

inveigled bogus patients into psychiatric hospitals, then it was psychologists who claimed that psychosis was only some point on a dimensional scale of human distress. Now philosophers wade in but, note, steer clear of madness and debilitating mood disorders, as if the problematic nature of narcissistic personality disorder undermined the entire psychiatric enterprise.

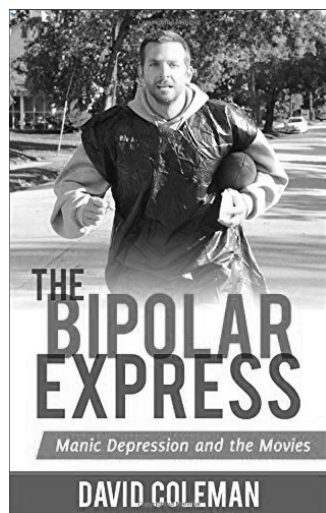
Second, no credit is given to the insight that people with schizophrenia and depression themselves provide into the nature of the human being. Eugene Minkowski, a French psychiatrist, saw clearly nearly a century ago that the former held a philosophical idealist position and the latter a materialist position, completely undermining philosophical notions that the 'normal' human being could be one of these. 'Philosopher cure thyself' might be salutary advice for a philosopher presuming to disabuse psychiatrists of their mistakes.

Third, no cognisance is taken of those philosophers, outside the Anglo-American tradition, who realised that the human being is a spiritual entity as well as an animal, and that psychiatric disorders are not 'natural kinds' of things such as gold (which the author seriously considers) and are not even like physical illnesses.

I could go on. Luckily, psychiatrists, certainly of my acquaintance, are made of stern stuff and are unlikely to be worried by the new wave of critics of their profession.

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The Bipolar Express: Manic Depression and the Movies

By David Coleman.
Rowman & Littlefield Publishers.
2014.
£27.95 (hb). 382 pp.
ISBN: 9780810891937

David Coleman's theme is declared in his subtitle, to which he brings credentials as a produced screenwriter who knows about bipolar disorder from the inside. He argues for what he calls 'bipolar cinema' – that body of film work which portrays the disorder in its on-screen characters, or is created by people who experience it. He argues that bipolarity enhances the perspectives of these film-makers and therefore the work they produce: and further still, that many film-makers effectively use their work as a kind of therapy.

He argues his case with a decade-by-decade survey of cinema from its very beginnings to 2012's *Silver Linings Playbook*, picking out in detail many cases of films and film-makers to demonstrate his central theses. There is clearly something in this, and some of his examples, such as Charlie Chaplin, provide strong backing to his argument. But he undermines his position by overstating it, in prose which is by turns breathless or overwrought and which uses

the near-sneering term 'neurotypicals' to describe those who do not have bipolar disorder.

Although Coleman pays lip service to the existence of other mental disorders, he repeatedly falls back to the implied view that all mental disorder is manic depression and any portrayal of mental instability or distress in movies is a portrayal of bipolar disorder. He goes further: any film made by someone with bipolar disorder – whether it is about mental disorder or not – is part of 'bipolar cinema' which 'can be argued to include every slasher film ever made, as well as nearly every film noir, war movie, superhero film and other genre variants in which psychopathologies are examined (however inaccurately)'. That is a lot of movies.

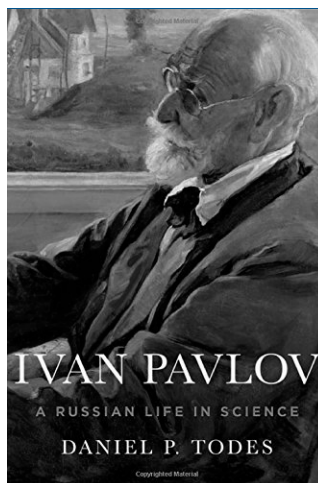
A single case in point: he includes in the canon of bipolar cinema the 1962 adaptation of Scott Fitzgerald's semi-autobiographical classic novel *Tender is the Night*. But Fitzgerald, like his protagonist Dick Diver, was an alcoholic, and his wife Zelda, like his heroine Nicole, had schizophrenia.

Coleman also risks alienating his fellow screenwriters when he asks: 'if a director or actor is bipolar should every film or performance therefore be included [in the filmography of bipolar cinema]?' The implication is that either all the output of writers with bipolar disorder is so classified, and they are therefore defined by their condition in a way other film-makers are not, or they are the anonymous surrogates who first bring films to life but whose progeny are immediately adopted by others.

By overstating his case, Coleman does himself and his subject a disservice, because the meat of the book is a well-researched resource about films portraying – or made by – those with mental disorder. Interested readers are advised to buy it for that meat, even if they do not swallow whole the message.

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Ivan Pavlov. A Russian Life in Science

By Daniel P. Todes.
Oxford University Press USA. 2014.
£25.00 (hb). 880 pp.
ISBN: 9780199925193

The great Russian physiologist Ivan Pavlov (1849–1936) is usually remembered as the man who trained dogs to salivate at the sound of a bell. Indeed the term 'Pavlovian', meaning a conditioned response to stimuli, has entered the language. In this monumental and highly scholarly biography, the American historian of medicine Daniel P. Todes points out that Pavlov never trained a dog to salivate to a bell. Rather he was interested in what a study of dogs would reveal about man and, in particular, 'our psychical