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ORIGINAL ARTICLES

POETRY IN SCHIZOPHRENIA AND OTHER PSYCHOSES

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ST. PETER, MINN.

Not that this is a new subject but it is of such importance that it deserves to be taken up again from time to time. Poetry and other creative output can be considered as "emotional catharsis" without the aid of a psychiatrist. It is one of the keys to open up the "unconscious" and of such type as the patient hands over to us even without the supposition of a "positive transference" and yet there has not been made much use so far from accepting this valuable key.

Here I present some of the poetry written by institutionalized patients together with a brief outline of their case histories and a few comments as to characteristics of schizoid traits in writing.

Case 1.—G. B., white male, born 1891, divorced, father of 3 children. Education: business college. Occupation, tiler. Name and birthplace of his parents are unknown. Admitted to the Hospital on May 2, 1931 from prison. Grand larceny in the 2nd degree. He had been at Colorado Prison where he started a riot in attempt to escape. At this hospital he was implicated in the escape of 2 other patients. A three-cornered file sharpened at one end was found in this clothes. In one attempt at escape he fractured his os calcis. His general appearance lacks some in masculinity. He is tidy and fairly neat. Agreeable at times at others apathic, morose. Well oriented and of good memory. Conversation coherent, at times rambling. Delusions of persecution. Refuses to work because he believes everyone is making fun of him. There is a talking machine working on

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him. Something in food. Nobody gives him a square deal. He was intemperate in use of liquor. *Diagnosis*: schizophrenia, paranoid type.

Here is some of his poetry:

MEMORIAL DAY

You know what it's for I do too
But do you give it the reverence due?
Our memorial started in 1492
Since then we should give our Ancestors
The curt'sies and tribulations of memory

Can you look at "The Spirit of 1776"
And not think how your progenitors
Fought for you and I. their lives they gave
That we might live in security
That you and I might live not die.

Are you going out to the Cemetery
With flowers and potted blooms too?
To make bright the plot of your memorial?
Take along pumice and spong too
Brighten like you'd like if 'twere you.

What's the matter with your eyes?
Has your backbone the palsy?
I did not want to see this parade
Seeing the Old Soldiers hearing pipes and drums
Makes me feel empty wen if I am full as can be.

The strains of those pipes and chill thrills through me
The rattle thumps of the drums brings doomsday revelle.
Have you cold? or is it tear in your eye?
Is that Old Man Nactan in that car?
The oldest member of G.A.R.?

The G is for Grand the A for Army,
The R for Republic, but they stand for
Everything that's grand! good and great
Always altruistic always alleviating
Right starts with R and Remember too.

BILL'S EPITAPH

A regular pirootin' caballero if there ever was one.
The better 7/8ths and I saw him in Ziegfeld's Follies
First tossin' a loop and chewin' quid of gum and soliloquizin'
On Washington cherries not George but D. C. Washington.

And the way he talked about the D. C. Washington hocus!
 You got the low-down on the higher-ups.
 Well, after about 80 of the swellest slickest sylphs
 You ever got an eyestrain over
 Cut their capers and how?
 You get the drift! that line of Kiplings "Nothing much before
 And rather less than half of that behind"
 Only relative to vesture" cause there sure was some swell
 Upholstery stuffin's if you know what I mean?
 The better 14/16ths comments inadvertently didn't you give me
 Those opera glasses? Your eyes must be in awful
 Shape sitting in second row and you have to use
 Bifocals they don't exray do they?
 I came back with lame aphorisin', no my dear
 Wish 'twas so. The better 28/32nds. You paid two
 Box-cars for the squats so squeak you! But believe me
 Xantippe your getting your gappin's! Then
 Bill saved me from bitin' myself by sasshayin'
 On with quid of gum workin' overtime" wearin'
 Texas fittins twirlin' a loop he how-dos the
 Folks tosses the ten gallon skypoke sixty
 Feet t'other side of stage and snaps loop over crown
 Just about time she lands and
 Hauls it back to him, while he's up to this
 Given the politicalers the run-around and
 Chewin' gum. Well that's something to see
 Sez the better 56/64th. You can't even get your
 Skypif the wind gives it toss without five
 Newsies two cops and white-wings to help
 You. I am reduced! but I sez anyway
 Them chassis's was swell. Bam! her elbow
 In my short ribs. Well Bill saved the
 Day again. A propwaddie saunters on stage
 Far side from Bill smokin' a quirly.
 Bill gives him stance tosses loop at him sixty
 Feet away and knocks ash from cigarette,
 Asks for 'nother chance. This time he gets quirly
 And yanks it in takes couple puffs to show its
 lit. I mean thats shootin' snipes sez the better
 112/128ths. Well Bill walked away with show. And
 Thats just what he does all through life. Hits
 Your town the milk fund needs few grand
 Or children, old folks or bunged up folks need
 lift. Always right there with helpin' hand
 Not bunch of hooley. Maybe you perused them

Thar billets-doux he ran in the papers. If
 Bill didn't tap the nail on the noggin who ever
 Did. When he'd wash up those D.C. Washingtoners.
 I mean they were washed and it was
 Not white wash. Well all the way
 Through top, bottom and in middle and
 Both sides he was Real Guy a Gentleman
 And Scholar I salute you Bill Rodgere.

SONJA HENIE

Aphrodite Iris of ethereally is Sonja Henie
 When you see her on glaciarius
 Don't you fly mentally with her through air?
 She makes a swift flash!
 A flying zephyr of airicle voluptuous velocity replete.

ENCORE

Now the flying airicle voluptuous zephyr
 Give the commonalty a visual treat
 "The Birth of a Nation" was great picture
 But see Aphrodite Iris etherials next jumping tintype.

P. S. I have no pen or ink. Upon receipt of a fountain pen he wrote P. S. The pen is just fine. G.F.B. Why I wrote read them! they are written in pencil and you know what a chirographer I am. G.F.B.

This brief note in prose shows less the characteristics of the schizophrenic writing than the poetry does but even this short example shows the liking for foreign words (chirographer) and where there is no real need for it, a trait characteristic for schizophrenic writings. It is more pronounced in his poetry, however. Not only unnecessary foreign words but also queer words of the patient's own invention (airicle, commonalty) are used. "Bills Epitaph" being a later production than "Memorial Day" the former shows the oddities of the schizophrenic more decidedly than the latter as the disease process has progressed in the meantime.

Particularly I wish to draw your attention to the fractional numbers as $7/8$ ths, $14/16$ ths, $28/32$ nds, $56/64$ ths, $112/128$ ths. These fractions possibly indicate the progressive dissociation of the personality as the numbers are progressively getting higher, an observation made by Jung and Jelliffe. The slang used is occasionally somewhat queer, always simple and more on the erotic vulgar side. The dividing up of the lines is often unusual, unexpected, as for instance:

“— — —to help” (here ends one line). You (with “you” starts the next line). A non-schizophrenic would feel that “to help you” belongs together and would not divide it up in such an awkward manner. This peculiarity of dividing lines in an unnatural manner may be another unconscious expression of the schizophrenic splitting of personality. As to the contents: “Memorial Day” expresses a beautiful sentiment in a way that has some emotional appeal. It is pathetic and straight forward. The latter quality is usually not found in schizophrenia but swings more toward the hypomanic side. Outside of imperfections in rhythm and rhyme it is a fairly good poetic output for a schizophrenic in a mental institution. In “Bills Epitaph” the contents are in places suggestive of satire and mockery, at others of erotica of the vulgar type. Note how in certain instances the content becomes almost senseless but then again it is clearing up. Here one can study in one single poem the changing phases of the disease: incoherent or near coherent for a while or for longer periods and then again the return to coherent. In this poem there is no rhyme at all anymore and the rhythm is much poorer than in the preceding one. On the whole, “Bill’s Epitaph” demonstrates clearly the progress of the schizophrenic disease process. This realizing, this poem assumes a more interesting and deeper meaning than it has upon superficial reading.

The everyday conversation of this patient is somewhat flowery, peculiar, using foreign terms where such would not be used by a non-schizophrenic.

Patient’s handwriting is queer too. There is something awkward and strained to it. The angle is not a natural one, letters are placed too narrowly together.

Case 2.—D.B., male, born 1897, machinist, 7th grade education, married, no children. Father deceased, France. Mother unknown, Minnesota. Re-admitted August 25, 1930 from prison. Robbery in the first degree. Patient was violent when drinking. While on conditional discharge he was given to over-use of barbitol and other hypnotics that caused marked incoordination of movement with thick speech. Patient is well oriented, coherent, tidy, neat, cooperative. Good memory to recent and remote events. Slight depression. Delusions of grandeur. Thinks he has invented a form of perpetual motion (see Fig.) on which he had been working since boyhood and he requests a release from the hospital “so he can perfect the arrangements of the affair.” He thinks nothing is good enough for him. He asks for a Hamilton watch the price of which is \$125. There was one positive Wassermann of the spinal fluid, otherwise serology negative. Patient is some overweight. Features and general appearance are somewhat feminine.

Once it was discovered when he was attempting to cut a bar in a door in the hallway leading out to the back yard. He used a piece of heavy string together with sand and ashes. By wetting the string the sand and ashes stuck to it and he would use that as a saw. He was observed and placed in a cell. He denied doing the cutting in spite of the fact that he was observed doing it. He did not deny knowing about it. He stated that he was downhearted and wanted to get out. He said there were several more involved in it but he would not give the names as he would merely get them into difficulty also. He stated that he did not think any of the men who knew about it were dangerous in case they got out.

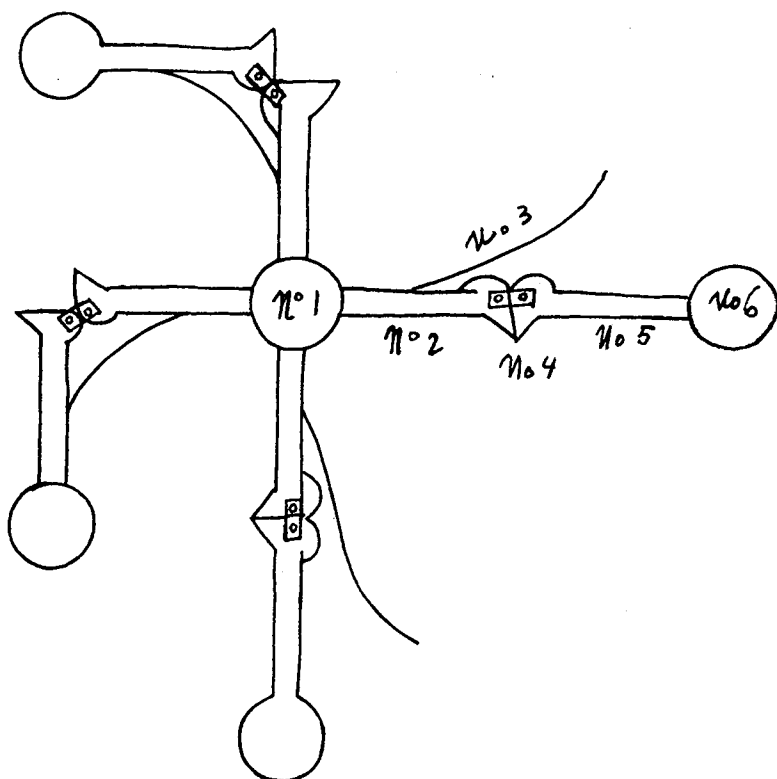


FIG. 1.—PERPETUAL MOTION MACHINE

No. 1 is a flange which could be shrunk on to a shaft; No. 2 is a stay bar; No. 3 is a refound spring; No. 4 is a joint; No. 5 is a stay bar; No. 6 is a steel ball. Any number of stay bars could be used. The full arrangement should be made of a good grade of tool steel and should be tempered in a bath of fish oil.

Diagnoses differ. In one State Hospital it was psychopathic personality, in another it was manic-depressive psychosis. His grandiose ideas and one

positive spinal fluid give some suggestion for mental syphilis but neurology is negative.

The poetry reproduced here shows pronounced schizoid characteristics: the flowery, queer, entangled speech, sometimes indistinct and hazy in expression, in certain places long chains of words where one single word would express just as much. Some repetition and a decided monotony of expression and rhythm are noticeable. The almost too detailed description of the plight of the wounded animal in "Summer Hunt" suggests a sadistic impulse that would also fit into the homosexual libido level of most schizophrenics. "Evening Tide" is a peculiar, flowery, lengthy description of something not very definite. This and its sing-song monotony are characteristic schizophrenic features. And so is also the odd dedication at its end similar to the one at the finis of "Summer Hunt."

It is interesting to compare a sample of written prose with this written poetry. The prose too shows a schizophrenic inclination, a certain oddity, stiltedness and exaggeration as "seriously hard to write" and again "the poems which are seriously good."

Example:

Dr K.

Dear Madam

I have been playing ball and my arm is quite lame therefore I will take the Liberty of printing my message to you as it woud be seriously hard for me to write. Mr. G. has told me that you desire to have me write a poem For you and in reply I will inForm you that I am glad to have the privilege oF accomodating a Lady. My poems are original and I think the most beauTiFul that has ever been writen with the english Language. At the present Time I am having seven of them copied in print and as soon as arrangements can be made I will send one to you

In the past month I have composed Two under the name oF Summers Hunt. and Evening Tide. which are seriously good.

Very truly yours

D.C.B.

His handwriting too is characteristic for schizophrenia: the forced slant, the oddity in general. The omission of stops and the too wide space between a stop and the next word, also majuscules where one would use minuscules. The address on the envelop is also characteristic. Here is an example of the handwriting:



*Dr. Kerckhauser
State Hospital*

FIG. 2.

And here some of his poetry:

SUMMER HUNT

On green moss covered mountain top
Beneath suns yellow rays
Stood noble sioux indian braves
In quiet unslung summer haze
With wrinkled brows and seeking eyes
They searched the precipice for their prize
A roebuck with long and clanging horn
Stood in the gale of leaf and thorn
With head thrown back and heaving sides
With wounded flank and panting sighs
He gazed upon the redmen there
With leaping heart and quivering hair
The glittering suns soft mellow beams
Reflected on the summer scene
And glinted bright on mountain side
Above a pool of water nigh
While high overhead an eagle soared
And watch the game of lust and hoard
The roebuck scanned the mountain trail
And sought for shelter beyond the gale
With nostril foam and blood that seeped
He bounded forth with vigorous leap
And struggled hard with strength and bone
On mountain soil and ancient stone
With unflinching stride he reached a glen
Two thousand feet above redmen
Who sought in vain to make the kill
With bended bow and indian will
With arms held high in quivering toil
The sioux sighted on the buck that moiled
On wood land path above his head
He craved to rend his body dead
The muscles taunt on indian back
Quivered high then fell slack
The arrow fleet as lightning flashed
Across the glen well aimed to gash
The bleeding side of roebuck there
With laboring limbs and sweated hair
A gust a thud a heave in pain
The monarch now was dead was slain

The soaring eagle high in the sky
Heard indian screams saw roebuck die
A timber wolf burst from his den
Sent forth his wrath upon redmen
With howl that stilled and chilled and moaned
He called the pack to rend the bone
Of roebuck dead beneath the sky
By savage hands midst savage cries
On green moss covered mountain top
Beneath suns yellow rays
With unslung bows and squinted eyes
Stood noble sioux braves.

Dedicated to the Sons of Nokomis.

EVENING TIDE

On Chippewa Bay where waters sway
In mid summers balmy wind
And the clean waves dash on the shores and splash
Where the willows dip and bend
Where silence abides in evening tide
Where the night hawk sails on high
Where the lilies sleep in waters deep
Beneath the slumbering indian sky
Where the aged sands and tight closed clams
Drows in the ebbing day
And the twilight flares and the moon beams glare
On enchanted glimmering bay
Where the forest moans in mournfull tones
On the banks where the breezes sigh
And the sweeping vines and groaning pines
Rest for the night is nigh
Where the swishing sprays of perfumed haze
Float in flower scented air
And the fluttering cloak of leafy growth
Fold in for the night with care
Where the cricket sings by murmering springs
On the beach where the shellfish lay
And the shades of night shield out the light
On the shores of Chippewa Bay

Author D.C.B.

Dedicated to the Memories of Hiawatha.

OLD YOUTH

Psychiatric maid in professional aid
 To psychiatrist aged and gray
 Hand in hand they walk
 Down the lane and talk
 In midsummers closing day
 Down the deep ravine where the evening beams
 Of the suns soft glimmering rays
 Shine bright upon her hair of Fawn
 And face of amber haze
 Where the song birds sing by gurgling springs
 Of waters cool and clear
 While on the sand moss covered land
 Sleeps antelope and deer
 Where the seeping brook in shaded nook
 Winds on its eastern way
 And breezes sigh in tree tops high
 Near the fields of new mown hay
 Where the eagle flies over the paradise
 Beneath the tinted sky
 And flowers nod by follen logs
 Where buzzing bees pass by
 With a basket on his bended arm
 And hands of dasy scent
 He wanders on in ebbing life
 His statue worn and bent
 While on his side his Love abides
 In youth in grace in aid
 In faithfulness to grief and pain
 His child psychiatric maid.

Author D.B.

June 14-38

To Dr. K. State Hospital.

I am sure you will like this poem applying to your profession quite well.

Case 3.—L.D., calls himself Lawry O'd., male, born 1903, single, grade school, "many occupations." Admitted March 3, 1932 as criminal insane. Has beaten up a minor during pervert sexual attempts. Has been confined at workhouse several times. Patient was peculiar and different from others since his earliest infancy. Patient's father was eccentric, seclusive, moody. Patient was before Juvenile Court at age of 10 years for petty larceny, again in 1915 on similar charge. In 1918 for obtaining goods under false pretenses, in 1920 before Court again on this same charge, and while on parole later from "Boys School" committed the first known

pervert sexual offense with a minor child and was returned to "Boys School." In Jan. 1926 to workhouse on grand larceny charge which later was changed to petty larceny. In May the same year apprehended on a vagrancy charge. In Feb. 1927 in Municipal Court for violating license ordinance and fined. In August 1929 he was given 90 days for disorderly conduct. On January 23, 1930, he was dismissed, the following day was given 30 days on a charge of fortune telling. On June 1, 1930 he was before the Court on a charge of indecent assault, sentenced to Reformatory, was given a stay of a year provided he took voluntary commitment at the State Hospital, which he did remaining for 6 months. His mother testified that from early childhood he was entirely unamenable to discipline, became increasingly incorrigible. He never has followed any continuous occupation. He admits he was arrested in Des Moines on a liquor charge, at that place he took on the part of a religious teacher and called himself Reverend. He made false claims to being a graduate of Augsburg Theological Seminary. Later he tried persistently to get the leadership of boys groups at the Y.M.C.A. and various churches, and the Boy Scouts, and he also had boy camps of his own origin. There he attempted and also performed sexual assaults on the boys of which he had charge. He tried to entice strange boys on the street by inviting them to shows, and other favors.

He has dabbled in spiritualism, psychoanalysis, crystal gazing and taught in dancing schools. He advertised that he was president of the American Medium Association which he claims he founded when he was 17 years of age. He established an employment agency, attempting to analyse and place people in positions, although he had no authority nor license for that kind of work. He charged 50 cents to \$1 for spiritualistic seances. He called himself "Prince Yogoda" and "Prince Leo." He rented space in various churches, the armory, for his meetings but never paid the rent.

During the examination he showed no emotional tone, took a cynical attitude and showed no remorse for his past conduct but tried to explain it plausibly. No moral sense. He did not realize the seriousness of his predicament.

Diagnosis: constitutional psychopath with sexual pervert tendencies predominating, therefore dangerous to the public as increasingly anti-social.

On March 27, 1933 he states that a complete change has taken place in him, and that if released from here, he will never be of any future trouble to society.

On March 28, 1935 he had a fight with another patient. When questioned he did not state what the trouble was. He said it was "only foolishness." During the interview he became sarcastic and overbearing and stated: "It is about time I get some consideration around here." He writes a number of rather foolish letters to various church bodies. He appears mentally deteriorating. Concluding from this and from his rather queer handwriting and occasional oddities in his writings of poetry and prose a schizoid trend cannot be entirely excluded. This patient is very prolific in

writing, poetry and prose. He is the self-made editor of his own paper "The Refer-ee" which he also illustrates himself with stencil drawings. He never had any education in this line. His drawings have a strong heterosexual trend whereas his anti-social actions were mostly of homosexual nature. His writings show a sexual but at times a world reforming trend. The latter is quite in contrast to his own frequent behavior difficulties. Of late he wants to mail his poetical output to all possible publishing houses and also have it broadcast over the radio.

AN EULOGY

Oh, why should the spirit of mortals be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of lightning, a break of ocean waves,
Men pass from this life to rest in their graves.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossoms of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded salon to the bier and the shroud,
Oh, why should the spirit of mortals be proud?

CONUNDRUMS

Be kind to all the dummies,
And give small men a chance,
Be kind to those big shots, too,
The're often in a trance.

Now "dippy" is a horrid word,
"Insane" is just as bad,
If you could see the life they lead,
You might be just as bad.

REQUIEM

The sad sweet notes of bugled taps
Return in echo from o'er the vale
To honor him who the flag enwraps
Who died so that peace shall prevail.

He like others lived to love;
But love holds honor high;
When a tyrant raised the Martian glove
He was first for his love to die.

But not in vain was his life's blood shed
 For even in death does love endure.
 To her bosom Columbia takes her heroic dead
 And through the years her love will mature.

Like Decatur he saw the light,
 May their motto enfold the throng,
 "My country, may she always be right!
 But my country—right or wrong."

Case 4.—M.E.Y., female, born 1892, married, housewife, no children. Common school education. Previous attacks: 16 years ago for 3 months, 12 years ago for 6 months, last attack about 5 years ago. Re-admitted to hospital April 12, 1935. Upon admission: restless, over-productive in an irrelevant and boisterous manner, noisy; imagines that neighbors annoy her. Thyroidectomy at 19 years. Amputatio mammae sinistrae in 1933. Slight exophthalmus, some tachycardie (pulse 100 p. m.) pronounced fine tremors of face, protruding tongue, spreading fingers. Slight Basedow. Several paroles and returns to hospital. For a while she can get along at home then she takes again phenobarbitals and shows its effect. She would by swaying around between cars in the heavy traffic so that the drivers complain.

Present status: much improved. Outside of slight elation without apparent reason and a trace of fine tremors of hands there is no marked clinical NP pathology. She always made impression of a rather intelligent and cooperative patient.

It is interesting to note that the poetry in this case shows no trace of pathology. It could hardly be differentiated from the creative output of a so-called "normal" person.

I wish to stress this in particular that poetry in most psychoses, neuroses, psychopathies does not necessarily appear "mental" whereas in schizophrenia with perhaps the exclusion of the very early stage, creative output, be it poetry or drawing, can be recognized as "abnormal," queer, odd, phantastic, bizarre, freakish even by the inexperienced. This observation may allow the conclusion that in schizophrenia the disease process is more elementary, more fundamental, more intense as to quanta and tanta than in the other mental disorders.

Here are some of her poems:

CHRIST AND A CERTAIN JEW

Simon, the son of a worthy Jew,
 Happened to work with a bigotted crew,
 And met with ridicule one Feast day when
 He ate his lunch with the other men.
 For the time had come he must celebrate

And his fathers' redemption commemorate;
 But the men knew not the reason why
 The Jew was eating his matzoths dry.
 And one said with a mocking sneer:
 "We have a man eating hard tack here,
 Who to-night bitter herbs and roast kid must eat,
 And his father an old Hebrew story repeat."
 Then as if he had said something funny or new,
 Laughed and made more fun of the Jew;
 And the others joined the cruel joke
 And fun at Simon tried to poke;
 But he only smiled and covered his head
 As a prayer to Jehova he softly said.
 Then a stranger appeared, holding out a scarred hand
 And He Said, "Brother workers, I understand
 The Feast of the Passover is funny to you,
 Because it happens you are not a Jew;
 But the sacrifice of the Paschal lamb
 And the unleavened bread are not a sham,
 But a rite that Jews like Simon will keep
 Till they stand at my Father's Judgment Seat.
 And the Hebrew story the father told
 Is one that never will grow old.
 I, too, was taught Moses' law to obey
 And keep his commandments in every way;
 And once when I worked with hammer and saw—
 Was ridiculed for keeping the law;
 And I know how it hurts to have people jest
 Of what we consider sacred and best."
 Then the men who had laughed and joked with a sneer
 Knew it was Christ who was standing near.
 "And," said the Man of Galilee,
 "A jest at a Jew is a jest at me."

REQUEST*

When I shall pass on ——and alone
 Before I go from sight
 Come not to me with tear or moan
 But smile and say: "Good night!"

But, dear, if it is you that fate
 Shall take without a warning,
 Please, terry there at Heaven's gate
 And laugh ——and say: "Good morning!"

*Published in "Anthology of Minn. Verse."

THRESHOLDS

We close the doors of our yesterdays, and they are gone
But some memory of childhood always lingers on.
Tired little children, when night is drawing nigh,
Cuddle close to mother as she sings this lullaby
"Husher hye, my baby, lambs all fleecy white,
Time for tired little folks to tell the world "good night."

Next the door of Youth is opened
And how eagerly we stand
On the threshold of this unknown
As if on a golden strand.
Looking forward to each new day,
Wondering what it will disclose
As our life unfolds before us
Like the petals of a rose.

Soon, too soon as mortals see it
We find this door closing too
Then as wiser men and women
Seek the things that we must do.
So when we have crossed this threshold
And our story all is told,
May our life be like the sunset
Glorified and crimson gold.

Then we softly close the last door
And I wonder, will we sigh
As we listen to the angels
Sing this old-time lullaby
"Lambs upon a fleecy cloud way up in the sky,
Time for tired grown-ups to tell the world "goodbye."

And I wonder, yes, I wonder
When we have crossed the bars,
Will we find new doors to enter
Past the threshold of the stars?

I want to emphasize that with some patients the written word is an easier or preferred mode of expression than the spoken word. Sometimes a few lines only in an ordinary letter to someone in whom the patient has confidence may reveal more about the mental status than an interview.

Poetry, prose, drawing, sculpture—music belongs here too—are not only useful for the patient as a means of emotional expression and relief from tension but are also useful for the psychiatrist to gain a better understanding of the psychic structure in the psychotic and non-psychotic. Therefore it is advisable that examples of any kind of creative output whenever obtainable be made a non-negligible part of a case history and studied like other factors of NP importance.

I should not forget to mention that I owe the poetry presented here to the hearty cooperation I received spontaneously from mental patients who tried to please the physician by their “best” contributions, some also with the hope to become “famous,” an exhibitionistic trait also often found in the so-called “normal.” A veritable competition had started. One poet even employed his own printer (another patient). The interest in this line of expression enhanced by the feature of being something novel was so intense that it stimulated ambition, hope, contentment.

It is the goal of this article to further the interest of the psychiatric profession in paying greater attention than heretofore to the creative output in schizophrenia and other psychoses.

St. Peter State Hospital
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