

DOCUMENTED DELIRIUM.

AN AUTOPATHOGRAPHY.*

By CLARENCE B. FARRAR, M. D.,

*Assistant Physician Sheppard and Enoch Pratt Hospital; Associate in
Psychiatry, Johns Hopkins University.*

It is true, I believe, that he who in the course of his life, at some point meets with the very strange or unusual, is apt to look upon his experience as unique. If it be a tragedy, he becomes, self-viewed, a sort of martyr whose hurts are assuaged with soothing self-esteem. If they be poignant enough there may be a modicum of shallow comfort in learning that other unfortunates have also passed that way. But the comfort does not always come alone. Hand in hand with it steals on a twin-emotion which utters grudging protests against any who would thus encroach upon the distinction of the victim's martyrdom.

I myself am no hero and no martyr. On the contrary I am apprised that the experiences I have to tell are only in a certain sense "typical"—just for that reason, perhaps, worthy of record. At any rate their memory has possessed harrowing vividness, and I devoutly trust that in my own life-history they may prove unique. In that hope I shall here set them down. Perchance I may thus the more easily take leave of them.

I have heard of those who were continuously harassed by distressing dreams—night upon night the same dread incubus, and upon such I have bestowed casual pity. I have also known of those whom the shadow of crime has pursued relentlessly across oceans and continents, and at their fate I have shuddered. But dreams and shadows seemingly may become as naught in compari-

* For the sake of accuracy be it said that the events herein set forth are not the author's personal experiences, although in the interests of presentation the first person has been used. The record is put together partly from the notes of the gentleman concerned, who very kindly placed them at my disposal, and partly from circumstantial interviews with him. To my anonymous collaborator I therefore make grateful acknowledgments.—
C. B. F.

son with the intensified consciousness of that dire waking unreality—*delirium*, the horrors of which only those who have traversed its devious ways may know.

It is not my inclination to attempt a "clinical study" of my own case, although I have discussed it at some length with my physician, whose observations may very possibly show through here and there in the course of the narrative. I shall try, however, to present as a more human document, a straightforward account first of all, of the subjective elements of one bitter night which I spent in the wilderness.

Regarding myself, suffice it to say in preface that I am still a young man, coming of good stock, whose chief misfortune has been residing in a community where alcoholic habits are the convention. As a rule I have not been known as a shining example of the unconventional. However, for a number of years I have followed a regular and engrossing occupation, and for full eighteen months prior to the "attack," I had been a total abstainer.

It was the result of environmental accidents that I permitted myself the indulgence of a social glass.

* * * * *

A fortnight had passed. My "social" proclivities had become aggravated and persistent, and I had been consuming spirits to the amount, doubtless, of a litre or more daily. To my gastrointestinal mucosa, unacquainted for so long with harsher visitants than the beverages of sobriety, this experience came as a distinct shock—and it rebelled.

The customary gastritis supervened.

For two or three days I was able to retain practically nothing in my stomach, not even liquor. The mental attitude to which my abdominal viscus forced me may be sufficiently inferred when I say that in these last three days I did not even try to drink.

It must not be concluded that the duties of my vocation conflicted in any such manner with the function of imbibition as to make it necessary to suspend them. As a matter of fact while I was more or less continuously alcoholised for a period of two weeks, I worked steadily between drinks, following without interruption my regular daily routine, which involved considerable responsibilities and demanded a constant mental preparedness for grave emergencies. Even after I had been laid low by the pangs

of gastric unrest I continued intermittently to pursue my labors, and satisfactorily arranged certain business affairs on the very day when the events of this history transpired.

It was a Saturday night in February. The cook and housekeeper, not lodging on the premises, had departed some time previously and I was alone in my office and in the house. I may have been taking a mental inventory of an ill-spent week and pet-naming myself for the results which were so distressingly real in my sensations—being occupied meanwhile with my papers and effects which had come into some disorder.

While thus employed I suddenly became conscious of a conversation going on in the adjoining room. This was in itself a somewhat startling circumstance, for I had admitted no one and there was none who could properly be in the house without my knowledge at that time of night. The voices I recognised at once as those of the cook and one of my friends who lived hard by. What was still more annoying, however, was the drift of their conversation, which was about myself, and which they appeared to be at no pains to keep me from hearing. I must admit that there was nothing particularly unusual about this conversation. It was just such a discussion as any two people might engage in concerning some friend or acquaintance who had been making a fool of himself. My indiscretions and excesses were passed in review, and followed by ominous conclusions as to the future, in the event of a continuance of my present habits of life.

Frankly, I did not enjoy the talk. It seemed to me anything but complimentary, and while I might freely declare the self-same things and worse in remorseful self-reproach, yet I did not relish them from the lips of others. Moreover it occurred to me that it was a piece of unwarranted meddling to take such verbal liberties with my name and conduct, and to do so in my own house, under my very nose. These thoughts were all the matter of an instant and I proceeded at once into the room whence the voices issued, in order to give forcible expression to my objections.

It was to be expected perhaps that the conversation would cease as I entered, and for this I was prepared. But I was not prepared for what I did find, namely, *nothing*. The room was empty. There was no evidence of anyone having been there. Everything was in order as the housekeeper had left it. Con-

ceivably, I was at a loss to understand how the speakers could vanish so suddenly and completely, but concluding that in the circumstances they had assumed the part of wisdom in avoiding my presence and a scene which might not have turned out to their advantage, I smiled contentedly and returned to the perusal of my mail. This accomplished, I glanced perfunctorily through the evening papers and retired worn and weary, to court slumber, which did not come.

It was not late when I went to bed, possibly ten o'clock, and the street turmoil of the night of pay-day in a community made up largely of laborers of none too genteel type, co-operated effectually with my own indisposition in banishing sleep.

Need I dwell upon the character of the tumultuous thoughts which surged through my fevered fancy? For an hour or more I yielded passively to their unchecked career, the confused din of street-noises affording a dull background for nearer and more painful perceptions self-engendered. No inch of the bed vouchsafed me peace. Surely Prince Bishma's couch of spears were a bower of roses in comparison with this rack of a bed where I could find neither sleep nor rest.

In the midst of the *melée* of confused sounds and more confused thoughts and feelings, I found myself listening all at once to a violent altercation which seemed to be taking place in front of the house, on the opposite side of the thoroughfare. This wordy strife soon drowned out all other noises, and I realised that it was myself who was again the subject of dispute. Thus was I tossed from the accusing points of my own thoughts to meet the sting of phantom voices still more merciless. The parties to the debate I had no difficulty in identifying, and my surprise and chagrin may be imagined on discovering that I was being made the butt of vituperation and abuse by one I had supposed my warmest friend, in fact by the man between whom and myself only the pleasantest relations should subsist—my partner in business. Our association hitherto had been thoroughly agreeable and satisfactory, although naturally enough he had been somewhat annoyed by my recent deportment, and had taken occasion only the day before to give me the benefit of his frank criticism.

While my erstwhile friend was indulging unrestrained in reviling and cursing me, my cause, strangely enough, was warmly

espoused by the other party to the quarrel, an acquaintance with whom I stood on considerably less intimate terms. Effectively none the less, the dispute was onesided from the first and after a sufficiently abusive prologue, my friend's words began to resolve themselves into the expression of threatening purpose. I distinctly heard him assert that I should not be allowed to remain longer in my own house, and that he proposed coming in to throw me out. To this intention my advocate raised objections. But his arguments, even pleadings, were of no avail.

Meanwhile the strife waxed hotter. Words gave place to blows. I seemed to be only a helpless auditor of the nearby struggle which was going against me, and for a brief space only the blurred sounds of conflict reached my ears.

Then a painful pause. The issue had been determined. I already knew it when again the victor's voice became audible, as he protested to my fallen ally that he had hated to strike him down, but that he could brook no interference in the course he was resolved to pursue with reference to myself.

From the other came no response.

Hostilities being concluded in this manner, I deemed the time opportune for action on my part. Arduously my ideas strove to assemble themselves to an aggressive motive. I scrambled out of bed and proceeded to dress, with what haste I might, going now and then to the window to cast an anxious glance down on the street. Always my expectation was disappointed; I saw no familiar figure.

The time of night must have been between eleven and twelve. I remember searching in its accustomed place for my revolver. It was gone. My shot-gun stood in the closet where I had left it, but of what possible use could it be to me? The shells were missing. Some cautious person had manifestly preceded me that way. I was considerably put about by this turn of events, but it was no time for further delay. Accordingly I mounted to the floor above and advancing to a balcony overlooking the street, announced to my traducer, whose voice I could still hear, although he remained invisible, that if my presence there was obnoxious, I was quite ready to vacate on my own motion.

Those of my friends who know me for a man of forthright purpose in the defense of my fair rights will marvel at such a reaction

as this. Was it that the spell of delirium bred cowardice? I only know that the spirit of helplessness had begun to take possession of me, and before the night was over I was a whipped cur, scourged and undone by the furies of phantasy.

But to return to the upper room. I had declared my capitulation, and now made it good by descending and emerging to the street, down which I hurriedly took my way, going I knew not whither, only *away*. It was the scourge I was beginning to feel; the sense of being driven was laying hold upon me. Henceforward there was but one continuous effort—to escape.

I had not proceeded far when I was brought to a standstill at a railroad crossing by the passing of the midnight freight. As patiently as possible I waited, when suddenly out of the gloom, on top of one of the cars—could I believe my eyes?—and pointing a pistol at me, stood my malignant partner, whom I had left appeased, as I supposed, further up the street. I do not remember wondering greatly at the moment because of his shifty movements and miraculous appearance on the top of the freight car. Stranger events than this I took as a matter of course. My rôle was not now to analyze or explain. For a moment my old mettle asserted itself. I faced the threatening figure and shouted to him to shoot, damn him—that he knew I was unarmed and if he was cowardly enough to fire on a defenseless man, to blaze away!

Obviously it was a brakeman carrying his brake-stick whose identity I had thus mistaken. I may add that in the section of country which was the scene of these events, acts of violence are more or less a matter of course, and shooting-irons, therefore, common enough household utensils.

I stood gazing after my retreating foe as the train vanished in the night, and I was still unshot. Glancing about, uncertain which way to turn, my eye fell upon a locomotive under steam, standing a little distance down the track. Possibly here I might find a friend, for to most of the men in the train-yards I was not a stranger. The engineer whom I found busy with his oiler, I accosted familiarly, explaining to him that I was being followed, and asked for the loan of his revolver.

The assumed situation not being essentially out of keeping with the usual order of things in this region, and such being my position and the confidence generally reposed in me, that I have no

doubt this good man would have accommodated me had it been in his power; and in all likelihood some belated denizen of the street on that particular night, owes the integrity of his members, if not his life, to the fact that the engineer had left his weapon at home.

There was no cause then to loiter longer here, and I turned irresolutely away, indifferent as to the course my steps might take. But my own indirection was not to go unchallenged. Hardly had I advanced when a shout thundered in my ears with the categoric command to halt.

Abruptly I became static. It was my master's voice, my quondam friend, now turned my persecutor whom I had just beheld gliding away into the darkness on the top of the midnight freight. His omnipresence was becoming decidedly uncanny, and each time I heard his voice it seemed fraught with added menace and new terror. He was not alone this time. Another, also cloaked by the night, promptly seconded his mandate. This other I knew to be the neighbor whom I had first heard discussing my case with the cook whilst I was sitting in my office a few hours earlier in the evening.

I recall that the telegraph office was not far from the place where I was standing and I had the fleeting impression that the various signal and other lights which I actually beheld, were carried and shifted about by my two tormentors. What it all meant I was too bewildered to guess—only there was some reference to myself; it was all a part of the game.

But I was given no time for reflection. Sensory impressions followed each other in confused flight, when suddenly, without more warning, my first pursuer discharged his revolver three times in rapid succession. I instinctively counted the shots and heard the individual bullets sing past my head. This was a sort of argument to which I deemed it wise to submit. I therefore made no attempt to advance further, but faced about and struck out silently in another direction.

But why rehearse the details of that eternal journey through the desert of the night? I have wondered since whether the Peripatetic Hebrew was not suffering from a disorder similar to mine. How long an hour could be I never knew until that February night I roamed the streets now almost deserted, my foot-

steps continuously dogged by these two men whom I had looked upon as my staunchest friends. They kept ever as it seemed about twenty or thirty yards behind me, but never by any chance could I get a glimpse of them, a fact which did not serve in the least to reassure me. They were, however, completely the masters of my movements, and at frequent intervals as their caprice dictated, they bawled their orders after me, bidding me halt, or turn, or pass this way or that—a dose of lead being the threatened penalty of disobedience. Automatically I obeyed, urging my aching feet on before the irresistible force of these embodied voices. My spirit was utterly subdued. I no longer protested even to myself.

Toward one o'clock, I found myself in front of a hotel where I had occasionally lodged; and by much the same reflex, I judge, as draws other roving creatures of the night toward the sources of light, I entered. Could it be that at last I might here find quiet and rest? I took a room, lay down without undressing, and strove with every fibre for the oblivion of sleep. That night I suspect, I barely missed being religious. My intense longing for slumber was surely not far removed from prayer. My fatigue was painful enough, Heaven knows, to have plunged me at once into the depths of unconsciousness, and yet the tortures of my waking exhaustion were only fairly begun.

Almost immediately I perceived that a sinister conference was going on outside my window. It was the enemy, still close upon my trail. But they seemed to have grown tired of amusing themselves with me after the cat-and-mouse fashion, and were now concerting more definite plans for my taking off. They discussed positions and distances, and appeared to lay great stress on selecting an optimum vantage-point from which they could bring me down with one fatal shot.

I had no doubt as to the outcome, and my state of mind can more readily be imagined than described. My only surprise was that the decisive issue was so long delayed. The suspense was intolerable, and so engulfed was I in my present misery that I should have welcomed the pistol report which had brought my story abruptly to a close just here. . . .†

But the shot was not fired. I could endure the waiting no longer, but yielded to sudden panic and sought refuge in flight.

Out into the night and the empty streets I was again driven, fleeing before the phantoms of fear, doomed to wander, I know not how long, seeking always an avenue of escape and finding none. My persecutors were untiring in their pursuit, but although they were lavish with their threats they seemed unwilling to risk firing upon me in the open. They adopted, therefore, their former tactics and were content with keeping me in sight so long as I yielded slavish obedience to their will, halting, turning or advancing as they commanded me.

At length my protracted ramblings brought me to the railroad switch yards in the outskirts of town. Some night employees were approaching to take their shift. To behold real men with corporate voices was at least some relief. I stopped them and begged that they would do me the favor of searching me and then assuring the individuals who were following me up that I was unarmed, and that they were acting a very cowardly part in hounding an inoffensive and defenseless man in this way. The rencontre with the railway employees was a real one, and they were naturally not a little puzzled by my unusual request. They complied however, and were engaged in searching me when a yard engine rolled up and the engineer, an old acquaintance of mine, taking note that something was wrong, got down from his cabin to enquire into the trouble. It did not take him long to discover that with me the wind stood temporarily north-north-west. He thereupon assumed charge, invited me on to his engine and started down the track.

At no great distance ahead stood a row of small houses occupied by railroad employees. One of these was his. Arrived opposite, we dismounted and entered, my protector at once leading the way to a sleeping room on the second floor. Here he told me to make myself at home and comfortable for the remainder of the night, assured me psychotherapeutically that under his roof I should suffer no possible further annoyance or molestation, left me alone and returned to duty.

What I endured that night during the few remaining hours of darkness, could only be expressed by the figure romanticists sometimes use when they speak of the torments of hell. Hardly had my kind host taken his leave when again my ears were flooded by those perpetual malicious voices, plotting, always plotting,

vilifying and threatening, but with an excess of cruelty, ever holding off the *coup de grâce*. I was a victim doomed. Sentence had been pronounced, but execution was delayed—not for a year or a month or a day, but, to give the utmost refinement to my torture, from moment to moment, from second to second. Nor was shooting the only device for my punishment. The enemy outside were now enlarging the scope of their malevolence. I was first to be put to the torture, branded with hot irons, cut with knives, or bruised and broken in my members.

Every moment brought new prospects of suffering and new fear. I no longer endeavored to sleep. Indeed I was now so thoroughly alarmed that doubtless I should have struggled against the approach of slumber. But that effort I was spared. Through the dragging frightful hours I sat on the side of my bed or stole furtively about the room, avoiding the windows, trembling not only with fatigue and my infirmity, but in abject terror.

Again and again I was seized with the impulse to escape, to seek once more to elude my persecutors on the open road; but with all the chaos in my mind I did not forget the kindness of my host; and the sense of obligation, the desire to cause no further disturbance in his house and to give his family no alarm, held me a prisoner in my room till day.

Never did victim of insomnia more anxiously await the dawn. Never did the first dim streaks of day bring greater relief to an oppressed spirit. The morning calm reached even me, as I became sensible that the harrowing voices which had pursued me throughout the night were gradually dying away. Evidently the enemies' purposes could not thrive by daylight; they had given over their attempts upon me and were beating a retreat.

But I was not yet to be allowed to go free and unbeguiled. Other voices began to make themselves heard, at first one by one, but increasing in numbers as they drew near. Lord bless me, it was my family! And the family had got most of my relatives to come along too. I could tell the different ones by their speech. It was myself who was still under discussion. What a deal of discussion I had excited during the past few hours! And now here were all my kin, in an early morning sortie, congregating about my place of concealment, and taking counsel together as to measures for my further disposition.

I tried to get a glimpse of them without being seen. It was in vain. They were invisible, although their voices indicated that they must be near at hand.

In the midst of their conference, the actual presence of my host summoned me to breakfast. Passively I obeyed, for I was moved by two conflicting emotions. It was agreeable indeed to be surrounded again by visible and friendly persons. On the other hand, the occasion for the morning assembling held out no joys for me. Quite the contrary. Nevertheless I unenthusiastically swallowed a cup of coffee, and strove to maintain appearances as well as possible. Throughout the repast my ears were filled with the murmur of the family reunion outside. There were suggestions, arguments, counter-arguments, and the mingling of voices, all of which seemed to proceed from an adjoining unoccupied house in which the party had now ensconced themselves, with the view, as I conceived, of taking me by surprise.

I do not remember noting the lack of consonance between this project and the perfectly audible tones in which it was being discussed. Neither did I remark the other inconsistency, namely, that my hearing was altogether too acute, even discounting the short distance. From which facts I infer that my logical faculties were still somewhat under eclipse.

When table-duty was done I took grateful leave of my friend the Samaritan, and turned my face homeward, the composite voice of my family still following on the breeze. I peered about but of course discovered no one. The preternatural calm of Sunday morning compassed me about. I walked briskly, drinking in the air and light with the joyousness of returning freedom, with the sense at least of reached mastery over my own movements. I had a purpose now, and it was self-directed. I was going home. No one was driving me.

Did I exult a thought too soon? I hesitated and trembled. There was no mistaking the sound. From the distance my ears were again assailed by the calls and threats of the two inhuman taxmasters who had hunted me through the night. . . . It was but a momentary paralysis of fear. Their parting shot had reached me, and I heard them no more.

It was at this point, I think, as I walked along in the spreading daylight, that the first vague glimmer of insight broke in upon me.

I stopped some passers-by to ask them if they could see anyone coming along the road in the direction I had taken. They stared a little, but assured me they saw no one. I staid not upon explanation, but hastened on.

It was a crude beginning at setting myself right it must be admitted, this unskilful laying open of my infirmity before the first chance way-farer; but my next step was better managed. Arriving at my own house I summoned the cook and enquired as unconcernedly as possible whether my partner or any one else had been about the premises at any time during the preceding evening. Obtaining a negative reply, I asked no further questions, but began to digest some wholesome though uncomfortable suspicions of my own mental condition on the evening in question.

The evidence seemed to be against me, but there was still one link in the chain. Accordingly I set out to hunt up the other friend who had been party to my torture. I found him without difficulty, and with little preamble, although striving to the utmost of my ability to preserve an external composure, desired to know where he had spent the night. He seemed at first at a loss to know just how to take my question. Possibly he detected a tone of formality in my voice, a slight stiffening in my behavior unusual in our familiar daily intercourse. Perchance with the knowledge of my recent past, he was set upon the right track. I know not, at any rate he deemed it expedient to answer in a matter of fact way that being tired he had gone to bed early and slept soundly the entire night through.

So at length the truth fully dawned upon me. It was I who had been wrong. The world and the people in it were all right after all, but my senses had fallen short of their accustomed service in presenting that world to me in its true relations; and in its place I had been astray in a distorted world, only half real, the unreal part of which I vividly recollected in the horrors of the night.

My insight was now complete—and just here comes in a very singular circumstance.

I still heard the voices.

I was thoroughly convinced of their imaginary character, yet I could not escape them.

It was indeed a heterogeneous mass of brain-food that I was turning over and endeavoring to sift and assimilate, as I bent my

steps homeward again. It was the effort of readjustment, of separating truth from fiction, of reconciling past and present, of disengaging the kinks in which my chain of experience had become involved.

The forenoon was hardly begun. I felt the futility of any further efforts at seeking rest and called for my horse, determined if possible through work to wear away the remnants of my disorder. All day long I toiled, and all day long mocking voices attended my course. In content they were scarcely more agreeable than the voices of the night; but they were more tolerable. They were not commands now, only comments.

I performed the tasks of my daily vocation, as I am sure, in a perfectly natural way, yet in vain did I protest to myself that the unpleasant things I heard were but the fruits of diseased fancy. I heard them notwithstanding. Everyone whom I met on the street seemed to fling gibes and ridicule at me; little children at their play appeared to stop to cast mocking reproaches after me as I passed; from the vacant places were wafted bitter words of injury and derision. Was it my own conscience, I wonder, which had thus become objective?

Only toward the close of day did my hallucinations gradually grow fainter and fainter until they left me free. And such a freedom! Only those who have worn the shackles I endured can know what that means.

After the longest and bitterest twenty-four hours of my life, I attained that night to the summit, or rather the depths of my desires—a profound and dreamless sleep.

And here my autopathography ends.

The following morning I awakened refreshed, in complete possession of my mental faculties, so far as I am able to judge, and ready for the labors and responsibilities of the day.

* * *

The events I have narrated are interesting, I am told, in presenting in pure form an elementary and transitory toxic-exhaustive syndrome. The whole period of my alienation was well under twenty-four hours, and as the high-point occurred during the hours usually devoted to sleep, the routine of my daily work was not even interrupted. "Clinically" one might say, therefore, that my disorder was made up of two stages of approximately equal duration, the night-stage and the day-stage.

The first stage began abruptly after the stress of the day and the week was past, in the quiet of late evening, after my mind had more or less freed itself from the obligations and preoccupation of duty. The determining feature was persistent aural hallucination, almost exclusively in the form of voices, which I invariably recognised as those of friends and relatives—just the persons who would be most likely to interest themselves in my case. The content of the hallucinations however, was anything but friendly, consisting of reproaches, threats, and all-round abuse. Only once early in the night was a voice raised in my defense, and this was more, it seemed, to save me from violence than in extenuation of my conduct.

In this sensory situation where such long odds were against me, the moralist would doubtless discern matter for a parable. Had I been deliberately rendering *to* myself, he would say, a true and just account *of* myself, meting out blame and censure in due proportion, the burden of such a self-rendered account would be overwhelmingly accusatory, just as were the voices. But man does not betray himself utterly. He is at a far pass indeed who does not seek even a remote excuse for his misdeeds, in whose mind there does not arise so much as a single palliating thought, when he must partake of their noxious fruit. Yet just as in the nocturnal conflict my advocate went down before his enemy and mine, so would such a lonely suggestion of self-defence have had to give place, to be swept away before the avalanche of self-reproach.

As I have said, my hallucination was practically exclusively vocal. I recall but a single exception, when I heard the three pistol shots and the singing of the bullets through the air; and this was after the idea of firearms and the fear of being murdered had for sometime occupied the foreground of consciousness.

What may seem especially significant is the fact that I experienced no hallucinations whatever of sight. I witnessed no processions from the animal kingdom, nor did I once behold the authors of the supposed voices. Frequently I wondered at their adroitness in keeping themselves concealed. Visually, the external world seemed natural enough. I do not lay too much stress upon the isolated illusion of the man upon the freight train. It must be granted that the circumstances—the movement of the

train, the obscurity of night, the sudden appearance of the brakeman vaguely outlined upon a passing car—were particularly favorable to the occurrence of an ocular misinterpretation.

The second essential characteristic of the night-period was my complete want of insight. Never for a moment did I question the reality of the voices. Situations arose which surprised and staggered me, yet they never struck me as transcending the possible and the actual.

As to my attitude, I was repeatedly sensible of the injustice of the conduct of my self-appointed persecutors, or at least resented the unfair and unsportsmanlike advantage they had assumed. Yet through it all I felt like the quarry that is hunted, and was too busy saving myself to perceive the aimless absurdity of the chase.

The day-stage differed primarily from the foregoing in the item of insight. The voices continued but I knew them to be hallucinations. They did not therefore mislead me or influence my outward conduct. The striking objective fact during this period was my apparently normal behavior. From observation alone no one, I think, could have discovered that I was still under the burden of my infirmity.

To be sure the day-voices were considerably altered in content and more easily borne. They were less threatening and aggressive and spent themselves in mockery and vilification. Gradually, too, they lost the vividness of sensory objectivity, receding by degrees in the uncertain distance, and were finally lost to sense.

With these auditory manifestations my mental disorder began and ended, and I have reason to believe that there was no noteworthy departure from normal of my other mental attributes. Throughout the night and day that I passed without sleep I was perfectly oriented and there occurred no hiatus in consciousness. I have since discovered no gaps in memory as I have rehearsed to myself the sequence of events in those memorable twenty-four hours. I suffered no temporary change in character excepting the exhibition of the cowardice of fear, displayed no psychomotor symptoms, beyond the persistent disinclination to abide in one place, under the goad of the fictitious pursuit; and affectively, experienced just those sentiments which readily suggest themselves as appropriate to my content of consciousness.

My illness has been diagnosed as acute alcoholic hallucinosis

(*hallucinatorischer Alkoholwahnsinn*), a somewhat rare psychosis (12-15 per cent of alcohol cases according to Kraepelin),* which may be distinguished from delirium tremens, as my own observation indicates, by the isolated character of the sensory disturbances, the unclouded state of consciousness with preserved orientation, the more definite nature of the delusions dependent upon the specific hallucinations, the consequently more orderly, or at least comprehensible outward behavior, and the absence of conspicuous neurologic symptoms.

The relations of this my initial psychosis, to the severer and really much more dreadful form, may perhaps be suggested in the subsequent experiences which, I regret to say, still remain to be described.

It will not be difficult to understand why on the Monday morning following the present events, I held a right serious conversation with myself, a real *Auseinandersetzung*. The initiated will know its character. The outcome was a very specific and rigid programme with regard to the future ingestion of liquids.

For two good years I lived by the programme.

* In the material of the past eighteen years, Kraepelin found approximately one case of *Alkoholwahnsinn* to three of delirium tremens. [Klinische Psychiatrie, 8th Edition, 1910.]