

(Pause). Why don't you keep some fencing-foils or boxing-gloves here to pass away odd moments?

(We were in my consulting-room).

The unconscious deviating from a painful subject is very clearly seen here.

Q.—Who was Jack Webb?

A.—He was with me in the *Primeria* for a couple of years. We had a big fight, because I wouldn't stand his trying to boss the fo'c'stle, and licked him. (Evidently the reason for the combative suggestion made to me in his preceding answer.)

Q.—No, I mean Bert Wilson.

A.—Bert Wilson? You mean the fighter in New York. (Perseveration of the combative idea.) (Pause). No, I must be thinking of Bert Keyes. (Pause). I remember *Jack* Wilson; he was a schoolmate of mine and we ran away to sea together, but we went on different vessels and I have hardly seen him since. (Again the idea of "Wilson running away to sea," is in his mind, though in an innocent form; we also see now why the thought *Jack* Webb had come to him when he was asked about Bert Wilson—mediate clang association.)

Q.—The man I mean was coloured.

A.—That must be Frederick Stanley*. He was a fireman on the *Mary Thomas* boat out from Cardiff. He was a West Indian nigger.

Q.—No, the man I mean was a cook, not a fireman.

A.—The only cook I can think of whose name is like that is Bert Williams, a man of my own name. He's a *chef* in the Mansion House in T—.

Q.—No, that man is white. Bert Wilson was a cook, but he was coloured.

A.—That must be Frederick Kerr. He was the second steward on the *William Cliffe*.

*The unimportant names I have for obvious reasons altered.