

Harry Guntrip manuscripts

Section 22, Pages 631 - 660

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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mother's failure to relate to me in any genuine personal sense at all. Not only did Fairbairn not recognise that problem at this time but I do not know of any other analyst who ~~was~~ ^{might have done.} ⁽¹⁹⁶⁰⁾ It was ~~an~~ long time before Winnicott formulated his view of "the true self put away into cold storage" (when faced with a failure of maternal relating) awaiting a chance of rebirth into a more facilitating environment." It was only at the end of this decade of the ~~thirties~~ ^{fifties} that Fairbairn accepted my suggestion that there is one final 'Ego-split' into a 'Libidinal Ego' that goes on struggling to get good object-relations and a 'Regressed Ego' that has given up hope and withdrawn into profound isolation deep within the unconscious. Fairbairn stated then that that explained the phenomenon of Regression which he has never been able to fit into his system: ^{a phenomenon that is in fact more complex than that.} By that time I had myself forgotten how much this insight must have grown out of my own struggles and frustrations in sessions in the early fifties. At this time I expressed my problem in religious metaphors since Fairbairn himself occasionally used them. I commented:

"My deep need for a vital relationship in adolescence went into my search for God. At first I accepted the evangelically 'prayer of faith' that, I was told, compelled God to answer. But apparently He didn't, for I moved on to God as a shadowy background universal but uncommunicative being, a cosmic principle I could think about, but had to ignore in practical action, because He left me to myself and didn't help. Mother was the devil, 'going about like a roaring lion (in my dreams) seeking whom she might devour', dominating, getting us all into her power."

I could hardly have told Fairbairn more plainly that my basic ~~problem~~ was not bad-object relationships, ~~whether~~ they be with breasts or penises, mother or father, or himself, ~~as either good or bad~~, but ~~with~~ an inner vacuum where I felt I was left with no relationships at all. In the second session that day, S.440, I said: "Why am I so occupied with keeping independent, and resenting interference. There was the need to resist mother but there's more to it. From Clifford Allen's time I resented analysis as interfering with my defensive isolation, and in my second dream with you (Fairbairn) I was the Senior Student on his dignity with the Lecturer. With Allen I got the worrying idea of the unconscious as a mysterious octopus holding me in its grip; that was mother and analysis would push me back into her power, so I dreamed of having my supportive father behind me. But deeper still I did something else. A bit of me remained unrelated free but in an empty world. Its either that or being mother's prisoner."

Again I could hardly have made it more clear ~~that~~ I was struggling with.

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In S.441 I reported Dr.430. "Something about a woman as a restricter, the vagina with teeth," and I went on to speak of "My identification with my schizoid father, aloof above the world".

I had begun more frequently to use the term 'schizoid' recently in my sessions, and am surprised Fairbairn made no comment on that. I must have been very occupied with the nature of psychotherapy at that time, not only because of Fairbairn's expression of his personal view of 'analysis' but also because I was feeling a real problem unsolved in my own analysis. I wrote my paper on "The Therapeutic Factor in Psychotherapy" (Published in The British Journal of Medical Psychology, 1953) and gave him the MS to read. He wrote me a long letter over the week-end saying that I was too diffident about expressing myself on my own proper level and should recognise my calibre and take myself seriously as an analyst. At this particular stage of my analysis, up against the schizoid problem in myself, that letter was very valuable 'recognition' (in Balint's basic sense). I noted in my 'Sessions Book':

"Three years ago I regarded myself as a careful and conscientious amateur bent on learning, and beginning to realize the limitations of many psychiatrists whose insight I had overestimated. Recently an accredited analyst had told me that I was streets ahead of some who were Associate Members of the Psychoanalytic Society and had already had a better analysis than some who were among the older members."

While this was good for my conscious morale, I was myself aware of the deep and as yet unresolved schizoid problem behind all the experiences of my sessions up to date. Meanwhile, in the absence of deeper analysis of my unrelated self in an empty world inside, I explored the value of Fairbairn's recognition of me as an analytical colleague. In his letter he had said he was encouraged by my support for his theoretical views, and looked forward to my developing them, and did not interpret that as positive transference. Though his letter was at the time related to my second paper for The British Journal of Medical Psychology, and I was just at the ~~beginning~~ experimental beginning of my serious research work (which Professor Dicks had appointed me to do), it may also have been Fairbairn's unconsciously intuitive understanding of and response to my emerging 'schizoid, withdrawn Ego' in my inner world, ~~derelict~~ derelict by mother's 'non-relating' to me in infancy. In session 443, May 21, I made

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it the occasion of a review of how I felt about myself at this stage. I said:

"I am beginning now to feel less like a power-driven motor car and more like a tree growing with roots deepening in good soil. The idea of human nature being fundamentally bisexual seems valuable, masculine self-expression and feminine receptivity being natural to both men and women, as ways of relating to people of both the same and the other sex, a creative interaction. (Years later I found in Winnicott's formulation of 'the female element of being and the male element of doing in both males and females' the exact definition I was looking for.) You (Fairbairn) have given me reason to feel I can mean something to you that you value, and that is new. Mother and even father valued me for conformity, not for creativity. I feel this consolidates a relation to you that paves the way to go deeper into my unconscious inner world. There's something deep there to be dealt with. I also feel my relation to my wife is in some way deepening."

I have of course had a few people tell me that my advocacy of 'Object-Relations Theory' is positive transference. In that case all analysts are in a state of positive transference to Freud, Melanie Klein or whoever their own analyst was. That superficial confusion of transference with genuine intellectual conviction was what I feared in its opposite form if I took an official Institute Analysis, that my genuine philosophical disagreement with Freud would be treated as negative transference. I do not remember a time since I began to think seriously and consciously, when people were not more important to me than things. This became a fully articulated philosophy for me with the help of the theologian John Oman's 'Grace and Personality' and then the philosophy of Martin Buber ('I and Thou') and John Macmurray. My basic intellectual position was fixed before I had heard of Fairbairn and I was looking for its psychoanalytic equivalent. It was in Fairbairn that I found it, and we did share the same philosophical basis of our approach to psychoanalysis. I found that I had already rejected Freud's hedonism and positivism for the same reasons, intellectually, as Fairbairn had done. I sought analysis with Fairbairn because I knew no philosophical differences would divide us to cause needless misunderstanding. Fairbairn's recognition of my first efforts at research writing as valuable in themselves was a different matter. It had the importance for me of a recognition of the 'real me', a recognition of a kind I had never had from my parents; though it was potentially there in

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father, it was not there in any sense in mother, who did not want me to be a real person in my own right, but to submit to being moulded by her into what she wanted me to be. Fairbairn's letter was in a sense extra-analytical, and in that sense illustrated his view that it was not 'pure analysis' that was therapeutic but the 'personal relationship'. I feel that at this point his letter did for me just what I needed, it broke into my internally empty world and created a situation in which I could feel I did really exist as a person. That is something far deeper than the conscious possession of a 'persona', a manufactured self, however successful. It enabled me to begin to see myself, not as an artificially driven motor car, but as a tree growing. It gave me a way out of the wearisome ringing of changes on the see-saw 'one up and the other down' patterns, and oscillation between identifications and fantasied sadomasochistic relations as better than none at all. I feel that if at that point Fairbairn had had this integrated into his theoretical insights, an interpretation of it would have made it a secure possession as real insight, growth-promoting. Anyway I reacted with a short positive dream

Dr.432. "Fairbairn arranged a game of chess for four people, himself and me and two others, as part of the therapy."

My comment was: "British games are friendly competitions for the development of the powers of the players and for mutual stimulation."

This registers my inner sense of a positive development having occurred. In the next and last session of that week, May 22, S.445, I reminded myself that I could still fall back into the old fantasy of bad-objects with Fairbairn. The new gain had not yet been consolidated enough to drain all energy away from the old patterns. I had a dream that was a warning of this.

Dr.433. "A bloody battle; a revolt against the King was being put down. It seemed the rebels were defeated, and I was in hiding, and trying to find a disguise. Then it didn't seem necessary to escape."

My association was of Wyatt's rebellion against Queen Elizabeth 1, and his being tortured in the Tower, a warning that I might still suddenly feel my bad mother turning up again in Fairbairn.

The following week—and the bad mother broke out in real life at home, and I



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began the session on the following Tuesday, S.446, May 27, by recounting this

"We had a flare up with mother. She won't let my wife help her to bath and it's dangerous for her to try it alone, so we've had to arrange for the District Nurse to come in. Mother was determined to bath before she arrived and refused to fit in with the arrangements made. She ^{was} angry and aggressive and ten minutes before the Nurse was due she made a second attempt. I had to let fly at her and told her she was a nuisance with her bad temper and uncooperativeness, had always been the main source of unhappiness in my life, and she must choose between fitting in with our arrangements or be put into an old people's home. I was glad she gave me a chance to deal with her instead of making trouble for my wife behind my back. I see that in fact she has a periodical need for rows to relieve her own inner tensions, and I don't feel bad about it in the way I used to

Fairbairn commented: "Deep down you'd react to her as you did as a child."

I replied: "Yes. I had one or two short-lived stinging patches in my skin; Mother used to give me stinging patches on my skin with her cane, ~~but~~ I also had a brief fantasy of living with an elderly woman and needing love."

Here was clear evidence that recognition by Fairbairn of my being a 'real person in my own right' could not at once change the deepest situation of all in my unconscious inner world. I was actually glad of an open bad relationship with mother, which was better than the cold, detached, non-relationship I was left with otherwise. Remembering that Fairbairn was having to operate with an as yet imperfectly worked out view of the Ego problem of schizoid failure of relationships, I suspect that not relating his recognition of me as writer and therapist clearly to my mother's failure to recognize me in a positive sense, which would have enabled what he regarded as the 'therapeutic factor of the personal relationship' to make a direct impact on my schizoid inner life, exposed me to once more involving him in the already repeatedly explored negative transference fantasies and dreams, seeking with him the bad object relations which were the only ones I could get with mother at ^{any} ~~the~~ level. It was that or nothing. Dr.433, the transference of a revolt ~~from~~ from the queen to the king, showed that that was happening. The positive value of negative transference is lost if it is interpreted as simply working off on the analyst anger that is felt against parents. Negative transference is a struggle to keep up a bad relationship, because it is felt to be the only kind possible.

In S. 447, May 28 I reported Dr.434. "I went to a garage to get petrol. A

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large tree had been cut down there and left." I remembered my recent remark:

"I'm beginning to feel more like a growing tree than a hard driving car.
I seem here to have gone back on that. The tree is cut down."

Fairbairn commented: "In some notes attached to your psychotherapy paper, for its further development, you had a sentence of mine not in quotation marks. You stole my penis and feel guilty and now can't use it. The tree is cut down and then left."

I fear this pushed me back into the sexually, somatically, symbolized sadomasochistic ~~fantasies~~ ^{internally} of the post-Percy period and left me marking time on that, because they were not revealed as the only available substitute for the sheer lack of real relationships of the early infancy period. The result was a dream in which I was back again in the very state of mind Fairbairn has wished to help me beyond when he wrote: "You are too diffident about expressing your-self in your own proper level and should recognise your calibre and take yourself seriously as an analyst".

Dr.435. "Fairbairn joined our Clinic Staff and I continued my analysis with him. A junior staff appointment was advertized and I feared I hadn't got the right qualifications and was afraid of comparison and being turned down. Comparison as an inferior and being turned down, but staying there to have to go on experiencing it, is fantasizing a bad relationship and keeping it going as better than falling into the deepest unconscious level where I felt I had no real relationship at all, a depersonalizing experience. In the next S.448 I was talking vaguely about feeling Fairbairn would be shocked or disapprove of my fantasies and said: "I feel my parents' moral rigidity stands across the path of my spontaneous self-expression, and I make you stand for them. Once in my University years mother said that she and father were worried about the way I was developing (along lines unfamiliar to them) and I make you stand for them."

This is surely a glaring example of not going back to the isolation of the earliest years, by coming forward to the moralistically bad relations of later years, which at least were evidence that they were thinking about me. I am using negative transference here as a bad relationship to cling to and make use of, because I can't face the deepest problem alone, without its being recognized by Fairbairn. That the fear of having 'no relationship at all' was what was troubling me, comes out in:

Dr.436. "I had arranged to meet a doctor for lunch but he did not come.

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There were several doctors there and I felt I had no right to be there." The fear of desertion is far greater than the fear of moral condemnation, for that at least means that one is not being ignored. In S.449, May 29 my birthday, I said: "I have preserved that dead cut down tree in my dream. Perhaps I preserve the dead Percy inside me like that, as if I've only got a dead object to relate to. Is that why I maintain an amnesia for his death? If I remember that I'll lose even the dead Percy to keep up a secret relationship with."

My birthdays had often brought big dreams but not this time. The next week, I began S.450 by suddenly realizing I had a total loss of memory for attending Aunt Mary's funeral. My wife says I did, but she didn't because she was pregnant. I do remember mother saying to me: "Auntie Min said 'You always loved Mary better than men, now perhaps I'll have my share' after the funeral. I must have felt mother loved Mary more than me, and Mary loved mother more than me, and I didn't really get loved properly for my own sake.

I said: "I must want an exclusive relation to you and shut everyone else out, because at bottom I feel I don't really come in anywhere. I wasn't given a real accepting relation when I most needed it. Now I have been liable to feel an interloper; not consciously now, but I can remember I used to, as when I first entered the medical world, I felt uncertain how I'd be received. Actually I've been given very generous recognition which would have completely allayed any initial natural uncertainty, if that hadn't got far deeper roots."

In S.451, June 4, I said: "Consciously I've always had a reasonable estimate of what I could do, but with doubts about myself in the background. Consciously now I have a pretty accurate understanding of what I can do and you have strengthened that, but it frees me to realize how much at a very deep down level, where mother didn't want me to be what I was, I feel I am not anything at all, unreal. I only stop that breaking out by actual real life hard work, or in my inner world by fantasies of either dependence or rivalry."

I now went straight to the problem of my relation to Fairbairn: I said:

"Am I in writing simply stealing your ideas, or have I got real ideas of my own. Your ideas on psychotherapy crystallized for me years of my own thinking along the same lines. For some 18 yrs I had worked on and off on a never finished thesis on 'Psychology and Religion', discarding Freud's instincts and seeking to equate integration and Salvation. In my first book in 1947-8 I wrote: 'Psychotherapy is a dynamic personal relationship between two people to solve the problems of one of them. Your 'Object-Relations Theory' and your view of therapy as saving people from internalized bad objects, devils, has proved to be the key I hoped to find with you, by which I could come to understand what I was myself groping my way towards, without the psychoanalytical experience to get there clearly."

I feel I was having to get clear about my real life constructive relation to Fairbairn, because he had not yet made clear his relation to the deep down

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me that felt outside all real relationships altogether. I had three levels of relationship to Fairbairn. The first was the realistic one where he had in fact done more than anyone else in my life to help me develop my own creative capacity along my own natural line of interest, which coincided with his. A second level of transference relations in fantasies which swung about in the see-saw 'one up and the other down', rivalry and turning the tables patterns, or else identifications. These he consistently interpreted in terms of the classic Freudian Oedipal sexual symbolism, which had relevance to my fantasy life of the post Percy period, and my struggle to bring a relationship out of mother. But it was becoming apparent that that was mainly a matter of holding on to bad relationships as better than none at all. Though I did not really see that so clearly as that, at that time. What I did feel was pressing for attention, ~~was~~ the increasing clarity with which I found myself plunging into feelings of having no relationships at all, an empty world very deep down, and needing Fairbairn to relate to me therapeutically in that. This feeling of an area of experience in which I had no relationship at all, was certainly being stimulated by the state my mother was in at home. I could not escape seeing that she was, apart from her best active days when she did work and support others, immature, self-centred, inconsiderate of other's feelings, bad tempered, wanting all her own way, refusing any insight. I was faced with the sheer impossibility of getting any genuine contact with my own mother. I saw clearly how she had lived always in terms of dominating and using, never relating as meaningful equals. It must have roused up in me my basic experience of a gulf between her and me that left me feeling empty.

The ensuing sessions are a record of traversing and retraversing familiar ground that I had already gone over many times before: marking time on the same spot with no clear signs of progress. In S.453, ^{in fact} I said:

"I prefer now to keep you as a neutral projection-screen, not a real person"
Fairbairn commented: "Yes. I've no use for the projection screen theory."
Hysterics in particular always try to make the analyst only that,

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and not risk a real relation."

But I believe that missed the point. I was not resisting a real relation. On the contrary my schizoid isolated deep down self was needing Fairbairn to relate to me, ~~was~~ ^{on} that deep level, and I was resisting plunging ~~again into~~ unreal transference relations, negative and positive, sadomasochistic, one up and the other down, perpetuating bad-object relations. Yet this was all that seemed open to me. At home I could only report that I was turning the tables on mother. She used to be too busy at work to bother with me, and now I was too busy with work to bother with her. I went over the old well worn ground of the beatings, suppositories and circumcision, confusing anal and genital sexuality, the sinus operations. Nothing new emerged. In S.454, June 10, I said: "In about a year I'll have finished my Ph.D. thesis, mastered the fundamentals of theory, and be ready to write creatively, but will I be inwardly free to be creative."

Fairbairn commented: This is the problem of being in the procession in front of father. You wouldn't be in it but for him, but you want to be in front."

I feel that that kept me in the old see-saw transference relation when "my ~~main~~ actual problem was not whether I would be feeling rivalry with Fairbairn but whether I would feel sufficiently real basically to be creative. I've been feeling detached deep inside me all last week-end. Schizoid. Yet I feel that the only hope of getting out of this schizoid core of me lies in you (Fairbairn)."

In S.456, June 11, I said: "I'm still preoccupied with isolation and detachment. Part of me is somewhere all by myself. But I don't want mother to break in for she won't know what I need and will only bring conflict."

In S.457 I reported Dr.441. "Xmas in mother's home. She put some czkes in a drawer and forbade us to go to it. There were children with us. I said: 'This is a life or death matter for me'."

The next week, S.458, June 17 I reported that I had finished my article on ~~psychotherapy~~ in the train, (at least clarifying my intellectual grasp of a problem I was not finding a solution to emotionally). In the rest of the session I went over the old ground again of being stopped using my left hand. I feel now that this meant I found no recognition of my real natural self. I mentioned that "my wife felt at the far end with mother last week-end with her stubborn uncooperativeness. I feel guilty about coming to Edinburgh and leaving her to deal with mother alone," which was genuine.

In S.459, June 18 I reported that a patient who was very significant for me ~~in~~ "has ended her analysis. She let me help her back to work and keep going till she got her pension and then turned the analysis into an unyielding



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continuation of her lifelong battle with her hated father, worked out on me. When she first came I was a supportive father helping her to get ~~him~~ back to work after a bad depressive breakdown. That was in 1946. I had not got the experience then to foresee that when she was secure of her pension, she would use me for a different purpose, to go on and on turning the tables on father with me. As I brought this home to her, she got more and more furious, walked out slamming the door, and did not come again till she wrote asking if she could return, she was so depressed. I agreed and at her first session last week she reported a dream. She got on a tram, walked through to the driver's platform, turned him off and drove herself. I simply commented 'That's what you are doing with me, but I'm not going to continue with you on those terms.' She ~~got~~ up and went. I shaln't go on with her because I have ~~unlearned~~ learnt enough here to see that this unending battle with her internalized bad father is her only means of feeling real."

I didn't at that time clearly see all the implications of that, but I feel sure now that I was indirectly saying that I didn't want my sessions to be a perpetual working over of bad-object relations with mother in transference on Fairbairn, as an alternative to going down to the frighteningly unreal schizoid infant behind all that in me. I had seen that my patient was utterly determined to carry on the fight as her only modus vivendi, and so I had been able to refuse to co-operate on those terms. But I wanted something better than that for myself. That this was my own problem at that very time, emerged in Dr. 442 (of the night before, reported in this session). "I had left or got away from somewhere and was alone, in the dark, picking my way along a railway line, and afraid an express train would rush up on me from behind and crush me."

Fairbairn; "You were alone. I wasn't there. You were getting away from me." That was true but I feel missed the point. Naturally I would want to get away from a crushing mother seen in Fairbairn. The real point of that dream seems to me now to be that I felt shut up to one of two equally terrible alternatives: either go on relating to a crushing mother in my inner world and to Fairbairn felt to be crushing in the transference, or withdraw into total isolation and be alone, wandering in an empty world inside. Fairbairn seems to me now, at this stage to have been interpreting the ad hoc fantasy only, and not relating it to its ultimate implications: so I could only mark time on these bad-object relations fantasies, and revived the earlier feeling that I was rivalling Fairbairn by writing the article on 'Schizoid Phenomena', and I ought to leave him to expound his own ideas. The fact that Fairbairn

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himself had welcomed it as support for his views, and Sutherland now wanted reprints of it for the Tavistock Library, only shows how unnecessary these misgivings were: they were purely products of the feeling I had of being shut up to bad-object relations in my analysis, because the schizoid problem somehow did not get dealt with.

The next five sessions are a complete example to marking time on familiar well-worn themes and not till the last of them was I able to return to the schizoid problem. I went back to the lodger's masturbatory game at 6, my friend and I sleeping together at 12-3 and playing with our penises, the circumcision operation, symbolic penises in old dreams, I commented "mother put the penis out of bounds but gave me nothing instead", Fairbairn interpreted: "Masturbation is snatching your penis from mother's control", an interpretation that encouraged me to concentrate on the emotional problems of the post-infancy and post-Percy period, problems of unsatisfactory bad relationships kept going by concentrating in fantasy and free association on them, Nimrod and the lion. Fairbairn's comments were repeatedly in terms of hysteric reactions and symptoms, stealing a penis, having a bad but exciting penis inside, stealing mother's penis, wanting father's penis and Fairbairn's. I talked again of my happy Madeline period, and the later, 16 years old, friend who made mild homosexual advances from which I turned away feeling it was queer and unhealthy. All this was such well-worn ground in my analysis that there was nothing new to be got out of it, and nothing new did come out of it. I have no doubt that this was marking time on the same spot and using Fairbairn's interpretations to help myself do it, because I could not alone get back to the schizoid isolation of the pre-Percy first two years. I find it necessary at this point, now, to seek some objective understanding of this unwitting collusion of both of us in a stalemate. I could not at the time have foresight, but now knowledge of events then still to come throws light on this puzzling matter.

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Both theoretical and practical problems are involved. (1) Fairbairn was becoming deeply interested in 'Hysteric Phenomena' and was clearly at this time gathering the material for, and elaborating the conclusions stated in, his highly important paper, 'Observations on the Nature of Hysterical States'. This was published in 1954 only two years after this period, June 1952, of my analysis. It must have been a major preoccupation with him intellectually, from now on till it was finalized, and it ranks along with the 'big five' (chapters 1-5 in his book) as one of his most important pieces of creative thinking. It is significant that his last big paper, on 'Psychoanalytic Therapy' did not come till 1958. There was a hold-up in his study of therapy, and it was due, as one can now see, to a residual problem left unsolved by the Hysteria paper, the problem of the relationship of schizoid experience to 'regression'. Meantime, I realize now that Fairbairn's 'interpretations' were more often in terms of hysteric phenomena in and from 1952 than before that time. It had become a major preoccupation. (2) His revision of the classic Freudian 'Instinct Theory' had begun in 1940 with his paper on 'Schizoid Factors in the Personality' (Ch. 1 in his book) and he had linked them closely with the hysteric personality, and as characterized by 'preoccupation with internal reality', the most important schizoid characteristic, to be compared with Jung's 'Introvert'. Its ingredients he held to be orientated to 'internalized part-objects', organs, (such as penises, breasts etc.), a predominance of 'taking' over 'giving' attitudes, (the incorporative reaction), and the feeling of 'emptying the object'. This, in 1940 was enormously important insight, but it failed entirely to take into account the phenomenon of 'Regression', which a number of years later Fairbairn admitted he had never been able to fit into his scheme till I suggested the 'Regressed Ego' as the last ultimate split in the 'Libidinal Ego'. I have no record of Fairbairn ever making any interpretation in terms of 'needing to make a constructive regression'. When, towards the end of my analysis with him, I brought up this question, his reaction was definitely discouraging. Winnicott's work

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on 'Regression and Withdrawal' did not appear till 1954. Here was a lacuna in theory, a failure to link the need for constructive regression in analysis with the exploration of schizoid phenomena to a deeper level than Fairbairn's 1940 analysis of them had penetrated. This failure was, I believe, additionally hidden from view by Melanie Klein's way of adopting Fairbairn's use of the term schizoid. She had originally held that there are two emotional stages in infancy development, which grow into persisting 'emotional positions' which the later personality can regress to interchangeably. The earlier ^{is the} paranoid position, and the next developmental stage ^{is} the depressive position. Mrs Klein adopted Fairbairn's use of the term 'schizoid' as additionally characterizing the earliest paranoid position, thus linking it firmly with the internalizing of bad-objects. This obscured what I came to feel was the most important aspect of the schizoid reaction, namely that it ^{could} involve a withdrawal from all ^{in the earliest stages.} objects, a regression into an objectless state, due basically to the mother's failure to give any genuine relationship at all to the infant. Winnicott's later work on the gradualness of basic Ego-growth in an 'Ego-supportive' mother-infant relationship, as the precondition of any real inner experience of ^{'Basic} ~~high~~ 'Ego-Relatedness' at all, and his concept of ~~the~~ the 'True Self' being put into cold storage awaiting a chance of rebirth into a better 'relating' environment, ^{clarified} ~~was~~ a concept that was non-existent in 1952, but it was the one 'missing link' so far as my own analysis at that date was concerned. (3) Fairbairn in 1952 was still regarding the schizoid state as co-existing with depression, alternating with it, and there was nothing in the theory at that date to give him a clue as to what I was ^{in the beginning.} needing, namely that he should 'enter into a relationship of recognition' of the isolated schizoid bit of me that felt 'unreal' because of mother's failure to relate. Yet because of that very unreality, I could not make any move out of it on my own. The start of Ego-growth is a function of Object-Relationship, and once that was clearly stated Fairbairn saw that it was implied in his whole theory.

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But this came too late for my analysis. Perhaps he never really incorporated Winnicott's insight about the tentative and vulnerable beginnings of Ego development in an unsatisfactory mother-infant relationship. Fairbairn's own final summary of his views began with the statement: "The infant is a whole pristine Ego at birth". Comparing this with Winnicott's statement, "The infant is a whole human being at birth", I feel that neither do full justice to the facts, and we must combine them with a qualification: "The infant is a whole pristine psyche with human Ego-potential at birth", (human ego-potential in a way that the animal psyche, for example, does not possess). This 'human Ego-potential' must be actualized in the medium of the personal mother-infant relationship, the real basis of 'Object-Relations Theory'. The implication is that no proper Ego can grow outside the medium of a personal relationship. In practice this is a matter of degrees, and when an infant has been seriously failed in the earliest object-relation to the mother, at bottom he experiences a sense of nonentity about which he can do nothing except wait for someone to come to his rescue, to recognise his plight and begin to relate to him. In the post-infancy years, he will develop what Winnicott called a 'False Self' or rather several false selves at different stages, "on a conformity basis", and making use of unsatisfactory object-relations. I have become convinced that most psycho-analysis has been an investigation of the states of personality produced by the fact that bad object-relations are better than none. That is the area of sexualized and somatic fantasy and symptom formation and of the defensive strategies diagnostically labelled as hysteria, obsessions, phobic states, paranoid, and depressive conditions. Introversion in the sense of preoccupation with internalized bad objects is found in all these conditions but the more important and deeper aspect of the schizoid state is derealization, depersonalization, the sense of unreality, of not being a real person at all and of living in a vacuum or empty world from which one needs to be rescued. I feel that was what I was feeling my way to realizing.

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By the time I had reached S.466 on July 1 I had come back again from the bad-object relations internalized in the post-infancy period, to my underlying schizoid problem. I reported that:

"I have occasional slight feelings of being ignored, not wanted, by either men or women; as it were oscillating between father and mother in search of a relationship, my 'schizoid oscillation'. So I swing between Leeds and Edinburgh, partly wanting but also partly not risking a permanent relation. Needing it but fearing it may be bad, so not able to commit myself fully. Sometimes fantasizing being attacked. (I would now say that was when I took refuge in bad object-relations as better than none, having to cling helplessly to mother after she had beaten ^{me} into a state of terror.) I used to have fears of letting myself down if I related all the sadomasochistic and sexualized fantasies. Now it's a much deeper fear, of falling off my adult self and not knowing what I fall into."

I then produced a fantasy that exactly embodies the anxieties Winnicott ^{later} described in the infant who is left alone too long by the mother, "the unthinkable anxieties, of going to pieces, of falling for ever": anxieties that I was later to find some of my patients expressing in dreams of falling into a black bottomless abyss. My fantasy was that:

"I was on a sunny grassy cliff top but if I made one false step, I would fall into a boiling cauldron of waters. It was dark down there, gloom, hell. I felt I could see myself as a naked helpless body hanging in the air, exposed to fear, but nameless dangers and unable to do anything to help myself. (Then momentarily I rushed back to bad persecutory objects to rescue me from that sheer terrifying emptiness) I then felt exposed to fearful dangers, devils flying round with claws to tear me to bits. Dante's Inferno. 'Abandon hope all ye who enter here'; or horrible hidden ~~deep~~ deep sea fish to devour me. (The fantasy of the hungry baby seeing the bad breast as going to devour him, projecting his rage. But then the fantasy changes again). Now I'm split, the naked body suspended in nothingness down there, and also me at the top and you're there (Fairbairn). It can't be left frozen like that, schizoid. I'm too alive for that. Life can't stand still. Either the me at the top will be sucked down and lost, insanity, or you can lower me on a rope and help me to go down and bring back again that part of me suspended in that emptiness. I can't hold on to you for safety at the top and leave that part of me down there in that awful emptiness. But I could venture down and reach him if I'm in touch with you at the top. This picture keeps coming closer and retreating only a little way. I am especially feeling things can't stand still, things must happen."

I think that must be the most important fantasy I ever produced, Fairbairn's response was to say: "The hysteric especially is busy with practical things things to do, the busy housewife type, 'What's for dinner?' not 'What do I feel?'," which completely missed the point of the fantasy's ending. In the next S.467 I returned to this fantasy, but all I could do with it was to bring it back to the level of later internalized bad objects. I came back from the deep empty abyss to the devils and devouring fish ^{as} bad penises.

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I said: "I'm thinking now that that abyss is my internal bad world, not the emptiness at the bottom but those devils higher up. I dash myself against ~~them~~ and can't move ~~them~~ or get any response from ~~them~~."

Fairbairn interpreted: "Father and his penis", *but I was feeling in terms, not of part-objects but of persons in or within relationships.*

I replied: "I can't get any response from him and I feel an impotent rage."

Mother won't let father respond to me. She's the hidden interferer. She won't allow any two people to come together, she won't be left out. Last night (in Edinburgh) I was missing my wife but I couldn't fantasize about her. Why?"

Fairbairn replied: "Consciously you want to give your sex to her, but deeper down you feel she's your mother, you're tied to her and you're bloody well not going to respond to her, be independent."

Even so it would be keeping mother there to be independent of, not living in an empty world of a mother who is not interested in me as me. That kind of interpretation supported my resort to fantasizing bad relationships rather than fell into that empty bottomless abyss. In S.468, July 2, I said I felt discouraged and rather hopeless, felt I wasn't getting any farther with my analysis. Fairbairn replied: "Of course you are trying to keep out of that abyss as well as wanting to get down into it."

But he was still identifying the abyss basically as my internal bad objects world of the post-infancy years, so that I marked time on that defence. The next week, S.470, July 8, I reported I had felt emotionally detached over the weekend, drifted into talking over the well trodden ground of my teenage years without anything new emerging, and then said:

"I feel I've accumulated some important gains over the last 3 years and now face a hard core of the worst fears. I'm in for a difficult time. You must be patient with me and not take too much notice if I'm awkward or argumentative." I then reported: ~~S.450~~

Dr.450. "A levatory pen full to the top with dirty water and faeces. It smelt and made me feel sick. I wanted someone to come and remove the blockage and flush it away."

Fairbairn interpreted: "A question of an orgasm of kinds comes into this. You were wanting mother to force you to part with faeces and give you an orgasm, an emotional experience through your body. Its two things. Castration. Mother won't let you have your own penis, circumcision, or anyone else's, the lodger. She owns all penises. But also its anti-orgasm. You avoid orgasm by not parting with faeces; you fight against a climax of emotion felt for someone. You make mother give it to you."

This seems to me simply a way of saying that mother would not let me be any kind of person at all, feel anything or do anything in my own right. She insisted on doing everything, and left me with nothing but a passive emptying of my

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own selfhood. I have always felt a doubt about mother's repeated story to me of asking Dr. Underhill if she was right in thinking that her woman help, Mrs. Prentice caused her children's death by keeping them wrapped tight in the cot and not allowing them any activity. I was familiar with mother's technique of self-justification, easing her own mind by attributing to someone else ~~anything~~ ^{anything} she felt uneasy about and criticizing it in them. She certainly felt guilty about Percy's death, after my father's criticism of her mothering, and reacted as usual by angry self-justification. I do not see how I would have generated spontaneously and to myself unexpectedly, such profoundly disturbing fantasies as that of being suspended in the terrible abyss, if I had had really secure maternal relationship throughout the first year. Since Fairbairn did not seem able to help me to get back to that, I had to come forward and make use again of later 'body experiences at mother's hands' as some kind of way of feeling real. That set the pattern for transient symptomatic 'body experiences' in analysis, short spells of constipation, urinary retention, aches and pains, nasal congestion etc. If I was suffering these, I was certainly 'in being', not left unrelated to and back with the unmothering mother of the first two years. Fairbairn interpreted: "Your basic position is that mother is the castrator and you want a man, father to free you from her and he didn't. A lot of difficulties in analysis with hysterics is that they feel powerless. When asked, they feel castrated, passive, paralyzed. So you feel you have got to be passive or get mother or someone to do things for you. She's put a spell on you, stopping your activity."

to associate

I feel that Fairbairn was here revealing (unknown to me) his preoccupation with his study of hysteria, ~~how~~ as in so many of his recent interpretations. In the light of the ultimate evidence, as well as schizoid material I had already brought in sessions, (the fantasy of being unable to pull myself up out of that empty pit) I have little doubt that basically my problem was not that I felt mother actively castrated me, even though later she was a 'castrator' but rather that she didn't do anything at all, just did not relate to me in the earliest period. At the beginning I was forced into passivity, I was left unstimulated by an absence of genuine relationship, none to react to. The

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second S.472 on July 9 I reported a brief dream. That I was carrying an 'empty' unrelated 'me' along with me all the time is suggested by this dream.

Dr.452. "I was in a car driving off when I saw another stationary car there pointing my way. It was empty but was something to do with me and began to move alongside mine. I tried to head it off and bring it to a standstill." I followed that with a simple dream, and the two taken together give the three tier structure of my personality make-up. Dr. 452 had revealed the deepest level: depersonalized unrelated emptied self of the infancy period. This led to Dr.454. "I was at my Consulting Rooms and was upstairs with my wife. In the waiting room downstairs was an elderly female patient."

That patient was actually very reminiscent of my mother, the patient who gave up analysis because she could not control the sessions. In this dream it is as if I lived with my wife on the fully conscious level, while being involved in a perpetual battle with mother in my unconscious, while beneath all that there was the schizoid infant 'me' feeling empty and unreal. I again went over the story of mother's using me as a draper's model for little girls clothes, a depersonalization of my natural self, but there was nothing new in that. I could not invent a new life history and had pretty well exhausted every shred of memory I did have.

At the first S. 474 July 16 the next week, I reported trouble with mother on the previous day. She had walked out of the house and been found wandering by a stranger (what her own mother did in old age) who brought her home: and her saying to Dr. Denks "Noone's going to tell me what to do and I wouldn't do it", and to my wife, "If I get out of this house I'll never come back". I spoke quietly but very firmly to her, but felt very angry at her treatment of my wife, black frustrated rage. At the next S.475 I reported:

Dr.458. "I was in session with Fairbairn at 1-0 p.m. and went fast asleep and slept till 9-30 p.m. He had covered me up and let me sleep. It felt to be important. A woman connected with him came when I woke and I asked what had happened. She then showed me some lovely corals in closed glass water tanks; one moved as if alive, with a mouth-like action. One I could only see as a grey shape and couldn't see all the wonderful things hidden in it. This showed that I was part way through my treatment, but not yet far enough to see all there was to see. She went to get something to help me to see it all and I saw marvellous brilliant colours and shapes."

I said: "I feel that sleep is important as if I'm incubating something inside,

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to bring it out to you and you let me sleep and were careful not to wake me till I was ready. There's something about that mouth inside the closed water tank that suggests to me an embryo in utero, a new self in me growing ready to be born".

I had recently had a patient who had made a lot of progress and at one session said: "I've only two things to say and then I want to sleep." He said them in five minutes and then lay back on the couch and slept, waking at the right time. At his next session he said: "Something healed in me deep down when I slept here last time", and it began a steady improvement. It seemed to me that I was saying in that dream: "Some part of me has never yet got properly born and needs to be discovered and brought out. Till that happens I have to maintain a forced activity. That reminds me of another dream I had overlooked. Dr.457." A very active small mouse trying hard to jump up onto a bath of clothes, but it couldn't make it and fell off. I wanted to help it but it didn't realize that."

Fairbairn commented: "You're like the mouse, struggling, overcompensating for being castrated by mother."

I mentioned what I had often mentioned before, that as a child I was either ill in the tent bed or rushing about excitedly outside, playing Red Indians. Now it seems to me closer to Winnicott's later theory of the Ego split into a 'True self in cold storage! waiting a chance to be reborn' (Dr.458) and a 'False Self', not on a conformity but on an anticonformity, overcompensating basis, struggling to cope with real life as best it may. (Dr.457). But that is not the castration problem, though I tried to make use of the castration interpretation. I said: "I have a passive castrated self deep down that exerts a terrific pull, that early big dream of the pull of the pale passive invalid, exerting an irresistible pull dragging me away from activities."

Fairbairn commented: "Mother put an inhibiting spell on you."

I replied "In the bad years of the sinus infection, 1936-46, I often used to lie on the bed for an hour after dinner, my body going heavy and dead, like lying dying on mother's lap after Percy died. At about 14 I went on holiday with father and mother and my legs went so heavy and leaden that I had to lie in bed all the mornings; it seemed odd to me then. Maybe I fear that regression here on the couch, and keep talking."

Again Fairbairn brought in his interest in hysterics and said: "With hysterics especially, silence expresses passive helplessness, castration."

It is acknowledged that Fairbairn was one of the first to see that serious hysteria has roots in schizophrenia, and if I had been swallowed up in that fantasy of suspension in the abyss surrounded half way down by devils, I might have been schizophrenic: but I was able to control it and keep it as

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fantasy. I suspect that what he was interpreting as an hysterical castration suffering state, was my deep down schizoid, sleeping, unawakened, unborn self; never called into life by truly maternal relating, needing to regress to a psychic womb, the sleep of Dr. 458, to be 'born again', a 'true self' brought out of 'cold storage'. But I talked over again the theme of the castrating mother and oscillating between identifying with her and suffering under her, the Nimrod story, with nothing new emerging. The next week was to be the last before the six weeks August holiday break. I began in S. 481, July 29 by saying

"I've been impressed over the week-end by deep-seated helpless, powerless reactions in my patients."

I then explored yet once more the idea of the castration complex, roving over the whole ground of operations, resisting sleep as a fear of castration, break-aways from home and the S.A. and the Church as anti-castration moves; mentioned that I was making progress with my Ph.D. thesis. I mentioned a vague dream that was practically a description of my lying on the bed with father the last night he lay dying. Fairbairn said: "The influence of a passive father who was no help to you to be potent with mother is very important. It's a well marked pattern and always has that effect."

Nothing at all new came out of this free associating round the castration theme; I merely repeated what we had explored often before. In the last S. 484, July 31, I said: "I want to push on with analysis. Is it reasonable to expect to get through in 5 years all told?"

Fairbairn said: "You can analyse for ever; it depends on the practical aim you set out to achieve. You put a lot more into analysis than most patients do, you have no hopeless inertia, you know what it's about. I think you should find another year's analysis enough."

I replied: "Your view is a remarkable parallel to my dream last night; Dr. 464. "I said to Fairbairn: 'Can you form any estimate of how long I may take to get through.' He said: 'Oh. Yes' so definitely that I was surprised and felt he had precise knowledge. I said 'Will another two years, 5 in all, see the end' and he said 'Yes' as if to imply it might be less."

I added: "That's almost exactly what you said." He commented: "That's remarkable. As I survey the summer's sessions, the way the schizoid problem had emerged so strikingly clearly, and then seemed to have got shelved through discussions of hysteria and castration, and the actively bad mother, I wonder if I was raising the question of the end of analysis, out of a feeling of stalemate."



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(11) September 16 to December 18, 1952. S.485-511.

After 6 weeks good holiday, in which I had got over the tiredness and staleness of the end of July, I was eager to get on with analysis. A new big practical decision was hanging over us. A colleague [redacted] in the Department of Psychiatry had accepted appointment as lecturer in Psychiatry at Dunedin, New Zealand, where he ultimately became New Zealand's first Professor of Psychiatry. One day another colleague said "Wallace is having to postpone his sailing. He can't sell his house." I had been to the house for evening coffee several times and knew it as a spacious bungalow in half an acre of ground, quiet, pleasant and at once I thought: "That would save my wife going up and down stairs 40 times a day! with mother now all but permanently bed-ridden." We went up that same evening and realized that it would be ideal for us, and decided on the spot to buy it, provided we could get a mortgage and sell our own house. There for the moment the matter stood. We advertised our house, and got a mortgage for [redacted] the new house, and were waiting for a buyer for our own. I told Fairbairn of this and said that it gave me another reason for wanting to get on with my analysis, and reach a useful ending, as it was going to mean a pretty heavy financial burden. But I said:

"I feel I haven't yet broken into that early sealed off period of the pre-Percy and Percy years, and feel that is very necessary. I have also a professional reason touching on the same area. I am seeing some of my patients going through experiences that I have [redacted] had [redacted] token experiences of, on a deep schizoid level and in deep identifications. I ~~had~~ deeper insights based on my own experiences to help them"

That was in S.485, September 16. Next day in S.486 I said:

"I have left the two elderly ladies I have been staying with and have found a very suitable room nearer to your house, which will save me a lot of time, and tiring city walking. But I've reacted as I did on my first night here. I felt someone might invade my room. A man coughing and snoring in the next room irritated me unreasonably. It felt like an attack. I have locked away inside me a whole lot of fear situations of very early life, it seems unconsciously I fear you again as an invader."

I began dreaming on the familiar level of Oedipal sexual symbolism. I had

Dr.464. "Someone with a penis and someone without".

Whether this was mother with and me without, or part of me ~~and part~~ ^{end part} of me

without, did not appear. My feeling at the moment is that it was the latter.



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My notes show that, I was feeling I had an active personality with an unaccountably passive or dead part of me deep down. I reported: in S.486,

Dr.465."An atom bomb exploded on Leeds. I and my mother, and my wife and her mother and aunt, and some children were all inside and I was trying to shelter them but felt the whole city would be destroyed and all I possessed would be destroyed, including my books and papers and articles."

I had had that dream at the beginning of the holiday break, when I was feeling tired and wanting to get away from everything for a change. It must have played on escapist wishes that had destructive impulses associated with them in early life. I had no actual sinus trouble but I revived anxiety about it at this time with obvious symbolic significance. I said:

"I'm feeling I've got to keep my sinuses open. Dread getting blocked in."

Fairbeirn interpreted: "You feel you're locked in your sinuses by mother and she won't let you out."

As I talked round this however, I arrived at the thought that "with mother I'm shut in because there's nothing in her I can respond to." That implied, not mother's aggression facing my active self into passivity, but mother failing yet not letting me go. to give me any relation to respond to. S.487, suggested this in:

Dr.467."I was going to Salem and saw mother at the tram stop, looking very small, shrunken, thin, withered, tiny. She didn't recognize me or know me and held back. I said 'Don't you know who I am? I'm Harry?'"

Here was a clear expression of failure on mother's part to relate to me at all That was the really frightening inner situation (as was finally revealed in dream sequence at 70) and I escaped from it to the aggressive mother who corresponded to Fairbeirn's interpretations at this time. In the next:

Dr.468."A balloon exploded and another man ^{and} I stared at each other in horror and I commented: "I keep seeing the image of mother in an active rage, arms and legs going, rampaging. I have an actual memory of her reading the Nimrod story to me, but I only have an image, an internal figure of her flaring up and caning me. But there is a definite memory element in it when I think of that caning me for supposedly telling lies."

That image of mother in an active rage must have been a defence against the more deeply disturbing image of the mother who ~~did~~ not recognize me, which must have made me feel I was a nobody. If I was in a rage with mother or she with me, then at least I would feel really there. So I produced:

Dr.469."A horde of women set on me and I defended myself vigorously.

In S.489 I mentioned some of the risks involved in the purchase of Ironside's

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House. Would we sell our own quickly, would I be 60 before I could add to our resources for ~~old~~ age, or leave my wife in an impossible financial position if anything happened to me? I felt I wanted rather to get away from our present district rather ~~than~~ our present house, for now the new one felt cold, empty, strange, and our existing house warm, safe and supporting. Clearly I was projecting my anxieties about my inner situation of 'getting away from mother', feeling a need both to escape and also to stay put. Yet on the whole this move represented my final escape from my past life, from the house in which I had been tied to mother Church. Such symbolic meanings read into external events represent wish fulfilments rather than actual ~~accomplishments~~ ^{facts}, yet are all part of the process of 'working through' ties to the past. A disturbing thought was that my early need of mother may have caused me to identify with her in a ^{character} ~~way~~ that I would not now like to ^{allow} ~~show~~, her narcissistic, bossy, money-making business woman personality, so utterly alien from father's. In S.491 I saw a clear unconscious determination to ignore my childhood, in:

Dr.471. "It was the Salem Sunday School Anniversary and Leslie Tizard was to conduct it, but I ignored all that and him and proceeded to conduct the service as a purely adult one, leaving the children and all their items out. Tizard had always been my chief 'brother substitute' in dreams and in my deeper feelings, and this could easily be interpreted as a jealous dream, a wish to exclude him from all attention. But there was one other, apparently irrelevant bit of the dream: "We were living in a shared house". This takes the scene right back to childhood, and I suspect that it was the whole childhood situation I wished to ignore, and then added that last unconnected bit of information to let myself know that after all I realize deep down that we are both in the same family set-up together, which my adult self does not want to enter.

In S.492, Sept.25. I reported that I had been very wakeful and unwilling to relax and go to sleep after the previous session. Fairbairn commented:

"You've been talking of your tie to mother and struggle for independence of of her. One male patient, left alone in the house with his house-keeper, couldn't sleep because he fantasied she would come in with a carving knife and cut off his penis." *This helped me to ignore the mother who didn't recognize me by concentrating on the aggressive mother.*



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At this very time Fairbairn himself must have been under great strain, for ~~before~~ before the next week's sessions were due, I received a ~~phone call from~~ ~~his Secretary to say his wife had died suddenly in the night,~~ (he told me later, 'after a long illness) and he felt he ought not to see any patients for six weeks, till he had got over the emotional stress. My next session was on November 4. I had never met Mrs. Fairbairn and so had no personal feelings about her death. At S.494, Nov. 5 I mentioned that I had felt quiet and sad for Fairbairn, and any death must have unconscious meanings for me, for I had awakened one night

thinking that ~~the~~ "the mortgage for the men buying our house, and our's for the bungalow might not come through, and all my plans and hopes for removal come to nought. This must have its roots in the Goose Green period. Something came to a full stop for me when Percy died. For the next 18 months I had constipation and loss of appetite as if I felt I was at a standstill. That this is relevant is certainly shown by the fact that the night after your Secretary rang (Oct.28) I had

"Dr.472. An elderly woman and her sister (obviously mother and Mary) were telling me to wash dried faeces off my knickers: I was a small boy."

That is the first dream revival of the 'knicker-soiling episode' of age 8, but goes back to the time after Percy's death when mother had to use enemas to get me to part with faeces. The theme is revived by the occurrence of a death. That had in fact started me thinking that moving into a new house was like escaping from Goose Green with its unhappy memories, and our Leeds house was associated with unhappy memories of my Salem colleagues' departure, and it was that that led on to my thinking that now it might all fall through. For some part of me, life stood still when Percy died. Mother had either to coerce or coax me to ~~have~~ give out or take in. I don't think I've looked at it that way before."

I worked again over old familiar topics from this point of view. Like mother with her enemas, I came to need surgeons to clear my nose to help me breathe freely, and Fairbairn had prodded me to write creatively by suggesting I ought to get a Ph.D. I made an interesting note about that.

"In my thesis I am expounding his ideas. Realistically I know that at this stage I am digesting and working out the implications of his views in many directions, before further and new insights can come."

I noted again that after the circumcision, I began a long steady process of growing away from mother, a succession of 'Go-stop-go' moves that had finally brought me to psychoanalytic psychotherapy, and also to a radical attempt to solve by a personal analysis, that deep-down problem of what happened to me when Percy died, and I was thought to be dying. That something as deep as

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that was stirred in me by Fairbairn's bereavement was shown by the next dream.

Dr.473."I was condemned to die, to be electrocuted, in the front upstairs room of the house I lived in, mother's room. I felt resigned but regretful at not being able to finish things I wanted to do. But then it seemed that somehow I didn't die."

Death by electrocution is death by 'shock', in the room where I came upon my brother lying dead on mother's lap, and it was feared I would die with him.

The same old radical inner problem had been outlined again. Part of me brought to standstill, as if I'd died with Percy, and part of me after a time setting about actively breaking away from mother. But no deeper enlightenment about all that came. That I had had a job to control the angry 'break-away' self was again suggested in another dream about Salem (a very rare dream theme at this time, but Salem was the stock 'family-situation symbol' in my self-analysis period of dreaming).

Dr.474."Criminals got into Salem. I had to shepherd everyone into a large hall, and stop the criminals from doing any harm."

In my notes at this time I wrote: "These dreams since the death of Mrs. F. show that I'm trying to get back into my earliest childhood life as its all going on inside me now."

That was confirmed by the next Dr.476."An air raid. I was at home with mother and Mary at 135 Lordship Lane, and feared a bomb would fall."

That I had a powerful repression, maintaining a total amnesia for Percy's

death and all that it involved for me, could not be more clearly shown than in

Dr.478."My wife and I had just got married and we went on the motor-bike to visit the old Goose Green shop. It was now kept by two elderly ladies. When I mentioned that I had lived there and my name was 'Guntrip', they remembered it. I asked if I could look over it again, and they took me through the modernized backyard into their house next door to give us tea. I wanted to go into the old house but they detained us and we never got as far as looking into it."

Clearly I experienced an unconscious specific barrier to going back into that Goose Green period. In this dream it seems I can only make the attempt because I now have my wife with me. In S.496 next day, Nov.11, I mentioned that I had got down to my thesis again and written the first draft of the 'Sullivan'

section. Fairbairn commented on Dr.477,"You linked your marriage with your search for that lost world of long ago." I replied: "I consolidate. I can't go back into that early world alone."

That I was keeping the isolation of the infancy period repressed by concentrating on the post-Percy period is clear in the next dream.

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Dr.478. "A man was holding my nose".

Considering that in the immediately preceding dreams I had been going back through the Lordship Lane to the Goose Green periods, including the threat of ~~death~~ theme, it is not surprising that this dream at once made me think of the lodger at Goose Green playing with my penis, and then of my two septum operations in College days (not the later ~~sinus~~ operations which, symbolically, had a different significance). I was evidently preferring to remind myself that I had a penis, surely symbolic of being a person, rather than venture back into the depersonalizing experiences of mother's earliest failure to relate to me. In the ^{next} ~~next~~ session, 497, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ I commented:

"Mother didn't really take me seriously as a separate individual able to do something without her giving instructions all the time. I got more and more annoyed at that as I grew older, and once said: 'Look, whose doing this, me or you', and she went off in a huff. This has something to do with the problem I ~~now~~ feel much less now, of feeling unsure of the value of my own work."

At this point I made what at first sight appears to be a long defensive manoeuvre to escape the real emotional issues by intellectualization, but Fairbairn did not treat it as such, and I feel rightly so, for real emotional issues can be at stake in intellectual problems. This 'deviation' began with my commenting: "Deep anxieties can be masked by 'Beliefs'. I remember how disturbed I was in my teens when I first read T.H.Huxley, and the later strong feelings over my revolt away from theological orthodoxy to Liberal Modernism, at times wondering if after all I was abandoning all secure foundations. Anxiety over the danger of nihilism, believing in nothing at all, all my foundations crumbling. Yet I went ahead with critical assessment and rejection, and believed that in the end there is a basic security, an ultimate fulfilment to be found."

I have no doubt now that that was an emotionally significant, if intellectually expressed, statement of my lifelong determination to get back behind all the defensive repressions I had had to develop against the basic insecurity of my 'failed relation' to mother in infancy: and an expression of my 'innate faith' in the possibility of what Winnicott was later to call 'basic ego-relatedness' as the foundation of a stable personality in a secure primary mother-infant relation.

I continued this intellectual self-examination in the next session, 499, by saying: "Ernest Jones says analysis should not end till conscious beliefs and ideology have been analysed. It's not difficult for me to challenge



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any orthodox beliefs ~~which~~, even psychoanalytical ones. I probably identified with T.H. Huxley and took the offensive against orthodoxy, because I had to get behind my parents ideas and attitudes to find my way back to my own psychological ultimate realities. I chose Congregationalism because it did not impose an official creed and I was free to explore, and I felt that my conception of the Christian Ministry as a 'quality of caring', not an 'intellectual formula', was the New Testament one. 'Authoritarian dogma' seemed to me to express a love of power that was alien from the spirit of Jesus. I am sure the roots of this attitude of intellectual independence lay in my revolt from mother's domination. When sometimes I have felt that I had only an emotionally arid intellectual philosophy, and wished I could 'feel' more deeply than I could define, I am sure I was sensing my deepest 'schizoid emptiness' in the failure of genuine personal relationship with mother. I would get occasional awful moments of insecurity, feeling stranded, no orientation, feeling all my foundations crumbling. I now know that had deeper emotional roots behind my intellectual questionings. Actually I feel more secure intellectually in my present work, resting on a narrower set of basic acceptances about the nature of human personality and human relationships which I can test in the light of my patients' as well as my own experiences."

I had tried to bring my fundamental 'schizoid isolation' into analysis by way of dreams and reporting actual sudden experiences several times of a sense of unreality and fears of 'Ego-loss' and the effect on me of Percy's death, but Fairbairn had mostly interpreted all that in orthodox Freudian 'castration complex' terms. I was now clearly seeking to bring out my basic problem by means of an exploration of 'intellectual quests'. I went on to say:

"I have no dogmatic belief either way about immortality, but I do feel that life is an awful fuss and bother over nothing, if a dying planet is the sole ultimate result. It seems quite irrational and pointless. Perhaps only a schizoid thinker could really accept any theory of the ultimate futility of existence. And I think of my father's dying smile, as expressing a 'moment of truth', neither resignation nor escape, but fulfilment, as if he at that moment knew something that we did not. I have no wish to try to found an intellectual argument on that. It was a unique experience."

Fairbairn responded helpfully to my need expressed along these lines. He said:

"Science has no values except scientific values, whatever they are: and they are schizoid values of the investigator who stands outside of life and watches. Analysts, before the war, were an esoteric group apart, on a mountain questioning everything. It can be an adolescent attitude. It is a good thing to be in the community as an ordinary person, having opinions and values, speaking your own mind. It is bad to analyse everything. You may have nothing left. Outside analysis, analysts ought to be ordinary persons."

I commented: "Joan Riviere says that there is an unconscious fantasy behind every normal action. If that means that the fantasy fully explains the action, then our external life is steadily denuded of all real significance. Everything is turned back into the inner world and we become 'the eternal spectator', schizoid per excellence."

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Again Fairbairn replied, I feel shrewdly: "The scientific attitude based on there being no values but those of the investigator, is purely an instrument; useful for a time, but then you have to get back to living. Analysis prewar was a cult, a religion. The idea of 'the completely analysed person' was a quest for salvation."

Today, in 1973, Skinner's Behaviourist programme for 'Social Salvation' by the 'operant conditioning' of the entire population, underlines the shrewdness of Fairbairn's criticism of the purely scientific attitude. I commented:

"In that case, if you throw out essential religion, it comes back in other and debased forms, scientific or political totalitarianism. My basic attitude to life is religious in the sense that it really does matter what we do with our lives, irrespective of whether we can philosophically justify that or not. It matters not just for ourselves but for others and in some ultimate sense. Let philosophy do what it can to clarify that. It really mattered that I should decide to have an analysis, and not be content with inward frustration. The entire course of my life has been based on the fact that it really did matter that I solve the problem created in my first four years, and matters not only to me but to my wife, and daughter, and patients, and all the people I may have to deal with, and also in some ultimate sense. I can base myself on an assumption that is too ultimate to be capable of proof, and does not need proof, for without it even scientists are only running round in circles whiling away time to crowd out the perception of utter pointlessness. My assumption is that existence is not pointless and it is really worthwhile seeking to fulfil one's life in the best way, and not rest content with ignorance, suffering and under-development. This is what I mean by religion as the quality of living responsibly, not as any particular creedal statement of beliefs."

Though such intellectual questing is not the normal content of analytical sessions, it does show, arising at this particular point in my analysis, that intellectual problems concerning ourselves as persons, cannot be divorced from the ultimate emotional realities of our existence as persons. Fairbairn, in 1952 did not have the chance, which he would greatly have appreciated, of watching the nineteenth century Positivist empiricist philosophy in which Freud was so fatally grounded, losing its hold in the intellectual world, and giving ground before a Realist philosophy which can make room for the reality of psychodynamic and personal 'phenomena' as 'facts' calling for investigation even though they cannot be investigated in the impersonal environment of the scientific laboratory. It is possible today to have a far wider conception of what 'Science' is than was available to Freud, or even to me in 1950, though it was already developing by then. The Realist philosophy accepts, as having

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the status of knowledge, the contributions of creative imagination to the construction of our hypotheses and theories about the 'facts', the 'phenomena' we study. Moreover it recognises a graduated hierarchy of phenomena calling for study in terms appropriate to their nature, thereby not reducing them to lower level phenomena as Freud was taught to do by the reductive scientific materialism of the nineteenth century, and as hard-line Behaviourists and organicist psychiatrists still seek to do. We can now, with philosophical respectability, study 'realities' all the way from the sub-atomic and atomic world of the physics laboratory, to the psychodynamic phenomena of the psycho-analytic session and of the personality disturbances dealt with there, the complex phenomena of human beings relating in constructive or destructive ways. I closed session 499 with an attempt to conceptualize intellectually what 'personal human existence' meant to me, in terms of some basic significance and security. I wrote in my notebook the following summary.

"The Universe or ultimate reality is there, a fact to which we must orientate ourselves. To ignore that is akin to 'repression'. There is no difference in principle between the man who confines himself to his own private and family interest and ignores the larger areas of politics, the state, the international world; and the man who orientates himself to family, State and world but ignores the larger reality in which all that is set. It is not enough to investigate it purely intellectually and create science. We must ask to what uses is scientific knowledge to be put and why, which involves 'relating' emotionally, personally; but that must raise the ultimate problems of philosophy and religious experiencing of living. It seems a reasonable assumption, even if quite beyond proof (whatever 'proof' might mean) that the Reality which includes reason and personality must can be related to in reasonable and personal terms. 'God' as a word, has no assingble meaning but it is our symbol for the ultimate mystery that lies behind all science, but from which emerge both the phenomena of atomic physics and personal experiencing of living, thinking, purposive striving. Whatever we mean by 'religious faith', it must embody and express our final incentive for wanting to become mature persons. Otherwise why bother?. But we have to recognise that all beliefs whatsoever, even scientific ones in the narrow sense, are held on the basis of our emotional need for security, as soon as they are woven into the settled and therefore supportive structure of the knowledge and convictions that enable us to feel at home in the world. Freud recognised this need for security when he said that God is the projection of the father image onto the universe but he failed to see that the same need for security underlay Brucke's dictum that "there are no energies in the organism other than physical and chemical ones", a projection of a 'laboratory scientist's image' onto the universe. (Now in 1973 sub-atomic physics even undercuts that.) My

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attempt to conceptualize the rationale or ultimate logical basis of my conviction that life as personal really matters, rests not only on my recognition of a need for a secure basis for living, but also on my perception of the brute fact that I have encountered people who had lost all sense of life having any meaning, and found themselves unable to go on with it, and attempted suicide, a brute fact of 'psychodynamic phenomenal reality'."

The four sessions of the following week, 500 - 503, were the last before a fortnight's break for house removal. Whatever intellectual questions may be involved in these reasonings, they certainly had deep roots in my need to get at the problem of ultimate basic emotional security in relationship. Even in the midst of busy preparations for house removal (or perhaps additionally stimulated by them, for removals arouse feelings of insecurity in leaving the familiar), I had a strikingly simple dream, reported in S.500.

Dr.480."Professor MacAdam said 'It does you good to have a good sceptical revolt about beliefs. It keeps your mind alive, but not to go too far or you cease to share the common stock of thought and lose touch with the people'. I said 'Yes. Plato's and Carlyle's attitude'."

I commented on the "conflicting claims of truth and cultural continuity. Truth is not a mystical absolute, but a value dependent on the elimination of discoverable error and of plausible comforting self-deception."

Fairbairn added: "The importance of continuity for security is very great."

That I was at this point preparing to use these intellectual discussions about 'security' as a spring board from which to plunge again into the deepest problem of all, the lack of continuity and security of relationship with my mother in early infancy, appeared that very night in a big dream, reported

next day in S.501, Dr.481."I was with a man in a big Drapery Store he ran. He was too busy really to give any time to me. Then I was standing in the shop porch looking into the front shop window, not in the side window. It was the layout of the Goose Green shop, and he was in the window swatting flies, and then killing wasps in a spiteful way, torturing them as if he enjoyed doing it. I disliked him. Then I saw a really horrible sight. A huge wasp was excitedly and sadistically devouring small ones who could do nothing to prevent him. Then I saw it wrench off a long feeler and get the head of another wasp in its open mouth and gnaw bite off it. I wanted to put my put on them and squash the whole foul scene, yet I was watching fascinated, and I began to wake, breathing heavily, and deeply anxious."

This at once called to mind that earlier big dream of the boys torturing the worm, and my 1951 drawings of the devouring infant at the breast being bitten by the breast-with-teeth. The man was clearly my masculinized mother running her Goose Green draper's shop, and too busy to have time for me. I had dream-

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