

Harry Guntrip manuscripts

Section 9, Pages 241 - 270

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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62 I am again seeking support against a critical mother, who is not so easily eliminated from my inner world, and she emerges again as the 'critical woman'. The Salem situation was beginning to play on my repressed childhood problems, and I was missing the real significance of my struggle to retain a personality of my own vis-a-vis mother, by continued moralistic criticism of my 'self-assertion'. I did not see that my struggle to be a real person in my own right in face of mother's oppressiveness was the real issue, and was always interpreting it in terms of antisocial instinctive impulses, Oedipal sex and aggression needing repression. That my real problem was that of a dominating parent trying to subdue an active child, is clear from the next dream, Sept. 10.

Dr. 83. "My daughter wouldn't obey me. I knocked her head on the table till I hurt her, but couldn't hit her with my hand, which was held up by an invisible check six inches from her body every time I tried."

Freud once said that patients suffer from the superego ~~of~~ their grandparents, and I am trying to treat my daughter as my mother treated me. I need hardly say that in real life I never did hit her. She is a vigorous independent person with a mind of her own. At seven she said: "Daddy, if Mummy wasn't here I'd marry you". When I reminded her of that at 15, she said "Didn't I say that? That wouldn't do. We both went our own way." I tried to give her the independence I was denied, but I suppose this dream was provoked by some parent-child clash at the time, which roused in me the basic mother-child pattern of early years. It shows how dangerous the unconscious past can be, if there is no conscious control. But in taking the child's side by that invisible checking of my hand short of her body, I was taking my own side, while in knocking her head on the table (mother said she banged the table to frighten me) I am recognizing that my mother did actually hit and hurt me. Aunt Mary said to her "You don't know how heavy your hand is", and I checked ~~my~~ ^{my} hand. That same night I expressed symbolically the contrast between the home atmosphere I had and the atmosphere I wanted.

Dr. 84. "I was with friends in a restaurant celebrating birthdays, but a Salvation Army party kept calling for silence to say Grace. We came out, and an S.A. man called out 'Order, please' but a talkative party kept talkin

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My mother approved of my being in the Salvation Army. I think its 'discipline' aspect appealed to her and she did not realize that in my early teens it was its emotional warmth I valued. But she told me that father, while never opposing it, thought I would grow out of it and was not surprised when I did. In this dream I contrast a more regimented way of life with a freer one and choose the freer one, but my comment on the dream at the time, in the Miller style, was "The S.A. is my religious (cp. S.A. Diary) submissive, self-sacrificing self and the 'talkative party' my naturally assertive self that will not knuckle under". This moralistic 'superego' attack on 'bad instincts' blinded me to the implied revolt against mother's discipline. On Sept. 17 I had

Dr. 87. "I was in a College rag concert, leading a group of chaps singing 'O who will o'er the downs with me to win a blooming bride!'"

My 'interpretation' was a moralistic 'precious' comment: "This is pure self-assertion and exhibitionism and shows the assertive instincts at work in me when I entered College." In fact I was singing of doing exactly what, in the College period, mother was so strongly hostile to. The last five dreams here recorded show a steady build up of tension with mother, and I must have begun to fear her reprisals, and showed it in a really startling big dream on Sept. 24.

Dr. 90. "I was at the Zoo. The entrance was guarded by a lion, a black jaguar and a snake. I skipped in between them but when I made go out I just escaped the jaguar's paw as I ran back in. Then the jaguar's face seemed human as it seized the snake which now had human shoulders. I got away but returned to see a cage where some tragedy had occurred."

After only five months of dreaming, after mother had emerged as a hostile figure and father as a supportive one, I had here gone right back to the early family tragedy and shown what I felt about it. My written comment then, was

"I am threatened by some danger of human origin for the black jaguar has a human face. My direct escape is stopped but I am afraid and get out some other way. The lion seems to be father and doesn't do much. The black jaguar is mother with her heavy 'paw' reminding me of a story of Brazil and jaguars, amazon women, and Medea who killed her children. The snake must be Percy. The tragedy I want to revisit the scene of, must be Percy's death, killed by the jaguar."

The dream underlines what I had often consciously thought, that at the time I blamed mother for Percy's death, and felt myself severely endangered. This is

the first disguised remembering of the event for which I had a conscious amnesia

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The dreams of this first period of self-analysis show that part of my personality was still unconsciously captive in the traumatic family situation of my earliest childhood, and I revisit the scene of Percy's death. One would expect an expression of grief to result and it did, but I could not yet go so far back as to feel again my grief for Percy's death. I had, on October 9,

Dr. 96. "I took Mrs. Storrer and Bertha to a drapery warehouse and we went up and down a lift controlled by a rope. This was after father's death. Mrs. Storrer said to my wife 'I'll call you K' (the initial of my private name for her). I could not stop my tears for father's death. They came and stood one on each side of me."

My absurd theoretical comment at the time was:

"A simple Oedipal dream. All associations about lifts and warehouses are of going there as a boy with mother. At one of them, Rylands I think, there was a primitive lift on a chain, like a rope. Father is dead, my rival out of the way, and Mrs. Storrer (a mother figure) and I go up in the lift, a piece of ~~sex~~ symbolism. My tears over father are only a disguise at the joy over the removal of this rival, and I am now the centre of all this ministry."

This 'interpretation' is utterly artificial and forced. Mother is excluded from the dream. Mrs. Storrer was of mother's type but much more supportive to me. My grief for father's death is genuine, but here masks the deeper grief for Percy, so nearly uncovered in the previous dream. That I had repressed tears in me that had never been healthily cried out is shown by the fact that in middle life, on several occasions I had a hard job to restrain tears, most of all when conducting the burial service of Mr. Joe Armstrong only a month before this dream. As Church Secretary he had been a very good father-figure to me. That that incident and Dr. 96 expressed by ~~love~~ ^{grief} for father's death, is shown by the fact that on that same night I had also

Dr. 97. Mr. H.B. was taken very ill. I grieved for Salem's sake because Joe Armstrong was gone and now H.B. was nearly gone."

In both dreams I was feeling genuine grief for father, masking repressed grief for Percy. After October 1936 I did no more dream recording till Feb. 1937.

My repressed grief for father and Percy must have stopped me. I then summarized the first ~~period's~~ ^{period's} supposed results, showing how wrong experts can be.

"Previous analysis as summarized after a recent visit to Dr. Crichton-

Miller. The analysis of May to October 1936 showed that a strong Oedipus Complex was the basis of my psychology. A strong unconscious determination

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to monopolize mother, gave rise to secondary motives such as father-rivalry and hostility, guilt and self-punishment. Bound up with this 'mother-monopoly' wish are Narcissism, Exhibitionism, and Ambition. Then the trouble was a repressed Complex. Now it is the hard core of Narcissism that grew out of it, in conflict with ~~my~~ world. Then my unconscious was busily wanting mother. Now it is busily wanting a free field. Both situations are Narcissistic, and the second gives rise to Hostilities likewise. I am in a way the more surprised at this purely intellectual theorizing which bears no relation to the actual dream contents, because in University days and in working ~~for~~ on an M.A. thesis, I was convinced that Freud's 'instinct theory' was wrong in principle; but Crichton-Miller had given it some credibility in a therapeutic setting, and I had not yet done any psychotherapy with others to test the theory; and I had no better theory to work with. I have no doubt now that it stultified much of my self-analysis for a long time. What Miller would have seen in my dreams if he had been able to go through them in detail with me, I do not know. I could only send him a letter reporting on results and go up for one session with him. The only material he had to judge by was my reports, and that involved simply giving back to him the Oedipal and 'character-trait' interpretations he had given me at first. These of course he confirmed. Had time allowed him to see my original dream-material, he may well have begun to see in it implications of a different kind. As it was, seeking his further help was a vicious circle, reporting back that I saw what he originally indicated, and Allen had confirmed, and his saying that I was on the right lines. This situation obtained from 1936-42, for a number of visits I paid to them both.

I see now that my notes express my determination to see the theory in my dreams, sitting down to 'think out' their meaning in the light of what I had been told, instead of letting them 'speak for themselves', as I did in 1970. Then I would record a dream and leave it, just noting down whatever occurred to me as spontaneous thoughts during the day or succeeding days about it.

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Often I would find a sudden thought occur to me about a dream weeks after having it. That in fact was Freud's 'method' of 'free-floating attention' in listening to a patient, and he warned against creating two versions of the neurosis, an intellectual one in consciousness and the emotional one in the unconscious. If I had known ^{then} how to let the significance of a dream dawn on me intuitively, as my unconscious feelings developed, so as to be able to let myself know what was really going on in me, I would have been saved from so much sterile theorizing.

Nevertheless, as I survey the whole dream record, I can see that while I was busy reading theory into dreams, in my unconscious I was going my own way regardless. A dream-sequence did develop, and as time went on I was able to produce some outstanding dreams of startling clarity that brushed theory aside and presented a plain picture that could not be mistaken: such dreams as the 'pull of the pale invalid' (D. ⁵⁹⁵ ~~595~~), mother interfering between my wife and me in the bedroom (D. ⁶²⁹ ~~594~~), the man buried alive in the tomb (230). But all that was yet to come. I do not know how far I could have resolved my unconscious problem alone with a better theory. Even then I would have had to learn how to let dreams speak for themselves, and let myself take my own time in my unconscious to evolve their real significance. Also I am sure that development of personality is so basically a matter of growth in personal relationship, that 'Self-Analysis' has a better chance of being therapeutic as part of 'Post-Analytic Improvement', after one has had an understanding analyst to ~~me~~ 'relate to'. As it was I think a too rigid Oedipal Theory slowed the process of self-clarification. ~~As it was,~~ as late as 1941 in my notes, I summarized the results of this first 1936 period as the discovery of an Oedipal superego suppressing my instinctive drives. I wrote:

"The position seems to be that there is a fundamental impulse of self-assertion in me that cannot be permanently eliminated, held down or repressed. It keeps pushing up." (I am bound to add now, 'Thank goodness for that vital life-drive or I would have collapsed permanently into that post-Percy's death illness'). "But my naturally assertive nature



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cannot set about life with a steady determination but only with an anxiety drive, because it is motivated by (1) fear of loss of love, (2) fear of parental disapproval leading to religious submissiveness. Hence the first fear drives my assertiveness into a hectic tendency and the second fear struggles to inhibit it altogether or only allow it indirect and blameless expression. I must by analysis break up the negative nature of my religious life so that it is not a moral strait-jacket against which my nature rebels all the time, and also eliminate the basic anxiety which makes me hectic instead of steady and sustained to gain the power of relaxing when I am not working."

My comment on that now is that my 'morelistic negative religious strait-jacket' had been consciously cast off at the end of the Salvation Army period, and I do not see much evidence of its unconscious persistence in my dreams, where my anxiety appears far more as a ^{direct} basic fear of mother ^{in person}. Secondly, the last statement about 'eliminating basic anxiety' is worth all the rest put together, though at that time I still did not understand its nature as a compound of fear of mother and the fear of the 'collapse-illness' after Percy's death, a compound of an amnesia for a traumatic event in the atmosphere of a non-maternal mother who never really wanted either of us. It is significant, and relevant to anticipate by quoting at this point, that Dr. Winnicott, who ultimately summarized my basic anxiety with the most accurate insight, as my "having to work hard all the time to keep myself alive" and "not being able to take my on-going Being for granted", also said several times: "You show no trace of ever having had an Oedipus Complex." In fact I had a deep respect for my father's quality of personality, and felt close to him even though I saw his limitations, and had a strong repressed grief over his death; while my basic relationship with my mother, if it can be called that, was a need for a maternal love that I never succeeded in getting, a deep resentment at her wanting to demasculinize and dominate me, and a deep fear of her unbridled temper, coupled it seems with a feeling ^{of} complete devitalization about being left alone with her.

I must, however, say this about this first and subsequent periods of self-analysis. It gave me firsthand and very personal proof of the fact that there goes on in us continuously an unconscious re-experiencing of the past mixed

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up with the present, and becoming repeatedly conscious in dreaming, which goes on clearly to a much greater extent than we can remember. Many dreams are forgotten on waking because of active repression. Our unconscious dreaming self, our inner experience, not only makes use of present day experience as a stimulus to revivify past similar situations, but it projects or transfers its inner experience onto outer events, colouring and influencing them in subtle ways. That first six months dream recording did make Freud's 'clinical findings' about the unconscious, repression, dreams as the "royal road to the unconscious", transference and resistance, very living realities to me. I am most impressed now with the fact in this first period of dreaming, in spite of arbitrary and irrelevant theoretical 'interpretations', the unconscious emotional pattern of my repressed childhood experience in the total family situation was already complete in its main outlines. (1) Needing the support of father, Dr.1 of father behind me, Dr.62 of father 'gingered up', Dr.65 of father and the Storrs at the Mission Hall, Drs 96-7 of grief at father's death, and (2) needing also the support of Mary and my wife, Dr.9. of two women in a flat, Dr. 24 of our wedding celebration, Dr. 31 of oversleeping in Mary's bedroom and my wife defending me against a masculine woman, (3) to help counteract the powerful unconscious impulse to regress or escape into illness, Dr.2 of 'driving away from adult life, Dr.31 of oversleeping, (4) to escape from my intensely feared mother, Dr. 24 of the critical Miss D, Dr.31 of the critical masculine woman, Dr.45 of the 'women never on holiday', Dr.65 of the critical woman in the Mission Hall, Dr.83 of the parent who physically attacks the child, Dr.90, the big dream of the jaguar killing the snake, (5) unconscious awareness of my brother's death, Dr.13 of Arnold Mee in the cemetery, Dr.90 of the tragedy at the Zoo, ~~Dr.13~~ (6) repressed grief over father's death, Dr. 96 of my tears, Dr.97 of sorrow over H.B. and J.A. (7) mild ambivalence to Percy but only re Aunt Mary, Dr.6 my colleague, Dr.44 of challenge at the seaside, Dr.46 of Mussolini, and finally (8) my drive to overactivity to defeat regression (the basis of my

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not sleeping), Dr. 26 of the Helvellyn race, and (9) mild breakaway from mother's discipline, Dr. 84 of the restaurant party, and Dr. 87 of the College reg. The big Zoo dream came near to breaking the amnesia for Percy's death.

I shall close this record of the 1936 dreams with one brief experience, the only one I have ever had, which came near to 'hallucination'. My mother in one letter mentioned that I did some sleep-walking as a child. Of that I have no knowledge. But one morning in this dream period, I came half awake and distinctly saw a small boy dart across the room from the door to the fireplace, and disappear up the chimney. I shook myself and realized that I had caught myself halfway ~~between~~ between sleep and waking, and what I saw seemed to me 'real' in the outer world. On pondering this I remembered one incident I had been told about, and always felt in some dim half-conscious way knew about and kept as a deep buried memory. One evening at the age of about 5 or 6 (after I had given up my psychosomatic struggle with mother, and she had begun to work off her deep-seated aggressiveness on me physically) I walked in my sleep. I silently opened the kitchen door, darted across the room and was just disappearing into the scullery to the back door, when mother caught me, turned me round and led me back to bed. I have always had a perfectly clear picture of myself as that small boy darting across the kitchen in an attempt to escape from home. I realized that the boy I saw dart across our bedroom and escape up the chimney, did so in exactly the same manner and appearance as I had always pictured myself darting across the kitchen. It leaves me in little doubt that my relation to mother was non-Oedipal, and based on objectively justified fear of her temper. My love was for my father, but that did not make me homosexual in an inverted Oedipus Complex sense. It left me free to love a feminine woman and make a happy marriage.



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② Dreams 99 - 201. February to July 1937.

October 1936 ushered in the first 'Salem Winter Programme' after my illness and the major sinus operation. But now ~~this was~~ ^{there was} a vague anxiety-making background of slowly growing gossip about the idea of my colleague leaving. This was disturbing especially at a time when we were working up for the triennial ~~£2,000~~ ^{1937. Bad} Bezaer in March. ~~A bad fog in~~ ^{By} December started up my sinus infection again, and I had to return to the surgeon. Sleep became variable. From February 8 to ¹⁹³⁷ 13 I was in bed, but got over it and recovered sleep, only to lose it again at the end of February after an extra heavy week's work. For a long time sleep was ~~uncertain~~ ^{uncertain}. On February 10, during that week in bed, one night I dreamed of waking instead of actually waking; sufficient evidence of the psychological factor in not sleeping.

Dream 101. "I woke up in the middle of the night and couldn't get to sleep again, so I made a cup of tea."

~~I would regard it as~~ ^{some} a legitimate Freudian interpretation to say that that cup of tea expressed a deep unconscious need for 'oral support' from mother, anxiety born of insecurity being relieved by the reassurance of a 'good breast', even if only in dream symbolism. As ~~my~~ experience of psychotherapy grew, I ~~found~~ found that the 'cup of tea in the night' was a widespread habit with bed sleepers. My notes of this period show that I was preoccupied with thoughts of the lack of maternal security. ~~My~~ ^{My} February notes include a quotation from Freud's "Interpretation of Dreams": "I have often found that persons who considered themselves preferred by their mothers, manifest in life that confidence in themselves and that firm optimism which often seems heroic and brings about real success by force". (p.242) I added the note "I did not have that." ^{Consciously} ~~Superficially~~, my self-confidence was boosted ~~by the~~ ^{when} ~~fact that~~ in February I was invited by the Denomination to be one of the two speakers (the other being the Rev. Dr. J. D. Jones, one of Congregationalism's best known albeit conservative figures), at the opening meeting in The City Temple on the first night of the Annual May Meetings Week. This fact came

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into several dreams and helped to counterbalance the slowly growing anxiety I was feeling about the Church situation. For the first time Salem scenes, events and people entered into the majority of my dreams, in this period.

Dr. 103. "My predecessor had tired of Salem and gone to another Church." I did not then see in that an echo of that text "Having a desire to depart... (as Percy did) which was far better". Twenty three Salem figures entered into my dream world at that time, and Salem scenes such as the Church, Sunday School Anniversary, Choir Concert, Bazaar, Men's Lectures, all expressing anxiety in various ways. Smith and Wrigley came into several dreams as supportive father figures. One striking dream on February 25 was

Dr. 107. "The Cricket Test Match was being held at Salem, crowded with people. I said to Mr. Smith 'I'm working at my Church today and seized the occasion to announce Professor S as Men's Meeting speaker. Then Verity nearly hit a boundary But Jack McAvo (the boxer) bowled him next ball. I stood at the other wicket in an overcoat, bat in hand, and felt I was standing at a Test Match wicket.'"

Smith, my colleague and ^{I &} two deacons had been at the Leeds Test in July 1934, when England had the worst of the play with Australia, I borrowed the imagery of that discouraging occasion to express my general anxiety about Salem's and my own future. I clearly felt I was on a 'Test Wicket' at the Church. Is Verity my colleague and Percy? But my notes contain no suggestion that I sensed that the Church situation was activating the anxieties of my early ~~early~~ life. I could have inferred this from another dream of the same night.

Dr. 106. "I was playing cricket at Allyn's and did poorly."

My notes about the dreams were that I was "feeling uncertain about myself and the future, not feeling fit, and again having vague thoughts of taking a small Church and getting away from Salem. I did not ^{then realize that I began to} ~~realize that I began to~~ ^{repeal with Salem the 'growing away from mother' after the circumcision.} ~~repeal with Salem the 'growing away from mother' after the circumcision.~~ ^{tendency' and glossed no clue as to its deep roots in early childhood, nor} ~~tendency' and glossed no clue as to its deep roots in early childhood, nor~~ ^{This reaction gathered strength under the pressure of events, an 'escape from} ~~This reaction gathered strength under the pressure of events, an 'escape from~~ ^{feeling that the Percy-trauma had created a 'regressive urge' foreign to my} ~~feeling that the Percy-trauma had created a 'regressive urge' foreign to my~~ ^{mother complicated by?} ~~mother complicated by?~~ real self. I was still trying to operate the Crichton-Miller formula, of a

'mother-fixated narcissism living in defence of an Ego-ideal'. To say that I felt 'mother-threatened and very anxious for whatever Ego I had in my deep unconscious' would have been closer to reality, in view of that first period of dream recording. In early March I noted: "I must have an inferiority complex, a

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fear that reality may prove that I am not up to my Ego-ideal standard." The next dream on March 16 showed plainly that I felt I had an Ego that had been defeated in infancy and that I feared I would be let down now.

Dr. 115. "There were two armies at war. Mine was in great danger of defeat unless it could get into a strategic position. In a previous action my army had been defeated and was in full retreat. We got into a safe position, but I was not well and could not have managed the manoeuvre without taking tablets. It was now on the Salem Bazaar Hall stage."

That the realistically difficult situation developing at Salem was playing on anxieties of very early childhood was shown later in March *also, in*

Dr. 121. "My wife and I wandered onto the sea front with our arms round each other (as we had done on the first evening of our honeymoon). We suddenly became afraid Mrs. X (a somewhat forbidding Salem mother-figure). We should have been at the Salem Choir Concert, but then Clifford Allen and I were discussing the Jews who suffered from suppressed hate. One of his patients had a murder wish and made sucking or chewing noises as if eating his victim."

Here definitely is Freudian infantile oral sadism aroused by the entrance of the forbidding mother-figure, when I have escaped with my wife. Difficulties over mother's fixed paranoid jealousy of my wife were troubling us at that time, as well as Salem problems, and reached down as far as my repressed infancy reaction against mother's physically un nourishing and emotionally unsatisfying breast. Mother and 'mother-Church' are mixed up in this and other dreams. I noted at this time that I had become uncertain whether my colleague would carry out the plan he had put ¹/₄ nine months previously, and uncertain about the future and how the people would react. A dream of April 3 leaves me in no doubt that I identified both my Salem Colleague and Tizard with my dead brother.

Dr. 132 "I preached at a Church and had no thanks. Next Sunday Leslie Tizard preached and they at once hinted that he should stay. I sat wondering if I was to lead the service and then realized it was his Sunday."

Years later I had a clear dream ^{about} ~~about~~ Tizard which showed that my mother had given me the impression that I ought to have died and Percy to have lived. When my colleague first told me of his intention to leave, I at once offered to go and leave him there. Though it was the right offer to make in the circumstances I did not then realize it could have an unconscious significance, nor did I realize that about Dr. 132. At this time my dreams marked time on the same spot, tied ^{*In appearance*} ~~to~~ to the uncertain Salem situation, which I was evidently

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using to keep the childhood problem repressed. Thus a realistic attitude to the Church problem was hindered from developing inwardly through an understanding of my dreams, by thinking they must reveal some Oedipal pattern of rivalry to father and brother and wish to possess mother. My self-analysis from first seeing Crichton-Miller had not yet solved whatever personality problem underlay my insomnia. I therefore visited him again on March 1, 1937. On restarting dream-recording in the February I must have sensed that conflicts were stirring in me which the Oedipal formula of 'narcissistic mother-fixation and rivalry to family males' did not explain. I did not, however, see what now seems so clear that dreams 101 and 121 were about finding a substitute for a mother who had failed me, 115 was a repressed memory of a previous defeat (the infancy illness) and 121 was about sadistic oral hate of mother. I was unwittingly experiencing a reactivation of all that by growing suspicion that Salem, mother Church, would prove divided and fail to support me as it should.

Unfortunately Miller simply reaffirmed the old Oedipal formula, saying I was on the right line and should go ahead. So I again belaboured myself with the critical formula of the 'mother-fixated narcissist living in defence of an Ego-ideal'. This must have confused me for it led me to produce a full-scale, but this time supposedly psychological version, of that religious self-castigation of the 1918-21 Diary: and gave me no help to recognize that that was itself a psychopathological defence against the fear of ego-collapse. After visiting Miller I wrote 8 pages of what looks like a translation of the Diary into psychological terms. Thus:

"I have lived in the service of an Ego-Ideal which I could not bear to be challenged, driven on to prove that I was the man who worked harder than anyone else, the most zealous Christian, most studious student, most active leader. My devotion had to outstrip all others. I could give myself no rest, hardly tear myself from books in College, plunging into practical jobs beyond what all others did. Behind all this was not pure love of the work but a very sensitive self-reference."

There certainly was, but factually highly exaggerated. I did not know that it masked a hidden fear of an actual breakdown in my capacity to carry on. But what, in the Dairy period, I urged myself to as devotion to God, I now

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criticized myself for as devotion to my narcissistic Ego-Ideal. In the old Diary style I listed items such as overwork, College studying beyond midnight, working in vacations, guilty about leisure, reading every spare moment, having in sonnia as a way of escape from possible failure, an excuse for retreating to a smaller Church. Miller had said I was "afraid to expose myself to criticism" that would implicate my ego-ideal" so I wrote:

"I have an unconscious need to think myself the perfect Minister, scholar etc, so am driven to overwork, go absurdly out of my way to help people, attempt more than is reasonable, so as to realize my ego-ideal. I must face and break my self-love, weed out my Ego-Ideal compulsions etc."

Well, I certainly worked the formula for all it was worth and more. I wonder if Crichton-Miller would really have thought I was on the right lines if he had read all that, though my copy of the long letter I wrote him is pretty much that sort of thing. It is hard for me now to recognize that I could ever have written ~~it~~ all. ~~that~~. Rarely in College did I work beyond midnight, on vacation I spent more time on the motorbike and sports field than studying, and my vacation studies were for the very practical purpose of writing essays for money scholarships. As to going absurdly out of my way to overwork at Salem, with our large organization there was always so much to do that both of us were trying to find others to dilute our work load. I now feel that the exaggerated intensity of this March 1937 revival of the early Diary mood, was evidence that a subtle sense of insecurity at Salem, increased since the death of Joe Armstrong, one of my staunchest supporters as Church Secretary, was arousing in me the conflicts that belonged to my early childhood, in a powerful way. I was using Salem problems in my dreams and concentrating on critical self-analysis in the present day, to block the emergence of the deeply repressed 'complex' of my acute anxiety in the childhood family situations. The dreams do not support the Crichton-Miller diagnosis, which I made use of to 'intellectualize' them, instead of letting them speak for themselves. In the dreams of this period I am constantly getting the worst of things, using the symbolism of anxiety-situations at Salem to hide the tensions they played on.



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~~was in the Salem, beginning with and moral self-criticism, which appears~~
~~involved in these dreams. In fact, asked in this situation on getting the~~
~~word of things, and in many other dreams I used the symbolism of anxiety~~
~~situation at Salem, which must have indirectly expressed and reactivated my~~
~~long repressed anxiety-situation in the family life of childhood. The one~~
parallel with mother was that just as she had all her life to work hard ~~in~~
~~work hard~~ in face of the internal threat of the undermining legacy of her ~~own~~
childhood, so I had to do the same. That is not adequately explained as a
'narcissistic identification with my mother', since it is the psychic defence
always and inevitably resorted to by active natures faced with internal stress.
Actually from 1936 on my return to work, till my illness after my colleague
left in 1938, apart from one week in bed in February 1937, consciously I was
busy, active, working hard and enjoying it all the time. I played my full part
in preaching, chairing meetings, getting speakers, giving and chairing lectur^{es}
and committees, visiting; and in the summers, outdoor Young People's activities
rambling, cricket (for ^{one} year accepting an invitation to captain our first
eleven in The Leeds Central League), organizing the August Camp in the Lake
District, ^{with great for} ~~enjoyed~~ it all. The contrast of all that with the mental under-
-currents revealed in my dream life is striking. The slowly growing anxiety
about Salem's future as a Joint Pastorate in no way diminished our 'activity
programme', and not till the winter of 1937-8 did it become a serious con-
scious factor. Earlier it was only in my dreams that a persistent undercurrent
of anxiety, not basically due then to Salem, made use of my forebodings about
the Church to find ^{disguised} expression, evoking my long repressed 'breakdown reaction'
or 'flight into illness' of the trauma of Percy's death. Thus on April 4.

Dream 133. "The Rev B. Smith called at our house to tell me that our
Bazaar poster was torn and flapping and would lose advertising value. I
was disturbed because I was in bed and he came up into the bedroom."

The overall real-life situation was complicated by the fact that my mother was
creating problems again and it was becoming clear that she would become incap-
able of living alone. In fact this ^{dilemma} ~~problem~~ dragged on several years longer



then it ought to have done because of her inability ~~either~~ ^{by herself} to live with anyone or to live ~~alone~~. Compromise arrangements, staying with friends, renting a room, repeatedly broke down. This too entered into my dreams, and hardly ~~the~~ shows a narcissistic mother-fixation of the Crichton-Miller theory. April 11, Dream 135. "I was acquiring a plot of land on which ~~we would~~ ^{to} build a house for ourselves at one end and a small one for mother at the other end, and a number of houses in between ~~ours and hers~~, to provide for her and also separate her from us."

No such plan existed, of course, in reality, but the way in which both my real life anxieties, mother and uncertainty about my colleague, entered into my dream life, shows in another dream of that same night.

Dream 136. "There was a funeral. Then I was talking to my colleague who asked a direct question about his leaving Salem: ~~I think it was~~ 'was he failing at Salem?' Someone said 'First the Pillar and then the Post' which seemed to mean we would both go. I said that till a month or so ago I thought I would never want to be in a single pastorate again, but now I didn't think I would enter another joint pastorate. Too delicate a situation arose if one had to leave." ~~That funeral~~ ^{certainly was} a veiled reference to Percy's death, ~~and~~ ^{for} the rest of the dream clearly relates the Joint Pastorate to myself and Percy, ~~which is~~ supported by the fact that when my colleague left I did fall ill, as when Percy died. I state clearly here that I have a definite anxiety about repeating the situation of being one of two brothers in case my brother is lost. That a vague pervasive anxiety worked in me shows in an otherwise pointless dream on April 15.

Dream 142 "I was bathing and had difficulty in wading back up the beach against the tide. I had to pull each leg up in turn, ~~as~~ if sucked back." It now reminds me of the dream of the 'pull of the invalid women'. That such an unconscious force was actually at work in me, showed on May 6, in

Dream 151. "I rushed into the Church Army Hostel to stay there, to get away from myself. ~~(I was alone, when I was alone)~~ I had obsessional ideas and wanted to get away from everyone. But somehow Leslie Tizard came in." This is strong confirmation of the fact that combined problems with mother, Salem and my 'brother colleague', had really reactivated the childhood reaction of 'getting away', 'nearly dying' when Percy 'left'. I here abort the crisis by bringing Tizard, my 'Percy substitute' back. Concerning this dream I wrote at the time: "I was meditating yesterday on not getting away from the thought of Self, my subtle ~~arriere~~ ^{arrière} pensee. My dreams show that my Narcissistic Ego

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is all the time concerned to defend itself and preserve itself intact." I had then no real clue that this was an inescapable struggle for survival, menaced by an unconscious fear of a repetition of that early Ego-collapse. There is some point in mentioning that that dream ¹⁵¹ of ~~some~~ almost succumbing to an unconscious 'escape impulse' came only a few days after my having spoken at the City Temple in The Denominational Annual Meetings, which was an encouraging success for me, of which my old College Principal, Dr. Garvie, had spoken very appreciatively to me. Conscious success, unconscious dread, all at the same time. My unconscious feeling of needing a father ^{wife} to help me in a situation of unconscious menace, appeared two nights later, on May 8.

Dream 152. "Dr. Garvie told me of a wonderful young woman who kept a check on an old German woman who might be signalling, betraying us to the Germans, the enemy. My father was there also."

I must have been slowly feeling that Salem might fail to provide any counterbalancing security in the present, to offset the deep underlying insecurity of the past, which threw me back on ^{my wife and} father-figures, and The Salvation Army, (cp. the Church Army dream). That same night I had Dream 153,

Dream 153. "Father sent a cheque to the Salvation Army, and an extra one because I had left so long. I asked him to let me send it direct to General Booth or Whatmore or Cunningham." On May 9 I had

Dream 154 "I was driving home along a road full of obstacles, but managed!" Once again on May 14 I had to dream up another supportive father-figure to protect me against a feeling of inevitable failure.

Dream 161. "Johnny Baines was helping me to conduct a Service. I conducted and then he took over while I stopped, and then I conducted again. Someone said: 'It's no use, you can't attract people'. I said 'We must stick at it'." The frequency with which in this period I arbitrarily read 'Self-Assertiveness' in Miller's critical sense into my dreams in my written comments on them, appears to me now to be, not an accurate 'interpretation' of the dreams, but evidence of my ^{unrealized} ~~unconscious~~ preoccupation with my need to 'assert myself' vigorously to save myself from being undermined by my unconscious 'flight

I certainly was not as anxiety-ridden in my conscious life, as in my dreams, but from life'. ^{By} May 23 I felt I was getting nowhere with my self-analysis and

again wrote to Crichton-Miller, but he replied ^{again} that I was on the right lines and did not need to see him again. In view of these recent dreams I was



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clearly needing help to understand, and foster the development of, my probing into my unconscious infantile repressed traumatic experiences that were being subtly played on by ~~my~~ ^{some not yet too serious} real life stresses in the present day; some help that was closer to the actual content of my dreams than his 'narcissistic Ego-Ideaa' formulae. ~~Some of the most important of these dreams are those which~~

~~That~~ ^{indicated} That something far deeper than ~~anything that~~ his interpretative formulae ~~was~~ ^{was} being reactivated, was dramatically, suddenly and unexpectedly brought to light by a dream on my birthday night, May 29.

Dream 176. "I went back to the Goose Green shop and waited about wondering if I should go in. I went on, went back, then waited at the door while the man inside served a customer. Then I went in and told him that I used to live there, and that my parent's name was 'Guntrip' and we had moved further up Lordship Lane at a later date."

At the time, I wrote in my notes: "I have the interest of ~~curiosity~~ ^{curiosity} in Goose Green as a dead piece of my past life", a striking example of 'defence by denial' of a piece of dangerous psychic reality. That was ~~my first~~ ^{my first} dream ~~about~~ ^{about} that house and shop. ~~The~~ ^{ed} The dream sequence at the age of seventy ~~showed~~ ^{show} that it was by no means 'a dead piece of my past life'. I certainly reveal here, in view of the fact that my dreams were expressing a more powerful anxiety than my external life situation in 1937 could account for, a definite need to go back and see once more where it all began ~~and~~ ^{though even in the dream it is a place I left behind.} But

my conscious denial of any real interest in it shows how deep was my real fear of it, and why I could not deal with it alone. ~~I~~ ^{Here was the house I had to face but dared not really enter.} I was not able to convey anything of that evidently to Crichton-Miller. ¹ Therefore I could only express in a grim dream my deep undercurrent of feeling that I was in an almost hopeless situation of danger and the threat of death. On June 3 I

had Dream 180. "I was in a bare room in an air raid that went on and on without stop day after day. Everything outside was blazing, and



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I saw smoke and flames through a window high up. I seemed helpless and thought that presently I would have to hide under ruins. I had a huge bomb, like one of the big pieces of Clayton's machinery at our Salem Industrial Harvest Festival, with a time fuse. I set it to explode and at first the hand on the clock face was going round quickly and then more and more slowly, then it was not to explode till later on. My room was not actually destroyed. I did not know whether I had really let it explode."

This extraordinary dream is one of fatalistic desperation arousing a nearly uncontrollable destructive hate of the whole world. Writing now in 1972 I see in it the explanation of the state of mind of all terrorist groups, of people who for years, probably their whole lives, have lived in grossly neglected, unprivileged, poverty-stricken and often homeless conditions, till they are driven to desperation and destroy indiscriminately, not caring whether they're themselves destroyed in the process. Our modern world has enormous numbers of such people, but nothing in my ~~case would seem to be~~ *real life situation at that*

time was adequate to explain such a state of mind in myself. The slowly deteriorating situation at Salem was an anxiety ~~but~~ *not yet an urgent one, and* at any moment, had I chosen, I could ~~have~~ *have* ~~sought and found quite easily~~ another good Church and thrown off the worrying situation. *Suicidal terrorists are made by adult conditions as bad as those of childhood.* The insoluble problem of my hostile mother bears more fundamentally on the dream. In 1937 she was gradually working up to the very bad 1938-9 period, and was a kind of 'time-bomb' herself ticking away and we never knew when or about what she would explode. I could only deal with her by exploding back at her. But the dream of only a few nights earlier, where I was trying to penetrate into the Goose Green era of my infancy, gives the real clue. Current events were unconsciously stirring all that up or I could not have had that dream. Their raid that went on day after day must have been MOTHER'S constant outbursts of temper, generating in me a growing pent up hatred which I felt to be like a time bomb itself, and had to repress and keep on postponing the explosion. It explains why all through my life I had found myself having occasional fleeting thoughts of breaking out into some violent action, which, of course, in fact I never did, and do not do so even in this dream. I really needed expert psychoanalytic help at the time



~~224-228.~~
of those two dreams but it was not to be had, and my ego-defences held good enough to save me from letting my ^{fears + separate hates} ~~wishes~~ of infantile origin explode on Salem. It is hardly surprising therefore that in July, the very next month, I had four dreams of being a 'psychologist', ^{myself} which must have expressed my inner felt need to be able to understand myself basically, for I had not yet begun to do any psychotherapy. Even in June, only a few nights after the air raid dream, I was preoccupied with 'psychological understanding'.

Dream 186. "I visited a couple who had got married. ~~I thought~~ Both looked sad and ~~thought that~~ difficulties lay ahead of them. ~~and I~~ wondered about trying to help them. I said 'There is a psychological law of transference of emotion, of hostility. There was some trouble about hostility to one of their parents.'"

This needs no interpretation. My mother's jealousy and resentment of my wife grew to a pitch of quite paranoid misrepresentation by 1939, in letters that I still have. As it was, the need to keep effective tight repression on my unconscious 'infantile hate time-bomb' did make me, and always had made me slow to defend myself under attack. ~~Years later in my first session with~~
~~Freud when I said, "I have always been such a slow one to defend other people~~
~~against myself than in my own defence."~~ I would be held back by an inner diffidence, rationalized into the idea that it was unchristian to hit back if one was attacked, but I could and when necessary did show plenty of aggression in defence of anyone else I felt was being wronged. I challenged mother face to face about Percy's death, but could not stand up to her in my own defence. ^{I might} ~~I have thought that I would probably~~ have been more outspoken on my own behalf in the Salem crisis, if I had not had this inhibition, basically on any show of anger against mother. In a way it was fortunate that from College ^{in real life} days onwards, she drove me into counter-attack at times, which must have released some of my pent up anger. Meanwhile this repression on infantile rage left me with a certain diffidence in contrast with my otherwise tense, overactive, hard-driving personality, which shows in a dream of June 12.

Dream 188. I was going to The City Temple and was afraid of entering with superior and hung back. Someone waved me in. In a Cafe I couldn't find a seat, didn't like to push myself forward, and sat alone."



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The few dreams of July express my growing need to 'be a psychologist', to understand myself.

July 4. Dream 193. "I was in the class of Norman Dott (the eminent Edinburgh brain surgeon) and my fellow student was A.G. Tansley." I commented at the time "I put myself in a medical class to learn about the brain, symbolic ~~for~~ of my mind, and have an eminent psychologist of an earlier period, Tansley who wrote 'The New Psychology', as fellow student to emphasize the fact.

July 8. Dream 194. "Mrs. Storrer said some ^{me} was psychologically in a bad way and had high blood pressure (something I have never suffered from). I said 'I don't want or like that sort of thing.' She said 'Psychology has always been used'. The Rev. Lovell Cocks said: 'St. Augustine cured himself of a bad memory by autosuggestion. ~~The time will come when you will stand in the midst of things and say 'I have cured myself'.~~' I woke with the impression that I had tried that sort of thing and failed at it."

This uncertainty and sense of failure about ^{recalling buried memories} ~~memory~~ must reflect my feeling of stalemate in my self-analysis.

July 11. Dream 198. "I warned someone about something, hinting that I spoke with authority but could not say why. I seemed to be a disguised psychologist."

July 16. Dream 200. "I was in the surgery with Dr. Danks and his partner's and I thought 'I am the psychologist among them'."

Dr. Danks, my G.P. was interested in matters psychological and we had discussed this as a mutual interest, though it was not till the next year that he first asked me to take a case for him. By and large, my impression of this 1937 period is that, while functioning effectively outwardly, I was increasingly aware of deep-seated internal emotional disturbance, mounting to a dangerous tension in the Goose Green and Air Raid dreams. But my self-analysis was bogged down by the Crichton-Miller line of disapproving criticism of anything that could be interpreted as 'narcissistic self-assertion'. I missed the plain fact that a seriously threatened Ego has no choice but to fight self-assertively for very survival, and had no clue as yet to the persistence in me of my collapse reaction to Percy's death, and the strong pull towards dying (like Percy and Aunt Mary) or being ill or regressing, that I had to resist. My need to understand myself better emerges in the 'psychologist dreams' but my frustration at 'self-analysis' seems to be expressed by the fact that at that very point I broke off for nearly six months.

my last

A dream of that period suggests that I had come to feel unable to help myself. July 23 dream 201. I was on a wooden pier in the centre of a harbour, surrounded by water, all right & trying with an electric torch to attract attention. I got no answer.

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dream of that period suggests that I had come to feel unable to help myself.

July 23. Dream 201. "I was on a wooden pier in the centre of a harbour surrounded by water all night, and trying with an electric torch to attract attention and get rescued."

When I had written earlier to Crichton-Miller to say that I felt I was not getting anywhere with my self-analysis, I mentioned that I had had dreams which seemed to be the exact opposite of Oedipus Complex dreams, and asked him two definite questions.

"I would like your guidance on two points. (1) If one's unconscious is in essence non-moral and instinctive, can it ever be anything but Narcissistic. What kind of modification can be looked for in the unconscious background of my conscious life, by a continued attack on Narcissism. (2) I feel I have not got the natural lack of self-reference in my general mental make-up, that I observe in those characters who seem to me most Christian. I try constantly to tackle this problem both on the conscious and on the dream level by self-analysis. How long should I wisely continue to probe my unconscious?"

Those seem to me now to be two pretty relevant questions, to which I have no record of getting an answer, beyond the statement that I was 'on the right lines and should continue'. I ultimately answered both questions for myself, by throwing over completely the theory of a non-moral instinctive Freudian unconscious or 'Id', and by continuing Self-analysis till I could get expert help in my two training analyses, and finally was able at seventy to resume Self-analysis again with a very sure knowledge of what I was about, and how to go about it, and reached a final resolution of my basic problem.

In this period broadly the slow development of anxiety about Salem both played on, but for a time substituted for, childhood anxieties, setting going a slow 'growing away from Salem' as from mother, in a series of dreams. Then fear of mother, and of a repetition of the 'brother-situation' emerged, 135-6, the 'regression' ~~than~~ 142, 151, the need for a supportive father, 152, 3, 4 and 161, then plunging down to the Goose Green dream 176, and the 'unending air raid' and my 'suicidal time bomb' 180 (a big dream), ending with five dreams of being a 'psychologist' out of a need to understand myself.



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14/4/37.

Dear Dr. Miller,

I have delayed a long time in writing to you, hoping I might be able to report a return to normal sleep. As this has not yet come about I feel I should let you know how matters stand.

First I want to thank you for the valuable help you gave me in understanding my own psychology. I have kept before myself your words - "a mother-fixated Narcissism living in defence of an ego Ideal" - & have turned it over from all points of view, watching for evidence of its truth in my daily reactions to events & people, in my dreams. You gave me a fresh start in pushing on my own analysis, & I see pretty clearly that it will be no short easy job radically to alter my mental make-up & character. However I am determined to go ahead & do all I can.

For the first week after I saw you, my Unconscious protested by giving me a week of extremely poor sleep, until I realized that this was Resistance. Then I began dreaming again, & with the analysis of these dreams felt I should get ahead. I felt I ought to follow the method Dr. Allen



had advised last year, namely reducing the Adalin tablets one per night & relying on analysis for a return to sleep. I think I might have accomplished that then, but it brought me to our Bazaar week, which was a week of abnormal activity. We raised over \$2,000 but I had not a minutes rest & it was 1.0 am. every night before I could get to bed. I felt I stood it pretty well but at the end I was certainly tired & almost immediately had a return of the old Sinus trouble. Dr. Neville said I should find this "a barometer of fatigue." I have been three times to him for treatment & my nose is now just about well again.

During the 4 weeks since the Bazaar I have three times reduced the Adalin tablets to none, but have had to return to them, although I have gone steadily to work on my dreams all the time. Considering my sleep has been poor & dependant on tablets now since December I am surprisingly well & able to work well, though the recurrent tight tingling scalp & dull ache at the back of the head is often with me till about midday. I have not worried much I think about not sleeping, but I do feel rather concerned about taking these Adalin tablets for so long. I feel that if I could once get off them as I did within a week under Dr. Allen last year, I should get on alright with 3 to 4 hrs natural sleep per night & this would gradually improve as it did last year.

The most important factor is doubtless that my Church problem has grown more acute.



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My colleague has just refused a chance to settle elsewhere, in my judgment unwisely. He has been here four years longer than I have, & does not realize that his public work is losing grip, which is a source of anxiety to me & to a number of our Church officers. Also the great success of our Bazaar has made the Church feel it can muddle on without facing the fact that it cannot afford two Ministers. There is just a chance my colleague will move this summer, but more probably not till next winter, whereas from my point of view it would be best for the Church if the change were definitely out of the way before next winter's programme starts. The uncertainty of the position is not conducive to a restful mind, & I realize also that it plays upon my worst mental features.

Dream analysis has disclosed first, a phase in which I exactly reversed the Oedipus dreams with which I began last year, dreams in which I was trying to please various father figures, & strongly hostile to mother. This was followed by what appeared to be dreams of self-punishment for this mother-hate. Since then my dream have been expressions of or attacks on my Narcissism &



Ambition. In these dreams (1) I allow others to pass me in a race & only come in fourth (2) a poster advertising my Bazaar is torn & damaged & I am content to leave it so (3) I prefer a friend to myself as a preacher, but get my revenge by absolutely forgetting his sermon. Two recent dreams have been very vivid & undisguised. Last Sunday I dreamt that my colleague asked me if he was a failure & I said I would not set up another joint ministry - a clear & crude wish-fulfilment. Last night my dream was based on the fact that I have been asked to speak at the City Temple on May 3rd with D. G. D. Jones. Several dreams have referred to this & my Unconscious has accepted it as a perfect gratification of my Narcissism. Last night I dreamed of this being announced in Churches in such a way as to show that I had got ahead of my college friends. I seem to have a most disreputable Unconscious for a Christian Minister, but thank God I am aware of it & can drag out these motives.

~~I am now once more at the stage~~

Since the Bazaar with the aid of the Winter Programme, the pace of our activities has slackened. I had reduced the Adalins to none a week ago, & felt able to stop it not without them because more free to go easy in the day if I had a bad night. Thus with self-analysis still continued I have at last got back to natural sleep & am feeling more fit each day. I expect to build on this gain now summer is approaching.

I would like your guidance on two points.

- (1) If one's Unconscious is in essence non-moral & instinctive can it ever be anything but Narcissistic. In other words what kind of modification can be looked for in the Unconscious background of my conscious life & a continued attack on Narcissism.
- (2) I clearly have not got the natural lack of self-reference in my general mental make-up, that I observe in the stars that seem to me most Unconscious. I am continually tackling this problem at the two



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levels of Co - by observing my reactions, referring to my
ethical & sp. convictions, & by "means of face" & of the
by Dream analysis. How long shall I wisely continue to
probe the Unconscious levels.

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(3) Dreams 202 - 228. January 3 to March 4, 1938.

When I restarted self-analysis in January 1938, the Ministerial crisis at Salem had become acute and ended with my colleague leaving. I recorded only 27 dreams in two months, and must then have resorted to repression while I coped with the practical problem. Of the 27 dreams only 3 are specifically about Salem scenes, in contrast with the majority of the 1937 dreams, which had also shown at the end a marked deflection of dream imagery away from the present day, back to deep unconscious preoccupations and regression to the Goose Green scene. I have found in my work as a psychotherapist that too strong real life anxieties in the present will compel some patients to close down on their repressed internal problems, to conserve their energy for immediate practical concerns. One female patient who was acting out somnambulistically in the night, scenes of cruel treatment by her mother in childhood, stopped this when her husband suddenly lost his job and resumed it when he got another one, all without being conscious of the fact. The alternatives to such repression, are to 'act out' the repressed emotions or break down. So it must have been with me. The more dangerously the ministerial problem seemed to be getting postponed, the more pressing were the conscious external anxieties I was preoccupied with. My colleague did not finally leave till the end of May as I have related, but I ceased to record dreams on March 4. Of the 24 dreams not about Salem there is little to be said. They are about vague situations in nondescript places, and in most of them neither the details nor ^{such} story as there was, conveyed any definite impression. It was as if dreaming had, under immediate ^{external} pressures, become only a marginal activity. All my attention and energy was monopolized by external events, and how I should deal with them. A suggestion that something dangerous lurked in my unconscious came on Feb. 11. Dr. 219. "I saw big fish in a river and a rowing boat on a rope far out. I pulled it in, disturbed the fish and a monster rushed out from under the water, onto land, very dangerous. I tried to attract it and keep it busy till it could be dealt with."

This suggests that I am fending off repressed dangerous emotional forces, till I can be free enough of present day worries to deal with them.

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Of the three Salem dreams, only two of them seem significant, but important.

January 8. Dr. 209. "The March Sale of Work was going so well (though the dream was only in January) that I feared people might say there was no need for my colleague to go."

Some people were in fact saying that if we could boost our finances, there need be no change, which was only postponing the unwelcome fact that as my colleague had correctly estimated, no more could really be done that way. The other dream on January 24 was the sudden eruption of a 'big dream', on the night I heard that Mr. Stanley Davis, one of our wisest, best loved deacons, had died. He strongly supported me and had expressed the view that Salem ought never to have tried to manufacture a Joint Pastorate on the 'Smith and Wrigley' model. I felt keenly the loss of the moderating influence of a very balanced man. Dr. 215. "My colleague and I were in London for The May Meetings, and a phone call came to me that he had suddenly died. I did not know where his wife was to write to her. I regretted that I had not been there when he died to help him, and I at once staged such a scene. He was now alive and was cycling somewhere and I found him on the street with a puncture. It was now a child's cycle. I took it up and insisted on his returning, saying he was not strong enough to face it. I thought he had a bad heart and would bring on a heart attack."

This could easily be interpreted as an Oedipal death-wish against my brother Percy transferred to my colleague as a brother-figure, thereby showing that my underlying attitude to my brother was hate of a rival. But a quite different light is put on it by a dream in the big sequence of 1970-72, in which I did actually get back to clear dream memories of Percy himself. It is strikingly similar to this dream but easier to interpret. That series was triggered off by the news of Winnicott's death, as this dream was by the death of Stanley Davis. I shall anticipate by giving that one dream here for comparison, for they are among the most important I have ever had. The 1971 dream is abridged.

"I was standing with my double, both reaching out to a dead object. He collapsed and I immediately switched the scene to inside the Lordship Lane house. There I saw my brother Percy quite clearly, alive, sitting on the lap of a faceless woman, looking deeply depressed. I was trying to make him smile."

In both dreams I am suddenly confronted with the death of a brother, I had not been present to help, a female is absent or faceless. I put the clock back and they are alive again. I was trying to help Percy out of his depression, and my colleague is a child and I feel cannot do without my help. This dream

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strengthens my feeling that I did in fact basically regard my colleague as a recovery of my lost brother, and did not want to lose him. I had genuinely enjoyed the Joint Pastorate until other people interfered and disturbed it, and never in my own mind held my colleague responsible for the delays and procrastinations. I knew that pressures were being put on him. The whole situation after all, as it developed towards the finale, was playing upon my deeply repressed trauma of my brother's death, and my colleague's departure was almost at once followed, as was Percy's death, by my being ill in a peculiarly 'lifeless' way.

One other aspect of this period of dreaming emerged in four dreams, the development of an undercurrent of feeling present in College and Ipswich days, that I was not really suited to the 'preaching ministry'. I had hoped that the practical, social and intellectual life of Salem, based on Bertram Smith's attitude of 'Humanized Spirituality', would provide the answer for me. I had and have no doubts that my basic feeling about life is a 'religious one'. Not a commitment to a dogmatic theology, but a practical matter of what life means to us and the way we live it. (Cp. Chapter 10, p.204) Specific theological formulations are always changing through the centuries, whereas the meaningfulness of the life of personal relationships is the never changing basis for all human living. It was 'psychoanalytical psychotherapy' that ultimately offered me a concrete non-dogmatic vocational 'way of living' in the end, that was 'religious' for me. But that was something that only just tentatively began for me in a small way in 1938, some time after my colleague had left, for at the next Church Anniversary I handed in to the Church the sum of £4 as a contribution from a couple of patients I had helped. My dreams of January, February and early March 1938 contain four that suggest that an unconscious preparation for that was quietly going on in me. On January 28 I had Dr. 217. "I was putting off preparing a sermon, hunting through a Rationalist Press Association book of essays for a subject: then trying to make a few notes in the vestry for an extempore sermon, while someone else conducted the first part of the service. Miss Hughes came for me. I got my arm through the neck of a pullover and told her to go and get them singing

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something till I could get it adjusted."

I am clearly reluctant to preach and am putting it off and off. Miss Hughes was a friend of mother's at Dulwich, who thought that my papers to the Christian Endeavour Society were not evangelical enough, but too intellectual. On Feb. 14 I had Dr. 221. "My predecessor at Salem told me that intellectual study was not wanted in the Ministry, but practical work. I said "We must minister to thinking young people and can't without hard intellectual work." This looks like a debate between two congenial sides of my make-up, the student and the organizer. On February 27 I had Dr. 225. "I was appointed a medical teacher at a special school where Walter Parsons J.P. was a governor." He was Chairman of the Juvenile Bench and asked me several times to help a delinquent boy. I took one led to camp with very successful results. This points in the direction of psychotherapy. That same night ~~night~~ I had a striking Dr. 226. "A question arose about my being suitable for my Church. I thought when my colleague went, I would ask the people if they felt a less intellectual and more generally gifted man like X would do better, because Salem might be becoming a more general mission type of congregation. It seemed I felt some people thought I lived in a scholars world, above their heads."

No such criticism was ever openly levelled at me, but my wife was probably right when at times she would say "I think you tend to preach above the heads of some Salem folk". My colleague certainly possessed some gifts of personality that I lacked, that endeared him to many hearts, and I have no doubt that my eventual evolution out of the preaching ministry into psychotherapy and University lecturing was the proper move for me. But it must be significant that this theme first appears in my dreams at a time when I had strong reasons for feeling disillusioned about Church life. I have little doubt that in a deeper sense this expresses a further development of the trend shown in the 1937 dreams, of 'growing away from mother Church' as representing 'growing away from mother' herself, a recapitulation of the development from five years onwards. This trend became very marked in my dreams in 1943-5, when I had some help from Dr. Alan Maiberley, and eventuated finally in my leaving Salem for professional psychotherapy, without however giving up my ministerial status.