

members of this Association now is to this doctrine of mine, that disorder of conduct is the primary ingredient in insanity. Will they scout it as so manifestly absurd as not to be worth discussion, as they scouted it when I brought it before the Educational Committee? or, short of this, will they discuss it, but discuss it with contempt, and unanimously reject it, as they did last time I brought it before the Association? or will they discuss it as a doctrine worth discussion, and be divided in opinion over it? or will they declare that they have always known it and agreed with it; that there is nothing new in it, and that I am making a potter about nothing? That is what I hope to gather from the discussion that will follow.

(<sup>1</sup>) Read at the Annual Meeting of the Association, held in London on July 25th, 1917.

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*Materialism and Spiritualism.* By HENRY MAUDSLEY  
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OF all the consoling illusions which mankind have harboured to irradiate, hearten, seduce and dupe them in their onward way to the perfection, universal peace and brotherhood which they hope and expect to approach, if not attain—after the devastating deluge of this long war for an unknown Divine event is over—none is perhaps more wildly irrational than that of a complete regeneration of human nature, and the coming of a perfect transformation scene on the troubled earth; for all the world as if the method of vital progress which has been since the beginning of life is appointed to come abruptly to a stop, or to be reversed; with the optimistic belief, too, that life shall be thereby exalted and glorified immeasurably. Could the fatuity of egotistic optimism go farther? Was the universe specially created to be a stage on which man—equally with other species and the rest of animate nature—lives, suffers, decays, and dies, might play his transitory part? Was that the illusive goal which at its outset launched it on its transcendental aim and its mysterious career, along which it has groaned since in long protracted travail? Naturally in that matter the devotees of

religion believe the most, hope the most, cry aloud the most ; otherwise their faith might be rudely shaken.

Yet the fond opinion is the fixed belief of many persons who seldom think what they profess to think when they try to think. Holding the traditional age-consecrated opinion, theological and metaphysical, grafted in them in infancy, fostered by education, enjoined by authority, sanctioned by custom of thought and conduct, embodied in the very words of the language they use, they are sure that everybody, whether idiot, imbecile, or man of genius, is a dual being having a material and a "spiritual body" —joint corporeal and incorporeal bodies. They think that the soul has an existence independent of its temporary bodily tenement, which at any moment it may leave at will without thereby suffering harm to itself, nay, in the idiot's case with positive advantage, and that it shall ultimately mount high into the boundless blue—they know not how, and know not where—to rest in unknown regions of everlasting felicity. The peace, happiness, and perfection denied them on earth they are sure will be granted there. Why? Simply and solely because they wish and yearn for such a happy issue out of the afflictions of their mortal lives. Loving life while it lasts, and longing for its continuance, as they needs vitally must, they cannot endure, shrink with aversion from, the unwelcome thought that they may end when they die and turn to dust. Self-preservation and self-love resent and reject the repugnant idea. How, indeed, can they do otherwise? The essential instinct of life is to live ; to lose that instinct is gradually to lose life.

But is that a sure and safe guarantee? The motive force of every conscious activity, that which supplies the impetus, is desire, which is itself unlimited, really illusion, one of Nature's pretty ironies ; the inanity of the particular desire being only seen and felt when it is gratified. Vanity of vanities is then the soberly sad verdict of experience and just reasoning.

Thence, however, it comes naturally to pass that they are eager and pleased to foresee in this greatest, most barbarous and destructive of all wars ever waged, waged too exultantly with all the accumulated gains through the ages of human development, the advent of a new heaven on a new earth. Awe-inspiring and mysterious as the order of events may appear, they are sure that there is no disorder, but that all things shall work well at last for the happy progress of the

human species, which alone of all organic things, though born, grown, decaying, and dying like them, is destined not to perish everlastingly.

Given this belief in an immortal soul and a continued progress of mankind to perfection on earth, the probability, amounting to virtual certainty, is that there will, after the war is over, be a furious recrudescence of spiritualism in its various disguises, its fantastical and fanatical forms, its neurotic vagaries. Materialism, which it is now the fashion and consolatory belief of the theological and metaphysical mind to pronounce quite discredited, though it persistently raises its bruised head, as it always has done, will be utterly scouted as an ignoble, obsolete doctrine; always despicable, and never worthy to have been entertained by noble spiritual beings, constituted and destined to move onwards indefinitely on earth, and upwards eventually to heaven. At all cost of thought the incontestable and grossly revolting materialism of the present war, which has for a time amazed and appalled the minds of the most pious believers in a Divine guidance and direction of the progress of mankind to perfection and bliss, will be dismissed as a passing anomaly or an insuperable mystery.

Is it to be contemplated without dismay that so dire and mortifying an exhibition of barbaric fury, with its detestable atrocities devised deliberately and methodically practised—such a foul eruption of the fund of human nature—should ever be seen again on the now blood-deluged Europe? And *that* by a generation which, having learnt the lesson of a bad and sad experience, will assuredly profit by it? Incredible is the impious suggestion, it will be said. There shall be an early, if not an immediate, regeneration of human nature; Christianity, which for nearly two thousand years has not been truly Christian, and is now sometimes pronounced bankrupt, shall then be vitally Christian; men shall not learn war any more; nations shall with one consent join together in reciprocal services; live in peace, concord, and amity. It is not for frail and erring human thought to appreciate or accuse the hidden ways of Omniscience and Omnipotence: they are past finding out.

Nevertheless, judging the future soberly by the past, and the constitution of human nature being what it essentially is, the exhilarating vision of a vast confederation of humanity stretching from pole to pole is not so bright and fair as the sanguine

optimist would fain have it be. Had the war, fought as it has been, chanced to have been sagaciously predicted, the prediction would assuredly have been contemptibly scouted as the outrageous blasphemy of a madman, or the impious utterance of a fool.

The portentous event was nowise fortuitous nor capricious. It came to pass as a Divine event with mathematical precision from remote, often obscure, yet deeply concatenated causes and conditions, in consequence of the constant, stealthy operation of immutable, rigorous laws; being at bottom just as strictly natural and Divine as the earthquake which ruthlessly overwhelms a city and a whole citiful of its inhabitants. Ought it not indeed to have been justly foreseen by adequately instructed intellect, priding itself on its height of development and past conquests, loudly vaunting its present conquests, sure of their accelerated increase in time to come? Yet men were blind to that which was secretly fermenting, deaf to its menacing mutterings, insensible to the thick darkening clouds, until the sombre brooding storm burst furiously on them.

For the optimistic expectation of a regeneration of human nature there is no reasonable justification in fact. What visible ground of reason, even of well based hope, what shadow of proof in history is there to assume and declare that peace, not war, is the normal and destined purpose of the race in its struggle to advance, increase, and multiply? A settled optimistic faith, it is true, yet optimism is the natural offspring of an enthusiastic temperament, which may after all be of small value, and is pretty sure for the most part to be individually overvalued. As long as nations are not constituted alike—and such sameness is not rationally to be looked for—so long will their constitutional differences have their special developments, these always liable and often likely to come into collisions and collusions, and to breed consequent animosities; whence must ensue conflicts of interest and conduct. Self-interest, latent, open, or disguised, cannot ever be rooted out of human nature; its fundamental impulse is vitally inherent in all its manifold and various activities. It is the essential instinct of vital self-conservation and increase.

Life, be it clearly understood, is *motion*, that its essential nature; wherefore vital stagnation necessarily leads to vital corruption and decay, at any rate on earth, whatever be the case in heaven. Here below unquestionably it is the motion of

vital force which inspires and animates feeling as well as thought, mind as well as body.

For that reason mankind naturally and necessarily believe in progress, which is something never exactly defined. To define the soothing word would be to limit, and the blessing of progress is that it is illimitable. They can always go on expecting to advance, undismayed and undeterred by checks, interruptions, and delays, even by the apparent disorders in the human course. Herein there is nothing for astonishment, nothing for regret, nothing for despair, no reason even excessively to deplore the present devastating war into which nations have madly plunged, and are now heart and soul employed in. The mighty waves of organic being move irresistibly on, notwithstanding impediments, checks, and irregularities, everywhere flooding creek, cranny, cove, bay, and estuary; to ebb quietly back afterwards into the vast main.

Human insight, let it penetrate as far as it can, inevitably comes blindly to a stop; that is the fate of its finiteness. Omnipotence which has created and permitted evil and sin—"shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?"—yet omniscient omnipresence into which sin and evil do not enter! That is the perplexing problem by which the thinker is confronted; one too, that will require all the subtlety of the subtile theological intellect to overcome, should the attempt be frankly and seriously made. To call the problem a mystery and leave the matter there is a disappointing and disheartening procedure, which is inconsistent with a single-minded devotion to truth; it is to shirk it rationally. Just and adequate reflection surely teaches that no one can know evil without at the same time knowing good, nor know good without knowing evil; one word meaningless without the other to give it meaning. Bacon, I think, says somewhere that a mixture of discord in music doth ever add pleasure. In that case, however, the introduced discord must be judiciously timed and ruled; then it becomes a concordant discord which contributes to the general harmony. If that be so, why should not a mixture of evil and good in the universe be the concordant discord which adds to the supreme harmony of "the music of the spheres."

"Such harmony is in immortal souls,  
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

After all is said, the fundamental fact remains that man is a

part of Nature, contained in it, a portion and partial expression of its Divine Omnipotence, derived from and embraced in its mighty unity, controlled by its order in its orderly sequence, and not perhaps so responsible for his deeds as he is prone egotistically to imagine.<sup>(1)</sup> In the unknowable universe or its universal plan is the unsearchable Power, the great Cause of Causes, which directs and guides the incalculable course of events; and for the infinitesimal fraction of it which man is to hazard an exploration of its infinitude (which, truly thought, is really a mere negative word), and to justify its ways to his understanding is to inflate ambition to its utmost height of absurdity: not a less folly than it would be to try to fathom the unfathomable. Is it not in fact as supremely ridiculous as it would be for a microbe to comprehend the human body which it joyfully inhabits? Man's conceit of self, his inordinate vanity, takes too much upon himself, thinks too much of himself; his birth he hails as a benefit and a blessing, his death he fears as an evil and a calamity. Self-centred and viewer of things from that subjective standpoint, necessarily tintured as it is with his passions, interests, and prejudices, he appraises the world too seriously, sees it not clearly and truly; instead of looking on it purely objectively as a transitory scene in which his function is to play his part well, and thereupon to gratify himself, not with the vanity of his personal prowess but with the good work which he can persuade himself he has faithfully done. Let him think to reap only what he has rightly sown; in no case will he fail to reap what he has sown.

Haply and happily then may be justified the soothing saying that the *vox populi* is the *vox Dei*, which, be it so or not, is the voice of might and right, if not of what men from their finite point of view think and call justice; seeing that things come to pass inevitably by necessary laws and cannot be other than they are, Nature knowing neither good nor evil, nor sin, nor virtue; moral or immoral be its course according to finite or relative notions, the infinite and absolute "Power above" will surely at last bring the painfully prolonged and confused travail of the long-suffering race to an end on earth, when the anticipation of its perfection in heaven will no more be needed, yet may be devoutly embraced by pious souls. Blessed they then in their bliss if desire has not proved to be a delusion. This is a thought which, though it concern him not now, may be offered

as a soothing balm to the painful pilgrim in his sore travail of toil, suffering, and sorrow through this mortal vale of tears, "and the miseries of this sinful world," from which he gives Almighty God thanks when death mercifully delivers him.<sup>(3)</sup>

What now is the final question to be answered by dispassionate and impartial inquiry? The question is rightly twofold: firstly, whether the doctrine of materialism is defunct, as spiritualists would fain have it be, and persuade themselves it is, or dormant only in a state of suspended animation; secondly, whether the doctrine of spiritualism, when closely scrutinized, and made definitely intelligible to clear thinking, differs in essence from materialism. Is it not at bottom perhaps a difference not of things but of names only? The rose remains what it is though it be called by any other name.

As regards the doctrine of materialism, the vulgar opinion, that also of many persons who think themselves much wiser than the vulgar, is that of a lump of coarse and apparently passive and inert matter, a clod of clay, of lump of lead, or the like; which is an absurdly inadequate and quite false notion. They do not realize that matter is made up of molecules, that molecules are made up of innumerable atoms, and that in every atom there are countless electrons or ions ever whirling with inconceivable rapidity in the most subtile and yet most potent motions. They are uninstructed, do not observe, take no thought of what is hourly or daily before their eyes. Were they thoughtfully to watch the alert, active, untiring—yet then comparatively slow and sluggish flight—of a fly on a summer's day, and justly reflect what a source of latent energy its activities within the compass of its small body imply and signify, they might form a truer notion of what materialism at its deepest bottom actually is. For their lack of observation and thought they have no excuse and are rightly to blame. An appropriately imposed penalty on their thoughtless indolence might be to be tormented on a hot summer's afternoon by the pertinacious persistence of the fly, when they would gladly go to sleep, or worse still, when lying prostrate on a bed of mortal sickness, though sensible enough to feel the irritating annoyance, to be similarly pestered.

Thus much concerning materialism as it is in its inmost reality, not in the ignorant conceit which looks only on the surface of things.

Next, as regards spiritualism, what does the word mean when the reality is closely studied, not the mere name loosely used? Is there no sort of substance in the postulated soul begotten on body by body on earth in animal fashion? Is it motion entirely without form and void? To think on it as something real it is surely necessary to grant it some measure of substance, be that ethereal only. And if so, how does its extremely attenuated fineness—its subtilised, rarefied, and perhaps ultragaseous condition—really differ from the exquisite fineness of the most subtile material motion? Spiritualism as a living thought, a substantive idea, and materialism in its deepest sense at bottom—do they not mean the same thing, signify the same reality? To say so might not offend tender prejudice were men not slavishly—or sometimes it is to be feared knavishly—to treat names as if they were things. Let them, by way of considerate, if not compassionate, trial, deign to condescend to lower thought and to acquiesce in the use of the expressions *spiritualized matter* and *materialized spirit*, and leave the matter there. Labyrinths enough there are in which they may find a more hopeful and promising prospect of exit. Alike beyond comprehension in the end are the infinite beneath and the infinite above. True thought ought to teach men that all nature is one, nothing in it single; that is the basic fact. Its fundamental unity includes the human soul, which, during its mortal existence, at any rate, is part, portion, and partial expression of it. To disrupt this fundamental unity would be to upset the entire order of nature, to destroy the value of all human aspiration, feeling, and thought, to make a chaos in the mind.

Certain it is in that case that there would be a gratuitous and confounding breach of the continuity of nature in its progressive development. Its observed course manifestly is, through all its multifarious and multitudinous differentiations, to more complex and higher unities of organic matter; that is the inherent tendency of the ever-aspiring vital force, the *conatus fendi* of Spinoza, which now as *elan vital* is hailed as a new idea—the very essence of its being. Upwards and ever upwards it strives and rises to make separate parts and even individual mortals into more complex social unities: from the single family to detached and loosely scattered wandering families, from them to the tribe, from the tribe to the nation, from the nation eventually, it is presumed and



hoped, to universal brotherhood of the various alien races: differing in race, colour, and creed. How rightly understood this progressive evolution of organic evolution unless strict and close account be taken of the fundamental invisible material energies, ever inconceivably active, deep down beneath all manifestations of visible energy? It is surely lawful and right, nothing else than an indispensable condition of fruitful thought, carefully to study and truly apprise the value of the infinitesimally minute forces of invisible matter.

Few are the persons, prescient and precious rarities in the world—not two perhaps in two or ten thousand—who have sufficiently studied nature and are fully apprised of physical causes, or of the effects they must necessarily produce. As Spinoza justly insisted—“No one can understand this distinctly (the union of body and mind) unless he first adequately understand the nature of the human body. He remains in that case ignorant how far the powers of nature extend and what its capabilities are.”

Few persons again—happily for them—sufficiently realize how great is the tyranny of the particular social system in which their lot is cast. Let the reader frankly ask himself if, had he chanced to live in Dahomey or other barbarous country, he would not have conformed to its savage and sanguinary “customs” rather than have been put to a cruel death? “Custom doth make cowards of us all.”

Furthermore, were he a minister of religion in a particular sect, dependent in it on his stipend for a livelihood, would he not, in his own interest, repeat its formulas, and conform to its doctrines and ceremonies, although all the while perhaps thinking them silly? Yes, probably, and thereupon practise all the arts of sophistry, subterfuge, and prudent reticence to prove to himself that he was doing right.

Prejudice by selective affinity craves and lays hold of that which nourishes and fortifies it. Then it is apt to become a vice, which is not unlikely to be deemed a virtue by its owner. The person likes to be deceived, likes to deceive himself, and is by natural law deceived—*vult decipi decipiatur*.

Interweaving here a brief but not unrelated interlude with regard to a class of minds not unlikely to start or join in the crusades of spiritualistic revivals, it is incumbent not to overlook or under-rate the value of the work done by the minor prophets or

passionately inspired enthusiasts, whom common opinion probably looks upon as narrow-minded fanatics, faddists, or fools. Yet in time, when groups of them are gradually formed, their fiery zeal penetrates and usefully affects the stolid mass of indifference, and the flaming zealots are seen not to have been merely shrill shriekers, quite futile in their day and generation. As matter of fact, they are not so much resented and repelled by the average person as is the man of great genius, who lives a life apart and aloof from their narrow enthusiasms; they are in congenial sympathy with the apathetic mood of their like-minded and like-feeling fellows; whereas he is not understood, seems alien, hostile, remote when he appears, perhaps wholly antipathic, and is deemed a social or anti-social, or, at any rate, is called unsocial. The existing social environment cannot abide him if he will not conformably admire its structure and functions and become subservient to them. As he is thus isolated, it is prone to excommunicate him, which is literally to cast him out of the communion. When he does rarely from time to time appear, all the common people join in common consent to make common cause against him; you may know him then, as Swift said, by that token. All the dogs join in unison to bark at him. He goes where no one has gone before, and where no one goes near him for a while. In due season, however, others, with slow and stumbling feet, tread in his footsteps.

Manifestly the problem of the origin of life on earth, among other problems which most persons pronounce insoluble, cannot be solved so long as men neglect or ignore these fundamental energies of matter, ethereal or quasi-ethereal matter. Here, as with other mysteries, although silence is imposed by saying that the oracle has spoken, it is right to recognize and bear in mind that it is those who know least who are always most sure that a problem is insoluble and would bar more inquiry. History is full of instances of problems which our less-instructed ancestors in their day thought insoluble, but are now commonplaces of knowledge. Silenced by the Roman Inquisition Galileo was forced to recant. Pope Gregory excommunicated as blasphemers and atheists those who accepted the discovery that the earth moved in its orbit round the sun. Descartes even found it prudent to leave France and die in a foreign country. There is no real difficulty among adequately instructed persons, who do not treat words as things, in foreseeing a discovery of the

probable mode of origin of life on earth, where somewhere at some time it did naturally emerge from the maze of material forces and conditions, and perhaps secretly emerges now. The plain trend of advancing scientific research and thought is towards that desired achievement. Although man did not invent life, he need not despair of finding out how it was invented. Nature is not yet barren; it has many resources, will make many experiments and inventions, will effect probably new developments, before it fulfils its aspirations and accomplishes the will of its destiny.

Picture it, think of the disastrous spectacle which is presented to rational thought by those who, sure that life cannot have originated naturally, believe that there was once a sudden breach in the continuity of natural law, in order to bring life miraculously from above into the world, and what the statement really means. Were the law of gravitation suspended for a single instant would it fare well with the constitution of the universe? Were the laws of thought in the human mind put a stop to for a time—laws which after all only reflect more or less clearly and distinctly so much of external nature as each mind, whatever its structure, is constitutionally capacitated to come in contact with—what would become of human reason and sensible conduct?

What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? That the expected recrudescence of spiritual speculations and extravagances is not fated to kill materialism. It would be a pity indeed if they did, seeing that man, whatever his inmost composition, is undoubtedly a largely material compound. Let him strive to his utmost by all the self-inflicted sufferings and penances of a rigorous asceticism, as ascetic fanatics have done in cold comfortless cells and dreary deserts, by unwholesome gropings into his own overfostered and overstudied feelings, by frequent and fervent prayer to eradicate the lusts and affections of the flesh, the flesh still remains; in no case can he deliver himself from "sin, the flesh, and the devil," any more than he can get out of his own skin: his component elements have ever retained and must ever retain their properties and functions. Indisputable therefore is the truth that the deepest bottom of nature is matter; spiritual theories, be they fanciful and foolish, or well founded and wise, being at last emanations from the whole bodily self. "Conceived in sin," as he is taught, he must

suffer its effects. Nothing has the immortal soul during its mortal mission on earth ever felt or thought into which the body has not vitally entered, and the functions of which it has not strictly determined. Severed from the body in heaven it must surely be another self, happily oblivious there of its former discarded self and its deeds under the sun. When all is said, the salvation of an individual soul by constant devotion and sole service to its welfare, now that theological religion is becoming social and merging gradually into a religion of humanity, is seen to be a selfish and antisocial procedure.

A final materialistic conclusion which may deserve to be pondered is that insensible and most subtile *rhythms* probably pervade and perpetually affect the entire body. By them is the harmony of its parts and a graceful whole maintained. It might indeed be profitable work to try to make practical use of their insensible operations in order to maintain the health and grace of the body. It is not the body's visible joints only, those of fingers, trunk, and limbs, which ought to be kept supple by fit, regular exercises, but all the insensible rhythms might be put into exercise, so far as possible; which is not perhaps so utterly impracticable a business as at first sight it appears to be. As attention to a disturbing sensation or a positive pain notably augments it, so may the infraconscious, insensible rhythms affect the particular muscle, organ, or selected part on which attention is specially concentrated.

The suggestion will not be worthless if it excites reflection on the underlying, ceaseless, subtile bodily motions which go on below consciousness. Consciousness, let it be emphatically stated, is not itself an energy, nowise an imagined entity which does work, as commonly said or implied; it is an index only of the underlying energy. The best work of the truly inspired poet, artist, writer, person of genius of any kind, is done in secret physiological depths, silently implicit; its silent gestation, its actual creative function, is done unconsciously. He may cackle with announcing delight, like the hen which has laid an egg, after he has produced his egg, but he is not in the least aware how the egg was formed. It has now become necessary for the psychologists to make large use of an infraconscious mind, into which receptacle they put what they like and draw out what they like to do the work which the conscious mind does not do; they may therefore in due time realize that consciousness is not a

working entity but an index of the material work silently done by the brain.

(<sup>1</sup>) As Wordsworth taught in the familiar lines, which the mystically ecstasized witnesses to a soul are never tired of quoting:

"The soul that riseth with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar:  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
Nor yet in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come."

And similar quotations might be multiplied, *e.g.*,

"Soul of the sparrow and the bee,  
The mighty tide of being comes  
Through countless channels, Lord, from Thee.  
It springs to life in grass and flowers,  
Through every grade of being runs,  
While from creation's lofty towers  
Its glory flames in stars and suns."

I quote from memory, which is not what once it was, but in the main, I believe correctly.

(<sup>2</sup>) "We give Thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world, etc."—*Burial Service of the Church of England*.

*The Orientation of Human and Animal Figures in Art.*  
By J. BARFIELD ADAMS, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., M.P.C.

PROLEGOMENA.

Mlle. JOSÉFA IOTEYKO in her learned articles on *La Théorie Psycho-Physiologique de la Droiterie*, which were published in the *Revue Philosophique*, June and July, 1916, and of which an epitome appears in this number of the Journal, quotes largely from the works of Mlle. V. Kipiani, an enthusiastic educational reformer, who advocates a certain method of reading and writing, the object of which is the avoidance of unnecessary eye-strain. The method, which is fully described in the epitome, is not new. It is simply the boustrophedon mode of writing employed centuries ago by the Ancient Greeks, and abandoned by them for the method which is now used by European nations.

Carried away by her enthusiasm, Mlle. Kipiani has made certain statements with regard to the orientation of children's drawings, and of the figures in the pictures of ancient and modern artists, which appear upon careful examination to be incorrect.