THE PRE-PSYCHOTIC SCHIZOID: A CHARACTER STUDY.

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This paper is an attempt to study the family and personal history of a schizoid individual, J. M—, who developed schizophrenia (dementia paranoides) at the age of 22.

The family history is incomplete, but enough has been obtained to show that the stock is psychopathic, though there is no known psychotic member.

J. M—'s father is an industrious and successful business man, with little imagination, his vision not ranging beyond his work, his garden, tennis and his annual holiday *en famille* by the sea. He is firmly convinced that what is good enough for himself should be good enough for his son. Totally unable to grasp the significance of the series of domestic misfortunes that have overtaken his family, he has retreated from the situation, burying himself more deeply in his business.

The paternal grandfather is described as an eccentric individual, a pedagogue, scholar and somewhat of a musician. His appearance was mephistophelian, his outlook misanthropic and cynical. Allowances were made for him by his relatives, it being supposed that the loss of an eye, the result of some escapade of childhood, was responsible for his soured view of life. Fairly typical of the man is a remark, on making one of his grandchildren a present, to the effect that one can always buy children's love. The old man corresponded freely with his grandson, guided him in his reading, and undoubtedly had a large influence in moulding his character and tastes.

The paternal uncle is a quite peculiar man, who, despite a brilliant scholastic career, chose to give up everything for farming. He more or less isolated himself from his relatives and persons of his own social status; women he would never allow in the house. In latter days all signs of culture had been lost. His dining-room, in which he would feed in his shirt-sleeves, is hung with the

https://doi.org/10.1192/bjp.77.319.804 Published online by Cambridge University Press

more disreputable of the Hogarth prints. His speech is coarse, his accent and general appearance akin to that of his yokels.

J. M—'s mother, at her best a charming and entertaining woman, is emotional and unstable. Uncontrolled outbursts of temper, with a habit of making cutting remarks, have resulted in her making temporary or permanent enemies of the majority of her acquaintances. A pronounced hypochrondriac, she is for ever worrying about her own health or that of her children, whom she alternately fusses over or has dramatic and sensational scenes with. After one of these emotional crises she will take to her bed for days together, complaining of headache or other obscure subjective ailment. Her doctor having been called in, she will, at his next visit, most ably refute his diagnosis or method of treatment with quotations from the *Household Physician*. In her own way a good mother, she is passionately fond of her children and is very ambitious for them. Her habit of comparing these exceptionally beautiful and gifted children with the offspring of less fortunate parents, to the latter's disadvantage, may also have been partly responsible for her lack of friends. True to her character, this sorely tried woman even now, after so many trials, is unable to forego her delight in cheap dramatization; the modern Niobe tells how, each morning, she waters her rose garden with her tears.

J. M—'s sister, a pale, sickly girl, is subject to severe headaches, as a result of which she frequently has to curtail her activities. Typically the extrovert, she is talented, clever, a born organizer and artistic. At the university she has taken up high art, is president of the dramatic club and an active member of other societies. Following her brother's mental breakdown, she developed a psychoneurosis, from which she was cured after being removed from her home and treated for many months by psycho-analysis.

The only other member of the family to be described is a boy cousin, a most precocious youth, famous at an early age for his astounding remarks and cocksure manner. At the age of eleven he was top of his preparatory school. He, also, is emotionally unbalanced, having little control over his temper. On one occasion, as a small boy, he was found swinging his little sister, and having got her well on the go, was pleasantly amusing himself sticking a pin into the powerless child as she came towards him. More recently the family went to much trouble to arrange for this lad to go into a business with excellent prospects. The boy gave no one any indication that the idea was repugnant to him, and an interview with the manager was obtained. At this interview his relations

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were staggered to learn that he had offhandedly told the manager that he had not the slightest intention of taking the post.

Such is the family; it includes many other interesting and some brilliant people, amongst them a famous surgeon. There is, however, evidence of emotional instability and eccentricity, while on the paternal side there is a marked schizoid colouring.

To complete the background, it should be mentioned that J. M— is the eldest of a family of three. Their home is on the outskirt of a large manufacturing town; of red brick and flimsy appearance, surrounded by trees and a large flower garden, it has the holiday appearance of a summer villa. Its easy comfort, tasteful decoration and lack of anything substantial or really good within would appear to symbolize the fine-weather life of this unfortunate family.

Coming now to the personal history, it would be best to commence with the appearance and physique of J. M—. As a child fragile and small, with angelic features, gold curly hair, bright blue eyes, clear transparent skin and pink and white complexion, he was presumably of the hypopituitary, hyperthymic type.

Puberty was stressful, and a marked change occurred. He remained extremely short for his age, and never put on much height subsequently; he would be about 5 ft. 4 in. But from being fragile, he now became stocky, sturdy and muscular. His features coarsened and his skin became sallow and thick. For a prolonged period around puberty he was subject to severe outbreaks of acne. Another peculiarity is a striking degree of oxycephalus, and he would often remark that his head was such a queer shape he could get no hat to fit it. There is no history of physical illness, beyond the usual childish complaints. Near the commencement of the mental illness he had his appendix removed.

Before attempting character analysis it will be as well to give a history of his activities. As a small boy at the preparatory school he was popular, took a keen interest in games and was well up to the average, though not markedly above it, at school work.

At the public school he was less popular, remaining, however, very keen on games and on the school life in general. At this time he had few friends, and was already introverted, unsociable, and considered to be a little unusual. He did fairly well at school work. At the university he made a few staunch friends, but even by these was considered queer, for they never knew how he would take things. He remained an enthusiastic games man, and was captain of his college at tennis, and a county hockey player. He was certainly very much in love with the university life. The

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war may have worried him to some extent, for he was nearly due to go out to the front at the time of the Armistice, and had served in a cadet battalion during his first half-year at the university. He never showed any of his feelings on this matter, save to generalize on the war's beastliness. Some indication of his attitude may be gained by his special interest and admiration for Robert Hugh Benson's novel *The Coward*, which he read at this time. On leaving the university he went into his father's business. The work was repugnant to him; he hated provincial life, which he would continually compare unfavourably with the idealized time at the university. His first breakdown, which lasted only a few weeks, occurred just before he went up for his finals. About nine months after leaving the university the ultimate mental breakdown took place.

Returning to his childhood for more detailed information, inventiveness in the sphere of games, which were sometimes of a most elaborate nature, was specially noted. Soldiers were never played with in the usual static manner to be followed by an orgy of destruction. He would arrange sports for them on a vast scale, with complicated and exhaustively written programmes of events, the chance of each soldier being dependent on the throw of the dice. Much the same extraneous interest was brought in at French cricket, by means of which county matches were played off, all the names of the county players, which he knew by heart, being first put down on the score-sheet. It was also part of the game that the method of batting and bowling and the salient characteristics of the players should be impersonated by the children. The number of games of this type was legion. It may be guessed from the above that J. M— was a dominant figure in the nursery. He appears also to have been something of a bully, but not by brute force. As quite a small boy he terrified a younger child by touching him with a bottle containing coloured paper, which he assured the latter had the power of turning him into a dragon.

From an early age a keen reader, he delighted in the usual run of boys' books of adventure, history and legend, and, like the majority of children, he was in the habit of identifying himself with the heroes of his story-books. But in his play it was the dramatization and action of the tale that he stressed, taking little pleasure, at that age, in the more static and exhibitional " dressing up."

His interest in sex developed early, and fantasies on this theme became a frequent topic of conversation. These day-dreams were,

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as a rule, on the romantic plane, but sometimes showed a sadistic element, film heroines being often the nucleus of such fantasies. When quite a small boy he became enamoured of a girl in the early twenties, imagined her in the situation of nursery governess to his sisters, and the various means of tormenting her which might bring him to her notice. Growing older, school games became of paramount importance, his other outdoor interests being walking and cycling. Nursery amusements were, however, held to a rather advanced age, and only given up with reluctance.

Until the age of fourteen he was popular and mixed freely at parties and other social gatherings. He was, it would appear, a fairly good child; certainly his mother adored him. As he grew up, however, an increasing will to have his own way resulted in frequent scenes between him and his mother.

The further description applies to J. M— as he appeared to his friends and relations in his later teens and early twenties. In appearance he is now small and stocky, his complexion is sallow, and his features regular, though a little coarsened. He dresses well, perhaps extravagantly, and has a taste for bright-coloured socks, ties, blazers and so on. He wears his clothes well and looks rather a dandy; latterly a piquant contrast would be added by the fact that he had neglected to shave. His expression is not uninteresting, but gradually becomes stereotyped. In the presence of strangers he wears a fixed expression, compressing his mouth and turning up the corners of the lips; this sardonic grin seldom leaves his face, save when his interest is diverted from himself and the impression he is making upon his associates. With strangers his manner is distant, abrupt, sometimes even rude; he speaks very little. On the contrary, with a friend, and in congenial surroundings, he holds the conversation and is at times most amusing. He tells a story well, seldom misses the grotesque or the ludicrous, and the turn of the tale is, as often as not, against himself. He does not, however, make friends readily, those few that he has being youths of his own age.

Chance acquaintances usually take an instinctive dislike to him, and this feeling is as often as not reciprocated. With older men this is especially noticeable; they consider him bumptious, a prig, downright rude or an outsider. This can be partly explained by his detached, sullen and rather superior manner, his sardonic expression and abrupt non-committal replies to casual conversation. Further reasons will appear as his character is more completely unfolded, but it may be mentioned here that he never had very

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good control of his emotions when amused. An eccentric individual, a ludicrous situation will set him off into uncontrollable peals of boyish chuckling, very different from the mirthless laugh he reserves for other people's jokes.

Another factor mitigating against his popularity is his moodiness: his friends can never be sure how he will take things, and it is impossible to know what will upset or irritate him. His annoyance usually shows itself as glumness, and a refusal to speak for prolonged periods. On one occasion, while out walking, a friend commits the sacrilege of throwing a cigarette end on an especially admired village cross. The whole afternoon is spoilt for J. M—, who walks sullenly home, refusing to make any conversation. Latterly he was liable to be extremely disagreeable, on some trifle or other, to perfect strangers, met socially.

Like many enthusiastic and really serious games men, he is a phenomenally bad loser, and will only play at those games at which he can excel. At tennis, either when playing badly himself or when coupled with an indifferent exponent, he will lose his temper, bang the balls out of court, refuse to try, or make offensive remarks to his partner.

Lack of enthusiasm could never be charged up against him. When he really wishes to do a thing, whether it be a game, a walking tour or an argument, into it he puts all his energy and enthusiasm. Walking tours of a prodigious daily mileage, planned weeks beforehand, are somehow kept up to schedule by the exhausted pedestrians. Tennis tournaments of far too many games are pushed into the afternoon. On a ten-day river expedition, owing to the exceptional drought, the stream is found to be too shallow for the skiff when some four miles from the pre-arranged destination. Nevertheless the sweltering and blaspheming crew are induced to tow the boat the last few miles rather than fail in their enterprise.

Such is his appearance and behaviour, and it may well be asked at this stage what there is to induce anyone to have a more intimate contact with this sullen, selfish, moody, ill-tempered boy, with his superior expression and bad manners. It may be suggested that it is not surprising that people dislike him; on the contrary it is astounding that he has any friends at all. A more intimate study of his inner life and sentiment may do something towards explaining this.

In reviewing his sentiments it is best to commence with literature, for he is an omnivorous reader. Books are his favourite topic of

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conversation, and throws much light on his interests and personality. His method of reading is author by author. If the writer takes his fancy, a good edition of his works is bought, digested and placed, complete with biography and critical studies. The British Eighteenth Century writers take priority of place in his library; Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Boswell, Swift and the poets are there, with Fielding taking first place. The only Thackeray on his shelves is *The English Humorists*, for he has little use for the Early or Mid-Victorians. *Tom Jones* is, in his opinion, the greatest book in English literature, and Sophia the most delightful heroine. He enjoy's Fielding's robust humour, his comic characters, and above all his picture of eighteenth century England. To J. M— the eighteenth century is the golden age, and it is his contention that this country has degenerated sadly since. Samuel Butler is also a special favourite, and to quote the *Book of the Machines* is his, J. M—'s, favourite method of ridiculing this manufacturing age. Again, it is the admixture of shrewd psychological insight and rich racy humour that account for his affection for such writers as Cervantes, Apuleius, Rabelais, Chaucer and Peacock. While holding his affection for the eighteenth century, he gradually came more and more under the influence of the modern subjective and psychological novelists. Of the English writers, Compton Mackenzie and Hardy take an important position. Outside the psychological interest of the characters of both authors, with whom he tends to identify himself, he certainly finds a background of English country life and, in the former, of university life, very much to his liking. From Hardy he possibly also borrows his pessimistic outlook. Among foreign writers, Ibsen is a favourite, while of Turgenev, whom he was reading just prior to his breakdown, he writes as follows: "Now the great Russian writer Turgenev is the novelist for the time. True, it is a trifle hard to comprehend the Slav mind and soul, otherwise it is human nature seen and painted with amazing insight. Queer, amusing characters, moreover he can be very ghastly—'Phantoms' in *Dream Tales* is bad for the imagination, very bad." Of the French authors, Balzac held him for a time, while it is not uninteresting to note that he has a special regard for Daudet's *Le Petit Chose*.

Art means a good deal to him, and he has a number of album reproductions of the masters, but Hogarth and Dürer are preferred. He himself has some talent for drawing—a hobby at which he spends a fair amount of time, his special *forte* being rustic caricature. Fond of music, he is frequently at concerts in London and applies

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himself industriously to the piano-player, working through the classics obtained from the lending library. As may be expected, he has a high opinion of Gay's Opera, and to a friend belittling the work he writes: " Sir, ' The Beggar's Opera ' is an opera and a comic one. The music of its kind perfect. Surely good home brewed is better than inferior sweet port? "

His sentiments and feelings around the subject of games are of interest as an example of his ambivalence. An enthusiastic participant, he is also a keen follower of sport, his conversation and letters consistently turning on the subject. His attitude towards it nevertheless is disdainful, and he excuses himself for devoting so much time to anything so trivial on the plea that there is nothing better to do. The gods of to-day, he cynically remarks, are the lions of the soccer world and Georges Carpentier.

Walking and cycling are to be reckoned among his favourite pastimes. The country around his home is of exceptional beauty, and he is well acquainted with the manor houses, churches, villages and inns. Either alone or with a friend he will tramp for days exploring this downland country. Here is the England of the eighteenth century, practically unchanged, its peace and beauty in utter contrast to the noise and bustle of his home town. Of a summer evening he is often to be found seated outside some roadside tavern, always immaculately dressed, a short briar in his mouth, a glass of beer beside him and buried in some volume of history or else a novel, sublimely conscious of himself and his surroundings.

His outlook is pessimistic, his humour cynical, his laugh mirthless and sardonic. He has been brought up on and is imbued with a philosophy now outworn and more or less reversed. He believes that only Nature is beautiful, and that man is a blot on the landscape. He is convinced that humanity is steadily deteriorating, and that it is its business to destroy this beautiful country with unsightly towns, factories and mining districts. He is in full sympathy with the peasants, whom he sees in harmony with Nature, and has only scorn for the city dweller. It is his opinion that it would be better to be a cow at home in these surroundings than a pompous plutocrat driving over in his Rolls-Royce to see the view; failing to note that it is the scorned city dweller, not the cow or the rustic, who shows æsthetic satisfaction.

An outstanding characteristic observed from a very early age is his habit of romancing. He tells a story well, and when in the humour is a great talker, but his friends can never be sure where

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truth ends and fantasy begins. Though much of his conversation turns upon women, it does not appear that he was ever in intimate relationship with any of the sex. His attitude towards them is definitely that of the romantic. At the onset of his illness vague references to a girl at the university were woven into his delusions.

Finally there is the sentiment which McDougall has termed the sentiment of self-regard. Here, again, there is evidence of ambivalence, and an inability to harmonize his own evaluation of himself with that which the world doles out to him. There is an overwhelming egoism which is over-compensated by a devastating self-depreciation. His megalomania is shown by his patronizing attitude towards the world at large. Humanity, we are told, is deteriorating, its occupations are trivial, it is uncultured, unread, and lacking in æsthetic taste. In evidence of compensatory self-depreciation, he especially takes a grim satisfaction in making jokes on those things about himself which he is powerless to alter. His attitude towards the shape of his head has already been mentioned. His small stature also comes in for a good deal of sarcasm.

There are a number of ways in which men can react to this physical defect, largely depending on its degree and the treatment they have received during childhood. There are, for instance, the ridiculously small men. As children they are laughed at by their friends; they are too small to fight back and prove their right to be treated as normal human beings; any attempt at fighting only increases their ludicrous position. They must evaluate themselves at the value society has given them. In later life such people will never let you forget that they are a joke, and always expect to be treated as such. They may be intelligent, interesting people, but in company they feel it their duty to play their part, the *rôle* being burlesque. Another type is the small, delicate and frail individual who, unable to fight his own battles, tends to adopt a feminine conciliatory and depreciatory pose. Finally there is the small man so often described by Adler, who compensates for his inferiority by excessive pugnacity and aggression. J. M— could hold his own as a boy, and there is no evidence that it was ever attempted to treat him as a joke. His own sense of self-importance, however, made it necessary that any defect in himself should only be considered absurd. He tells how his father once said, " Eat more porridge, boy; you know you are bloody undersized." Here the shaft is doubly aimed, firstly putting his stature in a foolish light, and secondly scoffing at his father's suggestion of a remedy. Again, at a dance he takes a subtle delight in dancing with very big women.

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The onset of the psychosis is interesting. The actual destruction of the ego (break-up of the personality) is abrupt, complete and dramatic, resulting in immediate certification. On the other hand, the delusional systems and hallucinatory experiences had been in process of formation over a prolonged period. Much of his conversation, thought at the time to be a good story, well embroidered, was realized afterwards to be delusional. As an example, he told the tale of a girl he had met at the university, how his friends had ridiculed him about her, tried to make out that she was a prostitute, and even made subtle allusions to the affair in a college journal. He further told how the matter had come up before the tutor, who had tried to reason with him about it. Complaints that he was always being troubled by the smell of gas in his room at night, and that he would have to get out of bed to see if the tap was off had been present for a considerable while. A change towards sullenness and irritability were noted; this as we have seen, had been developing since puberty.*

After leaving the university he was certainly very depressed and uninterested in his work, though having hopes of being able to turn to literature as a profession. In his letters at this time, depression of spirits and ill-health are a constant topic. The following are some examples: " However, troubles multiply miraculously and I am indeed a wretched fellow, more especially on the days when I can't philosophize over a good meal in peace and am depressed by ill-health. However, I can still discover a buffoon or two to make sport of and some good stuff to read." Again, " I have found much to amuse and interest me, but at the same time I have been suffering from lassitude and poor health generally. Anyhow I have had my slice out of life, drinking half-pints in pubs and watching the wonderful sunsets we have just had." And lastly, " I am with the aid of the weather frozen stiff with deadly boredom, but have thawed a bit on some lovely walks—the trees being a superb colour."

His parents had noticed that he would sit for prolonged periods in front of the fire, a book before him, apparently reading, but with a far-away stare in his eyes. A day or two prior to the breakdown he told a friend that he had played all the Beethoven Sonatas and read all Balzac's novels and that there was nothing left. Late one night, his family were astounded to find him examining all the locks

* This is in agreement with the findings of J. Kasanin and Louise Veo, who found pre-psychotic personality abnormalities from the time of puberty onwards in a series of eight children who developed psychoses (schizophrenia) four to eight years after the investigation.

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of the doors and securing the windows. The family doctor, being called in, was greeted by J. M— as a hero and warmly shaken by the hand for his bold sally through the enemy's lines. He, J. M—, was the king, the doctor was told, and his enemies were besieging the house and also trying to poison him. He then entered more into the details of his position as king, his chief difficulty being his small stature, which, he thought, could be obviated to some degree by his riding at the head of his troops, but then of course he was no equestrian.

Destruction of the personality and dementia have progressed rapidly since.

Such is the history, and it is necessary now to try and assess the ætiological factors. General medicine teaches the rule of one cause and one disease; modern psychiatry takes the view of mixed psychoses and multiple causal factors.

What a galaxy of ætiological factors can be brought forward as determinants of his breakdown!

To begin with, it is clear from the history that the dice have been weighted against him from even before birth. Heredity, cannot be ignored in this case. Several members of his family show definitely what we have learnt to regard as the schizoid personality. Besides this, one, if not two, members show a failure of the normal drive at the onset of maturity after a promising adolescence. This is a schizophrenic reaction in its mildest form. Over and above the schizoid manifestations on the paternal side, J. M—'s mother is an unstable and emotional woman.

In this case, as in many others, it is practically impossible to evaluate the relative importance of heredity and unhealthy home circumstances. The unsympathetic and unimaginative father, the over-demonstrative mother, with her phases of passionate affection, sudden tantrums and hypochondriacal retreats, hardly make for a healthy home life.

In J. M— himself there are mild physical stigmata, small stature and oxycephalus, which, according to Kraepelin, are to be taken as evidence of degeneration. His physique places him among Kretschmer's dyplastics—a type especially prone to schizophrenic reactions.

From the psychological point of view, his personality type marks him down for dementia præcox, if put under undue strain. Jung would probably describe him as an intellectual introvert; Kretschmer would class him among his schizoids. It will be in place here to discuss this matter in some detail. Kretschmer characterizes

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the schizoid temperament as lying between the extremes of excitability and dullness, going on to point out that the schizoids are not over-sensitive *or* cold, but over-sensitive *and* cold at the same time. He tells us that these "over-sensitive schizoids feel all the hard strong colours and tones of everyday life, which to the average man and to the cycloid are welcome and indispensably stimulating elements of existence, as shrill, ugly and unlovable, even to the extent of being psychically painful. Their autism is a painful cramping of the self into itself. They seek as far as possible to avoid and deaden all stimulation from the outside; they close the shutters of their houses in order to lead a dream life, fantastic, poor in deeds and rich in thoughts (Hölderlin) in the soft muffled gloom of the interior." They are described as asocial or only sociable within a small circle. "The unsociability of schizoids has the most varied gradations; it is seldom mere unfeeling dullness; it usually has a clear admixture of displeasure, of active turning away of a defensive or more offensive character." The author goes on to say that he finds frequently "quiet lovers of books and nature among the timid, dreamily tender schizoids." "Elegance and neglect," we are told, "both very striking and exaggerated, exist fragmentarily side by side in the same individual."

Kretschmer also emphasizes that "schizothymes cannot feel any sympathy for cyclothymic temperaments. It strikes the sensitive schizothyme as unfeeling, vulgar and coarse when the cyclothyme with a humorous or indulgent smile, or even laughing out loud, contemplates and 'fingers' situations which move the schizothyme to sublime pathos or enthusiastic elegiacs on account of their melting tenderness or monstrous vulgarity." As an example, the writer quotes the view of Schiller, the healthy schizothyme, on Shakespeare considered to be a mixed type. Schiller says in his *Essays on Æsthetics*, "When I first got to know Shakespeare I was carried away by his coldness, his unfeelingness, which allowed him to joke in the midst of the deepest tragedy." These deductions of Kretschmer seem a little difficult to reconcile with what he has told us elsewhere about the schizoid temperament. The psychic *tempo* of the schizothyme, we are given to understand, is abrupt and jagged, ambivalent feelings towards emotionally charged subjects is the rule, and his vision, if penetrating, is narrow. It is this ambivalent feeling and consequent delight in bizarre contrasts that, in the present writer's opinion, suggests that Shakespeare's juxtaposition of grim tragedy and broad humour indicates a schizothymic type of thinking, rather than the smooth

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affective rhythm of the cycloid. As an example of the schizoid's ataxic emotionalism, Miller mentions Baudelaire, whose "love life oscillated between a frantic passion for a negro woman in the days when he dyed his beard green, and an ideal attachment to the beautiful Madame Sabatier, such as only a schizothyme could experience." It would appear that, within his restricted field of interests, the schizoid requires satisfaction from highly coloured contrasts. This may be explained as being due partly to a relatively poor hold on reality, and a need for almost morbid stimulation in order to retain his interest; partly on his ambivalence, his peculiar admixture of sentimentalism and irony, his inability to fix a value on concrete or abstract objects, and his power of laughing and crying over the same thing almost at the same time.

In the case of J. M— this ambivalence is especially well marked in the sentiment of self-regard. It has been also noted how his constellation of ideas around eighteenth century England was able to tolerate the strange mixture of broad humour, romanticism and irony. But outside these systems it is different, for while roaring with laughter at the obscenities of Swift, he is revolted by Daudet's *Sappho* and the more lascivious humour of Maupassant.

It seems that those sensitive schizothymes, possessing a sense of humour, capable of laughing at themselves and questioning the validity of their idealism, are in graver danger of an early breakdown than the humourless type. The latter sternly exclude anything detrimental to their closed systems. They are pig-headed, obstinate zealots, never doubting for a moment the rightness of their opinions. In these there may be megalomania, but there is no ambivalence within the sentiment of self-regard. Mental breakdowns occur, if at all, later in life, the ego remains intact, little affective dementia occurs and the fixity of their delusions is especially noted. In the former type, on the contrary, ambivalence is the most prominent feature, their mirthless humour and sardonic laugh being an expression of their inability to believe in themselves. Psychosis occurs early, and results in complete disintegration owing to the instability of the ego-sentiment.

Coming now to specific mental stresses and their possible ætiological significance, first in point of time there is the psychological effect of J. M—'s small stature; this is bound to have given rise to conflict and ideas of inferiority, and it is known how in his delusions he attempted to compensate for it. The presence of a fear complex arising out of the Great War is not improbable, and is to some extent borne out by the martial nature of his delusions.

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There does not seem any doubt that his objection to going into his father's office was an exciting factor, for during his university career he had built up an idealistic view of life, which he found impossible to reconcile with the prosaic office life of a provincial town.

In the writer's opinion, J. M—'s mental breakdown is best understood when looked at from McDougall's point of view. This psychologist regards schizophrenia as "the expression of a lack of that essential integration of the whole system of mental functions which is the product of character formation; in the achievement and maintenance of which integration the building up of a hierarchy of sentiments under the dominance of the sentiment of self-regard is the essential feature. In the schizophrene, this process of integration goes wrong; the sentiment of self-regard is incapable of playing its proper *rôle* of dominating the whole system; hence the various parts of the system function in relative independence and are apt to come perpetually into conflict with one another."

In J. M—'s case there is a continual conflict between the real and the "might have been," between the ego and the ego-ideal, for he is quite unable to reconcile the self he is with the self he would like to be and to appear to others. He is small and insignificant; in imagination he sees himself a king. At a time of war he finds himself timid and fearful; in fantasy he rides at the head of the army. His work is dull, ugly and monotonous; he seeks relief in the idealization of another age. He has artistic tastes and leanings, but finds himself without any adequate power of expression, or at least such as would free him from his environment and heighten his self-regard. He is an idealist and a dreamer where women are concerned, but in consequence of his timidity and cold aloof manner he has little success with them. Frustrated in all his contacts with reality, beaten back upon himself, he becomes increasingly introverted and finds his only satisfaction in fantasy. It would appear that continued introversion and unrestrained fantasy formation are bound in time to lead to regression; reality has less and less value for such an individual, and is no longer able to exert any discretion upon the flight of imagination.

The case can also be regarded from the psycho-analytical point of view and the libido theory, which in no essential point contradicts McDougall's theory. The mechanism, as summarized by Dr. Rickman, is as follows: The specific cause is libido fixation at the early oral stage, and as a result of an increase in the demands of love, life, work or illness, the libido, withdrawn from the outer world,

https://doi.org/10.1192/bjp.77.319.804 Published online by Cambridge University Press

is absorbed into the ego. This causes an inflation of the ego value (megalomania). According to Störch, consciousness of the boundaries between the self and the object being lost, ego is no longer separated from non-ego, and there is a tendency to identify the self with outside personalities of a fitting quality. Further, the schizophrene over-estimates the scope of his thoughts and wishes (Freud's omnipotence of thought), and, as a result of this loss of discrimination between wishing and willing, magical thinking occurs. Schilder agrees that there is regression to the early oral stage, but points out that there may be restitution later, with some other fixation point (oral sadistic, anal erotic and homosexual). He also emphasizes the fact that regression to a given level is never complete, and that psychic material cannot be totally destroyed.

Since there is no record of J. M—'s regression following the acute psychotic state, no conclusions can be drawn as to the level of libido fixation in his case. It may, however, be noted that while prior to puberty he appears to have been in perfectly normal *rapport* with the environment, afterwards there was a progressive withdrawal of libido from the outer world. That this withdrawn libido is centred upon the ego is made evident by his increasing narcissism and habit of fantasy thinking. Object-love, however, is not given up without a struggle, and the ultimate withdrawal (the acute psychosis with megalomania and hallucinatory gratification) appears almost of the nature of a conscious decision.

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