

An American Expert Cuts Loose

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ness. His mother has read it in a book, and Mother always knows best. Now she is worried:

"There must be some cause for Billy's poor appetite. And that cause must be hidden somewhere in his body. Could it be that his stomach is too small to accommodate even a little bit of food? Is it possible that even that miniature stomach has gone on shrinking from lack of occupation? Is there something wrong with his glands? Mother does not exactly know which glands, but she knows that 'the glands' have been blamed for everything from Hitler's moustache to her indolent sister's prodigious circumference."

Wouldn't you be worried if your darling would not take one spoonful more for you, or for his daddy, or for Santa Claus, or for Little Red Riding Hood, or even for Mr. Churchill?

"Stories are told, the piano is played, bells are rung, Father makes funny faces, Mother wrings her hands in desperation, while Auntie advises to leave the child alone. Special food is prepared in accordance with the child's demands. But all these methods of appeasement are futile. Our hero whines, screams, fights, criticises each dish, extorts promises and nickels, gags, vomits, or acts as if he were going to vomit, and thoroughly enjoys the whole performance."

But Dr. Kanner is not worried. He is ribald:

"Haven't you ever left some food on the plate in a restaurant? How would you have felt if the waiter had urged you to finish it, to take just one more bite for the proprietor, one for the chef, and one for the love o' Mike? Think of that when next you want to force your child to eat his daily bread."

Touches and Verges

As he proceeds he becomes more ribald—almost rude:

"An over-solicitous parent usually has a diagnosis for every little complaint. But she does not even need an honest-to-goodness diagnosis. Medical slang has supplied her with touches and verges. A touch, according to the best-informed dictionaries, is a 'light attack, as of a disease'; being 'on the verge' means being almost but not quite there. What if the doctor has assured the mother that Johnny does not have bronchitis, pneumonia, or rheumatism? Well, then, he has a touch of bronchitis, pneumonia or rheumatism. The family worries as much about the touch as it would about the real thing. There is even a story about a woman who entered a physician's office wondering whether she had a touch of pregnancy. If it isn't a touch, it's a verge. Betty isn't breaking down, thank Heaven! But things are bad enough. Poor Betty is on the verge of a breakdown. Physicians ought to broadcast at least three times every day that there are no such things as touches and verges."



"Our only defence against the Id is the Superego"

But so far you have heard nothing. Until you read what Dr. Kanner has to say about the Ego, and the Id, and the Super-ego, and the G.G.U., you don't know how far an American psychologist can go. Listen:

"The individual Unconscious has His roots in the still greater collective, universal Unconscious. When certain biologic occurrences contrive to usher a new human life into uterine being, his private Unconscious splits itself off from the Great Mass and joins Himself to the baby-to-be, staying with him until death do them part. Thus, and thus only, can it be explained why the students of the Unconscious find the same kind of symbolism at work in the minds of the Bronxians, the Harlem Countians, the Lapps, the Ainus, and the Zulus. Thus only can you fathom the reason why people the world over say, 'God bless you!' to their sneezing buddies."

Of course Homo Simplex knows nothing of these mysteries.

"The ignorant fellow, not even suspecting the Great Presence within him, imagines that he makes his choices and decisions. He does not know that the Great God Unconsciousness (G.G.U.) from the depths of mental thicket, chooses and decides for him, causes him to remember and forget, guides his pen when he writes, is responsible for his puns, selects his mate, determines whether he should prefer vanilla or chocolate ice cream."

If he makes a wrong choice it is because of the Id, the villain in the plot, "a notoriously greedy pleasure seeker, representing the instinctive drives." And our only defence against the Id is the Superego:

"Like most heroes, the Superego is stern and forbidding. He stands for no mischief. He checks the doings of the Id. He is, to quote one who knows, 'the highest mental evolution attainable by man, and consists of a precipitate of all prohibitions and inhibitions, all the rules of conduct which are impressed on the child by his parents and by parental substitutes.'"

In short, we have come now to psycho-analysis, and if you want to know what psycho-analysis is, according to Dr.

Leo Kanner, you will not find out on this page. If you find out from Dr. Kanner himself, well and good. But it is to be hoped that you are tough, and that laughing does not hurt you.



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BBC Victory For Women

ACCORDING to the English newspapers, it took the BBC 20 years to wake up to the fact that in matters of syncopation women may be as good as male jazz exponents, although music-halls have been featuring all-women bands for years.

This year it made the necessary changes. It appointed as its Dance Music Supervisor Mrs. D. F. ("Tawney") Neilson, while Ivy Benson and her female syncopators were signed on as a resident dance band.

Mrs. Neilson knows the popular music field inside out, having been for five

years Artists' Manager to the Decca Record Company. She also selected the music for recording bands and singers.

She will control the BBC's four resident bands: Jack Payne's, Gerald's, Billy Ternent's, and Ivy Benson's.

Ivy Benson hails from Leeds, and plays five instruments—clarinet, saxophone, piano-accordion, trumpet, piano, but does not sing. Her father, who taught her music, is a wind instrumentalist in Leeds.

She got her first chance in Teddy Joyce's band, was later band-leader for C. L. Heiman, who runs a dozen bands throughout the country. Believing that "you can't mix marriage with a band," she has remained single.

A little KIWI goes a long way!

Kiwi has an important job in the Navy, preserving boots—keeping them strong, supple and water-tight. Help the boys in blue (and khaki) by going easy with the Kiwi. Remember, a little Kiwi goes a long way.

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