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obvious fact that the analyst has been thinking, has himself inter-
posed thought between impulse and action in regard to the obser-
vation, takes away from the communication to the patient the per-
secutory sting of being under scrutiny.

In closing this chapter it might be well to attempt at least some
enquiry into the theoretical as well as the technical problem con-
cerning the borderland between dreams and actions in the outside
world. Modern literature has seized hold of the thesis, which
Joseph first and Prospero later so clearly proclaimed, that our
dreams are the foundation of our actions in the outside world in
the area of our passionate concerns (as distinct from our animal
needs and our social adjustments). Can psycho-analytical experi-
ence of dream investigation tell us anything compelling regarding
the structure of this spectrum that ranges from unreflective ex-
perimental action to states of withdrawal and delusion? Bion has
probably given us the conceptual equipment with which to ap-
proach the problem and has even gone some distance himself in
answering it at one end of the spectrum with his conception of
reality testing by multiplication of vertices. Or does this multiplic-
a-tion of our imaginative capacity really belong to this middle
ground of the love–artist–scientist? I would be inclined to think
so and the material of our scientist would seem to bear this out. If
this is the case, then the problem of the spectrum would be consid-
erably reduced. We could rest it as the problem of im-
poverished imagination. Gide has said pungently that people who
pride themselves on their self-control are in fact suffering from
poverty of imagination. Experience in analysis certainly bears this
out, for the whole range of character disturbance based on denial
of psychic reality is founded on it. But the withdrawn person
and the deluded person do not seem to be impoverished, but rather
to be suffering from a superfluity in this area of imagination.

On the other hand, a little study like Gogol’s Diary of a Madman
suggests the same thesis that Bion’s concept of the Basic Assump-
tion Group outlines, namely the constriction amounting to
mindlessness of the tie de fise or the Basic Assumption. Contact with
dream-life seems the antidote to the excision of the spectrum in
either direction. We must live our dream-life, for it is our imagina-
tion. Sometimes a patient presents us with a dream that we wish
we could have had ourselves. One such, which I shall never forget,
came at the end of the analysis of a young writer at the time that
he was writing the book which eventually established his reputa-
tion and, incidentally, earned him a fortune. In the dream he was
sitting at his typewriter in a little booth on whose walls his name
was written repeatedly and he had on earphones, taking dictation,
like Milton’s “unpremeditated verse”.

Dream-exploitation and Dream-analysis

As a science, psycho-analysis is committed to the discovery of
the truth about the events in our own minds and also the truth
about our own actions. To make public either of these clearly re-
quires the overcoming of an immense anxiety, both persecutory
and depressive. What we reveal to the “group” is probably the
most terrifying; what hostage we give to our “enemies” is the most
intimidating, but what we reveal to our “siblings” threatens to de-
monstrate the disparity of our internal objects and thus that we are
“foster-” brothers and sisters at best. The loneliness consequent
upon this realization is surely one of the great deterrents to reve-
lation to colleagues of our actual behaviour in our consulting rooms.

But first of all it deters us from discovering what we in fact do, as
against what we think we do, wish we did, feel we ought to do or
aspire to do. What follows is an attempt to report the monitoring
of my work with my patients’ dreams and cannot be taken as a
recommended method for anyone else. Its crudeness as a state-
ment when compared with the great intricacy of what actually hap-
pens will immediately be apparent, but it is the best I can do at the
moment. It may help other analysts to monitor and discover what
they in fact do, it is of no importance whether this turns out to be
similar or different from what I am able to report.

There is no doubt in my mind that I feel pleasure and relief
when a patient reports a dream, for I feel that he is “playing the
game on my home ground”, so to speak. And, correspondingly, I
know that I begin to become uneasy about the nature of the work
I have been doing if it fails to elicit dream-material over a pro-
tracted period. This is modified in the case of patients who main-
tain a strong denial of psychic reality and thus a consistent resis-
tance to come into contact with the dream-life they are leading. I
feel that to tell a dream is an act of great confidentiality and inhe-
rent truthfulness, made possible by the narrator’s option to dis-
tance himself from the emotional cyclone of the dream accord-
ing to the requirements of his comfort. Consequently the problem of
tactfulness and modulation of the dreamer’s mental pain in relat-
ing it has already been at least half done for me – a great aid to
relaxation.
Furthermore I feel confident when a dream is being reported that I am being given the means for discerning how the work of the previous session has been "digested". From the point of view of the necessity in analytical work of following the continuity of the process, my task of recognizing errors of all sorts is made easier, whether these be errors of comprehension, of presentation, or of modulating the setting or of breaches of technique. One consequence is a feeling of gratitude to the patient, which in many ways, as a countertransference experience, parallels the patient's transference feeling of presenting a gift, a deed of gratitude, while at the same time he is asking for more of the attention and attempts at understanding which are the food-for-thought of the analytical dependence with its infantile neediness.

In listening to a dream I note that I always close my eyes, apparently the better to follow the image that the patient's description is evoking in my mind. This makes it possible to note the areas of vagueness or ambiguity in that description, facilitating enquiry into the details, often of the setting (one might say "stage-setting") of the dream, for the patient is usually more absorbed in the narrative aspects and description of the emotionality. This filling out of the scene, with set and costumes, also throws up associations material from the patient in his own attempts to transform into verbal language the visual language of the dream itself. Thus it often happens that the cooperative work between analyst and analysand, in this publication of the dream experience, produces an interweaving of dream and associations which must then be sorted out before any systematic exploration of the dream can be undertaken.

I find myself hesitating over this expression "systematic exploration", wondering if it is perhaps too pompous a description of what actually takes place. I myself, and I think most of my patients, find the exploring and analysis of dreams something of a game, during which the heat of the transference-countertransference is held in abeyance, partly by the patient's own "distancing" with regard to the dream as life-experience, but also surely partly because of my own suspension of what Bion calls "memory and desire". The "fun" of this great game which Freud invented and played so well is certainly to some extent intellectual, puzzle-solving, like his jig-saw analogy. But like sport, relaxation is certainly a necessary state of mind for skilled "play". It has something of the quality of the "opening moves" in chess or bridge, and the tension does not assert itself until the vague outlines of the pattern of the game begin to emerge. This is often heralded by the analyst's first shy approach to interpretive comment; and I notice, as the years go by, that my work tends to prolong this pleasant phase of exploration and delay the interpretative move. Perhaps this is also strengthened by a growing tendency to wait for something to emerge in the intuitive grasp of the dream that carries an emotional charge of excitement; I consider this as essentially aesthetic, something to do with appreciating the formal and compositional aspects of the dream as an event of theatrical proportions.

But often the exploration of the dream does not evoke any such intuitive grasp and excitement. Then a sense of disappointment can often be noted in the patient, coupled with uneasiness. Was the analyst asleep? Did his attention stray? Is he not well, or fatigued — or losing interest? These same questions appear in the countertransference in a very distressing way that seems to centre its attention on the "eyes-closed" way of listening. I think this is because the split in one's attention which takes place at that time, looking inward at the image forming while listening to the patient's account, threatens the analyst more than usually with confusion. He finds himself uncertain; for instance, of the patient's precise words because the image that forms itself in his mind is also frequently immediately described verbally within himself, and these two sets of description — the patient's primary one and the analyst's secondary one — do not necessarily tally. Associations of one's own, either from previous material from the patient or worse still from other patients' or one's own personal experience, also crowd into the perimeter of the field of attention. This crowding of one's own mental field tends to begin to pulsate with confusion that is somehow juxtaposed to the mounting excitement when an interpretive intuition is forming. The pleasant game of exploration now begins to yield place to growing unrest and distress in the analyst, and the atmosphere of the consulting room can become thick with anxious expectation and incipient disappointment.

This is certainly a moment when Bion's "Column 2" becomes very real; that is, the tendency to make statements that are known to be false in order to hide one's ignorance from oneself and the patient. I find that it is my custom — one could hardly call it "technique" — to start talking, just reviewing the material, sorting out with the patient the text of the dream, the associations, the links with previous material, waiting for something to happen in my mind but holding the situation in a quiet state to give my mind space and time to work. Once interpretive notions begin to form and the confusion gives way to excitement, cooperative work with the patient commences again. But now it is a tense situation, anxiety and resistance are incipient, and the easyful time afforded by the patient's distancing is at an end.

The phrase "interpretive notions" I use to describe the vagueness with which the formulation of a dream begins to emerge. I
notice that as the excitement of comprehension and a sense of being in the presence of an aesthetic object grows, the tendency to talk for the purpose of holding the situation suspended gives way to a different type of talking in which the patient is less inclined to join until he is an experienced dream-interpreter himself. This type of talking has a spiral feel to it, circling about in the material, uttering interpretive notions, waiting a moment for some response, going on to another aspect and notion, and so on, until a fabric of interpretation begins to weave itself together. Of course all this is lost when a paper is written, for the marshalling of the material for exposition requires that the interpretation follow "as the night the day", effortlessly, unforced, dovetailed. In the consulting room it is not that way at all; nor does it necessarily take place in a single session, for a rich dream is constantly being retrospectively lit up by one aspect or another by the material and events of following sessions.

I am not fond of the word "interpretation" for this process of formulation, as it suggests that some increment of meaning has been added by the analyst. "Formulation" is probably better, since the process -- in my view, which is after all the central thesis of this book -- is one of transformation from one symbolic form to another, from largely visual to verbal language. Far from an increment of meaning, an impoverishment is surely imposed by this process; the "poetic diction" of the dream is reduced to the prose of psycho-analasia. In certain hands -- a Freud's or a Bion's -- this jargon may be raised to a poetic level; it may sometimes happen at lyrical moments in one's own consulting room. But it is not generally the case.

The formulation of a dream is only the foundation of the interpretive work. The heavier task, in which the analyst is alone with his capacity for constructive thought and generally deserted by his intuition except at moments of inspiration, is the task of discerning the significance of a particular dream. For some analysts this means particularly its reference to the transference process, for others its contribution to the reconstruction -- for a few it means both. That aspect of the work with dreams belongs to a volume of psycho-analytical method and must be put aside here.

What more can we say about formulation? While admitting that most formulations end up as prose, this need not deter us from striving to match the poetic diction of the dream as an aesthetic object, with a worthy transformation into verbal language, a poetry of our own. Our first striving is towards order, for the material impinges on us as analysts in just as confusing and "meaningless" a way as it does on the waking dreamer himself -- probably more so. But this striving is not to put order into the chaos of the dream, for that has its own order. Rather we seek to put order into the confusion in our own minds, into the image of the dreamer's communication of his own recollection, surrounded now with associations, links to previous material, budding interpretive notions, and various extraneous -- or are they -- bits of private ideas. All this is pervaded by the ineffable emotional atmosphere, first of the telling of the dream, later of the mounting anxiety and resistance of the patient confronting the excitement of the analyst.

How does it happen? I have described at a purely external level the behaviour that I observe in myself, this talking around the material, voicing bits of interpretive notion, etc. But what goes on inside? Is there a describable order of events, an internal logic of the process? The most interesting approach to this question would need two phases: first I would have to produce my general retro- and introspective impression; then I would have to lay this chapter aside and wait for an experience in the consulting room to investigate "hot"; then we will see how the two impressions match. What then of my general retrospective impression?

I do not think of it as an especially orderly experience. The most vivid impression, as I have said, is one of struggling out of the rather dozy confusion as the excitement mounts, and the patient's anxiety begins to fill the room with expectation. One thing is clear: I deal with the clarified image of the patient's dream as my own dream and delve into it exactly as I might into my own dream, the awakening. My own tendency to view the matter in theatrical terms seems to produce a kind of journalisitic, theatre critical response. There is a "story" and sometimes a "plot", as E. M. Forster would distinguish them. And enmeshed in this story and plot there is a cast of characters, some good, some bad, some old, some young, male and female, some clearly parts of the self, some clearly alienated as objects. And there is the stage setting, whose reference to the geography of psychic life is often clearly indicated in the patient's mode of presentation.

Let us go back to the "Miss Spoonerism" dream. The theatrical presentation brought to view was a clear one: a gathering of adults presided over by famous and beautiful parents was being intruded upon by a little boy who yearned for his mother's white body (the car), but his confusion between wanting her breasts (front garden) for nourishment and desiring her buttocks (back garden) for sexual possession made him furtive and uneasy, uncertain of his welcome (presumably to the parental bedroom), inclined to aver his gaze from such beauty so that his lust should not be manifest. When questioned about his reasons for coming into their room he was inclined to lie (to say that he needed to go to the toilet, for instance). It is a scene that any child might participate in, say at the
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age of three, with regard to the parental bedroom, repeated at later ages when the parents entertain guests in the evening. Rather banal so far.

To return to the process of formulation: having recognized the dramatic scene and its infantile reference, certain features begin to emerge which are not “covered” by the simple narrative. They seem mystifying, even nonsensical, sometimes trivial, like the little pavilion that was being used as a First Aid Station. But clearly the narrative formulation does not cover them and a more creative intuition is called for. At this point I find that I may, if no interpretive notion occurs, ask for more detailed description of these “uncovered” details. But in the case of the little pavilion--First Aid Station, it was coupled with the death of Miss Spoonerism, so the line of investigation went in that direction and brought forth the blushing crow crushing blow association.

This phase of the formulating process may bear no immediate fruit. The dream can be put aside with some degree of disappointment, but can be returned to in future sessions if new light is shed on the un-covered facets. Clearly I feel, in formulating the dream, that “cover” is essential for a satisfying conception, where “satisfying” probably means “in the aesthetic realm”. I occasionally feel stunned by the beauty of a formulation, and no less rarely a patient can also have this experience. Although it is relatively rare, it is nonetheless so impressive an experience that I am convinced that this aesthetic element is crucial to the development of any sense of conviction about the “correctness” of the formulation. A treacherous word, “correct”; what meaning can we give it that does not have the penumbra of exclusiveness? We could, for instance, mean no more than “valid” or “useful viewpoint” or “tenable hypothesis”. Or just “interesting” the most mysterious word of all. But certainly we do not mean the correct formulation, only a correct formulation.

Once a “satisfying” formulation that “covers” has been reached and some sense of aesthetic has arisen, the phase of formulation seems to come to an end and the work of discerning the significance of the dream commences.

Before going on to try to investigate the processes whereby the formulation of a dream is raised to the level of interpretation by means of an investigation of its significance for the transference or reconstruction, or both, it would seem opportune to undertake the second phase of this description, the “hot” example. Two months after writing the previous section I selected a dream, partly because it seemed relatively simple once solved but quite mysterious to begin with. Also I had some time to make notes and knew that I would be able to record it more fully in the evening.

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Later still I undertook to annotate the session surrounding the dream with an account of the processes in my mind which resulted in the questions, comments, and finally the formulation that I proposed.

The session was on a Thursday evening, late in September, the twentieth month of this young man’s five-times-a-week analysis. Although he had been a frequent reporter of dreams in the early months of analysis they had become rather rare later on. In fact, in the four weeks since the summer break he had only been able to report one (in the first week) until the present example. This had been a disappointment to him since he had found the discussion of dreams the most enlightening part of the work I could do for him. Five or six dreams already formed the landmarks of the analytical progress which, up to this point, had been satisfactory to patient and analyst alike.

P. I had a dream last night which I forgot until a minute ago. It was a street in Australia. Up and down, up and down. I was waiting at a cross-roads in the middle of the minor road, with my suitcase resting on one of those lamps of metal--they probably don’t have them any more--when a man on a bicycle-like contraption came along. When I saw him I automatically grimaced, but when he stopped a hundred yards on I realized it was my transport. It had four white wire baskets, on either side, front and back, and I was meant to ride on the front right one. There was someone, a Southern Irishman, in the left side already and it was necessary for me to put my foot on the foot-rest of his basket - they seemed to be called “modules”--while he put his foot on mine. (silence) That is all I can remember.

We had been occupied recently with his unfriendliness to the other students at school, which he had resumed after a three year break following a poor performance at A-levels and a year in Australia during which he had a breakdown. The dream clearly related to “getting back” from Australia, back from being cut off from intimate relationships. His “automatic” unfriendliness is a great obstacle, being accompanied by contemptuous thoughts and irritability. But at this point I could not get a clear image of the dream nor did any configuration known in the analysis come to my mind. I thought the “cross-roads” referred to his mood when waiting at the weekends, which he still finds empty and difficult, being without friends and unable to participate in the family life of the people with whom he lodges.

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A. The grimace?

P. My usual, disdain or contempt, I suppose.

A. And the bicycle-like contraption?

P. A bicycle, I guess, really. Like the Moulton that is outside when I leave here in the mornings. I don't know why they were called 'modules' in the dream or maybe 'nODULES'. No, 'mod-ules'. Space vehicles, computer components?

A. The Paris airport?

P. Oh, yes. I got stuck there on the way back from Australia. I had two suitcases and my French horn and they lost the two cases — I didn't trust them with the horn. The one in the dream is smaller than those two. I was pleased, thinking I'd buy new clothes, that I'd gather old receipts and get the money from the airline. But the cases turned up two weeks later in my room. I guess my brother had received them and put them there. I was too weak to carry anything but the horn, and so thin. (Silence) I was just thinking about how I laughed when I first heard about this boxer who is in coma after six days and six hours on the operating table. But it was because I was not thinking of him but of the great row there

I needed to establish the mood, for he has many grimaces, most of which seem to be defensive postures against the expectation of unkindness or contempt from others. In the grounds of his non-existent "fatness". It is characteristic to evocative his descriptions and so it is necessary to fix the meaning by such questions. He knows that the Moulton belongs to a girl who sees my wife and we both know that jealousy and competitiveness with his siblings, bi-sexual in its orientation, is a central theme. I remembered something of his account of the trip back from Australia and having to wait at the Paris Airport — but I was confusing "module" with "satellite". However, it seemed to be the right track and a line of association. I could now see that the dream had something to do with waiting, being too weak to protect his internal objects (the two cases) and being ready to give them up in exchange for feelings of triumph and superiority. But he does cling to something aesthetic (the horn, perhaps the mother's voice if not the full experience of the breast). This much was already established and I could see at this point the emotive background of the dream. The conflict between tender and heartless attitudes towards himself was also clearly indicated by the "boxer" material, for he has been the "hitting" one of the family ever

would be now about boxing being unsafe. Later when I thought of him and how sad it was also, I still thought "they won't find much to work with inside his head", thinking of how unintelligent and selfish he seemed, could hardly put a sentence together and talked with such childish gratitude of his parents.

A. The automatic inhumanity of the grimace in the dream, immediate ridicule and contempt that displaces humane feelings, seems to be connected with yesterday's material of your rows with your lady boss in Australia when she did not cater for you as you were accustomed to mother doing at home. Also it links to our discussion of your unfriendliness to your fellow students.

P. I guess so. Yes, I was just now remembering how contemptuous I felt of the teacher explaining such simple things as analogies, but really he did it well and I could not have given as good an explanation if he had asked me, although I know perfectly well what an analogy is.

A. Could we go back to the "lump of metal" in the road. I don't get a clear image of it.

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since he outgrew his father and his elder brother in stature.

I now began to feel confident that the figure on the bicycle-like contraption was myself and the six hours on the operating table corresponded to the analysis. Clearly he is afraid that his mind is childish and empty of talents, that all his intelligence is squandered in his habitual pose as the critic of other people's actions. But this was all well-known and did not seem to be the central theme of the dream but rather its background. Passivity in relation to the mother, which produced the massive state of withdrawal into projective identification of his breakdown state, is still a mystery to me, as it manifests itself as a paralysis of interest and initiative. Now that he is back at his studies his capacity to work is continually threatened by this recurring paralysis.

A bell suddenly rang in my head. The scene in the dream in which he is standing with his case resting on the "lump of metal" places him and the lump in an analogous relation to one another. I turn my attention to this item.
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P. They have them in the middle at the junctions with main roads, painted yellow and standing up to keep people from cutting the corner. Stupid things.

A. Do you feel critical because they are, in effect, actions to punish cornercutters rather than communicating?

P. Yes, they are unnecessary. It is all in the Highway Code. We have white lines and "Give Way" signs.

A. Then it sounds as if there is an analogy here, between the "hump" that is ready to punish the 'corner cutter' and your grimace. You are ready to punish this man on the "cycle-like contraption" because you expect him to be unfriendly and "cut" or ignore you.

P. (silence) The "module" baskets were a bit like the baskets on the beds in the hospital for holding infusion bottles.

A. Perhaps you mean the bottles for collecting urine from catheterized patients.

P. Oh, yes, of course. Or the four together would be like the cart the cleaners wheel about for collecting refuse.

It now began to hang together. I had not heard previously of the yellow colour and wondered about the role of cowardice in this defensive posture. But it also seemed to me that the central theme of action versus communication in human relations was shining through the dream. This seemed to link with the boxer's incapacity to "put a sentence together" and his own tendency to tyrannize over his family by outbreaks of violence or threats of it. I was wondering now about the hundred yards that it took the man on the bicycle-contraption to stop to pick up the patient. Clearly he must have at first taken the patient's posture as an indicator that he was not wanting transportation. I was also thinking that the "cutting corners" had some reference to ambition and impatience, both of which play an important role in the ease with which the patient becomes discouraged. This adds to his feelings of worthlessness and certainly coming into analysis had seemed a humiliation to him to begin with, hence theassociation to "refuse collecting". The confusion here between "infusion bottle" and "urine bottle" seemed therefore to link with his uncertainty in the transference between dumping the refuse of his mind into me as against infusing me with his brilliant criticisms of the world about us.

A. So this Moulton-Meltzer contraption for collecting your refuse seems to have stopped for you, either despite your grimace or perhaps because it recognized the grimace as a manifestation of some blow to your mind, as you, like the boxer, were so skinny and helpless when you returned from Australia in your breakdown. It may link with that aggressive little boy in that dream who was expelled from the ramshackle maternity hospital and was so irate that he went about knocking everyone out.

P. I suppose he'll just be a vegetable if he survives. Everyone used to laugh at him. He'd been a grave-digger. I guess I have always been deferred to in the family, mostly because I shout and hit, but also because I was considered for some reason to be the brightest of the children.

A. So perhaps even the yellow colour fits into the analogy between you and the lump of metal, that there is some cowardice involved in the inhumane behaviour that demands to be deferred to, for it takes some courage to make friendly advances, to say "please" when you want something because you might be rebuffed or refused if you communicate.

The dream has now taken on a clear narrative structure in my mind, linking with the recent sessions as well as with the history of the patient's illness and his development in the family. His poor performance at A-levels had been a terrible blow, although not completely unexpected because he had ceased to be able to study for at least six months before the exams. He had lost weight through being unable to allow himself food in Australia until he was so weak he could hardly stand. The first year of analysis had released him from this withdrawn state but also confronted him with the great difficulty of life in the outside world, his resentment of which has been the theme of this landmark dream of the "irate little boy". He had almost dug his own grave indeed and the fear of humiliation assumed the leading anxiety, in his relation to people, that he'd be variously thought to be fat, childish, stupid, useless, ignorable, sexless.

So now it was possible to begin to explore the significance of the dream for the immediate transference situation. This seemed to me to centre on his basic attitude towards the analysis and towards financial dependence on his family now that he was returning to his education and needed their help once again. I had an idea that the "foot on each other's foot-rest" had a very important
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but you take no risk if you act in an automatic, threatening and inhumane way. The Irishman already there in the basket would be your elder brother and the man I see before you in the early morning. But what is this business about having a foot on each other's foot-rest?

P. (silence) It was terrible to see him standing there, his arms at his side when he was being hit, and then went down striking his head. He looked so skinny and helpless, a bantamweight. He had been winning against the champion and then seemed to fold up once he was knocked down in the ninth round. I suppose I felt very identified with him when I actually saw the pictures of the fight.

I cannot help feeling that the retrospective and introspective account of my experience of working with dreams is a pale thing compared with this "hot" account. But how do they in fact compare in outline? The telling of the dream actually took about five minutes, and while enjoying the vivid narrative I certainly left completely in the dark at the end of the description. Had I needed to formulate something at that point I could have done no more than relate it to the recent discussion of his "automatic" unfriendly behaviour at school. I felt relieved when the "Moulton" association tied the dream to the previous session, a morning one. It is peculiar that I received such a distinct impression of a reference to the Paris airport when he spoke of "modules", considering that they are, in fact, in their arrangement around the central terminal, called "satellites"; but something about the arrangement of the baskets and the space-age imagery imprinted on me quite clearly and was, I feel sure, a correct link. I was on the trail at that point and began to feel excitement permeate the hazy confusion I had experienced

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while listening to the account of the dream. I was disappointed and not much the wiser when the patient fell silent after the account of the lost suitcases, but the swing to the injured boxer took me by surprise. I felt certain by the end of that association that we were close to something related to his pessimism, but I was still divided in my attention between the "lump of metal" and the "bicycle-like contraption" until the bell rang with the analogy association.

From that moment on the work of formulation began, operating on the background of the mood of pessimism and surprise in the dream. My mind began to weave the material, and the patient joined in the mood of excitement and helped me with further associations, now not directly stirred by the dream as much as by my beginning to work with it. From the point where I linked the present dream to the six-month old one of the "irate little boy", the patient's mood changed. Had I noticed this earlier I would not have pressed on with my attempts to interpret the dream on the basis of the formulation I had reached. Probably the patient was now so immersed in his identification with the boxer that he paid very little attention to me. Once I realized this, I allowed him to go on with his preoccupation and emotions.

On the whole I would say that this "hot" material matches reasonably well with the general retrospective description. The two together I find fairly convincing as an outline account of the experience of working with dreams, subject to variations. I promised earlier to spend some time discussing the question of interpretation proper as against formulation of the dream content. This, as I have said, belongs to the larger subject of psychoanalytical method, since it does not in any way bear upon the topic of dream analysis specifically. My own method rests primarily on the investigation of the transference, while reconstruction of the patient's life history is left as a by-product of interest but not, in my opinion, of therapeutic importance. Certainly I hold it as a central tenet of my method that the information, either from patient's recollections or derived from parents or even written records of childhood or infancy, should not be used as evidence for construing the transference. Always the movement should be in the anti-clockwise direction - the construction of the transference should be used for interpreting the meaning of the so-called facts of the history. I regard this re-construction of the "mythology" of the person's development as a product, and not a root, of the therapeutic impact of the psychoanalytical process.

It will be noticed that in the clinical example of dream analysis the session never really reached a stage of interpretation of the transference. As I was about to launch upon it, from the point of
view of the role of sibling rivalry in generating his intolerance to
dependence with its resulting tyranny and ingratitude, I noticed
that the patient was taken up emotionally in his identification with
the injured boxer. This problem, with its outward manifestations
in coldness and arrogance of demeanour and apparent unfriend-
liness, did in fact become the central issue of the transference for
the next two terms. The particular dream I have selected for this
chapter, almost at random, became in fact the landmark of a new
movement in the transference and was to be referred back to on
innumerable occasions.

Nonetheless we may be able to use the material for a brief inves-
tigation of the process of interpretation proper, interpretation of
the significance of the particular dream. Perhaps it would be use-
ful to try to reconstruct what I was about to try to interpret when
I noticed that the patient was not really with me, that is, not poised
in his attention to me but rather occupied by some strong emotion
and its content of identification with the boxer. It would probably
have been something like this: "The dream seems to suggest that
your relationship with me in the analysis began when I recognized
your unfriendly demeanour as a function of timidity in making
advances to other people. Almost immediately any sense of
gratitude was interfered with by recognition that you were not my
only patient but that others had been here before you. Judging
from your strong sense of identification with this boxer who, as
you said, could hardly put a sentence together, the blow of discom-
forting other children must have a reference to the effect upon you
in your early childhood, before you could put a sentence together,
of the existence of your older brother. The link to the incident at
the Paris airport suggests that this may have coincided with your
weaning, the loss of the breast.

It will be seen immediately that this integrated formulation of
the transference is not very different from the various interpretive
notions that appeared during the phase of wandering about in the
material, eliciting associations, and generally enriching the ac-
count of the dream itself. But it does bring it all into focus in the
transference situation whence a reconstructive reference is made.

The allusion to babyhood here is presented more for the sake of
clarifying the infantile nature of the emotions than for the sake of
reconstruction. From the moment that the "analogy" association
appeared, this interpretive formulation began to form in my
mind. Twice I attempted to embark upon it but both times the
preliminary rounding up of the material met with evidence that
the patient was unable to listen because of having gone inside him-
self in a depressed state of identification with the boxer.

The point that I would make about my technique of interpreta-
tion proper is that it clearly has a rather spiral structure: I seem to
circle about in the previous material, linking together the dream
elements, the related associations and the interpretive notions
until they have all been coralled together. The definitive formu-
lation then comes as a summary of the foregoing. This often takes
a few minutes and requires a kind of "holding the floor" against
various tendencies in the patient. Usually by this time the patient
is eager, even impatient, for the interpretation, but also has a very
good idea himself of what is coming. He may want to do it himself,
or he may begin to barrack in defiance of it, may "seize the ball
and run in the wrong direction", or attempt to forestall the process by
a sudden pressure of new material or another dream. In the pre-
case, with this very intelligent and fast-minded youth, I think
that he was already there and beyond it, reacting to the depression
that the insight was evoking in him.

The question may arise as to the necessity of this step of for-
malizing the interpretation. I am not convinced that the answer is
"yes", even in respect of my own technique. But there is something
to be said in the long run for certain dreams which take on a land-
mark significance for the analysis to be coupled with a formalized
interpretation which at least covers the presenting evidence, even
though it may be subject to expansion or modification by later
material or developments. Where "cover" of the material has not-
able exceptions (I can detect none in the present material) these
probably should be noticed and set aside for clarification by future
material.

One comment is worth recording in summary. In this approach
to analytical work with dreams, the two phases of dream-explora-
tion and dream-analysis stand apart clearly, both as regards their
nature as emotional experiences for analyst and patient, and their
role in the work together. Of the two, I feel certain that the explora-
tion is the more important, the more artistic aspect of the work.

The patient's growing identification with the analyst's explora-
tory method is a far more important basis for his gradual develop-
ment of self-analytic capacity than any striving towards formulation that
he may evince.