

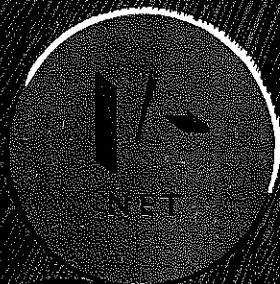
NEW FRONTIERS

LATEST OPINIONS &
EXPERIMENTS IN
PSYCHICAL RESEARCH,
OCCULTISM, SPIRITISM,
ASTROLOGY.

JANUARY 1947

Special this Issue:

- DR. SOAL ... Telepathy
FURNEAUX ... Astrology
KARBERSKI ... Automatic Writing
RON LANE on Spiritualism





Mrs. Gloria Stewart

New Frontiers

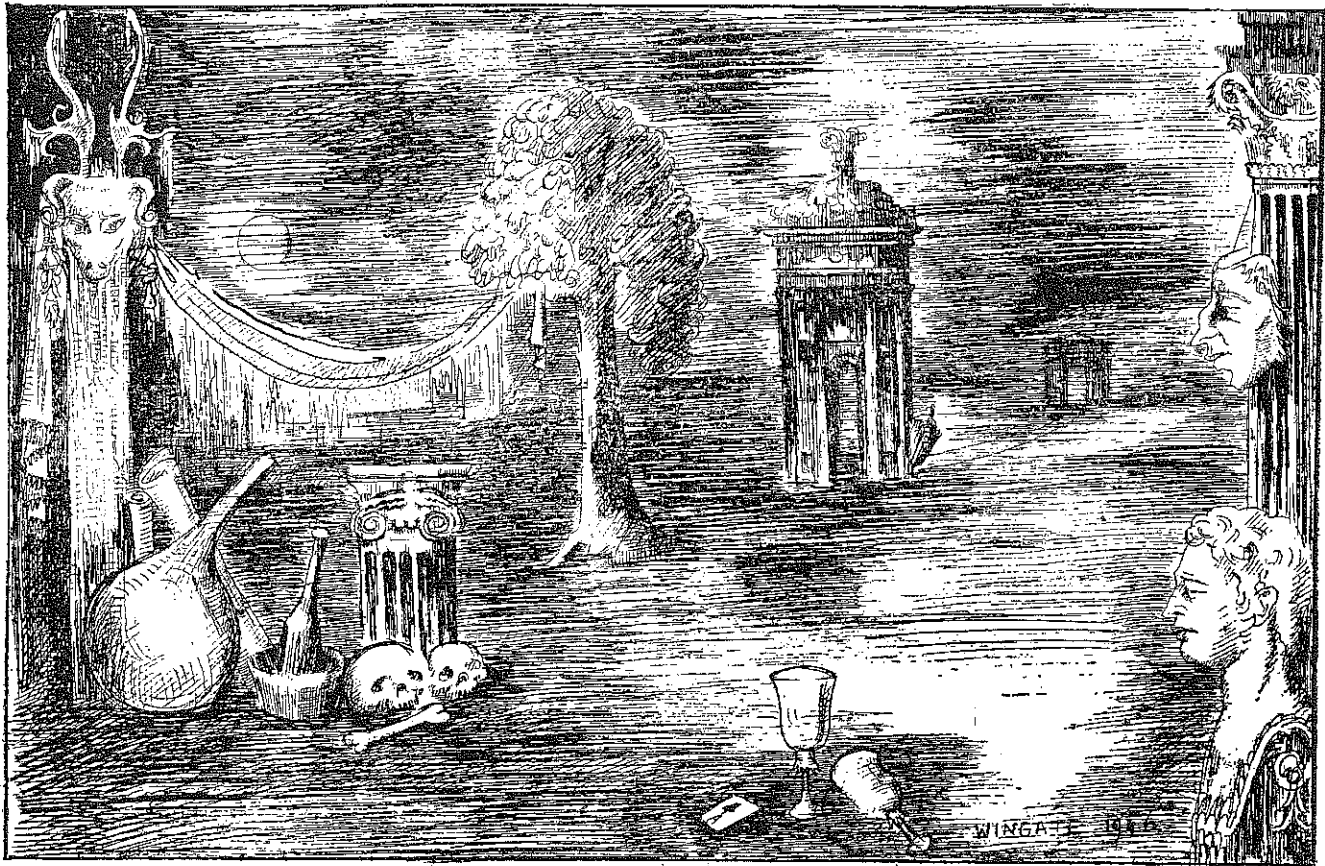
JANUARY, 1947.

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CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	Page 3	AUTOMATIC WRITING	B. KARBERSKI	Page 23	
THE PRESENT STATUS OF EXPERIMENTAL TELEPATHY.	S. G. SOAL, D. Sc.	Page 3	EXPERIENCES OF THOUGHT COMMUNICATION WITH ANIMALS		
STRANGE HAPPENINGS IN AN ENGINEERING SHOP	KENNETH WALTON	Page 10	CAPTAIN Q. C. A. CRAUFURD	Page 25	
AN EXPERIMENTAL APPROACH TO ASTROLOGY	W. D. FURNEAUX	Page 11	A CASE OF PSYCHIC DEATH	W. E. MANNING	Page 29
AN INCIDENT IN THE GREAT INDIAN FAMINE OF 1899 AND 1900.	R. P. LAMBERT, D.I.G., Late Imperial Indian Police.	Page 13	A SERVICE TO MEET A NEED		Page 32
THE NATURE OF SPIRITUALISM	RONALD LANE	Page 16	THE MYSTERY OF THE DRUIDS	J. V. JONES	Page 32
PARANORMAL COGNITION	H. HEIGHTON	Page 18	VANISHED CONTINENTS	C. S. KELLER	Page 33
			THE "SPREADING PRESENT" TIME CONCEPTION	F. G. RAYER, F.I.A.S.	Page 36
			COMMENTS		Page 37

PRINTED IN ENGLAND

"Two weeks ago I bought a 'Joan the Wad' and to-day I have won £232 10s. Please send two more."—B.C., Tredegar, S. Wales.

Extract from "Everybody's Fortune Book," 1931

JOAN THE WAD is THE Lucky Cornish Piskey who Sees All, Hears All, Does All



Guaranteed Dipped in Water from the Lucky Saint's Well

JOAN THE WAD is Queen of the Lucky Cornish Piskeys. Thousands of persons all over the world claim that Joan the Wad has brought them Wonderful Luck in the way of Health, Wealth and Happiness.

HISTORY FREE FOR A STAMP

If you will send me your name and address, a 6d. stamp and a stamped addressed envelope for reply, I will send you a history of the Cornish Piskey folk, and the marvellous miracles they accomplish. JOAN THE WAD is the QUEEN of the Lucky Cornish Piskeys, and with whom good luck and good health always attend.

AS HEALER

One lady writes: "My sister suffered very badly for years, but since I gave her a Joan the Wad to keep near her she is much easier. Do you think this is due to Joan or the Water from the Lucky Well?"

AS LUCK BRINGER

Another writes: "Since the War my wife and I have been dogged by persistent ill-luck, and we seemed to be sinking lower and lower. One day someone sent us a Joan the Wad. We have never found out who it was, but, coincidence if you like, within a week I got a much better job and my wife had some money left her. Since then we have never looked back and, needless to say, swear by 'Queen Joan'."

AS MATCHMAKER

A young girl wrote and informed me that she had had scores of boy friends, but it was not until she had visited Cornwall and taken Joan back with her that she met the boy of her dreams, and as they got better acquainted she discovered he also has Joan the Wad.

AS PRIZEWINNER

A young man wrote us only last week: "For two years I entered competitions without luck, but since getting Joan the Wad I have frequently been successful although I have not won a big prize, but I know that —, who won £2,000 in a competition, has one because I gave it him. When he won his £2,000 he gave me £100 for myself, so you see I have cause to bless 'Queen Joan'."

AS SPECULATOR

A man writes: "I had some shares that for several years I couldn't give away. They were 1/- shares, and all of a sudden they went up in the market to 7/9. I happened to be staring at Joan the Wad. Pure imagination, you may say, but I thought I saw her wink approvingly. I sold out, reinvested the money at greater profit and have prospered ever since."

JOAN THE WAD'S achievements are unique. Never before was such a record placed before the Public. Ask yourself if you have ever heard before of anything so stupendous. You have not. Results are what count, and these few Extracts from actual letters are typical of the many hundreds that are received, and from which we shall publish selections from time to time. We unreservedly GUARANTEE that these letters were absolutely spontaneous, and the originals are open to inspection at JOAN'S COTTAGE. Send at once for full information about this PROVED Luck Bringer. You, too, may benefit in Health, Wealth and Happiness to an amazing extent.

"SUNDAY GRAPHIC" PICTURE PUZZLE.

No. 175.—"Dear Joan the Wad, I received this week cheque for £71 8s. 7d. My share of the £1,000 Prize of the 'Sunday Graphic' Picture Puzzle. I have been near winning before, but you have brought me just the extra luck I wanted."—F. T. Salisbury.

WON £153 17s., THEN £46 10s. 3d.

No. 191.—"Genuine account of Luck . . . since receiving Joan the Wad . . . I was successful in winning £153 17s. in the 'People' Xword No. 178 and also the 'News of the World' Xword No. 280. £45 10s. 3d., also £1 on a football coupon, which is amazing in itself, as all the luck came in one week.—A. B., Leamington Spa.

WINNERS OF £6 11s. 1d.

No. 195.—"My father, myself and my sister had the pleasure of winning a Crossword Puzzle in the 'Sunday Pictorial,' which came to £6 11s. 1d., which we put down to JOAN THE WAD, and we thank her very much."—L. B., Exning.

WON PRIZE OF £13 13s.

No. 214.—"Arrival of your charm followed the very next day by the notification that I had won a prize of £13 13s. in a Literary Competition."—F. H. R., Wallington.

"DAILY HERALD" PICTURE CONTEST.

No. 216.—"Since having received JOAN THE WAD I received cheque, part share in the 'Daily Herald' Picture Contest, £3 1s."—M. E., Notting Hill.

All you have to do is to send a 6d. stamp and a stamped addressed envelope for the history to :

127, JOAN'S COTTAGE, LANIVET, BODMIN

£30,000 WINNER.

No. 222.—"Mrs. A. . . . of Lewisham, has just won £30,000, and says she has a JOAN THE WAD, so please send one to me."—Mrs. V., Bromley.

FIRST PRIZE "NUGGETS."

No. 238.—"I have had some good luck since receiving JOAN THE WAD. I have won First Prize in 'ANSWERS' 'Nuggets.' I had JOAN THE WAD in February, and I have been lucky ever since."—Mrs. N. W., Wolverhampton.

WON "DAILY MIRROR" HAMPER.

No. 245.—"I have just had my first win since having JOAN THE WAD, which was a 'DAILY MIRROR' HAMPER."—E. M. F., Brentwood.

WON "NUGGETS" £300.

No. 257.—"My husband is a keen Competitor in 'Bullets' and 'Nuggets.' He had not any luck until I gave him JOAN THE WAD, when the first week he secured a credit note in 'Nuggets,' and last week FIRST prize in 'Nuggets' £300.—Mrs. A. B., Salford.

CAN ANYONE BEAT THIS?

No. 286.—"Immediately after receiving my JOAN THE WAD I won a 3rd Prize in a local Derby Sweep, then I was given employment after seven months of idleness and finally had a correct forecast in Picture Puzzle, 'Glasgow Sunday Mail,' which entitles me to a share of the Prize Money."—W. M., Glasgow, C.4.

Editorial

The great advances made in the physical sciences during the last 50 years are well known, for they are brought to our notice in everyday life.

It is not so obvious that like advances are taking place in man's discoveries about himself, his attributes and his habits. For the first time that we know of, a large-scale attempt is being made to approach with a scientific attitude the more esoteric workings of man's make-up. Investigators have begun to probe into hitherto neglected fields, trying to find out the facts behind what has been thought of as merely superstition.

Starting with this viewpoint, and with an open, unbiased and widely-ranged policy, we are presenting this magazine, **NEW FRONTIERS**. It attempts to present the results of some contemporary researches into the fields of psychology and parapsychology. It will deal with older knowledge becoming avail-

able as a result of investigation, and with the thoughts and theories produced by new discoveries. We hope that it will also serve as a method of contact and means of expression for students and enquirers into the unknown. No ideology or dogma will be emphasised, but all sincere seekers, from whatever angle and whether sceptics or believers, are ensured of a fair hearing. In particular, it is hoped to acquaint the layman with facts and ideas which are not likely to reach him by other channels.

In this, the first issue, we present twelve articles. A discussion section at the end is inaugurated which we hope to fill with criticisms in future issues. We confine ourselves this month to the opinions of the Editor on the general tone of the journal. Finally, the opinions expressed in any article are not necessarily those of the editor or publishers.

Further issues of NEW FRONTIERS will appear as soon as paper supplies permit.

Our principal feature in this issue is an article by Dr. Soal on his most recent discoveries in Telepathy.

S. G. Soal, D.Sc., was born in 1889 at Kirby Moorside, Yorkshire. Educated at Southend-on-Sea High School and Queen Mary College. First became interested in Psychical Research through the loss of a younger brother in the First World War, in which he himself was wounded at Messines Ridge.

Has investigated Spiritualistic Mediums and Vaudeville Telepathists. Published in 1925 the famous "Gordon Davis" case of a living man who communicated through a medium. Has carried out statistical experiments in Telepathy since 1927. Is the first person to be awarded the degree of Doctor of Science (London) by any British University for work in Psychical Research. Published "Experiments in Precognitive Telepathy" in 1943, on which he broadcast last year. Is a keen mountaineer and spends most of his vacations in North Wales.

The Present Status of Experimental Telepathy

By S. G. SOAL, M.A., D.Sc.

The modern statistical experiments in Telepathy which have become such a feature of Psychical Research during the past fifteen years must be regarded not as an isolated growth, but as a logical development which sprang from a vast background of reports of apparitions, premonitions, and mediumistic utterances collected mainly by the Society for Psychical Research in six decades. Long

before card-guessing experiments were even dreamed of, first-rate minds like those of Frederick Myers, Edmund Gurney, Sir William Barrett and Sir Oliver Lodge, had convinced themselves of the reality of telepathy. This conviction was the result of a careful sifting of numerous spontaneous cases which these men had examined for themselves. The fact that their observations were not carried out

in a laboratory, or were not capable of being subjected to exact statistical control, does not detract a whit from their importance or interest. How few, for instance, of the epoch-making observations of Darwin, on animals and plants, could be described as laboratory experiments?

It is true, of course, that card-guessing experiments, in which the chances of success can be precisely evaluated, and which may to a certain extent be repeated under varied conditions of control, have a special appeal to the modern type of scientific mind. But it is utterly false to suppose that the evidence for telepathy is based solely, or even mainly, on the results of such experiments. A belief in the reality of telepathy or extra-sensory perception is widespread amongst the educated classes in this country. The publicity given to successful card-guessing experiments is doubtless a contributory factor to this belief, but I am certain that most educated men and women who believe in telepathy do so because of some experience which has come under their own direct observation. Ten years ago I lectured in Glasgow to the Scottish branch of the British Psychological Society on my own repetition of Dr. Rhine's experiments, which at the time I judged to have yielded only negative results. There were many distinguished medical psychologists present and at the end of my lecture I was surprised to hear one after another of these men describe telepathic experiences of their own, encountered during their ordinary intercourse with patients. The negative account which I had just given these psychologists of my own attempts to verify telepathy was powerless to prevail against their own positive experiences. On the other hand, the real sceptic is invariably the person who has never encountered a telepathic experience at first hand. Personal belief is not necessarily based upon a logical evaluation of water-tight experiments.

I am absolutely convinced that Basil Shackleton and Mrs. Gloria Stewart showed the ability to guess correctly the picture on a card that was being looked at by an agent. Both succeeded under conditions of experimental control so rigid that no sceptic has even attempted to criticise them. But I am also equally convinced that in 1921 the medium Mrs. Blanche Cooper was able to read thoughts that were in the hinterland of my mind, and a hundred criticisms could be levelled against the conditions under which my sittings with Mrs. Cooper were conducted.

Let us therefore not fall into the error of supposing that the study of telepathy began with Dr. Rhine in 1930, or even with Dr. Coover in 1912. The statistical techniques developed within the last forty years are merely tools which enable us to study with greater precision obscure mental phenomena which have been reported throughout the

ages. The evidence for telepathy derives from a large number of convergent sources, but it is with the laboratory experiments only that I shall deal in this article.

The earliest controlled experiments permitting of statistical evaluation on any considerable scale, were carried out by Dr. John Coover, a psychologist of Stanford University, California. Coover used a pack of playing cards, from which the twelve court cards had been removed. He used as his "guinea pigs" or guessers 100 students, who each did 100 guesses. The experimenter sat in one room with his pack of 40 cards, while the student being tested sat in an adjoining room. Having shuffled and cut the pack, Coover drew out a card, looked at its face, and tapped on the table as a signal for the student to make his guess. The card was then replaced and the pack reshuffled. However, in 5,000 of the total 10,000 trials Coover replaced the card without looking at it. These tests we should to-day think of as "clairvoyance" experiments, since the image of the card selected was not in anyone's mind, but Coover intended these 5,000 trials to provide an empirical check on the other 5,000 trials, in which the experimenter did look at the cards. Coover reported that the 5,000 telepathy tests yielded only chance results, but the disturbing fact remains that on the total 10,000 trials there were no fewer than 294 correct guesses as compared with an expectation of $1/40 \times 10,000 = 250$. The odds against such a result being due to chance are about 200 to 1. Coover declared that nothing would satisfy him except odds of at least 50,000 to 1, and if he had done another 10,000 trials at the same rate of scoring he might have achieved this goal. It is hard to believe that Coover was unaware of the extra-chance score on the whole 10,000 trials, but probably he was averse to mentioning it, knowing that any verdict in favour of the supernormal would have been unpopular with the authorities of Stanford. It is, however, quite possible that the extra-chance result could be explained away on the supposition that Coover's method of obtaining a random distribution by hand-shuffling a solitary pack of cards was inefficient. A pack of cards tends to cut at certain places more easily than at others and if the card situated in such a place happened to be a popular card like the Ace of Spades the chance of getting a successful hit might be actually much greater than 1 in 40. Despite this obvious criticism, and despite Coover's inexplicable failure to go on with such promising experiments, we yet find Professor Kellogg in 1938 praising Coover's work as "a notable example of painstaking thorough research, and exact treatment of numerical data." It was on the contrary a feeble, half-hearted and unsatisfactory effort.

Unlike the lukewarm Coover, Dr. J. B. Rhine commenced his experiments at Duke

University about the year 1930 with an excess of enthusiasm that often led him into error. In the year 1934 he published his book "Extra-Sensory Perception," which gave a by no means clear account of about 100,000 trials in card-guessing carried out by eight major and a number of minor subjects. Rhine used cards inscribed with five distinct types of geometrical symbols, the plus sign, the circle, the five-pointed star, the oblong, and a set of wavy lines. The cards were made up into packs of 25, so that a pack contained exactly five cards of each symbol. Rhine carried out experiments to test both telepathy and clairvoyance. In a great many of these experiments the experimenter and guesser sat at the same table in full sight of each other. The experimenter shuffled a pack of 25 cards which he laid face downwards on the table. The cards were lifted off one by one and the guesser had to say what symbol was on the top card of the pack. Sometimes he was allowed to see the face of the card immediately after he had made his guess; at other times the checking up was postponed till all the 25 cards had been guessed. If the same pack was used again and again there was clearly a possibility that the guesser would in time learn to recognise the cards by means of specks or irregularities on their backs. Or again, since the pack contained exactly five cards of each symbol, and assuming the guesser was allowed to see the card after he had made his guess, he might, for instance, notice that in the first ten trials all five circles had turned up. In this case he could score above chance by ceasing to call "circle" for the remaining 15 guesses. It would be improbable that the cards of all five denominations were distributed evenly through the pack.

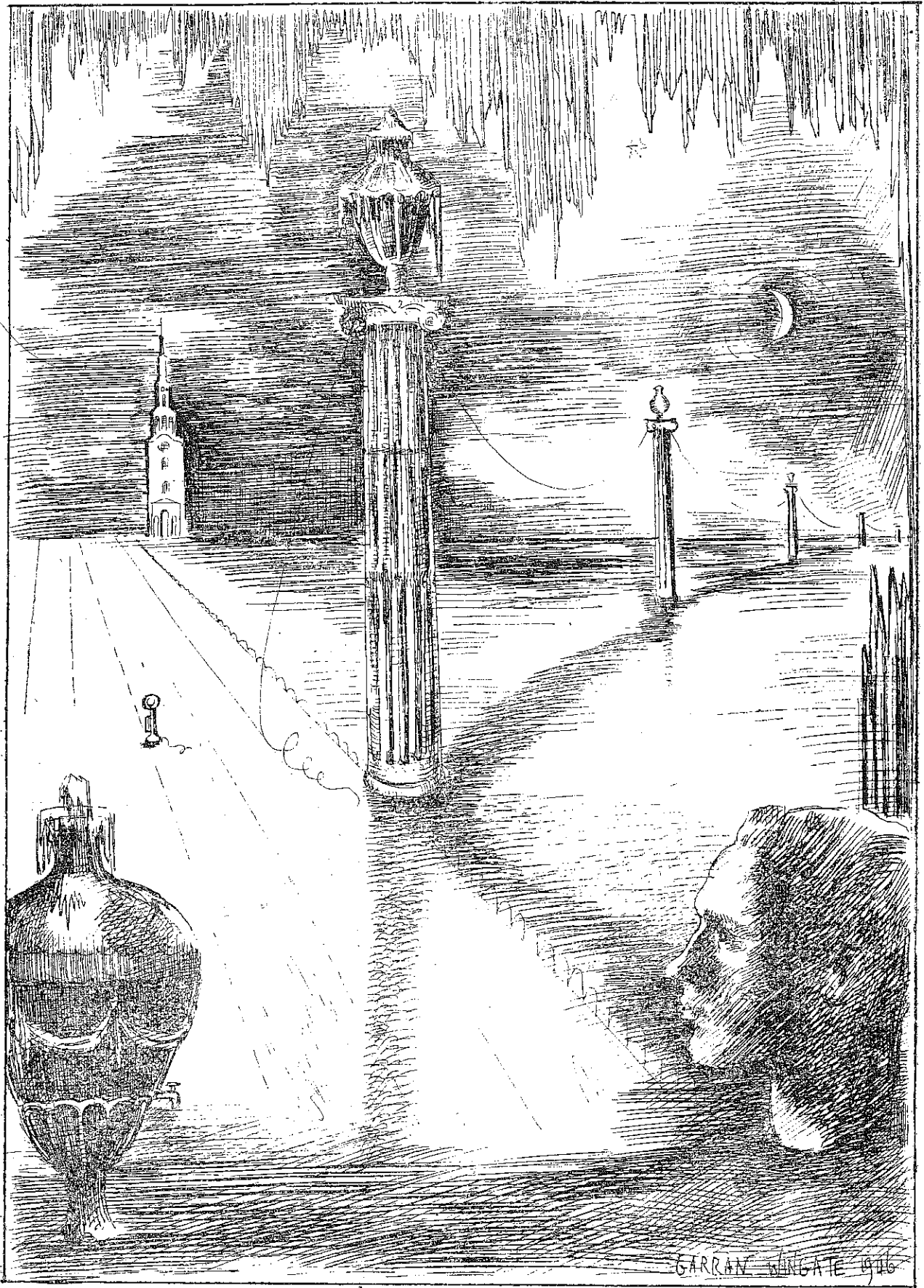
The appearance of Rhine's book provoked a storm of acid criticism from psychologists all over the United States. But unfortunately most of the criticism lost its force by being wrongly directed. Instead of concentrating on the points of experimental procedure in which the work was obviously vulnerable, the majority of the critics attacked the mathematical basis on which Rhine evaluated his tests of significance. The cards themselves were often very defective. When held at an angle to the light the designs on the faces often showed distinctly through the backs. Other cards showed irregularities in the pattern near the extreme edges. This meant that all experiments in which the guesser was allowed to see the backs of the cards ought to have been scrapped. These glaring defects, although pointed out again and again by the English investigators, were hardly mentioned in America. Instead, the American psychologists kept harping on the fact that Rhine had used the Binomial formula in working out his standard deviation, when this formula was not strictly applicable. Rhine appealed to the

mathematicians, who came down on his side with resounding authority. Granting that the experiments had been properly carried out, said the statisticians, the difference between the true value of the standard deviation and that derived from the Binomial formula was so negligible as not to affect any of Rhine's conclusions. When the English critics pointed out the obvious defects in the cards, Rhine replied by citing numerous experiments in which the guesser and cards were separated by a screen or were in different rooms or even different buildings. Accounts of such experiments had already been published and Rhine was perfectly justified in appealing to them, though they did not excuse the laxity of the earlier work.

Many investigators at Duke University and elsewhere set out to repeat Rhine's work under improved conditions, and there were several striking confirmations, as well as a number of investigations which yielded negative results. Among the confirmatory investigations there was the notable work of Pratt and Woodruff carried out under unimpeachable conditions of witnessing and experimental control, which yielded, on 60,000 trials, an excess of correct hits corresponding to odds of 25,000 to 1.

In England, Mr. G. N. M. Tyrrell experimented with a friend, Miss J., using an elaborate electrical device of his own invention. This consisted essentially of five small boxes with hinged lids, each of which contained an electric lamp which lighted up when one of the five keys was pressed by the experimenter. Miss J. had to open the box in which she thought the lamp was alight. Success or failure was recorded automatically on a paper tape. By means of a commutator device it could be arranged that the experimenter did not know which lamp he was lighting when he pressed a given key. Thus the apparatus could be adapted to both experiments in clairvoyance and in telepathy. A most ingenious refinement consisted of a "delayed action relay," by means of which the lamp was charged to a certain potential when the key was pressed, but did not actually light till the guesser opened the lid of the box. This eliminated the possibility of Miss J. obtaining sensory clues from the working of the apparatus—such as heat or light escaping from the box. By means of his apparatus Tyrrell obtained odds against chance of an astronomical order in favour of what might have been either clairvoyance on Miss J's part, or some kind of precognitive perception.

In some of Rhine's experiments a pack of 25 "Zener" cards was shuffled and laid face downward on the table. Without any of the cards being disturbed the guesser then wrote down a list of 25 symbols which was checked against the actual sequence of cards taken from top to bottom. Though this type of experiment did not yield the same degree of



"TELEPATHY"

success as the ordinary type of test, yet on occasions and with certain subjects the scores were sufficiently high to pose a formidable problem. It appeared that most success was obtained on the cards near the top and bottom of the pack. If "clairvoyance" from the cards themselves was the explanation, then it was difficult to see how this could be due to any form of radiation emanating from the faces of the cards. In the case of cards in the middle or low down in the pack, such radiation could only result in an indistinguishable blur produced by the superposing of a multitude of images, and it would be impossible to locate any particular card in the pack. If the explanation was that the guesser's mind marched ahead in time to the moment when the experimenter recorded the actual card sequence for the purpose of checking-up and read the mental image which would be in the experimenter's mind at that future moment, then a physical explanation is equally difficult to formulate.

Tyrrell had already found evidence of some sort of precognitive effect whilst working with Miss J. in 1936. On certain occasions he allowed Miss J. to open the box about half-a-second before he pressed a key, the commutator being in operation to exclude telepathy from the experimenter. Thus in 2,255 trials of this kind Miss J. foresaw correctly which lamp was going to light 539 times, as compared with an expectation of 451; the odds against such a result being due to chance are more than 10,000 to 1. Whether this was a case of Miss J. foreseeing her own perception of the lighted lamp I do not know.

Between the years 1935 and 1939, both Dr. Thouless and I carried out extensive repetitions of Dr. Rhine's card guessing experiments. In my own tests most stringent precautions were taken to ensure that the guessers never saw the backs of the cards in clairvoyance experiments, while in telepathy tests the percipient was separated from the agent and experimenter by a wooden opaque screen. In order to meet the criticism that shuffling a pack of cards does not result in a perfectly haphazard or random distribution, 40 packs of 25 cards were used and the order of the cards in each pack was determined by choosing a series of random numbers from seven-figure tables of logarithms. Using various techniques, 160 persons were tested and 128,350 guesses collected, all under my direct personal supervision. In 57,450 of these trials the agent looked at the cards, while in the remaining 70,900 trials no one knew normally what the cards were till the time of checking up. Except for a slightly significant negative deviation on one batch of "clairvoyance" experiments, the results at first sight did not appear to furnish any confirmation of Rhine's claims.

However, in 1939, Mr. Whately Carington started some interesting experiments with

randomly selected drawings of common objects. Each night he exposed a drawing for several hours in a locked room at Cambridge. A number of persons in different parts of the country, sitting in their own homes, made drawings which attempted to reproduce the one exposed the same night in Cambridge by Carington. Several series of exposures, each occupying ten consecutive nights, were made with considerable intervals between the different series of ten exposures. Carington found that the drawings made on any particular night did not significantly resemble the original exposed on that night, but the drawings made during a series of ten exposures resembled more closely the ten originals used in that series than they did the originals of any other series. In fact, it appeared that the percipients were not always scoring hits on the drawing contemporaneously exposed, but were getting impressions of the drawings exposed one or two nights earlier in the series or of the drawings which were going to be shown a night or two later, but which had not yet been chosen. The experiments seemed to suggest that telepathy was not always a "now or never" affair. It was apparently—unlike ordinary perception by the senses—not limited to the present moment, but was able to take cognisance of events existing both in the past and the future.

Now it occurred to Carington that something of the same kind might happen when you set people to guess at geometrical figures on cards. The guesser might fail to score on the card the experimenter was actually looking at, but might be guessing correctly the cards one or two ahead of this card.

Although I did not expect to find anything of this kind, I re-examined a large number of the records of my 160 percipients. Soon I discovered that two of my subjects had, over a long period, been guessing correctly the cards one ahead and one behind, and so Carington's conjecture was confirmed. The persons whose work showed this curious effect were Mrs. Gloria Stewart, of Richmond, Surrey, and Mr. Basil Shackleton, the photographer. I have little doubt that both names will live in the annals of psychical research. Judging by the long series of further experiments carried out with Mr. Shackleton by Mrs. K. M. Goldney, M.B.E., and myself, it seems highly probable that Shackleton's guess at the picture of an animal was frequently influenced by the mental image that was not presented to the agent's mind until two-and-a-half seconds after the guess was recorded. It may interest the reader to know that before he died the late Sir Arthur Eddington studied most carefully our report on "Precognitive Telepathy," and pronounced it a model of scientific method. He said, also, that our findings were fully in accord with his own ideas of psychological time.

With the assistance of Mr. F. Bateman,

M.Sc., and others, I have been working with with Mrs. Stewart for the past year. She possesses telepathic powers of a very high order, but I have not yet been able to repeat the apparent precognitive effects observed with her in 1936. Quite recently, however, I have found that when the rate of calling is speeded up to twice the normal rate a definite "lag" effect is developed. When the time taken to do 25 guesses is round about 50 to 70 seconds Mrs. Stewart scores significantly on the card which is actually being looked at by the agent and not on the preceding or succeeding cards. But when the time is reduced to about 35 seconds she ceases to score significantly on the actual card, but begins to lag one card behind. This, of course, may not represent a time displacement into past time. It may merely mean that her subconscious receives the image of the card at the instant when it is perceived by the agent, but this image requires a little time to emerge into her conscious mind.

The phenomena observed with Mrs. Stewart agree in one important respect with those of Mr. Shackleton. Neither of these gifted sensitives succeeds in guessing cards whose face values are unknown to the agent. That is, they fail at what is commonly called "clairvoyance." Now Rhine found that persons who were good at telepathy were usually good at clairvoyance also. In many of the experiments with Mrs. Stewart she did not know whether or not the agent had looked at the cards she was guessing, but nevertheless she only succeeded when the agent knew the order of the cards. At the beginning of the present series Mrs. Stewart said she thought she would succeed equally well with clairvoyance as with telepathy, but I have now little doubt that, as in the case of Shackleton, her gift is essentially a telepathic or "mind-reading" faculty.

Tyrrell found with Miss J. that her successful hits were seldom isolated, but tended to cluster into runs. This is also a marked feature in the work of Mrs. Stewart, who frequently achieves an unbroken run of seven or more correct hits, the chance of success being one in five at each guess. Nothing of the kind was noticed with Shackleton, whose successes were more or less randomly distributed.

As in the case of Shackleton, we have now abundant evidence that conscious concentration by the agent on the pictures on the cards is of no value whatever. All that is essential is that the subconscious mind of the agent should have knowledge of the card which Mrs. Stewart is trying to guess. All this suggests that at present there is not much uniformity in the findings of the different investigators. The work of one experimenter often apparently contradicts that of another. In England, displacement of the correct guesses on to the succeeding or following cards has been noted

by Dr. Thouless and myself, and Tyrrell seems to have obtained a similar result with his machine. The Americans, on the other hand, appear to have found little or no evidence for such a displacement. Again, Rhine and several of his co-workers claim that their subjects are most successful in guessing cards which are near the beginning or end of a run. There may be some slight evidence for this in the case of Shackleton, but I am dubious, and certainly in the records of Mrs. Stewart I find no sign of these "terminal" effects.

Nevertheless, in spite of this protean quality exhibited by the extra-sensory or psi faculty, there are a few results which have been observed on both sides of the Atlantic. One is the so-called "negative deviation," to which attention was first called by Dr. Rhine. Rhine found that when his major subjects became bored or tired they not only ceased to score above chance expectation but often fell significantly below it. Now, if a person keeps on persistently getting his guesses wrong instead of right, this must imply that in some region of his mind there must be correct knowledge of the actual card he is guessing, but that for some perverse reason a wrong image emerges into the conscious mind. Now, I undoubtedly observed this curious effect in my work with Shackleton and suggested that it might be a consequence of displacement. A similar negative effect has been noted in connection with the precognitive guesses of Mrs. Stewart.

According to Rhine, the emergence of extra-sensory impressions into normal consciousness is to some extent influenced by the action of certain drugs. He found that when his subject's scores had fallen to the chance level, the administration of citrate of caffeine caused the scores to rise to almost their former level. Warcollier, in France, claimed that small doses of alcohol assisted his telepathic percipients. Brugman, in Holland, found that when his subject, Van Dam, was given a dose of bromide before starting an experiment, he scored better than when he had taken nothing, and that a dose of alcohol produced still better results. In England very little work has been done on these lines. The use of hypnosis in promoting the psi-faculty has proved disappointing both in England and America. Gardner Murphy, in America, has recently obtained promising results by the administration of scopulamine, but until more exhaustive tests have been carried out, judgment as to the value of this drug must be suspended.

To sum up, there has been a considerable improvement in the status of experimental telepathy since 1938. In that year the flood of hostile criticism reached its height. Then quite suddenly the ill-advised attacks on the statistical methods employed by the investigators collapsed when competent statisticians like Fisher, Camp, Greville and others, pronounced these methods to be sound in all essentials. At the same time the younger

disciples of Rhine were exercising greater precautions in the elimination of sensory clues, errors in recording, and the possibilities of deliberate fraud. After 1938 the wave of criticism by American psychologists subsided. Criticism grew more moderate in tone, confined itself to minor points, and became on the whole helpful rather than merely destructive. A few materialistic diehards like H. Rogosin continued to fulminate against telepathy, but it was obvious that their objections sprang from emotion rather than reason. Telepathy, according to Rogosin, is a symptom of the modern return to mysticism and magic. "Psychical ideas are anti-social in the fullest sense: they prevent people from thinking about how to reconstruct our society so that the people in it may get the maximum benefit possible" (Rogosin). (How about years spent in the study of dead languages and certain branches of Pure Mathematics? Oh, Rogosin!) Aristotle, Hobbes and Locke are appealed to in support of the contention that nothing enters the mind except through the gateway of the senses or by rational inference from the data of sense perception. (But Locke probably believed a vast number of dicta that few would accept today.) It appears that men like Jeans, Eddington, Millikan and others are to be held responsible for the "present lamentable idealistic trend of modern culture." "Idealism, which is today being used to back up Rhine's theories . . . is not a scientific doctrine." And so on. Then there are other critics equally pathetic, who apparently accept the experimental data but maintain that the astronomical anti-chance figures obtained are after all to be attributed to chance. "Chance," we are told, "is capable of producing any result, however fantastic." Well, I suppose it is theoretically possible for a monkey to play with the keys of a typewriter and succeed in typing out a Shakesperean sonnet "by chance," but would any person in his senses who came across such a feat believe that it was the work of chance? And when we find Shackleton or Mrs. Stewart failing consistently when the agent does not look at the faces of the cards, and succeeding consistently when he does look at them, are we to suppose that "chance" respects the conditions of the experiment? Why are the statistical methods which have proved so fruitful in biology and other branches of science entirely unreliable when applied to card guessing experiments? Another class of critic indulges in vague generalities, affirming with a plausible show of reason that the statistics mean nothing if the experimental conditions are unsatisfactory. True, Oh critic, but then it is incumbent on you to show that the experimental conditions of, shall we say, the Shackleton sittings, were unsatisfactory, and if you cannot do this, what do your generalisations avail?

Actually there is not much hostility today among English psychologists towards tele-

pathy. The chief reason why so few of them study it is the difficulty of finding suitable subjects who will repay investigation. But the fact that major percipients are hard to discover is no argument against an attempt being made to find such persons. One will certainly not discover them by sitting in a laboratory twiddling one's thumbs waiting for them to turn up. One must make contact with people interested in psychical research and so get to hear of people who believe themselves to be the possessors of psychical gifts. The experimenter in telepathy must have drive and energy and make many social contacts. It is of very little use to select a number of people at random and apply to them routine tests; it is far better to discover, by enquiry, persons reputed by their friends to possess extra-sensory gifts. Persons like Pearce, Linzmayer, Shackleton, and Mrs. Stewart are certainly rare, but not so rare as is commonly supposed, and there should be no insuperable difficulty in finding them. And when a good subject is found the psychologist should be prepared to carry out the experiments in the subject's own home. If a couple of rooms are available the experimental conditions can, with a little care, be made as water-tight as can be desired. But these gifted persons cannot be expected to make tedious journeys to and from a psychological laboratory when the work can be carried out in more favourable conditions in their own homes.

In conclusion, what is most urgently needed today is experiment directed towards the discovery of the bodily and mental conditions which are most favourable to the emergence of the psi-faculty. Even the most remarkable percipients seem to lose their powers inexplicably after one has worked with them for a few months, or perhaps at most a year or two. Minor subjects often peter out in half-a-dozen sittings. Owing to this, progress at present is disappointingly slow and one is always making fresh beginnings. When a drug is found capable of inducing physical and psychological states favourable to the emergence of telepathy in quite ordinary people, then Psychical Research may be expected to take vast strides towards that revolution in human thought which is already heralded and on its way.

Postscript: We have obtained some interesting results recently. For instance, by doubling the rate of calling, we have now with two agents succeeded in getting a "lag effect" (a backward displacement of one card).

Also we find that the subject, Mrs. Stewart, will succeed with two agents, one knowing only the order of the five cards and the other only the sequence of the random numbers.

This affords strong evidence of subconscious collaboration among all three people, since Mrs. Stewart could not succeed in this experiment by reading the mind of only one of the agents. Probably Mrs. Stewart and the two agents act as one mind in this case.

Strange Happenings at An Engineering Shop

By KENNETH WALTON
(an Electrical Technician)

This record of events is, to the best of my knowledge, a true and undistorted description of happenings as they occurred, and whilst I cannot claim to have had personal experience of any of the following phenomena, the evidence I have received leaves little doubt in my mind as to the authenticity of this story.

The building, which is tenanted by Mr. H. and Son, Motor Engineers, was built in the late 18th century as a church. The style of architecture is not typical of any definite period. Early in the present century it was taken over as a Salvation Army citadel. Later, after some years of disuse, the lower storey became a meeting place for the local Boy Scouts, whilst the upper storey was used as a Spiritualist Mission.

When Mr. H. and Son bought the old building they took much trouble to find alternative accommodation for the two tenant groups. The Scouts were easily satisfied, but the choice of alternative premises for the Spiritualists was rather more difficult. Even when accommodation was finally found, they were reluctant to leave.

This two-storey building has an outlet on to the highway from both floors. It is constructed on a hillside at the junction of two roads, the front facing the main road, and the back a by-pass road. The ground rises in such a way that the road level at the back of the building is level with the upper floor of the building. This upper floor is used as a paint shop, engines and mechanical parts receiving attention on the ground floor. A wooden stairway, much used by the men working on both floors, connects the upper and lower shops.

One evening, shortly after Mr. H. and Son moved in, two employees were working on the ground floor, when footsteps were heard on the floor above them. So definite were these steps that both men paid little attention to them, thinking that the painters were at work. Some time later, however, one of the men remembered that the "top shop" had been closed, and the doors bolted, an hour or so previously.

At this point the steps were heard again, and a chain hanging from a girder in the top

floor ceiling rattled, as it would if caught by some person walking past. The two men, thinking that some intruder had broken into the "top shop," raced up the wooden stairs, but found no one there. The doors were securely bolted; all was in order. They could do nothing but go downstairs and get on with their work.

This happening was repeated on many occasions—always when the top floor had been closed. One of the men, however, more curious than the others, decided to find out more about the noises. The next time he heard the footsteps he rushed up the stairway as quickly as possible, only to find, as all others had found before him, nothing there to account for the sounds. Whilst standing there mystified, and about to return below, he became aware of a sudden apparent drop in the temperature. To quote his own words, the space around him "became like the inside of a large meat frig." This was strange indeed, as the paint shop was specially constructed to be free from draughts of any kind. This sensation of cold lasted for about half-a-minute, after which all became normal. On comparing notes afterwards, it was discovered that Mr. H. himself had had a similar experience. All talk of imagination, too much to drink, nerves, and the like, gradually died away, as the men working there became, one by one, personally acquainted with this chilling effect, for which no explanation has been offered.

Several weeks later, a workman who had not been told of these events, was asked to stay late and finish a job. Having plenty to do, he settled down to work and all went well until the early hours of the morning. Suddenly the air went cold around the man, and a blast of cold air struck him full in the back of the neck. No sound was heard, and within 45 seconds all was normal. The shop was heated, and all cracks where draughts could penetrate had been stuffed, in order to protect the painting work. The workman, though not of a superstitious nature, was so affected by this experience that he at once bolted, leaving the premises unlocked, and with the lights blazing, although the blackout regulations were then in force.

The foreman and one other mechanic were working late in the engine shop, when the footsteps were heard sounding on the floor above. So used were they by this time to these sounds that they decided to pay no heed whatever, and they carried on with their work. On this occasion, however, the sound of the footsteps crossed the floor on to the landing at the top of the stairway, and actually came right down the steps, all the way from top to bottom. The two men, who by this time had

spun round to face the stairway, were standing only four or five yards from the bottom of the steps; they were both staring hard at the stairs, but saw nothing. These men will say, when they can be persuaded to speak, that something cold and invisible actually walked past them.

I should add that these last-mentioned men are amongst the most unsuperstitious men that I know.

An Experimental Approach to **ASTROLOGY**

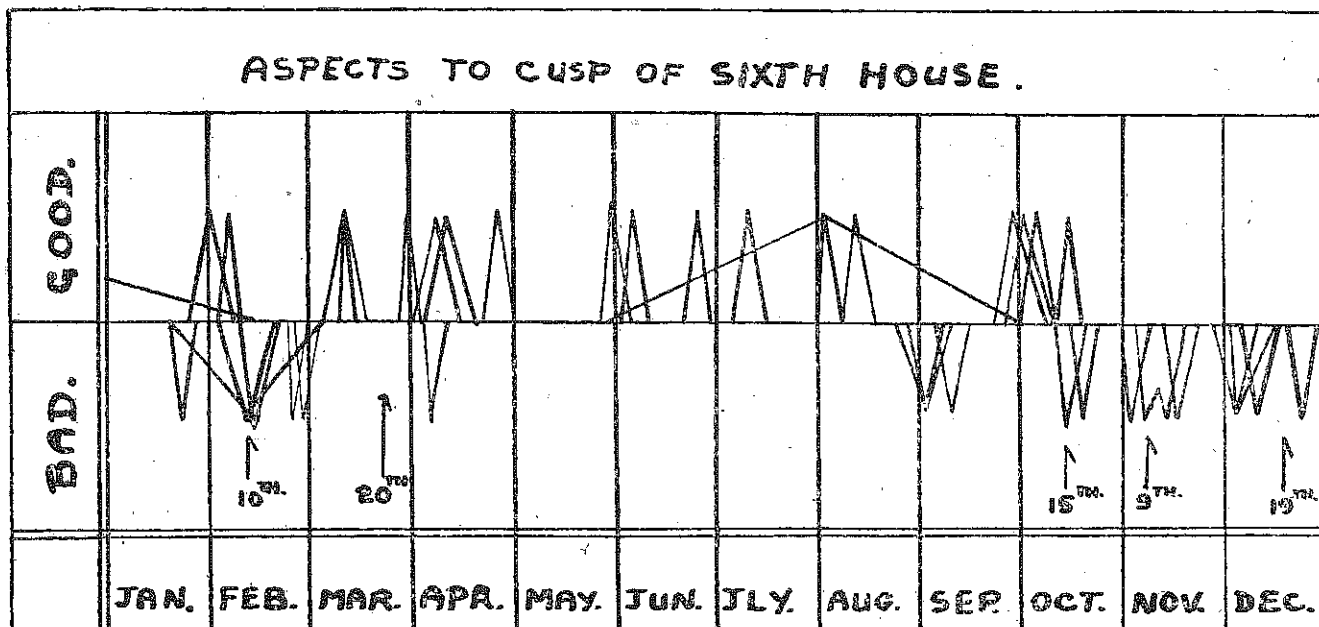
By W. D. FURNEAUX

We are fortunate to be living at the beginning of the end of an age of superstition. Did I see you smile? Well, perhaps you are right; perhaps humanity will never pluck up enough courage to walk under all its ladders, however scientific it may become. Take Astrology, for instance. Just how long ago this odd collection of superstitions came into existence, no one can say. Go right back through the ancient civilisation of Egypt, back to Babylon in its days of triumph, back again through the centuries of Chaldea, right back until there are no more records; and Astrology goes with you. It seems reasonable to suppose that the primitive identification of the stars with gods who waged unceasing warfare in the skies was somehow linked with its inception, but we can only conjecture. However it may have begun, it certainly has not yet died out. There were chairs in Astrology at many European universities until well into the eighteenth century. Today, in Britain, there exists a Federation of British Astrologers that has its own professional examinations, and aims to make Astrologers as essential a part of the community as are Doctors or Lawyers.

I am supposed to be a Psychologist of sorts, and so, of course, I can quite see how absurd the whole business must be. Several years ago, however, I got myself mixed up in an argument with a friend who not only asserted that there was a basis of solid truth to Astrology, but also pointed out, on a number of occasions, that I knew nothing whatever about the subject. This was unfortunately true, and anyone who has been told to "keep quiet until you know what you are talking about" will understand how it was that I came to possess

quite a library of Astrological literature, and even to find myself learning how to cast a horoscope. I was interested to discover that modern western Astrology is based almost entirely on the radical changes of procedure introduced by the Greeks. Babylonian Astrology, which was concerned primarily with the destinies of whole nations and their rulers, reached Greece in the fourth century B.C. From that time onwards until the decline of their civilisation the Greek philosophers were busy extending the system to cover the prediction of the characteristics of an individual from the position of the planets at his birth. Their main procedure was to study the birth maps of individuals of peculiar temperament, and, by process of much laborious cross checking, to decide just which features of the map were responsible for the peculiarity. This was clearly a very important step, because it meant that Astrology had become in some respects an empirical science.

I had to admit, too, that much criticism of Astrology was from ignorance as to what is Astrology and what is not. The minimum data required for the construction of a horoscope are the date and time of birth to within about 20 minutes, at the very most, and the place of birth. When I thought that all the Astrologer needed was the day of birth I used to argue that there should only be 365 types of people in the world: but no reputable Astrologer has a kind word for those who claim to tell your fortune from the day, or even the month, of your birth. Another baseless criticism sometimes advanced is that Astrology is essentially pre-Copernican, and is thus based on faulty assumptions. What the Astrologer



Diary (see graph above).

Feb. 10th.—Rushed to hospital at midnight, with symptoms of acute appendicitis.

Mar. 20th.—Discharged without operation, no symptoms.

Oct. 15th (approx.).—Early symptoms of general sepsis.

Nov. 9th.—Entered hospital.

Dec. 19th.—Major operation revealed general sepsis of abdominal cavity.

says is that there is a correlation between the observed position of the stars and planets and an individual's characteristics. The fact that Copernicus showed that the observed positions do not correspond to the true position is of no consequence.

Of much more importance is the fact that three major planets have only recently been discovered: Neptune, Uranus and Pluto. The least that can be said is that all those horoscopes that were cast prior to these discoveries must have contained considerable inaccuracies! In mitigation, the Astrologers plead that these three planets seem to affect chiefly those aspects of human life which have only recently become important, such as industry, machinery, and the psychic faculties, to which serious attention is only now beginning to be given. It must be admitted that many Astrologers had confidently predicted that several planets still awaited discovery from quite early times, a conclusion they reached by studying the errors in their interpretation, and predictions. In particular, after Neptune and Uranus had been discovered, an Astrologer predicted that there must still be a further planet, and gave its orbit and rate of motion. When Pluto was discovered it fitted his data almost exactly.

In many ways the position of Astrology now is similar to that of Psychic Research ten years ago. There are many records of delineations and predictions of a most impressive type, but the whole business seems so basically improbable that only statistical examination on the widest scale can provide data that

can be generally accepted. Rhine, Carrington, Soal, and others, have evolved satisfactory techniques for telepathy and clairvoyance, and have given well-supported answers to problems that have previously remained outside the range of the scientific attack. Choissard, the celebrated French mathematician, attempted something of the same nature with some aspects of Astrology, and all his data seems to have supported Astrological tradition. For example, he found that the frequency of births in a population highly selected for intelligence peaked significantly in the zodiacal signs that are reputed to produce intellectual types, whereas the peaks occupied quite different positions for an unselected population. More recently, Gleadow has done the same sort of experiment, also with very interesting results, and, of course, there are a host of other names I could mention. But the fact remains that Astrology still has to find an exponent who can not only obtain worth-while data, but can also persuade the scientists to take some notice of him.

It is interesting to note that many Astrologers are not nearly so enthusiastic about the predictive side of their art as they are about the character delineations. Some go so far as to doubt if prediction is possible. It is certainly even more difficult to make any sense of the methods used for prediction than it is to find any possible "modus operandi" in the case of character delineation. However, mainly for the interest of those who have some acquaintance with Astrological methods, there is printed on this page a complete

record of the aspects made to the Cusp of the Sixth House by all the planets during a year in the life of one of my own relatives. Let me explain what is meant by "aspects to the Cusp of the Sixth House." When an Astrologer casts a horoscope he begins by drawing a sort of map on which is indicated the position of each of the planets relative to the earth as centre. Further calculations are then made, as a result of which this map is divided up into twelve sections, or Houses. Each House marks off that section of the map which has to be most strongly taken into account when considering a particular aspect of the life of the person whose horoscope is being studied. It is the sixth of the twelve Houses which is studied when matters connected with health are being investigated. The cusp of the sixth house is a point within the sixth House whose position relative to all the planets is of crucial importance in matters of health. Now, at any particular time during the life of an individual there will be certain relationships between the actual positions of the planets at that time and the position of the cusp of the sixth House as it was calculated from the birth map. Some such relationships between a planet and the cusp are supposed to be significant, producing an effect on the health. Such significant relationships are called Aspects, and their effects may be for good or ill. It is important to note that the effect of the occurrence of any Aspect starts before the planet concerned has quite reached the position in which the Aspect is exact, and continues for a little while afterwards. If the planet concerned is moving slowly this will mean that the effects of the occurrence of an Aspect will spread over several weeks: starting from almost nothing they will rise to a maximum when the relationship is exact, and will then gradually die away. Roughly speaking, if a good and a bad aspect coincide their effects will cancel out, while a number of simultaneous relationships which are all either good or bad will support each other.

To return to the graph: each of the triangles based on the centre line represents an aspect made by a planet to the cusp of the sixth House. An upward pointing triangle implies a good Aspect, and bad Aspects are pointed downwards. The dates during which a particular Aspect had an effect can be read off from the date scale at the bottom of the graph. For example, there is a big upward pointing triangle with its base covering the months from June to September, and having its apex on the 1st of August. This represents the fact that at the beginning of June a particular planet moved into such a position that it began to produce slight good effects connected with the health of the person concerned. These effects increased slowly until August 1st, and then slowly died down. After the end of September they ceased completely. All the other triangles can be interpreted in a similar way.

Now if we consider the graph in conjunction with the diary printed beneath it, we see that the crisis on February 10th corresponds exactly with the simultaneous peaking of several bad Aspects. (Astrologers will no doubt be interested in the almost classical "explosion" of a long acting Aspect by a short acting one that occurred here.) Then follow several months during which there are no further symptoms, and a period of good Aspects. Finally, the Aspects become predominantly bad, and at the same time severe illness returns. The correspondence is the more remarkable in that for several months before and after the period shown the Aspects were predominantly good or neutral.

In conclusion, may I remind my fellow-sceptics of a remark to which my own attention was once forcibly drawn: "Sir, I have studied the subject, you have not." It was made to someone who rebuked him for his belief in Astrology by one of the most massive intellects the western world has known—Isaac Newton.

An Incident In The Great Indian Famine of 1899 & 1900

By R. P. LAMBERT, D.I.G.
(late Indian Imperial Police)

One hot summer day when I was listening half-asleep to my reader crooning through the daily vernacular reports from the Chief Constables in my district, 3,300 sq. miles in area,

I suddenly woke up with a start. My reader had ceased his monotonous sing-song, and I asked the reason.

He replied, "Your Honour was dozing and I

have to bring to your notice something important, strange and unusual in the report I am now reading. The Chief Constable of X states that a holy man, known as the Saint, is travelling through his charge, healing the sick and performing miracles. Rumour says that he has raised to life a woman who was dead. As he goes from village to village the people follow him, leaving their houses open and unguarded. They are so mesmerised by him that they won't listen to the police and refuse to return to their homes to care for their older parents and their cattle. Everything is at a standstill and many of the Saint's followers are starving as they have no food with them. Those who have any share in it with those who have none, but this state of affairs cannot last much longer or the people will famish and die. He finds it impossible to persuade them to leave the Saint, who himself has told them that if they return to their homes he will revisit them when the wind brings the monsoon with its rains.

"No one knows where the Saint has come from, but he appeared from the desert with the plague of locusts which, after devastating the country, flew off to the sea where, so he says, he is going on his mission.

"He is preaching a strange religion, and the people believe he is a Messiah sent from heaven to save their bodies and souls as their own gods have forsaken them and disregarded their prayers.

"The Chief Constable requests that mounted police be sent from headquarters to force the villagers back to their houses as his own force is insufficient for the purpose."

The matter appeared to me to be sufficiently serious to demand my immediate attendance, but I was unable to go owing to a serious strike among the mill hands in the city which was the capital of my district.

I accordingly sent for my inspector, Brahmen, whom the people call Dada Sahib, and who had started his career in the police as a constable at six shillings a month. He was a wonderful man, as straight as a die and had been taught to read, write and speak English remarkably well. I eventually had him promoted as Superintendent and he had charge of my district while I was away in England on leave.

When he arrived at my office I showed him the Chief Constable's report and told him to bring the Saint to me. Had I sent out the mounted police bloodshed might have resulted.

Dada Sahib arrived before me the next day with the Saint and reported that all the villagers, about 3,000, had returned to their homes, happily, and rejoicing under a promise that the Saint would revisit them later, as indeed he did.

Then I, Dada Sahib, and the Saint sat down together and began our talks.

From our first meeting to the last the Saint

fascinated me but never hypnotised me, nor attempted to do so.

He was practically naked, except for a lightly tied cloth, coloured yellow and green, round his loins and a coarse country-made shawl thrown over his shoulders. He was scrupulously clean. His hair was jet black and carefully combed down over his back. It was parted from the middle and pushed back over his ears. His beard was short, black and curly, and his moustache neatly trimmed. His features were those of a dreamy ascetic and his eyes were black and as piercing as any I have ever seen.

You could push your fingers between his ribs, and all the time he was talking the muscles of his stomach were moving up and down as if performing a course of Sandow's exercises.

He was beautifully made and his hands, feet and nails were perfectly kept.

He kept his eyes fixed on his questioner all the time; he was a gentleman in every way.

He was something quite out of the ordinary and treated everyone, however humble, with regard and respect and was never ruffled or out of temper.

I questioned him quietly and politely, and nothing that I asked him did he resent.

The following is a report of the conversation that passed between him and myself:

Where have you come from?

From the desert where the locusts breed.

What is your name?

Howah Mahatama, the people call me.

But you must have some country, home and parents?

I know of none. I found myself in the desert and the locusts fed me. I slaked my thirst in the morning with the dew God sent me. I went as the Great Spirit directed me, and the way the wind blew.

What is the religion that you preach which is making the people follow you like sheep?

I tell them to abandon their false gods that they worship and seek the Great Spirit, the supreme creator whose children all men are.

You are not a Hindu, Christian or Mohammedan?

I believe in no religion that exists in their world, I merely deliver my message as I have been directed.

What is your message?

All men are brothers and the Almighty is their father, all should help one another to discard hatred.

Do you not know that is what the Christians teach and try to practise it; it was taught by Christ to the world hundreds of years ago.

I have not heard of him, but I give him all honour if that was his mission. He must have been a Son of God.

What do you propose to do, and where are you going?

I don't know. I am in the hands of the

Great Spirit and I am his feather to go where he blows me.

Will you remain here for a time, my friend—here we will give you food and shelter. Under our protection you may revisit the villagers who have been promised they shall see you again.

I gratefully accept your kind offer and I will remain here for a time to deliver my message.

You understand that my friend here and I are responsible for peace and order in this country. I have no objection to your delivering your message and fulfilling your mission; in fact, I fully approve, and shall see you are not molested. I am sure you do not wish that riots should occur, or blood be shed. Had not Dada Sahib brought you to me when he did many villagers might have starved to death, their cattle lost, and their crops destroyed.

Yes, you are quite right. You have done your duty in the right way, because the Almighty has taught you to obey not only Him, but those he has set above you. I obey God and I shall obey you because you and your Commander study the good of all men. Command me in the name of God.

I shall hope to see you again often, and also my wife will be pleased to meet you if you have no objection—as saints generally have in India—to associating with a woman.

A good woman is the blessing of God to a good man, then they become one in body and soul, which is that atom God originally formed. In perfection it returns to Him to rejuvenate the Spirit and mind. I shall feel honoured to meet your good wife.

You shall another time. Now go and rest with my friend for a while. He is a Brahmin and a good man.

Thus ended our interview for that day, but he stayed three months in the city, where his admirers, strange to say mostly Mohammedans and the lower classes, hired a house for him, protected and cared for him.

The wealthy and high-born Hindus would have nothing to do with him; they hated him as much as they did Christians and Mohammedans, but they did not dare to openly express it.

He came one day to see my wife and me. He asked permission to take her hand, which was readily granted. A Hindu or his priest object strongly to touching even the shoulders of one not wearing the Brahminical string. It is defilement and means a tedious penance costing money. He asked her to think of any number she wished and he guessed it correctly every time.

He gave me three sealed envelopes and asked me to think of the following things:

- 1.—Any flower.
- 2.—Any person.
- 3.—Any town, ancient or modern.

My reader opened them, one by one, in the

presence of witnesses. The envelopes contained the correct names as follows:

- 1.—A rose.
- 2.—George.
- 3.—Johannesburg.

They were written in the vernacular, but when read out they were pronounced as in English, which he did not know.

He then informed me that I should receive promotion on October 15th, which, as there were several senior officers before me, I did not believe. To my utter amazement on the very day he named I found his prediction fulfilled when I opened the official gazette. He also predicted that the same thing would occur once again later on in my service, and it did.

A still stranger occurrence than the above came under my notice before he and I parted.

One afternoon as I was riding into the city I noticed a large crowd of people making their way within the walls carrying a corpse on a charpoy, which is a country-made bed consisting of four wooden poles, kept together by country-made cords.

Funerals were never performed within the city walls, but by the riverside if a Hindu was to be burned, or in a cemetery or tower of silence on the far side of the river in the case of a Mohammedan or a Parsee. So I was greatly surprised to see the corpse being carried to the house of my friend, Howah Mahatama, the Saint.

On inquiry I was informed that early that morning a Hindu had been bitten in the foot by his pet cobra when giving it milk in a saucer. He had died in half an hour or so, and had, after several hours delay, been carried a distance of ten miles to be restored to life by the Mahatama.

The corpse was laid on the floor of the Mahatama's open verandah and a huge crowd collected in the street to see what would happen.

I opened the eyelids of the corpse and saw death in its eyes; a mirror was held close up to the lips of its gaping mouth and it remain unclouded. I would, without hesitation, have given my permission to place the body on its funeral pyre and not felt the least pricking of conscience.

But the Mahatama did not agree. He first lighted a fire and on it placed a huge iron pot into which he throw various herbs and ingredients known to himself alone.

I sat in the verandah near the corpse. The crowd stood outside in the street in respectful silence.

The Mahatama commenced his incantations and his body began to quiver like the leaves of a peepul tree in a breeze. Every now and then he dipped his hand into the pot, from which a thick scented smoke arose, and threw some kind of fluid therefrom on to the corpse. This went on for about an hour, but still there was no sign of life.

The Mahatama then pressed both his hands

over the body and lay down beside it. He put his mouth to that of the corpse and breathed into it, his body quivering like a live wire.

He got up and threw some more stuff from the pot and said to me "Sahib, ask him any question you like!"

I did not know whether I was standing on my head or my heels but I did as I was told.

I said, "What has happened to you?" The mouth opened and a voice rumbled out in a horrible way unlike anything human I have ever heard, "A cobra bit me."

Again I asked, "Where?"

Then the horrible voice answered, "My big toe. I was giving it milk."

Not a muscle moved in the body and it lay inert and stiff as a corpse.

The Mahatama again breathed into the man's mouth and went on with his incantations. Then suddenly he said, "Get up!"

The body at his command began to rise, not as an ordinary live human does with a bent back and knees, but straight from its heels and stood straight up like an Egyptian mummy. The eyes were shut, the arms close by its side.

The Mahatama then said, "Walk!" It did, like a wooden soldier, with stiff legs from its thighs.

When it came near the opposite wall the Mahatama said, "Stop! Turn!"

It obeyed, its eyes still shut.

It was told to lie down, which it did in the same way that it rose.

After another hour of incantation the corpse was beginning to show slight signs of movement in its chest and stomach muscles. Another hour passed, and when the corpse was told to rise the second time, it did so in a more human fashion and was ordered to walk out in the street, and when it began doing so, the crowd fled in terror.

Its eyes were still closed; it walked about by word of command and was brought back to lie down again in the verandah.

Finally, the Mahatama passed his fingers over the face and eyes of the now breathing man, who opened his eyes and looked horribly dazed.

After a course of massage for about another hour, the man was carried home by his relatives completely recovered. He lived for many years.

The Nature of Spiritualism

By RONALD LANE

For a long time interest has been shown by many people in all walks of life in the varied phenomena associated with the word "spiritualism," a term which seems to stretch over a wide range of occult subjects whatever its definite limitations may be. The movement associated with the word arose in America within the last hundred years, and has since spread rapidly and widely. Some attempt has been made to trace its origins to the teachings of Swedenborg, and certainly there are many points of similarity in the two faiths.

Probably some readers will remember the trial of Mrs. Helen Duncan, a well-known medium, under the Witchcraft Act of 1735. This took place in 1944, and brought into prominence, even in the tense war years, the nature of the evidence for and against Spiritualism.

Mrs. Duncan was and is acclaimed by many to be the only important materialisation medium in this country, in spite of her two convictions. In her trial, both prosecution and defence produced witnesses of no small intellectual calibre whose respective statements were in sharp contrast, despite their

unquestioned sincerity. "Spirit forms," which witnesses for the defence claimed to be recognisable as close relatives, the prosecution witnesses termed "vague figures"—and having regard to the dim atmosphere of the séance room the observations of the latter were probably closer to reality. "Spirit photographs" taken during a séance with Mrs. Duncan backed the prosecution's case as did other scientific evidence, including the analysis of "ectoplasm" which turned out to be remarkably similar to butter muslin. An impartial observer can only be bewildered by the intricacies of the trial: it seems that Mrs. Duncan did deceive, but there is the possibility that the powers she claims to have, she, in fact, has. Certain of the phenomena for which she was responsible elude explanation in any accepted manner.

This state of affairs, in which the investigator has to decide which phenomena are valid and which otherwise, is not uncommon. It is seldom that the intellectual level of a medium is high, and mediums are, after all, only human. I believe that some of them have developed powers which may be latent or non-existent in the ordinary human being,

and that these few can contact some form of life other than that of which we have definite knowledge. But if they feel their powers to be failing, or to be insufficient, the temptation to "arrange results" may at times be strong. Some mediums have indeed admitted to this. On occasions, the attempts at deception have been so naive that the investigators have had their impressions of the inexplicable and probably genuine phenomena produced by the would-be deceiver strengthened, on the grounds that the subtlety necessary to "arrange" convincing results would be quite beyond the powers exhibited by the medium concerned.

The results in themselves are a much discussed matter. The enthusiastic follower of Spiritualism takes the line that "these are facts, and if they don't fit into your philosophy your philosophy must be changed." But the position is not so simple.

Some years ago the Society for Psychical Research arranged a "mock séance" with sitters who were fully aware of this fact. Apart from the actual manifestations, the procedure was on the lines of a normal séance, with the understanding that there was to be a questionnaire at the end of the sitting. And the degree of correlation between the individual answers to this questionnaire on what had happened was such that the result was worthless as evidence of what had actually occurred.

Some sitters had no recollection of the fact that one of them had left the room. Only four out of forty-two sitters noticed that a person who had left and re-entered the room put something in his pocket. The "medium" moved a small bell: less than half of the sitters observed this correctly. Illusions were common—a non-existent glass of water was reported, and an equally immaterial candle mentioned. Even illusions of movement were noted.

Now this result is of immense significance. In this mock séance the observers were well aware of their purpose, and were on the lookout for movements. There was none of the tense atmosphere of a true séance to influence their judgment. Among the forty-two sitters were trained observers, including a psychologist who himself experienced illusions. Again, if the evidence of the senses of this select group was totally inadequate as an appraisal of the happenings at a fake séance, how much more unreliable must be the evidence garnered at a true séance? How much more likely are hallucinations when the sitters are often hoping to be convinced of the claims of spiritualism to get in touch with their loved ones, and to remove the barrier of death? The chief factor in belief seems to be the wish to believe: few wish to disbelieve in after-life laid down on the tempting lines of Spiritualist religion.

In view of the above it would seem that the

evidence offered by the séance room must be looked on in a very critical spirit, as must be the far-reaching conclusions based on this evidence. But in the case of a genuine medium there is an inexplicable residuum of evidence which cannot be ignored. It may be true that much mediumistic and allied phenomena is due to processes already accepted by contemporary science—telepathy is already proved if not explained, and clairvoyance is being actively investigated with promising results, although both were once jumbled up in the stock-in-trade of the medium, and passed as occult powers. But these and other abstracted processes of the mind do not wholly explain mediumship.

It is the inexplicable power, tentatively called "the power to contact some form of life which we do not normally know," which provides the Spiritualists with their evidence of "life after Death." They claim that a medium contacts a world to which we go after death. It is invariably pictured as a happy world, and it is said that matter there is on a "finer level" than in this world. Accounts of this World after Death are numerous, and often contain remarkably detailed information which can, however, seldom be proved. For instance, we are told of Thomas Huxley still pursuing his study of evolution, and of a life in which are featured armchairs and cigars—and presumably war and politics! We are told of a hierarchy of beings akin to angels who are the "rulers" of this world, and of Seven Spheres through which man must eventually pass on his way to a full spiritual life. This world is apparently timeless, and men can live there for thousands of earthly years.

What is one to make of all this, presented by people who are undoubtedly honest, and sincere in their beliefs, who believe they have a truth to give the world? As I have shown, there is reason to doubt the evidence given, but in the case of materialisation phenomena, when ectoplasmic forms appear, the ectoplasm itself cannot merely be dismissed as "concealed butter muslin." It is obviously easier to fake messages than apparitions.

A great deal of work remains to be done in the correlation of accounts given by authenticated mediums, when it might be possible to obtain important circumstantial evidence on the nature of this world which the medium has the power to contact. Of interest here is the view given by Aldous Huxley in his recent novel "Time Must Have a Stop," when a character's messages from a state of after-life are distorted by the medium through which he communicates. There is no reason why the next world should be intelligible to the inhabitants of the Earth, and there is every reason why such a distortion should occur, for man's imagination may be limited in such a way that he cannot conceive of things for which he can find no parallel in

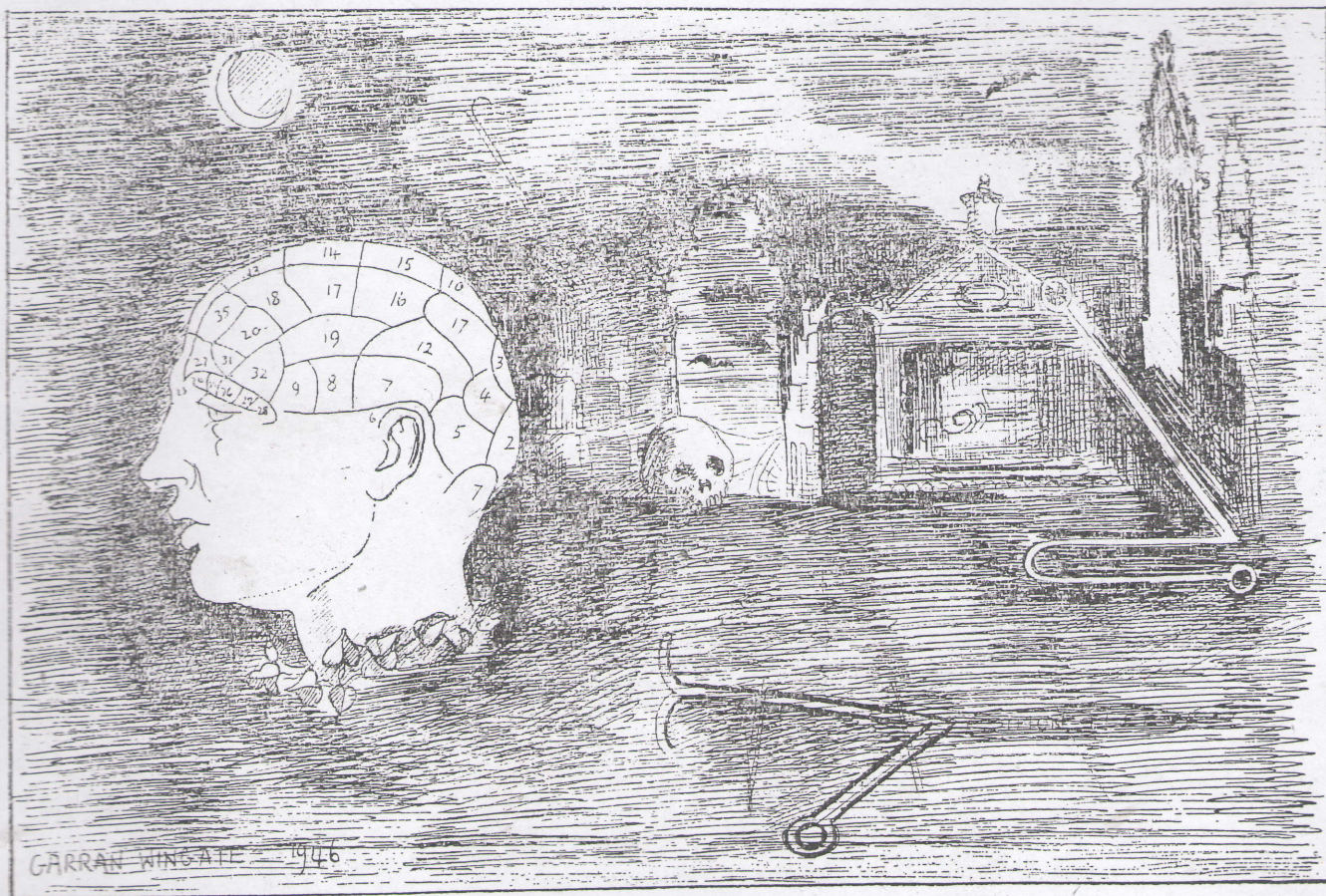
his earthly experience. Myself, whilst I am inclined to believe in some form of after-life, I consider that a transposition from this world to a very similar one seems pointless. The theory is open to the serious charge of wish fulfilment, and can indeed be regarded as a form of "religion" appropriate to the age in which it flourished, when science had apparently dealt a telling blow to the Christianity of the Western world and produced a flood

of half-baked atheists with the onset of the twentieth century. Spiritualism provided an attractive substitute for the discredited "heaven."

But any shortcomings of orthodox spiritualism must not blind us to the very real results sometimes obtained by mediums. Continued scientific investigation of the field will lead into a fuller conception of the make-up of Man.

Paranormal Cognition

By H. HEIGHTON



The fact has been known for many centuries that certain individuals possessed, or at least were credited with, peculiar powers popularly known as second sight, dipping into the future and other supernormal powers, and such people had at times uncanny experiences which, as they were not shared by the ordinary person, were characterised as witchcraft or sorcery. Many other people, not possessed of such powers, eagerly sought after them, and the study of the occult was pursued as assidu-

ously as the alchemist pursued his studies.

It is only within the last few years that it has come to be recognised that these powers or faculties, though abnormal, are not to be attributed to witchcraft or alliance with the devil, and their serious study may be said to have begun when the Society for Psychical Research began its work in 1882. This Society has done, and is still doing, extremely valuable work in connection with all types of what is now called paranormal phenomena, and its

past and present members are a guarantee of the critical methods which are employed in the study of such phenomena.

The study of paranormal phenomena, especially telepathy and clairvoyance, is not—as some still appear to think—the plaything of superstitious fools or neurotic mystics, but is now the scientific study of academic savants and keen-minded scientists, and research is being carried on in various laboratories and centres. The august Trinity College, Cambridge, has founded a studentship in Psychical Research, and at Duke University (U.S.A.), Dr. J. B. Rhine has done fundamental work in this subject.

Those who think that telepathy, for example, "can't happen," or regard it as so improbable that it is not worth serious consideration are, these days, out of date! Dr. Thouless has summed up the position plainly: "The evidence for the reality of the phenomena is now so overwhelming," he says, "that scepticism can only be justified by ignorance of the experimental results." Telepathy is now an established fact, but the existence of clairvoyance is not so surely demonstrated; at least, to the satisfaction of scientists. There are many clairvoyants who know the reality of their experiences, and serious consideration must be given to their testimony although it may not exactly square up with the requirements of scientific research.

Paranormal cognition, such as telepathy and clairvoyance (extra-sensory perception as Dr. Rhine calls it) is the faculty or ability of perceiving ideas not through physical sense-data, but by direct and immediate psychic sense; it is a method of acquiring knowledge other than by normal physical sense-data. Dr. Laurence J. Bedit (who got his M.D. at Cambridge with a thesis on Paranormal Cognition), with the authority of his medical experience as a practising psychiatrist and his knowledge of paranormal states of consciousness, gives us a valuable comment. "If we follow to their logical conclusions the suggestion of the philosophers, it would seem as if the fully developed mind would acquire again that omniscience postulated as the intrinsic quality of Mind-as-such. But this cannot happen through sense-perception, physical or psychic, no matter how perfect and refined. Thus philosophy suggests the very thing which the mystic struggles to describe: a state of consciousness in which knowledge is direct and immediate, not indirect, and compounded of separate sense-data."

One of the most indefatigable and critical workers on telepathy and its problems is Dr. S. G. Soal, Senior Lecturer in Mathematics, University of London. Dr. Soal has been working on this subject for twenty years, has tested 160 persons of all types and collected over 128,000 guesses. The system adopted was to have a series of cards specially printed with symbols—cross, circle, star and so on—and the

object of the experiments was to find out if the percipient (or guesser) could "pick up" from the agent (who looks at the cards) the idea of the symbol which the agent was looking at, and write it down. In these experiments the percipient and the agent were in separate rooms.

After five years' work Dr. Soal could not trace anything in the nature of telepathy acting between the two individuals, and gave the job up. "I felt I deserved a rest," he says, but he was not to rest for long. Mr. Whately Carington—himself an experimenter—suggested to Dr. Soal that he should re-examine his results to ascertain if any of his subjects had been guessing correctly the card immediately preceding or the card immediately coming after the one which the agent turned up for the actual test. Dr. Soal found that one of his subjects, Mr. Shackleton, "ceased to score on the next card, but began to guess correctly the next-but-one." In other words, the percipient's guess (in Dr. Soal's words) "was being decided by a mental event in the agent's mind which did not take place till three seconds later." In these experiments the symbol or picture on the card turned up by the agent was ignored or not "transmitted" to Mr. Shackleton, but he nevertheless succeeded in guessing the correct symbol on a card two places ahead which was not turned up by the agent till three seconds later. "I believe," adds Dr. Soal, "that in this extra-physical world of mental images in which telepathy operates, our human personality has its deepest roots, and in this world it may still survive after the physical organism has ceased to function."

Consideration of these experiments seems to suggest that it was not telepathy but clairvoyance which was the medium by which Mr. Shackleton achieved his results. But in view of the testimony of Mr. Shackleton that no kind of mental picture of the card correctly guessed was in his mind when he wrote down his guess (he seemed to act as if he were an automaton) clairvoyance is ruled out and the explanation left is telepathy.

As a contrast to this precognition of the future, consider the following case of looking into the past. In 1931 a book called "An Adventure" was republished, the original appearing about twenty years previously. The book was written by two ladies who had been Principals of St. Hugh's College, Oxford, and neither was in the least interested in the occult or in French history.

While walking in the grounds of the Trianon (Versailles Park) in August, 1901, they saw and were addressed by some individuals dressed in the costumes of 1789 (Louis XVI); some of the people were seen by one lady, some by both. "They saw woods which are no longer there, passed by a rustic bridge over a ravine down which ran a cascade, no longer there, saw a man sitting by

a garden kiosk, and were accosted by a footman who emerged from a door in the palace which, through the destruction of a staircase, has ceased for nearly a hundred years to afford any exit." Later investigations and research proved that the scenes witnessed by the ladies corresponded minutely with the geography of the place as it existed in 1789. Corroborative evidence was afforded by other people who had lived for six years in a house overlooking the Park and had witnessed similar scenes.

A curious phenomenon observed on one occasion by one of the ladies was that the whole scene—sky, trees and buildings—gave a little shiver "like the movements of a curtain, or of scenery as at a theatre."

Here is another interesting case of a glimpse into the future. The case is well-authenticated, the lady concerned being a devout churchwoman with no leanings towards the occult.

Mrs. Smith (as we will call her), lying in bed awake early one summer morning, suddenly seemed to find herself on a country road and saw a waggon with three horses collide with a dogcart, and from underneath the wagon she saw a girl and a bicycle pulled out, the girl being her sister. So impressed was Mrs. Smith that she asked her sister not to go out cycling that day. The girl did go out, however, after promising that if she saw a wagon and three horses on the road she would dismount and walk. On her journey she did actually see these, and immediately started walking close to the hedge. Within a few seconds there was a flash of lightning, and a scream behind her, and a horse and trap dashed past; the horse had taken fright at the lightning and bolted. It was pulled up, however, and no one was hurt.

The experiments and incidents just described present us with some fascinating but tough problems relating to time and space. For centuries eastern philosophy has taught that time is an illusion. Western science and philosophy seem now to be inclined to admit that time and space, as commonly understood, are not "real" entities but rather modes of thought. "From henceforth," says Minkowski, "space in itself and time in itself sink to mere shadows, and only a kind of union of the two preserves an interdependent existence." The physicist thinks only of time-space, and in the opinion of Jeans, "the fundamental laws of nature, in so far as we are at present acquainted with them, give no reason why time should flow steadily on: they are equally prepared to consider the possibility of time standing still or flowing backwards." What time or space mean in the psychic world it is difficult to say, but it is quite certain that our normal conceptions of time and space are not adequate to explain the phenomena in that sphere, and problems posed in terms of psychical time are at present insoluble.

As regards the faculty or ability of "seeing" things in the past this brings us to the question: do events which have happened continue to exist? We know they exist as a memory, but do they exist as separate entities apart from this, and if so, can they be recalled under suitable conditions? The people, places and things which the two ladies "saw" in Versailles Park could not have been a memory in their case, but apparently what they saw existed in some possibly psychic or etheric form. Do the events which happen in our world of three dimensions disappear from our ken only to be "fossilised" in some psychic sphere capable of being re-vitalised under the impetus of unknown stimuli?

With regard to the future, if events can be foreseen, it seems as if the future is already "fixed" and existing. It means that the future is already determined, but if this is so, I do not think that it is determined in the sense that it *must* happen, but only that it *may* happen. There is plenty of evidence which seems to prove that "seeing" the future is not only possible, but does occur with individuals possessed of peculiar psychic sense. Mr. J. W. Dunne argues that it sometimes happens that we live in dreams a part, but a very confused part, of the future. If our dreams are, in part, a reflection, distorted and fragmentary, of the real psychic world, it is, I think, rational to believe that we may sometimes succeed in blending the past with the future if the delimitations of time and space in the psychic sphere are—as we have reason to think—very different from what obtains in the ordinary three-dimensional world.

The fact that future events can be foreseen makes it obvious that such events are "fixed" and waiting, so to speak, to be thrown on the screen of the present, but in some way not yet understood it also seems possible to alter that "fixed" future either by thought-power (normal in the psychic world, paranormal in the physical) or by deliberate action in shaping the events of the present, fugitive though it be.

The problem is bound up with the nature of Thought and the meaning of Personality and with the meaning of "mind." We have a lot to learn in this respect, and those endowed with psychic sense can teach us much if they are endowed with some measure of critical acumen and rational thinking. The evidence they can give us has to be sifted, collated, and synthesised to form some kind of coherent system, and this must be done by intelligent capable sympathetic investigators.

It is a common fallacy of many people, and not a few scientists, to believe that the brain "sees" and "hears" and "feels." They think of the brain as a kind of telephone exchange which receives all the sense-data from the outside world and transforms them into the ap-

appropriate actions. But the brain only receives certain light-waves and sound-waves of varying frequency passing through the eye and ear respectively, and merely acts like a receiving set. The brain itself does not pronounce judgment on them, or classify them into beauty or ugliness, red or green, music or noise, as the case may be. The retina of the eye, for example, records a flat, colourless, upside-down picture of the world. It remains for the mind, and the mind only, to turn that picture into a representation of the three-dimensional world, adding the solidity, the colour, the beauty; in a word, all those extra-sensory perceptions which enable the individual to form his personal idea of the world. And it is the mind alone which is capable of receiving and transmitting ideas or thoughts which, as in telepathy, bypass the brain entirely. It is an old controversy whether the universe is "material" or "mental," but until we know what we really mean by those terms we must be careful not to lose ourselves in a fog of ambiguity.

There are scientists like Professor Hogben, who deny that man possesses a mind, and argue that he does not need such a thing because his brain is the centre of all mental activity. "Why should we separate mental activity and cerebral activity seeing that the two are identical?" asks Dr. C. S. Myers. But are they identical? This, I believe, assumes too much. Professor Haldane thinks that it is "extremely unlikely that mind is a mere by-product of matter. I am compelled to believe that mind is not wholly conditioned by matter."

Physiologists of the last century, and many of this, have asserted that the mind is part of the brain, and that without the latter consciousness and psychic function do not exist. There is, however, overwhelming evidence to show that, although the brain and nervous system are the physical seat of the mind (or psyche) there is something—mind, psyche, the self or whatever we like to call it—which can leave the body and can function apart from it. "The new psychology," says Dr. W. Brown, "looks on mind as a distinct entity which is the initiator of behaviour . . . we are entitled to assume that life possesses a property organic matter does not possess, and this property, which is characteristic of mind, is purposiveness."

If the brain is the only centre of mental activity and the physical sense-data which it receives the only kind which exists (according to the materialistic or mechanistic-minded scientist) what explanation can be given which will adequately cover all the paranormal knowledge exhibited by Swedenborg in the following well-known incident, related by the philosopher, Kant?

Swedenborg was at a dinner-party 200 miles from his home in Stockholm, when he suddenly became perturbed and agitated, and told

his friends that there was a fire raging in Stockholm. He remained perturbed for an hour or so, then became calm saying that the fire had been extinguished before it had reached his own home. Details of the fire and complete corroboration of Swedenborg's vision of it were confirmed a day or two later.

In this instance, although it would be difficult to rule out telepathy entirely, the facts seem to point more emphatically to clairvoyance. It is obvious that no physical sense-data were received and Swedenborg's paranormal cognition was obtained by his mind, his brain being by-passed and ignored. This seems pretty conclusive evidence for the existence of mind as an entity existing apart from the brain.

This, of course, does not deny the well-established fact of the constant interaction between mind and brain, and does not deny the fact that some unconscious activities are controlled solely by the brain. What the constituents of the mind are is not yet known, and we can form a theory which will, at any rate, partly cover the facts, but it is not wise to be dogmatic on the point.

It is likely that mind is independent of the brain, and that we have an etheric body (an exact counterpart of the physical) which is also capable of acting independently, but commonly acts in concert with the physical body. There is also the self or the "I," which is the controller and the initiator of all thought and action; it is the nucleus of the personality, and the etheric body, not the physical one, is its habitation.

There is abundant evidence for the existence of this etheric body adduced from clairvoyant observations which agree in establishing the fact of the aura or emanation projected from the body. There is some scientific evidence for this, apart from clairvoyant observation, experimentally obtained by the late Dr. Kilner, who used dicyanin screens to make the aura visible to the ordinary observer. It is by means of this more refined etheric body that temporary separation from the denser physical body is effected at various times, frequently consciously and often unconsciously when we are asleep.

Although there is little doubt that the etheric body can leave its physical counterpart on occasion, we have to be careful of the facts. There is latent in the mind a power to create *thought-forms*, and it is not easy to distinguish the thought-form from the real etheric body. It requires a technique which is not yet clearly understood and in practice is liable to be misapplied.

This brings to a focus all our enquiries and theories as to what the mind is, and how it is constituted. Here we are not walking on solid facts but rather on much less substantial theories and ideas which may look robust enough until they come into the spot-light of criticism.

What is the substance or nature of the mind (or psyche) which uses the physical body as a tool or instrument? The clairvoyant investigator considers the mind as a "thing" independent of the body though constantly interacting with it, but it is impossible to say, in the present state of our knowledge what mind is, and we can only make theories serve the limited purpose of co-ordinating all our ideas on the subject of mind. It is obviously a non-physical entity, but it must be remembered that the "matter" or "energy" of the physicist has been resolved into positive and negative electric charges, and it would be rash to assume that this matter or energy is the only kind that can be discovered in the universe.

All our knowledge, obtained by normal and paranormal means, comes to us as ideas and images and is mental, i.e., non-physical, and the individual mind is a vast group or concentration of these ideas and images. Thought is the "energy-content" of the whole concentration of such ideas and images used singly, collectively and in all possible combinations and associations. Whately Carington calls these mental elements or system of forces, "psychons," a very useful term, and in his analysis of mind he states, "I think I should prefer to say that my mind consists of the totality of all the psychons which have ever been constituents of my fields of consciousness thus defined, organised into whatever patterns the course of events and the operation of associative processes has, in fact, organised them into."

In addition, there is some "thing," some "one," some "identity constant," which not only thinks and knows, but knows that it thinks and knows that it knows. This is the "self," the "I," the personality nucleus, which controls the thinking and knowing, and throughout the life of the mind and body realises that it keeps the same identity through all the changing mental and physical life.

The individual mind is a composite self-contained unit with individual characteristic consciousness; a system of psychons or cells which contains a nucleus consistently stable, preserving the identity of the psychic self. There is good reason to believe that there exists in the psychic sphere a kind of group-mind composed of individual minds having a common centre of gravity, a common association of ideas; with definite modes of thought and qualities of ideas which are more or less common to that particular group. There will be, for example, distinct and separate group-minds associated with music, art, science, and so on.

This theory would explain or at least make more rational the mysterious quality of "inspiration," which no one doubts does exist, but is so difficult to account for. It does not

ignore the physical basis of hereditary genius, but this merely creates, so to speak, the structural framework of genius, and it is developed and evolved by contact with the particular group-mind it associates with in its psychic aspect. The genius often struggles and strains to bring out some idea which, however, will not formulate itself clearly in its mind. Then a kind of psychic explosion takes place, and his ideas are liberated and thrust upon the world in a "flash of genius" clothed in words, music, art or other mode of expression.

It seems as if the mind of the genius had suddenly contacted or tapped a source of information or inspiration of ideas which flowed into his mind and was there moulded or shaped into the form he ultimately expresses.

This is a theory not at present supported with facts, but it may serve as a useful suggestion for future observations and research, which alone can establish the validity of the theory. It may, at any rate, explain the source of some kinds of paranormal cognition difficult to explain on the grounds of telepathy, clairvoyance, etc.

If this group-mind or group-consciousness does exist, it requires a technique which must be cultivated; it appears at present to be unknown. It is possibly used unconsciously by certain individuals now; but there seems no reliability or guarantee of success about it.

There seems to be evidence that the group-mind plays a part in sub-human life, in the life of birds, insects and perhaps animals. Insects such as bees, ants and termites are highly sensitive to psychic impacts or influences. Their life is rigidly confined to instinctive patterns of behaviour which they follow blindly. It is rash to say that they cannot reason, but such a process (if any) has little effect on their behaviour. The study of the flight of a flock of hundreds of birds, or the activities of a colony of ants, or a hive of bees, substantiates the theory that they are all guided, controlled or directed by some kind of group-mind or group-consciousness. Insects, in particular, seem to work according to some pre-arranged communal plan. The puzzle has always been to "explain" how it is that the actions of an insect community behave as if under a single control; without the operation of this group-mind it is impossible for them to "get on with the job." In human and sub-human life this group-consciousness does, I believe, play an important but hitherto unrecognised part, and it should be a profitable subject of research in relation to human psychic phenomena.

The study of psychic phenomena generally throws into high relief the question of Survival. Does the personality nucleus survive death? If so, is it in a temporary or per-

manent form? There seems to me little doubt that the individual does survive death and continues to exist in the psychic world, but there appears to be, at present, no data to enable us to say whether such existence is tempor-

ary or permanent. "The assertion that outstrips the evidence is not only a blunder; it is a crime," said a famous scientist, and we must leave the question to be decided by future research.

Automatic Writing

By BERNARD KARBERSKI

Each one of us knows what a robot is, but you may not be aware of the fact that originally the term was taken from a play written by the Czech dramatist, Karel Capek, and entitled "R.U.R." or "Rossum's Universal Robots." The author imagined a world in which the marvellous mechanisms devised by science to wait upon mankind eventually became so complex and intelligent that they were able to revolt and overcome their masters.

All that was imaginary, of course, and had no basis in fact; but, like so many creations of the stage and film, the word describing these mechanisms gradually acquired a place in the English language, and came to mean any artificial contrivance which can undertake or reproduce some of the functions of a human being.

You may have seen some of these machines in operation at fairs or exhibitions. The majority are roughly shaped to resemble the human figure, and those in fairgrounds are usually fitted with loudspeakers to enable them to dispense dubious advice to credulous bystanders.

Since the wit of man has proved equal to recording the spoken word on discs, or transmitting by electrical agency an oral communication via a loudspeaker; and since a type-written message in Manchester can be reproduced at the same time on another machine in London, there can be no violent objection to the conception of a robot in human form actually writing messages at the dictation of its unseen operator.

Yet it is obvious that although the message might convey some meaning to a reader, he would be wrong to ascribe the truth or falsity of the writing to intelligence or knowledge exhibited by the mechanism itself. He would rightly assume that the communication really emanated from someone concealed behind the scenes. He could say correctly, however, that the writing was automatic, because the actual calligraphy was done by an automaton.

How does all this concern the ordinary ideas about automatic writing when executed by a human being? Is there a connection, however remote? Before an answer can be given, it will be necessary to consider what is already known or inferred about the conditions under which the faculty operates, and the results if any, which it achieves.

The practice of automatic writing is very old, probably as ancient as the human race itself. All races, in all climes, give us examples of its universal application. There are even hints as to its usage in the Bible. In Book I of Chronicles, verse 19, it says: "All this, said David, the Lord made me understand in writing by his hand upon me. . . ." In the Second Book of Chronicles, chapter 21, verse 12, there is an indication of automatic writing in the phrase: "And there came a writing to him (Jehoram, king of the city of David) from Elijah, the prophet. . . ." And Elijah had been taken up to Heaven in "a chariot of fire" prior to Jehoram's accession to the throne. In other words, he had died before Jehoram became king.

To-day, automatic writing is relatively common, and by some investigators is ascribed to the subconscious activity of the agent, whatever that may mean. It appears to be more common with the female sex, although there are many male possessors of the faculty, too. But in the majority of cases there appears to be no doubt that the agent or actual writer is completely unaware of what is to be written, and equally unable to stop it once the writing has commenced.

It is interesting to observe what takes place in the initial stages of the development of automatic writing. More often than not the first signs appear during a séance. In the case of Stainton Moses, vide "Spirit Identity," he says: "My right arm was seized about the middle of the forearm, and dashed violently up and down. . . . It was the most tremendous exhibition of unconscious muscular action I ever saw. In vain I tried to stop

it. I was powerless to interfere, although my hand was disabled for some days by the bruising it then got."

The "Trance Utterances" of Mrs. Piper, an American medium, who visited this country in 1889/90, are of especial value in the study of automatic writing. She always wrote in trance. When the phenomenon commenced originally, her arms jerked with spasmodic violence, often hurling pencil and paper to the floor.

But these violent actions only occur in the initial stages of automatic scripts. There is a progressive improvement usually, and the writing itself passes through stages of disjointed words and phrases to lengthy dissertations in prose and poetry.

Conditions of control vary in the case of almost every automatic writer. Some are in a condition of trance or induced sleep before the writing is produced. Others find that the fact of their consciousness is ignored, their hand and arm acting as though it formed part of another organism. Although it has been observed that when the conscious mind of the operator is not concentrated on the writing, but engaged elsewhere, as in conversation with persons present, the purport of the script becomes clearer and less coloured with the contents of the medium's own mind. The more the automatic writer allows his hand and arm to become like those of an automaton, the better the results.

Consider the position if you, a novice, were allowed to play about with a mechanical robot at some fair, the robot being especially constructed to write with its metallic digital appendages upon receipt of signals transmitted by you from within. Or you might conceivably be operating it from a distance.

You would tentatively grasp a lever with your unpractised hands, and the arms of the robot would flail in all directions, alarming unwary bystanders. Rather abashed at this result, you would tamper with the mechanism more gingerly at your next attempt. The robot's hand would lift slowly, grasping its pencil; and then, as you made an unguarded movement, descend with considerable force on its pad of paper, breaking the pencil point and scattering the sheets round about.

After long practice you find that by moving this lever very gently—so—you cause the robot's hand to descend to paper level; and by manipulating this gadget—so—you cause the hand to move from left to right; and by engaging this mechanism these recorded words are transformed into writing which flows from the robot's pencil.

Do you begin to see the possibilities underlying the production of automatic writing? There have been hundreds of automatic writers whose scripts have been recorded in books. And still more whose productions have gone—"unhonoured and unsung." Famous people, too, among some of the former:

Goethe, Victor Hugo, Victorien Sardou, Mrs. H. B. Stowe (author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"), Blake, Hudson Tuttle (whose automatic script included a profound scientific book). And literally hundreds of volumes have been attributed solely to automatic inspiration.

Are all these people just robots, then? Human robots? It begins to look like it. Inspection of the earlier stages of automatic writing and the methods of production shows that the writer may or may not have a faint impression of what his hand is inscribing. The text may be in his own language, but quite as likely be couched in some tongue unknown to him. The writing itself may be his own, but equally may be entirely foreign to his caligraphy. Sometimes the writing will be so small that a magnifying glass is necessary to read it at all. On other occasions the writer's hand will be impelled along the paper at tremendous speed, yet the writing will be perfect. Some of Miss Geraldine Cummins' script was produced at the rate of over 2,000 words an hour. At yet other times, mirror writing will occur, and sometimes it is upside down as well from the writer's position.

Some investigators incline to the view that automatic writing wells up from the unconscious mind, and in support of their theory point to the fact that it is when a person is in trance that the unconscious mind is best able to disgorge its contents. Faced with the statement that automatic writing can also be produced while the agent is fully conscious, they allege truly that better results are obtained when the agent's attention is focused elsewhere, because then the contents of the subconscious mind have unrestricted ingress to the conscious portion.

Another school of thought considers that the foregoing theory does not go far enough, and does not account for the type of automatic writing which conveys information not previously accessible to the agent at any time. For example, the case of Miss F. R. Scatcherd, who received automatic script from living strangers. She says: "When at a dinner in Paris I met a famous scientist who, in his after-dinner remarks, expressed the identical sentiments I had received as coming from him, many months earlier, in a language with which I was then ill-acquainted. . . ." Here is an instance of automatic writing which could not possibly have been included in the contents of the agent's own subconscious mind prior to the occasion of the automatic writing.

Automatic writing, then, can originate in the writer's own subconscious mind, the material being selected from the vast collection of experiences which have accumulated there since birth. But there is also a strong case for the assumption that communications and information from outside the medium's own mind can filter through on occasion. These can originate from other minds still incarnate. And, if you are prepared to grant survival of

the human mind after death, then also messages can emanate from that source, too. But there is still another possibility.

Early in 1942 the following example of automatic writing was sent to me:

Relacion de Panfilo de Zamacona y Nunez, Hidalgo de Luarca en Asturias, tocante al mundo soterraneo de Xinaian a clmdxlv en nombre de la Santisima Trinidad Padre Hijo y Espiritu-Santo Tres Personas Distintas y Un Solo Dios verdadero y de la Contisima Virgen Nuestra Senora y O Panifilo de Zamacona, Hidalgo y de la Dona Ynes Alvarado y Nues de Luarca en Asturias, "Juno" para que todo que deco esta verdadero como sacramento.

I obtained a translation, and it purported to relate to a subterranean land called Xinaian. Since the whole affair seemed nonsense, I put it on one side, and forgot about it. But in January, 1943, there was a sequel. I was perusing an American magazine which had been in my possession—unread—for over a year, when in a certain story I came across the above extract, almost word for word the same.

Now for many reasons I have complete confidence as to the personal integrity of the medium concerned, and I have no doubt that the majority of automatic writers are similarly trustworthy. It all boils down, therefore, to a statement that in certain circumstances the human mind appears to be capable of acting as a kind of wireless receiving station for ideas. Ideas that have already been given form in print, but still exist somewhere as ideas or "lumps" of thought. When these coagulated ideas activate the medium's mind,

perhaps quite by chance, they may be interpreted and relayed by the brain to the fingers, thence to be conveyed on to paper.

Is there any other evidence in support of this theory? A few weeks ago this automatic writer commenced to write down in a great hurry certain names and dates: like Tutmosis 1514-1501 B.C.; Rameses II 1301-1224 B.C.; Rememptah 1234-1225 B.C.; and so on. Finally, there came a short phrase: Expulsion of Hyksos.

Apart from a vague guess that these dates and names bore some relationship to Egyptian dynasties, I had no idea why this sort of stuff was coming through. After the medium had left me, I had occasion to refer to a book which had been reposing for some days in my case, unread. The title of the book was: "The Story of the Alphabet," by Edward Clodd (published by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.).

A sentence on folio 119 caught my eye, and I referred again to the sheet of paper the medium had handed me. There it was: Expulsion of Hyksos. I turned again to the printed book, and this is what I read at the top of page 119:

"... chapters or long extracts were written on stone and wooden coffins; but after the **expulsion of the Hyksos**, or Shepherd Dynasty, by the kings of Thebes, about 1580 B.C., papyrus came more into use for the purpose."

The medium had definitely not had access to my case or the book at any time, although both had been in her presence at the time the script was produced. The information could not have been gleaned from my mind; because, as stated above, the book had been unread by me up to then.

Experiences of Thought Communication with Animals

By CAPTAIN QUENTIN C. A. CRAUFURD
(President, Fairy Research Society)

I have often been asked in what way I imagine animals communicate their thoughts.

My view is that they do it, to a great extent, by what we call telepathy, but that they supplement this by signs and sounds.

They use noises rather than words when they communicate by sound, just as a baby cries to express its disapproval.

I have been taught certain war cries by some of my bird friends, and very delightful this teaching was.

Other birds have picked up from me certain words, and most amusing was the interpretation they put upon the sound; but I have failed to establish a system of language based upon speech.

My wish was to learn the bird language. At first I assumed that it must consist of subtle differences of tone and in that way would be similar to ours: but meanwhile I established a primitive form of communication that was not speech.

Let me tell you of Ching, a little magpie-robin that I had in China.

I think we got upon really intimate terms over a small wood-turning lathe that I used. He was greatly interested in this, and thought it very clever of me to turn him out little toys that would roll about.

He would sit on the lathe and sing a tiny song to the measure of the purring wood. *You could not mistake this song; it told of murmuring water.* I am not musical, but the moment he would begin there rose in my memory various fishing experiences I had had.

The little bird, his head on one side as he inspected the work of the lathe, would recall visions of running water for me as he softly sang to himself. Later, I found that, to him, this song actually appeared to mean running water. It would be sung to the rain trickling down the window pane; to water being poured from a jug; and also in the garden while sitting on my thumb, where he sang to the drain which led into a small pond into which the Chinese servants had water running from their washing.

It was curiously brought out by an incident which took place at Waterloo Bridge.

On top of a pile of luggage, the little bird was sitting in his Chinese cage in charge of a porter whilst I went to buy tickets. The monotonous murmur of the traffic had started him and, when I returned, the porter had his head pressed against the cage of the little black and white robin. "Chatterin' away to 'ees little self," the porter explained. "I could do wi' that little pet, sir, I suppose you wouldn't sell 'un for nought?" I confirmed the supposition. "'E's singin' about the place where I come from, sir, like the mill stream and all, my Gawd!" said the porter. So the man had caught what I had heard.

I would pretend I was going to slap my wife. How Ching knew what a slap was I do not pretend to know, but, all fluffed out, he would land on my hand with a fierce shout and sound his war cry. I was to be furiously pecked if I dared to raise a hand against a lady. On the other hand, if my wife pretended to slap me, he showed no excitement, and didn't mind a bit. That war cry was really the sweetest little chant. I learned it by heart; at least I thought I had learned it, but Ching thought otherwise, and, indeed, there were certain little grace notes I could not master. To my cost I learned that no cock should think he knows a better version of this chant than the original.

Ching would sit up on a picture when the mood took him, and sing his chant. If nobody took any notice, he would probably prolong it into a tune with variations, but if I answered his challenge by an attempt at imitation, a duet would begin. You may see this sort of thing going on between two thrushes. Ching would shout his chant as loud as he could, the little beak opened wide to give it full effect;

and scarcely had my attempt been made than he would follow suit with the real thing and this would go on, his head cocked to hear my version. Then I would pause to think it over. Having given me sufficient time to show him, by my silence, that I was nonplussed, he would chant again and strut about. I would then make a weak attempt. Now the fun would begin! Ching would whistle half the war cry. *I would attempt it and fail.*

Presently, realising that I was beaten, he would give me the first three notes. Over and over again I would repeat these after him. At last he judged me sufficiently good to be allowed to tackle the next three notes. In other words, he taught me deliberately and with the utmost patience. I never became perfect, but I could in time make a tolerable attempt. If finally I whistled the whole cry with the assurance that I was perfect . . . with a sudden dart, he would hurl himself on my hand, a soft little ball of fury. He would peck and peck until he had administered enough punishment. Though it was all play, had I been small enough he would have rolled me in the dust and driven me into a bush, which is what he did to other cocks who tried to shout him down. Unless, of course, the battle went the other way, when he made for the house and, having gained sanctuary, would strut about and pretend the victory was his.

In that way I learned one of the robin traditions, i.e.: "Don't try to teach your grandfather to suck eggs or sing; if you do you will get sat on." Another tradition I had to learn from Ching can easily be put into words, though Ching put it into practice. There were certain times when, deserting my wife, I went away on a cruise. His attitude towards her was double. She was a refuge and yet under his protection. If in our games I was too rough, he would sidestep along to her, knowing that there he would be safe from me, and he would defy me from under her arm, but if I attempted to touch her, he would fly at me, a little fury, fluffed out as large as he could make himself.

While I was away on a cruise, Ching constituted himself her sole protector and, when I returned, he would greet me as a pal, but would not suffer me to approach her. He was as jealous as could be and, in order not to hurt his feelings, we had either to keep apart in his presence, or let him drive me off. Things would settle down after a day or two, but having deserted my wife and left Ching in command, it seemed to him right that, on my return, he should be "top dog."

Had I not entered into the game, I would have learned nothing and Ching would have been reminded of the barrier between men and animals, the barrier we ourselves have put up. As it was, there was communication of thought.

Ching learned that I had not come back to steal from him or cut him out. It must be

remembered, when considering this, that Ching was a little wild creature; he had not been brought up with human ideas.

His love for us, his human friends, was a thing of his own, as also was his sense of right and wrong. Ching could have understood why a wild mother would sooner eat her young than have them peeped at by alien eyes; why a hedge sparrow will bring up the young cuckoo at the expense of her own flesh and blood; why the same hedge sparrow will die protecting her young and why she will desert the nest when her young are half fed.

These are problems the solutions of which are hidden from us, who pin our faith to reason.

I have, I think, come to understand some of them, but have no words to translate my knowledge into human philosophy.

From Ching let us go on to the story of "Master Spic." Spic was a sparrow, which I found on the path, thirty feet below the eaves of the house where his home had hung.

It was a concrete path and Spic lay, apparently dead, his little white legs stretched out behind his unfledged wings like the flap-petals of a prehensile reptile barred with thorny pointed spines that were meant, in due course, to become strong pinions with which to beat the air.

In the fall from that height, these could have been of no use. Yet little bones are soft and yielding at this early age. I did not kick the little thing out of sight, I picked it up.

With careful attention Spic became a little surfer in the course of the next few days, and so with an enormous capacity for bread and milk.

In a few days he could be relegated to a nest at the end of my bed. The pen-filler which had been used to replace his mother's beak was eventually laid aside. Spic could feed himself.

He had been into a warm nest with a dish of bread and milk within reach. One night I had a full view of him. I like dreaming and, when I awake, was aware that I had had a few scenes of dreams. Prominent in my mind was a flapping, which in some way was identified with myself and which was in the Sahara desert, a sort of dream. I had been there because of the necessity by the necessity to receive myself, or the flapping.

The dream was with me out of several forgotten scenes of my life. These had been called up and shown together in absurd confusion. At the same time, I was on the beach of the Suez Canal, flying through the air with a flock of flamingoes, lying on an oval desert of sand and sea, hurrying through a range of mountains and so on. The central impression of the dream was one of great peace and calm, well was not in the least dream. When the dream had these absurd scenes and scenes.

Flamingoes! Yes, I had first seen flamingoes in their wild state on the Suez Canal from on board ship. This had nothing to do with thirst. But wait! The flamingoes had been flying towards a mirage in the desert, a mirage of a lake. What of that? The birds were not deceived by this appearance of a lake with reeds, probably they would not even see the mirage from that height. Also they had been flying away from their own reeds. I had seen them get up and had been immensely struck by their long legs trailing out behind in flight.

Legs trailing out behind! Spic! Yes, Spic as I had first seen him with his little white legs stuck out behind. The connection had not struck me then, consciously, but it had apparently struck my unconscious memory. Flamingoes, legs trailing behind, Spic, Sahara desert, Spic and dry caked sand, mirage, disappointment, desire for water, for drink, urgent! In a flash I got it, as I awoke! Spic was urgently in need of drink. Was that it?

But reason told me he could look after himself! Still I would not chance it. I woke myself up!

Dawn was breaking, and Spic was lying with his head out of the nest. He had crawled out to feed on the bread and milk but had found only a hard dried-up cake. The milk had evaporated in the warm night and I had not thought of providing water. I had to get up and find a teaspoon and water. It was a nuisance; and—did Spic really need it? The little creature was actually shivering with thirst! He drank and drank! I had received an urgent call from him in my sleep, and the call had produced fitful dreams connected with thirst. I had not heard him, but in some way my brain had known that he was asking for a drink.

I will give another instance of a call due to thirst, this time from a monkey. A friend had brought home a monkey from Africa, which reached me after having been delayed for nearly three days on the railway. Nobody had thought of giving it water and the instant I saw it, I knew it was frantic with thirst. I let it out of the box and it immediately dived for everything that looked like a bowl. Fortunately, I had some water handy, but what was it that telegraphed the information? I do not know. Several other people in the room got no such message and it may be that my mind has become accustomed by practice to receiving impressions from the animal mind.

I find another instance of thought communication in my Chinese note-book. Certain sparrows had contracted some kind of a disease; it showed itself as a growth, usually at the side of the beak.

I picked up one, who was evidently at the point of death, and seeing it was in a sort of fit, I ministered to it with sherry weakened by water. It gradually revived. I then fed it with beef tea and, so far as I knew, it recovered.

As a result we were then visited by several sparrows who had this disease. When far gone, they would come to the place where I had picked up the original sparrow. They would be treated in the same way. Some of them died, but there could be no question that they all expected relief, for they allowed us to handle them. It is a mystery to me how such a complicated piece of news—human magic and its results—could have been communicated.

These sparrows were sufficiently friendly to come and share our tea on the verandah. As a rule, a wild animal that is unwell wishes to hide, but it seems clear that in this case, sparrow number one must have gone away and told its friends.

Another incident that seems to fit in here, was the case of a mouse which had got imprisoned in a grain tank. It could not climb up the smooth iron sides.

Three mice were thus caught, and I put an arm into the tank to see if they would take advantage of it.

One mouse, after the first panic, came and nibbled at my finger. Then he bit a little harder and finding that no harm came of the experiment he ran up my arm. Arrived at my shoulder, he could have leaped into safety but instead of that he sat up prettily and inspected me. Then he peeped down at his comrades who were anxiously watching. He must have said something that I could not hear, then he leaped on to a shelf and watched matters. The other two mice approached, and one after another ran up my arm to safety. I caught one of them gently and offered him a monkey nut. At first he bolted with it, thought again, and finally sat to eat it, then came back and nosed about for another.

Having secured this, he must have gone off to tell his friends of the strange but kindly ogre who had given him a nut.

Not long after that, I saw a mouse on a shelf nearly level with my head. He was trying to reach a monkey nut I had placed there for a different little person. The mouse could not reach the nut, and seeing that I made no hostile movement, he looked at me as much as to say: "Can't you get it for me?" I could and did; he took it from me, quite as a matter of course, and ran off with it. I can only find one explanation for this. Mice scampered away from other people about the place, but they seemed to have passed the word round that I was not dangerous. I wonder if I gave out an emanation that they recognised?

Let us go back to little Ching for a moment.

He knew at once if anyone who did not care for birds entered the room. He was apt to attack strangers, for he was generally flying about the room, and I think he looked on them as potential enemies. Though intensely jealous of anyone who approached my wife, some people he took to at once. We talk of

instinct, but what do we mean by the word? Do people who use that term imply that they believe in some strange psychic quality, a sort of sixth sense?

Certain neighbours of mine possessed a spaniel who disliked meat. Now from the start Ching never took the slightest notice of this spaniel. Other dogs he would regard with horror. If he was in his cage, they might take an interest in him and he would flutter about the cage, but this spaniel never worried him. The consequence was we got careless and left Ching's cage where the spaniel could reach it.

Imagine my feelings one day, when I found the spaniel in the conservatory where Ching had been left in his cage.

Ching was singing and the spaniel, head between paws, was lying beside the cage as if fascinated. He looked up at me reproachfully, as much as to say: "Why do you come and disturb us?" He and Ching had somehow become friends. The point which strikes me is the peculiar way in which this dog picked out any bones or meat from his plate of food and put them on one side before he would touch his dinner, and I wonder if it was his being a vegetarian that gave him an emanation which Ching detected from the first moment of making his acquaintance.

Is it that, or is it a case of transmission of thought through unrecognised channels?

If we consider the following rather pretty little drama, we may obtain a clue to thought transmission.

Soon after reaching Hong-Kong, where I was stationed for two years, I bought a small green parrot. At that time we were living in rooms and the parrot, having a particularly sweet nature, became very dear. Our upper room had a small verandah overlooking a thicket of bamboos and the parrot was at liberty to fly among the bamboos. As its cage was on the verandah, the sparrows of the garden made free with the cage, stealing anything that took their fancy.

One afternoon, on returning from a walk, I found that the Chinese servant had captured one of the sparrows in the cage.

It had settled down comfortably for the night.

Directly the sparrow saw us there was panic.

I wanted to see whether it would become tame if I introduced the parrot into the cage. I felt sure the parrot would not attack it, but there was an upper door which I could open for the sparrow if necessary. Quite unconcerned, Polly climbed in and gained the perch on which the sparrow had been sitting. Meanwhile, the sparrow, alarmed by my presence, clung to the bars of the cage.

Polly seated herself placidly on the perch; I retired, and presently the sparrow got back on to the perch. There they sat, one at each end, apparently eyeing one another with some suspicion. Presently, the parrot commenced

preening itself, a sure sign of being unconcerned. The sparrow remained thin and anxious, all its feathers close, uneasy and on the alert.

If the sparrow would settle down, I knew I could leave them together for the night, and once they had slept together they were bound to become friends. I thought I would put the cover half on the cage to see if that would induce sleep, but my movements only caused the sparrow to flutter about again; indeed, it soon became obvious that it was I whom the sparrow feared, and not the parrot.

I had made the mistake of watching intently, whereas I ought, of course, to have turned my eyes away. It is bird etiquette to keep your eyes averted if you wish to make friends, and for the moment I had forgotten. The sparrow, terrified by my approach, blundered into the parrot, and then I suffered a pang of self reproach. With the sparrow cowering down on the perch, the parrot side-stepped up to it, raised her head and appeared to be about to deliver an attack; to my astonishment the sparrow remained as if petrified, but the little red beak came down gently, the barest touch, the wise eyes narrowed down to pin points and it was over.

Something had passed between the two, something in which the parrot had made itself understood as a protector or as a guarantor, for, with that touch, the sparrow lost its fear. Not of the parrot, for I do not think there had been any misunderstanding there, but of me and the cover I was about to put over the cage. It was the work of a moment and it was

exactly as if the parrot had said: "He will not hurt you!"

I had hesitated with the cover in my hand, uncertain whether to withdraw or to try to rescue the sparrow before the parrot struck it; but there was no need to hesitate and as I put the cover over the cage the sparrow was pressed happily against its little green protector. So they remained until the sparrow presently put its head under its wing. The parrot remained awake for some time, its wise eyes roving round as if trying to find a clue to many things. No doubt it wondered gently why this strange visitor should have been shut up with it.

In due course the parrot also slept. There they stood, both fluffed out, their heads tucked away among their feathers, at peace with one another and the world.

In the morning, the sparrow departed to his friends, but one wonders if, during future days, there were greetings such as we would use: "Hullo, George! How's things?" "George, my dear, is a parrot who sleeps in that cage. I once went in to spend the night in his company—just to show him how bold we sparrows are as a race! George has a queer religion that teaches him to be kind to others. Did you ever hear of such foolishness?" "One must not pretend to know George when in company with our own sparrows, but I rather liked him once—the queer old stick!"

I say one wonders, but we may find with a little further research that this is the kind of gossip that really does take place.

A Case of Psychic Death

By W. E. MANNING

It has long been known that the mind may become dissociated or split, in such a manner that one mind may become literally two. In these cases two minds use one body alternately, somewhat in the manner of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in R. L. Stevenson's famous tale. The greatest differences between the tale and real life are that in real life the physical changes do not occur and the split is not usually along ethical lines, but follows cleavages of temperament and sentiment.

The most famous of these cases, that known as the Sally Beauchamp case, was studied by Dr. Morton Prince and recorded in his great work "The Dissociation of a Personality."

The patient, when Dr. Prince first made her acquaintance, was a reserved, studious and religious young woman. Later, another personality appeared who claimed that she had existed within the body of Miss Beauchamp from early childhood, aware of herself as a personality distinct from that of Miss Beauchamp and able to read the thoughts of the latter, though Miss Beauchamp was not aware of her existence.

Sally, as this other personality was ultimately called, was a somewhat frivolous character, gay and fond of social life, not in the least studious. A curious point in this connection is that the secondary personality

(Sally) had no knowledge of French, which the primary personality, Miss Beauchamp, understood well. This, Sally claimed, was due to the fact that she was able to pay attention to the things which interested Miss Beauchamp and study them if she wished, but disregard them and occupy her mind with other matters if she was so minded. French did not interest her, hence her ignorance. For the doctor this fact proved of great value, for Sally if it suited her, would mimic the talk and ways of Miss Beauchamp. If the doctor suspected that he was being tricked, or wanted to keep information from Sally, he would talk in French and Sally would be foiled.

Sally hated Miss Beauchamp for having had the sole use of the body for many years, so depriving her of the means of self-expression. When Sally gained control she would get her revenge by destroying work on which Miss Beauchamp had spent much time and energy, and in other ways. On one occasion Sally tied up a box and left it for her other self to find when she had bodily control. When the latter opened the box, out ran a number of spiders—creatures for which Miss Beauchamp had the greatest horror, but Sally none. The secondary personality would go for a long walk and leave the primary person to find the way back as best she could. This was an expression of spite, for though they both used the same body Sally was strong and enjoyed walking, but Miss Beauchamp was weak and a short walk tired her.

It is a curious fact that the only other case of dissociation which has been studied at the same or greater length than the Sally Beauchamp case was also the work of a Dr. Prince, in this instance, Dr. Walter Franklin Prince. The other study is known as the Doris Fischer case.

Doris Fischer had a secondary personality known as Margaret. Margaret was in some respects like Sally. She could read the mind of Doris if she so willed. Doris knew of her existence only by inference, for, like Miss Beauchamp, her mind was a blank for the periods when the secondary personality had control. Margaret claimed that she came to look after Doris when her drunken father dashed her to the ground at the age of three, thereby producing a violent shock in the child's nervous system. Her attitude to Doris, was, unlike that of Sally to her co-inhabitant, entirely friendly.

At a later stage when Doris received a further shock caused by the death of her mother, whom she idolised, yet another personality appeared who became known as Sick Doris. Sick Doris, when she first appeared, was like a new born babe, except for her ability to walk. Margaret, as an entity existing within the same body and able to contact the mind of the newcomer, undertook her education. This was rapid, for although the contents of the mind of Sick Doris were

practically nil the mental powers were those of an adult and she learned rapidly in consequence.

Sick Doris developed her own set of memories, likes and dislikes, preferences and aversions. She became a self-conscious being with a character distinct from either that of Doris or Margaret.

It is not necessary to go into further details of this very complicated case here. Particulars may be found in the three volumes of the Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research (ix, x, and xi). For the purpose of this article we need only note that a cure was affected. It took the curious form of the gradual atrophy of the mental and physical powers of Sick Doris co-incident with the strengthening of Doris's ability to control the body for longer periods. On successive appearances during the convalescence of Doris, Sick Doris lost her memories and reasoning powers until her vocabulary was reduced to a few words and she was no more capable of looking after herself than an infant. She then disappeared altogether, for she had literally died in the sense of ceasing to exist. A similar fate attended Margaret except that in her case from a mental age of approximately ten she degenerated till her intellectual equipment was that of a child of five. Then she, too, disappeared. The bodily age was that of the early twenties. That is to say, Doris had the mental development of an intelligent young woman and was in her early twenties.

Now whatever we may think about Margaret, who claimed that she "came" specially to protect Doris when she (Doris) was three years old, and whose origin and nature may therefore be questioned, there can be no doubt that Sick Doris died in the sense of becoming psychically extinct. Hence there is no question of her survival. Yet the mind which became extinct was that of a fully conscious entity, a being as aware of selfhood as we are ourselves. Its extinction is known, known in a way that extinction of other personalities is not known. In other cases the fate of the psyche of the person whose body has been destroyed by design, accident or disease, may be doubtful. Much of the work of the Society for Physical Research, and well attested cases in spiritualistic circles, have made the belief in the survival of consciousness appear reasonable. But here is a case of extinction of mind and character. Therefore a case of death in the sense of extinction.

It is true that Sick Doris was a kind of parasitic outgrowth from the real personality, a being who would not in the normal course of things have come into existence. These facts, however, make no difference to the principle. If the facts are not disputed, and there seems no good reason for disputing them, we are committed to a view of things which is not easily reconciled with a belief in

personal immortality. What happened once in a case which has been well studied and reported may have happened many times in cases which have not been studied, or not recorded if studied. It is an interesting question as to what happened at death in the case of other dissociated people who were not cured. What will become of Sally? She was never exorcised or fused with the primary personality, but merely "squeezed in"—as she herself expressed it—permanently.

The problem presented in these cases is similar to that which is presented whenever an attempt is made to get clear what we mean by personal immortality. The peculiarities found in the Sally Beauchamp and Doris Fischer cases are only peculiar in that certain moods are cut off by gaps in memory, and in consequence each mood has developed along its own lines in partial or complete independence of the other. Oscillations between moods are normal. They are not only normal but seem to be necessary for mental health. At death, what survives? Presumably all moods and aspects of character. But can we believe that aspects of mind survive for all eternity?

In the course of a normal life of 70 years a man passes through phases of being which are temporary expressions of himself. No expression seems permanent. The man is not the baby he once was, except in the sense that a continuous series of developmental changes connect the two stages. The baby that grew into a man no longer exists. The man cannot even remember his infancy. If told of things which he did during that period he could only listen to the recital as if to things which only remotely concerned him, if at all. To assert that he was responsible for actions then performed would only be a poor joke. Similar but not so clear cut differences exist between the youth and middle-aged man. The staid business man will remember the pranks of his student days, and the all but forgotten dreams and ambitions of that period of his life may be partially revived and cause a feeling of amused contempt, or melancholy regret, or indifference. He has worked past that period of his life. At least he is no longer the personality he was at 25 when 50. Still less so at 70. In each case something has radically changed. The man is not the infant. The second childhood of senility cannot be recognised as belonging to the same personality as that of youth or middle age.

What then of personal immortality? If metamorphoses of personality can be so extreme in a mere 70 years, we can anticipate no permanence in eternity! If we survive a thousand years we will not have the same personality at the end of that time as we have to-day. And if not at the end of a thousand years still less at the end of a million years. And even a million years is nothing compared with the eternity still ahead.

The question of the fate of subordinate dis-

sociated personalities at physical death though puzzling is scarcely as puzzling as that of the eternity of existence of the "I" of the moment. Consciousness may survive bodily dissolution. That consciousness may change from age to age throughout eternity. If memory carries on, then presumably "life" has continued, but the difference at the end of ages of development may be as great as that between the undeveloped embryo and the man. Are we surviving embryos?

Because survival has been proved, or at least become a possible theory, it is not safe to assume that all survive. We cannot make a sweeping generalisation from particular cases, however many cases may have been collected. Sick Doris seems to have established an exception. It is true that some of the memories of the Sick Doris phase became fused with the primary personality. But Sick Doris herself literally died.

We have no guarantee that accidents leading to dissociation in this life may not also occur in similar fashion in the next. There are one or two directions in which speculation on these lines may be carried on with perhaps less danger than in other cases. Some physical necessities in this life are, by common consent, no longer necessities in the next life. Two of outstanding importance now are likely to prove nuisances and no longer necessities in the other existence—food and sex. Round these, particularly the latter, strong affective states have been built up. Food is necessary for the physical body. That necessity disappears at death. But the cravings associated with eating and drinking remain for a time, according to many communications, and clamour for satisfaction. Sex is an adaptation to secure physical continuance of the race. The powerful emotional drives connected with this instinct need no stressing. True it may be sublimated. This is what is frequently asserted is what happens ultimately on the "Other Side." The need of even a sublimated sexual love when there is no longer a sexual life seems doubtful. However, it is sometimes claimed that sex remains and is a necessity, though in such a form that we cannot understand it in this life. Over such unverifiable statements we need not linger. What is generally admitted is that the powerful sex emotion, particularly if death occurs fairly early, remains, and is no longer anything but a superfluous phenomenon leading to an undesirable state of things from the standpoint of physical health. That this, together with the craving for food and drink should lead to inner psychic conflict, seems probable. In many, perhaps most, cases of mental conflict in this life, the conflict has been the result of a badly adjusted sex life, or of the attempt to eliminate sex altogether from consciousness. Conflict within the self is the most fruitful source of dissociation of the personality. It would appear,

therefore, that we will be far from safe and secure in the hereafter, and perils known and unknown may still threaten the well-being

and even the continued existence of the personality.

A Service to Meet a Need

An ordinary household becomes suddenly the focusing point of unusual happenings. Cups and saucers are swept to the floor, and smash to smithereens. Objects disappear mysteriously from one room, and are subsequently found in another. Or they vanish altogether. Furniture is moved noisily when nobody is present, or thunderous knocks resound from unoccupied rooms. The terrified family first accuse each other of playing pranks; then, when they realise this is not so, they approach the police for protection. But all to no avail. The disturbances still persist, and stone throwing follows. Domestic utensils are seen to move by themselves from place to place, and finally the household has to accept persecution with resignation, or else flee the premises in panic. They are the unwilling and innocent victims of a poltergeist,

People afflicted by these forms of malevolence and terror now have the opportunity to call upon the services of those who study such

phenomena, in the same way that a doctor of medicine is summoned if one is physically ill; or a policeman if a burglar is in the house. A panel of experienced psychical investigators and mediums has been formed. These are prepared to place their knowledge freely at the disposal of any reader who is genuinely troubled by phenomena of a supernatural character, subject only to the payment of travelling expenses and any necessary hospitality. In cases where poverty is an obstacle, this can be surmounted if the need is real.

NEW FRONTIERS invites its readers to cooperate in this scheme, and bring to the notice of afflicted persons this new service, the like of which has never been attempted before. All communications should be directed in the first instance to the editorial address as given on contents page. Strict privacy will be maintained where desired. It should be stressed that early notification of phenomena is of great help in combating them.

The Mystery of the Druids

By J. V. JONES

The ranks of those who study the Britain which existed when the Roman Legates governed here for the Emperor have been swelled to a most encouraging degree in the last few years.

Their reading soon teaches them that the blue stained savages prancing on cliffs and beaches were not truly representative of Celtic culture, despite Julius Cæsar's apparent implications to the contrary, and as a consequence they have adopted, perhaps deliberately, a non-academic approach and form their own conclusions more by a series of consecutive logical deductions rather than that of reliance upon the statements of bygone historians and recordists.

It is upon this new viewpoint that the new considerations of Druidical influences are based.

Did it really exist to the extent that the new school believes, or is that a biased view whereby known happenings are so moulded that they interlock and form part of a complicated whole?

The supporters of Druidism as a mystical, but very real, power present certain facts favourable, most naturally, to their theory. The thesis they offer is that when the Romans landed they found a country ostensibly ordered by either elected or hereditary chieftains but actually by an all-powerful priesthood. It was this priesthood, they say, which organised the initial resistances and which throughout the years of occupation kept alive the sparks of rebellion against and dislike of the Roman authority.

Indeed, it is this initial resistance which is cited as the first indication as to the unseen

power of Druidism, for the manner of defence was not that which a military mind would suggest, but with the dark clad women running through the ranks of the fighting men urging them to put forth their best endeavours it would seem that a more subtle than a military mind was operating, in other words, the Druids were in charge.

So little is actually known of them that it has been the practice to dismiss them as religious fanatics. But that is not sufficient. Far from being ignorant bigots they were learned men who served long novitiates stretching well over twenty years and only qualifying for their office after having passed tests which if truly recorded show them to have been men of most splendid physical endurance and mental excellence. They conversed, easily and freely, in the Greek language; they were very conversant with botanical research and as a natural corollary both understood and employed homœopathic medicines with some probable acquaintance of histology. As astronomers and observers of natural phenomena they were years ahead of their time, while, as a sure indication that they were men conversant with the normal affairs of life, it was they who were the law-givers and judges of the community.

Wherein, then, lies their mystery?

It lies in this, that in their colleges, in tree shaded Mona they studied—what? Did they believe in the symbolism which they preached to the common people? Had they any power at all in the art of divination?

That they had something which they were terribly determined to keep from the Romans is shown by the revolt led by the Queen,

Boadicea of the Iceni, but probably engineered by the Druids, which broke out just at the time when the Roman general was leading his forces against Mona. The happenings then are too well known to need reiteration. London was destroyed and with it perished 70,000 of its Romanised dwellers—the 9th Legion was practically wiped out, only the cavalry escaping, while in suppressing it 80,000 tribesmen were killed. It would seem that a most strongly contested diversion had been attempted.

As regards the belief in symbolism, probably they themselves never had believed in it but had employed it as a means of teaching an illiterate and credulous people such truths as the Druids wished them to know and to be mindful of. Of the power of divination no conclusive answer can be given, for there are those people, rationalists, who deny any power of divination and, alternatively, the spiritualists who strongly contend that this power is present in all men to varying degrees. To attempt, therefore, to discuss such power is beyond the scope of this article.

Perhaps the greatest mystery of Druidism was its power to keep alive despite persecution, for as an ever-present incitement to revolt it was hunted down by the Roman soldiery, who wilfully cut down the sacred oak groves, and although we have no record, it would suffer equally at the hands of the early Christians when Constantine by the edict of Milan (313) made Christianity the official religion of the Empire. Yet Druidism lived through it and undoubtedly raised its head again when Julian the Apostate was in power.

Vanished Continents

By C. S. KELLER

The story of the earth, as science tells it, proves that this globe of ours has not reached maturity without passing through a troubled and stormy youth. Nature, in some of her abandoned moods, deals out destruction with a heavy hand with no respect for man, her finest creation, who has repeatedly experienced the terrors of earthquake and eruption, ice and flood, hurricane and tornado. Cities, towns and countries have been devastated by earthquake and swept by flood; even continents have been torn asunder by titanic seismic convulsions and disintegrated, leaving here and there fragments which tell the story of a disruptive end.

In the traditions and legends which have been handed down to us we find a kind of "fossilised memory" of such cataclysmic episodes; legends and traditions so old that the dust of a hundred centuries lies heavy on them. Fables born of the childhood of the human race? Maybe, but geology corroborates the fact that Nature has staged some stupendous dramas in her time. The North Sea basin was once dry land over which roamed the woolly rhinoceros, the mammoth, the cave bear and the horse, with man as a persistent hunter hard on their heels; when London's great river was just a tributary of the Rhine flowing over a vast plain into the

Arctic Ocean. Britain still shows scars bearing witness to the devastation caused during the Ice Ages when the ice-sheets covered Scotland and extended far into England; when the ice round Edinburgh was (it is estimated) over 1,000 feet thick.

Probably the best known legend is the one which purports to tell the history of the once flourishing empire of Atlantis, to be found in Plato's dialogues of *Timæus* and *Critias*, and when Socrates heard this story he is said to have remarked: "The fact that it is no fictitious tale, but a true history, is surely a great point." Atlantis, the story goes, was an island-continent in the Atlantic Ocean beyond the Pillars of Heracles. Larger than North Africa and Asia Minor combined, this empire even extended to Egypt and Spain. Its "City of the Golden Gate" was in a plain surrounded with lakes, rivers and meadows; a fertile land with forests containing many wild animals. A powerful empire is an aggressive empire, and, true to type, the Atlanteans enslaved the peoples of the Mediterranean, but were themselves defeated by the Greeks, who drove them back into Atlantis and were caught in the moment of destruction. "In one terrible night and day of storm, Atlantis sunk into the sea and vanished." This happened about 9600 B.C., the story having been handed on by Solon, who received it from an Egyptian priest. This is, put very briefly, the tradition of Atlantis.

Another legend is that concerning Mu, the Empire of the Sun, believed to have been situated in the Pacific Ocean, and luxuriant with tropical vegetation supporting several races; yellow, brown, black, with a white race dominant. Mu disappeared about 12,000 years ago, torn asunder by volcanic gases, the continent sinking beneath the sea in a single night "in a tank of fire."

The continent of Atlantis has been located in various places, but the best authorities believe it was situated to the west of the Pillars of Heracles (i.e., the Straits of Gibraltar). In the late Tertiary period, it is said, a vast continent covered the whole of the North and part of the South Atlantic, and towards the end of this epoch began to disintegrate and finally split into two unequal parts, one becoming Atlantis and the other Antillia (West Indies area). These island-continent existed down to about 25,000 years ago, when further disintegration set in, and they finally disappeared.

As ethnological "evidence," much has been made of two invasions of Europe; one about 25,000 years ago when a race of fine physique, intelligent and artistic, known as the Cro-Magnon (or Aurignacian) people arrived; the other, about 10,000 years back, being the Azilian, considered to be the ancestors of the Iberians. It is argued that these palæolithic men originally migrated from

Atlantis, the Azilians being the survivors of the catastrophe which overwhelmed that continent. Some even think that some of the survivors reached South America and established the civilisation of the Mayas, which is still a great puzzle to archæologists.

The question of the existence of a great Atlantic Continent is one for the geologist to answer, and he can produce good evidence for the existence of such a continent; or, to put it another way, evidence that the Atlantic was once dry land. There is agreement (not perhaps unanimous) among geologists that such a continent was at one time in contact with Europe and Africa, and that an almost continuous belt of land stretched from Asia, through Europe and part of Africa to North and most of South America. One authority suggests that somewhere about 20,000 years ago the Mediterranean existed only as a vast land depression, Europe thus forming a solid block with Asia and Africa, the land continuing west to the shores of Yucatan and Cuba. "Thus we can assume," he says, "that 15,000 to 20,000 years back one could travel on land from Cuba to Babylon and farther. Such a geographical continuous band of firm land facilitated the migrations of the prehistoric races, as well as of animals and plants, in every direction." The last paragraph is quite true, but it is extremely doubtful if the Americas adjoined the Eurasian continent at so recent a time, geologically speaking, as this authority suggests.

Since the time when "the solid earth whereon we tread in tracts of fluent heat began," some 2,000 million years ago, catastrophic changes have taken place in the configuration of the earth. Continents have been made and unmade; submerged by the waters and thrust up again; colliding with disruptive force other land masses, crumpling their shores out of shape and pushing them up into mountain ranges. Even to-day we still have hints that the not-so-firm *terra firma* is liable to quiver and shake as Mother Earth tries to settle down to a placid middle age. Here we have to use the time-scales of the geologist, computed according to the very close approximations of geological ages which his "radio-activity" time-clock gives him.

In the Carboniferous Age a large part of the total land area was clustered round the South Pole; this slowly disintegrated and much of it sank beneath the South Atlantic and Indian Oceans. The remainder, still a huge land mass, formed itself eventually into what we now call South Africa, India, Australia and South America. Another great area, separated earlier from this other continent, "drifted" towards the equator, and this split up in time into Asia, Europe and North America. The two Americas "drifted" slowly westwards and coalesced, forming one great continent; the great mass of Eurasia also came into collision with the mass of

Africa, India and Australia, compressing the ancient Mediterranean sea and crumpling up the margins of both continents into huge mountain ranges.

If we are prepared to accept the idea that the continents have been united in distant geological epochs, it will provide an answer to many puzzling biological conundrums. The kangaroo is found only in Australia; its nearest relative, the opossum, lives thousands of miles away in South America. The reptiles of Madagascar resemble those of South America, 5,000 miles away, more than they do those of Africa, 200 miles away. The tapir is found in such widely separated places as South America and Malaya. Another little worm-like creature called *Peripatus* is quite a globe-trotter, and has managed to crawl its way into Central and South America, Africa, the East Indies and Australia. Many other animals and plants of the same or allied species are now scattered all over the earth, and this fact raises the question: Have all these allied living creatures originated independently in separate localities, or did they begin life in one place and spread over the earth? The facts of the evolution of life on the earth support an affirmative answer to the last question, and if we accept the idea of the land areas once having been united, this must have facilitated the passage of living creatures from one remote area to another.

This conception of "drifting" continents is called Continental Displacement or Drift, and we owe this brilliant synthesis to the geologist Wegener. This theory, according to one authority, "is not a fantastic speculation; it is a serious contribution to the study of the many problems involved." The basis of the theory is that the continents are made up of low-density material (sial) "floating" on a sub-stratum of denser material (sima) which forms the foundation of continents and oceans. A slow but constant continental drift has been taking place since remote geological times on the sub-stratum which supports but does not anchor the continents. Nature is seldom in a hurry, and she takes a million years or so to get thoroughly started on a job, but in her own time she has altered the configuration of the globe and the geographical position of continents. It looks as if she is still in the same line of business because—if calculations are correct—Greenland is drifting westwards at the rate of about 32 metres annually.

If we do a little bit of juggling with the map of the world, a striking confirmation of this theory of "drift" will become apparent. If we move Greenland to the south-west it will join up with Ellesmere Land and Baffin Island to make a good "fit;" then move all three still in the same direction (closing up Hudson Strait and most of the Labrador Sea) and bring the S.W. coast of Greenland into contact with its counterpart of Labrador, and this whole land mass will then make an excellent "fit." Now push the whole of America close up to Europe, give South America a slight twist to make it "fit" snugly into the west coast of Africa (the bulge of Brazil going into the Gulf of Guinea "pocket") and we now have one America-Eurasian continent! This continent was in existence probably in the Tertiary period (50 million years ago?) according to Wegener, and if his theory "fits the facts" (as many geologists believe) it provides an adequate solution to some biological puzzles and also explains some remarkable geological coincidences. Rocks of the Carboniferous Age in Greenland join up with rocks of similar structure in Spitzbergen; the rocks of Labrador fall into line with those of N.W. Scotland, and 1,500 miles of Carboniferous folds in the Appalachian Mountains (U.S.A.) become a direct continuation of the rock-folds of South England, Belgium and France. Most striking of all, the mountain ranges of Cape of Good Hope fall into line with those of the same structure and age in the Argentine. "The latter fact is so striking," says one geologist, "that it has done more than anything else to bring South African geologists into the ranks of the Wegenerites."

It will have become apparent by now that the geological evidence is against the idea that any such continent as Atlantis existed in the Atlantic Ocean. If there ever had been such a continent it must have disappeared ages before even *Eoanthropus* (the Dawn Man) appeared on the earth. This refutes Plato's story because it rules out entirely the possibility of there being in existence at that period any race of intelligent and artistic men such as the Atlanteans are supposed to have been.

The story of Atlantis and Mu is one of those legendary mysteries of the past which are unsubstantial things, not to be unearthed by the archaeologist's pick and shovel, but which still maintain a nebulous existence in the background to unwritten "history."

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The "Spreading Present" Time Conception

By F. G. RAYER, F.I.A.S.

The nature of time has always been a matter of great interest to scientist and thinker alike, and the view that its only manifestation is to be found in the continuing sequel of some action is fading. In fact, enough proof can be advanced to state that time—whatever it is—is *not* a mere sequence of something, like the ticking of a clock. The idea that time is merely one moment following another in unchanging and endless succession has vanished with the opinion that the Earth was the centre of the solar system.

Albert Einstein (who brought his notable theory of relativity to the attention of the Berlin Academy of Sciences in 1915) concluded that time was a co-ordinate of space. An event would not necessarily appear simultaneous perceived by two different observers in different time-space systems. Without requiring to go deeply into any of the aspects of the theory of relativity it can with advantage be noted that the existence of ordinary, flowing time is questioned. Time would not forever keep in unison, so that, for example, two perfect clocks set together and each running accurately might show different times if in different systems.

This brings us to the main subject of this paper, which is to consider time, not as a fleeting second of *present*, but as a conception which may embrace another time-continuum within the bounds of what we usually regard as "now." Before going on to review the outcome of the theory, it is best to describe its attributes.

The "spreading-present" conception is as follows. During normal activity a man is conscious of an ever-present, fleeting second of what is best called "nowness." He may try to anticipate the future by reason, and recall the past by memory, but always he is moving forward in time. His moment of "nowness" advances, bringing all that is to happen slowly into his experience as it becomes the present for him. He cannot know actually what will happen in the future until his present reaches it. This is logical regarding the future as not yet existing. But the theory under discussion looks upon the future as already existing. It also regards as proven the fact that a man may get glimpses of this already-existing, but not yet reached, period called future.

The present is considered to spread, rather

like the rings upon a pool where a stone is thrown in. The centre is the present, and it may spread to embrace other periods in the already existing time.

Very many people have had the feeling "I have done this before," "I have been here before and lived this moment of existence before." The writer has gone so far as to record in a book impressions of this nature before their actual occurrence in the normal, every-day world, and refer to them when the happening envisaged has occurred. How the "spreading-present" concept would account for it will be shown, but first the matter itself must be clarified.

First of all the concept under review would also embrace periods in the past, but this cannot be checked for memory alone could obviously account for anything which might appear to be a flash into that period of existing time which has slipped beyond our "now." Furthermore, the incidents cannot be regarded as any kind of proof unless they are recorded. Some people have a special aptitude for thinking they have experienced an action before at the time it happens. It is equal to saying "I knew that coin would come down a head" when one has seen it tossed and it has done so. And lastly, details are often blurred. The imagination unconsciously fills these in, so that they may not wholly tally with the experience when it arises.

The theory states that attention focuses the mind upon the present instant. A man waiting the split-second to fire is not concerned with future or past, and in a lesser degree all activity concentrates the mind upon the present. When the mind is not concentrated in this manner, however, the present spreads like the rings upon the pond to embrace other areas not normally in the focal point of "now." It is when points of time thus touched come, in the ordinary sequence of events, into our normal present that the feeling of prior-knowledge is produced.

It is not correct to say that the mind has reached forward into a future period and obtained the impression. Instead that future period was already existing and the mind had become aware of it by relaxing attention from the normal present. As the future is not to be regarded as a line with each point progressively more distant from the normal pre-

sent the spreading-present may embrace any part of it without regard for its degree of futurity along the advancing normal present point.

Time should be considered all-existing, what we call past, present and future all being one, and not successive, with only the minutest period of "nowness" being the only part really existing. The natural progression of actions naturally confines normal attention to the present as we see it, but beyond the advancing the mere act of living and existing postulates, the "now" of our present does not exist in that sense.

So is the theory, and the less the mind is focused upon the instant of normal present, the more is its possibility of touching any part of the spreading-present, future or past, nor yet reached in normal present, or passed in normal present. Finally, the word "future" is often thought of as meaning "not yet being," "non-existent as yet," and "past" as "done with and non-existent for ever." At all costs these meanings of the words should be avoided, for they prevent a clear realisation of the implication of the points brought up.

Comments

By THE EDITORS

The work of Dr. Soal is dealt with adequately in many publications, and we refer interested readers to the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research for further information.

The record of "Strange Happenings at an Engineering Shop" has many points of interest dealing with the phenomena of haunting. To begin with, there is the description of a chilling effect ("like the inside of a large meat frig.," as it was described by one who experienced it) which has been noted many times in connection with physical phenomena. For instance, readers of Mr. Harry Price's book on Borley Rectory will remember the "cold spot" in one of the upper rooms. The cold effect is impressive in this case, occurring as it does in a room specifically designed to eliminate air-currents. It is interesting—and this may be a crucial point—that the room had previously been occupied by a spiritualist group.

Furneaux's article on Astrology presents a new viewpoint on this much-maligned subject by a man who shows what so few people appear to possess these days—a rational approach to a subject on which there is so much emotional bias. His results regarding a health record are at least impressive. It occurs to us that there must be some anomalies in the case of people whose health is almost unvarying. Or do the tendencies cancel out systematically? The subject opens out new experimental possibilities.

The article on the Indian Famine Incident is very curious. Written some time ago by a late Indian Imperial Police Official, we are printing it as a document of a type which can never be fully corroborated. In this case we have the evidence from a high official in what one would expect to be an unimaginative force

attesting directly to what in this country would be regarded as incredible happenings.

Spiritualism has been steadily growing during the present century. The phenomena associated with it are becoming more and more the concern of the scientist. Spiritualism, however, is primarily a religion, and it may be that it has much to offer the world. The trial of Mrs. Duncan was astounding to those who realised that a law of 1735 had had to be resuscitated to enable the prosecution to be carried out, whereas we have been, since 1735 (and perhaps still are), going through the "Age of Reason" when witchcraft would not even be credited. How can a country officially not believe in witchcraft and yet prosecute under an Act forbidding it?

Mr. H. Heighton reviews the position in the study of paranormal cognition. He deals with the work of Rhine and Soal, with the experiences of Miss Moberley and Miss Jourdain in the grounds of the Trianon, Versailles, and with cases of "glimpses into the future." He theorises on the question of the group-mind and suggests that this should be a profitable subject of research.

In an article on "Automatic Writing," Mr. Kaberski briefly deals with this practice, "as ancient as the human race itself." Does it originate in the uncontrollable "subconscious mind" which psychologists enunciated as an indispensable hypothesis, or has it an external origin? When information is received through automatic writing which is not known by the people involved, it is difficult to evolve a satisfactory explanation of its nature. Perhaps more evidence for external identities has come through automatic script than from any other physical phenomena. Readers will remember the "cross-communications" which excited the SPR some years ago.

In Captain Craufurd's animal records we are given new ideas as well as a very lovable approach to animal and bird life. Captain Craufurd is remarkable in his intense feeling for birds: he thinks that he has succeeded in breaking down "the barrier between men and animals, the barrier we ourselves have put up" on many occasions. His account of a possibly telepathic message received in his sleep from a parched sparrow is noteworthy.

Mr. Manning's study of dual-personality cases leads him to ask "If a person can have two different personalities at the same time, and if there is survival of personality after physical death, which personality survives?"

On page 55 we tentatively suggest a new scheme envisaged for NEW FRONTIERS, in which hauntings are investigated by means of a panel of sensitives and psychical re-

searchers. It seems to us that a new approach is needed to the investigation of poltergeist cases, particularly as these cases bring much unhappiness to their victims and therefore whatever is causing the havoc should surely be dispersed if possible as well as investigated.

Mr. J. V. Jones briefly asks "What is the mystery of the Druids?" It is not generally realised that the Druids may have had access to information which has died with them.

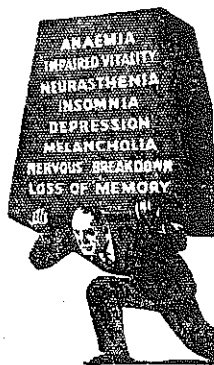
In "Vanished Continents" C. S. Keller deals with the legendary continents Atlantis and Mu, "mysteries of the past which are unsubstantial things, not to be unearthed by the archæologist's pick and shovel."

Finally, we have Dunnean hypotheses in the article on Time by F. G. Rayer.

We invite criticisms and comments from our readers.

What have the years done to YOU?

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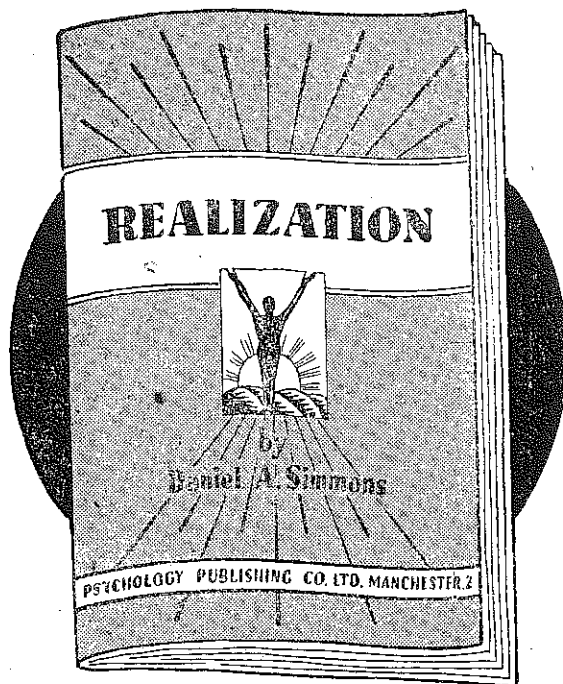
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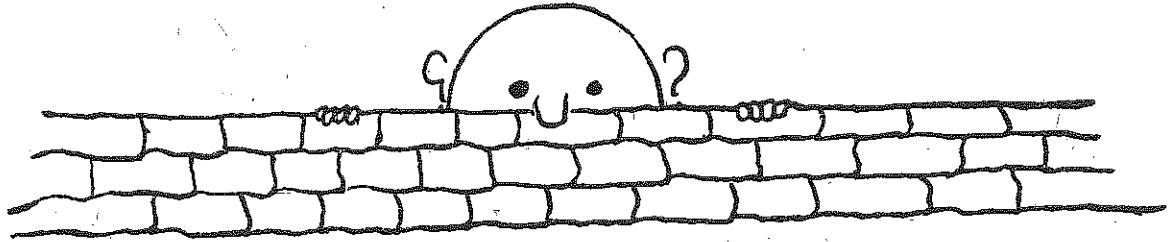
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NAME

ADDRESS

CHAD SAYS

WOT NO LUCK!



SILLY

Send 6d. for the History and a S.A.E. to H. H. Joan the Wad, 127, Joan's Cottage, Lanivet, Cornwall.
Thousands say:—

SHE HAS THE SECRET

In several million booklets you may have read extracts from testimonials received from as far back as 1930. We just take them at random. We possess more than Twelve Thousand unsolicited testimonials, and we know from chance remarks that many who swear by Joan, never trouble to report to us. Having so many we can't possibly publish them all, nor can we constantly be changing our advertisements and we have been content to keep to those originally published, but such is the immense interest being displayed we thought we would depart from our rule in a small measure and just publish 6 or 7 of the huge number that came in during 1945. Remember similar testimonials have been coming in unceasingly since 1930.

DOCTOR GAVE UP HOPE CURED—BETTER HEALTH

"Dear Joan the Wad, Since I received you a few months ago I have had lots of luck. First of all I had to come into Hospital with an Osteomyitis leg. The doctor gave up hopes of my recovery but after I was sent home I then sent to you, for a Joan the Wad and believe me I started to get well again and now I am back again in Hospital as one leg had grown longer than the other. I then brought Joan in with me. I carried her to the operating theatre table and the bone was taken away from my thigh and my operation has proved a success. Next my knee has been straight for three years, now with exercise and massage it is starting to bend. I am sure that Joan the Wad has brought me lots of luck. If ever anyone says in here I'm always unlucky I always say send for a Joan the Wad. Wherever I go I will recommend her. I do hope you accept my story as I am a great believer in her. Yours sincerely, P. H. Sturges Ward, Wingfield Hospital, Oxford. 10.12.45."

NEVER WITHOUT MONEY

"I received one of your Histories about three weeks ago and it has brought me luck. Before I received your book I was always without money, but now thanks to you I am never without money! (Mrs.) G. O. Glos. 8.10.45."

INCREASE IN WAGES

"... already after one fortnight we have had luck. I won ... sum of £30. ... also have got a £1 per week increase in wages unexpected so Joan the Wad must be our lucky Star. So please send Jack O'Lantern to make the pair complete. (Mrs.) D. M. Kirkgate, Leeds. 19.11.45."

LOST HIS JOAN—LOST HIS LUCK

"Please let me know how much to send for Joan the Wad and Jack O'Lantern. I had them both in 1931, but somehow lost them in hospital two years ago. I can honestly say that since losing them nothing has seemed to go right with me. I know what good luck Joan can bring by honest facts I have really experienced. . . . I certainly know that Joan the Wad is more than a lucky charm. Mr. E. E. S. Liphook, Hants. 10.11.45."

HOMELESS

LOOKED FOR A HOUSE FOR FOUR YEARS—Got Joan, Got a House, Got a job as well.

"... Believe it or not Things have taken an astonishing change for the better since the day I received Joan—more than I have dared hope for before. I am being discharged from Services, Oct. 22nd. My family are homeless and I couldn't take a job. But now I have offered me a job with a cottage and good wages, one of my favourite jobs, tractor driving. Please note I have been after a house for just on four years. G. S., Army Fire Service, Slough. 10.10.45."

MARRIED "A MILLIONAIRE"

"... two of my friends have won £500 each since receiving your mascots and another has married an American millionaire. . . . Please forward me one Joan the Wad and one Jack O'Lantern. C. E. Levenshulme. 3.11.45."

BETTER JOB, MORE MONEY, LESS HOURS, IMPROVED HEALTH

"My dear Joan She has brought me continual good luck and her influence spreads to every sphere . . . I have got a much better job, . . . greater wages . . . less working hours . . . and my health has greatly improved. I have always been a lonely kind of person, but . . . a friend of the opposite sex, she is also lonely . . . great opportunity for comradeship offered. So you see how the influence of Joan works. My pockets have always been full and I have had many wishes and desires fulfilled . . . I would not part with Joan for her weight in gold, she is much too valuable in every way. Her powers extend all over the world, and she works unceasingly for the full benefit of her friends and adherents. She rides in my pocket day and night and never leaves me. . . . D. H., Leeds. 9. 2.11.45."

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“Harold Fox”—impression of the controlling entity during a séance. Original drawn by SYLVIA MITCHELL under conditions of complete darkness in a private circle.

JACK O' LANTERN



King over all the lucky Devon Pixies Luckiest Reigning Monarch and Presiding Genius over the Fortunes and Destinies of his own people of Devon. Watcher over all his Cornish Kinsman, unseen Councillor and Provider for his Friends and Adherents all over the World.

We guarantee every Testimonial hereunder to be **GENUINE and SPONTANEOUS**

The originals are at our offices and open to **INSPECTION**

To H. R. H. Jack O' Lantern Your Royal Highness. For many years I have been your loyal follower. I have marvelled at your great powers and your world-wide influence. I have heard of persons in all walks of life deriving consolation and benefit from your kindly influence.

I was interested to see that you were supporting sweepstakes for Hospitals and I admired your supreme gesture in rewarding with £30,000 that follower who believed in you so implicitly as to use the Name Plume of "Dartmoor Pixie" for her ticket in the Irish Sweep. May I thank you for what you have done for me? You and your revered Queen Her Highness Joan the Wad have brought me prosperity. How I wish everyone would do as I have done. I am telling everyone about it. You may show this letter to anyone but please do not divulge my address as I should be unable to reply to all the letters I should receive.

Permit me to remain,
Your faithful servant,
Robert E. Brown.

Since my purchase of Joan the Wad and Jack O' Lantern my Luck has most certainly changed. I have won £166 13s. 4d. in Daily Express Crossword. A.W.R. Hertford.

I have received His Highness and am very pleased to have him as I feel sure he will bring me luck. I am sure my husband has been luckier since he had Joan the Wad.
Mrs. A.W. Harrowgate.

To All My Adherents Throughout the World!

Whereas it has come to our Royal knowledge that for divers reasons our last proclamation was not so worded as to be fully significant to and apprehended by all receiving it, take notice of this our Royal Statement which follows.

Inasmuch as lies in our power We most earnestly pray for the well being of all our Adherents and to that end We desire the said Adherents to possess a replica of our Royal Body, made of metal, and as a further sign of our Royal Bounty We do earnestly ask our Adherents to forward to the Comptroller and Treasurer of our Royal Household the sum of Two Devonshire shillings and sixpence or their counterpart in English or foreign currency, together with an envelope, duly bearing the stamp of the realm of the value of two and a half pence and addressed ready for the sending of our Royal Replica.

And we further declare if any of our subjects find in their hearts to thirst for more knowledge of and about our Royal Domain, then and then only we do declare that for the sum of sixpence together with an envelope ready addressed and bearing a stamp obtainable at any Post Office, a History may be secured unto them, and I will personally issue my Royal Instructions for the said very interesting and highly informative History to be sent unto them and this knowledge shall come to them.

Whereby they shall enjoy everlasting benefit and good cheer

Given under our Royal Sign Manual at our Court at Widecombe-in-the-Moor in the County of Devonshire, England, but now in residence at St. Benets Abbey, Lanivet, Bodmin, Cornwall.

Jacobus Lanternus
REX.

JACK O' LANTERN

JACK O' LANTERN'S PLACE, ST. BENETS ABBEY, LANIVET

SEND AT ONCE

Such a marvellous little figure of Jack O' Lantern himself can be obtained by those interested. First send for the Story of his doings and his powers for good. Jack O' Lantern really is lucky. His mysterious influence extends everywhere—take advantage of it.

Enclose 6d. stamp with stamped addressed envelope. Please send The Story of JACK O' LANTERN to

Name
Address
Block
Capitals
Please

1, Jack O' Lantern's Place, St. Benets Abbey
Lanivet, Bodmin, Cornwall

So pleased that I had Jack O' Lantern as I have had much better health since I had it, so will recommend it to all my friends.

Mrs. J. M. C. Longhope.

I sent for Jack O' Lantern before Christmas and I have been in better Health and Luck since. I have got a Joan the Wad as well.

Mrs. C. Cheltenham.

I have had better Health and since I received Jack O' Lantern I have had better Luck as my two sons have started work.

Mrs. J. Milnrow.

... my Good fortune since receiving Jack O' Lantern. I won £23 in Daily Mail Crossword another £30 yesterday and another all correct solution, three times in four weeks. In addition to seven wins in other Crosswords.

F.R.G. Greenwich

Since we have had Jack O' Lantern we have had more Luck in work and I hope to tell you more good news before long. I really love my Joan the Wad and I keep her for myself.

Mrs. I. W. Beeston.

I sent for Jack O' Lantern and within a fortnight I had the first bit of Luck after being unemployed for nearly two years. I was offered employment. I feel sure that it was Jack O' Lantern that brought us the good Luck we have had.

A.V. Basingstoke.

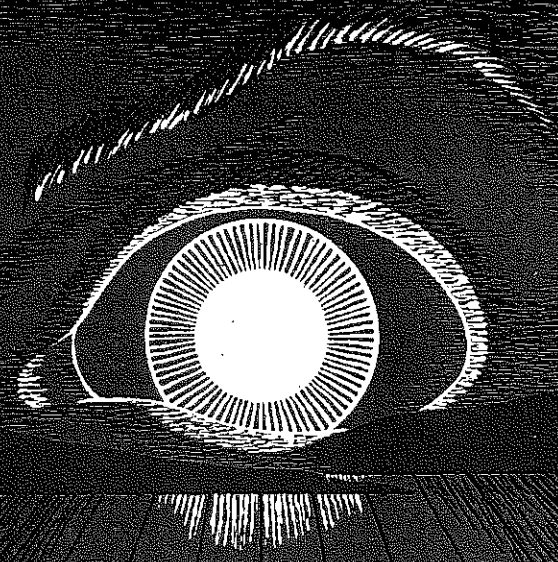
I am sending 10/- to Jack O' Lantern Place. My brother is much better and is able to get out in the garden a little. We are all most grateful to you. Thanking you kindly.

A.B. Stow on the Wold.

?

Let us fill this one with your tale of

GOODLUCK

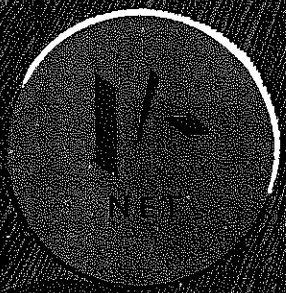


**NEW
FRONTIERS**

*Strange Events
Unsolved Mysteries*

UNCANNY

NEWS & VIEWS



APRIL-MAY

1947

"Two weeks ago I bought a 'Joan the Wad' and to-day I have won £232 10s. Please send two more."—B.C., Tredegar, S. Wales.

Extract from "Everybody's Fortune Book," 1931

JOAN THE WAD

is THE Lucky Cornish Piskey
who Sees All, Hears All, Does All



Guaranteed Dipped in Water
from the Lucky Saint's Well

JOAN THE WAD is Queen of the Lucky Cornish Piskeys. Thousands of persons all over the world claim that Joan the Wad has brought them Wonderful Luck in the way of Health, Wealth and Happiness.

HISTORY FREE FOR A STAMP

If you will send me your name and address, a 6d. stamp and a stamped addressed envelope for reply, I will send you a history of the Cornish Piskey folk, and the marvellous miracles they accomplish. JOAN THE WAD is the QUEEN of the Lucky Cornish Piskeys, and with whom good luck and good health always attend.

AS HEALER

One lady writes: "My sister suffered very badly for years, but since I gave her a Joan the Wad to keep near her she is much easier. Do you think this is due to Joan or the Water from the Lucky Well?"

AS LUCK BRINGER

Another writes: "Since the War my wife and I have been dogged by persistent ill-luck, and we seemed to be sinking lower and lower. One day someone sent us a Joan the Wad. We have never found out who it was, but, coincidence if you like, within a week I got a much better job and my wife had some money left her. Since then we have never looked back and, needless to say, swear by 'Queen Joan'."

AS MATCHMAKER

A young girl wrote and informed me that she had had scores of boy friends, but it was not until she had visited Cornwall and taken Joan back with her that she met the boy of her dreams, and as they got better acquainted she discovered he also has Joan the Wad.

AS PRIZEWINNER

A young man wrote us only last week: "For two years I entered competitions without luck, but since getting Joan the Wad I have frequently been successful although I have not won a big prize, but I know that —, who won £2,000 in a competition, has one because I gave it him. When he won his £2,000 he gave me £100 for myself, so you see I have cause to bless 'Queen Joan'."

AS SPECULATOR

A man writes: "I had some shares that for several years I couldn't give away. They were 1/- shares, and all of a sudden they went up in the market to 7/9. I happened to be staring at Joan the Wad. Pure imagination, you may say, but I thought I saw her wink approvingly. I sold out, reinvested the money at greater profit and have prospered ever since."

JOAN THE WAD'S achievements are unique. Never before was such a record placed before the Public. Ask yourself if you have ever heard before of anything so stupendous. You have not. Results are what count, and these few Extracts from actual letters are typical of the many hundreds that are received, and from which we shall publish selections from time to time. We unreservedly GUARANTEE that these letters were absolutely spontaneous, and the originals are open to inspection at JOAN'S COTTAGE. Send at once for full information about this PROVED Luck Bringer. You, too, may benefit in Health, Wealth and Happiness to an amazing extent.

"SUNDAY GRAPHIC" PICTURE PUZZLE.

No. 175.—"Dear Joan, the Wad, I received this week cheque for £71 8s. 7d. My share of the £1,000 Prize of the 'Sunday Graphic' Picture Puzzle. I have been near winning before, but you have brought me just the extra luck I wanted."—F. T. Salisbury.

WON £153 17s., THEN £46 10s. 3d.

No. 191.—"Genuine account of Luck . . . since receiving Joan the Wad . . . I was successful in winning £153 17s. in the 'People' Xword No. 178 and also the 'News of the World' Xword No. 280. £45 10s. 3d., also £1 on a football coupon, which is amazing in itself, as all the luck came in one week."—A. B., Leamington Spa.

WINNERS OF £6 11s. 1d.

No. 195.—"My father, myself and my sister had the pleasure of winning a Crossword Puzzle in the 'Sunday Pictorial' which came to £3 11s. 1d., which we put down to JOAN THE WAD, and we thank her very much."—L. B., Exning.

WON PRIZE OF £13 13s.

No. 214.—"Arrival of your charm followed the very next day by the notification that I had won a prize of £13 13s. in a Literary Competition."—F. M. R., Wallington.

"DAILY HERALD" PICTURE CONTEST.

No. 216.—"Since having received JOAN THE WAD I received cheque, part share in the 'Daily Herald' Picture Contest, £3 1s."—M. E., Notting Hill.

£30,000 WINNER.

No. 222.—"Mrs. A. . . . of Lewisham, has just won £30,000, and says she has a JOAN THE WAD, so please send one to me."—Mrs. V., Bromley.

FIRST PRIZE "NUGGETS."

No. 238.—"I have had some good luck since receiving JOAN THE WAD. I have won First Prize in 'ANSWERS' 'Nuggets.' I had JOAN THE WAD in February, and I have been lucky ever since."—Mrs. N. W., Wolverhampton.

WON "DAILY MIRROR" HAMPER.

No. 245.—"I have just had my first win since having JOAN THE WAD, which was a 'DAILY MIRROR' HAMPER."—E. M. F., Brentwood.

WON "NUGGETS" £300.

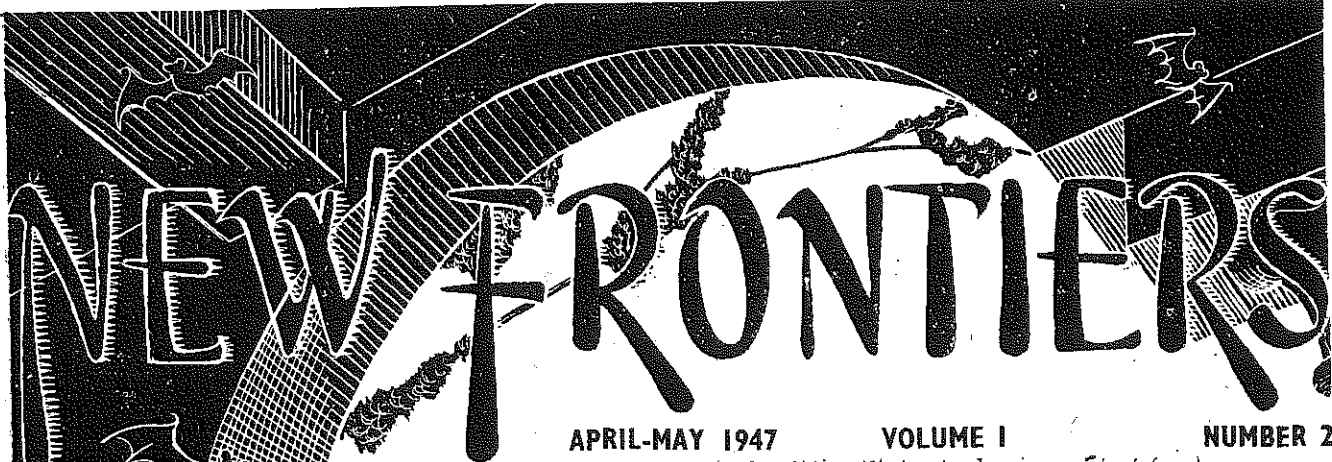
No. 257.—"My husband is a keen competitor in 'Bullets' and 'Nuggets.' He had not any luck until I gave him JOAN THE WAD, when the first week he secured a credit note in 'Nuggets,' and last week FIRST prize in 'Nuggets' £300."—Mrs. A. B., Salford.

CAN ANYONE BEAT THIS?

No. 286.—"Immediately after receiving my JOAN THE WAD I won a 3rd Prize in a local Derby Sweep, then I was given employment after seven months of idleness and finally had a correct forecast in Picture Puzzle, 'Glasgow Sunday Mail,' which entitles me to a share of the Prize Money."—W. M., Glasgow, C.A.

All you have to do is to send a 6d. stamp and a stamped addressed envelope for the history to:

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NEW FRONTIERS

APRIL-MAY 1947

VOLUME I

NUMBER 2

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	Page
EDITORIAL	4
FORTEANISM	
FORT THE COLOSSUS ERIC FRANK RUSSELL	5
"DOUBT" Extracts from the magazine of the Fortean Society	7
BIRD PSYCHOLOGY	
AUGUSTUS CAPTAIN Q. C. A. CRAUFURD	10
SUPERSTITIONS	
CHARMS J. W. BANKS	13
SOME TRADITIONAL LUCKY AND UNLUCKY DAYS FRANK A. KING	24
PSYCHOMETRY	
THE SCIENCE OF PSYCHOMETRY S. G. J. OUSELEY	14
ANTHROPOLOGY	
THE CIRCLE IN PRE-HISTORY J. V. JONES	16
PSYCHICAL RESEARCH	
PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA HENRY WAKE	17
PSYCHO-ANALYSIS & PSYCHICAL RESEARCH J. K. PEEL	22
THE HALF WORLD H. O'HAGAN	28
PRECOGNITION	
DON'T LOOK TOO FAR J. F. BURKE	29
SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE W. F. TEMPLE	34
AUTOMATIC WRITING	
MUSIC AS AN EXPRESSION OF CREATIVE THOUGHT RAY CONNELL	32
FICTION	
DEMONSTRATION M. K. HANSON	19
ILLUSTRATED POEM	
THE WORD QUENTIN CRISP	20
DRAWING	
. H. E. TURNER	27
REVIEW	
EXPERIMENTAL METAPHYSICS	26
READERS' LETTERS	
DIRECT VOICE	36

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EDITORIAL

Our leading article this month—"Fort the Colossus"—is in striking contrast to last issue's scholarly treatise by Doctor Soal which launched the magazine. In this article Eric Frank Russell, noted fiction writer and British Secretary of the Fortean Society, contributes a eulogistic obituary for the man, Charles Fort, who inspired the Society that takes his name.

What is this Society that perpetuates the name of Fort? It has many aims—probably as many as it has members—but its chief and avowed aim is to provide an alarm-clock for the world. The human race, Forteans believe, is firmly fixed in a rut of "routine thinking". People are too lazy or too afraid to entertain original thoughts; instead they subsist placidly on the half-digested mass of half-truths that filter down from the Accepted Thinkers, themselves for the most part content to mull over the intellectual residue of previous centuries. Forteanism challenges the Accepted Thinkers and strives to wake the ordinary people out of their apathy. To that end it embraces all the unpopular, minority beliefs—from a belief in demons to the conviction that the sun goes round the earth.

There is an impressive similarity between the aims of this Society and the policy of **NEW FRONTIERS**. Our greatest desire is also to wake people up. None of us can avoid thinking slavishly in some respects. But we hope to reduce to a minimum those beliefs and prejudices which are taken for granted. A notable one is belief in the roundness of the earth. Just as—five centuries ago—everyone accepted the earth's flatness as axiomatic, so now we accept its roundness, unquestioning, content to believe what we are told in school-books. And yet believers in the flatness of the earth can provide some impressive scientific evidence in favour of their theory. We hope to have an article relating some of this in an early issue.

One of the fundamental necessities in life is the maintenance of an *open* mind. This should not be confused with a gullible one. There is far more gullibility in believing implicitly the text-books written by the thinkers of the past and dismissing as charlatanism all contemporary thought that does not jibe with them, than could ever ensue from a temporary acceptance of "wrong" ideas. Surely it is better to believe the world is flat—and know *why* you believe it—than to believe it round because you were told that as a child?

NEW FRONTIERS will continue to provide space for expression of points of view and theories that are unpopular and perhaps not in good repute. Telepathy, telekinesis, clairvoyance, demonism, anthroposophy, interplanetary communication, flat earth, astrology—theories that have won respectability and theories that have yet to win it. Some of the theories may be wrong. But all of them will be worth studying.

C. S. Y.

FORT—THE COLOSSUS

ERIC FRANK RUSSELL

(The author of this article is an Honorary Founder as well as British Representative of the Fortean Society, and has done more than any other to spread Fort's ideas in Britain. Amongst other things he has published a novel, "Sinister Barrier," based on Fortean "possibilities.")

When twelve years ago an American science-fiction magazine published *Lo!* in serial form, it was an event rare in literary annals—the popularising in the pulp magazine market of a veritable colossus. For Fort, small in stature, mighty mentally, was one of those geniuses who leave their mark for all time. What sort of man was this, describing himself as "a person of little learning but much erudition," who dared to place himself in the same relationship to dogmatic science as the late Colonel Robert Ingersoll stood to organised religion, and who, like Ingersoll, wielded an impressively vitriolic pen? Let us look at him objectively and subjectively; as others saw him and as he viewed himself.

One American paper described him as "a sort of Peter Pan of science who went about picking up whimsies of fact, mostly from the rubbish heaps of astronomy." "New York Sun" called him "a scientific iconoclast." "Time" thought he was a "contumacious heckler of science." "Philadelphia Sunday Record" roundly declared that his chief fault was that he "lacked gullibility." "Theosophical Journal" defined his sense of humour "as belonging to the great tradition of Aristophanes and Rabelais." Gretchen Mount, in the "Detroit Free Press," likened him to the impudent little boy in Hans Andersen's "The Emperor's New Clothes," standing in the midst of science's admiring courtiers, thumbing his nose and yelling loudly, "But he hasn't got anything on."

"Vogue" pictured Fort and his work thus, "For almost thirty years Charles Fort has been prowling through the libraries of the world, looking up old newspapers, scientific journals, writing letters; almost invisibly investigating all the evidence: a quiet, terrible little man, biding his time. There is a good deal to laugh at in his books. The author, however, has very carefully laughed first, and equally carefully laughs last. Every now and then he produces an idea that is colossal . . . and, before long, his readers become invaded by some edge of the cosmic excitement of the author, the intoxication of the greatest sport on earth, such a curiosity and terror as Columbus must have felt when his ships dropped Spain below the horizon."

And Fort himself? "I was a child atheist at the age of ten", he once declared. "When I grew older I realised that science could be

dogmatic, too." Let us see what his books reveal about his own personality.

Lo!: "I believe nothing. I have shut myself away from the rocks and the wisdom of ages, and from the so-called great teachers of culture, and perhaps because of that isolation I am given to bizarre hospitalities. I shut the front door upon Christ and Einstein, and at the back door hold out a welcoming hand to little frogs and periwinkles."

New Lands: "Char me the trunk of a redwood tree. Give me the pages of white chalk cliffs to scrawl upon. Magnify me thousands of times, and replace my trifling immodesties with a titanic megalomania—then might I write largely enough for our subjects."

The Book of the Damned: "If the whole world should seem to combine against you, it is only unreal combination, or intermedieness to unity and disunity. Every resistance is itself divided into parts fighting one another. The simplest strategy seems to be—never bother to fight a thing: set its own parts fighting one another."

Wild Talents: "I conceive of powers and the uses of human powers that will some day transcend the stunts of music halls, and seances and sideshows, as public utilities have passed beyond the toy stages of their origins . . . Or, that the knack that tips a table may tilt an epoch."

Here, then, was a plumb little man, with sardonic yet kindly eyes, who dismissed the clownish gods of theology, went one step further, and propounded a super-Monistic philosophy, based upon the doctrine of temporary acceptance, as distinct from ready belief.

To fight science upon its own ground, he spent half his 57 years of life grubbing through libraries and museums, seeking data ignored or unexplained by science as far back as the year 1800, collecting many thousands of facts, and indexing them under 1,300 heads. Upon this enormous mass of material, collected with patience and determination of which few are capable, he based four books, **The Book of the Damned** (1919), **New Lands** (1923), **Lo!** (1931), and **Wild Talents** (1932). Each of these books was not only a reasoned exposition of Fortean philosophy, a wonderful mine of breath-taking ideas, a literary work of the highest calibre, but also a slashing attack upon dogmatic science. Here is an extract from **The Book of the Damned** in

which Darwinism is dismissed with the curt logic typical of Fort:—

“Science is established preposterousness.

“The Fittest survive.

“What is meant by the fittest ?

“Not the strongest ; not the cleverest.

“Weakness and stupidity everywhere survive.

“There is no way of determining fitness except in that a thing does survive.

“‘Fitness’, then, is only another name for ‘survival.’

“Darwinism :

“That survivors survive.”

In *New Lands* he develops theories, terrifyingly substantiated with endless data, that are of peculiar interest to all those who have asked themselves the question, “If space can be conquered, and if life on other worlds be more advanced than humanity, why haven’t others visited us already ?” Says Fort, “We are too busy to take up alarmism, but if Rome, for instance, never was destroyed by terrestrial barbarians, if we cannot very well think of Apaches seizing Chicago, extramundane vandals may have often swooped down upon this earth, and they may swoop again ; and it may be a comfort to us, some day, to mention in our last gasp that we told about this.” There is no gainsaying the evidence for such “swooping”, and there is no disputing science’s calculated silence on the subject. “Our idea is that our data have been held back by no outspoken conspiracy, but by an inhibition similar to that by which a great deal of biology, for instance, is not taught to children.” (*New Lands*.)

This man’s unique mind could conceive and support such notions as the development of dormant abilities until, some time in the future, power could be transported “by batteries of witches.” (*Wild Talents*.) That frogs, flesh, fishes, blood and punk are “teleportated” long after the need for them has passed, by a super-metabolism—moved as helplessly but purposely as osteoblasts hastening to heal a fracture in a bone. (Lo !) That the earth is a cosmic potato patch, weeded, hoed, and harvested by infinitely superior intelligences, and occasionally raided by malignant ones. (*The Book of the Damned*.) That those who explore too daringly across the frontier of the unknown are fated to be “instantaneously translated to the Positive Absolute.” Did Fort himself explore too far ? In *Wild Talents* he expresses the opinion that his time is short. He wrote this, his last book, while refusing scientific treatment for his malady, enlargement of the heart, and upon completing it, died in the Royal Hospital, the Bronx. But Fort noted many cases of sudden removals, and they were “always the heart.”

Quite regardless of whether one chooses to regard this man as an intellectual eccentric, or as a new messiah, there can be no doubt concerning his literary ability, and those who

have no love for his notions still regard him as a master of style. Much of his work cannot be described as mere writing ; it is poetry, stark, terrifying, strangely fascinating. Consider this, the first page of *The Book of the Damned*:—

“A procession of the damned.

“By the damned, I mean the excluded.

“We shall have a procession of data that science has excluded.

“Battalions of the accursed, captained by pallid data that I have exhumed, will march. You’ll read them—or they’ll march. Some of them livid and some of them fiery and some of them rotten.

“Some of them are corpses, skeletons, mummies, twitching, tottering, animated by companions that have been damned alive. There are giants that will walk by, though sound asleep. There are things that are theorems and things that are rags ; they’ll go by like Euclid arm in arm with the spirit of anarchy. Here and there will flit little harlots. Many are clowns. But many are of the highest respectability. Some are assassins. There are pale stanches and gaunt superstitions and mere shadows and lively malices : whims and amiabilities. The naïve and the pedantic, and the bizarre and the grotesque and the insincere, the profound and the puerile.

“A stab and a laugh and the patiently folded hands of hopeless propriety.

“The ultra-respectable, but the condemned, anyway.

“The aggregate appearance is of dignity and dissoluteness : the aggregate voice is a defiant prayer : but the spirit of the whole is processional.

“The power that has said to all these things that they are damned is Dogmatic Science.

“But they’ll march.

“The little harlots will caper and the freaks will distract attention, and the clowns will break the rhythm of the whole with their buffooneries—but the solidity of the procession as a whole : the impressiveness of things that pass and pass and pass, and keep on and keep on and keep on coming.

“The irresistibility of things that neither threaten nor jeer nor defy, but arrange themselves in mass formations that pass and pass and keep on passing.”

Fort lived at 2051 Ryer Avenue, the Bronx, with his wife, former Anna Filan, whom he had married 36 years before at the Little Church Around the Corner. He was somewhat of a recluse, his only intimates being Theodore Dreiser and Tiffany Thayer, noted American authors. On May 3rd. 1932, this adventurer in forbidden realms was plausibly removed. It was “the heart.” But his procession of the damned stalked, and stumbled,

and pranced, and postured through three hundred pages before it rested awhile. Then through three more books walked giants, sound asleep; and slunk pale stenchers, gaunt superstitions. "The power that has said to

these things that they are damned is Dogmatic Science. But they'll march!"

And in the magazine that is Fort's only memorial, the parade of pallid data passes and passes and keeps on passing.

"DOUBT"

(The magazine referred to in the concluding paragraph of Mr. Russell's article is "Doubt," the magazine of the Fortean Society, edited by Tiffany Thayer. This magazine, devoted to the unusual and the unwanted, deserves far wider circulation than it has at present. With the permission of the Society, we print below an article made up from the Summer, 1946 (16 FS) issue of "Doubt." Any enquiries about the Fortean Society should be made care of this magazine.)

A glass standing in the sun on a windowsill of Mrs. G. Vanderberg's house in Paar, Cape Province, (South Africa), suddenly exploded and injured a dog that was basking nearby.

The glass contained a tube of toothpaste, and experts consider that extreme heat and moisture probably combined to form a nitrous salt that, acting on the glycerine in the toothpaste, formed a small quantity of explosive nitroglycerine. ("Liverpool Echo," 27.3.46.)

British papers made more fuss than usual about the Swiss quakes of January 27th, 1946. The "Daily Telegraph" was the only one to mention that before the first shock "a huge meteor flew over the Berne area. It lit the skies with a blinding flash."—and that the 'quake "was followed by a white glow in the sky."

A lake in Liscard Central Park, Wallasey, caught fire. It was reported at 11 p.m., 8.4.46. Firemen watched "for some twenty yards at one end of the lake sparks . . . breaking from the surface, just out of reach of the bank, flashing at separate points in rapid succession, and giving off slight wisps of smoke." Perplexed, observers finally decided, "a schoolboy might have been making an interesting experiment in chemistry." ("Liverpool Echo," 9.4.46.)

During a heat wave, a mirage appeared "about 3.20 yesterday afternoon and lasted two hours." It stretched over about twenty miles of the southern part of Bridlington Bay, showing Bempton Cliffs, which are to the north of Bridlington, and ships on the Humber, 35 miles to the south. Half an hour later it changed scene, showing Hull, 38 miles to the south. Smoking factory chimneys and other features of the Hull landscape appeared and disappeared. The show was over at 5.25. Contrary to practice, the mirage was **right side up**. ("Liverpool Daily Post," 4.2.46.)

The Phantom Cyclist.

"They were saying in Smithboro, Cc.

Monaghan, at Christmas that a phantom cyclist is haunting the roads leading to the village.

"Civic Guard James Green returned from a late patrol—and collapsed in a faint—in police barracks."

He had tried to stop the cyclist—who passed him—and "Green saw that he was wearing clerical garb and the rider and machine passed through a closed gateway into a field."—where both instantaneously disappeared.

"Several other people in the district have seen the phantom rider." ("Liverpool Echo," 27.12.45.)

Dogs dying from mystery disease—paralyses their hind-quarters "Sheep as well as cows are dying suddenly on farms all over the county (Worcestershire) without any apparent cause One theory is that the animals are being poisoned by weeds growing on land formerly in use for crops." ("Daily Mail," 17.10.45.)

London and "all industrial centres" blacked out by "anti-cyclonic gloom"—a new name for low clouds and smoke. ("Daily Mail," 14.2.46.) (A Fortean would like to know what was **above** the pall.)

Twenty-five women of the British Legion, Wombwell, met to discuss "Poppy Day." Mrs. Darnley appeared to be asleep. When others tried to wake her, they passed out, too—total of 16. Fresh air fixed them up. ("Daily Mail," 17.10.45.)

An anonymous 75-year-old dowser, probably a native (although the "Mail" does not say so), brought his "native sticks" (willow wand) to the office of the Army Inventions Directorate the morning after Sydney had been shelled "by midget Jap submarines" in June, 1942. His son of 40 was with him . . . He located the sub, 35 miles offshore, to the satisfaction of the officers. "He also located seven other submarines, fixing their directions

and their distances, ranging from more than 400 miles to about 60 miles." At sea he repeated the performance "unerringly." He would take no pay, not accept even his expenses." ("Daily Mail," Sydney, 30.10.45.)

Sir Morton Smart, "manipulative surgeon to the King," a trained and acute observer, tells that he was aboard ship for Madeira "when he suddenly seemed to see his brother" in England. Brother was aboard his yacht, in difficulties. Near yacht was an upturned boat with three men clinging to it. "Sir Morton saw two of the three men drown."

Four days later, Sir Morton read an account of that scene in English newspapers. (See Dunne's "Experiment with Time.")

One of the drowned men had been a patient of Sir Morton's, undergoing an arm operation. Professional advice had been never to put a strain on that arm, "Obviously," says Sir Morton, "the man was thinking of the warning I had given him as he drowned. He somehow got through . . ."

A recurrent mirage at the London airport at Heathrow appears at the end of the runway . . . looks like a large blue lake. "Planes taking off appear to be running straight into it . . . An engineer who has seen it several times "says it is exactly like (one) on the Bagdad-Damascus run." ("Chronicle," April, 1946.)

—"that South Pacific islands 'missing' for 130 years may reappear as a result of violent underseas quakes." (Sydney, Australia.) ("Daily Herald," 3.1.46.)—"that the volcano Mount Ruapohn is flavouring the local butter with garlic!" (Wellington, N.Z.) ("Daily Herald," 10.1.46.)

A quake "during the great gale, is believed to have caused the collapse of . . . a viaduct at Shepton Mallet, Somerset." ("Daily Mail," 4.2.46.)

The San Francisco "Chronicle" must have an age-limit for its active staff: nobody over eleven hired, nobody over fourteen retained. Example:

An editorial in the issue of 20.5.46 states that "the Navy" has found a layer of water off California, 1,000 to 1,500 feet down, which bounces sound waves as if it were stone. "This layer rises each evening several hundred feet . . . and sinks back each morning . . . Why this layer of water should be different from the water above and below has not yet been worked out, but we may expect that the answer will be found."

The confidence of the "Chronicle" writer in the ability of Science to "work out" an answer has been justified in an analogous case. A Dutch sub found "a huge trough" in the surface of the Indian Ocean south of Java, 1926-27. It was a ditch "several hundred miles long and many miles wide," but HIST! . . . to the scientists of the K-XIII it had a simple explanation . . . Under this trough is a strip where the force of gravity is less

than on either side . . . Likewise for the curious ocean layer off the coast of California science will probably find a cause as soon as it has time. It will not be necessary to assign a malign influence.

Member's Report

I don't know whether the Society is aware of it or not, but a complete Egyptian tomb, curse and all, was being shipped on the "Titanic" on its last voyage. A secretary here tells me that her uncle, a London editor, was with the group of archæologists. If it's not already a matter of record, I'll get more information. She says that she knows about it through the family, that "it's always been hushed up." That last got me . . . but of course such a thing should be easy to trace.

The most famous curses around here are those of the goddess Pele on the men who in 1936 bombed the lava flows of Mauna Loa to divert them from Hilo. The natives wisely nod their heads . . . "all dead!"

In the June, 1946, issue of one of the "digest" magazines there is an article by Willy Ley on strange animals reported by the tribes of the African equatorial regions. Two very interesting reports concern a "furry elephant" (mammoth?) and a "dragon," which Ley thinks is a huge, dinosaur-like lizard.

Also, in "Best" for May, 1946, is an article telling of a French explorer, who in the Llanganati territory of Ecuador has seen a live dinosaur. The creature was said to be about 36 feet long, a biped, and herbivorous. It is also said that the region is greatly feared by the natives.

Also, about 1939 or so, I heard a report to the effect that a large, dinosaur-like creature had been seen in the unexplored regions of the Nassau Mountains of Dutch New Guinea.

So we have dinosaurs, or dinosaur-like animals, reported from three different parts of the world. This is worth checking. If any member has any similar data, or extensions on the above data, let me know.

New Use for "Science"

T. Cunliffe Barnes, called a "Philadelphia Scientist," told a group in St. Louis (29.3.46) that a healthy human who complained of fatigue after working from 8 to 5 was a "scientific fibber." A man can't get tired that fast. "Tests concluded by the scientist among a group of medical students," he said, led to his conclusion that the 40-hour work week is too short."

Blue Balls of Joliet

Beginning 21.3.16, Saturday night, "during a peculiar thunder storm," and continuing for an unstated period (of days, apparently), "blue balls of fire" broke twenty windows "in a residential area" of Joliet, Ill., according to the residents. A former North-western professor said they were "bolides," resulting from two kinds of electricity coming together. The government meteorologist in Chicago

said he didn't see how a bolide could break a window. A local insurance man called it an Act of God. Some unbroken windows "turned a peculiar, burned colour."

Satan in Iowa

As recently as 28.7.35 a pamphlet was published by Rev. Celestine Kapser, O.S.B., St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., under the Imprimatur of Jos. F. Busch, Bishop of St. Cloud, with these words on the cover:

"Begone Satan! A Soul-Stirring Account of Diabolical Possession in Iowa. After 23 Days' Battle in September, 1928, Devil was Forced to Leave." And on the title page, besides the title, we read: "Woman Cursed by Her Own Father, Possessed from 14th Year till Her 40th year. Devils Appearing: Beelzebub, Lucifer, Judas, Jacob, and Mina."

The book sold for 15 cents a copy, 8 copies for 1 dollar, 100 copies for 8 dollars, and it purports to be a true account of actual incidents. Here is one from page 12:

"The woman was placed firmly upon the mattress of an iron bed. Upon the advice of the Father, her arm-sleeves as also her dress were tightly bound so as to prevent any devilish tricks. The strongest nuns were selected to assist her in case anything might happen. Suspicion was had that the devil might attempt attacking Father during the ceremony. Should anything unusual happen the nuns were to hold her quiet upon her bed. Soon after the prescribed prayers of the Church were begun the woman sank into unconsciousness and remained in that state throughout the period of exorcism. Her eyes closed up tight so that no force could open them.

"Hardly had Father begun the formula of exorcism in the name of the Blessed Trinity, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, in the name of the Crucified Saviour, when a terrible scene followed. With lightning speed the possessed dislodged herself from her bed and the hands of the protectors, her body, carried through the air, landed high above the door of the room and clung to the wall with cat-like grips. All present were struck with a trembling fear. Father alone kept his peace. "Pull her down, she must be brought back to her place upon the bed!"

"Real force had to be applied to her feet to bring her down from the high position on the wall. The mystery was that she could have clung to the wall at all! This was through the possession of an evil spirit, who had taken possession of her body."

Red Sand Storm

Cairo, Egypt, "turned blood red" 3.15-16FS, "as a heavy pall of crimson sand . . . dropped upon the city. It was the most unusual sand storm in the memory of living inhabitants."

Get this:

"Meteorological experts . . . said there

were no records of similar phenomena except in their history books. They explained the rare red sand of the western desert . . . was easily lifted by strong winds . . . The gales blew from the south."

Lotta Fish

Between 8,000 and 10,000 tons of dead fish have washed up on the banks of Lake Poinsett, near Brookings, S.D. It is estimated that this makes a solid block of 416,666 square feet of stench. The "official" explanation is that "poisonous gases given off by the vegetation at the bottom of the lake" killed all these scavenger fish. Almost no game fish are among the dead. "Mighty selective gases."

We Have Pictures

While a little spotted mongrel stood staring into a sheet drain on the campus of North Texas Teachers College in Denton, waiting for something, a woman, identified as Mrs. Mabel Jean Palmer stood in silence four hours in a public lane in Miami, Fla. The woman held a pot of burned prunes, and between her thumb and the handle of the pan protruded a wooden match. Mrs. Palmer kept her eyes fixed on the sky and would not speak until she was put in a police car. Then she said "Please God! Please God!" The incident is undated, but an Acme photo appeared in the "Boston Post" of 19.2.46.

The dog's picture was in the Washington D.C., "Times-Herald" of 4.3.46 and the story was that he had been waiting at the drain opening for 41 consecutive days. He is surrounded by firemen in the picture. The firemen had run a stream through the drain to see if they could wash out what the pooch was waiting for——No result.



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AUGUSTUS

QUENTIN C. A. CRAUFURD

(Following his "Experiences of Thought Communication with Animals" in the last issue, we present now another article by Captain Craufurd relating to association between mankind and what is sometimes known as the "lower creation." We are confident that you will find the adventures of Augustus in the World of Ogres, as enthralling as we did.)

He was a little Stormy Petrel. I recognised him at once by his peculiar little beak, a perfect miniature of the beak of his gigantic cousin, the Albatross. He just "blew in upon me," as the saying goes, a casual visitor from the Atlantic Ocean. Perhaps, to be more accurate, one ought to say that he was blown into my cabin by a particularly strong gust of wind.

It was fortunate for him that my cabin port happened to be open, and that he was able to steer himself into the narrow opening. Otherwise, he would have been dashed against the ship's side as she rolled into the trough of an enormous wave.

As it was, he arrived upon my bunk with no more serious injury than a partially disabled wing.

One sometimes wonders if these happenings are a matter of chance or whether what we carelessly put under the heading of coincidence may not have behind it some unknown driving force. Certainly, out of the long line of ports which ran along the ship's side, he could not have chosen one in which he would have found a better refuge.

All my life, I have been particularly fond of birds, and, as a rule, have had one or two to keep me company in my cabin. Often, these were exhausted migrants, which I had picked up or which, because I was supposed to know how to feed them, had been brought to me from the upper deck.

Many of these would be up and away as soon as they had recovered their strength and land had been sighted, but there were others which settled down and lived happily for some time with me until, at last, the desire for a mate had called them, or the fascination of the shore had proved stronger than the monotony of a sailor's life.

Here, however, was one of my own cloth, a proper little deep-water sailor, and on account of his injured wing it was obvious that he would have to be my guest for a day or two.

One can hardly imagine a less promising cabin mate. Accustomed from his youth to the wild freedom of the ocean, what possible line of approach could there be between us? However, there he was, brought in by a gust of wind and, as he must be distinguished by some name, I thought Augustus would do, as it would remind me of his manner of entry.

We were making rather a rough passage through the Bay of Biscay. I had opened the cabin scuttle for a breath of fresh air before the time came for me to go on watch. It may possibly have been the electric light that attracted him, for it was after dark when he came And Augustus left me as abruptly, yet not without leaving a tiny scar in my memory which time will not efface. He remains as the quaintest little childlike fairy thing.

Before I begin to present a picture of the little creature's mind, it may be as well to give some idea of his appearance.

The Stormy Petrel is a tiny bird, not much larger than a sparrow, and his colour is a sooty black with a white patch stretching upward from the root of the tail almost to the centre of its back. Like the Albatross, it has a curious hooked beak with the nostrils raised in a striking manner at the root.

During the breeding season, it haunts rocky islands off the coast, but at other times it is to be found far out at sea, picking its food off the surface of the waves. Here, in the vast ocean wastes, when other birds have been left far behind, the "Little Bird of St. Peter," as it has been named from its appearance of running over the water with outstretched wings, finds its living on surface fish and other small animals.

Stormy Petrels are usually disliked by sailors, because they are considered to be heralds of bad weather. The truth is that, driven ahead of the approaching storm, they seek refuge on the rock, which is what they take the ship to be.

Their method of defence is to discharge the oily contents of their stomach at their would-be captor and the result is singularly unpleasant. I am bound to say that from the beginning, my little guest never felt called upon to protect himself in this manner. There were times when he would threaten to swallow me, or else he would sulk and show other signs of disapproval, but he reserved the supreme insult for those he considered his real enemies.

Although, one could not help teasing him, he had a dignified way of administering a severe snub if you trespassed upon his code of etiquette. He would suddenly stop in the middle of a romp to say, "Oh, all right, if you are going to do that sort of thing, you

can play by yourself, I will have nothing more to do with you."

How else can one interpret his action in suddenly edging away from one and burying his little head under his wing? You might endeavour to apologise and entice the little fellow back again, but he would just bury his head deeper among his feathers with a petulant little shiver, as if the very thought of your conduct gave him the cold creeps. But I am anticipating. I must go back to the evening on which he made his dramatic entry.

He lay on the corner of my bunk panting for a few moments and then tried to pull himself together.

I naturally thought he would fly out of the port hole as soon as he was sufficiently recovered. I had been reading in my cabin and made no attempt to interfere with him.

He lay at the open port hole, or rather, just beneath it, and was at liberty to take himself off as soon as he wished. It became obvious, however, that he was unable to fly because his wing was injured and therefore it was necessary that we should make friends. This we proceeded to do with the etiquette that is accepted by all wild animals.

We pretended to take not the smallest interest in one another . . . I think it was a dog that I used to know, who first taught me the wisdom of not being too inquisitive.

We were walking out together in the Canadian forest and came upon an Indian encampment. The first thing we knew was a furious yelping of mongrel dogs who rushed upon us with bared teeth as if they meant mischief. The idiotic idea of precipitate retreat occurred to me as a possibility. I was miserably conscious that I possessed no weapon of defence other than my bare hands.

"Dash", who was walking with me, had no such illusions. He knew that a stern chase would be immediately disastrous, and putting his tail well down between his legs to show that he was not offering a "scrap" to anyone, he became absorbed in some intensely interesting occupation at the root of a large tree. I caught the idea immediately, knowing full well that a moment before there had been nothing interesting to "Dash" in that quarter. Together we scratched and scraped at the root of the tree. A moment later we were joined by a pack of mongrels all anxious to discover the hidden treasure before they got to real business.

The end of it was that "Dash" and I got off with a severe reprimand as a couple of lunatics. The dogs growled a bit and circled round sniffing and keeping a wary eye upon us, but there was no blood letting, and in course an Indian girl came up with a large whip which she wielded to the intense satisfaction of "Dash" and myself. I think "Dash" was a little nervous about this part of the proceedings, for you never can quite

size up a human of a different species. At any rate, he cowered behind me.

Here, however, I held the honours. "Dash" must have wondered exactly in what way I pacified the Indian girl, but when he saw her grin and try to speak to me, he assumed that his tail might as well once more assume the horizontal.

The hint which I got from "Dash" I made use of on other occasions. It was to serve me now.

Augustus sat quietly on the bunk eyeing me, no doubt suspiciously, but my part was to keep my eyes glued to the pages of my book and appear accustomed to nocturnal visitors of his tribe. I had to show that I really could not be bothered to notice whether or not he had an injured wing. In all probability he was watching every movement on my part, reading me according to his traditions. It could hardly have crossed his mind that there was a possibility of our making friends. In the life to which he had been brought up, the weak do not expect friendship from the strong, though there is, of course, at times a certain measure of tolerance.

In a thoroughly practical form of existence, it is not worth while going out of your way to make enemies when the odds are on the other side, and the wise thing to do when in a tight corner is, as "Dash" showed, to mind your own business and keep quiet.

The little Petrel stayed perfectly quiet watching the course of events. I, for my part, followed a similar course and we were therefore on common ground.

I continued to read my book turning over the pages slowly. This aroused the interest of the little watching bird. What was I searching for so diligently among the pages? Curiosity is the road to progress in the child mind. Presently, I produced a threepenny bit. I pretended I had found it among the pages of my book. The little head craned round to see what this bright thing was.

I began to fumble with the threepenny bit. It escaped from my fingers, falling on the bed cover and being clumsily recovered. My little companion could do better than that. Many a small wriggling fish would elude him, if he had not been taught to be a past master of snatch and grab. The coin fell ever nearer to him, until at last it was within his reach. I hesitated to recover it, then he saw that I hesitated and this knowledge he followed up with a threat.

If I dared to pick the thing up under his nose, he would give me what for. The little beak was opened wide. I did not dare, of course, and presently he picked it up himself with a sure snatch. It was not interesting and he dropped it, whereupon I timidly picked it up. This was a little too much. He snapped and jerked it out of my fingers and then I tried to take it out of his mouth. We had begun a game.

At last, my fingers got near enough to touch his breast. The touch was instantly resented and the game finished, but still, I had touched his breast, and, very gently and slowly, I touched it again, but this time my finger remained. He regarded it with horror and moved away, but in the end I was allowed to touch his feathers while he picked at my finger and then at last we, more or less, made friends.

We played about with the threepenny bit, and I found one or two other little toys. Then I pretended to go to sleep. He started to preen his feathers which is always a good sign, and after a little he also started to doze. It was getting near the time for me to go on watch. Gradually I shaded the electric light and presently switched it off. The little head was tucked away under the injured wing. I covered him over with the sponge basket and went out to keep my watch. When I returned, four hours later, the little bird was still asleep. I did not turn on the electric light, but went to sleep in my chair. When I awoke, my companion was already awake. He had managed to escape from the sponge basket and was preening his feathers while sitting on the side of my bunk.

He had been rested, and was more comfortable, but how was he to be fed? I experimented with drops of milk in the filler of a stylo pen. A little later, he was introduced to bread and milk, which was followed by tiny scraps of fat.

Life in a cabin is ideal for the advance of intimacy. If it takes two to make a quarrel, the same is true of the opposite, and there you are, two of you cooped up together. Augustus and I became great friends, our only trouble being—the soap. I was willing to share my basin and bath water, but this little mariner, fresh from the clean wind-swept ocean, objected to my defiling it with what he considered slime. He regarded the soap as a detestable creature with detestable ways. Ordinary clean slimes, such as fishes use, was no doubt quite in order, but soap lather was abhorrent. The little brain exonerated me from blame and laid the responsibility on the cake of soap. He flew at it, seeking to punish it as severely as he might; and could never see it, without raising a hullabaloo. Otherwise peace reigned till we put into Gibraltar, which was for some weeks to be our base.

My wife had a flat in Gibraltar, and on our arrival I took him ashore in a basket in order that he should be introduced. His wing was not badly injured and he was soon able to fly. We found him the most affectionate and amusing ball of fluff. He could be handled and petted and teased. And he could play tricks of his own invention round the teapot and enjoy being rocked on a miniature storm in a basin.

He had his moods and could be sulky or

offended if one overstepped the boundaries of what he considered fair play. He was a little child, with that strange instinct for good and evil which forms the children's code. Here, we could not always follow him. Some things were fair, even if they were rough, but occasionally one was apt unwittingly to trespass on his code. Then he would sulk or fly into a tantrum. He was no more than a little spoiled child. Our Spanish neighbours loved him. They thought he was some species of dove.

Why he took to some people and not to others was a mystery we could not solve. The friends we would have chosen for him, comfortable old Spanish women, who could be trusted to keep him out of harm, he seemed to think of little account, while any plausible rogue, who might be expected to catch him and clip his wing, was likely to gain his affection.

There, out of the window, the blue Mediterranean was calling him to his natural home, but though he could have flown out, he chose to dodge about among us humans and would always come back to us after he was tired of playing outside.

Such was our little guest, and with his wing healed and the blue Mediterranean inviting him from the window, he yet elected to stay and play with the thimble in my wife's work-box and other strange toys; to accept our unaccustomed fare, and the strange touch of human hands.

Was it gratitude, or sheer love of adventure and bravado, the sort of spirit in which Jack the Giant Killer visits the ogres who live in the land above the beanstalks? Away, out on the open sea, the prey of great forces with wind and waves and rolling clouds overhead, there are, as every sailor knows, strange whisperings of gigantic life, sometimes benevolent, or rather, tolerant of smaller things, and sometimes scowling, but seldom wholly beyond circumvention by the art of seamanship. Is it only man who feels the triumph of art over huge and threatening elemental forces? Are fairy tales and great adventures not the property of children and simple, childlike minds? I think this little mind enjoyed greatly the thought that he had brought these human ogres to submit to all his wants. It was certainly great fun to pretend that you could, if you chose, tear great lumps of flesh out of those coarse hands.

He stayed with us for six weeks, during which time he was free to come and go as he pleased. At first he flew about the room, but did not venture to leave it. Later, he found his way out of the window, but he had already learned to distinguish the window of our flat from those of our neighbours, and was therefore able to come back.

For six weeks, he shared our life as naturally as if we had brought him up from a

nestling. Then, one day something called him. I often wonder what it was? He knew right enough, it lay over there beyond the horizon and he became at once dreadfully anxious to be gone.

We opened the window, and like a flash he went, never to return.

I look upon him, as one might look on a fairy visitor. Six weeks of close companionship with Human Beings, one might almost think six weeks of close understanding. And after that?

Does he, in his wild sea life ever recall the days when he bustled round the breakfast table with my wife, investigating bacon and eggs and the strange hot liquid that we call tea?

Does he remember that there were days when, after an absence, I would suddenly walk in during the afternoon to be greeted by him, as if I had only been away an hour or two?

Has he, in fact, memory and has he pictures in his memory, such as we have?

When the winds beat and drive him, does he think of that secure little box into which he could contentedly climb and tuck himself away to sleep? Does he measure his bird companions by the standards he has learned to apply to his human friends?

Even if we could give answers to these things in words that are appropriate, should we understand them? I think not—at any rate, not easily—for the answers would be in a poetry and philosophy that are not quite ours.

CHARMS

J. W. BANKS

"Abracadabra"—the stock phrase of the stage musician. But how many know of the actual existence of a lucky charm by that name? Originally it was used as an aid to calling up beneficial spirits by the Gnostics of ancient Rome. In form it was a triangle, point downwards, with the full word "abracadabra" at the top, followed by "bracadabr"—"acada"—"cad" and "a", arranged so that the complete word could be read from point to point of the triangle.

As a cure for agues and fevers, the great Gnostic physician Samonicus, directed that the letters of the triangle be written on a piece of paper, folded into a cross shape, worn for nine days hanging from the throat, and finally thrown from behind the patient into a stream running eastwards, before sunrise. In more recent times, this charm was worn during the Great Plague, 1665.

Gnosticism, again, inspired the "Abraxas" stone charm, popular also during the period of the Roman Empire when Christianity was a rising force. In the Greek notation, the word "Abraxas" makes up the number 365, signifying 365 heavens. According to Gnostic belief 365 gods inhabited these heavens, and ruled the earth. The charm is distinguished by a representation of Jeo, the Jehovah of the Gnostics, with a fowl's head, standing for watchfulness and foresight, a shield for wisdom, a whip simulating authority, and the lower portions of the body forming two serpents—for mystery, eternity and vitality. The

peculiar quality of this charm, worn as a ring, was protection against physical ills.

The symbolism of "seven" is represented by two other lucky charms, the Seal of Solomon and the Seven Greek Vowels. The former, one of the oldest of magic emblems, is familiar in the form of its central device as the emblem of Jewry, the "Star of David." In its original form the double triangle is accompanied by seven discs, one between each point of the triangle. The discs represented the seven then known planets, while the triangle with apex upwards symbolised "good" and the inverted triangle "evil": the combination of the two standing for the victory of good over evil. (When we remember that this symbol stood for the "absolute," we are pertinently reminded of the story related by Hogben concerning Hegel who, in the year that Piazzi discovered Ceres, wrote admonishing scientists for neglecting philosophy, which clearly showed that seven could be the only possible number of planets.)

"The Seven Greek Vowels" was a charm that supplied its favours in return for the correct utterance of the forty-nine different sounds of the vowels, each vowel having seven distinct modes of expression. Good health, happiness, wisdom, foresight, success in all undertakings, complete protection from all moral ills, and control over the powers of darkness were its many benefits. The affinity between these seven vowels and the seven planets which kept the earth in existence was a cardinal belief of the ancients.

The Science of Psychometry

Contacting the Mental Aura

S. G. J. OUSELEY

(Mr. S. G. J. Ouseley, author of "The Science of the Aura," contributes the first of three articles on the human atmosphere in relation to psychometry. Anyone who has visited a good psychometrist will have been fascinated by the apparent revelation of intimate knowledge. Here Mr. Ouseley explains the junction of the power of psychometry.)

Occult science teaches us that every material object has its history recorded upon it in the ether which interpenetrates and surrounds it.

The intuitive or clairvoyant description of the etheric record is technically called **Psychometry**, or soul-measuring.

Everything in Nature has mind and memory, which is preserved and manifested in the aura indefinitely. This peculiar power or property is known by some occultists as the **reflecting ether**. This is not a force but rather an inert, passive substance which underlies the more active forces familiar to us, such as electrical phenomena and more especially radio-activity. It is capable of taking up the vibrations of those bodies to which it is related and which it invests. Of itself it has no active properties but in its still, well-like depths it holds the potentiality of all magnetic forces. Like a sensitive photographic plate the Reflecting Ether takes the pictures of every moment and holds them in its grasp. The Egyptians knew it as the Recorder. Among the Hindus it is known as the **Akhasa**, which gives rise to the term the **Akhasic records**. Paracelsus called it the "sidereal light" which later became known as the "astral light". Modern scientific investigators approach it when they speak of luminiferous ether and radiant matter.

Whether we call this remarkable property of nature the Reflecting Ether, Cosmic Mind or Memory, or any other term, the fact remains that a record of everything we do and every thought we express is preserved in our mental aura and transmitted to everything we use or with which we are closely associated. By the medium of Psychometry everything pertaining to our life-history, character, thoughts, emotions and even our essential potentialities can be seen and described in the common articles which we touch and handle.

Mr. Buchanan, the American scientist who first investigated Modern Psychometry, stated after thirty years' study of the subject, that a good psychometrist could reveal a whole life's history and that nothing could be concealed. This statement is in accord with the ancient teaching of occult science that Nature has provided a means of universal and eternal

memory which nothing can efface or destroy.

Psychology teaches that we virtually forget nothing. The subconscious mind, the seat of memory, is the indestructible storehouse in which all memories and impressions lie dormant. In the same way, through the etheric and intermolecular forces of our being, these memories are grafted on the objects we use, the clothes we wear, and the rooms we inhabit. Such **impressions** and memories are locked up, as it were, and preserved in the reflecting ether.

It is interesting to note that the life-history and memory-aura of inanimate objects which have not previously been associated with human beings can also be demonstrated by Psychometry. Rocks, stone implements and weapons, buildings, relics, furniture, clothes and scores of other common-place articles yield up their secrets. The psychometrist taps these memories and reveals their past. "Every stone; every plant, every animal, as well as every man," says Dr. Hartmann in his book **Magic**, "has a sphere in which is recorded every event of its existence. In the astral light of each is stored up every event of its past history and of the history of its surroundings; so that everything, no matter how insignificant it may be, can give an account of its daily life, from the beginning of its existence up to the present, to him who is able to read. A piece of lava from Pompeii will give to the psychometrist a true description of the volcanic eruption that devastated the town and buried it under the ashes, where it remained hidden for nearly two thousand years. A piece of the bone of a Mastodon teaches the vegetable and animal life of antediluvian periods.

A psychometrist, J. Cleary-Baker, writing in "Prediction" (Nov., 1937) says: "Through the agency of a chipped flint implement I obtained a most interesting glimpse of the New Stone Age. I found myself looking at a rough stockaded hut at the gateway of which sat an old man dressed in some kind of a skin robe. He was engaged on the work of chipping flints one of which I knew to be that which I held in my hand. And so I followed the history of the specimen from the time when it was fashioned to the time

when it was lost during a hunt for wild fowl in the marsh."

A similar instance is reported by Professor William Denton. He once gave a psychometrist a small package containing a piece of lava. Concentrating a moment with the package in her hands she at once began to describe a volcano down the side of which a torrent of molten matter was flowing. She finished by exclaiming, "Why, the specimen must be lava!"

A fragment of a meteor handed by the same scientist to a psychometrist caused her to cry out, "It carries my eyes right up. I see an appearance of misty light. I seem to go miles and miles very quickly, up and up. Streams of light shine from a vast distance."

There are countless similar cases which have been investigated and proved. Any article—a lock of hair, a piece of clothing, a letter—which a person has touched, handled or worn will indicate to a sensitive mind through its inherent and accumulated vibrations that person's state of health, his physical, emotional, intellectual and moral attributes and qualities.

The explanation of the remarkable phenomenon of psychometry is to be found in the Aura. A knowledge of the nature and functions of the Aura is indeed a prerequisite for the proper understanding of Psychometry.*

Speaking concisely, the Aura is a subtle emanation generated by the etheric and other forces of the being or object with which it is connected.

Everything in nature generates its own aura, atmosphere or magnetism. The fact is equally true of the lowest crystal and of the humblest living organism as well as of the highest conscious entity.

In the human organism there are forces analogous to, if not identical with, the forces of electricity and magnetism. Each human being possesses a magnetic field, which is the aura—it radiates from each individual as solar rays emanate from the sun. The human aura partakes of the essential qualities of the etheric, the astral, the mental and the spiritual forces of the individual. In a vital sense, every human being creates his own magnetic atmosphere which unfailingly reveals his temperament, disposition, character and health.

This auric emanation has been known to Occult scientists for a long time under a variety of names. It is the "magnetism" of Mesmer, the "electric fluid" of Jussieu, the "odylic flames" of Reichenbach, the "vital rays" of Dr. Baraduc.

The researches of these men of science prove conclusively that all bodies, whether animate or inanimate, emit a subtle radiation.

If this were not so, psychometrical readings would be impossible. Figuratively speaking, our thoughts and memories overflow and radiate until a thought-aura or atmosphere is projected around us. This thought-aura contains all our history and truly reflects our state of consciousness on all planes of being.

The power-volume of the aura varies in different persons. In people with strong mental faculties or intense emotional natures the thought-aura extends about nine feet. In those of mediocre mental capacity and weak emotional instincts the aura extends a much shorter distance, whilst in imbeciles there appears to be no demonstrable thought-aura whatever.

An important factor in the intensity and extent of the vibrations connected with the Aura is the state of the subject's health. Any form of bad health reduces the strength and vitality of the aura and its vibrations.

It is through the medium of the thought-aura that objects receive the impressions and memory-fragments which the psychometrist recovers and describes. As the human aura radiates in every direction and impresses all and everything within its orbit, it is not essential that an object should be worn or used before it can become charged with an aura of its own.

For instance, you may have observed how some churches, particularly old Cathedrals, impress you. No sooner do you cross the threshold than you become conscious of a feeling of sanctity, a spirit of reverence and awe, which seems to permeate the whole atmosphere. You feel refreshed and inspired by the aura. The reason for this, of course, is that the accumulated thoughts and prayers of generations of worshippers have hallowed the very walls, leaving on the reflecting ether an indelible impression.

It will thus be seen that Psychometry implies two things. First, it implies that material objects can become charged or impregnated with the thoughts, feelings and mental aura of the people connected with them. Secondly, that sensitive people, when in a receptive condition, can "tune-in" to those impressions and recover the life-history of any article. In the case of churches, the only life that a church knows is an expression of mental, devotional and spiritual life. If thoughts register themselves permanently on matter then old churches will radiate those impressions. The very atmosphere of peace and calmness which hangs over the sacred building induces a passive and receptive state of mind. The conditions are therefore ideal for psychometry and so it is not surprising that even materialistic people are often strangely affected when inside a church. Not only buildings, but furniture, rooms, clothes, cities and countries accumulate auric impressions from the minds and souls of people

* See "Science of The Aura" by S. G. J. Cuseley. Fowler & Co.

closely associated with them. The psychometrist, by using his inner faculties, contacts the impressions and describes them.

The mental aura has seldom been better vouched for than in the statement of Dr. Mayo, a former professor of physiology to King's College Hospital: "I hold that the human mind is always to some extent acting extra-neurally or beyond the limits of the human body and that its apprehension extends to everything and every person around it."

That every human being is surrounded by his or her individual vibrations or emanations is further exemplified by the fact that it is no more difficult to psychometre a person than it is to psychometrize an article.

Psychometry is a wonderful power and its possibilities are infinite. It extends to the past and can unveil the future. It is a relic of the past because it links us with a period when human evolution had not yet evolved specialised sense organs such as eyes, ears and nose. The only channels of sense perception were through the skin. It unveils the future because it foreshadows a time when our material observations will become augmented by information obtained through our psychic senses.

The faculty has been employed in the diagnosis of disease and many people have found it of great value in business life.

It is a power that can be acquired by nearly everyone.

The Circle in Pre-History

J. V. JONES

Some time ago I was able to arrange that a West African, who had been temporarily deprived of his "medicine," should have it restored to him.

The "medicine" was nothing more than two long strips of dried orange peel carefully placed in a glass bottle so that the curls should remain unbroken.

His headman, a Krooboy, possibly thinking that as a return for the slight service some explanation was necessary tried to explain the many virtues of such possessions. One point in his talk seemed to be somewhat unusual, for he claimed that the curls of the peel provided no angle where a devil-devil might secure lodgings.

Whether this be the true explanation or merely the cloak to cover some forbidden Ju Ju activity there is, unquestionably, some deep significance in the often recurring design of the circle as used by the pre-history people.

It was commonly held in pre-war Germany that the circle was used to denote the unending continuity of life, whereas the anthropological school of thought, based on the theory of the limitation of understanding, was that the primitives were insufficiently developed in either creative power or design to be able to master, or reproduce, an angle.

In support of both of these theories the products of the pre-historic peoples, whether utilitarian, decorative or of a religious nature were submitted as evidence. Objects such as clay dishes and bee-hive huts being offered as

representative examples of the utilitarian, Stonehenge as religious, while cave drawings from Europe and Africa naturally took a high place in the artistic side, with a possible religious (or fetish) link up.

While such evidence may substantiate the anthropological thesis that these peoples were unable to comprehend angles, it fails to make the unending life theory anything more than a theory, even when the eternity ring of the Victorian era is urged as a modern version of the same expression of belief.

The presence of "Lunar" or "Solar" influence on pre-historic art does not appear to have any support of conclusive reason; mere sweeping intolerant statements that the presence of the circle always denotes Sun or Moon worship are not sufficient.

Perhaps the statement made at the commencement of this article by the Krooboy headman cannot be too lightly dismissed as plausible nonsense—these people despite the many cultured and distinguished members of their tribe are not so far removed from the channels of thought or habit of their pre-history predecessors. Perhaps as he suggested the favour given to the circle in design and to round objects in preference to those of angular construction is based on the difficulty a devil finds to secure a hold on such shapes.

A very simple, perhaps too simple explanation, but in dealing with the thought processes of these people surely the complex must be discarded for the simple?

Psychical Phenomena

An Investigation

HENRY WAKE

(This article is the first of a series, relating the author's investigations into many branches of the paranormal. In succeeding articles the investigations are carried further to the point where—after many years of painstaking research—the author felt able to reach a definite conclusion.)

My first introduction to anything in the nature of supernormal phenomena, was when I walked into a small hall in a little town, where a spiritualist meeting was in progress.

The supposed "medium" picked me out for a message, and after giving some facts concerning my life, which were in the main accurate, described a living person and asked me to pass on a message relative to his health. I was able to identify the man from the description and forwarded the message, which was acknowledged as being applicable as his doctor had just previously given him the same advice.

Some years later I was introduced to a man who claimed to have the faculty of clairvoyance. He visited my house several times at my invitation and was quite willing to talk about his gift.

He was a non-smoker, drank only water, and did not eat meat, having found by experiment that such indulgences caused temporary loss of his gift. Under cross-examination the following facts emerged. He had had the gift since childhood; was able to see human auras and picked his workmen by the colour of their auras. In any difficulty, was accustomed to retire to his room in whatever "digs" he happened to be, draw the blinds and put the problem before his "guide" in actual spoken words. He claimed that an answer which seemed to be audible "inside himself" was invariably forthcoming. On being pressed to relate a specific instance he gave the following:—

He was engaged in the particular town where I met him in supervising the laying of a large electric cable. At one point the digging of the trench had to be abandoned owing to the presence of an outcrop of hard rock right across the path of the trench. The town being built on the side of a mountain, it seemed probable that this barrier of rock would have to be blasted away with explosives. He was not anxious to do this as it would have meant taking much longer over the contract and would have necessitated closing this main road for some considerable time.

He therefore decided to abandon operations for that day and returned to his rooms, where he went into the bedroom and kneeling down

asked his "guide" for advice. The "voice" said "Watch the first man to arrive on the scene of work to-morrow morning. Dig where he stands," or words to that effect.

He went to work earlier than usual the following morning to await arrival of the first workman. A workman appeared and walked to a point just to one side of the end of the trench. Standing there he began to discuss the blasting away of the rock, but in view of the advice of the "voice" the foreman ordered that a fresh trench should be started at that point. This was done when other men arrived and after a few feet had been dug it was found that this second trench was passing through a natural fold in the outcrop of rock. By diverting the first trench so that it joined the second trench the cable was laid through the obstruction, and the work proceeded unhampered.

I visited the scene and satisfied myself that the cable had been diverted as stated. In the course of many meetings this man gave several demonstrations of his gift, claiming to see various "deceased" persons near me. Some could be placed but others were too vague and general. One night he insisted he must, at the risk of losing my friendship, give a message to my wife, as his "voice" told him that he would be leaving next day. I called my wife in and explained the position.

He seemed genuinely concerned lest he should upset her, but said that if he failed to pass on the message he might lose his gift. I was sufficiently impressed by his sincerity to give the necessary permission. He then described a person, long since dead, and a place, both immediately recognised by my wife. He passed on the message, quite a trivial one, but the description had been so accurate that my wife was greatly upset.

He called early the following morning stating that he had just received a message from his firm and was leaving at once. I did not see him again, but decided that whole subject was worth investigating, as, though there might be isolated instances of clever guesswork "coming off," there seemed to be a tendency even among eminent men to be "taken in" far too easily.

I commenced to read up the subject, and was surprised to find that many men of science

had conducted long series of experiments and were convinced of Survival. Since a fact in any science can be demonstrated by any person who is prepared to make the necessary experiments, all these facts should be demonstrable by an ordinary person like myself, who had already had some scientific training.

I decided that the first experiment should be with psychometry and automatic writing, since these could be tested without my going elsewhere. I wrote to a lady who advertised that she possessed these gifts, and suggested that she should accept a sealed envelope from me, try for any impressions she might get, and return the envelope to me with seals unbroken and a written report. The lady explained that she had never attempted such a thing without the person concerned being present, but she would make the experiment without a fee as a matter of scientific interest.

The sealed packet was sent off. A delay of some weeks followed. Finally I wrote to the lady, who wrote that she had not yet been impressed to write but the matter had not been forgotten. Some days later I received a long letter and the sealed envelope, with seals intact.

The writing in the first part of the script was that of the medium, who stated that the sealed packet contained old lace of some value, and some fine muslin wrapped up in the lace. She described wood with the intense blue of masses of bluebells, and a lady with masses of fair hair. The writing then changed as her "control" took over. A long description followed of a lady claiming to be my deceased wife. Several names were given. The contents of the sealed envelope were given as a lace collar formerly worn by my wife and one of her handkerchiefs.

Various initials were scrawled on the sheet. The writing again changed. It was not that of the medium or of her "control."

Analysis: Contents of envelope were actually some old letters written by my late father. Wife still living. All descriptions either completely wrong or too vague to be evidential. Experiment would have been a complete failure but for one curious thing. When the writing changed for the third time, it bore a very striking resemblance to that of the expected communicator—my late father—and the few words given were true and characteristic of him.

I was unable to do any further experimental work for some time, but then arranged for a series of test sittings with various "mediums."

I went to London for the tests, and the day before attending my first public seance I went to a performance at Maskelyne and Devants, so as to counteract as far as possible any mental bias I might have had in favour of believing "phenomena" to be other than plain trickery.

I visited a large hall in London for a public demonstration of "clairvoyance." A large crowd was waiting for admission. The queue was about a quarter-of-a-mile long and three and four people deep. I asked myself whether all these people were just fools or if there really were something in it. I managed to get a seat in the back of the hall, which was packed to capacity. After a discourse by a well-known person on "Survival" the medium took over and proceeded to give what purported to be a message from the "Other Side."

I noticed particularly that descriptions were usually acknowledged at once—which one would expect if there were any collusion—but I also noticed that many of the messages were of a very intimate and personal nature—and that in such a packed audience it would be difficult to pick out accomplices.

This medium is very famous, and certainly the evidence given was impressive, taken as a whole. The most strikingly evidential point came late in the meeting. The medium gave a list of about seven names which she said applied to a lady or gentleman sitting next to each other at the back of the hall.

Both denied any knowledge of the names. The medium then tentatively suggested a lady in the gallery above, but on being denied returned her remarks to the first lady and insisted that the names applied to her. The lady again asserted flatly that she did not know them.

The medium stopped, with an apology for not continuing, but stated that a little fair-haired girl was on the platform asking her to talk to her daddy. The medium pointed to a man at the back of the hall, and gave a description and the name of the child, which was at once acknowledged as correct.

The medium then again challenged the lady who had refused to acknowledge names and said that if she would not, she (the medium) would tell her exactly why she had come to the hall that night, as proof that she was genuinely clairvoyant. The medium then described a person suffering from serious illness, and said that the lady had come there in the hope of receiving advice. She gave her advice but warned her that the illness was very serious and that great care would be necessary. The lady, very impressed, acknowledged the correctness of the description of the invalid, and the diagnosis, and admitted that she had come to the hall in search of advice. Then she acknowledged that all the names and descriptions previously given had been known to her.

Analysis: I think collusion between the medium and sitters can be ruled out in this case. This medium had been given public demonstrations for years, in places where she had previously never been and with people of all classes and stations whom it had been proved were entire strangers to her. She has

been tested repeatedly by eminent men of science and is considered a very fine exponent of "Clairvoyance" by them. No message for me."

After my visit to the Maskelyne show I found it difficult to recall details of the tricks seen, so I decided that in all test sésances I would insist on taking full notes at the time and on being allowed to ask my own questions, I made out lists of questions so as not to waste time, and included "trap" questions, i.e., questions to which there might be many guessed answers but only one correct evidential answer.

This was the only public sésance attended,

but I did attend one small group sésance, which was not very satisfactory. The sitters were inclined to volunteer information in their anxiety to get in touch with relatives, and as each sitter expected a message and the time was limited to one hour, it seemed to me that in many cases the medium would have to fish for information and guess a lot if each sitter was to get a message within the hour. Small articles were used, taken from each sitter, so that it was psychometry rather than clairvoyance.

The message given me certainly did contain information unknown to anyone but myself, but I was not very impressed as I had no chance of putting any test questions.

Demonstration

MAURICE K. HANSON

The teacher looked grimly at his class. Inside himself he laughed.

"The subject of our studies now," he said, "is death."

He paused.

"We cannot turn you into sane, responsible citizens if you are but half-educated. You have studied life and living things yet you know nothing of death and dead things. A knowledge of one without the other is useless, a horrible distortion of truth. You are all alive and you are aware of the basic processes of life—how you eat and drink, breathe, grow, excrete and reproduce. Now you are to learn how you die."

His back was turned to the class as he moved over to the demonstration bench. The students were silent; his discipline was good.

"One thing I must impress upon you. There is nothing distasteful about death. It is part of a logical sequence. Life—death, life—death, life—death. It is not to be avoided. If the interests of the community demand your death you must die."

He opened a drawer in the desk and took out a revolver.

"You have studied the history of education and you know that our educational system is the best, the finest, the most powerful and productive the world has ever known. It will

not be improved, it is perfect. You know that it is based upon one simple principle, on one word. Experience. 'Live and learn' our forefathers said in the twentieth century; 'live to learn' we say in the twenty-first."

His grim eyes wandered speculatively over the class as he began to load the revolver.

"And so to-day, for the benefit of the State, one of us will experience death. He is the fortunate one who will learn most; the rest will participate only at second-hand in the role of observers, but they too will be rewarded by knowledge gained. We have not much time before the end of the lesson and if there should be any among you who fear death I must ask them to step out in front of the class immediately."

No-one moved.

"Good. Your hypno-psychological training is such that you could not lie, even if you wished. We will now proceed with the demonstration. Watch well how death takes the place of life."

Again he laughed inside himself for the sheer joy of the moment. Carefully he placed the revolver to his head, pressed the trigger, and died.

Outside a bell rang softly. The class rose and filed out. School was over for the day.

THE WORD

Always for us
when we could bear no more,
though only perhaps a change of pain,
a change occurred,
We went on living to this very hour.

But let us remember, when we tell the tale,
that there were some for whom
no change occurred.
The flame that crept
to within an inch of where we stood,
for them crept on ;
for them, the overwhelming wave
did not recede :
and where they crouched with bursting pulse
the beast perceived them as they knew it would.
There was a long or longer space of time
bleached of all hope and all regret
in which they knew that what they knew was death.
This is the tale that no one ever tells.

But let us not because of this,
relax, rejoice, forget,
for, without our knowing it, we move
from plane to plane of undelivered thought.
Like draughts from under doors we dare not open
curses unuttered, confessions made too late,
and loves untold
touch us with fingers substanceless but chill.
And somewhere—
as we go down the unlit stairs at night perhaps
or sit by the lamplight reading
in too large a room
or even turn a corner in the trembling noon—
the phrase they would have used
for whom no change occurred
is waiting for us—
mute but shattering,
invisible but black,
stalking toward us openly
the word

This poem and the accompanying illustration facing this page are the work of Mr. Quentin Crisp, who designed the cover, contents page and the illustration for the readers' department "Direct Voice."



Psycho-Analysis and Psychical Research

J. K. PEEL

(We present this article by Mr. Peel without prejudice to our own impartial stand on the entire question of para-normal phenomena. Without condoning or condemning Mr. Peel's vitriolic attack on all approaching the matter other than objectively, we feel bound to point out that his alternative approach—the psycho-analytical one—is not yet entirely competent to deal with such phenomena. It is interesting to recall that psycho-analysis is a field divided into warring theories—Freudism against Adlerism against Jungism—and that Karen Horney, one of the world's leading psychologists, has in recent years reversed the traditional psycho-analytical stand on the impossibility of self-analysis. (Vide: "Self Analysis," by Karen Horney). If self-analysis is possible we are back at the subjective approach. And surely Mr. Peel is begging the question in his assertion that psychical researchers are universally ignorant of contemporary psycho-analysis?)

The doctrine of Spiritism is an attempted interpretation of Mind, which it calls Soul, Spirit, or Being, or by any convenient metaphysical term sufficiently obscure. The trouble with Metaphysicians is that they always believe their arguments and conclusions to be absolutely infallible; and Spiritualists in particular are so steeped in séance-room credulity—a sort of disease produced by a state of combined expectancy, fear, and bad eyesight—that any alternative explanation of the beloved "phenomena" is inconceivable to them.

The Spiritistic approach cannot therefore be called scientific; for it is an essential condition of any science that those who are investigating a particular subject preserve the faculty of criticism over the conclusions attained, and allow the results of their investigations to be continually revised as knowledge increases. A conclusion is not regarded as indisputable until some sort of proof is produced; and even more important, emotional factors are carefully excluded when a conclusion is formed. A striking example of emotionalism is found in Spiritualistically-minded people who, when considering the problem of immortality, suppose that because any belief is pleasurable—for instance, the appeal to a man's vanity in the assumption that he is sufficiently valuable to live for ever—it is therefore true. Proof is seldom produced as evidence for the doctrine of Spiritism—at least not anything that an intelligent man whose faculties are functioning adequately would call a proof. The terms used in Spiritism are never defined precisely, and no one could form any theory using such a collection of weird and obscure words; that is, no one but a Spiritualist. It is a primary condition of an exact science that any new terms introduced are carefully defined, and that any theory put forward is not to be regarded as infallible no matter what emotional appeal it may have. A theory in science is subject to revision, and is not announced as a "Divine and Eternal Truth of the Universe."

Spiritualists, when they are trying to prove a point and get out of their depth in metaphysics, always resort to the above phrase. This, of course, has the effect of impressing the impressionable readers in a favourable way, allowing the writer to proceed to further obscurities without having to explain the first.

Psychical Research, however, is an exact science. Every term is carefully defined, so that no confusion as to what is the subject under discussion can arise; all facts are "observed" facts; all conclusions are corroborated by evidence; and all theories are called hypotheses. The result of this more advanced approach to the subject is that a conversation on any aspect of it is intelligible: that is, ideas are developed in a logical sequence and generalizations are made on the basis of facts instead of on vague assumptions. And an argument does not degenerate into a form of metaphysical battle, possessing some of the qualities of an English political debate and a dispute between Hindu Priests, both on the extreme refinements of their occult beliefs. But, while the approach of Psychical Research to certain aspects of the human mind, which are very obscure at present, is considerably in advance of the Spiritualistic outlook, it is nevertheless not quite the right one. The investigations are so easily led away by the evidence of "phenomena," and frequently decorate their theories with such evidence so that the former appear incontrovertible to the unscientific and consequently uncritical person, while, in fact, these theories are based merely on a few vague assumptions of an occult nature.

It is a strange thing that, while everyone who is interested in Spiritism or Psychical Research is really trying to interpret Mind in its relation to the universe, very few seem to realize that in the last fifty years a new science has been slowly built up on a mass of incontestable facts which deals exclusively with this subject. The method of interpreting Mind is, of course, Psycho-Analysis; it is,

in fact, a way of probing into the mind, stirring it up, and bringing bits up from the bottom on to the surface where they can be examined. Because it is based on an accumulation of facts ascertained by independent observers, the results and conclusions of this science approach nearer to the sacred realm of infallibility than those of Spiritualism. Metaphysics—and Spiritualism is a form of metaphysics at a not very advanced stage—always implies a subjective approach: conclusions in this science are reached by means of a process of introspection. Psycho-Analysis is the only truly objective approach to Mind.

Although this fact may appear comparatively insignificant at first sight, the whole matter becomes tremendously important when Mind is considered from the point of view of immortality. It would be advisable here to give one example which shows the great divergence of opinion which can result from the two methods of investigation—subjective and objective.

Spiritualists approach the human mind subjectively, and because of this it becomes apparent that the mind is a "spirit" or "soul." Now, no one can say whether this is correct or not because the Spiritualists never define either of these two terms; they leave it for the reader to come to his own conclusions about their meaning, and the only possible way for him is the subjective method. Because of this lack of definition of the terms used to describe Mind—and "soul" and "spirit" are really only a way of describing the human mind—the scientific reader of works on spiritualism is immediately in a quandary. For he realizes that the Spiritualists, in using the term soul, conceive Mind to be of a homogeneous nature; that it is a sort of solid whole, intangible of course, and yet a distinct and independent whole. But all the evidence of Psycho-Analysis is against this: Mind is conceived, not as a complete whole, but as a number of inter-relating parts, each absolutely dependent upon the other. This is, of course, easily proved, but what is of much greater importance is that any one of the parts of the mind observing the other parts, because of the fact that it is, to some extent, the thing actually observed, is quite incapable of conceiving the rest as anything but a whole and itself as part of the whole. This is one of the essential conditions of introspection, where the thing observed is at the same time the observer, and a demonstration of this fact can be given which any intelligent man would accept as a proof of the fact that Mind is heterogeneous, i.e., composed of many inter-relating parts. The fundamental difference between subjective and objective observation is that in the latter method—which is also the method of Psycho-Analytical observation—the observer is not at the same time the thing observed.

The whole matter has been explained clumsily, but it will suffice for the present to demonstrate the fact that if, in the assumed definition of "Soul" or "Spirit" a state of homogeneity or wholeness is implied, Mind does not possess these qualities, and is therefore not a "spirit" or "soul." It is absolutely necessary for Spiritualists to say exactly what they mean when they use these terms and what is their precise relationship to the general term Mind. For if the human mind is heterogeneous the séance-room phenomena of Spiritualism are subject to an entirely different explanation from the one usually given. Many other charges can be made on the basis of Psycho-Analysis against the Spiritualistic interpretation of the human mind, and especially against some of its tacit assumptions on which is based the theory of survival of minds of deceased persons.

The necessity for making the study of the human mind into an exact science should now be obvious to anyone interested in Psychological Research. Before the Psycho-Analytic Theory came into existence, Mind was the province of men who were more like witch doctors and sorcerers than scientists; and the tendency to treat it as something magical and supernatural still persists in the doctrine of Spiritualism. But now Mind is subject to accurate objective observation like anything else in the universe, and theories as to its structure are as reliable as scientific theories on any other subject which at first might appear as an insoluble mystery.

Psycho-Analysis, which is the name given to the objective method of Mind-interpretation, and Metapsychology, which consists of conclusions attained by means of the above method, are not essentially difficult subjects; although the average reader may be slightly discouraged by the many formidable text books on this new science, which, at first sight, seem to contain very abstruse reading. But, even though the terminology of Psycho-Analysis is occasionally difficult, and the theory rather hard to digest, the subject is presented as a science, and therefore in a clear and logical manner; and once the meaning has been grasped, ambiguity and doubt, so common in works on Spiritualism, cannot arise. It is strange that those who examine the human mind under the name of Psychological Research carry on their investigations without any knowledge of Psycho-Analysis. There is no doubt that this new science has gone far deeper into the human mind by means of its unique method of investigation during the fifty years of its existence than any introspective method in the previous three thousand years. When Psycho-Analysis is more widely understood there will eventually arise a clearer, calmer, and more logical attitude to Spiritistic Phenomena in place of the present general state of amazement, fear, and credulity.

Some Traditional Lucky and Unlucky Days

FRANK A. KING

The monks, in the dark and unlearned ages of early Popery, continued the custom of the heathens in marking certain dates on the calendars they reproduced as "Dies atri" and "Dies Albi"—lucky and unfortunate days according to the history of the Christian Church. The "Atri" were printed out in their calendars with a black character and the "Albi" with a white form—the former to denote a day of bad opportunity and the latter a day of good fortune and promises of success.

In his comments concerning the passage in the Epistle to the Galatians by St. Paul against observing days and months and even years as being unfortunate or fortunate, St. Austin explains it as having the following meaning:—

"The persons the Apostle blames are those who say, 'I will not set forward on my journey because it is the next day after such a time, or because the moon is so; or I'll set forward that I may have luck, because such is just now the position of the stars. I will not traffick this month because such a star presides, or I will because it does. I shall plant no vines this year because it is Leap-year.'"

In his *Popish Kingdome* published in 1570, Barnabas Googe translates the comments of the German writer, Thomas Kirchmayer (1511-1578), who adopted the pseudonym of "Naogeorgus" for his work in Latin upon the same subject:

"And first, betwixt the dayes they make no little difference,

For all be not of vertue alike, nor like preheminance,

But some of them Elgyptian are, and full of jeopardde,

And some againe, beside the rest, both good and luckie bee.

Like difference of the nighties they make, as if the Almighty King

That made them all, not gracious were to them in every thing."

Thomas Lodge, in his *Incarnate Devils* printed in 1596, commented concerning the superstitious observer of lucky and unfortunate days that the person "will not eat his dinner before he hath lookt at his almanacks," and there were a great many days marked as good or bad in the almanacks of the Elizabethan period.

In his *Characters of Vertues and Vices*, when commenting concerning the superstitious man, Bishop Hall observed: "If his journey begun unawares on the dismal day, he feares a mischiefe."

In his *Anatomie of Sorcerie*, published in

1612, Mason schedules amongst the many superstitions of that time "Regarders of times, as they are which will have one time more lucky than another: to be borne one hower more unfortunate than another: to take a journey or any other enterprize in hand, to be more dangerous or prosperous at one time than another; as likewise, if such a festivall day fall upon such a day of the weeke, or such like, we shall have suche a yeare following; and many other such like vain speculations, set down by our astrologians, having neither footing in God's word, nor yet natural reason to support them; but being grounded onely upon the superstitious imagination of man's braine."

Ten years earlier, Thomas Newton, in his *Tryall of a Man's Own Selfe*, printed in 1602, commented concerning "Sinnes Externall and Outward" against the First Commandment, "whether, for the procuring of anything either good or bad, thou hast used any unlawfull meanes, or superstitious or damnable helps. Of which sort bee the observation and choice of DAYES, of planetaric houres, of motions and courses of starres, mumbling of prophane praiers, consisting of words both strange and senseless, adjurations, sacrifices, consecrations, and hallowing of divers things, rytes and ceremonies unknowne to the Church of God, toyish character and figures, demanding of questions and aunsweares of the dead, dealing with damned spirits, or with any instruments of phanaticall divinations, as basons, rings, cristalls, glasses, roddes, prickes, numbers, dreams, lots, fortune-tellings, oracles, sooth-sayings, horoscoping, or marking the hours of natiivities, witchcraftes, enchauntments, and all such superstitious trumperie:—the enclosing or binding of spirits to certaine instruments, and such like devises of Satane the devill."

In the same chapter, Newton comments concerning the customs of herbalists and apothecaries who observed certain days for gathering herbs and commencing treatments: "Whether the apothecaries have superstitiously observed or fondly stayed for CHOISE DAYES or houres, or any other ceremonious rites, in gathering his herbs and other simples for the making of drougs and receipts."

In the *Book of Knowledge* of 1658 there is the following "Account of the perillous dayes of every month" based upon two days of every moon in each month "in which what thing soever is begun, late or never, it shall come to no good end, and the dayes be full perillous for many things." The days were:

January, when the moon is three or four days old ;
 February, five or seven ; March, six or seven ;
 April, five or eight ; May, eight or nine ;
 June, five or fifteen ; July, three or thirteen ;
 August, eight or thirteen ; September, eight or thirteen ;
 October, five or twelve ; November, five or nine ;
 December, three or thirteen.

The same writer lists six days of the year which were considered "perilous of death" when the astrologers of that period refused to take drinks and also to have their blood taken. The dates were the 3rd January, 1st July, 2nd October, 30th April, 1 August and 31st December, and the last three dates were considered especially dangerous days for bleeding purposes as "all the veins are then full." It was considered that if a man or beast "be knit" during these three days within seven, or "certainly within fourteen days, he shall die." If the person "take any drinks" on these days it was reckoned that "within fiftene dayes, he shall die." If goose was eaten during these three fateful days, then the person was expected to die within forty days. It was also foretold concerning a child born during any of the three days that it would die a "wicked death," that is either through accidental means or after a painful illness.

Concerning blood-letting, the same book gives the following dates as the favourable days for such operations, on certain parts : so that throughout the year, the patient might be kept "from the fever, the falling gout, the sister gout, and losse of thy sight":

7th or 14 March, for the right arm,
 11th April ; the left arm.

"and in the end of May, third or fifth day, on whether arm thou wilt." It must not be forgotten that blood-letting was performed regularly or periodically for persons of all stations of life.

At the end of an old manuscript included in the Duke de la Valiere's Catalogue is included part of a calendar on which the following unlucky days are marked:

Januar iiii Non (10th) Dies ater et nefastus.
 viii Id. (25th) Dies ater et nefastus.
 Mar vi Non (10th) Non est ponum nugere
 (?=nubere).

Jan iii Kal (2nd) Dies ater.

In his *Annals*, first printed in 1580, John Stow (1525-1605) the historian of London, commented that Thursday was considered a fatal day for King Henry the Eighth and his posterity. In the *Preceptes* of William, Lord Burghley, addressed to his "Sonne," compiled in 1636, the writer commented that certain clerks cautiously avoided working upon the following three "Mundays"—the first Monday in April when Cain was born and later slew his brother Abel ; the second Monday

in August, as this was the day on which Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed, and thirdly, the last Monday in December which was considered the day on which Judas Iscariot was born.

Because men of the clan of Sinclair were dressed in green and crossed the Ord on the way to the Battle of Flodden in 1513, where they fought and fell in the service of their country, almost without leaving a representative of their name behind them, the day and dress are accordingly regarded as unfortunate, and therefore neither in Canisbay nor throughout Caithness will any man of the name of Sinclair, according to Sir John Sinclair in his *Statistical Account of Scotland* put on green apparel or think of crossing the Ord on a Monday. "If the Ord must be got beyond on Monday, the journey is performed by sea."

Among the Finns any person who undertakes any business on a Monday or Friday can expect little success for the ventures.

According to a tract published in 1707 called *The Animal Parliament* "All must have ill luck after much mirth. That all those that marry on Tuesdays and Thursdays shall be happy . . . Those that begin journies upon a Wednesday shall run through much danger."

Friday was evidently considered a fortunate day amongst the Moguls, as Eradut Khan mentioned in his *Memoirs of the Mogul Empire* that "on Friday, the 28th of Zekand" the King Aurengzebe performed his devotions in company with his attendants and afterwards exclaimed, according to his custom : "Oh that my death may happen on a Friday, for blessed is he who dieth on that day !"

In 1593, according to the account given by Fynes Moryson in his *Itinerary* the King of Poland had a good wind at the port of Dantzic but before this, because the King and Queen, who were of the house of Austria and followed the Romish religion so were very superstitious, had lost many fair winds because they sometimes thought Monday, and sometimes Friday, to be unlucky days.

The following dates were considered very unlucky days in the Calendar prefixed to Grafton's *Manuel* or *Abridgement* of his *Chronicle*, printed in 1565. (Extremely unlucky days are underlined):

January.—1, 2, 4, 5, 10, 15, 17, 29.
 February.—8, 10, 17, 26, 27, 28.
 March.—16, 17, 20.
 April.—7, 8, 10, 16, 20, 21.
 May.—3, 6, 7, 15, 20.
 June.—4, 8, 10, 22.
 July.—15, 21.
 August.—1, 19, 20, 29, 30.
 September.—2, 4, 6, 7, 21, 23.
 October.—4, 6, 16, 24.
 November.—5, 6, 15, 20, 29, 30.
 December.—6, 7, 9, 15, 22.

In the *Prognostication of Erra Pater* printed by Colwell in 1564 the unlucky days vary slightly from those of Grafton.

According to an ancient Romish calendar often quoted by John Brand in his *Observations on the Popular Antiquities of Great Britain*, first published in 1795, on the 13th December the prognostications of the months were drawn for the whole of the following year. The same book says that on the days of St. Barnabas (11th June) and that of St. Simon and St. Jude (28th October), a tempest often arises and therefore these days are considered perilous days for fishermen and sailors commencing or ending voyages.

The Minister of Logierait, in Perthshire, mentioning the superstitious opinions and practices in the parish recounted by Sir John Sinclair in his *Statistical Account of Scotland*,

published in 1793, commented that the day of the week upon which the 14th May happens to fall is "esteemed unlucky through all the remainder of the year: none marry or begin any business upon it!" The same clergyman observed that "in fevers the illness is expected to be more severe on Sunday than the other days of the week; if easier on Sunday a relapse is feared." He also says "none chuse to marry in January or May; or to have their banns proclaimed in the end of one quarter of the year and to marry in the beginning of the next." The same superstition prevailed in Monzie, Perthshire, where "no person will be proclaimed for marriage in the end of one year, or even quarter of the year, and be married in the beginning of the next," and Friday was avoided as the wedding days in Forglen, Banffshire.

Review

The latest issue of this journal (October 1946) has much of interest. In an excellent editorial Countess Nora Wydenbruck says: "It is fundamentally nothing but laziness to believe something seemingly incredible without collecting all the corroborative evidence available and seeking among kindred cases for the common trait which indicates a law—and intellectual arrogance to brush aside the testimony of others for the mere reason that it is outside one's own experience." She comments on the reception given to Mesmer, and on the subsequent "rehabilitation" of part of his discovery as hypnotism. Mass suggestion, she believes, presents startling new fields of exploration.

In his article, "Extra-Sensory Perception, a Physiological Review," Basil Smith sets out some interesting new ideas. He claims that a metaphysical explanation of E.S.P. does not fit the facts. Telepathic communication is not always independent of the distance between the agent and percipient. How can this be explained in a theory based on non-physical concepts? Mr. Smith propounds the theory that distance is only deleterious when telepathic contact has not already been made—"once the original contact is broken the difficulty of re-establishing it increases with distance." In the place of metaphysical ex-

planation of extra-sensory perception, Mr. Smith postulates "mind-directed 'nerve force'," bringing forward forceful arguments for his hypothesis and answering various objections to it.

Captain Craufurd has an interesting article—"Experiments with a Psychic Condenser." He claims to have duplicated the Ark of the Covenant of the ancient Israelites, having received information by means of automatic writing which led to the construction of the Ark. Captain Craufurd believes that the original Ark was a form of electrical condenser, and he claims that the use of his model Ark improved communication with the "Other Side." To quote from his automatic writing:—

"The Eleusinian mysteries were centred round the electrical properties of the Ark; but the secret perished with so many others in the onset of the dark forces which destroyed the ancient world and plunged it into an era of the darkest night. Now the age of gross materialism has rediscovered the secret, but turned it to its own uses In the coming age, whose birth throes you are witnessing, the Ark will gradually develop as the vehicle of interplane communication."

J. F.

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“ . . . Because he knows a frightful fiend doth close behind him tread.

The Half World

H. O'HAGAN

(Mr. O'Hagan here relates two stories of his own experiences in psychical phenomena, and goes on to discuss them in their relation to the functions of the mind as a whole. Although an Irishman, Mr. O'Hagan approaches the subject from a rational and unimaginitive point of view.)

Despite the famous success of Barrie's "Peter Pan", when audiences nightly clapped their belief in fairies to save the life of Tinker Bell, such beliefs are not normally encountered in the materialist world of to-day. This, I am inclined to think, is largely a defence mechanism. People are always afraid of being laughed at, and in the light of our twentieth century mechanical civilisation, a belief in fairies is liable to seem ridiculous.

That there are people who claim to have seen fairies, though, I can personally testify. I have met a number of them, and they were in the main educated people whose testimony carried conviction. And there are probably more of them than we believe; since the fear of ridicule I mentioned previously is bound to inhibit them from disclosing their experiences to any that they cannot depend on for sympathetic interest. The field of psychical research is limited to evidence forthcoming under circumstances which can bear investigation. This is natural and very proper, in consideration of the vast numbers of charlatans, but there are many cases in which scientific investigation is out of the question. When, for instance, a fairy has been encountered in a wood there would seem to be little point in retracing one's steps with a bevy of psychical investigators in the hope that the fairy will re-appear and pose nicely for a photograph!

Education which has fought such a battle against ignorance has won that battle with such effect that the mystical (which is an innate part of each individual) is completely ignored or else stifled and killed. There are only a few hardy individuals who believe in the evidence of their psychical perception despite the mental conditioning of their youth. Modern education is really applied scepticism, and with its increase the faith potential of the individual has correspondingly decreased, so that now when he experiences psychical phenomena his first reaction is to convince himself that nothing has happened! There is a parallel to this in the modern church, whose substitution of ethics for religion has had the effect now being continually deplored from platform and pulpit.

Even psychical research, with its voluminous and well-documented evidence, is mainly concerned with material manifestations, which usually appear to be on a very low level of intelligence. Poltergeists, for instance, seem

decidedly imbecilic, displaying an animal cunning at best. But the individual who will hurdle the barrier of scientific method walks in a strange and intriguing half world. Walking materially in the every-day world he walks also with the shadows which are the half world of the psychic.

The following are personal experiences, and as such have no material evidence to uphold them. But before I go on to chronicle them, here is a point to bear in mind. It is that with years and experience the personality appears to gain in strength and acquires the power to draw from the psychic discriminately and at will. But initial experiences are not so pleasant, and even later there are infringements on personality which might be termed evil. There is a bar to personal progress—the fear of insanity. This, of course, is a fear normal to ordinary people, like the fear of tuberculosis or cancer, but in the study of the psychic this fear is intensified. Many have fled from the fear of madness after a single sortie with the occult. For many people the country of the mind is still peopled with enormous bats, ghouls, skeletons, abysmal fears, dragons and the most outrageous bogies. As a matter of fact it is! But when the symbolism of it is properly understood as the dregs and hangovers of primordial fears it is not half so terrifying.

The first impact of an otherness on my personality happened when my interest in these matters had not been aroused. I was returning from gym-training to my home, which was a large country house in its own grounds about a mile off the beaten track. I came to a certain stretch of road with quite ordinary thoughts in my head; primarily that I was hungry and ready for supper. It was dark. Then there came over me a horror of otherness which made the hair literally stand on my head and my knees weaken. Though I could see nothing to fear I was abysmally terrified. The sensation remained with me for something like an hour, persisting even after I had gained the light of the house and was seated at supper. I can still remember that feeling of extreme isolation which seemed to have caught me. The alien personality, if such it was, was negatively horrible.

That experience was repeated on other occasions until I was quite used to it. And strangely enough in the same room and within

a few feet of the place where the experience last left me, my sister not so long ago was subjected to a similar one, while in the bright light of a powerful lamp. This experience was indirectly shared by my mother who, although in another room, was aware that something strange was happening. She called to my sister and asked what was wrong, though she thought there was some kind of physical violence menacing her.

Over ten years later, during which time I had been studying both psychology and the occult, I went to the one person who could tell me the history of the place. According to him the only previous resident with any peculiarity had been a very passionate male, whose lust was locally notorious. It seems on the face of it unlikely that his personality should survive and haunt that place simply through an excess of unsatisfied lust, but is not sex, after all, the fundamental of emotions and so more likely to leave a mark even than murder?

The other incident occurred when, in another country, a very level-headed companion and I were walking along a road we frequently used in the moonlight. Suddenly he declared that there were steps following us. His reactions were of complete terror, and I had to restrain him from running. His tongue was swollen so that he could not talk normally and spoke in thick and almost incoherent phrases. He shook violently. The fear was communicated to me, though not intensely, and while not hearing the footsteps I could sense an otherness. The sensation persisted in both of us for a long time, and even after our entry into bright light.

In the light of my previous remark about the country of the mind being peopled with strange and fantastic animals, it may be significant that when we sat down to eat at a quiet little café my friend's sole topic of conversation was of lizards and newts!

Being close friends we frequently discussed this incident and even went over the ground again and again, but without further result. Perhaps the best way to combat such occurrences is to have the positive desire to investigate them. At any rate it often happens

that a haunted house, on investigation, appears not to be haunted. It is in accidental off-guard moments that such things generally happen.

In all these matters the only guinea pig is the self. This makes tackling psychical reactions difficult, for the same reason that the investigation of a feeling of anger, for instance, makes it evaporate. It is all rather like a microscope trying to look at itself.

There is another interesting factor which has come to light during the writing of this article. That is that, in recollecting the incidents and putting them down in coherent form, I experienced again the physical symptoms of terror—my scalp started to creep, cold shivers ran up and down my back—though without any attendant mind sensation of terror. Incidentally, since psychical matters are so often associated with fear and terror, it would seem superficially that the association is real and exclusive. This, of course, is not the case. It is only that the psychical infringement when it produces such sensations is more obviously noticeable. Other infringements are passed by and scarcely noticed, and even taken to be part of ourselves.

The whole problem seems to hinge on the indestructibility of the mind, which I suspect may be some sort of selected energy with a continuance apart from and outside our interpretations of time. The psychic in ourselves appears to be so innate and integral that its acceptance is at least one essential criterion for a happy and balanced existence. Not that I favour the acceptance of any particular creed or faction.

We are still largely beings of the primordial, though the veneer of civilisation and education is growing thicker with the centuries. Slowly, but very very slowly we are coming to terms with ourselves. We can never quite succeed. How can we, since it is all an endless subtraction from ignorance, with our own ignorance doing the subtraction? As personalities we can do no more than nibble bits of ourselves as knowledge. It is a slow process and one which will last for ever.

Don't Look Too Far

J. F. BURKE

(Mr. Burke, discussing the subject of prevision, points significantly to the frequent occasions in which manifestations of this gift are heralds of disaster. Can glimpses into the future yield knowledge only of death and misery? Mr. Burke cites some impressive instances.)

Perhaps you would like to know what the winner of to-morrow's race will be . . . or

how to fill in your football coupon. It would be nice to know what is going to happen to-

morrow, and the day after—and maybe for several years to come. There is always that human longing to peer round the corner. If only we could catch a glimpse or two of the future, we might be able to avoid our mistakes. Only then the future would be different. . . .

But even if we can't alter what is going to happen, it would be interesting to know in advance. Or would it? Be very careful: you might not like it at all.

John Aubrey tells the story of the beautiful Lady Diana Rich, daughter to the Earl of Holland, who, "as she was walking in her father's garden at Kensington, to take the fresh air before dinner, about eleven o'clock, being then very well, met with her own apparition, habit, and everything, as in a looking-glass. About a month later, she died of the small-pox. And it is said that her sister, the Lady Isabella Thynne, saw the like of herself also, before she died."

Then there was John Donne, who, whilst visiting Paris, had a vision of his wife passing twice by him through his room, "with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms." He at once sent a servant home to find out what this might mean. "The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account—that he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad, sick in her bed, and that, after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child."

These visions would not fill one with enthusiasm for investigation of the days to come. A careful study of the phenomena of second sight and clairvoyance shows that the majority of cases are concerned with death, illness or disaster—not subjects to pursue avidly unless you are ghoulish enough to think in terms of life insurance.

Why, then, the desire to peep, to pull aside the veil and look, even if it is only upon misery and calamity?

There are men and women who like to feel that the future is uncertain, depending largely on themselves and their actions. If they subscribe to the doctrines of a religious body they support the belief that a beneficent Creator gave the priceless gift of free will to mankind. If they think on more materialistic lines, they explain the world in terms of biological accident, mutation, and—even at this late date—"survival of the fittest."

But there are also those whose timidity finds the idea of free will disturbing. They believe, perhaps, in a powerful God—personal or vaguely mystical, as the case may be—who has decided exactly what is going to happen and left them with little to do but sit back and let it happen. The road to heaven has been constructed, and if you plunge from it into the undergrowth, your waywardness was fated from the start.

If you do not believe in a supernatural being, can you believe that everything is pre-

destined, all worked out? Because if so, who worked it out? The materialist is going to have a hard time.

And yet the majority of human beings believe that the plan is made. This statement may arouse a storm of denials . . . but consider the evidence. If you believe in an omnipotent and omniscient God, you must believe that the end has already been mapped out, since omniscience implies knowledge of the end as well as of the beginning. And if the future is as settled and unchangeable as the past, there is no reason why gifted beings should not catch glimpses of the future.

Lewis Spence, in his recent book, *The Magic Arts in Celtic Britain*, quotes the story of a young boy in 1773 who beheld, while approaching his home, a crowd of people, one of whom was carrying a small coffin. Among the crowd he recognised his father. The next night the boy fell suddenly ill and died.

All over England there are tales of family warnings: innumerable landed families have traditions of dogs or wolves howling before the death of one of the family, and some have more involved stories of visions giving warning of the same thing.

It is easy to deride these as legends, relics of superstitious days that are gone—a few hysterical old women claiming to see visions and dream dreams; and yet there is every indication that reading the future was treated as a not uncommon faculty in the past. It was not regarded as an exceptional gift, but as a power that could be understood and exercised by anyone willing to go through a short and apparently nonsensical ritual. Various authorities claim to have traced the origin of the ritual—or, one should say, the several rituals—back to the Druids, who regarded second sight as a means of communication with the gods, later debased to fairies. Just as the early gods lost in stature until they were known to mortals only as fairies, so this mystic power lost its original force and became merely a means of glimpsing events in the future. What had been a means of communication with gods became a means of seeing fairies and elves, and eventually a means of getting in touch with the dead, who would pass on scraps of information about the future. The last stage of all cut out the intermediaries and made a hotch-potch of second sight and clairvoyance, either word meaning a forecast of coming events, though it is possible that in certain parts of the country the original conception is still held.

Visions of this sort seem to fall into two classes: the direct and the symbolic. The latter has much in common with Freudian dream imagery, which can be translated by the knowledgable into more direct, personal terms. Some of the symbols however, need no expert guidance; shrouds and drawn blinds can be understood by the veriest tyro . . . and here we are back in the gloom.

To-day we are confronted with the remarkable spectacle of highly-serious men setting out conscientiously to prove that prediction of the future is no fantasy. They claim to be scientific, but is it not more likely that something of their ancestors lingers in them and that they are half-living in a world of charms, omens and fairies ?

There is in the air an almost feverish anxiety to prove that foreknowledge is possible, as though thereby to solve the riddle of life itself. Somehow or other—the anthropologist of the future will know more about it than we do—this anxiety is bound up with the desire to settle the vexed question of Time. Time is the great mystical problem of our age: Ouspensky and Dunne are our philosophers.

Ouspensky advances the theory that we are caught in an eternal cycle, compelled at the end of our life to return to the beginning and start again. All history repeats itself, time and time again—though Ouspensky does allow the possibility of slight changes, and believes that gradually, after the cycle has been repeated, then altered, then altered a little more, we shall attain spiritual perfection. But if we allow the possibility of several identical cycles, a vision of the future is by no means inexplicable, since it is also a vision of the past—a past cycle in which you did exactly what you are doing now, and will do many times more unless this happens to be the period in which you make that slight deviation that will take you a little higher up on the way to perfection.

J. W. Dunne starts off in more familiar vein, with a neat little piece of clairvoyance whereby he tells the time without getting out of bed ; then he is aware of an item of news in a newspaper that he has not yet received ; and then, inevitably, he is aware of a volcanic eruption before the news reaches him. Back where we started . . . with disaster.

The results of Dunne's dreams are by now too well known to need elaboration here : he has given a very able exposition of the conclusions to which he was led by these phenomena, and provided us with another philosophy of fatalism—for, despite his attempts to deny it, that is what we are provided with. If all the things that are going to happen have already happened (only we haven't got there yet) there is no reason why a detached mind, wandering about in Time as Dunne suggests, in a dream-like state, should not pick out an item of interest from the future—which is already worked out and waiting for us, like the conclusion of a film we are watching in a cinema—and give us a brief preview. Mix up Ouspensky and Dunne and you might get somewhere.

And add Professor Rhine of Duke University, whose valuable experiments established the possibility of telepathy beyond all reasonable doubt. If Time is an illusion, why should not a mind of the present make contact with

a mind of the future and tell of what passed between them ? The mixture thickens.

In 1944 was published Laurence J. Bendit's **Paranormal Cognition**, the text of a thesis which was accepted as qualifying the author for the degree of Doctor of Medicine. It is, as Dr. Bendit says, indicative of a change of mind in scientific thought that the acceptance of such a thesis should be possible. Second sight and clairvoyance are no longer regarded as primitive superstitions : even such men as Freud and McDougall have now accepted the assumption that there are channels of perception which may be called paranormal. Dr. Bendit's main concern is with telepathy and its importance to the psychiatrist, but at least one of his stories has a flavour of the supernatural and would mix well with our earlier ingredients. It concerns a dead airman Yes, here it comes again. It always finishes up with somebody dead.

If you wish to believe in the possibility of second sight, you have all the authority you could desire—traditional and scientific. You won't be mocked as you would have been but a few decades ago.

But is it worth it ?

It seems that only bitter things are strong enough to make the necessary impact. You will have warnings of death, sickness and catastrophe. You may be regarded by your acquaintances as a particularly unpleasant sort of Cassandra, and you yourself will not derive much satisfaction from your occupation. If you have the gift of second sight, you may be lucky : you may see the bright and shining things. But you may not be lucky.

For your own sake it may be better to keep your eyes averted : the future may hold worse horrors than you imagine.

Don't look too far. . . .



Music as an Expression of Creative Thought

RAY CONNELL

(This is the first of a series of "dreams" submitted to us by the author. They are interesting for their coherence and beauty, as well as for the strange manner of their origin. In connection with this, an author's note appears on page 36.)

I dreamed that my friend and I arrived at Calais on a Cross Channel Steamer, but there was no time to explore this lovely old town before we were rushed away to a waiting train that would take us to Paris that same night. We each carried an oddly shaped parcel of which we took the greatest care.

Seated opposite us in the train were two middle-aged men; one tall, dark, and interesting to look at; the other shorter, blue-eyed, with prematurely white hair, thick and curly. He wore no hat, and every now and again ran his fingers through this mass of curls. We then noticed that they too carried parcels; never once did they let them out of their keeping.

Once or twice they looked curiously at us, but both were intensely interested in the countryside, mentioning the architecture, mode of conveyance used by the country people. We looked at each other with a smile as they exclaimed on these things.

Before reaching Paris, the dark man spoke to my companion. He asked if we were bound for a certain Concert Hall there.

Though no mention of this place had been made it seemed that a great reception was the object of our journey, and we were delighted to find that they were bound for the same place.

My friend then asked them to accompany us, and they were more than pleased to do so.

There seemed to be plenty of time on reaching Paris. Holding our parcels with the greatest care, we all set off together to find the Concert Hall.

Lights streaming from a huge entrance guided us, and we mixed excitedly with the crowd outside. Everyone carried a parcel. On entering we were each given a ticket bearing a number. The seats allotted us were fairly central, and on a balcony. To our surprise we recognised several people whom we knew by sight or reputation, and the Hall was filled with the cheerful, friendly buzz of conversation, as of people who were intimate or had many interests in common. We did not feel like strangers, for as people passed they smiled, and spoke. The company seemed drawn together almost as one person. All nationalities were represented, and as we took our seats a great peace and love for all these people came over us. Our journey was forgotten; we did not even feel fatigued.

A bell sounded.

Immediately there was silence, and a man in evening dress came on to the flower-filled platform. He waved a small baton, and as he did so, strange, sweet music, very soft and low, came from every corner of the Hall. Then, as though a mist had lifted, we saw, seated behind him, the musicians. Violins, 'cellos, piano, flutes, oboes, the harp, and all sweet sounding instruments.

The scent of flowers wafted over us, and the man with the baton lifted a shimmering plaque, whereon was flashed a number.

Now the real meaning of our journey and the parcels we had carried became crystal clear. Seeing the number, a lady rose from the audience, and as the wrappings of her parcel dropped away, she held up a softly shining figure of a nude girl modelled in silver. The musicians hesitated. Then the harpist struck a few soft notes, which in turn were taken up by other strings, making a joyous, sparkling, gay, melodious harmony. It ended in a deep silence which could be felt. Then the applause burst forth.

We looked at each other.

Could we bear it when the time came for the things we had brought so far, and with such loving care, to be expressed in terms of such music? Our parcels lay open beside us. My friend nervously gripped the sides of a cherished picture he had spent much time and care on. I held with sentiment an old lace scarf. Soft, creamy, and covered all over with an intricate silky design. My own work, and I was holding tenderly a thing that part of my life had been woven into. But our minds held one thought only. How would our life's work be expressed?

We had in a way given ourselves up to judgment. What would the result be? We knew that the best of us had gone into these things: our thoughts, ambitions and desires had culminated in something tangible. Yet we had our doubts. Might they not have been better? Would the music express something below the standard we had set ourselves or expected? We were willing to stand or fall on its results. We had put ourselves unreservedly into their hands. The shimmering plaque went on flashing numbers until mine came. I stood up, the lace cascading downwards in a foamy stream; my whole body was trembling; I could hardly see. The thought that sustained me was that the utmost of my knowledge had been worked with

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love and affection into that lace.

The music, tempestuous at first, gathered dignity and sweetness. Quick, dancing notes flashed here and there, but a soft adagio brought calm and peace to my heart, filling it with great strength. The music ceased. Then my friend's number shimmered on the plaque.

He stood up. Light from an invisible force concentrated on the picture he held. Strange muted sounds stole over the Hall, a voice singing amongst the violins, and then a bursting forth of sparkling piano, 'cello, and harp, which all stopped suddenly at their height for a single flute to carry on the air in its sweet notes, bringing the Pipes of Pan into the Hall. A grand harmony wove into it again, and my friend gripped the picture tighter as it ended in the sweet strains of the flute.

We sat in silence.

The expression of our thoughts was a revelation to us. With renewed interest we watched the designer of a wonderful piece of brocade stand up, listened in wonder to the first intricate sounds coming from the strings, and then the lively Rondo finishing it.

We saw our travelling companions, one with a strip of marvellous woodcarving, the other with a small compact model of a building he had designed. Each received his rendering of thought with dignity and in silence. How long this wonderful ceremony lasted we had no conception. There seemed no time here. We were amongst the creative minds of our world. Minds who crave to put into expression thoughts revolving in an active brain, that something which touches the Divine, and lifts each one to complete a design somehow

started—we know not when. Each thought brings a desire to perfect that begun, opening a path of light and understanding through the medium of the hands and intellect.

The concert ended, and slowly through a soft blue mist the audience faded away. We found ourselves in the street again, a night of stars and brilliant moonlight. Somehow we felt an affinity with these brilliant constellations. Our late gathering had lifted us above the rut of ordinary things.

Footsteps behind came nearer, and our travelling companions hailed us. We still grasped our treasures, but light-heartedly now, as we hurried up one street and down another, across empty market places, past huge churches, towards our train.

The silver hair of one of our companions seemed to be lit with a halo of light, and the eyes of the dark man glowed with an intensity we had not noticed before. My companion seemed to have had the spring of youth instilled into him, he was filled with the desire to get back and accomplish more and more, even before the rising sun. And I, who had plodded over my work so long, encouraged one day, discouraged the next, never quite reaching the goal I had set myself, felt as though I was attached to the highest star with an invisible ribbon. I could soar away now to those flights of fancy which put into practice would result in something that would live, give pleasure, and bring peace and joy in the creating, and so vibrating would extend help to others seeking the same expression.

Breathless and laughing we reached the station, and taking our seats, settled down to the long return journey.



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Speaking from Experience

WILLIAM F. TEMPLE

("Speaking from Experience" offers a striking example of precognition in the conscious mind. Indeed, the episode of the newspaper placard in particular is so very striking that we feel Mr. Temple's unusual powers should be investigated by experimenters in this field.)

Exactly at noon one grey day in January, 1933, I came down the steps of the London Stock Exchange bound for lunch. My daily routine of existence in the City was so set that I was a candidate for inclusion in Bradshaw. I was little more than a bundle of conditioned reflexes so far as the outer, physical world was concerned. It was an automaton, a puppet slave of the capitalist system, who walked down those steps that day. But—a robot walking in a dream. For I was deep in reverie.

Lord knows what I was dreaming upon—I cannot now remember. But I do remember glancing absent-mindedly across Throgmorton Street at the news placard displayed by the old newspaper vendor who stood on her usual pitch under the clock.

Now, I am rather short-sighted. (*En passant*, in the matter of eye weaknesses, introverts generally tend towards myopia, while extroverts are more liable to long-sightedness. Whether the mental condition causes the optical one, or vice versa, is a subject for conjecture. I incline towards the former theory, for in younger days my sight was perfect. But, true to type, I am wandering . . .) Even across a narrow thoroughfare like Throgmorton Street I could not quite distinguish the print on the placard. I got the general impression of the black strokes and loops of the uniform block letters, and like the astronomers peering through their telescopes at the markings on Mars, on the verge of vision, I strove to get them into pattern and sense. I was, of course, doing this with but half an eye. The bulk of my attention was spread diffusely over my dream-world. It seemed to me that the placard read: JOHN GALSWORTHY DEAD.

I recall a faint stirring of curiosity, and a mental comment: "H'm. Didn't even know he'd been ill. Or had he? Wonder how he died?"

And then I crossed the road, and saw the placard clear and plain, and it was some announcement about a Test Match in Australia. Nothing connected with Galsworthy at all. I was a little surprised, but not unduly so. I had misread print at a distance before.

The very next day, exactly at noon, I came down those steps again, once more a day-dreaming body en route to stuff its stomach.

I glanced across at the placard displayed by the same paper seller on the same pitch. Then I looked twice, and nearer. There was no doubt about it. It said boldly: JOHN GALSWORTHY DEAD. And a strange little thrill went through me, for I sensed I had been in contact with a world lying outside known territory.

Reason, of course, asserted itself and scoffed: "Merely a coincidence. A rare one, but nevertheless just a coincidence."

But I couldn't help thinking it rather a complicated one in view of these facts:

1. I had seen nothing in the papers lately about Galsworthy, no one had mentioned him, and I couldn't see any reason why his name should have obtruded in my thoughts yesterday.
2. Galsworthy was an author in whom I had no interest whatsoever. Once, years before, I had attempted one of his Forsyte novels, but I never finished it. It left me bored and cold. The social class he wrote about seemed to me not even worth the trouble of analysing. He was definitely not an author I might often have in mind, unlike, for instance, Wells or Maugham.
3. Of all the newspaper placards I saw in different places at different times of the day, why should it be this one in the same place at the identical hour?
4. The wording was identical, too. It might have read DEATH OF JOHN GALSWORTHY, or DEATH OF GALSWORTHY, or GALSWORTHY DIES, or FAMOUS AUTHOR DEAD, etc. But it didn't. It was exactly as I had imagined I had seen it.

I carried that little puzzle with me for a year or two before I happened, belatedly, upon J. W. Dunne's *An Experiment With Time*, and so found a possible theory to account for it. It seemed that I was day-dreaming true, as it were.

Another phenomenon that became so recurrent that at last it forced itself upon my attention was that when I found myself being inexplicably haunted by some particular piece of music, I almost always heard that piece of music in actuality before the day was out.

Usually I didn't awaken to this until I heard

the actual performance of the music, whereupon I realised that it had been going through my head all day. Strangely, this first came to my notice during the fighting in Italy in the early days, at which time I scarcely heard any music from one week's end to another. One day I was re-tuning my wireless set (used not for entertainment, but for sending fire orders from the observation post to the guns) and humming a few bars from Tchaikovsky's No. 1 Piano Concerto—not the famous opening bars, but a tricky little bit near the end of the second movement. Turning the tuning dial, I came by chance upon some European station. It was radiating a performance of Tchaikovsky's No. 1 Concerto, and the moment I picked it up was exactly at that tricky little bit near the end of the second movement.

That shook me a bit. Thereafter, I tried to keep a tag on what I found in the way of music going repeatedly through my head. Once I caught myself at it, I would seek to examine the origin of it. Generally I found it was because someone else had whistled it, and I had unconsciously picked it up from them. Or else someone had mentioned the tune or the composer, or if it was a song, words relating to the song which engendered it through a chain of associated ideas. Or it was something I had deliberately chosen to whistle, and forgotten for the moment that I had.

But if I could not trace its origin, if it was a tune that seemed to have started up on its own out of nowhere, then I began to watch for it cropping up again during the day. And the number of times that it did indeed crop up again from some extraneous source was very far from chance.

One day I was on leave with a friend in Salerno. As we strolled around the town, I noticed that I was humming the "Poet and Peasant" Overture. There seemed to be no reason for this. I had not heard this overture at any time since I came abroad. Nor had I been thinking of it.

I ventured to tell my friend of my queer predilection for anticipating music, and the

fashion of it. He was a rather unimaginative Scot, and he guffawed. Whereupon I made a definite verbal prophecy that I should hear the "Poet and Peasant" Overture ere the day was done. "You wait and see," I said.

In the late afternoon we went into the big Naafi on the front for tea. As we sat down at a table I noticed there was a small Italian orchestra arriving and preparing to play tea-time music. Suddenly, absolute conviction settled on me. I didn't guess, or think it likely—I knew. I said to my friend: "They'll play 'Poet and Peasant.' It's a certainty—I bet you!"

It was the second piece they played.

It's a great pity that the "Poet and Peasant" Overture is such a hackneyed piece of music. On the surface it makes one think that there was a wide opening for coincidence, after all. I wish it had been some less common piece—Debussy's "Jardin sous la pluie" or, if we must have an overture, then, say, Weber's "Peter Schmolli"—something that would really clinch it.

But I would point out that these Italian café orchestras played largely dance music, and if they played anything a little heavier they plumped fairly solidly for home products—Rossini, Verdi, Puccini, Leoncavallo, and so forth. I was in Italy for more than two years after that. I attended a large number of orchestral concerts all over the country, and I heard innumerable café orchestras. But never again did I hear the "Poet and Peasant" Overture, or see any mention of it.

That was my sole experience of it abroad. And that was, too, my sole prophecy before a witness about any piece of music. Strange, that the subjects should coincide. Or was it more than coincidence?

To anyone collecting data on such things, and who may think this tit-bit worth any attention, I'll give the name and address of my Scottish witness. As for the Galsworthy episode, I can only cross my heart and swear on my honour as a onetime member of the Band of Hope that it was so in every particular.



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READERS LETTERS

We begin our Readers' Letters with an interesting letter from Ray Connel, author in this issue of "Music as an Expression of Creative Thought," about the strange way in which this and other "dreams" originated.

"I have been asked to say a word about these dreams, which have come intermittently over a period of years and which do not seem to have had any bearing on my thoughts or actions or any circumstances in my life at the time. They are clear, concise, with a definite beginning and ending, complete in detail and varied in style. Some are in the form of poetry, or a short story in which I am not, as in this one, the central figure.

Immediately on waking, usually between 3 and 4 a.m., I write them down. If left until the following morning I cannot recall enough to record. They are definitely not prophetic. On the contrary, many of them seem to touch some memory of the past, not in this age or country.

In many I am accompanied by a friend, to whom I speak and whom I seem to know well, but in all except one of these adventures into the unknown I have not been able to describe the face or voice of my companion, although descriptions of others are given, often in intimate detail."

Ray Connel.

The writer of the next letter, on seeing our brochure for *NEW FRONTIERS*, hastened to tell us how wrong we were in launching what he considers a "diversionary influence" at so critical a moment in history. He obviously disagrees with the recent enthusiastic reviewer of Price's book on Borley Rectory who openly suggested that historians of the future might consider it a striking coincidence that Borley and Bikini should occur in the same generation.

"In a most ungracious manner I aim at slitting the throat of this new publication by showing it to be, in mankind's present predicament, a diversionary influence and a misapplication of intellectual energy.

"Psychic investigation, especially in its more supernatural aspect, has preoccupied countless minds during thousands of years. It has had this attention partly because of the demands of certain highly personal beliefs and partly because of the difficulty of reaching complete and satisfactory conclusions about the psyche. No concept of man's supernormal powers has yet been convincing and demonstrative enough to be widely accepted.

"While approving any exercise of man's curiosity and imagination in any sphere, I do think that relative value can be given to different directions of research, especially when the circumstances amid which they are undertaken are considered.

"So while I doubt the ultimate value of research into supernormal and psychic matters which continues in the old style of amateurish and unco-ordinated theorising; I also must minimise the relative value of what would probably be the more fruitful research—that undertaken by objective investigators, mindful of recent scientific developments, into the untried fields of psychology: comparative folklore, superstition, dream interpretation, analysis of brain waves, and peculiarities of the 'group mind.'

"My reason for so decrying any attempt to extend research along these lines is quite straightforward. Any hopes of intricate, co-ordinated and scientific research in any sphere, any hopes of thus broadening man's mental range, depends upon the continuation of that degree of social organisation we call civilisation. Scientific, cultural and even artistic achievements and almost all potential progress stand and fall bound directly to the educative, and indirectly to the productive and distributive systems which, despite the recent war, still falteringly function amid the social and economic confusion now so widespread.

"In times of ordered progress man's inquisitiveness, one of his saving graces, should be given the fullest scope.

"Now the civilisation which man's social nature (his other saving grace!) has so painfully constructed shows signs of collapse. (Consider the physical destruction of the recent war, and

the bankruptcy of current traditional social theory and philosophy in face of the headlong advance of modern science and technique. These have prompted the late H. G. Wells to write:— 'this world is at the end of its tether. The end of everything we call life is close at hand and cannot be evaded.'

"This possibility of downfall, this razor-edge balance of international anarchy between civilisation and the atomic bomb, makes its demands upon the serious, the educated, the intelligent and the energetic. These are the people on whom any chance of survival and recovery depends. They should recall the vast cultural losses mankind suffered when the regional civilisations of Atlantis, Greece, China and Rome collapsed. Surely they will admit that in those times, when the fate faced them, there were talented people who were 'asking the wrong questions.'

"The able ones to-day should be encouraged to direct their powers towards the development and application of the science of man's social consciousness—not because this is in any way more valuable or more worthy (I am, myself, quite convinced that further extension of man's potential will be mainly through his own mental make-up rather than through the physical sciences)—but because mankind needs to consolidate its present position; because such matters are more urgent.

"As your publication attempts to ensnare its readers' attentions with less urgent problems at a time when, due to the workings of heredity, 'the social mind is becoming less rational,' though perhaps better educated (Tatham, Stapledon), I must put forward my opinion that it is a bad influence under the present circumstances."

Julian F. Parr.

"Dr. Soal, the contributor to our first issue of the leading article on telepathy, needs no introduction. He welcomes the magazine as follows.

"I was most interested to hear of your project of starting a new magazine, 'New Frontiers.' It is a courageous and incalculable venture and I wish you the best of luck. I am glad to see that you are not confining your matter to Psychical Research alone but are considering all kinds of other abnormal aspects of life and mind. This I think is very wise and if you can get sufficient interesting articles there is a good chance of being able to attract a considerable public. I am glad you avoid the more dubious aspects which some other magazines go in for."

S. G. Soal.

The next writer contributes some valuable criticisms of the first issue of NEW FRONTIERS. His suggestion that luck, rather than extra sensory perception, is the motivation behind Dr. Soal's phenomena, is an interesting one!

"Soal's article interests me more than anything else in the issue. He does not make clear to me,

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however, just what he thinks his experiments demonstrate. If I read between the lines correctly, he does not believe in ESP but does believe in a telepathic sense which is independent of the normal limitations of time. (This, of course, permits his suggestion that clairvoyance could be explained by the subject reading the mind of the experimenter in the future when he was checking the results.) It is a plausible explanation if one accepts the results as stated, as one must unless one is prepared to spend anelluva lot of time investigating all the details. The only objection I have to it is that all the results on which he bases his ideas have been obtained by his own team, with, on his own statement, only a few results which agree with those of independent investigators. The subject will stand on much firmer ground when there are more independent groups getting results which agree with each other on most major points.

"There is one other point that might be made. Dr. Soal is a scientist, and he makes it fairly clear that he is seeking explanations in terms of modern physical science. (I may be wrong here, for I see he got his D.Sc. for psychical research. But that's the impression I get.) Therefore he can take no cognizance of the existence of "luck," and would regard as very great nonsense the suggestion that maybe Mr. Shackleton and Mrs. Stewart are just lucky at guessing cards, for you can't explain luck in terms of radiation or multi-dimensions or space-warps. But has there ever been any lengthy series of experiments to prove that there's no such thing as a lucky person? If not, why not?

"NEW FRONTIERS is quite a production on the whole; a little productive of psychical indigestion, but not bad if you like this sort of thing. But your illustrator, Garran Wingate, fails utterly to touch a responsive chord in me."

D. R. Smith.

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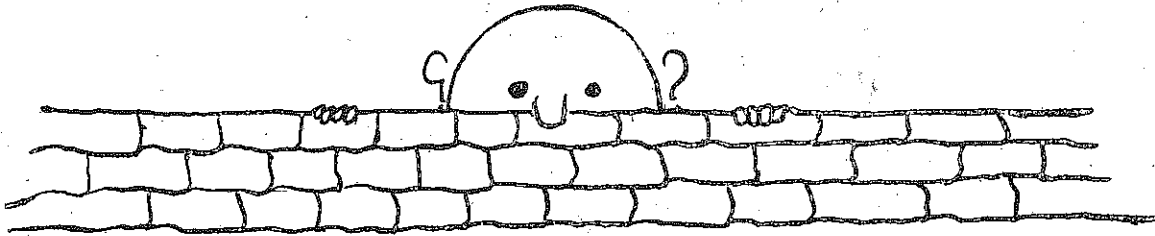
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CHAD SAYS

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SILLY

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Thousands say:—

SHE HAS THE SECRET

In several million booklets you may have read extracts from testimonials received from as far back as 1930. We just take them at random. We possess more than **Twelve Thousand** unsolicited testimonials, and we know from chance remarks that many who swear by Joan, never trouble to report to us. Having so many we can't possibly publish them all, nor can we constantly be changing our advertisements and we have been content to keep to those originally published, but such is the immense interest being displayed we thought we would depart from our rule in a small measure and just publish 6 or 7 of the huge number that came in during 1945. Remember similar testimonials have been coming in unceasingly since 1930.

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"Dear Joan the Wad. Since I received you a few months ago I have had lots of luck. First of all I had to come into Hospital with an Osteomyitis leg. The doctor gave up hopes of my recovery but after I was sent home I then sent to you, for a Joan the Wad and believe me I started to get well again and now I am back again in Hospital as one leg had grown longer than the other. I then brought Joan in with me. I carried her to the operating theatre table and the bone was taken away from my thigh and my operation has proved a success. Next my knee has been straight for three years, now with exercise and massage it is starting to bend. I am sure that Joan the Wad has brought me lots of luck. If ever anyone says in here I'm always unlucky I always say send for a Joan the Wad. Wherever I go I will recommend her. I do hope you accept my story as I am a great believer in her. Yours sincerely, P. H. Sturges Ward, Wingfield Hospital, Oxford. 10.12.45."

NEVER WITHOUT MONEY

"I received one of your Histories about three weeks ago and it has brought me luck. Before I received your book I was always without money, but now thanks to you I am never without money! (Mrs.) G. O. Glos. 8.10.45."

INCREASE IN WAGES

"... already after one fortnight we have had luck. I won ... sum of £30, ... also have got a £1 per week increase in wages unexpected so Joan the Wad must be our lucky Star. So please send Jack O'Lantern to make the pair complete. (Mrs.) D. M. Kirkgate, Leeds. 19.11.45."

LOST HIS JOAN—LOST HIS LUCK

"Please let me know how much to send for Joan the Wad and Jack O'Lantern. I had them both in 1931, but somehow lost them in hospital two years ago. I can honestly say that since losing them nothing has seemed to go right with me. I know what good luck Joan can bring by honest facts I have really experienced ... I certainly know that Joan the Wad is more than a lucky charm. Mr. E. E. S. Liphook, Hants. 10.11.45."

HOMELESS

LOOKED FOR A HOUSE FOR FOUR YEARS—Got Joan, Got a House, Got a job as well.

"... Believe it or not Things have taken an astonishing change for the better since the day I received Joan—more than I have dared hope for before. I am being discharged from Services, Oct. 22nd. My family are homeless and I couldn't take a job. But now I have offered me a job with a cottage and good wages, one of my favourite jobs, tractor driving. Please note I have been after a house for just on four years. G. S., Army Fire Service, Slough. 10.10.45."

MARRIED A MILLIONAIRE

"... two of my friends have won £500 each since receiving your mascots and another has married an American millionaire. Please forward me one Joan the Wad and one Jack O'Lantern. G. E. Levenshulme. 3.11.45."

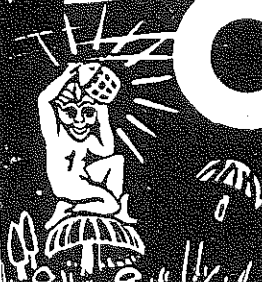
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To H. R. H. Jack O' Lantern Your Royal Highness, For many years I have been your loyal follower, I have marveled at your great powers and your world-wide influence. I have heard of persons in all walks of life deriving consolation and benefit from your kindly influence.

I was interested to see that you were supporting sweepstakes for Hospitals and I admired your supreme gesture in rewarding with £30,000 that follower who believed in you so implicitly as to use the Non de Plume of "Dartmoor Pixie" for her ticket in the Irish Sweep. May I thank you for what you have done for me? You and your revered Queen Her Highness Joan the Wad have brought me prosperity. How I wish everyone would do as I have done. I am telling everyone about it. You may show this letter to anyone but please do not divulge my address as I should be unable to reply to all the letters I should receive.

Permit me to remain,
Your faithful servant,
Robert E. Brown.

Since my purchase of Joan the Wad and Jack O' Lantern my Luck has most certainly changed. I have won £166 13s. 4d. in *Daily Express* Crossword. A. W. R. Hertford.

I have received His Highness and am very pleased to have him as I feel sure he will bring me luck. I am sure my husband has been luckier since he had Joan the Wad.
Mrs. A. W. Harrowgate.

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Whereas it has come to our Royal knowledge that for divers reasons our last proclamation was not so worded as to be fully significant to and apprehended by all receiving it, take notice of this our Royal Statement which follows.

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Mrs. J. M. C. Longhope.

I sent for Jack O' Lantern before Christmas and I have been in better Health and Luck since. I have got a Joan the Wad as well.

Mrs. C. Cheltenham.

I have had better Health since I received Jack O' Lantern I have had better Luck as my two sons have started work

Mrs. J. Milnrow.

... my Good fortune since receiving Jack O' Lantern I won £23 in *Daily Mail* Crossword another £30 yesterday and another all correct solution, three times in four weeks, in addition to seven wins in other Crosswords

F. R. G. Greenwich

Since we have had Jack O' Lantern we have had more Luck in work and I hope to tell you more good news before long I really love my Joan the Wad and I keep her for myself.

Mrs. I. W. Beeston.

I sent for Jack O' Lantern and within a fortnight I had the first bit of Luck after being unemployed for nearly two years I was offered employment I feel sure that it was Jack O' Lantern that brought us the good Luck we have had

A. V. Basingstoke.

I am sending 10/- to Jack O' Lantern Place. My brother is much better and is able to get out in the garden a little. We are all most grateful to you. Thanking you kindly.
A. B. Stow on the Wold.

?

Let us fill this one with your tale of

GOODLUCK