of an interesting dream on December 10.

Dream 607. "I was in the vestry and Sproxton was in Church conducting the service. He was doing the first devotional part and then I was to come in and preach. But when it was time, I seemed very loth to go in, and and couldn't find my gown. I had to go in without it and read the Bible very haltingly."

In my notes I recorded: "This dream is probably about my giving up the public Ministry <sup>for</sup> psychoanalytic therapy. In fact the conflict between the Ministry is developing in me slowly and steadily, and I am feeling more and more pulled to therapy. In this dream I clearly feel my place is the vestry where I see patients, rather than the Church". The next dream on December 13 shows that this period of transition was giving me the opportunity for a searching inner dialogue with myself, to find out what my real vocation should include and how I could best realize my actual potentialities. I knew that the preaching ministry was possible to me but not really my strong line, but I was very much at home in chairing the Men's Meeting and in all types of lecturing. I had not yet developed into authorship and serious research: that was to come, apart from the 'Life of Smith and Wrigley' which was narrative and easy going, and two lengthy manuscripts on psychological themes that I knew were only trial runs, good practice. If I ultimately left Salem there was going to be a great deal that I would miss, all its social life and stimulating intellectual discussion groups and lecture programmes. I knew by now that psychotherapy was a genuine vocation for me, but what about the other 'public speaking' side. A friend had already said to me "You are a born teacher rather than a preacher". I did not know if I could find any outlet for that comparable to the Medical School Lecturing I was now doing, after a Department of Psychiatry had been created. But I had become convinced that I was too much of a 'specializer' to go on with the orthodox 'Ministry'. I seem to be 'feeling round' this problem in a dream of December 13.

**Dream 608** "I discovered a new block of buildings at the back end of Salem. They had always been there but unknown to me. I would have used them in peacetime if I had known. I was talking to an old fellow student G (his name did begin with G) who tended to overwork, and trying to moderate him. Then outside the building I found Andrew Lang (the scholar) a tall dark striking figure whose face reminded me of F.W.H. Myers and father with a close cut beard. He regularly chaired a Men's Meeting in this newly discovered block of rooms, had done for years without my knowing it."



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This dream intrigues me. I had no doubt that I was right in developing towards the choice of psychotherapy as my real life vocation, but I knew I would miss the public speaking activity to which I had been used for thirty years and in which I had considerable experience. I did not want to be simply shut up in a consulting room with one patient at a time for years on end, with no other outlet. In this dream, as I see it now, I almost forecast the development of that side of my makeup along lines different from its Salem outlet, but for which Salem had been a preparation. Andrew Lang and Myers stand for scholarly investigations into human nature, (the anthropologist, and the poet who studied psychic research) and the dream seems to imply an unconscious awareness that this side of me had been developing in me, as it were 'in the background' in an 'undiscovered block of rooms at the back', in a way I had not realized, while busy with Salem's extensive organizational activities. I have often found that the discovery of a hitherto unknown room in a dream, that has always been there, represents the unconscious capacities of the dreamer that were due to be brought to light. Lang and Myers do not stand for the 'preacher' but for the 'researcher and writer' and probably 'lecturer' all of which were ultimately to play a far larger part in my life than at this <sup>time</sup> I had ever imagined. Looking back now I find this dream quite fascinating and prophetic. I see in my notes that I did contemplate seeking a University Lectureship at this time but my commitment to psychotherapy was basic. On Dec. 16 I had a ~~dream~~ that had an implication that at the time I was not aware of, and which I did not clearly discover in a dream till the final sequence at 70 years of age, an impulse to withdraw into the background and let a brother-figure occupy the limelight. I had already dreamed of Sproxton conducting the service while I was in the vestry. I had recently dreamed of simply being a spectator at a cricket match. Sproxton was certainly a Percy-figure as was Tizard.

Dream 609. "I went to watch Leslie Tizard play in an important cricket match. He had recently scored 210 not out and this time played a fine innings of 170. At 70 I again dreamed, this time of deliberately sacrificing my place in a Test cricket match to Leslie Tizard, the opposite of what happened in our College days. *The second dream in which I am a spectator at a cricket match. 4 Dec. 605.*



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I must defer fuller comment on that theme till I come to the final dream sequence. Suffice it here to say that I had, though I did not understand it at the time, a specific unconscious feeling that I ought to give way to Percy, a feeling for which mother had considerable responsibility, in spite of what she said she ~~would~~ <sup>did</sup> say to me in his lifetime. I suspect that this unconscious motive reconciled me for a considerable time to dropping actually into the background for a number of years after I became a wholetime psychotherapist, a situation that changed as in course of time my published research and one of two more popular books made an increasing impression, and I found myself called on increasingly for public work. But at this stage, all that was necessarily unforeseen, and I think I was here seeking to reconcile myself to a backstage position. That must have been aided and abetted by my repressed identification with father as passive, for I had noted that Lang and Myers reminded me not only of their positive activities but also of my passive father, in their appearance. That ~~then~~ <sup>theme</sup> emerged clearly later in analysis with Fairbairn.

I had seen Maberley twice in October, and get my third supply of vaccine from the Harley St. physician. In January <sup>1945</sup> I had another sinus attack, and saw Maberley again for a couple of sessions; also I had ~~some~~ <sup>four</sup> dreams of seeing both Maberley and Clifford Allen, in which they seemed friendly but vague and ineffecti-  
ve

In Dreams 610, 1, 2, and 3, I seem to be needing analysis but not getting it in any satisfactory way (which was very much the actual state of affairs). I could have done with steady radical analysis at this period of my life, when I was working through, both in real life and in my unconscious, to a complete change in my entire life-set-up. This feeling of needing help at a critical time and of its being unavailable, would seem to have been working in my unconscious and playing on a deeply buried experience of having needed the help of parents in very early life and not getting it, to judge by the few dreams I had in February, March and April. <sup>1945</sup> On February 21 I had

Dream 614. "I was in bed with mother in my parents bedroom. Father wanted to come in and there did not seem to be room for me. So I jumped out and said at once 'I'll go and sleep in the other room by myself' which I did." ~~This could be treated as a straightforward Oedipus Complex dream, but that carries~~

Collo memory of dream in their room when they was ill. Father turned out.

most analysts would see this



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no conviction with me. A dream means not what some theory dictates but what the dreamer wanted to express by it, and only he can know that. I had been dreaming of getting no satisfactory help from my analysts; like father in my childhood they were somewhere but not available to me. As a small boy, even before Percy was born, I must have turned hopefully to mother and found no satisfactory response, as I can remember happening in later childhood. I do this in the dream but ~~she~~ <sup>mother</sup> shows no sign of taking any interest in me, and when father comes in neither of them bestow any attention on me. <sup>That is not exactly the Oedipal theme</sup> I am left to go off alone. <sup>^</sup> This theme of being 'shut out' is repeated in very different symbolism on Feb. 28.

Dream 615. "My wife and I went to hear an Orchestra. (We had in fact just heard the Halle under Barbirolli at The Town Hall). But the orchestra was shut right away behind closed doors and we could hardly hear anything. The audience were talking loudly, presumably in protest. The conductor, who had previously made a speech seemed to be a very aloof man."

But evidently I had a deep unconscious reason for feeling the urgent need of parental (and analytical) help. On March 4. I had

Dream 616. "I was in bed, awake, and my head was lying, not on a pillow or bolster but on a corpse."

I have little doubt that this, <sup>together with the two Arnold Mac dreams, is a</sup> ~~was perhaps the first~~ dream revelation of the fact that I 'lived over the repressed memory of a dead brother', especially in view of the fact that after having no dreams for nine nights, ~~on~~ on March 13 I had

Dream 617. I was with Maberley, then it was another male and also female analyst. There was something I weren't let out. I told him Maberley had said 'You might not be able to stand it, if it came'. The question was should I go on with them, and I thought 'No. Maberley would know how to handle me if something I couldn't control burst out!'

My immediate feeling is that the male and female analyst are symbolic of the father and mother of dream 614 who are no help, and that the thing I dare not let out is the corpse, the dead body of Dream 616, the buried memory of my dead brother.

That same night I had another dream in which my anger flares up at a woman.

Dream 618. I went to catch a train and just as I got to the barrier, the woman porter shut it in my face and wouldn't let me through. I broke out in loud complaint, impotent anger" and woke up with an acid stomach.

It looks very much like a disguised reliving of the memory of mother sending me away, shutting me out from my dead brother in spite of my protest of "Don't let him go". I made arrangements to see Maberley again in April, my last visit to





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him. At that point I stopped dreaming and self-analysis for two years and nine months. I suspect that I inwardly knew that I could not stand the full eruption of that infancy trauma in which I had been so ill as to be thought dying, without fullscale analytical help, which at that time I had no prospect of getting. I shut down on analysis after another 'Assessment' of my position.

"In spite of mother having come, I was off sleeping tablets from May to November 1944. We all had a good holiday at Wilsall after I had cycled with our daughter and her friend to Selside, Ribblesdale for a week. But by November a period of culminating strain with mother was telling on both of us. Night after night I would come home from Salem and my wife would have to pour out a story of mother's nastiness. I don't know how she stood it and I got badly fed up too. Mother has simmered down again since then, is easier to put up with but talks all day long about her complaints. I feel a disinclination to talk in her presence and go into my shell as I used to at home in College vacations. Since January this year I have had to return to sleeping pills, and give up the Sunday night 'Gang meeting' in our home, (we kept open house for young people after the Sunday Evening Service and up to twenty would drop in) as too tiring. Had a restful week's holiday at Easter 1945 but am having difficulty in subduing a sinus attack (April). Signs of rheumatism, possibly absorption of toxins from sinus linings, had X-ray and saw the Harley St. physician and Maberley. I still have the big unresolved question, Salem or Psychotherapy, and am doing the Medical School Lectures. Certainly my sinusitis and insomnia are psychosomatic. The Sproxtons eased the problem of mother this winter, but now have their own home. I carry on the Smith and Wrigley tradition at Salem, getting all speakers for all meetings, chairing the Brotherhood and Monday Women's Meeting, editing Progress, having the young people at home and enjoying it. But the people do not realize what a non-stop programme it is, and left me to raise the question of another second-hand car 2 years ago when the car finally broke down. But I have real appreciation from the Church, and the people also have their war-time strains. I do 24-30 hours psychotherapy a week, and sometimes feel my appointments are a cage shutting me in to a twelve hour day and an 80 hour week, and only our Saturday night dances (which we maintained during the war) as relaxation. I feel annoyed at not having time to work on two book writing experiments I have begun. I must definitely simplify the Minister's contribution to Salem's organization. If I leave, my successor will never attempt to carry on the Smith and Wrigley way, doing all kinds of things that 'section secretaries' ought to do."

However, the Assistant Minister plan was working well, but was due to end in September 1946. The war was clearly coming to its end in the West in 1945, so I set to work planning and discussing with the Deacons about the future, as I have recounted in chapter 8. I was too busy with this transition period to do any self-analysis, and did not even make any diary notes till October 1946 after we had left Salem.



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Chapter 12.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHIATRY AND SELF-ANALYSIS.

(8) ~~Diary~~ 621-736 (Fortyfive to fortyseven. 1946 - 1948.)

I left Salem on the last Sunday in September, 1946 and in October began to fashion my independent future as a psychoanalytically orientated psychotherapist. It was January 1948 before I recommenced dream-recording and self-analysis, and in the meantime I had to consolidate my new independent position. I can remember the distinct feeling that I had, so to speak, 'left home', and had now no family to belong to. It was <sup>a</sup> strange feeling after spending twenty-eight years, 1918 to 1946, working <sup>always</sup> as part of a definite organization. As yet the Department of Psychiatry was not in existence and had to be built up slowly. I had my private patients and explained to them that I now had to earn my living at psychotherapy, and began by charging them ten shillings per session, till I should see how my income worked out. The fee was very modest by professional standards, but I disliked charging at all. It was something I had never been used to. Professor MacAdam suggested that I would need an accountant to take care of my Income Tax matters and put me in touch with his own Accountant, who has remained and still is a very good friend to me. At his suggestion I opened two different Bank Accounts, one for work and one for private life, so as to simplify his returns to the Tax Inspector on my earnings. All this was new to me. At one time, <sup>9</sup> used to pay two or three pounds income tax, and ~~later~~ <sup>later</sup> the Church Treasurer paid it under P.A.Y.E. I soon found that we would have nothing to fear financially, so long as I had patients referred to me. I would have been uneasy at that time ~~which~~ if I could have looked ahead and seen the coming of the National Health Service, after which the referrals from G.P.'s ~~ceased, and the number of~~ greatly diminished, for most patients were referred to <sup>Out-Patient</sup> ~~ambulatory~~ Clinics at Mental Hospitals, and only a few preferred referral to private therapist who would have to charge a fee. If the N.H.S. had been in existence in 1946 it would have been much harder

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*to have* established myself in private practice. As it was, by the time it arrived, I had become known through my published writings, and more people were writing to me asking to ~~be~~ taken on, than I could cope with. This was something that has never ceased. Even since my retirement three years ago, I still get roughly one letter every 3 or 4 weeks asking ~~where~~ the writer can get psychotherapy.

But in 1946 I was already doing 30 sessions a week when I left Salem and this steadily increased to 50 over four and a half days a week, the other two and a half, from 1949 being devoted to my training analysis, and writing. Not every patient even from the start paid ten shillings. There has never been a time when I have not had one or two patients who could not afford to pay any proper fee but were people of real worth, whose treatment was rewarding. They included over the years several Ministers of Religion who were on miserably poor stipends with family, and whom I treated free; but who passed ~~on~~ what they gained to others in their parish or town, who could not have obtained any other help. Over the years also I have treated a number of G.P.s, and have always had them saying that they now understood many of their own patients much better. That is one of the rewarding things about psychotherapy. whether one treats Clergy, doctors, business executives, and above all ~~many~~ parents: the results of one's work are spread to the benefit of many other people. Through the years I have also often had a patient who could afford private treatment passed on to me by The Department of Psychiatry, while in turn I was able to treat free, in the Department, people who had come to me privately but could not afford a fee. Another gain, from the start, was that as a member of The Department, I always had a psychiatrist colleague behind me to whom I could refer any case at need. In the first ~~two~~ *few* years both Professor Dicks and his successor Professor MacCallman were most helpful.

Looking up my old records I find that in October 1946 I earned £40, in November £70, and thereafter for some time the average was around £100 a month





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+ my clinical sessions were at first paid for by the University until the advent of the N.H.S. After that I was paid by the Leeds Hospital Board. As a category of 'Psychiatrist' did not exist in the N.H.S. I had to be classed as a 'Clinical Psychologist'. There is still no category of 'Psychiatrist' in the N.H.S. though the demand for it grows each year.

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which relieved us of one very real worry. Financially the war years had been very hard going for us at Salem, where the basic stipend was still £375 per an. plus £50 car allowance. We had nothing behind us, and as I looked ahead I was hoping to be able to afford a proper Training Analysis: as I would have to travel to get it, it would be certain to cost much more than our whole Salem income. But I now had a hope of being able <sup>presently</sup> to risk that expenditure, which in any case was bound to be an absolute necessity, if I was to do good work with more ill people and have adequate professional standing. Within three months I could look ahead with reasonable prospects, when the time would be ripe. For the present I spent Monday mornings and Friday afternoons at The Department doing clinical sessions, seeing four patients each time, and spent the rest of my week from Monday ~~afternoon~~ to Friday midday in the small Consulting Rooms I had taken over from ~~my G.P.~~ <sup>rented from the Leeds Corporation,</sup> in a small row of shops in South Leeds. The shop itself ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> been made into a ~~waiting~~ <sup>waiting</sup> room and a small back room into the Consulting Room, by the doctors. These premises served me well for a number of years till I was fully established and I could move into better premises close to The Department of Psychiatry, which saved me a lot of travelling time. Leeds is divided into north and south by the River Aire running East to West. Our home in Cross Flatts was in South Leeds at that time and consulting rooms that were central but south of the river suited me. But the ~~Department~~ <sup>Department</sup> was north of the river, though fairly central, and when later we moved to north Leeds, it was much more convenient to have rooms near to the Department north of the river. All that worked itself out gradually.

Work in The Department itself grew at first very slowly. I continued <sup>for the first year</sup> to give the weekly lecture as before in The Medical School, and before Christmas was able to start Monday morning and Friday afternoon clinical sessions, and attend the Thursday Evening Staff discussion meeting, which was extremely valuable to me as the Staff grew in numbers. <sup>+</sup> Professor Dicks first appointed



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myself and Dr. Rosenbusch, a refugee German psychiatrist, then a Psychiatric Social Worker who ~~was~~ a great asset, then in time a Senior Lecturer and a Registrar Psychiatrist, and later ~~was~~ a Clinical Psychologist, and so the staff slowly grew over the period of two years that Dicks stayed with us. I took the opportunity to have a few talks with him about my own self-analysis. He was himself a Tavistock Clinic man and knew Crichton-Miller and Maberley; and he first suggested to me that rivalry with and jealousy of Percy was almost certainly not the whole truth of my relationship with him. He felt that my illness reaction <sup>to his death</sup> could ~~not~~ not be explained by guilt and self-punishment, as if I felt I had been the cause of his death; but was more likely to be due to sheer fear, and to the fact that I must have had a strong affectionate attachment to him in our then home circumstances. That <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ very valuable to me, and loosened out my ability to take a more free and open-minded view of the dreams and tensions. But I was not doing any self-analysis at that time. As the Department grew, weekly case conferences were held, and there I was able to learn a great deal, and found I had something to contribute from my eight years of psychotherapy in Salem. One of Professor Dicks sayings that has stuck in my mind was: "I can't diagnose now, I can only describe psychopathology". I learned not to take textbook labels too rigidly, but to study the clinical data brought by the patients themselves. This in fact after a time began to have a disturbing effect on me, because I found that as I began to treat more ill people, the familiar Freudian Oedipal formula which I had striven to apply to myself with indifferent practical results, seemed to become more and more irrelevant; or else I began with some patients to suspect that they kept apparently <sup>fascinating</sup> Oedipal symptoms and conflicts going as a defence against some deeper problems which I did not understand. Neither did the Crichton-Miller analysis of character traits in conflict, nor the Jungian view of innate personality constituents conflicting in different ways in different psychological types, get to the bottom of these problems.



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During 1948 I began to get very discouraged with lack of therapeutic results in the cases of patients whom I later realized were 'schizoid' and presenting not problems of 'conflicting impulses' or 'superego guilt', but sheer fundamental 'Ego-weakness'. I knew nothing about that, at that time. I had come across the term 'schizoid' but felt that I did not understand what it meant in terms of human reality. Professor Dicks had told me that I must read Fairbairn but I had no access to his writings, which had not been published in book form. I hovered for a time on the brink of feeling I would have to give up psychotherapy after all, and return to a Congregational Ministry. Then after two years with us, Professor Dicks resigned and went back to the Tavistock Clinic and London. His wife and children had remained there and he had resided at a Hotel in Leeds during the week, going home every week-end, a programme he could not be expected to continue for long. He had given the Department a good start, I had learned a lot from him, and as the Department grew in size over the years ahead, it inevitably lost that intimate 'family atmosphere' it had in those first two years, which had been so valuable to me. I was not to know how important to me the coming of his successor would be. Professor D. MacGillman, the Professor of Psychiatry at Aberdeen, was appointed Dicks' successor. He was the son of the Scottish Manse and I soon found we had a lot in common. But right at the start, at his first address to the Staff Meeting, he gave us a full exposition of the innovations in theory made by Dr. W.R.D. Fairbairn of Edinburgh, whom he knew personally. I listened really fascinated. I saw that here was the very thing I was looking for, a revision of Freudian theory in terms of 'personal human relationships', not 'instincts'. Here was the psychoanalytical counterpart of the 'Personal Relations Philosophy' of John Macmurray, and the 'schizoid problem' appeared to be the key concept in Fairbairn's work.

In 1948, at the invitation of the Congregational Moderator for Yorkshire, I had been writing my first book (apart from the 'Life of Smith and Wrigley')



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'Psychology for Ministers and Social Workers' (Indepen. Press 1949. 3rd Ed. 1971, Allen and Unwin) Dr. Crichton-Miller kindly wrote a Foreword. In the Preface I wrote: "Psychotherapy is a cooperative effort of two people, in the dynamic personal relationship of the analytical situation, to solve the problems of one of them...the recreative power of knowledge applied in and through good personal relationships."

I would now alter that, with less emphasis on 'knowledge' thus: psychotherapy is "the provision of a secure enough personal relationship to enable the patient to face his most disturbing fears and conflicts, and in doing so recover the freedom of his innate growth-potentials for personal development. The process is consolidated at each stage by the emergence of 'insight' as problems are outgrown and understood."

But in 1948 I already felt that the classic Freudian 'technique' of the 'mirror analyst' sitting out of sight behind a couch, as a 'projection-screen' for the patient's fantasies ~~was wholly impersonal. Indeed in one of his early writings~~ Freud had stated that the analyst's attitude should be as objective and detached as the surgeon's. On this matter Adler the General Practitioner was nearer to reality than Freud the Laboratory Scientist. I was to find that Fairbairn's analysis of 'schizoid' patients who are 'cut off', withdrawn, unable to relate, was bringing him up against this problem. My more ill patients were confronting me with it already. One such patient at the first session lay on the couch for about five minutes and then said "I can't stand this" and rolled over onto his stomach so that he could see me over the pillow. That soon got too uncomfortable and he jumped up and pulled a chair up to the table and sat there and talked. I accepted that, as I had a 'personal relations' view of therapy but did not yet understand all that this involved. Meanwhile MacCalman's lecture fired my enthusiasm. This seemed to be what I was looking for. I asked him if he could lend me Fairbairn's published work and he said "Write and ask him for reprints". I did and he sent me all the important ones. The sequel to that must come in the next chapter. Meanwhile I addressed myself with a new heart to carrying on psychotherapy. During the discouragements of 1948 I had felt the need once more to find out what was happening to myself in a deeper sense, and I restarted dream-recording and self-analysis on January 3 persisting till December 28, my last period of self-analysis. In 1949 I began



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a Training Analysis with Fairbeirn. I must survey in this chapter the dreams of this last period self-analysis. (From dream 595 in the last chapter I have numbered the dreams here preserved consecutively instead of preserving their original number in my record. I have here retained ~~28~~ dreams out of 115 in 1948. ~~1948~~. I think I misunderstood the first dream on January 3.

Dr.621. "I was to have an operation. The surgeon painted my body where he was to cut, from the top of the head down my back and right side, and removed the top layer of flesh, about half an inch thick; masses of black, possibly cancerous tissue, piled in the fire grate to be burned."

Cancer suggested father's illness, and I interpreted then that this possibly represented getting rid of my 'passive inhibited Father-Imago': shades of Jung. I overlooked the fact that 'Black' in my dreams was constantly associated with mother (the dangerous Black bird etc). Mother was at this time becoming again a serious problem, which clearly determined the next five dreams. On Jan.3 I also had Dr.622. "At a meal with Dicks in his house, large, roomy, scholarly, with a big library. Mrs. Dicks was there, and both looked reliable, stable!" Here is an internalization of Dicks and his wife as supportive parent-figures to counterbalance the menace of mother in real life. I must have felt I was finding a 'new family' in the Department, as reflected in the next, January 8

Dr.623. "I went back to school but was grown up and a Minister. I joined several older boys in a room. The Head came in and asked if I wanted to borrow any books. Then I was speaking in a classroom and thought that my experience in public speaking would enable me to get across to them."

My notes are the rather irrelevant ~~text-book~~ <sup>text-book</sup> comment that I have an improved, more helpful super-ego figure in the Headmaster. The dream clearly shows how I was feeling supported by my place in the Department, in view of the serious threat of mother at home, which emerged in the next dream. In this one I was 'back at school' with a helpful Headmaster, learning a lot from him and others. As the Department grew the number of medical members of staff grew and I was glad of the opportunity to pick up from their contributions to case discussions, a lot of useful information about the medical aspects of symptoms. But they were mostly ten or more years younger than I was, and I had much more experience in group discussions of all kinds, and of public speaking. Though several had been in the Army and roughed it in a way I had not, yet I



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had had far wider experience of human beings in their home life and family troubles, and some ten years of psychotherapy, and found I had a lot to contribute from those angles. Thus, though at first I felt a bit strange in the medical world, I found that I had niche of my own which no one else filled in the same way. I settled down with a sense of 'belonging' in Professor Dicks two years, which helped me to cope with mother. These dreams oscillate between the two themes. Thus on January 20 I had:

Dr. 624. "I was afraid of mother's opposition to my having married Bertha. We fled before her out of the house. Now however it was safe somehow and I was seeking to get back, but wouldn't give up Bertha. I tried to slip in without mother knowing, but she was there looking sharp featured, hard and antagonistic. I explained something to her but I had not given in."

A startling dream to have after being married 18 years. It shows how a deep childhood fear of a mother can live on in the unconscious. I remembered how once before the war, mother had left us in a bad temper and I had a dream in which Bertha and I fled as she broke in on us. Such dreams certainly contain all too living memories of her tempers in my early childhood. In face of this unconscious double menace from the mother of childhood and the present day, I seek support in the 'safe home' of a good father figure. On Jan. 24 I had:

Dr. 625. "I was staying with Dicks at his house. I played with his two children freely sitting on the floor. Then a patient was coming to me for treatment in his house. I had muddled the arrangement and two came together. I was going to put the second off and see him on Sunday morning before I went off preaching, if Dicks agreed."

This dream confirms Dr. 622, expressing a deep need to be a child in a home with parents who understand children, but here that wish competes with the need to be an adult at the same time, though in a somewhat muddled way: and sixteen months after leaving Salem I am not yet out of the Church as a family to belong to. Very deep unconscious feelings of insecurity in my family home as small child underlie all that and drew my next dream still deeper into the past. Feb. 3. Dr. 626. "The Salvation Army were holding a meeting. I was not in it but was seeing that the arrangements for the hall were O.K. A woman with a happy cheerful face framed in her bonnet smiled at me."

I am here feeling my way back to my first 'home from home' from 8 to 20 yrs. The Salvation Army and Congregationalism had given me a 'home base' for nearly forty years; I felt coming out of the active Ministry more deeply than I knew.



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That is one important reason why I did not give up ministerial status, and remained in membership at Salem. The other important reason is that this expresses my conscious conviction that my basic outlook on life is of a 'religious temper', if not of 'theological orthodoxy'. An attempt to interpret the S.A. dream by Jung's 'psychological types' did nothing to illuminate the basic problems of the legacy of my first 8 years, nor prevent further dreams of almost undisguised early situations of great emotional intensity. If I did not always recognize them clearly, they must have had a cumulative effect of discharging tension and slowly developing insight. I was ready for an experienced analyst. It was fortunate that I found a good family to belong to in the Department under Dicks, just at this period for my mother was now menacing my marriage in a subtle way the significance of which neither my wife nor I could recognize at the time. But unconsciously I understood and stated it unequivocally clearly in one of my few really 'big dreams' on February 15.

Dr.627. "Two bedrooms opened into each other by two doors on opposite sides of two double beds, both of which had their heads to the dividing wall. I was holding my wife in my arms on one side of the beds, kissing her, but mother came through the door on the opposite side, from the left hand room, intruding. I picked my wife up and carried her through the door on our side into the other room but mother followed us through the door on her side. I kept carrying my wife from one room to the other to get away from mother. She was quite passive as if she had lost her personality."

I could not have given myself clearer proof of the serious subtle interference of my mother in my deep emotional life. It actually did not occur to me at the time, as it does now, that the serious part of the dream is that mother is destroying my wife's personality, repeating what I felt she did to Percy and father. I must have felt unwittingly that mother interferes between me and everyone who matters to me, and 'kills' them and will end by 'killing' me, for I collapsed after Percy's death, and always felt marriage saved me from a similar fate when father died. Here in dream of mother doing ~~what~~ to my wife what I felt she did to Percy, Mary and father, and am struggling to prevent that. I thought of the arch way she walked into our bedroom at Ipswich, and once in Leeds. Now she was monopolizing my wife's attention by her hypochondriacal



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cultivation of ill health. Bertha never knew whether she was really unwell or just 'playing up'. We used to say we would get so used to her ~~playing up~~ that one day she would be really ill and we might not recognize it. In 1948 she had been a menace for 4 years and remained so till she began to grow senile and physically weaker. At the time of this dream I must have been feeling her menace to be extra severe. It could have had very serious consequences for me if my wife had succumbed to her pressure, as the dream implies. As it was my wife stuck it to the end, of which more later. Before mother became really senile, in this middle period, I could not see what was happening to myself unconsciously under her pressures. I did not recognize the symbolic revelation of it in this dream then, as I do now. I clearly felt my mother was destroying my wife's personality, or would do. Then I would have had no one to protect me against her destructiveness. My wife had rescued me from mother when father died, though we did not realize that at the time. Now she rescued me in a very different way, which neither of us understood then but which was intuitively right. She is not in any sense an aggressive person, but when I criticized her for letting mother monopolize her, and felt alienated from her, she hit back angrily with surprising vigour, so much so that I recorded it in my self-analysis notes. Neither of us knew how important this was. It shows how often wiser in our unconscious than in our conscious understanding.

I failed to notice at the time that in this dream my wife had lost her personality under mother's pressure. It was stated clearly but I did not remark on it. It did not occur to me then that this was a parallel to what I felt had happened to father and Percy. I am in the dream determinedly trying to save her from other's insidious influence. I see that now as a parallel to and an unconscious memory of my grabbing hold of the dead Percy, and refusing to go away, and saying: "Don't let him go!", which now seems to mean



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~~to mean~~ "Don't do whatever you are doing to him". I have always felt that in some way mother was responsible for Percy's death, and my father's premature death, and I must have begun to feel these old fears reviving now in connection with my wife. In this dream mother was determined ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> robbing me of her, and she was already 'depersonalized' in my arms. The dream begins with my giving her 'the kiss of life', but mother is relentless and follows us up and we can't get away. But there is more to it than this, for I had years ago identified myself with the Percy and Father who died under mother's influence. I must now have felt identified with my wife, in feeling that she was losing her personality (and thus dying) under mother's over-riding pressures. I must have felt that was happening to me, and in the dream I am symbolically seeking desperately to save ~~myself~~ <sup>both of us.</sup> At that stage, fortunately, my wife saved me in saving herself. She began to hit back vigorously whenever I criticized her or showed any loss of interest in her. It is the only time I have ever known her really 'fight' and it showed that she could and would, if need be; and evidently profoundly relieved me in my deeper unconscious self. If she had let herself be overwhelmed and had succumbed or left me, I too would have almost certainly have reacted as I did after Percy's death, and had a serious 'collapse illness'. I had already done that in a minor way over the departure of Leslie Tizard, and in a major way over the loss of my Salem colleague. The alienation or loss of my wife would have undoubtedly mobilized the whole complex of the loss of Percy, <sup>my</sup> father, Tizard and my Colleague, and I would have found it impossible to be left alone with mother and survive, as I had always felt was <sup>the meaning of</sup> my reaction of illness when Percy died in the first place. My deepest infancy fears were here being reactivated, and my wife defended me against my mother and my own unconscious 'complex' in refusing energetically to 'lie down' to the situation. I must dimly have realized this, unconsciously, for ~~the very next night~~ <sup>the very next night</sup> ~~the next dream~~ the next dream clearly bears on it, on February 16.



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Dream 626. "I was analyzing the wife of one of my colleagues. He gave me a big ~~shiny~~ shiny black covered exercise book which I thought were his notes of her analysis but I found it was his own diary. In it I read 'Got up tired and cross'. As I was analyzing her, he said 'You'd better give up now, its late, 1-0 am.' He looked tired and anxious and his wife looked the same. I said: 'I don't want to stop at this point. We'd better go on a bit'. She was just at the point where I thought she felt guilty about upsetting him."

This is quite definitely myself and my wife. The big ~~shiny~~ black note book he gave me was identical with the one in which I had written my Psychoanalytical Diary. My wife and I at times, in this period, were discussing our own and mother's problems till 1 a.m., and I would feel tired and cross, and get up tired and cross next morning. But in this dream I show that I feel there is something important to understand and we must stick at it. Not understanding the real problem revealed in the previous dream, the threat to the very existence of both of us that my deeply repressed infant self felt, I could only carry on the struggle in terms of what seemed to be the everyday conscious issues, but in this dream, in analysing and persisting in trying to understand my colleagues wife, and also himself (or why did he give me his own diary), I am seeking to get to the bottom of my own deep infancy fears now reactivated by mother's impact on us both. ~~As if to express my actual fear of an inability to penetrate into those depths, at this time I made another list of 'character traits' of my everyday personality that I felt ought to be altered, the old Miller-line, but still at this stage under the influence of Jungian categories.~~

In the next two weeks I had 13 dreams, the content of which is not easy to determine. They are mostly long and somewhat diffuse stories with no clear cut issues comparable to the last two dreams. I made plentiful use of Jungian ideas in trying to understand them, the Mandala, the ~~anima~~ anima or feminine element, the integration of personality functions, tenderness and intellectuality. Whatever reality there may be in that, it suggests to me now that the emotional upheaval and at times near chaos of conflict that the pressure of mother at her aggressive worst threw me into, was creating in me a strong need to unify all sides of my personality. ~~and consolidate my personality and up.~~ With the





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ultimate need to consolidate my psychic defences to <sup>377.</sup> ~~maintain the reputation~~ <sup>and</sup> the complete amnesia that buried my traumatic memories of Percy's death and my collapse and my earliest fears of mother, I must have felt an unconscious need to unify my operative personality so far as I was aware of my functioning on the level of everyday outer world living. In various ways I think <sup>1</sup> was symbolizing this overall aim in these dreams. On February 22 I had

Dream 629. "Princess Elizabeth and her husband were entertained by medical students. The chairman was dressed as a girl as part of the fun, a man on his right, the Princess on his left and the Prince on her left. She accepted in a smiling and tolerant way the Chairman's pleasantries as part of the entertainment. The Prince had to accept some ragging and looked ~~smaller~~ smaller and less significant than he actually does."

I interpreted this as representing an integration process in which I diminish the aggression in me that mother had provoked (an overdone 'male' element) and play down my supposedly 'masculine' intellectual defences (a student's rag rather than classroom), while bringing to the front the feminine function in a stable mature <sup>role</sup> of the smiling and tolerant Princess, who appeared a strong but friendly person. In my notes on the dream I wrote:

"I think my personality now and at Salem lacked some genuine warmth of feeling for other people. I am impatient to get away when people talk to me (except on my interests or with patients). My feeling-self does not live in this world, and I suspect many people felt I was the 'intellectual' whose heart did not go out to them. I know I could catch myself 'looking through' or 'looking over' people. A really sociable personality was something I desired rather than possessed, and in practice was more forced than felt. My friendliness was more my need for friendly relations than spontaneous friendliness towards others. My emotions did not 'flow' spontaneously. I could organize, lecture, analyze but something in me was inhibited. My religion was more thought than felt. Because of the conflict between angry assertiveness, and defensive compliance, which mother forced on me very early, I must have withdrawn from the emotional into the intellectual life. Faced with mother, I did not want to become passive like father or Mary, so threw all my active assertive energies into religious zeal, and drew off my anger into intellectual revolt (where it did me a good turn). I would fight others' battles but not my own. But now, the tensions of the emotional conflicts I have always tried to escape from in myself, are continually stirred up by mother once more, in direct confrontation. When I would like to show affection, she drives me into anger, and so it has always been."

That now strikes me a valuable analysis with much real insight in it, and shows how profoundly my strained relations with mother had affected and retarded a balanced development of my character. But 'character analysis' of this type, while valuable as to insight, does not free one in itself (as Miller's



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and even Moberley's analysis assumed it would) from internal conflicts. That is only accomplished when the deep 'actual-situation' repressions of early family life can be tolerated consciously once more and one's natural growth-potentials be released, all in the same process. However, my dreams and comments following the big upheaval of Dr.627, seem to show a gain in clarity and movement towards towards inner consolidation of a more stable, less tension-ridden state of mind. By the end of the month I could give myself Dr.633 which went right back to the original cause of my repressed conflicts. Meanwhile on Feb.23 I had:

Dr.630. "My Salem colleague and I walked into a Church together and at my suggestion were going going to share the service together."

My notes say that he is the 'feeling element' I felt I lacked, but this kind of interpretation credits the unconscious with abstract intellectual thinking whereas it is basically our emotional life. I think now it simply expresses the fact that I had a positive though deeply repressed affectionate attachment to Percy and wanted him back again. On February 24 I am clearly searching for him. Dr.631. "Two houses alike, 135 Lordship Lane and next door (Blows house) only the ground floor was in use. The top floors were uncleared and there was a floor I did not expect, with an attic room shut away in which was a dried up little man."

I managed to intellectualize this by seeing the 'dried up little man' as my intellectual detachment, because at 135 L.L. I studied the theory of harmony instead of playing the piano. So I missed the 'family-situation' element that I have gone back to childhood but far enough to Goose Green. But I discover 'our little mannie', not looked after by Jesus and growing up like me, but hidden in a forgotten compartment of my mental world and 'dried up', i.e. I dared not let my emotions about him find expression. After several vague rambling dreams I had a clear significant one, on February 28.

Dr.632. "I lay in bed and could hear mother talking crossly to my wife. grumbling and annoyed because some scissors wouldn't cut. She got more and more ratty and flung them down in a temper and went to her room. I could hear her talking aloud: 'All my life I've upset the boy by losing my temper. I went in and said: 'Now then, what's all this about'.'" "

I had often seen mother cross with anything that wouldn't work properly, throw it down with an angry "Oh! Bother the thing." Here I make it plain that all



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my life I have felt keenly the impact of her tempers and am facing the 'angry mother inside'. I must later have looked over these dream notes after reading Melanie Klein and added an extra pencilled comment: "A libidinal attachment to an internalized bad mother". However I do not turn her into a harsh maternal superego but face her and overcome my fear of tempers, as I was having to do in reality at this time. The dream marks progress, and was followed by a dream of going back to the origins of my emotional inhibition. On March 1 I had Dr. 633. "I was at a service in Dulwich Grove Church in our old gallery seat. A new minister was preaching and he suddenly stopped and called out 'I must go back. I've made my decision. I'm going home.' He knew his sudden resignation would be a shock but he'd made a mistake in going there. An inner compulsion left him no option. I saw his name.-----B.A., B.D. A deacon welcomed me and I said 'One man may be right and the Church wrong!' This minister-----B.A., B.D., is clearly myself at Dulwich Grove Church at the point where I had left The Salvation Army. Whatever was intellectually not possible for me in the Salvation Army, there was certainly plenty of emotion there, and the Grove Church was not the kind of Church that wanted a religion of deep feeling. That deacon was a conventional man who would approve of an educated preacher but would not want to be emotionally moved. That year at the Grove Church I had stepped decisively out of an emotional religion into an intellectual one, and took my degrees in London University. But my dreams were showing that I was compelled to bury my emotions too deep because they were tied to highly disturbing events in my early family life, and particularly fixated on my aggressive mother. The S.A. gave me a safe outlet for emotion. When I left it, I had to develop intellectual defences against my feelings because the kind of feelings, fears and angers, that might have erupted, would have undermined me, and did in a big way once, when my colleague left Salem. It was all very well to write in my notes as I did about this dream:

"Since I left the S.A. I have wandered in an isolated world of intellectualism, philosophy, theology, politics, psychology, trying to find a real faith and couldn't. Theories are not faith if true feeling is not in them. Bertram Smith once said I couldn't let my emotions come out in my preaching enough. In this dream I am having to accept that I must go back and make contact with my emotions again, but religious formalism is not the answer."





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But that was easier to write about than to do. ~~In~~ fact I did not keep my emotional life inhibited from conscious choice but from unconscious necessity. Perhaps the 'dried up little man' of dream 63~~4~~ was not only Percy in one sense but myself in another, the small child terrified to feel at all, and show it, lest I provoke an outburst from mother. Dream 6~~37~~ and 63~~2~~ suggest that, and I no doubt had them precisely because the impact of my mother's presence in our home was powerfully reactivating my emotions willy nilly. In this dream I register my determination to 'go back' from pure intellectualism to find my emotions, whatever it might involve. My dream of the very next night showed very clearly just what it did involve. I had on March 2,

Dream 63~~4~~ "I was watching wild animals, lionesses in a pit dug in the earth. One leapt up to the top of the wall where I stood but I easily knocked it back. I did not feel anxious. I felt able to cope. Then I had gone down into the pit, into a small square room through the windows of which I could watch the lionesses outside. Then I suddenly became aware of a reddish tawny lion and lioness asleep in the fire grate in this room. I thought 'If I keep still they won't stir' but they began to stir and saw me. I thought of dashing out, and getting up out of the pit before the others got me. ~~I didn't see anything but I thought I~~ I didn't move. I woke before anything happened." *X-20 pit is my mind.*

This hardly needs comment. I am clearly aware that if I re-experience my early emotional life in the early family situation, I am entering dangerous territory. It is evidence of how profoundly 'living with my disturbing and hostile mother' was churning up <sup>my mental</sup> depths ~~of my unconscious~~, that I should have these dreams at all. I had nothing like them before she came to live with us. *But the dream is true to the fact that mother never let her temper in father's presence.* It seems I am convinced that I can explore these depths and cope with the results. This would have been a favourable moment to have started an analysis with Fairbairn. I have yet to discover from my records, how much of all this I was able to carry over into my analysis with him, the very next year I was not, apparently able to follow all that up at the time, for the dreams immediately following are vague and inconclusive, including one in which, instead of going back into the disturbed past, I dreamed,

Dream 63~~5~~ "I went into Grandma's bedroom to ask how she was and my wife popped in to ask what she would like for supper."



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On <sup>March</sup> February 8 I had a dream about the Department, the first for some time. 321

Dream 636. "I was on duty under Dicks. I was given a list of patients and thought 'They are all female hysterics'. I told the Secretary I was full up. I went into my room and there was one of them sitting there, I said 'Are you so-and-so. The Secretary mentioned you to me.' There was something about a woman being very pressing to see me but I was not anxious to take her on."

Clearly I <sup>was</sup> feelings unable to follow up my recent deep delvings into my own inner world of childhood and face the bad mother who inhabited it. I was somewhat disturbed on March 24 while motoring to see a boy of about 10 with a baby boy on his back, and the idea of knocking them down crossed my mind, and I thought of myself and Percy. It was as if I were trying to abolish anything that might remind me of that early trauma, but it made me reflect on the dangerous possibilities of sudden eruptions from the unconscious when the conscious controls are inadequate. March produced a striking dream.

Dream 637. "Mother looked worried and anxious and was saying 'There's something wrong with me. I oughtn't to be like this'. I said 'Yes. There is something wrong with you. You are discontended, hostile, critical, bad tempered. You remember my saying to you two years ago when you were ill in bed and lay there 'fighting old B' (a Dulwich deacon who had been one of her pet aversions) all the time, 'You've always had to have someone to vent your hostility on, someone as a target for your aggression.' I know what's the matter with you.' She said 'Can't you do something to help me. Take me on for treatment'. I said 'I don't know whether its too late' but I was turning over in mind the question of explaining to her all about aggression and compliance. I may have said to my wife that mother wanted me to help her."

I am tempted here simply to cite Freud's view that a dream is a 'wish-fulfillment'. I certainly wished mother would gain some insight into herself and let us help her. However, since the dream expresses a process in my own mind, not in mother's, it would seem likely that I was here expressing my own feeling of not really knowing how to cope with my internalized disturbing mother, whose disturbance thereby was experienced as my own. No dreams other than very scrappy ones occurred till April 26 when I had

Dream 638. "I was with some people in large building and a big but tame bear kept walking in on its hind legs like a man. It did no harm. Once I thought it was safely shut out but I woke and found it standing by my bed while I slept. I shooed it out, and across a distant field was a man walking with some dogs. The bear dropped on all fours and raced over to them but then pulled up and did no harm."

This animal seems to symbolize pure physical energy wanting but unable to find



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a healthy outlet. It is too friendly an animal to stand for 'aggression' or any biological drive other than the sheer need, it seems, for companionable physical activity. It doesn't attack anyone, not even the dogs, but races over to them, apparently wanting to join in their fun. It would be a pity to have to read into this artless dream some sexual or sadistic significance. It was the beginning of the summer season, and I had for the war years missed my great physical recreational standby, cricket. The summer of 1947 I had been one of the opening batsmen for The University Staff Club side and had batted well for most of the summer; but towards the end, I became aware that my eyesight was beginning to be not good enough for fast bowling. I had practised a bit in the nets and was going to try myself out this coming summer, but had my doubts, which the summer confirmed. It proved to be my last cricket season and I had <sup>to</sup> bet lower down the list. It seems to me very likely that this could be the basis of this ~~dream~~ quite innocent-looking dream. Like the bear I very much wanted to join in the activity, but evidently I sensed that I was going to have to put myself off.

It was in May that I had a few talks with Professor Dicks about my early trauma and my relation to my brother, which I had always taken for granted was a depressive one based on jealousy of an Oedipal nature. It is certainly significant that on May 5 I had two dreams.

Dream 63. "I was starting an analysis with Professor Dicks."

Dream 64. "Leslie Tizard was due to arrive."

After my fifth talk with Dicks I had ~~had~~ clear positive transference dream identifying him with my father in a supportive role, which throws important light on my basic unconscious relation to father, faced with mother's hostility

Dream 64. "I was lying in bed on my back, talking to Dicks as if I were lying on an analyst's couch. (In practice we did not adopt that analytic technique!) Dicks sat on a chair and was saying he felt my social and political views revealed my father's influence. As he leaned back in the chair (a habit I have) I looked up at his face and it was exactly like father's, including the same silver grey hair. When he sat up he Dicks again."

That was on June 9, and in the first five months of the year I had had five dreams of the bad mother and this was the sixth of Dicks as a supportive father.



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Though my purpose with Dicks was to discuss my amnesia for Percy's death, and the nature of my relation to him, and we did not discuss my problems with mother in the home, I clearly derived a sense of support from Dicks as a good father-figure in real life, off-setting my problem mother at home, and this undisguised linking of him with father in my dreams must reveal something of my basic feeling about my actual father. On June 16 I had yet another Dicks Dream. 642. "I was walking with Bertrand Russell who was a gentler and more friendly personality than I had thought. Then he hovered between being Bertrand Russell and Henry Dicks, and I said 'You've been woven into my history. As a student I studied your "Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy".' I thought he wasn't a cold unsympathetic intellectual! I must have chosen to identify Dicks and Russell here in order to trace this good father-figure back through my life-history, as I state explicitly in the dream. This must be father again, and I am dreaming of a 'good father' who I come to realize was not as 'distant' a figure as I had often supposed. That Dicks was unwittingly helping me to evoke the unconscious image of a good father traced back into my childhood, is shown in the seventh Dicks dream on July 6. Dream 643. "Our daughter and I were walking along Lordship Lane, and on the way to wherever we were going, we called at 133 (the Blows house) Dicks and his family lived there and I had a key to let myself in at the side door. Mrs. Dicks looked comfortable and homely, and Dicks made some tea or coffee."

I related in chapter 3 how from eight years of age onwards to about 14 or 15 I made the Blows house next door my 'Saturday home from home'. It was always I who went into Alf's house, never Alf and his sister who came into mine. This dream shows quite clearly both how at that age I did not find 'home' where mother was, and how in my unconscious in adult life, I could build an internalized 'good home' round a real-life good father-figure and carry that back into the boyhood setting to relieve the still surviving anxieties of childhood.

His Department  
Dicks left ~~me~~ in July and dreams of him faded out, but ~~though I did not~~  
~~miss him at all~~ I reacted to his going, in a similar but much less severe way to that in which I had reacted to parting with Tizard and my Salem colleague. On July 28 I wrote in my Dream Book:

"Felt ill all day, as I did in Scotland <sup>when</sup> my Colleague left. It mst go back to the illness after Percy's death. Lost interest in books and patient