LIGHT

Autumn 1963 *2s. 6d.*

MORE STAINTON MOSES SITTINGS

- *How I became interested in the Paranormal*

ROSALIND HEYWOOD
J. CECIL MABY

ROSAMOND LEHMANN
NANDOR FODOR

- *Such Stuff as Dreams*
- *Who Wrote Shakespeare?*
- *Direct Voice*

and other articles

BOOK REVIEWS

THE OLDEST PSYCHIC JOURNAL IN PUBLICATION

THE COLLEGE OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE LTD.

16 QUEENSBERRY PLACE, LONDON, S.W.7

Tel. KENsington 3292-3

MEETINGS IN THE AUTUMN SESSION

SEPTEMBER

TUESDAY, 17th at 7 p.m. — MRS. IVY SCOTT
Demonstration of Clairvoyance

WEDNESDAY, 18th at 3 p.m. — MRS. ENA TWIGG
Demonstration of Clairvoyance

SUNDAY, 22nd at 3 p.m. — **Address:** MR. W. E. BARLEY; **Demonstrator:** MR. DOUGLAS JOHNSON

TUESDAY, 24th at 7 p.m. — DR. A. GAULD
"Some Recent Poltergeist Cases"

WEDNESDAY, 25th at 3 p.m. — MR. F. LIONEL BROWN
"Past Religions and the Coming Aquarian Age"

OCTOBER

TUESDAY, 1st at 7 p.m. — DR. R. J. IRVING-BELL
"The Scientific Approach to an After-Life"

WEDNESDAY, 2nd at 3 p.m. — DR. N. A. HART
"Physical Phenomena with Non-Professional Mediums"

TUESDAY, 8th at 7 p.m. — MRS. MEURIG MORRIS
"The Irrefutable Fact"

WEDNESDAY, 9th at 3 p.m. — MRS. IVY SCOTT
Demonstration of Clairvoyance

TUESDAY, 15th at 7 p.m. — MRS. B. GODLEE
"Sir Oliver Lodge and Psychical Research"

WEDNESDAY, 16th at 3 p.m. — MRS. NAN MCKENZIE
Trance Address

SUNDAY, 20th at 3 p.m. — **Address:** MR. W. V. BLEWETT; **Demonstrator:** MRS. ENA TWIGG

TUESDAY, 22nd at 7 p.m. — MR. RICHARD SHEARGOLD
"Research and Survival"

WEDNESDAY, 23rd at 3 p.m. — MRS. A. MORDUCH
"No Screen for the Dying"
(A New Way of looking at Death)

TUESDAY, 29th at 7 p.m. — MR. H. J. D. MURTON
"When An Editor Smiles"

WEDNESDAY, 30th at 3 p.m. — MRS. URSULA ROBERTS
"The Human Aura"

NOVEMBER

TUESDAY, 5th at 7 p.m. — MRS. ENA TWIGG
Demonstration of Clairvoyance

WEDNESDAY, 6th at 3 p.m. — MRS. M. C. PETO
"The Value of Uncertainty"

TUESDAY, 12th at 7 p.m. — DR. RUTH BORCHARD
"The Watershed between Natural and Occult Phenomena"

WEDNESDAY, 13th at 3 p.m. — MR. HUGH MAYALL
"Some Thoughts on Three Years of Psychic Study"

(Continued on inside back cover)

LIGHT

A Review of Psychic and Spiritual Knowledge and Research

Founded in 1881

Published quarterly in March, June, September and December by the College of Psychic Science Ltd.

16 Queensberry Place, London, S.W.7

Vol. LXXXIII No. 3454 *Autumn 1963*

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Autumn	*An Editorial*	98
How I became interested in the Paranormal		
13.	*Rosalind Heywood*	101
14.	*J. Cecil Maby*	103
New Psychic Light on Shakespeare	*Rosamond Lehmann*	107
Such Stuff as Dreams . . .		
1. Dreamers and Theorists	*Barbara Waylen*	118
2. A Psychoanalyst dreams	*Dr. Nandor Fodor*	123
3. A Doubter dreams	*Pamela Bilton*	126
Direct Voice	*E.M.C.*	128
Stainton Moses and Contemporary Physical Mediums		
3. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Holmes	*presented by R. G. Medhurst*	130
The Parapundits		140
Obituary Notices		141
Book Reviews		142
The Ghost Club		144

Copyright in all matter appearing in LIGHT is reserved to the authors and the publishers. It may not be reproduced or translated, either wholly or in part, without written permission.

LIGHT exists for the reasoned and courteous examination of all aspects of Psychical Research and Spiritualism and allied matters. The position of the Editor on the issue of survival corresponds to the Policy which he shared in formulating as a member of the Council of the College of Psychic Science. Apart from this, the College does not necessarily endorse any opinion on any subject appearing in LIGHT. Those expressed in signed articles are the authors' own.

Autumn

AN EDITORIAL

IN what we call "the order of Nature" (more accurately, the logic which the human intellect reads into the cosmic machine, and which becomes out of date almost daily as fresh facts and exceptions to "order" are discovered) the seasons appear to follow each other ineluctably, each with its particular functions, it seems, which we generally assume it is a mistake if not an impossibility to alter. Yet wealth enables some to avoid seasons they dislike or to enjoy preferred seasons out of season, and horticulturists and agriculturalists have ways of cheating Nature to some extent. On different levels and sides of a high mountain Nature itself exhibits climate and flora of all four seasons simultaneously.

Maybe we give too little importance to such deviations from the apparent norm, and accept too readily the "common sense" philosophy counselling conformity to "Nature" as the least uncomfortable way through life. If we do so conform, it behoves us to find out what is Nature. Few look beyond what "is" and "has always been" in the eyes of "authorities". Fewer still ever dream of including in "Nature" powers and laws that escape their five senses and might revolutionise the world of sense.

In this, the world of scientists and statisticians and the politicians whom they feed with so-called facts, autumn is a period of three months during which the average temperature is such-and-such, average rainfall so-and-so, leaves fall from deciduous trees, sap ceases to rise, and so on. Such averages and generalisations are true over a large area of space and time, but never actually exist at any one place or moment. The untruth and even unjustness of the statistical interpretation of Nature is still more blatant in regard to human beings, since they have (a) more physical means of avoiding or becoming adapted to adverse "natural law", (b) powers other than physical which the majority hardly dream of and never employ—and of course exclude from statistics.

It is too easy to sit down and accept the "law of averages" or the "laws of Nature" and to forget that the individual alters the averages by his own greater or less departures from the norm. There could be no evolution in the physical or any other dimension if such deviations were not constantly occurring. Seeking comfort by acceptance of existing conditions may therefore not be the secret of the good life as the majority appear to think: there is also, in some at least, a call to seek and to experiment, to improve by non-conformity. We might not detect much change in Nature or human nature in a hundred years, but in a thousand years we

would not be able to deny the results of unnumbered individual non-conformities.

Much of the recorded change in man (most of it is not in records he can read) has been unconscious, that is, not brought about by anyone's conscious will. We must also admit that much change in human behaviour—and this is our only material evidence about human nature—has been a result of conscious individual effort, as in the abolition of legal slavery by the persistence of Wilberforce or the industrial use of steam on the initiative of Watt. If it is not true that a Wilberforce or a Watt, or a Socrates or a Jesus, are products of automatic processes in matter, or of pure chance, then by the same token each of us is capable of decisive steps in our own life and in the development of the human race. When in addition we find we have powers of action other than physical, and worlds other than that of ordinary consciousness, we become ready to admit that we have more command over "Nature" and more possibilities of rising superior to its cruder physical thralls than the system of belief and behaviour in which we are brought up usually allows us to realise.

●

This is important when we reach what is usually regarded as the autumn of life, when most bodies become heavier, slower and less elastic, and appear to have a like effect on their owners' thought and action. If mind has primacy over matter, we may be wrong to accept such symptoms of decay. Modern developments of the Welfare State and geriatrics may have mitigated them to some extent by physical means but, as at all seasons of life, coddling and preoccupation with physical props cannot really for long ward off a process which materialism supposes inevitable. They may merely eke out passive egotism and spiritual closure. The history of medicine shows that most palliatives, when not downright dangerous, soon become ineffectual. It is exceptional people who "grow old gracefully", whose minds remain alert and creative in old age or disability, who no doubt possess the real secret of eternal youth; it is such athletes of mind (and not the sick and the degenerate who are the usual study of materialist medicine and psychology) who must be studied and if possible imitated. *Their* health of mind, at any rate, cannot be said to be dependent on well-being of body, or dismissed as illusion or faulty diagnosis, as "spiritual healing" often is.

Most of us too easily accept in our own lives the analogy of "natural" autumn, when summer powers wane and winter's starkness looms. Yet physical autumn comes on us perhaps twenty years later than on our grandfathers. This may be partly due to

better hygiene and medicine, but also, no doubt, to more sensible attitudes (that is, *mental* factors). Our longer summer would have been denounced as "against Nature" by most old men of 40 two or three centuries ago, when the Thames at London was both water-supply and sewer, and people died young of horrid diseases, now almost unknown, which they accepted as natural and God-sent, and burned or drowned mediums and scientists for not conforming to the laws of God and Nature. Only a few years ago, "authorities" were declaring it impossible for a man to run a mile in less than four minutes or travel in a machine at thousands of miles an hour. "Impossible" and "unnatural" are words that no longer apply with certainty to anything in man's physical body and surroundings. What poverty (or stupidity) in minds who still apply them to his powers of mind!

In Nature, no season comes in isolation: each results from the preceding and prepares the following. Leaf-buds of next spring frequently swell among the scars of autumn's losses. Humans therefore can hardly doubt that the shedding of some attributes of earlier seasons brings development of others, and never without significance for the future. For example, oculists grimly tell us that we cannot avoid becoming long-sighted after 40, however good our vision, owing to actual mechanical change in the eye. Most obediently resort to glasses without trying to overcome or compensate "Nature" by powers of mind or even unused or untrained mechanisms of the body. But this longer sight of the ageing eye, while small details close at hand become harder to see, may be symbolical that in the autumn of life we become more sensitive to "the distant scene" in more than physical matters.

Cynics will say that an interest in "psi" and survival when nearing the end of the usual human span is a sign of wishful thinking. But it may equally be a sign that during physical decline one may be more receptive and perceptive in other directions. The fact must be faced that the great majority of those interested in these matters are elderly and that youth usually ignores them. Concentrating usually on winning sensual pleasure and material security, such ideals as it has being generally devoted to better distribution of these, it finds interest in the fate of the human personality "morbid", and most keep this attitude when they reach autumn, unless jolted by experience. Most human endeavour—politics especially—is in fact bedevilled by the pathetic clinging to power and office of men who have passed the age when the majority would gladly hand over to others if their lives held any other interest. This wilful ignoring of the world of spirit, perhaps due to fear, is tragic, a refusal to face the inevitable relinquishing of

earthly acquisitions and the evidence that they are not all there is.

In a field of knowledge which no Establishment recognises and in which no orthodoxy legislates, we are all researchers, experimenters and experiencers — theorisers, too, if we wish, though generally it is experience that has "opened" us to its existence and remains our chief interest. We can do our best to show that the primacy of mind over matter is no mere dogma. We can accept possibilities and make efforts that millennia of materialism and its theories and theologies have practically eliminated from human scope. We can prove that it is possible in autumn to retain the best gifts of spring and summer, and even to know more lasting ones that distil from every season and abide beyond all seasons.

How I became interested in the Paranormal

The contributors to our survey this quarter are two indefatigable seekers along differing lines. Mrs. Heywood, until 1962 *a member of the Council of the Society for Psychical Research, considers her well-known book,* The Sixth Sense, *to be only an introduction to "ESP". Mr. Maby mentions his principal activities in psychic fields in his article. We remind our readers that all are invited to contribute to this survey of the varying ways in which interest in these matters is awakened.*

13. ROSALIND HEYWOOD

I HAVE not found it easy to reply to the Editor of LIGHT'S invitation to contribute an answer to the question, "What first caused you to take an interest in the paranormal"? for I really don't know the reason. I seem to have been born with the insatiable curiosity of the Elephant's Child, and I began quite young to wonder what human beings really were, what made them tick. My loving orthodox Anglican parents never needed to ask this kind of question. The Bible and their Church gave them all the answers. But when I reached my 'teens, I began to doubt those answers.

It would, of course, have been quite unthinkable to say so, but at last one day at a railway station my chance came. When the maid went away to get my ticket I skipped across to the bookstall and found on it a little green book called *The Riddle of the Universe,* by Ernst Haeckel. It cost a shilling and I had a shilling, so I bought it, slipped it under my coat and read it in secret as many girls used to read French novels.

It was only a small book, but it blew up the world (as my parents had painted it) as efficiently as a large bomb. Here at last was

the truth. The Universe was a machine, clanking round for ever and ever to no purpose. *Meaningless.* There was no God. Beauty was a snare and a delusion, and my—so I had believed—all-wise parents were basing their lives on a will o' the wisp. As I couldn't mention this appalling discovery I got jaundice instead. It was from then on, I think, that I was determined to do what I could in my small way to ferret out a little more of the real nature of things. But before I could accept what I found, it had to make sense to what intuition I had, as well as to what reason I had.

The trouble was, I couldn't get peace of mind by going all the way with Haeckel, for from an early age I had at times felt aware of something behind appearances, even at times of invisible presences. And later on I also seemed aware of the hidden needs of sick or sorry people, and sometimes even of the feelings or situations of people I loved who were far away. Afterwards I would learn that my impressions tallied with facts I had not known. That sort of thing certainly did not tally with Haeckel's picture of the universe, but all the same I could not ignore experiences just because they didn't fit in with Newtonian physics, any more than I could adopt one particular interpretation of them because I liked it, when others were equally plausible.

My attempts at ferreting, then, have brought me as far as this. I feel convinced of the reality of telepathic interaction and I'm pretty sure that men react to signals from their surroundings that have not reached them *via* one of the known senses. I also feel convinced that there is a spiritual reality behind appearances. But that reality seems to be a matter of what I can only call intrinsic, timeless *quality,* something apart from form, though it can shine through it.

I doubt if it ought to be confounded with what appears to me quite a different matter, the survival of bodily death by mundane personalities. The evidence suggesting that something does survive is impressive to better brains than mine, and I have myself experienced the apparently living presence of my own friends who have recently died. But there always seem to be alternative explanations for such experiences so, in honesty, for me the question still has to remain an open one. And I have come to realise that that may not really matter. Things are what they are, irrespective of one's personal wishes, and what does appear to matter is to seek the truth and face it, whatever it seems to be, always remembering, of course, that one's limited little parochial self can glimpse no more than the flicker of a flicker of the tremendous reality—and that through a very dark glass.

14. J. CECIL MABY, B.Sc., A.R.C.S., F.R.A.S.

TO call the cryptopsychic faculty primitive or atavistic, as do some scientific critics, does not disprove its significance as a mode of vital experience. Though subject to error and delusion, like all else in life, when accepted uncritically, paranormal experience is often both genuine and instructive. As civilisation and artificiality advance, man progressively loses one useful faculty after another: strong muscles, tough nerves, acute senses and sound teeth, for instance—they slowly atrophy from continual disuse or abuse. Yet none deserves epithets like "primitive" or "degenerate". Nor should psychic sensitivity, radiesthesia or mediumship be thus derogated. No matter how ancient and fundamental to a few higher organisms, including man, these are also of exceptional scientific and metaphysical import. They are, moreover, frequently met with in persons of high—often outstanding—intellectual, esthetic or spiritual development that may border upon a kind of super-consciousness, embracing parapsychological phenomena of various sorts. To deride such talents is merely to cry sour grapes.

The obdurate sceptic, lacking paranormal experience himself, distrusts the evidence of others more fortunate. It is in fact almost essential to be a "sensitive" oneself in order to deal with such phenomena in an effective way. Otherwise, one is working in the dark, and sure to blunder: one must first understand the language, the environment and the nature of the inhabitants of this "other-worldly" realm—in which modern physical scientists and other unyielding materialists are unlikely to find themselves at home. It is, after all, to poets, artists, musicians, sailors, mathematicians, mystics, say, that one ought to turn for expert opinions on their special fields, not to unqualified, inexperienced and relatively ignorant outsiders. So it should be in psychic matters.

I am myself a professional scientist, daily preoccupied with physical problems and instrumentation, though with a natural penchant towards what used to be called natural philosophy, as well as literature and the arts. But I happen to have been born a "sensitive"—uncomfortably so. This rather mixed blessing includes marked hyperesthesia of the normal senses, including radiesthesia, as distinct from any psychic powers of "divination". I am therefore perhaps qualified to speak with some confidence regarding both "psychics" and "radiesthetics". My attention having been automatically called to such questions from an early age, I eventually decided, as a biologist, to devote my life and a private laboratory to their detailed study; which I have now done for nearly forty years.

So-called paranormal (including paragnostic and radiesthetic) tendencies appear to be largely congenital: thanks to some Celtic blood in my own case perhaps, though my relatives have mainly frowned upon such things, and my home and education were perfectly prosaic and healthily "normal". Except that my mother (a talented artist and violinist), two cousins, a relation of my maternal grandmother (a well-known Spiritualist in his day), also two of my own sons have all shown signs of psychic faculty and some degree of hyperesthesia. One cousin, Mrs. M. Hewson, who is mediumistic, has sent an interesting account to LIGHT (Summer 1962). I myself have contributed personal experiences, from time to time, for many years, out of a far greater number that must eventually be published.

Such unsought, spontaneous experiences tend to carry more or less of personal conviction, when repetitive and dramatic (no matter what others may think about them), relative to occult human powers or even post-mortem survival of a psychic sort. There is, of course, all the difference in the world between verbal accounts of, say, a polar aurora, some work of art, or the explosion of a nuclear bomb and first-hand witnessing of them, which leaves no room for further serious doubt or misapprehension.

My mother, apart from a few successful sittings with good mediums after my brother's death in war, in 1918, and being inconvenienced (in her old age) by the ghostly presence or lingering aftermath of two former suicides in a house in Wales, seems to have been little troubled by the psychic faculty; though she, like my wife (a natural externalising medium) may well have contributed "power" locally on various occasions. Anyhow, the "sensing" of paranormal disturbances in each case (see below) fell mainly to the lot of others, myself included.

My wife, I fancy, also contributed unconsciously to the general success of various trial sittings and experimental tests relative to "extrasensory" perception, telekinesis and projection which several intelligent and competent friends and I arranged between 1930 and 1951, in order to check up on paranormal categories in general and certain explanatory hypotheses. And we noted that those who were typically energetic, warm-hearted and unrepressed in disposition (often artistic, affectionate and, perhaps, Celtic or Gaelic by descent) usually aided the phenomena, in contrast to those of an inverse temperament — who might even "jam" or seriously weaken the effects. For it is clearly not enough to be "neutral" and coldly, if amicably, aloof in order to be a good sitter or successful investigator. Hence, I believe, the poor results obtained

by many well-meaning scientists who delve into this subject.

To be brief, I can simply say that my own sensitivity, plus plentiful spontaneous phenomena, together with numerous experimental results of a less dramatic kind, eventually satisfied me personally of the validity of all the main categories of psychic phenomena commonly recorded: ESP, premonitions, raps, telekinesis, direct voice, trance controls, bi-location, projection, scrying and divination, transfiguration, spirit invasion, psychometry, possession, apparitions, hauntings, poltergeist phenomena, etc. But most dramatic and significant of all were the very disturbing manifestations in my old home at Cheltenham (1906-26) and one house we occupied after my marriage, from 1936-52, in both of which full-blooded traditional hauntings and various poltergeist phenomena occurred. Yet I have lived, both single and married, in numerous other houses of various ages and types, rural and urban, without any such effects being observed. Such things, therefore, must be local and in some manner objective—not merely *created,* imaginatively, by the inmates. There seems to be no escaping from this plain fact. But this is no place to analyse the situation further.

In my old family home the phenomena were affirmed by numerous unprejudiced witnesses, but declined after some internal structural alterations to the house. Nor could one possibly attribute them to any of the inmates. In the second instance things became decidedly unpleasant, rising to a peak of activity after a few months of our occupation of the place, which had been empty for nine years previously and had no previous reputation of haunting; its ghost was that of one of the last inmates (the wife), who died in somewhat sad and lingering circumstances—the details of which she "kindly" re-enacted! Having told the tale, however, this presence gradually withdrew, fortunately. But there were many and varied phenomena meanwhile. My wife provided "power" for this display, I fancy, despite complete quiescence in three previous dwellings of ours. On subsequent investigation the phenomena were shown to be veridical and accurate, the witnesses being many and, again, unprejudiced.

Apart from such manifold first-hand experiences of an unsought kind (which I vastly prefer to the thin fare of laboratory experiment—however desirable—or even to the somewhat dubious and solicited phenomena of the spiritistic séance room—though also instructive and often remarkable), I have had many contacts over thirty years with leading psychic enquirers and spiritists (e.g. W. McDougall, Hereward Carrington, C. Drayton Thomas, P. Battersby, G. N. M. Tyrrell, Abdy Collins, Gordon Tucker, E. S. Thomas,

F. C. S. Schiller, J. B. Rhine, H. H. Price, Nandor Fodor, Whateley Carington) as a member of the SPR, LSA and similar societies, to whose publications I often contributed. These facts (and others such as my presidency of the Oxford University Psychical Research Association and membership of the Council of the Institute for Experimental Metaphysics, London, of the Investigation Committee of the British Society of Dowsers, and chairmanship of the 1950 London International Congress of Radiesthesia) are only mentioned here to show that my interest and experience have, by now, I trust, been sufficiently prolonged to allow me to come to a few fairly positive conclusions regarding the general validity and apparent nature of paranormal and radiesthetic manifestations. True, my private laboratory (started in 1920) has been chiefly devoted to bio-physical and radiation problems, though, since 1932, primarily in relation to the "borderland" phenomena here in question. Psychic issues have never been for long neglected, though treated as independently as possible, so as not to confuse the physiological and psychological aspects.

I should add that, despite personal "sensitivity", I have always led a perfectly normal, busy and healthy life, and not been subject to any other psycho-somatic abnormalities, such as trance states, delusions, amnesia, etc. I am also free from psychopathic symptoms, traumas, phobias and the like; so that such paranormal phenomena as have come my way have always seemed to be as "normal" and "objective" (despite their obvious subjective and metaphysical connotations) as any other form of natural experience: in short, as being parts of what, for the critical individual, may be termed *reality*.

Spontaneous experiences are not, of course, repeatable to order. They are also very complex of analysis, perhaps for ever beyond our grasp. But that is true of many other events of daily experience, such as meteorological, geophysical, physiological and psychological manifesta, that are not generally amenable to nice laboratory control or artificial analysis, but have to be observed and accepted as they stand in all their vast complexity. To make a pedantic line of demarcation between such natural events and those of Psychic Science, appears to be illogical and unscientific, not to say biased and prejudicial. Genuine free-thinkers should have no truck with such an attitude of mind.

The fact that "queer things" tend to happen less often nowadays to most people (and I include my own life here) merely shows, I suggest, that conditions of contemporary life and thought, overwhelmed by noise, power, radiation and Materialism, are such as inexorably depress, submerge and even eliminate the meta-

physical and parasychological phenomena themselves, along with our ability to "sense" them. The goose that laid the golden eggs is being rapidly strangled by modernity, and may soon be as dead as the Dodo.

I conclude by saying that, with ever-growing conviction by the natural *facts*, I have been always a firm vitalist, dualist and spiritualist, in the basic meaning of these terms. I make no apology or faint-hearted retraction at this late date; for, whatever may be one's final views upon survival, reincarnation and the rest, the broad facts of everyday life and modern science appear to me to call for some such principles as the above. But this all depends upon our acceptance of experience as it actually comes to us, instead of adopting certain rigid, abstract and purely academic assumptions in the name of Rationalism—or may it not often be Irrationalism?

New Psychic Light on Shakespeare

ROSAMOND LEHMANN

THIS is the record of a recent psychic adventure upon which I unexpectedly embarked. I must explain that since my daughter's death in 1958 I have had the occasional, inestimable privilege of communicating with her—and once or twice with others—through the mediumship of Miss Geraldine Cummins. In time, I formed the habit of writing a letter to my daughter and posting it to Miss Cummins just before a sitting. This seemed to stabilise or, as it were, earth the channel for my communicator, making it easier for her to volunteer information and to answer questions. In November 1962 I concluded a letter to her thus:

"I have never read any psychic message relating to Shakespeare which seemed to me convincing. Such a mystery surrounds him! I don't mean that I think Francis Bacon wrote the plays—but there *is* a great mystery. Can you who loved, studied and understood his greatness during your earth life, can R.C.L. (my father), can Astor combine to tell me anything about him?"

I posted my letter to Miss Cummins, and a day or so later went to her London house for a sitting. Towards the end of a fairly long communication came this message:

"Now I have to introduce this lady—Hester—if you would wish her to write of the problem of Shakespeare; as her father with his present knowledge has a solution to the mystery. Or would you prefer someone else?"

I murmured a few words to express my gratitude and attentiveness; and after a pause the signature *Hester Dowden* was written in a different hand. This communicator addresses Miss Cummins,

not me, calling her by a nickname which I (naturally) had never heard before:

"I am delighted to attend and write again for your friend. Tell her that according to my father, Professor Dowden, Shakespeare was the sole author of his great works; and at the same time there is reason to believe, and some facts that show, that Bacon and the Earl of Oxford and possibly one or two more contributed or were contributors to the works of the 'Sweet Swan of Avon'.

"The only *brain* employed in the composition of the plays and sonnets etc. was that of Will Shakespeare. But I may say ... where there is no mystery there is no *magic*. Magic, as it was called in Elizabethan days, was helpful to Will S. He knew a great deal about white magic, but kept his knowledge and practice of it strictly to himself. To put it crudely, he had amazing psychic powers. Briefly, here was his practice, often, in his heyday. After spending his evenings in the taverns of the town, obtaining local colour as it were, he retired—not to bed but to his room, wherever he happened to lodge. He had an astoundingly fine sensitivity. In the early morning, between 1 a.m. and 4 a.m. he worked. Through his knowledge of magic he was able to enter into communion with, for instance, the two higher minds of the sleeping Bacon and Oxford. He and they—who were out of the body—fused mentally. Then Shakespeare became the automatist or recorder. This draft, which you might call the second, was written through one brain—Will's brain. In the daytime, later, Shakespeare, again as dramatist and poet, made the final draft. *But it is true* that there was a trio of three minds—two fused as one—dictating certain passages in the works of Shakespeare.

"But only Shakespeare, the greatest literary medium of all time, could have achieved the prodigious feat that was his by means of the methods of psychical research, if you must use a modern term—by means of additional knowledge of magical formulae—in order to draw to himself the two unconscious minds of these men as they slept.

"I can if you like explain in more detail and answer any queries on another occasion.

"But my father puts the position to me now in this way. He says: If this were a copyright action in a modern law-court; if all the evidence and facts were presented, Bacon's and Oxford's claims as part authors or even authors at all would be dismissed. The brain of Shakespeare alone conveyed all his great works to paper—so he is the sole author."

Needless to say this script gave me much food for thought. I found it stimulating and provocative, suggesting as it did yet one more example of a Triad of psychic powers and energies in operation; but at the same time it posed as many new problems as it answered. This is perhaps the place to insert a brief biographical note on Hester Dowden, who died in 1949. Irish by

birth (like so many of the finest sensitives) she was the daughter of Edward Dowden, who held the Chair of English Literature at Trinity College, Dublin. Described by his contemporaries as undoubtedly the finest English critic of his day, he was the author of *Shakespeare, His Mind and Art*. Hester was brilliantly gifted as a musician and wished to become a professional pianist; but a chain of adverse circumstances obliged her to relinquish her musical studies and to become, in her middle years, a professional medium. Edmund Bentley's sympathetic Life of her stresses her wit, her sceptical cast of mind, and the unassailable reputation for integrity which she earned. She was first and foremost an intellectual; also a lifelong, passionate student of Goethe. Of her published works I had read the impressive *Book of Johannes*; also the Oscar Wilde scripts; and I knew that the evidence contained in Mrs. Vivian's simple and touching book *Love Conquers Death* had come through her pen. I never met her; nor, so far as I can remember, had I ever discussed her in my conversations with Miss Cummins. That signature startled me: the possibility of her "intrusion" had not even crossed my mind.

Shakespeare's "White Magic"

In April, 1963, Geraldine Cummins, whose selfless generosity is known to many besides myself, offered me another sitting. As usual I posted a letter beforehand, and ended it:

"Last time, Hester Dowden was good enough to come and answer my Shakespeare queries. If she is willing, and available, could she tell me more? For instance, were Bacon and Oxford also versed in white magic'; and were they ever consciously aware of their co-operation? This might explain so much—though I doubt its being found acceptable in academic circles! Has H.D. *met* Shakespeare? Could you meet him? Or has he become altogether too high a Planetary Being to be 'met'? I love to speculate upon his Group Soul; and upon the causes and influences behind his incarnation as William Shakespeare in Elizabethan England."

Here is Hester Dowden's contribution to the ensuing sitting, a couple of days later:

"Dear Rosamond, if I may call you so, you want to know a little more about Shakespeare.

"It is perfectly true that he is the sole author in British law of the plays and sonnets attached to his name. But he drew his philosophic or tragic dramas partly from Bacon's—the poetry partly from Oxford's—subliminal minds.

"The term subliminal, as Frederic Myers coined it, is perhaps the best word to use for the higher minds of Bacon and Oxford. Shakespeare had an extraordinary sensitivity as well as sense of the dramatic. But these two other men belonged to his Group Soul, so, as

you may guess, he could share the writing power with them. To answer a question of yours: Was Bacon aware that he was composing what Shakespeare was recording? My reply to this is No—not at the time. I will give you a very modern instance in psychic research to explain this.

"A certain investigator, Dr. Soal, had a friend called Gordon Davies whom he believed was killed in the First World War. Dr. Soal had sittings with a Mrs. Cooper; and Davies gave good evidence of a personal kind and sent a message of comfort to his relations. Later Soal learnt that Davies was alive, and doing business at the time of their communications. This modern well-documented case is an illustration of Shakespeare's process of composition and use of Bacon and Oxford without their knowledge; using, I mean, their highly developed imaginations.* By means of what you may call White Magic Shakespeare induced the unconscious imaginations of Bacon and Oxford to compose for him. Pray note one little habit of Shakespeare's that is interesting. He needed a plot or story basis. He stole old plots; or he took historical narrative and great, well-known personalities as his themes. This, he found, was necessary for the imaginations of Bacon and Oxford to build on. They could not start from nothing, as it were. Occasionally Shakespeare found their unconscious minds very difficult to manage. There was one awful crisis when the unconscious got out of hand. One night it practically sent Shakespeare off his head; in fact he nearly had a mental breakdown. But he stopped his White Magic nights for a while and took a holiday. This experience furnished him with the superb plot of King Lear. That was one unknown adventure of Shakespeare's mind: unknown to all his biographers.

"Oh! I must answer your further query: has Sally or have I seen Shakespeare or communicated with him?

"No, we have not even had a vision or a hallucination of him! He is on a far more advanced level than Sally and I—newcomers as we still are here. I do not mean as regards your dear delightful daughter that she is less spiritually advanced than Shakespeare. On the contrary, she is more so. But he is decidedly more advanced on different lines: I might call them Imagination tutored by the spice of Wisdom. Souls in their long journeys travel by different paths to union with the Creative Principle or God. They contribute to Him, in an adding-up of the Time Process—in varied offerings that enrich this Divine Imagination."

I here omit a paragraph in which H.D. gives an extraordinarily perceptive and (to me) poignant sketch of my daughter's quality of soul, and compares her character with her own.

After studying this script in connection with the first, it became clear to me that much more information was required before I

* H.D. means, I take it, that Dr. Soal's belief that his friend had been killed was strong enough to induce Davies' unconscious mind to "work" for him and to produce a "dreamed-up" message.

could venture to present it. I told Miss Cummins that I now had it in mind to give a talk, based on the scripts, at the College of Psychic Science; and she readily agreed to co-operate. Here is Script No. 3, dated May 6th, 1963. I was not present.

"H.D. You have set me a task which is probably impossible. I mean that anyone without experience of mediumistic communications will remain unconvinced by what I shall try to tell you.

"In the first place, only a very exceptionally constructed human being, such as was Shakespeare, could employ the higher unconscious mind of another human being; could use on different themes the creative imaginations of two very brilliant men of his era. It was a case of the fusion of two minds: that of Bacon and that of the medium; that of Oxford and the medium's mind. The preliminary training for it occurred in Shakespeare's youth, when he was living at Stratford. He was then very much the dreamer, the seeker of solitude, the wanderer through fields and woods. In fact it was in Stratford that he first developed his transcendental mediumistic power. He was always interested in the tonal qualities of the voice; and his innate feeling for the theatre led him to be the perfect listener to its tones. He had a natural gift for psychometry, and could quite often successfully gauge a character while playing the part of listener among his fellows.

"Now ancient magical practices were a forbidden art; but Shakespeare acquired a knowledge of them in his early years. While wandering in the fields and woods, he came upon three old women: he concealed himself, watched, and perceived them at work. They circled round a fire they had made and uttered incantations. These were composed of strange sounds—words from an ancient pre-Christian language passed down through many generations from pagan times. He learned them off by heart; and subsequently, in the course of his experiments, he would light a small fire and, uttering certain of these ancient folk-magic words, learn to suspend—though not wholly —his conscious mind; and, after a brief period of concentration, to become as it were the spectator of another man's higher mind or imagination: willing it or desiring it to come and enter his own subliminal mind and work upon the play or poem that was in progress. That was much later on, when he was living in London.

"But you must understand that Shakespeare's mind (except on one occasion) was never *possessed* by an alien mind. He was as a stenographer taking down words from dictation—the sublimal dictatation from a powerful imagination not his own. His conscious mind remained in control of his physical brain, using it as a machine. Thus eventually he learned to compel and draw to him the visitor I call imagination. It was either the poetic imagination of Oxford or the powerful imagination of Bacon with its wealth of knowledge. The fire and the murmured folk-magic words served a dual rôle. In the first place they were a successful auto-suggestion to his conscious mind to enter the higher levels of energy wherein his inner hearing

could function automatically. In the second place they drew to Shakespeare the unconscious mind of the desired guest or collaborator.

"Preparatory to this, during the day, he would practise a brief dream-like concentration on some old plot or story, or on an assemblage of characters. Thus if he required dictation from Bacon, the material was already there to be worked upon by Bacon's deep hidden imagination. But in the subsequent fusion, Shakespeare's imagination, trained in the theatre, in acting and producing plays, provided Bacon with what was needed in his case i.e. a sense of the theatre, a knowledge of the need for compression, for swift action. Thus Bacon, jurist and philosopher, did not follow the habit of his conscious mind and communicate philosophical essays.

"In the fusion of two imaginations, Bacon provided the rich store of philosophical knowledge and to a certain extent adopted Shakespeare's framework of expert knowledge of dramatic or comedic scenes and characters. In this way two minds blending together wrote immortal passages in many of Shakespeare's plays. The same method was applied to Oxford when poetic fancy was desirable."

At this point the script broke off; to be resumed on the following day (May 4th, 1963) when I was present:

"H.D. Bacon held that 'man is the servant and interpreter of Nature'. His imagination was the servant of Shakespeare's in those night hours; and as well he provided a store of knowledge of which Shakespeare was ignorant. But the interpretation can justly be attributed to Shakespeare, who practised a very fine mediumistic imaginative art. After all, a highly skilled medium *is* an interpreter. It might be said in this instance that genius was an infinite capacity for making other people take pains. No! this statement is untrue of Shakespeare. His highly sensitive imagination was supreme in these collaborations. At the same time it must be admitted that without the unconscious aid of Bacon and Oxford, his mature works would have suffered quite seriously in many respects.

"In a treatise upon the conduct of understanding Bacon wrote: 'There is much ground for hoping that there are still laid up in the womb of Nature many secrets of excellent use, having no affinity or parallel with anything that is now known, but, lying out of the beat of imagination, have not yet been known'.* When Bacon wrote this statement, there was at last dawning on his innermost mind the (to him) distressing fact that Shakespeare had been making full use of his (Bacon's) faculties in those night hours. In that age, what is now more sensibly regarded as psychic science was held to be magic —a devious, most unpleasant Art connected with the Devil. The coarse Black Magic ritual was not separated from the fine White Magic—very subtle, very fine, in Shakespeare's case. This being the official view, the Shakespeare-Bacon psychic case was a secret never to be told. Indeed, what was then called magic was viewed with great disfavour and was dangerous to the one connected with it,

* I have not verified this quotation.

should it ever become known. There is a story behind this Baconian discovery too long to relate here.

"But to sum up the issue: Bacon never could have written Shakespeare's plays. His specialisation and his scientific sense prevented any such possibility. Certainly his contributions were of real and at times great value. But they were somewhat limited.

"Bacon was one of the originators of the whole plan and design of modern science. Thus in his own time he was a very great man. But science is limited as regards imagination's full play. Shakespeare on the other hand was an unlimited genius. If he stole another man's thunder to a certain extent through his fusion with Bacon's imagination, or in a minor sense with Oxford's, he was still unlimited in the expression of genius as he presented it to mankind in his completed versions of the plays and sonnets.

"In his early life he was a natural clairvoyant. Sometimes he saw ghosts; therefore he wrote from direct experience of them. He acted the part of the Ghost in *Hamlet*. He would not trust the rôle to any of his company. Oh!—there is more I can tell you of his psychic history. It was the secret cause of his originally leaving Stratford. The tale of his poaching and of his being compelled to leave for that reason concealed the main reason. For some time after his flight he deliberately suppressed that psychic side of his nature as far as possible.

"Bear in mind that he, Bacon and Oxford belonged to the same Group Soul."

The Percy Allen Case

At this point I suddenly remembered, and re-read, a book entitled *Talks with the Elizabethans*, by Percy Allen. I had completely forgotten that these Talks were conversations with the alleged Bacon, Oxford and Shakespeare, all three in person, *transmitted through the pen of Hester Dowden*. All that I recalled was my inability to swallow Percy Allen's categorical conclusions, which he sums up as follows:—

"In course of time the personality of Shakespeare was used as a cloak for the writings of Oxford himself, for his poetry and vision. Shakespeare seems to have provided the jokes; also certain characters (such as Falstaff, Bottom, Shylock, Iago), but his main rôle came to be that of producer of the plays inspired by Lord Oxford and supervised by Francis Bacon."

In fact, according to Allen, they collaborated consciously, as a triumvirate. This work, a real curiosity of psychic literature, most intricate and circumstantial, imbued with the enthusiastic, obviously sincere, even in a sense scholarly character of its author, was the result of a series of sittings with Mrs. Dowden in 1940. Before that date he had, so he tells us, devoted half a lifetime to the study of Shakespeare's plays, with an ever increasing sus-

picion that Shakespeare did not write them. Finally a book called *Shakespeare Identified* by one J. T. Looney convinced him once and for all that the Earl of Oxford was the hidden dramatist. It is important perhaps to stress that by the time he sat with Mrs. Dowden he was in a mental state of almost fanatical pre-conviction.

A re-reading of *Talks with the Elizabethans* revealed the disconcerting fact that they bore very little correspondence with the evidence that I myself was receiving through Geraldine Cummins from the selfsame (although now discarnate) Hester Dowden; yet, examining the scripts in the light of my own communications, I inclined to think that here and there the alleged Francis Bacon could have been giving, or at least attempting to give, a masked or cryptic version of identical facts. For instance:

"If you who have read him would like to know of what material was William Shakespeare made, I would show you Southampton (Oxford's son), Oxford, Sydney (Mary) and myself and say, if you add all these together you will find of what stuff was the man Shakespeare made".

Another passage refers to Shakespeare's interest in magic.

There seemed nothing for it but to write once again to Miss Cummins, explaining my dilemma and begging her for one more sitting. I enclosed the following letter, addressed to Mrs. Dowden:

"I have been re-reading *Talks with the Elizabethans* by Percy Allen, published 1947, written through your pen and purporting to be communicated by Francis Bacon, the Earl of Oxford and Shakespeare himself. Would you care to comment upon Percy Allen and upon these scripts? When I first read them some years ago, I found them perplexing and unsatisfactory. Maybe Mr. Allen was too positive?—had formed too many dogmatic conclusions beforehand? It is incredible to me, for instance, that he should have managed to convince himself that Shakespeare was just a country yokel (sic). And I find his insistent pursuit of an actual contemporary model for every dramatic character and situation tedious and unimaginative. Here, however, are the points upon which your comments would be welcome.

1. The Allen scripts assign the lion's share of the dramatic works to the Earl of Oxford. As well, he is categorically declared the author of the Sonnets. Is this true?
2. Did Queen Elizabeth have a son (born 1575) by the Earl of Oxford?—and was this youth Mr. W. H., as the scripts frequently declare?
3. Were the original MSS of six plays buried in Shakespeare's tomb? The scripts state that 'there are two at the head, two at the feet, two at the breast. *Hamlet* is at the breast. They are wrapped in parchment. Lord Derby put them in the tomb'.

"Any further information would be gratefully received."

A few days later, Miss Cummins posted me the following final script:

"May 13th 1963. *Astor.* You ask for Hester—Yes, she is now ready to communicate. She commends Rosamond and is pleased to have the opportunity to explain the series of writings she obtained for Percy Allen.

"*Hester Dowden.*

"My dear Rosamond, I shall try to keep to the point in this theme and therefore tell the truth, however disagreeable: I mean the truth as I see it now from our supernal world. It is well-nigh impossible for me to criticise myself as an elderly woman practising as a medium: my criticism would be all too favourable in self-defence. Here is, or was the position. I had a Shakespearean background: that was unfortunate as it entailed bias on my part—certain fixed opinions and desires that helped to colour and partially invalidate the material obtained. But far worse was the position of my sitter, Mr. Percy Allen, as I shall presently show. There *was* a desire to clear up the mystery of the Will Shakespeare authorship on the part of certain intelligent persons on my present hereafter level. But they were to a certain extent baffled by the nature of the field of the experiment. Certain facts they managed to convey were more or less correct. But from their point of view the experiment was a failure for the following reason: my sitter Mr. Percy Allen had over-studied the Elizabethan period. Even more disastrous was the fact that he had the missionary spirit: his fixed idea was that Shakespeare was a country yokel who combined a certain rustic shrewdness with a charming personality; who, having mentally decided that he would seek out Bacon and Oxford and obtain their friendship, succeeded in his design, and got Oxford to compose the plays and the sonnets and Bacon to act as critic of the compositions. This was communicated by Allen to me *telepathically,* owing to the full emotional force of a positive man being directed upon my unfortunate self. This country yokel conception of Allen's was utterly false. My recent scripts written for you, Rosamond, convey the approximate truth as I learned it from my father since my arrival in the so-called hereafter.

"Allen had moral zeal but hardly any imagination. These two when combined have produced, on major issues, many failures in history of a lamentable description. One minor failure has been our *Talks with the Elizabethans.* Allen's own positive ideas were interpolated in these scripts obtained by me".

H. D. then addresses G. C. by her nickname, saying:

"You when obtaining early Christian history, *The Scripts of Cleophas,* at least had in Beatrice Gibbes a sitter totally, even surprisingly ignorant of the New Testament, the Apocrypha, and other early records; so she had no influence on the communications you obtained.

"Now for your questions, Rosamond.

"1. The authorship of the Sonnets is categorically assigned to Oxford: is this true?

"Pray remove the word 'categorical'—or realise that Oxford was not the author of the Sonnets. On the higher level of the unconscious mind, the imagination of Oxford blended with that of Shakespeare; and in that sense Oxford was a most helpful contributor to the Sonnets.

"2. Did Queen Elizabeth have a son by Oxford, and was this son Mr. W. H.?

"Yes. Oxford's unconscious mind provided that information, as well as something of the imaginative quality and the experience that helped to compose what was written. Bear in mind the times and the situation in which they lived. Oxford had a love affair with the Great Queen. But such was the necessity for profound secrecy, anyone who might have known anything about it dared not even start a rumour concerning Her Majesty and the question of her chastity. Her affair with Oxford was a secret never even whispered in her lifetime at Court or near it. But Oxford's unconscious mind conveyed the story of W. H. [i.e. Henry Wriothesley in reversed initials—R.L.] to Shakespeare.

"Elizabeth's subconscious fear of her father prevented her from being a loose woman. She might be called monogamous, for only once, it appears, was she swept off her feet by her uncontrollable passion for Oxford.

"Now for the Process of Creation. Sometimes the trio of minds worked together. Bacon was an excellent critic then. The other two were masters of words, the one supplementing the other. Only the mind of Shakespeare was *consciously* employed as well. The other two minds were wholly detached at the time from their conscious selves. They were unaware of their hard work at night, and only felt drained and fatigued in the morning when they woke up. They ascribed their fatigue to far other causes than that stated.

"But I do want to make it clear that of the three Shakespeare was the supreme genius. Unlike the other two he had mixed, and continued to mix, with all classes of people. His ear and his memory were perfect, and he transcribed renderings of racy conversations heard in markets and in lanes; snatches of old songs on the lips of travellers, down and outs and tramps; sometimes rustic wisdom never before recorded. He improved on the versions he reported. Oxford and Bacon gave them some shape and polish through their fusion; occasionally also the deep quality of philosophy at its best or the exquisite fancifulness derived from Oxford. The latter had quite a share in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. One might call him, and also Bacon, grafts on the tree of genius, producing blossoms and fruit, never the central growth.

"In his early years Shakespeare had read much history. It is therefore not surprising that ten plays of his are dramatised versions of

English history. In this, the testimony of Bacon, Lord Verulam, and of the Earl of Oxford, was valuable.

"*Remember* that for inspired work there was the great advantage that the trio belonged to the same Group Soul: thus was the way made easy for that amazing three-fold fusion of three superb imaginations".

A somewhat tautologous passage is here omitted, in which H. D. insists once more on Shakespeare's pre-eminent gifts as a sensitive and a literary genius, and compares him in this respect with Socrates and his *daemon,* William Blake and his Messengers. She adds:

"Besides, he had iron nerves and the fine physical attributes of farming ancestors: these were very necessary, owing to the exhausting character and rapidity of production of his great works.

"Lastly I would point out, in regard to Allen's assertion of Will's becoming a close friend of Oxford and Bacon, that it is palpably and obviously untrue. There were class distinctions; and there was also a conscious lack of trust in one of lowly origins such as Shakespeare.

"With all due respect to Percy Allen, he was the complete blunderer in his conception of the powers at work. But poor man, his fairy godmother, while bestowing upon him certain pleasing gifts, withheld from him imagination. I, an Irishwoman, can criticise the English with some detachment. The English are a great race, but they can also be great fools.

"You ask if certain original MSS were buried in Shakespeare's tomb. That statement was originally recorded by me with Mr. Allen present. I still hold the view that the clairvoyant picture of the MSS in that tomb which I saw then is correct.

"Incidentally I may say that if Bacon had not checked him, Shakespeare would have openly declared himself a believer in the survival of the soul and admitted to the fact of talks with departed souls. Bacon was probably right to be cautious; it could but have led to accusations of lewd magical practices abominable to the Church; and to the stake with its consuming fires".

Here the script breaks off. In her covering note, Miss Cummins remarks of Hester Dowden:

"She was a delightful person, the most amusing conversationalist I have ever known. But when she was roused she could be far too drastic in her criticisms . . . I think she hits Allen too hard in this communication. I only met him twice ... He had a forceful personality, though he was a pleasant man to talk to. I think the Group *was* there, but misinterpreted owing to Allen's fixed idea at these sittings. One reason why of late years I have rather taken to the practice of getting scripts alone is to avoid any colouration from the sitter; although the average individual does not suffer from an *idée fixe,* anything obtained by the medium alone does seem to a great extent to eliminate telepathy".

It remains for me to record my deep sense of gratitude both to the medium and to the communicator.

As a sitter or a recipient, I think I may fairly claim to be innocent of fixed opinions. The material obtained astonished me; at the same time I found it—and hope that others may find it—intellectually and imaginatively exciting, especially those passages relating to *King Lear*, and to the possible originals of the Three Weird Sisters.

The scripts are repetitive in places; but this could logically be attributed to the communicator's intense desire to emphasise the exact truth, as she now sees it; and with two omissions I have felt bound to present them in full. My only contribution has been the punctuation.

For the rest, the scripts would seem to contain a cautionary tale on the risks of telepathy and "colouration". But on this, as on so much else in human affairs, Shakespeare himself would seem to have said the last word long ago:

For there is nothing, either good or bad,
But thinking makes it so.

Such Stuff as Dreams . . .

1. Dreamers and Theorists

BARBARA WAYLEN

THE phenomena of dreams played an important part in primitive culture. The notion of a soul, as separate from the body, arose from the recorded visions of the dreamer. Since his excursions into other regions included meetings with the dead, these regions were believed to be located in the after-life, where the soul went when it no longer returned to the body. As an example of such dreams, Hercules appeared to Sophocles, and showed him where a stolen gold crown could be found. Sophocles responded, and received the reward promised to the finder. From the nature of this belief in dreams, it followed that the phenomena of trance, delirium, and madness, were looked upon as possession of the affected persons by spirits, with their consequent ill effects.

Oneiromancy, an elaborate system of dream interpretation, became part of the craft of the wise man or magician, dreams being regarded as significant for, or prophetic of, the future.

Until the 18th century it was generally accepted that dreams contained an intelligible sense that could be related to the dreamer's mind, and that dreams referred to future events. Later,

Science denounced such beliefs as mere superstition, attributing them to bodily stimuli or disturbances, such as alterations in the blood supply to the brain, resulting in mental and physical disorders.

A great many experiments were made in the effort to understand the dream state. In 1862, Kohlschuetter measured the depth of sleep, and found that it increased rapidly for the first hour, then became rapidly lighter, and continued light until waking. Piesbergen discovered a similar curve, with indications of shallower sleep, deepening between the fifth and sixth hours.

Freud was the first to study dreams on modern scientific lines. In his investigations of the mind of the dreamer, he came to the conclusion that night dreams had the same meaning as daydreams, or reveries, being an expression of wish fulfilment, but while daydreams are manifest, night dreams are barred from reaching waking consciousness. Freud considered that dreams had only one function, namely, an attempt to preserve sleep. Some thought of the previous day had gathered numerous unconscious associations, threatening that peace of mind which is necessary to sleep. In his view the dream mechanism deals with this disturbance by associating it with a deep wish of childhood, imagining it to be gratified, while keeping it from consciousness by various disguises, until it finally emerges as a dream.

Like Freud, Carl Jung stresses the importance of unconscious memories, and early childhood experiences, but rejects Freud's excessive emphasis on the sexual instinct. In developing his analytical psychology, he shows that modern man is, in fact, in search of the soul. The rôle played by the unconscious personality is called, by Jung, the anima and animus, being the counterpart of man and woman. Dream representations show the balance and emotional maturity of the individual. The anima should be predominantly feminine, tending to figure in the form of a woman in a man's dream, and vice-versa. Joan Corrie, who was a disciple of Jung, points out that, in Rider Haggard's famous novel, *She*, and its sequels, "She" is a typical anima figure, partaking of the characteristic of the images of the collective unconscious, half goddess, half demon, alluring, repelling, beautiful, loving, submissive woman, and detestable, jealous, murderess. She is the personification of the unconscious. Nandor Fodor, in his book, *Search for the Beloved*, has made a profound psychological study of dreams, showing Man's struggle for his lost androgynous bliss, which he traces to pre-natal states.

With Freud, Jung distinguishes between the manifest and latent content of the dream imagery; he also distinguishes between those

which derive from the personal unconscious, and those which arise from the collective unconscious, the former referring to the objective circumstances of the dreamer's life, while the latter are symbolical representations of the qualities and tendencies of the dreamer's psychology. When properly understood, not only do they show past development of the dreamer, but point the way to fuller, more harmonious, development of his potentialities in the future. While there is a great deal of struggle and inadequacy in the past history of the race, and in the development of the individual mind, there is also the opposite, nobility, aspiration, and a striving after the good, the beautiful, and the true. Psychologists are mainly concerned with the health and emotional balance of the individual, which they seek to achieve by liberating him from his neuroses, false moral values, the tyranny of society, tabus in his ancient past, and myths rooted in the collective unconscious. Nevertheless, there have always been great mystics, artists, prophets, who all down the ages have tapped sources of information and inspiration through dreams, and visions emerging from the dream state.

The great seer of the 18th century, Swedenborg, scientist, religious leader and master of symbolic interpretation*, was the first modern man to bridge in actual experience the gulf between life and death, between the unseen realms and our own physical world. Before his century, spirits were thought of as a different order of being. Swedenborg bridged the great gulf by establishing the principle of continuity of consciousness, demonstrating his awareness of the unseen spiritual realms as an unbroken chain between life and death. Being a scientist, he was eminently trained to record accurately what he experienced. In his voluminous works he foretold the coming of the atomic age, using different terminology, but showing deep insight into the Space Age and life on other planets. He predicted the day and hour of his own death and inspired other great thinkers like Kant, Blake, Schopenhauer, Emerson, through his life and writings. Kant, in his *Dream of a Spirit-Seer,* related many so-called supernormal experiences from his studies of Swedenborg's early life.

The notion of a double or dream body as a vehicle for consciousness, being an exact replica of, and attached to, and animating the physical body, has played a dominant part in the traditional psychology of East and West, and as far as I can see, this serves to explain the puzzling phenomena of psychical research, and to provide a working hypothesis co-ordinating such phenomena as out-of-the-body experiences, which appear to take place quite inde-

* See *The Apocalypse Revealed.*

pendently of the body (see Muldoon and Carrington's, *The Projection of the Astral Body*).

Dr. Carrington writes: "We shall never arrive at a satisfactory theory of sleep until we admit the presence of a vital force, and the existence of an individual human spirit, which withdraws more or less completely during the hours of sleep, and derives spiritual invigoration and nourishment in the spiritual world". Interesting experiments were made, with Muldoon showing how it is possible to gain conscious control of the dream, or astral body, and to retain memories of experiences out of the body, up to a certain limited extension of consciousness.

The classical scholar, F. W. H. Myers, wrote of the "self" of sleep as a spirit freed from ordinary limitations, and this conclusion conforms to the hypothesis that we live in two worlds. The waking personality is adapted to the needs of the terrestrial world; the personality of sleep maintains the fundamental connection between the spiritual world and the organism, so as to provide the latter with energy while developing itself by the exercise of spiritual powers.

J. W. Dunne, in his *An Experiment with Time,* kept a painstaking record of his dreams. He developed a definite technique for experiencing the future, by recording his dreams immediately on waking, and before his memory had faded, or rationalisation had blurred or distorted the contents of the dream. He concluded that some dream-events were drawn from the past, some from the future, and used his skill in mathematics to work out in "serialism" his theory of the nature of time.

Many phenomena which have hitherto been regarded as supernatural and mysterious because they do not fit into our existing knowledge, nevertheless can be understood in the light of information obtained by rarely used methods, to grasp the nature of time and space. The future, when experienced in dreams, already exists, but, as we travel through the time dimension, we lose sight of it. However feeble our first attempts to demonstrate these discoveries and to explain them, it is evident that we are at the opening of research which will merit the attention of enlightened minds of posterity. As Joad points out, in his *Guide to Modern Thought,* we cannot rule out the hypothesis that, on one or other of the planets, creatures exist that are trying, experimentally, to communicate with ourselves. The fact that we misunderstand these messages, or that they appear trivial and non-significant, is no more proof to the contrary than a barnacle's misinterpretation of an attempt on our part to communicate with it would show that such attempts are not being made.

All creative thinkers are, in fact, dreamers. "Let poets dream, let artists dream, let philosophers dream", says Victor Hugo. Inspirations and visions appear chiefly between the dream and the waking consciousness. W. B. Yeats, in his essay, *Symbolism of Poetry,* writes that, on one occasion, when he was writing an abstract and symbolical poem, his pen fell to the ground. As he stooped to pick it up, he rememberd some fantastic adventure, and then another, until he realised that he was remembering his dreams for many nights. He says: "Had my pen not fallen to the ground, I would never have known that meditation can become trance. So I found that, in the making, and in the understanding, of a work or art—we are lured to the threshold of sleep, and sometimes beyond it".

Goethe solved scientific problems, and composed poems, in his dream state. Swinburne's opening stanzas of, *A Vision of Spring and Winter,* were given in a dream. Tartini's violin sonata, *Trillo del Diavolo,* came to the composer in a dream. R. L. Stevenson received many of his plots in dreams. Shelley made a practice of noting down his dreams. In his poem, *Mont Blanc,* he asks, "Has some unknown omnipotence unfurled the veil of life and death, Or do I lie in dream?"

The miraculous restoration from death to life of our modern saint, Dorothy Kerin, came out of a dream. This unique being's experience, and rich life, is positive proof of life beyond the physical, in a body capable of functioning at other levels of consciousness.

There is no doubt that messages come out of the dream state to the dreamer. Abraham Lincoln dreamed of the news of his own assassination, just before it happened. Dreams of warning are too numerous to mention, which, when acted upon, often averted disasters. Prophetic dreams, like Tolstoy had just before he died, have a special significance today. He saw the figure of a nude woman, like an eternal courtesan, a super Venus, in whose hair was an ornament engraved with her name, "Commercialism". In her arms she carried three torches, representing War, Law and Bigotry. He predicted the great conflagration about 1913, and the destruction of family relations, art, and morals. He also predicted the downfall of the Christian Church in Russia, and envisaged a kind of Federated States of Europe.

Of dreams, we may say with Browning:

All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed shall exist,
Not its semblance, but itself ! No beauty, nor good, nor power,
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives the melodist
When eternity confirms the conception of one hour.

2. *A Psychoanalyst Dreams*

DR. NANDOR FODOR

WHAT is one to do with a patient who reaches a standstill in the analytic hour? I do not believe in returning silence with silence. In the past I have experimented by giving the patient my own dream and asking him to associate with it as if it was his own. The idea was that the associations he produced would be his and reveal something about himself . . . In this anticipation I was invariably right. Not only did I get new material about the patient's own past, but also tracings of his unconscious identification with the analyst and, occasionally, new light on my own dream.

The other night an unusual situation arose in which the rôles were reversed. Without a preconceived plan, I turned the technique on myself, investigating my own associations with a dream of my wife. This is what happened:

From a troubled sleep I was awakened at 2.20 a.m. by the shrilling of a telephone. I said a weak "Hello"—dreading that this was another attempt on the part of a psychotic patient to destroy my night's rest. I even thought I had recognised the timbre of her voice and quickly put down the receiver.

The ringing persisted and, on the third attempt, I heard my name being called and now recognised the voice as that of Dick, a dear old friend from Chicago who has the pernicious habit of telephoning only at early dawn. I have not heard of him for some years. He called now to thank me for the printed copy of an article I had written in defence of Sir William Crookes, *The Coming of the Ghouls*, (*Fate*, March 1963, in answer to *The Spiritualists*, by Trevor H. Hall).

I was genuinely glad to find Dick on the other end of the line instead of my psychotic patient and told him why. He answered jestingly: "I am a psychotic patient, too. You have your professional risks."

At the moment of awakening I had been aware of a dream that had ended in a sour note. I wanted to be awakened from it. It concerned Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. He was made the victim of psychic pranks played by his family. To make him happy, the family contrived to plant asparagus or celery in his garden which he was to dig up from under the soil as a treasure and accept it as a kind of miracle of the order of the loaves and fishes in the Bible. Knowing that he was being fooled, I reflected: "he will be the next victim of the detractors of Sir William Crookes—and I will not be able to defend him."

In *The Coming of the Ghouls* I did ask the question: "who will

be the next?" and mentioned, queryingly, the names of several famous scientists who committed themselves for the reality of parapsychological phenomena—but Conan Doyle was not among these. I found it odd that Dick should wake me from a dream in which I was concerned with the subject matter of his telephone call, and remember thinking: "what would Dick say on reading my subsequent article in *Fate* under the title *Hunting the Table-Tilting Ghost* in which I exposed him for having foisted a fake miracle on me?" "No", I answered myself, "he would have thought of nothing because the editor censored out that part of the story after I had told him that it concerned a big and influential Chicago man who would sue if he could be identified by readers."

My wife took over the telephone, and after the conversation was finished she told me of a wonderful dream that the ringing of the bell interrupted: she was a child, kneeling in front of Jesus on the Cross and asking God: "Love me, hug me." The answer was: "I cannot, my hands are nailed to the bars of the cross. So are you nailed on a cross. When you won't be, I will."

Her interpretation of the dream was mystical: "the Kingdom of God is within us"—and she did not want to be disturbed by my own associations. But here they are:

It did not take me long to remember that Crookes means Cross (crux). I have seen his Ex Libris in many books. It reads: Ibi Crookes Ibi Lux,—a pun on his name and the Cross. Which was turned against him when he was elected President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He was greeted on his entrance by the facetious inscription on the blackboard: Ubi Crookes Ibi Spooks—a reference to his espousal of many marvels of Spiritualism.

As to the nails, I had mentioned to my wife the day before the medieval form of swearing by S'Nails and suggested it must have originated from the nails on the Cross.

Oddly, as my wife was telling me of her dream, my first association had been an example of mishearing. Instead of Love Me I heard Lumme which—together with In Lum's Name is the favourite expression of Sir Francis Merrivale, the so-called "Lord" detective in Carter Dixon's mystery stories. I came across this expression a little before going to sleep in revising my essay *The Hound of Heaven* for a book MS. This essay, printed in *Psychoanalysis*, Summer 1955, was based on the title of Francis Thompson's famous Catholic poem, *The Hound of Heaven,* ending:

"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!"

The Hound is the love of God in unrelenting pursuit.

Next, another Francis came to my mind, a friend who took this name after St. Francis of Assisi and who figured in a three-way telepathy experience with myself and a paranoid patient. (*Telepathic Dreams,* in *The American Imago*, August 1942, reprinted in my *New Approaches to Dream Interpretation*, 1951, p. 184; Paper Back 1962).

Then my mind turned to dogs, and I asked my wife: "Didn't you have a dog with a name something like Doyle? In my dream for some reason I identified Doyle with you."

She said: "The name of my dog was Dollie." (Let me add that Dick's favourite expression of affection is: "Oh, you dog!").

At that minute I recalled fitting in another chapter to my manuscript before going to sleep, the title being *The Veil of Salvador Dali* . . . Dollie, Dali, Salvador, the third Lord, the real one (may I point out that Salvador means Saviour, that in the USA Dollie and Dali are practically identical in sound, that Carter Dixon's Merrivale is "Mylord" and that, similar things being often identical in dreams, Conan Doyle could also be a lord in a dream).

The Veil of Salvador Dali was written under the inspiration of Jung's reminiscences on Freud in the *Atlantic Monthly* in November 1962. Jung ... young. My wife felt like a child. Dick ... I crucified him in the uncensored version of my article. In an old part of my mind he was a crook (Crookes is accused in *The Spiritualists* of being one) ... If I had not tumbled to Dick's prank in time, I would have been crucified . . . Does the memory of this old story exhaust my feelings? No. Dick is a great guy. I love him, but he was in love with my wife and there was a time when I was jealous of him.

What is the meaning of all this? Is it true that one's unconscious is always in contact with the unconscious of another close to us? Was my wife's dream actuated by the welter of thoughts in my mind? Does the story illustrate another case of three-way telepathy or, to use a Jungian term, is it a case of synchronicity: meaningful coincidences without causal connection?

Surely there was no mundane causal connection between the two dreams and the unexpected telephone call from Chicago?

Why did the thought of a coming attack on Conan Doyle ruffle my peace of mind? I think the family connection in it is the first hint at the contact with my wife's mind. Conan Doyle had a towering figure. My wife is diminutive, a child next to him. The garden may have been a symbol of my emotions, the repression of which was failing. I might have been Conan Doyle, the victim of family pranks, therefore the man who was next on the list of the Ghouls.

If my wife's dream was not born out of a telepathic contact spreading a net as far as Chicago, at least it is an interesting example of the proposition I set out at the beginning of this essay: that the interpretation of dreams may be tried interchangingly between patient and analyst, and patient and patient. In fact, such experiments are more likely to bring forth hidden unconscious material, telepathic or otherwise, than analysing a patient in vacuo.

3. *A Doubter Dreams*

PAMELA BILTON

THE question "What would convince you of survival"? came up at an "open forum" at the College of Psychic Science. I thought and thought, and came to the conclusion that with me it would have to be something that happened in a dream, and if, on waking, I were to find something of that dream actually in my room. For despite the many signs I've had since childhood and all the evidence given me by mediums, doubt has returned over and over again, even though the wish to believe was so strong, and I never stopped searching.

In my dreams I often feel closer to the people I have loved and lost than I did before they became discarnate—as though I were sharing their present existence and were able to see into their very souls. For a while after waking I am convinced that these meetings have actually taken place, and that I have been granted a glimpse into eternity. Then, as the day wears on and so-called reason takes command, the vision becomes clouded by doubt:

> O Yucatan! O Yucatan! The ship is sailing far away;
> The coast recedes, the dim hills fade ...
> A bubble-winding track we've made,
> And thou art but a dream, O Yucatan.

Does it really exist, this other world, or is it a fairyland of the imagination?

Because of my limited understanding and lack of faith, what I felt to be vitally necessary to me personally was some sort of visible clue—the missing link—to prove to me that dream-life and everyday-life are one and the same, indeed, that *all* spheres of existence are but one. I was answered that same night, and the following letter to a friend was dashed off on waking early next morning. If we are to learn from our dreams, it is important to record them at once, while still fresh in mind, and not to change the wording:

"... This wonderful dream! I can never hope to make you see through words the beauty of it. I was with M. and V. and

S., when suddenly we saw high up in the sky a great black thing shaped like a fan—('Spanish' has stuck in my mind because it appeared to be of black lace). It didn't seem odd to us that it should be there; we accepted it as a wonder, like a rainbow or the Aurora Borealis. Then it seemed to turn into a huge bat's wing, the points of the fan having those little hooks. The others didn't seem as interested as I was, and I said 'Stop nattering, you girls. We shall probably never see this phenomenon again in our life-time'.

"Then, like a great silken canopy, waving and rippling and moving down like a giant jelly-fish, it floated lower and lower until it was over our heads, and we could see the same pattern printed all over it geometrically. By this time I was feeling very awe-struck, and cold as ice, when suddenly it began swaying down like a falling leaf towards us, swooped to my feet, folding itself up into a neat square. Then it flew up my legs and body, along my outstretched arm to my hand. I held it, and was so overcome I could hardly croak out 'Thank you. O, *thank* you!'. Why, I didn't know: it was a nasty thing, yet I was so grateful!

"At this point I woke up, tingling with electricity—(just now when I rubbed my arm I got an electric shock). Of course, as soon as I began to think about it, the symbol was obvious—my great black cloud of doubt settling down like a bat and blotting out the sun—and with the repeated pattern.

"Anyway, the *certainty* that this was my clue, and the vividness of the whole episode didn't fade as do most dream-atmospheres. I thought: 'Well, I asked for it, and I got it. Even if I find a Spanish fan or a bat's wing or a piece of black silk I couldn't be more convinced than I am now'. Whereupon I turned over and opened my eyes, and saw the tall vase of *Love-in-the-Mist* I bought yesterday. It is relevant that I had thought as I arranged them how pale and sun-starved they looked, because when I opened my eyes those flowers were the deepest, most heavenly blue you can imagine—now they are pale again—but then, O the colour of them, like a Mediterranean sky, rising out of their vaporous green clouds of feathery fronds. I couldn't take my eyes off them, but when I did, everything I looked at was tuppence-coloured—the plane tree outside my window with the early sun on it was unearthly.

"Hours and hours seemed to pass as I gazed, but it was only ten minutes! So then I thought I must tell you. It sounds crazy, but I haven't stopped to choose words. The thing is, it's true, and I know it was meant just as it seemed, made simple and obvious so that I could understand".

Direct Voice

E.M.C.

I AM inclined to believe that the human voice is the most unchanging, characteristic and enduring facet of the whole personality. And those of us, who, like myself, have been concerned for a lifetime with music and in listening with would-be discernment to the minutiae of its pitch and tone values, should be tolerably well-equipped in trying to differentiate the infinite varieties of the spoken voice.

In 1940, I was staying with my husband at a hotel in a Midland town. From the hall outside the lounge came a voice. I said to my husband—"I'm quite sure that must be one of the members of the Sutton family". There were eight daughters in this family, and two of the older ones were my friends. I had lost touch with the whole of the family for nearly twenty years, and their home was South of London. When the voices died away we went outside and looked at the hotel register. Sure enough the latest insertion was the name of the youngest-but-one girl, whom I had last seen at the age of 13—more than thirty years before.

In the following years we lost our only son through enemy action. The heart-break only failed to be absolute as a result of my good fortune in contacting highly-gifted mediums through whom my son proved over and over again that he still lived and loved.

During these early years I was present several times at direct voice circles where the range of voices produced was very wide. After one such circle with a famous direct voice medium at which my son purported to speak to me I reported later to my husband as follows: "It was quite like the boy's voice, low-pitched, educated, quick, easy, and what he said was quite in character. But, of course, it was not *his voice*. How could it be when he was trying for the first time to use another person's vocal chords? I think it would be impossible to get any closer to his own special timbre".

I was quite wrong, but it was not till last August after my husband had also passed that it was proved to me. I was fortunate in being able to book a sitting with Mrs. Ena Twigg on one of the only two days in that month which she could allot to the CPS.

Late in the previous year my sister-in-law, who incidentally also possessed a voice of quite individual character, had passed on, and though my chief concern was to keep in touch with my husband and son, I also hoped that my sister-in-law would give some indication of her presence. The sittings commenced, the medium as

on former occasions some years back, bringing wonderfully accurate evidence. After a time she said: "There is someone here, and if you will forgive my saying so, she is very domineering and likes her own way". I could, of course, give no hint, only an encouraging "Yes"? Mrs. Twigg passed on to other matters. My son had retained his lifetime ease of contact. "He is a pet of a communicator", said Mrs. Twigg. He also invariably used considerable ingenuity in showing mediums symbols which had an obvious interpretation for them, but quite a special one for me who knew the circumstances of his life. One instance at this sitting. "Is there someone scholastic in the family?" said the medium. "He is showing me a mortar board". After a pause—"Oh, the boy says there were more than one of us"! In a flash I am back in the autumn of 1934, standing in the shadow of St. Paul's. I watch a compact group of 40 choristers in their mortarboards and cassocks emerge from Carter's Lane. Their leader holds up the traffic in a business-like fashion, they cross the road, wheel right and race up the Cathedral steps for the afternoon service. Jimmy Edwards was at that time senior chorister. Patrick Ireland, the distinguished violist, already showed great talent, our son was treble soloist and budding cellist. These three friends had already performed a piano trio at the Choir School. Alas, of that little band several in addition to our son were destined to make no return from the war.

The medium continued with further accurate statements, and once more interrupted herself. "This communicator is trying to come in again. She is really very domineering, she must control her personality". This was fair enough as a quick assessment of character, if a little severe. My sister-in-law, a Civil Servant, who was awarded the M.B.E. for services during the war, got on, I believe, quite well with the roomful of clerks under her direction. She was herself interested in psychic matters and in the main a believer, but, of a definitely legal turn of mind, was too downright and uncompromising in manner to get the best results when dealing with the frail and tenuous stuff of mediumship.

The sitting continued, obviously drawing to its close. I had received full measure. Then came the electric moment, which in my experience so often occurs just as the medium is returning from trance or semi-trance to normal consciousness.

A sudden shout from the medium: "It's MURIEL". It was not *like* my sister-in-law's voice—*it was her voice*. If I had been shut in Muriel's flat late at night, and the bell had rung because Muriel had lost her latchkey, and called through the door: "It's MURIEL", the situation would have been exact, and I should

have opened the door with the certainty that no one but my sister-in-law *could* appear!

"Well", said the medium in her normal quiet, cultured, easy voice, "that nearly blasted me out of my chair"!

A non-psychic explanation? The well-worn subconscious mind theory? How could I, who am completely incapable of mimicry, subconsciously teach the medium to reproduce the unusual timbre of my sister-in-law's voice? Of course, there is still the inevitable drawback—the account of the incident depends on my unsupported testimony. In such matters, it is all we have, and nothing can be *proved* to outsiders. But as far as I am concerned, I have often since smiled to myself in remembering how for a fleeting moment it was the determined Muriel who herself broke through the medium's personality!

Stainton Moses

and contemporary Physical Mediums

3. Mr. and Mrs. NELSON HOLMES

Presented by R. G. MEDHURST, B.Sc.

MR. Moses recorded six sittings with Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, all within the period from December 1872 to February 1873. A great deal of controversy centred around these mediums, both during their stay in this country and after their return to America. As we shall see, they fell foul of Mrs. Guppy (a medium of great avoirdupois, said on one occasion to have been teleported across London in her night attire). Two years after the events described by Moses, the Holmes were the centre of a much-publicised scandal in Philadelphia. A certain Eliza White testified that she had impersonated the materialised spirit "Katie King" at the Holmes's séances. Among those who accepted Mrs. White's testimony was Dr. Henry T. Child, who had been at first an ardent supporter of these mediums. It has been said that it was the shock of this "exposure" that led to the Rev. Dale Owen's mental breakdown. Colonel Henry S. Olcott investigated the background of Eliza White in *People from the Other World* (American Publishing Company, Hartford, Conn., 1875, pp. 425-478), and unearthed some very damaging material which seems largely to discredit her reliability as a witness. Olcott described spectacular sittings with the Holmes, in some of which Madame Blavatsky played a prominent part. Madame Blavatsky, who was also living in Philadelphia at the time, had her own "John King" control, whom (reports Olcott) she ordered to have a materialised "Katie" step out from the Holmes's cabinet. This event is alleged to have taken place on January 25th, 1875. We notice that Madame Bla-

vatsky herself, in a letter dated February 9th, 1875, stated as a fact that the Holmes had practised fraud, though she is equally definite that they were capable of producing genuine phenomena (*Some Unpublished Letters of Helena Perovna Blavatsky,* edited by Eugene Rollin Corson, Rider, London, p. 125).

Stainton Moses's first recorded sitting with the Holmes was quoted in LIGHT, Summer 1963, p. 64 et seq. It took place on December 14th, 1872, and is of particular interest in that Florence Cook officiated as a joint medium with Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. The second sitting took place five days later. It is not stated where, though it seems likely that it was at the Holmes's residence in Old Quebec Street. The unnamed person described as having formed an unfavourable opinion at a previous séance is presumably Dr. Speer.

Thursday, 19th Dec. Séance with Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. Present Dr. and Mrs. Speer, Mr. Augustus Eves, Mr. Burns and myself.

I had been very anxious that a good test séance with these Mediums should be secured because he had been present with Mr. Adams on a previous occasion when some miscreants struck a box of matches, and disturbed the séance. He had come away with a very unfavourable opinion. Accordingly I requested him to search the rooms thoroughly. Mr. Eves and he did so, and satisfied themselves that no one was present but ourselves. I then produced a long piece of tape with which I proceeded to tie the Medium to her chair, so that it was physically impossible for her to move. The tying having been completed I asked the company to inspect it and I then asked Dr. S. to sit and hold Mr. Holmes. Next to him sat Mrs. S., then I came, next to me Mr. Eves, holding both Mr. Burns' hands. As soon as the light was put out, all the instruments were dashed upon the ground. On a light being struck the Medium was found tied as before. They were replaced and for some time we waited in vain for further manifestations. At last Richard played the violin and guitar, and came round touching us in turn. Then little Rosie came, and pulled my head down and kissed me. She was icy cold, which I attributed to the coldness and nervousness of the Medium. She clambered up and sat on my lap. She was thoroughly materialised. She touched and spoke to all the company. Richard too shook hands, and spoke to us, winding up with bringing all the things from the Table and putting them on our laps with the Rings and hoops round our necks. A bouquet of violets was taken out of my button-hole, and transferred to Dr. S's: their place being taken by a small bell. After this, Rosie entranced the Medium and gave the Ring test to Dr. S. and Mr. Eves. She also gave us some information as to the manifestations: and said that they could be done in the light, but that the time was not yet come. Belle closed the séance by a few

words, promising to try and show us faces.

Accordingly we sat for faces as I have described in a previous seance. We were all close round the table: nearer than before. The first face that I saw we none of us could recognize. It was a wax-like fair face with black beard and moustache. Next came a very handsome head with a rather Roman nose, and long beard. It was vividly distinct, and came to the opening several times, projecting well into the room. I sat between Mr. Eves and Mrs. Speer, and as soon as it appeared Mr. E. said "Why! it's my father!" and Mrs. S. simultaneously "Oh! its the Pater". Dr. S. too recognized the face at once. I distinctly felt that sudden shock which comes from all the power being suddenly stopped. I seemed to sit between two cold walls. This was owing to the surprise having caused the other sitters to hold their breath, and the influence was thus suspended. There was no doubt possible that the face was a vivid likeness of the late Dr. Eves. It seemed to me a face that I should know again at once, and when we got home I compared my recollection with a portrait which Mrs. S. showed me. There was no sort of mistake about the matter.

We all left very deeply impressed with a most satisfactory and convincing séance.

I have omitted to say that a slate was handed in and taken by Dr. Eves' hand. It was kept about a minute, during which time we distinctly heard the sound of the slate pencil. When the slate was returned, we found it covered with a long message which covered both sides of the slate, and was signed by 'Donald Burns' who used to be called the "Old Man" by Mr. Burns. No human power could have written the message in less than a quarter of an hour. It was regularly and clearly written: the lines very close together. It was on a moral subject, but I do not remember the purport.

In the evening, following the séance, Dr. and Mrs. Speer and Moses sat alone in Dr. Speer's study. Moses was entranced, and "Imperator" spoke through him. F. W. H. Myers quotes Moses's account (*Proceedings*, S.P.R., vol. IX, 1893-4, p. 294), but he omits (without indicating the omission) a passage relating to the prior sitting with the Holmes. This is:

"He [Imperator] said that the face of Dr. Eves was really his . . . "

There is a further comment on the attitude of Moses himself:

"He (Im.) had difficulty in communicating thro' me on account of my ill-health and want of perfect faith in the manifestations, or rather in their origin. Psychic Force, he said, was true enough."

The Rev. Moses's third sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Holmes took place under rather unsatisfactory conditions. He writes:

Friday, 17th Jan., 1873 Seance with Mr. and Mrs. Holmes at Mrs. Makdougall Gregory's. 22 present including Lady Mitford, Rev. Sir W. Dunbar Bt., Mr. Crookes F.R.S., Miss Douglas, Madame Du Quaire, Mr. and Mrs. Everett and Rev. Mr. Short (Woolwich), Rev. H. R. and Mrs. Haweis, Rev. Dr. Maurice Davies, Mr. Harrison (Spirt.), Mr. Noyes, Miss Poyntz, Mr. Peel and others.

The company was much too densely packed: the rooms low, hot, and crowded, and there were present many who were very anxious to test and investigate without very much knowledge of the requisite conditions. Nevertheless the séance was very successful. The usual manifestations, of a more subdued type than usual, were given. All the company were touched, and the Instruments floated about playing loudly. Mrs. Holmes was tied by Sir W. Dunbar in the usual way. After this had gone on for some time Sir W. D. was called up, and had the ring put on his arm: and afterwards, at my request, Mr. Haweis had the iron ring put on, to his great astonishment. He had been very active in looking into everything, and, I fancy, entertained the notion that it was all humbug. But when he got his test, he was dumbfounded, and protested that he must think it all over.

After this we tried for faces. A Tambourine hoop was put between two curtains, and the inner room used as a Cabinet. At first Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Gregory and Mr. Harrison sat at the Table, then Mr. Holmes was required to go behind the Curtain, and I took his place at the Table. The conditions were bad, and the light feeble. One or two faces were shown, and then a pause. Then two or three more, twice over, and then I was called within the curtain. I found Mr. Holmes sitting on a Sofa at the further side of the room. I sat by him, but nothing was done. The atmosphere of the room had become very much vitiated, and no face appeared whilst I was behind the scenes: a fact which I very much regretted. It would have been very satisfactory to all if faces could have been formed under the eye of an observer taken from the company.

A number of prominent people were present at the sitting held on the following day. They included Francis Galton, the distinguished anthropologist and friend of Darwin, William Crookes, Serjeant Cox and Lord Arthur Russell, who a month later was responsible for one of the alleged exposures of Florence Cook.

Saturday, 18th Jan., 1873 Séance at Miss Douglas' 81 South Audley Street. Present Mr. Francis Galton FRS, Mr. Wm. Crookes FRS, Serjt. Cox, Col. and Mrs. Stanley (brother Ld. Stanley of Alderley), Lord Arthur (brother of Lord Odo) Russell, Lady Barker, Mrs. De Morgan, Sir W. Dunbar Bart., Mrs Makdougall

Gregory, Madame Du Cair [no doubt same as "Mme. Du Quaire" at the previous sitting] and others. Mediums Mr. and Mrs. Holmes.

This is the most unsatisfactory séance at which I have ever been present. I arrived when almost all the company had gathered, and found that an angry discussion was going on. Almost as soon as I got into the Drawing-room Mrs. Holmes appealed to me 'You know what the conditions are. Tell these people that they are going the best way to ruin the séance.' I enquired what was the matter, and found that it was proposed to tie Mr. Holmes up inside a back room which had been prepared as a Cabinet for the faces. He objected, never having been tied, and protested that he would rather sit outside and not go into the Cabinet at all. A heated discussion was going on, and the majority of the company, it was quite evident, had come believing Mr. and Mrs. H. to be rogues. I explained as well as I could that they were going the best way to render it impossible to get any phenomena at all. Mr. Galton replied that it was absurd to insist on so many conditions. I retorted that he, as a man of science, must know that every phenomenon was evoked under certain conditions: and that such conditions must be submitted to by all investigators. He replied that he was willing to submit to any *fair* conditions. I asked him whether he considered himself any *fair* judge of what was fair. (He had been at 2 séances before, and had spent at the utmost 4 hours of his life on the subject). He said, Perhaps not, but he wished to get rid of conditions which were manifestly fraudulent or favourable to fraud. I pledged myself to aid him, if he would show me one. He said, Darkness. I said, Abolish the Photographer's Developing-room, and I will talk to you. He said, he should like to hold the Medium's hands. I told him that he might do so when the "influence" was developed, and meantime he might tie her as he pleased. He somewhat sarcastically asked what 'the influence' was. I replied that I would not presume to interfere with the province of the Royal Society and of scientific men in general to find that out for themselves. Suffice it that something existed which every person who had learned the ABC of the subject was familiar with. Ask Serjt. Cox! Mr. Crookes here suggested that we should commence somehow. Accordingly we went to the dining-room: a room opening by sliding-doors into a back room, the latter being fitted up as a cabinet for faces. When we were seated Mrs. Holmes gave a statement of her requirements, all perfectly fair, viz that hands should be joined, legs kept in, and general passivity maintained as far as possible. Miss Douglas now insisted that a gentleman should sit next to Mr. Holmes at the edge of the circle, so as to hold him. Accordingly Dr. Maurice

Davies sat next to him. As soon as the light was put out Rosie entranced the Medium and ordered the old disposition of the circle to be resumed. Miss Douglas declined and after another squabble it was settled that Mrs. De Morgan should hold Mr. Holmes. The manifestations commenced in the usual way, and were violent at times. Lord Arthur Russell next to whom I sat would persist that they were caused by Mrs. Holmes, who had been firmly tied by Mr. Galton to a chair or by Mr. Holmes. I called for a light, and showed him that Mr. Holmes was 8 feet from the nearest Instrument, and that both his hands were held: and that Mrs. Holmes was tied to the back of a chair, and in her place. His explanations were more astoundingly credulous than the wildest Spirit Theory. Beaten but not satisfied he resumed his place, and commenced to rise from his chair, stick out his leg, and set traps for any one who was walking about. Still the Instruments played, and at my request the Guitar was thumped heavily 5 times on the ceiling. Lord Arthur stood up and stretched out his neck, but could detect nothing, until to my great satisfaction, he received a thwack on the head from the guitar which caused him to resume his seat with some speed. He remarked that *it* sounded hollow. *It* did, and he might have used the plural number. After this, no theory of Mr. and Mrs. H. making the manifestations would do, and the Wise Men were compelled to bring in a deus ex machina in the shape of a Confederate. Miss Douglas, of course, soon quashed that, and they finally took refuge in the oracular statement 'It is curious. I cannot say more than that.' I thought to myself that it was not the phenomena alone that were 'curious'.

After this Rosie proposed to give the Ring test: and Colonel Stanley was called up. He held the Medium's hands, and in that position was touched on the shoulders, arms, legs, and face: He said that he was 'pawed all over'. The ring was then put on his arm after he had had the usual opportunities of ascertaining that Mrs. H. had no ring secreted. When he came back I asked him in a whisper what he made of it. 'Oh! he said it is a juggler's trick; She had it on her shoulder.' 'Did you feel it?' I only got an oracular nod and shrug. Mr. Francis Galton next went up. and after similar preparatory investigation had the ring put on his arm. When questioned by Rosie, he said the Medium had left hold of his hands for a moment. She denied it, and Mr. G. came back saying that it was all a trick.

After this Belle came and delivered a long discourse, rather heated and angry, but very coherent and sensible. She gave it to the company pretty roundly, and told them that such discussions utterly ruined the power to manifest. Whilst preparation was being

made for the face séance, I took opportunity to ask Mr. Galton how the trick had been done. He said that the Medium had the ring on her lap and had loosed his hand for a moment, and slipped it on her own arm and so on to his. I said that of course such a thing was possible, and that it might be, but if so, it was his own fault: and that it would not be considered a recommendation to an Investigator that he neglected such ordinary precautions when he went up prepared for deceit. Col. Stanley joined us, and immediately agreed that of course it was a trick. Yes, I said, but please observe that you and Mr. Galton are utterly at variance as to the modus operandi. You, at any rate can't both be right: and indeed, for the matter of that, I know you're both wrong. I afterwards found that the two Wise men had settled their little discrepancy, and had agreed nem. con. that Mr. Galton was right. So much for the value of opinion. The learned and noble portion of the Company would swallow any hypothesis however monstrous, quibble in a way discreditable to their honesty, let alone their honour, and would condescend to any trick however mean and paltry to expose what in the plenitude of their knowledge they had decided to be an imposture. Theirs was the dogmatism of utter ignorance and still more utter prejudice: and in that armour of self-conceit, and supercilious insolence they were impenetrable. I never felt so ashamed of 'polite and learned' society' in my life. I would have scorned to treat a dog as they treated that poor woman. I would not degrade my intellect by such theories as they manufactured; my common sense by putting them seriously forward: nor my honesty and straightforwardness by resorting to tricks of which any man of honour should be ashamed.

Mrs. De Morgan and I sat at the Table with Mr. and Mrs. Holmes for faces, but none appeared. The conditions were so utterly upset, that it was no wonder. The only wonder was that we got anything at all.

The more I see of it, the more sure I am that all proselytizing is a blunder, and, in most cases, a mischievous and silly blunder too. Miss Douglas' well-intentioned efforts to convert her aristocratic and learned friends recoiled on her head. One such séance as this does more harm than 100 good séances can undo. This will be quoted by Mr. Galton and his friends, and will implant in his mind a prejudice which most likely will be permanent. That is of small moment: but the principle is of serious moment: and, at this stage of the movement, its importance cannot be over-estimated. Was it not Lord Melbourne whose general diplomatic motto was "Why can't you leave it alone"? To get together 30 people, strangers and carping critics who would distrust their own

mothers, into a dark room for purpose of convincing them of what they would almost die rather than believe, is an act of Quixotic folly compared with which pumping water into a sieve is a profitable occupation. And to expect to convince Mr. Galton and the Royal Society of a hereafter and a spiritual existence which they deny and ignore, by asking them to come into a dark room, and listen to Rosie's childish prattle, is an act which goes far to show a primâ facie fitness for Hanwell.

The next séance reported in the Notebooks was distinguished by a very varied range of materialized faces. It is a pity that Moses gives so little precise detail as to the conditions.

Feb. 26th 1873 Séance at Mr. Holmes' 16 Old Quebec Street. Present 21, including Mrs. De Morgan, Sir C. Isham, Mr. Noyes, Mr. O'Shaughnessy (Poet) and others.

The events of the dark séance were as usual. Nothing occurred that merits special notice.

After the face-séance was arranged, and the rooms had been thoroughly searched, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes and I sat at the table in front of the Aperture.

1. A small face, pale, with dark eyes, a girl of about 16 or 17 yrs of age. The face put out its chin at my request. It was a well-formed oval face with waxen complexion. It had not been seen before.
2. A man's face with moustache, black, and slight whisker: apparently about 40, dark eyes and hair. This face could not bear much exposure.
3. Lady's face, full and round, with bushy light hair, cut short and frizzed out. Smiling, pleasant expression: sparkling blue eyes. None of these faces were recognized.
4. Old man with very bushy white hair, prominent white bushy eyebrows, moustache and beard. Face very much lined, and strongly marked. It appeared 4 times, but was not recognized.
5. Beautiful female face, oval, dark eyes and complexion, with hair drawn down flat over the face in old style. It was the face of a pretty young woman, and appeared three times, putting out a hand at request. It was recognized by a gentleman present as 'Mary'.
6. A young lady with curly brown hair and light sparkling eyes. Appeared twice, standing more light than others: did not know anyone. Had been seen at previous séances. (Here Mr. Holmes went into the Cabinet.)
7. Face of old gentleman with prominent features: eyebrows strongly marked: mouth broad and showing great force of character. Hair white, closely cropped. Similar to but very

different in some respects from No. 4.

8. Face of little boy: small, round, chubby face: could bear very little exposure.
9. A hand coming down from the ceiling, not from below. Hitherto all faces had come from below or from the side: not from above as is usually the case.
10. A distinct vaporous appearance which presented itself quite close to the aperture and quickly faded, being apparently unable to form into a face. This appearance was valuable as showing the way in which the faces are formed.

On the whole, considering the number of persons present, the séance was a very successful one. The faces do not bear much light yet: but they come in numbers, and no two bear any resemblance to each other.

The final sitting described by Moses was a dramatic one. Its background was Mrs. Guppy's campaign, apparently well known to Spiritualists at the time, to discredit Florence Cook and some of the mediums associated with her (Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Holmes and Mrs. Bassett, afterwards Mrs. Frank Herne)—a campaign which resulted in more than one well-publicized "exposure". The attempted exposure described by Moses in the following account seems to have misfired.

Thursday, Feb. 27th 1873 Séance at Mrs. Holmes'. Present 18, including Mr. Ashman, and James Clark (Mr. Guppy's Medium) and a Mr. Ellis of Devonshire Street, Queen Square.

The manifestations commenced very favourably, and were proceeding in the usual manner when we were startled by a light being struck by J.C. The Instruments were floating and being played in the air, and I saw the guitar fall to the ground, from near the ceiling. Two other instruments were in the air, and I saw one of them fall. The other I did not see, but I looked at once to Mr. Holmes who was in his usual place, and the Medium was tied as she had been at first, and under control by Rosie. Mr. Holmes immediately walked to J.C. who sat in the centre of the circle holding the match which he had struck and looking with a fixed gaze before him. He said 'I think that is satisfactory.' His face was the most unnatural one I ever saw—the face of a maniac, or of one under possession by an evil spirit. I do not think that he was responsible for his actions. Mr. Holmes told him to leave the room asking 'Who told him to strike a match.' He said 'I told myself.' Mr. H. again told him to go, but afterwards at the suggestion of some person, locked the door, and refused to allow him to go. This brought me up, and I denounced J.C. as a person whom I had detected in cheating. I said publicly that he was a person whom I had proved to

be unworthy of credence. Mr. Ellis, who gave me his address as of 27 or 29 Devonshire Street, Queen Square, got up excitedly and angrily protesting that he would leave the room, and defying Mr. Holmes or any one else to stop him. I enquired if he were dissatisfied, as by going he made an imputation on the honesty of the Medium. He excitedly asked me who I was, and I tendered him my card, and received from him an illegible scrap torn from his pocket-book, which I should have been unable to decipher had not a friend of his told me his name and address later in the evening. He was in a very excited state, and scarcely knew what he was saying. He refused to be drawn, as he said, into any discussion, and would say nothing except that he meant to go. I challenged him to say anything that he had to say, but he refused.

He and J.C. then left the room, and the séance proceeded, but the fracas had seriously impaired conditions. For myself I wonder than [sic] any result whatever was obtained. But three people had the ring put on in a satisfactory manner—one, Mr. Ashman—and one, a lady who had the iron ring.

We then sat for faces, and got 7. two the same as on the previous evening: and one a beautiful face with curly light hair who on being asked gave the name Mary Stuart. This face seems to be appearing also at Me [no doubt Madame] Louise's. Last came the face of an old gentleman, with aquiline nose, and a peculiar tuft on the top of his head; closely-cropped moustache, and grey whiskers.

A gentleman present now went into the Cabinet with Mr. Holmes, but no result was obtained.

J.C. is a dangerous and unscrupulous person, instigated, as I believe, by Mrs. Guppy to molest Mrs. Holmes. Mrs. G. is now engaged in an attempt to bedaub the characters of Miss Cook and Mrs. Holmes. She is a jealous woman, and will stick at nothing. J.C. is her unscrupulous tool.

The name of one of the sitters at the Florence Cook sitting with the Guppys in Nov. 1872 (LIGHT, Summer 1963, p. 64) was conjecturally deciphered as "Count Wimpffen". This is probably correct. An Austrian diplomat of this name became Austrian ambassador in Paris, where he committed suicide in Dec. 1882.

In our next issue: REV. W. STAINTON MOSES, sittings with KATE FOX.

Books Received

An Outline of Spiritual Healing, by Gordon Turner (Max Parrish, 16s.).

The Pathway to the Sun, by Richard N. Stewart (Regency Press, 16s., $2.50).

The Quest in Two Worlds, Physical and Ethereal, by A. E. Kaye Killock (Regency Press, 25s.)

The Parapundits

"THIS profoundly moving occasion is the climax of a life of joy, beauty and service, fifty-seven years of scientific research during which I averaged £7,894 8s. 11d. tax-free expenses yearly and knocked the authorities for a cool £60 million for laboratories, apparatus and drugs (against which may be set off grave rents and burial fees at our ten experimental cemeteries). Now that I can at last speak without looking over my shoulder, I say emphatically that fifty-seven years devoted to the digestive processes of *Necrophagus anthropophilus Thrippii* have proved to my complete satisfaction that beyond the grave is no life for any body. The money has been well spent. I shall die proud and comfortable. But to you my successors I say, 'Research must go on! Grants must increase! We can never know too much about the digestive processes of *Necrophagus anthropophilus Thrippii*'." —Prof. Sir A. Bargiter Thripp, D.Sc., M.D., D.D., LL.D., F.Z.S., F.R.S., F.I.C., F.S.A., speaking at the dinner in honour of his retirement from the Presidency of the Vermicology Foundation and gaining the O.I.F. (Order of Illustrious Futility, fifth class).

"I have seen nine realistic anthropomorphous apparitions, had 27 veridical hypnagogic impressions (71% afterwards confirmed to be precognitive) in the last five years, hear an average of seven raps a day, and regularly visit lady friends in the astral. I once saw by daylight (without artificial aid, stimulants or hallucinogens) 17 materialised figures at the same time as the body of the medium. At the precise moment when my female progenitor, quite unknown to me, demised under a bus in Once Brewed, I heard her voice giving me her characteristic greeting: 'Hallo, Bobo, what rubbish have you dreamed up today?' But such phenomena need have no connection with what is vulgarly termed 'survival', and may in fact contradict it. There are 13 other possible explanations, of which I myself formulated 10½. The more I know, the less I believe. Hypothesis is the only worthwhile activity of the human cerebrum. All the rest is hallucination."—Prof. E. Farr-Fetcham, FRS, ex-President Emeritus of the Parapsychological Consortium.

"Ghosts? Dreams? Psychic attacks? Off-putting projections? Increase your nightly gulp of NIRVANA SLEEPTABS and snap out of all that jazz"—Patience Long (Solly Narco), 'I Solve All Your Problems', in *Ladies' Prospect*.

"When small fry, my lowing parents said my feets would one day be notorious. This comes true, but this not precongition this preinclination."—Rumtum Muckagee.

"It is vital to industry, particularly coastal hotel and boarding-house industry, to preserve the democratic principle of free discussion at seaside conferences, provided the subject is harmless—as yours is, I hope. There seems to be something in it. I remember my late dear grandmother years ago saw a big chain being put round my neck in her teacups. But that sort of thing can go too far."—Clr. Logge-Rolls, Mayor of Great Sandpuddle, welcoming International Psychic Conference delegates at the Superdrome, Great Sandpuddle.

Obituary Notices

Horace Pinch

Up to the day of his unexpected passing on May 13, 1963, Horace Pinch was active and interested and helpful, frequently taking the chair at College of Psychic Science lectures and demonstrations, and making consistently thoughtful and constructive contributions as a member of the College Council.

An avowed Spiritualist, he was proud to speak about the Spiritualist gospel of survival and communication, but felt that Spiritualism must develop its philosophical and religious aspects if it is to progress. A keen student of philosophy, with a good knowledge of mathematics and of physics, he was not attracted to orthodox Christianity but had a wide interest in religious and social problems. On many subjects of the day he held strong and individual views, but was completely honest and unassuming. He was anxious to serve any cause that he regarded as worth while.

I am glad to have this opportunity to acknowledge his splendid qualities and I look forward to meeting him again some day and asking him what he thinks of Spiritualism now. Since his wife died he had lived alone, and he will have had a wonderful reunion.

W. V. BLEWETT

Frederic H. Wood, D.Mus. (Dunelm.), Hon. R. C. M. Lond.

The field of Psychics lost a valiant champion and tireless worker on June 16, 1963, six days after his eighty-third birthday.

Dr. Wood made a lasting mark as a musician and teacher—organists particularly will be grateful for his choral music and organ suites—but he will be best remembered for his representation to the world of the convincing evidence for extended survival and reincarnation in the "Rosemary Case" through those striking books *After Thirty Centuries, Ancient Egypt Speaks, This Egyptian Miracle, Mediumship and War, A New Era for Psychics* and *Through the Psychic Door,* supplemented by lecture tours throughout the country and countless articles and pamphlets.

As evidential basis for the proof of extended survival, Rosemary's spirit guide, the Lady Nona, successfully resuscitated the spoken language of 18th-dynasty Egypt. To meet the challenge of Egyptologists, Dr. Wood undertook to learn Egyptian grammar from the available textbooks, on top of writing his books and giving his lectures, and performed his monumental task so effectively that he himself challenged the Egyptologists to open debate as to the genuineness of the Rosemary Egyptian (which they had refused to accept). They also refused to accept his challenge—understandably, for his evidence is irrefutable. His own Egyptian text-book, *The Speech of Ancient Egypt, Dynasty XVIII* (*ca.* 1470 *BC*), is now in the British Museum. As for the reason for restoring this once-dead language, Sir Oliver Lodge said: "No one can prove immortality, but you,

Wood, have given us the greatest inference of it which exists today".

Made a widower in 1960, then in 1961 deprived of the help of Rosemary, he continued to work on the Rosemary Records till the very end, revising and preparing further books teaching the essential Truths which are, indeed, the message of the whole Rosemary Case.

That he lives on has already been proved, and his foresight has ensured that the Rosemary Records will live on too, in the keeping of one who understands, as he did, their immeasurable value to mankind.

His life was devoted to service to his fellow men, and no scepticism or prejudice could ever dim the light of his endeavour. Let us be thankful for such as he. The closing passages of *This Egyptian Miracle* become almost an epitaph to himself:

> "Intolerance in all ages has obstructed the work and destroyed the bodies—when it could—of those who taught new Truth.
> "But they outlived intolerance. Themselves it could not destroy, and the Truth endures".

R. A. DONOVAN.

Book Reviews

Born to Heal (biography of Harry Edwards) by Paul Miller (Spiritualist Press, 16s.)

I Hear a Voice (biography of E. G. Fricker) by Maurice Barbanell (Spiritualist Press, 15s.)

Taking a patient to Mr. Fricker's Healing Centre is somewhat of an ordeal, as you are likely to find a long queue of patients awaiting their turn. Assuming that a treatment can hardly require less than half an hour, you calculate that there is no hope of getting near Mr. Fricker for many hours. But soon you move up into the crowded waiting room, and before long it is your turn, the previous patients having been given only three to five minutes each.

Having had this experience a few times (with remarkably good results for the patient on each occasion), I naturally read with interest this first book about Mr. Fricker's healing work in North London. Had I not known about healing first-hand, I should have read with amazement, for numerous cases of healing are quoted with names and details and supporting evidence.

By writing the biography of Fricker and re-issuing Paul Miller's book about Harry Edwards with a 100 page postscript of his own to bring the book up to date, Mr. Barbanell gives us an excellent occasion to study the work and claims of two outstanding healers. Mr. Fricker is healing several hours every day except week-ends, and treats several hundred patients each week ; he has been doing this now for about ten years. Yet many people, including the BMA, argue either that cures do not take place at all, or that it is suggestion or faith that effects the cure, which in any case (they assert) is only temporary.

It is not possible in a brief review of this thrilling book to reproduce the convincing evidence on which the claims for what often looks like

"miracle-healing" are based. The best thing is to take along a patient who has been in the hands of doctors for months or years with "slipped disc" or ulcerated stomach, and see for yourself what Mr. Fricker can do. He rubs his hands over the trouble area for a few seconds, and then says to the man with the bad back, "Touch your toes"—at least, that is what happened to the patients I took to him. Not that he claims to do the healing himself; he says, "God does it," and since childhood he has heard and obeyed a voice which tells him what and where the trouble is, and perhaps how many treatments will be needed to cure it, if there is to be a cure. The voice tells Mr. Fricker quite a lot at times.

The biographical details of both healers make very interesting reading; both have had active commercial careers; both held responsible positions after many years of struggle, before taking up healing. Both attribute the healing to the presence of spirit healers or doctors who diagnose the trouble and channel the power through healer to patient.

Healing, with its wonders and its failures, and its varying methods, still leaves much unexplained. Paul Miller devotes a good deal of his book to "problems of healing," and Mr. Barbanell's long postscript deals largely with the controversies in which Mr. Edwards has been involved. Here is a man who after thirty years of public healing work receives 10,000 letters about healing each week; has healed many doctors and VIPs; has put the case for spiritual healing, as he calls it, with striking common sense and friendliness in spite of many attacks, and who continues to lead this great movement for the relief of human suffering ("the finest pinnacle of human endeavour," one patient said). Surely the day must come when there will be a "truce of God" between medical men and healers in this great work.

W. V. BLEWETT, B.Sc.

A Religious Outlook for Modern Man, by Raynor C. Johnson (Hodder & Stoughton, 21s.).

Dr. Johnson's new work is an invaluable aid to all who think and try to keep abreast with the scientific revolution which, says Prof. Butterfield, "outshines everything since the rise of Christianity". The author aims to outline a sound attitude to human experience rather than to offer one more framework of belief. Nevertheless he does the latter, basing it on a study of science, psychical research and mysticism, and it is remarkably (and significantly) like that of the great seer, Dr. Rudolph Steiner, whom Canon Shepherd called "A Scientist of the Invisible".

Dr. Johnson suggests answers to the chief questions that are troubling so many honest and able thinkers today: "Do science and religion conflict?", "How did man come to be?", "Can I *know* there is a God?", "Am I fated or free?", "How am I to regard Jesus Christ?", "What am I to think about other religions?", "What am I?", "Do I survive death?", "What is it like after death?", "Should the idea of rebirth be taken seriously?", "What is the meaning and purpose of life?".

Although one does not agree with everything in Dr. Johnson's answers to these profound questions (unanimity is clearly outside the bounds of possibility as well as undesirable) they are clearly stated, logical and helpful. This book is the product of a rich and fearless mind, and must command respect and gratitude.

Dr. Johnson concludes that "there is a vast amount of well-attested data which make man's survival of death seem highly probable". He also tells how he received communications (via Geraldine Cummins) from a discarnate personality whom he identified as Ambrose Pratt, a friend who died in 1944. On behalf of a group of scholars "on the other side", this friend urged Dr. Johnson to study the philosophy of Douglas Fawcett and to write an exposition of it for modern men. He accepted the task and wrote *Nurslings of Immortality* (Hodder & Stoughton, 1957). He hints that more details of Pratt's communications will be published before long, and we look forward to this. He gives "a composite picture" of life after death which he feels sure is "reliable in its main outline", and we agree. This book is worthwhile buying, reading, re-reading and keeping among the few that have proved to be of the greatest help.

ROBERT CROOKALL, D.Sc., PH.D.

The Ghost Club

A BBC executive was present at a Ghost Club Open Evening when members related personal experiences. As a result it is expected that the Secretary, Miss Hillier, will be heard recounting her quite remarkable contribution over the radio. Chairman A. Peter Underwood, FSC, has already related something of the Club's history and activities on the BBC Overseas Service to Germany.

Vice-Chairman Paul Tabori, Ph.D., B.A., in a recent article on Superstitions in the *New York Times Magazine,* referred to this "lively society in which sceptics and spiritualists, mediums and materialists meet on neutral ground".

Details of the Ghost Club can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Miss M. A. Hillier, DSNU, 41 Croham Road, South Croydon.

Books Received

Books indicated in this list may, within the limitations of space and time, be reviewed in future issues. All books can be obtained from the CPS Book Sales Service.

The Bridge of Love, by Marjorie Hessell Tiltman (Hodder & Stoughton, 18s.)

Fruits of Silence, by Hugh l'Anson Fausset (Abelard-Schuman, 21s., $4.50).

It Was Revealed to Me, by W. P. Over (Regency Press, 25s.).

J. Hewat McKenzie, Pioneer of Psychical Research, by Muriel Hankey (Aquarian Press, 21s.).

Mysticism in World Religion, by Sidney Spencer (Pelican Original, 7s. 6d.).

Recollections of an Icelandic Statesman, by Sveinn Björnsson (Reykjavik).

NOVEMBER (contd.)

SUNDAY, 17th at 3 p.m. **Address:** MRS. IVY SCOTT
Demonstrator: MRS. IVY SCOTT

TUESDAY, 19th NO MEETING

WEDNESDAY, 20th at 4 p.m. COLLEGE FAIR

TUESDAY, 26th at 7 p.m. MR. STANLEY POULTON
Demonstration of Clairvoyance

WEDNESDAY, 27th at 3 p.m. MR. DOUGLAS JOHNSON
"Mediumship"

DECEMBER

TUESDAY, 3rd at 7 p.m. PROF. H. H. PRICE
"Paranormal Phenomena and Human Personality"

WEDNESDAY, 4th at 3 p.m. MR. E. STANLEY BROWN
"Reincarnation and Karma"

TUESDAY, 10th at 7 p.m. MR. H. T. D. BLATCHFORD
"The Progress of the Soul"

WEDNESDAY, 11th at 3 p.m. THE REV. ALLAN BARHAM
"The Shroud of Turin"
(illustrated by a film strip)

SUNDAY, 15th at 3 p.m. **Address:** MRS. I. MARTIN
Demonstrator: MRS. DORA LINDSAY

TUESDAY, 17th at 7 p.m. MRS. ROSE HARLEY
Demonstration of Clairvoyance

WEDNESDAY, 18th at 3 p.m. MRS. RUBY HOW
Demonstration of Clairvoyance

SPEAKERS. The CPS gives Lecturers and Speakers the opportunity to present their views to Members and the Public, but does not necessarily agree with the views and opinions so expressed.

MEDIUMS. The CPS endeavours to demonstrate mediumship of a high standard, and to provide private sittings with mediums known to be reliable. It is, however, necessary to appreciate that many difficulties associated with mediumship make it impossible to avoid variable results or to ensure success on any particular occasion.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Classified Advertising Rate 4d. a word (minimum 12 words). Box No. 1s. Words in Black Face Capitals 2d. each extra. All Classified Advertisements must be prepaid. Advertisements and replies to Box Nos. to Advertisement Manager, LIGHT, 16 *Queensberry Place, London, S.W.7.*

MRS. ANNIE BRITTAIN can see clients by appointment in Banstead. She also gives psychic readings by post. For full particulars send 3d. stamp to Mrs. Brittain, 28 Tumblewood Road, Banstead, Surrey. Phone: Burgh Heath 1805.

5,000 Psychic and Occult Books for sale; used, new. Lists 4d. New Knowledge Books, 18(L) Elizabeth Crescent, East Grinstead, Sussex.

Contributors to the Winter LIGHT will include

Prof. H. H. PRICE, Dr. R. CONNELL,
Dr. R. CROOKALL, FRANK MILLS,
CONSTANCE SITWELL.

SOMEONE PRAYED . . .

and the prayer was answered

ELDERLY WOMAN THREATENED WITH BLINDNESS

"Thank you, my eyes are still very good and I am better in health, and am very grateful for it all. The prayers give me great comfort and I know they have helped me in many ways—often not seen at the time."

Write today (stamp please), or call :—

THE GUILD OF PRAYER AND SPIRITUAL HEALING (SEEKERS TRUST)

29 QUEEN'S GATE, LONDON, S.W.7

Tel.: KNI 9787 (Founded 1926)



The late C. A. Simpson, Founder and Healer.

RELIEF OF STRAIN AND STRESS

through relaxing Nerve Therapy.

A treatment of proved value in cases of Nervous Tension, Insomnia, Anxiety, Irritability, Hypertension and all Stress Conditions.

STIMULATING and INVIGORATING NERVE TREATMENT

in cases of Fatigue, Tired Nerves, Exhaustion, Physical Debility, Circulatory Deficiency, Lack of Energy and Vitality. A reintegrating therapy for the overworked and exhausted modern person.

Physiotherapy, Massage, Manipulation, Osteopathy, Neuro-muscular technique.

THE NERVE CENTRE

87 WESTBOURNE TERRACE, LONDON, W.2

Tel.: AMBASSADOR 4041

Consultation and Treatment by appointment

Ask for Brochure on Nerve Therapy. *Recommended by the Medical Profession*

. . . if you enjoy LIGHT

why not introduce it to your friends?

LIGHT SUBSCRIPTION FORM

Annual Subscription 11*s.* 6*d.* ($1.75) post-free

To: LIGHT, 16 *Queensberry Place, London, S.W.7.*

Please send me LIGHT for twelve months. I enclose 11*s.* 6*d., which includes postage.*

NAME AND ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Printed by Foundry Press Ltd., Brereton Printing Works, Bedford, and published by the Proprietors, The College of Psychic Science Ltd., 16 Queensberry Place, London, S.W.7.