

## Harry Guntrip manuscripts

### Section 15, Pages 421 - 450

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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284. 122.

Dicks had been to me more a father-substitute than a brother-substitute, but all the evidence of symptoms and dreams had been to show that in my unconscious all losses of significant persons that involved my feeling left alone with mother, rearoused in varying degrees the illness I had after Percy died. This was not confined to male figures. Dream 629 of my wife losing her personality must have coalesced with my early experience of Aunt Mary dying as was thought and leaving me to mother, and as the dream of the pull of the 'invalid upstairs' showed, all such significant losses would suddenly precipitate in me a repetition of the collapse after my brother's death, though in varying degrees, presumably related to the real life significance to me of the person I was losing in the present day. In this period after Dicks departure, I must have been feeling a subtly pervading sense of insecurity over the thought that 'anyone' I allowed myself to depend on for support in face of the threat of mother, whether male or female, whether Percy, father, Mary, friend, colleagues, or even my wife, would become lost to me. At this difficult period in which mother had disturbed my security with my wife as early as February (Dream 629) two brief notes on July 9 and August 4 show that I was afraid to depend on her too much, without understanding the real meaning of that. In July I noted that "I am afraid to need her emotional support too much in case I get too dependent on her, and then feel forced into a state of anxious self-defence." On Aug. 4 I noted "I am afraid to depend on her love too much, a conflict between dependence and freedom."

I put this down at the time to my fear of depending on mother as a child because it did involve loss of freedom with her. In fact at this time, the issue was much deeper, a fear that I always lost anyone I felt any dependence on, and it was always mother whom I felt to be the cause of it. Another note at this time was: "I am very dependent on my wife's love. Possibly this goes right down to my childhood need to find protection and comfort in Aunt Mary. This is the polar opposite to my drive and energy and activity, which is also natural but I have to use it to over-compensate the other, for I believe I deeply fear the dependent side of me, and repress it. That dream of 'the invalid woman upstairs drawing me'. I think this is stirred up whenever mother gets too much for my wife for a time, and I feel she becomes emotionally withdrawn and is not strong enough for me to depend on."



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An interesting bit of evidence that Dicks was right that I probably did have a positive attachment to Percy and need of him, in face of mother's pressure, appears in a short dream on August 10.

Dream 64<sup>4</sup>. "A book on psychology had been written jointly by Leslie Tizard and myself. He did parts 1 and 3, I did part 2. It was actually in print in the proof sheets."

My book on 'Psychology for Ministers and Social Workers' had just been accepted for publication. It looks as if I was anxious at its having to stand alone, and in the dream I revert to a plan that Leslie and I had actually discussed for a joint book, though we dropped the idea. But in this dream I evidently need my contribution to be supported by his, and he was definitely one of my main 'Percy substitutes': as finally and conclusively appeared when he died. It had by this time, as a result of all my self-analysis, at least become very clear to me that deaths, and departures, and even threats of the unreliability of anyone I felt personally dependent on, really did stir up in me that event of long ago of which I had no conscious memory whatsoever. I did not begin with a theory that any personal loss would trigger off my illness reaction to Percy's death. Rather I had to discover over a long period of time with respect to widely separated events of very different kinds which had only one thing in common, the loss of someone who was important to me, that this was what always and unexpectedly happened in varying degrees. Though I had by now had plenty of dream evidence, I think I still did not realize how strongly in my deep unconscious I felt all the time that I was still a weak small child living with a dominating aggressive mother and a friendly passive father.

This comes out simply and clearly in a short dream also on August 10.

Dream 64<sup>5</sup>. "I went to visit Mr. and Mrs. X and walked in in 'little men' style. Inside I found father and mother sitting there and I said 'If I'd known you were going to be here, I'd have brought my wife.'"

In my mother's presence I feel like a 'little man' and feel the need of my wife's support. I still felt evidently that I must make 'theoretical interpretations, for I made the note: "A dream of integration, balancing aggression and assertion by gentler attitudes," a pretty pale 'interpretation' compared





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with the powerful emotional dynamics of 'living in the family group situation' in my deep unconscious, and finding myself reading so much of it into my everyday living (Freudian 'Transference'). It is hardly to be wondered at that I should produce a simple anxiety dream at this period. On August 18 I had Dream 646. I was pushing a baby along in a pram and we both had diarrhoea." (A common anxiety-symptom.)

For the first time for a long time, in this August I mentioned insomnia again. I had been free from that trouble with the easing of pressures after leaving ~~and finally finding a new life in Salem~~, and with the interest of my new life, free to do psychotherapy without worrying about the Church, and with the new interest of The Department. Mother in the home continued to be an ever-recurring source of anxiety, but it was, it seems, not till Dicks left and I felt I had lost a symbolic father-figure to counter-balance mother, that I began to be unable to relax and fall asleep again at night. It was not now related to sinus attacks, which had at last been eliminated by penicillin. On September 25 and October 16 I made one of my periodic 'general assessments' to see if self-analysis was getting me anywhere and in the second made an interesting comment on not sleeping. In September I wrote: "Two weeks enjoyable holiday at Bridlington, Gwen's last before going to The London School of Economics. But I am all the time vaguely feeling I am wanting something I haven't got, a state of unreconciled dissatisfaction. Gwen at her age is naturally very independent. Her mother feels we are going ahead of her while she is 'dumped with Grandma'. She feels she ought to give me a chance to go off with Gwen for talks about all sorts of things, and ought to sit in the back of the car with Grandma while I teach Gwen driving."

This was in fact an awkward problem because Grandma did not like discussions going on in her presence in which she could not join. Here was one of the subtle insoluble pressures of having mother living with us. It left us with too little opportunity to talk openly together, and evidently created in me this sense of "unreconciled dissatisfaction, of wanting something I had not got" and no doubt my wife felt the same way. It did not occur to me then that this 'situation' must have played on a deeply repressed but very similar feeling of unmet need in childhood. That that must have been the case is suggested by the fact that on October 16 I expressed this almost undisguisedly.





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As I reread now the following words, I can remember passing through the phase they describe, though I could not have dated it from memory.

"It is worth considering all my problems of personality in terms of greed. I can't be content with what I have and quietly enjoy it, but must be rushing on to get more or something different. I have to stop myself wanting the best of the food, do not like parting with money, and tend to think of a holiday in terms of loss of income: I say to myself this is because we have had to scrape on a small income for years, but it is not wholly that. I am like it in other things. I try to read too many books at one time, and tend to rush on to others without finishing and digesting any properly. I feel to be wanting more friendly contacts with people, and at times become conscious of an unrelaxing drive to crowd more and more into life, to get more knowledge, more love, more money, more everything. I feel not sleeping is probably part of this pattern. I do not knock off and relax and do nothing and go to sleep. I go on being mentally active, go on living and getting things I want in imagination; even new ideas crowding in. I must feel I haven't got enough resources of value inside myself and that life is slipping away in my late forties, and I haven't yet done anything worthwhile. But this is dissipation of energy, starting and dropping things, and taking up others and doing nothing really well."

I would now recognize that as a somewhat hypomanic defence against an underlying strong feeling of deprivation, and I have no doubt that it did arise out of the fact that four years of living with my mother in the home (an experience I had never had since I was seventeen) had steadily penetrated deeper and deeper into my repressed early childhood experiences and was stirring up the small boy longing in vain for 'mother love'. Some of my dreams in the final sequence at 70 make that startlingly clear. To judge only by my dreams and these 'self-analysis notes' it might seem that my conscious life was not being at all well lived at this time. In fact I must have been making pretty good use of my time, for my notes show that, in addition to coping with a now heavy patient's list, I had extended my studies in important ways. Professor MacCallman had opened up a new world of ideas for me with his lecture on Fairbairn, and in the post-war period more books became available. I find in my notes references to Karen Horney's 'character analysis' (which, as in the Crichton-Miller days, I was seeking to use to understand myself in the same old self-critical way; as in the note on 'greed'), Melanie Klein's theories on the roles of 'internalized objects' (I wrote: "M.Klein's Introjected parents,



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identifications ~~with~~ <sup>388.</sup> mother and father, have played an important part in my life; the subjective aspect of personal relationships." I had also obtained and eagerly read Fairbairn's ~~reprints~~ <sup>reprints</sup>, and on October 5 I used his terms for the first time in my notes. The Central Ego, Internal Saboteur, and Rejecting Object came on the scene. If all this had been merely a matter of intellectual curiosity, it would have been all right. As it was, it must have confused and unsettled me as much as it intellectually enlightened me, since ~~I was very well aware through many of the deeply disturbing 'big dreams' I had had.~~ <sup>my early traumatic experiences were repeatedly breaking through in the</sup> All this had the very good result of bringing me to the point of decision ~~only~~ in 1949, when I contacted Fairbairn again and began a full analysis in July of that year. I did a bit of spasmodic dream analysis till December 1948 in the meantime. I wonder what would have happened if I had not at this stage been able to get a 'Transference Analysis' and talk it all out with a top rank analyst. My guess is that I would have become disillusioned with psychoanalysis, would certainly never have been able to do the research work I did in the 1960's, nor have gone on steadily getting good therapeutic results with my patients. I was at the stage where purely theoretical ideas about 'Integration' of conflicting character traits (Karen Horney) and of various aspects of my introjected parents (Melanie Klein) were going round and round in my conscious thinking and I was getting nowhere with the actual deeply repressed sources of all those conflicts, in those critical first five to eight years of my life. I could discover traces in myself all too easily of my religious, non-aggressive, unambitious, passive father, and my dominating, practical, organizing, tense, hard-driving, aggressive business woman mother, who was essentially non-religious and would say openly that father was the Christian for her. She was narcissistic, entirely devoid of self-criticism, never in the wrong, always expected everyone to accept her as she was and fit in with her ways, quite unable to adapt to other people. I could find traces of all these 'characteristics' in myself, but going round



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and round on all these themes in self-analysis was not getting me any nearer to bringing out the buried memories of that infancy trauma. In fact all that emphasis on 'conflicting character traits' was operating, as I found was the case with patients presenting Oedipal problems, as a defence against ~~the~~ ~~the deeper traumatic experiences~~ ~~which have been repeatedly~~ ~~erupted~~ ~~in many of the dreams I have already recorded but I got no further than that.~~ They had repeatedly erupted in many of the dreams I have already recorded but I got no further than that.

From September to December I had 25 dreams, most of which were too scrappy to be of use. One dream, however, on October 5 shows an entirely clear light on the extent to which my mother constituted a threat to our normal sex life, without however inhibiting me.

Dream 647. "My wife and I were in a nice house with a lovely view over a lake to mountains, and the other way a nice view of a city. I saw a young bull having vigorous sexual intercourse with a young cow. Then I was in a narrow roofed passage, and the bull and cow were following behind me. When I got to the middle of it, another not attractive old cow barged in at the opposite end and I felt trapped. The two behind me were all right, but I was afraid of being trampled by the old cow in front. Nevertheless I got past it without letting it harm me."

The dream needs no interpretation, and in spite of the 'old cow' (not a very complimentary epithet) it has a happy ending. On November 14 I recorded that my wife was away in London, and that I woke on the Saturday night at 3-30 a.m. with bad backache. In the morning I must have needed to relieve my deep down fears of being left alone with mother, by writing the following:

"I feel a fixed unyielding hostility to mother, a hard, egotistical, unpleasant, selfish woman, whose superficial christianity has evaporated. She takes everything and gives nothing. Her talk is scandalous, always ~~and~~ about herself, and embarrassing with visitors, as that she had the first wireless set in Benfleet, that father was useless, that she took good care she had no more children, etc. I dread leaving her alone with anyone. Her behaviour to us since we married has been appalling, vindictive to my wife, tempers, lying, criticism and neurotic tantrums during her first year here. She's hard and I've never had any real love from her. She did in her prime and say the decent and right thing, but her behaviour since she lost father, and Mary has shown her inner state of mind. I go into my shell with her. But in fact she is now only a lonely, pathetic, mentally decayed old woman, though she can still play on my highly disturbed emotions of my long distant childhood."

I must have been counteracting my underlying depression about mother in Dec. 24

Dream 648. "My wife and I were in a hotel and Dicks and MacCalman there." I think that is the only dream where I have Dicks and MacCalman together.

The outburst in writing was a safety valve, freeing me to treat her as well

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as could be done in practice. She was slowly becoming more senile and in fact at that date had only another ~~ten~~ <sup>five</sup> years to live.





AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL PSYCHOANALYTIC STUDY OF THE DREAMING PROCESS.

Vol. 2.

Training Analysis, Research and the Final  
Self-Analysis.

Part 1.

Training Analysis with Dr. W.R.D. Fairbairn in Edinburgh,  
and with Dr. D. W. Winnicott in London.

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1.

Part 1.

First Training Analysis, with Dr. W.R.D. Fairbairn.

The 'Dreaming Process' that I recorded and sought to analyze, i.e. to understand (mostly intellectually) in the twelve years from 1936 to 1948, had ~~at least~~ <sup>at least</sup> been an exhaust valve for inner emotional tension; had given me a considerable number of indisputably clear symbolic pictures of my grossly disturbed family life of the first eight years, <sup>as still very much alive in me. This took</sup> the form of some recurrent startling dreams of my intense early fear of mother, my need for more support than I got from father (though he was at least reliably positive and there in his quiet way), my acute sense of loss over my brother Percy's death, and my ensuing 'collapse-illness' seen as an escape from mother, a 'going away with Percy', <sup>constituting</sup> a threat of the undermining of my adult active self. In addition they had shown how my past and my present were interacting all the time and mixed up in my dreams. Thus I saw how my repressed childhood experiences complicated my present day living, the 'Transference problem' while my study of my dreams did something at least to free me to cope with the present day problems of Salem Church and of my mother living with us. By the end of 1948 I stopped recording my dreams and early in 1949 I began to think in terms of seeking a 'Training Analysis' with Dr. W.R.D. Fairbairn of Edinburgh, both to further the resolution of my personal problems, and also to enable me to ~~be~~ carry on my now professional psychotherapy with better equipment. I did not consider seeking analysis with an orthodox Freudian, for I felt that genuine intellectual differences could well arise and they could be treated as negative transference reactions, and I would not accept that. Indeed some time after I began with Fairbairn, I wrote up a case history of one of my patients ~~For~~ Fairbairn to assess, to test my own work with patients. He was impressed and suggested that I send it to Dr. Willi Hoffer for consideration for publication in The International Journal of Psycho-Analysis. Dr. Hoffer replied that he had read it with interest and would I consider coming to



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London for training. I replied thanking him but stating that I was already having a valuable training analysis with Dr. Fairbairn, and might well have intellectual differences with a London analyst which I did not have with Fairbairn. *Fairbairn's dry comment was "I regard you as a promising man, good to the way analyst."* I still have Hoffer's letter. <sup>^</sup> But that is anticipating.

I set to work on a thorough study of Fairbairn's reprint articles, and made a list of questions on points that I did not understand. I found his first two ~~papers~~ papers on 'The Revised Theory of the Psychoses and Psychoneuroses' and 'The Repression and Return of Bad Objects' straightforward, but the third paper on 'Endopsychic Structure' was very hard going. I had to read it three times before I felt able to formulate questions about it for discussion. I then wrote to him in February and stated that I was <sup>a</sup> Congregational Minister ~~retired~~ ~~retired~~ from active Pastoral Charge, and ~~was~~ on the Staff of the new Leeds Department of Psychiatry as psychotherapist and lecturer, and doing private practice: that I had a number of questions about his papers that I wanted to discuss with him, and would <sup>be</sup> it possible for me to come up and talk them over. He replied giving me a date, and suggested that <sup>it would be well worth the long journey if I could</sup> I stay overnight nearby so that we could have two discussions, one in the evening and another next morning before I returned. In my own mind, I not only wanted to clarify my understanding of his theories, but also to sense whether his personality was such that I could profitably seek analysis. I found our discussion very helpful in clarifying my intellectual difficulties, and felt an easy mutual communication. At the end of the next morning's discussion, I told him that I had done the best I could with self-analysis, with a little intermittent help from Crichton-Miller, Clifford Allen and Maberley, but felt that now that I was <sup>e</sup> definitely committed to a professional life as a psychotherapist, I ought to have more adequate training. I explained that, having been in the Ministry all our married life, we had little financial reserve, but that in the last two years we had saved £100 with a view to my having a training analysis when possible, and my wife was in full agreement. I felt it was enough to warrant starting, and I would



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see how far my earnings would enable me to carry on. I hoped for an adequate extended analysis but could not at that stage commit myself beyond the first year, since if he could take me, it would involve not only sessional fees but rail fares and overnight accommodation. He asked how I could arrange it, as he could not work all the week and see me at the week-end. I had foreseen that and said that if he could see me from Tuesday evening to Thursday morning, I could work over the week-end. My commitments at The Department were on Thursday and Friday afternoons and Monday mornings, and I could see my private patients in the rest of the time. He said he would arrange that and let me know when I could start. He charged me only the very moderate fee of one guinea per session for a considerable time at first, and then I paid a gradually rising fee as ~~much~~ I could afford to do so. In the meantime my first book, 'Psychology for Ministers and Social Workers' was published by the Independent Press, and I sent him a copy. After about three months, Fairbairn wrote to say that he was now able to arrange vacancies for 3 or 4 sessions from Tuesday evenings to Thursday mornings and I had my first session on July 7, 1949. After a week or two trying out various lodgings, a patient of mine told me of two elderly female relatives, who lived in fact not far from Fairbairn's rooms, and I was most comfortable staying with them for a long time. After a few weeks I settled into a regular four sessions a week until, after some years Fairbairn's health and age, after the long illness and death of his wife, made the early session on Thursday morning too arduous for him. We then arranged for one session on Tuesday evening and two with a break between on Wednesday ~~morning~~, so that I could catch the afternoon train home, and thus only had to be away from home one night a week instead of two, which was much better for my wife and lessened the expenses. *I had 5 years of weekly sessions, then once in 3, then once in 4 weeks, falling out.* I owe it entirely to my wife that I was able to have this invaluable training analysis, since she not only accepted the financial stringency and my absence for some years two nights a week, but did all that at a time when my difficult mother was still alive, and she had to cope with her alone for part of every week. *till mother died on Nov 27, 1953.*



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As with my self-analysis, I kept a record in detail ~~of~~ my dreams and sessions. Immediately after a session I would go straight to my rooms and write up my dreams (which I always ~~wrote~~ <sup>cancelled</sup> down on getting up) and all that I remembered of my 'Free Associations' and Fairbairn's comments and interpretations. Fortunately for years I had a photographic memory for this kind of material. Years later, in my shorter analysis with Dr. D.W. Winnicott, he once said to me "I have never had anyone who could tell me so exactly what I said last time." With my own patients, I adopted Freud's practice of writing up a record of their sessions at the end of each day, an accumulated mass of material over the years out of which my later research books came. Patients often expressed surprise at the accuracy with which I would remember their dreams and spoken words of some years earlier. I did not keep on refreshing my memory of my analysis notes, once made, but left them to accumulate and kept them with the vague idea that sometime I might find it interesting to look back over them. To have studied them en route would have risked the danger of 'intellectualizing' and disguising my 'resistance'. In the same way as I had preserved my Self-Analysis records in large exercise books, so I recorded and kept eleven such books of 200 pages each from 1949-60: though once written, to strengthen the impression of each session on my mind, I did not read them over again. Thus I did not at the time grasp intellectually the progressive phases of my analysis, and feel some surprise now as I see a pattern of changing phases standing out pretty clearly. But it was certainly best not to make a 'study' of them while my analysis was proceeding. The following account is taken straight from my records, with here and there an occasional comment from the point of view I have arrived at today. The major problem has been how to reduce an unmanageable mass of material far too lengthy for publication; but for the most part the material here preserved has 'picked itself' by the way it stood out from the mass of either incidental or repetitious themes. I have sought to make the selection genuinely representative of the ongoing changes and progress of my analysis, that being the only result that would <sup>be</sup> of any use to me or anyone else.



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Transference analysis, in which one's reactions to the analyst are a primary means of discovering how one's unconscious emotions concerning people in the family life of childhood are still alive, and active in relationship to a person in real life here and now in the person of the <sup>therapist</sup> ~~analyst~~, is very different from attempted self-analysis. For me self-analysis of dreams had been predominantly intellectual. Though they had made a <sup>powerful</sup> ~~very~~ impact on me, especially so in the case of the more startling dreams, I had not then learned to record them and leave them alone to 'throw up' their own emotional reactions in my own unconscious time. I <sup>had</sup> ~~set~~ out to 'think out their meaning' and so created a good deal of 'artificial meaning' which no doubt served to aid my resistances and repressions. I had to unlearn this 'intellectualizing' now in sessions with Fairbeirn. In the sixth session <sup>June 15</sup>, I began by saying "I'm not clear about that first dream yet." Fairbeirn replied:

"You want too much to understand everything intellectually, have it all neat and tidy and finished, a quest for mastery, a pursuit of power."

I did of course have a great need for mastery over the disturbingly dynamic repressed experiences of the 'black mother' in my unconscious, and my hidden reactions to the disturbing mother in our home in the present, but in sessions this 'intellectualizing' operated as a <sup>a substitute for immediate feeling</sup> ~~resistance~~, I must have felt early that Fairbeirn was going to get round my resistance, and was anxious about it, for I replied: "Last night, my hotel room door didn't lock and I put a table against it; some anxiety about someone coming in; and some anal tension." Fairbeirn was no doubt right when he said I was putting up a barrier against him as analyst. The anal tension now reminds me of mother's enemas and her forcing herself on me <sup>invading me,</sup> ~~my~~ real basic fear. But it was early days and I had not yet had a chance to go into all that. <sup>I no doubt felt Fairbeirn would invade me</sup> ~~though I was not aware of it~~ <sup>with 'interpretations' to get something out of me.</sup> ~~At that early stage I was more concerned to find a supportive father-figure in Fairbeirn, before I ventured into the unconscious danger zone.~~

In the first session I had outlined the history of my physical symptoms, sinus operations and insomnia, and I see I mentioned then 'anal tensions'. That symptom disappeared so long ago that I have forgotten ever having had it. I





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must have felt anxious while waiting for this analysis to begin, for insomnia had returned after a long free period and I had to fall back on tablets again. Fairbeirn said: "Rely on your analysis for sleep and drop the pills" which I did, and found I could do without them again. That was, of course, relying on Fairbeirn, and it was significant that a dual attitude of 'defensive resistance' and 'dependence for security' emerged quickly. In the second session I spoke about my parents as opposites, father not masculine and mother not feminine, and neither of them emotionally demonstrative either to each other or to me. The basic pattern of human relations for me was 'one up and the other down' and this at once invaded my relation to Fairbeirn. The set up in the consulting room invited this. I had already given up the automatic use of the couch with my patients, but took it as the normal procedure in psychoanalysis, so I lay down on the couch at the first session, ~~its head was against the back of a large chair which Fairbeirn sat in a high backed chair. He seemed to me to be the father, and I felt dwarfed staring at the empty end of the large room. It was a long time before I spoke frankly about this, and was so surprized when Fairbeirn said "There's a chair here by the desk. You could sit here," that I was caught off guard and my tummy turned over in fear and I did not move. The next session however, I sat in the chair and did so thereafter.~~ *Prior to that, for a long time I used the couch.* I must at first have felt without realizing it, that Fairbeirn could be both the good father to support me but also the frightening mother to dwarf me. I must have been both aggressively resistant and needily dependent and showed it in the first two dreams, Session 3, June 9.

Dr.1. "Students in a classroom. The senior student was an aggressive chap. Dr.X, the lecturer came in and addressed him, calling him by name, 'So-and-So'. The student replied insistently Mr. SO-and-So."

I was clearly afraid of being made to feel small, and Fairbeirn rightly said the lecturer was the analyst, and I was on the defensive. But in the next,

Dr.2. "I was in bed and a woman was refusing me something. Dr. Fairbeirn came in and took my temperature." (Dr.F. "Thermometer in mouth, breast mother")

I had swung from feeling on the defensive over being passive on the couch with Fairbeirn 'on high' like mother towering over me, to his replacing the bad





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mother and supporting me. I spoke of father and his impressive death. He had dignity without drive and mother had drive without dignity. I mentioned her weaning me to go into business, and my tent-bed illnesses after Percy died.

Dr.F. "You were cast out of the Garden of Eden and went it restored in the tent-bed on the couch, but then feel you sacrifice masculinity."

By session 8, June 21, I was feeling a marked positive transference, and noted

"I felt nothing like this with Miller, Allen or Moberley. I think with pleasure of Edinburgh mid-week, am less anxious, more secure, up earlier, feel more alive. Dr. F. is a sheet anchor. I must feel more powerfully supported by him than I realize. Life would be all right going on indefinitely like this. Where then is my negative transference, ambivalence?"

~~It did not last long and I was quite like him~~ *It emerged* in the next dream, I was:

Dr.5. "At the Bradford College Governors Meeting. Someone asked why I had not been at the Annual Meeting. I at once said 'I sent my apology for absence. I was otherwise engaged'. The man smiled queerly as if he knew he was drawing me out to divulge where I had been, Edinburgh."

Fairbairn commented that I was "hiding my dependence on him," but from whom?

Dr.6. "Going with a woman keeper at the Zoo into the male lions' cage. She said 'Back, down' as they ~~grew~~ grew restive. I felt scared."

It reminded me of that earlier dream of going down into the pit of lionesses, and being in a little room where a big lion and lioness were asleep, and feeling scared. Dr.F asked "Where does that lead?" I said "To mother caning me till I clung helplessly to her terrified, and a dream some time ago of my wife and I in a castle when the fierce oldusted queen burst in and we fled." I added:

"Mother even now can start up a sudden feeling of fear in me if I catch her hard aggressive face. I must have been very afraid of her as a small child. I shalln't like to let that out. I'm talking about it intellectually, not feeling it." In my notes I added: "I need to build up Dr.F as a good object before I can let my bad mother out."

In the session I went on to excuse (*for* placate) her by relating her unhappy

childhood, and extremely anxious overworked first 8 years of my life. Dr.F.

commented about "the suffering mother, victim of male aggression, carrying all the load", and I added that she made that role for herself, slaved and did for others but nobody did for her, in her eyes: in fact she did not let them. Dr.F.

commented that she robbed father of his cultural interests and made him look selfish and inconsiderate. I said I felt "drawn down" and *he* commented very

sptly: "The woman keeper in the dream said 'Down' to the male lions," That *as she was saying it to me as well* ended my third week of sessions, with the really important disturbance *my fear of mother* emerging





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8.

I suspect that at this stage an unconscious fear was stirring, that ~~Dr.~~ F. was not yet in a position to know about, my fear that mother destroyed everyone, especially males, who supported me, Percy, Mary, Bertha, Father, and if I depended on Fairbairn, I would expose him to mother's hostility. This is a different reaction from identifying with the aggressive mother, and myself resisting dependence on him because of my fear that in the 'one up and the other down' pattern, if I depended on him I would be forced into a passive state, <sup>want to 'turn the tables'.</sup> That also was operating, and ~~the~~ <sup>these</sup> two motives were mixed in the next long rambling dream, which actually ends with the mother-figure attacking Fairbairn. That was already implied in Dr.6., the woman keeper saying 'Down' to the male lions, which reminded me of the 'pit and dangerous lionesses' dream but not of the early 'Zoo tragedy' dream where the ~~black~~ <sup>black</sup> jaguar killed the ~~sne~~ <sup>snake</sup> while the lion was passive. Now, coming out of the Edinburgh station on June 29 for session 11, I suddenly felt analysis was far away and I had no interest in it.

Dr.7. "I went to see Fairbairn in a Hall (like father's Mission Hall). He was at the far end on the platform analyzing a patient. I lay on a couch like father's down on the floor of the Hall. Fairbairn was giving instructions to a patient, looking ~~also~~ <sup>also</sup>, head in the air (like mother in an early family photo). Then he came down to me and said 'Do you know the front door is open?' I said 'Two people have come in after me. I didn't leave it open'. He accepted that and went back looking less distant. I was surprised he should speak in such a reproving way and that I should answer back in self-defence without hesitation."

With <sup>the</sup> knowledge of me he possessed at that time, he naturally interpreted that as a clear 'resistance' dream, and commented:

"You feel the analysis is nothing to do with you, discarding the self that comes here for help, a very deep resistance. At the end you treat it all as a joke. Dr.F. ~~is being quipped, making a fool of himself, running around trying to help.~~ <sup>That last comment seemed odd so,</sup>

Having typed his interpretation, <sup>my relative</sup> I turned back to compare it with the dream, and am quite startled to find I omitted to type out the ending of the dream. That is clearly significant and shows that even now, at the age of over 70, I have some unconscious resistance to seeing the disturbing implication. The dream ended thus: "Then I was in Fairbairn's family. A joke was being told and then Mrs. Fairbairn, the mother, was going to whip him for ~~talking to me~~ <sup>talking to me</sup>. The dream opens with Fairbairn 'up' and me 'down'; ~~that he is~~ <sup>that he is</sup> critical and looks like mother. I answered his implied criticism straightforwardly and he looks





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less distant. I have been able to make a less unequal relationship <sup>by speaking up,</sup> and he ceases to look like mother, so that at that point I ought to have become able to co-operate in treatment; but suddenly the entire situation is dramatically changed. We are now in the 'family situation' and Fairbairn, instead of being free to become the helpful father of my positive transference, is suddenly being whipped, attacked, by the mother. I am back in the home of my childhood where father could do little to help me, and I feel mother's fierce aggression is a danger to anyone who does. By 'depending' I unconsciously feel I have exposed Fairbairn to mother's destructiveness, but this is so frightening that I even have to make it out to be rather a joke. Fairbairn did not have the information at that early stage to see that, and in spite of all the dream evidence of my <sup>previous</sup> 12 years, I did not see it myself at the time. It is significant that from there I went straight to telling him, for the first time, about the Salem crisis, the hostile female faction, and my loss of my colleague (whom I had recognized long since as a 'Percy-substitute'); and my illness after he left, and the dream of the 'man buried alive in the tomb' whom I had to keep repressed there in order to get better <sup>since he was my aggression not against Percy (colleague) but mother (Salem)</sup>. I felt the old anger rising in me and said I would be glad to lose interest in all that now. Strangely I did not mention what I knew, that that period was a reliving of the 'Percy and mother' situation. I spoke of myself as adopting the attitude father would have done in that crisis; of mother and father as active and passive, like my organizer and student selves. Fairbairn commented that it was more complex than that.

"You think only of identifications with parents. What about reactions to them? Guilt over rivalry with father for mother's attention."

I have at times thought that in spite of his theoretical advance beyond the classical Freudian position, Fairbairn basically conducted analysis on the <sup>or at least was expecting to find a broadly Oedipal pattern in my analysis.</sup> Oedipal model. My immediate dream reaction did not support that Oedipal view.

S.13. June 30. Dr. 8. "We were moving house and I was taking my wife and mother to the new one. Then it was my mother I was having to take and she was disgruntled." Dr. 9. "Mother, Berthe and I were waiting for a bus. Mother wandered on and I hastily called her back. The bus came and mother got on. I had to help her and the bus moved on, and I agitatedly found my wife was left behind."



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10.  
Mother was always trying to manoeuvre that situation. She would let me help her, and she needed it for she was 78 years old at this time, but she would roughly and rudely shake Bertha off publicly on a bus or tram, to my annoyance. These hardly look like Oedipal dreams, but dreams of mother interfering between me and the person I really wanted. (Cp. Dr. 2.) Fairbairn at this stage was stressing a direct Oedipal view of my relation to parents. He interpreted in general: "You have guilt over wanting to oust father and have mother's attention push him into the background. Guilt over his lying on the sofa while you were active monopolizing mother's attention."  
I must have felt that Dreams 8 and 9 were more like mother monopolizing me than me her, and on the next visit, July 5 I produced a very different dream about a father-figure. Dr. 11. "In a large Church of England. The Vicar, a combination of Chris George (of Ipswich) and Don Robins (of Leeds) said it was time to hand over to Vernon Sproxton, who had taken a small church nearby to be ready to make this move."  
George and Robins were both exceptionally active and energetic Vicars, <sup>rebels,</sup> and both were very friendly to me. This dream vicar, a father-figure, of his own accord hands over to the young Vernon Sproxton with whom I also had got on very well, and would have liked to hand Salem over to him. In line with Fairbairn's view I noted "I must be getting father voluntarily to install me in his place to relieve my guilt of feeling I ousted him," but I think I was not convinced. The vigorous George and Robins (an ex-fighter pilot) were as unlike father <sup>as</sup> could be. George came to my help in working for the unemployed in Ipswich. Robins spoke at my Salem Men's Meeting and invited me to preach for him in his parish Church. The dream suggests to me now father becking me up in an active role. I recalled my very first dream, father behind me in an ongoing procession, and noted that Allen had said I was "in front, rivalling father" but Meberley had said I was "wanting father's support behind me". All my 12 years of dreams had supported Meberley's view. In Dr. 7. Fairbairn on father's mission hall platform had looked like mother and I was passive, <sup>identified with father, lying on his couch.</sup> When he came down in the critical mother-role I was, however, able to speak straightforwardly and he was <sup>but then</sup> at once less distant, ~~was~~ ended by being the passive father whipped by his wife.



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I said that "Consciously I can't feel this wanting to oust father and monopolize mother. It seems the opposite. Mother was the bad object in reality and father stood for the ideal. I would rather have him at home now than mother. After his death I used to think 'I must write and tell Dad that' and in Leeds I used to say 'I wish Dad could see Salem. He'd be delighted with it'." ~~Dr.~~ F. regarded that as "the opposite of your unconscious attitude, a reaction formation". That is a theoretical possibility but it did not carry weight with me. I could only say that 'jealousy of father doesn't feel real to me' and I had never found any evidence of it in dreams. This was followed by a vague dream ~~Dr.~~ 12. "A group of people were discussing some group organization and the question was raised as to someone chairing it. I said I had chaired groups for years, it seemed second nature. An emotionally cold bossy woman said 'I think Mr. X would do it'. He seemed to be a colourless person."

Here again I feel to be up against an emotionally unresponsive mother-figure who decides everything in the family group and only wants passive males.

At the next session I began by saying that I felt vaguely disturbed and didn't know where I was. ~~Dr.~~ F. thought that a good thing and said "Venture into the unknown unconscious". I suspect I felt confused by the Oedipal view of 'jealousy and rivalry of father', for I had ventured into my unconscious in 12 years of dreaming and found no evidence of that theme. ~~Dr.~~ F. commented about Dr. 13, "a brief dream fragment of a clinic patient who had got well"

"You are the patient who pleases the analyst, but you are also hostile and resist, a double role. But the hostile one renounces the pleasing one as a facade."

My reaction was to say "I feel the self that hangs on to a good relation to the analyst goes as deep, if not deeper, than the hostile one." This seems to me curiously impersonal speech on both sides, and I began the next session by saying "I've had thoughts of your criticizing, blaming and judging me; seeing you as the super-ego making me repress a bad self, a hostile one. Mother was always doing that, making me guilty over every bit of independence. I had to be the good christian unselfish boy, and want rebelliously to 'drop a brick'. Underneath I feel to be the bad rebel. My early enforced compliance to mother stifled me, and I got away from home and mother, but had to organize a 'thinking' self designed to prevent any spontaneous feeling. A compulsive intellectualizing self."

This was followed by a strikingly relevant dream 15. (18th session)





12.

Dr.15. "I had a small ginger-coloured kitten. It struggled ~~freely~~ to get free out of my pocket. It belonged to someone else and I liked it so much I borrowed it, but had to hold it so tight to prevent its escape that its shoulder got broken. I was very upset and took it back to its owner with many expressions of regret. Then I was in a tram with George M and was naked and rushed to put his raincoat on. What would people think of me."

At ~~the~~ time I did not remember my earlier dreams of kittens as penis symbols in castration dreams, but I did remember my recent dream of the woman saying 'Down' to the lions, the older 'Tomb Room dream' of the repression of my anger against 'mother Church': and I mentioned my rebellion against religious control in the S.A., and at Ipswich and Salem. Fairbairn commented:

"The self that rejects analysis is not incompatible with the rebel against religious control, though that is a real conflict too."  
It was, because ~~nothing~~ *rebellion against any control was to me, unconscious, rebellion against mother*

I had already said that my early enforced compliance to mother stifled me, and here I dream vividly of myself stifling myself (and becoming like Mr.M, a non-masculine type) because as a small child, a kitten, I cannot do without mother who wanted me to be a girl and so must submit (with ~~an~~ *an inadequately* supportive father). *If in this dream I borrow Father's penis, his support, mother castration both of us.* Fairbairn had said earlier that to get back to the Garden of Eden I

had to sacrifice my masculinity. I mentioned that I felt I had talked at high pressure, and wrote in my notes: "Dr.F. is patiently helping me to drop the defence of intellectualizing and explaining myself, so as to experience myself"

At this point ~~where~~ I was clearly dealing with my repressed experience of helpless and frightened submission to mother and 'demasculinization' (mother making me into the girl she was determined I should be), and I suddenly remembered an old dream of 1936 I had totally forgotten, of "stripping a piece of metal off the end of a poker with pliers". Fairbairn said "Circumcision" and I felt it was, the operation that put an end to my psychosomatic battle with mother. I then turned to the Salem crisis, seeing it as a screen memory to be got out of the way; the church as mother, my colleague as 'mother's little Mennie, Percy', and myself ill in Scotland as 'lying dying after Percy's death'. The next week I missed sessions because of The Birmingham Ministers Summer School with Professor MacCalm, and awoke there one morning with head aching,



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feeling my neck muscles taut and erect into my head. I thought of Ed. Glover's "Libidinization of the head", living too much through my head. I had intellectualized life too much as a ~~defence~~ against deep unconscious fears, and now became aware of an erection developing, libido flowing back where it belonged. I remembered some years ago lying on the bed after dinner and going completely relaxed and numb in my body but my head remaining alert and awake. (A fact that bears on insomnia). While at that Summer School I also noted that I felt a bout of 'nervy working of my body', and I realize now (1973) that I used to

get that symptom a lot at one time, many years ago, and it ~~was a very~~ faded right out, ~~the~~ *But made a brief very meaningful and memorable in 1970-2.* right out, Back in Edinburgh the next week, on July 26 I reported: (S.22)

Dr. 17. "I had started analysis with Dr. F. and then remembered I had already arranged to go up to Dr. C. Allen. I had got in touch with him again because I was determined to have an analysis, and had seen him for several sessions. Then he went on holiday. I then forgot about him and in my quest for analysis started with Dr. Fairbairn. This was what I really wanted and I did not intend to go back to Allen, but felt I ought to explain to him."

Dr. F. made the point: "Allen is also me, the Fairbairn you reject. Here are your two selves in analysis". Dr. A. was the Fairbairn who had said he was going on holiday next month, August, and I must have felt he was letting me down, even though I would be glad of a break myself. At that point I had a ~~brief~~ return of sleeplessness and resorted to Amytal; then remembered that Fairbairn had said "Sleeplessness is separation anxiety" and saw it was my reaction to a break in sessions. I had three sessions to come in the first week of August before a five week holiday break. In the first, I mentioned that

526.

"I fear humiliation in analysis, not very much consciously but I think more strongly deep down. Being analysed seems to mean giving up the active striving assertive self that masters life, and lying on the couch with the analyst exalted on the platform. I must have felt that right at the start in the first dream of the Senior Student asserting his dignity in front of the Lecturer. This must cover a deep fear of being a nobody."

I realize now ~~that~~ *Ray must* that was the fundamental pattern of relationship, one up and the other down, forced on me and on everyone in the family by mother, and was bound to be my basic reaction in starting a prolonged analysis (as distinct from the occasional sessions with Miller, Allen and Moberley). *Among other notes Fairbairn was rather caustic on intellectual focus.* I mentioned that "1944-7 was the worst time so far as mother living with us was concerned."





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I still feel in a hard stubborn mood <sup>14</sup> with her however, though I feel unhappy about it, she's just a pathetic old lady now." I felt that Fairbairn really understood when he said: "She wasn't when you were a child." A symbolic expression of that inability to 'let my feelings flow to mother' came on Aug. 2.

Dr. 24. "I had a large bowl of golden urine, a nice bowl with white fluted sides. Every time I went to empty it down the lavatory, a woman was there with her back to me blocking the way and I had to go away."

I was experiencing some difficulty in starting to urinate, temporarily, at that time. It reminded me of constipation with mother in childhood. Mother blocked all my normal flow of feeling. On Aug. 4, my last session <sup>28</sup> before the holiday,

I produced a very relevant dream, a fantasy denial of the coming gap in sessions.

Dr. 27. "I was in Dr. Fairbairn's room. I'd had an operation there and he was watching over me. I only gradually realized he was staying with me, and I felt safe. He lay on another bed relaxed and resting, and chatted, and I thought 'He knows how to relax when not working'. I remembered I had had two dreams and he said we'd deal with them now, but then I couldn't understand his talk which had become indistinct."

After I had talked around this dream a bit, he commented:

"You want me there within reach, a rock to cling to, reassurance, but you don't want anything to happen, no disturbing emotions or reactions; a great source of resistance. As analyst I stir things up, not a good figure."

Presumably at least I was not wanting something to be stirred up and be left with it for five weeks, especially as, near the end of the session, I came near to something very disturbing, and surprisingly suddenly, <sup>the first emergence of my major trauma.</sup> I shut my eyes for a bit and began to see a dark blue-black background, then a yellowish-red spot which seemed vaguely to form into a fantasy of Percy in a pram, and then a vague stiff black woman with a stiff black baby across her knee, which seemed to be both me ill and Percy dead. This startled me and Fairbairn said "These vague visions may be low-grade memories". I did not then know that in 1970, when I had long forgotten that 'vague vision', I would have a compelling dream sequence in which I would see quite clearly that 'black woman' standing by a pram I was holding with Percy quite clearly in it, followed by another dream of Percy dead and myself collapsing. I had had 28 sessions, and we were to restart on September 6. In the intervening period I recorded 19 dreams.

As I survey now this first period of systematic analysis, I realize that



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15.  
I did not produce anything like the startling, even terrifying, 'big dreams' of my self-analysis period for the simple reason that the background of my daily life had become far simpler and less traumatic. I had settled <sup>in a</sup> satisfactory way the conflict between ~~myself~~ <sup>Psychotherapy</sup> and Ministry, I had nothing like the sinus infection to drain my physical health, there was nothing comparable to the 'Salem Ministerial Crisis' to disturb me, and mother was by now ceasing to be such an active menace by reason of aging. There was nothing much in real life to reactivate my traumatic infancy and early childhood experience, and Freud said that you cannot raise anything out of the unconscious purely by analysis, but must wait till something in real life stirs it up. Also I had the support of knowing that I was achieving what I had long wanted, a genuine analysis.

Whatever went on was now the direct result of my relationship with Fairbairn, ~~but that in itself was now a major factor in real life.~~  
It was true 'transference', working out on him whatever were the dominant emotional patterns in my repressed early childhood experience. Fairbairn <sup>had</sup> soon helped me to see that I was involved in a disturbing relation to him that was connected with my relation to mother and father and their relation to each other. His oedipal interpretations, that I was rivalling father and Percy for the monopoly of mother, and aggressively but guiltily so, did not <sup>convince me</sup> ~~and as to the Garden of Eden I felt I had never been in it, rather than cast out.~~ But his pointing out the ambivalence, the shifting between two opposite reactions to him, active and passive, assertive and <sup>dependent</sup> ~~submissive~~, did ring true, and came out clearly in my dreams. I did both resist him and also need to depend on him. The existence of a definitely ~~bad~~ internalized <sup>thought</sup> ~~thought~~ Fairbairn ~~had not yet had the chance to see how she dominated my unconscious~~ mother began to become a recurring dream theme. But the one dream that for me stands out is the 'Mission Hall' dream, with Fairbairn on the platform looking like mother and installed in what should have been father's place, <sup>while I lay passive on father's couch. Like</sup> ~~and typical~~ mother, Fairbairn was <sup>my</sup> critical of me, but when I spoke up he accepted me and ceased to look like mother. That, and indeed the main content of most of the sessions, now seems to me to point clearly to one fact: that what was emerging was that mother from my very birth had forced on me the only type of relationship in which she



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16.

could survive, ~~in what later on in 'Personality Structure and Human Inter-~~  
~~action' I called the 'one up and the other down' relationship, the~~ 'one up and the other down'.

If father had not accepted a passive rôle, mother would have broken down. As it was, the only kind of relationships I knew intimately were those where mother dominated and everyone else was submissive. I could, in adult life, consciously understand 'equal relationships' but my deepest feelings could not escape from the insidious 'one up and the other down' pattern. When I came to ~~the~~ <sup>Fairbairn</sup> for analysis, the set-up of his rooms and the analytical 'couch technique' played into this rigid pattern in my make-up. His rooms were very large, furnished with valuable antiques, most impressive, and when I entered his consulting room with its large, heavily stocked bookcase, I found myself lying on a couch with its head to the back of a large desk, behind which sat Fairbairn in an antique high-backed chair, I almost said 'sitting in state'. That was the emotional effect on me, because it ~~was~~ so uniquely fitted my unconscious 'one up and the other down' pattern of relating. Before a word was spoken Fairbairn was unconsciously cast by me in the role of the mother who dominated my personality and crushed any initiative on my part, and who would not tolerate any self-assertion from me. I was at the mercy of the castrating mother, a negative transference at the very start. I literally felt a nobody staring at the empty end of a room with no one to help me to be a person. Thereafter I oscillated between dependence and resistance, though Fairbairn could not of course at the start know enough about me to know just what that oscillation meant. His interpretations, <sup>at first</sup> made me feel they were character traits that needed altering, but my dreams began slowly to bring out the fact that in the background the dominating aggressive mother was hovering, imposing this situation. Enough progress was made in only 28 sessions to bring me to the point in the last one, of all but seeing mother in memory, with myself ill and Percy dead on her lap. I take that as the best proof, all the more because it was so unexpected that it surprised me, that we were steadily



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17.  
getting ~~some~~where. Looking back I realize that Fairbairn's 'analytical technique of interpretation', at least with me at that time, seemed closer to the classic Freudian Oedipal model than I had expected. That may well be due to his starting on that level with me at the beginning, and waiting for deeper developments to disclose themselves. It may also be partly due to the fact that through the 1940's his theory went ahead of his practice, and through the 1950's, the period I was with him, his practice began ~~slowly~~ <sup>slowly</sup> to include the psychotherapeutic implications of his 'object-relations theory' and of the 'schizoid problem'. Of that more later. Meanwhile, I found his interpretations shrewd and helpful. There were times when their intellectual clarity, exactness and definiteness made me feel 'categorized', pigeonholed, and they sometimes came across as judgments or criticisms, though there was <sup>a</sup> definite negative transference element from my mother in my feeling them that way. At that stage I would certainly have felt any analyst's comments as attacks, because I would have been seeing him unconsciously as mother, and reacting with anxiety. That was one of the major experiences of the start of my analysis. As my analysis proceeded, I gradually began to discover the human Fairbairn behind the 'transference analyst', a warm-hearted and deeply concerned man behind his somewhat patrician and authoritarian manner, a manner that was quite accidentally and irrelevantly suggested by the fact that, wearing bifocal glasses, when talking at close range, he had to look through the lower part of the lens and seemed to be looking over my head and not at me; of course a quite false impression.

(2) September 6 - December 8, 1949 (p. 29-83)

My holiday dreams began with one (Dr. 28) in which "Fairbairn was dying of T.B. He would do exercises to keep fit and I thought 'I wish he would give them up but he will gallantly impose strain on his ill body.'"

I must have felt mother was going to destroy him, prevent his helping me, for next day I had a waking fantasy while telling my wife of my curious resistance at the station ticket office in asking for Birmingham, then Glasgow, not Edinburgh.

Fantasy 29. "I suddenly fantasied myself jumping up from the analytical couch, having a horrifying experience of a frightening old woman's face, a witch."

If Fairbairn was not to be the witch, (Dr. 7) then he would have to be father, her victim.





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The extent of my unconscious preoccupation with the bad mother, appeared in

Dr.33. "A woman brought a young child of about 3 to 5 yrs. (my age after Percy's death, a very disturbed time) to my wife and said 'Why doesn't he smile with his mother'. My wife said 'Bring her. We can't say till we see how she handles him'. The mother came, a depressing figure, and at once the child went serious and lost all trace of a happy look. The mother was in black and looked as if she wanted to interfere and pull the child about. (My mother would be in mourning after Percy's death, and was usually black in my dreams).

On August 27 I had a short important dream about my last session.

Dr.39. "I was resuming analysis with Dr.F. He referred to something in my last session (the 'vision' of mother and the black baby) and said 'That was bad', i.e. upsetting, and he reassured me."

I evidently felt exposed to a pretty dangerous state of affairs unconsciously.

I resumed analysis on September 6, and mentioned that while I had done useful work with short analysis patients in 30 to 60 sessions, I had found my long-term patients getting blocked. My sessions with Dr.F, had made me realize I was probably interpreting too soon, too much and too intellectually, and that

where a dream leads is more important than what it means as a closed whole; i.e. what it brings out. I was probably blocking <sup>patient's</sup> negative transferences

because I was afraid of my own, and of tension aroused in me. I had realized in 28 sessions that I sought to maintain a tough self and reject a timid one, the sobbing little boy clinging terrified to mother, or lying ill on the

'couch' tent-bed; the good boy who did not swear, ~~or~~ or tell lies (after mother's beating me for unverified lying), who didn't fight but was afraid of dogs and bullies, who later didn't defend himself against Salem insinuations, and who now lay on the analyst's 'tent-bed' couch dependent. This was making

me see analysis as humiliation at the hands of an analyst who, in a dream, I saw looking like mother and criticizing me. In 1943-5, with Maberley, I had become clearly aware of what he called the vertical split between 'feeling' and

'thinking', and my having worked hard to build up an intellectualized conscious self to repress my disturbed emotional self of childhood. Of course, I had

no option about that. I had to do it to survive, and fortunately was able to

develop an effective intellectual self in which I did cope successfully with



## Harry Guntrip manuscripts

adult living. Intellectual competence<sup>19.</sup> enabled me to do many things, and did not totally exclude ~~the~~ expression of tenderness in marriage, or~~of~~ of compassion ~~in~~ my pastoral work, but it suppressed the emotionally castrated terrified small boy, traumatized by Percy's death, and my unconscious inner world where I was dominated by a destructive mother who, for over twelve years, had appeared regularly and strikingly in my dreams. That, at all events, I had had to do all in my power to exclude from my normal adult personality, and but for my dream-recording I would never have known at that time how persistently the aggressive mother dominated my unconscious inner world. Now, in transference analysis, with Fairbairn seeking to help me to allow this inner world life to be brought to consciousness, he had to point out how much I intellectualized to prevent 'feeling' developing; my defence in ordinary life now became my resistance to analysis which seemed to be exposing me to what I most feared, To my deeper feeling Fairbairn at times became the bad mother in the dominant position and I felt to be the terrified overwhelmed little boy, with the Percy trauma hidden by amnesia, creating an actual 'death threat' (Cp. the earlier 'Arnold Mee dreams', and the Zoo tragedy dream.) Even consciously analysis at times felt to be humiliating, exposing myself to critical spotting of my weakness. My resistance to analysis must have been very powerful, as Fairbairn sensed. In the first post-holiday session<sup>Sept 6.</sup> No.29, in referring to my holiday dream 39, I dated it November not September, and said "That's a dark, depressing wintery month". It was the dream about resuming analysis and Fairbairn said: "That's what you feel analysis is going to be on resuming it, dark, wintery." I mentioned the holiday dream 33, of the child who couldn't smile with the depressing black mother", and added "I can't get back to the mother of early childhood. I can see the active successful business woman of my school years, but I can't see mother's face in my early childhood. Fairbairn commented: "There's something sealed off there." I ended session 30 by saying: "I clearly fear what may be going to happen in analysis; it's an operation, grey cold November, seeing mother's frightening face, horrible."

*In fact I had seen this 'look' as Fairbairn's face in Dr. 7, cold, alone.*





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147, Cross Flatts Grove,

Leeds, 11.

Telephone 7 5 6 6 4.

10-9-49.

Dear Dr. Fairbairn,

As I am more keen than ever, after last week's sessions, to go right through with this analysis, I think this is the point at which I would like to explain to you my financial position. A letter will save valuable time in sessions. I think I can see my way to carrying on as long as is necessary, if every three months, say at Xmas, Easter and the summer holiday, I could have a break of three or four weeks as last month, in which we could stabilize our finances; provided that would not be an inconvenient dislocation of your clinical programme. There must be heavy demands on your services and I would not want to lose my place on your list of patients under regular treatment, but I must find some way of preventing my resources running out before the job is done. One hesitation I had about suggesting this earlier was that I wondered whether my mind would settle down too much in the interval, but that is removed by finding last week that I resumed analysis at just as high a level of tension as when we left off in August.

Our position is as follows: while in the ministry, my wife and I managed over the years to put by £300 towards Gwen's University education and that sum represents our sole capital. Fortunately Gwen won a State scholarship of £200 per an. plus college fees, to which we add another £100 p.a. out of income. Thus that £300 plus my earning capacity represents the possibility of analysis for me





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If I lived in or near Edinburgh there would be no problem at all, but travelling and lodging expenses come to £4 a week, and I can't hope to meet an expense of £8 a week out of income. I am very grateful to you for charging only one guinea per session which, I take it, as with Dr. Maberly, is half fee; and also for the frequency with which you arrange four sessions a week which I find of very great value.

At the end of July I had to overdraw £50 on our savings, and did feel that our £300 looked like disappearing at an alarming rate. But in August I was able to pay off the overdraft and build up a reserve that will see us through to Xmas without much difficulty. By then I think we shall be feeling the pinch again, and if a short break would not be inconvenient to you, it would enable me to carry on without strain. Naturally I would prefer not to have to do this, but the only alternative that I see is to run through our capital and at some time have to borrow from mother, which I do not want to do.

Fortunately my practice seems to be stable. The last financial year, my third as a therapist, I earned £1200, of which £300 went in expenses of practice (rooms etc) another £300 in income tax, Gwen and mother whose capital does not suffice to keep her. That leaves us £600 to live on, and having had plenty of practice in living on £400 in the ministry, we shall manage very well. I aim to preserve our capital so that later Gwen, and if possible my wife, can have the benefit of analysis.





## Harry Guntrip manuscripts

20.

Fairbeirn made the cryptic comment: "Something forecloses on the active process in development". The opening of session 31 was significant. I began with:

"I've serious fears of what's going to happen in analysis. My realistic self says 'I knew this and went it and am going through with it'. But another part of me is twisting, turning, dodging, evading, anything to escape seeing something: like looking for the black cat in the dark room. I've had a tight head and vague headache all the afternoon."

Fairbeirn said: "You're seeing off the repetition of a disaster you've been menaced with before". I said I had been pondering on 'foreclosing the active process in development' and thought of Dr. 15, of my crushing the ginger kitten as it struggled fiercely to get free. As I left the room at the end of the session, I went to pull back the curtain myself, and Fairbeirn said, with a friendly smile: "Are you wanting to get out?" I felt he was human and understanding, but in the next session, 32, I was thinking:

"It's not safe to show your feelings, it may provoke reprisals. Don't give yourself to anyone. It's not safe. I trusted mother to be fair-minded about Berthe and she let me down and became jealous and aggressive. Yet I feel this is not really relevant to Dr. F. now."

This was the fourth and last session of my first <sup>visit</sup> after the holiday, and clearly I had plunged right in. I thought: "It's Thursday. I hope no big emotional crisis comes now, when I have to go back and face patients. I feel I might let go if it were Tuesday and I wasn't leaving Fairbeirn."

From that time I had four regular sessions each week, an early one on Thursday morning enabling me to get a train back and be in Leeds for afternoon patients.

The following week I began by saying that I had not wanted to break off for four days last Thursday, and was impatient to get back here. I had in fact written to Fairbeirn to say that we felt we were just coping financially and I expected to be able to carry on. In session I said I felt I had had depressive reactions to losing people, my colleague, father, but I did not add Percy. Instead I added: "Even my early simple creed became an intellectual loss, which I dealt with by a process of Descartian doubt, discarding everything I could doubt till I found something that I could hold firm to, the simple ethical value of the person and character of Jesus. I rested on a 'good object'. In view of <sup>my</sup> opening remarks it is clear that what I was ~~really~~ afraid of was losing Fairbeirn, my real reason for writing that letter to him at that special week."