WINTER 1962 TOMORROW Vol. 10, No. 1

TOMORROW

WINTER 1962 ■ FIFTY CENTS

RUSSIA EXPLORES "INNER SPACE"

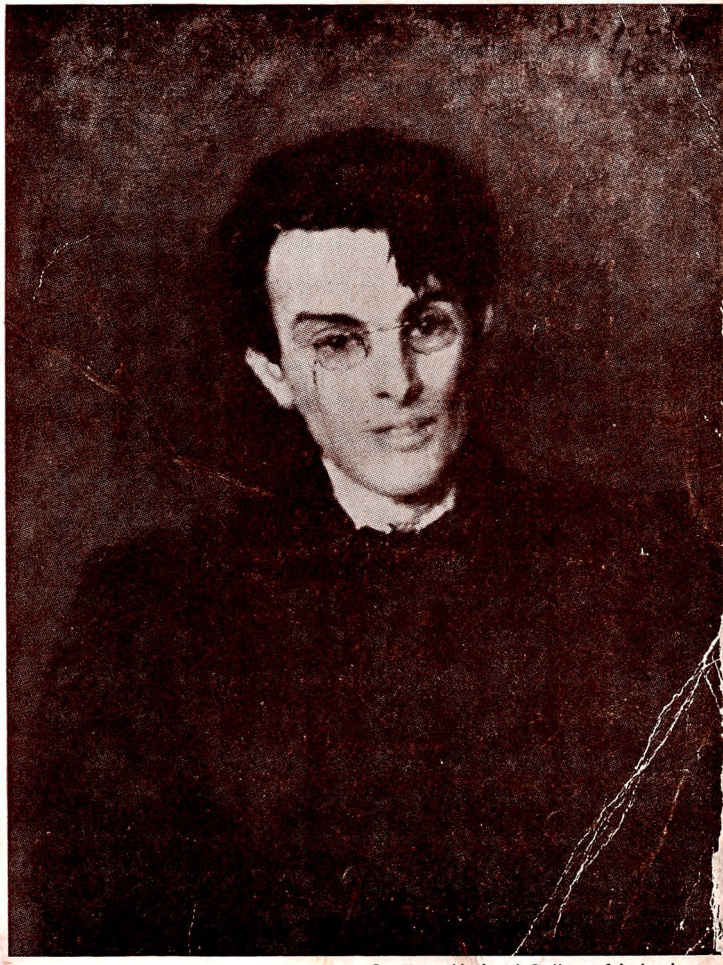
[Page 6]

■

ARTICLES AND REVIEWS BY

Allan Angoff
Henry Askeli
Martin Ebon
Wainwright Evans
Nandor Fodor
Eileen J. Garrett
Betty Hoven
B. M. Moffat
Vera Randall
Pauline Saltzman
Ranjee Shahani
Rhea White

■



Courtesy, National Gallery of Ireland

W. B. YEATS

PAINTING BY JOHN BUTLER YEATS THE ELDER

See "The Psychic World of W. B. Yeats," by Sherman Yellen (P. 99) and Yeats's one-act play, "Words Upon a Windowpane" (P. 107).

Editorial

THE MYSTERIES REMAIN

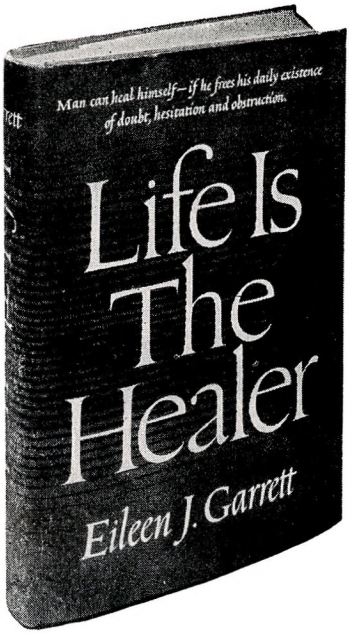
LOOKING over the Table of Contents of this issue of TOMORROW, I was reminded of the wise French phrase, "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose. . ." Only, in this case I realized that man's deep concern with the mysterious has remained unchanged since the secret rites at Eleusis were the center of ancient Greek concern with the supernatural, communication with an unseen world, euphoric contact with the Gods. The Eleusinian mysteries had a profound impact on the development of Hellenic ethics, Christian principles, and eventually all of Western civilization.

We can now look back in time and across the globe geographically and note that the core of ritual found at Eleusis had its parallel in Asia, Africa and elsewhere. It was my privilege, some years ago, to visit the ancient sites at Eleusis; I saw the ancient crosses scratched by early Christians on the pavement of the temple of Demeter, as a gesture of triumph over a cult that had existed for over two-thousand years. It was brought home to me afresh that, as one age succeeds another, only the outward symbols seem to change, while man's spiritual and material involvements remain constant.

It may appear flippant to say that the quest for oracular reports on Wall Street differs only outwardly from the often quite materially-oriented requests that were taken to the temples and oracles of ancient Hellas. The bronze coins of Eleusis were the antecedents of modern coinage; their symbolic magic bears witness to the influences that have been retained in our present-day structure of what we might call the magical elements of economy.

WE do differ from the ancients in our attitude toward disclosure. In our talkative age, even a state secret hardly remains unknown from one edition of a daily newspaper to another. The gifted, capricious Alcibiades dared to challenge the mysteries of Eleusis;

(*Continued on Inside Back Cover*)



LIFE IS THE HEALER

Eileen J. Garrett

$3.75

"I do not exaggerate when I say that for some readers this book may spell the difference between life and death."

Edward Wagenknecht, BOSTON HERALD

Available through TOMORROW BOOK SERVICE — 29 West 57 St., N. Y. 19

Latest Proceedings Volume

The Parapsychology Foundation, Inc., has issued the third in its series of volumes of conference proceedings, entitled

PROCEEDINGS OF TWO CONFERENCES ON PARAPSYCHOLOGY AND PHARMACOLOGY

The volume includes papers delivered at the *Conference on Parapsychology and Psychedelics,* which took place in New York on November 15 and 16, 1958, and the *Conference on Parapsychology and Pharmacology,* organized at St. Paul de Vence, France, from July 6 to 10, 1959.

Aspects of future research in the special border area linking psychopharmacology and parapsychological studies were examined at both meetings; because of the rapidly evolving work in both fields, this volume is particularly timely and unique.

Copies may be ordered at $3.00 from

PARAPSYCHOLOGY FOUNDATION, INC.
29 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

TOMORROW

Eileen J. Garrett, Editor

Martin Ebon, Managing Editor
Stephen Waring, Associate Editor
Gorham Munson, Consulting Editor

Lenore Davison, Assistant to the Editor
Lester E. Buckland, General Manager
Laura Oteri, Editorial Assistant

VOL 10, No. 1 WINTER, 1962

RUSSIA EXPLORES "INNER SPACE" by Martin Ebon 6
A LENIN APPARITION? 17
VISIONS AT DEATH by Wainwright Evans 19
MY GUARDIAN DEVIL by Henry Askeli 29
PROMISE AND FOREBODING A Book Review by Allan Angoff 36
THE GHOST OF WESTBROOK PARK by B. M. Moffat 47
MEXICO'S PAPER DOLL MAGIC by Betty Hoven 51
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS 55
DIARY OF THE FUTURE by Pauline Saltzman 61
THE COCOS ISLAND MYSTERY by Nandor Fodor 71
TWICE WARNED by Ranjee Shahani 81
WAS IT COINCIDENCE? by Vera Randall 89
JOURNEY TO THE MIND by Rhea White 93
THE PSYCHIC WORLD OF W. B. YEATS by Sherman Yellen 99
THE WORDS UPON THE WINDOW-PANE A Play by W. B. Yeats 107

Tomorow, Vol. 10, No. 1, Winter 1962. Published quarterly by Parapsychology Foundation, Inc. at 50c a copy. Annual subscription: $2 in U.S. and Canada. $2.50 in foreign countries; two years for $3.50 in U.S. and Canada, $4.25 in foreign countries; three years for $5 in U.S. and Canada, $6 in foreign countries. Editorial and Business Offices, 29 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright 1962 by Parapsychology Foundation, Inc. All rights reserved. Second class postage paid at the Post Office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

ALLAN ANGOFF regularly conducts a column on new books for this magazine. He is Assistant Director of the Fair Lawn Public Library, Fair Lawn, New Jersey. Mr. Angoff contributed a paper on "Protest in American Literature since World War Two" to a recent issue of the *Journal* of the College Language Association.

HENRI ASKELI is a Doctor of Bio-Psychology, Taylor University, Chattanooga, Tennessee. Born in Finland in 1886, Mr. Askeli has written several books in Finnish on health. His most recent work in English is "How to Know Yourself." He lives in Centerville, Massachusetts.

MARTIN EBON is Managing Editor of TOMORROW and Administrative Secretary of the Parapsychology Foundation.

WAINWRIGHT EVANS, who is an editor and writer of long standing, now lives at La Luz, New Mexico. Among his previous contributions to this magazine are a biographical article on "William James," (Vol. 8, No. 1) and "Allan Kardec: Prophet of Reincarnation" (Vol. 8, No. 4).

NANDOR FODOR, who practices psychoanalysis in New York City, is the author of many books and articles. His most recent work is *The Haunted Mind: A Psychoanalyst looks at the Supernatural* (1959).

EILEEN J. GARRETT, whose editorials have appeared in TOMORROW ever since the magazine's original publication as a monthly of literature and public affairs, from 1941 to 1951, is President of the Parapsychology Foundation and Editor of TOMORROW. She is the author of many books, including the autobiographical *Adventures in the Supernormal* (1949), and the recent *Life Is The Healer* (1957).

BETTY HOVEN has written material for radio and television shows and has contributed to several magazines. Her husband is an airline pilot, and Mrs. Hoven has completed the manuscript of a book, *Airline Confidential.*

B. M. MOFFAT has contributed a number of accounts of apparent ghostly happenings to the pages of this magazine, among them "The Ghostly Lady of Losely Hall" (Vol. 6, No. 3) and "The Ghosts of Pertwood Farm" (Vol. 6, No. 2).

VERA RANDALL is represented on the pages of this magazine for the first time. She resides at Chula Vista, California.

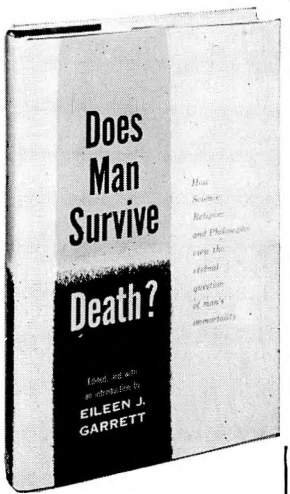
PAULINE SALTZMAN's name is familiar to the readers of these pages, as well as of other periodicals dealing with psychic phenomena. Among her contributions is an article on "Shelley's Premonitions" (Vol. 7, No. 3).

RANJEE SHAHANI is a member of the faculty of the New School for Social Research in New York City. From 1957 to 1958 he was literary editor of the Indian periodical *Panchshila.* Among his works of fiction and non-fiction are *The Indian Way* and *Mr. Gandhi.*

RHEA WHITE is Editorial and Research Associate of the American Society for Physical Research. She is at present engaged in a survey of spontaneous psychic phenomena in the United States.

Now Available for Your Reference Library or as a Thoughtful Gift

DOES MAN SURVIVE DEATH?



How Science, Religion and Philosophy view the eternal question of man's immortality

A Symposium from the pages of TOMORROW, expanded and supplemented with contributions by Eileen J. Garrett, Gabriel Marcel, C. J. Ducasse, H. H. Price, H. Addington Bruce, William R. Birge, J. G. Pratt, J. B. Rhine, Martin Ebon, Emanuel K. Schwartz, Julius Weinberger, C. C. L. Gregory, R. A. McConnell, Giulio Cogni, Cornelius Van Til, James Collins, Samuel S. Cohon, Ali Othman, Gerrit Lansing, W. Y. Evans-Wentz. $3.75

HELIX PRESS

Please order your copy through TOMORROW BOOK SERVICE: 29 W. 57th St.: N. Y. 19

Soviet Researchers are now overcoming ideological limitations in their effort to study the far frontiers of the human mind

RUSSIA EXPLORES "INNER SPACE"

Martin Ebon

THE SOVIET UNION, which is ahead of the West in conquering outer space, is now beginning to explore what might be called "inner space," the unknown areas of man's mind. Until recently, Communist doctrine was a barrier to imaginative scientific research behind the Iron Curtain. That is no longer the case. Soviet researchers are able to reveal that secret experiments in hypnosis were, in fact, being carried out even during the regime of Joseph Stalin. The possibilities of parapsychological phenomena are being discussed freely and passionately in the Soviet Union, while serious research in this field has begun elsewhere in Eastern Europe.

The Moscow magazine *Culture and Life* recently published an article by Dr. A.Y. Kobrinsky, "Cybernetics in Action," which concluded with this striking forecast: "There is reason to believe that in the not too distant future it will be possible to utilize brain currents directly to control mechanical devices—machines will be controlled by thought processes." Taken only by itself, this sentence is a notable illustration of the changing climate in Soviet science; until a short time ago, the concept of human thought as a force of direction would have been denounced as sheer superstition by Russian



SOVIET RESEARCHERS IN TELEPATHY. On the far right: Prof. Leonid L. Vasilyev, Chairman of the Department of Physiology, Leningrad University. From left to right: I. Yanvarev, assistant to Prof. Vasilyev; T. Kuzmina, post-graduate student; G. Uzbekova, laboratory assistant; Yu. Voronov, candidate in biological sciences. The group forms Leningrad University's Laboratory for Electro-Magnetic Fields and Atmospheric Ionization. SOVFOTO

Marxists. Soviet physiologists and others interested in parapsychology still face criticism among their colleagues, but the very discussions that have developed point to new roads of research.

Most notable is a series of talks concerning telepathy, which took place in June of 1960 at the Department of Physiology, University of Leningrad. Chairman of the meeting was Professor Leonid Vasilyev, Corresponding Member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences and head of the University's Physiology Department. His address to the symposium was entitled "Biological Radio Communication: An Atavistic Throwback." He said that "the substantiation of the reality of telepathic communication and especially the elucidation of the psychological, physiological and physical na-

ture of this relatively rare phenomenon are one of the most complicated, methodologically knottiest tasks for psycho-neurologists." He cited examples from biology, such as the mysterious mating flight of a certain species of night moth and of other insects, which he described as "a form of primitive biological radio communication."

Prof. Vasilyev added that such communication, among human persons at times "takes on the character of a call for help," a "notification regarding some important experience on the part of a close relative or friend to whom one is emotionally attuned." (This phenomenon is often called "crisis telepathy" among Western parapsychologists.) The Soviet physiologists spoke of this faculty not as a "progressive" development within the evolutionary process of man and animals, but as a "rudimentary property which man has inherited from his zoological ancestors, a sort of atavistic throwback in the case of certain psychically disturbed or defective individuals." He added that, "after all, the best telepathic subjects for our experiments are found among people with psychic and nervous disorders," and asserted that "this is a matter of common knowledge."

As a matter of fact, this sort of data is not at all "common knowledge," nor is it regarded as a conclusion that can be readily drawn from either the qualitative or statistical data available to international parapsychological researchers. It is correct that Sigmund Freud, the originator of psychoanalysis, wrote in 1932 that telepathy "may be the original archaic method by which individuals understood each other, and which has been pushed into the background by the better method of communication, by means of signs apprehended by the sense organs; but such older methods may have persisted in the background, and may still manifest themselves under certain conditions."

THE HYPOTHESIS that telepathy is a remnant of our animal existence remains just that: a hypothesis, which requires much more extensive proof than is presently available. Perhaps Russian scientists will undertake experiments in this field. They could thus make a substantial contribution to parapsychological research in an area

that would be relatively non-controversial from a Marxist viewpoint. Such research could be undertaken as an extension of the work carried on by the I.P. Pavlov Institute of Physiology in Moscow, which has done notable studies in hypnosis and in the physiological function of sleep.

But to return to the Leningrad symposium and Professor Vasilyev's lecture: he added that "The study of the biological role and nature of parapsychical phenomena must become a full-fledged science. To this end, we expect to increase the number of experiments we are planning, in the conviction that thousands of experiments mathematically analyzed must sooner or later establish, once and for all, whether telepathy does or does not exist. Whatever the results, investigation will broaden our knowledge. This alone is good enough reason for further experiments."

Western parapsychologists also used to hope that quantitative experiments would establish, "once and for all," the existence or non-existence of telepathy. Such experiments as have been undertaken in Western countries, notably at Duke University's Parapsychology Laboratory, have revealed statistically significant results. But this has not silenced the critics who doubt that such a thing as telepathy really exists.

Vasilyev and his co-workers have, of course, run into rough weather, both on a substantive and ideological basis. D.A. Biryukov, a Corresponding Member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences used the Leningrad symposium to emphasize the limitations of modern physiology. He expressed his "deep conviction that the problem of parapsychology cannot, from the viewpoint of method, be posed as a scientific problem." Biryukov cited "a basic Marxist-Leninist philosophical principle concerning the unity and inseparability of the psychic, or mental, and the physiological," and added:

"In this light, we simply cannot raise the question of separation or transfer of thoughts. If we do, we are merely reverting to the vulgar materialism of the past century, which believed the brain secreted thoughts as the liver secretes bile. In summary, the only basis for parapsychology is belief in it, or faith."

This view was supported, at the Leningrad symposium, by K.P. Kraizmer, who stated that "the use of even the most exact instruments to read a mind in action is scarcely conceivable for the future," and that it is "all the harder to accept the idea that there might be direct long-distance telepathic communication between two individuals, though in principle this does not run counter to the concept that psychical phenomena rest on material foundations." However, he added, "we know of no possible material carriers of information (fields, waves, particles, etc.) that would enable pairs of individuals to act directly as 'transmitter' and 'receiver' on the two ends of a sort of 'parapsychical communication channel'." Kraizmer concluded:

"It is, of course, the duty of science to search for explanations for all observations, phenomena or experiments. But everything connected with the observations in this field is so contradictory and so subjective, and furthermore so impossible to repeat, that we legitimately doubt whether it really exists at all. After all, the truth of any observation can be checked if we are able to observe it more than once, under similar, controlled conditions. Here we have no such criterion."

But these objectors were not in the majority, and they were not characteristic of the tenor of the Leningrad meeting. Perhaps most nearly representative was the position taken by E.A. Asratyan, a Corresponding Member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, who began with the observation that "questions of thought transference have recently attracted increasing attention among scientists both abroad and here in the U.S.S.R.." He noted that, "to make certain that the phenomenon of telepathy really does exist we would have to conduct many more experiments and accumulate vast theoretical proof. On the other hand, certain known facts compel us to refrain from categorically denying either the existence of this phenomenon or the need for its further study."

A MUCH MORE POSITIVE VIEW was expressed by P.I. Gulyaev, a biologist, who said that scientists have been "able to demonstrate"

the phenomenon of telepathy with "scientific accuracy, excluding from experiments the possibility of error and of wilful or unconscious deception and self-deception." He added: "Let me emphasize that thought transference does not mean thoughts traveling directly from one brain to another. What the term is taken to mean is the transfer of some kind of information about thoughts, not the thoughts themselves. When we communicate by speech we also convey to each other information about our thoughts, the carrier in this case being air vibration." Dr. Gulyaev also said:

"So far we have no idea what it is that conveys thought information in telepathic communication. I personally do not think that the electromagnetic field is the answer. Certainly we have not begun to know all the properties of the nerve cells within the brain, and these cells are just as inexhaustible as the atom. It may be that the activity of the brain itself produces a physical field of which science is so far ignorant. If we accept this viewpoint, which by the way is entirely logical and naturally materialistic, it may help us to explain telepathy at some future date."

Another symposium participant, Prof. M.N. Livanov, concluded that "the question of the possibility of telepathic communication is still open." He noted that "there is some testimony in its favor," but cautioned that "science still lacks sufficient facts to substantiate the problem scientifically." He added: "The only thing on which most scientists are agreed is that telepathy cannot be summarily shrugged off and that all pertinent facts must be collected and accurately classified." Prof. Livanov concluded his remarks as follows:

"Those who argue for the existence of telepathic communication, or communion, generally cite instances of persons sensing something at a time when an event having some relation to them is in the process of happening. The existence of such coincidences is not our concern here, except that we must take into consideration the fact that these same persons might very well repeatedly experience similar sensations without these sensations necessarily coinciding with meaningful events. When that is the case the sensations are conveniently forgotten. But let there be one meaningful coincidence and

it will be remembered to one's dying day—it will also be discussed with everyone willing to listen. There is thus established a false memory which may easily lead to equally false conclusions. That is why it is essential to develop a strictly scientific approach to the evaluation of whatever facts are available. Even the least complicated sensation is based on a highly intricate mosaic of stimulated and inhibited nerve cells located in various regions of the brain, first of all in the cortex. For another man's brain to receive sensations which are to some degree similar, it is necessary for all this mosaic to be conveyed to the many corresponding brain cells in his head. Such selective transfer is most unlikely. To sum up, not only do we lack a scientific approach to analyzing the mechanism of 'telepathy,' we also do not know of any material phenomena which might explain it."

An account of the Leningrad meeting, published in the Soviet periodical *Znaniye-Sila* (Knowledge is Power), reflected on the various views expressed by the participating scientists and summed them up as follows:

"The question suggests itself, is it worth while to continue such a line of investigation, disputation and refutation of outmoded explanations and search for new ones? Obviously, it is. But such work must be done along strictly scientific lines, starting from materialistic positions and discarding everything that is false or sensational. Any light shed on physiological and psychical processes taking place in the human organism—processes which we do not yet fully understand—helps give us a deeper understanding of living matter and of its surpreme creation, which is man."

IT IS INTERESTING to observe that the *Znaniye-Sila* summary emphasizes that future Soviet studies in telepathy must start from "materialistic positions"—which means, of course, that such research must take place within the framework of Karl Marx's "dialectical materialism," and should avoid all suspicions of non-materialist association, such as superstition or religion. In fact, such authorities as Prof. Vasilyev have made a special point of stating that scientific

research in telepathy will effectively counteract superstition traditions. In a pamphlet, entitled "Mysterious Manifestations of the Human Psyche" (Moscow, 1959), published in a series designed to promote atheism, Vasilyev concluded his study with the question of whether research in neuro-physiological origins of telepathy would be "detrimental to our materialistic viewpoint, or to the generally recognized science of physiology." His emphatic answer was, "Certainly not! On the contrary, we find here a new area of inquiry for scientific physiology. Thus a strong and sharp weapon is being placed in the hands of materialistic-analytical science, capable of combating certain difficult-to-eradicate mystical views and assumptions." Expressing similar thoughts, a Czechoslovak biologist, Dr. Milan Ryzl, wrote last June 18 in the paper *Praca* that parapsychological research in Czechoslovakia and Poland had the impact of "proving scientifically the incorrectness and harmful influence of occultism." He referred to recent studies in the Soviet Union and expressed the view that "now, in cooperation with research in the USSR," parapsychological work in Czechoslovakia "is sure to occupy an honorable position." He specifically referred to the studies undertaken by Prof. Vasilyev's group in Leningrad and by the Polish physiologist Prof. Stefan Manczarsky in Warsaw, who recently completed a series of card experiments in apparent extra-sensory perception.

Dr. Ryzl, who is a member of the research staff of the Institute of Biology in Prague, has reviewed "Research in Telepathy in Soviet Russia" in the *Journal of Parapsychology*, Duke University (June, 1961). He recalled that, shortly after World War I, the noted Soviet physiologist Academician V.M. Bekhterev published telepathic experiments with dogs, publishing the results of his findings under the title "Concerning Experiments on 'Thought' Influence on the Behavior of Animals" (Questions of Personality Study and Education, No. 2, 1920). In cooperation with his associate, A.V. Leontovich, Bekhterev studied the possibility of thought communication between man and dog. The two researchers concluded that electromagnetic waves between man-agent and dog-percipient were the most likely scientific explanation of the observed phenomenon.

A third member of this research group, P.P. Lazarev, published a book on *Physico-Chemical Principles of Higher Nervous Energy* in 1922, in which he outlined the hypothesis that electrical action currents accompanying physical-chemical reactions in the neurons of the cortex would seem to generate electro-magnetic waves which radiate from the human head and thus cause telepathic phenomena.

Bekhterev's dog experiments were continued by B.B. Kazhinskyi, who published a book on *Thought Transference* in Moscow, 1923. Two other researchers, L. Vodolazskyi and T. Gursteyn, undertook experiments with hypnotic subjects. And in 1942, the biologist S. Ya Turlygin published a work on telepathy, citing experiments with an experienced hypnotist. These and related tests were reported in the magazine *Technics for Youth*. The electro-magnetic hypothesis remained most prominent among Soviet researchers in telepathy. But, as the physiologist Saradzhev noted in one issue of the youth magazine, the cerebral currents that would have to be responsible for such phenomena should be so incredibly weak that their perceptible effect could hardly bridge a distance of more than a few inches.

Experimental works that may have some bearing on these tests and hypotheses have recently taken place in the United States. The International Convention of Radio Engineers, in March 1960, heard a paper on "Detection and Analysis of High Frequency Signals from Muscular Tissues with Ultra-Low Noise Amplifiers," presented by W.K. Volkers of the Millivac Instruments Division, Cohu Electronics Inc., and W. Candib of the Ellis and St. Claire Hospitals, both of Schenectady, New York; similar work has been published by Dr. Robert O. Becker, Veterans Administration Hospital, Syracuse, New York.

An address dealing with problems in studying psychic phenomena by physiological means was delivered by Dr. W. Grey Walter, Head of the Physiological Department, Burden Neurological Laboratory, Bristol, England, as the fourteenth F.W.H. Myers Memorial Lecture, before the Society for Psychical Research, London, in 1960. In this paper, entitled "The Neuropysiological Aspects of Hallucina-

tions and Illusory Experiences," Dr. Grey Walter spoke of "neuro-physiological anomalies," which might include "the nature of experiences apparently shared between people in the form of telepathic communications." Concerning such "spontaneous" psychic experiences as telepathy, Dr. Grey Walter noted that certain brain activities create "rare and inexplicable experiences." These, he added, might be interpreted by some as no more than a "trivial exaggeration" of man's normal state, while to others they would appear as "supernatural manifestations, related not to his own internal predicament but to some external phenomenon."

THE POSSIBLE NEURO-PHYSIOLOGICAL BASES of parapsychological phenomena, such as telepathy, are thus an area where researchers in the Western countries and in the Soviet bloc share a considerable field of interest. Ideological considerations aside, there is much room for experimentation, the development and testing of hypotheses, and even the exchange of information of mutual interest. Parapsychological studies are sufficiently remote from regions of conflict to permit parallel scientific inquiries and the development of research projects that might be mutually supplementary—thus avoiding duplication or the repetition of experiments that have been proven imperfect during previous tests.

Precedent for such a trend can be found in the field of hypnosis studies. In this area, the I.V. Pavlov Institute in Moscow has, for many years, done a great deal of original research. Quite naturally, the Pavlovian approach, emphasizing utilization of conditioned reflexes, has been basic to the Institute's research policy. A comparison of "Soviet and Western Trends in Hypnosis Research" was made by the noted U.S. authority on hypnosis, Dr. Milton V. Kline, in the *International Journal of Parapsychology* (Summer, 1959); the author noted that the Pavlov Institute's work focuses upon "the ability of the hypnotic subject both in responding to certain suggestions which are presented to him and for understanding neuro-psychological mechanisms which permit such a wide transcendence of apparent voluntary functions."

Western and Russian scientists have agreed in their criticism of some of the tests made by the late Dr. Ferdinando Cazzamalli, who organized the Asscociazione Italiana Scientifica di Metapsichica. Dr. Cazzamalli claimed to have been able to trace electro-magnetic waves causing telepathic phenomena. His methods were open to criticism, including a critique by Prof. Vasilyev in the previously cited paper on "Mysterious Manifestations of the Human Psyche." Vasilyev, in 1932, undertook long distance experiments with subjects whom he apparently hypnotized at a distance by telepathic means. Dr. Ryzl, in reviewing this work, observed that, together with the present organizing activity of Prof. Vasilyev, it offers "significant promise of further development of the research in parapsychology in the U. S. S. R." At present, Prof. Vasilyev is preparing two new monographs that will present his telepathic research work in detail, offer certain tentative conclusions and outline possible future experimental activities; Leningrad University's Physiological Institute, headed by Prof. Vasilyev's pupil Dr. P.I. Gulyaev, is emerging as the center of parapsychological research in the Soviet Union.

Last October, Dr. Ryzl visited research centers in the Soviet Union, including the Leningrad Laboratory, the Department of Biocybernetics of the Computing Center of the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences at Kiev, and a group of scientists in Moscow. He reported his impressions in the *Parapsychology Bulletin*, stating that "the interest of a number of scientists in the problems of parapsychology is strong and vivid and the number is continually growing."

There would seem to be no apparent reasons why experiments in parapsychology should encounter any more resistance in the U.S.S.R.—or, for that matter, in such countries as Czechoslovakia, Poland or Eastern Germany—than they do in the West. Criticism and skepticism of telepathic and related phenomena is likely to be couched in different terms in Moscow than in London or New York—but the basic emphasis on detached, objective, carefully planned empirical research is likely to be the same the world over.

The All Union Conference of Scientific Workers of the Soviet Union, which took place in Moscow last June, indicated that researchers in the U.S.S.R. are no longer hampered by more or less capricious interpretations of Marxist doctrine; rather, emphasis is on results that will, in the words of Soviet Deputy Premier Alexei Kosygin, emerge from long-range research that will avoid "the unjustified multitude of projects." In the vast complex of Soviet science, parapsychology is, of course, a minuscule element. Nevertheless, the administrative and financial support which the Russian state could give parapsychological projects, if they appear promising, is potentially enormous; it could easily, given the support of a central scientific authority, overshadow the total research effort now devoted to parapsychology in all the Western world. Such a development may not occur in the near future, but its very possibility adds a new stimulus of competitive activity to parapsychological studies—a stimulus that should be welcomed by parapsychologists, as it should strengthen the impetus for still better planned and more imaginative research activities.

A LENIN APPARITION?

Marxist doctrine specifically denies the independent existence of a human soul. Thus, G.I. Kositsky, writing in the Soviet journal *Nauka i Religia* (1960, No. 9), concluded: "There is not, nor can there be, a spiritual world without a material world. There is not, nor can there be, a soul outside the body." But during last November's Twenty-Second Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, a former pupil of V.I. Lenin stated in virtually spiritualistic

terms that Lenin's presence had told her he could not longer share the Kremlin mausoleum with the body of Joseph Stalin. *Time* magazine, alert to the irony of the situation, repeated that the concluding days of the meeting "were surrounded by a strange air of magic and the supernatural," adding:

"The long list of speakers ritually cursing Stalin's memory was joined by frail, elderly Darya Lazurkina, who, as a fresh-eyed girl in 1920, had been a devoted pupil of Lenin. She was also one of the multitude of Reds purged by Stalin in 1937, and last week Darya told 5,000 rapt delegates that she had survived 19½ years in prison, labor camp and exile only because 'I always had Lenin in my heart and asked him what to do.' In the tones of a Delphic priestess, Darya continued: 'Yesterday I consulted Lenin again, and he seemed to stand before me as if alive and said, "It is unpleasant for me to lie next to Stalin, who caused the party so much harm."' The delegates—all followers of dialectical materialism, all sworn enemies of superstition and the supernatural—respectfully listened to the message from the spirit world."

The Moscow newspaper *Izvestia* reported that Miss Lazurkina's remarks were greeted by "thunderous and stormy" applause. Stalin's body was removed from the Red Square mausoleum and reburied in a Kremlin cemetery. The ideological implications of Darya Lazurkina's observations, which Western parapsychological researchers would categorize as a "visually and orally perceived apparition," have not yet been echoed in the Soviet academic world.

Doctors and nurses cooperated in a unique nation-wide survey that recorded deathbed visions that challenge modern research

VISIONS AT DEATH

Wainwright Evans

WHEN MY FRIEND John Thompson died a few years ago at the age of 77, I was not present; but my wife was—and so was his daughter Margaret.

In his last hours he was sitting up in bed, propped by a pillow, because of a heart condition. He knew he was going to die; his mind was clear; and over his face had come a look, not so much of resignation as of complete and happy acceptance.

Suddenly, with his eyes directed toward the foot of the bed, his face lit up with joy. "Why," he exclaimed, "there's Emmy! There's Bill!" A few hours later he died, a smile on his face that seemed to speak of the peace in his heart.

And then it was that his daughter Margaret told my wife that Emmy and Bill were long deceased friends of her father's youth—friends so close that Emmy had been bridesmaid and Bill best man when Margaret's parents were married.

"Another thing happened the previous night," Margaret related. "Between two and three in the morning I called the doctor, thinking it was the end. Dad looked at me with the same smile, and called me 'Katie,' my mother's name. His mind seemed just as clear as it was later, when he saw Emmy and Bill."

What do such deathbed visions mean? What did John Thompson see? Did the Curtain that hides the Unknown suddenly become transparent to his eyes? Or was it, as robust and tough-minded skeptics would maintain, merely a creation of his own mind, weakened and disordered by disease and not nearly so rational as it appeared to be?

Have these deathbed visions, with their hallucinated images of loved ones, a meaning for us? They are common. Experienced physicians and nurses see this sort of thing happen so often that some of them have learned to take it in their stride—while others wonder, and are haunted by their memory of the joy in a dying face.

Not the least remarkable thing about such phenomena is that the dying person is, to all appearances, fully rational, in normal possession of his senses, aware of his surroundings, and not to be classed as delirious or drug-ridden at all. For example, just before John Thompson saw Emmy and Bill, he had been carrying on a conversation with my wife, while he smiled, and affectionately held her hand; and the talk was casual, about this and that, just as if he were due to rise from that sick bed in a few days.

To many who have seen this remarkable thing happen, the exaltation of mood that goes with that apparent glimpse of the Beyond often has a beauty about it reminiscent of Newman's lovely lines:

> And with the morn those angel faces smile
> Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Here, in short, is a human experience, a rather common human experience, packed with emotion, with hope, with beauty—a stimulus to faith, an affirmation if you like of love, and of all that gives life and consciousness permanent meaning—something that, if one can accept and believe it, and at the same time remain honest with oneself, may make life seem worthwhile and death worthwhile too!

Does it? Or is it just a kind of fever-induced, drug-induced, momentary aberration, filled with hallucinations that your materialistic thinker would consider no more significant than a vivid dream, such as we have all experienced at one time or another and thought little of. "Only a dream!" we say, and forget it.

But is this thing, when it happens on the edge of death, somehow different?

WHAT BRINGS THESE QUESTIONS into focus now is a current first attempt at scientific investigation of the whole subject of deathbed visions and the behavior of the dying by Dr. Karlis Osis, of the Research Division of the Parapsychology Foundation. Dr. Osis's monograph recently appeared under the title, *Deathbed Observations by Physicians and Nurses*. This pilot study is the first such investigation that has been attempted in this field, and is preliminary to further studies of the same kind.

It was my privilege to see the galley proofs of this monograph—which is based on answers to a questionnaire sent to 5,000 physicians and 5,000 nurses who, presumably, had special opportunities to observe the behavior of dying patients.

Of these questionnaires only 640 were returned—meager material on a big subject, of course, but good enough as preliminary to more intensive research later. Doctors and nurses who answered claimed to have made observations of 35,540 persons in terminal illness. About three-fourths came up with testimony of great interest concerning 1370 cases where the patient hallucinated apparitions of dead friends or relatives, usually when fully conscious and rational.

Some of the responses to the questionnaire, were, as might be expected, from tough-minded, skeptical individuals who were critical and even hostile: "You would better spend your time whittling." Or "I do not believe in extrasensory conception [sic]." Or "What is the use of it? I am not superstitious. It is all hallucinations. I have nothing to report." Or "Yes, I might have seen some-

thing like that but did not pay any attention. We just don't have time for such things."

On the other hand, there was the group of respondents typically represented by a Florida physician who said that his observation of certain deaths had changed his whole outlook on life. One commented, "There is such a resigned, peaceful, almost happy expression which comes over the patient—it is hard to explain but it leaves me with the feeling that I would not be afraid to die."

Questions asked were very detailed, and were aimed at finding some consistent and significant pattern in the behavior of patients in terminal illness who were in full possession of their mental faculties and fully aware of their surroundings at the time of their "seeing" apparitions or hallucinatory images of dead friends or relatives who had presumably come to take them into a post mortem existence.

It would seem that for individuals, with minds rational and clear, to "see" such hallucinated images and apparitions is a phenomenon at least as worth noting as are the many well-authenticated cases in the records of psychical research of persons in normal health and mental condition who have seen apparitions either of the dead or of the living, apparently by some ESP route. Such phenomena seem to occur in normal health rather often in moments of stress or crisis. And when they occur in terminal illness, especially right before death, the link to the already well established evidence about apparitions in ESP takes on, perhaps, special significance—and special credibility besides, as the variant of an already recognized phenomenon.

Along with this hard core of cases of hallucinatory images seen by patients with clear or nearly clear consciousness, the answers to the questionnaire uncovered a considerable body of evidence about patients whose physical condition, in the way of high fever delirium, drug sedation, toxic conditions, and the like, could easily account for their deathbed "seeings" as purely subjective, and without resort to parapsychological explanations. Such cases, how-

ever, might well have value as contributory evidence, and, as such, were duly taken into account by Dr. Osis.

Many of the more promising questionnaires returned were followed up by telephone interviews with the respondents. The evidence that came in was so complicated by cross-currents that the IBM company was called on to tabulate the testimony with its cards and computers, and break down the data into intelligible patterns.

FINDING INTELLIGIBLE PATTERNS was the main object of this admittedly preliminary survey of a field hitherto practically unexplored. The body of evidence from so few cases is, of course, in no way conclusive. No one example can be accepted as "proof"; nothing but a vast number of examples could offer anything as compelling as that. Enough repetitions of tests with Dr. Rhine's cards, for instance, running into thousands over the last twenty or thirty years, have established a probability pattern for ESP that no unprejudiced mind can make light of. Just so, it was conceived, this trail-breaking research into the behavior of the dying might, if carried far enough, develop patterns that would suggest the probability of survival—either through the actual appearance of hallucinated apparitions of the dead, or possibly telepathic communion with such spirits, with the patient's mind producing and projecting the hallucinated images. These mechanisms, if they exist, remain to be explored.

In the meantime, it is interesting to report that the looked for patterns seem already to be in evidence in the limited data so far available. And the fact of greatest significance, in Dr. Osis' opinion, is that a considerable majority of terminal cases with clear consciousness, hallucinate the dead—in contrast to non-terminal and often cloudy-minded cases, where the tendency, unmistakably, is to hallucinate the living.

In other words, there seems to be a fairly clear line of demarcation between hallucinations that occur in terminal cases, immediately before death, and those that occur in patients who later recover, or those in whom hallucinogenic drugs, high fever (above 103 degrees),

uremic poisoning, cerebral anoxia (inadequate blood supply to the brain), and like conditions, have played a part. In this category, too, are the hallucinations seen by psychotic patients.

The hallucinations which are noted in this latter class of cloudy-minded patients take many forms, of course, nearly all of them presumably purely subjective. Especially noteworthy, as we have said, is the tendency of such patients frequently to hallucinate the living rather than the dead. The patient may see some casual acquaintance walking into the room, not to comfort him or help him toward the next world, but to talk business or just be sociable—something, in short, totally irrelevant to the survival theme.

Or, if such a patient be of a religious turn of mind, he may see Jesus, or the Virgin, or some Saint, or even God Himself, showing up just to shake hands, Rotarian fashion, and welcome him to heaven. By way of variation, the visitor to the religious minded patient may be a devil, complete with horns, hoofs and tail, and maybe a red-hot pitchfork.

The subjective nature of such hallucinations, determined as they doubtless are by the patient's cultural and religious background, seems obvious. They are in a very different pattern from those beautiful, solemn, tender hallucinations that so often come to those who are about to die with mental faculties functioning clearly and rationally.

Patients whose hallucinations take the form of *visions* rather than of persons, are more or less in a separate class. Instead of hallucinating dead friends or relatives come supposedly to help them into the next world, they see landscapes of indescribable beauty—an abode of peace and tranquility. These vision cases are usually associated with some abnormal physical condition, produced by cerebral anoxia, sedative drugs, and the like, and can be experimentally produced by such hallucinogenic drugs as Mescaline. Typical was the case of a six-year-old boy dying of polio, who described heaven as a place of beautiful flowers, birds singing, and the like—and he was going to a beautiful land. Another patient saw birds with brightly

lighted eyes and tails, flying in a jumbled circle. It is easy to dispose of such visions by simply labeling them "subjective." But who is to say that the vision is not a symbolic representation of a transcendent, inexpressible, other dimensional reality for which our dictionaries have no word and our brains no concepts?

Characteristic protests of patients brought back from such journeys: "Doc, why did you bring me back? I want to go back. It was nice there." In short, as Dr. Osis points out, here is a type of visionary experience that seems to give the patient a wish to die, and that at any rate ends his fear of making the transition to the next world. (Well, that's quite something, isn't it? Please pass the Mescaline!) One of the most noted psychics in this country, a medium of international reputation, once told me that while he was recovering from a severe illness, he lived for several weeks in a land of ineffable beauty and delight, which he left unwillingly when the doctor at last brought him out of his prolonged coma.

Dr. Osis speculates that while such visions are interesting and probably significant, the pattern they form is very different from the more significant pattern evident in those terminal cases where the dying person, with a clear mind, hallucinates dead relatives and friends.

According to evidence gathered in Britain, when persons *in normal health* have hallucinations, three-fourths of them hallucinate living persons, rather than the dead. Whereas, according to this survey, a majority of the terminal cases see dead persons. Even allowing for the fact that Dr. Osis has been able so far to present a very limited sample of evidence, the odds against chance coincidence here are, as he says, astronomical. So, again, we have to face the question, *Why* do dying persons with "clear" consciousness so much more frequently see apparitions of the dead, in contrast to the British survey showing that three-fourths of persons in normal health and "clear" consciousness hallucinate the living?

Dr. Osis suggests that "it would appear that the predominance of hallucinations of the dead is not a function of being unconscious or delirious, but has deeper roots."

There are other evident contrasts between the "clouded" consciousness group and the "clear" consciousness group in the matter of hallucinations. The "clouded" group tends to relive memories of the past; the "clear" group see apparitions allegedly there for a manifest purpose, namely, to take the patient into another existence.

In the most striking of the terminal cases in the "clear" minded class, the patients died very soon after hallucinating, as if answering a call, such as "Ann, I'm coming." A sixth of such patients died within ten minutes, a third in an hour, two-thirds within twenty-four hours. A few lingered a week, or even a month. But mostly the hallucinations heralded a death within a day.

Those who died quickly had phantasms different in purpose from those who died later. On the one hand, the hallucinated figures had come "to take the patient away"; on the other, the phantasm might be taken for a sickroom visitor, often of only incidental importance in the patient's life; and there would be a reliving of memories, etc. All of which may be interpreted as purely subjective.

ONE THEORY that might have a bearing on this is set forth by G.N.M. Tyrrell in his book *Apparitions*. Tyrrell thought it possible that there might be some telepathic contact between the dead and living; and that the patient would hallucinate what was really a mental impression, telepathically received—projecting it outside himself in the form of what seemed to be a visual image. Thus the contact with the dead would be telepathic and real, even though the apparition seen would be hallucinated.

Dr. Osis's conclusion from the limited evidence available in this preliminary survey is that "apparitions of the dead seem to be basic in persons close to death," and that even the apparently purely subjective phenomena, such as God appearing to welcome the patient, devils with redhot pitchforks, and the like, may have symbolic significance and, on further inspection, offer presumptive evidence for survival. It is possible, he suggests, that an apparition

emerges as a symbol that signifies some sort of contact with a transcendental reality. In other words, an hallucination may represent the fusion of a completely subjective image with something that is completely *real*—and all this may be achieved by extrasensory means.

In short, here may be a reaching out for a reality for which the patient is unprepared by past experience and which he can't fit into any category he knows. And when he glimpses an other-dimensional order, one that can't be expressed or described in three dimensional terms, he grasps at anthropomorphic images. But, in spite of his lack of means of expression, he is nevertheless in contact with something real—more real than anything he has ever known in his life here.

Dr. Osis feels that his survey has established two essential points, preliminary to further research. It verifies the claim of Sir W. F. Barrett, James Hyslop and others that the deathbed hallucinations of persons predominantly represent the dead rather than the living, and that they tend to take the form of apparitions. Dr. Osis makes the further point that it is at least possible to fit these hallucinations into a meaningful pattern without doing violence to the facts; whereas the same evidence has to be badly twisted and distorted to make it fit a non-survival hypothesis.

So much for this first trail-breaking effort to establish a probability pattern in a virtually unexplored field. If a man die, what happens to his mind? Did John Thompson, and others like him, see through to the answer? Was that what made him happy when he died? And should we take the hint, and be happy in it too?

DEATHBED OBSERVATIONS BY PHYSICIANS AND NURSES, *by Karlis Osis, Director of Research, Parapsychology Foundation, has been published as the third in a series of Parapsychological Monographs issued by the Foundation. It is available at $1.75 from the Parapsychology Foundation, 29 West 57 Street, New York 19, N.Y.*

An important scholarly publication

PARAPSYCHOLOGICAL MONOGRAPH NO. 2

ESP IN RELATION TO RORSCHACH
TEST EVALUATION

By Gertrude Schmeidler

Under the auspices of the Parapsychology Foundation, Inc., Gertrude Schmeidler of The City College, New York, N. Y., has prepared a scholarly monograph on current research into the relationships between personality traits and ESP scores.

The monograph covers such subjects as the hypothesis of social adjustment in relation to ESP scores; the hypothesis of Rorschach signs in relation to ESP scores; Interim and Formal Analysis of Data on Social Adjustment and Signs. Included are summaries in French, Italian, Spanish and German.

$1.75

Copies may be obtained directly from

PARAPSYCHOLOGY FOUNDATION, INC.
29 West 57th Street
New York 19, N. Y.

Had he not been imprisoned in a frigid boxcar by mistake, unexpected death would have visited this Minnesota man

MY GUARDIAN DEVIL

Henry Askeli

IN 1926, while working as an advertising solicitor for *Tyomies,* a Finnish daily paper published at Superior, Wisconsin, I had an experience that I would not care to repeat, although, as it turned out, my life was saved by it. I had always been interested in extrasensory perception and had experimented with it without any conclusive result. But when I was faced with the situation I shall describe, telepathy was the only thing I could turn to.

On a typical Northern Minnesota January day, with the temperature considerably below zero, I had to go to Brookston, a small village on the Great Northern Railroad, about a dozen miles west of Cloquet. On my way I stopped at Cloquet to see our local representative, Mr. Rivers. He made me promise to return to Cloquet that evening and accompany him and his wife to Duluth to a surprise party, arranged by mutual friends for their silver wedding.

After finishing my business in Brookston, I went to the railroad station and was greatly disappointed to learn that there were no

more passenger trains to Cloquet, that day. Nor were there any busses or other transportation to be had that evening. I was stranded. Thoroughly disgusted, I telephoned Mr. Rivers and urged them to go to Duluth without me.

While I was standing on the station's snowy platform, a freight train pulled in. The huge locomotive, covered with frost and snow, roared by with prolonged hisses of escaping steam, and finally came to a stop with a screeching of brakes.

A short, chunky man in greasy sheepskin coat jumped from the caboose and came to the station. His unshaven face was dark and smoke-grimed, and bore a grim expression.

The arrival of the freight train gave me an idea. Perhaps I might get out of that bleak little hamlet after all, and not be compelled to spend the night there. I walked over, fell into step with the trainman, and inquired:

"Where are you heading with that long string of cars?"

"We're goin' through," he retorted roughly, without even glancing at me. He went into the station, and I followed him. Cloquet was only about a dozen miles away, and the time was a few minutes after seven. If I could buy or beg a ride on the freight train, I could get there before my friends started for Duluth.

I explained my need to the trainman, although I felt chilled by the grimness of his face. When I had finished speaking he looked me over with unfriendly, deep-set eyes.

"Say, haven't we met before?" he said with an unmistakable sneer.

I replied, "Perhaps we have. I'm circulating all over these parts."

His gaze dropped to my briefcase, and he muttered, "A doctor, eh?"

He gave me no chance to answer, but blurted out, "Come on outside," and stalked ahead of me to the station door.

Out on the platform, we were alone, and he said brusquely, "Can't talk to you in there. Y'see, we're not supposed to carry any passengers. Against the rules. But I'll tell you what I can do. If you'll ride in an empty boxcar——"

"Sure!" I said, slipping a dollar bill into the palm of his grimy hand. "I'm only going to Cloquet."

"All right," he growled, "c'mon, and I'll put you in this side-door pullman. It takes about an hour to Cloquet after we get started."

He opened the sliding door of one of the boxcars, and I climbed in. It was dark and intensely cold.

He closed the heavy door, and I heard him fumbling with the lock outside. And then I heard him laugh! It was not loud laughter, but there was something so sinister about it, it made me shudder.

Why was the fellow laughing in that satanic way? I was at a loss. And I hadn't liked the sound of him working with the fastenings of the door. I listened to his fading footsteps crunching in the snow. I heard another peal of terrible laughter. All this, and the utter blackness inside the boxcar, and the biting coldness of the air, filled me with sudden terror.

I tried to make myself believe he had not bolted the door from the outside, but had merely fastened it shut. I tried the big door. It was locked! Perhaps, I thought, the other door was unlocked. I groped my way to it, tried desperately to open it—but it, too, was securely locked from the outside. My heart pounded with an unnamed fear and the chilling remembrance of that laughter. What did it mean? I thought of yelling to attract attention, but on second thought I decided against this, for fear of being arrested for stealing a ride. So I calmed my fears as best I could, thinking that he surely would open the door when the train pulled into Cloquet.

THERE CAME two sharp blasts from the locomotive's whistle, a series of jerks, and the long train began to move forward, the engine emitting mighty puffs and snorts. It was a relief to be on our way. I shivered, and tried to count the minutes and the miles. I walked back and forth, and began to prance in an effort to counteract the numbing cold. I swung my arms, struck my hands together, and attempted tap dancing, to keep fear from paralyzing my mind.

At last, I felt the freight train slow down. The squeaking brakes and the jerky stop told me we had arrived at Cloquet. I heard voices,

but dared not make an outcry. I kept waiting for my "jailor" to rescue me from my frigid confinement. Finally, I heard two blasts from the whistle and felt the jerking of the train as we started to move again. All restraint deserted me, and in a frenzy, I shouted at the top of my lungs:

"Hey, there! Let me out of here! Open the door! I'm freezing!"

Futile indeed were my feeble cries against the roar and clanking of the heavy train. But I kept yelling and shouting, frantic now and almost frozen. The train rumbled on, with me locked in that empty boxcar; where it was going, I had no idea. Nor did I have any idea how much longer I could endure the intense cold.

My voice grew hoarse, and still I kept pounding and croaking, "Let me out! Let me out of here!" I kept it up until my voice failed completely, and died to a mere whisper.

Again I felt the train slowing down. Brakes squeaked and then came a dead stop, but only for a minute or two. It seemed that we were backing up for some time and then came another stop. I sat in the corner of my frigid lockup, exhausted. A strange stiffness crept all over my body. I was conscious that the boxcar was being shunted back and forth many times and finally left standing still somewhere. With my knowledge of Cloquet, I thought that the boxcar in which I was imprisoned had been left standing in the railroad yard about three miles from the city.

"I'm going to die," I thought. "I'm going to freeze to death here." With this thought came a paralyzing fear. There were so many things that I still had to do. I had hundreds of unfinished duties. I had a lovely son and a wife to take care of. What will happen to them when my frozen body is found in this prison?

Then came an idea which I grasped as my last hope. I had been interested in telepathy for a long time and had done some amateur experimenting with it. I had studied the subject in books and magazines. I believed in it, but I had no satisfying proof of it as a scientific fact. But I clutched at telepathy as my savior.

Being familiar with the usual procedure, I pictured the trainman fully and completely as he was: a short, chunky man in greasy

sheepskin coat, with a smoke-grimed, dark, unshaven face and small eyes. This, I supposed, was like dialing a correct telephone number. Then I addressed myself to that mental picture. I talked to him as though he were there in the boxcar. I called him to come and rescue me from my plight. I reasoned with him and tried to force my will upon him, asserting time and again: "I haven't done any harm to you. I'm entirely innocent. If someone has harmed you, it's not I. So, please come and rescue me. Be quick, because I haven't much more endurance. I'm freezing. You remember the boxcar where you locked me. I am here, somewhere near Cloquet. You will surely find the right car among hundreds of cars left on the tracks."

Gradually I felt a peculiar warmth permeating my entire body, and I became completely relaxed. I sank down deeper in the corner of the car and my mind filled with memories from my boyhood in Finland. I remember how I enjoyed one scene, where I, as a shepherd boy, was resting against the haystack one sunny day. I fell asleep and other shepherds playfully tied my feet with a cord. When I woke up and tried to run after the cows, I fell.

Then the blood pounded in my ears and I felt as though I were being lulled into another world, a world of security and warmth. Chill and cold disappeared and a strange feeling of well-being filled me. I lost my sense of time and environment and a sudden feeling of freedom filled me. The knowing part of me, my mind or whatever it is seemed to move, to float over the car, just like smoke. I looked at my body as it was huddled in the corner of the car, but somehow I didn't feel sorry or desperate. I remember the thought that rushed into my consciousness. "There's my body. What is it doing here?" I floated through the walls of my "prison" and the cold night air didn't have any effect on me. In an instant I discovered that I was in Cloquet in Frank Rivers' house, but they were not home. Then I remembered that they had gone to the surprise party in Duluth. *A strange feeling of sorrow overtook me.* This I could not explain. In another instant I was back in the boxcar again, looking at my stiff body in the corner. There was a ghastly pallor on my face. I thought I was dead. Then I lost consciousness entirely.

WHEN I RETURNED to consciousness, I found that I was being half-carried, half-dragged from the boxcar. It was a few moments before I recognized the trainman who had locked me inside the boxcar. He was muttering to himself: "My God! I made an awful mistake! Hey, brother, can you walk?"

Another man came hurrying toward us, and I was lifted into a warm automobile, and covered with blankets. When the car accelerated, the trainman took a bottle of something from his pocket, and had me swallow some of the liquor. It helped, and I was regaining the mobility of my limbs, but I could not speak above a whisper.

My mind was not functioning well, but I did grasp that what I had gone through, was due to mistaken identity. This proved to be true. Later, after I had been put to bed and given treatment in the home of my "friend," the brakeman, he sat beside me and talked. He had washed up, shaved and changed into clean clothes, and I was surprised to find him rather a good-looking fellow. He was pale, though, and visibly nervous.

"I thought you were Doctor Hammer," he muttered. "In that dim light in the Brookston station, you looked just like him. But when I got to the end of my run, I saw that dirty skunk walking down the street. I realized then what I'd done to an innocent man. Lord, but I had a time of it, getting to you, and getting you out of that boxcar! But somehow, some unexplainable force directed me to the car where you were confined. At the Brookston station, I didn't really remember which car you were in, but somehow I headed straight for that one, and here you are." He finished with a deep sigh of relief.

"Who on earth is Doctor Hammer?" I asked.

"He's a fiend!" the trainman said, with blazing eyes. "He caused the death of—of someone who meant a lot to me. When I ran into you last night, and you asked for a ride, I thought I had a chance to even the score with that fiend. Thought I'd take the law into my own hands. Well, I've had my lesson, and whatever you do about it, I'm ready to take my medicine."

He was so penitent, I could not bear him any ill feeling. Of course, I realized only too well that he had meant to murder me—

even though he had made a mistake in my identity. I told him I had no intention of taking the matter any further, and his relief and gratitude were great. He offered to take me wherever I wished to go, and I told him Mr. Rivers' address in Cloquet.

Arriving there, I talked to a woman I found at his home. I explained: "I was to go to Duluth with Frank and wife last evening, but—er—an unexpected delay kept me from keeping my appointment with them."

She gazed at me with a queer smile.

"Well, you must have a guardian angel, for Frank and his wife were killed last night in a car accident on an icy hill in Duluth."

"Guardian angel?" I reflected, glancing out to where the brakeman sat waiting in his automobile.

Treatise Closing Date: June 15, 1962

As previously announced, the Parapsychology Foundation, Inc., is offering an award of $1,000 for the best treatise concerning parapsychology and its relation to other scientific disciplines.

Although the original announcement of the award gave December 15, 1961 as the final date on which treatises will be accepted, this closing date has now been changed to June 15, 1962. The winning award will be announced subsequently.

The treatise must be original, and may include previously unpublished research data. The aim of the award is to encourage technically competent researchers to formulate a theoretical conception of presently unknown processes or states of which allegedly paranormal phenomena are manisfestations. Further information and entry blanks may be obtained from the Parapsychology Foundation, 29 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

Psychedelics, or vision-producing drugs, are the subject of four recently published volumes which are reviewed below

PROMISE AND FOREBODING

A Book Review by Allan Angoff

PROCEEDINGS OF TWO CONFERENCES ON PARAPSYCHOLOGY AND PHARMACOLOGY. New York: Parapsychology Foundation Inc. 1961. 86 pp. $3.00.

EXPLORING INNER SPACE: PERSONAL EXPERIENCES UNDER LSD 25. By Jane Dunlap. New York: Harcourt, Brace & World 1961. 216 pp. $3.75.

THE DRUG EXPERIENCE—First-Person Accounts of Addicts, Writers, Scientists and others. Edited, with introduction and notes, by David Ebin. New York: The Orion Press. 1961. 385 pp. $5.95.

THE FUTURE OF THE HUMAN MIND. By George H. Estabrooks and Nancy E. Gross. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1961. 252 pp. $3.95.

THE AWESOME POWER of drugs in probing, frequently alleviating, and sometimes curing man's physical and mental ills, as well as revealing and remaking him in almost unrecognizable form, is rightly regarded with intense hope and excitement. There is great promise here—and some foreboding also—as the antibiotics have

shown so remarkably during the past two decades; as chemotherapy is proving in the treatment of some forms of cancer; and as is being further shown by the manner in which a variety of drugs have reduced sharply the population of mental hospitals while relegating shock therapy and strait jackets to an era that is now antiquated.

These are but the beginnings of an age in which the ancient but hitherto scantily studied drug therapies may revolutionize medicine, psychiatry, psychology, all the behavioral sciences. Despite failures today with physical disease, where the chemical agents cannot be controlled with sufficient precision to prevent destruction of healthy as well as diseased tissue or an entire organism, the prospect of such control within the foreseeable future is good. It is rather with the drugs that probe the mind and reveal phenomena all but unknown in the past, drugs that set in motion violent reactions or open up virtually new and unmapped worlds of human behavior and emotion, that the scientist is taken aback even as he perceives the opportunity this new vastness presents to every student of man.

The courageous young man who employed chemicals to disguise himself effectively as a Negro so that he could better understand the Negro in the South, wrote what is essentially a sociological study, but his book also reveals why there are elements of terror in these new ventures with chemicals. John Howard Griffin looked into the mirror after he had become a Negro and he confesses in his astonishing account, *Black Like Me* (Houghton Mifflin, 1961) that "the transformation was total and shocking. I had expected to see myself disguised, but this was something else. I was imprisoned in the flesh of an utter stranger, an unsympathetic one with whom I felt no kinship. . . Even the senses underwent a change so profound it filled me with distress. . . I had gone too far. . . I felt the beginnings of a great loneliness. . . I had tampered with the mystery of existence and I had lost the sense of my own being. This is what devastated me. . ." But, of course, Griffin went on to make some profound discoveries.

Similarly, the scientist working with drugs, has here an instinct which impels him to go on, an instinct closely akin to that which

leads other scientists to believe that the exploration of space must somehow yield the answers to immense questions, perhaps even to questions of origin and destiny. But as recently as fifteen years ago, the prediction of a popular science writer, Dyson Carter, as well as many others in the popular press, that chemists and physicists were about to remake man's mind after banishing human disease was greeted generally with good-natured tolerance as the understandable hyperbole of writers who had talked too long with the hard-working but unrealistic men cloistered too long in laboratories.

Science, wrote Dyson Carter in 1947, would soon discover what he called "the first 'penicillin' of the brain and nervous system: a life chemical able to improve the mind and stabilize psychic life, just as strikingly as penicillin raises the body's power to fight bacterial enzymes." He then went on to point out that chemists had already created new compounds and that other scientists had constructed new elements never before found in nature. "But these mighty achievements," he predicted, "will all be outdone by the coming discoveries in biology. When we find out how to make living molecules change the pattern of their own blueprints, then we shall enter the era of directing life . . . and open the way for preparing cellular blueprints of super minds."

This must still be regarded as visionary talk, but it is no longer of the Sunday-supplement variety. The professional literature of recent years, as distinguished from the popular science journalism that has become an integral part of America's mass reading fare, has also convinced even conservative scientists and scholars that we are immeasurably nearer to great solutions—as well as greater mysteries. A good example is the volume, *Chemical Concepts of Psychosis* (McDowell, Obolensky, 1958), comprising the proceedings of the Second International Congress of Psychiatry, held at Zurich, Switzerland, September 1957. The late Carl G. Jung was the Honorary President of the gathering, and the participants included some of the most distinguished men in psychiatry, pharmacology, neurology, ophthalmology, and biochemistry, from Harvard, the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, Columbia University's College of Physicians

and Surgeons, the United States Public Health Service, and other organizations of equal repute throughout Europe. Doctors Abram Hoffer and Humphry Osmond of Saskatchewan, Canada, long known for their work in parapsychology, presented two of the most notable papers at this conference and acknowledged that research into the chemical aspects of psychosis had been of little consequence until recent years. Today, however, in the words of Dr. Osmond, it is possible to "sketch the coastline" of the "unknown continent" which such research and new discoveries represent; and Dr. Hoffer went further and averred that "we are now in a phase of striking developments."

Two years later, in 1959, at a conference in Princeton, New Jersey, on the uses of LSD 25 (lysergic acid diethylamide), the hallucinogenic drug derived from ergot, a fungus obtained from rye and other grains, which produces hallucinations or visions similar to those associated with schizophrenia, another distinguished group of scientists, which again included Dr. Hoffer, discussed the chemical aspects of mental illness. It was here that Dr. C. H. Van Rhijn of The Netherlands went beyond the merely physical and the neurological when he acknowledged that his thinking in this area had been influenced by Jung's work in harmonizing the conscious and the subconscious. Dr. Van Rhijn's comments suggest why all students of the paranormal are excited by the prospect which further research into the capabilities of drugs on the body-mind relationship may yet bring, for here even the conventional scientists must agree that all is paranormal. Indeed, a few of them may even grant that there will be in these new studies some confirmation of hypotheses long put forth by parapsychologists.

IT IS NOT SURPRISING therefore that one of the noteworthy publications of the year is the Parapsychology Foundation's volume entitled *Proceedings of Two Conferences on Parapsychology and Pharmacology*, which consists of summaries of the papers presented in November 1958 in New York, when "Parapsychology and Psychedelics" was discussed, and the second, held in July 1959 at St.

Paul de Vence, France, when the theme was "Parapsychology and Pharmacology." There were spokesmen at both conferences for medicine, religion, neurology, psychic research and other areas who, in the words of Eileen J. Garrett, President of the Parapsychology Foundation, in their research and writing "might seek to strengthen the bridge that links modern psychological studies with the latest efforts to probe man's mind as it is influenced by the chemistry of his body." (The term "psychedelics" was defined as the study of the effects of such drugs as LSD and mescaline on the mind and is derived from the Greek for "mind-manifesting.")

Although a wide variety of opinions was presented on the effectiveness of LSD in clairvoyance, in mediumistic phenomena, on ESP ability, in personality changes, in psychological criteria, and elsewhere, there was near-unanimity in affirming the importance of drugs in opening up segments of the mind which had hitherto eluded sound investigation. Thus, Dr. Duncan B. Blewett, the Canadian psychologist, called the discovery of the psychedelic drugs "the greatest advance yet made in the field of psychology." He noted that in paranormal experimentation it had been shown that persons receiving LSD had frequently established between them a direct awareness of each other and were united by an "empathic bond." But, he added, the present methods employed in psychological research would be as futile in paranormal studies as "trying to measure the distance to the moon with a yardstick."

Francis Huxley in his paper, "States of Suggestibility," described the effects of LSD on the mind, pointing out that the drug's central action dissolves what he terms "stable reference points in the outside world, an action whose other face is the dissolving of the usual self-image. What is left is the mind in a state of enormous suggestibility, receiving images both from the outside world and from its own unconscious. Its capacity to feel these images as being actual parts of itself accounts for the illuminating and the psychotic aspects of the LSD experience."

It should be noted here that the hallucinations induced sometimes require as few as twenty micrograms (one microgram is one

millionth of a gram) although Dr. Albert Hofmann, the Swiss chemist who first discovered the effects of the drug, once swallowed 250 micrograms without suffering illness.

J. Fraser Nicol and Betty H. Nicol, the veteran researchers in parapsychology, charge with refreshing frankness that psychical research of the past seventy-five years has failed "to unravel the fundamental nature of the paranormal process." Similarly, the millions of card tests which have been made in an effort to seek proof of the existence of *psi* phenomena have almost all been failures and "a sheer waste of time." They wonder if there is a possibility "that the mind-changing substances offer hope of a breakthrough in releasing and controlling the expression of psychic impression," and they reply, "If pharmacological substances could remove the obstacles to *psi* expression, the results would be breathtaking."

Although these and other abstracts in the volume were prepared by professional workers for professional meetings, they are devoid of technical jargon, and lay readers who have followed developments in parapsychology and related fields will find them surprisingly lucid and provocative. No volume of recent years has summed up so authoritatively the data available about the use of pharmacological agents in paranormal research. Equally impressive is the healthy questioning and critical approach of these experts in psychic activity toward past research in the field. These summaries indicate that the publication of the papers in their entirety would make a major contribution to psychic studies.

THERE COULD HARDLY BE a sharper contrast to these scientific papers than another new volume on drugs and the mind which was obviously intended for a much wider audience—*Exploring Inner Space: Personal Experience Under LSD 25*, by Jane Dunlap, which is a pseudonym for what the publisher describes as an internationally known writer whose name is "a household word." Miss Dunlap volunteered to become a subject for LSD experimentation, and this book, in which she tells what happened thereafter, is her report

which originally was not intended for publication. But, says Dr. Robert S. Davidson, a psychologist with whom she worked on the experiment—he himself had received LSD injections twenty-five times when the Dunlap experiment began—he encouraged her to make a book of the report because it was such an impressive description of a "magnificent religious revelation" and also because it was a scientific document and "an inspiration to people who still believe in the intrinsic power within the universe." Dr. Davidson contributes the preface and also adds an appendix which describes the effects of LSD in lay form which will prove helpful to a reader who might otherwise be overwhelmed and confused by the deliberately uninhibited and at times seemingly unedited language of Miss Dunlap, who obviously believed that only in this theatrical manner could she hope to communicate something of the power of LSD on her mind.

In the chapter she calls "I Lived Billions of Years in Eight Hours," Miss Dunlap tells what began happening to her ten minutes after a psychiatrist gave her 110 micrograms of LSD intramuscularly: ". . . I became an angel floating deliberately through space, every cell in my body in a frenzy of joyous vibration. . . Suddenly a choking terror gripped me. . . I felt utterly helpless. . ." Later she saw a light, and "that little light was God. I must reach Him! I must! I must! . . . Soon I became. . . a single cell, lichen, seeds, roots, and an ugly little amphibian. . . In an instant millions of years had passed, and the earth was filled with every type of prehistoric animal. . . I was many kinds of prehistoric birds. . . I was a great muddy tangle of lizards. . . Quickly I became great rivers of lava which poured hissing into the sea. . ."

Still later, after Miss Dunlap had submitted to more experimentation and greater doses of LSD, she tells how she became a drop of water which, in her hallucinations or visions, entered "the caverns of the soul. . . The final cavern symbolized the eternal divinity of every person's soul and appeared to be made entirely of alabaster. . ." Of her final LSD experiment she says, "When the drug claimed me for the last time, I saw Christ standing before me. . . ."

To those who inquire about the value of LSD, Miss Dunlap replies that it is as difficult as trying to explain the value of gazing on a beautiful sunset, listening to music, traveling, worshiping, loving. She says it requires "colossal egotism" to write an LSD report and it really cannot be accomplished with all the languages of man. Nevertheless, she ventures these comments: "For a few short but forever unforgettable hours, LSD gives one the love of God, the forgiveness of Christ, the humility of St. Francis, the intellect of Einstein, and the compassion of Allah. . . ."

She makes other observations which will interest clinicians and researchers as well as readers of popular magazines, about the manner in which LSD seemed to make her aware of two personalities within herself, of the stimulating effect of the drug on her creative powers as a writer, and of the manner in which it made her interested in every form of religious worship. She acknowledges that some authorities believe that LSD is likely to give each person subjected to it what he is seeking, and that the non-religious person will therefore not find religion when under its influence. She rejects this vehemently and alludes to the experience of an atheist who found religion after taking the drug and was never again able to revert to atheism.

Miss Dunlap's language, as suggested above, is sometimes so histrionic as to make one dubious about the scientific value of her experience. But it is possible to disentangle the hard facts of her artificially induced mystical experience from what many must regard as studied flights of language, and in the end one is inclined to recall, as her psychologist, Dr. Davidson recalls in the appendix, the memorable remarks of William James who underwent a comparable experience more than sixty years ago when under the influence of nitrous oxide. In a passage from *The Varieties of Religious Experience,* which so many modern writers on the effects of drugs on the mind allude to continually, James remarked that the consciousness of our workaday lives is but one form of consciousness and that it is separated "by the filmiest of screens" from other forms surrounding it which, with the proper stimulus, suddenly appear. "No account of the universe in all its totality can be final," James continues, "which

leaves these other forms of consciousness quite disregarded. . . Looking back on my own experiences, they all converge towards a kind of insight to which I cannot help ascribing some metaphysical significance. . . To me the living sense of its reality only comes in the artificial mystic states of the mind."

Viewed in this light, Miss Dunlap's feverish language takes on considerably more meaning and her book becomes yet another useful document which will help probe crevices of the mind which have up to now eluded the psychiatrist, the psychic researcher, the pharmacologist, and others who now study so avidly the relationship of drugs to the chemical balance of the brain and body.

THE WRITINGS on drugs and the mind by poets, novelists, composers, and others from literature and the arts is a long one and replete with such names as Gautier, Baudelaire, Bayard Taylor, Thomas DeQuincey, Jean Cocteau, Havelock Ellis, Aldous Huxley. A more modern list includes Mezz Mezzrow, the once famous musician, who knows a good deal about marihuana and hemp in New York's Harlem of the 1930's; Barney Ross, the champion professional boxer and Marine hero of World War II, who became a morphine addict; Alexander King, the currently best-selling author-illustrator-television personality, who was also an addict; and Allen Ginsberg, perhaps the most renowned of "the beat" poets, who has had considerable experience with mescaline, nitrous oxide, and LSD. Mr. David Ebin has searched the field well and has brought together the representative writings of all of these and many others in a single volume, *The Drug Experience*, which he calls quite accurately "a book of exploration. . .the writings of travelers into drug land. . .a search for new levels of perception and understanding."

The volume embraces writings from the early 1800's to the present and is arranged under these headings: *Hemp, Opium, Opiates, Addicts, Cures, Peyote, Mushrooms, LSD.* The introduction to each section, along with the autobiographical observations of men who have undergone the drug experience or have carried on research pertaining to it, constitute an unusual source book for the profes-

sional and the student, as well as fascinating reading for the curious layman. The manner in which men, including the very great, have from very early days sought new levels of consciousness with drugs, makes an astonishing history.

"Here, then, is happiness," cried Baudelaire, when first tasting hashish. "Happiness, with all its intoxications, follies and puerilities." And later Baudelaire was to cry again, "But the morrow! The terrible morrow! . . . You have played a forbidden game. Hideous nature, stripped of yesterday's radiance, resembles the melancholy debris of a banquet. The especial victim is the will, that most precious of all the faculties. . . We understand enough of human nature to know that a man who, with a spoonful of conserve, can instantaneously procure for himself all the benefits of heaven and earth, will never earn a thousandth part of these by toil. . . ."

Nearer our own day, Havelock Ellis, a writer of poetic grace as well as a scientist, was to write "that for a healthy person to be once or twice admitted to the rites of mescal is not only an unforgettable delight, but an educational influence of no mean value."

Mr. Ebin's diligent research reveals many other writings in which our best authorities have disagreed about the effects of the drug experience while, in the aggregate, showing how rich for further study is the historical background of drugs in human affairs.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST, Professor George H. Estabrooks of Colgate University, and his collaborator, Nancy E. Gross, in their new survey, *The Future of the Human Mind,* note with approval some of the therapeutic effects of the new drugs on mental disease, along with other therapies that are returning once seemingly hopeless patients to their homes and to active lives. "No mental disease by A.D.2000," the vision of the English doctor, S. J. Van Pelt, is probably much too hopeful, they say, "but it is not entirely fantastic." They agree that with drugs it is possible to explore the unconscious and they note that LSD in particular has been used with some success. But they are much less sanguine about the possibilities which its enthusiasts claim for it. They do not feel that it can be regarded as more than

an aid, and are emphatic in their belief that it cannot become a substitute for psychotherapy. They also warn that "because its psychological effects are so dramatic—the LSD visions are almost preternaturally clear, detailed and precise—it can have a devastating impact on men and women whose personality structures are not strong. For this reason alone it can be administered only to selected patients: those who will be able to tolerate the knowledge of themselves their vision brings."

These observations are valuable because they come within the context of a popular volume where so many other avenues into the mind are discussed: hypnosis, computers, conditioned reflex, teaching machines, parapsychology, intelligence tests, the "collective unconscious" of Carl Jung, and many other approaches which can be compared with one another. If this volume has any bias despite its efforts to survey objectively the new discoveries and to look ahead, it is probably on the side of hypnosis, and that is understandable, for Professor Estabrooks is one of the authorities who in recent years has helped give hypnosis the repute it has long merited when employed by medical men and others who shun the theatricalism so long associated with it.

The authors grant that by the year 2000 we may find both the chemical causes and the chemical cures for mental illness. But, they add, this is but one aspect of man's multifarious problems of the mind, and to attack them, the individual student must now confine himself not merely to a particular field, but to a minute portion of it. It may well be, they conclude, that ESP itself is governed by laws which, when discovered, will reveal that "the possibilities for man's future are infinite and magnificent."

The new drugs probing the mind, with all the fears and forebodings inherent in them, nevertheless hold the promise of bringing that future nearer.

A nebulous, ghostly figure enveloped in a large brown cloak, still haunts the scene where she spent her life in intrigue

THE GHOST OF WESTBROOK PARK

B. M. Moffat

NOT ALL REPUTEDLY haunted houses have been the scenes of murder or suicide. About some there are strange tales in which happily, no murder has taken place. One such is Westbrook Park, near Godalming, in England.

Westbrook Park is a fine timbered property, dating from the time of Charles II, when it was the property of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe. Both Sir Theophilus and Lady Oglethorpe were staunch supporters of the Stuart cause, and in fact, one of their daughters was known to have crossed from France with Bonnie Prince Charlie on his ill-fated journey to Scotland in 1745. It was also said that Queen Caroline, when she fled from Whitehall, entrusted her diamonds to Lady Oglethorpe, who later returned them to her.

Perhaps it was because of their adventurous activities that one hears no more of Sir Theophilus and his Lady. They were evidently marked people, and thereafter kept in the background. Political

intrigues were, however, carried on by their two daughters, Eleanor and Ann. For this they were eminently suited, not only because their youth allayed suspicion, but because, having lived for years at the Court of Charles II, while he and his brother were in exile, they were excellent linguists. Many were the journeys they made to and from the Continent disguised and under assumed names, carrying messages to and from the adherents of the Stuart cause.

Their activities must have covered many years, for George I was on the throne when a madcap plot was discovered to kidnap the King in a whirlwind assault on his royal residence, and place the Pretender on the throne.

Although there was no evidence of the Oglethorpes being implicated in *this* plot, still their sympathies were known, and Westbrook House was searched. Eleanor was found there, but not a shred of evidence could be brought against her: there were no letters in cypher, no incriminating documents, and she was set free.

One can imagine the romantic excitement the Oglethorpe girls felt in the early days of their activities, as they memorized their messages and dressed each other up to play her part. And a seamstress, working for them, no doubt took an active part in their fitting and dressing up in their disguises.

Then, as their plots grew bolder and they realized that what they were involved in was treason, for which death might be the penalty, they decided that the seamstress knew too much, and must be silenced. Since murder had never been in their minds in the furtherance of the Cause, they cast about for less drastic means. With suppression in view, they persuaded the seamstress to accompany them to France, where they left her at a convent.

And there she stayed for six years! This may sound incredible today, but such things could be, and were, done then. The Oglethorpes were wealthy people, and the Church was never averse in those days to receiving gifts. The nuns were more likely than not to have Jacobite sympathies—and didn't "the end justify the means"?

However, the seamstress could write, an ability which, possibly, the Oglethorpe sisters hadn't known about or had not reckoned with,

and the seamstress put her incarceration to good use by writing an account of the sisters' activities. When at last she succeeded in smuggling her account out into the right hands, great was the furore it raised. The seamstress was immediately released, and warrants were issued for the arrest of the sisters. Only Ann was caught. But there was no evidence against her; it was simply a case of the word of a humble seamstress against the word of the daughter of a wealthy landowner. Thus the sisters, thanks to the craftiness and discretion they had shown in their previous activities, escaped justice once more.

On the death of their father, the property descended to his third son, James, and a great change came over their affairs, for James Oglethorpe, a public-spirited, far-seeing man, who had entered Parliament and made sweeping changes in the terrible prison conditions of those days, now turned his attention to the New World. He began the settlement of the Colony of Georgia, of which he became the first Governor.

James Oglethorpe was enterprising. Hearing that the climate of Georgia was favorable to producing silk, he brought experts from Italy to train the colonists in the silk industry. Westbrook Park took on an even greater importance when it was used as a training ground for prospective emigrants, many of whom named their new homes in Georgia after their home villages in the Old Country. More interesting still is to learn that they were accompanied by the Wesley brothers, John and Charles, who had been staying at Westbrook, and whose father, Samuel Wesley, was a friend of the Oglethorpe family.

The resources of the family estate were now used to the limit to provide funds to finance and defend the new Colony. But during James Oglethorpe's absence in Georgia, intrigues and plottings once more sprang up, although Eleanor and Ann were no longer young and were perhaps growing disillusioned and bitter. The house was once more searched and Eleanor was found, having arrived there from one of her secret missions. But again she was released.

It is not known that the young Pretender ever came so far south as Godalming, though, for long, the villagers talked of a figure wrapped in a large brown cloak who stalked about the wooded

grounds at dusk and early dawn. It is more probable that this figure was Eleanor, who was known to have been found there when the house was shuttered up and the walks through the grounds were barricaded; she probably entered and left by the subterranean passage which led from a concealed vault to a spot well beyond the confines of the property. All we know is that Eleanor and Ann continued plotting until 1760 when their scheming petered out—or did they?

IN THE LATE nineteenth century Westbrook Park was sold and turned into a home for epileptic children. With its large wooded grounds and a garden well supplied with fruit, it made a fine home for the purpose.

But there was a strange atmosphere about it. A member of the staff encountered in one of the passages, just as it was becoming dusk, the shadowy figure of a woman, wrapped in a cloak, who vanished before any details could be noted. Then another of the staff saw her, but again so fleetingly that nothing definite could be described.

One of the staff had a pet cat which woke her in the night, spitting and hissing at something invisible to her. Once, when the superintendent of the Home was away, and one of the staff was coming up the drive, she saw an elderly woman, dressed in an old-fashioned cloak, standing at the superintendent's bedroom window. Hurrying upstairs to see who was in the room, she found no one.

On another occasion pictures in the room were removed in the night and placed against the base board. Fortunately, none of the girls seemed to have seen the apparition, but so many of the staff did that the superintendent called a meeting, at which she requested them not to discuss the matter for fear the girls might overhear and be frightened.

Was this nebulous figure in the cloak an apparition of she who "stalked the grounds in a large brown cloak," and were they both Eleanor Oglethorpe, forced forever to haunt the scene of so many of her plots? And does she resent the poor girls who now find peace and happiness at Westbrook Park where Eleanor found none?

For many centuries, inhabitants of the village of San Pablito have practiced witchcraft with paper replicas of their gods

MEXICO'S PAPER DOLL MAGIC

Betty Hoven

DEEP IN THE REMOTE mountainous area of Puebla State in Mexico, nestles the tiny village of San Pablito. Its inhabitants, the Otomi natives, wear modern clothes and follow modern customs —to a certain degree. But one tradition, a throwback to Pre-Columbian times, the villagers fiercely cling to. Here Brujerías (pronounced Brew-her-e-ahs), the ancient art of witchcraft through paper dolls, is practiced as eagerly today as in the old times when the villagers' savage forefathers roamed the surrounding mountains. From all indications, their paper doll magic seems to work.

The area around San Pablito has such poor soil that it is hardly capable of supporting even the lowest form of weeds under ordinary circumstances. Nevertheless crops prosper and flowers grow in abundance in this sandy, rocky terrain. Even more amazing, a glance convinces the observer that the natives are happy, healthy, and seemingly ageless. More important, they seem to have peace of

mind—a state of mind few of us can claim to possess in these days of tranquilizers and alcoholism.

WHAT IS THE STRANGE CAUSE that make these people stand out from their more destitute neighbors? The Otomi unhesitatingly give full credit to Brujerías, but are obstinately unwilling to share its deepest secrets outside their village. Almost the only thing known to outsiders of this ancient art is the ritual itself, practiced by an elder of the village, who is known simply as "the wizard." There are no schools to teach this particular strain of witchcraft. It is handed down from father to son. Consequently, there is usually only one wizard to the village.

The wizard is revered and respected for his knowledge. Among his clients will be found those in need of a doctor and/or a minister, since his role is not unlike the roles of these professions. However, the wizard's position is not, to put it mildly, as secure as that of the general practitioner. If an average doctor makes a mistake, the reaction is regret. If the wizard makes a mistake, he pays with his life.

One uncomfortable aspect of the wizard's job is that everyone must retain a high opinion of his work. Once a villager is dissatisfied with the results of an "office call," the doctor is destroyed to rid the village of the evil spirits which possess him. Should the wizard reach this untimely end, the dubious honor of receiving his vacant title and duties falls upon his son. Since the problem of infertility is unknown in San Pablito, the inhabitants have no fear of a dearth of wizards.

The presence of a Brujerías wizard assures villagers of a happier life. They relax, confident in the power of Brujerías over rain, crops, business ventures and unrequited love. Therefore, if misfortune should happen to fall unexpectedly, the wizard immediately calls into power a stronger type of Brujerías. This, to be used only in the event of an emergency, is a deeply religious rite.

CONSIDERED AS "EMERGENCIES" among the townspeople are visitations from spirits of departed ancestors, a chance meeting with

the devil, the evil eye, and unexplained great fear or shock—any of which might result in serious repercussions on one's nervous system. The wizard's proclaimed cure for these symptoms is to put the sufferer through the cleansing ceremony known as *una limpia*. This is supposedly a "sure-fire" cure for all psychic disorders.

The most solemn part of the *una limpia* consists of anointing the patient with the "food of the gods"—a strange, foul-smelling mixture of chopped raw chicken hearts, eggs, incense and certain herbs. During the ceremony, which often lasts for days, holy incantations are repeated until the patient shows signs of relief. If the patient's trouble is physical, his ills are treated with herbs and good spirits; the latter have been called into existence by the wizard. In addition to the above tasks, the wizard functions as a family counselor on problems of love, domestic difficulties, and indifferent mates, thereby relieving emotional strain on the heart.

IN EACH CEREMONY, the wizard uses several sacred paper dolls representing the Lords of the Bird of Four Heads, the Sacred Mountains, the Night, Rain, Sun, Hail, Wind, and others. Dolls representing good spirits are made barefooted. Evil spirits are designated with boots of conquerors, the Spanish Conquistadores.

To make the dolls, the wizard soaks the bark of the Amate tree, by an aged Pre-Columbian process, in certain herbal chemicals, and then lays it out in a woven grill pattern. Next he beats it with a sacred wooden block until the fibers of the bark intermingle. When the "paper" is dried, it is cut with sacrificial scissors into facsimiles of the god he wishes to evoke. The doll closely resembles excavated Aztec figurines which Pre-Columbian natives buried to assure good crops.

The finished doll is then placed on an *curamada*, a small altar, made of interwoven tree limbs. On the top of the altar is a scaffold-like structure covered by a symbolically ceremonial napkin. The napkin itself has as much significance as the doll it covers.

During the ceremony, sacrifices of rabbits, pigs, and chickens are offered for the pleasure of the Gods. To add to the solemnity of the occasion, incense is burned in ancient ceremonial braziers in a ring around the sacrificial altar.

To please the souls of the spirits, the wizard orders the playing of hand-made, crudely fashioned drums, guitars and violins by relatives of the patient. The resulting primitive eerie music reverberates through the mountains. When his usual chants, incantations and gestures do not seem to put a dent in the god's disposition, the wizard calls upon saints as a last resort. If this method fails, he turns in his scissors.

NO OUTSIDER has ever been able to prove or disprove the worth of Brujerías. But the bare fact remains that the Otomi have no wonder drugs with which to stave off illness and disease. Nor do they have our modern plant foods with which to encourage their crops. Yet those who have visited San Pablito swear the vegetables are the largest, and the people the healthiest, of any village in Mexico.

IF YOU ARE MOVING . . .

Please be sure to notify TOMORROW of your change of address. You should allow four weeks for a change of address to become effective. Write to: TOMORROW, Circulation Dept., 29 West 57th Street. New York 19, N. Y.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q. *I have heard somewhere of Valentine Graterakes who was a healer. Was he a real or fictitious character?*
L. deG., LONDON, ENGLAND

A. Valentine Graterakes was an Irish mesmerist born in the county of Waterford in 1628. In *An Encyclopedia of Occultism* (1960) by Lewis Spence, it states that: "In 1662 he dreamed that he had received the gift of healing by laying on of hands. He ignored the dream, but as it occurred again on several occasions, he made an experiment upon his wife which was quite successful. He practiced the laying on of hands for practically all diseases, and in 1666 went to London where he was summoned to court. While there he healed many persons, but the insults of the courtiers proved too much for him and he was forced to withdraw to a house near London, where he continued his cures."

Pechlin, in his *Critical History of Animal Magnetism,* says, "Amongst the most astonishing cures which history records, are those of an Irish gentleman in London, Oxford, and other cities of England

and Ireland. He himself published in London in 1666 a full account of them: 'Val. Graterakes, Esq., of Waterford, in the kingdom of Ireland, famous for curing several diseases and distempers by the stroak of his hand only: London, 1660.'"

An Encyclopedia of Occultism goes on to say that: "Pechlin believes that no doubt whatever can be entertained of the reality of his cures, as they are related in his own work; and they are, therefore, worthy of being translated into all languages. Pechlin caused a number of letters and testimonials to be printed, which place the veracity and character of Graterakes in the clearest light. In the first place, John Glanville, the author of *Scepsis Scientifica*, in which he treated all learning and human science as open to doubt, and who was also a chaplain to Charles II, says in a letter that Graterakes was a simple, amiable, and pious man, a stranger to all deceit. The same testimony was given to him by George Rust, Bishop of Dromore in Ireland. The Bishop says that he was three weeks at his house, where he had an opportunity of observing his sound morals, and the great number of his cures of the sick. Through the simple laying on of hands he drove the pains to the extremities of the limbs. Many times the effect was very rapid and as if by magic. If the pains did not immediately give way, he repeated his rubbings, and always drove them from the nobler parts to the less noble, and finally into the limbs."

The Bishop relates that: "I can as eyewitness assert that Graterakes cured dizziness, very bad diseases of the eyes and ears, old ulcers, goitre, epilepsy, glandular swellings, scirrhous indurations, and cancerous swellings. I have seen swellings disperse in five days which were many years old, but I do not believe by supernatural means; nor did his practice exhibit anything sacred. The cure was sometimes very protracted, and the diseases only gave way through repeated exertions; some altogether resisted his endeavors."

It appeared to the Bishop that something healing, something balsamic flowed from him. Graterakes himself was persuaded that his power was an especial gift of God. He healed even epidemic complaints by his touch, and on that account he believed it his duty to devote himself to the cure of diseases.

Q. *In Allan Angoff's book review of* Strange Sects and Curious Cults, *which appeared in the summer issue of* TOMORROW, *the word "uroboric" was used. I have been unable to find the word in my dictionary. Could you define it for me?*

M. L., TOPEKA, KANSAS

A. A quotation from *Strange Sects and Curious Cults* by Marcus Bach (1961) gives the best possible definition of the word "uroboros" or "uroboric."

"Man reasoned that the rising and setting of the sun was a sexual act which fertilized the earth. As a mother begets her children, so mother earth begot her fruit. Out of this thought came the first hint of the cosmic father-mother relationship—the uroboros or sexual union of the universe—of which man and woman were themselves a part. Here was an answer to the mystery of creation; here was light upon the puzzle of birth and death. For man reasoned that the earth had its springtime of impregnation, its summer of fruitful productivity, its autumn waning and its wintery death, and he saw himself as part of the cosmic drama. . . From this attempt to understand his relationship with the universe, pre-historic man developed the rudimentary concepts of religion. . . If we reject the evidence pointing to some form of uroboric union and the evolution of thought it inspired, the entire history of world religions becomes unintelligible and grotesque. If, however, this key to religion is grasped, it will unlock the past and show us that all that has happened is meaningful and profound. . ."

Q. *I enjoy your magazine very much and am looking forward to further "Questions & Answers." Would you please answer one for me? I was very much interested in Edgar Cayce's psychic work in Virginia but was not fortunate enough to have a reading from him before his passing. Is there anyone who is giving similar readings now? Someone on the East Coast who is in this work would be easier for me to visit, since I live in New York.*

One other question. I understand Mr. Cayce predicted some violent upheavals and changes in the earth's surface. Could you tell me if, as I have heard, some of these have already taken place? And what seems likely in the future? Since one of them concerned New York City sinking under the sea—I am most interested!

E. L., NEW YORK CITY

A. To obtain the answer to your first question we wrote to the Edgar Cayce Foundation, Virginia Beach, Va. The reply stated that: "We do not know of any one who gives information that has the same depth and perceptivity as that given by Edgar Cayce."

In response to your second question a booklet was recommended which would cover the subject of upheavals and changes in the earth. The advertising material states that this booklet was prepared by a professional geologist who is interested in the psychic as well as the scientific; and that it compares the data in the Edgar Cayce readings on past, present and future changes in the earth with present-day scientific data on the same subject. You may procure this booklet by writing to the Edgar Cayce Foundation, they say. There is a charge.

Q. *I have heard that C. G. Jung had a frightening experience in a haunted house and actually saw a ghost. I suppose this was what caused him to develop an interest in psychic phenomena. Could you tell me where I might find this story so that I may read it?*

R. E. M., HONOLULU, HAWAII

A. The story you refer to was related in a book entitled *Spuk*, by Fanny Moser (Baden bei Zurich, 1950). In it the famous psychoanalyst, Dr. Carl Jung, describes his encounter with a ghost in a country home rented by a friend in 1920. Mr. Jung says that during the nights he spent in this house he experienced various ghostly phenomena which gradually increased in strength. They included raps, unpleasant odors, a sound as of rushing movements, and drops

of liquid. One night (his last in the house, incidentally) he saw the head of a women lying about sixteen inches away from him on his pillow. One of the eyes was wide open and staring at him.

Jung got up and lit a candle, and the head disappeared. However, he spent the rest of the night sitting up in a chair.

Q. *Why was there so little in the papers and magazines about the poltergeist in Newark, N. J., in May? It seems to have been hushed up so quickly that I wonder if it was proved to be a fraud. Did the little boy in question really throw the objects; was he ever caught in the act? I am just curious why we have not heard more about this poltergeist case.*

J. G., SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

A. The conditions surrounding the little boy who was involved in the Newark poltergeist case in May, 1961, were such that the press, showing a feeling for humanity as it occasionally does, played the story down. The boy was never caught in any fraud. On the contrary, the objects in this house were observed in flight by a newspaper reporter, as well as by members of the family and some neighbors. All were convinced that there was very little possibility the boy could have physically caused the action.

The facts which came out as the case was probed by the press, showed that the little boy was a worthy object of solicitude. It was revealed that his mother had murdered his father a few years before, and just a month before the poltergeist activity began she had escaped from the minimum security institution in which she had been imprisoned. After the first few newspaper articles about him appeared, crowds began to gather outside his home and cry out to see the "boy who makes things fly." So the reporters took it upon themselves to play down the story for the sake of the child. Since he was moved from the house at that time and the poltergeist activity ceased, the entire case faded from attention quickly.

However, it is certainly true that this poltergeist did not have the scientific investigation it warranted. The activity occurred in an apartment in a large Negro housing development. Thus it could be considered an excellent refutation of the frequently offered explanation for phenomena of this sort—that underground water currents, magnetic fields, or seismological disturbances caused the movement of objects. In this instance other apartments in the same building were not so affected.

Q. *I know this is more theory than science, but does anyone know why it is that sometimes dogs and cats act as if they can see ghosts and get all bristly and at other times they don't? If they can see them at all, why don't they see them all the time? And if they can only see them on occasion, why is this?*

MRS. R. E., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

A. As your question suggests, the answer must be theoretical. There are several theories that may be mentioned. Some people describe ghosts as "thought forms" or "veridical after-images." These might be more pronounced at one time than another, and thus more likely to affect the vision or senses of an animal.

Another idea which might be suggested comes from a medium, who claims to have had considerable experience with animals at a time when they were seeing "ghosts." George Wehner in *A Curious Life* (1929) states that "The auric forces of troubled spirits, suicides, people who have done great wrongs in their earthly lives and pass on unrepentant are altogether different from those of other spirits." He believes it is ghosts of people of this sort which frighten animals. He says: "I believe it is this uncanny vibration of spirits that is felt by dogs which causes them to howl and whine. Several times a cat happened to be with me when I was visited by these unhappy astrals and each time the animal acted in the same manner—arched its back, ruffled its fur, and spat wrathfully."

A young girl writes in her Journal of psychic experiences, and of the death prophecy in her mirror on New Year's eve

DIARY OF THE FUTURE

Pauline Saltzman

NICE, FRANCE. JANUARY 11, 1874. A blond, fourteen-year-old Russian girl with a complexion of cream and roses is writing late into the night. For two years she has kept a diary, or rather, a journal, in which she records in French her innermost thoughts about daily happenings. Marie Bashkirtseff is precocious and probing. She tingles with excitement as she writes these words:

"Tomorrow, the twelfth of January, is New Year's eve in Russia, and I am burning with impatience to tell my fortune before a mirror. Aunt Marie, who has tried it, tells of some astonishing revelations. She saw her husband and many other things not yet come to pass. She also claims to have seen many frightful and horrible things. Having resolved to try my fortune, I am so excited that I cannot eat as the time draws near."

Later she wrote in her journal: "At half-past eleven that eventful night, I locked myself in my room, arranged the mirror, and

behold! — at last I shall peep into the future. For a long time I saw nothing, but little by little, I began to distinguish small figures, not larger than ten or twelve centimeters. I saw a multitude of heads covered in the most fantastic manner imaginable: toques, wigs, bonnets of all sizes, all turning and swirling. Then I distinguished a woman in white, bearing a striking resemblance to myself. She wore a lace scarf over her head; her arms were resting on a table, one hand lightly supporting her chin. Her eyes turned upward and she disappeared. Then I saw the interior of a church, the floor of black and white marble. In the center was a group in costume, several sitting or standing . . . On the left, as if in a mist, were several men. One of these was in evening dress and beside him stood a bride, but their faces were invisible.

"Another man stood in the center, but his face was also invisible. Covered heads predominated, and I believe, all sorts of costumes changing very rapidly. The scenes were very brilliant. Suddenly the frame of the mirror, reflected again and again, without end, seemed to assume the shape of a coffin, but I soon saw my error. You must understand that I was greatly agitated, expecting every moment to see something frightful . . . I might, no doubt, have seen more, but I moved my eyes from the mirror. Thus I have begun the year by meeting these costumes and head-coverings, which are inexpressibly strange and fantastic."

A strange, macabre, and altogether prophetic experience for a beautiful young girl, poised on the threshold of adult life! But Marie Bashkirtseff, French-educated child of the Russian aristocracy, was already no stranger to death. For the remainder of her brief life, and even prior to the contraction of the disease which was to kill her, she knew that she would die young. Because she was richly talented in music, art, and literature, Marie became possessed by the desire to excel in such a way that her name would be immortal.

She had been born November 11, 1860 as Marya Konstantinovna Bashkirtseff, the daughter of a provincial Russian nobleman, General Paul Gregorievitch Bashkirtseff. Her mother, born a Babanine, was of equally distinguished lineage. Unfortunately, the marriage was

unhappy, and the couple separated. General Bashkirtseff remained on the family estate near Poltava, while Marie and Paul, the two children, were taken on an extended tour of the Continent in 1870. "The party comprised grandpapa, mama, Aunt Romanoff, and Dina [Marie's first cousin], Paul, and me," wrote Marie.

Marie's life was tragically short (she died at twenty-four), but it was lived with passionate intensity and was marked by the strong desire to probe the mystery of death.

In the preface to her *Journal*, she wrote: "What if I should die suddenly, carried away by some swift disease? Probably I should not know that I was in danger; they would conceal it from me, and after my death they would search among my papers. My journal would be found, and after reading it, my family would destroy it, and in a short time there would remain nothing of me — nothing, nothing! This is the thought that has always terrified me."

MARIE'S BEAUTY was remarkable, as was her mezzo-soprano voice. The family gravitated between Nice and Paris, with stays in Rome and Naples. She was privately educated in art and showed unusual ability and perception. But always Marie knew that death was not far off. Marie Bashkirtseff was a sensitive, psychic person.

At fifteen, her love affair with death was well advanced, for she confided in her *Journal*: "I have had such a queer dream. I was flying high above the earth, a lyre in my hand, the cords of which were constantly loosening, and I could not draw one sound from it. I kept going higher and higher. I could see immense horizons, clouds — blue, yellow, red, mixed, golden, silvery; torn, strange clouds — then all became gray. Then new arrangements. I continued going upward, until at last I reached such a great elevation that it was frightful. Still I felt no fear. The clouds appeared to be frozen, grayish, and shining as lead. All became vague. I still held my lyre, with its loosened cords, in my hand. And far beneath my feet was a reddish ball — the earth."

She awoke with a start. At three o'clock in the morning, she continued to confide in her *Journal*: "Ah, I am impatient! My time will come. [She is referring to her artistic career.] I like to think so, but something tells me it will never come. . . I am angry and I do not weep. I do not throw myself on the ground. I am calm. It is a bad sign; it is better to be furious."

The family party went to Rome when Marie was sixteen. Here she studied painting with Katorbinski, a young Polish professor of art. She also studied voice with Facciotti and wrote triumphantly in her *Journal*: "I have a compass of three octaves, less two notes."

It was about this time that she fell in love with a young Roman aristocrat, designated as "Pietro A—," nephew of the famous reactionary Cardinal Antonelli. Pietro wanted to marry her, but his family feared, and rightly, that the dictatorial Cardinal Antonelli would make trouble, since Marie was a Greek Orthodox. Pietro's family persuaded him to go into retreat in a monastery where he could meditate on the situation. When he failed to return after a few days, Marie began to worry. Was he being false to her? Didn't he intend to marry her according to his promises? Was his dictatorial uncle ruining all possibilities of their marriage?

All was revealed to her in a strange dream. "All night long I saw him in my dream. He assured me that he had really been in the monastery." The dream proved telepathically true, for Pietro later told Marie that actually he had wanted to remain in retreat for four days, but this short stay had burgeoned into seventeen days. He was kept there, forcibly detained, by his family. He could have written, but he was a truthful young man and admitted that this was too embarrassing; he couldn't even bring himself to tell his friends.

The romantic ups and downs of Marie Bashkirtseff's romance gave way to a graver exigency. She became ill with spells of fever and coughing. She was sixteen, in love, and spitting blood.

IN SUN-DRENCHED NICE, Marie's chest pains and coughing spells were temporarily forgotten, although she now knew that her ambition to become a concert singer would never be realized. Her

erstwhile fiancé remained in Rome. The romance was obviously at a standstill. Marie made preparations to visit her father in Poltava.

En route to Russia, she stopped in Paris. Here, she and a friend, whom she designated as "Madame de M—," visited a celebrated clairvoyant. "Alexis gives but few consultations other than those for the health." With her she took two sealed envelopes. The larger contained a photograph of Cardinal Antonelli, the smaller a recent letter from Pietro.

"We entered the room in semi-darkness, and as Madame de M— had said, 'We are not here for health,' the doctor went out, leaving us with the sleeping man, who made me incredulous, and especially because of the absence of all exterior charlatanism." Marie meant that Alexis was entranced.

Madame de M—placed Marie's hand in that of the clairvoyant. " 'This does not concern health,' she said in a low voice."

" 'Ah,' was all he said. Alexis's eyes were half-closed and glassy as those of a corpse. 'All the same, Madame, your little friend is very ill.' "

Marie was frightened. She was about to tell Alexis to avoid reference to her illness, for she feared to hear the worst. But before she had the chance to do so, he described to the letter all the details of her illness. Alexis told Marie that she was suffering from laryngitis and that it was chronic. "The voice organ is superb" was his diagnosis under trance, "but it is worn out. You must be treated." He went into technical medical detail, but she was impatient.

"I have come, Monsieur," she reminded him, "to consult you about this person." She handed him the large sealed envelope bearing the Cardinal's photograph. Alexis put his hand to his forehead: he seemed lost in thought. Finally he said, "I see him."

"Where is he?"

The medium spoke firmly, confidently. "He is in a large Italian city. I see him in a palace surrounded by many people. He has gray hair and is past sixty years of age. He wears a uniform."

"A uniform?" Marie's voice betrayed her amazement.

"Yes, I said uniform," Alexis said. "But this man is not a military personality." He hesitated. "It's an ecclesiastical habit. Wait! . . . This man occupies a very high position. He is a Cardinal."

Marie was so excited that she kicked off her slippers, flinging them across the room. Madame de M— tried to stifle her laughter when she saw the girl's ill-repressed excitement. "A Cardinal?" Marie repeated. "What is he thinking of, then?"

"He is thinking of a very grave matter which preoccupies him." Alexis seemed to have difficulty in pronouncing the words, and his slowness made Marie nervous. "Go on, see whom he's with; what is he saying?" she prompted eagerly.

"He is with two young men — officers — two young men he sees frequently. They belong to the palace."

Marie reminded herself how she always saw two young officers in the Pope's suite when she attended the Saturday receptions at the Vatican. But Alexis went on. "He is speaking to them. He speaks to them in Italian. Those who surrounded him are also ecclesiastics. One of them is very tall and thin. He wears glasses. He is near-sighted, and obliged to bring the object close to his eyes. His voice is low."

This was indeed fantastic, for Marie recognized a young officer who had spoken to her at a dinner they had attended at Villa Mattei.

"What is the Cardinal doing?" she asked impetuously. "What has he just done? Whom has he seen lately?"

Alexis had a faraway look on his face. "Yesterday he held a large reception at his home. People of the Church—ah, yes . . . they discussed an important matter. He is greatly disturbed, since it is a question of —" He hesitated. "They talk, they argue, they want to make him Pope."

Marie Bashkirtseff's words continue. "The tone in which this was said, the astonishment of the clairvoyant, and the words themselves gave me something of an electrical shock. I could scarcely contain myself.

" 'Pope!' I exclaimed.

" 'Yes—Pope,' repeated Alexis, 'but there are obstacles. He is not one with the most chance.'

" 'But who will be Pope?'

" 'I cannot read the future.'

" 'But who is the Cardinal? What is his name? Can you not see by his surroundings, by what is being said to him?' "

In spite of his entrancement, Alexis began to show marked impatience. "This photograph that I hold in my hand is devoid of vitality. Besides, you yourself are so excited that you tire me horribly. Your nerves impart shocks to my system. Do be calmer, Mademoiselle."

"Yes," Marie said, "but you tell me things that make me jump. Tell me the name of this Cardinal."

Alexis pressed his head between his two hands. He seemed to sniff the gray, double-thick envelope. Suddenly he gave the name of the Cardinal—"Antonelli. He thinks badly of you, Mademoiselle. I do not know why this dissatisfaction should exist, but it has to do with political motives." Telepathically, Alexis continued to project his mind. He gave Marie a picture of papal intrigue, and this picture proved true with the passage of time. " 'The French party will be destroyed; that is to say, the French papists have but little chance. Oh, but they have scarcely anything. But even so, Antonelli won't live much longer. He is a very sick man with a blood disease.' "

Marie saw that the medium's hand was trembling. Gently she replaced the Cardinal's sealed portrait with the other envelope containing Pietro's recent letter. This he pressed against his heart, then his brow.

"Ah," said Alexis, "this one is younger; he is, in fact, very young. The letter was written some time ago — in Rome. Since then this person has moved, though he is still in Italy. I see this young man in the open country. He is allied with the Pope. I see him standing behind His Holiness. He is a strange young man—retiring, ambitious, gloomy. All he thinks of is realizing his ambitions."

"Does he love me?" Marie asked as young girls have asked psychics from the dawn of time.

"Very much, Mademoiselle, but he is a strange, morose person. He does love you, but he is ambitious. With him, love and ambition go hand-in-hand. He needs you."

"Does he see the Cardinal?"

"No, they do not agree. The Cardinal has long opposed him for political reasons." This was incredible, for Pietro was a member of the liberal Caccia Club; he was also a *Volontariat*. The psychic continued to say that Pietro's uncle was displeased with him.

"Have they met lately?"

Now Alexis was impatient. "Wait, Mademoiselle, you think of too many things, and your questions are very difficult. I am confusing one man with the other. Were they both in the same envelope?"

Marie thought for a moment. With a shock she realized that Alexis had discerned the fact that only yesterday the Cardinal's photograph and Pietro's letter had been in the same envelope. "Monsieur," she begged, "please try to see!"

"I do see. The two men met two days ago. They were not alone. I see your young man with a lady. She is middle-aged, his mother. They said a few vague words, almost nothing, about his marriage to you."

"Who spoke of it?"

"They," replied Alexis. "Cardinal Antonelli, however, does not speak. He only lets the others do so. He has been against this marriage from the very first. The young man wants to marry you, but Antonelli does not wish it." In short, Pietro wanted to marry Marie, but the Cardinal was hostile because Roman politics and the Russian girl's Orthodox faith could not mix.

Because it later developed that everything Alexis had said was true, Marie asked her diary: "Well, what do you say to that, you who call such things charlatanism? I have transcribed it all minutely. I may have omitted something, but I have added nothing. Is it not most surprising? Is it not strange?"

The journey to Russia was resumed. At her father's opulent estate, Marie learned from General Bashkirtseff that, according to

the grapevine, Pietro had just been married to a girl of whom Antonelli approved. The uncle had just died, exactly as Alexis predicted.

MARIE'S ILLNESS progressed. She could have prolonged her life, but she drove herself without mercy. After losing her voice, she enrolled in the studio of Julian, the only *atelier* in Paris giving instruction to women. She worked from eight in the morning until five in the evening in spite of her failing health. Tony Robert-Fleury and Jules Bastien-Lepage, the most celebrated painters in Paris, became her close friends and mentors.

There were times when the desperately ill girl heard a mysterious voice as it spoke to her in the dead of night. "You will feel neither time, nor difficulties, and you will succeed without suspecting it." She believed in that voice. "It has never deceived me, and it has announced to me too many misfortunes to mislead me now. I believe in it and I feel that I have cause to believe in it."

Her doctors were highly distinguished medical men. Her tuberculosis was called by many names — pharyngitis, laryngitis, catarrh. She took the usual cures, but her arduous work in painting and sculpture actually shortened her life.

Marie's canvasses became celebrated, although they never took first place in *Salon* showings. At this time, one part of the vision she had in the mirror when seeing the new year in as a fourteen year-old girl came startlingly true. A procession of models posed for her, and they were all attired in the costumes and hats she had seen in the vision.

Marie did not sleep well; she was too tired for sleep. At times she would hear "beautiful music in my head." There were other occasions when she saw her own likeness, stretched out upon a bier, a tall white taper beside her. But she was not one to be dominated by superstitious fear. This is proved by a confidence she expressed to her *Journal*, contrasting her beliefs with those of her devout mother. "Mama believes in images and relics; in fact, her religion is pagan-

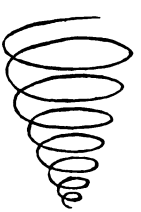
ism, like that of most people who are pious and — not very intelligent."

The last few years of her life were hard. She worked ten hours a day. On April 5, 1884, she wrote in her *Journal*: "I will first finish my Sèvres picture. Then I will apply myself seriously to sculpture in the morning — and to the study of the nude in the afternoon. That will take me into July. Then I will begin 'The Evening,' which is a long, treeless road, stretching across a plain, and fading in the distance into a sunset sky."

Marie died October 31, 1884. She had been greatly talented, but always there had been painters who were better. At best, her canvasses had attracted Honorable Mention. Today, some of these may be seen in the Musée de Luxembourg.

The strangest note of prophecy in Marie Bashkirtseff's brief, burned-out life was the prediction at the age of fourteen when she foretold her own funeral at the point where her wedding should have been presaged. "Covered heads predominated . . . Suddenly the frame of the mirror, reflected again and again, without end, seemed to assume the shape of a coffin . . . "

Marie's name is world-renowned, but her fame was not achieved through her mezzo-soprano voice, her painting, or her sculpture. It lies solely in her *Journal*, the diary to which she confided her ambitions, hopes, fears, and unshaken belief in an unseen world. Marie Bashkirtseff's masterpiece, her inimitable *Journal*, filled with beauty, mystery, and extreme honesty, will live in the annals of literature.



There is a tremendous fortune buried on the Island of Cocos; the spirit of "John King" will guide a brave explorer to it

THE COCOS ISLAND MYSTERY

Nandor Fodor

A RECENT OUTBREAK of interest in treasure-hunting on Cocos Island sent me searching through papers I had preserved from my old days of psychical research in England. I read the book, *The Lost Treasure of Cocos Island* by Ralph Hancock and Julian A. Weston, which had renewed interest in the perennial mystery of what has happened to the immense treasures hidden on a scrap of land about 550 miles due west from Panama City, and I compared its latest findings with my unpublished writing on the quest for treasure there which Sir Malcolm Campbell (then Captain Campbell) had undertaken in 1926. My writing also told about two mediums through whose help I had tried to find the location of the treasure on Cocos Island, which Sir Malcolm Campbell so conspicuously failed to find. Yes, it would be worth while at last to publish the contents of my old paper, for as Hancock and Weston conclusively show, somewhere in the steaming jungle of Cocos Island lies the

greatest treasure hoard on earth, yet in 140 years expedition after expedition has failed to find a trace of it. Under the circumstances any possible clue should be given.

The consensus is that there are three treasure troves on Cocos Island, and this is what Sir Malcolm Campbell believed when I happened to travel with him in 1933 from London to Budapest on the Orient Express. We were bound for an international newspaper congress where the great speed king—Sir Malcolm was the first man to travel over 300 miles per hour in an automobile—was to represent Lord Rothermere and the *Daily Mail*. He gave me his book, *My Greatest Adventure* (1931), to read, and talked freely as the Orient Express sped along about the mystery of Cocos Island.

"The first [treasure trove]," said Sir Malcolm, "is that of Captain Edward Davis, a partner with Damphier in his privateering adventures, when he blockaded the Bay of Panama and sacked the city of León in Nicaragua in 1685."

Hancock and Weston add to the Davis story. "Captain Davis and his men made Cocos Island their headquarters and raided the coast of Spain from Baja California to Guayaquil. From time to time the *Bachelor's Delight* was joined by the ships of other freebooters . . . All these made stops at Cocos Island to bury the plunder of their raids. And when one considers the tons of silver ingots, the chests stuffed with jewels and pieces-of-eight, and the leathern bags filled with gold that must have been buried all over the island, the marvel is that so little of it has ever been found."

Captain Davis "surrendered to his Majesty's mercy," accepted the amnesty offered to all pirates by King James II, and retired to Virginia to await a chance to return to Cocos Island and recover his treasure. He finally started back in a small ship, took to piracy along the way, and mysteriously disappeared.

The second treasure trove was deposited on Cocos Island by Captain Benito Bonito, the notorious "Bonito of the Bloody Sword." He operated in the waters off Central America in the years 1818-1820 and is thought to have buried several large fortunes on Cocos. In 1819 his cutthroat crew came ashore and hijacked a rich cargo

of gold that was being taken from Mexico City to Acapulco. This netted treasure estimated to be worth eleven million dollars—all of which Captain Bonito buried on Cocos Island. In 1821 "Bonito of the Bloody Sword" died in a mutiny of his men in the West Indies.

BUT THE GREATEST treasure trove on this small tropical island—it's only four miles long by three wide—is the "Lima" treasure which is estimated to be worth one hundred million dollars! In 1820 the Spanish Viceroy of Peru became alarmed when a rebel army under José de San Martín invaded his province. He hastily emptied the mint and its storehouse of gold and silver and stripped the churches of their solid gold and silver accoutrements, and transported all this treasure to Lima's seaport, Callao. Here it was put on board the British merchantman, *Mary Dear,* which was commanded by a Scot, Captain Thompson. It was arranged that Captain Thompson should put to sea and cruise about for a couple of months. Then, if the Spanish regime at Lima were still secure, he should return to Callao and restore the treasure; otherwise he should deliver the treasure to the Spanish authorities in Panama. A half dozen men, including two priests, came on board to guard the fabulously rich cargo.

Out to sea went the *Mary Dear* and the next morning the gold-crazed crew murdered the guards and the priests. Captain Thompson headed for Cocos Island in lat. 5° 32' 57" North, long. 87° 2' 10" West in the Pacific Ocean. He thought that the treasure could be buried without interference in this uninhabited place and that after a year or two, he could reassemble his men and they could go back to Cocos, recover the treasure and take it home to England.

Only the first part of this plan was effected. The *Mary Dear* anchored in one of the three bays on the north side of Cocos Island and her longboat, loaded to the gunwales, made eleven trips to shore. The immense treasure was hidden in a spot selected by the captain and the mate, and only a small amount of coins was kept back and shared among the crew. The *Mary Dear* sailed away—to disaster.

A Spanish man-of-war picked her up and made acutely embarrassing inquiries about the missing treasure. Captain Thompson

and his crew were put on trial for murder and piracy on the high seas. Everyone was sentenced to be hanged and the sentence was carried out until only the captain and the mate remained. They then made a deal. If their lives were spared, they would lead the Spaniards to the spot where they had buried the "Lima" treasure. Which in due course they did.

And here begins the thick mystery of Cocos Island. For when the *expedicionarios* landed on Cocos, the captain and the mate promptly disappeared into the thick jungle that comes right down to the water's edge. For days the *expedicionarios* hunted for them but finally had to sail back, disappointed in their treasure-lust.

The self-marooned men lived on coconuts, birds' eggs, fish and small game for several months and were rescued sometime in 1822 by a British whaler which stopped at the island for fresh water. The captain and the mate said simply that they had been shipwrecked on the island, and to avoid raising any suspicion, they refrained from taking with them even an ounce of gold.

The next item in this fascinating story is the death of the mate in Costa Rica, and then a sequence of stories about the treasure coming from Captain Thompson. But did the mate die at Puntarenas, as generally accepted until Hancock and Weston came along with their new book? Is there also a chain of evidence coming from him as a source? The Cocos Island story from 1822 to the present is a tangle of legends, fancies, facts and fictions, and scores of unsuccessful treasure hunts, some extremely well-organized and some one-man completely amateur affairs.

THIS IS A BUSINESS of ancient descent. From time immemorial man has searched for buried treasure. From time immemorial spirits have been alleged to hover over hidden hoards. The air of the supernatural circulates over treasure troves, and uncanny happenings have chilled the blood of many brave adventurers, as happened with Sir Malcolm Campbell in 1926. He discussed with me the Unknown into which he felt he had strayed on that little tropical island.

According to him, he had gone there for romantic reasons. As he put it, "what able-bodied man is there with time, money, and imagination, who would not trim his sails and set his course for salty horizons tomorrow, if he had a clue in his pocket, a treasure to find!"

He camped on the island with two fellow-adventurers and a mongrel dog. One night, aching in every limb from the day's exertions, he was trying to sleep in the terrible heat.

He writes in *My Greatest Adventure*: "Suddenly the dog, who had been sleeping beside me, twitching occasionally in his sleep as dogs sometimes do, but otherwise normal, leapt to his feet with a terrifying howl and dashed to the open flap of the tent door, barking and chattering with rage and fear. He was almost beside himself. I have never seen a dog in such a paroxysm of terror. It was as though he had seen a ghost. He stood there barking and yapping into the blackness of the night, every hair on end, his voice vibrant with fear and defiance.

"Both men awoke and sat up. I took my revolver from the holster and crawled to the tent door, expecting to meet anything from a ghost to a wild pig or an Indian on his belly. There was nothing. The great wood fire, built to keep off the insects, leapt and flickered redly against the velvet background of the tropic dark. Overhead a million stars shone and twinkled like points of fire. The trees, like a tapestry of black velvet, stood brooding and motionless around the tiny camp. A million insects filled the night with a throbbing hum. The sea broke with the swish of silk gently on the beach. There were no other sounds.

"I stepped quietly outside the radius of the firelight and sneaked among the trees, expecting at any moment to surprise some lurking enemy. It may seem a little melodramatic to recount it now, but I can only say that Cocos possesses such an indefinable influence of evil that when once you are on it, your nerves are on the edge for anything. It is a haunted island. I could find nothing, although I scouted cautiously round all the camp, slipping and sliding among the trees, finger on trigger ready to shoot. All the time the dog was

standing in the tent door, whining and shivering. I had the feeling that somewhere in the blackness someone was watching me, following my every movement. I returned to the tent with a prickly feeling down my spine.

"When I got inside the dog quieted down after a time, and presently went to sleep. I lay awake for an hour or so with my revolver handy, waiting for something to happen. Nothing did. Finally I fell off to sleep.

"The next night the same thing happened again. Round about midnight the dog sprang suddenly to the tent door, yapping, barking, shivering with fear. He stood there, frothing at the mouth, half paralyzed with fright. Again I reconnoitered, revolver in hand. Again I had the feeling that something was crouching in the bush watching me. But I could find nothing and nothing happened.

"Twice after this the same thing happened in the middle of the night. We could not account for it then, and I cannot explain it now. There are no animals on the island, so far as I know, except wild pig, and they are not stealthy beasts. There is no subtlety about them. When they move it is for all the world to hear. They plunge and crash, and do not care who listens to them. I saw no rats, no snakes, in fact, no reptiles or mammals of any sort apart from pig. What then, or who, can have been our mysterious midnight visitor?"

In our conversation on the Orient Express, Sir Malcolm would subtract nothing from this account of an extraordinary experience. He knew that psychical research was my preoccupation, and he assured me that his account was a faithful and unembellished rendering of what had occurred. He was not a spiritualist, nor did he believe in ghosts or evil spirits; but he frankly confessed that he would not like to spend many nights alone on Cocos Island. He also noted that almost every one of the major expeditions that in the last century had landed on Cocos Island and searched for the treasure had met with disaster, and not one had succeeded in finding anything. Even his own party had suffered in a small way from misfortune: one of his companions hurt his leg, and another was badly lamed for a fortnight.

OF WHAT was the dog afraid? Sir Malcolm could advance only one explanation. It is romantic, and it stirs one's imagination. (Incidentally, it is not included in the lore that Hancock and Weston put in *The Lost Treasure of Cocos Island.*) There is a legend in the South Seas that at the time of the Spanish Conquistadors some of the Incas of the Peruvian mainland fled from the appalling cruelty of the invader, and found refuge on Cocos. When the pirates came on their irregular visits, these Incas retreated to the top of the highest mountain on the island,—nearly 2800 feet high—where, according to one of the pirate chroniclers, there is a crater-lake, teeming with fish. Here, the legend says, the descendants of the mighty Inca race still dwell. They are in deadly fear of the white man and the moment their sentries descry a ship upon the horizon, they damp their fires, and every member of the group takes to the high hills.

I frankly told Sir Malcolm that I did not believe a lurking Inca spy could send his dog into a paroxysm of terror. To me the signs pointed to a "supernatural" visitation. We talked long into the night. I told him that, as an experiment, it would be well worth while to attempt an inquiry through psychic channels into the treasure's location. Of course, he was rather skeptical, but agreed to lend me the Admiralty map he had used in his treasure hunt.

The map showed a mountainous island of less than 20 square miles in area. It rises almost vertically out of the sea and has only two adequate landing places, Chatham Bay and Wafer Bay, on its north side. It is said that there are only two seasons—the rainy season and the wet season; and the island is obscured much of the time by heavy rainfall or by fog.

I covered a top corner of this map, to hide the name of the island, and took it to the British College of Psychic Science, where I had a sitting with Miss Jacqueline. I took shorthand notes.

The map was still unrolled when Miss Jacqueline said:

"Is that concerning a place? Is it an initial H or K?"

I said that K, according to the sound, was correct.

She then took the map which could have conveyed little more to her than that it represented an island, and continued:

"I don't know whether it is connected with something hidden. I see three or four people trying to discover something, to look for something. I see very great possibilities. It is almost as if I were going up to hidden treasure."

After I had partly unrolled the map, she pointed at various spots on it and asked:

"Has there been any writing on this place? Nothing to do with Glastonbury Abbey? No name of any person like that?"

This was an error, but nevertheless a good proof that the idea of hidden treasure was not conveyed from my mind to hers. The spots she pointed out were different from those Sir Malcolm had picked as likely. I told Miss Jacqueline nothing whatsoever.

Two days later I visited her again. She then said that at almost the instant I had left her, she had heard her "guide" say, "Coco . . . Coco island." This time she tried her divining rod over the map. It went into oscillation over certain spots, indicating, as she believed, the presence of gold. She pointed to the highest peak, Mount Iglesias, and said that some people were there. This was in curious agreement with the legend that descendants of the Incas may still be surviving on this mountain top. I found this interview encouraging.

With the map rolled up, I next called on Mrs. Eileen J. Garrett. When she passed into trance and "Uvani," one of her spirit controls, introduced himself, I asked him if he could put me in touch with "John King," a picturesque old-timer in spirit "controls," who is said to have been in the flesh Sir Henry Morgan, the pirate. "Uvani" said that he would try, and after a little while, said that he had found him. He announced that he would speak in his behalf.

"This contact gives him the impression of a great deal of adventure. This is a map. The map of an island. Off Penzance. I feel an island to which this map takes me. There is some idea of exploration here. He is glad to see that adventure is still left in the hearts of some people. There is treasure. He has the feeling of buried treasure. This was the haunt of pirates in the old days. There have been many shipwrecks here, and nobles fleeing from the court with their jewelry and documents give him the impression that this

island has a great history. Legends are current, it even being suspected that many of the royal fugitives had taken up residence here until they were taken off from this hotbed of treasure. I do not know if any treasure has been found, but he is definite that much had been put there, especially under the little church to which there was a path from the water front."

I said that there must be some mistake: the island is nowhere near England and is uninhabited.

"Uvani" was puzzled. Was I sure that there was no channel at all? Then to my surprise:

"Is it anything like C . . . O . . . C?"

Then slowly: "Cocos. He speaks of Cocos Island as connected with the peninsula by an ancient civilization. Peruvian. The habitation of the ancient In . . . [struggling] . . . Inc . . . A religious sect like the Aztecs which he calls White Indians. At one time it was the headquarters of the occult tribe of the Aztecs . . . it was only approachable from two sides. There is an extinct volcano and the remains of a church. For a long time it was thought that there were inhabitants on that island, on the other side of the volcano, on the west where there is no landing-place. The western side is sheer cliff. In the old days there was a port on the other side for traders between South America and the Southern Archipelago. The treasure was taken to the western side of the island. It meant days of dwelling there and carrying provisions. There was a time when it was a place of refuge. Many Inca pilgrims went there. No treasure has been taken off. He could help to find it. It would give him great joy, like old days. But one would have to make a safari and take it very seriously."

THERE ARE SOME remarkable points in this statement. Remember that the map was rolled up. Nothing indicated the nature of the roll. If Mrs. Garrett or "Uvani" was reading my mind, how did the confusion at the beginning of the description come about? Moreover, in my romantic imagination, I would have preferred that the ancient Incas were still living on the island to their being wiped

out by a volcanic eruption. There are two high peaks on the island, Mount Iglesias, 2,788 feet, and another, unnamed, rising 1,574 feet. Whether they are volcanic, I cannot tell, nor do Hancock and Weston tell us. It is plain from the map that the west side of the island is unapproachable. It is curious, too, that another clairvoyant, a Mrs. Pollock, of whom Sir Malcolm Campbell writes in his book, should have said that "the treasure lies high up, perhaps a thousand feet above sea-level."

I was given no precise indication of where the treasure is to be found. But "John King" had said that he could lead to it. He asked for a meeting with the owner of the map.

Had I known the topography of the island, had I possessed myself of all the available information about the pirates and their evil deeds on this island, I believe I should have obtained more help. Why I would have, I cannot tell. All I know is that in mediumistic communications the sitter's imagination, if deeply exercised, appears to act as a relay, and is able to glean more definite indications than does a barren mind. Mrs. Pollock, for instance, gave Sir Malcolm fairly precise indications of the whereabouts of the treasure, indications that were almost as important as the pirate clue which he possessed. Though, owing to shortness of time, Sir Malcolm returned from Cocos with empty hands, he was sufficiently impressed by Mrs. Pollock to write in his book: "Mrs. Pollock's indication will very likely either lead to the subsequent discovery of the treasure, or will be amply justified, should it be found without their help."

I wanted to arrange a meeting between "John King" and Sir Malcolm. He had written: "One of these days I shall return to Cocos, and when I do I shall not give up the search until I have either found the treasure or convinced myself that it is humanly impossible to discover it." But now in the nineteen-thirties he was afraid to expose himself to a fresh treasure-hunting temptation. He never again outfitted an expedition to Cocos Island, and the prize piece of the "Lima" treasure—a solid gold, gem-encrusted, life-sized image of the Virgin Mary—still lies unfound on that secretive speck of land midway between San Francisco and Valparaiso.

When London was being bombed, this man escaped miraculously; twice he was warned to move just minutes before bombs fell

TWICE WARNED

Ranjee Shahani

LONDON, 1943. For a long time the bombs had spared us. We began to feel, to use the parlance of the day, that our names were not written on them. Then one night there was a lull. The anti-aircraft guns were silent. No sign of the deadly flies of Göring. We relaxed.

It was good to be alive and unworried, even if only briefly. The sky was like a black steed roped with pearls, and there was a crispness in the air that made breathing a stimulant. After a good dinner, washed down with German wine (to spite Hitler), it actually looked as though the horrid war was an evil memory.

Suddenly we heard whimpering from the small room under the staircase, where, for safety's sake, my little girl had her cot. My wife and mother-in-law rushed out to see what was troubling her.

I went into my bedroom and began to undress. I had been doing too many jobs—writing, lecturing, playing fireman, and watching the streets for any sign of distress. A dreary life. I had been let off

this evening because it was my birthday. The English are good sports, and do allow a fellow a good time when they think he deserves it, even in the midst of general horror. Indeed, the cake that we ate that night had been given to me by the warden of the street and his good wife.

"Daddy, daddy," I heard.

I went to my daughter's room. She was wide awake, and said: "You haven't said good night to me properly."

Taking her up in my arms, I kissed her tenderly. Then I said: "Little one, close your eyes and go to sleep."

She hugged me tightly, and then let go.

Scarcely had I returned to my room when she called me again.

I retraced my steps, kissed her again, tucked her into her bed, and returned to my room.

She called me a third time. I went to see her reluctantly. Small as she was, she was already beginning to rule me. "I must put an end to this or she will be difficult to control," I said to myself.

"Now, darling, be a good girl and go to sleep," I said, stroking her hair.

She said nothing; she was staring at me, as though she was trying to fix my image in her mind.

I found her solemnity puzzling. "Do girls of four think?" I asked myself.

The fourth time she called me, I replied irritably: "I'm not coming." But she kept on crying: "Daddy, daddy, daddy."

I resisted her cries a little while, and then, feeling guilty, I went to see her. At once she put her arms round me, and clung to me. "Please, daddy, stay with me. I'm afraid, afraid."

The next moment chaos broke loose. A bomb exploded somewhere in the middle of our street, and the blast, sparing some houses, vented its fury on us. Our apartment was a shambles: the drawing-room was in ruins; the dining-room was unrecognizable; and my bedroom had nothing in it that was not shattered. Had I remained there, as I had intended to, I would have been dead. The only place that was untouched was my daughter's small room under the staircase.

When I forced open the front door, I saw a dreadful sight. Some buildings had disappeared, and others were in flames. Firemen were busy with their hoses, and ambulances were carrying away the dead, the dying, and the maimed. The sky above was dark, pin-pricked with stars. I heard nothing but the zoom-zoom of the bombers and the thunder of the anti-aircraft guns.

We passed the remaining hours of the night in the basement, drinking countless cups of scalding tea. It was terribly cold, and there was no way of making ourselves warm. All the electric heaters we possessed had been destroyed, or were in rooms that we could not reach.

Our concern was our little girl. We tried to make her as comfortable as we could. However, she would remain with no one. She cried the moment I left her. She wanted me to hold her tight.

ABOUT SIX O'CLOCK in the morning, a dank, bitter morning, I took my family to the only hotel in Sloane Square. It was a comfortable hotel, but, like most comfortable things in England, a little too expensive. So, after a few days, I began to look for an apartment. It was not easy to find one. I was in despair. As a last resort, I went to see my old landlady in Chelsea. She was a middle-aged widow, fat, fair, with a soft spot for artists, whom she called "useful parasites." She had been consistently nice to me because, I suspect, I paid my quarterly rent a few days before it was due. To her this was a tremendous virtue.

She was glad to see me, and regaled me with tea and war-time anecdotes. Then, as though she had remembered something, she asked if I was still single.

I told her I was married and had a daughter.

"Are you happy?"

"Reasonably so."

"You don't look ecstatic. Did you marry for love or money?"

"You do ask awkward questions. You have become very un-English."

"You are a decent chap, and I'm interested in your future. I want you to make good. What have you been up to since last you were in England?"

I gave her a brief resumé of my career.

"I'm sorry you have had such a rough time in France, and that you have been blitzed in London. But the main thing is that you and your family are alive. That is something to be grateful for. Now what can I do for you?"

She poured out another cup of tea for me and gave me one more slice of her excellent cake.

I told her that I would like an apartment in one of the many houses she owned on King's Road.

She thought for a while, and then said: "I think I can do it. In fact, I have just the thing you want. Four rooms, a bathroom, and a storeroom. When the bombings start, you can always come down to my cellar under the bakery. It is nicely furnished, and you can drink tea or coffee at my expense. But I have to tell you that the rent is much higher than you used to pay. Everything is going up and up. The taxes are simply killing me. Even with all my houses and bakeries in good condition, I am not able to put by much. After all, I have to think of my old age." And she talked on in this manner.

I was in no position to bargain. I was paying so much a day in the Royal Hotel that it looked as if in a month or so I would run out of money. I accepted her offer of the apartment at the price she stated.

"You will be happy," my old landlady said. "The fellow who occupied it before you was quite distinguished. In fact, he loved the place so, he ended his days there."

WE MOVED IN the following day, buying such new furniture as we could afford. The first few days passed without any incident. There were no bombings in our district. We breathed a sigh of relief.

One evening I had to go to a party, and returned home rather late. When I entered my study, I found it somewhat overheated. A

log-fire was blazing away, and my slippers were too warm. On a small table lay the new books that had been sent to me for review, and on a tray there were some sandwiches and a bottle of sherry. My wife, as usual, had been very thoughtful.

I sat down in my favorite armchair, the only piece of furniture I had saved from the wreck of the other house, and began to warm my feet. I had barely made myself comfortable and noted that it was too hot, when the door opened noiselessly. Suddenly I felt a cold draft. A fear came over me—a supernatural fear. I sat shivering. I had not even the strength to get up. I was glued to my chair.

This terrible experience lasted only a few seconds, but it seemed to me endless. Then, as abruptly as the door had opened, without the slightest sound, it closed. There was no click of the lock or creak of the hinges. It all happened quietly, too quietly.

Once again I was conscious of the heat in the room, but panic had come upon me, and I ran into the bedroom and crept into bed. Although she did not see me, nor could she divine the state I was in, for she was asleep, my wife's mere presence gave me courage, and I no longer felt terrified.

NEXT MORNING, at breakfast, my wife was in an ill-humor. After I had finished my third cup of coffee, she turned to me and said: "You are strange! When you bring home a guest, don't you think you should inform me beforehand?"

I was puzzled. What was she talking about? "Is this a joke?" I asked. "I'm in no mood for it. I had a horrid night."

"Of course you can't remember anything. You probably had too much to drink at that party of yours."

"What are you talking about? I had only two Martinis. I was thinking of a commission, not of a good time. For your information I must tell you that the European editor of the *New York Times* has asked me to write an article on the Indian Untouchables. I'll get $250 for it. Not bad, eh?"

Still she wasn't satisfied. "Who was the man you brought in to sleep here last night?"

"Are you dreaming?" I asked. "I brought in no one."

"Then you must have been drunker than I thought. I am disgusted."

"Please come to the point," I said, beginning to lose my patience.

She got up from the table, took me by the arm, and led me into the spare bedroom. "Look!" she said.

The bed was disturbed, and on it lay an old kimono, which we had not seen before. Someone had used the room. But who? And how? I did not know what to say.

"Whom did you bring in? He might have been a criminal and cut our throats while we slept. You are very irresponsible."

"Did you see anyone?" I asked.

"Of course I did. He was a middle-aged man, with a shock of gray hair. He was wearing that kimono, and standing outside the room as though lost in thought. Seeing me, he went inside. I can't forget the grin on his face. He looked as though he hated to see me. Who was he?"

Obviously, she had not been joking. I told my wife that I had invited no one, and that no one could have got into the apartment without using three different keys.

"Then this house is haunted. I cannot spend another night in it. Please make new arrangements before the sun goes down." Straightway, she and her mother began to pack.

There was nothing for me to do but go back to the Royal Hotel, losing the three months' rent which I had paid in advance. But who was the ghost that had visited us? And why?

A FEW DAYS LATER the apartment we had been occupying received a direct hit from a bomb and was demolished. We thanked our lucky stars that we had left it in time. "There is some meaning in every misfortune," I said to myself.

However, I forgot about the matter in the press of duties and obligations in war-time London. One evening, happening to be in

Chelsea, I went to my favorite bar. As I was sipping my drink, the proprietor, whom I knew quite well, sidled up and said: "Aren't you lucky?"

"What do you mean?"

"You left your apartment in time. Had you remained there a little longer, you and your family would now be dead. What made you go away?"

I explained to him what had happened.

"Ah! So you saw the ghost?"

"Not I. My wife. Is the place really haunted?"

"Well, now that it doesn't exist, I can tell you the truth. That's where they found a countryman of yours—a talented artist—with his throat cut from ear to ear. He loved that apartment, and would rarely stir out of it. He loathed women, since one had jilted him, but he was basically a good fellow. He used to come here once in a while for a drink. It was always the same—a pint of bitter. He disliked change. He also ate the same food—a mushroom omelet. A queer guy, but inoffensive. He used to give money to street urchins, and say that their noise reminded him of the chirpings of sparrows."

"An Indian eccentric, what?" I said.

"A genius. I have some of his pictures in my house. Believe me, they are good. I think for some reason he liked you, or he would not have frightened your wife. He didn't want you to get killed in a war that doesn't really concern you. Mighty decent of him, don't you think?"

I wonder, and keep on wondering. I have been warned twice. The third time—what?

The Parapsychology Foundation, Inc., invites your subscription to its scholarly quarterly publication

■

International Journal of Parapsychology

■ RECOGNIZING THAT PARAPSYCHOLOGY cannot advance without benefit of knowledge offered by other scientific disciplines, and that the scientific community can no longer afford to ignore the challenge of parapsychological studies, the Parapsychology Foundation, Inc., is engaged in the publication of a scholarly quarterly devoted to world-wide research. This journal is designed to provide a meeting ground for international inquiry, linking parapsychology with psychology, physics, biochemistry, pharmacology, anthropology, ethnology, and other sciences, as well as philosophy and theology.

■ IN RECENT ISSUES, the *International Journal of Parapsychology* has probed such subjects as primitive magic, spiritual healing, current research in telepathy, extra-sensory perception and hypnosis. Future issues will continue to provide stimulating and provocative essays, articles, and reviews, by outstanding researchers.

■ Together with the JOURNAL you will also receive the bi-monthly NEWSLETTER of the Parapsychology Foundation, which will keep you up to date on world-wide events in psychical research. To begin your subscription for the INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF PARAPSYCHOLOGY with the current issue, please fill in the coupon provided below.

Parapsychology Foundation, Inc.
29 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York

Please enter my subscription to the new *International Journal of Parapsychology*. Enclosed is $10.00 for two years .....; $6.00 for one year .....

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

These identical twins have remarkable telepathic rapport; they suffer the same illnesses, though living miles apart

WAS IT COINCIDENCE?

Vera Randall

I DO NOT KNOW precisely when I first became aware of a sixth sense but I'm sure it was when I was quite young. It is well-known that children have the capacity to accept the strange and unusual. My unusual experiences stem from the fact, or at least are connected with the fact, that I am an identical twin.

My twin sister and I have many times started to speak and say the same words. And many times we have said nothing and yet had thoughts pass between us that needed no words. When we told our parents about this, they gave us a simple explanation. "Two peas from a pod are bound to *think* alike," they said. But it was more than just *thinking* alike!

There seemed to be a physical relationship that was more difficult to explain. Often my sister would have a headache at the same time I had one. After many attempts at trying to convince our parents of the reality of such simultaneous phenomena, we simply gave up.

After I was married, I related some of these experiences to my husband. "I don't believe a word of it," he said. He is a teacher and considers himself a scientific thinker. "Pure coincidence," he said when my twin and I went shopping in cities miles apart and bought dresses or shoes alike. "Pure coincidence," he insisted.

My sister also married. For many years she lived 150 miles distant from us. It was extraordinary how many times we telephoned each other at exactly the same moment. Was it coincidence?

Was it coincidence that when I was in labor with each of my three children she telephoned me and said that she was having stomach pains at regular intervals, even before she knew I was in labor? She has never had a baby. That raises the question: how could she describe labor pains so accurately? Must there not have been some secret communication?

My husband said that it is quite common for men to have pains when their wives are in labor. Thus it is conceivable, he said, that twins could have sympathetic pains. But could my sister have had sympathetic pains *when she did not know I was in labor?*

Unable to convince my husband, I gave up. Then a strange thing happened.

On a cold February night I dreamed my husband and I were at the beach. I do not swim, and my husband, who loves to ride the waves, had given me his ring to hold. It was much too large for me, so I put it on my middle finger. In my dream I was sitting on a blanket on the sand and touched my finger to check on the ring. The ring was gone! I began searching around the blanket. Unable to find the ring, I began to cry. Startled, I sat up in bed.

Moonlight fell across our pillows and I could see John sleeping soundly. About three minutes passed. Then I saw him touch his ring finger. He jumped right out of bed.

"My ring," he yelled. "It's gone."

It was gone!

I told him what I had dreamed. Frantically he searched the covers and there lay the ring between the blankets!

"Explain that as a coincidence," I challenged him.

"Maybe I rubbed my finger and you were conscious of it," he said.

"No, dear. I was awake. And you had not moved at all."

MY HUSBAND was still not quite willing to believe in a sixth sense. But gradually he came to believe that I was "sensitive." We went to parties where there were many people I had never seen before. Yet I would know every person in the room. That, he said, was because I have a vivid imagination. But could imagination enable one to know exactly what someone says about him? It has happened that I have been reading or watching TV and suddenly become aware that someone is talking about me. Moreover, I know exactly what they say. To prove it to myself, I have telephoned the person and had the words verified which I had "imagined." This has happened again and again. I am convinced that this is something more than coincidence.

A few weeks ago my husband took our son, who is four years old, to Los Angeles for the week-end. It was Saturday night, and I went to bed early and read. At nine o'clock I thought I heard my son cry. His voice was clear and the cry was as if he were beside me. When they returned home, I asked my little boy if he had been a good boy and if he had cried. He said, "I was good and I didn't cry at all."

I thought no more about it until several days later when we were taking a drive. My husband remarked, "Johnny sure was a good boy. He cried only one time."

I asked when and what time. He said, "Saturday night about nine o'clock when I had given him a bath."

My husband had an explanation for that one. He said that I had asked him to bathe Johnny Saturday night. And in my unconscious mind I was aware that he was bathing him about that time. It was easy, he said, for me to think of him crying.

Well, how about the following?

Recently, I consulted my doctor about a large lump that had popped up on my right wrist. "Ganglion," he said, and telephoned a surgeon to make arrangements for me to have it removed.

At this time my twin and her husband were living in Los Angeles and I had not seen them for several months. I was washing dishes when suddenly I had the feeling that they were coming to visit us.

I said to my husband, "I had better go to the store and get a ham for Willie and Ray. They're coming, you know."

Within five minutes we heard their car turn in the driveway.

My huband laughed and said he wished I knew which horses were coming in at the races.

They put their suitcases away and returned to the kitchen. I had just dried my hands and glanced at the growth on my wrist.

"Look at this," I said. At the same instant my sister held out her right hand. In the same location on her right wrist she had a ganglion. She had also been to her doctor the same day I had.

"Well, I'll be——" my husband said. "I just can't believe it."

"Explain it scientifically," I urged him.

He rubbed his chin as if a solution were forthcoming. "I don't know. I just don't know," he confessed. "But it *does* seem like more than just coincidence!"

Here is a "to whom it may concern" letter from Dale E. Hoyt, M.D., of National City, California, headed "Re: Vera Randall and Willie Hemphill."

"The above named is a pair of identical twins. Each of these ladies has a ganglion on the distal end of the radius, on her right hand. In each case, the ganglion is approximately the same size, in exactly the same location, and has been noted for approximately the same duration."

"Coincidence or — ?" I said to my husband.

A leading parapsychological researcher publishes her findings to introduce a wide public to the drama of "spontaneous" cases

JOURNEY INTO THE MIND

A Book Review by Rhea White

HIDDEN CHANNELS OF THE MIND. By Louisa E. Rhine. New York: William Sloane Associates. 1961. 291 pp. $5.00.

IN 1948, in an editorial in the *Journal of Parapsychology,* J. B. Rhine outlined a new approach to the study of spontaneous psi phenomena. This suggestion was revolutionary in that it proposed to do away with the traditional method of authenticating cases by independent testimony, signed affidavits, and other forms of documentary evidence such as death certificates and newspaper accounts.

The new approach was based on several assumptions: that the traditional legalistic approach could never be reliable enough to prove the existence of ESP by spontaneous cases; that the existence of ESP had already been established by laboratory experiments; and that case reports should be studied with a view, not to proving anything, but to providing hypotheses about the nature of psi which themselves could be checked by experiment. This being the case, it was deemed necessary to gather, not just a collection of experiences that could be adequately authenticated, but a group unselected enough

to include as many examples as possible of every kind of psi experience. There was a need for large numbers of cases because, should errors in human testimony occur, on the assumption that ESP is a reality, facts concerning the true aspects of its nature should continue to add up; whereas errors of memory, observation, recording, or other factors, in the long run should cancel out. In other words, the validity of the material would be based on numbers.

The only person at that time who was sufficiently aware and appreciative of this viewpoint and also possessed the necessary qualifications of experience, endurance, and patience to follow it up, was Dr. Louisa E. Rhine. Although her energies before that had been directed, by training as well as preference, along experimental channels, she took up instead the arduous task of studying the "hidden channels" through which ESP seems to occur spontaneously.

For more than a decade Mrs. Rhine has continued this work, which has resulted in the publication of several papers. Now she has written *Hidden Channels of the Mind*, in which a general survey of her method and findings is presented. Mrs. Rhine gives the following reasons for undertaking this work: (1) to search for new insights that could be useful in the design of experiments; (2) to obtain a fuller view of the nature of ESP than is possible with experiments, which are necessarily more restricted; and (3) to be in a position to provide counsel to the many persons who have written to the Parapsychology Laboratory, Duke University, of their experiences, expressing their perplexity and seeking further information about them. As a matter of fact, her book is dedicated ". . .to all those unnamed individuals who made this study possible: to those who were puzzled enough and cared enough to write down their experiences."

AFTER A GENERAL INTRODUCTION to ESP experiences, Mrs. Rhine breaks these phenomena down into telepathic, clairvoyant, and precognitive. (For these and for all of the other topics in the book she offers numerous cases to illustrate the points under dis-

cussion.) Next, she sets forth the forms of ESP, or the ways in which these experiences appear in consciousness: realistic, unrealistic (symbolic), hallucinatory, and intuitive.

A whole chapter is devoted to the question of whether an ESP experience can be identified as such, before it has been corroborated by events. Under this general heading she considers the separate problems of the degree of completeness of the information obtained and the amount of subjective conviction involved.

The titles of the remaining chapters are "Space and Time in ESP Experiences"; "The Range of the Subject Matter"; "Men, Women and ESP"; "ESP in Childhood and in Old Age"; "ESP and Peace of Mind," which treats of the mental health aspect of spontaneous psi; "The Stamp of the Personality," in which individual differences are discussed; "Can a Precognized Danger be Avoided?"; "The Problem of Control," which concerns the production of ESP at will; "The Telepathy Impasse," wherein the role of the agent is examined; "Puzzling Physical Effects," such as pictures falling and clocks stopping at time of crisis and death; and "Communications from Beyond," in which spontaneous cases are examined for the light they may shed on the possibility of the survival of the human personality after death.

In the final chapter, "The Larger Perspective," she concludes that the lines of distinction between different types of ESP experience, e.g., between telepathy and clairvoyance, may not represent actual divisions in reality, but may be superimposed by our human need to make "sense." She writes: ". . .in some ultimate way these differences of thought and thing, near and far, present and future, are only superficial, the creations of the human mind. Scholars trying to comprehend the universe have recognized that back of the world as we perceive it must lie a reality quite different from the psychological concept of it with which we are familiar. The implications of psi experiences fit in with the idea of a less limited reality and they add to it the data of observation. The meaning could be that the reality glimpsed through psi is a truer representation than the one the senses picture."

Although a list of supplementary readings appears at the end, the book has no index. Neither are references cited completely in the text. This reinforces the point made by J. B. Rhine in the Foreword to the book:

"This book is not. . . written primarily for research workers. It is intended, rather, for the untold thousands of persons who have had parapsychical (or psychic) experiences. They have long had questions for which they could find no answers. This book should answer many of these questions as far as the advance of knowledge within the field permits, for no one has given more study to such experiences than the author."

Since the major purpose for writing this book was to provide the general public with descriptive information about spontaneous psi experiences, it seems to have successfully achieved this goal. However, although the author may have intended to write primarily for laymen, almost everyone with a serious interest in parapsychological research will doubtless want to read any book written by Louisa Rhine. The more scientific-minded reader will probably question some of the generalizations offered with, in most instances, only a few spontaneous experiences to support them, although in some cases experimental results are also cited. Persons more familiar with the literature of the field, however, will know that the underpinning for these tentative conclusions—as in the role of the agent, or whether a precognized danger may be avoided—can be found in the eight articles dealing with her spontaneous case studies which Mrs. Rhine published earlier in the *Journal of Parapsychology*.

HOWEVER, ONE WOULD HOPE that the publication of this book merely ends another chapter of many in Mrs. Rhine's investigation of spontaneous cases. It is good to know that she is already at work collecting still more spontaneous experiences. It would indeed be unfortunate if her extensive experience with cases were not to be expressed eventually in a book written mainly for the research workers in parapsychology and for other persons who have a scien-

tific interest in the field. Since one of the expressed purposes of Mrs. Rhine's study of cases has been to look for hypotheses that could aid in the design of experiments, it would be valuable if such hypotheses could be set forth systematically. It would also be worthwhile to have descriptions and results of experiments which are based on hypotheses derived from cases. In the present book Mrs. Rhine promises this will come at a later stage.

But until such time as this goal can be realized, and perhaps even to hasten its coming, it would be of value to have presented brief outlines of experiments that could be carried out, experiments specifically designed to test hypotheses formulated from the study of case materials. There is some question, however, as to whether the same levels of personality are tapped in both spontaneous and experimental ESP. If hypotheses gleaned from studies of cases actually were to be put to the experimental test, an answer to this question would be provided.

In the meantime, there is Mrs. Rhine's broader purpose of gaining "a more rounded, full-bodied conception of the effects trapped so laboriously in the laboratory. After all, one can see so little of a natural process when the conditions must necessarily be restricted and artificial. An experiment has to be, to a degree, a distortion of nature. . ." This implies that spontaneous phenomena may provide data which could *not* be obtained by controlled experiment, at least of the kind that we can envisage today. With this in mind, scope remains for a study of hypotheses about the nature of psi phenomena, whether or not they can be tested in the laboratory.

Just Published

DEATHBED OBSERVATIONS BY PHYSICIANS AND NURSES

By KARLIS OSIS

Director, Division of Research
Parapsychology Foundation, Inc.

This is the third in a series of Parapsychological Monographs. It contains the results of a survey undertaken among physicians and nurses who have recorded the impressions of dying men and women, or of those on the verge of death. The survey has significance beyond immediate religious and psychological implications, as it throws light on individual expectations concerning possible existence beyond death.

$1.75

Copies may be obtained directly from

PARAPSYCHOLOGY FOUNDATION, INC.
29 West 57th Street
New York 19, N. Y.

Yeats's staunch support of psychic research and the occult is overlooked or minimized by most of his admiring friends

THE PSYCHIC WORLD OF W. B. YEATS

Sherman Yellen

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, the great modern poet, has long been an embarrassment to many among his large and admiring following. In the twenty-two years following his death, Yeats's reputation as our century's greatest poet remains unchallenged. Biographers have devoted themselves to the multi-faceted aspects of their subject and we have been given incisive portraits of Yeats the poet, Yeats the dramatist, Yeats the Irish statesman, Yeats the folklorist, and Yeats the lover. But Yeats, the staunch advocate of psychic research and occult realities, remains to this day the subject of the conspiratorial wink and the indulgent apology.

As late as June 1961, reviewers of Yeats's posthumously published *Essays and Introductions* were forced to make the customary excuses for the great poet's interest in psychic experience. Once again, the psychic concerns of William Butler Yeats were viewed as part of the eccentric and old-fashioned furniture of his mind, a weakness otherwise unblemished genius. Representative of the apologist was the review in *Time* (June 16, 1961). The anonymous reviewer said that "Yeats was a genius, probably the twentieth century's greatest

poet. But his private life and personal beliefs were filled with quirks and oddities, mystical beliefs and spiritual devotions . . . Merely to contemplate what Yeats seriously believed in is enough to stagger the modern reader. He had, or vowed he had, complete faith in ghosts, fairies, magic, table rapping, and spiritualism."

In order to justify the poet's odd ideas, *Time* commented that Yeats's obsession with "myth, magic and symbols was a poet's way of fighting the machine. In a poet's intuitive fashion, he was plumbing the 'collective unconscious' before Jung labeled it, celebrating the irrational before Freud discovered its starring role." Thus, by portraying Yeats as an amateur psychologist at war with the modern world, *Time* attempted to salvage the poet's good name from the soft-mindedness it had previously accused him of.

Yeats's interest in the psychic cannot be so easily dismissed. The record of his life, in his autobiographical essays and in his poetry, reveals neither an amateur psychologist nor a hopelessly romantic mystic. One cannot capture the essence of Yeats's beliefs by looking at them through Madame Blavatsky's veil or by isolating them on Freud's couch. Yeats, like most great artists, was a complex human being, and the ideas which he held were constantly under examination by the artist himself throughout his lifetime. If he maintained a life-long belief in psychic experience, it was because Yeats found that such experience was the single most profound force in shaping his life and his work.

Born in 1865, near Dublin, Yeats spent his childhood in Sligo, Ireland. The son of a distinguished artist father, he was at home in the literary world of his time. His early work was marked by the influences of that world, in its attention to the decorative and the romantic in poetry, particularly since this style was in keeping with the Irish tradition.

IN ENGLISH LITERATURE there have always been two traditions regarding the supernatural. One has been the dark, brooding Nordic beliefs, filled with terrors and mysteries. The fearful revenge ghosts of Elizabethan tragedy and the haunted castles of the Gothic tales

are the products of this tradition. However, running parallel to this has been the Celtic tradition. It is here that one can locate the roots of Yeats's attitudes towards the supernatural. Charles Whitmore, in *The Supernatural in Tragedy,* notes that the tendency of Celtic thought in such matters seems to be towards a lighter, more fanciful conception of the supernatural, the dramatic counterpart of which would be *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Yeats, whose early work as translator and collector of Irish legends was immersed in this Celtic tradition, would never regard the psychic with terror. In one of the poems that form his *Supernatural Songs,* Yeats wrote that "natural and supernatural with the self-same ring are wed," and he would never lose his belief in their inextricable union. In fact, those critics who regard Yeats's experiments in the psychic as an indication of the romantic excesses of the poet's mind, miss the very essence of his unique imagination—the ability to celebrate both the physical and psychic needs of man and to keep both in proper balance.

It was Yeats's fundamental honesty, rather than his poetical fancy, that led him to psychic research. As an observer of the psychic wonders of the séance room, Yeats was often both gullible and inept, but as a personal experimenter in the field, he was part of the growing movement toward a scientific examination and experiment with the psychic. The philosophic ideas which his interest in Swedenborg and the Cabbala had implanted were put to the test rather than accepted on faith as a blind disciple. One of these early tests took place in 1894, when Yeats returned to Sligo, Ireland, to spend the summer with his uncle, George Pollexfen. There, in the Irish countryside, Yeats and his uncle practiced a rather primitive form of ESP testing, using Cabbalistic symbols painted on cards. He decribes these tests in his *Autobiographies*: "There are some high sandhills and low cliffs and I adopted the practice of walking by the seashore while he walked on cliff and sandhill; I without speaking would imagine the symbol, and he would notice what passed before his mind's eye and in a short time he would practically never fail of the appropriate vision."

It was during this stay at Sligo that Yeats discovered that telepathy could influence dreams and revery. Mary Battle, his uncle's old servant, was often troubled by nightmares during the very periods, late at night, when Yeats and his uncle engaged in telepathic experiments. The contents of the old woman's dreams corresponded directly with the subject of their experiments often enough to seem more than mere coincidence.

These experiments stimulated Yeats's interest in psychic research. In 1914, Yeats went to Mirabeau to investigate a miracle, about which he wrote in an unpublished essay. During the period of the First World War, Yeats's manuscript book reveals many references to mediums and séances.

In 1917, Yeats married Georgie Lees, after a long, unsuccessful courtship of Maude Gonne, the actress. It was this marriage, entered into under the most disadvantageous circumstances, that led Yeats to his own psychic philosophy.

At first, to distract her troubled husband, Mrs. Yeats began to dabble in automatic writing. To her surprise and her husband's eager interest, odd sentences were produced. Yeats, convinced of the importance of these revelations received through his wife's scripts, devoted several hours daily to their study and interpretation. The results were set forth in his book, *A Vision*.

This book cannot be summarized easily since it attempts to deal symbolically with all phases of history and of human personality. In it, Yeats categorized humanity under various phases of the moon. The first phase, that of complete objectivity, is represented by the sun. The second phase, in which the first sliver of subjectivity appears, introduces the moon, which in its twenty-second phase represents the full ascendancy of subjectivity.

Predominant among the symbols explored was the gyre or spiral. Yeats used the gyre to represent historical cycles, an idea which can be traced to Swedenborg (an early and long-lasting favorite), but more directly to the description, given by Irish countrymen, of spirits departing from them and ascending in a gyre.

If *A Vision* represents to many a somewhat confused and cerebral approach to the psychic, no such accusation can be levelled

against Yeats's personal mystical experiences. Yeats was able to impose upon himself a semi-trance condition, a state which assisted him in the composition of poetry. These trance states were induced by chanting and by the repetition of phrases which produced an almost hypnotic effect. He describes this in his *Essays*:

"If you suspend the critical faculty, I have discovered, as either a result of training, or, if you have the gift, by passing into slight trance, images pass rapidly before you. . . .

"I have found that after evocation my sleep became at moments full of light and form, all that I had failed to find while awake; and I elaborated a symbolism of natural objects that I might give myself dreams during sleep, by laying upon my pillow or beside my bed certain flowers or leaves. Even today, after twenty years, the exaltations and messages that came to me from bits of hawthorn or some other plant seem of all moments of my life, the happiest and the wisest.

"Before the mind's eye, whether in sleep or in waking, came images that one was to discover presently in some book one had never read, and after looking in vain for explanation to the current theory of forgotten personal memory, I came to believe in a great memory passing from generation to generation."

Such personal experiences, taken without knowledge of the progress of Yeats's work, might seem to confirm the view of a self-intoxicated imagination. But as Yeats plumbed the psychic, his poetry and his intellectual interests became more austere rather than superficially rapturous. Yeats's work dealt not only with the mystic, but with the erotic in man, constantly examining the relationships between the physical and the spiritual. He was more and more confronted by the problem of the great artist, which Charles Whitmore expressed: "When a writer has penetrated to the very verge of human existence, he must confront the question, what lies beyond? And it is in some aspect of the supernatural that he will find whatever answer he chooses to give."

"A great memory passing from generation to generation" was, no doubt, one of Yeats's most personal and meaningful answers. He found in this a connection with many of the great writers of the

past, among whom Jonathan Swift, the Irish, eighteenth-century satirist and poet, proved a strong connecting link. Yeats appreciated Swift's awareness of history, whereby Swift saw civilization pass from youthful vigor and comparative happiness to old age, violence, and self-contempt. It was an image which Yeats the poet and Yeats the psychic researcher could appreciate as Swift's clairvoyant vision of his own personal life.

IT WAS AT COOLE, the estate of Lady Gregory, where Yeats had composed many of his finest poems, that he combined his interest in Jonathan Swift with his growing interest in playwriting. In his one-act play, *The Words upon the Window Pane*, Swift is recreated through a séance. This play, written in 1934, five years before the poet's death, is relatively unknown. It is not representative of the poet's one-act dramas, which generally concern themselves with symbolic treatments of Irish myths. It shows Yeats as a master of realist drama, and in his treatment of his subject, a master interpreter of the psychic world.

The setting of the play is a spiritualist séance which takes place in an old eighteenth-century house, once associated with Swift and with Stella (one of Swift's loves and protégées). The characters are middle-class Dubliners who, with the addition of a Cambridge student who is writing his thesis on Swift and Stella, have come to sit with the trance medium, Mrs. Henderson.

Yeats presents a realistically drawn picture of séance room procedure, showing his own familiarity with the subject. But this is not to be a simple séance; rather, we find that the presence of an alleged evil spirit at a previous séance keeps intruding. We also learn some of the tragic history of Swift and his protégées, Stella and Vanessa.

Jonathan Swift was a fitting choice for Yeats's adulation. The eighteenth-century writer combined in his life many of the qualities of Yeats's own life and work. Both were tough minded Irish protestants, realistic men whose realism never limited their curiosity about

the world. Both combined a variety of interests in their lives both were involved in long standing and ill-fated romances.

Swift's career covered many phases, ecclasiastical, political and social. As a writer, he is chiefly remembered for his *Gulliver's Travels* and other satirical prose and poetry which reveals his brilliant, mordant wit and social concerns. Swift, whose writings often give an impression of misanthropy, was a reformer rather than a hater of mankind. He would, for example, savagely condemn the vanities of women, but few men of his time believed so deeply in the improvement of women's minds through education.

As secretary to Sir William Temple, Swift supervised the education of Esther Johnson, a young woman who was allegedly Sir William's natural daughter. Together with her chaperone, Esther Johnson followed Swift to Ireland, when Swift was appointed the Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. Thereafter, he referred to her as Stella, his first and only perfect pupil. In Stella, intellect predominated, as Swift thought it should, over emotion. Although the two lived apart, rumors of a secret marriage persist to this day. Such rumors have never been confirmed by records.

Swift was singularly unfortunate in his relations with women. When Esther Vanhomrigh, the daughter of a Dublin merchant, became another of Swift's pupils, the ardent and unreasoning girl, whom Swift called Vanessa, forced a bitter triangle. He could not marry Stella without destroying Vanessa, or accept Vanessa's attentions without wounding Stella. Vanessa's desperate love left the writer embarrassed and hesitant. Finally, the reckless Vanessa wrote to Stella, demanding to know the nature of Swift's relationship with her rival. Stella sent the letter on to Swift, who indignantly returned it to enamoured Vanessa. Vanessa died a few weeks later; Stella, five years later.

To many, Swift's reluctance to form an attachment with Vanessa indicates a man devoid of passion. To others, it suggests his concerns about his health, possibly a disease of a venereal nature which might account for his later madness. Swift had, from his early years, suffered from labyrinthine vertigo. Before he was sixty he was very deaf.

In his seventy-fifth year, guardians were appointed to take care of him. After his death, in 1745, he was buried beside Stella.

It is this history of Swift's unresolved emotional attachments to the two women, which Yeats explores in his play. The unconsummated relationship between Swift and Vanessa intrudes into the séance room as the spirits speak through the medium. Here Yeats takes some liberties with the usual pattern of trance mediumship, in which one personality only will appear at a time. However, it is a worthy sacrifice of a psychic tradition for the sake of greater dramatic reality.

In the final incident, the student returns after the séance to probe the medium's knowledge of Swift. He finds that she is innocent of any knowledge of the history of either Swift or his women and that she has merely acted as the vehicle through which the two might play out their unresolved passions. Her innocence is further stressed in the dramatic climax of the play, when the medium is alone at last, and through her lips are uttered Swift's tragic words, "Perish the day on which I was born."

With this play, Yeats makes his strongest contribution to psychic knowledge, in a sense, by repaying a debt to the psychic experiences which had served to inspire his work. He does this by remaining an artist rather than a partisan and by demonstrating the reality of the psychic, not through dogmatic assertions of its existence, but by trusting in its reality enough to apply the highest standards of his artistry to it.

Rather than apologizing for the poet's concern with the psychic, those who recognize the magnitude and importance of Yeats's work should be grateful for those psychic experiences which gave a great poet a theme worthy of his talents and permitted his gifts to flourish. Perhaps some day, the Yeats scholars will recognize this debt.

The Words Upon The Window-Pane

W. B. Yeats

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Dr. Trench	Cornelius Patterson
Miss Mackenna	Abraham Johnson
John Corbet	Mrs. Mallet

Mrs. Henderson

A lodging-house room, an armchair, a little table in front of it, chairs on either side. A fireplace and window. A kettle on the hob and some tea-things on a dresser. A door to back and towards the right. Through the door one can see an entrance hall. The sound of a knocker. Miss

---

From *Wheels and Butterflies* by William Butler Yeats. Copyright 1934 by the Macmillan Co. Reprinted through the courtesy of A.P. Watt & Son, London, and Mrs. W.B. Yeats.

Mackenna passes through and then she re-enters hall together with John Corbet, a man of twenty-two or twenty-three, and Dr. Trench, a man of between sixty and seventy.

Dr. Trench [*in hall*]. May I introduce John Corbet, one of the Corbets of Ballymoney, but at present a Cambridge student? This is Miss Mackenna, our energetic secretary.

[*They come into room, take off their coats.*

Miss Mackenna. I thought it better to let you in myself. This country is still sufficiently medieval to make spiritualism an undesirable theme for gossip. Give me your coats and hats. I will put them in my own room. It is just across the hall. Better sit down; your watches must be fast. Mrs. Henderson is lying down, as she always does before a séance. We won't begin for ten minutes yet.

[*She goes out with hats and coats.*

Dr. Trench. Miss Mackenna does all the real work of the Dublin Spiritualists' Association. She did all the correspondence with Mrs. Henderson, and persuaded the landlady to let her this big room and a small room upstairs. We are a poor society and could not guarantee anything in advance. Mrs. Henderson has come from London at her own risk. She was born in Dublin and wants to spread the movement here. She lives very economically and does not expect a great deal. We all give what we can. A poor woman with the soul of an apostle.

John Corbet. Have there been many séances?

Dr. Trench. Only three so far.

John Corbet. I hope she will not mind my skepticism. I have looked into Myers' *Human Personality* and a wild book by Conan Doyle, but am unconvinced.

Dr. Trench. We all have to find the truth for ourselves. Lord Dunraven, then Lord Adare, introduced my father to the famous D. D. Home. My father often told me that he saw D. D. Home floating in the air in broad daylight, but I did not believe a word of it. I had to investigate for myself, and I was very hard to convince. Mrs. Piper, an American trance medium, not unlike Mrs. Henderson, convinced me.

John Corbet. A state of somnambulism and voices coming through her lips that purport to be those of dead persons?

Dr. Trench. Exactly: quite the best kind of mediumship if you want to establish the identity of a spirit. But do not expect too much. There has been a hostile influence.

John Corbet. You mean an evil spirit?

Dr. Trench. The poet Blake said that he never knew a bad man that had not something very good about him. I say a hostile influence, an influence that disturbed the last séance very seriously. I cannot tell you what happened, for I have not been at any of Mrs. Henderson's séances. Trance mediumship has nothing new to show me—I told the young people when they made me their President that I would probably stay at home, that I could get more out of Emanuel Swedenborg than out of any séance. [*A knock.*] This is probably old Cornelius Patterson; he thinks they race horses and whippets in the other world, and is, so they tell me, so anxious to find out if he is right that he is always punctual. Miss Mackenna will keep him to herself for some minutes. He gives her tips for Harold's Cross.

[*Miss Mackenna crosses to hall door and admits Cornelius Patterson. She brings him to her room across the hall.*

John Corbet [*who has been wandering about*]. This is a wonderful room for a lodging-house.

Dr. Trench. It was a private house until about fifty years ago. It was not so near the town in those days, and there are large stables at the back. Quite a number of notable people lived here. Grattan was born upstairs; no, not Grattan, Curran perhaps—I forget—but I do know that this house in the early part of the eighteenth century belonged to friends of Jonathan Swift, or rather of Stella. Swift chaffed her in the *Journal to Stella* because of certain small sums of money she lost at cards probably in this very room. That was before Vanessa appeared upon the scene. It was a country-house in those days, surrounded by trees and gardens. Somebody cut some line from a poem of hers upon the window-pane—tradition says Stella herself. [*A knock.*] Here they are, but you will hardly make them out in this light.

[*They stand in the window. Corbet stoops down to see better. Miss Mackenna and Abraham Johnson enter and stand near door.*

Abraham Johnson. Where is Mrs. Henderson?

Miss Mackenna. She is upstairs; she always rests before a séance.

Abraham Johnson. I must see her before the séance. I know exactly what to do to get rid of this evil influence.

Miss Mackenna. If you go up to see her there will be no séance at all. She says it is dangerous even to think, much less to speak, of an evil influence.

Abraham Johnson. Then I shall speak to the President.

Miss Mackenna. Better talk the whole thing over first in my room. Mrs. Henderson says that there must be perfect harmony.

Abraham Johnson. Something must be done. The last séance was completely spoiled. [*A knock.*

Miss Mackenna. That may be Mrs. Mallet; she is a very experienced spiritualist. Come to my room, old Patterson and some others are there already.

[*She brings him to the other room and later crosses to hall door to admit Mrs. Mallet.*

John Corbet. I know those lines well—they are part of a poem Stella wrote for Swift's fifty-fourth birthday. Only three poems of hers —and some lines she added to a poem of Swift's—have come down to us, but they are enough to prove her a better poet than Swift. Even those few words on the window make me think of a seventeenth-century poet, Donne or Crashaw. [*He quotes.*

'You taught how I might youth prolong
By knowing what is right and wrong.
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes.'

How strange that a celibate scholar, well on in life, should keep the love of two such women! He met Vanessa in London at the height of his political power. She followed him to Dublin. She loved him for nine years, perhaps died of love, but Stella loved him all her life.

Dr. Trench. I have shown that writing to several persons, and you are the first who has recognized the lines.

John Corbet. I am writing an essay on Swift and Stella for my doctorate at Cambridge. I hope to prove that in Swift's day men of intellect reached the height of their power—the greatest position they ever attained in society and the State, that everything great in Ireland and in our character, in what remains of our architecture, comes from that day; that we have kept its seal longer than England.

Dr. Trench. A tragic life: Bolingbroke, Harley, Ormonde, all those great Ministers that were his friends, banished and broken.

John Corbet. I do not think you can explain him in that way—his tragedy had deeper foundations. His ideal order was the Roman Senate, his ideal men Brutus and Cato. Such an order and such men had seemed possible once more, but the movement passed and he foresaw the ruin to come. Democracy, Rousseau, the French Revolution; that is why he hated the common run of men,—'I hate lawyers, I hate doctors,' he said, 'though I love Dr. So-and-so and Judge So-and-So'—that is why he wrote *Gulliver,* that is why he wore out his brain, that is why he felt *saeva indignatio,* that is why he sleeps under the greatest epitaph in history. You remember how it goes? It is almost finer in English than in Latin: 'He has gone where fierce indignation can lacerate his heart no more.'

[*Abraham Johnson comes in, followed by Mrs. Mallet and Cornelius Patterson.*

Abraham Johnson. Something must be done, Dr. Trench, to drive away the influence that has destroyed our séances. I have come here week after week at considerable expense. I am from Belfast. I am by profession a minister of the Gospel, I do a great deal of work among the poor and ignorant. I produce considerable effect by singing and preaching, but I know that my effect should be much greater than it is. My hope is that I shall be able to communicate with the great Evangelist Moody. I want to ask him to stand invisible beside me when I speak or sing, and lay his hands upon my head and give me such a portion of his power that my work may be blessed as the work of Moody and Sankey was blessed.

Mrs. Mallet. What Mr. Johnson says about the hostile influence is quite true. The last two séances were completely spoilt. I am thinking of starting a tea-shop in Folkestone. I followed Mrs. Henderson to Dublin to get my husband's advice, but two spirits kept talking and would not let any other spirit say a word.

Dr. Trench. Did the spirits say the same thing and go through the same drama at both séances?

Mrs. Mallet. Yes—just as if they were characters in some kind of horrible play.

Dr. Trench. That is what I was afraid of.

Mrs. Mallet. My husband was drowned at sea ten years ago, but constantly speaks to me through Mrs. Henderson as if he were still alive. He advises me about everything I do, and I am utterly lost if I cannot question him.

Cornelius Patterson. I never did like the Heaven they talk about in churches: but when somebody told me that Mrs. Mallet's husband ate and drank and went about with his favorite dog, I said to myself, 'That is the place for Corney Patterson.' I came here to find out if it was true, and I declare to God I have not heard one word about it.

Abraham Johnson. I ask you, Dr. Trench, as President of the Dublin Spiritualists' Association, to permit me to read the ritual of exorcism appointed for such occasions. After the last séance I copied it out of an old book in the library of Belfast University. I have it here.

[*He takes paper out of his pocket.*

Dr. Trench. The spirits are people like ourselves, we treat them as our guests and protect them from discourtesy and violence, and every exorcism is a curse or a threatened curse. We do not admit that there are evil spirits. Some spirits are earth-bound—they think they are still living and go over and over some action of their past lives, just as we go over and over some painful thought, except that where they are thought is reality. For instance, when a spirit which has died a violent death comes to a medium for the first time, it re-lives all the pains of death.

Mrs. Mallet. When my husband came for the first time the medium gasped and struggled as if she was drowning. It was terrible to watch.

Dr. Trench. Sometimes a spirit re-lives not the pain of death but some passionate or tragic moment of life. Swedenborg describes this and gives the reason for it. There is an incident of the kind in the *Odyssey*, and many in Eastern literature; the murderer repeats his murder, the robber his robbery, the lover his serenade, the soldier hears the trumpet once again. If I were a Catholic I would say that such spirits were in Purgatory. In vain do we write *requiescat in pace* upon the tomb, for they must suffer, and we in our turn must suffer until God gives peace. Such spirits do not often come to séances unless those séances are held in houses where those spirits lived, or where the event took place. This spirit which speaks those incomprehensible words and does not answer when spoken to is of such a nature. The more patient we are, the more quickly will it pass out of its passion and its remorse.

Abraham Johnson. I am still convinced that the spirit which disturbed the last séance is evil. If I may not exorcise it I will certainly pray for protection.

Dr. Trench. Mrs. Henderson's control, Lulu, is able and experienced and can protect both medium and sitters, but it may help Lulu if you pray that the spirit find rest.

[*Abraham Johnson sits down and prays silently, moving his lips. Mrs. Henderson comes in with Miss Mackenna and others. Miss Mackenna shuts the door.*

Dr. Trench. Mrs. Henderson, may I introduce to you Mr. Corbet, a young man from Cambridge and a skeptic, who hopes that you will be able to convince him?

Mrs. Henderson. We were all skeptics once. He must not expect too much from a first séance. He must persevere.

[*She sits in the armchair, and the others begin to seat themselves. Miss Mackenna goes to John Corbet and they remain standing.*

Miss Mackenna. I am glad that you are a skeptic.

John Corbet. I thought you were a spiritualist.

Miss Mackenna. I have seen a good many séances, and sometimes think it is all coincidence and thought-transference. [*She says this in a low voice.*] Then at other times I think as Dr. Trench does, and then I feel like Job—you know the quotation—the hair of my head stands up. A spirit passes before my face.

Mrs. Mallet. Turn the key, Dr. Trench, we don't want anybody blundering in here. [*Dr. Trench locks door.*] Come and sit here, Miss Mackenna.

Miss Mackenna. No, I am going to sit beside Mr. Corbet.

[*Corbet and Miss Mackenna sit down.*

John Corbet. You feel like Job to-night?

Miss Mackenna. I feel that something is going to happen, that is why I am glad that you are a skeptic.

John Corbet. You feel safer?

Miss Mackenna. Yes, safer.

Mrs. Henderson. I am glad to meet all my dear friends again and to welcome Mr. Corbet amongst us. As he is a stranger I must explain that we do not call up spirits, we make the right conditions and they come. I do not know who is going to come; sometimes there are a great many and the guides choose between them. The guides try to send somebody for everybody but do not always succeed. If you want to speak to some dear friend who has passed over, do not be discouraged. If your friend cannot come this time, maybe he can next time. My control is a dear little girl called Lulu who died when she was five or six years old. She describes the spirits present and tells us what spirit wants to speak. Miss Mackenna, a verse of a hymn, please, the same we had last time, and will everyone join in the singing.

[*They sing the following lines from Hymn 564, Irish Church Hymnal.*

'Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.'

[*Mrs. Henderson is leaning back in her chair asleep.*

Miss Mackenna [*to John Corbet*]. She always snores like that when she is going off.

Mrs. Henderson [*in a child's voice*]. Lulu so glad to see all her friends.

Mrs. Mallet. And we are glad you have come, Lulu.

Mrs. Henderson [*in a child's voice*]. Lulu glad to see new friend.

Miss Mackenna [*to John Corbet*]. She is speaking to you.

John Corbet. Thank you, Lulu.

Mrs. Henderson [*in a child's voice*]. You mustn't laugh at the way I talk.

John Corbet. I am not laughing, Lulu.

Mrs. Henderson [*in a child's voice*]. Nobody must laugh. Lulu does her best but can't say big long words. Lulu sees a tall man here, lots of hair on face [*Mrs. Henderson passes her hands over her cheeks and chin*], not much on the top of his head [*Mrs. Henderson passes her hand over the top of her head*], red necktie, and such a funny sort of pin.

Mrs. Mallet. Yes. . . . Yes. . . .

Mrs. Henderson [*in a child's voice*]. Pin like a horseshoe.

Mrs. Mallet. It's my husband.

Mrs. Henderson [*in a child's voice*]. He has a message.

Mrs. Mallet. Yes.

Mrs. Henderson [*in a child's voice*]. Lulu cannot hear. He is too far off. He has come near. Lulu can hear now. He says . . . he says, 'Drive that man away!' He is pointing to somebody in the corner, that corner over there. He says it is the bad man who spoilt everything last time. If they won't drive him away, Lulu will scream.

Miss Mackenna. That horrible spirit again.

Abraham Johnson. Last time he monopolized the séance.

Mrs. Mallet. He would not let anybody speak but himself.

Mrs. Henderson [*in a child's voice*]. They have driven that bad man away. Lulu sees a young lady.

Mrs. Mallet. Is not my husband here?

Mrs. Henderson [*in a child's voice*]. Man with funny pin gone away. Young lady here—Lulu thinks she must be at a fancy dress party,

such funny clothes, hair all in curls—all bent down on floor near that old man with glasses.

Dr. Trench. No, I do not recognize her.

Mrs. Henderson [*in a child's voice*]. That bad man, that bad old man in the corner, they have let him come back. Lulu is going to scream. O. . . . O. . . . [*In a man's voice*]. How dare you write to her? How dare you ask if we were married? How dare you question her?

Dr. Trench. A soul in its agony—it cannot see us or hear us.

Mrs. Henderson [*upright and rigid, only her lips moving, and still in a man's voice*]. You sit crouching there. Did you not hear what I said? How dared you question her? I found you an ignorant little girl without intellect, without moral ambition. How many times did I not stay away from great men's houses, how many times forsake the Lord Treasurer, how many times neglect the business of the State that we might read Plutarch together!

[*Abraham Johnson half rises. Dr. Trench motions him to remain seated.*

Dr. Trench. Silence!

Abraham Johnson. But, Dr. Trench . . .

Dr. Trench. Hush—we can do nothing.

Mrs. Henderson [*speaking as before*]. I taught you to think in every situation of life not as Hester Vanhomrigh would think in that situation, but as Cato or Brutus would, and now you behave like some common slut with her ear against the keyhole.

John Corbet [*to Miss Mackenna*]. It is Swift, Jonathan Swift, talking to the woman he called Vanessa. She was christened Hester Vanhomrigh.

Mrs. Henderson [*in Vanessa's voice*]. I questioned her, Jonathan, because I love. Why have you let me spend hours in your company if you did not want me to love you? [*In Swift's voice.*] When I rebuilt Rome in your mind it was as though I walked its streets. [*In Vanessa's voice.*] Was that all, Jonathan? Was I nothing but a painter's canvas? [*In Swift's voice.*] My God, do you think it was easy? I was a man of strong passions and I had sworn never to marry. [*In Vanessa's voice.*] If you and she are not married, why

should we not marry like other men and women? I loved you from the first moment when you came to my mother's house and began to teach me. I thought it would be enough to look at you, to speak to you, to hear you speak. I followed you to Ireland five years ago and I can bear it no longer. It is not enough to look, to speak, to hear. Jonathan, Jonathan, I am a woman, the women Brutus and Cato loved were not different. [*In Swift's voice.*] I have something in my blood that no child must inherit. I have constant attacks of dizziness; I pretend they come from a surfeit of fruit when I was a child. I had them in London. . . . There was a great doctor there, Dr. Arbuthnot; I told him of those attacks of dizziness, I told him of worse things. It was he who explained. There is a line of Dryden's. . . . [*In Vanessa's voice.*] O, I know—'Great wits are sure to madness near allied.' If you had children, Jonathan, my blood would make them healthy. I will take your hand, I will lay it upon my heart—upon the Vanhomrigh blood that has been healthy for generations. [*Mrs. Henderson slowly raises her left hand.*] This is the first time you have touched my body, Jonathan. [*Mrs. Henderson stands up and remains rigid. In Swift's voice.*] What do I care if it be healthy? What do I care if it could make mine healthy? Am I to add another to the healthy rascaldom and knavery of the world? [*In Vanessa's voice.*] Look at me, Jonathan. Your arrogant intellect separates us. Give me both your hands. I will put them upon my breast. [*Mrs. Henderson raises her right hand to the level of her left and then raises both to her breast.*] O, it is white—white as the gambler's dice—white ivory dice. Think of the uncertainty. Perhaps a mad child—perhaps a rascal—perhaps a knave—perhaps not, Jonathan. The dice of the intellect are loaded, but I am the common ivory dice. [*Her hands are stretched out as though drawing somebody towards her.*] It is not my hands that draw you back. My hands are weak, they could not draw you back if you did not love as I love. You said that you have strong passions; that is true, Jonathan—no man in Ireland is so passionate. That is why you need me, that is why you need children, nobody has greater need. You are growing old. An old man without children is very solitary.

Even his friends, men as old as he, turn away, they turn towards the young, their children or their children's children. They cannot endure an old man like themselves. [*Mrs. Henderson moves away from the chair, her movements gradually growing convulsive.*] You are not too old for the dice, Jonathan, but a few years if you turn away will make you an old miserable childless man. [*In Swift's voice.*] O God, hear the prayer of Jonathan Swift, that afflicted man, and grant that he may leave to posterity nothing but his intellect that came to him from Heaven. [*In Vanessa's voice.*] Can you face solitude with that mind, Jonathan? [*Mrs. Henderson goes to the door, finds that it is closed.*] Dice ,white ivory dice. [*In Swift's voice.*] My God, I am left alone with my enemy. Who locked the door, who locked me in with my enemy? [*Mrs. Henderson beats upon the door, sinks to the floor and then speaks as Lulu.*] Bad old man! Do not let him come back. Bad old man does not know he is dead. Lulu cannot find fathers, mothers, sons that have passed over. Power almost gone. [*Mrs. Mallet leads Mrs. Henderson, who seems very exhausted, back to her chair. She is still asleep. She speaks again as Lulu.*] Another verse of hymn. Everybody sing. Hymn will bring good influence.

[*They sing*]

'If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.'

[*During the hymn Mrs. Henderson has been murmuring 'Stella,' but the singing has almost drowned her voice. The singers draw one another's attention to the fact that she is speaking. The singing stops.*]

Dr. Trench. I thought she was speaking.

Mrs. Mallet. I saw her lips move.

Dr. Trench. She would be more comfortable with a cushion, but we might wake her.

Mrs. Mallet. Nothing can wake her out of a trance like that until she wakes up herself.

[*She brings a cushion and she and Dr. Trench put Mrs. Henderson into a more comfortable position.*

Mrs. Henderson [*in Swift's voice*]. Stella.

Miss Mackenna [*to John Corbet*]. Did you hear that? She said 'Stella.'

John Corbet. Vanessa has gone, Stella has taken her place.

Miss Mackenna. Did you notice the change while we were singing? The new influence in the room?

John Corbet. I thought I did, but it must have been fancy.

Mrs. Mallet. Hush!

Mrs. Henderson [*in Swift's voice*]. Have I wronged you, beloved Stella? Are you unhappy? You have no children, you have no lover, you have no husband. A cross and ageing man for friend—nothing but that. But no, do not answer—you have answered already in that poem you wrote for my last birthday. With what scorn you speak of the common lot of women 'with no endowments but a face—'

'Before the thirtieth year of life
A maid forlorn or hated wife.'

It is the thought of the great Chrysostom who wrote in a famous passage that women loved according to the soul, loved as saints can love, keep their beauty longer, have greater happiness than women loved according to the flesh. That thought has comforted me, but it is a terrible thing to be responsible for another's happiness. There are moments when I doubt, when I think Chrysostom may have been wrong. But now I have your poem to drive doubt away. You have addressed me in these noble words:

'You taught how I might youth prolong
By knowing what is right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes;
How soon a beauteous mind repairs
The loss of chang'd or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Can spread a smoothness o'er the skin.'

John Corbet. The words upon the window-pane!

Mrs. Henderson [*In Swift's voice*]. Then, because you understand that I am afraid of solitude, afraid of outliving my friends—and myself—you comfort me in that last verse—you overpraise my moral nature when you attribute to it a rich mantle, but O how touching those words which describe your love:

'Late dying may you cast a shred
Of that rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my sorrow,
One day alone, then die to-morrow.'

Yes, you will close my eyes, Stella. O, you will live long after me, dear Stella, for you are still a young woman, but you will close my eyes. [*Mrs. Henderson sinks back in chair and speaks as Lulu.*] Bad old man gone. Power all used up. Lulu can do no more. Good-bye, friends. [*Mrs. Henderson, speaking in her own voice.*] Go away, go away! [*She wakes.*] I saw him a moment ago, has he spoilt the séance again?

Mrs. Mallet. Yes, Mrs. Henderson, my husband came, but he was driven away.

Dr. Trench. Mrs. Henderson is very tired. We must leave her to rest. [*To Mrs. Henderson.*] You did your best and nobody can do more than that. [*He takes out money.*

Mrs. Henderson. No. . . . No. . . . I cannot take any money, not after a séance like that.

Dr. Trench. Of course you must take it, Mrs. Henderson.

[*He puts money on table, and Mrs. Henderson gives a furtive glance to see how much it is. She does the same as each sitter lays down his or her money.*

Mrs. Mallet. A bad séance is just as exhausting as a good séance, and you must be paid.

Mrs. Henderson. No. . . . No. . . . Please don't. It is very wrong to take money for such a failure. [*Mrs. Mallet lays down money.*

Cornelius Patterson. A jockey is paid whether he wins or not.

[*He lays down money.*

Miss Mackenna. That spirit rather thrilled me.

[*She lays down money.*

Mrs. Henderson. If you insist, I must take it.

Abraham Johnson. I shall pray for you to-night. I shall ask God to bless and protect your séances.

[*He lays down money. All go out except John Corbet and Mrs. Henderson.*

John Corbet. I know you are tired, Mrs. Henderson, but I must speak to you. I have been deeply moved by what I have heard. This is my contribution to prove that I am satisfied, completely satisfied.

[*He puts a note on the table.*

Mrs. Henderson. A pound note—nobody ever gives me more than ten shillings, and yet the séance was a failure.

John Corbet [*sitting down near Mrs. Henderson*]. When I say I am satisfied I do not mean that I am convinced it was the work of spirits. I prefer to think that you created it all, that you are an accomplished actress and scholar. In my essay for my Cambridge doctorate I examine all the explanations of Swift's celibacy offered by his biographers and prove that the explanation you selected was the only plausible one. But there is something I must ask you. Swift was the chief representative of the intellect of his epoch, that arrogant intellect free at last from superstition. He foresaw its collapse. He foresaw Democracy, he must have dreaded the future. Did he refuse to beget children because of that dread? Was Swift mad? Or was it the intellect itself that was mad?

Mrs. Henderson. Who are you talking of, sir?

John Corbet. Swift, of course.

Mrs. Henderson. Swift? I do not know anybody called Swift.

John Corbet. Jonathan Swift, whose spirit seemed to be present to-night.

Mrs. Henderson. What? That dirty old man?

John Corbet. He was neither old nor dirty when Stella and Vanessa loved him.

Mrs. Henderson. I saw him very clearly just as I woke up. His clothes were dirty, his face covered with boils. Some disease had made one of his eyes swell up, it stood out from his face like a hen's egg.

John Corbet. He looked like that in his old age. Stella had been dead

a long time. His brain had gone, his friends had deserted him. The man appointed to take care of him beat him to keep him quiet.

Mrs. Henderson. Now they are old, now they are young. They change all in a moment as their thought changes. It is sometimes a terrible thing to be out of the body, God help us all.

Dr. Trench [*at doorway*]. Come along, Corbet, Mrs. Henderson is tired out.

John Corbet. Good-bye, Mrs. Henderson.

[*He goes out with Dr. Trench. All the sitters except Miss Mackenna, who has returned to her room, pass along the passage on their way to the front door. Mrs. Henderson counts the money, finds her purse, which is in a vase on the mantelpiece, and puts the money in it.*

Mrs. Henderson. How tired I am! I'd be the better of a cup of tea. [*She finds the teapot and puts kettle on fire, and then as she crouches down by the hearth suddenly lifts up her hands and counts her fingers, speaking in Swift's voice.*] Five great Ministers that were my friends are gone, ten great Ministers that were my friends are gone. I have not fingers enough to count the great Ministers that were my friends and that are gone. [*She wakes with a start and speaks in her own voice.*] Where did I put that tea-caddy? Ah! there it is. And there should be a cup and saucer. [*She finds the saucer.*] But where's the cup? [*She moves aimlessly about the stage and then, letting the saucer fall and break, speaks in Swift's voice.*] Perish the day on which I was born!

Give
TOMORROW
to a Friend

You can enter your own subscription, or renew your own subscription, while making a worthwhile gift of TOMORROW magazine.

Just fill in the blank below, giving your own name and address, as well as that of your friend.

TOMORROW — 29 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Please enter/renew my own subscription for one year at $2.00. I also want you to send a gift subscription to:

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

My own address is:

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

Enclosed is payment of $4, covering both subscriptions.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor, TOMORROW

In the last issue of TOMORROW there appears a most surprising answer to a question whether H. P. Blavatsky was ever exposed as a fraud. The reply picks up all the old stories against her, repeating them without even suggesting that there is another side to the question. Moreover, your correspondent is content to repeat complete falsehoods without even suggesting that these things, though they were said, might not in fact be true. These untruths are not only a distortion of the known facts, but they are highly prejudicial to her reputation as well as harmful to The Theosophical Society which she founded, and which still exists today. It seems a pity that so one-sided an opinion should appear in your pages, giving only those views which are negative, and failing so much as to mention others—which are at least as worthy of credence.

Thus, about her marriages: she was found, in late age, to be virgo intacta, a fact medically certified. She was, it is true, married twice (not "two or three times"). The first marriage was to a Russian General, and led to divorce. The second also. She was certainly not a bigamist. Similarly, though it was alleged that *Isis Unveiled* was written by somebody else, this too was proved entirely untrue. There are ample witnesses who saw her at work on the book.

As to the famous Mahatma Letters: it is quite clearly proved that there were occasions when it was impossible for her to have delivered the letters (e.g. when she was geographically far away) even if she wrote them (which, again, is not, despite what your correspondent states, established

in any way). As you will yourself realise, the fact of a letter being in a medium's own writing would not invalidate it as being a communication from another source; while the phenomenal delivery of them is a sure fact in at least a number of cases.

The S.P.R. in London, I believe "received" Dr. Hodgson's report on her but never "adopted" it as its official view. How could it? Hodgson was one man, unsupported by others. This report got a great deal of publicity; but there has recently come to light another, earlier report, signed by Gurney, Myers, Podmore and Stack, which was the careful work of highly reputable and unbiased people, who held that a prima facie case in Madame Blavatsky's favor had been established. It recommended that Dr. Hodgson investigate further, on the spot, at Adyar. Hodgson was far from an experienced investigator; and there is truth in the fact that he accepted the evidence of those who repudiated Madame Blavatsky — even that of the Coulombs whom he acknowledged to be dishonest people—and refused to credit those who supported her. I understand that he himself, when older and wiser, stated that he felt he had been unfair to her.

It is worth adding that in the last year or so a great deal more correspondence and material of various sorts has come to light in the archives of the S.P.R. This is now being sorted out and analysed, and a totally different picture is already emerging of the whole affair, which may effectively neutralise the one-man Hodgson Report.

In any case, there is another side to the matter: even if "H.P.B." were a complete fraud (which I do not believe to be the case, though she did some very foolish things) this does not in any way invalidate the work she did and left in the shape of her voluminous writings. These of course do not appeal to everybody. But they do provide a mass of highly suggestive, if not scientific, material on the occult. That is the reason she is looked up to by Theosophists. Her phenomena, true or otherwise, are not today of any moment or importance in theosophical thought.

Phoebe W. Bendit
Wheaton, Illinois

To the Editor, TOMORROW

IN THE "Questions and Answers" department of the Autumn 1961 issue of TOMORROW is this query: "Why are people, in primitive societies as well as in our own civilization, so afraid of ghosts or any contact with the dead? Has anyone seriously examined underlying psychological factors of such fears?" The answer is supplied as follows:

"Sigmund Freud gave considerable attention to this subject in his book *Totem and Taboo*. He said that the taboo of the dead arose as the result of a conflict between conscious sorrow, corresponding to an attitude of affection towards the departed, and unconscious joy resulting from repressed hatred. While the dead were still alive and with us, their desires often conflicted with our own, and we may have been frequently tempted to wish in the innermost recesses of our mind that because their presence thus interfered with the fulfillment of our own wishes they could be removed safely out of our way. When death has gratified these secret desires, we feel that our wishes have really been effective, and guiltily imagine that the dead will surely take revenge on us for the murderous thoughts that we have harbored. In so doing, Freud believed, we avail ourselves of the psychological mechanism called *projection*, by which we endeavor to free ourselves of unwelcome thoughts and tendencies by attributing them to others. In this case our own hostile feelings toward the dead are attributed to the dead themselves, who are then supposed to harbor enmity against ourselves. Hence the very wide-spread fear of dead people and the desire to avoid contact with them."

In the same issue of the magazine, Marian L. Nester opens her article "New Methods of Parapsychology," with this statement: "For as long as man has lived, he has sought proof of survival of the spirit after death. He has appealed to 'magicians' and 'witches,' to 'medicine men' and 'sorcerers,' and now, in modern times, to 'mediums' and 'sensitives,' for messages that would convince him of his immortality. Often, he has been rewarded with communications which allegedly come from the deceased."

Further on she adds, " . . . people are known to go to mediums for diverse reasons. Perhaps they are mourning a recent death and want comfort, to feel in touch with the deceased . . ."

Accepting both Freud and Nester, the reader can come only to one or several of the following conclusions:

1) For as long as man has lived, he has sought proof of survival of the spirit after death, because he is afraid he may find such proof.

2) People go to mediums because they mourn the death of a member of the family and want comfort. Their drive in this search for solace is their hatred of the deceased.

3) All our lives we secretly wish death would remove a member of the family because he hinders our progress. Our wish is fulfilled when the grim reaper takes the hated one, who will now seek revenge on us. Quickly we go to a medium with the hope that the ghost might be raised in order that we might revile him and attribute to him all the hateful thoughts we had harbored before he became a ghost.

4) When death strikes a member of the family, we find ourselves in a psychological conflict, torn between conscious sorrow, corresponding to an attitude of affection towards the departed, and unconscious joy resulting from repressed hatred. Hopeful of a reward, we go to a medium joyfully in order to hate the ghost whom we are afraid to face.

No wonder Adler and Jung deserted Freud! By his own admission (he confessed it to Jung personally) the "father of psychoanalysis" so dreaded "the floodgates of occultism" that he erected his trinity of sex, aggressiveness and hatred to combat his own fears. The damage his teachings have wrought hardly can be fully reckoned.

Now, just why are people afraid of ghosts or any contact with the dead? For the simple and same reason that they are afraid of anything else they are not accustomed to. Love and hatred have nothing to do with it. The quickened heart-beat is evidence of a sudden interruption of the course of daily habit.

If I were to find on the floor of my living room, for example, tonight on my arrival home, the

body of a total stranger, I would naturally be frightened. Who or what is this? Is it a corpse? Is it a drunken man? Is it a burglar feigning? Could anyone blame me for calling my neighbors or the police? Yet emotionally upset as I may be, it would be far from right to infer that I hate the form on the floor.

Assume now that instead of a man on the floor, I quietly enter my apartment as is my daily habit at the day's close, and there on the divan I see the ghost of my deceased brother, a sight never vouchsafed to me before. Could anyone logically charge me with hatred if I show fright? This is such an unusual experience, my psychological equipment is not equal to accepting it as normal.

Nobody is psychologically equipped to accept calmly anything and everything that may happen in daily living; and that is the reason for fright when a ghost suddenly is encountered, or other contact made with the dead.

Of course, had I wronged my brother when he was alive and we both knew it, and then his wraith appeared to me after his death, my fright could increase to the point of fear. But that would be an exceptional case. On the other hand, had we been very close to each other in brotherly love while he was alive, and his form would materialize before me after his death, I would be frightened, but there is the strong likelihood that my fright would vanish quickly and I might even rush toward the form to embrace it.

Most people are afraid to touch a corpse, and this is understandable. But embalmers and morticians are not afraid to do so, for it is their habit. Most people are afraid of ghosts and contact with the dead, but parapsychological researchers are not afraid of these phenomena, for they have had the contacts many times. To them it is quite normal. So, also, people who go to reliable mediums. They are accustomed to making contact with departed entities and welcome the experiences.

Sic transit Freud — thank heaven!

Dal Lee
New York, N. Y.

(*Continued from Inside Front Cover*)

pridefully, in a "festive state," he dared to imitate the secrets of the temple. This defiance of the mysterious brought suitable retribution, confiscation of property, and eventually the downfall of Alcibiades's powers. In our own time, those in power should equally avoid any departure from man's basic and immortal trust.

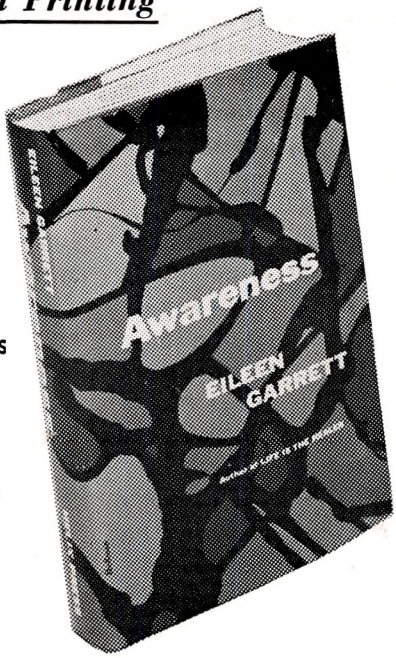
Of late, several letters have come to my desk referring to a world crisis which, viewed astrologically, is to occur next February. A unique conjunction of planets is viewed by many with anxiety and foreboding. I have great respect for astrology, but what is disastrous for one country might make the heart of another glad. I regard the auspicious meeting of planets in the sky just as I would a meeting at Geneva or in the United Nations: they come together, wishful of their degree of success which is the hope inherent in the heart of man. I do not subscribe to the belief that these universal worlds, any more than our present day statesmen, meet with ambition to confuse or destroy.

Elements we cannot comprehend are at work within gods and men alike, each moved and jealously veiled by a greater measure of all universes; it is as well for humanity in general that we are mercifully debarred from understanding their unrevealed motivations. Whatever the substance of the meaning of past mysteries were, their role and significance contained the answer to the yearnings of the people of their age to establish a friendship and an intimacy with the deities, and so preserve a strong mystic contact with religion and state alike.

If these conceptions justified the enthusiasm of the ancient worlds, we, their children, are equally in need of their attention and sympathy. Let us, each in our own way, add to the philosophy of living the joy and happiness that come from those who live the full life and so fulfill each day our mission to humanity. From the bubbling springs of hope and inspiration in the heart of each individual, the living world grows in understanding of its own mystical resources.

EILEEN J. GARRETT

New Edition—Fifth Printing



A penetrating analysis
of the vast and
fascinating fields
of mental phenomena

"Orderly, scientific,
extremely literate . . .
a most worthwhile contribution
in its field."—New York Herald Tribune

AWARENESS

Eileen J. Garrett

$5.00

TOMORROW BOOK SERVICE, 29 W. 57 St., NEW YORK 19, N. Y.