

COUNTESS NORA WYDENBRUCK

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THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR PSYCHIC
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EDITORIAL NOTES

"To the great Master of the Science of the Soul, Ernesto Bozzano, who has opened new and radiant horizons to suffering Humanity, from his friends and admirers."

This is the inscription in an album which contains appreciations from nearly a hundred subscribers, and which, with a medal, has been presented to Professor Bozzano in recognition of fifty years' service in Psychical Research, from his friends and admirers in Italy. We join our congratulations and thanks with theirs.

* * *

News has reached us of the passing in Cincinnati of Mrs. Laura Pruden who was distinguished for her Slate Writing gift, a form of mediumship unknown in Britain to-day. In the summer of 1925 Mrs. Pruden was invited by Mr. Joseph De Wyckoff and Mr. Roy Holmyard, two American members of the British College, to enjoy a holiday in London, and though Mrs. Pruden was doing nothing professionally on the visit, the College, through these friends, was given the opportunity of a few séances. A report of these by Major C. C. Colley and the then Editor, Mr. Bligh Bond, appeared in *PSYCHIC SCIENCE* for January, 1926. At home Mrs. Pruden worked in a semi-private manner and had a devoted circle of admirers of her gift and of herself personally. Mr. Malcolm Bird in *My Psychic Adventures* gave Mrs. Pruden a particularly good notice while pursuing his early investigations.

This phenomenon has been the subject of the hottest controversy from the days of Dr. Henry Slade in England in 1876 to those of Dr. Franklin Prince's adverse report on the well-known American medium, Pierre L. O. A. Keeler.

Hamlin Garland in *Forty Years of Psychical Research* reports

careful experiments made with such a medium in which a glass of water was placed upon the slate and this was then held under the table with his hand under that of the medium. Writing was heard and on examination the slate contained words written under the foot of the goblet, and moreover, particular words which he had uttered *after* the slate had been passed under the table. This was only one of many successful tests made under strict conditions and this investigator can only call in the Fourth Dimension to explain these strange occurrences.

* * *

The passing of Mrs. E. W. Wallis in March removes a very old worker and pioneer. With her husband she gave years of public service throughout England and was herself distinguished as a trance speaker. Her guide 'Morambo,' who replied to questions through her lips, is still remembered by many for his wise and fearless answers on Spiritualism.

* * *

We congratulate our member, Mr. F. W. Warrick, on the completion of his long task and the publication of his book on Psychic Photography under the title of *Experiments in Psychics*, which Mr. J. B. McIndoe, one of our liaison officers, and himself a devoted student of this aspect, reviews in this issue. Mr. Warrick made his own opportunities for research with Mrs. Deane and other mediums and spared neither time nor money, nor intensive thought to make his observations. He is content to place his findings on record in the hope that later students will benefit when opportunity again arises for research on this important phase.

* * *

The article, "Faces on the Wall" in the April issue, has evoked some letters of appreciation for calling attention to what is a rare phenomenon, if it is to be regarded as supernatural. One correspondent thought the photographic reproduction very weak. It was the best obtainable as the drawing was on a passage wall and difficult to photograph at all. Since the publication, Mrs. W., the late owner of the house, has revisited the property last Easter and finds the wall has not been touched by any alterations. Her sister accompanied her and they agree that the main figures appear the same, the

head, said to be Mrs. W.'s husband, seems to stand out in even clearer relief, while some figures which just seemed to be coming into focus had faded. This may well be if Mrs. W. herself contributed psychic force by her presence while in the house.

In her article Mrs. W. said that the head of the figure of the man holding a cross gave her the impression of 'a monk of an Ethiopian type.' A friend to whom she has shown the photograph pointed this out also, his reason for thinking so being that an Oriental priest would hold the cross at the particular slant shown. Mrs. W. was not aware of this.

* * *

Countess Nora Wydenbruck is becoming increasingly well-known in London as a charming speaker on psychic matters, and is often to be heard at the Institute as a speaker or a chairman. Recently she opened a discussion at a large gathering under the auspices of the London District Union of Spiritualists, on the Psychic Practitioners Bill, which Mr. Harry Price proposes to get presented for a reading in the autumn. The *Evening Standard* for June 7th reports an interview with Mr. Price and the Countess on this Bill, which proposes to test mediums by an examining Board before permitting them to practise. Countess Wydenbruck thinks that such a test might not do the medium justice. "To ask them to prove their genuineness before such a board is like asking a painter to prove his worth in a court-of-law by painting a picture on the spot." This is common sense. A medium's work might have to be judged over a long period and reputable societies are the best fitted to decide such gifts.

Countess Wydenbruck is a member of the Council of the Institute and on its research Committee and is ever ready to serve its interests, particularly in keeping in touch with foreign students. She was born in London when her father was First Secretary at the Austrian Embassy. As a diplomat's daughter she shared the family social privileges in various capitals, but at the outbreak of war lived in complete retirement with her family in the country. Then she began to study seriously, painting, the classics, mathematics, and philosophy were some of the subjects she tackled during these terrible years for Austria. When these were over she married the artist,

Alfons Purtscher, by whose kindness we are allowed to reproduce a very interesting recent sketch by him of his wife. They have two children. It was after their marriage that they both became interested in psychical research through the amazing experiences described in the recently published book *The Para-Normal*. The Countess affirms that these experiences gave them both the courage they had need of when they were financially ruined and had to leave Austria and settle in England in 1926. Since then she has continued to examine the subject from many angles, has studied psychology and become acquainted with well-known researchers. Besides *The Para-Normal*, she is the author of several other books: *An Austrian Background* (Methuen), *Woman Astride* (Lovat Dickson), *Spring in September* (Hutchinson), and a long historical novel of the Renaissance period called *Gothic Twilight* which she has just completed.



THE PSYCHIC STORY OF A PARSON

By the REV. DAVID G. TRUSS

[The Rev. D. G. Truss, from whose MS of psychic experiences, compiled from continuous and careful notes made at the time of the occurrences during a long lifetime, we have been allowed to select the following incidents, is a retired Congregational clergyman. The record is another witness to the widespread spontaneous happenings which provoked modern investigation. We cannot have too many such records and are the losers when these have not been noted at the time, as in this case, or are considered too private for publication.

Such happenings answer the critics who decry research. Many of those recorded here came to Mr. Truss and to members of his family, who evidently possessed psychic sensitivity, in the course of his avocations as a clergyman in various districts in England. He testifies as to the profound influence of these occurrences upon his thought and the comparisons they induced with similar happenings recorded in the pages of Scripture.

We have read the whole of the MS, replete with names of persons, places and dates, and have found it a most sincere record, reported thoughtfully and with no desire on the author's part but to tell a straightforward story of the "signs and wonders" which have come his way. We are very grateful to Mr. Truss for allowing this use of a very few of his experiences, which, unless through such pages as our own, may never reach others for their enlightenment and support. Though Mr. Truss has now reached an advanced age, his mental forces are particularly clear, and during his clerical career and afterwards he has shown a wide versatility as a lecturer and hymn-writer.—ED.]

Mr. Truss was the son of a highly clairvoyant mother and other members of her family were also gifted psychically. As a child he was sensitive although not conscious of the fact. He relates that he was never reluctant to go to bed; he loved to shut his eyes and look at the dark and watch, until he dropped asleep, an ever-changing panorama of scenes and faces which gave him intense pleasure and sometimes fear.

THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK

His earliest psychic recollection is of the carefully tended grandfather clock in the home, from which his father taught him the hours. One never-to-be-forgotten night, the old clock, always so regular in its ways, struck a strange alarm at midnight while his parents lay awake and counted one hundred strokes instead of twelve. Next day, at twelve noon, in the presence of his wife, a sister, and himself, his father, who had apparently not been ill, suddenly passed away. The clock went to London to an uncle and Mr. Truss did not see it for twenty years. He exclaimed, "Why there's the old clock," and learnt that it was only there for ornament, as in spite of all efforts and attention it could not be made to go. "It stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died." The words of the old song have been often endorsed in psychic

stories in which old clocks figure, as if a lifetime of close association, usually with one particular person, had made them unresponsive to the handling of another.

THE MOVING PICTURES

Pictures, too, appear in many psychic stories. When Mr. Truss was only eight years old, sitting alone with his mother at the fireside with no one else in the house, three great bangs came on a partition wall which set three pictures violently oscillating as he faced them, and struck fear into his being. His mother flushed, and turned to look at the time, ten minutes to ten. "That's a death token," she said in a tremulous voice. "Your grandmother must have died and given me this warning as she was going." But she got up and with her son searched the house for any mundane explanation. Two days later a letter reached them, from sixty miles away, from an aunt, announcing the passing of his grandmother exactly at the time of the knocks. She mentioned that all the family had been present at the death-bed except his mother and the old lady's last thoughts and words were of her.

On another occasion, much later in life, Mr. Truss was the recipient of knocks intimating a passing. He and his wife invited a homeless young girl, threatened with consumption, to their home for a holiday. She improved, but on returning to London lost ground, and when Mr. Truss visited her told him she was aware that she would not recover. She promised him that if she passed she would if possible try to give him some token. Later she went into Brompton and they only heard of her through a brother. One Sunday night after supper Mr. and Mrs. Truss with a well-known Bristol clergyman, who had been taking the services and was their guest, were quietly chatting, when all were startled from their seats by three loud percussive knocks from the glass-panelled door of the room. The front and back outer doors were fastened for the night, the children in bed and the maid retired to her room in the attic; there was no animal in the house. Three people heard those knocks, so powerful that the glass rattled in the panels as if struck with a hammer or the knob of a heavy stick. Mr. Truss looked at the clock, 10.18 p.m. On the Tuesday morning following, came a letter from the girl's brother saying, that a few minutes after ten on the previous Sunday night his sister had passed on suddenly after a violent fit of coughing. "The poor lass notwithstanding her sudden call had kept her promise," said Mr. Truss.

POLTERGEIST EXPERIENCES

In his later boyhood he was a witness of the pranks of a stone-throwing Poltergeist directed at a house only four doors away from his own abode. The window-smashing began quite suddenly, the

stones apparently coming from nowhere. Bombardments, at irregular intervals, went on for weeks, smashing upstairs and downstairs windows, covering beds, tables and floors with missiles, ruining pictures and ornaments and making the back of the house attacked uninhabitable. These back premises were practically inaccessible to any ordinary stone-thrower as they were screened closely by other buildings and nowhere could the police discover any culprit. It would have needed a squad well supplied with stones to do the mischief occasioned. No one ever saw the stones in transit. The boy's bedroom overlooked the only possible line of flight and from his room the police watched daily for hours, but the mystery remained unsolved and ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Curiously enough at a later period of his life Mr. Truss lived in a Gloucestershire village in which a similar disturbance took place. This time the bombardment was directed at the village inn, whose licensee once kept an inn in the South Bucks town where the first experience took place. Here again the outbreak lasted for several weeks, and was widely discussed in the local newspapers. The hostelry stood in the open, affording no cover for hidden assailants. Again the police were helpless and another mystery remained unsolved, Boniface himself declaring it was "the devil's doings." There were apparently no Psychical Researchers in those days to investigate as to whether any sensitive, in the shape of an adolescent boy or girl, lived in either of the establishments concerned.

A BELL-RINGING EPISODE

Before entering the ministry, Mr. Truss was, for a time, in a lawyer's office. This was a room in a large old house, furnished but not occupied, and the rooms not in use were kept locked. He had often to work alone late in the office at the back of the house to which a long passage led from the front door. A line of old-fashioned bells connecting the various rooms stretched along the wall just outside the office door, and he knew the sound of the outside door-bell, the only one used, so well that he did not need to consult the indicator. He often heard another bell ring and found that it connected with one of the locked unoccupied rooms but put it down to rats, wind, or any other normal explanation. One night, however, when busy at his work, a bell rang and, darting out while the pendulum was still swinging, he found it connected with a bedroom over his office. He had never at this time heard of bell-ringing spooks. He returned to his work rather mystified and then came a ring in a different key. He found it connected with the drawing-room of the house. Deciding it was time to go home he began to collect his papers when all the bells together started to ring as if swept with a giant hand. He fled precipitately from

the house convinced that no ordinary cause could have produced that climacteric clash of bells. Some time after he found courage to speak of his strange experience to a woman who had been a former housekeeper there. She also had heard unaccountable rappings and bell-ringing from unoccupied rooms and left after one experience. Going to the drawing-room one evening to draw the blinds and lock up as usual, she was petrified on opening the door to see a man standing in the middle of the room whom she took to be a burglar. As she looked he receded towards the window recess and faded before her eyes, and only then, so substantial had he seemed, did she realize that she had seen a ghost. Mr. Truss could not find out anything about the history of the house to throw light on these happenings.

THE STORY OF A SUICIDE

When Mr. Truss became an assistant clergyman in Oxford he had a weird experience. He was often sent to conduct a series of meetings in neighbouring villages and on one occasion was put up in a cottage near the chapel occupied by a poor old couple. The "Prophet's chamber" allotted to him was little more than a bed-place on the landing at the top of the stairs, with no privacy, as the only other bedroom, used by the couple, could only be reached by passing through this room. The old bedstead was pushed close to the wall at the far end of the apartment and could only be approached from one side, the rest of the small space held a washstand and there was barely room to undress and get into bed. A chair by the head of the bed sufficed for his candlestick and matches. He went to bed leaving the old couple by the fireside below but had scarcely settled down when he heard them climb the stairs and pass through to their own room, taking his candle and matches with them, and shut their own door. He fell asleep and awoke suddenly, thinking it must be nearly daybreak, but had nothing to verify this with. To his surprise a clock below struck twelve. Sleep seemed to have departed and he wondered how he would get through the long night. He could hear sounds of snoring from next door. About a quarter of an hour passed in idle thinking when he distinctly felt somebody or something heavy climb on to the bed and commence to crawl over it. He leapt up, stretching out his arms expecting to grapple with someone intent on assault or robbery, but there was nothing to lay hold of, although he continued to feel the weight of a heavy form crawling over his extremities, making towards the angle of the two walls made by the head and the further side of the bed. Knowing there was no exit there for any bulky material object he was completely non-plussed by its non-return and for the first time began to wonder

whether something uncanny was not happening. Intensely frightened at the thought he covered his head in the bed-clothes in sheer terror. When his courage somewhat returned he could do nothing about it without disturbing the old folks, who slept on, and he had no light. He spent a miserable night, for sleep eluded him till nearly morning. When he awoke feeling very stuffy, he found his head skilfully enveloped in some dusty fabric, which proved to be the bedhangings which had been pushed up closely against the walls when he went to sleep, these he found quite difficult to push back in their place.

He left in the morning, without saying anything about his experience, and sought out someone whom he had met the previous day whom he thought he could trust. On saying that he would certainly not spend another night in that room he was told the following story. The old couple had a ne'er-do-well son who eventually enlisted for foreign service. He was drummed out of the army, returned to his native village and went from bad to worse. One day, after a drinking bout, he went up to the room Mr. Truss had slept in and committed suicide with a razor in the corner of the room to which the unwelcome visitor had seemed to crawl the previous night. The bed which had previously stood in the middle of the room was pushed into its present position to hide the tragic spot. Some years later Mr. Truss, in a gathering, told the story without locating it closely. A man who had just returned from the States asked if it had happened at such a place, naming the village visited by Mr. Truss. He stated that some years before he and a fellow workman were on a job in that neighbourhood and had lodged with the old couple and had often been awakened by the bed being shaken heavily for no accountable reason. This happened several times a week for weeks at a stretch as though someone had gripped the bed-post determined to disturb their rest or drive them out. But they felt nothing of what Mr. Truss had described. The same cause may produce different phenomena according to the sensitivity available. Mr. Truss did not know enough of the subject at this period to attempt to clear the condition, as he would no doubt have been able to do with the knowledge he gained later.

DREAM EXPERIENCES

Some dreams, says Mr. Truss, are vivid, rational, predictive, and seem to point to a psychic origin, as if the sub-conscious mind came into telepathic and televisual contact with the supra-mundane sphere which impinges on the world of sense. From his notes he relates such a dream while he was in temporary charge of a church in Bicester. He occupied furnished apartments with an old couple for whom he developed a deep respect. The old man seemed hale and hearty though advancing in years. One Wednes-

day night he dreamt that a lady member of his congregation walked up to the side of his bed and said, "Then you have lost poor old Mr. B" (the name of his landlord). As there was a cousin of the same name who lived near, Mr. Truss replied in the dream, "Which Mr. B?" "Your Mr. B," replied the lady with emphasis. "He's dead." "Mr. B dead!" he replied incredulously, "He was all right yesterday, when did he die?" "He died next Friday morning at a quarter-past two," was the swift and seemingly silly response. With that Mr. Truss woke up and found it morning. He laughed at the absurd tangle of time and tense in the closing words of the dream, put it from his mind and began to dress. The old man always brought in his boots but this morning to his surprise the landlady appeared with them. On inquiring where B was she told him that he was not very well and was staying in bed, that the previous day had been his birthday and he had eaten something which had upset him and he had been ill during the night. His strange dream came back to him but he soon forgot it in the business of the day. But at tea-time a son came in and said, "My father is very bad, sir," and asked him if he would call the doctor as he could not be left. On seeing the patient later he saw that he was indeed very ill, the old man knew this himself and asked Mr. Truss in the event of his death if he would do something for his wife. He retired to bed leaving word that he was to be called if the man got worse, and in a little while was awakened by a knock and the news that his old friend was dying. The family were so distressed that he asked them to leave the room and kept a lonely vigil with the sick man till he breathed his last at a *quarter-past two on Friday morning* as exactly predicted in the dream. A second predictive dream came to him while he was in the same locality. One night he dreamed of an old aunt he had not seen for three years. In his dream he made a journey to visit her, and as he began to ascend a certain slope on the road he travelled he saw a horse and cart come over the brow of the hill with the rural postman sitting by the driver. When they met he asked if there were any letters for him. "Yes, sir. I've got one, a black-edged one, I hope it has no bad news." In his dream he opened the letter and found it came from his aunt's married daughter, and read, "My dear cousin, Your Aunt B is very ill, if you wish to see her alive you had better come at once," followed by her signature. The dream left a strong impression on his mind but he could not spare time to make the journey to the other side of the county where his aunt resided till a week later. He narrated the dream however to friends the next morning and thought about it a good deal. When he did make the journey he reached the foot of the hill as in his dream and saw the horse and cart come over the brow with the old postman in it. He asked if there were any letters for him and got the identical reply of the

dream. The letter when opened proved to be from his cousin, but of a very different purport from the dream letter. It read, "My dear cousin, I am sorry to tell you that my dear mother passed peacefully away last Friday. She is to be buried (mentioning a date), and if you can arrange to attend the funeral we shall be glad to see you," (followed by the same signature as in the dream).

Auto-suggestion, says Mr. Truss, could hardly have been the exciting cause at the time of the dream for he knew nothing of the state of his aunt's health nor had anything brought her to mind in his day thoughts. Nor did he ever correspond with the cousin or any member of the family. His own theory is that the old lady, conscious of her approaching end, perhaps recalled heart-to-heart talks they had had together some years before which created a strong desire to see him again, and that this had reached him by telepathy in the land of dreams.

A HAUNTED HOUSE

At one period Mr. Truss and his family occupied a large house, much too large for them, standing in its own grounds. It was built on the site of an old castle formerly surrounded by a moat, remains of which could still be seen. The house was reputed to be haunted by a "headless" ghost. This was never seen by any of the household but unaccountable noises and doors opening and shutting without ostensible cause were frequent.

One night Mr. Truss had retired early to bed, and was reading, when he heard the door-handle shake and, as he watched, he saw the handle turn and heard the catch click. "Come in," he called rather testily, thinking someone was "larking." The door opened slowly two or three inches, stopped, and he called out again. It opened slowly further so that he could see into the dark corridor but there was no one to be seen and no one came in. He rang the bell and heard the maid leave the kitchen and run upstairs. On being questioned she said she had been washing-up in the kitchen and that her mistress was sewing in the sitting-room. The night was breezeless and the doors were substantially fitted with good catches.

Soon after this his mother-in-law, sensitive to psychic influences, a stranger to the locality and the history of the house, paid them a visit. She was given a room out of which opened a dressing-room with fitted wardrobe cupboards. The door from this to the corridor was bolted on the inside. She insisted on having the shutters over the windows closed though it was a calm midsummer night. In the morning, asked if she had slept well, she evaded an answer and to their surprise announced her intention to return home that day. Later in the day she unfolded her story to Mr. Truss, said that she could not spend another night in that room and

hoped they would soon leave that "horrid house" as she would not feel happy while her daughter was there. First she had been disturbed by the windows rattling at intervals in the dressing-room. She got up, went in, and put her comb between the sashes and bolted the door between the two rooms, but was soon roused by someone moving about in the ante-room, there was a swish as of silk and the rattle of buttons as though dresses were being hung in the cupboards. She thought her daughter had come in by the corridor door in order not to disturb her and in that thought fell asleep. But on going to the dressing-room next morning to retrieve her comb, she found, what she had forgotten, that the door into the corridor was doubly bolted in the inside and that no one could have had access.

Some time after a brother-in-law, newly returned from abroad, visited them and occupied the same room. He also was ignorant of the history of the house and did not know of his mother's experience. At breakfast after his first night in the house, he turned to Mrs. Truss and said, "Did you pass through my room last night?" "No," she replied, "why do you ask?", but he passed the matter off with a joke. Mr Truss later elicited from him a statement, on his word of honour, that, as he lay awake in the middle of the night, the bedroom door opened noiselessly and a tall female form, robed in black, entered the room, walked round his bed, entered the dressing-room, came out again and went out closing the door behind her. Holes in the shutters admitted sufficient light to see the form but not the face. Some years later he confirmed the story again to Mr. Truss at his request.

THE PHANTOM DOG

The vicinity of this same house was also credited with hauntings but they paid little attention to these stories until faced with a puzzling incident. Mr. and Mrs. Truss were returning from the town one evening rather late and had left the last street lamp behind. They were on a sidewalk, he on the kerbside and she next to a grassy verge which separated the path from a ditch. It was just light enough to see their way. Suddenly Mrs. Truss gave a start as a large sandy-coloured dog coming up from behind brushed past on the ditch side at full speed. Both saw him distinctly race on before them and disappear in the darkness. They were startled but attached no sinister significance to it. At a tea-party on the following day, Mrs. Truss told some friends of her fright when one exclaimed, "Why, you must have seen the phantom dog!" Then followed the story, which all present seemed to know, of a huge yellow spectral hound which haunted the stretch of ground from a giant tree to a bridge over a stream in a dreary sunken bottom about a mile from the town where it always disappeared. Many local people, it was asserted, had seen it; always at a certain

period of the year and at a certain hour of the night. Most people avoided the road after dark. One moonlight night a little later Mr. Truss was coming home alone on the same road and had nearly reached his own gate when he heard sounds of running footsteps and waited to see whose they were. They were making for "Dead Man's Bridge." It proved to be a young baker's assistant who had to visit his sweetheart along this road. Asked why he was in such a hurry, he told Mr. T with panting breath that he had seen "the demon dog," and that girl or no girl he would not take that journey again after nightfall. Determined to get at the bottom of these stories Mr. Truss found out the hour when the dog was supposed to appear and learned its course, which never varied and was along the marge of the grass by the ditch. Two nights after the baker episode, he induced a number of the young fellows of his congregation to accompany him home to try to solve the mystery. All were keen to find out whether the dog was real or illusionary. They tied a stiff piece of cord to the post of his gate two and a half feet from the ground. One young man held the other end firmly in his hand while the others were posted for observation, armed with plenty of stones. The moon was full and any object could be seen for a distance. As the church clock struck ten, one called out, "Here he comes!" and all saw in the dim distance a large tawny dog with a mane and tail like a large collie coming towards them at a rapid pace, never leaving the grass marge on the path. It took not the slightest notice of them but kept straight on, passing through the string barrier without seemingly touching it, and although assailed by a well-aimed volley of stones neither flinched nor yelped but gradually disappeared in the distance. Half a dozen pairs of young eyes as well as those of Mr. Truss saw the dog at the same time.

Another story of the eerie bridge was related to him about this time by personal friends who witnessed it and told it immediately after its occurrence. A well-known clergyman, a lady, the owner of the pony trap in which they were driving, and a reliable man driver were journeying to the neighbouring town in the late afternoon. The sun was sinking and a thin mist rising from the meadows. They had reached a point not far from the bridge of ill-omen when, as they rounded a corner, they all saw jogging in front of them a shabby and antiquated gig with two men of Pickwickian appearance riding in it side by side. The sight was so comical that it moved them to laughter, and the driver remarked, "That's a rummy turnout anyway, I think we'll have a closer view." With that he whipped up the pony and gradually overhauled the quaint vehicle which continued to monopolise the centre of the narrow road and showed no sign of drawing in to allow them to pass. A signal to the driver eliciting no response, the driver of the pony trap decided to cut through as best he could although he knew it would be a

"narrow shave." Just as he proceeded to carry out his intention the old gig got even more in his way and a collision seemed inevitable. The lady shrieked, the clergyman shouted to his driver to pull up, and all three held their breath in anticipation of the violent impact that would pitch them into the hedge, when to their utter astonishment, the obstructing vehicle suddenly disappeared and the three friends found that they had the road to themselves. Was it collective clairvoyance, the result of a mirage, or a genuine ghostly appearance? Mr. Truss's friends, all sane and sober people, were positive that they had all seen the gig and its occupants, and taken with the other occurrences in the same neighbourhood it seems as if they really did so.

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES WITH HIS CHILDREN

Mr. Truss had a family of young children and suffered the loss of three almost at the same time in one of those epidemics which often swept English villages in the 'eighties. The eldest child, a boy of four, seemed slightly better and, to relieve the mother who had two others in grave danger, was taken to his grandparents. He got worse after the journey but his father had to leave him and return home as news reached him that in his absence the baby of ten months, a lovely child had died. When he viewed it in death the last convulsive struggle had, to his distress, so altered the features that he could not recognize it, and worse, the shock seemed to have obliterated all memory of what he looked like when living. He longed and prayed that by some means the recollection of the living babe might return to him to efface the other impression. That night he awoke, for no apparent reason, and found himself facing the fire-place which he could see outlined in the semi-darkness. A strange white light illumined that part of the room and sitting on the hearth-rug, wearing his tiny shirt, was his child, looking just as natural and attractive as when alive. He was looking at his father, all animation, his blue eyes dancing, his arms stretched out and kicking his legs as he used to do when his father came into the room and picked him up. Mr. Truss was so overjoyed that he woke his wife and described what he had seen saying that he would never again forget what the babe was like. That comforting vision, remarkable to relate, came to him in the same place and under the same conditions for three consecutive nights, and left an ineffaceable impression.

He certainly needed some such comfort for on the day of the burial he was summoned to the boy left at the grandparents. On arrival he found him dying but able to recognize him. His father sat with him to the end holding both his hands, feeling he could not let him go. Respiration and pulsation ceased, the nurse pronounced life extinct and tried to get Mr. Truss to leave the room, but he con-

tinued to hold the child's limp hands. "I felt," he says, "as though my life force was slowly oozing away from me and that I was on the verge of a physical collapse. But my lost vitality was apparently passing into the depleted body of the child; there was a slight quivering of the eyelids, then, after a momentary convulsive shudder had passed through his body, he opened his eyes and gave me a loving look of recognition. The others in the room were astounded and even terrified." Eventually he revived so fully that he tried to withdraw his hands from his father's clasp. "A miracle," said the nurse and they hoped the crisis had passed. The child lived for three hours longer, apparently free from pain or discomfort and actually played with a little purse which held his pennies and some small toys. When shown his mother's photograph and asked if he knew it, he whispered "Yes," and stroked it tenderly. Just before he passed he picked up his little toys one by one and pushed them under his pillow, put his hand under his cheek and looked up at his father as if to say, "Goodbye for the present, Daddy, I'm going to sleep," and went. Only later did Mr. Truss learn of the reality of the magnetic cord which holds body and soul together and is not completely severed for some time after death. By the love that would not let him go the child was recalled for a brief spell to comfort his parent. Many such records are to be found in our annals.

I TOLD YOU SO

By F. V. McLaren. (C. W. Daniel Coy., Ltd., 7/6 net.)

This book is called *A Romance of To-day*, and the authoress, a South African worker of many years standing, who herself possesses psychic power is not only a demonstrator but a teacher of others. She uses the story-form to bring her knowledge to her readers and gathers the tale around the fortunes of an Englishman who settles in South Africa as a farmer and makes a material success of his life. He is, unusually enough perhaps, also an occult student, who realising his wider responsibilities, uses his wisdom in all his dealings and creates an atmosphere of friendliness and harmony around him which has far-reaching effects.

The knowledge is passed on to his grandson Jan, a thoughtful, intelligent lad who ultimately travels to Europe and becomes associated with a great healing centre which combines modern scientific study of disease with natural processes of healing, ministering to the soul as well as to the body. "Mercy House" as it is called, is a vision of the future when all knowledge will serve the needs of humanity.

Mrs. McLaren uses her knowledge of numerology, astrology, colour significance and symbolism to enhance the interest of her romance, and mentions many books of psychic interest for the use of her readers. A pleasant book.

B.McK.

INVISIBLE VIBRATIONS REVEALED IN WATER

MARYLA DE CHRAPOWICKI, *author of Spectro-Biology*,
(C. W. Daniel, Ltd., 3/6)

(Precis of lecture illustrated by slides, given at the I.I.P.I. on March 22nd, 1939, Dr. Dudley A. Wright in the Chair.)

Among the various forces which have been instrumental in the evolution of our planet, water holds almost a unique position; whether liquid, solid or gaseous, this dynamic compound transcends all laboratory tests revealing but a very small portion of its true nature. However since the development of the microscope nobody doubts any longer that when a drop of water is highly magnified it may contain a whole universe of living creatures, yet few people are aware of the fact that every one of those tiny reservoirs besides being the cradle of a microscopic menagerie, contains static and potential forces which, under favourable conditions, may become active, stimulating the surrounding medium to assume crystalline formations of a most unusual character.

Every substance when crystallized builds a pattern particular to itself, due to the atomic arrangement of the elements which enter into its composition; water, for example crystallizes into hexagonal figures, salt crystals are cubical in shape, and yet when a drop of salt water is placed on a slide and allowed to evaporate it often happens that the crystallized sediment loses completely its classical forms, building up patterns which reproduce either the dominant features of the location from which the water has been obtained or they gather into structures of a peculiar and mysterious origin difficult sometimes to account for.

The technique of preparing those slides is very simple, it consists in placing a drop of water on a clean microscopic slide and leaving it to evaporate. Ocean and sea water is used in its natural state, sweet water has to be treated with a few drops of a 6% saline solution in the proportion of 2 drops of the solution to 10 drops of water, just enough to serve as a binding medium. Care should be taken to protect the slide

from dust and disturbance. The next important point to remember is the correct focusing of the microscope because the structures are not always present on the surface but may be found at various strata of depth, they are usually very small and often so transparent that it is necessary to adjust the field of illumination.

There is no definite rule whereby one could foresee the results of an experiment because sometimes the water is so saturated with salt and impurities that it will give only a heavy sediment of crystals and dirt, but once the water has proved to be plastic it preserves that quality for a long time, even after it has been bottled for years, proving thereby that the forms are not accidental but must follow some inherent law.

Why and how such results are obtained is a question which reaches almost into the realm of abstraction and the most logical way of dealing with an abstraction would be to bring it down to some reality. In this particular instance we have three definite realities; water, ultra-microscopic dust contained in water, and salt.

Water is not a dead substance, in fact it is so dynamic that as a solvent it is capable of reducing any other substances into their basic elements. At the temperature of 0° to 100°C . it creates a medium in which any reaction may take place. It is almost impossible to obtain completely pure water because it always contains some dust matter either in a state of solution or suspension, and even the purest distilled water is still composed of Hydrogen and Hydroxyl ions, therefore no matter how dead and stale a water may appear it is always potentially dynamic and therefore always ready to act on any substance it comes in contact with.

Considering now the dust matter and salt, we know that a saline solution is always electrolytic, that is, it offers a medium for the passage of electricity with a resulting molecular displacement. If then the atoms of the ultra-microscopic dust contained in the water become stimulated by the presence or addition of salt, a molecular displacement takes place throwing the whole mass into agitation, and when by virtue of their chemical affinity those atoms become attracted to each other, they project lines of forces which create a structural basis

along which salt crystals and other deposits may gather into tangible forms of a particular shape and type.

This of course brings us to the abstract question, why should those structures assume forms of a suggestive character?

Here again the simplest way of approach would seem from the basis of Vibration. Taking for example a physical body, whether small or large, organic or inorganic, no matter what its nature may be, we must agree that it is made up of various substances, each one carrying a particular vibration of its own. The sum total of all such vibrations will create a collective rate of vibration which would represent the Dominant Cord of the complete body, what is known in Radiesthesis as the "Rayon Fondamental." If then a certain form is sufficiently dynamic to impress that Dominant vibration upon its material to such an extent as to obliterate for the time being the individual vibrations of the various substances, it could be that when a speck of that material detaches itself from such a body it would continue to vibrate at that rate for a period of time relative to the impulse with which that vibration has been impressed upon it.

Supposing then that a certain water is saturated with such a dynamic dust matter in a state of static suspension it may be that when it becomes stimulated by the presence or addition of salt it would impress the whole surrounding medium to follow that same rate of vibration, gathering it into groupings which would bear a relation to the parent body from which that dust matter has departed.

This of course is but a tentative theory which claims no authority but which may serve as a basis for further investigations into the hidden realms of a humble drop of water.

The following slides with the accompanying explanations were shown by Mde. de Chrapowicki :

1. A small pond somewhere in the United States, the landscape not at all interesting, no vegetation, a few ducks swimming on it. The ducks were indicated by small spots.
2. A river running through a chain of mountains. One of the mountains was supposed to have the aspect of a human head. This could be distinctly seen on the right of the slide.
3. A little pond in the woods in Pennsylvania, surrounded with

tall trees. The formation of trees and tree trunks was very distinct.

4. Atlantic Ocean—a perfect view of fern formation, trees and vegetation.
5. Showing skyscrapers in New York City. “This slide is interesting,” said Madame, “because I found it so difficult to obtain anything for a long time. I took water from rivers, reservoirs, fountains, but all I could get was dust and hairs. Apparently the vibrations were too disturbed. However, one day we had a heavy snowstorm and I collected some snow from my windowsill and used that to make this slide. This was what I obtained.”
6. Bermuda. One could make out distinctly the coral reefs for which this island is famous, and the second slide showed a starfish, also from water from the island.
7. Pacific Ocean, near Los Angeles. The formation on this was like an embryo.
8. Pacific Ocean, the formation looked like an excavation.
9. Atlantic Ocean—“Crossing the Azores for two days I took the water every two hours. The result was reptiles in various forms, what appeared to be snakes and perhaps dinosaurs. They certainly looked like prehistoric creatures.”
10. “Gibraltar gave me very heavy broken crystals. The crystal cubes were amazingly large in size, quite out of proportion when compared with the normal salt cubes we obtain.”
11. Mediterranean. “That was much more interesting. The whole of the Mediterranean, I mean every drop of water I took from it, gave me Maltese crosses.”
12. “The Bay of Naples gave me human people of mediæval character. It was three years ago and the bay was full of submarines and men in uniform. I wondered whether the spirit of military activity could have influenced the vibrations to depict something of this sort.” A figure resembling what might be a crusader was plainly shown on the slide.
13. Holy water from Lourdes. This showed a little shrine, and another slide showed a pedestal with a cross.
14. The Nile. Pyramids seen from the top, also a reflection of stone figures.

The Chairman asked if there were any questions from the interested audience.

Madame was asked if she had ever given a slide to be psychometrized and she replied in the negative.

She was also asked if she had ever experimented with a drop of blood.

The Chairman here said that certain researches had been carried out in Germany with crystals of copper sulphate. Several German doctors had found that if they made a solution of copper sulphate and added various specimens of blood to this solution and allowed it to crystallize, the pathological condition of the patient, within certain limits, showed always the same kind of crystallization. Cancer and tuberculosis nearly always showed the same kind of crystallization, each of its sort. The addition of various hormone extracts from various glands always produced the same crystallization.

Madame C— said she had been using salt. She found in working with the blood that sodium chloride was the best, it being the only salt which does not influence the blood to follow its own formation. "In my crystals I obtain X-Ray pictures of the conditions. I have photographs and slides of various organic conditions. Blood crystals gave a microscopic picture of the organ affected."

Mr. Evans said he thought it would be very interesting if samples of water could be taken from rivers, etc., in various parts of this country and submitted to Madame for testing, and she replied that she would be very pleased to do this as she had not made any experiments in this country. She suggested that Mr. Evans should make slides as well which could be compared with hers.



LILIAN BAILEY, O.B.E.

Photo by Dora Head

LILIAN BAILEY, O.B.E.

A FINE TRANCE MEDIUM

Mrs. Lilian Bailey, a speaking portrait of whom we present to readers through Mrs. Dora Head's fine camera work, has in the last few months become a familiar figure to many at the Institute, where she gives her private work when in London. She is happy at this centre and her personality provides a harmonious instrument for her gift which is pre-eminently that of private trance work for individual sitters. But she has also a public gift for speaking and for demonstration which is valued on many platforms throughout England, Scotland and Ireland. The following in brief outline is Mrs. Bailey's own story of the discovery and growth of her psychic powers, which she sincerely believes have made contact with the Unseen possible for herself and for many through her :—

From a child she was sensitive to influences she could not explain and recalls an early occasion when, facing a musical examination, she was overcome with nervousness which shook her bodily. A clear voice came to her, bidding her have no fear, "I will help you." She passed the exam with honours in the strength of it. Through the years, at other times of stress, the same voice with its reassuring message has been heard. The loss of a very dear mother when she was eighteen led her to visit a medium ; she was told that she herself would be a worker one day and that with her were coloured people who had her in their care, but not a word of her mother. The war years took her to France as secretary to the Director General of Transportation and for these services she received the O.B.E. Marriage followed and she came to reside in Crewe. Still grieving for her mother she was led to read *Raymond*, where she found some guidance for her search. At a Spiritualist church at Crewe she was again told of her potential mediumship and, attending an open circle, began to hear voices giving full names which meant nothing to her, but were at once recognized by a neighbour.

It was not long before Mrs. Bailey heard of the Crewe Circle, and at a sitting for photography, two 'extras' appeared on the plates exposed, one, a coloured girl and the other a young man

with a deep dark mark over one eye, both quite unknown to her. Mr. William Hope took an interest in her mediumship and at the first sitting she became entranced for an hour, but she disliked this full withdrawal of consciousness, was afraid of it and refused to allow it. Another photographic sitting produced writing advising Hope to take Mrs. Bailey to London to Mr. Hewat McKenzie who would help her to prepare for the work which lay before her, and saying that she could only be used normally for sporadic clairaudience and that trance mediumship was her real and valuable gift. She did not take the advice for she did not feel she knew enough to do so, but time has proved the correctness of the message; when last year her steps were led to the British College her valuable gift was immediately recognized.

Mrs. Bailey expresses the greatest gratitude to Mr. Hope and to Mrs. Buxton for the patience and help they gave her over a long period; without such aid she does not feel she could have stayed the course. Her fear of trance was overcome, she was able to verify particulars as to his identity, given by the one who claimed to be her guide, Wootton, an English officer who has proved himself most faithful and trustworthy. There are other helpers but he remains the chief.

Once on being invited unexpectedly to attend a materialization séance she had the joy of seeing her mother and of receiving the encouragement she needed. The guide also appeared showing himself as upon the 'extra' on the Crewe Circle plate. After this last experience nothing was allowed to stand in the way of full development undertaken with the full support of her husband and family.

Mrs Bailey studied her own powers and is aware that with care her gift may be further developed. At the Institute no strain or over-sitting is allowed to interfere with this natural growth of a fine trance medium.

THE PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES OF A WRITER

From "*Without Knowing Mr. Walkley*" by EDITH OLIVIER.
Faber & Faber (1938)

[The Editor gratefully acknowledges the kind permission accorded by the author, Miss Edith Olivier, and her publishers, Messrs. Faber & Faber, to reproduce the remarkable spontaneous psychic experiences in "*Without Knowing Mr. Walkley.*" The author's connection with Miss Moberley, one of the writers of "*The Adventure,*" the well-known Versailles incident, makes the record historically interesting to psychic students.—ED.]

Miss Moberley, the joint author of *The Adventure*, was a distant relation of Miss Olivier's mother, and was the Head of St. Hugh's College, Oxford, when Miss Olivier went into residence. The author gives us, in this informative and delightful book of Wiltshire memories, a fascinating picture of this charming and cultured woman, one of those who, in a difficult scholastic world, made her stand for women's educational privileges.

Miss Olivier points out that music had been Miss M.'s first love and she continued this with her students. It is a sign of an advanced soul, when a great love of music is associated with intellectual achievement as in Miss Moberley's case. Miss Olivier gained her for a friend, and later wrote the introduction to the final edition of *The Adventure*, which had made Miss M. known to a far wider circle than would otherwise have heard of her. Curiously enough, Miss Olivier says, "For years Miss Moberley objected to the mention of the subject in her presence. The Clairvoyante and the School-master in her did not agree, and she disliked spiritualistic 'Experiences.' "

It has been mentioned, by other pupils of Miss M.'s, that the Versailles incident was not the only psychic experience of this distinguished woman and Miss Olivier confirms this. On one occasion, Miss Moberley told her the following story :—

THE BISHOP'S BIRDS

There is an old and well-authenticated legend that when a Bishop of Salisbury dies, two white birds are seen; the legend was common in Salisbury in the 70's and 80's of last century. Miss M. was herself the daughter of a Bishop of Salisbury and she said that an hour or two before her father died, in 1885, she walked out alone into the palace garden. There she saw two very remarkable white birds which flew up from the ground and disappeared over the Cathedral, going in a westerly direction. She described their appearance very carefully—the immense stretch of their wings and

their dazzling whiteness : and she asked me not to forget this legend in case the birds should be seen on a future occasion and no note should be made of it. We see the exactness of her mind in this instruction. Miss O. immediately wrote down in her Journal what Miss M. had told her and then it passed out of her mind till a date in August 1911, some years later. Miss O. had spent the day with her father's choirboys at their annual picnic. Sitting in the brake on the way home she felt very tired, and had been idly watching the sky when she "became aware that she was staring at two enormous birds with very long wings, their wings were so brilliantly white that even their shadowed underside shone like water reflecting light." (Miss O. was an intense lover of the countryside and natural objects, and her observation is precise.) "The birds flew over meadows towards the north-west and came up the sky with still wings which did not strike the air." She thought she had never seen such birds before and called to the boys with her to look at them. But just as she did so they drove under an avenue of trees and only the smallest boy near her said he had seen them too. The horses were walking very slowly and before they came out of the avenue the birds were out of sight. They talked about them on the way home, but the incident recalled nothing to her mind. When they reached her home in Wilts., the Parish Clerk who opened the brake for her at the Rectory said, "I am sorry to tell you the Bishop of Salisbury is dead." Still she did not think of the birds. She had only heard the legend once, years before. The Bishop's death was completely unexpected and much affected Miss O.'s father who was his close friend. To make conversation at the rather sad meal which followed, Miss O. told of the birds, and asked the company what they could be. A Naval cousin present joked her saying she was describing albatrosses, and said it was one of her 'tall' stories about her favourite countryside.

It was only when going to bed that she suddenly recalled the story told her of the Bishop's Birds by Miss M. She hunted for her diaries which she had always kept through her life, and after some search found the passage, and then she saw that Miss M. had said her birds were like "albatrosses." (It is not the first time we have heard of albatrosses as signifying disaster and death—as in the tale of "The Ancient Mariner," and this story is in harmony with many signs and omens which indicate a passing or disaster to heads of famous houses, sometimes in the form of birds, of animals, or of specialized sounds or cries.) "Bishop Wordsworth," says Miss O., "was a very great man and it was fitting that the day of his death should be marked by signs in the skies."

A VISION OF LYONESSE

Another incident that she says can only be recorded but not explained, happened to Miss O. when she once visited Land's End.

It was Ash Wednesday—and a blazing Cornish day, in February, like a June day. She was alone and she trod on the edge of the cliff, and looked out to sea. As she stared across the Atlantic she saw, some miles out at sea, a town, which seemed a very important place. It was a jumble of towers, domes, spires and battlements. She thought it must be on the Scilly Islands, tho' she had never heard of a great city there, imagining them to be only covered with green-houses. As she stood looking out, a coastguardsman approached and she asked him the name of the town.

"There is no town there," he said, "only the sea." "But surely, you can see all those towers and spires," she said. He looked as if he thought she was an imbecile and again said there was no town there. Then she thought she must have seen a mirage, yet had a lurking hope that she had had a vision of Lyonesse which some say lies sunken under the sea off the Cornish Coast.

Later she learned that she was not the only person who had seen such a vision, and she saw it again herself a year or two later. This time a friend was with her, a Scotchwoman. It was a wet and blowy day—very different from the previous occasion. Suddenly standing at the same spot she saw again those domes and spires, standing immovable out at sea. She asked her friend, "Do you see anything over there?" "Indeed I do," she said, "I see a city. I have often been told that from here it is possible to catch sight of the lost city of Lyonesse, but I have never seen it before." Some years afterwards she met this lady again and asked her if she had ever seen this city again. "Only once," she said, "and then I was with my sister and she saw nothing."

Apparently Miss Olivier is at times "psychic."

A STRANGE APPORT

One night she was lying awake in her room at home. The Park Gates were locked so that no one could approach. She heard something fall gently to the ground and thought it was a book which had slipped off her bed. She leant over to look and on the floor thought, in the dim light of a summer night, that she saw a tennis racket, but felt she must be wrong for she did not possess one and no one played tennis in the house. She waited a bit and looked again and it was still there, a veritable tennis racket. She got out and picked it up. It was not a very modern one, an old-fashioned shape, slightly curved with many of the strings broken. Its appearance was never explained, and she says, "if it was an apport left as a joke by a passing spirit, one can only say they seemed deficient in their sense of humour."

AVEBURY

Miss Olivier had another experience which might be comparable to the Versailles incident if it was widely known. All her life she

had been familiar with Stonehenge, but Avebury in the same county, which also possesses earthworks and prehistoric ruins she had never visited. She speaks of Salisbury Plain as being profoundly haunted, but of ghost stories relating to it there are but few.

On a dark autumn evening between five and six p.m. during the Great War, she had to make a journey on some business connected with the Women's Land Army in which she was an organizer. She was driving from Devizes to Swindon and had to ask her way, had to leave the main road, and entered what seemed to her a very strange avenue, passing through a succession of huge grey megaliths, gigantic stones, which stood on either hand looming like great shadows in the rain. She realized that she must be approaching Avebury, she had seen pictures of it in archaeological books, but had never been there. It was said to be older than Stonehenge and was probably larger and finer. What she saw impressed her with its grandeur, and was unexpected as she had only imagined it possessed ruins. She determined she would get out of her car and not miss this opportunity of seeing such remains. She came to the earthworks which remain and climbed a bank. Below her she saw huge stones, some standing, and some fallen, with cottages built among them, very different from the lonely grandeur of Stonehenge. She knew the village of Avebury stood in the old "circle," and that some of the cottages were even built from fragments of the megaliths. As she looked she saw a village fair in progress, with flares and torches for booths and shows, lighting up the stones and cottages. She even saw some rather rough swing-boats, and coco-nut shies, she could see the nuts rolling about, bottles being shivered by shots, and the sound of tinkling glass as they fell. The villagers strayed about in a casual way. She quite enjoyed the sight and the setting and then, as it was raining fast, went back to the car and resumed her journey. She did not return to Avebury for nine years and then visited it as a sightseer with a friend. They wandered about and as they were having tea her friend began looking at a guide book on the table and exclaimed, "Listen, what does this mean? You saw a Ghost Fair when you were here before." In the book they read that a fair had formerly been held every year at Avebury, but that it had been abolished since 1870.

Now Miss O. found it difficult to answer questions about her vision. It had all seemed so normal to her at the time, and as she tried to recall it, it still seemed so. The people were dressed very much as country people were, in rather dull colours. Then the sounds she had heard—did she hear as well as see? She thought she remembered noises and sounds and the click of balls against coco-nuts, perfectly normal as if a fair was going on. The last fair had taken place many years before her vision.

The next year she visited Avebury again for now her interest was aroused and she went as a member of a learned Society interested in archaeology. She told them the story of the fair and one of the learned ones asked, "By which way did you approach Avebury that night?"

"Not the way we came to-day. I came through the avenue of megaliths." That had disappeared, she was told, before the year 1800.

So not only the fair but the whole of her experience that night had taken her back to some time in the eighteenth century, she had 'stepped back in time' as did Miss Moberley and her friend at Versailles. She quotes J. W. Dunne, in *An Experiment with Time*. "All our individual minds are merely aspects of a Universal, common to all mind, which mind has for its four-dimensional outlook, *all* the individual outlooks." She found that no trace existed to-day of the avenue she had seen, there was only tradition to sustain that there had been such an approach. A year or two ago she heard that the avenue was being excavated and that many of the megaliths had been found lying where they had fallen and were being set up in their original position. She went to Avebury to see the work in progress. But to her disappointment it was not the avenue she had seen in her vision, it ran in another direction, South instead of West from the Temple, and she felt that perhaps she had been mistaken in her observation. But the excavator explained that he had begun on the particular avenue now disclosed because one or two stones were still standing at its extreme end which gave him direction. But he went on to say that an even more interesting piece of work awaited him; of all the old avenues, the Beckhampton one possessed the most persistent tradition although none of its stones remained, but he was determined to find that avenue one day if he could. The audience was so learned that Miss O. had not the courage to offer to guide the excavators to the place. She was too modest, but she still hopes to see the stones above ground as she saw them in their ghostly shapes on that rainy evening.

THE MYSTERY OF THE PINEAL DOOR

(*Precis of a Lecture by Oliver Fox (Author of "Astral Projection," Riders, 5/- net), given at the I.I.P.I. on Wednesday, April 26th, 1939.*)

Astral Projection is the name now generally used to denote a certain psychic experience in which the consciousness appears to function apart from the body, to be as it were projected from it and capable of travelling with an enormous velocity over the earth. While there are many records of unconscious or involuntary projections, the people who have been able to achieve voluntary projections with full consciousness are surprisingly few. Indeed the projectionists who have published some account of their researches can be counted almost on the fingers of one hand. Their methods of obtaining this seeming separation of "soul" and body are very different in nature, but many correspondences are to be found when we examine the results obtained. I can speak with authority concerning my own research, but it must be understood that I am not laying down the law. Astral projection is in its infancy.

The conditions for a conscious projection are simply that the mind or critical faculty must be awake while the body is asleep—i.e., entranced—and there are two ways of obtaining this result: The Way of Dreams and the Way of Self-induced Trance. By the first method the normally dormant critical faculty is aroused through noting some incongruous element in the dream and thus realising *in the dream* that the vehicle in which we appear to be functioning is *not* the sleeping physical body. This realisation of duality causes the phantom or astral double to withdraw still further and the sleep condition deepens into a trance which may become cataleptic. Intermediate phases of oscillating dual consciousness may be experienced, and then the experimenter is apparently free to travel with full consciousness and completely separated from his body which he can no longer *feel* to be his, though reason tells him that it is sleeping in his bed at home. Sooner or

later the pull of the Cord (linking the two vehicles) and the Warning Pain in the head (telling us that it is time to terminate the experiment by willing to awake) will be experienced in this type of projection made from a Dream of Knowledge. To disregard this pain may lead to severe catalepsy and is probably dangerous.

I found that after a Dream of Knowledge—and sometimes after an unremembered dream—I would experience a False Awakening: I would believe myself to be awake until hallucinations from the physical standpoint (clairvoyance and clairaudience), together with a strange disinclination or inability to move and a curious sense of atmospheric stress, speedily made me aware that I was in an abnormal state which I named the Trance Condition. It was then possible for me to leave my body. Sometimes this could be effected quite *gently* by just sitting up out of my recumbent physical form and getting out of bed, dual consciousness being experienced until I had moved some distance away from that entranced body now invisible to me. More often, however, separation could be obtained only by a strong effort of will, the effect being that I jumped right out of my body and was immediately swept away at a great speed, coming to rest again outside the house and perhaps many miles away from it. I called this an Instantaneous Projection.

The problem now arose: what had happened in those cases where a *gentle* separation was possible? This remained unanswered until I abandoned the Way of Dreams and approached the subject straight from waking life and with seemingly no break in consciousness, by the Way of Self-induced Trance. I come now to the Pineal Door Projection, and for this precis I must describe the method in "tabloid form":—

(1) Recumbent position, deep rhythmical breathing, eyelids closed, eyes turned upwards and slightly inwards. Concentrate on imaginary trap-door within the brain. I used to think of this as in the pineal gland, though the gland has very likely no connection with the results.

(2) Numbness travelling up legs and over the whole body. Feeling of inability to move, as though "glued down." Great pressure in head. Painful rigidity, especially in jaw-muscles. Sensation of seeing through closed eyelids. Room lit by pale-

golden light. Auditory and visual hallucinations. *Sense of a gaseous or incorporeal body loose within the rigid body.*

(3) Disregard the sound and apparitions. Will to force the incorporeal body through the imaginary trap-door. Great effort; golden light increases to a blaze as the fluidic body surges up within the physical and batters against the closed door. First two or three attempts perhaps unsuccessful. Golden light dies down as fluidic body subsides and becomes again coincident with the physical.

(4) Successful effort. Feel myself pass through the trap-door which closes with a "click." Room normal and lit by golden light. No apparitions, silence except for physical sounds. And here is the extraordinary thing which no novelist would ever have anticipated: the fluidic body is still seemingly within its physical prison, *but in a different way.* It is now possible to obtain separation easily and quite gently as already described. Presumably the Pineal Door had been passed while I was unconscious in those cases I have cited, where, when finding myself in the Trance condition, I was able to leave my body by the gentle method.

Here I can only state that projections by the Dream of Knowledge and Pineal Door methods lead to rather different "out-of-the-body" experiences; but I have dealt with these differences at length elsewhere.

Well, that is the Mystery of the Pineal Door. What *really* happens? Do I know? No, most emphatically I do not!

[Readers are referred to Mr. Fox's *Astral Projection*, a review of which appears in this issue, for a fuller account of his experiences.

In *Behold this Dreamer*, a recent book by Walter de la Mare (Faber & Faber), the distinguished author raises the question of the existence of an astral body and describes how on one occasion, he being absent, his sister saw his astral body sitting in a chair.—ED.]

EXPERIENCES WITH MEDIUMS

By COUNTESS BECK-RZIKOWSKY ("MADAME SYLVIA").

Countess Beck-Rzikowsky is known as "Madame Sylvia" to psychic researchers, doctors and occultists all over the Continent. Like the late Madame de Thèbes, she prophesied the Great War and the subsequent developments in the fate of individuals and nations years before they came to pass. Her peculiar form of clairvoyance has also enabled her to carry out interesting archæological and criminological investigations, which won her international renown.—She is that rare combination—a person endowed with natural psychic gifts who has trained her mind scientifically, and who has reached the degree of adeptship necessary to the control of her own physical and psychic organism.

A lecture on her experiences with mediums was written for the I.I.P.I., and was delivered for her by Countess Nora Wydenbruck on April 19th, 1939, as she was unable to travel to London at the time. From this we have selected the following.—ED.

Madam Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen! It is a great pleasure to me to be able to tell you to-day about a few of my experiences with some of the most outstanding mediums of our age, and to outline to you some of the conclusions I have arrived at during many years of observation and study.

The variety of forms which mediumship can take is amazing. It reminds me of a botanical garden containing numberless plants—we find magnificent blossoms there, and also ugly thorns, and yet they must all be studied under the heading of botany. As each plant, if it is to benefit us, must be nursed by a capable gardener, who ties it up, prunes it, and shapes it, the human medium also needs careful nursing. Mediums retain their individual obstinacy, in spite of their good will, even in deep trance. They need a directing influence, severe discipline and observation, and periods of complete rest in order to recuperate their powers.

All my life I have been drawn to everything psychic. So it was only natural that when I had experienced a great deal in this respect—to which I will return later—I felt the urge, after the Great War, to establish in Vienna an Institute for Psychical Research with the purpose of testing people with mediumistic gifts, and allowing them to work in series of sittings under scientific conditions of control. In order to lay the foundation

for this venture, I used to invite mediums to stay at my home over and over again, so that I could study their capacities. My idea was to test them at first in a small circle, and only then, when I had gained the conviction that they were genuine, to present them to a committee of scientists who were to examine them severely. My enthusiasm was soon to be put to the test when I experienced how negative currents would attempt to interfere even with these purely mental matters, and cause difficulties of the most peculiar nature.

Through my efforts the idea spread, but first I had to encounter the forces of the opposition: the animosity of jealous intellectuals, who, not content with the fact that we were offering them approved material unselfishly, with open hands, only thought of what they themselves might gain through it. And of course the martinets of academic science joined the opposition.

At that time the books of Dr. Schrenck-Notzing were well-known. Especially his works on para-physical phenomena infuriated many sceptics. But this brave pioneer did not allow himself to be intimidated; he sacrificed endless time, money and labour for his investigations. He had furnished a laboratory for research which was a model of correctness and forethought down to the smallest detail, designed to protect the mediums against themselves as well as against the possible harmful actions of over-impetuous investigators.

I have often spoken with Dr. Geley, who visited me in Vienna about our aims and asked for his advice. He himself had a great admiration for the exactitude of Professor Schrenck-Notzing's methods of investigation.

Nearly every year, until the year preceding his death, I visited Dr. Osty in his wonderful laboratory in Paris, which a patron of science had generously fitted out for him.

Schrenck-Notzing and I were old friends; we first sat together at spiritualistic séances with a clairvoyante in Princess Windischgraetz's home at Schönau, and later he would visit me in Vienna and I would see him in Munich, where he often asked me to see the methods he used in controlling mediums and studying their phenomena.

FRAU MARIA SILBERT'S MEDIUMSHIP

Among the mediums I have studied myself I would first like to mention Frau Maria Silbert from Graz, who has also visited London and may be known to many of you here.

She was just a simple, ordinary middle-class woman, nothing in her appearance betrayed her extraordinary gifts, except perhaps her eyes, which were sometimes unusually bright, and at others appeared to be covered by a veil. Frau Silbert was as honest as the day, devout and singleminded. When I first met her, her mediumship was still fairly recent, for it did not manifest itself until she had reached middle age and her children had already grown up, although occasional signs of it appeared when she was a child.

When she first came to our house, to stay with us as our guest for several days, she felt at home with us at once. Now I must confess—and I am ashamed of it now—that both my husband and I felt very sceptical, as we had heard such extraordinary stories about her, so that we met her with the ironical conviction that we would sooner or later catch her out in some trickery or other: with this proviso I had invited several friends for the evenings of her stay. But already at luncheon on the first day we had a surprise. Bright sunlight was streaming into the room, as we sat down, six people in all, at our heavy oak dining-table. Frau Silbert was just going to sit down on her leather-covered chair when a flash of lightning shot out of it towards her, so that she cried out. We had not yet begun to eat our soup when my husband raised his glass and welcomed her as our guest. She clinked glasses with him, and as she was doing so, she laid her left hand on her heart. At that moment, the heavy table, which four people could hardly lift, rose from the ground, swung round its own axis without anything on it being spilt or overthrown, then turned back and returned to its former position. This greeting gave us a better idea of her.

One afternoon I took her to see the Princess Marie Anne de Bourbon Parma, whose husband was away at the time. I had purposely not told Frau Silbert to whom I was taking her, as I wished her to be quite uninfluenced, so I only told her that we were visiting a high-born lady to whom she must curtsy. As soon as we came into the drawing-room, where the Princess greeted us, knocking was heard from every corner of the room

—a sign of the medium's nervous tension. As soon as the servants had placed the tea on the table, the table began to move—so we quickly sent the footmen, who were staring at this phenomenon open-mouthed, out of the room. I should like to mention that Frau Silbert was one of the few mediums who would allow even a chandelier to be full on in the séance-room, nor did she mind when we placed several lamps round the table on the floor, so that we could watch everything that was going on. That afternoon she asked us to lay several objects under the centre of the table without putting our hands on it: we linked hands, forming a circle round it. We then saw how the objects on the brightly illuminated floor began to be surrounded by a kind of mist, which rotated ever more rapidly and gradually condensed to a cloud. Suddenly this circling movement, which we felt as a cold blast of air, was communicated to a ring of historical value which had been laid down. The ring circled quicker and quicker, until it dissolved into nothing before our eyes and disappeared. For a moment we felt rather frightened, and Frau Silbert herself looked anxiously at the spot where the ring had been. Then she fell into trance, jumped up from her seat and said, turning towards us: "Be not faint-hearted and afraid! Sooner than you think the ring will be blessed and returned to you."

Suddenly we heard a faint tinkling in the air, and as we looked up, we saw something flashing from the ceiling, coming down towards us in a circling movement. The nearer it came to us, the slower the rotation, until, swinging in a wide circle, we could recognize the ring, which came to rest on the edge of the table in front of its owner. The Princess suddenly had the idea to draw back her hand, which she had already stretched out in order to take it, slowly moving it away from the table, saying: "Will you come with me?" With a little jerk the ring moved through the air away from the edge of the table, following the hand of the Princess, and settled down on her palm. The inner rim of the ring had been engraved with a capital N and an open triangle. This signature always appeared at Frau Silbert's séances, and the N and the triangle were always in the same proportion to each other, whether the signature was larger or smaller.

Soon afterwards Frau Silbert said that she could see a writing

of fire, and she then asked for the favourite book of the absent Prince, saying that 'Nell,' as she designated the powers around her, wanted to write in it. The Princess said that this would be her husband's shooting-log, but she could not get it, as it was locked up in a desk at the other end of the room. At that moment we heard the sound of a key being turned in a lock, and then the pages of a book being turned over. The next moment violent knocks in the table were heard. The book, materialized, peeped out from under it and laid itself on the lap of the Princess. When we opened it, we discovered that a whole page had been filled in the characteristic writing of the assassinated Archduke Francis Ferdinand, and signed with a signature resembling his in every smallest detail.

In my opinion, this was a phenomenon of such importance and of such interest for scientific investigation that I am glad to have the opportunity of describing it in this scientific circle. The phenomena I have experienced at Frau Silbert's sittings were not always of so friendly a nature. Once, for instance, when we were sitting in her house in Graz, Baron Trebersburg, who was sitting next to me, told me that we were not allowed to put our feet on the cross-bar under the table. His warning had the effect of making me want to try out what would happen if I did. I placed my foot on the cross-bar under the table, and the Baron looked down at it; then I felt how something soft and delicate, like a woman's hand, gently took my foot and put it down. In order to continue the experiment, I put my foot on to the bar again. I was rather taken aback when, with lightning rapidity, two rough, bony hands grasped my ankle, squeezed it and pushed down my foot with a jerk. I then turned to my neighbour and told him that the counter-effect had been rather violent the second time, but nevertheless I was going to try once more. Baron Trebersburg advised me strongly to desist, as he had already been present when somebody had been seriously hurt. But this only strengthened my resolve not to give in to the warning, so as to find out what would happen. Hardly had I touched the cross-bar with my foot for the third time, when a great paw struck out from under the table: it looked like the paw of a lion, brown and with great claws—it clawed my leg from the knee downwards,

tearing my dress and stocking, and struck at my foot.* All the participators of the sitting noticed this incident, and I was reminded of it for several days by bleeding scratches, as well as by the tears in my clothes. While I was putting my foot on the cross-bar, Frau Silbert had been talking to somebody, but at the moment when I was so forcibly punished, she groaned and put her hand to her heart. So the shock produced a counter-shock, which returned to the source of the materialisation.

THE EARLY MEDIUMSHIP OF RUDI SCHNEIDER

I first met Rudi Schneider—another medium who had worked in England—when he was a boy of fourteen. He often stayed with us in our country house, where a circle of twelve people, among them doctors, priests and former officers, could observe his phenomena under good conditions. I kept five lamps alight, which I had veiled with transparent red material; luminous pins were stuck all over his clothing, his shoes, legs and arms were treated with luminous paint, so that his feet and hands should be more easily watched. Besides, the room in which we sat, which was entirely unfurnished, was illuminated by the light of the full moon. Rudi was never allowed to go into the séance-room except for sittings, the door was kept locked, and my husband always carried the key in his pocket. We had our first sitting soon after he had arrived by train. We sat in a circle and all held each other's hands, and two of the men present took it in turn to hold Rudi's hands and legs. Among Rudi's phenomena the levitations were of special interest, as this is a rare aspect of mediumship. At that time he was still at the height of his powers, and the patience we had in working with him even strengthened these.

We would seat him on a simple wooden chair, his feet and

* Frau Silbert paid several visits to the British College of Psychic Science. Accompanying the record of one of these, in *Psychic Science*, Vol. II, No. 1, April, 1923, is a reproduction of a photograph taken at one séance which shows a hand touching the strings of the zither lying on the floor at the feet of the medium. This hand has the appearance of a hairy five-fingered claw and was a puzzle to the investigators who had often experienced touches and grasps of human hands, and seen these on many occasions at the séances, but never anything of this sort. The observation of the Countess that she was mauled by a claw, on the occasion reported in this article, is of great value and is an endorsement of the photograph taken at the College. Provocation may evoke retaliation and etheric matter is capable of taking strange shapes, but on no occasion, either in London or sitting in Frau Silbert's own home in Graz, did I see anything of the kind.—ED.

his hands were held by two men, while two other men sat behind him, so as to watch him from that position; they also held each other's hands and linked up with the circle by touching our shoulders. After a short time we heard his breath come in deep, labouring gasps, which showed the change in his physical state. Then an audible jerk went through his body, and an icy cold breeze blew through the room—the origin of which can probably be ascribed to a kind of astral whirlwind which surrounds us on such occasions. Then Rudi became cataleptic; first he slid down in his chair, and then, lifted up in his entire length, he began to float up in a horizontal position, while the two men were still holding his hands. Twice he fell back on to the chair, but the third time he asked the men who were holding him to climb upon their chairs. They obeyed, and he floated so high above the heads of the sitters that they, standing on the seats of their chairs, could only reach him with the tips of their fingers. We were able to verify on a stopwatch that he remained floating high up, near the ceiling, for a period of two minutes. We kept the circle firmly linked all the time, for if somebody had broken the chain Rudi would have fallen to the ground at once. Every medium absorbs power from each one of the sitters at a séance, and strengthens his own powers by so doing—no matter whether materialisations are being produced or simply clairvoyance. Naturally those of the sitters who emit stronger radiations are more used by the mediums, who usually ask them to sit next to them; so it often happens that a medium asks me to sit beside him or her, and I am glad, as it gives me the opportunity to watch them intently. But some people get annoyed when others seem to be treated with preference. It once happened that several scientists whom I had invited to be present at a sitting demanded that I should leave the room. Rudi was indignant, but I calmed him down and assured him that I did not mind at all. I thought that by complying readily with their wishes I might convince the scientists that Rudi did not depend upon me, but that he was capable of producing phenomena on his own, with the others.

During some sittings we had in Vienna, in Baron Dumba's house, we had a strange experience. Among the sitters there was a certain lady who has strong black-magical powers.

When a person like that comes into a room where I happen to be, my head contracts painfully, and I am overcome by a feeling of violent nausea. This happened again on that occasion, and Rudi complained that he could not go off into trance, something was disturbing him terribly. The tension of our nerves was terrific. Suddenly the silence was disturbed by a violent noise: the glass of a window about three yards from where we sat was shattered with a loud bang, as though a fist had smashed it—and this happened in full electric light. Rudi could do nothing that evening, he was writhing in a state of hysterical nervousness, and even the musical-box which used to fly about and settle on our heads would not function. But afterwards, when we returned to my house, we had, quite spontaneously, a marvellous séance with him and a small circle—all his powers seemed to be joyfully let loose. Another time we had a sitting in the house of Herr von Czernin, where, among others, Professors Pribram, Mayer and Economo were present. In a pause after the levitations Economo, with whom I remained friends until his death, said to me jestingly that this pirouetting in the air might quite easily be produced by skill, if one stood on the back of the chair with one foot and stretched the other out as though one were floating. I thought this extremely funny, and it made me laugh, as this had not the remotest resemblance with Rudi's phenomena, and besides, his chair never had a high back. But the two other professors overheard the remark. The result was that, although they had signed the protocol after the sitting, declaring the phenomena to be genuine, they published an article in the paper on the following day refusing to admit the genuineness of Rudi's levitations. Their actual words were: "Science has so far no explanation to offer, therefore yesterday's events must be ascribed to imagination." I begged Rudi's father to lose no time and simply to publish a facsimile of the protocol with all the signatures, in the paper. Unfortunately this opportunity was allowed to slide.

Rudi set great store by strict test-conditions. Once it happened during our sittings in Vienna that the lights fused just before the sitting, and we could not use candles, as Rudi was accustomed to sit in red light. He was in despair, because he thought people would say he wanted to cheat in the dark. This put him into such a negative mood that his powers failed

almost entirely that night. Our conditions in that circle were that all the sitters tied their hands to those of their neighbours and sealed the knots, so that nobody could be in a position to help Rudi.

HERR MELZER OF DRESDEN

Since that time I have met very many mediums, from all over the world. One of the most interesting of these was Herr Melzer from Dresden, who produces wonderful apports of flowers. We were sitting with him in the house of a colonel in Berlin, when Melzer felt tired and asked my son to play the piano, saying that this would give him fresh power. The medium walked up and down the room with me, waved his hands about in the air and begged me to strengthen his powers. I could feel how the phenomenon was already preparing through the movement of our walking up and down, so I signed to the other guests through the door that stood wide open that they should come and watch through the door. An electric chandelier was full on just above our heads. We ran up and down—suddenly the medium stood still, I felt a pressure on my solar plexus as though a hand were being pressed against it. Melzer cried out joyfully, and at the same moment I saw a rain of yellow blossoms coming down all round us. These apports, whether they be flowers, stones or similar phenomena, only come into our line of vision at a height of six to nine feet. They only become visible then when the too rapid rotation ceases and the details are discernible. The room was covered to a diameter of about three yards with hundreds of blossoms. This happened in the month of January, and the parquet floor was strewn with primroses that were fresh, icily cold and rather wet to touch. The ends of their stalks looked as though they had been scorched, a circumstance I have always noticed with apports of flowers. Melzer was very pale and stood there with his eyes closed. When the rain of flowers ceased, he awoke from his reverie. I have often had him to stay with me; sometimes we had little success, but whenever a phenomenon occurred, it could never be explained by natural means.

So, out of my long experience, I ask all sitters to be extremely critical of themselves and extremely patient and merciful with their mediums. That is the only method by which we can hope to approach the great and fascinating mysteries of psychic research.

EXPERIMENTS IN PSYCHICS

By F. W. Warrick. (420 pages, 650 illustrations; Rider & Coy,
30/- net.)

Special Review by Mr. J. B. McIndoe:

I am grateful to Mrs. Hewat McKenzie for asking me to write about this remarkable book, which is a notable addition to the literature of psychic science.

It is dedicated to Mrs. E. A. Deane, to whom the author pays suitable tribute, and is largely concerned with his experiments with her—he has had over 1,400—but the work of other mediums is also dealt with.

Though the main subject of the book is psychic photography, it has in it much that will be of value to those whose interest in psychic phenomena is general, but, to those specially interested in supernormal photography, there is presented an invaluable mass of facts, carefully arranged, and many of them not accessible elsewhere easily, if at all. These illustrate, and throw some fresh light on, some of the peculiarly puzzling problems which characterize psychic photography.

Mr. Warrick experimented with great care, pertinacity, and ingenuity, in these “most rare, least credited, but most easily controlled, phenomena.”

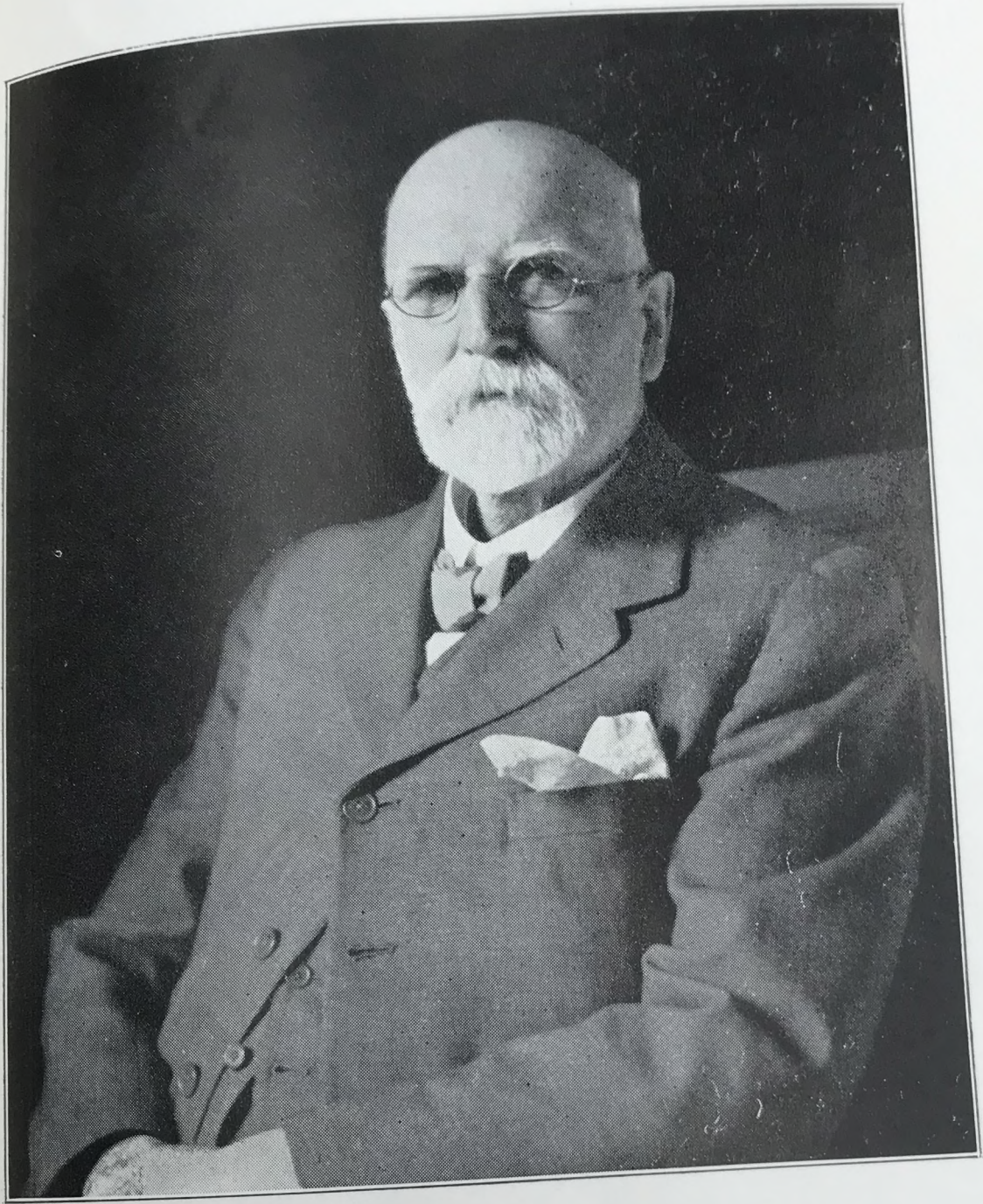
He imposed rigid checks, and has subjected his facts to searching scrutiny, but he brought to his task a wide sympathy, and understanding too often lacking in such investigations.

“Let us, where there are some genuine phenomena, accept them, and leave out of account all those which are questionable, not thinking evil of their source, ever mindful of our present ignorance.”

Coates' *Photographing the Invisible* presents the evidence for survival, Dr. Fukurai's *Clairvoyance & Thoughtography* is devoted mainly to the effects of thought upon photographic plates. Mr. Warrick treats the subject from a scientific standpoint. Not concerned with survival, the book has much in it which many may think evidential, and—“the oft suggested animistic explanation leaves the *modus operandi* unknown and itself does not cover all the facts.”

It is the facts which interest the author and he states them, heedless alike of apparent triviality, and possible destructive implications, with candour and courage.

“Psychic facts are notably bizarre,” he says, “As a recorder of facts I let the report stand.” Recommended to omit all references to markings in the “cotton wool” surrounds, he elaborates on them, and may write further on this matter. Surely no



MR. F. W. WARRICK

one else writing to establish the reality of phenomena has ever cited evidence or urged argument so apparently shattering to any possible belief in them.

Early in the book readers are urged "not to form hasty conclusions from the facts and illustrations . . . so likely to mislead."

Here are some of these facts:—

"Some psychic photographs are produced by photographing in the first instance 'cut out' pictures placed in cotton wool. The question is, Who did it?" Traill Taylor, Editor of *The British Journal of Photography* hinted at this 50 years ago—"Extras" "as if cut out of a photo with a can-opener and held up behind the sitter," he reported in experiments with the medium David Duguid. "Many features are indicative of normal methods of production."

"The normal origin of some extras by double exposure is so obvious that one cannot conceive anyone conscious of fraud putting them into circulation," says Mr. Warrick.

Commenting on one series of experiments in which the plates were left before use in Mrs. Deane's custody, but very securely sealed up, he says:—

"Not on a single one of these 300 plates . . . did any face appear as an 'extra,' though 'extras' were got on plates not thus sealed up."

It may seem "obvious" that no extras appeared because Mrs. Deane could not tamper with the plates, and Mr. Warrick is not the first to have observed that "the less the obstruction, the better the result." But not all have reflected, as he does that, "The obstruction may be a hindrance to the operator if such there be." Also, "the obvious explanation may not be the true one," and he suggests that the real factor may have been subconscious resentment by Mrs. Deane of his constant precaution.

But there are other significant facts implied in such statements as these—

"Never has she—Mrs. Deane—raised any objection to any test I proposed."

"In many of the results obtained there was absolutely no possibility of trickery."

And having weighed all his facts Mr. Warrick writes:—

"The only conclusion I can draw (much against my general way of thought) is, the presence, when good results are obtained, of some intelligent being acting in the manner a human being might act, but invisible to our eyes, and able to overcome the laws of space and time as we know them, and capable of reading my thoughts and memory. Whether this power . . . is an outcome of the medium's psychic make up . . . or exists outside the medium but uses her, is the question."

Over 100 pages are devoted to what Mr. Warrick calls his "Hands and Feet" experiments. Quite justifiably, I think, he regards these as the most valuable in his work. Here we have something new, something, it seems to me, of great importance and significance.

Early in his sittings, he had become convinced that certain "freakish markings" on some plates were somehow caused by Mrs. Deane's hands. Apparently they came only on plates used at "research" sittings, and developed in her presence. Physical contact with the hands could not explain them. Apparently some unidentified chemical was used. An inset slip at page 30, however, states that strong evidence to the contrary has now been got, and will be dealt with in a short sequel to the book. I have reason to believe that this will be of considerable interest.

Starting from the assumed use of chemicals supernormally, the sittings between July, 1924 and March, 1927, numbering over 600, were entirely taken up with experiments designed to throw light on this problem. Stringent control, and the use of novel apparatus, ruled out trickery, and in their ingenuity and patient repetition the experiments remind one of Dr. W. J. Crawford's work, with which Mr. Warrick was closely associated.

Sheets of paper, plain, waxed, auto-type, ferro-prussiate, etc., and of glass, sooted cardboard and other material, and photographic plates were employed, and results obtained on them, when held by Mrs. Deane, or in contact with or close proximity to her.

Markings sometimes resembling stains were got on inner sheets of pads of papers, with the contiguous sheets left almost or quite unaffected, and skotographs were got on the photographic plates. Objects were moved supernormally, materials apparently apported were used, and there was definite evidence of telepathy.

There were of course unsuccessful experiments and blank sittings, but when results were obtained, whatever else there might be, there were apparently always markings in various hues of brown. At first mere blotches these gradually developed, through crude attempts at simple designs suggested by the investigator, into well formed figures, letters and words. Finally mental, i.e., telepathic suggestions, were sufficient.

Mr. Warrick makes some appropriate observations:—

"Many of these results are, beyond question, supernormal:—those where the intelligent operator, present with, or part of, Mrs. Deane, or whatever the origin may be, put, on papers, words and letters thought of, but not uttered by me—"Nell" "Peggie," etc. The Greek letters "M" "N" "S" and "Gamma." "If my reports are credited," they prove "this medium's power of thought-reading, of telekinesis, and of producing apports."

"Once admit the invisible operator, and his power of producing

apports, and much is explained in psychic photography and many other psychic phenomena."

The book contains a comprehensive Bibliography and an extremely useful synopsis in which its contents and illustrations are classified under 49 headings.

It is greatly to be desired that the author's expressed hope that these experiments should be repeated by other investigators, will soon be fulfilled. No one familiar with the records of "fourth dimension" phenomena will hesitate to accept Mr. Warrick's results, but further successful experiments on similar lines might well prove to be the prelude to some fresh elucidation of psychic laws.

But even as things are, Mr. Warrick has taken us another step towards the formulation of a philosophy of psychic science, in which supernormal photography will occupy an essential position. The unifying factor on which that philosophy will rest, will be the activities of the human spirit, freed—at least partially and temporarily—from the limitations imposed by the physical organism.

[Sir Oliver Lodge contributes a foreword to this important book, in which he says, "I can but commend the pertinacity with which Mr. Warrick has pursued the subject and his notes must be of great value to any student of the subject hereafter. For it is the persevering inquirer who attains results in any branch of science and only by long-continued and laborious investigation can anyone hope to arrive at the truth of this complicated and controversial subject."

Sir Oliver also says, "I was impressed by the American testimony of Dr. Cushman." This important case, in which a recognized 'extra' was secured through Mrs. Deane's mediumship, was obtained while she was demonstrating her gift at the British College of Psychic Science. The circumstances were unusual and the conditions satisfactory. The case was exhaustively scrutinized in U.S.A. by the late Dr. Franklin Prince and is mentioned by Mr. Warrick. He also makes many references to articles from his pen which have appeared in this Journal and to experiments in Psychic Photography at the British College with various sensitives.
—Ed.]

THE AIM AND WORK OF THE INSTITUTE

The *Aim of the International Institute for Psychic Investigation* is to study all faculties and phenomena known as psychic, mediumistic, or supernormal, with a view to ascertaining:—(a) What specific results can be obtained through these faculties; (b) Under which conditions the phenomena are most likely to be satisfactory.

This study includes trance states, the mental phenomena of telepathy, psychometry, clairvoyance and clairaudience, and the physical phenomena of telekinesis, apports, levitation, materialisation and direct voice.

The Institute has no preconceived views on the subject of personal survival or spirit agency in the production of psychic phenomena. The Council includes many members of widely divergent views on this subject, and lectures are given by investigators of every shade of opinion. The Institute considers it of the greatest importance to secure accuracy of observation, and to ensure the atmosphere of sympathy which is essential in order to obtain satisfactory results from mediums, who are invariably treated with the courtesy and friendliness to which they, in their quality of hyper-sensitive human beings, are entitled.

All members of the Institute are asked to co-operate in this spirit. It will be appreciated if they will provide accurate details of any outstanding sittings, either positive or negative, which they may have had, as these may furnish valuable data on the conditions which are conducive to good or bad results. They are invited to bring to the notice of the Institute any new medium they may have contacted. A Research Committee will then sit with the medium in question, and if circumstances permit and justify it, an investigation will be carried out.

Since its inception in 1933, the Institute has tested:

Lajos Pap: Apport medium from Budapest.

Harry Brown: Levitation medium.

Mrs. Bullock: Facial changes under Transfiguration were recorded by means of infra-red photography.

Fru Anna Rasmussen: Danish rapping medium.

Rosemary: Speaking in trance in the ancient Egyptian tongue has twice made a record at the Institute.

Rudi Schneider: Telekinetic medium.

Mrs. Brittain: Materialisation medium.

Miss Hylde Lewis: Flower medium.

Mr. Fred Edouin: Trumpet medium (since deceased).

Fru Lara Agustdottir: Materialisation medium from Iceland.

Mrs. Fielding: Poltergeist and Apport medium.

Details of all these experiments are in the files of the Institute for the information of members.

Lectures are given each week on different aspects of mediumship and psychic problems and on allied subjects such as Dowsing, Bio-chemistry, Psychological aspects, Astrology, Palmistry, etc., and any study which may throw light on the mechanism of the psychic faculty.

Members will find a fine collection of books on mediumship, psychology, occultism and metapsychics in the Lending Library, also a Reference Library which may be consulted on the premises. Opportunity is given, if desired, for members to meet each other for the discussion of views and experiences.

Several mediums sit daily at the Institute for trance and other forms of mental mediumship and sittings may be booked with them either for private evidence or in order to take part in the various experiments which are always in progress. The concern of the Institute, however, is the study and investigation of psychic phenomena and it welcomes as members all those who are willing to give their help and experience to further this end. Several sitters are carrying on investigations into mental mediumship, chiefly with a view to clarifying the technique used by different mediums. Some of the results are extremely interesting and the findings may be published in due course.

Mrs. Dundas is carrying out a series of original experiments along lines which she believes to be quite new. As far as she has gone she is pleased with the success attending the method and hopes that it may be a definite contribution to the knowledge of trance technique.

Donations to the General Purposes Fund

	£	s.	d.
A.C.H.	130	0	0
Mrs. Hewat McKenzie	8	0	0
Mrs. M. W. Hankey	2	2	0
	<hr/>		
	£140	2	0

Contributions to this Fund will be welcomed by the Council of the I.I.P.I.

NOTES BY THE WAY

The Summer Session at the Institute has been an exceedingly busy one in the number of visitors, investigations and inquiries which have been dealt with, as well as the actual routine work of a heavy programme. New workers have been tested and new members enrolled. Mrs. Dundas, our Chairman, and Mrs. Greenfield, the Organizing Secretary, have borne the brunt of these many interviews which form a very important part of the work.

* * * *

The Lecture Programme has been a fine one and we are fortunate in finding for Wednesday evenings and for the Tuesday afternoon Discussion Teas so many able men and women to present such excellent matter on many topics. In this issue we are able to provide summaries of several very interesting lectures by the courtesy of the speakers. The more informal talks under 'Educational Evenings' should be supported, as it is in these that members can find ampler opportunities for question and discussion than on more formal occasions. Such experienced students as Mr. Drayton Thomas, Mrs. M. W. Hankey and Mrs. A. Chubb and others, who assisted us in these this term have much to give to others. The evenings devoted to Trance Teachings by the 'Controls' of various well-known mediums, were of interest, but intelligent questions from the audience are often required to elicit worth-while information.

* * * *

Among visiting mediums we welcomed Mrs. Bertha Harris and Mrs. Lilian Bailey and they, with other members of the staff, were able to meet the constant demands for reliable psychic evidence. Mr. Jordan-Gill's short visit was appreciated and we hear of new demonstrators being secured for the autumn.

* * * *

Mr. Shaw Desmond, our Vice-President, has given a series of lectures at the Caxton Hall during May and June under the auspices of the World Service Group. He dealt with various aspects of the world situation and was able also to envisage what the new world which is being shaped out of the confusion may be like. Mr. Shaw Desmond claims important other-side communications on these matters. Excellent gatherings rewarded his efforts.

* * * *

Prophetic utterances as to world affairs, through mediumistic sources, remain, in this country, optimistic. Miss E. B. Gibbes in various issues of *Light* for May and June reports communications through Geraldine Cummins which have proved remarkably correct. The 'Financier' who sends these through was known to the recipients

as a man of affairs when on earth, he claims only a little further degree of knowledge now, but from this he is able to see that small way ahead which can serve us.

In *Prediction* for May, Mr. Frank T. Blake, President of the S.N.U. and leader of the Bath Road Church in Bournemouth, assures readers, as he has assured his own congregation, that from his tested powers of prevision on other occasions, there will be no war in Europe for ten years. In the same issue 'Abduhl Latif,' through Miss Francis, continues his assurances on equally hopeful lines, though he envisages many changes on Europe, in the efforts which will be made to secure peace. Mrs. Kathleen Barkel, from the Queen's Hall platform, is equally confident, though she thinks 1940 may be a crucial year.

Miss May C. Walker, however, writing from Canada, reports that Mr. Thomas Lacey, whose work in that country is well thought of, predicts more trouble for Europe when the Spanish War ended and we put this on record at Miss Walker's request. She has been, during the last few months, travelling in Australia and New Zealand, and has visited many centres and many mediums but has nothing outstanding to report. If, however, any members should be visiting these countries Miss Walker's letter as to her contacts is available in our files.

Interesting letters have also reached us from Italy, Jugo-Slavia, Turkey, Bulgaria, and Canada, relating to psychic activities.

* * * *

Miss Helen MacGregor and Miss Margaret Underhill are at present in London and may remain here for the autumn instead of returning to Florence, which has been their residence for some years. If they decide to do so, their work will be a real asset to the facilities available for group and individual instruction from experienced students.

* * * *

Mrs. Kelley Hack writes that she has returned to Genoa from a long visit to S. India, where she made contact with the Maharishi, the seer mentioned in Paul Brunton's books, who has now an Ashram where visitors are received. These come from many lands and receive spiritual help from this holy man. Mrs. Hack was able to assist the group with corrections of some translations of his utterances to be published in the West.

* * * *

We note with regret the passing of Isabel, Marchioness of Aberdeen. This able woman, who gave her service to public causes so freely during a long lifetime, was a member of the Institute. While President of the Lyceum Club she took a warm interest in the formation, under the auspices of the late Mrs. Champion de Crespigny, of the Psychic Circle which is still actively functioning.

Mr. Theodore M. Stancomb, an early member of the British College, has also passed on. He owed much to psychic facts and repaid this with willing service in many directions.

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A Healers' Association has been formed for the purpose of protecting the interests of healers and of furthering such work. An inaugural meeting was held on May 17th and particulars of membership may be obtained from the Secretary, 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1.

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The Secretary thanks Miss Joseph, Mrs. S. Pope, Mr. Wick, a Jersey member, and others, for flowers for the Institute rooms and welcomes such gifts from others.

BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY

*New Books

	<i>Cat. No.</i>	<i>Published</i>
*BEALE, A. A. "Evolution of Man's Mind" ..	319	1939
*COLLINS, B. ABDY. "Death is not the End" ..	788	1939
*FOX, OLIVER. "Astral Projection"	1214	1939
*GILLESPIE, E. A. "Knowledge of Thy Truth" ..	1306	1939
MAX-GETTING, S. "Les Missionnaires de l'Astral" and other works	F97—F101	
*MCLAREN, F. V. "I Told You So" (Fiction) ..		1939
*MÉGROZ, R. L. "The Dream World"	2061	1939
*MYERS, SIR DUDLEY. "Spiritual Forces" ..	2104	1938
POSSENDORF, HANS. "The 77th Day" (Fiction) ..	92	
*VIVANTE, L. "Indetermination et Creation" ..	F96	1939
*WARRICK F. W. "Experiments in Psychics" ..	3226	1939

Thanks are due to Mrs. Kekewich and to Mde. Suzanne Max-Getting for gifts of books.

BOOKS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW

Beale, Arthur A., M.D. THE EVOLUTION OF MAN'S MIND. (Rider, 3/6 net.)

Brunton, Paul. INDIAN PHILOSOPHY AND MODERN CULTURE. (Rider, 3/6 net.)

Richmond, Kenneth. EVIDENCE OF IDENTITY. (G. Bell & Sons, 3/6 net.)

Scott, Cyril. VICTORY OVER CANCER. (Methuen, 3/6 net.)

BOOK REVIEWS

THE SHADOW OF ATLANTIS

By Colonel Braghine. (Rider. 15/-.)

The title of this interesting and scholarly work, *The Shadow of Atlantis*, by Colonel Braghine, is somewhat misleading, for it certainly gives more solid substance to all the myths and legends of the Lost Continent than any book that has so far been published in England. However, if the author claims only a shadow for his theories that, which he has thrown upon our screen, is so substantial that he makes us believe firmly in the reality of what is behind and above and below it.

Theosophists have written much on the Atlantis story, and the writings of Madame Blavatsky, Lewis Spence and Scott-Elliot have given us very detailed descriptions, but Colonel Braghine, while not presuming to criticise the alleged psychic promptings of other writers, has based his conclusions entirely on archæological, anthropological and astronomical facts to prove his unshakable belief in the existence of Atlantis and its instantaneous destruction by a catastrophe of gigantic dimensions. That there is to-day a lively interest in this fascinating subject is proved by the fact that in Paris there is a Library containing 25,000 volumes dealing with Atlantology.

The author also gives numerous and striking proofs of the existence of a wide culture on the American Continent ages previous to the recognized discovery of a new World by Columbus, and all that he tells us of the sculptural buildings of those ancient civilizations is vitally interesting. The universality too of the legend of a devastating Flood is specially remarkable, while the most arresting description based on scientific research is of the probable nature of the catastrophe which destroyed Atlantis. Other writers have ventured more or less to surmise, but Colonel Braghine gives as the result of scientific conclusions that the disaster was caused by a blow dealt to the earth by a large comet and possibly accompanied by the fall of an immense meteorite similar to that which fell in Siberia in 1908 and is only now being investigated by scientists and given its due importance.

Apart from the absorbing and numerous facts presented to us by Colonel Braghine, there is a special interest to all psychic researchers in comparing the scientific statements of our author with the work of Mr. Scott-Elliot, who claims for his alleged knowledge the phenomenon of inspirational writing. His treatise on Atlantis is concerned with the two Lost Continents of Atlantis and Lemuria, and it is gratifying to find agreement on the principal points of the narratives.

In the volume under review there is much less told of the other Lost Continent, Lemuria, though it is interesting to hear that this has been the object of much scientific research in recent days on the part of scientists of all nations and that the modern name of Lemuria is Gondwana. Both authors of course quote Plato as the one writer of note whose word may be trusted, but Colonel Braghine gives us valuable details of the capital city of Atlantis, Poseidonis, and to

quote our author : " The fact is that in spite of many defects in Plato's Dialogues, after 2000 years of criticism . . . they still contain much truth." The psychic narrative goes into much more detail on the subject of Atlantean decadence and like Colonel Braghine gives as the prime reason for the destruction of Atlantis, the prevalence of Black Magic, though this he regards as legendary. If Atlantis was punished for forsaking the ways of Righteousness, let us take heed that we do not ourselves draw upon our earth a catastrophe of destruction.

E.M.J.

INDIAN UNDERWORLD

By M. Paul Dare. (Messrs. Rider. 7/6 net.)

The author of this account has, in his position as a journalist in India, had unique opportunities of learning of ritual practices still practised in spite of the decrees of officialdom. His stories of human and animal sacrifice are far from pleasant. He does not believe, however, in interference with these expressions of religious fervour bound up with the older faiths. That is as it may be, but all progress both in India and elsewhere proves that more enlightened methods can replace crudity and cruelty.

M. Dare has an interesting story to tell of an attempt by himself and a friend to photograph a holy image to which they had been invited by its custodians to offer a gift, but had refused. They took the photograph and though everything else was beautifully clear and in focus, the idol, clearly before them, did not appear on one plate exposed, and on another, with another camera, it was blurred, while all the rest of the picture was sharp.

Many Poltergeist and well-attested incidents are recorded and are in harmony with similar cases investigated in the West. The happenings at a shrine, noted for its evil conditions, which the author experienced himself, the full account of which he prefers not to publish, confirms his belief that " There are some things in this great mysterious India upon which it is best, for the safety of the human soul, to let the curtain fall."

B.McK.

THE DISCOVERED COUNTRY

By Owen Redington Washburn. (Rider. 5/- net.)

Mr. Washburn, who is a Congregational minister in Vermont, U.S.A., has the supreme courage of his convictions and makes bold to speak positively of the Discovered Country of which he has become aware through personal experiment. He has had natural clairvoyant powers since youth and has used these in the service of others as opportunity offered. Possessing also an X-ray diagnostic gift he has, on many occasions, by seeing clearly the condition of the physical organs of the body been able to give timely warning and to suggest a cure for the malady. These glimpses he assures us have always come to him for altruistic purposes and where they could be of real service.

Sometimes, when conditions were not favourable, he too found that he could do nothing because of unbelief.

As a convinced spiritualist he has made many contacts with well-known mediums in the States, but he bases his testimony chiefly on his own varied gifts and parallels his experiences with New Testament instances. Modern psychic experience is to Mr. Washburn the only reason for belief in those of two thousand years ago.

B.McK.

ASTRAL PROJECTION

By Oliver Fox (with a Foreword by the Hon. Ralph Shirley)

(Rider. 5/-.)

This is a record of 'Astral Projection,' or travelling dreams, experienced from their incipient stages in very early youth, up to the present day—1936 to be accurate. The record possesses a number of features of interest to those making a study of this particular branch of Psychical Research.

Mr. Fox states in an early chapter that he aimed at the standpoint of Psychical Research when writing his book, but he might have adhered even more closely to his aim with advantage, leaving out for instance such unnecessary complications as the Theosophical teaching on the difference between the 'Astral' and 'Ethereic' bodies, distinctions which leave the humble student of the Super-normal wondering more than a little how such conclusions are arrived at. Surely we have enough to do to establish the existence of one 'subtle body' capable of being exteriorized without dragging in several more.

Mr. Fox's experiences as set down here parallel at a good many points those contained in Messrs. Carrington & Muldoon's well-known book on the subject, but he has not been so fortunate in obtaining witnesses to his dream peregrinations. This is a pity, for according to this chronicle he succeeded in becoming remarkably proficient both in controlling his dreams and in distinguishing degrees of consciousness attained in them. A large number have been recorded which should be of great interest from the point of view of the Psychologist, for they show a remarkable variety in the strata of consciousness capable of being apprehended and of reacting to stimuli during the dream state.

The Hon. Ralph Shirley, late Editor of the *Occult Review*, writes an interesting foreword, recalling that some of Mr. Fox's early experiences were first published by himself in that journal, long before later records by Carrington, Muldoon, Gerhardi and others came into the field.

V.A.

THE INNER REALITY

By Paul Brunton. (Rider. 12/6.)

This is the eighth book from Paul Brunton's pen, a remarkable output of the last few years. He has now a public which waits for his utterances, and he promises in a future volume the ripest fruit of his experience.

Having made a first-hand study of the spiritual teachings and

methods of approach of the East, and having found a Teacher who set his feet on the way, he now seeks to do for others what they could not do for themselves, lacking his facilities. He regards it as his mission in this life and in view of the aimlessness of the present epoch to attempt to 'make men aware of the value of their own soul.' It is good that new teachers should arise to present the verities by which men have always lived in a guise acceptable to the modern world and shorn of the trappings which in the process of time have obscured them. *The Inner Reality* is a long book, and the publishers apologise for its being an expensive one. The latter is a pity in a volume aimed to give as many as possible some guidance on life. It does not contain much new matter, for the subject matter, says the author, is composed of addresses, selected and expanded, which has been given to small groups of students in various countries. The one theme, whether in dealing with the teachings of Jesus in the Lord's Prayer, or the Sermon on the Mount, or in the long chapters expounding the Bhagavad Gita, is 'Look within,' 'Find God within yourself,' 'The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.' In a previous book *The Quest of the Over-Self*, the author has outlined methods of achieving this, and he emphasizes anew the necessity for attention to the claims of the inner life, to securing times for meditation, to an attitude of humility and sincerity and the development of goodwill towards our fellow-men. By such methods and approach the student may set up a positive resistance to destructive forces around him by his spiritual constancy.

Gandhi, another spiritual teacher of to-day, gives his followers a like message, that man must put restraints upon himself when he begins the search for the spiritual life. Students of psychic forces as they proceed in their study of themselves which the knowledge of these opens up, will find that they are led to such books as this in following the old precept "Know Thyself."

B.McK.

NORTHCLIFFE'S RETURN

By Hannen Swaffer. (The Psychic Press, Ltd., 4/6 net.)

It is pleasant to reread an old book in a new edition as in this case. The new dress provokes a fresh approach from the reader, and I perused with interest these early testimonies of the famous journalist to psychic facts, facts for which he has so courageously continued to stand. He fought for them as all must do in the face of outward discouragement and derision, and he won through because he discovered that he was 'on the side of the angels.' They brought him a new view of life, a view which has nerved his voice and pen ever since. He believed that it was his chief Northcliffe—for whom he had a real regard—who made the pace, very much as he would have done in life on a worth-while venture; behind him may have been others who saw in Hannen Swaffer a man who could be used in a particular way to make the knowledge of survival widely known. He had great opportunities for propaganda, contacts denied to others, and a ready voice and pen. He has loyally followed "the Gleam"

BRIDGING TWO WORLDS (Vol. III)

By Wallis Mansford. (Rider, 5/- net.)

Mr. Wallis Mansford, in his third volume dealing with his psychic contacts with some of the great poets of the past—a study which he has so courageously and consistently followed for ten years—gives many fresh instances as to the reality of these. His evidence has been secured through selected mediums who have proved suitable for such contacts. This is followed by an account of the interesting journeys he was led to make both in Britain and on the Continent, sometimes in successful search of verification of his evidence, sometimes from a desire to acquaint himself with scenes associated with the lives of his communicators, not without a psychic value in itself. Following on the travel came the wish to bring before the public afresh a reminder of its rich heritage from the poets, and a series of musical and poetry recitals of their works was presented before many societies, psychical and others. During these occasions, when reciting some of the poems, he was conscious of inspiration, and frequently, clairvoyants present would gather indications by means of auric colours and forms, that the occasion was of interest to unseen participators.

It is a romantic story, but it is much more than that, for it has brought conviction to the author himself and to many others, that his love for poetry has roused a corresponding vibration elsewhere which has had its reward. Who of us who know of survival would not wish to be so convinced and to be chosen for mediation by personalities such as Tennyson, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Rupert Brooke, Burns, Oscar Wilde, Edward Fitzgerald, and to make their words live again in the hearts of men.

Mr. Mansford's three volumes, beautifully produced, should be in the possession of all students who wish to know the complete story of this search and its fruition.

B.McK.

SPIRITUAL FORCES

By Sir Dudley Borron Myers, O.B.E. (Rider & Co., 7/6.)

The author of this book is already known to us by his admirable little work *Spirit Guidance*, and it is a worthy sequel for it adds much from the author's experience and also gives scientific information on many interesting subjects, Alchemy for instance and Lamaism.

Sir Dudley Myers spent many years in India which accounts for the sub-title of this book, namely, "a record of teachings and experiences showing where two worlds meet," for the most interesting part is that dealing with the striking evidence of spirit guidance in matters relating to his work. Sir Dudley's chief achievement was the formation in India of the European Association for the protection of European interests and the voicing of European opinion, and at every step he was helped over many difficult corners. Nevertheless his experience of war work in England showed him the impossibility of trusting to spirit-guidance as regards time. He was persistently

assured of the rapid end of the war and the explanation of this failure to see the real future is valuable. "They" he quotes, "only see the conditions on earth in patches, and in thinking that the war would be of short duration they were unconsciously influenced by the mentality with which they came in contact near the earth plane. In Germany, there was an organized and concrete mental atmosphere pointing conclusively in one direction, while in the other countries opinions were in a state of chaos; the result was that the communicating spirits came under the German atmosphere and their outlook was impaired by the false hopes of the Central Powers." This only applies, of course, to the group with which the author was in contact.

The chapter on Alchemy is unusually interesting, for the author has evidently given the subject his close attention. He is able to report the discovery in the modern chemical laboratory of the perfect elixir, so long regarded as yielding the SECRET OF LIFE, and hitherto evading discovery. As he only gives us this startling news in a footnote, we must wait for a further volume from his pen.

The subject of Lamaism is admirably treated and the history and application of it valuable.

Sir Dudley is fortunate in having apparently found a very exceptional Medium called 'Melchior,' through whom he has been helped to know many valuable details of the after-life. He also acknowledges his debt to the well-known medium, the late Miss S. McCreadie. This help enabled him to carry out the task he set himself thirty years ago, "To prove or disprove the claims made through the ordinary channels of Spiritualism that the affairs of mankind were in a great measure influenced and directed from the spirit side of Life and further to discover what really lay behind the Spiritualistic cult and whither it was destined and directed to lead one."

He is satisfied with his quest and says he has found far more than he was led to anticipate. So convinced is he of the value of this cult, that he calls it, "At this stage of our development, OUR FOURTH DIMENSIONAL AVENUE, the link for all our progress in the spirit life."

The last chapter of this book leaves one with an unusual sense of satisfaction and having been privileged indeed to contact "Spiritual Forces."

E.M.J.

KNOWLEDGE OF THY TRUTH

By an Anglican Priest, Edward Acheson Gillespie, in collaboration with Mrs. Hester Dowden. (C. W. Daniels Coy., 3/6 net.)

Had the title of this little book been "Search after Truth," it would have been better described, but as written by an Anglican priest it cannot fail to be commended for its attempt to shake off some of the chains of orthodoxy and reveal the "Larger Hope" of freedom.

The book claims to be a series of messages from the Beyond, received by the wife of the communicator, in collaboration with Mrs. Hester Dowden. Several rather controversial questions are raised, the Resurrection, Miracles, and others, and the substitution of the

word Powers for Miracle, where such happenings are recorded, is entirely in harmony with the spiritualistic view, namely, that what in ignorance has been looked upon as a violation of natural law is only a manifestation of a Divine Power, the gift of every man who has sufficient knowledge and sufficient faith to develop it. The Churches have all down the ages ignored the many gifts of the Spirit named by St. Paul and have frequently and publicly attributed these gifts to the Devil. The bodily Resurrection too is very helpfully treated by this priest and his language being entirely simple and free from any tinge of mysticism will appeal to those minds seeking greater freedom from Church dogma and yet unwilling to delve into Occultism.

E.M.J.

THREE FAMOUS ALCHEMISTS

(Raymond Lully, Cornelius Agrippa and Paracelsus)

By A. E. Waite, Lewis Spence and W. P. Swainson.

(Messrs. Rider, 5/- net.)

This is a difficult book to review, not that the three well-known writers who deal respectively with the famous alchemists have not made the life stories both interesting and enlightening, but that none of them can agree as to the real significance of alchemy. What was all the secrecy about? Were the multifarious and intricate and expensive apparatus (there are reproductions in the volume of old woodcuts of some of these) which ate up the wherewithal of the magicians and their friends, only a concealment, a camouflage, for some undeclared deeper purpose? No one even seems to have been a penny the richer for the talk of gold though its lure may have been a useful means of holding off the inquisitors. Was it all a cover for intensive psychic and occult study, a dangerous pastime in the heyday of the Church? In the case of Dr. Dee, a new monogram of whose life we may expect soon from the same publishers, psychic study and guidance through mediumship certainly accompanied the experiments and all the alchemists were occultists. Or was it, as our writers suggest, a cloak for mystical study, a means of refuge such as a yogi might adopt to secure uninterrupted quiet?

In a visit to California in 1927, I met a woman alchemist who after years of close study and experiment and much expense claimed to have discovered the 'red earth' and used it for healing, even to the extent of raising a person recently dead. Her work was well known among a group of intelligent persons. She herself had a knowledge of psychic powers and held that she had been guided in her discovery.

The main value of this book, to myself at least, lies in the record of human endeavour and endurance in the search for truth. Undaunted by persecution, imprisonment, poverty, these three dauntless heroes fought to the end to give those who would hear, in any country, the result of their efforts, and their names live imperishably, obscure as some of the details are, as being amongst those to whom liberty of thought and action are man's supreme treasures.

B.McK.