

OS 29

(PARTIAL)

The Prohibitionist-Verbotenist  
a study in neurosis.

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towards unity.

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ago was stounded by the discovery  
of the elements as radically different  
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Apr 1888

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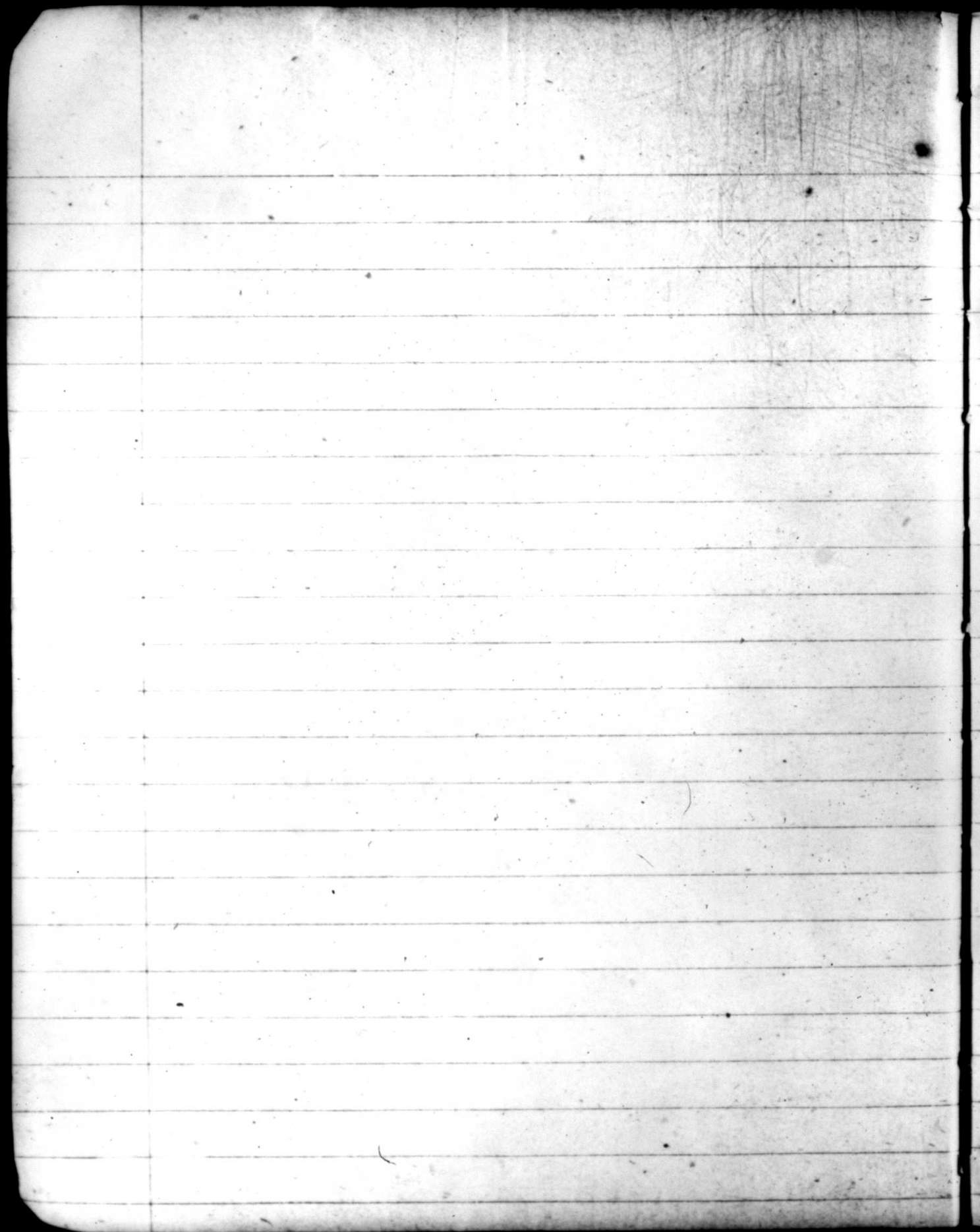
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## The Prohibitionist - Verbotenist a study in neurosis.

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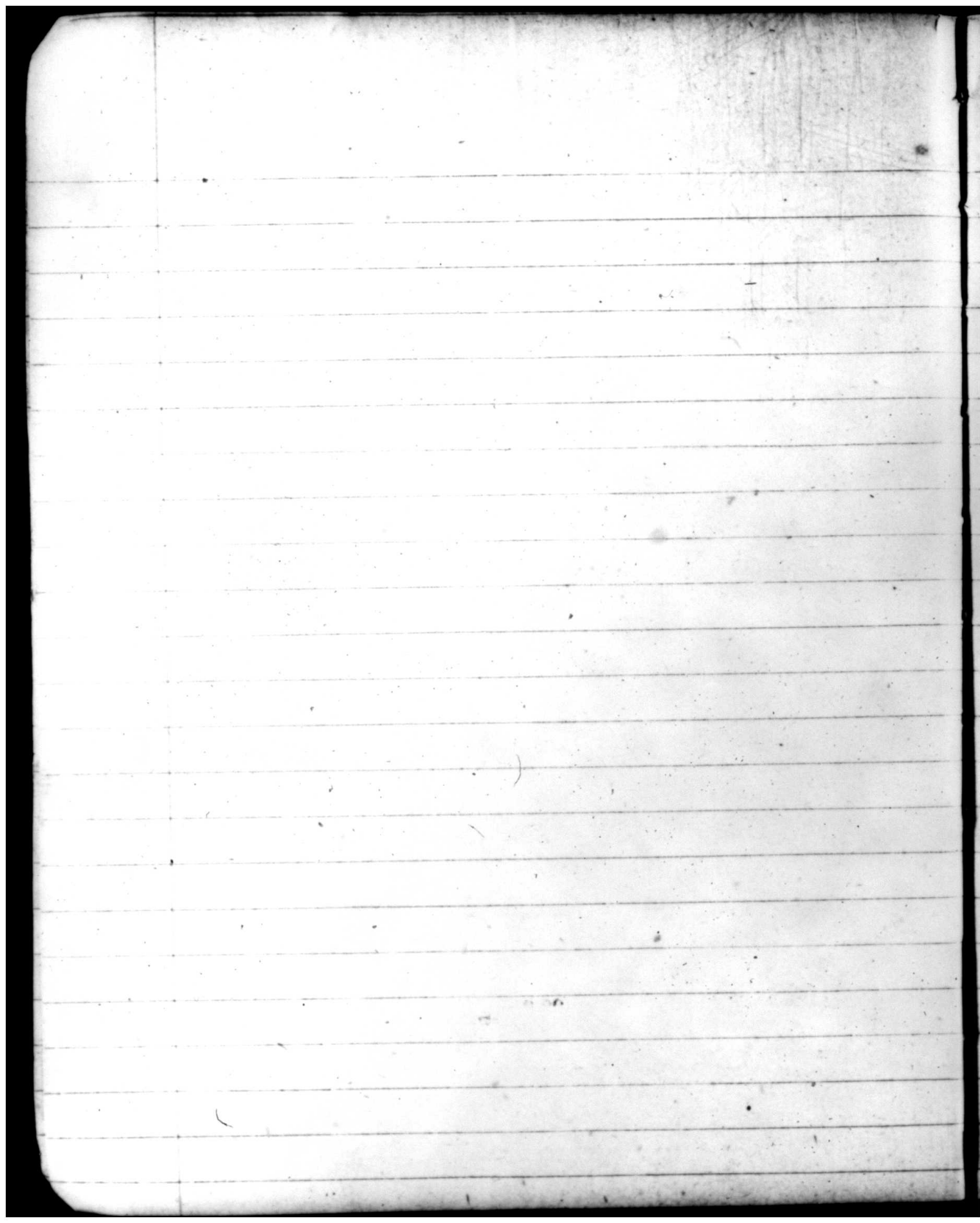
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The difference is more in degree than in kind. Further research has shown that these elements are in some still mysterious way multiples of a single element. This thesis, theoretically most probable, has received the best possible confirmation through the discovery of radium, and the actual transmutation of certain elements which followed this.

Similarly, the old antithesis between matter and spirit is

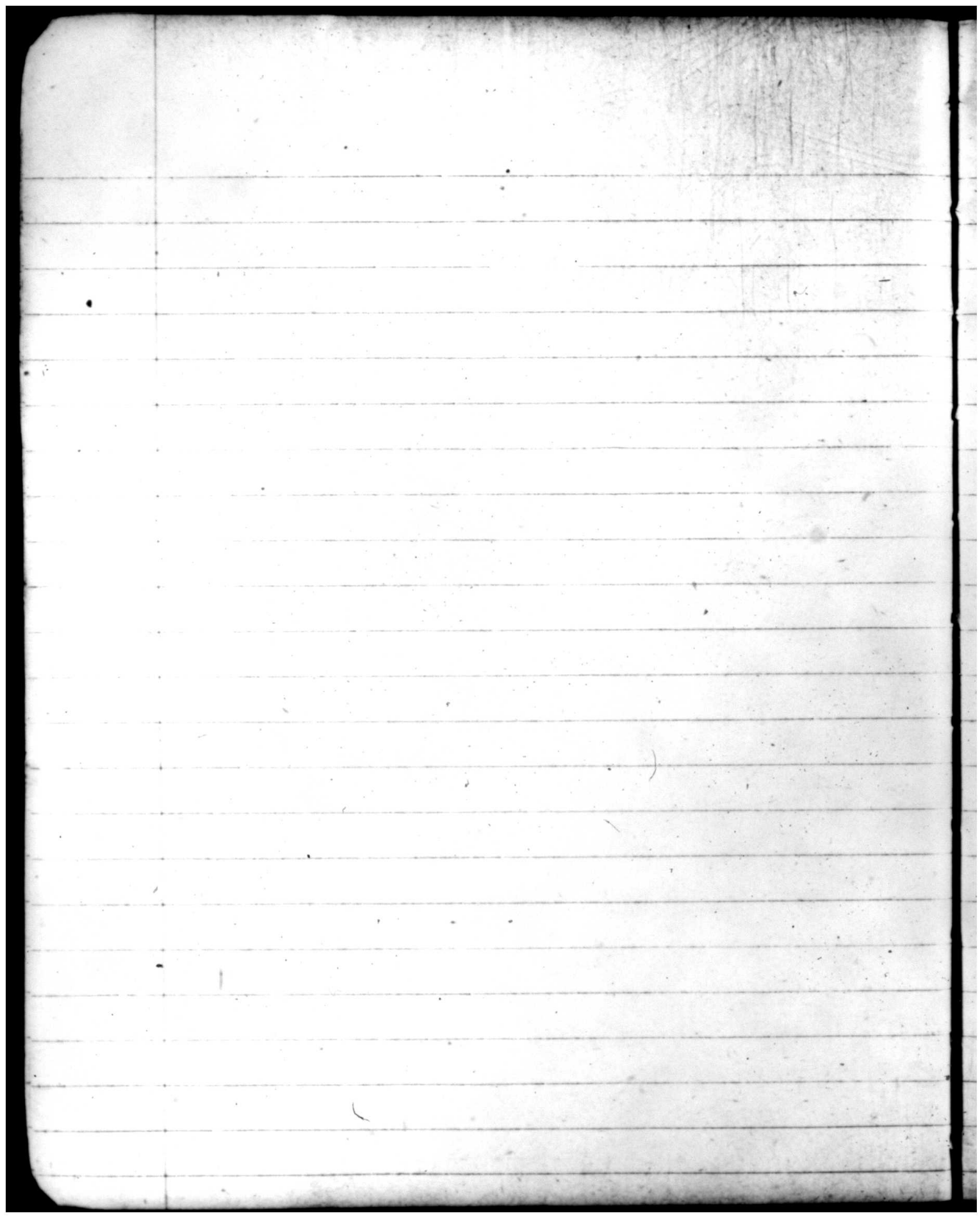




disappearing. The materialists went  
so far as to say "Thought is a  
secretion of the brain" while their  
opponents retorted that the brain  
itself was but an idea in the  
mind.

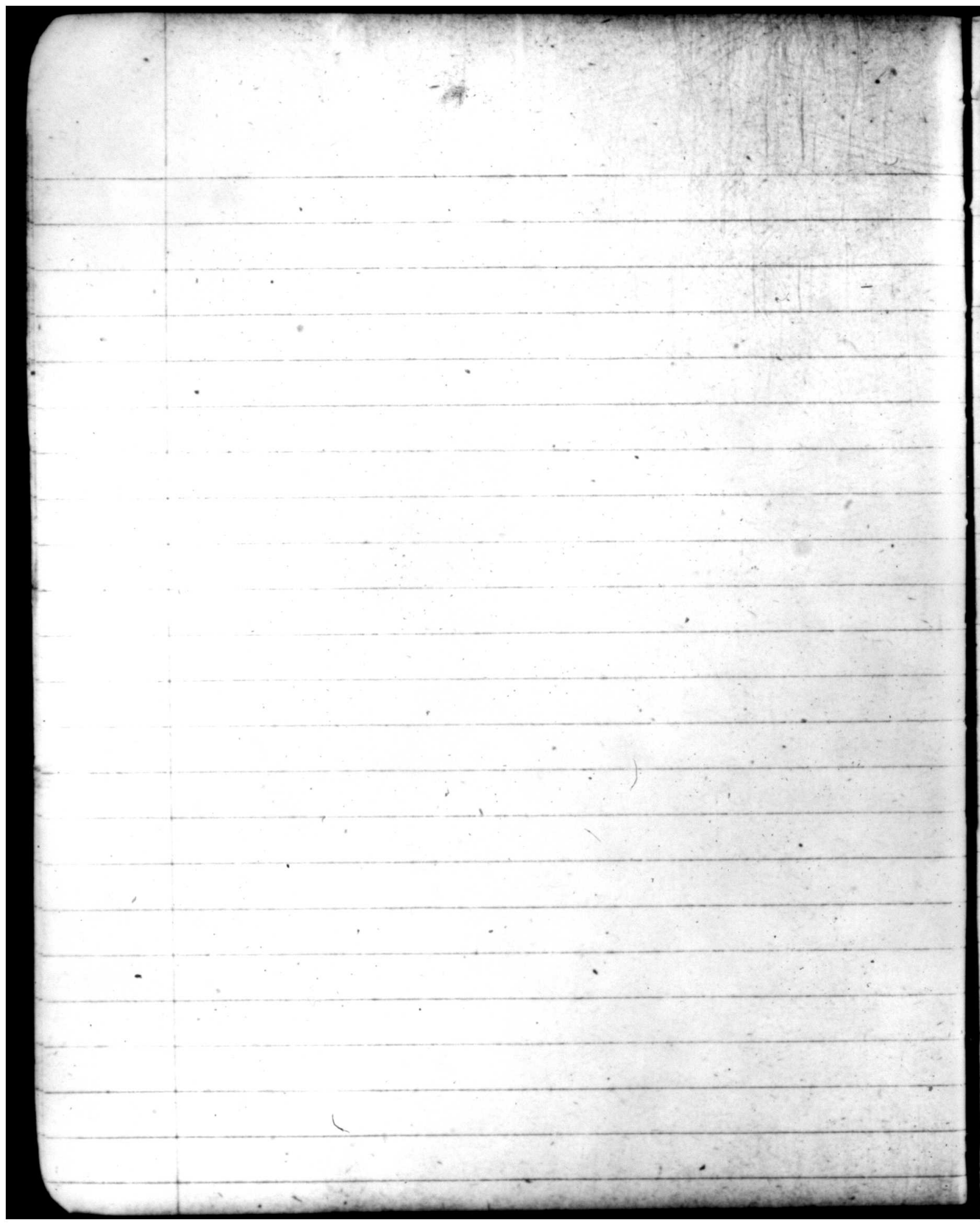
The controversy between these  
schools is (evidently) merely  
verbal. One cries "x is y"; the  
other "y is x." All we care  
is that the identity exists.

The problems of psychology and  
physiology are now admitted



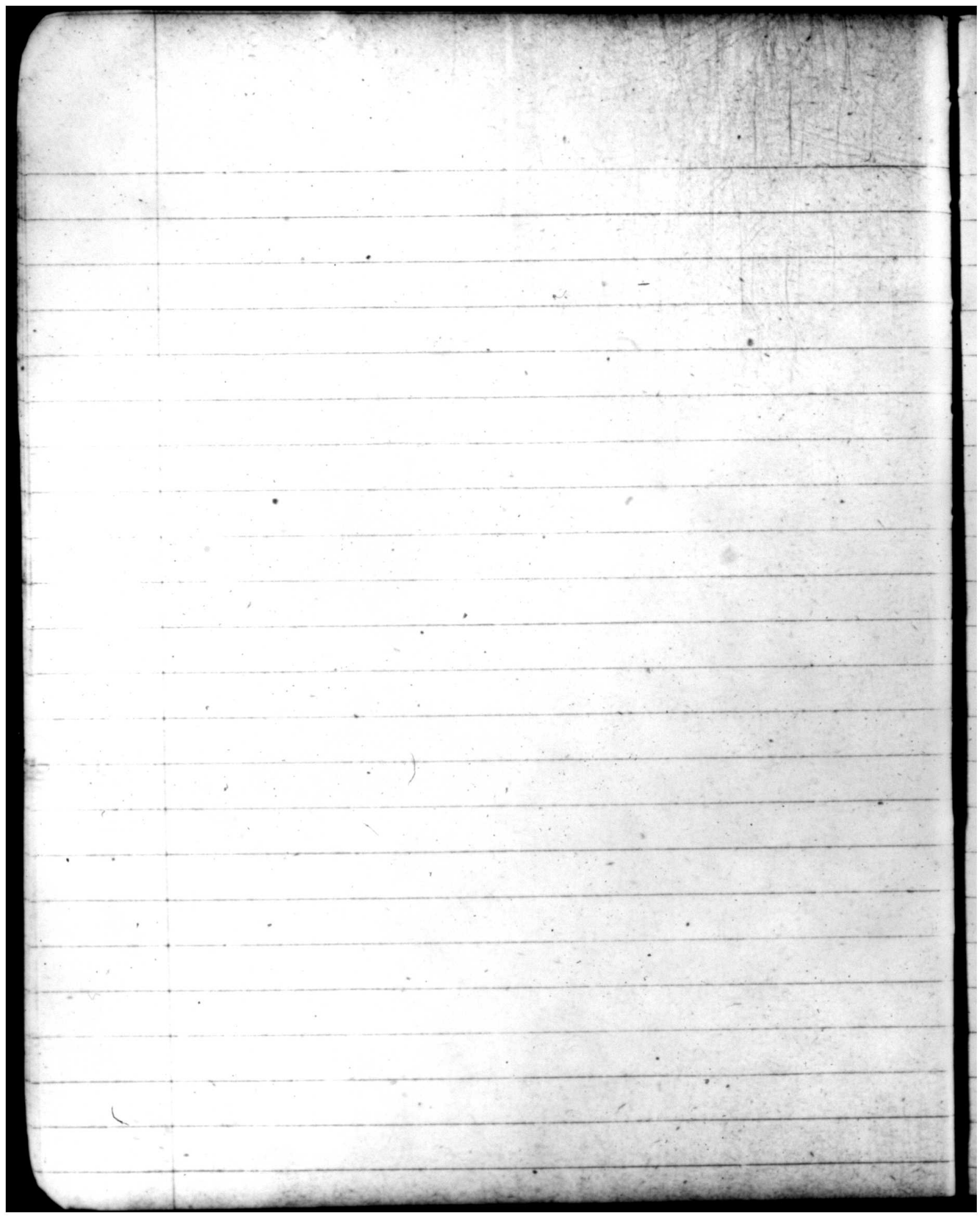
all hands to be interdependent.

We see, for example, a man suffering from general paralysis of the insane, who talks wildly of imaginary wealth or power. We can trace these thoughts to a lesion in the brain substance. But what caused that lesion? Certain 'evil' thoughts of the man which led him into foolish courses. Then what caused those thoughts? Physiology again supplies the answer.



Some find mind react on body,  
and body on mind, until the  
question as to which first arose  
is as foolish as that old joke:  
"Which came first, the hen or the  
egg?"

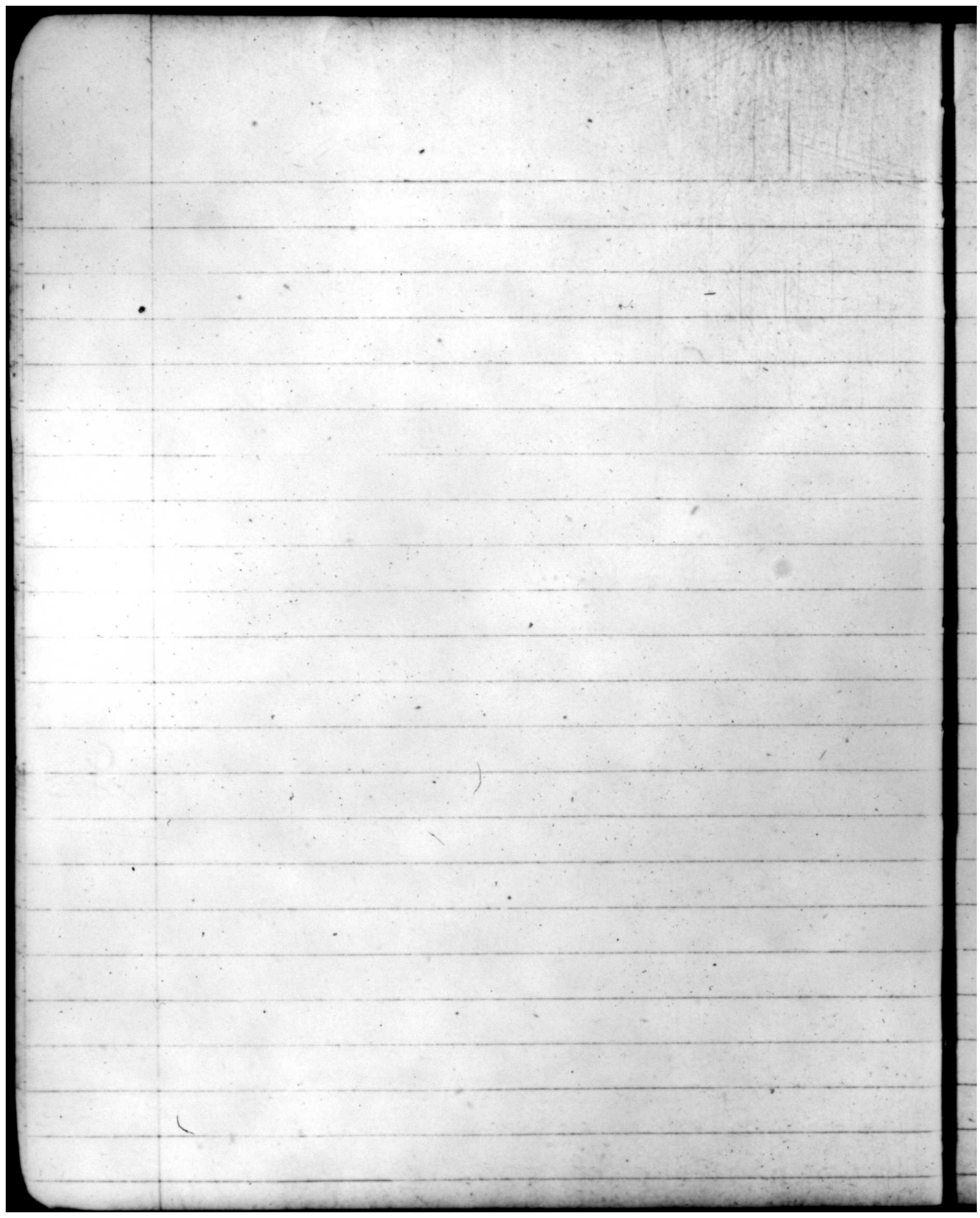
The practical issue to which I propose  
to call attention in this paper is that  
a man's opinions reflect his  
physical constitution. They are not  
based upon abstract ideals of  
justice, except in the case of  
very exceptionally first-class men.



who have no weak spots in their organization, and have in addition practiced the philosophical art of detachment.

Let us take one or two obvious illustrations.

Consider the steeple-jack or the expert mountaineer. Either of these persons will laugh at the idea of danger, and maintain that any 'accident' is no accident at all, but utter foolishness on the part of somebody or other. It is lack of care or foresight. I have heard of only one 'unavoidable accident' on a mountain in my life, and





that was the death of Norman  
Merula, who died of heart  
disease - so it was not a true  
mountain accident - after all.

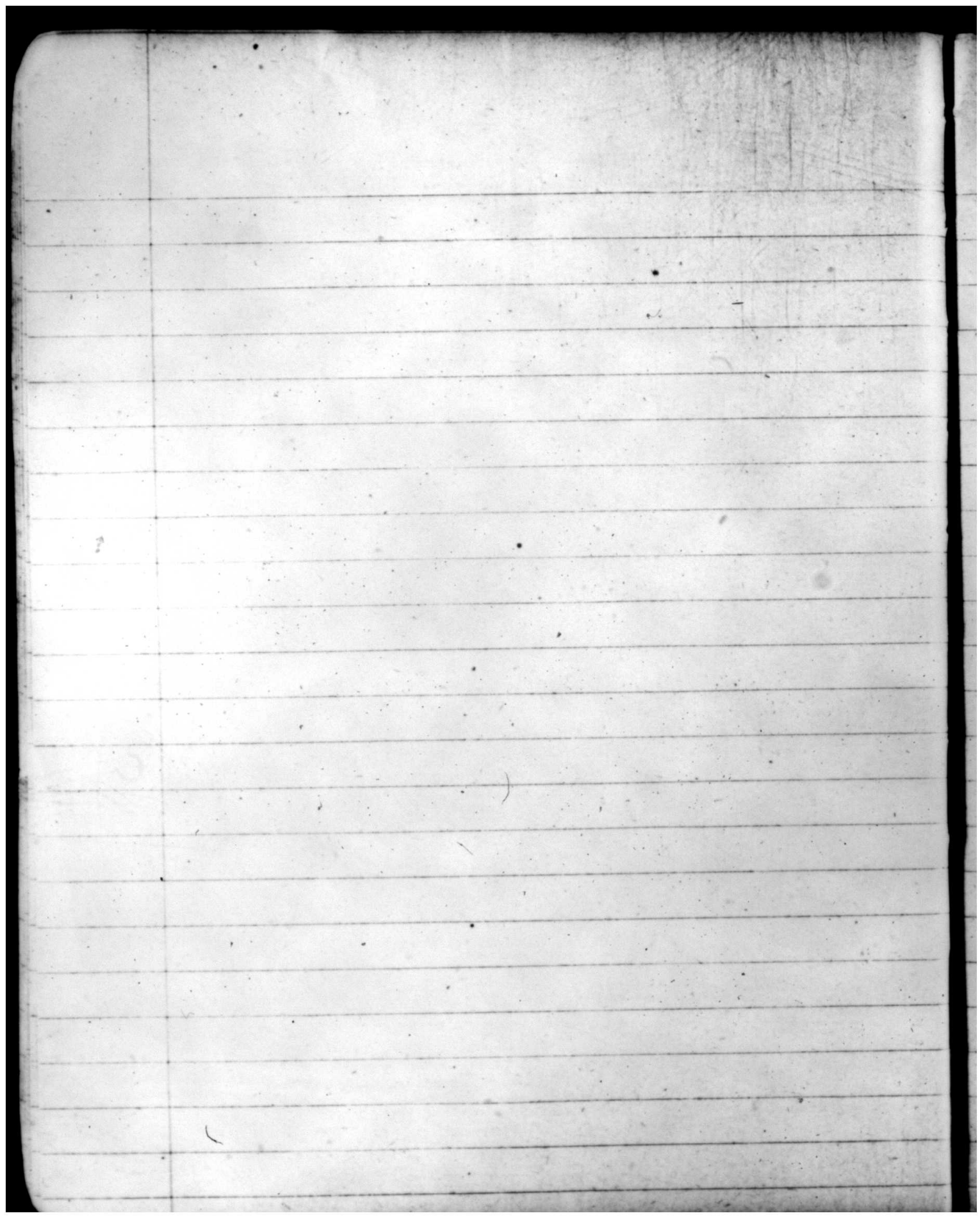
Now consider the attitude of  
other people towards these. We may  
class them as follows:

1. Ambitious

"By Jove, I'd like to climb  
the Matterhorn too!"

2. Admiring.

"What splendid brave fellows  
those are, to climb the  
Matterhorn!"



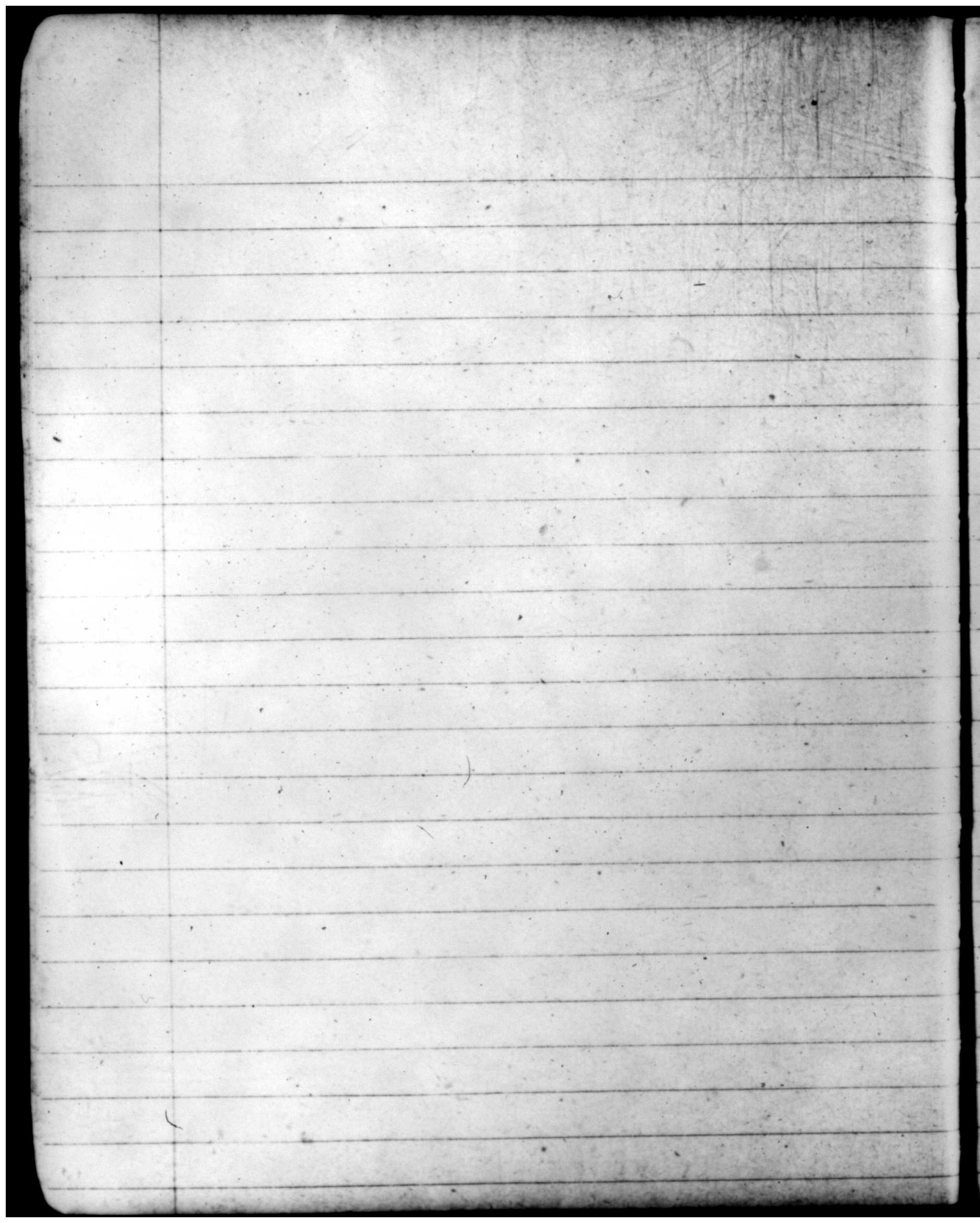
3. ~~Defective~~ Fearful.

"Oh how dreadfully dangerous  
to climb the Prata tower. I wouldn't  
do it for the world!"

4. (I leave it to the reader to name)

"It's a most, dreadfully dangerous  
thing; and it might not be  
allowed!"

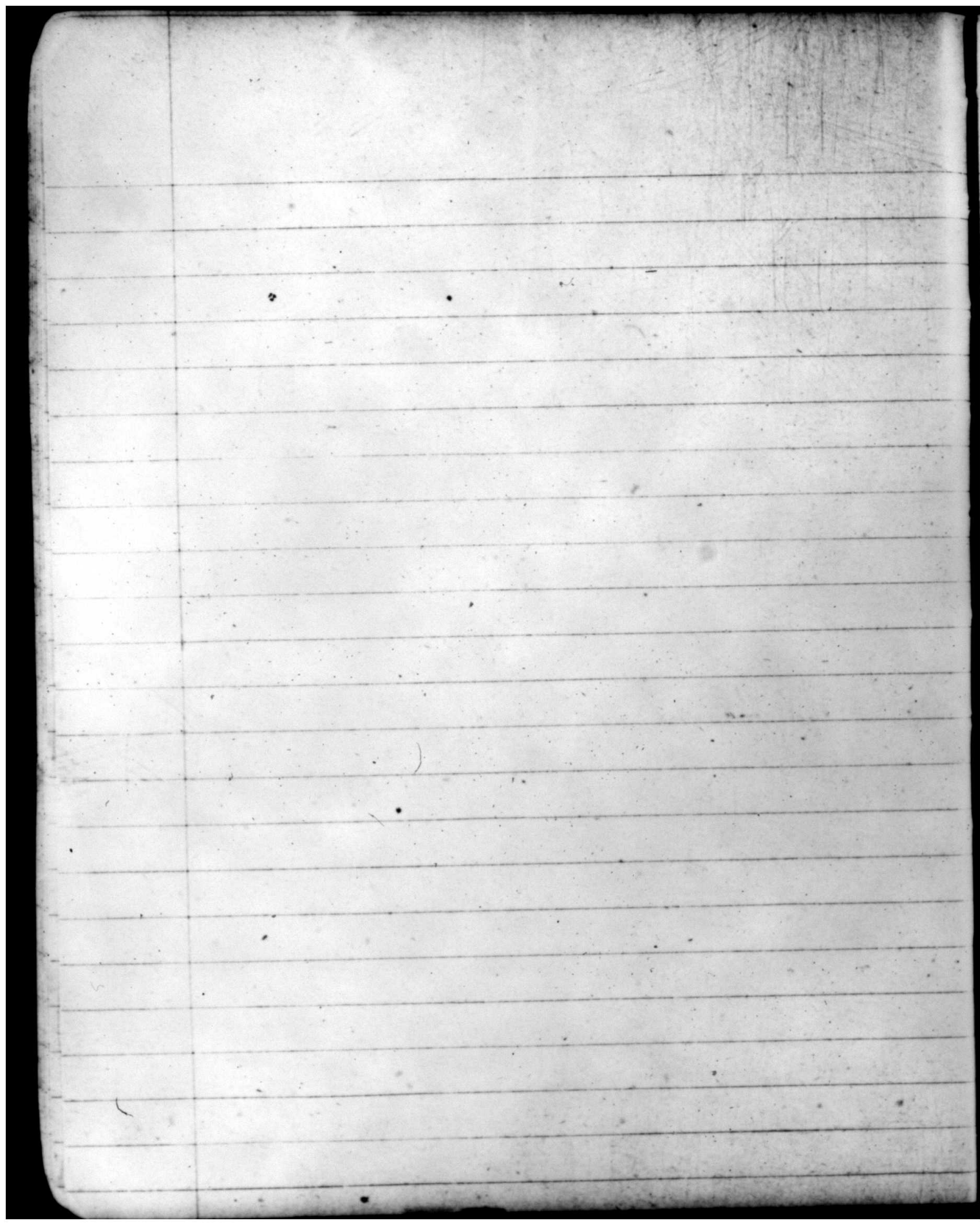
Is it unfair of me to claim that  
these classes represent the  
progressive stages of ignorance  
and cowardice?



The positive attitude of Class A is really the weakest of all. It is dictated by a sense of inferiority so acute that ~~they~~ its victims are unable to bear the fancied shame of their incompetence and cowardice. They therefore wish to destroy ~~the~~ all persons superior to themselves.

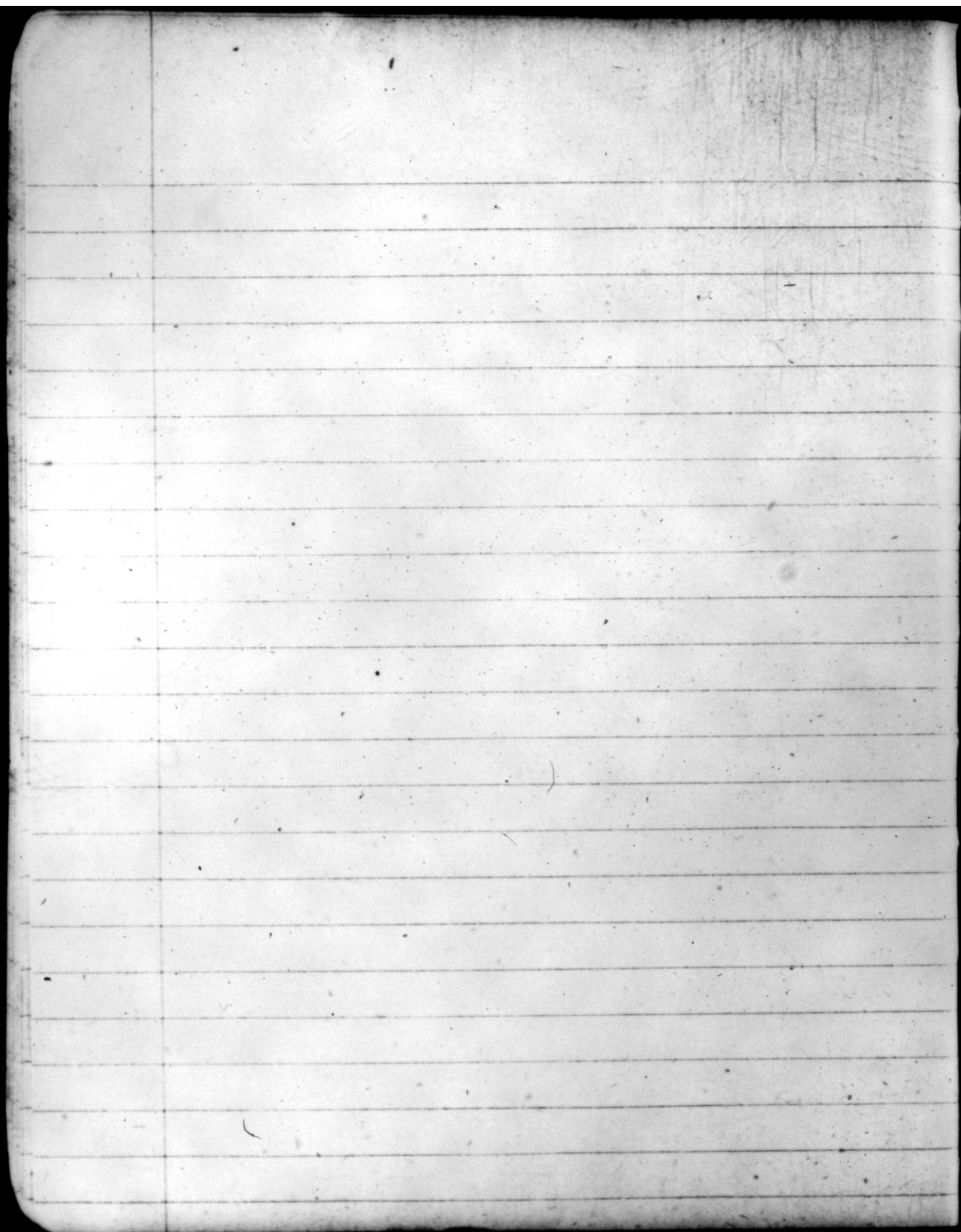
Their sense of inferiority is itself a neurotic symptom.

Every man has not the capacity to climb great peaks; it is



no shame to him. He may excel  
in some other branch.

As Walter Winans is a much  
better shot than I am, and  
I possibly know icecraft better  
than he does. We shall not  
marvel about this; we shall give  
each other respect for the special  
aptitude. We are each happy and  
confident. If we met on a  
shooting range, I should gladly  
beg him to give me a lesson;  
if on a glacier, he would follow

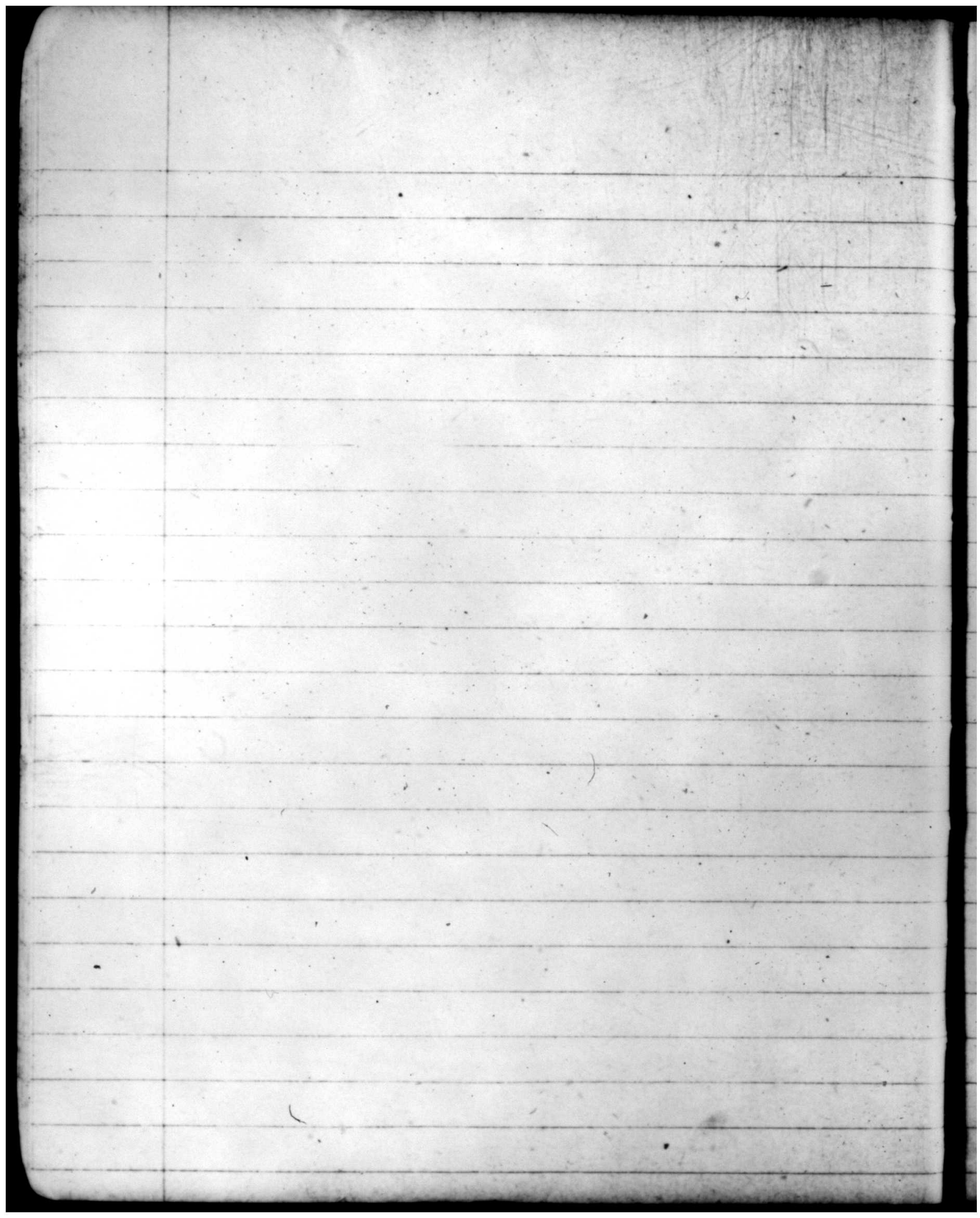




my advice about the route without  
a bitter thought. So with any person  
at all who has found himself  
in any line; success has beant  
tolerance and comradeship.

But Mr. Wiggins has bitter  
enemies, I make no doubt; and  
I am sure they are all rotten bad  
shots. My own enemies are  
mostly bad chambers.

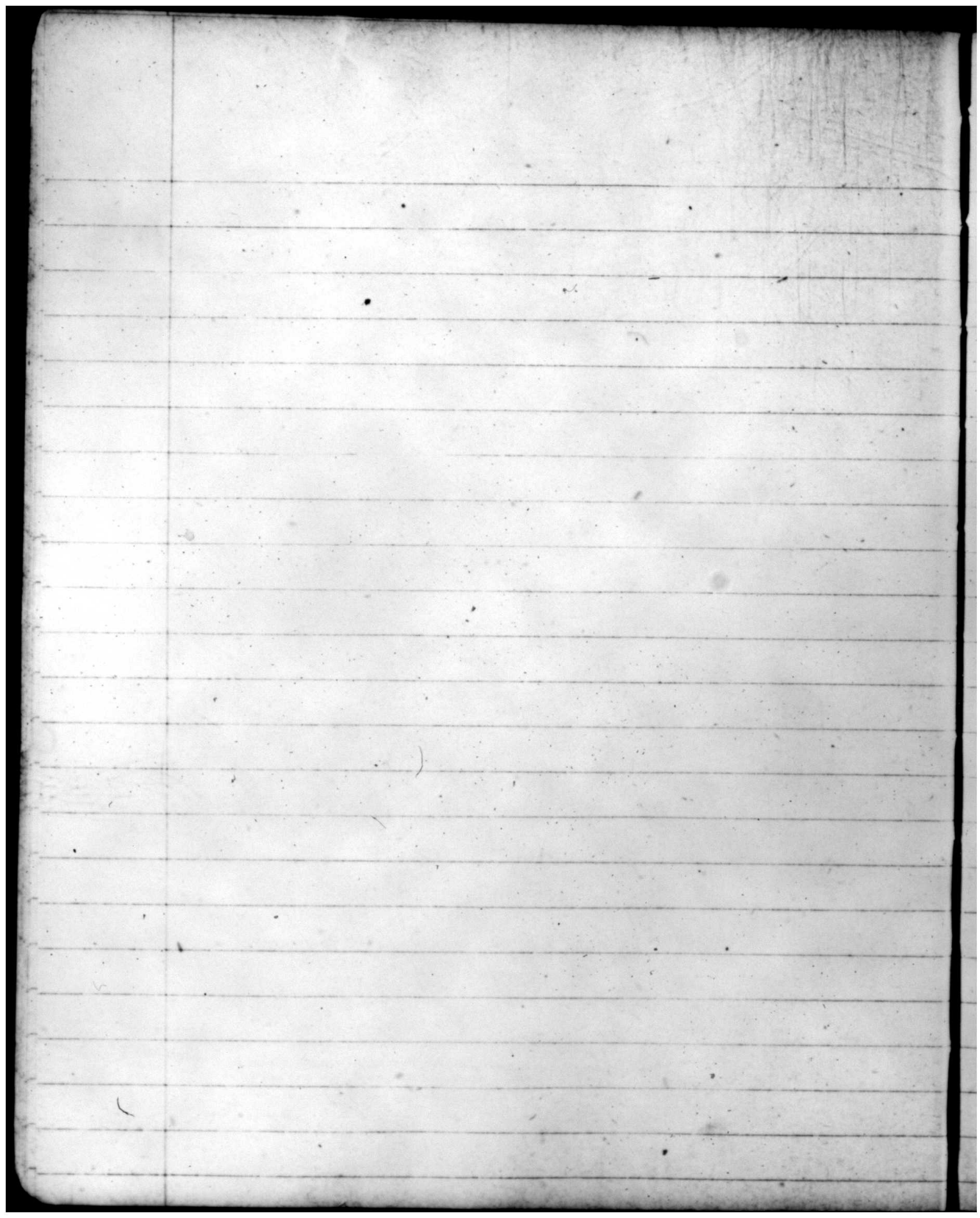
Now there are some people whose  
failure to meet the conditions  
of life is absolute; and it



is naturally and necessarily those who, having no ability to compete with their fellows, no generosity to admire them, no courage when to support their lot in silence, take the surest course, and condemn them.

To such people every success, every triumph, is a pang, and they react with envy of a type which often reaches the degree of murder.

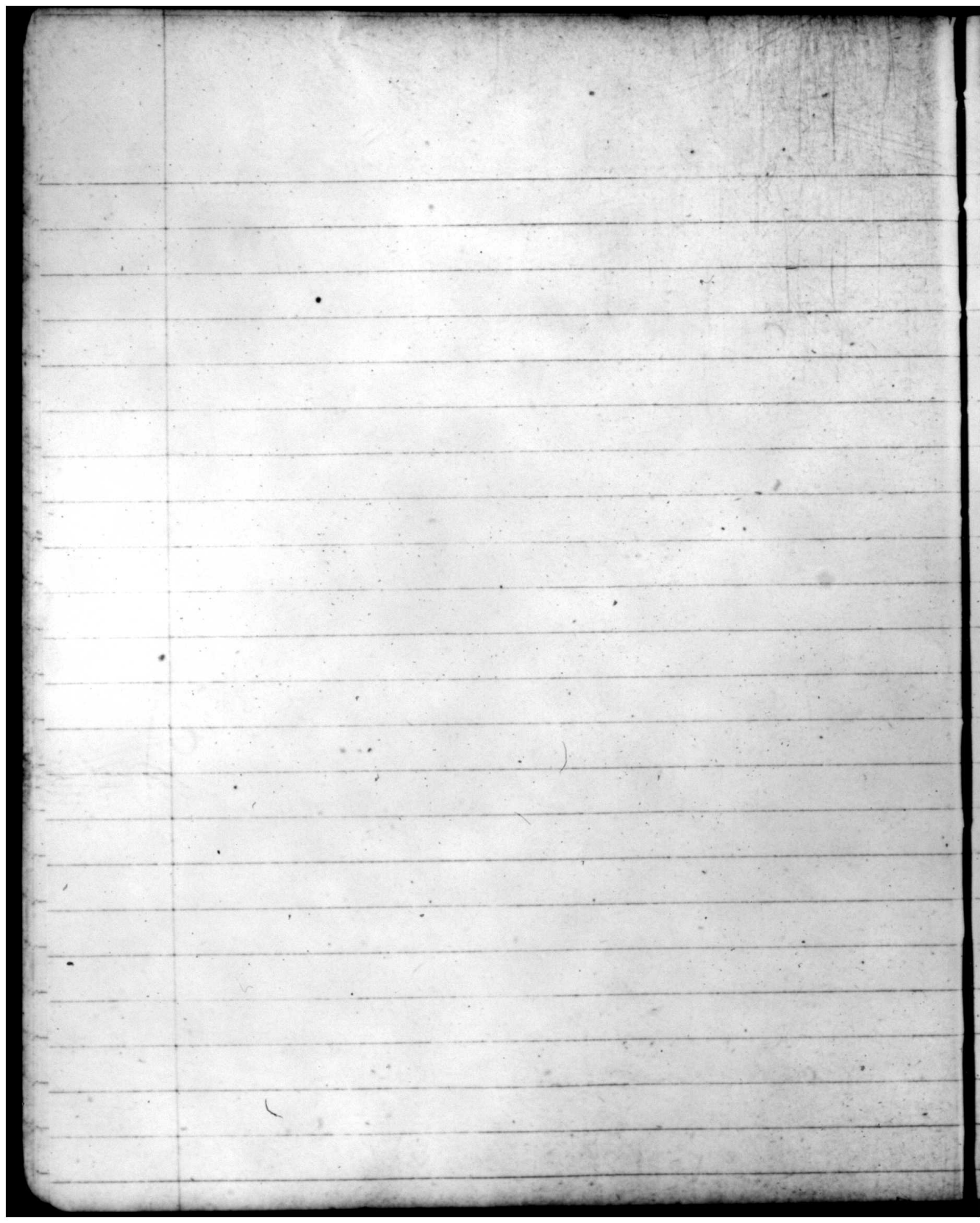
We certainly do not find the



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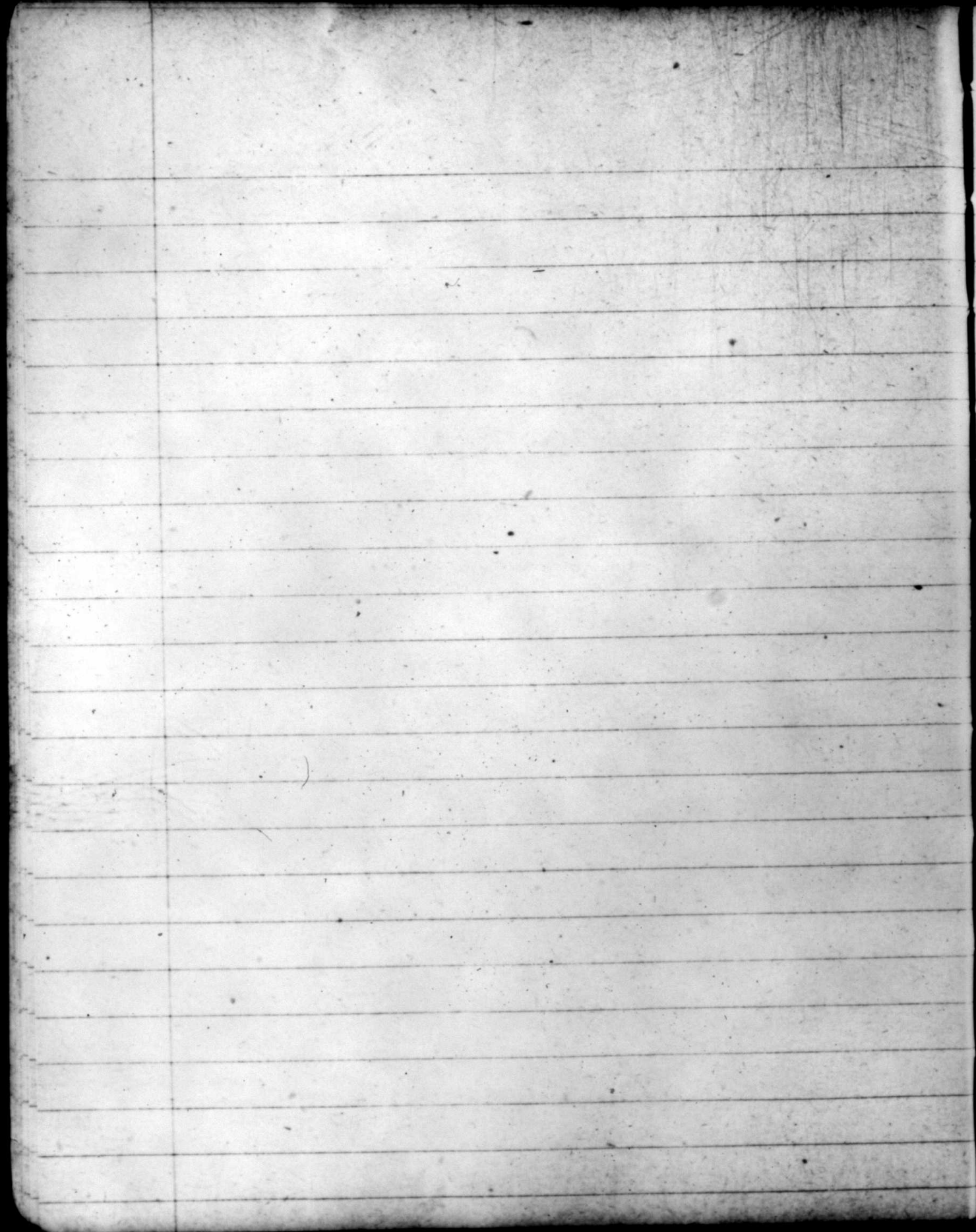
We certainly do not find the



banker condemning the financial system; ~~at~~ the Harvard full back complaining of the roughness of football; if they did, we might believe that there was something really wrong.

Does Ty Cobb want to suppress baseball, or Annette Kellerman agitate for a law against swimming?

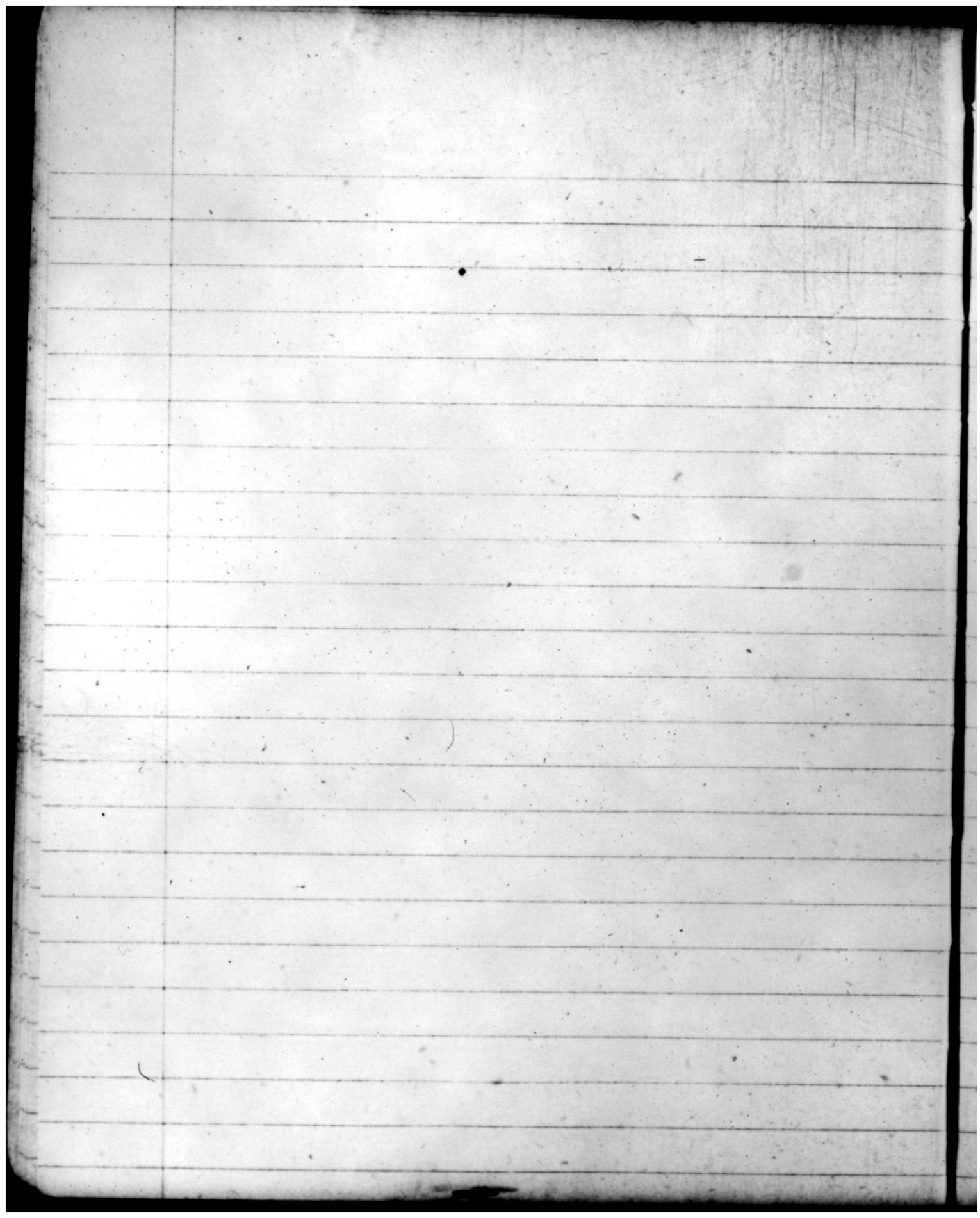
No: nor does the average healthy man, who couldn't hit a ball in a week, or swim a dozen strokes. But the average healthy man is functioning in his average healthy way, and he leaves





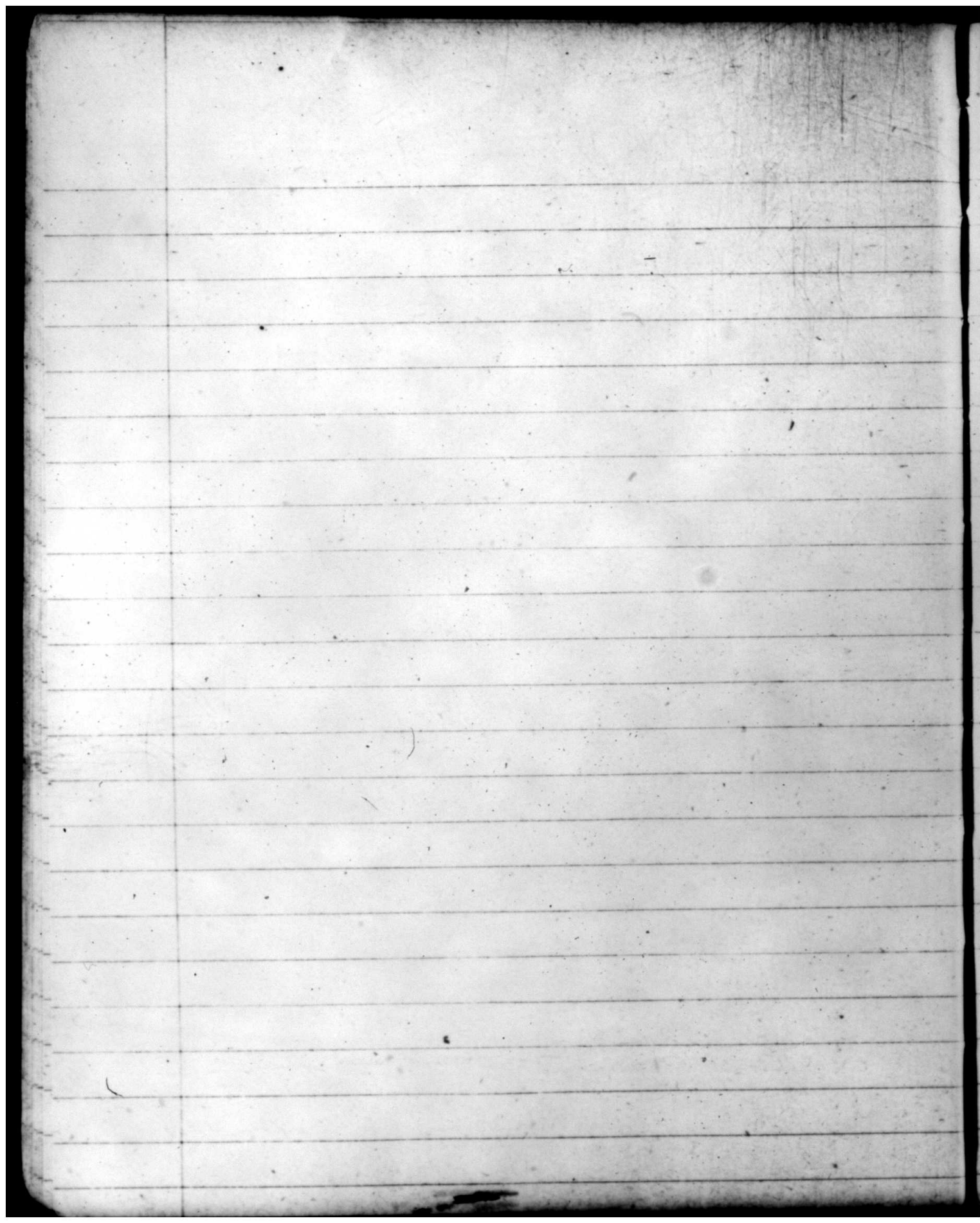
other people alone.

Any man who is functioning is happy. "God's in his heaven All's right with the world" even to a little slave of the silk-mills on her one bright holiday morning. One does not have to be a great general or a brilliant pianist or a smart drummer; most of us are healthy animals, and so long as we eat and drink and love and are amused -



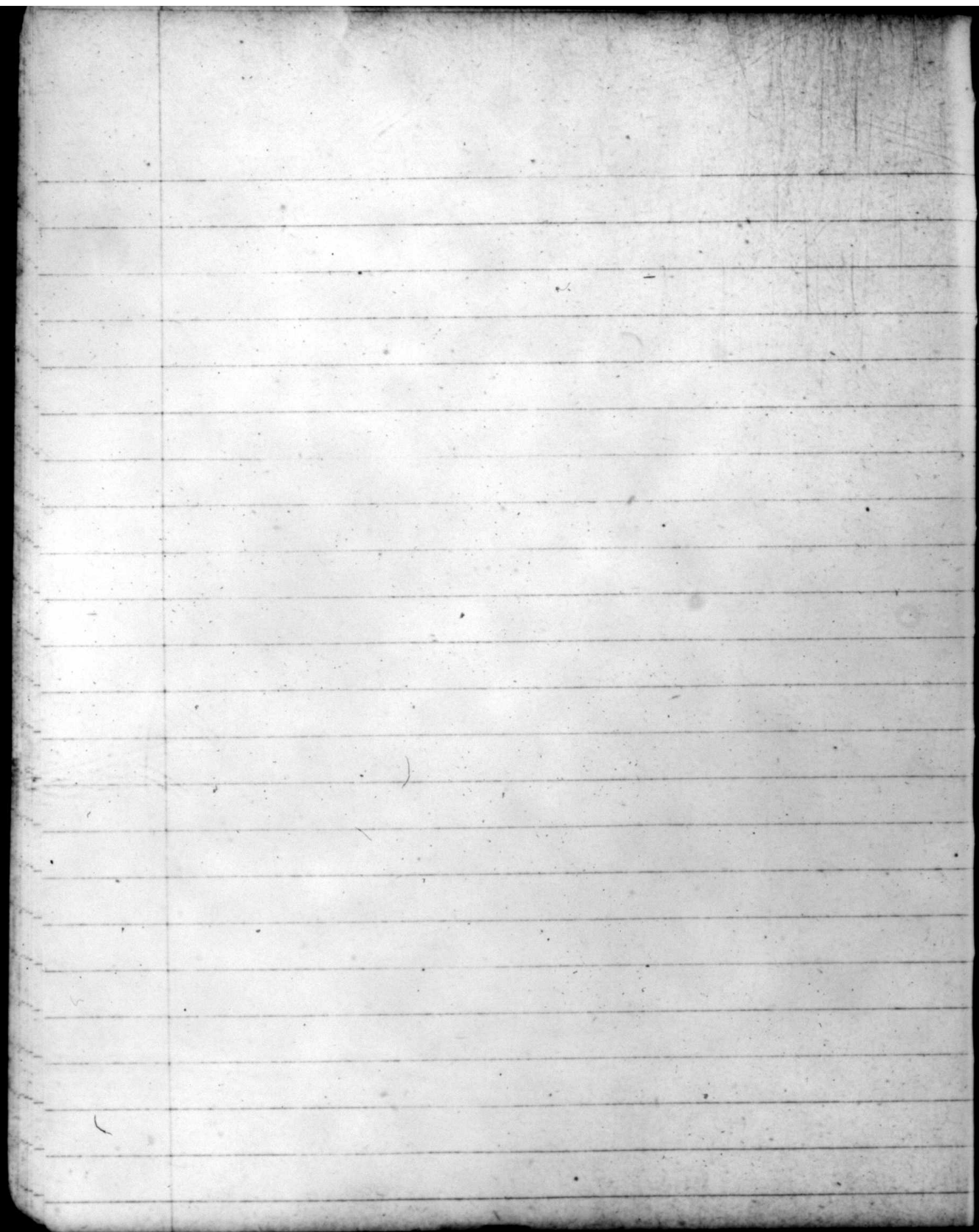
without too much worry about  
the future, we jog along more or  
less merrily, and do not hate  
our neighbor because he is a  
little richer, or stronger, or  
wiser, than we are.

But, Mr. Normal Average Healthy  
Man, if you stop functioning even  
for an hour or two, you know well  
what happens. It is a matter  
of physical well-being. Fail to  
digest heartily and eliminate

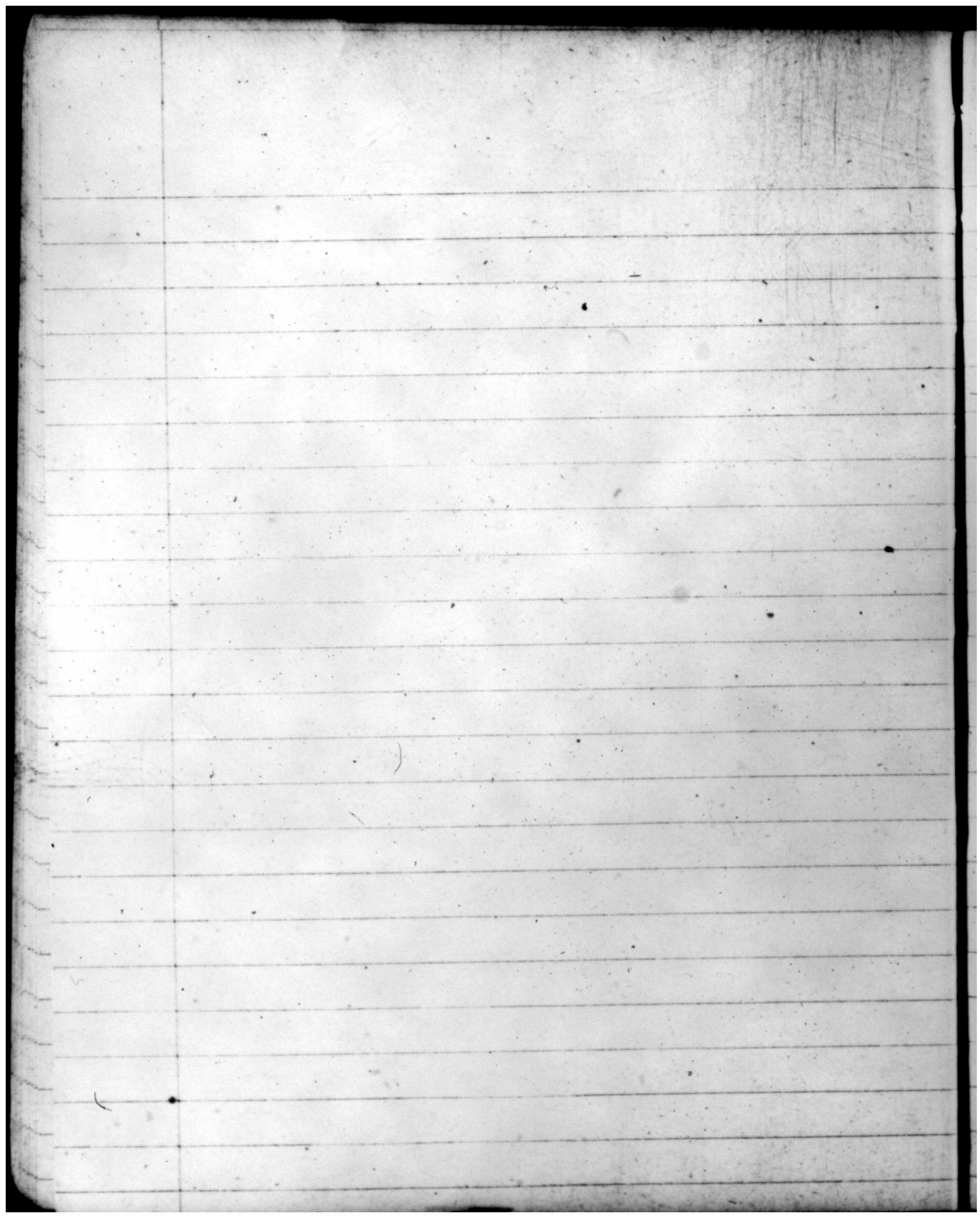


thoroughly, and your thoughts soon  
take sick. You get gloomy about  
yourself, and the next step is  
to hate everybody else in the  
world. Luckily for you, M<sup>r</sup> N.A.H.  
Man, it's only a matter of an hour  
or so, and a dose of Epsom  
Salts; you function again, and  
all the world's your brother.

But use your imagination for a  
minute! Think of all the poor  
devils who are misfits from  
their mother's breast!



Think what a man must be  
like at forty, if he has never been  
able to enjoy a good dinner without  
agonyes of indigestion, to take a  
drink without dizziness, nausea,  
and fainting, or to love a woman  
without reactions of collapse and  
remorse. Isn't it natural that  
~~then~~ such an unfortunate should  
envy his luckier fellows? If he  
doesn't, it is an absolute certainty  
that there is some plane or other  
on which he functions fully, so

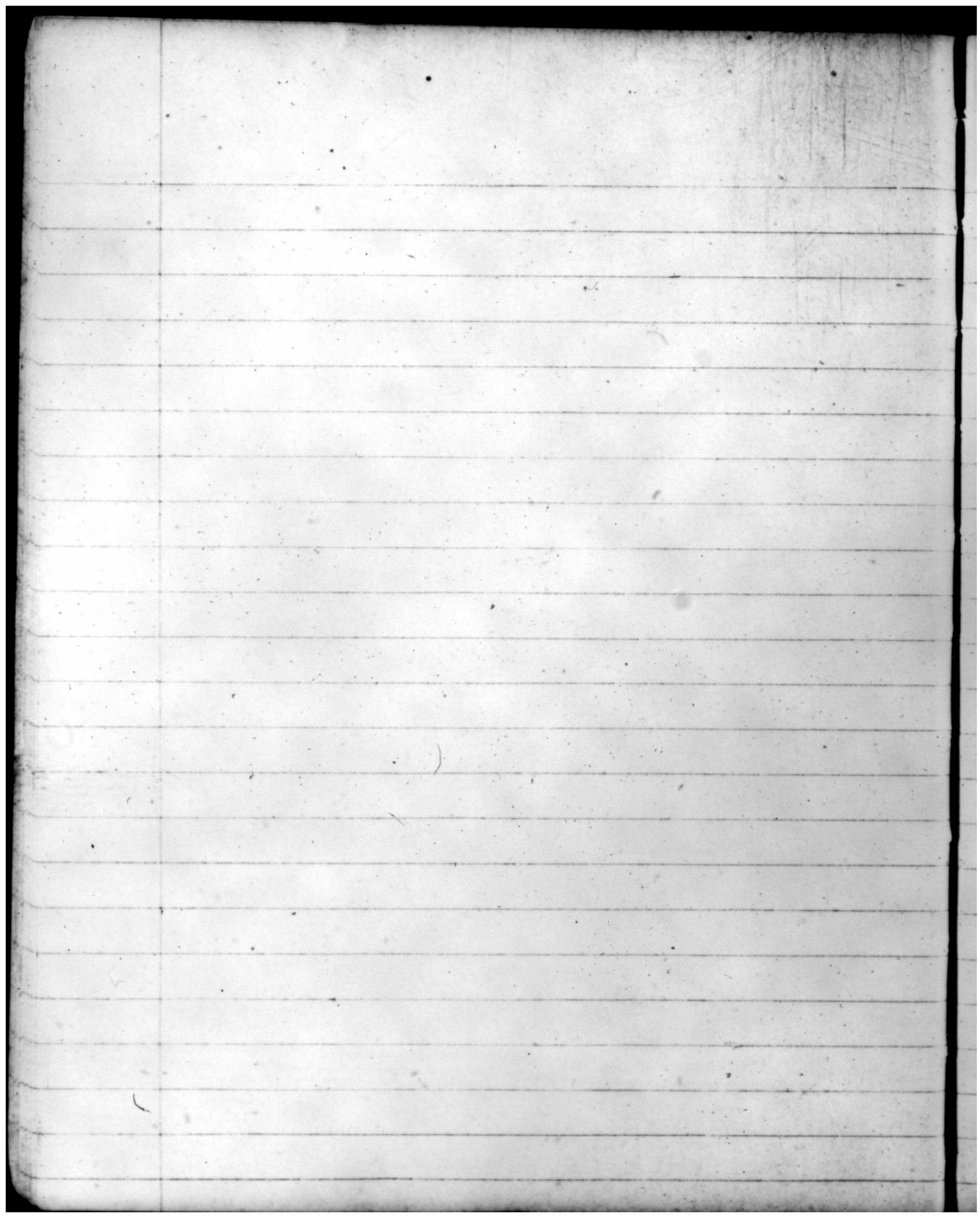




that he doesn't care too much  
about the things he's missing.

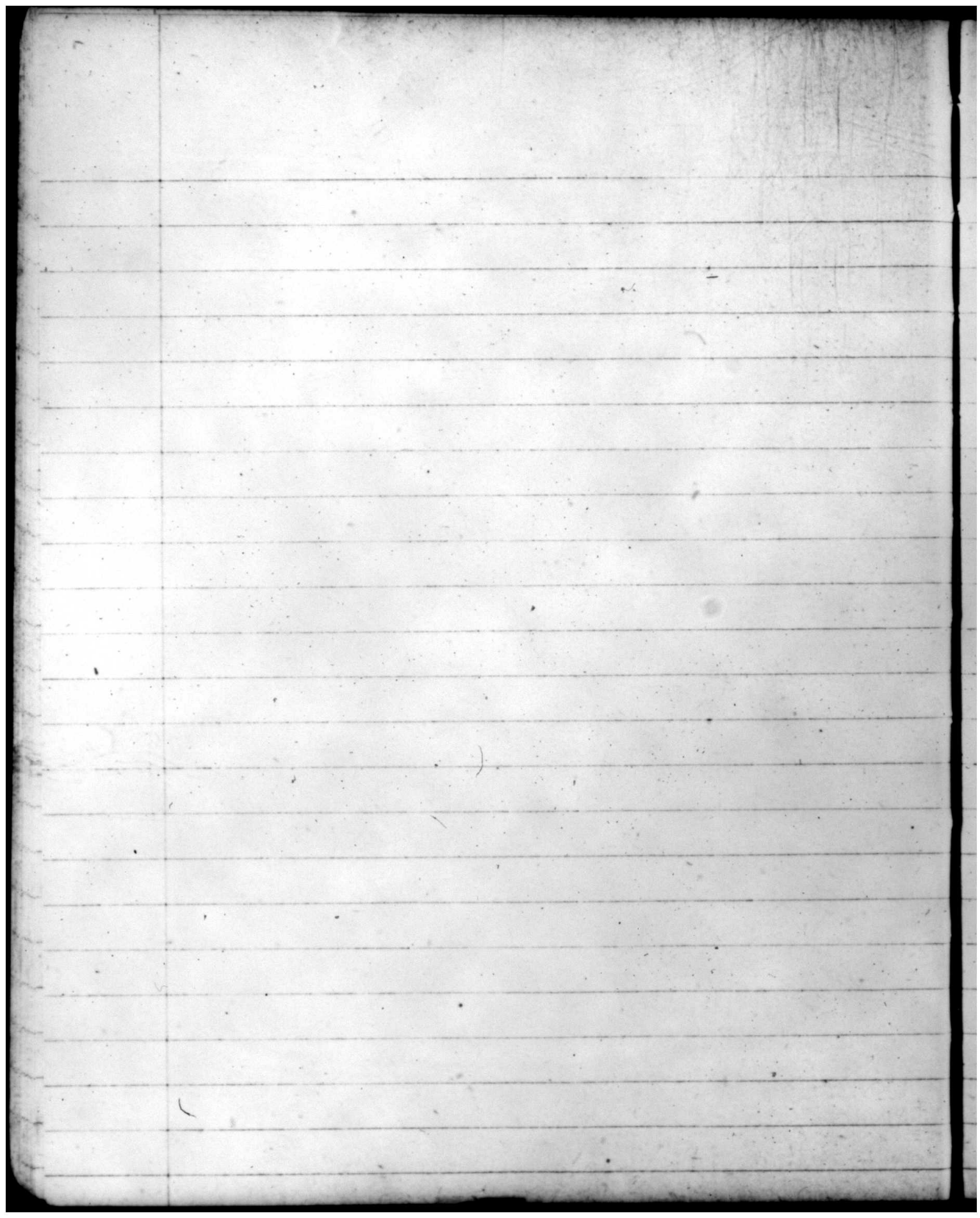
For example, he may be devoted  
to science, to chess, to gardening  
- anything will serve a man of  
good will for compensation. But  
if he has no such fulfilment  
of his being, his mind tends  
to craving for things unattainable;  
he cries 'sour grapes', or curses  
all those who can reach them.

Now let us examine this  
argument from the other end.



Is it not certain that when we  
~~have~~ a man just-at-scars he has  
never felt a wound. Had  
Mercutio ever been crossed in love,  
he would have sympathized with  
Romeo. Well, no, he might have  
been crossed; but braced himself  
to it and conquered it.

To take actual cases, can we  
not read Tolstoy's constitution  
from his character? What is the  
meaning of his eternal diatribes  
against women? What - but  
a symptom of his incapacity to

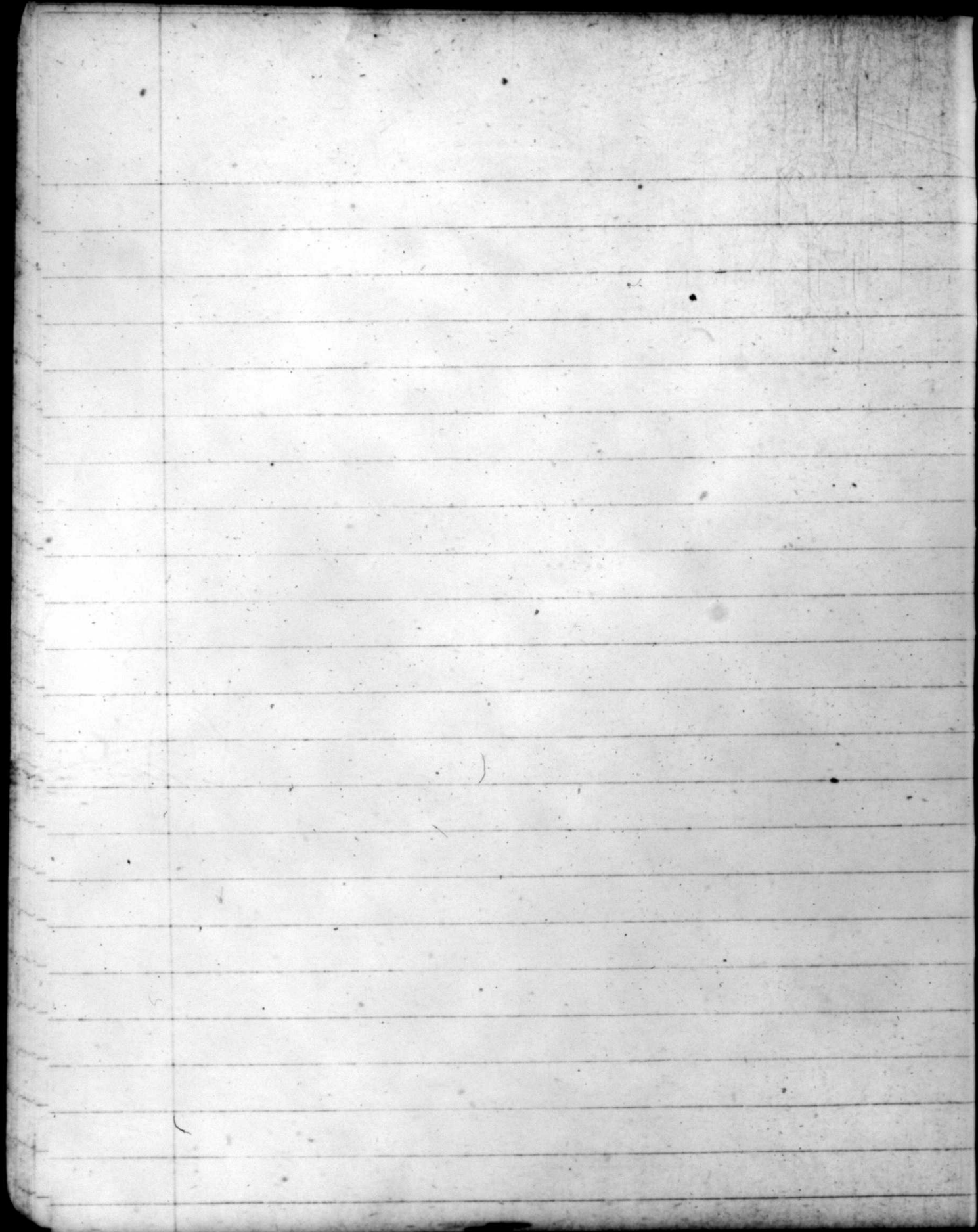


defeat them on the chosen battle-field?  
Is there no connection between  
Shelley's idealism and his high-pitched  
voice?

Is not ~~the~~ <sup>his</sup> constant representation  
of swooning as the highest bliss  
indicative of the weak constitution  
which killed John Keats?

Sanity and good health slide  
this test: to normal stimulus,  
normal reaction.

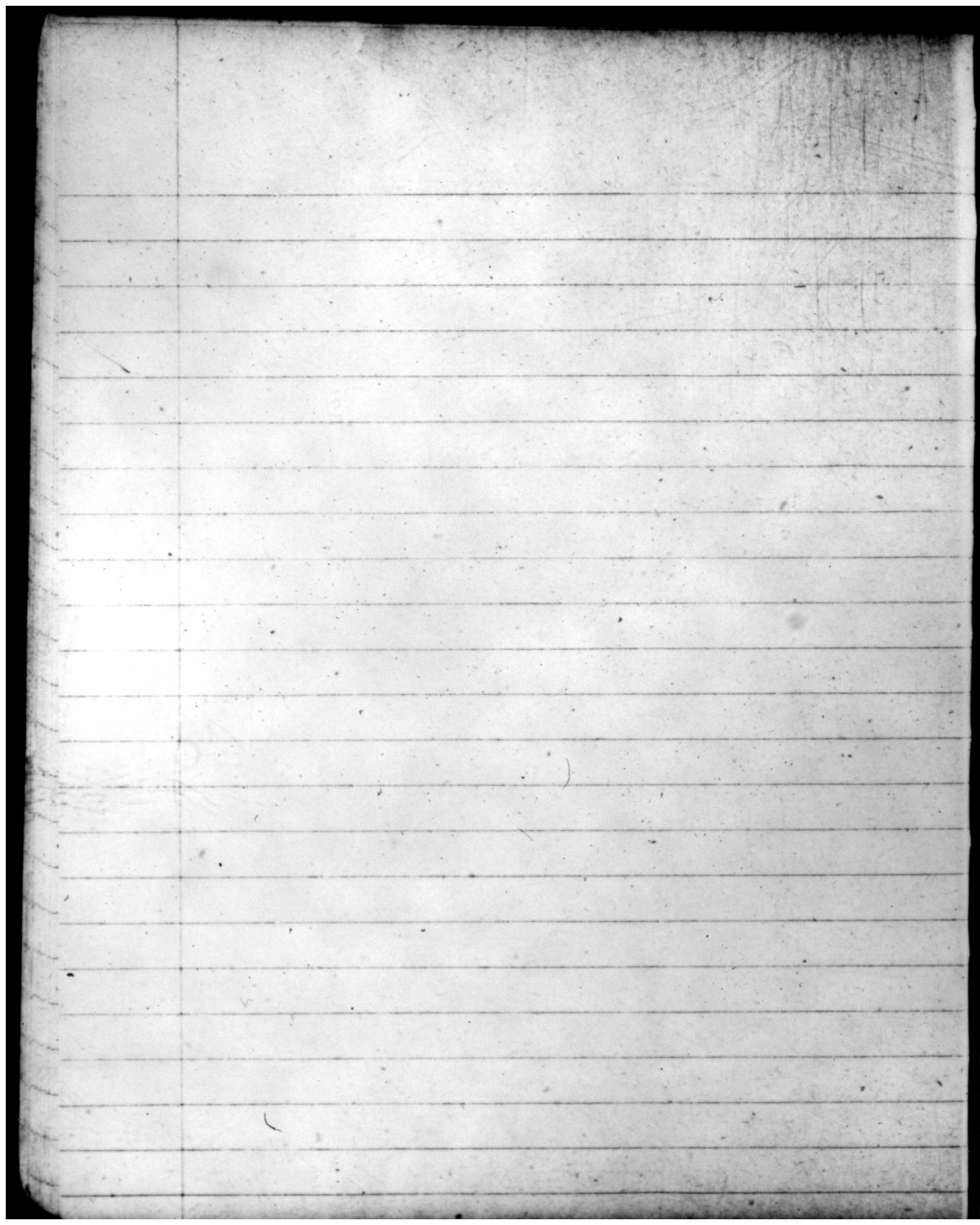
Exaggeration or defect alike  
imply a disturbance of the  
proper ~~harmony~~ harmony of being.



If a man be insensible to the  
charms of beauty, he is callous  
or inadequate; if he flies into  
a rage of appreciation, and commits  
suicide, he is overdoing it.

Further, sanity and good health  
abide this other test; any opinion  
is ~~balance~~ compared with all other  
opinions, and a balance struck.

One man's balance may differ  
largely from another's without  
either being insane; I think  
Augustus John a more important

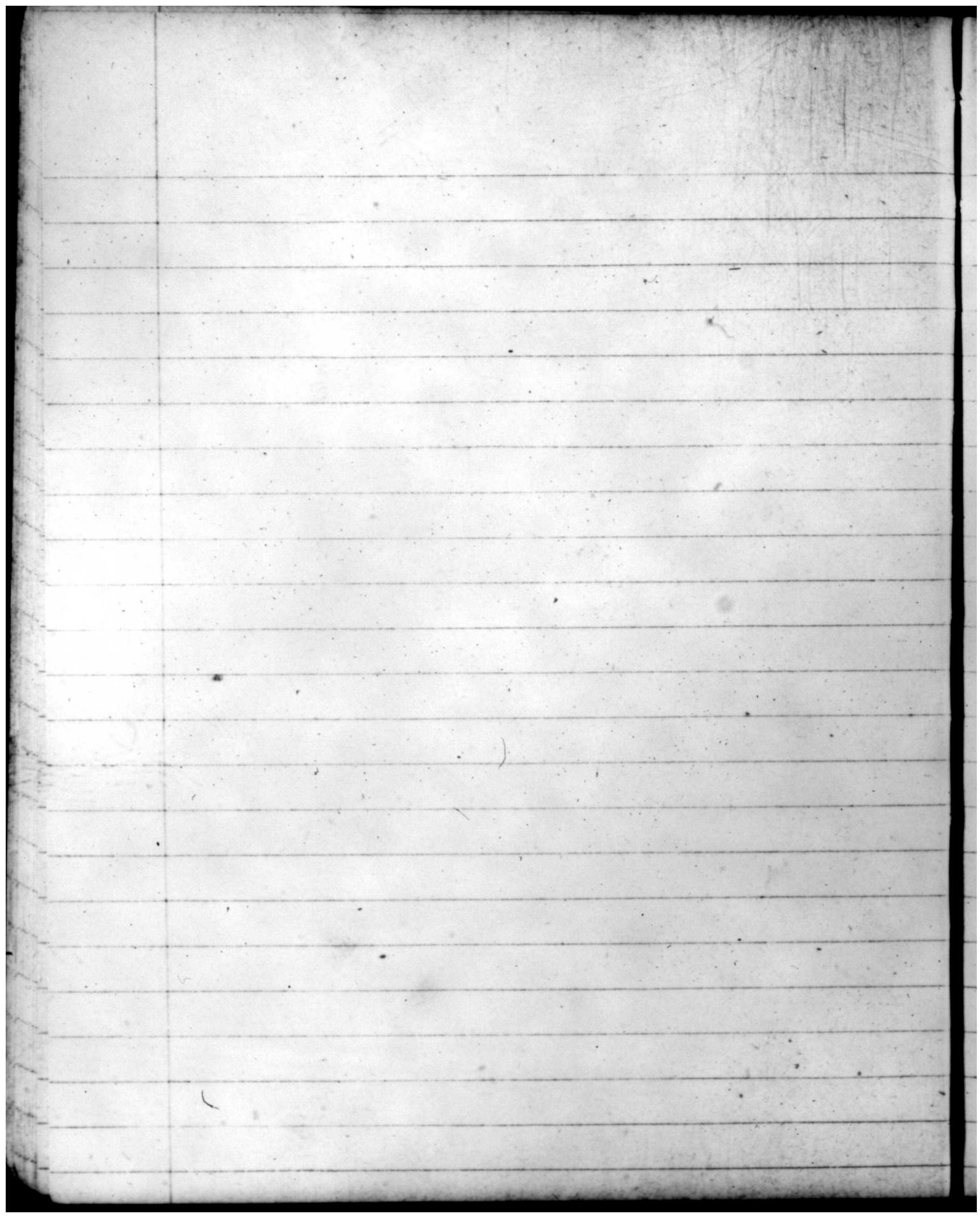




person than any Prime Minister  
that England ever had, because  
you can make a Prime Minister,  
and you can't make a painter.

You may think commerce more  
important than war, cotton  
more <sup>useful to mankind</sup> ~~valuable~~ than oil, a  
strong judiciary more necessary to  
a state than a wise legislature.

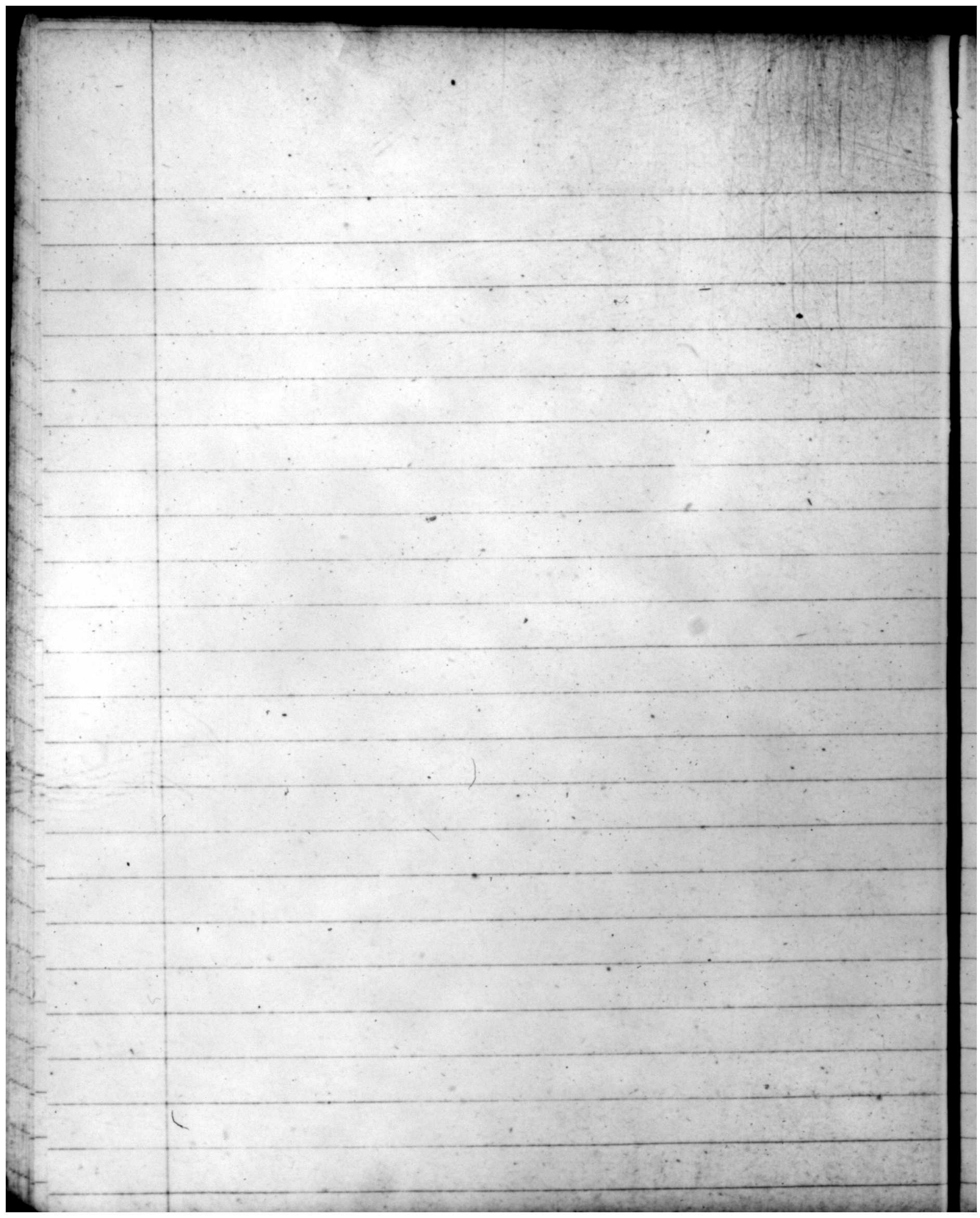
But, if you are sane, you will  
attach at least some value to  
the thing you like less; and if  
you are very sane indeed, you  
will bear with tolerance all



arguments on the other side of  
the question, and keeps a more or  
less open mind.

But there are some people who  
fail to get this balance at all.  
Any bare they may start is run  
to death. There are plenty of  
people about who attribute all  
evil whatever to the Jesuits,  
the Freemasons, the Jews, the  
Germans, the 'black magicians',  
or heaven only knows who.

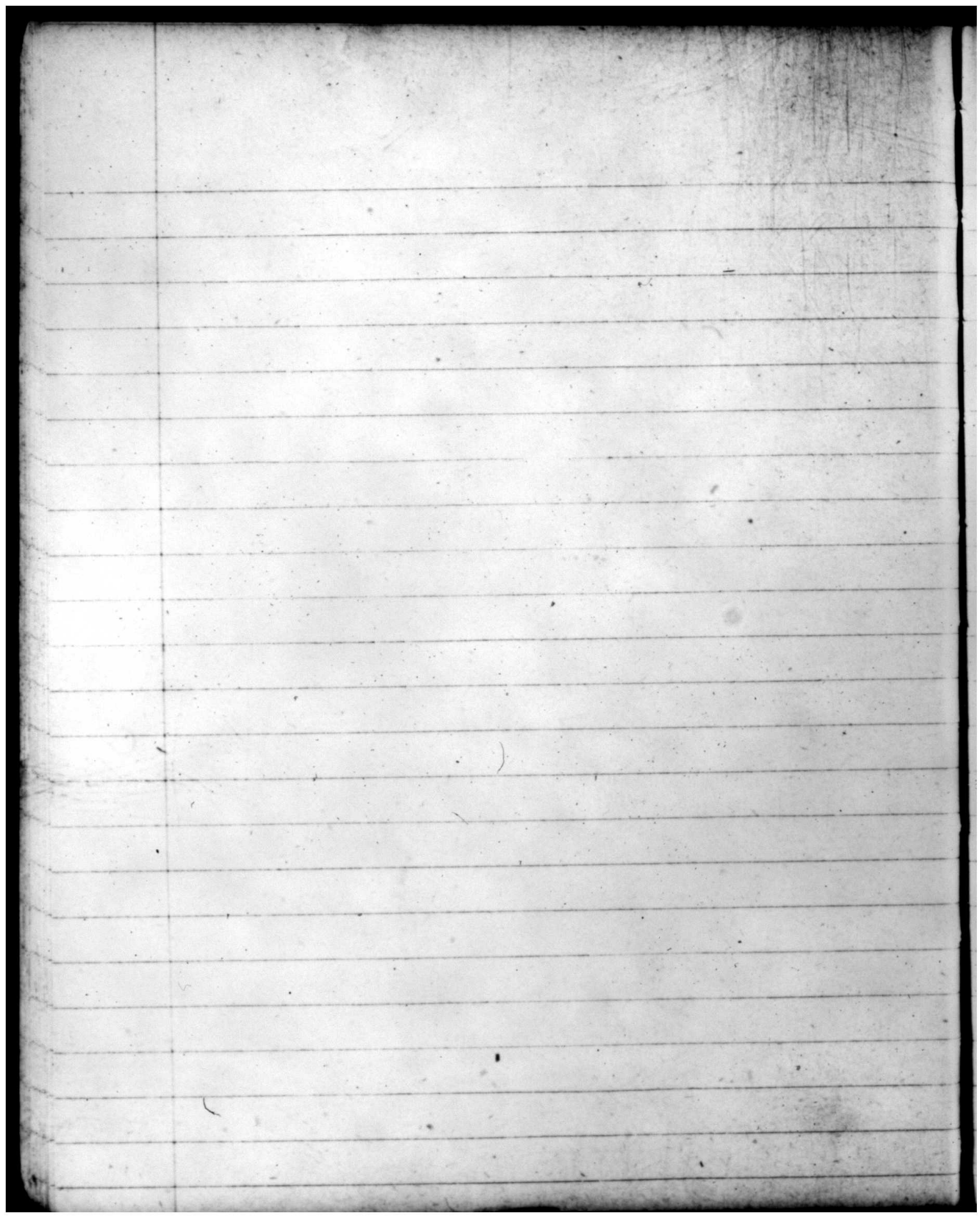
These people are on the track of



persecution-mania; it is only one  
short step to thinking that Mr  
Edison is pursuing you with  
electricity, or that your next-door  
neighbour is poisoning you with  
'mental arsenic'.

This last class is really less  
dangerous to society than the  
other, since the sufferer is at  
least recognized as insane.

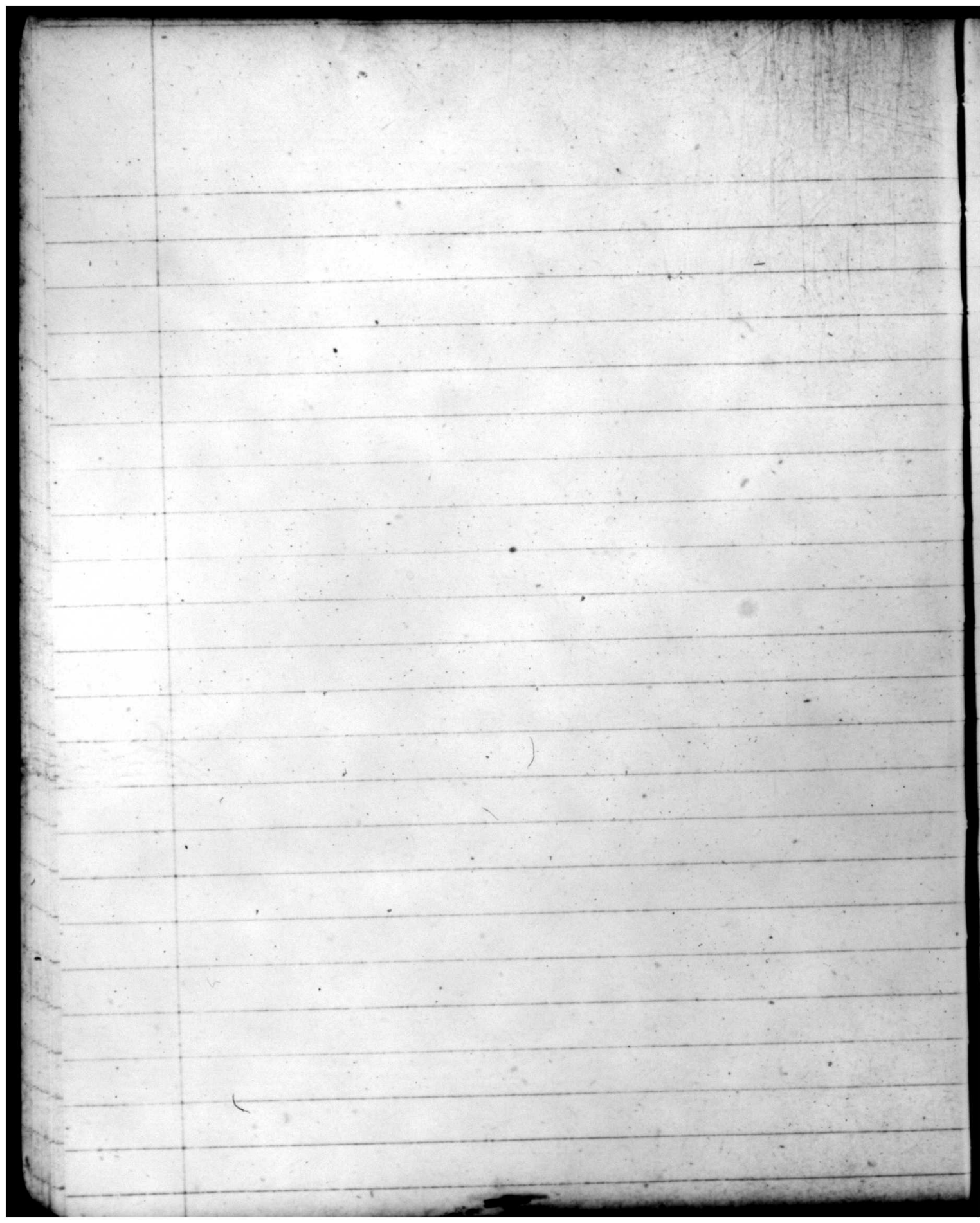
But there is so much truth  
and plausibility in the  
contentions of the 'political maniac'  
as we may call him that his



disease is contagious.

We find people who attribute all that is wrong with the world to a single cause: it may be "irreligion", or "Wronged Womanhood", or the Exchange System, or anything else.

These folks can make out a ~~quite~~ case which it is impossible to rebut. If they would only say "Much evil" instead of "all evil" we could agree with them, or when if we disagreed, we could respect and value their opinion.

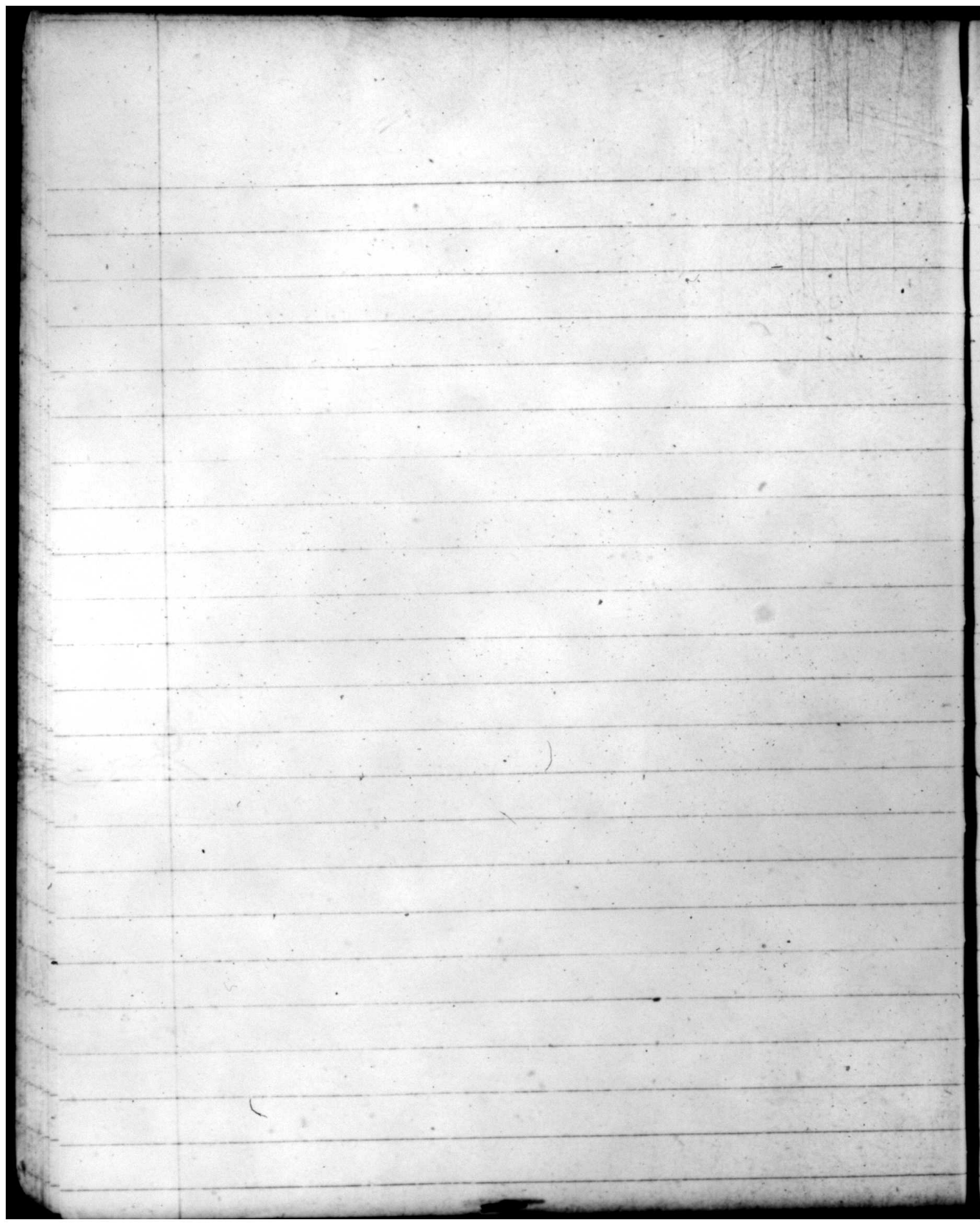




But no sane man can accept  
the monstrous hypothesis that  
one thing, and one alone, is responsible  
for every ill. Nor do the advocates  
of such hypothesis advance their  
cause by the violence of their  
language, their intolerance of  
all other opinions, their impatience  
of contradiction, and their readiness  
to conceive of themselves as martyrs.

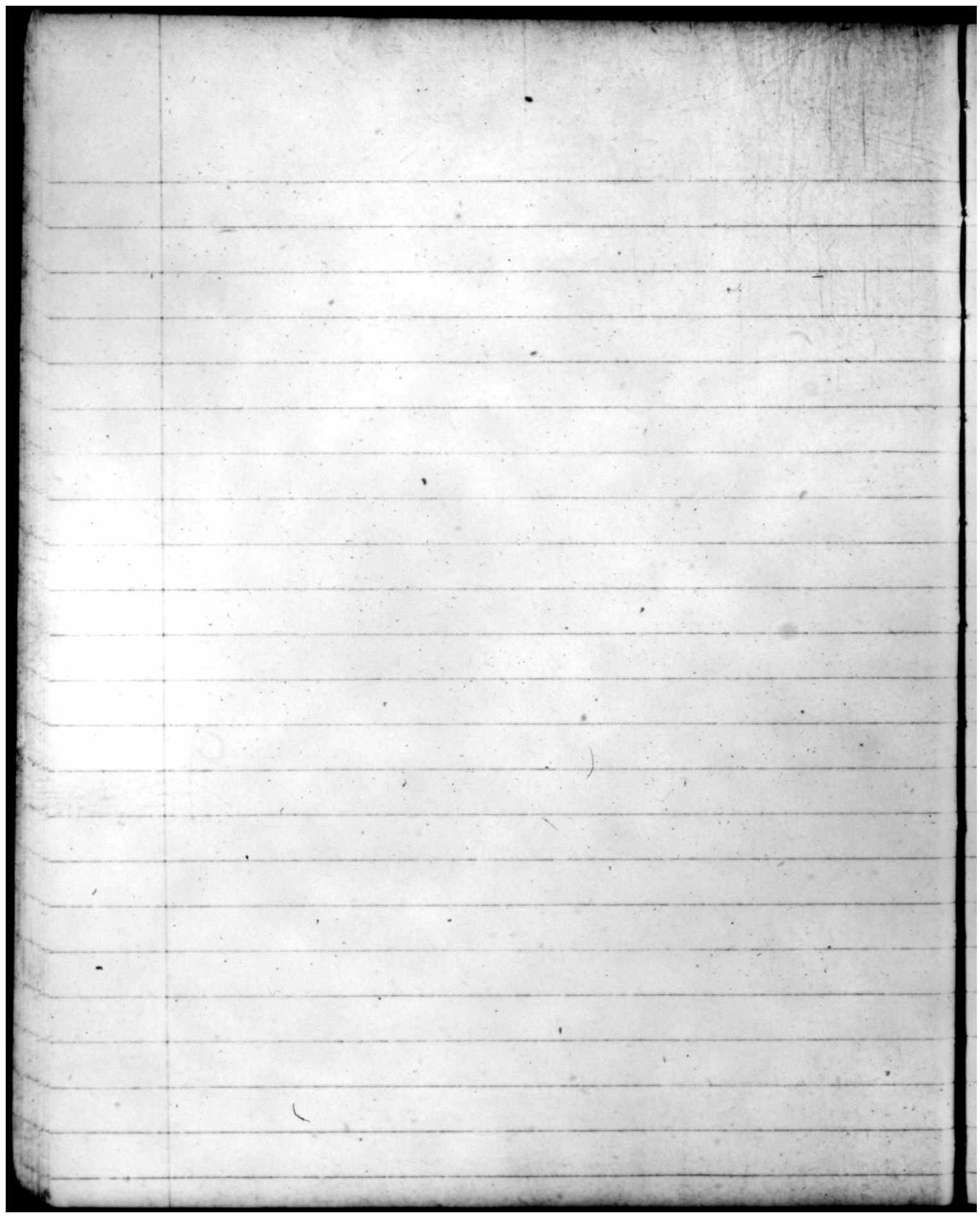
This again is a symptom of the  
most dangerous type of mania.

Dr. Harry Maudsley gives to people



~~rather~~  
so afflicted the name of  
'persecutor - persecuted' - a rather  
chummy term, but descriptive  
enough. Such a person conceives that  
the whole world is in league to  
torment him. God alone is on his  
side, according to him. Then  
surely it will please God if he,  
becoming His prophet, smite His  
enemies, that is, all the world.  
He then proceeds to murder an  
absolutely inoffensive stranger.

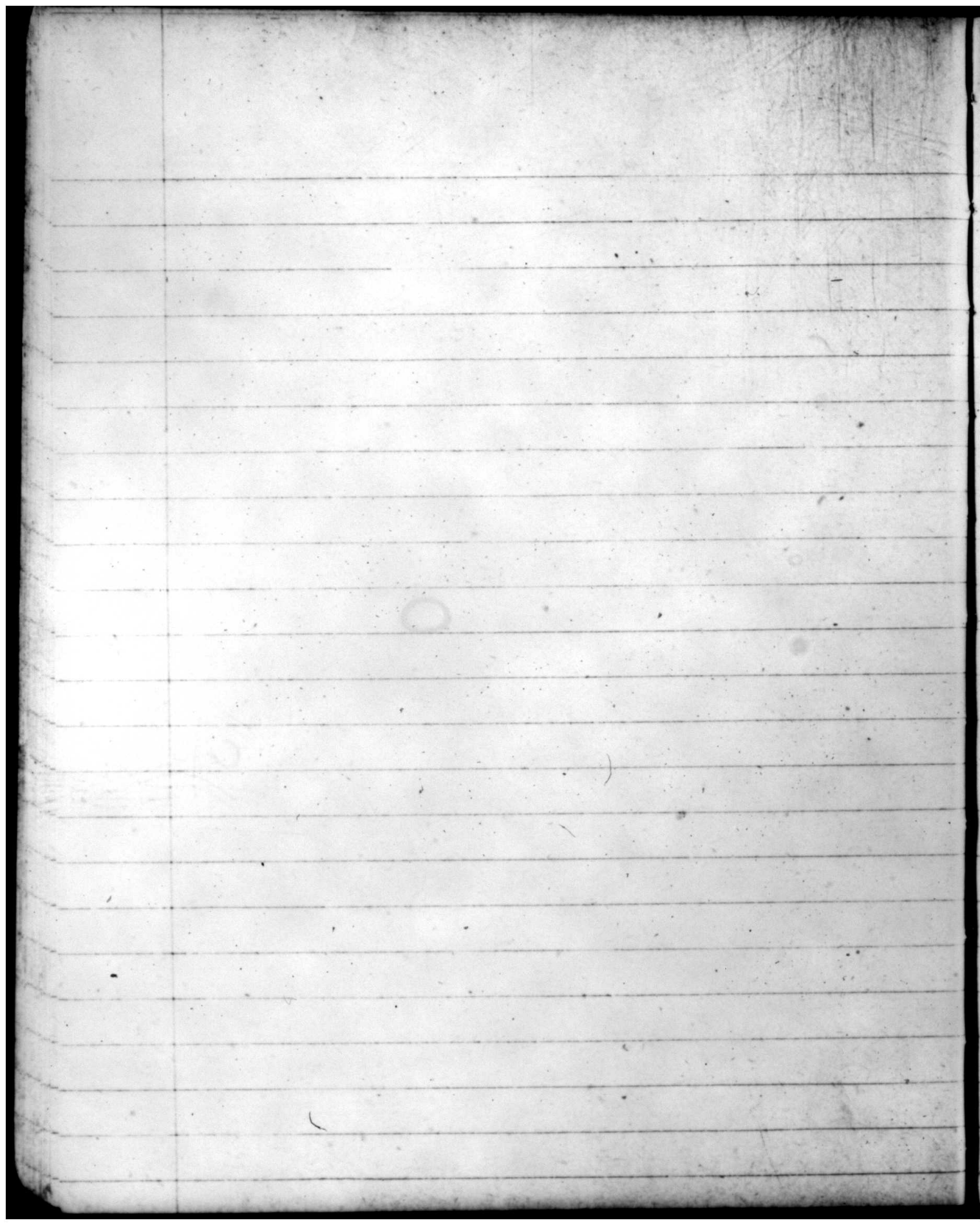
All this may be considered



a development of the typical  
sense of inferiority.

When a good man is beaten in fair  
fight, he doesn't complain. He knows  
he is good; well than if his opponent  
is better still, he is glad to have  
met him. It is a stimulus, an  
incentive; he will work harder  
than ever and reverse the  
verdict on the next opportunity.  
He bears no ill-will.

But the inferior man, when  
beaten, seeks refuge from



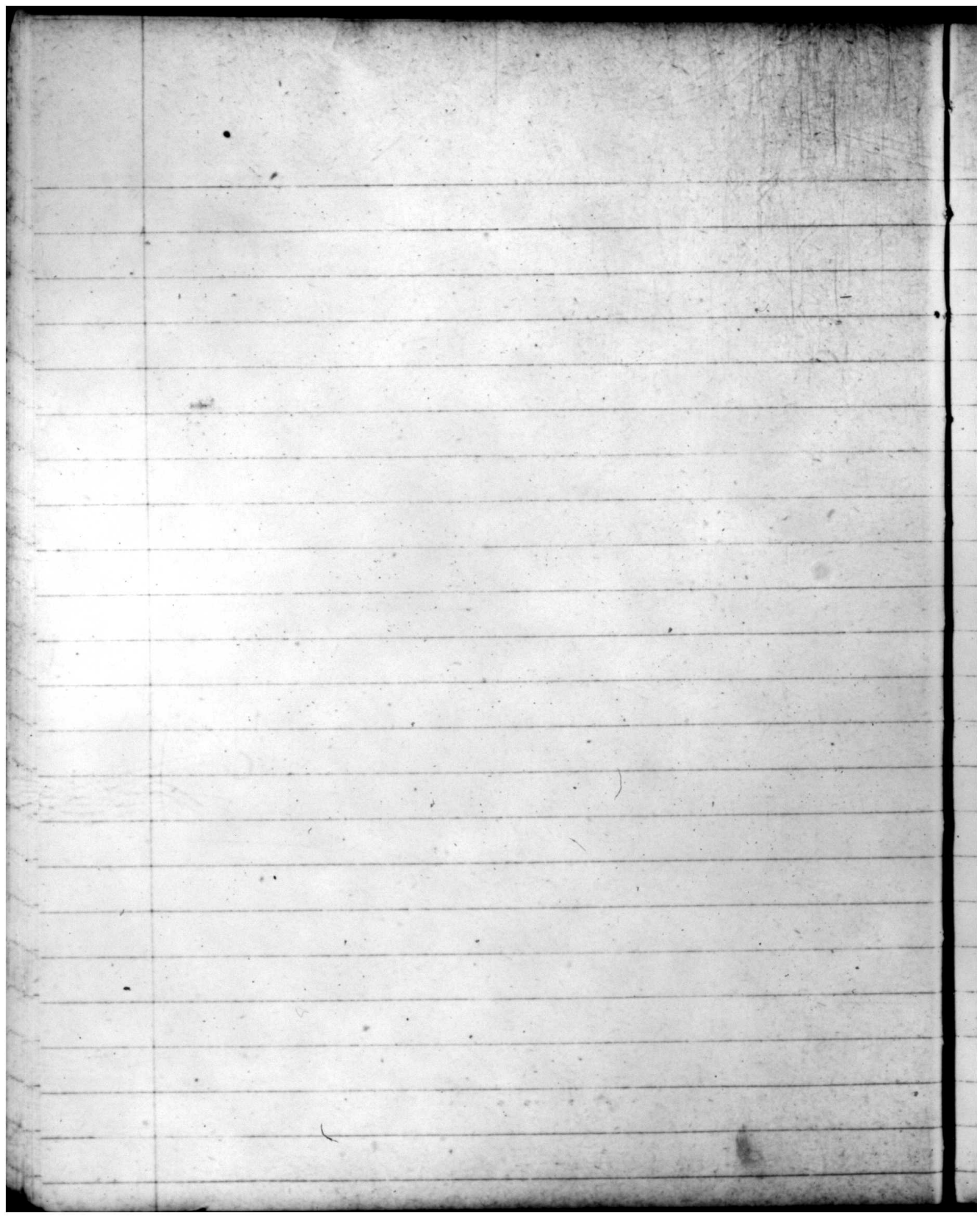
reality. He begins to tell himself  
lies. The other man cheated. If  
he cannot quite dope himself to  
that point, he begins to argue  
about 'luck.' Or he proves how  
he ought to have won, if —

That idea 'ought' is terribly  
popular among people who are  
scuttling away from reality. Often  
it determines the issue; the victim  
decides to claim a 'moral victory.'

"Morality! heavenly luck!

To thee I'll eternally drink!

I'm awfully fond of that heavenly brand,

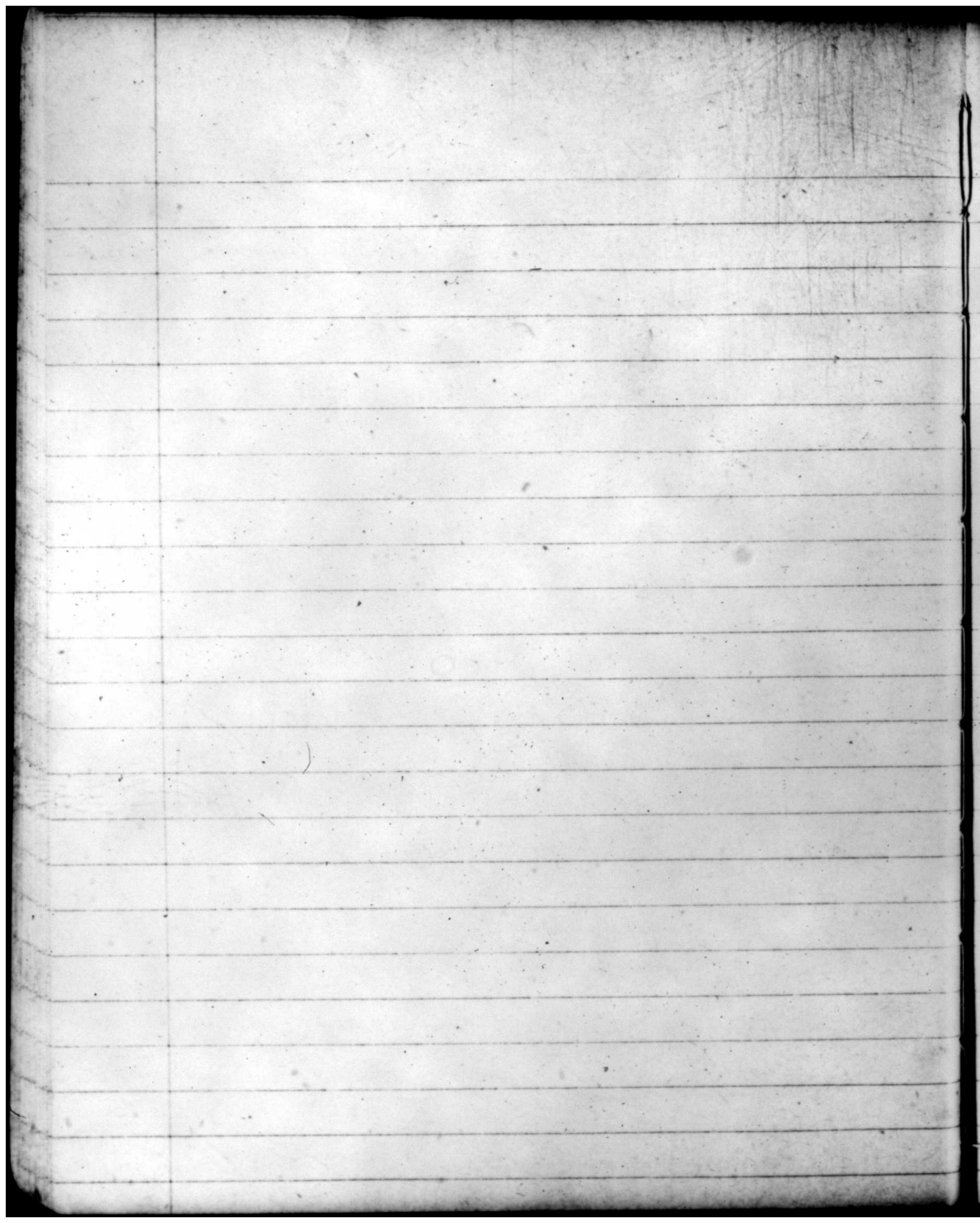




Morality, heavenly luck!

Perhaps the other man did win;  
but he had no business to do so.  
So the man who has failed to  
learn Latin talks contemptuously  
of 'dead languages'; the man who  
has lost a bet denounces gambling;  
the poor man calls all decent living  
luxury and waste, though if he  
came into a fortune, he would  
hoard it or squander it madly.

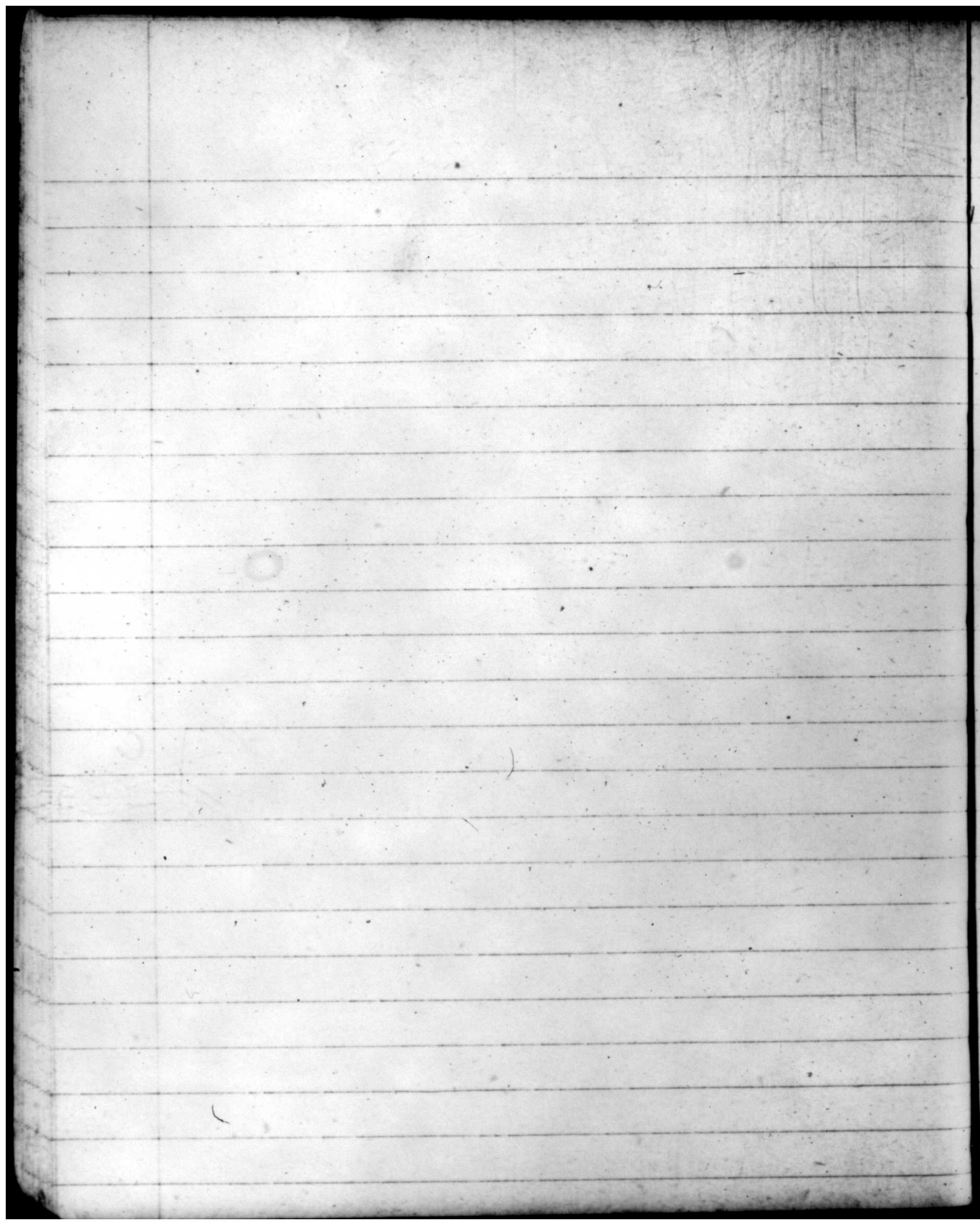
There's much hypocrisy inherent  
in this business of complaining of the  
immorality of the people. It is



a little more than compounding  
"the sins that were inclined to"  
By denning those we have no mind to"  
for this is no question of exculpating  
nearly at the bar of public opinion,  
but of plain envy, hatred, malice,  
and all uncharitableness, excited  
by inability to function.

It is perfectly true that Might is  
makes Right; what is our own 'Right'  
but that which we or our forebears  
imposed by force upon those who  
disagreed?

The Declaration of Independence



didn't convince England, any  
more than Magna Charta convinced  
King John. What is democracy  
itself, but an appeal to the majority,  
an agreement to acquiesce in a  
court of fists? It's all very  
well to be right, but we need  
men to defend the right, or the  
right will suffer.

Consequently, we may assume  
that people who are always  
talking about Right, instead of  
enforcing it, are weaklings.

If an anarchist challenges  
my right to my property, I reply

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That the Law is on my side, and  
that the police and the army and  
navy are ready to defend me  
with their lives. If he makes a  
successful revolution, it is  
through the failure of the physical  
forces on my side; and he in  
his turn will be compelled to  
establish similar forces to defend  
his opinions. In other words, he  
will make a new Law. But no  
amount of fine talk will enable  
him to contract out of the Law  
of Physical Force.

If all men were converted

42  
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81

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If all men were converted



suddenly to 'humanitarian'  
principles, how long would it be  
before the race was swept from  
the planet by some no longer  
checked species of wild animal  
such as the wolf, or even the  
rat, with his beautiful weapon,  
the Plague?

Now the first condition of Liberty  
(as we are told)  
is eternal vigilance, ~~for~~  
~~told~~) but we must add: a  
readiness to fight for the  
rights that we have won.

But if we fight only for those



rights that we ourselves value,  
we shall be split up into a  
thousand sects. We must therefore  
fight for other people's rights as  
for our own. The strong man can  
do this; the weak man, selfish  
and short-sighted, can never  
put the general welfare before  
his own, or even <sup>weigh</sup> the consensus  
of mankind, the testimony of  
history, the opinion and practice  
of the best men, with his  
sod.

We all recognize untristively



That the man who plays personal profit, in business or in politics, while his country is fighting for its life, is as much a traitor as the vilest spy.

What then are the rights for which we must fight? Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We are then to see to it that no man deprives us of these things; if we are citizens of the American Republic, we accept this duty as a prime condition of our citizenship.

This will involve ~~us~~ us in the most altruistic risks. If





a cannibal chief should eat a missionary of a sect abhorrent to me, I must nevertheless go and knock the stuffing out of that chief.

It does not matter what my personal inclinations may be. I may hate football; I may, indeed I must, be ready to resist to the death any tyrant who may try to make me play it; but I must also resist the tyrant who wants to prevent my fellow-citizens from playing it if he chooses.

The only right of restriction



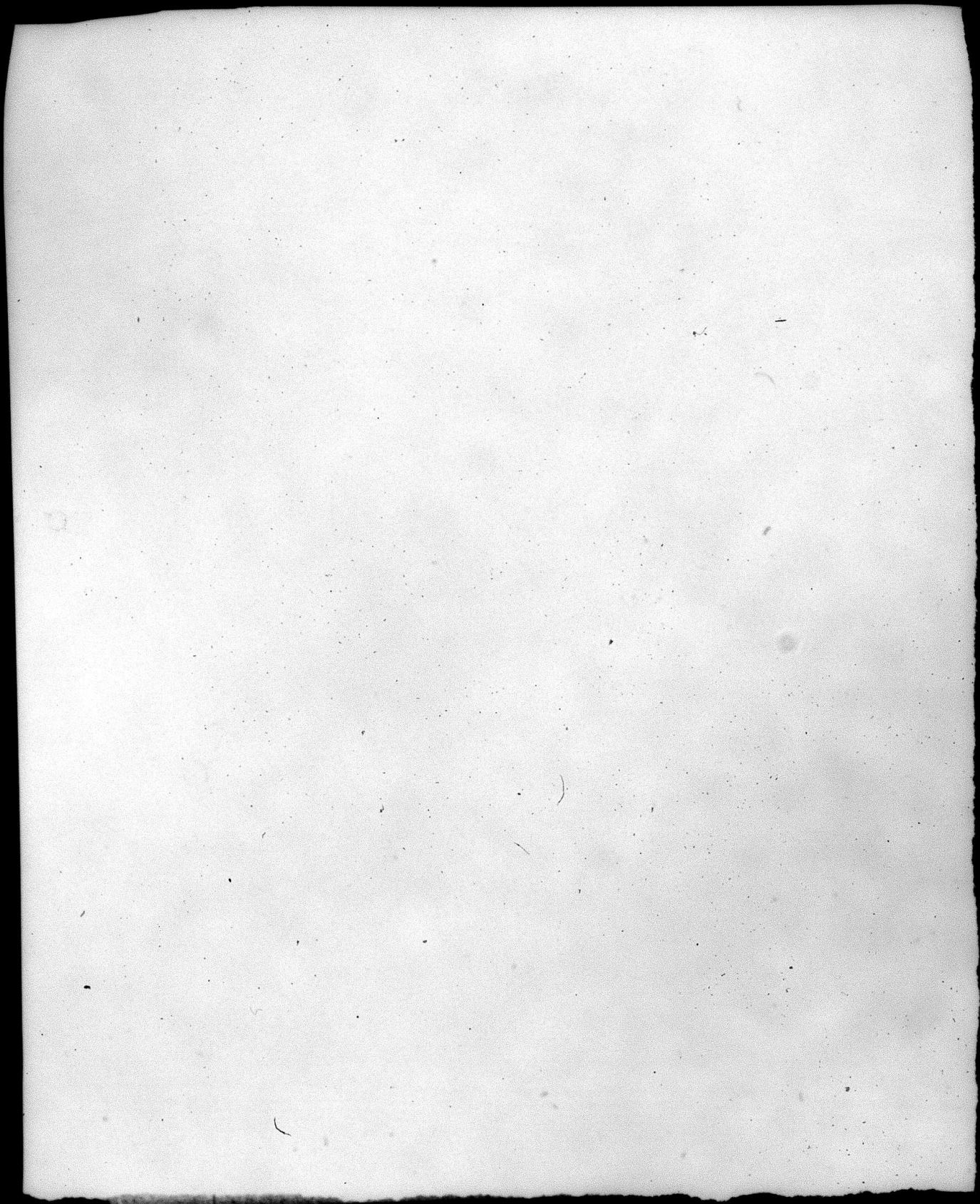
against any man arises when he  
wishes to do something to invade  
my equal right to life, liberty,  
and the P. of H. Thus I may and  
must prevent murder, <sup>unjust</sup> ~~unjust~~  
without due form of law, and all  
actions calculated to interfere  
with my well-being or pleasure.  
I must prevent a man from pursuing  
happiness by spreading disease,  
for one obvious example.

All this is trite; but at present  
there is such terrible danger  
of its being forgotten that it



may as well be repeated.

One of the worst defects of civilization is that the excretory system of nature ceases to function. Society to-day is clogged with special matter, because the weakling does not die. He is not cast out, but remains to infect us. There was a time when a man had to be able to catch a wild horse and ride him, to sleep out in every weather, to feed in what

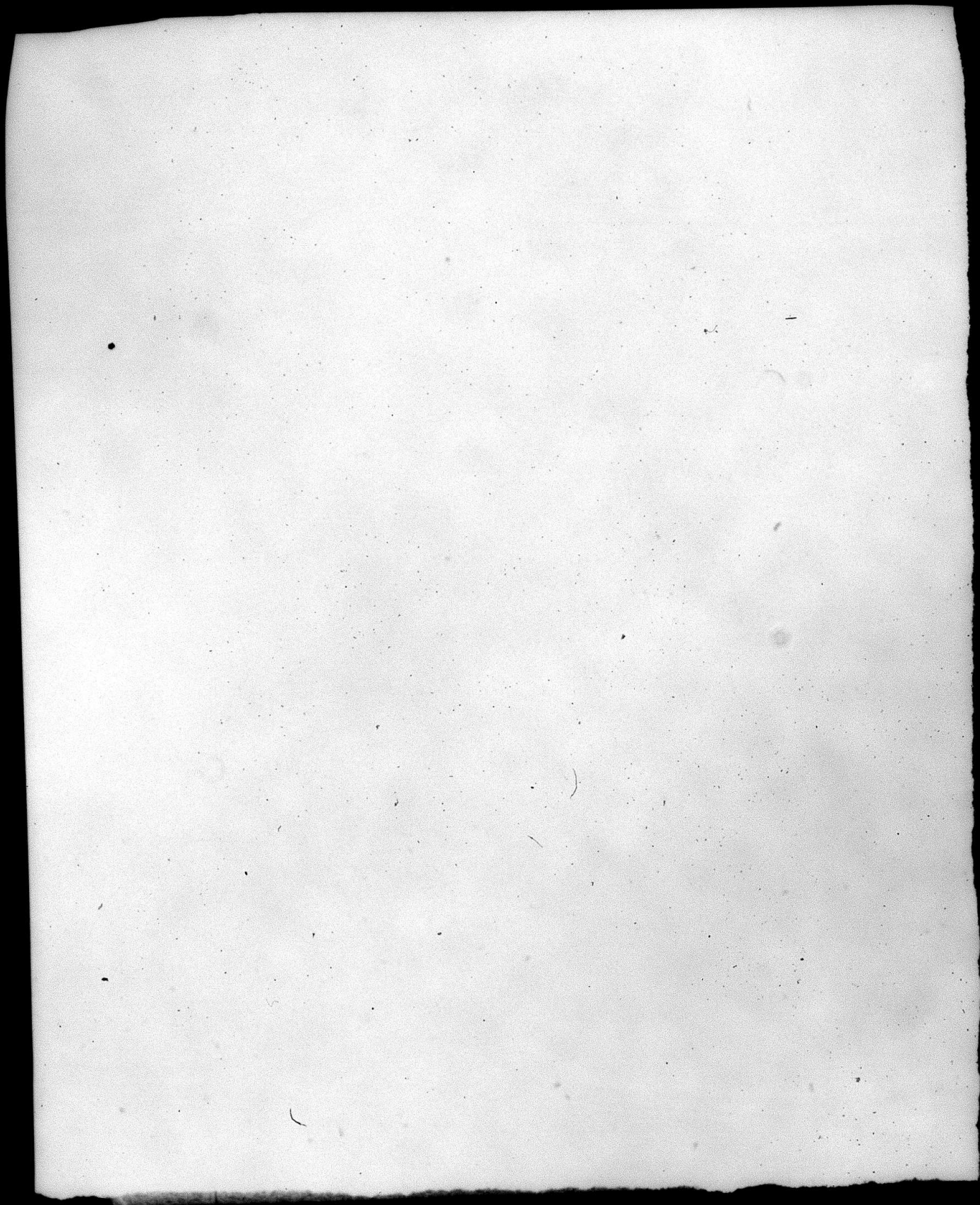


he could kill. If he didn't <sup>succeed</sup> he  
died, and left no heirs to his  
inferiority.

We have made mere living  
progressively easier, and the  
result is that most people would  
be better dead: They live, but  
without being equal to life, joyous  
conquerors of Nature; and all  
they can do is to complain.

They do not even believe in  
strength and beauty any more;  
they have persuaded themselves  
that all men are as weak

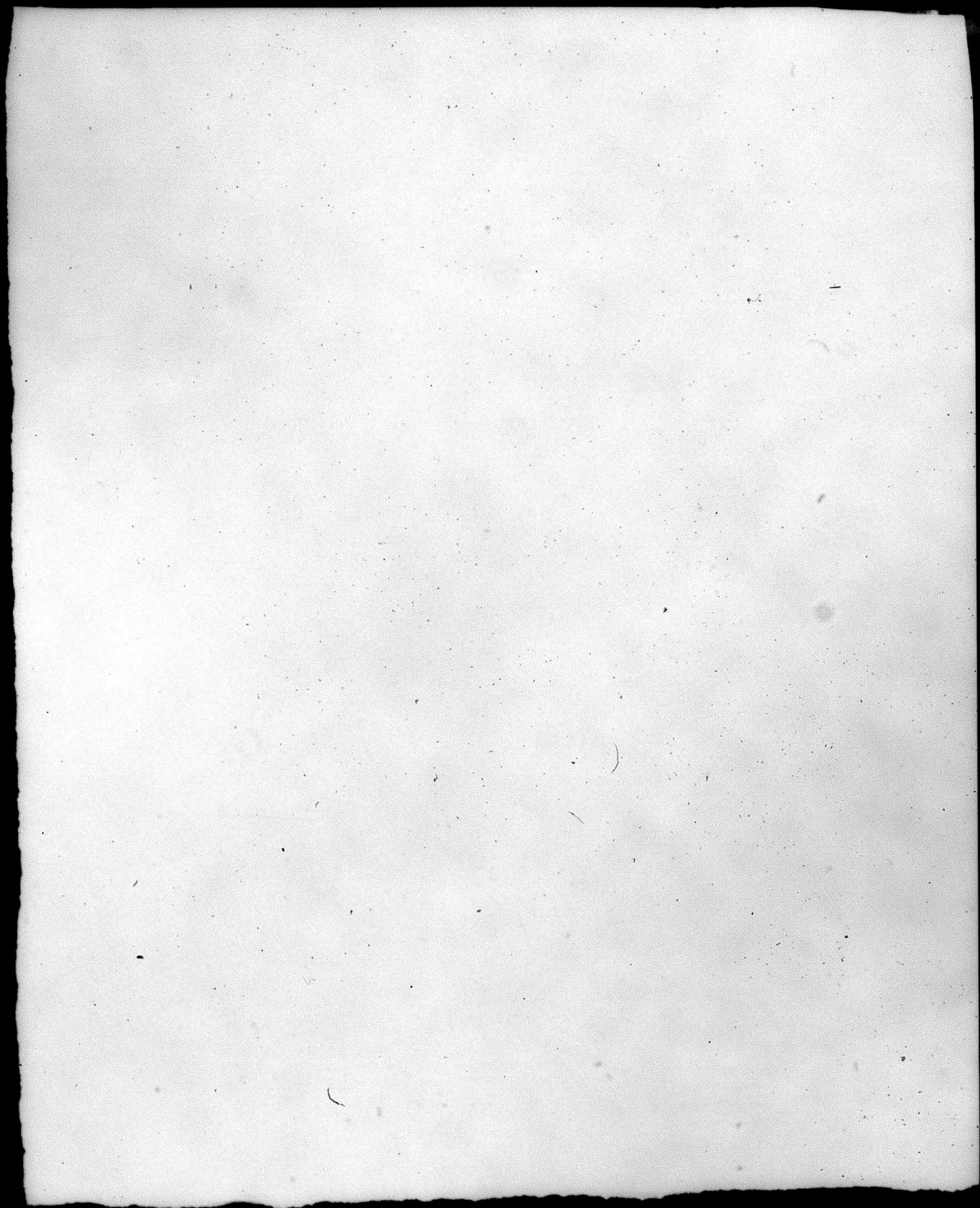




and ugly as they are themselves.

They feel their inferiority so acutely that they are forced to invent a morality - the slave-morality of Nietzsche - and they gnash their teeth to see that the real men, the people who are functioning as they themselves cannot do, laugh at their pretensions.

You remember Aesop's Fable of the Fox who had lost his Tail, and tried to persuade the other Foxes that it was



a great advantage?

But nowadays that Foxe is  
foxier; he tries to get a law  
passed prohibiting Tails.

It is not so ridiculous as it  
sounds; for there are many  
such Foxes about. And  
those Foxes, having nothing else  
to think of but their taillessness,  
may perhaps sneak something  
through when the other Foxes  
are out hunting.

Worse, some of the biggest

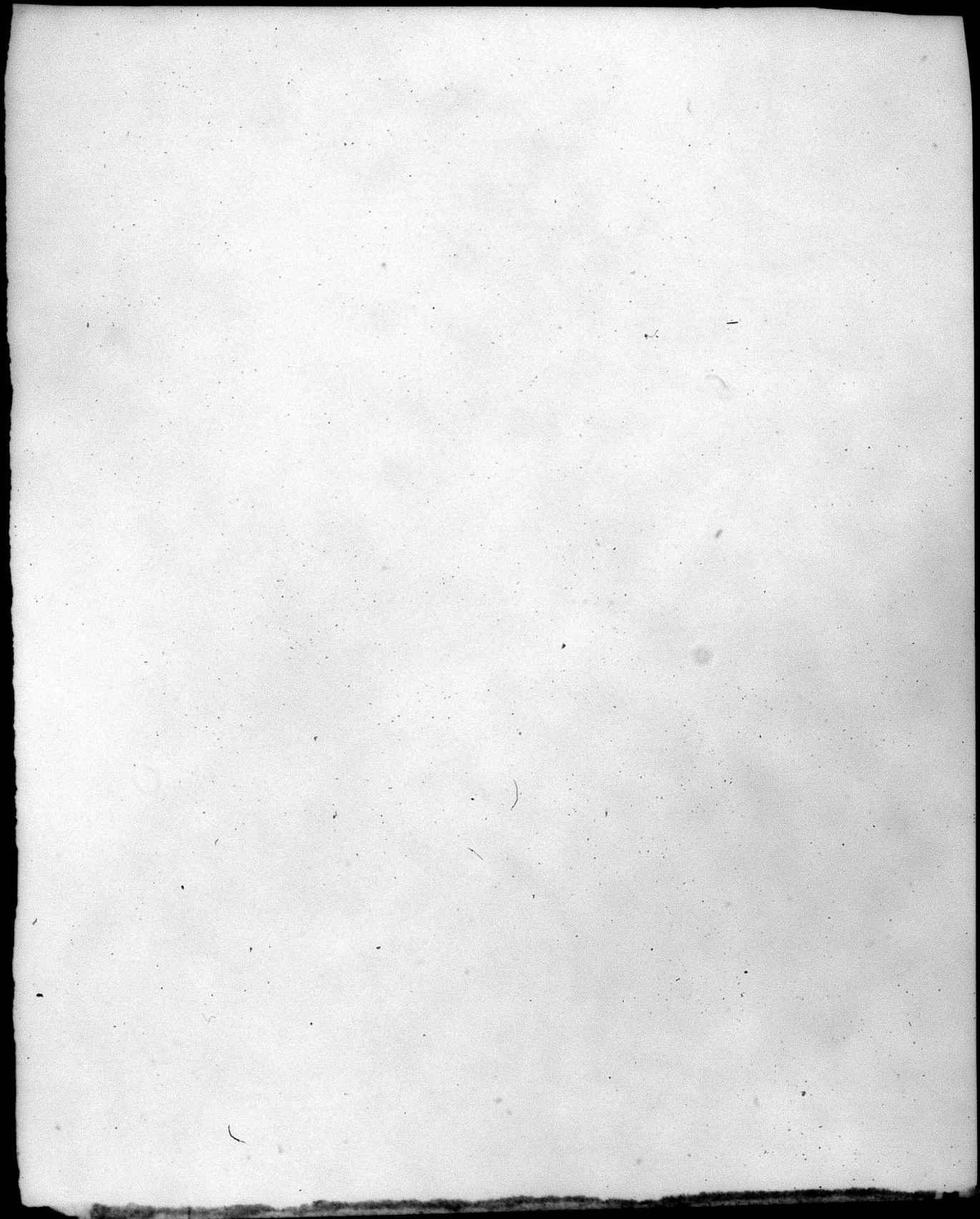


Foxes get to thinking that it  
wouldn't be such a bad thing to  
pass that law, as tending to  
keep ~~the~~ some of the other Foxes  
in their place. They themselves will  
always be able to find a way  
to evade the new Law; for they  
are the biggest Foxes; and indeed,  
some of them are so big that they  
honestly don't mind losing their  
own tails, provided that by so  
doing they can get a bigger pull  
over the poor Foxes who do mind  
very much indeed.



The whole structure of civilization  
is being levelled to the ground by the  
efforts of this ~~or~~ 'persecutor-persecuted'  
type of neurotic. To put one brick  
upon another is so unfair and cruel  
to the lower brick; that is the theory  
to which we are supposed to subscribe  
in the name of Democracy. It is  
unfair to the rest of men to claim  
a woman's love for oneself alone.  
That is modern "Altruistic Morality."  
All appetites are to be condemned;  
we must not ride in an automobile,  
while there are still some who





cannot afford it. And we must not  
walk, because it makes the poor  
cripples feel bad about it.

I have dealt with this theory in  
the most general terms, for it is  
theory that is responsible. But there is  
a particular and imminent case  
of the mania of the persecutor-persecuted  
which has already endangered a great  
part of the liberties of this people,  
and threatens worse things yet.

The man does not surrender his  
ambitions and they encroach the body  
in his body in a shallow grave.

\*  
The murderer then summoned his co-  
complices and they concealed the body  
in his house, hastily in a shallow grave.

and therefore, since they've got  
part of the burden of this people,  
which has clearly endangered a great  
of the mania of the 'Lancaster-people'  
a particular and imminent case  
Henry that is responsible. But there is  
the most-general terms, for it is  
I have dealt with this Henry in  
culpless deed; had about it.  
well, because it makes the hour  
cannot afford it. And we must not

cannot afford it. And we must not  
walk, because it makes the poor  
cripples feel bad about it.

I have dealt with this theory in  
the most general terms, for it is  
theory that is responsible. But there is  
a particular and imminent case  
of the mania of the 'persecutor-persecuted'  
which has already endangered a great  
part of the liberties of this people,  
and threatens worse things yet.

\* The hundreds of them summoned to  
emblics and they entered the bridge  
in the hospital in a shallow grave.

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