

# **Talking with Schizophrenia**

**1966 - 1968**

**DAVID HOLT**

talking with schizophrenia - 1966 to 1968

## Introduction

I wrote these notes in 1968. They cover the first two years, 91 sessions, of work which subsequently continued for about another eighteen months. (I have no notes of this later work.)

I am making them available now in the hope that they will help in preparing the ground for a workshop (possibly a series of workshops) on how mood changing drugs affect our self understanding. Or, to put it rather differently, how they affect what we make of the world. The drugs may have changed, but there is still much in John's experience from which we can learn, whether we think of ourselves as mad or not.

In December 1967 I presented the first eighteen months of this work at the London Hospital, at the invitation of Dr Murray Cox and Professor Desmond Pond. Petrina Morris was the sister-in-charge of the Professional Unit of Psychiatry.

In June 1968 I published an article in *New Society*, with the title "Money and Mental Crisis", in which I referred to my work with John. I later developed this into a paper for *Twentieth Century* titled "Breakdown, Money and Society".

In May 1969 I read a paper based on almost three years of the work to a small group of Jungian analysts meeting at Gerhard Adler's home. This was published in *Harvest* in 1974, and is reprinted in my Collected Papers under the title *The Need for Controversy in the Application of Jung's Work*. It is organised round three themes: language, money, time, and refers to 139 sessions of still continuing analysis.

To the best of my recollection, the work came to an end late in 1969, when John married the woman referred to as Anne in these notes.

In August 1970 I found myself staying with my family at the same small country hotel as John and his wife, when he cut me dead.

## First Year

John is 45, male, single. The letter of referral from his doctor read:

"This man has been a patient of mine since the beginning of 1958 suffering from a schizophrenic illness. This generally responds quite well to ECT and Largactil or Stelazine, but he has had several relapses. Although he is heavily hallucinated and deluded, he still maintains fair contact with reality in these phases. They are mainly characterized by an attack of catatonic rigidity, but in spite of this, he has managed to continue at work as a draughtsman for most of the time. "He has kept well on Stelazine 5 and Disipal 50 mgms b.d. for over a year now, but he wrote recently saying that he wished to be seen by a Jungian analyst to get rid of some of his residual symptoms ..."

### 1st session

He explained that he had had eight "breakdowns" in all, starting in 1956 at the age of 35. These had involved seven periods of hospitalisation, of between two weeks and two months. To begin with treatment had been by ECT, latterly by pills.

Two years ago he had "skimmed through" Frieda Fordham's Pelican book on Jung's psychology. Six months ago he had read it again more closely. Asked what had caught his interest in the book, he replied that it was a sentence to the effect that neurosis can often be a sign of a possible development or meaning which is being missed.

He described briefly his first and last breakdowns. He considered the first to have been triggered by kissing a girl, and his search for the meaning of his illness he associated with an episode in which he had tried to see the Archbishop of Canterbury to communicate to him a message from God.

He described his work as section leader in an electrical design team with salary of over £1600. (This has since been raised to about £2000.) I told him that any help he could get from psychotherapy would be over a long period of time; that the important consideration was not how frequently he came, but that it should be a regular visit. A rhythm of once a week was agreed on.

I asked him to write as full an autobiography as he wished.

His appearance was awkward and characteristically schizoid. He sat facing me.

### 2nd session

He brought the first third of his autobiography up to 1954. (This is summarized later.)

My notes on this hour, made partly during and partly after the session, distinguish three themes: dissociation in waking life, dreams, sexuality.

(a) Talk of his experience of dissociation started from his sentence: "I'm looking for a soul mate, but I'm pretty sure I've no soul". With this feeling he associated an experience while on holiday in Ireland when he had been asked by a stranger in the street: "Are you from the other side?" (meaning America: John wears his hair clipped short in a crew cut.) Although he knew that America was meant, he took the question as referring to the world of the Devil (it was All Saints Day and the houses were decorated with religious emblems), and answered Yes.

He further commented that he occasionally felt as if he could split himself into an 'intellectual' and 'emotional' side, and that as intellectual he would be a genius, as emotional, a stupid fool.

(b) He brought a dream (it had been suggested in the first session that he wrote down his dreams), dreamed after his previous visit to me.

"I was travelling by train (returning from holiday?) with two other people in the compartment. When we stopped at the station (? London) I let them go. The station was very dark, I could not find my ticket. I walked up the platform and stood under a light and after drawing out various pieces of paper from my pocket I found my ticket. I (sic: such slips are frequent in the writing out of his dreams) was torn in two halves and was like the ticket for a dance. I walked along the platform and asked a man in uniform, a steam-engine driver, which platform I required for a train to my local station. I went down a shiptype vertical steel ladder and then had to crawl on my back through a sort of ship's engine room under all the machinery, parts of which were revolving a few inches from my face. I touched one part. I seemed to vibrate. When I was halfway across the machinery stopped. Then I woke up."

The train situation was associated both with return from holiday, the journey to see me, and one of his breakdowns in which he had spent a whole afternoon checking his bag in and out of the Charing Cross left luggage office.

I made certain remarks on the dream, without attempting a formal 'interpretation'. I suggested that the dream was a comment on his first visit to me, a statement of the problem he hoped to find help with. His break-downs, and his decision to come into analysis, isolated him from others. He was searching for his identity, which was in some sense split. The problem of identity seemed to have something to do with the two way flow of a journey 'there and back', and also with dancing. I had frequently known of analysis being dreamed of as dancing. The man to whom he went for direction, and the subsequent development of the dream, pointed to the 'conversion of energy', and, I believed, to the body and perhaps specially the mother's body in some kind of relation to his work (which involves ships engines on occasion).

(c) Sexuality. Reacting to this dream, I took the initiative in asking about sexual experience. He 'answered' by suggesting that he should come twice a week. I discouraged this, on ground that he couldn't afford to keep it up, and that he must prepare himself for a long and slow process, not a dramatic, quick change.

There was no sex life at present. Masturbation once a fortnight, with no guilt feeling now. Sometimes he felt that sex was very important; then at other times it didn't exist.

### 3rd session

The tone of this session was deliberately kept as factual as possible. He brought the second instalment of his autobiography. Commenting on the first instalment, I asked him if he had noticed that there was no reference to his parents. No, he hadn't, but now it was mentioned he agreed. Were they important to him? He never saw much of them. He showed no desire to follow this up.

He was feeling very well. Again raised question of coming twice a week: again told he must take it slowly. Was he taking his prescribed pills regularly? Yes, 'religiously'.

I encouraged him to talk of his leisure activities. He was a very keen dancer, preparing for various dancing competitions; also going regularly to Spanish course, as he liked to spend his holidays in Spain, and wanted to speak the language well.

He brought five dreams, all of which were briefly commented on. I paid most attention to one which concluded with his discovery in a cupboard in his parental house of a packet of butter from which "a stream of small fruit flies issue emitting a loud buzz", together with a diagram giving instructions for fitting a gramophone pick up. The stream of flies he associated with his parents' fruit shop and also with earlier guilt anxieties about nocturnal emissions of semen.

I told him it was important to try and do something to link the fruit flies with the diagram, and encouraged him to try and paint. (I took fruit flies as the threat of psychotic dissociation, and the association with nocturnal emission persuaded me to pay careful attention to the emission-masturbation complex of problems.)

Noted throughout that although there was intellectual acceptance of points made by analyst, the affective reaction was inadequate. Last quarter of an hour spent on reality situation.

### 4th session

The third and final instalment of autobiography brought. This can now be summarized.

Born in an industrial seaport, oldest of three boys. Mother was eight years older than father. Mother had one sister who from 1933 had been confined in a mental hospital, and a brother known for his eccentric behaviour and ideas.

At age of 61 parents had moved to take over shop belonging to mother's family "who had delusions of grandeur". This involved complete change in father's life, and also involved John in sharing a bedroom for a year with the "eccentric" uncle.

At 12 he was marked out for scholarship work in technical field, and moved on into successful apprenticeship work. This led to work of technical importance which kept him out of the armed forces during the war.

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From 1948 to 1954 (age 27 to 33) he worked in America. Various close friendships with women reported from this period, involving "feelings of influence". No sexual experience.

On return to UK he lived with his parents. At the age of 35 he had his first breakdown, triggered by an episode when he kissed a girl friend and subsequently insulted her. Two months in hospital, with ECT. Remembered in particular wet dream in which a jet of urine instead of semen hit the ceiling. Two years later he spent another month in hospital as voluntary patient. A year later he attempted half heartedly to castrate himself, while on Mediterranean cruise. A friend handled the situation well. Told him this was only 'symbolic', and he got home feeling strange. He was hospitalized a few weeks later after preparing to jump from a high bridge into river.

In 1960-61 (age 39-40) there were further short periods in hospital, the second following his father's death after a heart attack which John associated with the fact that he, John, had immediately before his father's death cut the tip off his own thumb.

Two years later another month in hospital in catatonic condition, following a visit to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to tell him of a message from God the Father. He was 'very surprised' to be hospitalized on this occasion as he had never felt better in his life. The last episode had again been characterized by catatonic rigidity, two years before coming into analysis.

Discussion of this history now and later in the analysis added:

that his mother had been very ill after his birth with some kind of breast infection and he had been looked after by another woman; that he had suffered severe guilt about masturbation as an adolescent, being convinced that his nocturnal emissions had caused a short circuit in his brain as a result of which he masturbated. In his early twenties he had been so frightened of this that he had ceased masturbation altogether. Started again with guilt feelings in early thirties. But about eighteen months ago after a married friend had told him he always masturbated when separated from his wife, he had begun masturbating more happily once a week or fortnight. One brother had died of a heart condition in his early 20's, the other was married with two children. He had maintained his work adequately during the 1956 -1964 period, and had indeed been promoted to a position of greater responsibility.

This fourth session discussed his polarized feelings of things that were either 'out of control' or 'under control'. For instance, masturbation was out of control, his professional work 'under control'. Dreams were discussed. He volunteered that the only person with whom he felt 'emotionally warm' was his three year old niece. At the end of the hour he came out with adolescent fantasies of sticking pins into women's breasts. I replied with factual remarks on the literature of sadism, concentration camp pornography, and analytical theories of infant's relationship to breast. (No attempt at 'explanation': merely to relieve his sense of isolation.)

### 5th session

He brought a picture, based on the dream of a stream of fruit flies, coming out of the butter. The picture was 'signed' in the bottom left hand corner, with the drawing of an old number plate from a car. He explained it was the number of the car he had had until about two years ago. A girl friend used to pat the car, or say: "I like your car". He thought the car was himself. The signature was "meant as a joke I think", and had something to do with the "the identification of my sexual side with the motor car".

The picture showed a sunflower looking at the sun. He remembered an old myth which he had heard at elementary school: of a girl who fell in love with the sun, but was transformed into a flower by another god, and then looked always at her lover. It reminded him of a recurring experience between the ages of about 7 and 12, when he lay in bed afraid that he would die "in which case I could not imagine what the world would be like without me". It was this inability to imagine the world without him, not the thought of death as such, which frightened him.

The sky in the picture took up most of the space. He described it as "the size of infinity" and remembered that when he had had his "voice of God experience", he had said "I am all instrument".

By which he meant instrument of God: but what is god?

### 6th session

He brought another picture. He felt that particular significance was attached to a key hole painted at its centre. This was where he had started the picture. His first association was that it had to do with St. Peter who had the keys of both heaven and hell. His second association was that it had something to do with sexuality. He talked of occasions during his psychotic episodes when he had believed himself to be St. Peter, and also been convinced that he was man, woman and child.

There were further dreams which led to our talking of the possibility of another psychotic inbreak. I told him that the whole point of the therapy should be to help him to construct a kind of 'net' or 'container' in which he could 'catch' the invading mood when it came, and 'make something of it' rather than be overwhelmed by it. He should, for instance, be prepared to sit up all night painting like mad so as to catch 'it' rather than let 'it' pour over him.

One of these dreams read:

"I am hitching a ride on a motor coach. I am lying on the roof, my fingers grasping the edge of a window. My feet are pointing towards the front. We approach a low bridge over the road which is covered in with glass. We crash into the glass and drive on. I can feel my testicles being torn to pieces by the glass."

### **7th session**

Another picture, of himself as a clown 'in the bowels of the earth'. His face painted white to express pain and fear. His testicles are being tortured by a red devil. The picture was inspired by the dream reported last week, of his testicles cut to pieces by glass. His mood while painting had been one of 'grim satisfaction'. "I thought I deserved it." It was a punishment for his adolescent fantasies of sticking pins into women's breasts.

I suggested that perhaps he was torturing himself, that he might be the devil. This impressed him very much (just how much, became apparent later, in the 45th - 46th hours).

Further discussion of this picture brought up the whole question of the insanity in his mother's family; the aunt who had been in a mental hospital from the age of 30. John had been 12 at the time she was taken away. She had torn off her clothes in the street: said she was married to a man called Wolf.

John's mother had been the only one of three siblings who had married. The uncle, who was eccentric, believed the earth was saucer shaped.

### **8th session**

Following on the picture of previous week, he had painted a girl bound to a stake "in the depths of a forest", with a man sticking pins into her breasts. He explained that this had "something to do with the essence of life". I introduced the word 'incest', and he reacted with recollection of a 12 year old wish: "it's a pity I have no sister, so I could marry her, and would not have to go after another woman".

Our discussion of a short dream of two men building a HI-FI record player brought up the question of his attitude to analysis. He told me that some of the things I said left him "quite cold".

### **9th session**

A picture of quite different character. Altogether free of the cruel element previously present. Dominated by mountain - in leaving my flat previous week had felt he must now paint a mountain, following our talk of breasts. Further talk on the emotional symbolism of breasts.

This dream: "I am in a kind of office. It reminds me of the office of the man (a fraudulent confidence trickster) with whom I once planned to emigrate to Australia. There are several men in the office. One man is connecting up a screened cable to a sort of telephone instrument mounted on the wall. He says he is a psychotherapist. He tells a little girl to blow into the instrument. I think that she is being taught to speak."

The fraudulence - psychotherapy association was developed at length in discussion. I emphasized the 'unnaturalness' and limitations of the analytical situation. I related the 'naive'



quality in him which had fallen for the confidence trickster to his attitude of expecting too much from analysis.

The little girl was 'interpreted' on two levels: he made the objective association with the child of a 34 year old divorced woman whom he had just got to know - the child being permanently hospitalized, and subjectively he agreed that the child could link to his feeling that he was only "emotionally warm" with his little niece.

I suggested that this woman Anne could prove an important friend.

### **10th session**

A picture of a man crossing the Alps from north to south in a balloon. After the previous session he had gone to an exhibition of the work of Marcel Duchamps at the Tate. He had had the idea of the picture as a result of seeing Duchamp's posters. He had been particularly struck by his 'sense of humour'; he wanted to paint something light hearted, to show that the important thing is to enjoy life, and not make it too much like hard work.

Crossing the Alps from North to South represents this holiday mood. Coming to see the analyst should be to increase the capacity for enjoyment. The only alternative is to retreat into the womb - an idea that had often come to him during his first period in hospital.

Analysis is a coming into life, as compared to going into a mental hospital or a monastery,

He also brought a dream.

"I was backing my car in a car park when I heard a warning shout and felt a slight bump. I had touched a bus (double decker). About fifty men were moving this bus manually with the wheels clear of the ground. I was amazed."

Our talk centred on the contrast between 'sense of humour' and 'amazement'. I told him that if he hoped to find enjoyment through analysis, he would be disappointed. A sense of amazement was a much more appropriate result to expect.

I contrasted the kind of sense of humour that kills by cheap laughter with humour that is a reaction to authentic suffering, as in some of Chaplin's films.

### **11th session**

A picture of 'Hyppolytus meeting his doom'. He had painted this in reaction to what he felt had been my criticism of his last picture. I had given him the feeling that he wasn't taking life seriously enough, which made him feel like Hyppolytus - amusing himself with hunting the Virgin Goddess. He had seen a sarcophagus in Sicily, carved with the story.

He had painted the 'doom' as a 'huge prehistoric something' - a kind of snake. The horses were stopped some distance away from the snake. He commented that he also knew of another

version of the story in which Hippolytus was saved by Aesculapius, who 'spirited him away to a distant island'.

He associated the picture with the feeling which he had had after various of his times in hospital, that he had 'missed an opportunity'. Was coming into analysis another 'opportunity'? He was sure it was worth while, but agreed that he had no real interest in his pictures. "I have no enthusiasm." All that he does in his spare time is merely 'occupation'.

Also two dreams were brought. One read: "I am in the garden of our old house talking to my mother. I say: David's chrysanthemums are much taller than ours." (They are in the next garden). David was a cousin of the mother. He had lived some way off in reality, and had grown prize chrysanthemums. We talked about the flower and the word chrysanthemum, which he felt to be significant. I recommended him to read the novels of Mary Renault, reconstructing the legendary stories of classical Greece.

### 12th session

He brought a picture of a woman watering a chrysanthemum. He was reminded of Japan, and of the fact that his mother used to sing the song from a show called *The Geisha*, when he was a child.

The word chrysanthemum he associated with one of his hospital ideas, that he was in a chrysalis, and could become a 'butterfly'. This was like saying that there was a Peter Pan doom on him. He had only a short time to live, and would then die.

### 13th session

He had been to see his psychiatrist for his regular check.

The psychiatrist wrote to me: "He seems in a very good remission still, but continues to take Stelazine 5 and Disipal 50 mgms. b.d. I think it would be better to continue this dosage and I am hoping to see him again in about 6 months. Perhaps you could drop me a line about then saying how you find him and we could then consider the possibility of reducing his dosage further."

He had brought another picture, of 'me visiting Japan'. But he felt it was dead, like homework he had done for me. The first twenty minutes were very sticky. Contact was only made when he complained that because the psychiatrist had 'seen him at a disadvantage' (i.e. in his psychotic episodes), he understood the patient better than I did. This seemed to bring much of the resistance - doubt of last month into the open. A discussion of the last but one psychotic episode (the visit to the Archbishop) culminated in a remark which I felt to be a break through: one thing he had always felt he could do, would be to rewrite the gospel parables in terms of sex and mechanics. I reacted with excitement: "You won't be well till you have somehow done that".

#### 14th session

He had been reading D H Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*, and brought these comments.

"Lawrence seems a very perceptive writer and I don't dislike his style. His use of the word REALISE (used in the sense of to perceive fully) struck me as unusual, e.g. 'he did not realise her'.

"Incidentally I don't think I realise you! Perhaps it is your glasses that are a barrier. It is true that they make you appear intellectual but it seems as though you are in one room and I in another with a small glass window between.

"I don't think that I identify with anyone in the novel. If I identify with anyone it is Miriam. She was unsympathetic to the triviality of ordinary people. I don't think I despise people for their triviality - chacun á son gout - I certainly did not identify with Paul. He loved his mother and he knew it. All his achievements were for her and when she died he lost his drive and initiative. I think that I did not love my mother and she did not love me. When she died I was glad, I felt free. On the other hand when my father died I felt guilty (or thought I ought to feel guilty). I said to the hospital porter who showed me his body 'It was my fault'. When I told my mother of my father's death she was inconsolable. I felt impotent. She said 'He was a good man'. These words surprised me."

He explained his responsibility for his father's death thus. He, John, had cut off the tip of his left thumb while working. His father insisted on walking up to the hospital with him when he went to get it bandaged. His father had a stroke outside the hospital. John had had the idea that this cutting off the thumb tip had meant something symbolic to the father: "that I had given up my own responsibility for myself, like cutting off my own penis. This broke his heart, and so he died."

John is not circumcised. Our discussion of this episode led me to give him an article on the psychological implications of circumcision, and to encourage him to get hold of Bettelheim's book on *Symbolic Wounds*.

#### 15th session

He brought his written comments on the article on Circumcision. These ran to four pages of hand written notes on passages which had particularly impressed him, with these general remarks:

"I was fascinated by the bisexual element of the initiation ceremonies. I have thought at various times that I was man woman and child. One night when I was lying in bed I imagined that I was being raped. At another time I thought I was going to have a baby. I did not really expect this to happen physically but I expected to be changed - reborn a different person. Many times I thought I was going to die, usually as the result of a spasm. After each spasm I said out loud: 'I'm alive'. I was disappointed after these experiences to find that I was still the same person. If a shop assistant said to me: 'Here is your change', the words rang a bell with me".

He explained that particularly in his early breakdowns these 'spasms' had been a regular feature.

He remembered shaking and nodding his head, as if he were saying No and Yes to something.

The role of the mother's brother in the initiation rites described in the article reminded him that his father had not liked his uncle. He told how this uncle had once torn down the aerial of the father's wireless, on the grounds that the electricity, or wireless waves, was affecting his personal health. This uncle had also been an astrologer, and worked regularly on people's horoscopes.

**There now followed a three week holiday break.**

### 16th session

He had had a good holiday in Spain, but had lost his luggage on the return journey. Various dreams which he had written down were in his luggage, so he only had the one from the previous night.

"Two men draw up in a car in a narrow back street. They enter a deserted building in which every light appears to be on. Plain clothes police have been hiding in the building. The two men rush back into the street but are cornered by the police. The police are armed with massive pistols. Perhaps they are gas pistols. One of the fugitives, a distinguished looking man, pulls a weapon from a shoulder holster and shoots a poisoned dart into his left wrist. He drops dead. One of the detectives, a distinguished looking man, goes into the building on the opposite side of the street saying: 'I am going to withdraw my application to remain on this case'".

I proposed to him that we look at the dream on the assumption that it had something to do with the analysis. He agreed this was possible. I drew his attention to the phrase 'a distinguished looking man', as applied to both the criminal and detectives. I explained that one of the central problems of analysis is that the criminal who has to be found, and the detective doing the searching, are strangely similar, if not identical. (As he had written the dream out, the similarity was even more striking. In both cases he had begun to write the word 'distinguished', made a mistake, and crossed it out. These were the only two corrections on the sheet of paper.)

He associated both these men with someone he had met on holiday, and his life long 'search for heroes'. By the detective's closing words, John understood that a 'higher authority' had wanted the detective to come off this case for sometime, but that he had asked to stay on it for his personal satisfaction. He had therefore applied to be allowed to go on, and it was this application which he was now withdrawing.

We discussed the total illumination of the building in terms of the 'total illumination' of his psychotic insights. If he was coming to me in search of 'meaning', he must recognise that it may involve giving up illumination in favour of darkness. He felt it was significant that the opposite building into which the detective went at the end was in darkness.

My notes show that at the end of the hour I was myself in two minds how to take this dream. My initial reaction was that it suggested he would withdraw from analysis. My later reaction was that some unjustified personal motivation was being relinquished.

#### **17th session**

His luggage had arrived, and with it the holiday dreams. He selected one to talk about. This led into a discussion of Roman Catholicism, the idea of Carnival, and his childhood shame at the fact that his parents kept a shop.

#### **18th session**

He talked in more detail about the history of his attitude to masturbation. He had been to a doctor about it in 1954 who had told him not to worry, but nevertheless he had continued to feel great guilt about it until the talk with the married friend 18 months ago.

Penis was associated to Bishop in the phrase 'bashing my Bishop', and the journey to see the Archbishop *in a train* was felt to be connected with his need for some *training* in sex.

**Two weeks were missed owing to his having mumps.**

#### **19th session**

Various dreams were brought. Our discussion focused on one which brought up a lot of ambiguous emotion towards the father.

"I am in the back of the shop where I used to live. I am standing by the wash basin. My mother is in the room. My father comes in. It appears that I have written him a letter which has pleased him greatly. I tell him that he has misunderstood the letter. He is bitter at this and refuses to listen to further explanations. He goes out of the room. As I am leaving he comes back in again accompanied by two policemen. They go through his business papers to do with the shop. (I thought he'd overreached himself.)"

He explained that in the dream the father had taken John's letter as high praise of his ability in the job he had had before taking over the shop from his wife's family, and he had planned to send it out to various important firms who might employ him. But John had meant it as criticism not as praise.

#### **20th session**

Apart from a short dream, he said he had 'nothing to report'.

The dream was about cooking himself a Welsh Rarebit. This led him to remember the stage play 'Harvey', in which a dipsomaniac was constantly seeing a large white rabbit. Dipsomania and hallucinations led into further talk on masturbation.

He explained that he only masturbated when he woke in the middle of the night, and that his mind was a blank while doing so. I suggested that he might try to imagine something sexual between a machine and a woman (the idea was provoked by various dreams, and his 'rewrite the parables in terms of sex and mechanics' idea). He reacted with an obscene limerick, which led into some talk about excretion, toilet training as baby. This exchange closed with my asking if he could ever imagine raping a woman 'through' or 'with' one of his electrical drawings? He replied: "I'd be frightened to do that. I would feel as if someone were watching me".

### **21st session**

He brought this dream:

"I am in a kind of large drill shed. Men are sitting in seats. I hear an aircraft with a strange note. It is an old Dornier. The plane does a roll, paratroops appear, the air is filled with men, I crawl away trying to escape. The air is filled with men both outside and inside the drill shed. They are black. It is hopeless".

I warned him that the invasion of all these black men could herald an intense depression. If the feeling 'it is hopeless' were to hit him in reality, it could be very shattering. He described his present condition: "I've never had it so good." I reminded him that this was how he felt when he was hospitalized following his visit to the Archbishop,

My private reaction to the dream, which I did not communicate to him, was that there was a real threat of another psychotic invasion. With this threat present, the analysis could assume a very dangerous aspect. He should be encouraged to feel that I only wanted him to go on coming if he really felt he would like to.

### **22nd session**

He brought a dream which showed him behaving evasively in various emotional situations.

I told him that I felt the question of whether or not he should continue coming to see me was being posed. Did he have it in him to accept the kind of emotional responsibility that was being asked of him? If not, he should stop before he got more deeply involved.

### **23rd session**

He brought the words "he thinks with his prick: let it deliver him" as a verbal association - fantasy while masturbating. He took this as a blasphemous parody of the Messiah, and related it to the 'revelation' granted him in one of his periods in hospital that some of the people whom he respected were saying of him: "We'll have to get at him through his prick" (in order to make him more responsible in his attitude to other people).

The word 'deliver' meant for him both to be born again, and also to be released from imprisonment.

The issue whether or not to continue in analysis was felt by us both to have come to a head. It was decided that he should come again next week, but the session ended on a tone which could have made it possible for him to decide to terminate.

#### **24th session**

The session started as usual with his handing me, with a characteristic awkward gesture, a sheet of paper with two short dreams written on it. One of these had to do with the opening of a negro restaurant 'against opposition' in Haarlem or New Orleans. A few questions about the dream established associations with the earlier dream of an invasion by black men. In contrast, this dream was felt as a difficult and dangerous but successful acclimatisation of the same black power. Further associations with the dream led to recollection of 'playing at being pigs' with his brothers when about 12. This 'pig play' was naked or half naked playful romping or wrestling together in their bedroom. It had on one occasion been punished by his father with beating with a strap. At the time he had "sensed that there was some sinister suspicion", and in retrospect he could feel the play as sexual, but also as exciting purely in terms of white, smooth pigs' carcasses hanging in a butcher's shop,

He told me that he had decided to continue in analysis. I took the dream, and in particular the way it had opened up these 'pig' associations, as evidence that at least some of the potential experiences previously only accessible in psychotic episodes could be integrated. I talked about pigs as sacrificial animals, about sacrifice and cannibalism in relation to Christian ideas of communion with God.

#### **25th session**

In contrast to the previous hour, this was very 'dead'.  
In my notes I recorded the feeling that I had had nothing to offer him.

A dream brought up the question of his attitude to Roman Catholicism. He had once visited a priest with a view to taking instruction, but had gone no further with the idea.

#### **26th session**

Much more mutual contact. He brought a 'crazy' autobiography of himself as a mouse, living in terror of a cat. He had to bite off his own paw to get out of a trap, and associated this with the cutting of his thumb and the father's death.

Also this dream:

"I go into a large building with a friend. It is a place of learning. He is going to do an experiment involving a plum. Once in the building I lose sight of my friend and I look for him. I go through a door into a large room where men are doing experiments. I blunder in and tread on a pair of dividers or similar instruments. I go along a corridor and notice people coming towards me through an arched opening. The place is on fire! A master is urging the students out. Tongues of

flame burst through the arched opening. I run away with the others. We come to a dead end. We are about 50 feet up in a wooden building. We can hear the flames getting nearer. One of the students cries out: 'He tells us to get out, but there is no way out!'

I notice some rope hanging up on the walls. It is very thick but it looks old and rotten. I am sure that it would break if I tried to use it as a means of escape from the burning building. I think that we will all be incinerated."

He associated the plum experiment with the sentence 'he's got a plum job', and with the Jack Horner rhyme which he remembered as 'he put in his finger and pulled out a plum'. I pointed out the alteration from thumb, with reference to his own fantasies about the father's death, but he felt the finger recollection to be more appropriate to the dream. This he associated with the slang phrase 'pull your finger out', and I told him of the importance attached by psychoanalytic theory to the 'anal-erotic' phase and in particular to the working of the sphincter.

### **27th session**

Three dreams, all touching on the family background. These were briefly discussed, to stimulate memory and develop associations. No kind of interpretation was offered.

"I set fire to the shed at the end of the garden where I used to live. I look up and see that the first floor front room of the house is also blazing. I consider whether I should go into the house to rescue my best suit from the first floor back room. I decide that the danger is too great, and go round to the front of the house. A fireman grabs hold of me, I confess that I started the fire."

"My mother is cooking with a strange sort of gas stove. It is like a tunnel with a burner at one end. I sit down at the table in the dining room and wait, but my mother does not bring any food. She walks about talking. I think that she is going mad. A friend sits down at the table. I ask him if he would like any wine. He says yes. I go to the cupboard, but all the bottles are empty except one which contains a little vermouth. I go to another cupboard and find a large bottle of whisky with a twisted neck. It is upside down. It belongs to my brother."

"I am swimming across the river with my father and brother. We are having a race. I gradually take the lead. We reach a boat moored in the river and clamber aboard. We say jokingly that we are likely to sink the boat. The captain says he will give a distress signal. He goes to operate the main whistle. It does not work. He operates the air siren and gives two blasts. The siren is powered by a compressor."

### **28th session**

This dream:

"I am clambering down a rocky valley. I am running away because I have committed a murder or something. I see a car with headlamps burning although it is daylight. I think it is looking for me. The valley becomes filled with water, and I part swim, part clamber on over the rocks."



The image of the car with headlights burning in daylight was discussed in terms of the dream reported in the 16th hour. In darkness, a car's headlights dazzle those outside while providing those inside with illumination. By daylight, a car's headlights will attract attention to the car, while those inside will be unconscious that they are switched on.

These paradoxes were compared with the situation in analysis. How did he 'envisage' finding the 'illumination' which he was after in his search for 'meaning'? In some way he expected to get it 'from me', but he knew perfectly well that I did not 'have it'.

I suggested to him that his attitude to me was hypocritically divided between a 'good pupil' who sits and listens, and someone who already knows it all much better than the analyst, and won't risk sharing that omniscience.

### 29th session

A short dream led us into talk on the nature of acting: the ambiguities of comic acting which could nevertheless seem tragic.

He reported that after some weeks of search he had managed to get a copy of Bettelheim's book *Symbolic Wounds*, which I had recommended.

### 30th session

He brought four dreams. Particularly noteworthy was the following:

"I attack my brother and beat his face to pulp. I flee. I realize that I am wicked. I am afraid that Bob will catch me. I do not go to the tennis court. I run along the street. I am cornered from 3 different directions by 3 young men I know. They throw me out into infinity and I fall and fall."

I discussed these dreams for 3/4 hour. They seemed to suggest the possibility of some real emotional experience of 'sinfulness', matching his divine identifications during his psychotic episodes. I warned him strongly of the dangers of falling into an identification with 'Evil', instead of with 'God', and told him that this could take the form of an overwhelming depression leading to suicide. He must be prepared for such feelings, and not be taken in by the absolute attractions of sinfulness any more than by having a personal message from God to the Archbishop.

He told me that he had told this divorced woman Anne with whom he was now regularly going out about the analysis, and also explained to her that it had been 'one of his committee' talking when he'd made some very inappropriate remark to her recently after kissing her. In saying this he referred to the metaphor which he had used with himself for many years, that he wasn't just one person, but a whole committee. Anne had one child permanently hospitalized with 'something wrong with its brain'. In talking to me about this he smiled, unpleasantly and secretly. I challenged him on the smile. He could not explain it.

### 31st session

This dream:

"I visit my uncle. I park my car, which is old and heavy, carefully outside the back door with the front of the car facing the door. My uncle comes to the door. He has something in his hand. I think it is a gun and am afraid that I will be shot. He hands the object to me. It is a square file about 5 ft. long with a pointed end where a handle can be fitted. I follow my uncle out of the house and into a dark cellar."

This uncle was the eccentric, the mother's brother. He was afraid when the uncle came to meet him at the door. In the dream, something was done in the cellar, but he had forgotten what. As a young apprentice, the first thing he had had to learn was to file accurately.

We discussed this as an initiation dream, starting from his apprenticeship association. His sense of fear was linked to his fear of masturbation. He described this as a kind of supernatural fear, induced by a guardian angel, who besides being his guardian is also his gaoler. He illustrated this supernatural fear by an occasion when an older woman asked him if he had ever thought of getting married. He had answered without thinking: "One was a Roman Catholic", and he commented: "The words came out so pat, before I had time to think. My attitude to women is so bound up with religion".

### 32nd session

These two dreams:

"I am walking near the river talking to someone. An old car driven by Jane comes down the footpath very fast. It goes onto the pier and crashes through the railings into the river. I walk down to the pier. I see Jane climbing onto the pier. She does not seem seriously hurt. I say to her: 'Keep still'. I go into a call box and dial 999. I ask for an ambulance. The voice at the other end is very faint."

"I am in the Antarctic. The cold clear water is full of fish of various species. I try to catch a large turbot with a spade. I am at my uncle's smallholding. I lift the fish out of the water with the spade and place it on a strong bench. I try to kill it with the spade by chopping its head off. I make several attempts and finally succeed. The flesh of the fish seems to resemble salmon as well as turbot. I look under the shed for some paper to wrap the fish in. I find some pieces of the Daily Mirror, and an old invoice but the pieces of paper are small and dirty."

The first dream reminded him of his attempted suicide in one of his episodes, when he had run out on the pier and dived in. "I did a wonderful dive over the railings". He had floated out into the river, lying on his back, and calling quietly for help until he was picked up. In this dream, he felt that the car was like himself then, while he and his companion were the friend and doctor who had later helped him. Jane was a woman from his dancing class, a gold medallist whereas he was just going to take his silver medal. He had been dancing with her the previous evening.

In the second dream, he had been irritated at not getting the head off first time. It was like a butcher and his block. The Daily Mirror and the invoice reminded him of his grandparents' shop.

Apart from encouraging all the associations he felt to be appropriate, my only comments were to draw his attention to the gold-silver contrast in the first dream; and to ask whether he felt the cutting off of the fish head had anything to do with the thumb cutting association with the father's death. This seemed to make little impact on him. But when I mentioned that Christ was often associated with a fish he was visibly startled.

### 33rd session

There had been a two week break over Christmas and the New Year. He brought two dreams which I felt then, and also in retrospect, to mark an important new stage.

"I am in bed wrestling with a demon. One of his claws enters my mouth, it feels like a fish hook in the mouth of a fish. A second claw enters my mouth."

"I have a small atomic reactor which was presented to me by the government. It is in a round tank in the street outside the front door of my house. The water in the tank is boiling violently. Once this reactor is started it cannot be shut down until the fuel is used up. I keep a wary eye on the reactor from a distance. Two children come up to the tank and pour in two large jugfuls of cold water. As I walk away from the tank I am nearly run over by a bus."

This first dream had been associated on waking with a kiss, perhaps particularly the kiss which had triggered his first breakdown. The fishhook feel in his mouth was related to the previous session and the sense of shock, almost affront, when I had told of symbolism of Christ as fish. I told him of another patient's dream of a woman tearing the soft skin under the tongue with a sharp nail, a dream which had later been linked to circumcision - castration fears. I suggested that the dream had to do with the very painful surrender of some of his more secret God-like identifications.

The second dream we discussed little, though for me it brought hope that the danger of further psychotic outbreaks might now be more controlled. The fact that he had been given such a reactor by the Government he explained in terms of 'being expected to produce some astounding results', and this we related to his delusory inflation. The two children were little girls of about 7 and 8. The final episode with the bus he associated with a psychiatric patient whom he had known during one of his hospitalisations. In a subsequent time in hospital the same patient had been admitted dying of head injuries received in a street accident with a bus.

"I was quite incredulous, had an uneasy feeling he'd done it personally."

I told him about the analysis of a man who was continually involved in motor car accidents, and suggested that if he 'wanted' to be punished by some kind of guardian angel, one way to achieve it could be to walk under a bus.

Talked of the psychology of attention, and warned him matter of factly to take care.

### **34th session**

He had begun reading Bettelheim's book. Particularly impressed by description of men during initiation ceremonies, who have their anus stopped up and from then on keep up a pretence in front of the women that they do not need to excrete, but the women of course know that they do. He had found this funny. I pointed out that he himself was used to precisely this kind of split reality situation in his delusions.

I talked about the need to develop 'body imagery'.

### **35th session**

He had brought more reactions to Bettelheim's book, written down. He did not seem so emotionally interested in the book as I had expected. He came to talk once again of the fear which had developed in his early 20's, that he had in some way damaged the brain as a result of masturbation, thus causing a short-circuit which resulted in his wet dreams.

### **36th session**

He brought a sentence that had come to him while masturbating: 'they are rounding him off'. One association was with pre-puberty masturbation, the feeling that his shoulders would hunch up if he went on. He did exercises to get upright. 'If you give up, you get round again'. But the sentence also suggested the pattern of his life: it would round off into a second childhood and death.

There was a short dream concerned with the contrast between a transformer to be used either for the cooking or lighting system in a ship. We discussed this in terms of the bodily contrast of the head and the digestive system. He explained that God can see in the dark; at least he knows what we are doing, just as though there were a nerve connection "like you know where your hand is in the dark".

### **37th session**

A dream in which his brother appeared led him to talk of his brother's wife, and of her attitude to the fact that he has been in hospital. She resented it, and he felt sometimes that she did not feel easy with his visits to their house.

### **38th session**

After some months of thinking it over, he reported that he had now found a flat of his own, and would shortly be moving out of his digs. We both felt that to be a risk, but also, if successful, an advance.

On my recommendation, he had bought and begun reading Morag Coate's book on her schizophrenia experiences. His (absent) manner in talking about it caused me to regret having recommended it, and I was therefore concerned to strike as matter of fact a note as possible.

We talked about masturbation. He still felt it as a throw back to pre-natal (correction) pre-puberty experience. He remembered a reference in one of Laurence Durrell's books to a gnostic belief that 'creation is a mistake'. Produced idea that masturbation had something to do with 'soul'. His father had a soul, but he and his mother not. Soul is above the masculine-feminine distinction.

### 39th session

For me, this was one of the more disturbing sessions.

Normally very punctual, he arrived a few minutes late, having overshot the right tube station. He felt threatened and afraid. I felt that he could withdraw from me dangerously, and took a much more active part in the hour than normal. I told him of some of my own more dissociated experiences, tried to give him the feeling that there were many other people working on the frontiers between sanity and insanity. I talked of 'deeply religious scepticism' as the safest attitude in trying to balance everyday experience against the reality of demands from 'the other side', and made a deliberate attempt to warm him in his isolation.

He brought a short dream:

"I am driving my car (not very fast) when I come up behind a pack of cyclists. I hit the back wheel of one and the girl rider falls to the ground. I decide to give up driving."

I found it encouraging that he drew this conclusion within the dream to the accident.

He was arranging to see his psychiatrist for his regular check.

### 40th session

This dream:

"I am the captain of a tramp steamer. We are threatened by the crew of another tramp steamer and abandon ship. Somehow the other crew make fast a rope to our lifeboat (which is still attached by one rope at the stern to our steamer) and begin to haul us up. The lifeboat is suspended in midair between the two ships. The enemy crew begin to jump one by one into our lifeboat. I call out to the enemy captain: 'If any more jump in they will go through the bottom'."

He described his crew's desertion of their ship as 'giving up the ghost'. This was how he had felt when he had to go into mental hospital: he was not worthy of his job. He said that the other captain reminded him 'quite crazily' of his father. Perhaps there was something homosexual in the dream. This led into further talk of the adolescent 'playing at pigs' with his brother, and the beating their father gave them.

He had moved into his new flat, and it was working out well.

#### 41st session

He had seen the psychiatrist, who wrote to me:

"I saw this man again to-day and he seems to be maintaining quite a good remission. He is still awkward, stiff and schizoid, but he has a fairly full social life and seems to be coping with his job quite well. He should continue his present dosage for some time anyway and I have asked him to come and see me again in about 6 months."

He brought this dream:

"I dreamed that I came home and went to bed and somehow came into the presence of my mother and father although I knew in my dream that they were both dead. My mother spoke to me. I think that she was trying to convey to me that I might acquire a soul. There was something that I had to remember. I was very much afraid. I woke up and still felt afraid. After a while I switched on the light. It was 2.25 am."

He could say little to this dream, except that his parents were like two giant Egyptian statues, or like shades from the underworld in ancient Greece. I contributed little; thought it probable he could 'acquire a soul' if he were patient, but that it could take a long time.

He had given Morag Coate's book to his friend Anne to read.

#### 42nd session

This was an impressive hour from the point of view of our relationship with each other.

A dream about being unpunctual for an appointment with a doctor started me probing his attitude to me and the analysis. I suggested he might be having more difficulty than he admitted in sharing his experiences with me. He reacted with the words "I don't want to", almost spat out. He at once commented: "When I said that, it was through clenched teeth - the words were forced out of me".

He was plainly impressed by this 'forced' agreement with my suggestion, and became more co-operative in exploring the situation between us. In terms of the 'homosexual' possibilities which had been touched on before, I volunteered that perhaps the difficulty he had in 'sharing' was because he wanted to experience both the brother and the father with me, and that he knew from the past that they were in some way incompatible.

He looked startled, said: "Yes. I think you may have hit it on the head".

#### 43rd session

He returned Freud's *Totem and Taboo* which I had lent him. Without being particularly struck by any one point in the book, he had been very interested, and asked if I could suggest more. I put him on to the *Psychopathology of Everyday Life*, and subsequently the *Introductory Lectures*. These were all read quickly and considerable interest was expressed.

This dream:

"I hear that a boy I know has made friends with a bird. I go to see him, walking across flat, open country. As I draw near I throw my straw hat at the bird but the bird flies away before it is hit. My hat turns into a very large bird which pursues the first bird (a crow I think). The large bird is too slow and soon breaks off his pursuit. The crow climbs high into the sky, then wheels till he is almost over my head, then he dives. I fear that he may attack me and protect my face with his hands. The crow does not attack me but alights on my right shoulder."

In discussing this boy whom he had known when he was about twelve, he described his 'philosophical thoughts' in connection with early masturbation (these had been mentioned in 5th hour): lying in bed wondering what the world would be like without him, what his room would be like without him. Would they exist?

He felt that the sense of 'paralysis' in early masturbation was equivalent to the 'stopping of the heart-beat' when trying to imagine what would happen to the outside world if he died.

The phrase 'the facts of life' referred not only to sexual education but also to the 'philosophical fact' that God created everything.

He commented: "As I say all this, I'm speaking with clenched teeth".

#### 44th session

He brought these two sets of 'thoughts while masturbating'.

"It's the world going round again  
I'm going round again  
I came from my mother  
My father was my father  
That's where I came from  
That's where I'm going to."

And from another occasion:

"Poor old Sam (Jim?)

Dick

Mother

Pig rooting

Anne

Its a good job we have got the stick between us (gear lever)

Sigurd and Brunhilde - sword."

Discussion of these thoughts developed round two polarities: the contrast between men friends who had too much sex and no sex at all, and the contrast between the friendship with the girl which had ended in his first psychotic breakdown after insulting her, and the more controlled present friendship with Anne in which there was something 'between' them.

At one stage I said to him that he gave me impression of still being very frightened of something. He agreed. I said that all we were doing was to prepare his mind/imagination so that deep levels in him, which he could think of as 'physiological' in the same sense as the need to masturbate, could gradually be prepared to be 'unafraid'.

His relationship with Anne was discussed. What did she think of him? Evasive answer.

I suggested (in connection with adolescent pig-flesh fantasies) that he visit an exhibition of paintings by Francis Bacon.

#### 45th session

Two dreams which I felt to be important. The first read:

"I am an observer at the execution or ritual murder of a baby. One man reads out the baby's crimes and after each crime has been read out another man stabs the baby in the head with a pointed dagger. I turn my eyes away as the brains are stirred up. There is no blood. The baby sits quietly on the floor the whole time."

He felt this had something to do with the dream reported in the 41st hour, with the something which he had to remember in order to acquire a soul. He had woken up feeling sick. He had been reading Freud. The baby was large, but perhaps belonged in the womb. The knife was sexual.

I reminded him of his pre-natal, pre-puberty correction in the 38th hour. Did he feel that the crime which he had to remember could have occurred before he was born, and that it might have something to do with 'creation being a mistake'?

The second dream had to do with a black tar jelly-like substance that he felt to be connected with the material used for a junction box for electric cables. The words 'time/volume cooling' came to his mind as descriptive of the dream. He felt he needed time in which to change. Another person wouldn't require time, the change would come as an explosion. He wasn't sure what volume could refer to; perhaps his body. Perhaps the cooling had some connection with the dream of the atomic reactor (33rd hour).

Right at the end of the hour, as he was getting ready to leave, he produced a further association with this black tar; it had to do with hell and the devil.

I asked: "Why didn't you give me that association before?"

"Perhaps because I am ashamed of that picture I once did of my being tortured by a devil".

I had forgotten the picture, and asked him to bring it to me the next time.

#### 46th session

The picture was brought. He explained more thoroughly than before how shocked he had been by my suggestion at the time that the devil was a part of him. The idea seemed to him now to be very 'shameful'.



These two short dreams of panic directly associated with the mother and father.

"I am a child. My father is a tyrant and is drunk. My mother turns on him savagely and strikes him with her fists. I run away across a vacant lot. I am afraid and wake up afraid."

"I am in my bedroom (in a university?). I go to close the door but it is burst open by a ghost (invisible). I scream out 'Mother, help', (but I am not sure if any sound comes out). I am afraid and wake up afraid."

The ghost was a male ghost, and he associated it with our talk in the previous hour about the 'devil' possibly being a part of himself. Later he talked at greater length than ever before of the mother's sister who had been in a mental hospital since 1933.

#### **47th session**

This was for me a surprising and perhaps rather humiliating session.

He brought this dream:

"I am about to go to Mars (or one of the other planets) in a rocket. I suddenly realise that I may not come back."

Questioned on this he replied with such statements as:

"If there is any dignity in man he ought to strive out to Mars."

"No, I can't decide if I should go. People who can view it objectively must decide."

"Yes, I'm mature and level headed, and therefore suitable."

I put it to him that he knew perfectly well that he was quite unsuitable for such an expedition; that this was typical of his delusional sense of 'mission'; and that the idea that 'people who can view it objectively must decide' represented a very dangerous alienation of responsibility and reality-assessment which properly belonged within his ego.

Once put to him, he accepted this as fair comment.

I remained astonished (and worried that I should have so misjudged the strength of his delusional beliefs as to need to be astonished) at the lack of insight in his initial reaction to the dream. Hammered away at this for the whole session.

#### **48th session**

He started immediately:

"You must be having an effect on me. I had a terrible headache in the train going back after the last hour. I felt quite sick with it."

He had taken Alka Seltzer on getting home and gone to bed. Slept well and woke all right next morning.

He associated the headache with my having said to him that he was much more hostile to me than he could recognize. "This must have stirred up some mental conflict".

Discussion of a long dream produced childhood (about age of six) recollection of crawling under table when 'naughty', and mother's father saying to him: "Stop behaving like an animal." He replied: "I'm not an animal."

He hated to think he was an animal. Related this to one of his breakdowns when he believed he would turn into a lion, and also to previous statement to me that though he didn't believe in hell intellectually he did see it as a 'ravening beast'.

The dream ended in his hiding an object alternatively described as 'roller' and 'nutmeg grater'. I encouraged him to try and develop associations with this dream object.

#### **49th session**

He brought four pages of closely written associations to the roller - nutmeg grater. These were grouped round one of his psychotic episodes, and various childhood experiences.

This led to a detailed account of the year between 6 and 7, which he felt to be one of the most important in his life.

We went through these carefully, and for the first time I began to feel I was 'getting to know' his family. He spoke more of the insane aunt while she still lived with the family, of her relations with the mother, and of the father's position vis á vis the mother's family.

A particular recollection which was felt to be important was of finding some books by or about Swedenborg in a cupboard when he was around 16. He had read them, but all he could remember was that Swedenborg had strange sex ideas. The phrase 'some men have an abundant store' had meant to him that some men had plentiful supply of semen, could look after plenty of women.

I suggested to him that he try and read some Swedenborg. Perhaps these strange sex ideas might provide him with a framework within which he could relate his delusional religious ideas to the weekly fact of masturbation.

## **Second Year**

#### **50th session**

He announced that he was thinking of visiting his mad aunt in hospital.

Looking at me very slyly, he said it might trigger off something in his mind, "some kind of appreciation".

Explained that he meant something to do with sex: when he had last seen her she was sitting very tensely, "like sexually repressed people who have developed a sort of tension".

This aunt had been very much in his mind during his first episode: he had more or less identified with her.

Discussion of a dream to do with a ship's engine room, but with the engines not working, focused on a notice about Field Marshal Montgomery. His association was with Montgomery's visit to China: he had felt this to be a silly, yet somehow also sympathetic, attempt to make contact.

Suggested that this could be one way of looking at his own attempt to make contact with 'the other side'.

### 51st session

#### This dream

"I pull a splinter out of my arm and in the hole in the flesh I see a little animal. The animal emerges into the open air and as it does so it grows in size and turns into a monster about the size of a man. It does not seem to be a flesh and blood monster. I am frightened. In another room is my mad aunt. I go into her. She is a young woman, sitting in an armchair in the corner. She asks to see the newspaper and I hand it to her. In the newspaper is a picture of the monster - a modern art version. My aunt says that whisky and chocolates have made her thirsty. My brother (the one who is still alive) comes in and offers her a chocolate which she accepts."

He associated chocolate at once with shit, with a reference to his childhood. Very puzzled at his brother, who was a 10 - 12 year old boy in the dream, giving the aunt a chocolate when she had said she was thirsty.

Later in the hour I emphasized the need to try and develop a greater emotional intimacy between us. He said that he felt coming to see me had 'religious significance'.

### 52nd session

I had been working through my notes. He had nothing in particular which he wanted to discuss, so I went over various questions I had extracted from the past material. In particular, the unpleasant, secretive look on his face when he had first told me of Anne's defective child. What did he think he had felt then? He thought it was because the child gave him power over Anne. I reminded him of my suggestion that he was in some way using his own 'mad' experiences as a source of secret power, and that he was correspondingly threatened by his own search for an understanding which would necessarily involve relinquishing his hold on that secret power.

### 53rd session

He reported that last week he had masturbated with his arms outstretched, as if crucified: "to get a feeling of surrender".

Somehow connected with this were two lines from a school poem which had kept recurring to him in the train on his way to see me:

"The lion lay there dying  
And they yielded to the foe."

In this connection, he remembered a picture in his school classroom, of Abraham and Isaac, which had terrified him. He had been about 6.

He talked of the relationship between Winston Smith and O'Brien in Orwell's 1984. When he had been in hospital he had been like Winston Smith.

I drew out the analogy, between the developing 'perfect pupil' relationship between Smith and O'Brien, and his own attitude to me - an attitude which I hoped would develop into a more equal and emotional relationship.

#### 54th session

Discussion of a dream brought up the story of a crescent-shaped scar on his right buttock. "When I was a baby I sat on a china pot which broke - I still have the scar on my behind. Must have given me a shock."

And later: "My mother hated that scar."

This reminded him of the previous weekend, when he had been visiting his brother's family. His 3 year old niece had fallen down and started crying. John had picked her up, while the father had just stood there. The mother was furious, shouting at her husband with blazing eyes "Why didn't you pick her up, she might have broken her arm?"

The next day John had a bad headache. Somehow it was all connected with his mother's anger.

#### 55th session

He reported a dream. Quite exceptionally, this was not written down, but told verbally.

When asked why, he said that perhaps it was not relevant, or that I might not take it seriously.

In the dream, a man came into a pub and ordered a lager: which is what John, alone among his circle of friends, always drinks. Instead of drinking it by his mouth, he pulled out a leather, funnel-shaped attachment from his stomach, like some kind of apron, and poured the beer straight into his stomach, saying: "Ah, that tasted good".

This apron-like attachment reminded him of childhood visits to the blacksmith and of freemasonry. Generally, he felt an apron to be something feminine. Neither of us could make anything of the dream, but he commented "I couldn't believe how he could taste it. I wasn't sure whether he weren't deluding himself".

I asked him whether this use of the word 'deluding' might not be significant, in view of his own history.

#### 56th session

He brought a long list of associations with 'apron'.

Discussion of these brought out fact that his relationship with Anne had developed much further than I had realised. I commented, with surprise, that the relationship had developed to such a point without his telling me. He said:

"Oh yes, I wonder that I haven't gone crazy yet".

Another of the associations brought up story of an eccentric friend of his who had once made a fool of himself over a girl in something of the same way as John had on the occasion of his first psychotic breakdown.

(This friend, Paul, recurs under 68, and in subsequent discussion.)

#### 57th session

A dream links the reading of a Bible displayed in the street for public reading with an old sex-instruction book he had once seen.

Discussion of his fear of sex led to his telling me, with great embarrassment, his 'theory of souls'. Sex was somehow associated with death, and it is impossible to think of death without also thinking of souls. There is one immortal soul for everyone. But though some people get them, others don't. When you meet people you can tell at once whether they have a soul or not.

#### **58th session**

Following my suggestion in previous hour, he brought a long list of associations with the Death-Sex theme. Discussion of these led to description of experience in one of his episodes when he was convinced that his friends were acting on him through the telephone. He had the feeling that some higher authority was controlling him through the telephone, making him more efficient in his work, but so that one day he could be killed by a special message sent to him over the phone. "I wasn't safe to be allowed free will, so I had to be programmed like a computer to control a chemical factory or oil refinery or something".

#### **59th session**

He handed me a dream, written out on his usual sheet of paper, as follows:

"I am sleeping with my brother. There is a danger that I will attack him through becoming possessed in some sort of dream. (We are both our present ages.) I go out on to the landing and call out. My mother and (I think) my father come out of their bedroom. She is very angry. Another man appears, quite calm, and talks about four just men. (This was a book we used to have on the bookshelf WEN when I was a child.) We all sit down in armchairs. I wake up considerably agitated but less frightened than I had been early in the dream."

#### **Associations to WEN**

London, George Borrow, Lavengro - 'There's the sun and the moon brother, both fine things, there is likewise a wind on the heath. Life is sweet'.

He had himself been so struck by the spelling slip in writing 'when' that he had written down his own associations. He further added that his first understanding of 'wen', before he looked it up in the dictionary, had been that it meant 'morass'. The calm man he associated with his psychiatrist. The four just men were figures from a book who had all been wronged, and had therefore all banded together to enforce their own justice. But in the dream it is as if they were real existing people.

We spent the whole hour talking round this dream. I compared it to the dream reported in the 30th hour, in which he had beaten his brother's face to pulp and then been thrown into infinity by three young men. I commented on the much more controlled tone of this new dream. I further pointed out that the sun and moon were often thought of as father and mother, while the aspirate 'h' which he had omitted might be thought of along with 'a wind'.

**There now followed a two month break.**

### 60th session

Reported a successful holiday in Italy, spent with a bachelor friend.

Since return he felt he had got closer to Anne. She had talked more freely to him about her defective child, crying on his shoulder. He was pleased that she could do this.

He brought me a book on Parables which he had bought and was enjoying.

He produced four dreams which he had written down in the last two months. Only the two most recent were discussed. One of these started with an involved sequence on a railway station, with the search for a urinal, and associations with a woman's legs meeting at her vagina and a cloacal atmosphere reminiscent of Henry Miller's novels. The dream then went on:

"I dreamt that I am in bed and I wake up. A piece of black iron shaped like the end of a sabre is rhythmically striking the pillow next to mine. My 'other self' is lying asleep next to me with his head on the pillow. I try to get into my 'other self' but fail. My 'other self' opens an umbrella and floats through the air like Mary Poppins, still fast asleep, I cling to his legs and shout repeatedly 'Help'.

"Then I wake up in reality. I am rather frightened. I notice a patch of light on my curtain. I think that I must have left the light on in the passage and the light is shining through the glass in the bedroom door. When I am more fully awake I remember that the bedroom door is solid. The patch of light seems to have disappeared."

He thought that this 'other self' could either be his father, or Anne. He associated the cry for Help with the time when he had jumped into the river from a high bridge, and then floated calmly on his back calling quietly for help. He also associated the rhythmically beating metal with a penis.

In spite of the fact that he described himself as feeling very well, this dream left me uneasy. His associations with this 'other self' brought together the idea of death (the dead father) and of sex (Anne). Taken in conjunction with the earlier sequence I felt confirmed in my belief that the hesitation which both John and Anne felt about developing a full sexual relation was probably very wise. I told him this.

### 61st session

Brought a short, more 'normal' dream in which he was behaving very 'buttoned up' compared to various friends. I spent much time urging the need for a more equal, almost 'erotic', relation between us. Again attacked him for behaving towards me merely as the 'good pupil'.

He had decided to buy a house. He would start after his birthday at the beginning of December. Partly attracted to the idea as a good investment.

### 62nd session

Dream: "Some soldiers are guarding prisoners. I am watching from a distance. I think I am a prisoner too. One of the guards commits an offence, either by fraternising with the prisoners or

by fainting. An officer orders his immediate punishment. The soldier stands to attention. Another soldier bayonets him three times in the left arm, then once in the body. The soldier begins to sag towards the ground. He is then stabbed again. The bayonet enters his stomach and then travels upwards through his body into the chest. A voluptuous blonde woman of about 30 is watching. She seems to be amused. I think that she and the guards are German."

He agreed with my comment that such a dream shows complete lack of appropriate emotion. Both the soldier being punished, and the soldier bayonetting him, were totally impassive. The woman's attitude was of mild amusement, not sadistic pleasure. As he put it, the only person who showed any emotion was the officer, and he was furious. He, the dreamer, was both shocked and astonished.

He associated the wounded arm 'perhaps' with his father's arm being injured when he, John, was about 6 or 7.

I took the mood of the dream as an expression of his own dissociated feelings, and specifically suggested he think about such a dream in relation to his attitude to masturbation.

### 63rd session

Relationship with Anne discussed.

She had asked whether I thought she was a good influence on him 'in spite of all her problems'. He had told her:

"Yes, all the more so, just because of all your difficulties."

I followed this up by suggesting that, for Anne, his inexperience and anxiety about his penis as the agent for full sexual intercourse could possibly be 'understandable', just because of her own 'impotence' to do anything about her defective child. He was planning to tell Anne sometime about his visit to the Archbishop which he felt to be the most significant of his mad episodes.

He was now due to visit the psychiatrist again. I wrote:

"He continues to visit me once a week. His emotional life is becoming more involved than ever before, and he is also talking of buying a house in the New Year. Subjectively, he feels that he has 'come a long way', but his dreams still show a marked emotional dissociation. He remains stiff and awkward, though he is able to hold my gaze more directly and without embarrassment. If you decide to reduce his dosage, would you let me know please?"

### 64th session

He had had a reply from the hospital in which his mad aunt was being cared for, and said that he would visit her next week. He explained that he had "written asking them if they thought it would be advisable."

I asked: "Advisable for whom?"

He laughed - a laugh which I noted at the time as 'authentic' in comparison with the uneasy and often inappropriate giggle to which I was more used. Though he had thought he meant 'advisable

for the aunt', he agreed that he had also had himself in mind, and said: "I could have gone last Sunday, but I thought I'd speak to you about it first."

The rest of the hour was spent on discussion of a dream which left me depressed, with a sticky feeling of being bogged down, with nothing happening.

#### 65th session

Handed me without comment, in the characteristically abrupt manner, two pages of notes on his visit to his aunt.

What had chiefly struck him was (i) that when he arrived, and identified himself to the nurse, ("a West Indian with a charming smile") as the person who'd written, the nurse had said that the doctor had thought he was a woman; and (ii) that the only affective reaction he had got from his aunt was to the word 'magic', when he was telling her about a visit to the Magic Flute. He had reacted by saying that next time he came he'd bring her a box of Black Magic chocolates.

Following his visit to the aunt, he had told Anne that he'd like to go with her to visit her defective child in its 'home'. Anne had been very grateful, since she found it impossible to get anyone to share that side of her life.

The look in his face when telling me this was direct. He held my gaze, and did not flutter his eyelids in the embarrassed way characteristic of him when talking about such feelings. I commented on this.

#### 67th session

At my suggestion he had been reading Melanie Klein on the *Psychoanalysis of Children*. He was interested. (I suggested such reading to him not in the hope that it would 'explain' anything to him, but rather that some passage would fire his imagination, especially in relation to his own body.)

A long dream led into discussion of anxieties connected with 'explosion', death and parental sexuality, in the context of his life at about the age of 25.

His first brother's death when 26: "I was terribly shocked".

Following his visit, the psychiatrist wrote:

"I saw him today in the clinic and he seems to be still in a good remission, though he will probably always be rather detached and schizoid. I think it would be quite safe to cut clown his Stelazine and Disipal to a single morning dose, but if he should show any signs of relapse, I think we should increase once more to twice and three times a day."

#### 67th session

We discussed the reduction in his pills.

What had they ever 'meant' to him? In one episode, he had associated them with his testicles, as a reproach. They were equated through a counter-effect: testicles were felt to be driving him mad, the pills were felt to be driving him sane.



He remembered once asking his mother, during an episode, for a pair of scissors with which to cut off his testicles. It was significant that he wanted scissors and not a knife, because scissors were reminiscent of the human form, with outstretched arms and legs.

### **68th session**

The friend, Paul (mentioned already under 56), came up in a short dream:

"Paul and I are lying prone on the ground facing each other about 30 yards apart. There is a tree near me. He is shooting at me with a rifle. He is aiming to miss but I think that he may not be as good a marksman as he thinks he is and may hit me by accident."

His comment on the dream was that "it confirms the impression I had of him when I decided to give him up - that he was a dangerous man to know." Paul "has a streak of violence in him - anyway, he hit his girl that time I had to go with him to visit her." (It was this occasion which had reminded John of his own behaviour with a girl that had triggered his first psychotic episode). "I was afraid of him: he might get me involved in embarrassing situations."

When asked what he would think of such shooting in real life, he said: "I'd think they were criminally foolish". He showed signs of unusual tension in discussing the dream: asked if he were afraid, he replied: "Not now, but in one episode I was afraid I was turning into a homicidal maniac. I had to commit suicide or I'd turn into a lion man."

We discussed the dream, his relationship with Paul, and his psychotic fears, in the context of his attitude to his brothers, and to me.

I again suggested that he could well feel far more threatened by me than he realised. Before he could establish any authentic emotional connection between his psychotic experiences and his daily life, it might be necessary for him to feel his madness reflected by me, as he had once felt it reflected by Paul.

### **69th session**

He described yesterday's visit to his aunt, the third visit.

He'd had the feeling that both he and she had seen behind the curtain, into some family secret. His aunt's eyes had reminded him of his mother's. The 'masked faces' of the other patients in his aunt's ward had somehow reminded him of his feeling when he was being beaten by his father when he was aged 11, and "felt I was being punished for something of which I was innocent."

I talked again of his emotional block with me. He agreed that it could be linked to the adolescent 'pig play' with his brother.

### **70th session**

A long dream which culminated in a church, with the archbishop, magnificently clothed in gold but beneath his robes almost a skeleton, appearing high up in a pulpit. "One of the men who is

at my side says: you should laugh it off. As I sink to my knees the archbishop stretches out his hand in blessing."

Discussion of this dream produced a network of associations ranging from a discussion with a fellow patient in hospital about marriage sex, to the feeling of utter powerlessness in his legs once when he was carried to the ambulance. I emphasized the totally different attitude of the bystander in the dream. This man's attitude could be more realistic than his own.

I suggested that he think over his 'visit to the archbishop' again, and ask himself if what he had had to say on that occasion could have been something which once uttered might have destroyed the archbishop, rather than causing him to greet John as a messenger from God. There was something very false about the dream's end: irresistibly forced to his knees by a figure whom he knew was only a dressed up corpse.

### **71st session**

A dream in which he saw, as in a camera obscura, an enormous erect penis. He was 'fascinated and rather awed'. When asked: Was it erotic? he replied "O yes, I think so. I derived some sort of satisfaction from the experience": a turn of phrase characteristic of his emotional awkwardness.

I picked up the word 'awe' and spent much time on the erect penis as a numinous symbol in religious experience. Stiffness of an erection also felt as related to catatonic experiences.

### **72nd session**

A short dream: there was a fire in the basement of his parental house. A big fire. He did nothing. Just watched.

He described feeling like a rabbit, paralysed by a snake. Reminded him of his inability to move, the moment of going stiff, as a catatonic stage developed.

Probably there was coal in the cellar. It was this that would make such a conflagration. This reminded him of the negro restaurant's 'coal brazier' in the dream reported under 24.

I kept returning to his failure to react. His inability to do anything about this fire in the parental cellar was like his inability to 'convert' his psychotic experiences into a meaning which others could accept. This got him talking about a man who'd come up to him at a recent dance to ask him what it was like to have ECT, as he had to go for psychiatric treatment. Also the friend of his from one episode in hospital who had subsequently got run over by a bus, "on purpose" so John felt.

I emphasized that this was the parents' house. What had it got to do with them? He could only think of his conviction that his father had a soul, but his mother hadn't. But other women had souls. Why was the mother so special then? It was because she was 'Jewish'. What does that mean? And he told a story of some amateur film about a Jewish miser whose stinginess had finally been punished when all his money blew away in the wind.

He'd often had the fantasy when hospitalised that his mother was Jewish in the sense of hoarding money. It went with her being a shop-keeper.

I talked about Professor Marcus' book on Victorian pornography and the relationship between sexual behaviour and social attitudes to money: told him that a hundred years ago the word 'spend' had been commonly used for genital ejaculation.

(He was in fact quite certain that there was no Jewish connection in his mother's family.)

### 73rd session

The Jewish theme was taken up again. He'd had the idea that all his mother's family were Jews, and were "hanging on to it".

What did he mean by that? The scene in the film of the Jewish miser, in which all his money blew away in the wind, had meant to John that when he came to get married he would not have any semen left: "This would be a kind of judgement on me".

He'd seen this film before his first episode. While in hospital he'd remembered it, and on coming out he had increased the payments for rent which he was making to his parents (with whom he was then living). He then produced this dream:

"I am in Spain. There had been a revolution about six years ago, and counter-revolutionaries are still active. I am renting a house in a village and am worried about paying the rates. A bus full of counter-revolutionaries drives into the village, through the main street past a cafe full of armed revolutionaries. Music is coming from the cafe. The revolutionaries see the bus full of counter-revolutionaries (who are singing) but are not provoked. The bus stops in the village square and the counter-revolutionaries get out and erect a sort of canvas booth. Counter-revolutionary sympathisers come out from their houses and go across to the bus. They are untidily dressed, apparently they are having trouble with their laundry. Another Englishman of my acquaintance who is also renting a house says: 'Now I will be able to pay my rates'. Apparently his landlady is in hospital and she is paying the rates."

He explained that the revolutionaries were red, and the counter-revolutionaries blue. His chief anxiety in the dream was that he'd be evicted if he didn't have the money for his rates, but somehow at the end of the dream that anxiety had gone.

I let him know how pleased I was that the two aides were tolerating each other, and pointed out that somehow this armed tolerance-in-hostility seemed to have made money available. He accepted the comparison with the dream of 24 in which a negro restaurant was being opened up in Haarlem 'against opposition'. (It will be remembered that this dream had coincided with the 'second beginning' to the analysis.) Discussion of the dream then centred on the landlady, and we came back to the earlier talk about his mother. I deliberately introduced the idea of the mother's body. With some encouragement he produced the association between breast-milk and semen. He was able to accept this intellectually, though its emotional 'grip' was slight.

At the end of the hour I told him that we must now do something deliberate to encourage the personal contact between us, and that I proposed we shake hands at the beginning of each hour. His immediate reaction was that the handshake is a human expression to control aggression. (He had been reading *The Naked Ape*.)

**Between the 73rd and 74th session I presented my first year's work with John at the London Hospital.**

#### **74th session**

We shook hands. (He remembered: I had forgotten.)

He gave me this dream (dreamed on the night before I had made the presentation of his case).

"I am in a sort of old fashioned school laboratory. In a glass case is a sealed glass container. I prize open the lid of the container. There is a fizzing and crackling sound. I think that the container may contain a dangerous substance such as phosphorus and I hastily close the lid and move round to the back of the glass case. The glass case becomes an ornate piece of Victorian furniture with a circular top. From the sealed container emerges a carved wooden figure (a negro boxer) which grows rapidly in size as I watch. The figure gyrates round the circular top like a doll on a gramophone turntable, then attains life size and springs athletically to the floor. In his left hand he carries a golden ball or egg, inscribed 'the golden rule', and over his left arm he carries a banner emblazoned 'play the game' (or some similar statement). The negro goes quickly into the next room.

"I follow and find that the negro has changed into an attractive girl (white). She is sitting at a dining table with several other people. Apparently she is being 'difficult' and will not eat any of the food placed before her. She speaks French. I say to her (in French): 'I do not have any Japanese food'. (I thought I was saying we do not have any Japanese food). Two men come into the room, one is the master and one is the slave. The master drives the slave before him with a lash. The slave is carrying some pieces of shattered timber and has a rope attached to him the other end of which is held by the master. One of the men in the group at the dining table makes a remark to the effect that they are complementary to each other. The master and slave go out through a door opposite. A few moments later they re-enter through the same door. This time the slave is driving the master."

This dream made an immediate, deep, impression on me. John's comments elaborated it as follows.

If phosphorus comes into contact with the air, it catches fire. It is therefore usually kept under water. He was shocked when the carved figure began to burst out of the container, then he watched fascinated. He was very relieved when it turned into a human being and sprang down. It reminded him of a time when he was a child and they used to put dolls on the gramophone turntable, and watch them go round. Japanese food: he had read that Japanese businessmen meditate on a flower before they start work. Perhaps that's why they are so successful. Remembered also his very early pictures painted for me, some of which were Japanese in character. The master-slave sequence he had either dreamed before, or seen something similar on the stage. The timber was from a ship wreck, washed up on the shore. The Japanese girl was associated with one of his last psychotic episodes. He had been going to French evening classes and had developed 'some kind of obsession' for the attractive teacher. He had invited her to his 42nd birthday party, which had a great significance for him as being twice 21, but she could not

come. In class, she seemed to be 'radiating', to have some kind of aura round her. Finally, during a lesson, he became confused, couldn't think, had to stammer something, rushed out of the room and went back to his digs where he began to go stiff. The next morning he was taken to hospital. In remembering this dream to write it down, he could think of the French word for meat, viande, but not for food. This inability to think of the word reminded him immediately of the scene in the classroom.

No attempt at an interpretation of the dream was made, apart from encouraging all the associations available. However, I made it clear how exceptional I found the dream, by giving it him back and telling him to make a copy of it for his own future interest.

He reported that he had been with Anne to visit her subnormal child in its home. He described how the little girl's attention had been caught by a piece of wood. The look in his eyes as he talked I described in my notes at the time as 'genuinely enthusiastic'.

### 75th session

This hour followed a three week break over Christmas.

He told me he had made a New Year resolution to say the Lord's Prayer every night. This was in the place of the sentence he had repeated to himself every night of the previous year "By January 1st 1968 I will be a big man with a soul, ready to fulfil my destiny".

He had got the idea of the power of autosuggestion from a book called *Think and Grow Rich*. I asked him with some annoyance why he had not told me this before. "Perhaps because I thought of the author of this book as a competitor of yours".

I told him that I did not like the title of the book, and reminded him of my reiterated warning about seeking some kind of power through analysis. He explained that by 'grow rich' he meant 'to acquire a soul'. How could I be a 'competitor' of the author? I emphasised that in no sense whatsoever did I 'have' his soul: there was no question at all of his 'acquiring a soul' from me. "You'll learn more about your soul from your own penis than you will from me."

The story, or parable, in the book which had chiefly impressed him had been of a father teaching a deaf child to speak by pressing his mouth right up against the skull.

"I thought that both the father and the deaf baby were myself."

Discussion of a short dream brought up his recollection of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*. He remembered the hero, Jean Valjean, and the strange, secret understanding that seemed to link him with the particular policeman tracking him down.

### 76th session

He had now bought his house, and was about to move into it. He had been ill with influenza, but had kept at work. Attention fluctuating. After the previous sessions in which I had felt confident that some progress was being made, I felt anxious about him.

He talked about his father. He thought he was beginning to look like his father, and this was a kind of punishment "because I didn't have a very high opinion of him". "When my father died my mother said he was a good man. This surprised me, that she should say that, because of her being a grasping shopkeeper. He'd thought he was bettering himself when they took over the shop when I was six. But I preferred him in his old job".

The father had been deaf, and very isolated as a result.

"Perhaps he'd have appreciated it if I'd been closer to him, and now I'm being punished by becoming like him."

His mother had once said that the father believed in reincarnation, and his father had agreed.

#### **77th session**

He had moved into his house. One week's session had been missed as he was away at a technical course. He had enjoyed this, and had been much impressed by the calibre of the other course members. "Does this mean I'm becoming more human?"

A short dream about the mother led into more detailed talk about her as a woman, her physical appearance.

Some time was also spent discussing his relationship with Anne.

#### **78th session**

Bad cold. He left early, after an unsatisfactory hour.

He had told Anne about his first breakdown. She was very glad to have been told.

#### **79th session**

Again looking tense, and guilty. Feeling a bit apathetic, but otherwise better.

Two or three times during the hour, the talk came round to masturbation.

He reported a dream which left me feeling anxious:

"I am in bed with my brother. He asked me to pick up his handkerchief which is on the floor. I reach down with my left hand for the handkerchief. A skinny hand grasps mine, I give a tug, and a man appears. He is thin and bony and rather older than myself. The man gets into my body and becomes me. I cry out and wake frightened."

His only association was that a white handkerchief could be used either to signal a truce, or as enticement by a woman. The skinny man reminded him a bit of his eccentric uncle.

#### **80th session**

He had been reading D. H. Lawrence's short story, *The Man Who Died*. In this story Lawrence reconstructs the events following Christ's crucifixion on the assumption that he had not died on the cross, but had managed to crawl, desparately wounded, from the tomb. He is nursed by strangers and finally leaves to make a life for himself as 'man', not 'son of man'.

I had recommended this to him some weeks before, with specific reference to his own sense of 'mission'.

His chief reaction to the story was that he could not imagine Christ in a hat. It seemed incongruous. But perhaps in a hot climate it was a necessary protection from the sun.

I asked him if he had ever had any fantasies about the Holy Ghost in connection with his religious and philosophical thoughts. No, he'd never thought of it; he found it unreal. I talked about the Trinity in terms of father-son relationships, and the ambiguous role of the penis.

I asked him if he would like to try lying on the couch next time, and just saying whatever came into his head. He accepted the idea eagerly.

### 81st and 82nd sessions

The two following hours he lay on the couch. Whenever I observed him his eyes were open, with his hand resting on his forehead, half shading them. He talked consecutively, with no long pauses, and got to his feet promptly at the end of the session. During the first hour I said nothing. In the second, I occasionally asked for clarification of something he had said, thereby to some extent 'steering' the train of association.

He talked without order, but always somehow 'in control', about his various delusional experiences, and episodes from childhood. There were frequent puns, with the train of association diverting on the play on words. Of the themes recently discussed between us, his father's deafness and Christ in a hat both recurred twice.

My jottings for the second half of the first session read:

"Great thing not to get into a rut  
rutting season

Animal Farm: donkey in it - idea I was turning into a donkey  
obsession about food, would turn me into something else  
oats into horse, eggs into woman (ovaries), wanting jam on cereal was too much, developing sexually would make me stupid, quite apart from other side, when I had the choice of splitting -  
earthy side mortal, mother, intellectual side immortal, father  
the look in my father's eyes when he tried to help me when I was becoming sick; seemed to be a  
fire in them, while mother treated me as a naughty child

"Father very patient on occasion. Misjudged him as a person, rather.

Great pity he was so deaf. Thought his hearing aid which kept breaking down was symbolic of my condition - tried to repair it once, had to hand over to my brother who knew more about it than I - certain sadness: relinquishing my elder brother role

"last time I was there, reading to his children. Don't want to usurp his position. I think Jane liked my carpets. Mustn't make her jealous

"now I wish I was a ringing clinging vine - certainly can't remember the rest of the words.  
American folk song. If wishes were horses and beggars could ride - Think and Grow Rich - lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth I think

talking with schizophrenia - 1966 to 1968

I've seen Jesus in a hat, at the National Gallery, Road to Emmaus, 17th century country people my uncle's house in the country. Must pay him a visit ..... before it is too late. He certainly must have a strange view of life and the universe

"wonder what we'll say when Americans get to the moon.

"Moon has...." song he used to sing. I can see him now, working a chalk; never thought of growing crops

"he didn't value his father either; I think the whole family should have stayed in the town

"Mother washing in basement. Me coming home with dirty pants from school - too afraid to ask to go to lav. About 9, or 8. Asked for succour - she made me wait.

Other boys trying to see how high they could pee. I never competed.

"Time we all had our photograph taken. I hated the sight of that photo in later years, too insipid, coloured too, hanging in my bedroom barricading the window to keep sound out in first episode - then tore it all down - exposing my secrets to public. Feeling I had to break through - then my father came into the room, don't know if I explained what I was doing. Mother said: I wonder if it is religious mania, and I wondered if it was myself. No strength in my legs, when I was carried to the ambulance

"during the trips I seemed to be watching a sort of film show put on for my benefit - padded cell, lay and looked at light, saw pictures

"thought there were places where men kept in cages degenerated into wild animals. I might become one of them. Evolution, ladder, tree, and you can change from one thing into another

"Garden of Eden: golden apple or orange, dark green leaves

"Christmas or fir tree thrusting up into the sky like an arrow pointing to heaven

Silenus being pushed along by two satyrs in a picture

I wish I was a ringing clinging vine

Lomax: collector of folk songs

collector - the idea of. A miser, a Jew, the film of a Jew, the excise man at the National Gallery.

Greed and avarice

I wish I was

I wish I was an apple on a tree"



**83rd session**

He didn't lie down, nor refer to the couch at all.

Talked about the relationship with Anne. Then after a time referred to Erikson's *Childhood and Society* which he had been reading at my suggestion.

Found it very interesting, especially the question of identity. "More a feeling of relief" than anything.

For instance? It was a relief to read that what is right for one tribe is wrong for another.

"It's more or less what I would have thought, but something was stopping me from saying it. Me lips seemed to close together". Can you say it now? No... The book had reminded him of the adolescent questions he'd worried over. "Who I was, what the place would be like without me".

I told him to bring his copy of the book marked to show the passages which he found particularly interesting.

**84th session**

Returned to the question of identity. I told him that our identity was not only something given to us, but something we made by affirmation. This evoked recollections of one psychotic episode in which he had felt he was like Captain Scott, sitting in his tent and just letting the snow pile up outside. He had wanted to split into heaven and earth, but it was too difficult.

"So I decided to be a god, but that was impossible, so I wanted to die like a man."

Then he gabbled, his eyes flickering rapidly in apparent embarrassment, something about Captain Scott and Captain Oates.

I asked him to repeat what he had said, calmly and looking me in the face.

He explained that "to die like a man" was to be like Captain Oates.

"I had my chance to be Captain Oates when I believed myself to be in danger of being a homicidal maniac, and therefore threw myself off the bridge."

**85th session**

Asked at once if he could lie on the couch.

Talked as previously, with some intervention from me.

Ten minutes before the end of the hour, I had to get up to answer the door bell. He then sat up and we discussed various things he had said.

He felt he had been "going round something", but didn't know what. We picked out the following themes as in some way related to a 'centre':

gold, medieval view of the world, alchemy, Strindberg, Swedenborg, sun, King Solomon's Mines, dream of a woman on the floor with pulsating, radiating breasts, world monetary system, the Old Testament, Jews, blue as the colour of both the sky and of the Madonna's robe, devil, god, Henry VIII, Orson Welles, clown.

### 86th session

A passive hour, with little exchange between us. He was going to see the psychiatrist for his six monthly check. Talked a little about his visits to his eccentric uncle and mad aunt. When I suggested that they all three had something in common, he did not agree. The other two weren't 'men of action' like he is.

### 87th session

A very intense hour. He looked more frightened than in any hour we had had together.

On the Saturday, two days previously, he had had an attack of acute anxiety, feeling that he might be stiffening up again and have to go into hospital. He had gone round to see Anne and had told her about all his hospitalisations (previously he had told her only of one occasion of breakdown). After that he had felt better. He had only had one dream: of having to bury a hare under hard tarmac. It was very difficult to dig the hole.

All this poured out in the first five minutes. I started the discussion with the dream. What about the hare? He associated it with the March Hare - it was the end of March. Did he know where the name originated from? "Yes: it's the mating season and they run round like mad."

How had the attack of panic begun? He had been feeling all right until the telephone call. Who was it? A friend Oliver. What about Oliver? "He's a banker and rather wizened. Perhaps he ties up with my feeling about the Jews." What is the feeling, in one sentence? "The Jews were offered a destiny, but turned it down. They didn't want to be the chosen people."

Could he think of any other reason for having such an attack just now?

Perhaps it was connected with the visit to the psychiatrist in ten days time: he still thought of him as 'a kind of god-like creature'; possibly he was anxious about seeing him.

He agreed that telling Anne about all his hospitalisations had been a severe blow to his pride, but he had felt that he had to. I talked a lot about this pride as cutting him off from any communion with other people, and thus accentuating his isolation and increasing the danger of madness. From this point of view we could regard the Saturday experience as progress. But he must not think of going into hospital as 'defeat'. He should know from his past experience there, and from all our talks about the relativity of madness, that it was something temporary, a withdrawal for recovery.

Subsequent to this session I wrote to the psychiatrist.

"I gather that Mr. .. will be seeing you next week. He continues to visit me approximately once a week. Although his personal life and work are going well, he continues to feel threatened by his schizoid experiences. He has recently expressed more anxiety than at any time since he began coming to me two years ago. He has described a stiffening in one leg that reminded him of the catatonic experiences of the past. Though I naturally hope that the psychotherapeutic contact will have made some difference, I have encouraged him not to be afraid of asking for re-admission into hospital should he feel things to be getting too much for him. He says he continues to take his tablets 'religiously'. Perhaps there is a case for considering whether he should not increase the dosage again, though until the last two weeks he appeared to have adapted to the reduced dosage without difficulty."

### 88th session

How was he feeling? Well, no return of the panic of ten days before. He produced this dream.

"I am travelling in a bus in the dockyard. We are crossing a caisson (dock gate) between two basins. A ship is being berthed. It is going too fast. The bow strikes the swan necked jib of an old fashioned dockside crane and then the dock wall. The ship lands upside down on the dockside. I think: 'People are being killed'. The ship then falls back into the basin and collides with a hull under reconstruction. There is a terrible rending of metal as both ships begin to break up. I am afraid, and think that we should get out of the bus and run away, but the other passengers are against this."

This picture of violence and destruction frightened me at first reading, and I associated it immediately with the 'attack' described the previous week. But as our discussion developed I began to have different reactions to this dream. Apparently its 'interpretation', especially from the prognostic point of view, depended on whether the other passengers in the bus were to be 'trusted' in their judgement of the situation. In the dream he had felt that they might be right, but were taking an unnecessary risk. Was it safest to remain in the bus, on the caisson?

He described how the ship was 'alive', had gone 'wild'. He explained that a caisson was a large tank that was fitted into grooves on either side of the dock, and then filled with water till it sank, thus blocking the entrance, or, in this case, forming a barrier between two docks. This picture of filling something with water so as to sink it in water to separate two volumes of water caught my attention. In the analysis of psychodynamic situations there is the recurring theme that the problem, what is wrong with us, is gradually recognised as the essential medium by which it can itself be overcome. A ship is constructed to ride over water. A caisson is sunk by the weight of water into water so as to contain, divide or limit a volume of water. Could there be a secret identity between this living, wild and destructive ship and the caisson?

I suggested some of this to John, with the further idea that we might consider the ship as his madness, and the caisson as that in him which was using his madness to provide an 'understanding'. Without pushing the analogy too far, he appeared willing to accept that the caisson might in some way represent his construction of meaning through coming to me, and referred to a second short dream:

"I am dancing with and rubbing my penis against the body of my brother. We are both youths and naked."

I asked him if he had thought when writing this second dream how I would react to it.

Yes, he had: he had thought I would be pleased with it, I would feel it was progress. I confirmed that this was my reaction, and reminded him of what I had said many months ago (42) about the difficulty he would have in expressing both the father and the brother in me, if the father had once punished him for his erotic play with the brother. If he was now dreaming of such an erotic dance with the brother, where was the punishing father? He said that he didn't feel threatened by me. For instance, his recent experience of panic: he had been about to telephone me, when he had the alternative idea of going round to see Anne.

Following his visit to the hospital, the psychiatrist wrote:

"I saw this man again today and he seems to have improved considerably from his condition a couple of weeks ago. I told him to carry on with the double dose for about another month and then to see whether it is possible to cut it down to the morning dose only. From his account of himself, he is leading quite a satisfactory and reasonably social life and he is certainly much less schizoid than I have seen him during his previous remissions."

### **89th session**

The anxious look which had characterized the last few hours was gone. He met my gaze more directly. He had been reassured by his visit to the psychiatrist.

Two short dreams were discussed. We also went back to the phone call which had 'triggered' his recent panic experience. I talked in terms of horizontal and vertical axes of reality. In our waking life most of us live exclusively on the horizontal axis. His psychotic episodes could be considered as a breaking or invasion of the horizontal axis by the vertical. All our work together was concerned to overcome the mutually exclusive, either-or character of his experience of the two axes, so that he could come to feel them as congruent.

We went over his associations to the friend who had telephoned. I suggested ways in which these could account for his feeling of a sudden threat of being 'taken over'.

### **90th session**

He had brought me his copy of Erikson's book with the passages marked that had particularly interested him. I had studied his markings. These were throughout the book, and suggested a generalised, undifferentiated sense of sympathy, with moments of identification with particular situations described. No particular theme had caught his interest. I put this to him as my reaction. It seemed acceptable,

We discussed a short dream. This led into his comparing himself with his eccentric uncle. "I'm not going to turn into a man like him - I am more modern."

His attitude to me, to my criticism of his Think and Grow Rich approach to analysis: I told him of my professional interest in the role which money played between us, and read him extracts from an article I was preparing on the subject for *Twentieth Century Magazine*, titled *Breakdown, Money and Society*.

He said he thought he had changed:

"I'm certainly spending a lot more money."

Volunteered that he was "more in agreement than I was a year ago" with the suggestion that he could feel deeply threatened by me.

I related this to the recurring, and changing, dream situations with the brother.

**91st session**

We discussed two dreams:

(i) The scene is the engine room of a ship in port. Two criminals enter and try to start up the engines but they do not go through the correct sequence and are unsuccessful. The engineer, a small wiry Scotsman, who has been sleeping in the engine room, wakes up and starts throwing things at the criminals. Finally he plays the hosepipe on them.

The scene changes. Outside a factory gate. A woman drives a car out and offers a lift to another woman who accepts. I was an observer of this.

Then a man to whom these women were travelling came up to me. He was reminiscent of the two criminals. But he said he was from the FBI - showed me a badge.

I said: "If you're on the level, then it's all right".

(ii) I am in bed lying on my stomach. A demon (female) is sitting astride me. I am terrified and call out 'Mother'. But hardly any sound comes from my lips.

**That was the end of the second year. He had paid me £364 for ninety one sessions spread over one hundred and four weeks.**