

Tribute to Melanie Klein

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Editor's Note: The Western Historical Manuscript Collection, at the University of Missouri-Columbia, owns the Stephenson Collection—over 70 document cartons the size of standard file-drawers. Among this material is Tribute to Melanie Klein which, from evidence in the text, appears to have been drafted for The Journal of the Melanie Klein Society in about 1988. While it is evidently not a finished piece, I have elected to leave the manuscript essentially intact. It provides strong indication that, near the end of his life, Stephenson was actively revisiting his unpublished books, Intimations of Self and Psychoanalysis and Q-methodology. In a 1985 note accompanying a gift of 10 unpublished book manuscripts to the Journalism School library at Columbia, Stephenson indicated that these two were not yet ready for readers. Stephenson envisaged that Tribute to Melanie Klein would include 10 “segments,” five of which are reproduced here: Segments I-IV for the first time, and Segment X, ‘Intentionality: or how to buy a loaf of bread’, which is reprinted from Operant Subjectivity, 16(3/4), pp. 69-90.

Section I: Introduction

In 1935 I was chosen by Dr. E. Jones and a small committee to undertake psychoanalysis with Melanie Klein, not as patient or trainee, but with the notion that I would undertake research of psychoanalytic doctrine in an academic (rather than a clinical) framework. It was my understanding that Mrs. Susan Isaacs was given similar research significance. At the time few psychoanalysts were attached to universities in Britain—one could think only of Professor J. C. Flugel at University College, London.

Who suggested this in the first place I do not know: Flugel knew me well, because we were on the same staff and had the same allegiance to Professor Charles Spearman's work. Flugel probably guessed that I would proceed along academic lines at Oxford University because of my close ties with Dr. William Brown, Wilde Reader in Mental Philosophy at Oxford, successor to William McDougall. Brown and I had published an important paper ‘A Test of the Theory of Two Factors’ (1933). Since 1930 I had been clinical psychologist at Epsom Mental Hospital, and had published papers in the

psychiatric field (Stephenson, 1931, 1932a, 1932b, 1935, 1935a). Though attached to Spearman's psychology, this was not without misgivings and Flugel must have been aware of my doubts.

There were two main reasons for my misgivings. First, I was trained as a physicist, with a Ph.D. in nuclear physics in 1926 when I was 24-years old. I must have been touched with the insight of the great American historian, Henry Brooks Adams, who could write to a friend in 1905 as follows:

The assumption of unity which was the mark of human thought in the middle ages has yielded very slowly to the proofs of complexity. The stupor of science before radium is proof of it. Yet it is quite sure . . . that, at the accelerated rate of progression shown since 1600, it will not need another century to turn thought upside down. Law, in that case, would disappear as theory of *a priori* principle and give place to force. Morality would become police. Explosives would reach cosmic violence. Disintegration would overcome integration (from Campbell, *The Masks of God: Creative Mythology*, 1968, p. 620).

This paragraph engulfs my life's work. I became as much lover of the unity of human thought in the middle ages as Henry Adams was in 1904, in his *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* (new edition, 1974), but in my case from a totally different source, by way of early educators (Vittorina da Feltre, Roger Ascham, Montaigne) and Simone Weil (1962). I was battling against the "stupor of science long before radium," already in the early 1930s, by rejecting the dogma of the hypothetico-deductive methodology, replacing it by what, in 1956, I learned to call abduction (Stephenson, 1961). As Adams opined, law in the Western World has indeed given place to police morality—hundreds of thousands of men are incarcerated in prisons in the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. without *theoretical* support. Explosives have indeed reached cosmic violence, to which Hiroshima and Nagasaki bear witness, and to which Hanna Segal calls attention in 'Science is the Real Crime' (Segal, 1987). Disintegration seems all about us: if we accept Marshall McLuhan's conclusion, all our institutions, of family, church, college, law, business, military, are in process of disintegration, with nothing to replace them integratively. Smashing the atom in giant accelerators remains a symbol of this aspect of nuclear physics.

In all of these matters I have played a part since I was sixteen years of age, when a school essay of mine was published in the *Times Literary Supplement* celebrating the end of World War I by calling for remembrance of the dead of both sides, German and British alike; and I was first to lecture for the newly established probation-officer candidates at the Home Office in London, voicing my resistance to the over-severe treatment of girls in English courts of law. My views on war and peace were written in a book, *Amelioration of Political Conflict* (1961), following the mathematical theory of a man I got to know very well, Lewis F. Richardson, F.R.S., which was rejected for publication because it was based on "controversial" Q technique;

but some of its chapters entered my *The Play Theory of Mass Communication* (Stephenson, 1967)—Chapter 5, ‘Reduction of International Tensions’, and Chapter 8, ‘The Democratic Myth’, are recommended to Hanna Segal as indicative of my views, but so is ‘The Shame of Science’ (Stephenson, 1978), where the shame is put squarely upon rejection of self-reference as at the root of the evils. Thus, I have played out much of Henry Adams’ foresights of 1905, taking steps into the revolution in science, from the classical determinism and traditional causality of Cartesian science, to modern nuclear physics and quantum-theoretical indeterminism. But I have gone further.

The Quantum-Theoretical Revolution

I mentioned that there were two major reasons for my misgivings about Spearman’s principles: the second concerned the advances being made in nuclear physics, bringing into focus a totally new view of fundamental principles for science. It happened that Spearman’s invention of factor theory in 1904 set going a period of intense inquiry in London, into the reasons for his famous *g*-factor. In the three decades before World War I, general psychology reached its zenith of development at the London Spearman School, when graduates from all parts of the world came to London to study with Spearman. I became Spearman’s research assistant (1929–32) and must have been recognized as his heir in some sense because, when he retired, I was put in charge of the graduates pursuing doctorate degrees who were left behind by Spearman. When Cyril Burt succeeded Spearman, two years after the latter’s retirement, I became Burt’s research assistant as well. By 1935, on June 30th of that year, I announced in a letter to *Nature* (Stephenson, 1935b) that Q technique was a new probabilistic, a new way to measure everything subjective. It was, in fact, the first use of quantum theory in psychology, though I little realized it. All I knew was that it was *new*—that everything *subjective* could be measured by way of Q technique, and that this was of revolutionary significance.

Henry Adams could scarcely have foretold of Niels Bohr’s *Principle of Complementarity* (Bohr, 1950), or of the advances in neophysics of Noble-prize-winning physicist Ilya Prigogine’s *From Being to Becoming: Time and Complexity in the Physical Sciences* (1980). We, in Q methodology, have had to go in these directions. The main thrust of the papers I offer to the memory of Melanie Klein, for *The Journal of the Melanie Klein Society*, is in the concept of *complexity*. Matters are so complex in subjectivity, that only complexity, *as such*, (and not its constituents) can form the basis of a science for psychology—including psychoanalysis. Hanna Segal concluded that “Silence is the real crime against humanity,” and pleaded that psychoanalysts “who believe in the power of words and the therapeutic effect of verbalizing truth” have to speak out (Segal, 1987, p. 16): we in Q methodology fathom the “power of words” as such, and contend that the therapeutic effect of verbalizing truth is acceptance of self-reference at a fundamental level of

knowledge.

Whatever transpires, by one way or another, I have kept faith with the original intent of Dr. Ernest Jones and his Committee, to pursue research into psychoanalytic doctrine in an academic framework. Some of this work has been published, but most of it remains unpublished.

Section II: Kleinian Analysis

It is as well to begin with what my experience was under analysis in London with Melanie Klein. It was for less than a year (1935–6), five days a week, an hour each day. It ended when I moved to Oxford, where I became responsible for developing academic psychology (Oliver Zangwill, 1972, tells of this).

The analyst, it was understood, had to maintain distance from the analysand, never allowing even a glimpse into his or her private life. This was literally true for me; I got to know absolutely nothing about Klein's private life. I was not a member of any psychoanalytical circle, and, though well enough read in Freud and cogent [sic] work, it never crossed my mind to find out more about Klein's private life. I got to know about 'playing' with toys in children's analysis through Margaret Lowenfeld, who was a friend, little suspecting that Melanie Klein was its most significant theorist.

In appearance, in 1935 she did not seem to me to be physically attractive in any way: she walked heavily, with her head forward in intense regard (such as one saw on unintelligent faces). But I scarcely ever really saw her, in the sense of seeing her smile, laugh or express any emotions: a maid let me in, I lay down upon the couch, head near where she sat behind; she entered silently, and analysis began. She left equally silently, without a personal word of any kind.

I learned, however, that she was very attentive, missing nothing of what I said: there was an interesting, solid mind behind me, and there was much *discussion* between us, as distinct from interpretation. For example, at one point she seemed almost plaintive in saying that the established religion into which I had been born would remain an influence throughout my life. Anyone living under the shadow of Durham Cathedral in Northumbria, as I had done, could scarcely miss the magnificence of its architecture, music and liturgy—indeed I was a choir-boy at one point in our village church—and this, she said, would be residual in me all my life. And it is true that I admire the beauty of religion, even though reason tells me I am atheistic, like my grandfather Stephenson.

What confronted Melanie Klein for a year was the very opposite, it seemed, of her own early existence. I knew nothing of this, but her father had constantly told her she was unwanted; and her family was "riddled with guilt, envy, and occasionally explosive rages, with incestuous overtones." (I learned this from Dr. Phyllis Grosskurth's *Melanie Klein*, 1985, p. 20). There was nothing so virulent in the Stephenson home. I must have accounted

interminably about a happy childhood, with a beautiful red-headed mother, who fostered a bright-enough boy, her first-born (but also probably unwanted, as we shall learn) into a reliable sort of person.

It seemed that nothing of envy, aggression, and sibling rivalry within our family, nothing of narcissistic impositions, nothing terrorizing anyone, entered either my home or the course of the analysis. I learned, from *her*, that sex was brutal, and coitus sadistic. I had thought it pleasant and loving. Depression, anxiety, and guilt in a sexual context never entered the analysis. I doubt whether the words penis, or breast, were ever articulated.

Moreover, the setting was idyllic. We lived at the edge of the last 1,000 unspoiled acres of a forest that once stretched across the north of England, from Carlisle on the West to Newcastle-upon-Tyne on the East, and which (before World War I) was resplendent with mighty beeches and acres of primroses and bluebells in spring. All of it was open to me, as if I owned it—was National property, taken from the rebel Earl of Derwentwater in the Jacobite Rebellion, and now a National Trust. I knew every path and gully of it.

Somehow, nothing of envy, aggression, or sibling rivalry within our family, nothing of narcissistic impositions, nothing to terrorize anyone, entered the year's analysis.

Fantasy, not Phantasy

Instead, the analysis was about my fantasy in relation to my family and the two families into which I was born; that is, with surface matters, open to anyone's regard. But it was momentous, as we shall see.

I was unaware, of course, of the difficulties that Melanie Klein had to contend with in her development from childhood. She was confronting a blond young man, aged 33, who could well have been her son in age, in sharp contrast with her own tragic Emanuel, who had died of alcohol, drugs, disease, and poverty, in an act of self-destruction for which she felt responsible all her life (this I learned from Grosskurth's *Melanie Klein*, p. 20). I would spend many weeks associating with a very different outcome. I mention the contrast to try to explain why the analysis remained at a surface level. The gist of the problem, as I see it now, had to do with the analysis of fantasy, rather than with phantasy, to produce astonishing results.

Family Matters

The surface associating had much to commend it. My grandfather, William Stephenson (1848–1918), was a self-made educated man, a certified mining engineer from Manchester Technical Institute, who became manager of various collieries in Durham and Northumberland, and who gave me, when I was ten, a copy of *There Is No Hell*. I remember it very well, with a yellow cover. Much time was spent with Melanie Klein about the *goodness* of my grandfather. He had used 7-place logarithms, to judge by the copy of *Chambers Mathematical Tables* (ed. Pryde, 1889) which I inherited, with my

grandfather's flowing signature of 1890. He left money for the college education of his grandchildren.

My father, John, the eldest of the family, had three sisters and a brother, the former lady-like women when I knew them: my father had gone to college, and was narrowly clever—he could spell almost any word in the dictionary, and performed arithmetic “in his head” with amazing facility, like multiplying three-place numerals, or dividing them, or doing “square roots.”

There was much to admire about both men, my grandfather and my father, who had firm loyalty and allegiance to one another—though the rest of the family must have been in some disarray, because I recall (when I was 8) being present when my grandfather was writing his will, in which he had left everything to my father—who objected that it wouldn't be fair. Even so, two-thirds of the estate went to my father. Again, I had no knowledge of Melanie Klein's family or other difficulties: but I seemed to be at pains to say how essentially *good* these men were.

My father had suffered a severe mining accident when I was 18 months old. When he was in hospital, mother pregnant, it is remembered in the family how cock-of-the-coop I was, to the delight of nurses and doctors—who had predicted my father would never walk again, but who proved them completely wrong. Later, when I was eight years old, there was the huge reciprocating engine my father tended, in the open air on a hillside, pumping air into the mine below, its 8-foot brass wheel forever turning, the whole surrounded by blackberry bushes in secret profusion. He and I seemed to be the only persons who knew, at blackberry-picking time, where the best blackberries were at hand. I took him his lunches.

There was later the building of a massive electrical power station, with two Sieman's turbines from Germany, the pride of everyone; and my father was the switchboard attendant, master of twenty enormous switches, with large ammeters and voltmeters, the turbines humming below. All of this was open to me, and proudly displayed as, at one time almost every day (before I was twelve), I took lunch or dinner to my father at work. No wonder that with shining brass and powerful switches commanding so much control of the electrical power used all around in the mine and village, I could boast to my peers that my father had the biggest pocket-knife in the village!

He took me everywhere with him, for example to any concerts arranged by the miners, introducing me to the Worker's Institute and its library, which I frequented throughout my secondary school days (1914–1919). He was a non-smoker, non-drinker, never gambled, was agnostic (we never went to church as a family), stern but non-aggressive—I couldn't recall anyone ever being spanked or punished. A large oil-painted photograph, for his 21st birthday, shows a handsome young man indeed.

I was challenging Melanie Klein to find the roots in such equanimity.

My mother's family was comparable, except that she had three sisters and six brothers, the latter all tall, well-made, blackhaired; two of her sisters

were handsomely red-headed like herself, the eldest daughter. Their formal education ended when they were 14-years of age, there being no secondary schools in the neighborhood. The brothers worked at various clerical or other management positions about the mine their father managed (as under-manager). None worked in the mine as such. Their abiding interest was in music: all played musical instruments—cornets, trombones, etc. One, the second son, was organist, choirmaster, bandmaster: the family, all alike, played in the colliery band, even the youngest son, only six years older than myself, playing the triangle. They were Methodists, teetotalers, non-smokers, non-gamblers, non-swearers—Calvanistic roots had dug deep. Nor did any go to war. For reasons known to my mother's care, I spent most of my schoolday holidays, for years, with one or the other member of this family, even when they had moved away into other towns. If not with an uncle or aunt, I was with grandmother, a true matriarch, deaf, but well-read in the Christian magazines of the day.

My mother, of course, would "sit up" all night with me when I was ill—she no doubt did it for all her children. It is a fact that the home was free from gross physical violence or punishment, where there was no beer, no tobacco, no swearing, no gambling, no religion, and where life seemed clean and orderly, with everyone "helping out" in household chores and meal-making.

Its epitome, I probably said, was that none of us would ever think of pulling wings off butterflies, or robbing bird's nests to kill the young and smash the eggs—common practices, apparently, of other boys in the village.

Again, I seemed to be challenging Melanie Klein, to say what analysis of phantasy could have done as much?

True, there were rumblings of disharmony between my grandmother and her daughters, except for my mother. Even so, grandmother's home was almost mine as well—I spent many holidays there up to age 18, as welcome as a son.

Transference by Second Remove

As the analysis proceeded, all of it with these surface matters of families, I provided Klein with an answer to my own unwitting questions. I was regarded, in the families, as the "bright boy," clever, always in a class ahead of my age. But I did not live up to this promise either at the elementary or the secondary school, where I did not gain the scholarships or first-class certificates expected of me.

On my final day at the secondary school, after farewells had been given, an elderly teacher of English Literature asked to see me. By all accounts I had been her favorite. She had fostered my essay-writing (one of my essays had been printed in *The Times Literary Supplement* in 1919, celebrating the end of World War I, addressed to victors and vanquished alike). She remembered me as an exceptional boy in Form II! She knew that I could be "good" at science and mathematics, but that I also had unusual interests in

the humanities which were self-developed (I was quoting, for example, Thomas Carlyle's *On Heroes and Hero-worship*, of 1841, outside any school curriculum).

She was an Oxford graduate, probably 45 [sic] years old, and no one had fulfilled so much of fantasy for me. My last few months at the school had been centered upon her. I did everything I could to be near her, to the extent of studying religion (the 'Acts of the Apostles' as a "special"), entirely to compete with and defeat at examinations another pupil in the class, a girl with whom the teacher lived as lodger, who was clearly a rival sibling in my fantasy. To have these months end with the talk about my future, at her request, was indeed of enormous emotional consequence. If ever I could be required to "pour out my heart" to anyone, it would have been to that teacher: the event was so momentous that I walked ten miles home (instead of going by train as was usual—probably I had missed the usual train anyhow), vowing that I would be top in every examination thereafter, just to show her my true metal!

And indeed this is exactly what happened. I entered College in 1920 and was first in the Intermediate B.Sc. Examination, gaining the Prize; then the first-class Honours Degree in Physics, a highly competitive examination, in 1923; and Distinction (I must have been top) in a *Certificate for Secondary School Teaching* (1924); then a Ph.D. in physics in 1926, with the *College Fellowship*, given to the foremost graduate, with which I went to London to study psychology with Charles Spearman, completing the Ph.D. in psychology in the *Faculty of Arts* in 1929.

The fantasy had been completely fulfilled. If this could be transference for fantasy, and could achieve so much, what was left for transference for phantasy and unconscious mind?

Ten years later, the teacher would see me at the school again, her favorite resident in the uniform of a Brigadier-General of the British Army, Colonel of the Royal Medical Corps, and Consultant Psychologist to the British Army. I was presenting the prizes at the school, she proudly in the front row before me, now deaf, who couldn't hear my eulogy to her! Her influence was with me still.

The Creative Nexus

Melanie Klein, according to Grosskurth, was undergoing the most productive and peaceful years of her life during the years 1928–38, with her truly significant paper 'The Importance of Symbol Formation in the Development of the Ego' (Klein, 1930). She was attending to me in 1935–6, when I was 33 years old. On June 30, 1935, the morning my son was born, I wrote a letter to *Nature* (Stephenson, 1935b) (give or take a day) telling of Q technique's birth as a new statistic, knowing that it marked the beginning of quantum theory for subjective science. J. C. Flugel noted the occasion in a late edition of his *A Hundred Years of Psychology* (1950) when, as he wrote, I gave birth to my own child, not to be outdone by my wife. In Spearman's

department at University College, London, where Flugel and I were staff members, I must have made as much fuss about the letter to *Nature* as any mother ever made about her first-born child.

The question is: had Klein's analysis contributed to this, and if so, how?

Elliott Jacques, in 'Death and the Mid-life Crisis' (1965), puts age 35 or thereabouts as critical for a creative crisis. I have a distinct hunch that Melanie Klein's, like mine, was a fear that one had so far failed to achieve one's promise.

In my case the end of a career was imminent, as frightening as death. It is absolutely certain that in the early months of 1935, before my son was born, this was a terrible preoccupation. I had been creative in a superficial sense, by publishing in psychological and psychiatric journals: but something quite different was involved—I had to throw off dependency upon my father figures, Professors Spearman and Burt. I was already in dispute with both on academic grounds. I had been on the brink of leaving Spearman, and foregoing the Ph.D., because he wouldn't accept my evidence for a *verbal* factor in addition to his *g*-factor, as of considerable significance in psychology. Indeed, the first two factors I fostered, *v* and *k*, are evidence of the "double brain" recently brought into eminence in Anne Harrington's *Medicine, Mind, and the Double Brain* (1987). The *GVK Tests* that I constructed for the British Royal Air Force, which were applied to hundreds of thousands of air force recruits, men and women across the Empire, have the same roots in the "double brain."

It is known that I was lecturing in one room at University College, and Burt in another, and that each was denying validity to the other's theories. Burt was wrong; but I have yet to live down the "controversy": it remains impossible for me to publish papers in British psychological journals.

There was promise, but no certainty, about an impending appointment for me at Oxford University in 1935; appointments in psychology had been non-existent—the late Professor Philip Vernon, my academic peer from Cambridge, left England for Canada on just such grounds.

But more was at issue:

I had to be responsible for something uniquely my own creation, that neither Spearman nor Burt had commanded.

It was Q technique that I wrote to *Nature* about when my son was born, the significance of which, for fifty years, has been seriously misjudged by my peers and their progeny. I knew by 1938, with Cyril Burt, that an era for quantum theory was possible for psychology. We went separate ways because he had never studied science, and made the mistake, as Spearman had done, of trying to measure abilities as such for each individual person as such. Instead, I knew that what had to be measured was states-of-feeling, of pleasure-unpleasure, and that this could be achieved for each and every one of us, as "single cases," for concrete psychological events.

Section III: What was Unspoken

Everything in the analysis with Melanie Klein was very much as I presented it. Ours was indeed a home where there was no swearing, no tobacco, no alcohol, no threats, no religion, and life was clean and orderly. Its epitome, I must have said, was that none of us would ever think of pulling wings off butterflies, or robbing bird's nests to kill the young or smash the eggs—common enough practices, apparently of other boys in the village.

There was much more of the same idyllic report in the analysis, and what Melanie Klein made of it I never got to know. It is possible that she thought I was *manic*, because if ever I told her about Q, it would have been with the astonishing conclusion that all current general psychology was purely categorical, the tens of thousands of psychometric mental tests essentially arbitrary, and that I could replace them in a future subjective science by *one* measure alone, provided by Q technique: Moreover, that I would be making genuine science of psychoanalysis. Megalomaniacal it must have seemed to her in 1935!

Nothing of this omnipotence entered the analysis. Perhaps Klein feared lifting the lid off a psychosis—she knew that my father's favorite sister had spent the last years of her life in a mental hospital as a manic-depressive patient—he used to take me to visit her. I had happy weeks earlier with her on holidays (she had no children). I never saw her as other than kindly and ladylike, even in hospital.

But of course Klein must have known that nothing of phantasy had been broached.

Actually, my mother was a solitary woman, without leisure or social connections. She was jealous for her children's welfare, outwardly serene, house-proud, competent. She lived to be 91 with the same demeanor. She would "sit up" all night with me when I was ill—as she did, no doubt, for any of her children. She ran a household by keeping everyone busy: from age 4 it was my responsibility to walk three-quarters of a mile for a can of milk from the nearby farm. It is recalled that there was an incident of sleep-walking when I was 4, when, hand-in-hand with my wide-awake puzzled younger sister, I was walking downstairs from the bedroom, fast asleep.

My father was an irate, disappointed man, resting upon a small pension (as well as income he earned) because of his injury when I was 18-months old. My mother was already pregnant when she was married, which must have raised everyone's feathers, and for which my mother never forgave the Stephenson family. She kept apart from every member of my father's family, all her life.

An indication of some turmoil in the marriage is afforded by something I learned on my 85th birthday: I was registered *William*, and so I have been known all my life. But I was separately christened *John William*, after both father and grandfather, and this never became family knowledge. During the

75th anniversary of the founding of the secondary school I entered in 1914, I requested from the Headmaster a list of the pupils in Form I with me. A Xerox copy shows that my father had registered me as *John William*.

And to make matters more tantalizing, my mother had insisted upon christening my youngest brother, born ten years late in the family, and unwanted, *John!*

Thus, there was evidently plenty of scope for anxieties, aggressions, and phantasies. Instead, Melanie Klein had to cope with my fantasies.

But these were far from inconsequential, as I have to indicate. There is more to say about the conditions of the analysis.

Modus Vivendi

At age 18 I left home to live with my widowed grandmother Stephenson near College, and stayed there as my home for the six years of my college courses. When I went to London I had already rented a cottage on the edge of the moors near home, where I could spend my long summer months in what John Maynard Keynes described as the way Britain's Victorian and Edwardian bourgeoisie fared. They did not waste their wealth, but accumulated it (and this, in Keynes's view, distinguishes the Age from all others). It is true that I had earned my own way through College and beyond, and that I spent what I earned, *not* on travel and enjoyment, but on the loneliness of moors and the inducement to the accumulation of knowledge. Loneliness was not a neuroticism, but a cultural effect. I was genuinely of the Edwardian era.

Moreover, psychology was at its meridian in London in the pre-World War I decades, where the Spearman School was at its height. Students from all over the Empire, and from America, were at the School, to learn new factorization introduced by Spearman in 1904. By 1938, as a very junior member of a prestigious panel of psychologists, mathematicians, and statisticians, I took part in an important conference at the Royal Society of London, at which Cyril Burt introduced quantum theory and was ignored (Burt, 1938) except for myself. We took our knowledge of quantum theory in separate directions, mine into science, his into mathematics.

It has also to be remembered that I was a self-made clinical psychologist from 1929 at a mental hospital (Epsom), at Spearman's direction, to do research on psychosis, and I had already published papers from 1931. The research was self-directed, but in relation to Spearman's work and I seemed bent on pursuing it along my own Q-methodological lines.

I had witnessed in the mental hospital a remarkable use of a cadmium substance, injected in a catatonic patient, which restored her to normality for awhile. Previously in a state of rigor, silent for weeks like a statue, this young schizophrenic was able, for several hours, to pat a dog, talk freely to us, and walk nonchalantly about. I decided there-and-then that it would be wise to wait for chemistry to do its work before spending time and effort

studying schizophrenia. Even now, in 1988, there are psychologists who are attributing *shyness* to genetic sources.

I was essentially an experimentalist. There was, for example, one I performed about Klein's use of immediate interpretation. When Dick, 4-years-old, hid a truck from which Klein had cut out its contents with scissors, she told him he was cutting feces out of his mother. The scientist in me proceeded in the opposite direction: I had an opportunity to work with a 9-year-old cretin boy, mentally defective, who was 'playing' obsessively in his nursery, and who was still sleeping in his parent's bedroom. Over a course of two months, five days a week, two hours each day, I allowed the boy to 'play' out his obsessive phantasies on his own, in what amounted to *daseinanalysis* (although I didn't know that). He told me, in 'play', what Melanie Klein would have said about him at the outset, two months earlier. It displayed everything of Klein's world of children's phantasy, and I knew that what she was doing was justifiable. I was prepared to find, in children, the phantasy life about which Klein had made theoretical advances. The experiment is part of my *Psychoanalysis and Q-Methodology* (Stephenson, 154).

It is possible that the above circumstances put obstacles in the way of strong positive transference with Klein. I had intellectualized the situation, dealing with Klein much as I would with Spearman or Burt, as equals! Yet the general feeling left with me now has nothing of this in it, but, rather, that I was not happy about the analysis—what was behind my couch was, somehow, ominous!

What it left me with is a vulnerability to wrongs: but I became convinced that in a "good-enough" home, such as ours, there was no reason for neurosis, and that all human qualities of goodness began with one's mother.

I shall be as brief as possible about the intentionalities to which Melanie had to listen, with what understanding on her part I never got to know. By intentionality, I mean roughly what, in Kleinian doctrine, is reparation, except that intentionality many have "good" no less than "bad" effects.

The Secondary School Intentionality

This concerns my attachment to the English teacher of Section II. I am not relating facts, but what was the subject of analysis.

My parents had registered me at the secondary school in September 1914, as intending to become an elementary school teacher, no doubt in agreement that I wouldn't work in or about the coalmines. Form I was rapturous for me: I won first prize for the "best handwriting" in the school, and second prize for designing a letter-holder for the Headmaster's desk—I would have got first prize, he announced to the assembled school, if anyone could have made it! I topped the class in classwork and examinations.

But after only one term, at Christmas, I was promoted to Form II, alone, really to ensure that I would be in Form VI within five years instead of the

allotted six, so that I would be free to spend a year as pupil-teacher in an elementary school. Thus, I spent my years in school trying to catch up to pupils who had already received a year of Latin, French, etc., with the result that I became an “odd-ball,” neither one thing or another, except that I was the best *art* pupil in the School—I could draw marvelously. It was during these years that I took to reading Thomas Carlyle, Edmund Burke and Ruskin, and when I began my self-directed essay-writing.

It is easy to understand why I became so attached to the teacher of English literature of Section II. She had confided that I had attracted her attention in Form I, when, at the back of the classroom I sat *on top of the desk*, not on the chair, in my enthusiasm and excitement. She expressed sadness that for the rest of the years at school “I had been overlooked.”

It is all too easy to relate this to forbidden phantasies of envy and anxiety. After all, they are my recollections, my remembrances. Melanie Klein never took such a line, and they were indeed matters of fact, reality. I “got by” at school because I was able at mathematics and enjoyed science. Otherwise I was really unhappy.

On the other hand I had formed something for myself, outside the routine matters of the school curriculum, and it was apparently this that the English teacher had grasped.

What Melanie made of this I never got to know. Nor did the concept of intentionality ever arise as such. What I have to propose is that the relating of it, by association, meant that is was *justification* for something—giving “good” things to Mother is about the only way to describe it. For myself, it represented a place for *fantasy*, sublimated. I was able to disappear, so to speak, with strange books and essays.

The Pupil-Teacher Intentionality

My year spent as pupil-teacher was momentous, and I must have regaled Melanie Klein with its adventures. Not only did I receive a good experience and training as a teacher—I had to prepare a lesson each week for the Headmaster to review—but because of my father’s interests in the Worker’s Institute, I was afforded a month at Selwyn College, Cambridge, to attend a course on “The Renaissance.” Roger Fry was one of the notables. My hostages [sic] were two elderly daughters of Colman’s Mustard fame; and I was undoubtedly favored, as by far the youngest person of the hundred there. It is now hard for me to believe that I wore gloves when I was invited to have tea with these Colman ladies! It was a rich taste of a privileged life, with hot-water tubs brought into my bedroom each evening, and everywhere the decorum of a University.

The Renaissance was spread out before me in multi-colored glory, on golden plates, with sophisticated adults my fellow searchers after beauty and knowledge. I doubt my own search: the experience alone beggared anything in my experience.

Note how easy it might have been for me, with an artistic bent, to waste a life thereafter studying the Renaissance! Actually I had to de-bunk this idealization for myself in due course, replacing it with another, that of Toulouse and Languedoc, with Simone Weil (1962) as my heroine (Stephenson, 1970–78).

Again, I have no recollection of what Klein made of this. Preceding by a few weeks my entrance to the University in 1920 it must have had an enormous emotional effect. My parents would have been quite satisfied if I had gone to a 2-year training college to become a school teacher: instead, I was off on my own to a University.

A Political Intentionality

Politics was very much part of my father's interest, who used to take me to meetings with other members of the Labour Party, usually in the home of a man who himself became a Member of Parliament, and who was in due course knighted for his services to Labour. This same leader saw me prior to my leaving England for the U.S.A. in 1948, and said that it was a "pity that I was letting them down."

Beginning when I was 16, I formed close ties to a family into which my mother's youngest brother had married, and which suffused my fantasies in several directions, not least an affirmation for politics.

There were five lovely daughters in the family, and three sons. The eldest daughter was already a certified school teacher, and very much in my fantasies. She must have been ten years older, and I rarely saw her, and of course she knew nothing of my infatuation. Her eldest brother was killed in Spain, fighting Franco. The father was a County Councillor, responsible for fostering the careers of three prominent Labour Members of Parliament, and from whom I developed political interests. I helped to found the University Student Labour Movement in England when I was a senior at College, visiting members of the House of Commons in London to further this objective.

Melanie Klein was regaled with all of this, idealized in the manner of the analysis in Section II: I seemed to float in a heaven of incorruption. She was reminded that my self-imposed essays in secondary school had included one that was printed in *The Times Literary Supplement* at the conclusion of World War I, when I voiced a need to welcome home friends and foes, Germans and Britains alike. How I got the notion I do not know, except that I deeply pitied a family opposite my grandfather Stephenson's home, which had lost all *four* sons in the battles in France. Not to hurt butterflies and birds had sunk deep into me. And *There Is No Hell*, the pamphlet from grandfather Stephenson, must have helped.

But to return to the analysis. The County Councillor was himself a coal miner, "good" by everything I knew, like my grandfather Stephenson, but socially-oriented. His house was large, detached, with ample gardens, facing

a moor on which I learned to play golf. He had a *library*, in which for many years he had held weekend meetings to discuss socialism: whence the members of Parliament. I had no recollection of taking part in any discussion with him: he was remote. But he was aware of me and had guided in another direction a daughter with eyes set upon me, as she duly reported many decades later, then a widow, with sons already successful physicians! He had told her that I was set for the University. None of his own brood was so directed.

In this framework, politics became a major intentionality for me. It was entirely self-imposed, and outside any possible academic influence. High in its formation, without question, was this coal-miner's family setting.

Melanie Klein must have wondered, again, about the antiseptic nature of these associations. The fact remains, that I lived fantasy rather than reality alone, in that setting.

Intentionality at the University

My parents wanted me to be a schoolteacher. My grandfather Stephenson, instead, put me forward for a career in medicine, as a physician, and this was affordable. All that I myself wanted, apparently, was to be *at* the University, where I replayed the rapturous early days of my short stay in Form I of the secondary school, as I report in Section II above.

At the University, however, there was the notable occasion when I was invited to have tea with the Principle, Sir Theodore Morison, to meet a distinguished psychologist on his way from Berlin to Smith College, U.S.A. Two senior graduates were invited, and I was one. It was Professor Kurt Koffka, who was visiting a fellow student from Berlin days, feminine, who had married well and lived in Northumberland, a few miles north, doing volunteer work as a *clinical* psychologist—probably the first in Britain. There were only the four of us at tea.

It looks very much as if I “needed to be noticed.”

But it was more than that. I had had access to a textbook by Professor A. G. Tansley (1871–1955), *The New Psychology and Its Relation to Life* (1921), in which Tansley had interpreted Freud's theories, but also had introduced gestalt psychology. It is certain that I had already decided to become a psychologist when I completed, with Distinction, the year's course for the *Certificate for Secondary School Teaching* (1923–24).

The experience of honor at tea with Sir Theodore Morison and his distinguished guest that I was invited to meet was fruit for fantasy unlimited. I must have walked on air for a week afterwards.

The Major Intentionality

The above examples make it abundantly clear that what I was associating with, for Melanie Klein, was my own “goodness.”

There remains the major intentionality of my life, and I doubt whether any Kleinian can guess what it was. I had been intended as a schoolteacher by my parents, obviously in agreement about it. It seems that I was never to "let them down."

In London as graduate studying under Spearman, I attended seminars held by Sir Percy Nunn, Professor of Education in the University and author of *Education: Its Dates and First Principles* (1924), and got to know the work of J. Clark Maxwell Garnett, first Secretary of the ill-fated League of Nations, author of *Education and World Citizenship: An Essay Toward a Science of Education* (1924), and pioneer in factor theory not less important for psychology than his grandfather Maxwell Garnett's had been for physics. The works of J. B. Conant, *General Education in a Free Society* (1945) and *Education in a Divided World* (1949) were later to engross me.

For myself, I went silently on, outside nearly all academic or industrial involvements, to write *Quiddity College: Thomas Jefferson's Legacy for Moral Science* (1970–78). It introduced in its 500 pages a College for Subjective Science, based on Professor D. Boorstin's *The Lost World of Thomas Jefferson* (1948). I found the lost world. It replays the excitement of my stay at Selwyn College, and is at least remarkable fantasy. We found at Quiddity College Fellows and Houses named for David Rittenhouse (1732–1796), Benjamin Rush (1745–1813), Benjamin Smith Barton (1766–1815), Joseph Priestly (1733–1804), Charles Wilson Peale (1741–1827), and Thomas Paine (1737–1809). (Since it is unlikely ever to find a publisher, I hope that one day the Stephenson Research Center will be able to issue copies.)**

Section IV: Self-Reference

By 1935 I had decided that *self-reference* was critical for psychology, and I learned this as much from Freud's writings as from any academic source. The primary motive power, in Freudian terminology, is a patient's suffering: of deep anger in the child who has lost belief in parental affection, or the deep depression in neurosis, *but also, he added, a wish to be cured*. This, it seemed to me, "gave the show away": there was a *self* at issue, comparable to my overt wish to rid myself of dependency upon two father figures, Professors Spearman and Burt, to whom (even so) I owed so much in Academia.

Self, which Q technique epitomized, thus became the focus of my deepest intentionality.

I was already well-read about self when I went to Oxford in 1936 and much more so in Chicago, where I wrote three book manuscripts about it, *Intimations of Self* (1952), *The Study of Behavior: Q-technique and its Methodology* (1953), and *Psychoanalysis and Q-Methodology* (1954). Two of these remain unpublished.

** *Operant Subjectivity* plans to publish material from *Quiddity College* [Ed.].

These works concerned two important conclusions. The Freudian position was untenable without self-reference—as Freud said, the patient had to wish to get better.

The second concerned Kleinian principles. Clearly, they were reaching deeper into the unconscious, but I could now raise questions about phenomenological and object-relation implications. It left me open to tolerance for and interest in the writings of Soren Kierkegaard and Edmund Husserl, and in the efforts of Carl Rogers in Chicago, seeking therapeutic ends by non-directive counseling. There was also the case of Myra, the schizophrenic young woman of the *Genain Quadruplets* (Rosenthal, 1963) who found her own way to normality in the direction of her Q factors, and not that proposed for her by the attending psychologist and psychiatrist (Stephenson, 1974).

With respect to object-relations there was of course the work of Professor W. Fairbairn of Glasgow, a theorist without analytic training, whose *Psychoanalytic Studies of the Personality* (1952), and *An Object Relations Theory of the Personality* (1954), raised a storm in Kleinian circles. Since I had come away from Klein without a solution to my own problem, Fairbairn got my full attention in my 1954 *Psychoanalysis and Q-Methodology*.

I had already agreed that non-rational behavior results from splitting in 'ego' conditions due to repression, not, as Freud supposed, to sexual frustration. Then, with Fairbairn, and of course Klein before him, one had to recognize that *object-seeking* is significant. It is when 'objects' are internalized under conditions of deprivation and frustration, such as at breast-feeding (Klein, 1949) that repression appears. One begins to talk of 'bad' objects, and of the possibility that the recovery of such 'objects' by analysis is not itself curative; it requires a transference situation, where the analyst is experienced as 'good'.

What concerned me in particular was the need to come to grips with analysis of adults, to whom I could apply Q technique, and to which my self-psychology was applicable.

Thus, in *Psychoanalysis and Q-Methodology*, chapter VIII, I give an account of a segment of analysis with a patient, the 'Case of Martre', an extract from which is provided here in Section IX. There were four operant factors, A, B, C, D and in Section IX there is an interpretation of factor A, showing that it held a distinct ambivalence. In the original chapter I summarized as follows:

A simple account of Martre's condition, in dynamic terms, is provided by relating its four factors to one another. Factor A is how he conforms in the family, as a sensible young man. Factor D, instead, is the happy-go-lucky, don't care if I do, girl-in-boy solution to his wishes. For present purposes Martre's conflict turns upon the incompatibility of A and D. If he could have behaved in either way, all might have been well. Neither "wins out" however, and factor C

erupts instead as an “episode” of disturbed hostility and confusion. Yet C still represents the essential conflict within it, as non-rational ambivalency. In such behavior, however, madness lies, against which Martre is defended by depression of factor B. Thus, instead of living in an adjusted way as either A or D, Martre’s life is at present largely characterized by B. There is, as William James might have said, the certainty of disharmony and a “discordant splitting of the self”.

Imagine, then, what I intended to do with such a matter in quantum theory. Could I represent Klein’s *envy*, *greed*, and *jealousy* at a mother’s breast in such dynamic terms? What happens when it has to be recognized that factors such as A, B, C, D of Martre or for anyone else, are in complementary relationships, as for Bohr’s (1950) Principle of Complementarity? AD, BC, are clearly pointing in that direction.

I was able to play Fairbairn’s logic in factor terms; but otherwise it was inadequate. Analysis is interactional, and as analysis proceeds, a ‘good’ analyst also connotes a reciprocal ‘good’ analysand. In a lengthy analysis it must be supposed that a patient can grow in self-stature as the analytical work proceeds.

It was my belief that the many hours spent with Klein had resulted in a growth of my own self-stature, due to whatever the analysis was providing.

I argued, in *Psychoanalysis and Q-Methodology*:

Such considerations give point, then, to the necessity, in psychoanalysis, for more detailed investigation of the “self-structure” aspect of a person, of his “expanding self” and the like. It may be shown, I think, that psychoanalytic conceptions of personality formation (as in the classical papers by Freud [1908] on anal character, or by Abraham [1927] on oral and genital types of personality) came far short of what is required in this connection.

Moreover, the problems are no longer matters for speculation, or for theoretical study only, since any can now be made the object of Q-studies.

I ended up with the conclusion that intentionality is central to the concept of an “expanding self,” and that this is what I was looking for as a primary objective in Q methodology.

Consequences

To mention intentionalities is merely the beginning: it is their consequences that are the core of matters.

In chapter four, ‘Crisis’ of Grosskurth’s *Melanie Klein* (1985), there is a statement that rang loudly in my ears. Klein, Grosskurth writes, was an embodiment of her later theories—“(that) the world is not an objective reality, but a phantasmagoria with our own fears and desires” (Grosskurth, p. 62).

This rang very true, except that I replaced “fears and desires” by fantasy that carried with it intentionalities, as if *nature* had ordained them. Klein would have had every child psychoanalyzed for the good of the world. Instead, I would have a subjective science developed, to the same end, spearheaded by future Einsteins, Heisenbergs, Bohrs, and Diracs. Mine is attainable.

Meanwhile, there was an exciting connection between *reparation* in Klein, and *intentionality* in Q, which offers “goodness” for mankind, instead of the schizophrenic world of reparation in phantasy.

When Kleinians have read ‘William James, Niels Bohr, and Complementarity: V–Phenomenology of Subjectivity’ (Stephenson, 1988b) they will grasp better, perhaps, what is at issue. Each intentionality is long-lasting, as if it had been on one’s mind indefinitely. Each offers its own possibilities, and life’s exigencies make them probable. I have written a hundred papers and all can be tied to one or other of the intentionanlities of Sections II and III above. Yet each intentionality seems to have gone its own appointed way by self-direction. And fantasy, not phantasy, is its hallmark.

Examples

Thus, with respect to my Mid-Life Crisis I was able to create Q technique, and to use it in my work as a clinical psychologist at Epsom Hospital: my first publication was about *one* case of dementia (Stephenson, 1931). Spearman had always dealt with numbers of cases, basically with large-sampling doctrine, and I was changing the rules for myself.

With respect to my intention to be a psychologist, I had accepted psychoanalytic and gestalt doctrines when Spearman rejected both; yet I continued to work at Spearman’s major principles, and to accept his concept of *noesis* (or the like for the creative mind, and also his devastating conclusion in *Psychology Down the Ages* (1937) that nothing had been discovered down the ages except the principle of pleasure-unpleasure of psycho-physics (not psychological hedonism). The long road from my paper with Dr. William Brown (Brown and Stephenson, 1933) to the current series on quantum theory (Stephenson, 1986a, b, 1987, 1988a, b) was over fifty years in the making.

As for Kurt Koffka and my intention to be a psychologist, I entered into a long involvement in gestalt, helping David Katz and Richard Goldsmith (once Consulting Psychologist to the German Army) to find refuge at Oxford in the Institute of Experimental Psychology (from 1936-on). A specific interest is seen in two recent papers, ‘William James, Niels Bohr, and Complementarity: IV–the Significance of Time’ (Stephenson, 1988a), and ‘V–Phenomenology of Subjectivity’ (Stephenson, 1988b): in these articles I conclude that when Gestalt turned away from its roots in phenomenology and proceeded instead in the direction of objective explanatory theory, it fell to pieces, as in Koffka’s otherwise brilliant *The Principles of Gestalt Psychology* (1935). At the outset of this classic Koffka put “fact-finding”

and the “reduction of theory to a few propositions” as of highest priority, “theory from which all facts can be deduced” (Koffka, 1935, p. 5). This was the old Newtonian song. Gestalt’s *métier* was not fact-finding, but the discovery of “unusual,” “queer” phenomena, like David Katz’s proof that black is a color, and not mere absence of light sensation (Katz, *The World of Color*, 1935).

It was the same for Melanie Klein: her *métier* was, for me, the discovery of astonishing phenomena, queer and unusual, as in the phenomenology of David Katz.

Similarly for the political intentionality; I got to know Lewis F. Richardson F.R.S. at Oxford in 1938, whose classics are *Arms and Insecurity: A Mathematical Study of the Causes and Origins of War* (1960), and *Statistics of Deadly Quarrels* (1960a), and we found that we had much in common—such as being born a few miles apart, and educated by the same professors fifteen years apart. There was also the fact that he had made use of some of my early research, with colleagues, in physics, that he had published in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society*. I wrote, under his influence, *Amelioration of Political Conflict* (1961), which was reviewed by a political scientist and scathingly rejected as totally unacceptable. One can still see his anger in the margins as he had to confront my rejection of data for tens of thousands of cases for mine, of only a few.

The book was not published, but I was able to introduce several of its chapters into *The Play Theory of Mass Communication* (Stephenson, 1967), including chapter five, ‘Reduction of International Tensions,’ chapter seven, ‘National Character and Charismatic Leadership,’ chapter eight, ‘The Democratic Myth,’ and chapter nine, ‘How Nations See Each Other.’ Some day, it would be nice to see the original volume published intact.

But note that Richardson’s classics were “in memory of the insistence by Professor Karl Pearson, F.R.S., that popular beliefs ought to be tested by statistics.” Richardson was locked, with Pearson, into classical causality and determinism. Their quadratic equations gave *correct* answers. Our factor, and quantum theories, cannot do so, but leave the individual person indeterminate. I was able, in chapter five, on ‘Reduction of International Tensions’ to reverse Richardson’s equations, and to indicate that *peace*, as much as *war*, would be costly in economic terms.

Fantasy and Phantasy

We can now look at Klein’s contribution to my knowledge of psychoanalysis.

That Kleinian psychology distinguishes between fantasy and phantasy is clear. Only phantasy appears in Freud’s *Collected Works*. I have to submit that the significance of fantasy in modern life, such as I have considered in these pages, is egregiously neglected in psychoanalytic theory, no less in psychological. It is far more devastating for mankind, in many of its forms, than the mass of neuroses and psychoses from which people suffer. Nor is

the breast, or the womb, a final cause.

The sober account of the nuclear arms race in this journal by Hanna Segal ('Silence is the Real Crime', 1987) meets the point. She describes the situation as "more like a surrealist scenario, an unbelievable nightmare or a psychosis, than a sane world" (p. 3). The world, instead, is one of fantasy: of religion, education, the courts of law, politics, economics, and militarism, from all of which we suffer. And this is in no way to deny some gains in these directions. But until their inherent structures are investigated, we remain in terrible quandaries, and the remedy lies in quantum theory. Extraordinarily complex phenomena are the issue. Silence about this is indeed a scientific crime. I have written of it in 'The Shame of Science' (Stephenson, 1972), the shame being science's unwillingness to accept *subjectivity* as worthy of objective methodology. But I have also investigated in all of these fields of concern, to await the day when a subjective science becomes commonplace.

The account given in Section II of my analysis with Klein illuminates this endeavor. Obviously, Klein knew that I was presenting only *one* aspect of my life-stream. She had to confront a massive defensiveness, yet it had much of reality in its tow, and many of the psychological principles upon which she depended, were also at its foundations. By defensiveness, I mean my fantasy. And by fantasy, I mean the freedom to be *subjective* (with *me* at its core), hour after hour, no one knowing except myself.

Application to My Analysis

After 50 years it is presumptuous to expect anyone to faithfully recall the incidents I have described in Sections II and III above. Fortunately, I had written a great deal, as occasion made possible, to keep these matters in view.

One knows full well that as a child I must have been subject to the usual fears, of loud noises, heights, strangers, dark spaces, separation from one's parents, and a hundred other such conditions. What resulted in my case, and for my brothers and sisters, was that these had left no obvious scars—which is surely not unusual. The real point is, in my case, was there a different kind of effect, psychological, such as Klein was adumbrating, that entered into the fantasies I enjoyed?

I had learned by experiment that left to itself, an obsession could "work itself out," as in my experiment with the 9-year-old cretin boy.

Is this what had happened in my own case, for the pseudotransference with my school teacher, when, over many years, I "worked out a solution for myself?" A patient, one had to believe, with a wish to be well, as Freud assumed, must surely spend hours and hours in lonely fantasy, as I had done.

This in no way was being critical of psychoanalysis, or of Klein's work in particular. But, with quantum theory under my bonnet, I could begin to ask unusual questions. Thus, the "death" and "life" instincts for Freud were

in opposition, and he wished to relate the polarities to each other, deriving the one from the other. How, he asked, can the sadistic instinct, whose aim is to be aggressive, be derived from Eros, the giver of life? Or *vice versa*?

Which presents no difficulty in quantum theory, if the instincts can be in a relationship of complementarity. Similarly for Klein, if *envy, greed, and jealousy* are fundamental *feeling-states*, they can be looked upon as complementary influences: Each is a unique possibility for the subject (Ego) under different conditions. There cannot be a joining of them to provide a different principle explaining all three. Which applied also to Klein's *denial, reparation, and omnipotent control*, at the very beginnings of life for the baby at its mother's breast. Klein maintains that these mechanisms exert influence throughout life (Grosskurth, 1985, p. 318, tells of it). The child, of course, is unable to put its thoughts into words, but I was soon showing that a 4-year old child, and then 2-year olds, could perform Q sorts with pictures from children's storybooks and picture-postcards from National galleries.

Denial, reparation, and omnipotent control look very like *feeling-states* in Q methodology, manifest about fantasy. One has to begin to think of them as basics, in opposition to one another by nature, by way of something akin to self-reference even for the 2-year old.

There was also Klein's 'On the Sense of Loneliness' (1959) as a generalized wish for unattainable perfect *internal* states. But they must have been, also, for *external* conditions, or fantasy, as well as phantasy.

In Kleinian theory I had internalized a protecting mother, the nucleus of a helpful super-ego. The child, Klein contended, wanted to repair any damage done in the internalizing. Whence the concept of *reparation*. Quoting from Grosskurth (to whom one must express the joy of discovery):

the significance of phantasies of reparation is perhaps the most essential aspect of Klein's work; for that reason her contribution to psychoanalysis should not be restricted to explorations of the aggressive impulses and phantasies (Grosskurth, 1985, p. 223).

Klein had found *denial, reparation, and omnipotent control* at the very beginnings of life, and held that these exerted influence throughout life.

Her reparation is our intentionality; the one for phantasy, the other for fantasy.

But the same principles seem to apply, as for Section II of these pages. There was the transference upon the elderly school teacher; the astonishing intentionality; the loneliness, a generalized yearning for perfection; the integration in the wake of a Mid-Life Crisis; and the continuation of a reparation, if such it was, for the rest of a life. All of this is redolent of the "inner sense" of Klein's world. If I was suffering from breast and womb envy, fantasy was its sublimation. And by fantasy I mean the freedom to be *subjective*, hour after hour, no one knowing except oneself.

The truth is that fantasy such as I have described is everyone's fate, for good or bad, and the world is not at all the objective reality we all believe it to be, but something vastly different. And not all is bad. If we could deal with these so-called realities with the deep compassion of a Melanie Klein, the world would indeed be a better place for everyone.

Nulla Dies Sine Linea

Not a day without something done: Such is intentionality, carried along in fantasy.

Henry Adams could scarcely have presaged Niels Bohr's principle of complementarity (1950), or the recent advances in neophysics, of Ilya Prigogine's *From Being to Becoming: Time and Complexity in the Physical Sciences* (1980). We have to do so. The main thrust of Q methodology is to introduce complexity as such. It is the burden of 'Intentionality: Or How to Buy a Loaf of Bread,' Section X of these pages.

I have shown how one can experiment into Klein's "inner sense" in my *Psychoanalysis and Q-Methodology* (1954), from which I have provided two extracts, as segments VIII and IX. The one introduces chapter one of the book, opening with an experiment. The other is chapter VIII of the manuscript, for a brief segment of analysis paralleled with Q sorts, for the 'Case of Martre.' A recent paper, 'Falsification and Credulity for Psychoanalytic Doctrine' (Stephenson, 1988c) denies Sir Karl Popper's assertion that psychoanalysis can never be a science, and a few pages from this article are provided here as Segment V.

Unhappily, perhaps, for my readers of the Kleinian group and other psychoanalysts, the answer to Popper depends upon psychoanalysis making use of Q methodology *for research purposes*; it in no way questions the analytical pragmatics as such.

Thus, over a span of more than 50 years, in Q studies of aesthetics, religion, the educative process, politics, war, literature, psychotherapy, and all else of fantasmagoria (to coin the word), I have fulfilled my intentions, all born of Klein's reparation, and all based on quantum theoretical foundations.

Subjectivity

But how to explain the mechanism by which such intentionalities could function? I made reference earlier to the interest I had taken in Soren Kierkegaard and Edmund Husserl, for their phenomenology. In the final paper of the series 'William James, Niels Bohr, and Complementarity: V-Phenomenology of Subjectivity' (Stephenson, 1988b) I provide an answer. Left to itself, the mind, so-called, can come to its own conclusions after long-continued fantasy, and does so in quantum "jumps." There are, after all, only a few possible solutions to our complex problems, something that Keynes had also noticed when he defined for us, before the days of quantum theory, the limited variation of "atomic unity" and Broadian "blobs" (Stephenson, 1953, p. 47). I refer J.M. Keynes's *A Treatise on Probability* (1921), a work

of fundamental importance for correlational theory and factor analysis. What had become possible now, however, was the discovery that operant factors in Q are inherently intentional. That is, there is now a way to measure intentions, as suggested in Segment X.

Conclusion

The Kleinian constructs, as of Freud too, are in the reductionist framework of science. Instead, we have to turn to an integrative system, accepting complexity as such as the *fons et origo* of science, in physics and psychology alike. Prigogine uses the embryo chicken as exemplar: Far from science being fundamentally reductionist, it is more essentially integrative. We see for the chicken . . .

. . . the progressive organization of a biological space in which every event proceeds at a moment and in a region that makes it possible for the process to be coordinated as a whole. This space is functional . . . (Prigogine, 1980, p. xiv).

Intentionality, the subject of Segment X, is therefore our version of Klein's *reparation*—though *denial* and *omnipotent control* are also possibilities of no less long-lasting scope. This is because quantum factors are different aspects of a condition, equally intentional.

The quantum-theoretical approach has been published in the series 'William James, Niels Bohr, and Complementarity,' in five parts, I—Concepts, II—Pragmatics of a Thought, III—Significance of Time, IV—Schrodinger's Cat, and V—Phenomenology of Subjectivity. I expect these papers to appear in book form in 1989.

The ultimate aim of psychoanalysis, Klein agreed, is to lead the child to express itself in speech, and thus to put itself in touch with reality (Grosskurth, 1985, p. 169). This, I suggest, I have achieved. But it meant that I had to replace 'consciousness' by verbal report (largely), and until psychoanalytic doctrine faces this fundamental question, it remains, like the child, in its own infancy.

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[Editor's note: The above text represents 'sections' I–IV of a planned 10. The remaining contents are shown below, as Stephenson drafted them, referring to them as 'segments'.]

Exemplifications

Segments V to X are extracts from unpublished works, to exemplify the mode of thought that enters Q-methodology and its quantumized subjective science. There is perhaps some redundancy, but that may be useful.

Segment V introduces my responses to Sir Karl Popper's criticism that psychoanalysis cannot become a science. Segment V introduces my responses to Sir Karl Popper's criticism that psychoanalysis cannot become a science. [Ed: This segment subsequently appeared as Falsification and credulity for psychoanalytic doctrine. *Operant Subjectivity*, 11, 73-97.]

Segment VI gives a few pages from an introductory volume meant for students in experimental psychology (new style).

Segment VII is from Quiddity College: Thomas Jefferson's Legacy for Moral Science.

Segment VII, 'Some matters of definitions', is from Psychoanalysis and Q-Methodology, Chapter I.

Segment IX, 'Fragment from case Martre' is from Psychoanalysis and Q-Methodology, Chapter VIII.

Segment X is a complete article, 'Intentionality: or how to buy a loaf of bread' [Ed: this appeared subsequently in *Operant Subjectivity* 16(3/4), 69–90 and is reprinted below in order to allow readers to further examine Stephenson's approach to intentionality, given its prominence in the earlier segments.]