

Harry Guntrip manuscripts

Section 34, Pages 991 - 1020

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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Hospital but his wife rang to say they had had the happiest weekend she could remember, and in any case she had told him she couldn't cope now with the children; she couldn't stand his going to hospital again. She said he had gone to work that morning, but at dinner time she rang to say he had come home quite broken down. I spoke to him and said "I'm not free to come over and see you, or you know I would come, but I'll write to you now. You must go to hospital" and I told both of them I thought that this time it would only be a short stay to get over a final crisis, and that the Superintendent had asked me to ask him to phone the day and time of his arrival. He would get my letter the next morning, and his wife had agreed to come and see me on the Friday on the way to visiting him. I expected him to go in probably on the Wednesday.

There was just one bit of that traumatic memory of wanting to commit suicide when his mother died, that I had not foreseen. If I had realized it in time, tragedy would have been averted. I was ^{and} at getting no word from them by Wednesday evening or Thursday morning, but put it down to her having an appointment to see me on the Friday on her way to visit him. Thursday evening the police rang me from their city to say neighbours had reported milk bottles not taken in for 3 days, and they had broken in to find his wife and two children murdered in their bed, and the father lying dead on the sofa downstairs. He had had the scientific knowledge to enable him to kill them instantly and painlessly in their sleep. I went over ^{and} the police showed me photos in which his expression as he lay dead on the couch was clearly one of peaceful relief. At ~~once~~ I realized too late what had happened. When his mother died, he had felt so terrified of having to take responsibility for both himself and his sister, that he had wanted to commit suicide; but he could not do that and leave her alone in life, and had felt he would have to kill her first. He had collapsed in terror at such a terrible thought and was taken unconscious to hospital. All memory of that traumatic situation was lost consciously, but the thought of ending analysis, losing me as a parent figure had stirred it all up again. Bit

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by bit we had recovered the salient facts of that critical moment, all except one. I saw that the critical moment this time had been when his wife refused to agree to his going to hospital at the last moment on that Monday. To go and leave her there at home was like deserting his sister. To commit suicide and leave her there was like deserting his sister. When his mother died and he had felt suicidal, he had felt that he could not kill himself unless he killed his sister first, because he could not leave her alone to face life. Such a terrible thought had overwhelmed him and he went unconscious and the Local Authority came to the rescue. Now once again he had felt he could not carry on, and he could not commit suicide or desert his wife for hospital. The only way out was an uprush of his original impulse and he killed those dependent on him and then ended his own life with a feeling of relief. It was a mercy killing. At the inquest the Coroner kept every witness to a tight programme of just answering his questions to establish the bare facts. When he called me, he sat back and said 'Tell us all about this case' and left me free for 20 minutes to outline the story. This was the case, the earlier stages of which I had written up for a projected book on 'Borderline Cases'. I brought that account up to date, and sent the Coroner a copy, which he had read. Both he and the Jury listened to my account without interruption and thanked me, but that was little consolation for my feeling that had I been just one step ahead in realizing the full implications of his amnesia for his reactions to his mother's death, I could have saved the whole tragedy. I needed to talk it all out with Winnicott and ^{he} said at the end: "I think you were as near to a perfect 'cure' in this case as you will ever be."

Next day in S.86, Dec.15 I talked over possible implications of that tragedy for my own unconscious trauma through Percy's death. Did I collapse, like that patient, because I ^{had} felt unable to stand the strain of looking after Percy, ^{or because I had} ~~with~~ no really 'supportive mother'. My wife and I, I reported, "both feel a gap, an emptiness, now that these ~~two~~ patients are no longer there to come for sessions or ring up. Life has lost some meaning, trivialized." But talking it all out with Winnicott had settled my mind, ^{for the time being.}



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On January 11 I had S.87 and again discussed some of the possible implications of that case for myself. Winnicott said: "You may have survived the possibility of being murdered in that last session. You are frightened of the power of the dissociated Mr. Hyde side of our Dr. Jekylls, afraid of its power to take over. It could be in all of us. I might be a doctor of children to compensate for fantasies of killing children as I used to kill insects as a boy. But you've been able to survive being destroyed as a therapist."

In S.88 next day; I said: "That patient's murder and suicide still disturbs something deep in me; in the night I woke thinking of your saying I was frightened of what is dissociated. That patient has stirred that up. I jotted down these thoughts: 'For the first time I can feel that I hated Percy, not as a rival but for more subtle reasons. I felt devoted to him because while he lived, in keeping him alive I was also keeping myself alive. I hated mother because I felt she related in any real way to either of us, which doubled the hate I felt earlier because I felt she gave nothing real to me to be alive with. I kept alive by hating, and then Percy came and I could keep alive by loving him. What I could do for him gave me faith in myself. Then he died. I hated mother because I felt she let him die. But I must have hated him at last for not being able to use my help to stay alive. His dying must have destroyed my faith in myself for the time being and I began to die. I probably then began to feel that my hate of him for not staying alive, made me full of hate. I hated mother, Percy, myself, living itself. I began to fall ill and die because I came to feel my hate was destroying everyone and myself. After that, I came to be able to counterbalance that by finding substitutes for Percy to devote myself to. My illness after his death was a kind of suicide, a hate of myself for failing, of mother for failing, of Percy for dying, and of life itself. That patient's suicide stirred up all that.'"

Winnicott said: "As an adult, you can only get at your destructive impulses if you have a reparation pattern".

I replied: "After mother said he was with Jesus, I may have felt he wasn't dead but out of reach of my hating him for not staying with me. But I could recreate my reparation pattern in due course, finding other Percies to be devoted to, including ultimately my patients. When my Salem colleague left, it would seem I hated him for leaving me, and myself for not being able to keep him, and most of all some of his female cronies for saying I ousted him. Then I fell ill and dreamed of the Spaniard, who hated the English Queen, being buried alive in the tomb-room, and I was scared when he threatened to emerge. He must have represented my repressed destructiveness. That patient has rearoused my dissociated hate by making me hate him for not letting me keep him alive, and hate myself for failing him, and hate the family backgrounds that created such terrible dilemmas. That it all goes back to mother seems proved by the fact that in the National Gallery, looking at a 'Madonna and Child' I had a fantasy of destroying it. And it wasn't mother and Percy, it was mother and me: destroy the whole situation which develops into such tragedies from its beginnings. But it also represented the something valuable which was denied me at the start."

I record Winnicott's comment, about which I felt there was something true and something that didn't feel real. He said: "You feel you can only possess the precious thing by destroying it. That's the dissociated bit. You can't know it. You can know and compensate for the repressed but not for the dissociated. I can know its there for you. You could feel the only way to

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end analysis would be to possess me by killing me. The patient probably felt that about you. You need to accept killing me in fantasy while I stay alive."

The fact of something 'dissociated' as distinct from 'repressed' was quite real to me. I can only say that the idea of 'possessing by killing' didn't ring a bell.

I shall keep sharp eye open to see if it became real in later sessions. At the time, I said: "I remember now that it was da Vinci's 'Madonna of the Rocks' the mother and child and John the Baptist, mother me and Percy. I feel to ~~the~~ John looking on, and I feel that Jesus is dead, Percy on her lap, and I wanted to blot out the whole terrible scene. My amnesia for it shows it was dissociated, and in that sense ~~me~~ I have not destroyed them, I have got them secretly inside. Destroying the picture feels like protecting my amnesia. The picture threatened to bring the whole scene to consciousness and I wanted to blot it out, keep it ~~dissociated~~. I do feel that what is dissociated is secretly possessed and no one must be allowed to open it up and end it. ~~That patient~~ no doubt felt that and felt my analysis was a threat to his secret possession of mother and sister."

It is ~~of~~ interest to note that within a few minutes I had used the picture to express two different things. First as myself as a baby sitting on mother's lap and no other child yet there, and it seemed to be a good mother, tantalizing because I so soon lost it, what I had right ~~at~~ at the start and was deprived of, out of which developed the tragedies. Then I saw the da Vinci picture, the baby on the mother's lap and the older boy looking on, and what I have always felt was the eerie sinister greenish background; and it became to me Percy dead on mother's lap and myself discovering him. I had commented "I went to ~~him~~ blot out the whole terrible scene. My ~~amnesia~~ for it shows it was dissociated." It seems to me that, apart from one or two of what Fairbairn had called 'low-grade ~~memories~~', a kind of sudden dark half-hallucination or picture of the baby dead on mother's lap, this was the nearest I had come to recovering an actual memory of the traumatic event. I reported Dr. 159. "I called at Fairbairn's house. There was a large meeting of all his supporters. I knew nothing of it and felt I might have been invited. But they seemed to be Edinburgh people. Sutherland wasn't there. Fairbairn appeared not to see me. I greeted him and someone said: 'Here's Dr. Guntrip'. He said 'Oh. Yes' and moved on. I felt out of it as if I didn't belong where I thought I did. When we all went, I found I'd left my coat at his house, no doubt an excuse to return and see if I was accepted."

I added: "I may fear ~~analysis~~ ^{you} may now lose faith in me: analysts may say: 'He can't analyze aggression'."

Winnicott commented "You feel that at the end Fairbairn couldn't deal with what was coming up in you, the dissociated bit of you stirred up ~~this~~ patient. You can't know your dissociated bit but need to know if I can."

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This interpretation of having to possess the precious thing by destroying it, including Winnicott, didn't produce that sense of immediate enlightenment, the 'Ah! Yes. That's it' feeling' that his previous recognition of my 'dead bit' had done. The facts of that patient's last session were that he had toyed with the idea that he would have to kill me before he could commit suicide, because he couldn't bear the idea of leaving me to feel he had let me down. As we talked over this, he felt he had got over the whole thing, and didn't now want to commit suicide. He would go into hospital. I have no doubt that is what he would have done, had not his wife at the last minute stuck to her refusal to let him go, and ^{he} felt so terrified of the responsibility of carrying the family while his amnesia for what he buried when his mother died, was breaking down, that the early dissociated murder and suicide impulse broke loose, and he did what he had felt frightened of doing at the loss of his mother. My later dreams confirmed that what I felt was that mother couldn't keep Percy alive and wouldn't be able to keep me alive either, and I couldn't keep myself alive without Percy. Winnicott was again interpreting in terms of my dissociating my destructive impulses as the primary fact. I accepted that I felt and repressed destructive impulses as secondary, and I had shown no signs of their being dissociated in many of the terrible sadomasochistic dreams of the Fairbairn period. What I felt was dissociated was my own dead self, dead because I had no one to stay alive with. That was what Fairbairn could not deal with. What I felt about Dr. 159 was that Fairbairn represented father, who was not able to give me any understanding or help when Percy died. The Fairbairn dream confirmed my feeling that my deepest fear was not of being destructive but of parental support failing and having no one to go on being alive with.

On February 8, in S.89 I reported that I was "sleeping badly, afraid of the gaps between waking and sleep, in which something might come while I doze half awake. Fear of the return of the dissociated bit,"

What was it? I do not feel convinced that I felt any real parallel between my discovery of the brother I supported, lying dead on mother's lap, followed by



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my own collapse from the shock, and this patient feeling that with mother dead he could not support his sister, and with losing me (by ending his analysis) he could not support his wife and family, and must kill me and commit suicide. The parallel can only hold if it is assumed that before I found ^{Percy} ~~him~~ dead, I had felt I could not go on supporting him with out mother's supporting me, and must murder him, and that when I saw him dead on mother's lap I then concluded I had done it, and must make reparation by dying myself. This seems to me to be forcing theory on the facts. With that kind of approach we could make events mean anything, especially with the theory that we have ^{an} innate destructive instinct in us anyway. It seems to me that it is that theory that demands that kind of interpretation. But I tried to make use of Winnicott's view. I said: "What is this dissociated bit I'm afraid of? Is it the sinister murder-patient who kills, in fantasy, in order to possess, because he is terrified of being destroyed by the burden of supporting others. I've had Dr. 160. That patient came to me for a session. He looked afraid of how he would be received after the murders he had done, but looked much relieved when I took his hand and welcomed him. He looked much changed!" I added: "Is this dream a response to your saying you could know the dissociated bit of me for me, so I've brought him to consciousness in a dream to get him accepted by his analyst, and by myself?" Winnicott interpreted: "The dangerous bit of ^{you} died with Percy. You projected that bit of you into Percy. But it's only a myth that your sinister bit is in Percy dead. It can't be final. You want to remember that part of you that you projected into Percy, though his death was your life for the rest of you that could go on living afterwards a life of reparation. That patient is Percy but he is also that bit of you in Percy that you ~~was~~ went to bring back but feared he'll pop back in the night if you let go!" I said: "I'm feeling the burden and pressure of patients and can't stand it much longer." Winnicott added: "Percy was your first patient. He died and you lived. You feel you must be rid of them to survive." It seems to me that Dr. 160 is saying that I feel I must keep the patient in order to survive. Three times in later life the loss of a Percy-figure has precipitated a short lived 'exhaustion or dying illness', and after Percy's death, when my first 18 months struggle to coerce mother into supporting me failed, I grew away from her and kept myself alive by supporting Percy substitutes. I still feel that the fundamental problem is not 'basic destructive impulses', Winnicott's 'Freudian bit', but his 'Basic Ego-Relatedness.'

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At the same time I can feel that the patient had come to represent to me my overburdened, unsupported small child self, driven to angry desperation and as it were lashing out violently, destructively to smash a way out of my problems, and then feeling appalled at what I had felt, and in fantasy done, and dissociating it all, blotting it all out by illness. I recovered with an amnesia for the entire situation: not immediately, for when I returned from Aunt Dolly, mother said I was silently looking for Percy and after a lapse of time inquired where he was. When she told me he had 'gone to be with Jesus' I said: "Will he always be a baby" or words to that effect, and she said: "No, he will go on growing up like you". I never mentioned the subject again, but when I dreamed of him in my early seventies, he was still a baby as he was when I repressed, or even dissociated, the whole event. I kept him in me as he was, so that the 'me' that was devoted to him went on living by means of not losing that vital object-relationship. But also, since we always make multiple uses of repressed material to symbolize a variety of problems, I feel the dream also implies my inner acceptance of the 'me' overwrought and driven into repressed rages by lack of maternal support and having to devote myself to Percy in order to keep my Ego in being. To use Winnicott's words, I am "remembering that part of me I projected into Percy, though his death was my life for the rest of me that could go on afterwards living a life of reparation". I used the patient in Dr. 160 to represent both the Percy I had devoted myself to and lost and the 'me' who felt desperate and enraged inside, in an unsupported and overburdened situation. I certainly felt that the mother who had emotionally died on me (as the patient's mother had physically died on him) was responsible for Percy's death and my collapse. My basic difference from Winnicott was that I hold that such destructiveness is 'frustration rage' that only arises in an Ego too weak to cope. The basic problem is 'Ego-weakness' with its origins in that forgotten 'dying breakdown' in the first year, that Winnicott had with such penetrating intuition 'seen and related to in my behalf'.

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It confused me rather than helped, especially at a time when I was feeling very realistic emotional distress at the fate of my patient and his family, when Winnicott repeatedly ^{ed} stress his view that ~~my~~ angry hate of the bad mother and the resulting over-burdened situation vis-a-vis Percy, arose out of my theoretically postulated innate sadism. Even though I intellectually disagreed, and he treated it as something in myself I had to let him help me to accept, it felt like a guilt-producing accusation of innate badness. I have no doubt myself that the whole theory of 'instinctive aggression' ^{is} both socially and personally a dangerous ~~one~~ providing an unrealistic basis for guilt in the sensitive, and a psychologically and morally blind excuse for the violence of 'frustration rage' that has become so widespread in our complex and unmanageable societies of today. It would have been less confusing if it had been a theory advanced by someone in general discussion, which I would have disagreed with. But it was put to me by Winnicott, whose extraordinary insight had gone so deep into my real basic problems. I feel it probably, at this particularly sensitive time, after the shock of my patient's tragedy, was more confusing to me than Fairbairn's more generalized 'Oedipal internal bad-object relations' views that got between me and my ultimate problem. I could ~~not~~ but remember that some years before, he had written to me complaining that "Fairbairn seems to want to criticize Freud", and he had criticized Fairbairn to Sutherland in saying that "I quoted Fairbairn because his theory did not let him analyze my aggression". I still feel that Winnicott never really understood the fallacy of Freud's basic philosophy, and never really understood the necessity of Fairbairn's fundamental revision, and never saw the inconsistency between his legacy of 'unintegrated Freudian ideas' and his 'intuitive insights'. It had begun to come home to him in 1967 in 'The Location of Cultural Experience'. It might be that some of ^{my} sessional dissents had some influence, for on one or two occasions he ~~said~~, after gradually ^{feeling} ~~his way~~ his way to some important insight, "There, that's what I feel. You go and think it out for me." We had not got as

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far as that yet and for the time being I was shaken by that tragedy and somewhat unsure of myself. I would be surprised now if I had felt otherwise. But

in S.90, Feb.9, I said: "I'm having ^{feelings} ~~feelings~~ of wanting to give up my work and not do anything. I had Dr.191 twice. *Someone got up to recite and forgot his piece and couldn't do anything.* I feel that's me becoming afraid to do anything in ~~case~~ I'm destructive. I feel nervous about going on with my work, in ~~case~~ other patients have tragedies and everyone will think I deal with patients wrongly."

Dr.164. "I was wanting to get out of psychotherapy, and into the ministry, and then out of the ministry into some job with machine parts, impersonal, nothing to do with people."

Winnicott said: "That patient's tragedy has stirred up an unconscious need for each of your patients to die. Your work is a strain because you're struggling not to let them die. They must get well or die, otherwise you're stuck with them in agony. It's the Percy situation."

That could well mean that I was beginning to feel the strain of devoting myself to Percy, which made his death at that point the more traumatic.

By March 8, S.91 I had read Winnicott's paper on 'Bisexuality' and it made a profound impression on me and clear^{ed} up a number of theoretical problems that had important therapeutic implications. The idea of all human beings being bisexual, and having 'male' and 'female' elements, namely capacities for 'doing' and 'being' in both all males and all females, I found illuminating. ('The Split-Off Male and Female Elements to be Found in Men and Women', read to The Society, Feb.2, 1966) I discussed this paper extensively in Ch.9. 'The Ultimate Foundations ~~of~~ of Ego-Identity', in 'Schizoid Phenomena'. Winnicott had read it and expressed himself as very satisfied with it. I saw that the healthy female element of 'being' and the healthy ~~male~~ ^{male} element of 'doing' had pseudo-forms, as 'passivity' and 'forced activity', and that was part of my problem, having its causes in the deep down 'Ego-weakness' due to that experience of 'dying and living to know about it', the 'breakdown' too early in the first year to be remembered, that Winnicott had 'seen for me'. It made real sense to me. It was clear to me that 'forced activity' was directly related to mother, and 'passivity' to father being pushed into the background as the only alternative to endless family rows. Fortunately he had an inner integrity that he never lost, which was important and positive for me, a genuine element



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of 'being' that had generated healthy 'doing' before his marriage, and kept alive the possibility of that in me. I was by this time getting over the shock of that patient's tragedy, and this was ^avaluable theme to take up. I reported L Dr. 165. "I saw a girl, quiet, pleasant, attractive, affectionate, just as it were 'being' there. I took her in my arms and she ~~was~~ was pleased. We were just there together."

That is certainly exactly how my wife appeared to me, the ^{very} first time I saw her which means that she represented something of great value that my mother had thwarted in my development and that I needed to find. I commented: "In this dream I'm finding the possibility of discovering my female element of 'being' and so integrating, making my 'doing' flow naturally, unforced. All your interpretations fall broadly into two groups, 'sadism' and 'being! You know I can't accept sadism as natural and innate. For me, it can't be explained in its own terms. It is what develops in the pseudo-male compulsively active struggle to 'be', to keep alive in the absence of a true sense of 'being' in relation to a mother who isn't 'being' for me. Your views about 'being' have set things moving in me again, where I lost mother early in the first year and had to struggle to keep myself alive. I've gone back over my notes and collected the important things you have said about all that."

I include that list here, because it sums up all that was most vital for me in Winnicott's intuitive understanding.

THE LIST.

1964. "Freud was for curing symptoms. We are for concern with living persons, whole living and loving." "You need to be able to sleep and dream that ~~your~~ mother, (or me) is sleeping, so that you may know you haven't harmed her!" (I wrote the comment. 'No. So that I could feel her 'being' and your 'being' and share in it and have a sense of 'being myself'.)
- "The fundamental thing is not to have or get but to 'be'. Possibly your difficulty with sleep is that sleep is just 'being', not 'doing' or 'getting'. Probably you wake to start doing, thinking, working things out!"
- "You are afraid to 'be'. You feel it means to die, to experience dying. You have died but remained alive to know it. Something in you died because mother didn't give you what you needed to stay alive with in that part of yourself." "(In his present terms, the female element of being. Sleeping it seems to me is dying.)" "You used Percy's death to get at, and to relive that experience of dying and disown it. Now to come alive, you need to re-experience yourself as dead and need me to understand it, and be someone you can come alive with." "(I must reexperience that dying when I lie down and go into a heavy inert state, dead to the world.)" "You need me to be the mother who sits by your dead self till you can come alive." "You've always had to keep yourself alive by your own efforts, by deliberate effort of active living. You can't take your ongoing existence for granted." "(Having to try to manufacture a non-existent sense of being, by forced doing.)"
1965. "You have a dissociated bit that's not the Harry Guntrip you know and do good work with and show to me; your capacity for spontaneity, your true not your false self." "(Natural versus forced, would be better than true versus false. In a natural self, doing flows spontaneously from being, male and female elements integrated. In a forced self, doing has



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to be 'willed' as a substitute for being, and its activities may then become destructive through frustration anger. I don't like the terms 'True and False Self' because in Winnicott's sense of the True Self it is not yet a self, but only unevoked potentiality of selfhood, and in his False Self there is much that is valuable and must be taken up into the True as it develops. The terms are picturesque and suggestive but not accurate enough to be taken literally.)"

"(On the first occasion I was silent for a time)"You can't accept your dissociated self. But possibly you feel you needn't show me your usual self, needn't talk. You feel I could still be thinking of your other self that's not here." "(When I had been lying in bed in a peculiar feeling of static, unchanging, lifeless ~~rest~~, and that I couldn't end it) You have to wait for someone to wake you."

"It's the forced active, pseudo-male self that gets destructive, sadistic, feels guilt about wearing people out in the fight to get something to feel real with." "(I'm glad he used 'forced active' not 'false' self, that feels to be realistic.)" "You can't end analysis till your oral sadism is faced. You want to eat me and protect me, like mother." "(I can't end till I get a sense of 'being' with you, for only then will I not need to be oral sadistic and eat you.)"

"You were losing mother as a person. She left no room for your not having to think what you needed. You couldn't trust her to know your need and meet it, so you had to think it out, as you do now with me, as if deep down you don't know how to want a person who knows what you want, mother failed to be that." "(The way to want such a person is, presumably simply to be happy and at ease in being with him or her, to share such a person's being, because the sense of 'being' or 'realness' is the most important thing one wants. Once you've got that, activity and getting particular needs met, just occurs, spontaneously, naturally. In the lack of that, the frustrating struggle to keep alive turns sadistic. Primitive oral sadism is not innate, instinctive, but a product of failure of differentiation out of primary identification, failure of the 'start of secure ego-development' in 'being'.)"

"Mother forgot you. She couldn't keep you alive in her thought, so you had to take over keeping yourself alive in your own thought". "(I do fear my sadistic bit which could kill mother in the struggle to get out of her what I needed to keep alive. That is repressed, not dissociated. It is clearly expressed in the high temperatures that scared her, the heat spots that irritated so intensely, for 18 months after Percy died, and then my fascination for the Nimrod picture. The dissociated bit of me is the 'non-being' that died, in the first year, that mother failed to keep alive.)"

1966. "You feel you could only possess the precious thing by destroying it, the baby destroying the breast, the dissociated bit. You can know and compensate the repressed, but not the dissociated. You could feel the only way to end analysis would be to possess me by killing me." "(That sounds like 'Instinctive oral sadism as my essential nature'. If I felt I could only get what I need by killing you, I would end analysis as I did with Fairbairn before he wanted me to, and go on wearing myself out in reparation for sadism by service. But what I feel I know deep down is that that is what happened with mother, after Percy died. I struggled to force her to meet my needs and she beat me, so I gave her ~~up~~ up and grew away, and sought to feel 'ego-reality' in a life of service as I had done with Percy. There's a lot in that that is real and has to be integrated with the real goal of analysis, not giving up a false self for a true self, but integrating a 'forced active self' with a 'natural self of Being', by experiencing you as alive and in being, and by your enabling me to share in that as a good mother does for her infant at the start.)"



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"(The only release from sadism, the angry struggle to keep alive by fighting to get what I need from mother, and then guilt and reparation, is by sharing in, and feeling really 'in being' in, a real mother's, or your, experience of being.)"

My comments in brackets were included in my notes at the time. I feel some surprise now that, in the midst of struggling with the urgent realities of my personal problems, I arrived at quite clear ideas theoretically about what I thought of some of Winnicott's interpretations that seemed to me Classic Freud rather than Intuitive Winnicott. But my thinking has always been closely related to my inner problems, and my research has arisen out of my own psychodynamics. Probably that is how all fruitful research develops. Freud's theory-making arose out of his personal self-analysis and set the pattern. The critics of psychoanalysis per se are probably those who are least willing to know themselves. I did not read to Winnicott that list of his most important interpretations, but recorded it in my sessional note books.

In S.92, Mch.9, I mentioned that: "Though I had always slept well up to the age of 35, when a virus infection then upset my sleep, my personal problem seized on that to find expression, equating sleep with that 'dissociated dying' both in the first year with mother, then at 3½ with mother and the dead Percy. The element of compulsiveness in my activity, struggling to keep myself 'in being' as an Ego, made me afraid to give up and made sleep feel to be a risk. I feel my 'helping people' self is a real self, but can't be as spontaneous as it should be because of my needing to struggle all the time to 'keep myself in being'. Now I need to stop working hard at analysis and learn just to 'be' with you and feel 'real'."

Winnicott said: "Analysis goes on for a long time till it gets to the point of being seen to be unnecessary."

I replied: "Yes. I feel analysis is just of defences. Therapy is just relationship. Discovering myself to be feeling 'real' with you."

I reported Dr.166. "I was in bed with my wife and something made me get up and I found she had been up and opened the bedroom door and front door and come back to bed. I felt disturbed and didn't like lying in bed with the doors open, but I didn't close them and went back to bed."

Winnicott said: "You are using my theory of the female element, recognizing your true female element or capacity to lie at rest and not be afraid to be open, though not doing anything."

I answered: "I feel the situation is changing from one in which I did a heck of a lot of analysis, using you as someone to keep myself alive with, and becoming one in which I can growingly feel real without either of us doing anything but simply 'being together'. I'm real for you and so you are real for me, and I'm growing more real for myself."

In S.93, March 29, I reported that: "I feel a decisive change is growing. I



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am feeling more energetic, sleeping better, but one night I woke and lay thinking of you as I see you in session, evidently manufacturing a relationship by thinking, my lifelong method. I'm not yet at the point where I possess it as an unconscious permanent experience, but I feel I'm on the way, and change has come to a decisive point. When I read your paper on 'Moral Education' in Mch./63, I read it intellectually and you felt you had lost touch with the child in me. Now in Feb./66 your paper on 'Bisexuality' has acted as a mutative interpretation and begun to draw together the long process of mutative interpretations that has been going on. It has led to deepened theoretical understanding, lessened anxiety, and I know better what I am about with my illest patients and in myself. You are the first person to see the true meaning of my compulsive activity, working, talking, thinking, to manufacture something to keep in the gap of the non-existent sense of basic being. Theoretically I see deeper than 'Regressing' to the level of 'Being' and 'Non-Being'. I see how 'Non-Being' which I think is the lack of what you call 'basic Ego-Relatedness', has to be countered by 'Compulsive Doing', and that begets overstrain and regressing. My view of Regression was my search deeper than Fairbairn's Freudian Oedipal analysis, and your view of Being and Non-Being shows what Regression is all about. You have enabled me to get at an experience of Being by giving me the kind of perceptive relationship mother could not give. Clearly no one had given it to her. Perhaps the critical point was in Jan/63 when you said 'mother conceived me not as a live child, but as a dead one, a lump of clay to be moulded into her shape, and my needing you to see me as having a life of my own.'

I mentioned Dr. 167. "You were helping me with my writing, reading what I had written"

At that point I relaxed for the rest of the session and after a time Winnicott made a fascinating comment: "I needn't say anything really but I want to say that you have been able to work on your records of sessions, and do for both of us what possibly I should have done, and could only have done if I'd kept records. You've shown how I have been slowly making a kind of container or shell or prism of interpretations inside which you could grow. You have done something for me in this. I've never had a patient who could do it before."

I said: "Your understanding has made a mental womb in which my deep down dead self could grow. I feel every main interpretation has been like food, something to take in and grow with. It's all the better because it wasn't a conscious thought-out thing, not planned but a spontaneous umbilical flow of consistent understanding which I have taken into my unconscious as a basis for 'being'. On the question of the origin of aggression, I think we differ theoretically but it makes no difference to these interpretations which have been the real heart of your therapeutic analysis. You haven't given me 'interpretations', you have given me of your spontaneous understanding, which I don't hesitate to say goes deeper than anything I have ever met with before."

At the end of that session I had a new sense of real relation to Winnicott as we chatted a moment about 'is it better not to have suffered and remained ignorant, or to have suffered and learned'. My unhesitating choice would be for the latter. In S. 4, Mch. 30 I mentioned the Michelangelo painting and three carvings of Joseph, Mary and Jesus that to me illustrated 'doing' and



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'being' for me (Cp. p.264 in 'Schizoid Phenomena etc.') From the solid basis of my gains I could now take another look at the experiences I had in the post-

Percy period. I had Dr.167 which was clearly "mother managing my defecation and not letting me do anything by myself" and Dr.168 in which "someone asked me to see a very ill child. He looked thin, drawn, strained. I was asked to take him on for treatment but said I couldn't and said he must be referred to someone for help, and wondered if he would be."

I said: "At last I see that I can't treat my own ill self and have brought him to you".

Winnicott added: "This is also Percy you can't treat as well as yourself."

On April 26 I had S.95, and reported that I had been feeling vaguely ill all the month, like the ill boy in the dream that I couldn't treat last time. I reported Dr.170. "I had a mental breakdown, became confused and disorientated. After I had rested my wife came with a taxi and I set off with her to return home."

I commented: "That almost seems like a vague memory of my illness after Percy died and of being brought home to take up life again."

Winnicott added: "You have built up a big trust in my ability to see your illness and help you, but you need me to know the ill 'you' who felt there was no one who understands to turn to."

I was certainly bringing my 'breakdown illness' after Percy's death to Winnicott instead of going on trying to treat him myself, for I had another Dr.171. "A young man was my patient, but one day instead of a session he brought another young man ~~Winnicott brought him~~ looking weak and ill, but I said I couldn't take him on, but would let him have a session."

I felt it was letting my ill self have my session with Winnicott, and said:

"I'm needing to make the transition from 'being ill' with you, to 'relaxing without being ill'. I need to move from 'Compulsive Doing' back to 'Being ill' and then to 'Being well with you' and on to 'Non-Compulsive Healthy Doing'. You said very early on that 'A patient regresses with the analyst to find security to face the illness; and that I 'needed' to know that you could help me to find it."

Winnicott added: "If I didn't see and find your dead or ill bit, no one ever would".

I felt very impressed that he would accept so much responsibility for me. In Dr. 171 I had got to the point of the 'me who had analysis' being able to bring the deeper 'ill me' to consciousness, accept him, recognize that I would not treat him myself, and then, in recounting the dream, bring him to Winnicott.

In S.96 next day I said: "Sleep is uncertain. I have to keep my peripheral self going but am aware of the ill child I bring to you, and also that somewhere deep down there is my basic dissociated female element, the capacity for simple healthy 'being'. I'll not sleep till I reach that."

I expressed that need to reach the 'female element of being' in a curious

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way in Dr. 173. "I was addressing a Psychology Conference and said: 'Gentlemen ~~and~~ Ladies. I start that way because men need more help in these things than women. Women ~~know~~ know about people intuitively. Men only think they know.' I feel I was contrasting my 'male intellectual activity' aspect, the scientist or philosopher or psychologist who thinks he knows more about 'people' than he does, with the deeper and, in me it seems dissociated, 'female feeling and being' element that knows intuitively, and is most clearly revealed in the truly maternal ~~mother~~. I mentioned that 'since I gave up my Church activities and became a psychotherapist who just sits and listens, I've felt an increased urge to urinate, a kind of protest against inactivity; I've had another look at the Michael Angelo Madonnas.'"

Winnicott made a striking comment. "Your talking had both manner and content. 1. Manner. Talking is like urinating, a long stream that pours out till it stops because you have no more. That's the moment of rest, no control, incontinence in the best sense. You don't have to drop control because there is nothing to control. You can just 'be' at rest, till more comes spontaneously. You can rest and just 'be' with me, and then become active spontaneously with me when you have something to say. 2. Content. You need me to talk about Michael Angelo. Your mother was depressed. The Madonna wasn't depressed, and mother and child could just restfully 'be' together, and wait for spontaneous activity to arise of its own accord. Your mother was depressed, and couldn't wait for you to become active in your own time. She had to stimulate you, make you active according to her ideas and what she wanted. When she wants you to pee and you have nothing to give, that's feeling real impotence. Your only alternatives were her stimulating your forced activity, or illness, impotence. No 'rest' and 'being' leading to natural activity."

I mentioned Dr. 172 that I had overlooked: "My aged neighbour began repairing his fence and putting up new posts."

Winnicott interpreted: "He could be your inactive father who gave you no living active example to counteract mother's influence. But he's coming alive for you to identify with. You need me to be both the mother who can 'be' and enable you to 'do', and also the father who can be active and 'doing' and enable you to 'do'."

On May 24, S.97, I said: "I've had an uncomfortable month with arthritic pains but the Consultant says it's ~~over~~ wear and tear and will probably settle down in a few years. But I've been discouraged by serious setbacks in real life to two patients."

Winnicott said: "I have a patient who has just begun to fall in love with her husband and he is found to have cancer. ~~and~~ I have to accept that I can't get her well now. I have to go on doing child psychiatry because I need results to keep me going, and adult analyses tend to go on for ever. You can't bank on results. Life may prevent them".

I was constantly impressed by Winnicott's courageous realism, and total lack of comforting illusions. I found him very reassuring in that respect. I mentioned

Dr. 174. "I saw a penis, just a stump with a soft top, formless, vaguely moving as if there was just a bit of life in it."

I commented: "It reminds me of the 'broken pillar' over a child's grave, a



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symbol of early promise cut short, its both Percy and the bit of me that got cut off short from further development when Percy died."

Winnicott replied: "It may well represent Percy, and part of you identified with him, or else Percy identified with your penis, your keeping possession of him in yourself. Excitement could then be inside you and be prevented from getting into your penis".

I mentioned that I had been circumcized at five, and he said: "It shouldn't have been done. You probably felt it prohibited you feeling excitement in the glans where you felt something was cut off, though you could feel it in your body."

I said that "I feel I have used that operation as symbolic of the arrested child cut off in myself, and related it to Percy's dead."

Next morning, In S.98, I reported Dr.176. "I was in a doctor's room and a man was showing how he could lie down and go straight to sleep."

I added: "That's obviously related to the fact that I didn't sleep at all last night till this morning I dozed and had that dream. That's rare nowadays but I'm saying 'I can't relax except through feeling a secure relation to you.' With mother I fell into an emptiness. You once proved the possibility of relaxing and sleeping in my presence by doing it; how to 'be' without 'doing'."

Then, after a pause I continued: "I feel I must say that it is what you are that is most important to me. Fairbairn at his best was an acute intellect I respected, a courageous man who dared to think independently, and I found he had provided the psychoanalytical equivalent of my philosophical convictions, for which I was looking. I knew him at heart to be a kindly man but as his health worsened, he began to disappear behind a wall of subtle defences. I felt I knew him best in his letters and somehow never really knew 'him'. You are not afraid to be known. I recently described you as the only man I know who seems to have no need of any Ego-defences. You let me see your humanness, so that I don't have to hide my humanness now with you."

His uncannily accurate intuition emerged then, when I became silent, lay back and enjoyed it; and then just as I became conscious of needing him to speak to relieve my just beginning fear of isolation, he did. He said:

"I feel this silence is precious but now I'm feeling I ought to do something or speak, or you might feel I've forgotten you. But perhaps I ought not to have broken the silence. You could stand being silent and just 'be' and enjoy it and feel safe, but mother couldn't."

I answered: "Mother had to be 'doing', fussing. That's probably one reason why I can't relax. You spoke just at the moment I began to need you to, but perhaps also you sensed you had to reenact mother's role, so that I could see it and get over it, when you described it. Next time I'll be better able really to accept silence, relax and enjoy it."

In S.99, June 16, I said: "I'm not working on my analysis between sessions but am growing. I take the strains of disturbed patients better, but still at times feel vulnerable. I was reassured last time when you risked breaking the precious silence rather than risk my feeling you might have forgotten me. Now I can relax in silence with no fear".

I did really relax till the end of the session. I briefly wondered if he needed reassuring that I didn't need him to speak, but knew he didn't and I



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forgot it. Next morning, in S.100 I mentioned that a patient had "rung Monday night in a panic because her ~~husband~~ G.P. had accused her of making up her mind beforehand not to take his pills. She felt they paralyzed her."

Winnicott said: "I think you may use this for a delusional transference. This began to worry you after your relaxation in last night's session. Unconsciously you probably felt in one tiny bit of you, a panic fear that I was mother (like your patient's doctor) paralyzing you, forcing you to relax for her sake because she couldn't stand your activity. You feel mother paralyzing you to keep you quiet, or prevent your developing a separate self apart from her, so that you had to get away in the end and be overactive."

How often his interpretations revealed his fertile imagination in the service of his acute intuition. I am sure he was right and I mentioned that: "I did think you looked tired last night and I was glad I didn't have to talk and demand your attention, but unconsciously I may well have felt it was mother making me be quiet, though predominantly it was reassuring."

How right he was, was shown a month later, July 19, S. 101 when I reported Dr.177. "I got away from home and wandered about, and then needed to go back for some reason. Mother was near and I had to get in and away without her seeing me, to escape her. I did so helped by an aged woman."

I said: "That's my reaction to last session and your interpretation of my delusional transference about your being the mother who keeps me quiet for her sake. I dream of getting free from her, being drawn back by some unconscious need but getting free again with the help of an aged mother-figure who must be you as the good mother. I've felt discouraged by X-rays of hardening cervical discs and arm muscle wastage. I may unconsciously equate it with mother paralyzing me. I feel I'm trying to save patients from the effects of paralyzing mothers because of her failing me. If it can't be done, if the problem is insoluble, then I'm hopeless, defeated, the meaning goes out of life."

In S.102, I reported Dr.178. "I heard an old woman singing something about 'Victory over devils', defiantly, energetically. I laughed and said: 'Just how my mother would have sung it!'"

Winnicott commented: "Mother's inner reality was full of dead lifeless people and out of that you came; and she sought to keep everyone around her dead and lifeless so that only she was alive. Your sleep difficulty is to do with your fear of falling back into her limbo, her dead world."

I said: "It's never occurred to me before, but in her teens she was the little mother, looking after her mother's children, and she had four younger siblings die on her, and then miscarried her first baby, and lost Percy!"

Winnicott replied: "Possibly she felt her destructiveness and sent you away, the one good thing she did do."

I said: "It's extraordinary but father was an eloquent public speaker. I heard him once, suddenly called on to address a very large gathering, bring out his old eloquence. But at his Mission Hall, during the first two years of his marriage, the people said his speech was getting slower and slower so that you could draw a cart and horses between the sentences."

Winnicott added: "Your wife can take over the original good breast mother you had for the first two or three months, but it hides the other paralyzing mother. You need me to stand for her so that you can get free."

On September 20, in S.103, I mentioned that on our Scottish holiday, doing



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the Corrieyarrack Pass, and the 350 mile drive home made me realise that my

cervical arthritis is worsening, though pain and burning passed off with rest.

"Four patients ~~whom~~ were a source of anxiety in July and August are now doing well. I am aware of feeling consciously quite able to cope with them while ~~deep~~ down I feel still the heavy burden of responsibility for carrying patients. The feeling of strain is more unconscious than conscious. I know I can and do cope with patients but its the strain of having to support mother and Percy that's in the background. Having got my deepest traumatized self in touch with you, the pre-Percy self and the me that saw him dead, I become aware of the fears and panics of mother's aggression in the 'beating period' from 5 to 8. I dreamed of a patient whose father used to beat her; Dr.181. 'This patient turned up in the night in a state of panic'. I feel that's my ~~panicky~~ child self turning up in my dream. I also had Dr.182. ~~When~~ 'I was having to drag a large heavy yellowish coloured wardrobe up a slope with my small car, and feared it would drag me back.' That was definitely my mother's wardrobe, the same colour and shape. I must have felt burdened with responsibility for supporting her so that she could cope. Now its patients; though I don't have realistic fears of not coping with them, they evidently play on my legacy of feeling over-pressed in childhood. Mother was always making sure everyone knew what a load she had to carry, and behind father's back telling us all how useless he was. Ultimately I came to realize that that was how she was determined to have it. Dr.183. 'I was at Salem going off to the Boys Camp I used to run, and my car broke down with all the stuff in it, but I got it repaired'. Again I'm feeling the burden of old responsibilities, but find a way of coping. I had some more dreams but I feel I can leave them and lie back and relax."

I did and in a longish silence, Winnicott said nothing. At the end I said: "I feel this has been right. You can be sure now that I can know we are in touch without your speaking, and I can rest securely."

Winnicott only added: "I don't think I need say anything. You've had a long trek to reach a place of rest but you got there."

Next morning, in S.104 I said: "I feel sure my feeling of carrying too heavy a burden doesn't really relate to the present day. It belongs to before Percy's death, to my second and third years, with mother in the shop and Percy a baby, and I couldn't relax. The home was an anxious one. How much I felt her to be a burden when I was a child is probably overlaid by the very real burden she became after I was adult, especially her last 8 years living with us. I've had two other dreams of the burden of mother

Dr.187. "Mother had died. I was ~~dressing~~ ^e for the funeral service and found I had put on a coloured shirt and sportsjacket. I was trying to change into a white shirt and black suit and couldn't do it in time."

I commented: "I was clearly glad she was dead, as I was when she did die after having nearly worn us out, especially my wife who had to bear the brunt of her last helpless years."

Winnicott said: "I think you want me to tell you about retirement. You feel you've been compelled to carry mother's burdens, herself, Percy, sinners, patients, and mustn't retire till you're worn out. A big conflict, you want to retire but feel you must go on. There's this 'centre' or 'core of self' or 'creative tip of living' we discussed. But for mother, you might not have become a psychotherapist but something you haven't discovered. You want time to discover it but feel you can't. But you feel now you can stop struggling and not fear being dragged down, and you don't take off your coloured clothes because mother has died."



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I replied: "I don't want to retire to useless ~~san~~ility as mother did, and I want the mental freedom to arrange it without being worn out: to do psychotherapy as long as I realistically can because I enjoy it and get satisfying results. I don't know anything else that could give me real satisfaction, except being able to help a few patients as long as is sensible and be able to go on writing. My relation to you in which I feel free to be myself and don't need the relation to be proved from your side, I'm just sure of it, is freeing me from mother."

In S.105, October 4, I mentioned "a greater sense of realism in my relation to patients. I don't expect myself to achieve the impossible. One patient has at last come to accept a therapeutic regression with me, of a constructive kind, when her family feel at the end of their power to cope with her. I may have to accept failure. I don't expect myself to do everything. I had Dr.190. "I was asked to speak at a meeting and I said 'No, I can't take on any more just now.'"

Winnicott said: "There are patients who can only get better when they've made you fail. They can't owe their cure to you. Melanie Klein failed completely with one patient and explained it by saying 'You must have an extreme lot of constitutional aggression'. It was the wrong explanation, but some patients have to end and attribute their improvement to anyone or anything but their analyst. One of my patients left much better, and then a chiroprapist cured some foot trouble and she went round attributing all her improvement to that."

In S.106, next morning I said: "I feel we are coming to the final stages of my analysis, the resolution of the hard core problem emerging in 'the personal encounter, and the nature of the relationship between you and me'. That hard core is defined in the one thing that stands out clearly your seeing what I couldn't, that I had to keep myself alive and in being from moment to moment by ceaseless effort and activity, and that I had to do it all myself because there was no one else who could or would. It led to a fear of dependence because I felt no one was dependable, but also a sense of humiliation at needing help, at analysis being necessary at all. Fairbairn said: 'You want to be your own psychologist' and interpreted it as resistance but didn't see it as rooted in despair of anyone else, ultimately mother, understanding. I'd grown up having to do all my explaining of myself to myself. That orthodox interpretation of 'resistance' felt like criticism and made me more insecure. It was like mother trying to make me submit to her. You said: 'You gain your own insights almost up to the last point' and that made me feel my own struggles to cope with the problems mother left me with were valid. But I realized you could always see that bit further to the last bit that I had to hide from myself because I couldn't cope with it alone. I don't feel it would be satisfactory to end analysis by feeling I can do without you. That would be too much like the way I gained independence of mother on a conscious level, breaking away to fend for myself. I can end analysis when I feel certain that my relationship with you has grown into me, become a part of me, because you have enabled me to grow what you call 'basic ego-relatedness' to you, and ending analysis isn't parting from you. This does in fact fit onto my lifelong feeling that whatever I lost through mother pushing father into a passive background (and his realizing that he had to accept it as the alternative to endless family rows), in fact he did give me a lasting deep inner relation to him, by his very quality and integrity as a person. So he has always come into my dreams as a supporting figure. You have built on that all that was missing from mother. I've had a peculiar dream."

Dr.192. "We had our neighbours to tea. Then they began to give us their



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clothes to dress in and we had to give them ~~ours~~." ⁶

I said: "We live alongside happily but have no other ~~closer~~ relations. But this dream suggests so much involvement as to become absorption. Have ~~it~~ some lurking fear of this with you? One could only relate to mother by becoming absorbed in her, taking on her pattern, like the dream clothes."

Winnicott replied: "You need me to see something you can't see, because you've never experienced it. Something about separation. There's ~~smthg~~ something for you in between 'absorption in' and 'cut off from'. You know what it is intellectually, but you haven't felt it as an experience."

That felt to bring my whole analysis to a decisive point.

In S.107, November 1~~st~~ I said: "I'm more for 'being' than 'doing', talking, this time. I've no dreams. I don't want to be my own analyst and keep myself going any more. I've felt better this month. My patients are not so much on my mind. I've done a lot for them and not felt any strain. What you said last time about 'absorption' or 'being cut off' I feel brings everything to a head. This morning I thought: 'Time's running out. I can't go on indefinitely. Must I stop, and admit that my basic problem of dying on mother's lap after Percy died there, is too disturbing to let out, and put up with insomnia as my defence against being absorbed into it. Ah! Yes. My insomnia is 'fear of absorption', of going unconscious on mother's lap, absorption into mother, dying as a separate person. 'Staying awake' is the opposite, 'cut off from', a conscious self-contained intellectual, a thinking individual. I must have felt that dying on mother's lap was 'becoming absorbed'."

Winnicott added: "What you experienced was not proper separation but dissociation from her."

That was a new thought to me. I said: "Yes. When I woke, mother was gone. I was at Aunt Dolly's. Now I feel I must experience 'the capacity to be alone in your presence', to be silent, forget you're there consciously while I know you're there unconsciously, a relationship that can't be broken inside. I've actually always had that with father, but it didn't include his helping me to be active. I had to do that for myself, but it did include his saving an important part of me from that 'dead bit with mother'. Only when my 'basic ego-relatedness with you' includes my capacity to be active unforced, because that's how you are, will I be able to sleep without anxiety and end analysis. I can't manufacture this but I feel it's in process of happening, and will be the proper end of treatment and the birth of me as a 'person in relationship'."

Next morning, S.108, I said: "Last night's session cleared the ground. I don't want to talk but to let something go on between you and me. Its to do with not yet properly experiencing deep down the real relationship which could be silent, and in between 'being absorbed' and 'cut off'. The relation to father was essential to support my being able to be 'cut off' from mother and that was a great thing to grow away from her. But I hadn't enough communication with father for our relation to become more positive, he gave me some experience of 'being' but not of 'doing' to complete it."

Winnicott said: "You had something good to give and none to give it to, a very sad thing."

I replied: "I gave it to Percy and lost him, and must have despaired, and I lay dying on mother's lap."

Winnicott made the vital interpretation: "You didn't sleep on mother's lap, You could only become ill and lose yourself."



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I added: "When I became conscious again, she'd gone. The 'me' of the traumatic experience was cut off, dissociated. I've never remembered it since. Ever since I've been giving the good I had, to substitutes for Percy, but the lost bit of me was cut off with a dead Percy, no one to give to or get from. Now you've found that bit of me and hope is reborn."

I feel silent and presently had "an image of a river flowing steadily with no real banks. The banks would be 'fear of absorption' on one side and 'fear of being cut off' on the other. They are fading and I'm becoming conscious of what's real in between, a natural flowing energy, flowing of its own accord. I don't have to do anything to make it live and move. Somehow I feel we're there but not on the banks, in a silent relationship with me real deep down life beginning to flow naturally. With Fairbairn I dreamed that I took my beautiful bowl of golden urine to pour it out in the lavatory but a woman was there with her back to me and ignored me. I went away sadly. The valuable thing I had wasn't wanted."

Winnicott suddenly said: "I want to go and pee now", which he did. When he came back I said: "In that way you've said to me 'You're afraid to give out. I must do it for you, to show it's all right. My river image is changing. It's my natural self in steady flow but you've given me banks, a setting, to flow in. Your presence, your room, me lying on this couch like a river on a river-bed, my natural life flowing without effort.'"

Winnicott added: "Urinary symbolism goes right back to infancy. Sleep is related to it. At first the baby just pees when it wants, natural and mother accepts it, but later makes it bad, incontinence, has to be stopped. Sexuality is like natural incontinence, unchecked flow of feeling and has to be stopped, no free relationship, no flowing together allowed. Your bowl of golden urine symbolized your precious emotion and you were not allowed to pour it out spontaneously. So you fear to sleep and let your feelings flow. You have to wake and pee to get rid of tension."

This had raised a fundamental disturbing matter and in S. 109, December 6 I reported: "I've had a disturbed month. The morning after last session I lay very lifeless, not wanting to move, as if reexperiencing dying on mother's lap. Yet I felt in close with you as in the last two sessions. One night I couldn't sleep because I couldn't stop thinking, and then thought 'It's not enough to stop talking in sessions with Winnicott, I need to stop thinking as well and let my feeling come. My non-stop thinking covers my fear of feeling, of reexperiencing a return of that feeling 'dying on mother's lap'. Percy had gone as a buffer between us and I couldn't stand total exposure to her aggressive destructive personality. This morning I had Dr. 193. "A simple friendly chat with you." Yet I've been feeling vaguely paranoid, can't stand noisy music, papers full of murders and crime, out of sympathy with the whole modern world, destructive science and art trends. Reluctant for my wife to go to Scotland to see her mother. I see my mother's frightening face, cold, supercilious, thunderous. I didn't consciously suspect what she was till she turned against my wife, yet somehow I always knew."

Winnicott made an important statement: "Your mother managed to put on enough dutiful mothering to give you something to believe in, but you sensed her real inner destructiveness. She could have thought when Percy died, 'Why doesn't God take the other one too'. She didn't want children. When your sympathetic wife came on the scene, she felt relieved of the need to put on the 'good mother' act, and her real self was all that was left, hard and hostile. You kept thinking, to stop the image and feeling of her coming through. You could fear finding her in me or even in your wife. Delusional."

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transference. Here, you have always a very good positive relation to me. In the long gap between, I could become the bad mother. So yesterday morning in bed, coming to me that day, you had to block that by dreaming of a good relation to me."

I reported Dr. 194. "On holiday in Scotland. I wandered off and came to a village hall and was accepted by a friendly group of people. Cakes were handed round and I was given some. Then a woman came and said my wife had rung up to see if I was there. She had been worried about me and was coming to fetch me, which she did." I added: In view of what you've just said, I feel there was some link in that dream with being at Aunt Dolly's and mother coming to fetch me. I have a good wife to be anxious about me, but it seems I have to use the reality of her and you, to blot out the danger of seeing the bad mother, which makes me afraid to go to sleep."

Winnicott added: "Mother's death mask showed what she was really like. Your feeling that a paranoid bit of you is locked up with her, gives you the delusion that you're a paranoid person. You feel paranoid because you feel tied to the paranoid deathly mother who dwells apart inside her world of decay and death, inside you. You may feel she's me in your delusional transference, when you're not with me."

At this point December 7, we broke off for Xmas.



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(6) 1967.

In the first S.111 on January 10 I said: "I was surprized looking over my notes of the last sessions 5 weeks ago. I've suppressed the whole problem of 'the sinister woman behind the loving woman'. It must bear on my occasional body-tensions in bed. With Fairbairn I had a dream of a wild fierce woman stalking me behind rocks and having a fierce fight with her. When mother at last had to come to live with us, I had a dream of her trying to get between me and my wife. Once or twice I've had very marked body tension and had to get out of bed to exercise and work it off before I could sleep, rather like having to fight mother off first. Is this an unconscious delusional transference on my wife. The only time I remember not being able to go straight off to sleep, prior to that virus infection in 1936, was the first two nights of our marriage, in the neighbour's house next to mother's, as we had some final arrangements to make for her before we could get away for our honeymoon. Once away I slept well. It looks as though, either I feared mother would break in on us, or else it was a delusional transference on my wife. The first time mother visited us in our own home at Ipswich, she walked into our room early next morning and I angrily ordered her out."

Winnicott said: "There is something here about your needing a struggle with mother. You didn't experience satisfactory muscle erotism with her. She didn't let you wrestle with her, only beat you. It makes it difficult for you to be muscularly active in your sexuality. Your wife could appreciate it."

I replied: "I suppose I unconsciously fear my hate of the sinister woman may hurt the woman I love. If I can dissociate vigorous energy from that hate of the violent tempered mother, the wild woman, I may not get those occasional body-tensions. I used to get them in bed then at bedtime a lot in the Fairbairn period, but they faded out very largely in that analysis. This Xmas they've come back suddenly after last session."

Winnicott observed: "I think you have diffused your need for struggle in going to Edinburgh and London, and in hard work, and earlier in cricket and football and climbing, and now you've lost most of those outlets. But you struggle with ideas in your thinking and its all the very good purpose, but its not the same as muscle tension in bed. You've never been impotent, but there has been a recurring something, like an interfering brake on your activity; and sometimes it has got into your working life as well."

(As I type these notes now, 1973, I am reminded of Malcolm Muggeridge's Autobiography: "Our marriage began as a wrestling match"; and of the Public School theory that games are the answer to masturbation in adolescence.) In S.112, next day, I said: "I feel I must dissociate hate and energy from vitality. Hate poisons sex. Melanie Klein wrote that sex games don't harm children so long as the initiator isn't aggressive."

Winnicott raised an unexpected point there: "I feel a big sadness in you over not being able to find a real relation to your father. You knew he had been a fine active adventurous man before you were born but you got no response from him. I feel your steady flow of talk is a kind of keeping conversation going in the hope that even yet, he may suddenly respond and discuss. You had no Oedipal relation because father didn't give you any friendly rivalry to stimulate you. He was for practical purposes a blank, but full of fine powers you could never get at. So instead of an

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Oedipal triangle you had an aggressive mother, a gentle Aunt Mary and you. You mustn't hurt the invalid Aunt, and you can only have a fight with mother. It keeps some of your vitality out of your sex life, but not all of it."

I said: "I do have a big sadness about father. He was a fine person. It took courage for him to break with his Landowning, High Church and High Tory family and become a Non-Conformist and a Liberal in the 1890's. He could and did think for himself and adventure, but after marriage mother inhibited him. I think he made a chivalrous response to her as a responsible capable young woman supporting her widowed mother and 3 siblings, and an active worker in his religious movement. He had no experience to enable him to understand her disturbed family background and its effects on her. He discovered too late what kind of woman he had married."

Winnicott replied: "Father handed over the whole problem of mother to you. You'd rather have a load of patients than mother living with you".

I replied emphatically: "Yes. She split my image of the woman, and hate of her has I suppose always drawn off enough energy inside to make me have to over-drive in real life."

In S.113, February 7 I brought up his paper on 'The Location of Cultural Experience' which he had lent me in MS. He asked if reading it had disturbed me.

I said: "No. It helped me enormously. I think its one of your most important papers. You and Fairbairn reach the same conclusions by different routes but you have gone further than he did, because of your enormous paediatric 'mother-baby' experience. I feel the force of your saying that analysis must end in silence to leave room for the patient's own self to emerge. All your interpretations help but are preparing the way to this end. In your paper I feel the force of your x,y,z, formula (x+y minutes is the time baby can stand mother's absence, x + y + z minutes absence disintegrates the baby's nascent ego.) I put that to a patient who is a mathematician. He said 'I think x + 2y was my case. I've had an important Dr.197. "At 135 Lorship Lane, in the upstairs back room, the dining room. My family were simply not there. Only my wife and I. We'd sent all the furniture away to be cleaned and renovated and had got it back and were putting it in place." Father could have been there and he wouldn't have been disturbing. I was moved by what you said about my sadness for him. But mother couldn't destroy him in the end, and it was me he turned to, to say his final smiling and triumphant 'Goodbye'. Now in silence with you I find my faith in the indestructibility of my internal good objects and can relax and feel safe."

Next day in S.114, Feb. 8, I mentioned that "the body tensions of last month have faded. I've had a short important dream, Dr.198. "I was being analyzed, and you sent me to Fairbairn." I feel Fairbairn here represent father. His health was undermined by some bad women patients, so I lost father twice over."

Winnicott commented: "You came to me to get over the breakdown of Fairbairn. You want me to get you back to the good father you've kept inside."

I replied: "Yes. I've always dreamt a lot about supportive good father figures. You've become the good father whom mother can't destroy in my inner world. In silence with you, I just then felt that at mother's death, though I saw her cynical face, I remember feeling her breast looked beautiful."



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It must be the good breast I had for a brief time at the beginning and lost too soon, but secretly have kept it hidden there buried beneath all the later bad experience, and you have helped me to recover contact with my earliest good objects, father and even the first breast-mother."

Winnicott said: "Mother probably had a good female body which she could have used to love, and she didn't want it, at least not after the earliest period of her marriage. But there was at first a mother your father could love and who loved him. You can get back to realizing that they fell in love at first, whatever happened later."

I added: "I feel I've found a way back via you to a basic 'good' which I can trust all the time to be viable, and which has never really been destroyed. I think that was why I was able to devote myself to Percy and to become a psychotherapist, because I believe secretly in an indestructible basic good which you have enabled me to get back in touch with."

Before my next session, I had to have an operation for a blocked tear duct. It broke the continuity of my deep down emotional working over of my analysis, but only superficially. In S.115, on March 7, I said:

"Sleep is bothering me again. It comes and goes, but just now I've had to fall back on pills, white round tablets, Mogedon, symbolic I'm sure. If I sleep and wake and then doze and dream, when I finally wake I feel O.K. If I wake and can't doze and dream, I don't feel so good. These pills must be symbolic for I've dreamed about them. Dr.199. "I was conducting a service at Salem and a man kept up a steady chant in opposition to me, something about being against the use of pills. I went to him and said: 'Are you doing this on purpose?' He said: 'Yes'. I said: 'Then will you get out?' and he went without a word. On returning to the platform I was hailed as a hero for routing this opposition." This was followed by:

Dr.200. "On our lawn I found two heaps of dead white slugs, set solid. I couldn't bring myself to touch them, and got a spade and buried them."

I said: "I feel they are dead breasts and I want to bury them, be rid of them. It occurs to me that those round white Mogedon tablets are dead breast symbols. The two dreams go together. I'm split between the 'me' that has to need 'two dead breasts' to put me to sleep and sleep is dying, mother killing me as well as all my good objects, Percy, father, Mary, and a threat to my wife, and the 'me' that is against dead breasts and determined to do without them, protesting against their use in Dr.199, burying them in Dr.200. I feel this makes sleep equivalent to dying on mother's lap like Percy, and in resorting to pills, two bad breasts, the bad mother, I am reliving without realizing it, my own 'dying on her lap' as Percy did. When I saw mother's cynical death mask it chilled me, and when I saw her breast I thought it looked beautiful but cold and I didn't want to touch it. Did it arouse some deeply buried memory of a time when it had been a good breast, if only for a month or two? My ambivalent attitude to pills, both needing and hating them, for and against them in Dr.199, is my conflict between hating the dead breast that symbolically kills me, puts me 'dead off' to sleep, and wanting them to represent the deeper good breast that made me feel secure and able to drop off to sleep. Clearly I sometimes let the pills give me sleep quickly, and at others I fight against them mentally and bodily and get out and exercise and won't let them 'put me to sleep', kill me. They can be either good breasts or bad breasts, according to how I'm feeling. I feel that I shall need to work out my conflict over these symbolic substitutes, till



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I have regained secure possession of my original good objects. Having got my deepest self in touch securely with you, you have taken me back to the original good in both mother and father, their falling in love, being able to do that, their potentiality was there. I had a fantasy this morning of 'mother's greatest hour'. After a troubled and unhappy and overburdened and embittering childhood, she found that father, the admired leader and founder of their Mission, a flourishing cause in which she was active, had fallen in love with her. When he asked her to marry him, it must have been escape to paradise for her. I see her standing looking up into his face with a radiant smile as he smiles at her. It possibly lasted a year or two. They were married ~~in 1898~~ in 1898. She had a miscarriage in 1900 and I was born in 1901. Her youngest brother and sister were off their hands within the first year, and they could have been happy together for say two years. Then the tensions began to rise, and her inner destructive self from early life took control. But I feel there was a good time for them at the beginning, the first time I've ever seen that possibility. She was very likely a good breast to me for the first two months or so."

Winnicott said: "It was hidden by the deadly mother, but now you seem about to bury her."

I replied: "Yes. It's a terrible thing to feel one has had a mother who could only be destructive, and a father who could only let her destroy his puter active life. It's extremely important that I have always felt she never destroyed his inner integrity and reality, it feels to be a relief to realize that she too did have a good self at heart, even though her own tragic early life all but entirely crushed it. Father was able to find and evoke it at least for a time, and show it was there. I got her to the point of being dead, that cynical death mask, and then couldn't let her go because she was the only mother I had. That made me unsure of the viability of my good objects for I hadn't recovered contact with my original good objects, the earliest good mother and father. Now I feel you have become the focus and representative to me of my primary good parents and of their viability as good internalized objects in me. The internalized destructive mother, I've so often fought with in dreams, hasn't after all destroyed my original good mother and father, whom I have recovered through your recreating my awareness of them, in you. Now I feel I could bury the dead mother and remember her only by what was good, and rest peacefully without pills, as symbolic objects good or bad, because I have become sure of my real good objects, good parents, in you."

As I reread that, I feel that I was not now 'conducting my own analysis', but

carefully recapitulating my gains so as to possess them more securely. Next

morning, in S.116, I said: "I've got a changed attitude to sessions. At my first I said, 'I've a lot accessible to talk through and then I'll come to the hard core. I've done just that. I used to collect material that had to be talked out because it was 'on my mind'. Then you showed me the problem involved in 'having to talk, to be active' to keep myself alive. Also I realized that I talked because otherwise I felt I wouldn't keep your attention. I'd always had to claim or force mother's attention to what I needed to say and she never really listened. Gradually the possibility of being silent and still 'being in touch' grew real. I feel now I've got beyond that to a need to seek in a relationship in silence. I feel as real a relationship to you now when I'm not here as when I am, and when I'm not talking as when I do talk. You've come into the gap mother left. I've faced my fear of mother as an internal bad object in my mental world, destroying all my internal good objects, till you came into the inner scene. That rid me of the fear I felt when Percy died, the fear



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that if I didn't work hard to keep myself and all my good objects alive, mother's influence would destroy us all. Basically that was the end of real trust and real relationship for me. I remain convinced that my natural interest is in people more than in things. Being a physical scientist could never have satisfied me. I'm just not that type of mind. But that early childhood experience imported a compulsive element into it."

Winnicott made a retrospective comment: "I've often noticed little restless movements of your hands and feet, as if to remind me you're there."

At once I remembered: "Mother used to say; 'Don't fidget'. I must have been trying to find some way of gaining her attention. This too may enter into those recurring body-tensions."

In S.117, April 4, I took up again the theme of fidgeting. I said: "I feel this body tension is not 'muscle erotism' but 'ego maintenance'. While I can make little movements, the deep down 'me' feels I'm there. That feels to be in contrast to my ability to relax and lie still here. I feel safe to relax with you because you have gone with me to be face to face will my destructive inner mother in all possible situations, and you have survived and I have survived. I feel a deeper relaxation lying with my wife."

I reported Dr. 202, which I felt to be an extraordinary one, important.

"An elderly woman analyst, very stable and motherly, was seeing me. I told her where I was in my analysis with Winnicott. She said: 'Yes. Your mother is now out of the way. She won't be able to come in now, will she?' I said: 'No' and felt safe from her intervention. The analyst said: 'Now I want to kiss your breast' and quite straightforwardly did so. My breast seemed full. We were still, like the Madonna and Child."

I said: "I woke from that dream feeling it was reassuring, a good stable mother showing affection and finding good in me. It felt like an important change to 'basic Ego-relatedness'."

Winnicott made a striking observation: "You had a good breast, something good to give. You've always been able to give more than take. The analyst is good for you, but you are good for your analyst. Doing your analysis is about the most reassuring thing that happens to me. The chap before you makes me feel I'm no good at all. You don't have to be good for me. I don't need it and can cope without it; but in fact you are good for me."

I responded to that striking observation by saying: "You enable me to be good for you, without my having to try to do it. You have enabled me to be good for you just by enabling me to be me. With mother I had to be what she wanted me to be, and tried her utmost to make me be."

Next morning in S.118, I reported a vague memory of a dream of "being ill at a Salem and coming back and finding it all changed and feeling I couldn't bear the burden of it any longer. It feels like a vague memory of coming back home after Percy's death and my stay at Aunt Dolly's and feeling the whole home set-up was different, and somehow I broke off. The nearest yet to recovering memory of that period. I feel I have now to use my new secure 'basic ego-relatedness' with you, to integrate that traumatic period. I don't feel tense in bed now but I did think last night that a fire might break out in the hotel."

Winnicott replied: "You no longer feel a direct threat of the bad mother inside you, getting between you and your good objects, but you feel she's somewhere. Something in you wants to remember the worst. The worst that you experienced at the preverbal level or at Percy's death; re-experience



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it, relive it, but also you want to make it never come back. Somewhere there's a destructive Winnicott, masking a destructive mother, hidden, not intruding but not buried. You need to remember the few moments on mother's lap when you felt destructive forces somewhere that weren't just mother--because she sent you away from whatever was destructive, not just herself. They could destroy you, no help for it. You have to re-experience it to be rid of the fear of it. You remember everything after it but not that."

Winnicott seemed to be saying that when I saw Percy ^{dead} I must have felt suddenly that the entire world, my little world, had become destructive.

On May 2, S.119, I reported that my right tear duct had become blocked again. "I've never had much luck with surgeons. We been hard pressed this last month, brought my wife's mother and Aunt down from Perthshire to a bungalow we found for them at Aberford, a village ten miles from Leeds. They can't live alone now in their eighties, and want the country, not the city. I've had Dr. 204. "I was in bed ill and there were a number of children about the room." It seems like a vague memory of being ill at Aunt Dolly's. Last time I had what might be a dream of having returned from there. I feel I have ^{made} my basic security with you into an experience strong enough to let me undo my amnesia for that trauma. I had a sudden idea that I used my circumcision operation to identify with and hide my Percy trauma and illness. My lost foreskin could represent my lost pre-3½ years self. I may fixate on that to prevent my remembering the early trauma. What's lost can't be got back."

Next day, in S.120 I reported that "after feeling nervy tension in bed, I slept from 12-0 till 7-0 a.m., as if to keep something buried. I had a vague dream of our G.P. grouching about something when I went to see him, and feel he must be you. I may be afraid you don't really want to bother about me now you're over 70 and only go on as a duty. Your saying last time I was good for you reassured me enough for me to be able to become conscious that I can still fear finding mother's attitudes in you. In fact I feel secure enough with you to risk that way of getting at them. I think I am remembering that mother didn't really want to be bothered with me after I returned from Aunt Dolly's and would have preferred I could have stayed there. I was a nuisance for mother who wanted now to be free to attend to her business. Am I now a nuisance to you?"

Winnicott said: "When I said last time that you were good for me, I knew it was the end of an era, and you'd have to have a different disturbed relation to me. You felt mother didn't really love you after the very beginning. She didn't want children and looked after you as a duty. You fear I may be like mother now, going on with you as a duty, and no real love relation to support your ego. It's painful to get back to experiencing her change from the earliest loving which you had made contact with, to her only doing her duty. If you'd had a real ego-relatedness to mother, you wouldn't have needed to go outside to live. You'd have turned to father and gone back and forth between them in real relations to both. But mother shut you off from father."

I commented: "All my life I've been most influenced by a succession of father-figures."

A month later, in S.121, May 30, I had to report "a heavy time, my wife ill, her mother and aunt at Aberford, a second tear duct operation to come, an invitation to lecture in New York, Segal's paper to criticize for the Los Angeles Forum. My unconscious has been crowded out."



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But it seems as if, having in that intense period of sessions from October 1965 to December 1966, probed the deepest strata of my personality back to earliest infancy, and feeling that Winnicott had made very personal contact with my profoundest fears and needs and enabled me to grow a new deep down basis of security, I was now reviewing all the higher level problems in the light of that basic renewal. In the two sessions, 121-2, May 30-1, I reviewed the parallel I had always drawn between Percy's death and my ministerial colleague's departure from Salem, and my ensuing exhaustion illness, as reliving of early one. Salem was the home where I fell ill, my wife's mother's in Scotland was Aunt Dolly's where I recovered, but only by repressing something that had to consent to remain 'buried alive'. Only by splitting myself into two and keeping one part of me repressed, buried alive in the tomb, could I remain active. But nothing particularly new occurred about this. I said: "I'm impressed by the fact that each month I seem to bring back one more bit of the Percy illness to work through with you. I feel that that Tomb-Room dream was the first clear return to consciousness of whatever of me was split off and buried when Percy died. I threatened the man buried alive with illness if he came out of the tomb. That must be what kept on happening from 3½ to 5 when I kept up a series of alarming high temperatures, forcing mother to tend me. My repressed self was making repeated attempts to break through, but could not in face of mother. On the face of it, the man buried alive did not look aggressive, though he reminded me of a picture of the Spanish Ambassador who plotted against Queen Elizabeth I. If I was paralyzing my hate of mother by repression, that was not the whole significance of that dream."

Winnicott commented: "Your mother imprisoned men, in your father, Percy, and in you, and you had to do to yourself what she did to you when Percy died and you lay on her lap."

I had no sessions in June owing to a second Tear Duct operation, and on July 11 in S.123 I said: "I may have used that operation as the threat of the illness to keep that part of me buried in the tomb of my unconscious. It occurs to me that that buried alive part of me is my 0 - 3½ years self, the only part of me that had some feeling of being in a home. After Aunt Dolly's I think I never again felt I belonged to a 'home', and grew away from it. But part of me remained a prisoner in the home of 0 - 3½ years. It seems it fell into 3 parts. I've only realized with you that the first few months probably were a 'good breast period'. From then to age ^{of 1,} mother became absorbed in her business plans. From 2 to 3½ I had Percy to feel real with. When he died I had nothing. I must have lost hope and despaired and seemed to be dying. At Aunt Dolly's I found someone I ^{could} have a life with away from home, and on return I wasn't 'with them'. It seems I made repeated efforts by means of illnesses to coerce mother into being an Aunt Dolly, but she wasn't one and couldn't be, and I used schools to grow ~~my~~ my own life outside. But I must have had my ways of



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protesting from around six months to two years, for Mrs. Prentice said: 'I've had one of your children, I'm not putting up with another.'."

Winnicott observed: "That's hopeful. We've found here a bit of early life in you that's healthy and active."

X I lay back on the couch and relaxed and after a time I began to feel I was that men compelled to lie still in the tomb, "the first time I'd ever felt at one with him. I dare be at one with the active 'me' with all my early resentment against mother for deserting me, because you are here to make it safe. I don't have to keep him buried alive with the threat of illness. That probably lay at the root of my reluctance to lie on the couch at first, and my fending off sleep with pent up tension in my body and mental activity. I feel this has been a valuable session when I thought I had nothing to say. I've been over all this before many times but never arrived at this ending. Being with you releases my unconscious because you got in touch with the deepest repressed, even dissociated bit of me."

Next morning, S.124, I said: "I feel very impressed with last night's session. I've been over all the facts before but there's something new about how I feel them. I can shelve my analysis more now at home. The important things happen, in my deep feeling, when I'm with you; because you got in touch with the deepest bit of me, new feeling comes at the higher levels also. When Percy died I knew I could not find a life with mother, but Aunt Dolly showed I could do it away from her, and I went on doing it, in a succession of schools. Actually I HAVE A clearer memory of Miss Turner and Mrs. East in their houses, their private schools, than I can remember mother in our kitchen. I remember Mary there, but mother only in the shop. Actually my only memory of mother in that kitchen was when she gave me that biggest beating. I was well for six years at College and only unwell at home on Vacations."

X # Winnicott gave an elaborate interpretation: "You remember your centrifugal life going out from home, but not your centripetal life seeking in to mother. Now you want to find your centripetal life, back to the centre. But its hidden by that period of stifled anger between the early good breast and having Percy. She made you the passive recipient of what she did, she put a phallic breast into your mouth and put you in the cot to sleep till she was ready for you again, smothered your active personality. You became unable to accept that. It was like death in life. When Percy died and left you alone with mother, you went like that, lost your active self, appeared to be dying. So she made sleep seem dangerous, like losing your active self to mother. Mother gave you food but not a relationship. You went to Fairbairn because he stood for 'object-relations'. Mother satisfied your hunger but threatened to kill your soul. Instinctive oral satisfaction is not enough."

I would only alter one word in that and say 'Appetitive' not 'Instinctive' oral satisfaction. Winnicott had just written his paper on 'The Location of Cultural Experience' and had said: "I can see that I am in the territory of Fairbairn's concept of 'object-seeking' as opposed to 'satisfaction-seeking'." In the next year, 1968, Balint in 'The Basic Fault' expressed this as "Regression, not in search of gratification (of needs) but recognition (as a person)."