

# **THE DIARY OF A REJECTED SCIENTIST**

**Intro and CH 1 Part only**

**2014**

*For Myrtle*

*Sara, April, Ruby, Jasper*

*And all of the analysands who granted me the honour of  
being the assistant during their perilous journeys  
to symptom depths and the essential  
revisions that were effected  
there*

**A REAL SCIENCE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS!  
DEVELOPED BY USE OF THE  
SCIENTIFIC METHOD!**

**BUT NEITHER ITS THEORISTS,  
NOR CLINICIANS,  
NOR THE CRITICS OF ITS LACK OF SCIENCE,  
NOR ANYONE ELSE,  
WANTS  
ONE?**

**WHY NOT?**

**An Alternate Title for This Book Might Well Be,**

**“Huh?”**

**(“Scunnered” would also do.)**

# PREAMBLE

## A SUMMARILY REFLECTIVE LOOK AT HOW I GOT TO

### THIS PLACE

#### A Very Early Beginning

*This book is an account of a profession's powerful, longstanding rejection of a culture of real science and its subjectively-determined dismissal of the results of a remarkable, unplanned, scientifically-creative journey that was the result of a fortuitous combination of circumstances. As I came to know them during a long series of researches, some were results of a once-forgotten infancy and childhood, products of the urgent curiosity of a self born into one of the strange social environments created by neurotic symptoms in objects. Others were the results of a highly-energized drive to find a medium in which that curiosity could be let loose to carry out intentions about which I was not initially informed.*

#### It Started Out All Right

*The drive led me on a roundabout course to its objective. Under its influence, I studied medicine, the scientific method and psychiatry before being taken to my lifelong intellectual lodgings in the domain of psychoanalytic practice and research. Once there, the machinery of an eager but rusting cognition was given purpose and set in motion. It directed me to the tell-tale signs of a grail that I did not know I was seeking and inspired me to follow its lead. The trail led to a gently-flowing stream of research endeavour into which I was encouraged to enter. Then I did not so much follow as be carried.*

*For a considerable length of time I proceeded happily, enjoying the passing scene in the unchecked belief that I was travelling in the mainstream of psychoanalytic theoretical concerns. Later, however, when I reported on my trip, I was surprised to discover that I had been floating along a strange course far from that murky waterway's nearest tributary. For a long while I attempted to make connections, but repeated efforts led to unpromising bogs. On entering them, a sensitive olfactory function became my advisor and led me back from convention. As I was soon to learn, it was taking me to a "hard scientific" realm of clinical research and practice in which the curious parts of my cognitive apparatus were destined to become much excited.*

*In time the river opened into a quiet basin and I crawled from it to see what lay about me. The sight was breathtaking. A scientific funpark for clinicians was stretched out for miles. Approaching its first entertainment, I saw that objective perception, if coupled with an accurate cognitive throwing arm, was certain to win prizes. When*

*phenomena were observed and defined, bottles went down and multiple hypotheses popped up. When clinical experimental designs were created and validation criteria settled, darts hit balloons and theoretical questions were answered. And there were interval tests for logical fallacies to assist the contestants.*

*I felt as if I had found the Shangri La of clinical research, and I nourished my soul with challenges that had been missing in its daily fare. I also made frequent discoveries, and hints came that I had become eligible for a grand prize. But I did not know what it was to be until I received a ticket to a most unusual ride.*

### **A Big Surprise**

*Intrigued with the power of my discoveries in the clinic, I turned them on symptoms in self<sup>1</sup> and was taken to a roller coaster of the larger kind. As I sat down in the nearest car, it started at once and I was thrown into my seat. The climbs and falls were unusually steep and the turns hair-raising, but my adventurous parts enjoyed the ride. At the end, however, a terrible shock awaited me. I was tossed in the air, parts and all, and dumped back into my river which had picked up speed. A plan was in place, for I was thrown with accuracy and landed alone in the middle of a white-water raft. But at that point I began to have second thoughts about pursuing a scientific method of clinical research.*

*I was carried into rapids with rocks on one side and hard places on the other. Water came on board and there was no time to think. My craft hit something and we parted company. But I reconnected with the help of a trailing rope.*

*Waterfalls loomed and a prayer started from my lips. I caught it in time, though, and kept my scientific integrity. I moaned and groaned aloud instead, and counselled myself with firmness. The trip could not last forever. And it didn't.*

### **But There Was More To Come**

*The river slowed and my enthusiasm revived. It appeared that I would soon reach an ocean and come upon some lost horizons. But my strange and dubious reward was not yet complete. In a peculiar manner for water running downstream, my river dried up and I drifted to the edges of a desert of despair.*

*My curiosity surveyed the scene unfazed. Adapting quickly to our new conditions, it plodded on like a camel, with its questions, hypotheses and methods on its back. Its host, however, the greater part of me, soon lagged behind. Never dromedarial by nature, and needing regular replenishment with the basic elements, I became a bedraggled specimen in whom symptoms developed by the day. On observing my plight, my curious part plied its new knowledge to finding cures for my afflictions. But*

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<sup>1</sup> That remained after a typically long and incomplete training analysis.

*its ministrations were not yet precise, and weakened by my ills I nearly gave up in the midst of a violent sandstorm.*

*While that curiosity could not make me better, however, it did encourage me, and it gave me hope when the crisis came. It also learned to tell mirages from waterholes. And it led me past sleeping Bedouins to drink in the night.*

*So I lurched on.*

### **And Glory Me!**

*Then my surroundings changed dramatically. The air freshened, and I began a descent through a lush land in which basic and technical theories grew on trees. Plucked at will, they combined to create a scientific Theory of Formulation. When it was applied to self and others, it opened symptom roots to view and made bedrock changes in developmental aberrations more possible than ever.*

### **And Breaking the News!**

*It was "Lo and behold!" time for me then, and I trekked overland to tell others where I had been.*

*"Psychological life does not have to be the terrifying roar of an uncontrollable current!, I shouted excitedly. "There need be no more rattles in parched throats, and no more uncertain remedies with incomplete outcomes!", I explained. "Scientific clinical methods of research and practice are real possibilities. The wasteland of human symptomatic experience can be irrigated", I said.*

### **Then, Whahhh?**

*But tradition had hold of my audience. Some were politely listening, and others were becoming angry?*

### **But Light Has Been Seen**

*Observing that, my deepest parts winced and tugged me away. Breathing fresh air at my surface after years of searching, they hated the signs of hide-bound adherence to untested, cherished beliefs. They grunted displeasure at the sounds of speculative conclusions and premature closures. They had no patience for the traditional theories that had long led me off their trail to chase wild complexes. They detested the symptoms that had been strangling their life, and they were offended at the sight of suffering others who I now understood anew. They were determined that they, and I, would see Eros triumph over Thanatos in human affairs. Thus they led me back to my land of plenty.*

### **And The Trip Goes On**

*Returning there, I re-entered my stream and was conducted to a peaceful estuary where a warm sun calmed and cheered me. Soft breezes blew from the land, waterbirds lazed in their currents, and the long-vigilant nerve ends of my senses relaxed. It was time for rest and reflection, so I went ashore, opened my journals, and wrote this account of my expedition.*

### **Postscript**

*Seven years later, with my record complete, my cognition was reawakened and the water beckoned once more. "Before you get too old", it said, and trusting it, I slipped back into my estuary.*

*From there I was floated into a hopeful sea where gentle waves tugged at my heart and spirit, and sirens caressed my curiosity with whispers.*

*What was that? A scientific Theory of Applied Formulation? Somewhere ... over ... the horizon?*

*The call, though faint, was clear, so with my parts collected and all in assent I gave myself to the outgoing tide.*

*And as I penned this postscript, I was sitting on a rock on an obviously-offshore island.*

### **Questions and Answers**

*Somewhat lonely? Yes. Angry? To be sure! Would like to see institutional changes? Damn right! Will contribute to such? That's what this book is about. Bloodied? Yeh, **But still too darn thrilled by my experienced to be "bowed"!***

## **INTRODUCTION**

After training in Medicine, Internal Medicine and Psychiatry, and a few years of practice in the latter, I sought qualification in the above peculiar profession. I was then quietly surprised by its many schools, multiple theories to explain the same phenomena, personalized variations in the applications of such, an absence of scientific research designs, no references to the scientific method<sup>2</sup>, and no talk of hypotheses tested for predictive capability. It was a

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<sup>2</sup> That is, *objectively observe, identify and define unexplained and inadequately-explained phenomena in one's scientific "domain"* (see footnote 3), *create multiple logical hypotheses to explain, develop validation criteria to test for*

strange experience, given that I had become well familiar with Medicine's use of science to successfully track down causes and develop cures. And being told more than once that Analysis was the "gold standard" of the "tin alloy" psychotherapies made it more so.

What surprised me, however, did not appear to faze those who became my resource authors, colleagues, teachers, supervisors and fellow students, so I set my socio-professional quandary aside and did what I had to do. I took in all that I was taught, and did what my reasoning and curiosity demanded. That is, I converted theories to hypotheses, subjected them to logical assessment, and thought about how to test them. Then, over an unplanned lifetime of fear, joy, turmoil and discovery, I developed a scientific research design that clinicians can use in parallel with their treatment efforts. And, employing it myself, I was led to a basic science of the symptoms of my domain<sup>3</sup>, then an applied theory that allows analysts to reach and undo complex-conflict causal depths that I have never encountered in clinical reports.<sup>4</sup>

But the methodologies, the researches, the theories and the clinical results (all of which have been extensively documented and can be made available to interested others) are not what this document will be about. I am now 81 years old, and content with the pleasures of scientific innovation and clinical practice that life has unexpectedly bestowed on me. I am, however, not at all pleased with my profession's resistance to the creation of a "hard" science of psychoanalysis, a strange phenomenon that has dogged and nullified my efforts to share my findings for fifty years. And while organizing my writings for ease of future reference and administration by my family after my death, I also became mightily offended by the behaviours of a series of editors and reviewers who were responsible for the difficulty.

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*predictive capability, apply the tests, keep those (if any) that survive, and retest many times before declaring proofs. If none survive, develop new hypotheses and repeat process.*

<sup>3</sup> This is the Philosophy of Science term used for the researcher's area of scientific interest and endeavour, for example, "Clinical Psychoanalysis", "Physics" (e.g. Thermodynamics).

<sup>4</sup> I include myself in the group because I carried out a systematic self analysis using my developing theory when symptoms remained after my training analysis ended. It lasted over 10 years, eradicated the symptoms for good, doubled as a research tool, and left a large collection of systematic process notes that I saved and protected for future use. (Papers on the subject will be included in pertinent chapters as the book unfolds.)

As I filed them and re-read the rejection responses (when written accounts were forwarded), I was shocked by the numbers, aghast at the nature of the assessment processes, and amazed at the consistent, unobserved and unchecked lack of objectivity in the reviews themselves<sup>5</sup>.

The contents of my papers were sound. I was often complimented for my writing ability and asked to compose briefs for my society. The subjects I addressed were of undeniable importance to my profession and mental health groups at large. And the introduction of a science to any field of human inquiry that lacked one is usually welcomed. Yet most of my submissions to the present, and basically all of my attempts to publish, were turned down.

In what follows, I will provide concrete examples of: (1) the rejections for presentation and publication; (2) misconceptions voiced in protest at paper presentations; (3) odd phenomena encountered in the course of dialogues with critics of the profession's lack of science; (4) the results of recent efforts to make my work known via internet discussions; (5) responses to my attempts to highlight the as-yet unaddressed and unexplained fact of a powerful resistance to a genuine science in all of the groups involved in, and peripheral to, the analytic profession. The material throws clear and disturbing light on a socio-professional problem that is far from being mine alone. It is one that stands in the way of separating the scientific wheat from the speculative chaff of existing theories, and moving to an expansion of analytic research and treatment possibilities.

## **CHAPTER 1**

### **THE PROBLEM SUMMARIZED**

#### **A: Within the Profession**

##### **In Editors of Submissions for Conference Presentations and Journal Publications**

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<sup>5</sup> As far as I could see, the editors of journals received numbered copies of my papers with no reference to the author, his professional credentials, his experience, or papers already presented on the subject. The result then became a partial "blank screen". But the startling part of it all was the degree to which subjectively-determined projections onto me, the unidentified author, replaced the "hard data" of the papers that could have made the real me knowable.

- Rampant, unobserved, unchecked and concretely-demonstrable subjective biases in anonymous reviewers, in cases where the author is provided with their written responses
- No means of checks and balances when the above factor determines that a presentation or publication has been demonstrably and wrongfully rejected
- Chief editors that accept the above situations and are not responsive when an author puts the “hard”<sup>6</sup> evidence of the above before them
- When no editorial explanations are provided with rejection notices, meaningless form letters consoling an imagined recipient who is presumed to be primarily concerned with getting into print and disappointed, not a real one who is trying to share exciting discoveries, and who, when misperceived, assesses the assessors
- When no editorial explanations are provided with rejection notices all possibility of identifying, tracking the problem is nullified at the start
- An anonymity principle that removes the reviewer’s responsibility to curb subjective biases and provide reviews based on objective readings (and, in some cases, wonder about him/herself instead of acting out transference-determined, defended-aggressive drives in the form of unprofessional disrespectful attitudes, language, and high-handed lectures).
- The accepted insularity of the profession and its long-lasting social structures, that preclude the introduction of internal and external scientists to assist with research problems and designs
- The impossibility of correcting strikingly-brazen, negative misreadings of one’s author self in all of the situations described above
- An apparent general lack of desire to develop a real science
- The current acceptance of a scientifically-unsupportable and backward shift to uses of the clinician’s subjectivity and countertransferences in formulations of session material
- A correlative and also completely-unsupportable acceptance of the idea that Freud’s metapsychology theories are “dead” and that new (“Modern”

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<sup>6</sup> This is a term used to separate proofs established by real (i.e. “hard”) sciences as opposed to the uncertain ones developed by “soft sciences” (e.g. by consensus). The latter do not exclusively rely on objective perceptions processed by the researcher’s conscious cognitive-emotional functions, so speculations can creep into basic and applied theories, appeal to groups, and create states of perpetual uncertainty.

“Contemporary”) creations not based on them have understandably and rightly replaced them

- A general habit of treating mature, long-experienced, serious and capable thinker-researchers and writers as if they are: dunces unable to realistically assess the substance and value of their own work; lacking knowledge of the unquestioned theoretical “truths” in the literature; and in need of corrections from a great height (that are duly administered)
- An individual editorial habit of treating one’s own “truths” as the truth, and assessing another’s different, even scientifically tested, conclusions as otherwise
- A sometimes emphasis on format over creativity, content and substance, often to the remarkably-inexplicable point of no focus on the latter at all

### **In Researchers, Theorists Teachers, Supervisors, Students**

- A general lack of evidence of any training in knowledge of (and interest in?) the principles and methods of scientific research, namely those of the “Scientific Method”
- Missing and misleading concepts of the principles and ranges of the research possibilities of two other common research methods, the so-called “Qualitative” and “Quantitative” types

**Note: Quantitative studies** with their statistical conclusions, that now fill our many psychiatric journals, are “**Empirical**” **researches** that show whether a certain element is more reliably and partially (but not exclusively) present in one sample group over another. They do not, and cannot, reveal causes.

The term is derived from the “**Empiricists**”, one of three sects of physicians in ancient Rome. Their members were interested in *treatments* for illnesses (e.g. medications) but not the *causes* (**See U.S. National Library of Medicine for definition**). The “Outcome Studies” of Psychoanalysis that are directed to establishing *some* degree of the effectiveness of treatments (or otherwise) are an example.

By contrast, certain physician researchers of the early 1900s using the Scientific Method, tested one logical hypothesis, using a single

experimental design and a few subjects, to discover the root **cause** of Diabetes. A specific treatment then ended the deaths of adolescents from diabetic coma, after years of multiple *empirical* attempts at treatment had failed.

- An unnecessary and illogical habit of closing on the possibility of future discoveries when current efforts to unravel the unexplained have been deemed impossible from the start or determined to be so after some attempts have failed.

**Note:** A common example is the saying that “*no analysis is ever complete*”, with the implication being that none can ever be so. Another is the assumption that the principles of mind structure and process that produce and maintain the symptoms of the analytic domain are inaccessible to scientific methods of research. And Sigmund Freud, though he left researchers a superb foundation for the development of a real science of psychoanalysis, created a further one (that I have proved wrong and will illustrate later) when he said “*In analysis, however, we have to do without the assistance afforded to research by experiment*”. (1933, SE Vol.XXII, p.174).

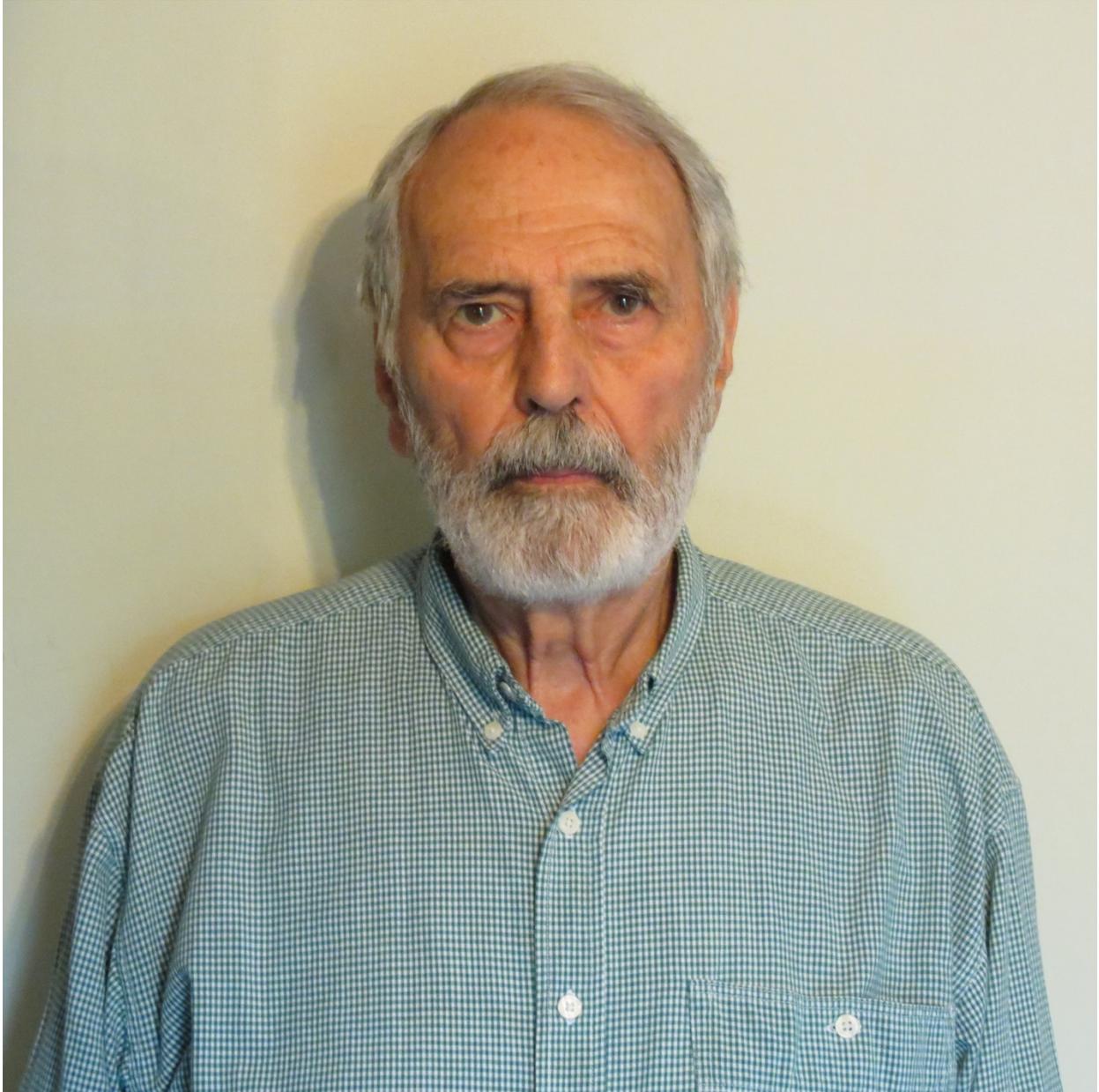
### **In Clinicians**

- A lack of familiarity with, and unchecked assumptions about, scientific methods, and no clear knowledge of the fundamental type of research method presented for comment
- A lack of knowledge of how the Scientific Method is used in medical research and how it can be reliably cross-applicable for use in psychoanalysis
- Doubt and even mocking disbelief that an author has created such a method and that it can easily be illustrated in operation (e.g. in one of its dimensions, to test and prove or disprove a hypothesis)
- An assumption that scientific applied theory is devoid of empathy and a real relationship between analyst and analysand (who are actually coworkers engaged in one goal) does not develop.

- An inability to accept that such theory extends the therapist's formulative range and depth, and hence the analysand's ability to reach and dismantle conflicts at bedrock levels and permanently.
- A trend to attach to, uphold (and revere?) the theories of various thinker/writers that have not been scientifically developed - at the expense of seeking proofs from others or developing one's own
- The unchecked, acted-on assumption that an author seeks to replace other approaches to research and therapeutic technique as opposed to simply making his(her) work known
- As in the case of the theorists teachers, supervisors, students above, the assumption that something not yet possible never can be so
- Non-self-observed, non-assessed and non-counteracted shifts from the stated purposes of established blog discussions to the development of social relationships

## **B: In Critics of the Lack of Science**

- Intense and lengthy efforts to point out the problem and identify its signs, but strangely not interested in a solution when one is proposed or presented as a "fait accompli"
- A culture of such behaviour that is accepted by those who operate within it and do so without self-observation of its oddity and uselessness
- A psychoanalytic profession subjected to such behaviour that is also oblivious to its oddity, and reinforces its continued existence by treating it as if it were worthy of defense
- No responses to scientist-author initiated correspondences with critics, who, from their writings, would have reasonably been expected to be interested
- No responses to initiated correspondences in which interest in written material was expressed but the possibility of response was left uncertain
- No further responses from correspondences in which interest was expressed and offers of further communication had been assured (sometimes enthusiastically)



**WANTED!**

**FOR REPEATED EFFORTS TO CREATE A  
REAL SCIENCE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS**

**BUT HE HAPPILY ESCAPED**  
**(AND CARRIED ON)**