MANY VOICES

The Autobiography of a Medium

by EILEEN J. GARRETT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY ALLAN ANGOFF

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Introduction

EILEEN GARRETT holds no professional degrees and has no license to practice any of the healing arts, but she has helped and apparently cured hundreds of physicians, scientists, writers, editors, secretaries, psychiatrists, psychologists, bereaved parents and children, and the prime minister of a very large country. She has been doing it for fifty years with undiminished effectiveness and to the continued admiration, bewilderment, or consternation of some of the most eminent scientific investigators.

Mrs. Garrett is a medium, probably the greatest in decades, known all over the world in laboratories where careful investigators of the supernormal and the abnormal seek new facts about human behavior.

She makes no claims to supernatural powers, and yet she seems to perceive facts and events which completely elude most people. She can hold an envelope in her hand and by means of her psychometric powers can tell you with frightening accuracy that it belongs to an unhappy New Jersey girl who has had a disastrous affair with a young man and is now running off to Texas on a bus. A psychologist from the Union Theological Seminary in New York conducted this experiment in my presence in a laboratory recently, and he remarked that even though it had gone well, Mrs. Garrett might have been even more meticulously accurate about details had she not been so tired. He had tested

her at other times, when she was rested, and she had scored perfectly.

Mrs. Garrett is a trance medium, and in the entranced state, as the disembodied voices of her controls speak, there come from her abstruse and technical facts and even deep personal secrets of men and women she knows nothing of in her normal waking state. She also seems to get messages from the dead when she is in trance. Recently she has been in touch with the daughter of a Midwestern newspaperman and literary critic who was killed in an automobile accident. The critic, once a skeptic about such phenomena, has forgotten his skepticism and is comforted by those communications Mrs. Garrett sends on to him from his daughter. She never knew the daughter and has never met the father.

Another skeptic was a famous Hollywood screenwriter. He met Mrs. Garrett for the first time in the 1930's, a few days before he was to undergo surgery for removal of a kidney. Depressed by the thought of the invalidism and the ugly death that possibly awaited him, he drove out to Lake Arrowhead with his wife in an effort to escape even momentarily from the horror of his own thoughts. But there was no escape to the calm he sought, for the hotel lobby was filled with people waiting to hear the London medium Eileen Garrett. The sick and depressed writer was "trapped," as he later put it; but it was too cold to go outside and too early to go to bed. There was nothing to do but get a couple of seats far back in the lobby so that he and his wife would only be forced to listen from a distance to this psychic, or sensitive, as some called her. But as the clear and mellifluous Anglo-Irish accents of the speaker reached to the outermost reaches of the lobby, the writer listened more and more intently and became increasingly impressed. She made psychic science as real as medical science, he confessed, and he was heartened by her humor when she remarked that her husband had left her because he had tired of living with her ghosts.

The next day the writer sought out Mrs. Garrett, and then he unburdened himself, as so many do in her presence, of his fears and anxieties. She calmed him and gave him new confidence. She knew he had one son and he would have another. The

kidney operation would be successful. Moreover, she continued, his mother was there in the room beside them, and she wanted her son to know all would be well. She then went on to tell him things about his mother "only I could have known," he wrote years later. "I made up my mind at that moment," he continued in a heartbreaking letter to her, "to live as full a life as possible. . . . I have carried out that purpose ever since. We have had two children. . . . I have given no thought to whether I had one or ten kidneys. . . . Then last summer, my son, who was a baby when I met you, was killed. . . . My whole world suddenly crumbled, and my wife and I have been left in a state of shock ever since. . . . He was to have entered Yale in September. . . . Since that day I have been able to find no peace whatever. At times I find living an almost unbearable burden. . . . One of my first thoughts was: I must get in touch with Mrs. Garrett. Perhaps she can help me. . . . I knew I must write you. . . . I know you must get hundreds of such letters, that you cannot possibly answer them all, that it is unreasonable to expect you to take on yourself the many burdens of grief. . . . If I could only feel that my son lives on somewhere, such life as is left to me might be made more bearable."

Mrs. Garrett replied in several long letters which brought great comfort to the father and mother. She described the boy accurately and even mentioned the personal belongings still in his room, and she concluded: "This energetic youngster of yours is closer to you now than he would have been had life ordained he should remain. I can only assure you that life continues to be a great adventure for him. . . ."

These are the people who come to Mrs. Garrett wherever she goes. She travels widely, quietly, alone or with one or two very close friends, but somehow people know that she is coming, and they wait for her. She inevitably summons up stories of Madame Helena Blavatsky, the great theosophist who is said to have caused bells to tinkle whenever she approached. But Mrs. Garrett is more impressive, for unlike the Russian priestess, who claimed to be in touch with her mahatmas deep in the fastnesses of the Himalayas, Mrs. Garrett insists she is quite earthbound. I have been with Mrs. Garrett in Boston and Washington, in

Palm Beach and Dublin, in London and Rome, in Paris, Nice, Barcelona, and many other places, and always I noted that troubled men and women called or left messages or waited in the lobbies of hotels, hoping for a sitting or a word of solace or encouragement.

She does not publicize this aspect of her work, and despite many interviews with newspapermen, she remains wary of them and their sometimes outrageous misinterpretation of the psychic factor in behavior. But from time to time her powers and her work break through to the newspapers and popular magazines despite her resistance and her abhorrence of the melodramatic. She could not, for example, restrain the press when the facts of her seance of October 7, 1930, in London became known. That was three months after the death of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and two days after the crash of the British dirigible *R-101* in France. The Director of the National Laboratory of Psychical Research, Harry Price, known as the Ghost Hunter, asked Mrs. Garrett if she would try, in trance, to communicate with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle for Australian newspaperman Ian Coster. Mrs. Garrett, Price, his secretary, Ethel Beenham, and Coster met at the laboratory and prepared for the experiment. "Mrs. Garrett," wrote Coster in a magazine article later, "was in an armchair yawning her head off, the rest of us were at a table, Miss Beenham with her notebook. The medium closed her eyes and went on yawning. Her body seemed to slump. She breathed heavily and relaxed into a sort of mournful slumber, tears flowing down her cheeks. . . . She was 'entranced.' . . . Then she spoke in a strange voice. . . ." Her control, Uvani, spoke through the medium, and what followed was not a message from Conan Doyle but rather the agitated voice of Flight Lieutenant H. C. Irwin, captain of the *R-101*, crying, "The whole bulk of the dirigible was . . . too much for her engine capacity. . . . Useful lift too small. Gross lift computed badly. . . . Elevator jammed. Oil pipe plugged. . . ." On and on went the voice of the dead Irwin, with quantities of technical details, all of which were noted verbatim by Miss Beenham. And finally Conan Doyle did come through after Irwin went silent. Experts at the Royal Airship Works in Bedford, who later read the notes of the

seance, called it "an astounding document," replete with confidential details. There were even those in England who suggested arresting Mrs. Garrett on suspicion of espionage, so expert was her apparent knowledge of the mechanics of dirigibles. But, in truth, she knew nothing of airship mechanics then, as now. Harry Price had selected her over all other mediums in England because, as he explained, "she does not become emotional. She takes an academic interest in her powers, but has no explanation to offer concerning them. Not the slightest suspicion attaches to her name or integrity as a medium, and she has achieved some brilliant successes." As for the miracles attributed to her, she answers now in the same words she wrote long ago: "My investigations of the phenomena of mediumship convince me that these are not new or extraneous sensitivities but rather refinements of the physical senses all men possess. I cannot therefore accept the usual explanation of mediumship as an abnormal or supernormal development."

Edward Carpenter, the poet and social philosopher, was Mrs. Garrett's warm friend during the World War I days in London. He recognized her great mediumistic gifts, and he told her she was one of those rare persons with powers of perception so keen that she had achieved a state of "cosmic consciousness." There were those who called her unbalanced then, as her relatives did in her earliest childhood—when they added she was a sinful child, too—but Carpenter liberated her permanently from the burden of those taunts, and she was to live unfettered thereafter, confident that "my sensing and visioning were not the products of an unbalanced mind, but the positive powers of knowing and understanding, beyond the range of human comprehension."

But Carpenter also saw something very practical in her. "You are a genius of an administrator," he said. And, indeed, she has demonstrated great administrative skills from childhood, when she was the leader of the girls in school. In London she operated a successful tearoom on Heath Street by Hampstead Heath, and such regular patrons as D. H. Lawrence and the archaeologist Sir Flinders Petrie were her patrons. She also operated for six years in post-World War I London in Euston Square a labor hostel which was a favorite meeting place for the leaders of the

Labor Party. During World War II, when in the south of France, she ran a soup kitchen for children. In New York, after the fall of France, she established in 1941 the book publishing firm of Creative Age Press and *Tomorrow* magazine, a monthly review of literature, public affairs, and the arts. Paper and printers were hard to obtain, and there were many other shortages, including writers, but Mrs. Garrett got her publishing firm going, and she attracted such authors as Robert Graves, Klaus Mann, Aldous Huxley, and Lord Dunsany.

After ten years she returned to psychical research full time, establishing the Parapsychology Foundation, which has ever since supported scholars, schools, and colleges in some of the most important researches in the field. At her annual conferences at the Foundation's regional headquarters in St. Paul-de-Vence in the south of France, she has sought to remain in the background while scientists and philosophers and clergymen have discussed the psychedelic drugs, the church and parapsychology, new advances in hypnosis, and other phenomena, but always they turn to her for some of the most original results of those conferences. They draw her out on the continually baffling problem of mediumship, and they listen in wonder and respect. I have participated in those meetings and observed her at the conference table many times as she has spoken of prevision and extrasensory perception and all the other phenomena she has demonstrated. She emphasizes repeatedly that she is no practitioner of the supernatural, and sometimes she goes on and explains that those powers derive in part perhaps from the hypothalamus gland, or from the vestigial animal brain at the base of the skull. In a distant earlier era animals used that brain to sense from afar friends and enemies, and it was a sense that made for survival. It has atrophied in man, but it can be restimulated in most people. An outrageous hypothesis perhaps, but Mrs. Garrett can be most convincing as well as impressive, as leading psychologists and anatomists who have followed her words with care will testify.

Eileen Garrett was born seventy-four years ago in the town of Beauparc, County Meath, Ireland. It is quiet and historic country in the area of Drogheda and the Boyne Valley, and the

surrounding towns have such names as Malahide, Slane, Kells, and Stackallen Bridge. And, of course, there is the Hill of Tara, where the capital of ancient Ireland flourished from 2000 B.C. to A.D. 565. Mrs. Garrett still knows the country well. The brick and stone cottage in which she was born is still there. It was in the fields near Beauparc that the young Eileen Jeannette, daughter of Anne Brownell and a Basque named Vancho, used to wander and converse with her little friends, her "children" nobody else ever saw. Eileen was two weeks old when her mother drowned herself, and a few weeks later her father also committed suicide. For Anne was one of a family of thirteen children born to stern Protestants, and the Basque she met in Spain and married secretly in Ireland was a Catholic. It was a marriage doomed to early disaster. The young Eileen was brought up by an uncle, a devout member of the established church, now home from service in India. She was a difficult child, difficult for the nuns in the national school in Meath and even more difficult for the Protestant and more fashionable school in Merion Square, Dublin.

The Brownells, yeoman farmers today as in the past, remember their cousin. I visited them two years ago, and we talked of their cousin's mediumship. They were not surprised. Jeannie, as they remember her, was always an odd one, but the truth is Grandmother Ann Leach Brownell of Drogheda was just as odd. They dug into stacks of family pictures for Grandmother, and they showed her portrait to me with pride, remarking that she, too, was known throughout the countryside as a healer with great therapeutic powers and that neighbors often overlooked the doctors to seek out the old Mrs. Brownell.

I have worked closely with Mrs. Garrett for twenty-two years as an editor, consultant, and advisor. I am one of scores of men who have found her the most extraordinary friend of a lifetime. She is in the tradition of Eleanor Sidgwick and the other astonishing Victorian women who were such workers in the paranormal and who attracted so many men. But, as I have noted repeatedly, Mrs. Garrett is different and perhaps greater, for she claims no magic. After a half century of work in the supernormal, after the plaudits of great scientists, she looks

back and sometimes remarks with the humor that sets her apart from all the great workers in magic, "There may be nothing in it. Nothing at all. Who knows."

But there is a great deal in her life and in these pages for skeptic and believer and nonbeliever.

ALLAN ANGOFF

Upper Montclair, New Jersey
January, 1968

MANY VOICES

The Autobiography of a Medium

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NOTHING important in human life ever has only one cause, and certainly it would be rash of me to take so elusive a thing as a capacity for psychic experience and attribute it to but a single thread in the infinitely complex web that spins out our destiny. Yet, as I look back, it seems to me that two aspects of my external environment, interweaving with the individual lines of my personal life, played a major role in my becoming a medium. One was the fact that I was born in Ireland and spent my childhood in a countryside where the "little people" were universally accepted as an everyday part of normal existence. The other was the almost equally universal acceptance of death as an intimate element of the daily round, so that I early grew to have no fear of what for many people may be an insupportable terror.

Of course, it would be indeed strange to be born in "royal" Meath County with my particular curiosity and imagination, and remain untouched by the Irish legends of spiritual beings and the magic realms they inhabited. Mysticism is a convenient word to express one's inner longings and searchings for the "ultimate," but around me on the lips of both old and young were the poetic and often dramatic tales of those who had been helped, challenged or plagued by these same little people, as the natives called the dwellers of the fairy kingdom. Not all who talked of them made claims of having seen them, but countless

persons in Scotland, Ireland, and Cornwall have solemnly assured me of their existence. I have met old men who claim to have stumbled unwittingly, in a drunken moment, into their territory and as punishment were made to walk the night through for failing to observe their charmed domain.

There are all types of fairies: those who for a price will aid the shoemaker to make magic shoes, those who will help the harassed housewife with the housework, those who will cure the animals for the farmer—but for a price. And, like the Irish themselves, the little people can also be mischievous. Heaven help the one who has had his cows cured of a mysterious disease by their good will, but then fails to leave milk on the doorstep for good measure! I have often wondered if, in some now forgotten phase of man's existence, there was a race of small people who actually inhabited the "magic isles." Legend often contains an element of truth. Besides, as I have indicated, all of this seems perfectly natural if one will remember that Meath was the site of a kingdom set up as long ago as the second century B.C. To the Irish mind, events of two thousand years ago are just as contemporary as what happened yesterday.

Did I ever believe in fairies? Well, yes and no. In my childhood I watched for them from dawn until the dew dried on the grass, and searched through the spring and summer twilights, never, alas, to find them. Still, when you have lived by the banks of the Boyne and wandered there in the long twilight, you cannot resist the conviction that you are not alone. When you walk across the fields to Newgrange, someone is sure to tell you: "Beware! Don't disturb the little folk—it is their kingdom." The cromlechs, ancient marks, still remain in Ireland to testify to their prehistoric claims. And when it rains, one is suddenly plunged into a dark kingdom where one cannot be sure but that some nature sprites bent on mischief have observed you in their special domain and called on the clouds to hasten your exit.

I well remember being taken to Tara Hill by Uncle Brownell when I was very young. Here, he told me, the kings of the four provinces—Ulster, Munster, Leinster and Connaught—were crowned. "The Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, is still here," he

would add, "upon which Joseph once rested his head and dreamed his prophetic dreams. Here the sacred fires were kept constantly burning in other days, and here came those of the lost tribes. In this very spot are mysterious sun temples as yet unearthed. I myself have traversed them."

"You?" I would ask, eagerly.

"And why not?" he would reply.

I knew my uncle to be clearheaded—"a good Christian man," as the people around described him. "A pity, though," they would add, "that he is a Protestant and therefore must go to hell when he dies." On this subject, too, I questioned him at length. Seriously he would reply: "Sure, heaven and hell exist within. They are with us now and always." Perhaps with these words he bequeathed to me an understanding that enabled me to free myself from dogma in later years.

Yes, my uncle was a Christian gentleman, not given to many words, but his theological knowledge was forgotten when he found himself in the magic domain of his ancestors. He thoroughly believed that the wailing spirit of the banshee followed the members of his family. So did my aunt, for I heard them talking about this wailing wraith on several occasions. "I heard the banshee last night—the time is not far away for someone to depart," they would say, with a certain poetic melancholy but at the same time with a kind of gentle, objective acceptance.

Tara itself is known as the spot from which the ancient kings ruled Ireland. It was here, as perhaps at Stonehenge, Avebury, Brittany, and Maiden Castle in southern England, that pagan rites were held to welcome the sun's rebirth and to mourn when its life force dimmed for a brief season. "Christian priests have cursed that pagan mound," the old ones will tell you, explaining why nothing edible to man will grow there. A cousin, living within a stone's throw of Tara Hill, vowed that he had seen the ancient priest, long since departed, walking on Michaelmas Eve.

"Are they in contact with the fairy kings in the fairy domain?" I would inquire.

"Sure," he told me. "They are the guests in the palaces that are surely there for always."

This cousin was a respected civil servant who had studied law, but he was Irish and a storyteller of no mean caliber. It was he who also assured me that the "lost tribes" had brought the Lia Fail to Tara, and that one of their leaders had married an Irish princess. Of course, I believed him! He was an amateur archaeologist in his spare time. Seriously he assured me, when he came to visit, that he had talked with the ancient people on Stackallen Bridge, where my mother's people had farmed the land for centuries. It was he to whom the country people went for "arbitration" before they would seek a court of law. He knew the king of the magic messengers of Kormac, from whose cup he had imbibed the vision-giving liquid that enabled him to tell the true from the false.

Of this cousin's existence I have spoken only to the late Lord Dunsany when together we walked over Tara, a part of his property. Lifting his battered felt hat, Dunsany looked at me from piercing blue eyes.

"Remember him well," he told me. "He drank from Kormac's cup. I did myself. If you would have a special knowledge, you would have to drink deep." Kormac was obviously an early king of Ireland, perhaps a good and wise magician at the court of the ancient kings.

It was my cousin, too, who taught me to find water with a forked branch cut from the mountain ash, the willow, or the yew tree. Who knows how much the awed mind of a child, filled with wonder, absorbed from men such as these, themselves magicians—my cousin with law, Dunsany with words.

One cannot visit the raths in Meath without asking the breathless question: Who made them? These hill fortifications, we are told, are the earthworks surrounding the strongholds of ancient Irish chiefs. I passed over one of these raths each day on my way to school without especially thinking of its underworld meaning. This particular rath was on the direct route to school. The road was built across its roof. It was decorated inside with shells, some of them intact and beautiful. It contained two chambers and cells that went deep under the ground. Nearby was a stream whose waters were said to heal. The cattle often entered the rath to find shelter from the storms.

The country people believed it was a center for those elements in nature that protected the men of the sea that was not far away.

I played in and out of the rath many a summer's day, but when darkness came I fled home lest I be lured away to be seen no more. Men returning from work, catching sight of me, crossed themselves as they hurried by. Women believed I was a changeling and would come to no harm. Nevertheless, when the twilight began to settle, I would shiver and know it was time to depart.

Perhaps, mystically speaking, a part of me has wandered away—a part that is inseparable from this magical island of which I have spoken with fond remembrance. My early beliefs are always below the surface and are easily recalled.

Once back in England where I go every year, I visit Stonehenge by day and by night, as well as many other ancient prehistoric sites in southern England. On and off, for months at a time, I have in the past worked with the late Frederick Bligh Bond at searching clairvoyantly for the Holy Grail at Glastonbury and the tomb of King Arthur. At such moments of reflection, I recall the early years when I would rise early, when there was no school, to race across the fields to Newgrange, another site of prehistoric significance. There I would rest on the great stone and assure myself that below there was another kingdom; the ancient stone marked its doorway. What I was searching for did not make sense to the adults, but I had enough knowledge of my own, even then, to know that in this valley of the Boyne there were mysteries all around, hidden from mortals.

The mystery of these ancient stones called me to arise and greet the sun. Even as a child I slept little, but rather sought the silent out-of-doors to watch the rising and setting of the sun and the moon. I never thought of these places as tombs. Death then as now, held only mystery. I have the belief that life flows through the instrument of self, to flow out at its appointed time, and blend again with the ultimate: the great Nirvana of whose certainty only love and death can give knowledge.

I find again, as I did when a child, that there is only one philosophy which makes sense: Everything that grows gives sus-

tenance and pleasure, to mark time and finally disappear; but its true essence remains. This is the spirit of the inner life. Certainly I believe the deep unconscious has been definitely marked by my preoccupations with this mystical world of my Celtic upbringing. The late Professor William McDougall, a Celt himself and a noble giant of a man, told me that is probably psychologically true.

Lord Dunsany, whose estate took in Tara Hill, fully believed that the red stone we had observed embedded in the earth was the true Lia Fail. "You don't have to assure me," I said to him. Long ago, the poet W. B. Yeats had told me that the stone was Jacob's pillow, brought by the leaders of the lost tribes of Israel, and placed beneath the central thrones of the kings. Yeats, another magician with words, assured me of the stone's magical powers, power to whisper or speak loudly when falsehoods masqueraded as truths. It is said that a part of this magical stone rests under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey. The nationalistic Scots must think so, for they stole it a few years ago—a joke, it was said. No—more likely it was the ancient belief that wherever the stone is found a Celtic race must reign.

On Tara Hill there is a fine statue of St. Patrick. Some believe that it stands for the faith where the Lia Fail once rested.

Dunsany said this was not true. He pointed to the embedded red stone and said with emphasis that it was at this spot that people were summoned for secret festivities and service long after the national assemblies of other days had been forgotten. In 980 Brian Borou defeated the Danes on the Hill of Tara. In 1798 the insurgent Irish suffered defeat on this hill—a defeat which is still talked of and put into the words of a song nationalistic in purpose. "Who dares to speak of ninety-eight, who shudders at the name!" As a child I sang it before I understood its significance.

Tara was about six miles across the fields "as the crow flies," and across these ancient paths my legs hurried me, at times to the Hill, and other mornings to Newgrange. Over hill and dale, through bracken and woods filled in spring with flowers and heady with summer smells, the oaks and beeches kept guard. I *knew* the heroes and saints, all of them men of stern

and awesome will who had come to make vows, to pray and leave something of their vital force in earth and stone, while many bloodied the land with those who scorned their worship. It is not easy for the stranger to find Newgrange. Archaeologists believe that it was twenty-eight centuries old when the Danes rifled its setting—a tomb then known to be older than those of the Norsemen themselves. In this land, regiments were slaughtered with conviction, and for centuries there were good and just men who came to worship and recall the prehistoric past. One wonders what the uncertain future holds for the "magic isles."

Many primitive peoples have held the belief that ghosts may steal the soul and, in the vacated body, cause illnesses that radically alter the personality, thoughts, language, and actions. Often ill as a child, I was solemnly assured that this had happened to me. It was alleged to have been brought about by the fairies. All such changes take place during sleep and demand some kind of magical ceremony to expel the possessing entity, but no such ceremony had been held on my account.

The fairy faith which existed in Ireland in my childhood days, and perhaps still exists, was regarded by the country people as being more potent than their religious practices. Indeed, many of the old ones believed that the magical operations of spell-casting did more to the inner imperative will than did the exterior rhythm of the mass. This ancient belief in a race of beings neither divine nor human, existing apart on a "plane" different from humans but occupying the same space, tended to give one a perpetual sense of never being alone. I listened in the evenings to the stories of neighbors who believed in astral creatures and the elements surpassing human beings in knowledge and power; these creatures, who loved music, dancing, and bright colors, came and went, oblivious of time.

Such belief must have made a deep impression on the mind of the child that I was, huddled by the chimney corner, where the pots simmered and the knitting needles of the women (finished with their household labors) glistened to make weird, dancing shadows in the firelight. The bardic tales were re-

counted in a mood and language wholly Celtic, as they had been orally for centuries. I well remember the women and the old men who spoke of having seen the little people dance in the moonlight, and of the money which these old ones left, in some cave or hollow, so that the fairies would take care of the herd. Others told me that the "wee folk" were benevolent, but it was a risky thing to offend them.

Throughout the years, I have reflected on those conversations about beings that moved through the air at will, about ghosts that inhabited the house and appeared only to those with wisdom to understand them, and who might appear at any moment with reward or punishment. This was, indeed, the rich soil of my youthful days, which may have been accumulated in the "workshop of the unconscious."

When I began school at the age of three, I truly believed that glen and forest, mountain and stream, were under the spell of these divinities. To propitiate them and keep outside of their spells, I made primrose and cowslip wreaths on my way to school; and with St.-John's-wort, a plant that has healing powers, I placed them near the raths and wrote messages to reassure the spirits of my good will. Thus was magic correlated with religion, and thus religion itself could be described as the cult of the supernatural powers which can remain friendly to man as long as he respects them and attends to the dogmatic aspects of his church, for his social and soul's good.

I believe that my early indoctrination—where the country people were truly clairvoyant and gifted—had prepared the ground for mediumship. Those social and religious customs helped to create an individuality that was highly imaginative, and surely animistic. The Celtic belief in the magical powers hidden in mountain and glen, carried on under the cover of Christianity in Ireland where so many religious days are devoted to the memory of martyr and saint, gave me a spiritual consciousness that there was no death, but immortality, and that after suitable penance, which took place in purgatory, one became cleansed of venial sin.

I attended chapel and listened to the emotional and fulfilling meaning of the mass as often as I dared. From an early age,

I had a greater devotion to the mass than to the English established church to which my uncle belonged, and to which he took me on Sundays. My aunt considered herself a worthy Presbyterian; Calvinistic in her doctrines and principles, she permitted no liberality of belief to anyone except her husband.

I attended national school until I was ten. But in the winters I often had to remain in bed for weeks at a time, for I had been born of a family whose lives were marred by tuberculosis, and I early suffered from bronchial asthma, an inheritance that has never left me. My education was not neglected, for both priest and minister ordered my lessons, spiritual and academic, so that I did not lose out with my studies.

Thus, I grew to a precocious maturity among farm people who spoke not only of the gods and fairies, but of the cruelty of British landlordism. They encouraged disloyalty to the Crown of England, and these themes were interwoven with the grandeur of the spirit of nationalism, which lay at the heart of every argument. My uncle, who had spent most of his mature life in the Indian Army, hurried away from such discussions when the fire of blood and the extravagance of language became too heated—or when a contest of lungs against fists ended the talk of the "eternally oppressed."

I have written elsewhere (*Adventures in the Supernormal*) of my aunt. Beautiful, statuesque and redheaded, she had a haughty disdain for all who did not work, and no time for those who did not agree with her. She "inherited" me when both of my parents, confused with life and religion, decided to take their lives—a tragic story told elsewhere. This must have been for her a sad moment; but while she loved my mother—her favorite sister—she had no love for my father, who had won my mother away from her family. Nevertheless, she took on the task of rearing me, though her own family were grown.

I used to go for walks in the very early morning and in the darkness when I could escape through my bedroom window to the fields below. Sometimes, even in Ireland, the sun can be lethal and scorching enough to dry up the green. And because it didn't happen too often, I would rid myself of clothes to bathe my body in its heat and healing.

On my excursions, the field workers, grimy with sweat, would regard me with a feeling of unrest: I wasn't one of them. Energy I had in plenty, but my flesh clung to my bones like a tight shroud. Often, exasperated by the rules of church discipline, in school and home, I swallowed my food with rebellion; but my heart grew mature with a strange and sensual delirium. My breath consumed the delight of the earth, and my growing adolescence gave me a strength bereft of confusion. The rain fell upon my body as I searched the earth, the lake, and the river for answers to my soul's curiosity; in spite of all that I had heard of venial sins, I had a passion within me that burned instinctively. I knew without understanding that the very elements of wind and water spurred my intelligence to find the meanings that were instinctively contained within my own self.

Once I was freed of school, discipline, and tutor, the passion of growing up in the lush pastures between field and stream of my native country entirely possessed me. I recall that last summer when my uncle lay dying. I was bewildered and physically terrified at the thought of losing him, for he was my only image of security. When night came, I returned to the subjective, obsessive beauty of the hours filled with drama around the firelight.

Then came the time when my uncle died. I gazed upon him often during the painful period of the wake, when relatives little known to me came to mourn. His old friends remained through the nights, to tell stories, to play games—a drama of death, old in mystery as Ireland herself. I saw his body as an empty vessel bereft of breath. I asked questions of the rector of the parish, but got no answers. Death and life run together in Ireland and need no special gifts of eloquence to explain them. I only knew that the special mystery of breath which had made him man had departed from his mold forever. The earth opened to receive his body. The rush of air among the shifting crowd and the cold earth holding all of one who had truly loved me left me suddenly alone in a world I was eager to possess.

The days of waiting were long while plans were made to send me to a Protestant boarding school. I resigned myself to the loneliness of those days. I knew nothing of what the future

held, only that I had a right to belong to it. Wandering in the fields in the evening, I made myself ready for the day ahead. My aunt's words were no longer defiant. A miracle of kindness often enveloped her with a tragic beauty. When, finally, I crossed the threshold to leave her, I saw only her proud body turned away. The marble mask of her features gave no sense that I was leaving her. I watched her intently as the car turned away from the house. She stood, with bowed head, against the casement of the open door.

The train which I had watched passing over the bridge en route to Dublin finally drew into the station to take me away. I had watched these trains passing over the railway bridge for as long as I could remember, always assuring myself that one day I would take such a train and go away. Now it was happening in reality. I was going alone to the unknown city.

An elderly woman met the train in Dublin. She was slight, although her garments might have covered a more ample creature than she appeared to be; her face was creased, but when she smiled and approached me, I felt she was sympathetic. "Would you be Eileen, the new girl?" she inquired. I nodded and without words watched her call a porter to take my trunk, a small tin one that held all that I owned. I followed her nervous, bustling figure into the ancient vehicle. I leaned against her shoulder instinctively, for suddenly I knew I was alone, and any refuge was comforting.

At school I met so many people all at once that I was for once lost for words. My body appeared to be slowly disintegrating, and a new loneliness enveloped me. Once again, I thought of the cemetery at home and the awful emptiness of the prescribed words as the minister intoned the funeral service for my uncle. This won't do, I told myself. And finally, in that strange room, I knew I had to find a new strength for the days ahead.

Something of the struggles of Gethsemane, about which I had read in the Bible many times, were now mine. I felt myself trapped where no blackbirds were whistling in the long twilight, no larks singing above the hills and hedgerows. Yet I knew it would be foolish to look back and mourn. My eyes were filled with childish tears for what I had left behind: the

sympathy with all living things on the farm and all its activities were suddenly beyond that daily communication which had been so necessary to me.

I began cautiously to work and make friends. It was then, removed from the farm and relaxed, that I became aware that distance was not important—the rapport between myself and the well-remembered scenes renewed itself miraculously. I was again able to remain passive and project myself to the countryside; something was taking place between me and the outside world—a new intimacy, independent of the distance between. I was able to establish the reality of the places that were dear to me—the woods, smells, and changing seasons. I could call them to me here in the city, as I did so often when lying in my bed at the farm, too ill to go outdoors. I could at the same time, apparently, wander in the woods, find the flowers in their hidden places under the lush green of the hedgerow, and find the secret paths of the fox and hare and all the little creatures of the woods and fields. Once more I had by some unconscious means found my way from "here to there." I had "discovered" a place within the cosmic scheme—a world of feeling into which I had very early stepped unknowingly. Now it revealed itself again to establish the reality of a nonmaterial unification toward which I have often turned instinctively and which has made communication on many levels possible.

The challenge of the schoolroom became part of the process of growing up. Qualities and capacities emerged, giving me a sense and need of taking chances. An occasion to break the school rules offered itself, and I took myself into the night accompanied by another girl. Hours later, on my return to school, reality and the consequences of my daring were awaiting me to bring effective action that finally got me suspended.

I was sent home. The experience induced a very serious attack of bronchial asthma, and tuberculosis was immediately suspected. I was back in my own room where the farm and its melodious splendors beckoned anew, offering me refreshment.

While at school in Dublin, I had with other girls attended the Abbey Theatre and religiously read up on its history. Later,

I was to encounter the personalities who had given life and sparkle to the words of Yeats, John Synge, Lady Gregory, and a host of others. I absorbed much from the emotional and spiritual atmosphere of the theater and its players. From the drama of the Gaelic tongue I learned to know better the Celtic world of the theater and history.

I made the most of my meetings with these people of the theater, who accepted myth and legend as true and who acted out stories of ancient gods and heroes where the supernatural powers were welcomed but not dogmatically defined. I accepted the symbolism of divine beings, some of them lords of the Greek and Roman worlds. There was neither good nor evil in their desires and emotions. The blessed and the omnipotent dwelled together to confuse humans, to stop flowing streams, or to turn the stars in their courses. The mysteries of Isis and Osiris, the astrologers and wise men, all came alive. Those articulate and gifted people created a more patterned heaven and a more generous hell, as the old legends came alive through their words and gestures.

Then came the period when I discovered the magic of books. I read voraciously. No theologian could understand or hope to share my mental expeditions through these volumes. The words of St. Augustine and Apuleius were lent to me, and I learned that true religion bids us not yield to wrath but resist it. The world of wonder was enlarging itself as I absorbed the manifold stories and legends. During these months of growing up, when biological reactions brought a new uneasiness, the activated subconscious took over to make a fortuitous bridge between the early religious concepts of my overly dogmatic training and the many new ideas fast falling on fruitful ground.

It was during this time that I met poet George William Russell, affectionately known as A.E., at the home of Miss Hornihan of the Abbey Theatre. She encouraged the children to attend the theater. She was a woman of great character, who had her supporters and detractors. However rich the conversation and genuine the laughter, invariably the subject of subsidy for the Abbey Theatre was introduced.

I was fortunate to be taken notice of as I sat and eagerly lis-

tened. It was A.E. who gave me tickets for Yeats' *Deirdre*, and once told me: "Between your tears and your laughter, and the sound of your voice, your wild spirit would do well in the theater." Soon after, I met many of Lady Gregory's group, then playing in her own play, *Jackdaw*. The realization came that a new world of words and action could be observed from the pit of the Abbey Theatre. (Alas, it was partly destroyed during the Irish Rebellion.)

I then discovered and read the plays of Synge, Douglas Hyde, Yeats, and others. Two young men, who were often spoken of as both heroes and devils, were then living in one of the Martello Towers near Dublin—Oliver St. John Gogarty, later known through the writings of James Joyce as "Buck" Mulligan, and Joyce himself. I was to meet them both much later in life: Joyce when he lived in Paris, and Dr. Gogarty in New York, where I published his later work through my Creative Age Press.

Back at home, my inner life flowed at its own creative pace. My rounds of secret prayer by night, coupled with my intensive reading, played heavily on my newly found conscience. It was then that I concluded that the emotion of the mass would be better for my newly awakened consciousness than the dry elements of the Protestant faith. I began to plead with my aunt to allow this change to take place. I succeeded in entering a Catholic seminary, where my conscience appeared to be lulled. I worked hard to earn the respect and esteem of the Sisters. One day I was present at a sacred ceremony where a girl who "had the call" took her vows to enter as a novitiate. The service had a strong impact on my whole being. To renounce the world was not the way that I dimly understood life. Overnight, I lost my new stability, and after days of grief over this new "infidelity," I sobbed out the confession that I wanted to return home.

Once back in my old room, I clung to the fragments of the life that I had left. Some hasty instinct born out of the return of the bronchial illness made the doctor suggest that I should leave Ireland. One evening my dead uncle "appeared" to me in a vision, younger and more alert than I had known him; his Vandyke beard was well clipped, and he stood strong and

straight. In the soft light of the lamp, I regarded him as a savior who had returned to me. He advised me to obey my aunt and that, in time, I should leave the farm and go to London. After a brief interval of ecstasy at his return, I fell back exhausted from excitement and awe. I knew from past experiences that I could not share this moment with my aunt, for on previous occasions my flesh and spirit had suffered when I talked of such "visitations." I went to sleep in fear, and yet there was a fierce desire to believe—my uncle had never lied to me. I knew that I had to accept and live in expectation. I became strangely lethargic; the doctor advised my aunt that a school in the south of England could be found where I would have a chance to study and be exposed to a more salubrious climate.

While these new plans were being explored, a vehement excitement burned within me over the realization that my uncle had, by some unknown means, caused the miracle to happen. During the time of recovery and waiting, I was consumed with an indefatigable industry, doing whatever my aunt desired—so much so, that she once expressed her happiness over the fact that I had gained in humility and religious observance. I was quick to turn her admiration to good account and offered to take over the accounts of the farm, which she had always scrupulously kept herself. Perhaps it was my study of her attention to the smallest detail, plus her trust in me at that particular moment, which laid the groundwork of my ability to deal with the many business adventures I have undertaken during my life. Those quiet months of waiting and being useful gave me back the possession of my conscious self. The experience allowed me to conform objectively, and in spite of the conflicts over the subconscious levels of my existence, and bad health, that special ability has never deserted me.

The day finally came when I was to leave the private heaven of the farm for the exhilaration of the city. My Uncle Jack, who accompanied me on my departure, spoke seriously of the need to lead the objective, cerebral life, where one heeded and obeyed the rules of the conventional world. "A veritable conversion must take place within you, Eileen, if you are to live in a world where the official voice has to be obeyed." I listened

attentively as he told me that he suspected there was a modest degree of common sense in my makeup! I remembered his words later in the days not too far off when both sadness and lack of faith would overcome me; but now I was departing for a new land, and stimulation and excitement took over when he left me. I went gladly to the welcoming embrace of our rector's daughter, Olivia, in London, who would direct my energies within the conventional world of that great metropolis.

This, indeed, was to be a "conversion" where I would gain assurance and strength, and grow to find unexpected depths within myself. The sense of imperfection often haunted me, mostly when I tried to pray. There was a feeling of being sinful about my disbelief in the spiritual life, of which I had before been so very certain; this often gave me anxious moments. My hostess, Olivia, who understood that some of my anxiety was part of adolescence, helped me to a wider outlook. She had graciously promised her father and my aunt to look after me until I went to school at Chislehurst in Kent, but fortunately for me she was busy with plans for her own marriage.

This left me a measure of freedom to explore a newly discovered adult world. I wondered much about the future, about Olivia in her marriage, and about my own relationship with the world. I often met and spoke with the young Episcopal minister who visited the house. I had time to think of the meaning of growing up. The problems facing me seemed involved and difficult to clarify. However, unknowingly, help was at hand. A friend of the bridegroom, an architect named Clive Barry, visited for dinner; his curiosity was aroused by my youth and background. He offered to show me historical London and even take me to the theater. Clive Barry gave me a precious sense of freedom, of safety. I awoke each morning with a feeling that each day allowed me to enter a new phase of living.

Olivia's wedding made a profound impression on me. I had been taught that matrimony was, indeed, a sacrament, and the actual wedding day found me in a strangely exalted state. I recalled attending a gypsy wedding where the veins of the bride and groom were opened to allow their blood to flow as their arms were bound together. I recalled also my deep affection

for the old gypsy leader of the tribe, who during a certain spring taught me the love of her people and much of the ways of field and hedgerow and of her own life as a girl in Rumania. During the quiet, orderly marriage service in the church, a deep excitement overcame me as I remembered the gypsy wedding and my own strange participation. This ceremony appeared dull by comparison. Nevertheless, the religious life was deeply embedded in my own being. I vowed to myself that I would work well at school.

However, the Christian faith, well absorbed, did not quite blot out the mystical significance that made me part of nature. Morality and religion were there to be obeyed and understood, but remote in the deep unconscious were pictures of a primitive past connected with other people, and these often took over my better self!

Clive's interest in me continued after the newlyweds departed. He had made arrangements with a relative of his own so that I could remain in London before going to the new school. The summer passed like a dream. Finally, Clive announced to me that I was not going to school, but would marry him instead! I was frightened but happy, although difficulties arose at home which caused my Uncle Jack to arrive in London in order to take me to Kent. Clive and he became good friends, and in consequence I was soon married by special license. The remembered excitement of Olivia's marriage buoyed me up through the arrangements and ceremony. But en route to our honeymoon in Paris, my husband appeared nonchalant and silent by turn. He was twelve years older than I, and an Englishman with a background different from mine.

A curious relic of irrational superstition overcame me at the marriage ceremony, charging it with a deep mystery that enveloped me. The wedding breakfast feast in earlier times held deep implications. Such thoughts, arising from the depths of myself, brought also intangible fears. In these moments, my untutored mind dramatized my apprehensions. Deeply moved, I had become another person with memories of other beliefs and other ceremonies in a long primitive past.

Before I returned from my honeymoon to take up my mar-

ried life, my husband had become aware of my ability to sense and see the invisible world. Happily, he was amused as long as I did not display these abilities to his friends; he was content to be a willing playmate—well dressed, engaging, and entertaining. But I had exchanged one discipline for another.

My first child, a son, was born strong and well, although anxiety that I might lose him often deeply affected me. I shared some of these inner anxieties with my husband and his doctor. The latter suggested that my energies were of a kind that needed more than a house and child to keep me busy. The subtle dimensions contained in the unconscious were blending themselves with my conscious everyday existence to give me another dimensional aspect. This was always there during my childhood, but my husband did not wish these aspects to be encouraged. In spite of his advice, I was living two lives, as the theater of the unconscious took over much of my waking life. Then opportunity presented itself. I returned to Ireland to see my aunt, who had become gravely ill. At the same time I wondered if acting might not offer a career. I had continued to regard the world of the theater with excitement and awe.

2

It has been my good fortune to meet a number of those who are now already among the immortals of Irish literature. A.E. (George William Russell) was one whom I especially revered. Though he came from the North of Ireland, he was educated near Dublin, and he certainly seemed to belong to Ireland's fair city. I also knew friends of his family, the Lambert family, well-known in Meath where I was born, who regarded him as a promising painter. I believe also that Yeats, whom I knew better in later years, suggested that A.E. should have continued

to paint. Though he could not have been more than forty at the time, A.E. seemed old to me.

It was soon after he had given up the editorship of the *Irish Statesman,* copies of which my uncle always had in his house, that I met him again. He was not only a patriot in the best sense of the word, but he had a deep understanding of his people and of the legends of Ireland. He read Greek; in his presence one felt the aura and wisdom of a Greek philosopher. But first and foremost he was a poet. He possessed a rich voice, a lively imagination, and infinite charm. From the first moments when I knew him, he became enshrined as a symbol of goodness.

When I next met A.E., on my visit to Ireland to see my aunt, he seemed suddenly to have aged. I had written to him for an appointment, and when I met him he was accompanied by Katherine Tingley, the famous American theosophist, who was a close friend of his. He seemed to have lost some of the old glint in his eyes, and he pulled incessantly on a pipe. He remembered me as "the unruly one," which may indeed have been an accurate description. He wanted to know all that had happened to me. I spoke rapidly, telling him of my need of his counsel.

"Hold it now—not so fast," he interrupted. "There is a timbre in your voice that I hope you'll never lose. . . . Although my father was a musical man," he continued, "I don't carry a tune—but I can always listen to a good speaking voice. Never let anyone interfere with it."

Puzzled, I asked him why.

"Didn't you come to me for advice?" he said. "Well, I think you have the makings of an actress," and he went on to say that there was always a need of good workers at the Abbey Theatre. This was flattering and most unexpected, and I felt awed. But I need not have worried too much, for later on, when I did take his advice, I was put to a job of mending and sewing of heavy curtains, tapestry, and effects, for which I had no great love.

Later, I returned to my husband in a better frame of mind. These were people of my own blood, each with his own remote wisdom—so different from my English friends. Each had as-

sured me that life itself would in time give me the finer perceptions and reasonings to guide the inner motivations and externalize them. I returned to my marriage obligations, realizing that I must continue within the outward world's order and constraint, even though an inner world was fast taking over to give me a secret sense of calm. Of course, I also suspected that my husband and doctor probably considered that my preoccupations with an inner world might lead to a state of unbalance!

I bore three sons to Clive. Two of them died at a very young age in a serious epidemic of meningitis, when that disease was not as well understood as it is today. My third son died a few hours after birth.

The loss of my three children left me spiritually exhausted and unable to deal with the conventional sympathies of the family. I had to find strength within myself to face the routine of daily life, but this was made difficult by many factors. The plausible words of friends and family who explained that the loss of my sons was "God's will" did nothing to give me helpful answers, nor were my prospects for the future helped by the rector of the church, whose statements were inevitably those that bespoke the need for faith. The sacraments no longer had real meaning. I remembered that nature deals with her kingdom, her children, and her seasons without mystery. Little animal that I was, I dispensed with speculation and finally with the religious rites so deeply embedded in the nature of my environment.

I turned instinctively toward animism and the personification of nature, using her unique magic to heal me. My energy again needed an outlet beyond my house and husband. I interested myself in social work in the East End of London. This took care of my physical energies, but it gave no real interior satisfaction. I went to the other extreme and renewed my interest in the theater. I found this intensely satisfying, but Clive and his family were displeased and insisted that I had social obligations to my marriage and to his friends. My hopes of being economically independent were temporarily laid aside. Outwardly, I remained docile to my husband's wishes and enjoyed

the objective, carefree life of suburbia. But the interior world continued to beckon.

News now came that my Aunt Martha, who had become grievously bedridden, was sinking fast. My husband advised that I return home to Ireland. I went back, to be greeted coldly by her many relatives and friends. I had never known there were so many of them. I sought the room of dreams in which I had grown up, and when I could get away, I went to the woods, the River Boyne, and all the other secret places of my childhood. I was hardly aware that I had left them—the magic of childhood returned.

My aunt was not particularly pleased to see me. Old, frail, and near to death, there was still disapproval in her weary voice. I remained until the spark of that indomitable flame flickered out; but I could not go to the funeral to make myself a part of the family group which had gathered at that doleful shrine.

I visited Dublin on my way back to London. In doing so, I found that it was not alone the dutiful attachment to my aunt which had compelled me to return, but a desire to see some of my own people to discuss the complexities of my demanding inner nature.

I loved Clive in an outward and physical fashion. I was happy to be his wife. But the social life and his overprotective attitude toward me were difficult to accept. Looking back over my dual life, I know now that he must have been greatly worried on my account. The importance I attached to the growing mystical experiences in my daily life left him confused and disappointed. I was happy to return to him, and I acknowledged the need to be "just and temperate," as he often advised. Yet there was also the need to be able to feel anger and passion and to have the winds of life, calm or violent, flow through me. I knew his wisdom and good sense were right for me. But life also demanded a valor of the soul, and the senses were being bombarded with facets of other desires that were a challenge to my own intelligence.

With the emotions of curiosity, eagerness, hope, and love of life, I began to make up to him for what I felt within myself

was an unsatisfactory image of what a wife should be. In these months, I believe, I achieved a spiritual understanding of what human companionship and love could bring to marriage; but before I could be truly sure that I had achieved a sustaining and lasting relationship, the First World War started in 1914.

The emotional upheaval in England filled me with a new sense of humility. The needs of the people gave me inspiration in the face of the disaster from which no one person could withdraw. The continual suffering over the loss of the men of England demanded from each one an intelligent dependence upon himself. Life for the women became a thing of instinctive achievement. The total scene of action grew until each was stimulated beyond failure.

Clive, like others of his age, had been training in the Territorial Army during summer vacations, and he found himself quickly transferred to duty abroad. Women of all ages watched the thin khaki line of men melt into the shadowy army that took off for war. The independence that I craved was not mine to use for reflection—there was not even time for regret. It was a time for work. The war was no longer for men alone. Women now worked in the factories, hospitals, and newly arranged clinics, as well as close to the battlefields where men, welded together in the long tragedy, fell dead and wounded—some to return pitifully soon, almost as soon as the battle had begun. My husband returned to London to undergo a period of training for a commission, but he would leave again soon. The great holocaust of war demanded duty from one and all—though no one then suspected that the meteor streak of England's greatness had begun to grow dim!

Philosophers have said that man will accept the yoke if he can be assured of hope to sustain him. Nations old and young accepted the burden of war and prayed to survive. It was then that I had seriously to examine myself to understand my animal spirits, and how eternal objects impressed the senses to produce continual inner communication with the world of nature—a communication which made those who knew me feel that I was "different." I believed then, as I do now, that the power of nature is so vast and ample that she produces within all of us

the way to communicate with her, but perhaps some of her ways are obscure.

The truths which I had to learn, and the disciplines and rules of the outside world I had to acquire, gave me new truths in proportion to my search. The abstract march of inner events with their external practical patterns, which were later to be described as telepathic, continued to reveal to me happenings outside of the self, and brought me face to face with many levels of reality. I was continually receiving new sensations in waking or dreaming states. I had the capacity to see and know more than I was able to digest. I knew that only work, and plenty of it, would deal with these new sensations in a space-time unity. The dualism of my nature demanded that I busy myself in an external world where this otherness of ideas could be translated into a more objective energy.

I finally decided to open a tearoom in Heath Street, Hampstead, and to this my husband reluctantly agreed. Long accustomed to the deep seclusion on the farm in Ireland, I also felt the need to be closer to the earth, and I chose Hampstead because of the large expanse of open heathland which was within walking distance of the café.

Life at the farmhouse at home, too, had prepared me for a life of work. I was certain that the conventional but easy life of my husband and his associates was not the ultimate route for me. They were wise and well-ordered in their lives; but wisdom, when it is contained in the mind alone, causes the heart to suffer if there is not also work to be accomplished. Nothing is more therapeutic than the work of the body and mind in unison. A small but perpetual business life, which demanded thoughtfulness to each daily task, kept me nourished. Thoughts flowed out unchecked to form themselves into a world of symbols and phantasy that could not be described as either physical or mental. My interior life continued from darkness to sunshine without need of words. Employed happily in the work which the café demanded of me, my feet carried me from one task to another—happy as the animals, careless as the flowers and the birds.

The teashop prospered and finally became a meeting place

for young people in the afternoons and evenings. People from London dropped in for a light meal and an occasional coffee, but mostly to talk with their friends until the late hours. Thus, the nights became a rendezvous for writers who lived around Hampstead and for those returning from their work at Fleet Street.

Among the crowd that came for coffee was one young man who, because of his bearded appearance, was referred to by the Fleet Street group as J. C. (Jesus Christ). He had exchanged a few banalities with me now and then, but he usually preferred to sit in seclusion at his table, where he drank cocoa and wrote. I took little note of him, although his appearance each evening became part of the nightly setting. Many of the young people, who were painters and writers, greeted him very casually. He obviously had many friends in the neighborhood, but he chose his table by the window in the café and there concentrated on his writing. I finally discovered that he was D. H. Lawrence.

I was interested in the young writer, but was somewhat repelled by the troubled and unhappy look in his eyes. We developed between us a sign language which served us both. He would point to his cup when it needed replenishing and rather loudly bang on his plate when he needed food. He was oddly jealous if anyone else sat at this particular place, and he would hover around the interloper until the table was vacated.

I got into the habit of serving him myself. He repeatedly told me to stop working and have the courage to be a woman—a remark that meant nothing to me then. He lived at Byron Villas in the Vale of Health in Hampstead, and I believe he was rather short of money, for sometimes he would suddenly explain before he left: "I don't have any money; I probably will pay you tomorrow." I believe he was writing copiously at this time. He complained of the weather, the bad life, and difficult friends, but his health seemed to be his chief concern. Occasionally, he was affable and chatted with the young painters and writers. The effect of the war troubled him greatly; and when the zeppelins raided London, as they did in 1916, he sometimes expressed the hope that the world would be blown up. He once

asked me about my religion, and I replied that I just wanted to believe in a merciful Father who would keep us from the inevitable hazards of war.

Lawrence told me then that he loved no one, although at this period of his life I gathered he had a certain affection for Bernard Shaw and for A. R. Orage, then editor of the *New Age*. He often spoke of the latter in glowing terms and would urge me to read the publication. His moods were many and unpredictable. There were moments when he liked the young people who came and went; and then again, he would ignore them. He once told me he knew that I didn't approve of him. It was hardly true—I was sympathetic because of his great and unkempt appearance; but I did not admire his red beard and felt he might have been better-looking without it.

Lawrence gave the impression that he bore with people only because they were around him. He spoke so much of evil—"Men's ways are evil," he would reiterate—that it finally repelled me. The evil attitude of people, in fact, was usually his theme when he did condescend to talk with those who greeted him. Most of the time he remained remote, often talking to himself as though his thoughts demanded to be voiced aloud. The young people who had at first sought him out soon left him to his writings and brooding.

One day Lawrence announced that he was leaving Hampstead to find a better climate. He talked of living in South Africa, but always as though it were something in the remote future. Finally he announced one evening that he had to leave the region because the people to whom his house belonged were coming back. He felt that this move would be therapeutic, since the Vale of Health only nourished the darkness of the soul, and he hoped that in Cornwall, where he would be close to the sea, he would find a sense of consciously belonging. I believe he went to Cornwall and lived there for a time. Later, when he returned to London, he sought me out on many occasions.

Later in life I was often to hear him discussed by the Huxleys and other writers who knew him well and even professed to love him deeply. Maria Huxley was one of those who went to care for him when he was sick and dying, at Vence in the south

of France. Aldous Huxley spoke of him with great affection and praised his poetry and his prose, although Aldous himself could be negative at times about Lawrence's personality. Later on I knew Mrs. Jesse Chambers, who figured in one of his novels and who spoke of him with infinite tenderness. As time went on, I met many people whose lives he had deeply touched. Yet I found it difficult to believe that he would spare love for anyone but himself. His literary talents were more creative than was revealed to me in those early days. His nature did not permit him to give of himself easily.

D. H. Lawrence remains in my mind as a man who was not able to nourish a capacity for deep feeling. I never felt that he had the good fortune to make people properly responsive to him. He gave the impression that he chose his friends with full knowledge of their weaknesses. His feelings, which he shared with many of his friends—such as Middleton Murray and Katherine Mansfield—revealed a basic element of unconscious cruelty which I often thought was asserted toward the very people who sat at his feet and truly gave themselves to understanding him. D. H. Lawrence spoke of his contempt for the world, but maybe also a little of it was for himself.

Association with the outside world had given me a rippling sense of assurance and peace of mind. Work was therapeutic in a suffering and demanding world. There were the moments of relaxation when the mind, that great weaver of dreams, took over to assure me of its own dynamic levels outside the conscious external balance which I knew I must demand for myself. There were difficulties and perplexities aplenty, and yet I was able to carry on my considerable workaday business with security and confidence. For I now accept as normal and with gladness and acuteness, that there were many levels to my being, that I could work well on all these separate levels, and that I was not "different."

During this period of work, a daughter was born to me. Clive, again returning on leave, had little sympathy with my continual desires to be free and to live an independent existence; but I knew I was committed to my own way of life. Much later he agreed, and an amicable divorce was arranged.

While waiting for my freedom, I disposed of the teashop and opened a hostel for wounded soldiers in need of rest and recuperation before returning to active duty. This brought me a greater sense of being useful to the war effort, especially as I managed to work for the hospital nearby whenever I could. I had secured a nurse for my small daughter who was out of town, away from the menacing zeppelin raids on London. The hostel was near the Euston and St. Pancras railway stations, and I would take the wounded and shell-shocked soldiers—those well enough to be moved—to the underground stations during these bombardments. The dark screen of fear revealed in each one during these nights gave me a sense of their belonging to me as children. This afforded me a wider participation in their lives, especially as I "saw" events, mostly grave, which were to befall them. Many of those lives were to end too soon! The world around us was full of hurt, and I was deeply moved to help each and all. It was then that I discovered I could project myself into their lives and look for healing within myself, where I found lights and values for their greater peace of mind.

Among the group, there was one "boyish" young man to whom I was attracted. He was artistic but painfully sensitive, and when war experiences were discussed he became unhappy. Never robust, he had joined up as a soldier only because it was the "decent" thing to do. When the time came near for him to rejoin his regiment, he had a horrible premonition that he would be killed. We had seen a good deal of each other, and he asked me to marry him. When my divorce became absolute, it was easy and seemed perfectly natural to grant his wish and give him the brief happiness for which he yearned.

Within a month he was dead. Dining with some friends at the Savoy Hotel in London one evening, I had clairvoyantly seen my young husband blown up with two or three other people. I appeared to be caught by the smoke and explosion within a sea of sound, even to be a part of the dread experience. I became ill and begged to be excused. A few days later, I was advised by the War Office that he was among the missing. His brother officers later wrote that he had gone on a wire-cutting expedition and never returned. Years later I saw his name on

the Menis Gate Memorial at Ypres. Only I knew the manner in which he had died.

I was again alone, and for a time suffered the invasion of many "extraneous" experiences. The evil of war dragged on. Relations and friends died by the authority of the war lords. Four years of bloodshed forced one to industry—one became the daughter of time and obeyed its authority. Men were becoming scarce as the noblest and youngest were wiped out, and then, in turn, their fathers. The gods were not easily satisfied by the sacrifice in which the Western world was finally engaged. Arbitrary restrictions were the order of daily life. My health collapsed twice under the strain, but I was quick to recover and find new ways to serve.

Three weeks before the armistice was declared, I married again. A need to be wanted became urgent. James William Garrett, one of my many wounded friends, had asked me to visit him at a nearby hospital where he was waiting to learn whether an amputation of one of his legs would be necessary. The doctors had virtually agreed that otherwise gangrene would set in and threaten his life. But as I discussed the situation with my soldier, I felt deep within me that this operation was not needed.

"But the doctors say there is no way out except amputation," he told me.

"Hold on, there!" I countered. "You asked me to be your wife. Well—I will. As your wife, I'll be able to talk to the doctors in a way that otherwise I cannot. I know . . . I simply *know* that there are other ways of treating this condition, and I will refuse to let them go ahead!

I married James William Garrett, there was no operation, and his leg was saved. The marriage ceremony was of little material importance: it was the need to help and heal that was uppermost. By then I knew that the springs of human needs were complex and compelling. I had become a thoroughgoing determinist who wanted to give the force of life a meaning—its right to survive.

When the armistice was signed, I suddenly felt that an artery had been severed. The gleaming sword of necessity had been

laid aside. One felt immediately exhilarated and happy, but there was also a sense of being lost and, strangely, a sense of despair. For four years every moment of one's life had been regimented to do the thing that was most essential for the help of others. There were no wasted moments in our lives then, and in consequence we were a much nicer and kinder people. It was a time of despair, a time of exultation, a time of very hard work, and yet a time of relief in an odd sense, because everyone had his set task.

There was a period of exhaustion which finally came to an end with the armistice, to bring what was called peace. It was this peace rather than the war which shook my belief in anything that the scriptures had to teach. Some there were who may have expected a happy time when the men came marching home, who thought all would be well again. But the country was full of desperately wounded men. The wild exultation of war was over, and the hard times began. Two generations of men had been lost to us. There remained only the old men and the very young ones who had mercifully been too young to be dragged into the holocaust. And those between had been wiped out forever.

I recall that my feelings at the time were not of joy, but of anger—the word "armistice" was not enough after four years of war. One had heard the refrains: "When the boys come marching home," and how fine it would be when they could sit again at their firesides; but one knew that there were dark days ahead before the dreams and hopes of a peaceful fireside could be realized.

When my husband was released from the hospital, we had to seek suitable living quarters; then I began to look anew on the changing face of Britain and to anticipate a place for myself within that changing scene. People were no longer soaring on the wings of imagination. Mind and body were given to the grim necessity for each and all to find a place to live, and to work. The task for the individual appeared to be ending, while actually it was only beginning again, but to be regulated by other principles and other events. The reformers arose to take upon themselves the task of reshaping the laws which we had

almost lost sight of—those that preserved the general good of mankind.

The transfer from the tragic years of war to the "uneasy peace" brought hardship and discomfort to everyone. No one in his senses believed that a permanent victory had been won. Europe had been drained of spiritual resources, and her political and economic needs brought drastic social changes to the country.

The immensity of the effort to be made was being taken in hand by the Fabian Society. I had turned my attention to them, believing, as did many others of the younger generation, that their proposals contained constructive elements. Their intention was to restore the equilibrium of the war-torn isles by a process of political education.

I had taken time to understand socialism from such exciting people as Clement Attlee, Ramsay MacDonald, Harold Laski, H. G. Wells, and Sidney and Beatrice Webb, as well as a host of young writers and thinkers. While the church failed to give answers, the Fabians produced for me a creed of democracy more to my liking. As a group, they were both loved and detested; they were hard-working, vigorous, and very little understood. These remarkable people knew that the economic tempo of the world was calling aloud for progressive change.

Revolution was always in my blood. As a youngster at school, I had listened to John Redmond, John Dillon, and William O'Brien demanding independence for Ireland. While I had little sympathy with the Irish cause and its sentimentality, I was carried away by the force and nobility of the words, and I did have sympathy with the individuals, many of whom truly believed that Ireland would once again become a great nation. Somehow it seemed to me as though the war in France and the fighting in Ireland were one and the same thing; that the seeds of both were, in a sense, the stuff of revolution.

There were very few people to whom I could speak of this. Sidney and Beatrice Webb understood. I listened to George Bernard Shaw with respect, but neither his looks nor his disposition were to my general liking. I found him altogether too brusque and too voluble. There were times when he greeted

one with aplomb and courtesy, but at other moments there was a mean glitter in his eyes and he was capable of saying things that would hurt unnecessarily. He had the "gift of the gab," and it might be said that he disliked everything on principle. One felt that his rhetoric covered weakness and insincerity. I suspect he was a man frightened of his own emotions.

H. G. Wells was different. He was an irascible man, but also a man of wide vision and wider speculation. He was convinced that the good life, as it had been known in prewar days, had gone forever. This caused him to cross swords on the subject of British supremacy with those deeply concerned with British restoration, and his sarcastic wit enlivened the meetings.

I looked forward to being useful within the community and started planning a labor hostel to receive delegates representing the newly formed Trades Union from the different provinces. At that time, until the general strike in 1926, there was greater comradeship and political union among these so-called labor leaders than I have ever again encountered. Many of them had been through terrible times, and they felt and thought in terms of suffering. They had a deep sense of purpose and knew something of inspired leadership.

The plans for my hostel went ahead, spurred by the faith of Edward Carpenter. He was then in his seventies. I had met him at the Fabian meetings, and we became great friends on the basis of our common interest in the impending social changes. His own great love of his fellowmen drew me to him. I found that I could reveal to him my inner and objective impressions. He listened sympathetically while I reviewed my early childhood experiences, made me understand what he called my "miraculous spectrum," and finally told me that I was indeed gifted with an overdose of "cosmic consciousness." I was able to turn to him for understanding of the religious and democratic movements. He singled out several groups for my attention but warned me to look and listen. "Your life will never be dull," he advised, "as long as the quest for knowledge gives interest to your thoughts. Better," he quoted, "to travel hopefully and thoughtfully than to arrive." He taught me that the ancient creeds were themselves projections of the human mind. "One may not

forget that there are no shadows on the wall if the fire within is not burning. The internal fires we cannot see, for we appear to be in our own way."

Edward Carpenter taught me that deep down in the human mind there is the blazing light of world consciousness, so deep within each one that the vast majority of people are afraid to find out. He taught me to respect the formative urge to be independent that was again rising to the surface. Long years of war had broken up old institutions—religions had given way before the necessity to survive. Pain brought its own illumination, intuitive understanding took over, and animism seemed a logical and necessary way of regarding all these fragments into which life had splintered.

The lure of the mysterious, the fascination with occult lores, had spread enormously since the end of the war. Secret societies for adepts sprang up all over London, Aleister Crowley's ritualistic "black mass" attracted many of those seeking diversion from the grim economic struggle. At his well-attended classes he read aloud, giving his own interpretations of the *grimoires* from Arabic sources. One learned how to make waxen images of those with whom life had become unpleasant, and with knife and fire to play out the rituals prescribed. Lectures were given on the secrets of the Cabala. At most, I regarded all these practices as man's attempt to subdue nature. Nevertheless, a remarkable variety of facts and profound primitive knowledge were being absorbed by me and stored in my subconscious mind.

The humanitarian ideals of Edward Carpenter had given me a need to participate in the changing scene in England. Between industry and labor a new force was being born to protect the workers' interests. The struggle between the way of the mind and that of spirit compelled me to absorb myself in work which would give me a sense of objective accomplishment and turn my thoughts away from the inner self.

But as the cult of ghosts and spiritualism extended its influence, a whole new realm of psychical manifestations began to be subjected to systematic investigation. During this time I was taken to spiritualist meetings by a labor delegate who had lost both sons in the war. He claimed that I had paranormal sensi-

tivities which I myself little understood. The traditions of my early years helped to keep alive my interest in ghost lore. I read the works of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Charles Dickens and the remarkable collection of stories by M. R. James. The cult of the dead was kept alive not only by the fiction writer, but by such eminent authorities as F. W. H. Myers and the Jesuit Father Herbert Thurston. I had also given some thought to the study of theosophy. I had met Rudolf Steiner and felt that he, perhaps, had more to offer than most. My imagination could swing freely between the world of outer and inner reality. At night, after the day's work at the hostel, I read toward the dawn. In the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas I read that things beyond man's knowledge may not be sought alone by reason, but that what is revealed by God must be accepted through faith. I found in his words both positive and negative answers to the questions raised by my imagination.

One late afternoon I had allowed myself to sit down with a group of ladies who were seeking answers from their dead through the motions of a table. It was in a mood of indifferent politeness that I had allowed myself to participate. I was told afterward that an astonishing thing had happened during the session. It seems I went to sleep and began to speak of seeing the dead relatives of those at the table. Never before having witnessed such a phenomenon, and being frightened, they shook me awake. I remember feeling rather uncomfortable. There were lights in front of my eyes, and I had a distinct feeling of nausea.

As they related the episode of what must have been my first trance communication, they persuaded me to have this aspect of my "unconscious self" investigated. I did so eventually, though with a feeling of repugnance. The man to whom I was referred was, I found out later, a well-known theosophist teacher. He suggested that I should close my eyes, and he would help me to find my unconscious self by a process of passes for light hypnotic suggestion. I must have gone to sleep easily enough; on my awakening, the teacher informed me that he had spoken to one "Uvani," an entity or "control" personality of oriental origin, who foretold that I would become the vehicle for this type of

work and that for a number of years I would serve in the capacity of a trance medium.

Mere explanation filled me with fear such as I had never experienced before. The twilight that issued in this trance condition brought with it a faint regret. I found myself extremely unready to accept the suggestion that any personality outside of myself could use any part of my being. Suddenly I found a part of me lost on an unknown shore, and this is the part that is so baffling and which I have taken to so many in the scientific world for study.

As long as I can remember, I have carried the thought in my mind that if one were taller than one was, then surely something must happen. As a child, always stretching on tiptoe to search for the handle or latch above my reach, I was convinced that grown-ups led a different life because they were taller. Only in this way could I understand the leaves that grew beyond my reach, or find the place where the wind helped the butterflies and birds to soar so easily.

This was a form of "meditation" that always seemed to be a part of my makeup. Hence, when there came to me the ability to lose part of my consciousness, in the state known as trance, I realized that I had used this capacity at a very early age. I was in the habit of telling myself as a small child that one day I would not hear my aunt's voice when she spoke so commandingly of "God's punishment" and the price to be paid for wickedness. One day I looked up and saw her lips move, but heard no sound. (Many years later, I knew a well-known lecturer and politician who traced his deafness to a desire that he might not hear his wife's complaining voice.) Had I then, at an early age, discovered, all unconsciously, a way of disappearing from pain, boredom, and all disagreeable things? "To sleep away from it," I called it then, and when the laborers came upon me curled up wherever I had grown "tired," they declared I was talking with "familiars." In later years, especially during the war, this escape measure served me well. Hours before an air-raid warning announced the nearness of enemy planes I would carry my infant to another place, and on several occasions I awoke to the realization of what I had done only after I had reached the

house of her nurse. I knew nothing of "prevision" then, but a "disturbance" within myself made me know that there was danger.

From a very early age, then, I had learned that the way to safety and certainty was outside myself. A country child growing up on a large farm, where the sustenance of the people depends upon knowing the very "temper" of the elements, sees how necessary it is to look for the signs of the new day in the evening sky, or to observe the way of the wind with the clouds in order to anticipate the rains. The flight of the returning birds in the evening sky, the morning departure of the rooks, and the manner of their chatter also foretold the weather for the day. Even the lowing of the animals and the behavior of the insects bespoke sunshine or rain.

Morning and evening sounds thus became a guiding barometer in one's life. The ominous creaking of the barn door before the rain fell was a sure indication of its coming. The smell of the linen in the closet contained indications of its near arrival. The whisper of the trees and the dry rattle of the branches foretold the sun's appearance. Firewood swept with liquid flame bespoke a glowing dawn and a burning sky, while if the wood refused to burn within the stove in the laundry, soon the sky would be overcast.

These were the narratives of childhood, the actors and the plot that are still more reliable for me in a world of man-made images than the more up-to-date findings of science. In such a way memory built itself day by day in instinctual patterns through shifting seasons, and the earth shared its secrets with all who would learn.

Could this life lived away from any modern convenience, lived among people whose work was prayer given back to the earth, have conditioned me to hear and see clairvoyantly? A child forever stands on the rim of magic, remembering the place from whence he came, one foot always poised to return to fairyland, questioning the sky for reality. As night came I asked myself: What is the Crack of Doom, where are Heaven and Hell, and who are God and Evil? The night's shadows revealed none of the answers, but there was a child's eternity always to be

solved. Today I can recall my questioning vividly who were the damned and who the blessed, who were the sheep and who the goats. Did this eternal seeking for the meaning of myself, and of the earth of which I was so much a part, start the ever-growing intensity to understand eternity? This desire quickens with each succeeding year, demanding more and more research from myself and then from others.

In earlier daydreaming, when I knew nothing of the nature of trance, I was nevertheless able to breathe myself into a state where I passed through endless corridors, one contained within the other, at the far end of which there was a tiny beam of light. The corridors were baffling but not unpleasant; yet when they appeared on the periphery of sleep, I felt myself lost and often left my bed in panic. I have reasoned in maturity that perhaps these everlasting tunnels grew out of my search for the meaning of eternity. The process of "reward and punishment" could be dealt with by day; but God's wrath became allied to darkness, and in my imagination the unknown dwelt always close to the rim of night. My ability to go to sleep much as an animal does remained with me throughout childhood and adolescence.

I contemplated leaving England for the colonies, hoping that a new country and a new life far from old associations would permit me to find a peaceful existence such as had marked my life in Ireland. While discussing this possibility with the labor delegate at my hostel, who had become deeply involved in spiritualism, he again urged me to accompany him to a spiritualist meeting. He insisted, too, that I would one day develop my psychic ability to become a sensitive.

To emphasize the fact, he had me hold a folded letter in my hand and then asked me to tell him what I knew about it. Since I felt certain that I could know nothing about it anyway, I thought it would be "safe" to tell him the first story which came to my mind as I held the letter. In what sounded to me like a vivid burst of imagination, I spoke of this man's father, of the father's desire to show that he had kept contact with his children, mentioning them by name. It turned out the letter had

actually been written by his father, who had recently died and to whom he was extremely devoted. He was so impressed that he insisted on arranging to take me to the London Spiritualist Alliance to meet the principal, Miss Mercy Phillimore, and other members, who could contribute greater understanding of this psychic power. At this point I was happy to agree, since these bursts of "oratory" were recurring with increasing frequency.

I was immediately attracted by the charm of Mercy Phillimore. She was young and blond, appealingly pretty, and had a quality of voice that one remembers through the years. She was also an excellent organizer and manager. I was introduced to several members and invited to hear a lecture which was to be followed by a "demonstration." I was fascinated by the demonstration. Here was a Scottish lady of strong character, speaking of the dead as she saw them clairvoyantly, obviously dedicated to making known the presence of the invisibles. This I understood: I, too, had seen entities around people on many occasions, but dared not speak of them.

I went back to see Mercy Phillimore. Speaking in her charming voice and with her air of quiet determination, she told me about the London Spiritualist Alliance, of its members' belief in the survival of personality after death, and of their search for proof of survival. The gift of mediumship, she went on, belongs to one's basic being. Once these patterns "break through," they can be likened to a flowing river, and they cannot be shut off without creating some form of mental anxiety. The lack of pattern or ordered form in such sensitivity is troublesome, but it can be subjected to discipline and controlled. She advised me to seek the counsel of Hewat McKenzie, director of the College of Psychic Science.

3

I dined with Hewat McKenzie and immediately felt the strength and vitality of his personality. He was gay and put me at ease as we discussed many values in my life other than mediumship. Finally he asked me if I would go into trance so that he could make his own evaluations. I did this gladly, and when I came out of the trance state he told me: "It is not because of the evidence you have produced—but I sense you have a deep spiritual quality. My own perceptions lead me to believe that you could, with training, become an excellent medium. I would like to be the one to bring this about." I did not discuss "teachings" with him, nor had I read his books. This trusting attitude toward him continued during the years we worked together.

McKenzie carried Scottish caution to extremes. He never offered me a taxi home no matter how late I finished work with him at the college. Apart from the initial dinner, which I took with him at the college, I do not remember any other "festivity." If we were on the road, as we often were when engaged in poltergeist work, it would never occur to him to ask if I were hungry or thirsty. I knew nothing about his practical accomplishments other than that he was an engineer by trade. I drew my own conclusions then as I do now about a person, and that is what I did in his case. I am invariably correct—which sounds egocentric, but isn't meant to be. I was impressed by the practical aspects of McKenzie's character, and by his statement that strict discipline was essential in the training of the sensitive.

I never asked McKenzie or his wife how they acquired their knowledge of psychic science. I learned that McKenzie had gone to America to meet Professor William James and others interested in the subject of psychical research. McKenzie, a very shrewd judge of character, had sat with all the known and budding mediums, both on the Continent and in England. He had a deep understanding of the unconscious, with all its ramifications and complexes. In view of his vast knowledge, one wonders why he settled for spiritualism. It may have grown out of his own deep need to believe that the ego is indestructible.

I had always liked Mrs. McKenzie, an exceedingly gifted woman. Though she could be described as austere, she was also very understanding, especially in my own case. She had a beautiful speaking voice and was rated as a sensitive in her own right. She followed the Quaker tradition. Mrs. McKenzie understood her husband thoroughly, condoned much, but sustained him always. She was over ninety years of age when she died recently.

Within the college itself, it was Mrs. McKenzie who was the driving force. When I left, at McKenzie's death in 1929, I was a trained and well-developed trance medium. I suspect if you teach anyone along one line for a great number of years, certain aspects of personality will become uppermost. I became proficient as a trance medium, which meant that when I passed into these states, the "controls" took over and dealt with the questions and emotions of those who came to the college for aid.

Mrs. McKenzie was in attendance every day at the college to interview the people who came seeking help and advice about death and their lost relatives—"lost" in the sense of being dead. I believe she was a deep believer in her own powers and in survival. Both Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie were satisfied with the evidence their sensitives produced, and we were assured that there was continuity of life after death. Working with Mrs. McKenzie were an interesting group of ladies from Holland, Belgium, and England itself. She taught them what she knew and gave them a feeling that the subject was deeply ingrained within each one who sought understanding of the meaning of the interior life.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle came to work with me during these early days. He was interested in healing, and I worked in this field for a long time with him and R. H. Saunders, who together wrote a book on healing. Sir Arthur had a firm belief that we were immortal. For years he took much interest in my work, especially diagnostic work.

He was a gentle soul and made a deep impression on me. He must have talked to McKenzie about my willful nature, for he continued to express the necessity of obedience as part of the will to perceive. He also stressed the need for detachment outwardly while the spirit was free within: he did not permit me to read any of the spiritistic literature, nor did Sir Oliver Lodge. They both insisted that I develop a balanced and rational character in which the inner consciousness became loosened from any fixation or spiritistic literature. Most definitely, I was not allowed to read literature connected with their own particular aspect of belief. I do not think at this period of my life I had any curiosity about the spiritual or mystical life. Intellectual wondering took me in other directions.

Mrs. McKenzie was painstaking with the people who came for answers about survival of life after death and insisted that personal records be kept of all contacts made. For this reason, she had secretaries make notes of every experiment. A day or two after each experience, when emotions were lessened, she made it her business to talk with the people concerned about their reactions to the inner spiritual life. She advised them that the deep analytical approach could produce the essence of their own subconscious. She pointed out to them where they might have given "leads" to the sensitive without realizing it while their emotions demanded "evidence" that the personality they sought contained existence on another level.

From time to time I was assailed by doubts lest the subconscious was "playing games" of its own accord, and that one day I should hear myself speak, as those in lighter trance states were supposed to do. This, I felt, would reveal that I had inner needs and tendencies to "put on a show." If this were indeed my subconscious path of action, it might be folly to continue.

McKenzie and his wife would analyze these moods with me. They felt that pretrance hypnosis would deepen the state of subconscious withdrawal; and so, for many months, I joyfully accepted hypnosis to overcome my fears of meeting the "other self." When McKenzie gave me suggestions to sleep, I heard his voice tell me: "It is your duty as a trance medium to give yourself to the care and wisdom of your controls, who in turn are being trained by me. In this state you are relaxed, in a world apart from men and their anxieties. Your mind will become tranquil and calm, to truly reflect the impressions which the controls will bring forth."

He warned me continually against entering into conversation with the people who came to inquire. "The merest acknowledgment of their presence will suffice, and at all times keep your own counsel. If there are any who seek, in their enthusiasm, to speak of their results, advise them that there is a college staff at hand to weigh, sift, and analyze their evidence."

He also warned me to have no feelings about the people who came for help, neither before nor after their inquiries; and so in time a part of my personality became detached from what might have taken place during trance experience. I might pass into the trance state at eight in the evening with McKenzie present and awake hours later to find him having a vigorous discussion with several friends. Finally, I became aloof from the proceedings before and during the trance state. My mental impressions, once so intense, were no longer there to offer doubts as to my abilities. Even when results were negative, I was able to ignore those who might express their disappointment.

McKenzie spoke all the time of "training the controls," who were alleged entities he met in the subconscious. He would tell me: "They may have an intellectual illumination of their own. We know little about their ability to reason in Western terms." Therefore, he felt that he must teach the controls to deduce, classify, and determine each experience before producing it as evidence. He built up trust and confidence by his patient analysis of "their" moods and mine. He insisted that their flowery language would have to be more precise for Western ears, and that to become good interpreters their role too must ever

be one of aloofness and separation from all but the task which they had come to accomplish. He also emphasized the respect they must show at all times for my own ego—they must stand on their feet, as I would stand on my own. Perhaps this attitude more than any other helped to preserve our mutual aloofness toward each other. It would not occur to me to call upon these "control personalities" for any assistance in my own spiritual domain.

One can readily understand that such internal and external discipline over the years removed any desire for self-gratification. I had to learn to experience, measure, and test my own feelings in relation to others, and to desire only what is commonly regarded as unobtainable. If the reader should conclude that this was a peaceful experience and that results came easily, it was not so. It took me years of observation to understand something of the mechanics of mediumship. I am positive that a deep emotional tie between two people, a sympathetic kinship, is necessary to obtain results in "communication."

The change called death is said to project the soul into a more accelerated rhythm. "Communication" is always difficult in any situation; but during the early days of separation it is made much easier, for that is when emotional needs shake off habitual patterns and accelerate the personality vibrations. There is no doubt in my mind, having seen some of the elaborate settings used by primitive people to produce phenomena, that only a heightened consciousness is able to perceive and receive phenomenal results.

During my years with the British College of Psychic Science, Mrs. McKenzie's quiet sense of faith and assurance provided a feeling of security that all would be well. She taught not only patience but also the understanding that long-range planning ahead was not the way to develop mediumship. "A step at a time," she used to say. "The general plan for your mediumship is stored away somewhere in your own subconscious mind."

I became obedient to that inner will, to the concept that one must learn to trust those who have brought these states into being. Mrs. McKenzie was well aware of my doubts whenever re-

sults did not produce themselves most positively. Her patience and watchfulness were of benefit to me and others during those years at the college. Every Friday, too, I was called to talk with Hewat McKenzie; he listened patiently while I related my doubts about my own ability to become a trance medium, that is, the medium who in a sleeplike state serves as a vehicle for a discarnate spirit with messages from deceased persons. He kept himself informed of my progress during those preparatory years. There were peaceful weeks and even months; but soon doubts would again arise, and I would feel sure that the flame of this truth would always be beyond my comprehension—at which point I would then offer my resignation. At such times, McKenzie would himself come to pick me up at my apartment and deliver me back to the college, where protest vanished and the task began afresh. There was one period of this training where I had an outbreak of physical mediumship, that state in which some mediums can move objects physically or bring about other physical changes without the aid of any mechanical devices, which I mentioned to the late Leigh Hunt (at one time editor of *Light*). He advised, of course, that it should be brought under control and suggested setting some hours apart from my trance work for this added investigation. This I did without consulting McKenzie. However, it came to his attention, and so ended my hopes of becoming a physical medium.

"Establish first a sanctuary for trance mediumship," he advised. "Perhaps, in years to come, some part of your nature may demand this development which at best can only make a battleground for you."

I took his advice and left physical mediumship alone. There have been times of dramatic disturbance or tension when this form of mediumship has manifested itself, but as it has only made erratic appearances I have given little thought to its further development.

4

Outside of the college, life continued much as it does today. I was always interested in meeting with the intellectual groups in Great Britain and Europe who had formed organizations for the study of psychic subjects. One such group, known as the Survival League, was brought together under the leadership of the dynamic Catherine Dawson Scott, a writer of some repute in Britain and a founder of P.E.N. She was ably assisted by H. G. Wells and many other people within the theater whom I had known also in the Fabian Society. This group was not particularly interested in following the hard and fast attitudes of the college, but they did feel that the subject of life after death was important enough to hold weekly meetings at which the members could give accounts of their own experiences in depth. Many among the group, while not opposed to the belief that personality survives after death, had differing views on reincarnation. They included poets, artists, and intellectual thinkers who were very decided in their opinions. The evenings given up to open discussion were, to say the least, exciting and enlightening.

Catherine Dawson Scott had also started the Tomorrow Club, which extended a helping hand to younger and as yet unknown writers. Catherine was tiny, dark-eyed and vital, and reminded me of the matriarchal head of the gypsy group that visited Ireland in my young days. Her weekly salons were well attended by the leading lights of the literary and theatrical world. She believed, as I do, that a flame, once lit, can never be extinguished, and for her this was enough. She had not only vigor and determination, but also a mystic sense that drew

around her people in all walks of life; and she had the ability to assess all who came in contact with her.

This was an exciting time in my life. While I worked with Catherine and her group, I found myself once again meeting all the writers whom I had known at the Fitzroy Club, where numbers of the avant-garde met in the evenings to discuss the state of the world and air their theories, or at the Café Royal, meeting place for everybody in the artistic world.

Many came to the Café Royal in the wake of Aleister Crowley (whose books, such as *Magic in Theory and Practise* and *Equinox of the Gods,* can still be read with profit). Although Crowley was much maligned by the more orthodox members of society, I felt he had a mystical union with nature, whether or not he had occult powers. He was a student of the "Caballah Unveiled" and the works of Levi, which he studied with S. L. McGregor Mathers, in his day regarded as a wizard in his own right. Crowley was a rather rugged, athletic man with an undeniable force of personality. I was sitting with a group of friends one evening at the Café Royal when he approached our table, and leaning across it, reached out to take hold of my hand. "You are a pythoness," he informed me, "and a strong one." At the same time he slipped a ring on my first finger and looked at me intently with half-closed eyes. I remember that his eyes were protruding and his mouth betrayed a sensual nature. He may have been anywhere between thirty-five and forty at the time—but in those days everyone over thirty looked old to me! My giggling companions were somewhat surprised, and I, too, was startled, not knowing what a pythoness was. I quietly took off his ring and gave it back to him. He just walked away slowly to another table and joined a few companions.

People who knew Aleister Crowley well declared that he was a highly intelligent man, although all admitted that he was guilty of devil worship and more. They talked of his obscene ceremonies, which involved young girls known as his priestesses, blood sacrifices of cats, and ritual dances to the rhythm of drums. I was invited to a "black mass" he held in a room in Fitzroy Square. The drawing room was draped in black. Zodiacal signs were embroidered on the draperies, and the room was

filled with incense. Highly intelligent men and women, both nationally and internationally famous, some of them connected with government, attended these meetings. Some came to partake of a sacred cup in which, it was said, certain aphrodisiac substances were mixed to make union with Aphrodite herself. The girls, "virgins" of the cult, had an eerie glow on their cloaks, and Crowley himself wore a mantle with many zodiacal signs. There was a small altar with dimmed lights, and the cross was put on the left-hand side. Many of the women wept and made weird sounds such as I have since heard at meetings of the Holy Rollers in North Carolina. Actually, I have really seen more uncanny things in the voodoo rites in Haiti when the gods take control and where there are frequent blood sacrifices. If there was "authority" in Crowley's meetings with Lucifer, I never knew it.

Much has been written about Crowley, and much evil has been attributed to him. If he did have these occult powers, I think they must have been fleeting, for he often ran into monetary difficulties. I remember, when he was being evicted from the Queens Hotel in Leicester Square, that I was asked to find money which would enable him to live at Brighton. He did manage it somehow, and it was there that he died, cursing his doctor, I was told, with the anger of a man reduced by illness and despair. Some of the faithful followers who remained with him to the end assured me that his body in death glowed with an intense luster.

James Stephens and William Butler Yeats were also members of the Survival League. They were both interested in extrasensory perception and had a good deal of magic in their own makeup. Although Stephens was well known in the English literary world as a splendid poet, he invariably took a back seat at the meetings. I was drawn to him, for I felt that behind the quiet exterior was a world vision granted to few. He gave the appearance of youth, being short and slight. Usually he wore a sad look; but in a moment, a ripple of laughter would change his whole appearance.

Yeats was also a member of the British College of Psychic

Science. When I first became acquainted with him, he told me that my Celtic background could serve his purposes well, since he was then making some experiments to communicate with the fairy people, in whom he firmly believed. He explained that he had devised a spool-like gadget with threads and cork, to be attached to the windowsill, and with these the fairies could play. My task would be to watch them by dawn and twilight, when they remained unobserved by all except those who had the "seeing eye." I am sure Yeats was serious. Years later I asked Oliver St. John Gogarty about it, and Gogarty—himself always ready to tell a good story for and against his friends—assured me that Yeats was a necromancer, magician, and devoted pupil of the black arts. Yeats did repeatedly speak of His Master in the sense that Aleister Crowley used the term.

Alas, my skepticism was strong, and I declined Yeats' invitation. Another sensitive, endowed with more belief and perhaps more imagination than myself, did work with him in this area for some time. Clearly, I threw away the opportunity of working closely with a man now regarded as a great literary genius! There was no doubt in my mind, as I thought over the amazing conversations with Yeats, that the man truly believed he was visited by Tibetan lamas and received authentic automatic writing from them.

Yeats was regarded by some in his early days as being rather handsome—as the Irish phrased it, "not hard on the eyes." But from the first moment I saw him, while still a youngster in Dublin, I regarded him as a man of many complexities, and hard to know. Even though he mixed with the best people in Dublin and London and had a free and easy air with the world in general, I still felt that underneath he thought of himself as an exceedingly exalted individual, in the occult sense of the word.

E. Phillips Oppenheim, though not particularly connected with the world of psychical science, was definitely interested in the occult design of the universe. He was one of those people who knows something about everything. He had a fine sense of theater, and it was in the twenties, when I was vitally interested in repertory theaters and raising money for them,

that I knew him intimately. He often dropped into the Fitzroy and the Café Royal to join the artists. I knew him at a time when he and Arnold Bennett were good friends, and when Somerset Maugham was young, less cynical, and shy, and also interested in the theater. Eden Phillpotts, a gentle soul, was then on the verge of collaborating with Bennett and was often present at Catherine Dawson Scott's *salons*.

Oppenheim was considered a good friend to all because of his versatility, patience, and desire to aid all the young artists with whom he came in contact. I was fond of Eden Phillpotts, who was retiring and often weary. I had "restored" his vitality many times, since he believed in the power of prayer and healing. He was gentle, patient, and not particularly robust, although his output of work would seem to belie this statement. He had the quality of Hardy, whom I visited at his request when my daughter was at school in Dorset. Both men had a fey quality and a comprehension of other people's needs, as well as a common interest in psychic literature and investigation.

Later I was to find Phillips Oppenheim again, for he was a frequent visitor to the south of France, where I have spent a great deal of my life. He had become more keenly alive to the aspects of sensitivity within his own life and work, and was highly sympathetic to my continued need for research. One could discuss with him the nature of divinity, the qualities of the British Empire, ancient monuments, and the "little people" about whom he liked to hear. He loved poetry, but wrote it only for his friends. He knew and respected the continued drive toward the unconscious that held me always, and though he laughed about it very often, he always wanted to be "brought up to date" on my findings.

Among the habitués of the Café Royal there was, of course, James Joyce. Catherine Dawson Scott, who held a deep affection for Joyce, introduced me to him. At the time I met him, he was obviously in one of his depressed moods. I was not attracted to his personality, although he spoke eloquently about the stage, the dance, and being an entertainer, in the sense with which

Laurence Olivier later portrayed the role. Of course, one had to take into account that he had great difficulty with his sight.

I received glowing pictures of Joyce at a later date from Gogarty, who knew him well during their student days in Ireland. Gogarty had a host of Rabelaisian stories built around Joyce's personality and about how *Chamber Music* came to be written. But my desire, when I knew Joyce, was to get him to talk of the activity of the unconscious, for his conversation, as well as his book, *Ulysses*, suggested great knowledge of its deep stream. Any hopes I had that he might reveal any of his own analytical processes, however, were not rewarded. He spoke mostly at this time of being a heretic, as he considered himself, and was not in the mood to answer questions. Although one admired his intellectual power and the achievements that had brought him fame, I came away with a marked dissatisfaction. I had sensed in him a deep sadness—almost a chaotic personality—and in a way wished that I had not sought him out, as I had seriously done in order to understand his method of entering into the deep unconscious, a process I hoped would give answers to my doubts about the verity of my own work.

I continued my daily work at the British College of Psychic Science. My faculties of telepathy, clairvoyance, and clairaudience were developing rapidly, but I was principally known for my trance work, which the McKenzies preferred that I use. I considered myself fortunate to be singled out for research by G. R. S. Mead in his studies of Greek and Armenian literature, as well as the Chaldean and Mettraic mysteries. He was a brilliant scholar, and my work with him gave me great stimulus and mental satisfaction. His friendship and care for my mediumistic abilities was always in evidence, and I was glad of the opportunity to use trance mediumship in objective research rather than in the highly personalized and subjective aspects relating to personal communication. Nevertheless, I am deeply grateful for the subjective experiences which were the main feature of my task at the college and which laid the foundation for the continuity of work in research that followed later.

5

Looking back over the years and remembering the people for whom I have the tenderest recollections, I find that Edward Carpenter, with G. R. S. Mead, remain almost constantly in my thoughts, just as A.E. and his imaginative stories remained with me during my teens. I do not think Mead and Carpenter knew each other very well; but both followed pursuits that must have brought them often together, and ideologically their sentiments were in a sense parallel. (Carpenter differed since he was always very conscious of his own "sexual wounding," as he once called it, which in the early days impressed its unconscious weight upon him.) They read Newton liberally, also Paracelsus. Both read Homer and Virgil and all the Greek plays. Both were intensely musical; and while I cannot be certain of Carpenter's mathematical genius, I know that Mead did possess this faculty. Both played cricket in their early days. It was not so much the love of the game, they explained, as the fact that it enabled them to wear good-looking, comfortable clothes, enjoy lazy Sunday afternoons, and, most importantly, escape the afternoon drawing-room teas!

During the eighties and nineties in England, there was a great resurgence of philosophy, especially Oriental philosophy. Mead and Carpenter had both visited India and seriously speculated about "adepts," "mahatmas," and "gurus." Mead was secretary to Madame Helena Blavatsky and had a more basic understanding of these matters. Carpenter on his visits to Ceylon and India identified himself with the ancient wisdoms. He felt it was here that he came in contact with the root thought of intense consciousness, the oneness with all life—a germinal idea

which each man understood in his way. They lived by this conviction, since they believed that such comprehension was the soul and impulse not only of religion but of modern science and politics. This basic cosmic consciousness which their predecessors had written about in earlier centuries became their central stronghold.

Going from West to East had given each of them an understanding of the Oriental tradition, and each in turn spoke to me of his own personal experience which had helped him to combine and harmonize both body and soul. Both men had the highest regard for the Eastern teachings, but saw in them a tendency to err on the side of objectivity.

The spiritual kinship I sensed between Carpenter and Mead may therefore have been that their philosophical and religious outlook had taken on an Eastern color. Both of them noted that it had taken many years for the results of their research and teachings to be mentally absorbed, and then they felt they were secure to lecture and define what they had understood, and to draw the conclusions which continued during their entire lifetimes to help students.

This faculty is well marked in their writings. Both men were original workers who demanded the quietude and strength of nature close at hand.

Carpenter departed from what he called the "ungracious surroundings of the middle classes" and worked hard in his garden, at the foot of which a little stream ("a lively serpent," he once described it) hurried through nights and days, winter and summer, full of grace and music. Near this stream he had built himself a hut; and within this simple abode he could face the sun and, looking southward, continue his writing and meditation, completely safe from interruption. If he wished, he could shed his clothes and refresh himself in the stream, unseen by onlookers. Unless he was forced to retire by the stress of weather, he rejoiced in the freedom of the open country, and he brought this music into all his writings.

Mead, not working in the country but closer to museums, sought the very potency and life breath of the masses by his early and late rambles through the sleepy waterways and the

quiet streets of London, while in the summer he took himself often to the island of Sark, to Greece, and to the Oriental countries.

Both men had an intense sense of fun, and I can close my eyes and still remember their delight over a good story. Their courageous humor was remarkable especially toward the end of their lives, when both of them had suffered a good deal from ill health. Each had a deeply intuitive nature that had expanded along different lines, subject, of course, to the surrounding conditions but utterly untouched by the prevailing conventions of the world outside. Both were handsome and neat in attire. Most people found them very attractive, and children and animals adored them. Their temperaments were loving, mischievous, and passionate, traits which sometimes scandalized their ultra-respectable friends. Fortunately for both, they were self-assured and too oblivious of public opinion to suffer from occasional criticism. Carpenter remarked to me once that he had the unconscious assurance of a plant or a tree.

6

In the later years of my work at the college in London, Sir Oliver Lodge arranged to carry out a number of experiments with me to investigate the question of survival after death. He personally absented himself from these experiments, in which a group of people unknown to the societies were selected to come on Thursday afternoons. These classes were referred to as the "Lodge Experiments," and the work was directed by Professor Samuel George Soal, who was a keen and active member of the British Society for Psychical Research.

The conditions set down for the experiments required that

evidential material had to be obtained from the controls. That is to say, it would have to be through their identity that the facts pertinent to the inquirers would have to be supplied. In this field of research, the evidence of persistent memory after death can best be made known by the recollection of sometimes trifling but intimate incidents, known only to the family, which have made a permanent impression. A broken toy remembered and described, says Lodge, a broken promise, a family joke—things that have a personal flavor are more likely to be remembered after the breath takes its leave of the body. Cross correspondence, the reception of part of a message given through one or two or three sensitives, is often striking. If such messages are outside the medium's range of knowledge and are characteristic of the personality who communicates, it can be considered fair proof of the continued memory of the one who has died. It was toward this proof that McKenzie taught the control personalities to aim. The question of mediumship largely turns upon proof of identity—the proof given through the sensitive must be clear and coherent.

The death of Lodge's son, Raymond, accelerated his interest in psychical research. In one of his books, written long before World War I, Lodge explains that many years before he had known the founders of the Society for Psychical Research (formed in 1882), the questions regarding apparitions and other factors concerned with telepathy, clairvoyance, and other matters had been accumulating in his mind. It was in 1910 that the theory of real communication received from discarnate minds forced itself upon his consciousness. In his books, Lodge presents exhaustive records upon which he has based his belief in thought transference and survival.

Sir Oliver was a reflective gentleman, a physicist who was also fond of the arts and music. He studied the atoms for understanding, but he did not neglect the stars. He believed that the only limit to comprehension was imposed from within ourselves. He often declared that Christianity was not so much a doctrine as the way we live our lives. He was a man of great knowledge who loved to live; and he often declared that birth may be "a sleep and a forgetting," as Wordsworth wrote, but

that death released us from the barriers of the body to open up a new vista of work and service.

Hewat McKenzie died in August, 1929. After his death, I began a serious reexamination of myself in relation to the work at the college, which continued for a brief period under the direction of Mrs. Champion de Crespigny.

The strength and vitality that McKenzie had represented now seemed to be but a heap of rubble needing a new master builder. McKenzie was an integral part of the edifice which could not be separated from the surroundings or the atmosphere or the work without the latter suffering. His unique personality gave confidence to all. Whatever religious concepts he had examined—and I am sure there were many—made him more able to participate and comprehend the nature of my own particular doubts about myself in the role of sensitive. He always warned that an analysis, which I seriously contemplated, could cause a demarcation from my own intuition and sensitivity. "In your case," he told me, "this symbolism fills the demand of your most 'interior' habits of thought." He often spoke to me thus: "Mind, which you want explained, has many underground facets; the more you seek to embrace them, the more they become soap bubbles which will always evade you." I always remembered one of his often repeated statements: "Science and metaphysics can only have a meeting ground in intuition."

I felt compelled, at that time, to review my whole life; intuition projected continual images of a different future, and clairvoyance returned with a precognitive quality that of itself was disturbing. For instance, if I were to receive a letter on a Wednesday, I would already have seen the postman delivering it to me the Monday before. In other words, once I was removed from the disciplined measures of the college, all the functions of clairvoyance and precognition rose to the surface to confront me anew.

I turned away from the process of daily analysis and introspection. I felt that I lacked a definite purpose in life and thought marriage might be a way to fulfill it. I was not too certain of this reasoning, for I had on two occasions "wriggled out"

of marital states. I remember well the arguments this decision brought about with G. R. S. Mead and a few others when I explained to them that I had a compelling sense to leave the field of mediumship. Having observed the developments of my capacities through the years, they were truly interested in the preservation of my mediumship.

I had become engaged, but this was short-lived, for a few weeks before the date set for the marriage ceremony, my husband-to-be died of pneumonia after an illness of less than a week. On the day he fell ill I entered the hospital to have both an abdominal and a mastoidal operation. The period of recovery in the hospital brought about an outbreak of physical mediumship which lasted for a period of two or three weeks. At first, there were only raps on the furniture, and the nurses would look at me oddly, suspecting that I was the cause. The raps gave way at long or short intervals to something that can only be described as scenes of violence. From time to time, the doors of the wardrobe would blow open as though a great force within had been applied to them. I saw the furniture shake and tremble as though the ground beneath was about to cave in. It was impossible for me then to understand this outbreak, or what caused it, and the period of its dominance was embarrassing and frightening.

Mead was equally worried. He calmed me by explaining that the subconscious was disturbed and that in time the pattern would settle down. He reminded me that I had gone through an unusual emotional time of illness and melancholy, which could well produce these physical occurrences. He reassured me by explaining that the "secondary personalities" had been closed off and had undoubtedly caused their own independent "stream," now split off and unused, to become disturbed. The river of the subconscious, Mead explained, may have overflown its banks in this time of mental suffering to produce physical mediumship.

By the time I had recovered from both illnesses, I was exhausted, spiritually and physically. I was not to find my new path until I returned from a long period of convalescence in France.

7

I first met Rabindranath Tagore in the early thirties, when he came to London to deliver the Hibbert lectures. It was at a private reception for him given by the ladies of the Lyceum Club in London, of which I was then a member. He never seemed to lift his eyes, and he looked so withdrawn that I couldn't believe he would have any interest in someone like myself. When it came my turn to be presented to him, he held my hand in a warm grasp—something he was unaccustomed to do, or so I was told—as he greeted me with his native greeting. He told me that I had a vitality that must be preserved, that it was obvious to him I did not take enough thought of the vital energy that flowed through me.

I was abashed and surprised, but I was going through one of the most confused periods of my life, mentally, spiritually, and physically; and, as I have just said, I was recovering from an operation that had left me incapacitated for months. For half an hour, which seemed much longer, Tagore talked to me about the mystic sense which, he felt, deeply concerned me. I tried to explain to him that I was at times almost atheistic in my approach. He reminded me that this would be but a passing cloud and one from which he hoped I would recover to do good work. "You should retreat from life," he told me, "to examine your role and give to it the very best you know how," adding: "We shall hear from you again, not only here but in my native land."

I replied: "If I were certain I could spend some time with you in your land, this would cause me to visit immediately."

In a low voice he answered me: "It is not necessary. The

quality of all men is contained in one and all. If the opportunity comes, turn toward India—it has much to give, and you have much to understand. . . . You note," he smiled, "I do not say 'learn'."

During and before this time, I had worked with the Indian Princes' Commission which met in London every two years. At the college and in the house of Mrs. Gibbons Gringling, a well-known member of the Psychical Research Society, I had met maharajas and their legal advisers, to talk about the many aspects of psychical research, but I instinctively knew that Tagore had no relation to this work. He was himself a true mystic. When he took leave of me, it was almost reluctantly. As for me, I have never forgotten his words.

Though I have not visited India, I feel that I have kept faith, in a way, with the great sage whose gentle quality can be understood but hardly described. Recollection of his work today brings a measure of peace. He left with me a sense of the true meaning of love. I often recall his generous attitude to all living things, his loving humility when he spoke of the "vital source" that was contained in the inner self of all humanity.

8

Almost every decade of my life has provided me with an opportunity to evaluate my own work as a sensitive. I have talked with profit to many religious writers and theologians, but in the early thirties I was able to meet two men dedicated in their several ways—earnest, erudite, and deeply committed to their own dogmas. These two were Ernst Toller and Sholem Asch, both of whom were frequent visitors at Catherine Dawson Scott's

home after 1933, when refugees from Germany found asylum in England.

At that time, Wells and other British writers rallied magnificently to the cause of these homeless ones. Both Toller and Asch had suffered much under Nazi domination. Toller, much more a poet when it came to expressing himself, tore one's heart, especially when worn and distressed. He made himself responsible for raising funds for the children of the Spanish Loyalist troops. Everything he owned went into his campaign to save them. Private worries he had in plenty; but he was driven by a desire for the freedom of people until his soul could no longer stand the appeasement of his friends and the brutality of the world's leaders.

I prefer to think of him as he was in the early thirties, when he still had hope that the idealism to which he was dedicated had not departed from the world. Despair, sorrow, and wounded pride finally took over to destroy his ability to bear more. He had never been really strong of body, though he was valiant of spirit. It was difficult to know if it was his bodily pain or a suffering for his fellowmen that finally blotted out the dream of a better future. He had a strange inner beauty which for some reason continued to haunt me for long years after he had passed. His love of truth and his deep loneliness of spirit made me regard him as one of the truly honest idealists I have known.

If Ernst Toller was like a tree swaying in the wind, to be finally uprooted, Sholem Asch can be compared to a noble oak. Where Toller did not speak easily of the things in his heart, Asch had patience with all my questionings. We had very pleasant evenings at the home of Catherine Dawson Scott when a few true friends gathered to discuss the future of Judaism and the world. I became very attached to him and sought him out as often as the demands on his time allowed. I was happy when he came to the United States later, and I was always free for a speedy lunch when he came to see me at the Creative Age Press offices. In London and in Paris, where we often met, he was relaxed enough to tell the wonderful stories culled from memory and sometimes, I suspect, from his wit and humor and studies

of his race and religion. It was often claimed that he moved away from his own people, and there were some who referred to him as "Cardinal" Asch. He was too fine a scholar and too great a realist to be deeply hurt by the slights of those who sought profit by attack. He had an illuminated mind—a mind that dared to seek below and beyond the bounds of theological concern.

During the time that I knew these men, so close and yet so far apart, I felt I had been deeply privileged to share their frustration, something of their pain, and their eternal quest for freedom for themselves and their people before Israel was born.

9

My first experiences with poltergeist phenomena date back to the period when I was working with Hewat McKenzie. People plagued by these mysterious occurrences sometimes came to the college seeking help. They usually were people who knew little about psychic phenomena, but had suddenly become the victims of bizarre events within the house: objects fell from shelves, chairs and tables rocked, china and small objects inexplicably disappeared. I would accompany McKenzie when he went to investigate these cases, and by making use of the trance state and clairvoyance I often helped him uncover the source of these strange phenomena.

McKenzie believed that the nervous energy of children within the house was a major factor in producing this form of display. This belief is supported by the extensive studies of children's play patterns made by the late Professor William Mc-

Dougall, with whom I worked at this time in London. McDougall maintained that the child's stages of excitability, his rapidity of response, and the influence of environment—as well as the mental interactions, sympathy, and imitation—play a basic role in molding the individual. McDougall also concluded that play patterns are not simply imitations of adult behavior, but that the child calls up memories of previous culture periods in the life span of man. These patterns are necessary in animals and children to fit both for the competitive life ahead —a theater of preparation, as it were, for the serious business of living.

When children are not able to be with their own kind, they often become introspective and fearful. Their combative instincts, not flowing freely, can produce anger against their parents, causing them to play tricks that will confound and confuse the adults. Fear is instinctive in animal and man, and the irrational character of emotional response is quickly understood by the child. Hence he often takes his conflicts out on his household by breaking crockery or removing things from one place to another to create a mysterious atmosphere. Fear of the unknown is an instinctive response even in adults, and what cannot be immediately perceived when such "outbreaks" occur is all too frequently attributed to something "strange" or "odd" going on in the house. This gives full scope to the nervous energy of the young actor, who can now have full freedom to confuse and frighten the elders. The game goes merrily on until someone is called in to deal with the unhappy situation, too often described as a poltergeist, or "rowdy ghost."

I do not mean to imply that this is the only cause for poltergeist phenomena. Man's instinctive fear of the unknown forces in nature has produced the phantom and spell, as one soon realizes if one thinks of the power that darkens his progress through centuries. Mystery has been predominant in church and religious and occult observances, and can still serve the form of the poltergeist. Any reaction from the adults to this form of "mystery" allows the child a high pitch of intensity. These emotions, once released, contain their own characteristic conjunction of motion tendencies to give rise to different atti-

tudes and tensions in the adult world, not to mention complex impressions of being in touch with the "unknown."

If we have any doubt of this, we have only to consider how a skillful actor's portrayal of his role can arouse our emotions to a high state of intensity. The troubled child is something like the actor—he wants to be taken notice of, and to be wholly accepted by his family. The youngster experiences pleasurable excitement when the frustration of the adults advises him that their awe and curiosity have been aroused by the mysterious happenings. This gives him an overconfidence which continues until he has exhausted his resources, or until someone has dissipated the ghostly phenomena.

Nearly all such cases subside after the child has accomplished his mission. Unfortunately, such outbreaks attract the attention of the press in search of a good story, and rarely do the true facts emerge. The nervous drive of the self-conscious young actor has been sacrificed; he has regained the attention of his family and has now gained pride in his achievement. I have not known any cases to continue long, or further outbreaks to occur, if the household concerned uses some psychological insight.

Let me here give an example: Accompanied by me, Hewat McKenzie was called to the house of a well-known professor, a member of the Psychical Research Society. Fire had started in his library on several occasions—too many to be dismissed. His brother, once irascible and difficult, had recently died, and it was thought that his "entity" or "ghost" may have been causing the fires. The professor's youngest son was at home and most anxious to help. We learned, however, that while he gave the appearance of being clever and charming in college, he was overbearing enough with his fellows to suffer reproof from the college authorities. Opposition and being prohibited from certain studies had produced lively apprehensions, sufficient to interfere with his own work and development. Finally, he was sent home, where he met with stern reproach from his father.

McKenzie, believing that the boy was involved in the situation, asked if he could talk with him alone. It did not take long for the boy to admit that his father's ambitions for him had so annoyed him that he resorted to burning the manuscripts. Mc-

Kenzie talked to him seriously and promised to intervene with his parent. The action related here did not free him from blame, but relieved the tension that had been built up around him. The boy went to another college and finally studied law, to deal with the problems of man's punishment and misdeeds. It was a way to gain for himself some understanding of the nature of volition and its conditions and efforts in the life of others. At a later date, he forsook law and entered the theater, where he made a name for himself as an actor and producer.

The poltergeist phenomenon, then, is usually concerned with the repressed emotions of the child, and with the guilt feelings which often play their own part. Through the centuries, children have played a prominent part in the drama of sorcery, and more than one overimaginative youngster has been arrested and burned with other sorcerers.

In this modern day, psychology affords tools to deal with the peculiarities of the individual child. A skilled therapist would be able to reveal that the noisy visitor described as poltergeist arises from the child's own nervous energy and need of attention. Once the purposive mental and bodily activities are channeled away from introspection, the subconscious mind will cease its drive to get even with the adults, and the discontentment as well as the "supernormal" happenings will give way.

As I have said, McKenzie believed in this view as a partial explanation of the poltergeist phenomenon. But he also believed that the loose energy or "imprisoned ghost" could be drawing attention to some hidden conflict within the home. That is to say, the essence of a person who had departed this life could affect the actions of those remaining in the flesh, and the young child could very well obey this influence. Energy was the servant; spirit and mind the master.

McKenzie was truly in his element when called on to investigate these cases. Before going to the troubled home, he would call on the vicar or the shopkeepers of the neighborhood to find out what manner of people lived in the alleged haunted house. My duty was to assume the trance state, after we were in the house, with the hope of contacting the cause of the disturbance. I often wondered if the whole matter was not a delusion, until

I saw for myself the breakages and, in some cases, the willful destruction. I was forced to the conclusion that these could well be some earthly beings with their own accounts to settle.

While McKenzie talked earnestly with the household, the young child or children would be sent out of the room. Then, in my trance, the personality of Uvani would reveal what he believed might be the cause of the unrest. Either there was an entity present to be dealt with who could tell his story, or the poltergeist phenomenon was manufactured by the children. I would wait patiently while McKenzie explained my presence, for usually the household regarded me with suspicion. When the children left the room, the trance began.

I always suspected that at these moments the youngsters remained outside the door, most probably plotting the next activity, for I often noted their mood of defiance when they were hustled out! I do not think adults care to remember the forces and energies of their own willful youth or how they were activated by the cognitive system that affects one's actions, especially when the conflicts or impulses are repressed. It is then in the young ones that the system of disobedience works in relative detachment from the rest of the personality to create bizarre phases of emotion and behavior. At such times, the young actor can achieve an ecstatic state of absorption in the self, with each member of the household unwittingly playing out his role to add to the drama.

10

A classic example illustrating all the basic elements I have mentioned was afforded by the Sussex farmhouse case, where two boys, eleven and thirteen, were suspected of implication

in a poltergeist phenomenon. The case had been reported to McKenzie by a member of the college who had heard it talked about in the village.

As usual, McKenzie started by interviewing the village clergyman and tradespeople, and what he learned gave him the feeling that there was something odd about the whole episode. Our visit to the house was made on a very wet day sometime in October, 1927. On these visits I was never allowed to speak to anyone. But when I enter any house that is alleged to be disturbed, I sort of smell, as does a terrier, to see if there is anything unusual.

The inhabitants of the house, as far as we knew, were the two boys, the farmer, and his wife. The farmer complained bitterly about the ghosts that were troubling him. He said "ghosts," but he had believed for a long time that the boys were playing pranks on him, and he scowled when he spoke of them. The boys appeared to be gentle children: I had the clairvoyant impression that if they were causing the trouble, they would be doing it unconsciously, because I immediately became aware of a presence in the room which I felt to be that of their real mother. Thus I knew that the farmer's wife would only be the stepmother. I whispered this information to McKenzie. "Enough of that," he said. "I don't want you to pick up anything else. I want you to go into trance."

When I woke up, McKenzie said to me: "We're not welcome here; we had better get out."

I had no time to ask questions. We left quickly, and when I looked back the farmer was throwing my umbrella after me. "That's a strange welcome," I remarked. "What happened?"

"You revealed a pretty kettle of fish, I must say," replied McKenzie. "You finally brought up messages from the mother."

What I had revealed, apparently, was a tale of greed, intrigue, and injustice. The real mother, it appeared, was a highly sensitive woman. She had brought her life's savings to the marriage, enabling the farmer to buy this land and live in comfortable circumstances. But the mother became ill and suffered two strokes which left her virtually paralyzed and without the power of speech for about a year and a half before she died.

During this period, the husband found it necessary to bring in from the village a woman who had some training as a nurse. A liaison developed between her and the farmer, and they secretly schemed to guide the paralyzed woman's hand into signing a document that would leave all the property to them. The mother hinted during my trance that she had been aware all along of their plotting. She indicated, further, that she was worried on behalf of her children, to whom she had left a considerable sum of money. There were relatives in the north, but they were not likely to be too concerned about the children, for they knew the farmer had remarried and assumed the children would be cared for. Deeply concerned, the mother had taken every opportunity to come back, at which times she would use the energy of the boys in hopes of drawing attention to the dangers they faced. My revelations had so enraged the farmer, who did not believe I was in trance, that he had ordered us both out of the house at once.

A fortnight later, however, McKenzie was asked to go back again. It seems that after we had been ordered out, many strange things happened: ominous rattles, breakages, movements of objects, bedclothes stripped off the boys, and so on. The farmer at first thought the boys were playing pranks; but he was now thoroughly frightened and said he knew "the goblins" were trying to get him. He had become convinced that he was in the power of an evil force, and the woman also was thoroughly frightened.

When we went back, I was permitted to sit down, and I went into a condition of trance. McKenzie entered into conversation with Uvani, who revealed that the real mother was present. She was intent on freeing her children, and indicated there was enough money to get them into good schools.

During this episode the supposed stepmother burst into tears. She turned on the farmer, accused him of having treated her badly, and told McKenzie that the revelations were indeed true. She had never wanted to enter into this liaison, and in fact, she was not married to the farmer at all. She was fond enough of the children, but couldn't show any love because she had hoped she was going to marry the farmer, and this seemed to be the

only way the marriage could be arranged. She was very willing to go to the vicar with McKenzie and tell her story. She proposed that the vicar in turn get in touch with the relatives, who would see to arranging things quietly.

McKenzie agreed, and my part in the case ended. Three or four weeks later he told me: "You know, she isn't a bad sort at all. She simply saw an opportunity, perhaps, of bettering herself. She has made a clean breast of the whole situation. The uncle has been down, and the boys are being put into a school. The vicar has made inquiries about this, and he and the uncle are in process of setting up the estate in a better manner. I believe they went to a magistrate, who had the old man make a declaration that as far as he was concerned the terms of the will would be complied with."

Here, at least, was a "departed" personality at work. Here, also, was a conflict and anxiety about the children. The loss of the mother, the intrusion of the other woman, the greed of the father, the suppressions—all these provided the ingredients for a typical poltergeist case.

11

Another poltergeist case was concerned with a ten-year-old girl and the death of several valuable dogs. The story, as McKenzie first heard it, was that the little girl, who lived with her mother near the Crystal Palace in the southeast of London, had suddenly become vicious in her behavior. She would seize upon her mother's arm and bite her, and she threw herself into terrible fits of hysteria. When asked why, she always insisted that her father had so directed her. "My Daddy hates you," she

told her mother, "and he's going to punish you." The child often said this, but, according to the mother, there was no reason for this peculiar behavior.

Mother and daughter had only recently come from the north country, where, the lady told McKenzie, her husband had died, leaving her without much money. He had been a businessman, dealing in textiles. The widow was perhaps comfortable enough with a small annuity, but it was not enough to send the child to a good school and keep herself in a fashionable neighborhood. In order to supplement her income, she had started breeding Yorkshire terriers. She had at one time twelve or thirteen, which had been reduced to six by the time McKenzie was called in.

It seems that the dogs had been dying suddenly and mysteriously. Autopsies had been performed, yet nothing had been found to have been the matter with the dogs. McKenzie wondered if the neighbors had disliked the dogs, or perhaps resented the new tenant in the house, but nothing of that nature was disclosed when he made his inquiries around the neighborhood. Everybody felt she was "a nice little body," but the child was described as "a fair terror." Nobody had anything to add to the known facts—namely, that the dogs looked extremely well, then were seized with a convulsive attack and died.

When I was taken to the house, I just nodded to the good lady and sat down. Presumably, McKenzie had told her she must not ask questions; he would take notes and we would reveal what were the difficulties—if indeed it were true that the child was in contact with her father, as she said. Uvani made his appearance, as usual, and spoke of there being in the proximity of the household a father—a most irate man bearing a distinct grudge against his wife. He felt that he himself had been very badly treated by life, having come out of the war (World War I) in broken health. He had suffered with a chest complaint, and wore some metal support from the neck to the shoulder. As a result, though he had some earning capacity, he had been often laid off. He had contracted pneumonia and died suddenly.

The story coincided thus far with what the widow had told McKenzie, but then the stories differed. The man said that she

had continually left him and had had many men in her life. He referred to her as "a moody woman," accused her of having a man in the background who was helping her spend a good deal of the money he had left her, and said that the child would surely suffer. He said he was taking strength from the child, in order to make his presence felt; also that he had discovered a way of taking energy from the dogs until they collapsed.

I believe McKenzie argued with him that this was not possible. In fact, McKenzie didn't believe it, nor did the lady. She denied the whole thing and said she led a very moral life: she lived only for the child and the dogs, and worked hard in order to get the money for her child's subsequent education. Since McKenzie himself did not believe the story as unfolded by Uvani, the experiment was terminated.

Some two or three weeks later, McKenzie had another call to go to the house. The woman was in deep depression, and the child, according to the neighbors, had become very hysterical. She really hated her mother and did everything she could to make her mother's life difficult. The mother now told of footsteps going up and down stairs, and of other noises frightening her at night. She heard raps in the house, and at such times the child was wild with excitement. She laughed and shrieked and wept, and said it was her Daddy coming for her.

In the meantime, a veterinary surgeon had been to the house to examine the garden and see if he could find anything at all to suggest that the dogs might have eaten some grass or herb containing poisonous matter. He found nothing wrong; and of course it was unthinkable that the little girl would have access to any poison that she could have used to get rid of the dogs in order to hurt her mother. Conditions had worsened so much that the mother asked McKenzie to have patience with her, and if I would go again into trance. She could then argue with her husband and prove to him that something terrible had happened to him in the process of his death.

McKenzie agreed, so I went back again into trance, and the same process was carried through. According to McKenzie, the man was embittered and angry and determined to destroy any hope his wife had of bringing the dogs to maturity. He would

always interfere, and there would be no letup until the child was taken away from her.

The case presented unusual problems, for the father would not explain how it was possible for him to get rid of the dogs. Again McKenzie sought the counsel of the local vicar, but the vicar was reluctant to become involved. It appeared that the lady did have a male friend in the neighborhood, and that she had sometimes left the child alone when she had gone out. The neighbors in turn were reluctant to speak against someone who had just moved in and was "a poor thing doing her best." But they did admit that they felt things were not always as she made them appear. She did have this man who called for her in a gray sedan. He obviously had money. She was seen in the neighboring town with him, and she seemed very happy. This tended to bear out what her husband had said, and the suspicion arose that perhaps the man in question may have given poison to the dogs. But when the veterinary surgeon was again questioned, he maintained there was no reason to believe that the dogs had been poisoned.

By this time the neighbors had become a little sullen. They were beginning to dislike the child because whenever she played with their youngsters there were quarrels; she bit them and became violent. She was a pretty child, but obviously she thoroughly despised her mother, and obviously, too, she knew a great deal more than appeared on the surface.

McKenzie left at that point. He was not satisfied that the story was a sensible one, and felt there was a key to the puzzle which he could not find. Everyone was becoming uncooperative, and he was up against a blank wall. While he was still considering the next step, a neighbor of the family called to say that they had been awakened in the middle of the night by much noise next door. In the morning it became clear that the woman had packed and taken herself out of the neighborhood. The child, the man, and the woman, together with the remaining dogs, disappeared. The rent had not been paid, bills were owed for gas, electricity, and to the grocery, and nobody had the slightest knowledge of where they had gone. Nothing more was heard of the child or the mother.

There is almost a vampirish touch to this strange story. The dogs were not wounded, nor were they poisoned—professional testimony could reveal only that they were found dead.

12

I had my very first experience of what could be termed poltergeist phenomena after I had been working for about three years at the British College of Psychic Science. In September, 1925, a Chicago businessman, whom I shall call Mr. Agnew, wrote to me personally about a problem in connection with his mother, an elderly lady about eighty-five who lived in Hampton Court. The mother had made my acquaintance during some experiments at the college and, it seems, had taken a liking to me—despite the fact, wrote Mr. Agnew, that she was suspicious of mediums in general. Mr. Agnew, who had left England at an early age, was planning to visit his mother soon. He felt that if I would accompany him to her house, we might together be able to throw some light on certain strange events that greatly troubled him.

I never made appointments on my own outside the college, but I was curious about poltergeist phenomena, and McKenzie agreed to let me go ahead. In due course, Mr. Agnew arrived in London and arranged for us to have dinner in the home of his mother, a woman of remarkable intelligence but one who distinctly lived in the past. She was quick to assure me that there were ghosts in her house, but then added she thought it could hardly be otherwise, since she lived close to Cardinal Wolsey's palace in a grace-and-favor apartment. She remarked that "he was no saint," as history has since revealed. (A grace-and-favor house is a property owned by the reigning monarch in England,

usually given to relatives or to people who have rendered notable public service. There are a number of such apartments in Hampton Court Palace, Kensington Palace, and elsewhere, all of some historical interest.)

Mrs. Agnew did not mind her ghosts. When I asked what troubled her, she said: "Nothing at all, but my son has some strange concern about my being left alone. I have a maid who has been with me for thirty-five years and does all for me that I require. I don't feel lonely. I think my son would be very stupid to come back to live in London on my account." And with that, the good lady comfortably dozed off. I learned later that she did not like to go to bed much before midnight, but neither would she admit to feeling tired, and she had this habit of dozing in her chair.

Mr. Agnew beckoned me into the adjoining room. "I don't want to tell you too much about the situation," he said, "but I have a feeling my mother has not told us everything. Her maid has written me that on two or three occasions fire has mysteriously broken out here. It happens spontaneously. I spoke to my mother about it, but she made light of the matter, saying that Watson [the maid] was getting old and given to imagining things." He was rather anxious that I should sit in the particular room where his mother was resting. That seemed to present difficulties, but he assured me that she could sleep after dinner for a couple of hours and never be disturbed, even by a long conversation on the telephone. "I would be happy if you would come into that room and give me your impressions about it."

I was new to such a situation and very curious. How could fire suddenly appear in a room without the help of someone? And there were no smoldering remnants to prove that Watson was not imagining things.

I crept back quietly with Mr. Agnew and gave him my clairvoyant impressions. I had a sense of seeing the curtains ablaze at one time and of seeing a fire behind a bookcase at another. They were quickly extinguished, fortunately, but no poltergeist entity appeared. The "poltergeist," it seemed to me, was a very normal human being. I sensed that the maid had a favorite

nephew. He had been present at the signing of a document which would leave a considerable allowance to his aunt for the rest of her life. It was revealed that he had been in this room from time to time and had come to greet the old lady—who liked him and considered him "a nice boy." He had some knowledge of chemistry and was able to produce materials that would, under certain circumstances, cause combustion.

Mr. Agnew looked at me in horror and remarked that I had too vivid an imagination. I told him there was nothing I could do about it. He hurried me downstairs, without waking his mother, and I left without making my farewells. I went home feeling very foolish.

Mr. Agnew, however, had been worried by my statements and decided to remain in Europe through October. The young man was then in Orpington, Kent, he told me, but when he came again to visit his Aunt Watson, he would try to make his acquaintance and get to know him. Mr. Agnew eventually returned to America.

I took the whole story to McKenzie, who said: "It serves you right. You are like all apprentices; you want to ride the horse before you've even seen the stable. But I would like to talk to the man myself." He did so; the result of it was that McKenzie got into contact with the nephew and had several conversations with him. He was able to find out, in fact, that the young man did have a knowledge of applied chemistry.

McKenzie cultivated the young man, and after one of their meetings, the boy mentioned that he could not remain over in London for a proposed weekend stay with his aunt, but had to leave that same day. Instead of doing this, however, he dropped in to see her—and about 9:30 in the evening, at the time when the old lady was in the habit of dozing, the curtains on one side of the room suddenly caught fire. Fortunately, despite her alarm, the maid was able to extinguish the fire before any serious damage was done. But these fires happened quickly, as though some solution had been used, and if the windows had been open to fan the flames, there might have been a more tragic ending.

I learned of this incident the following spring when Mr.

Agnew, who had returned to America, wrote me about it. As a result of the fire, he had arranged to have the nephew watched, and ultimately a confession was extracted from the young man. His plan, it seems, was to start a fire at a time when the old lady would be unable to summon help, and in circumstances which would make it appear that her taffeta dress had caught fire as she bent down to light the gas heater in the room.

Eventually, the old lady died a natural death in her bed. Her son came home for the funeral and to settle her estate. Beyond that news, I received no further communication from Mr. Agnew. But this, my first experience, taught me always to be alert for a possible human agency whenever strange events have been attributed to the work of a poltergeist.

There were many confusions in this case. The maid believed the fires to be the work of a classical poltergeist, while the old lady thought the maid was having "apparitions about fire." There had been no mention of the young man, the maid's nephew, prior to my clairvoyant impressions of his visits to the room, and his movements in the direction of the window and toward the library shelves directly behind the old lady's chair. I had sensed fear, excitement, greed, and conflict. As far as I know, no report was ever made, nor did I ever learn precisely how the nephew hoped to profit from his scheme.

The many subsequent experiences I have had in this field suggest that, on occasions, paranormal phenomena do occur, but also similar types of phenomena can be traced to human agency. There is also the influence of "conflict." The following case may show what I mean.

13

Toward the end of 1930 I was invited to the home of a well-to-do family whose residence had been the scene of alleged poltergeist phenomena. The man who invited me to go and who would serve as my moderator—Mr. Huston—was a friend of the family. My impression was that he had business interests with the owner of the house, both men being connected with the fishing industry.

En route to the house, which lay in the beautiful country of the Severn Valley near Wales, Mr. Huston advised me that the mother of the family was herself deeply sensitive. There were five grown sons, all of them connected with the fishing industry, at that time a flourishing one. The mother had late in life given birth to the sixth son, an extremely delicate child. It was around this boy that the strange phenomena were said to take place. He would awake frightened and ill at night because the bedclothes vanished and strange footsteps were heard in his room.

The house presented a good appearance when we arrived, and nothing less ghostly could be imagined. It was originally an eighteenth-century structure to which additional rooms had been added as the family grew and flourished. A comfortable middle-class air of well-being gave the house a sense of happiness and ease. At dinner the family explained that their mother had powers of ESP, and they were accustomed, as are most of the Celtic Welsh, to the "invisible presences" around them. The family took the child's story of being haunted for granted, except that the mother expressed fears for the little fellow's health.

United and boisterous, filled with rude health and good spirits, these strong young men presented a happy atmosphere.

Yet in spite of their good spirits, when their father came home later on, I sensed an air of suppressed hostility to their mother and the young boy. The father was friendly but austere, and after dinner he retired to talk business with Mr. Huston.

The eldest son came to talk with me, and behind the gay laughter I sensed that he wanted to see me alone. He quickly came to the point of his story, which concerned his own sad experience in the loss of his daughter. He revealed that he and his new wife had been at odds with each other and, with their small daughter, had come home for a visit to the family in an attempt to smooth things out. While there, his daughter was badly burned—no one quite knew how—and died soon after, leaving a tragic note that finally ended in a parting between the husband and wife. Under the gay exterior of the family life there were other curious incidents that led one to believe there was a deep sense of conflict.

Finally, I was myself able one evening to sit by the bedside of Gwilliam, the little fellow, who fortunately appeared to like me. While he was dozing, I actually saw the bed covers being removed, as though rough hands had torn them away. In falling to the ground, they appeared to be suspended for a moment by some invisible force. There was a "tearing" sound in the room, but on examination nothing had been damaged.

This was the first time I was able to witness actual phenomena happening. Often these things take place in the twinkling of an eye, and usually there are none present as actual witnesses. I saw this happen on two separate occasions in one night and felt an uncomfortable presence in the room, one that caused me to shiver apprehensively. After these occurrences, I understood the child's terror, and knew for a certainty that this was not a delusion conjured up, as the father had hinted, for the child to get more attention.

I believe the mother's devotion to this little son, who arrived so much later than the others, was deeply resented by the father. He was a man who refused to believe the evidence of his own eyes. He offered several explanations for finding the bedclothes on the floor and the child in a state of shock. But it did worry the devoted mother, and it was she who had appealed to Mr.

Huston for help, saying: "This is a supernatural event in my life, and I am completely unable to help the child."

As usual, I sat down after dinner and went into trance. Uvani had no difficulty in finding that the house had other (invisible) occupants. In fact, there was a ghostly "Uncle Henry" who made the place his abode. According to the Uvani story, Uncle Henry had departed this life in his cups, having led a rather roistering career. He had built some of the additions to the house, and he made no bones about the fact that he liked the house, the surroundings, and the company. He had no time at all for the little fellow. Uvani said that he expressed much resentment about the child: this wasn't "good blood"; the boy had "no stuffing"; it wouldn't matter if the child died.

It may have been through the child's failing energies that Uncle Henry was able to show himself so clearly, and perhaps also through the mother's conflicts, for she was very worried and felt completely helpless. At any rate, the family admitted there was indeed such an ancestor, a comical fellow, alleged to have been a smuggler.

Uncle Henry appeared to have lived about the time of the French Revolution, because he spoke of ferrying the refugee nobility across the river and finding places for them to live under disguised names. He was anxious to make it clear that he didn't do this for love, but for whatever he could get; and he was very proud of the fact that he was a well-known smuggler of wines, tobacco, and other illicit traffic between the two countries. He didn't think much of his nephew—his great-nephew, perhaps—who was the father of these boys. But in any case, he had become quite a character in the house. The family half-believed in his existence and accepted his story.

As soon as we had investigated all this, the noises and the nuisances ceased, and the child became less fearful. We left, hoping that all would now be well.

Then another episode occurred. The sons were out one Saturday night on one of their frequent drinking sprees. Ivor, the eldest, found himself experiencing a visitation from the old uncle. This may have been suggestion, for he was a sensitive man in addition to liking his bottle. Yet he did have some ESP abilities

of his own, and he may very definitely have been aware of this personality. He felt strongly enough about it to ask us to come back; and I think that in all I went back three times and gave him trance sittings. During these, Mr. Huston—who took the subject very seriously—argued with the old fellow that whether he thought he was there or not, he really wasn't; and we had to do our very best to get the unhappy shadows out of the house. After three visits, this seemed to have been successfully accomplished. For a number of years afterward, Mr. Huston would write me: "I have seen the boys; the house is quiet. The little boy has grown up, and there are certainly no more disturbances."

Reflecting on this case, I would say there had been a great deal of nervous, riotous energy about the house, and that the family lived together in a state of continual conflict; this caused a phantom to build up. I think the child, sensitive and weak in comparison, may actually have been hallucinated by the stories of this ghost. I would therefore say that this case was a valid poltergeist experience.

14

My own lack of a true belief in the identity of the controls troubled me. I had never been certain of their reality or that the messages they conveyed from their "universe" about those who had departed this life were truly evidence of life after death. The people who came to communicate with the "living dead" usually lacked sufficient profundity for critical examination of the communications they received. Instead of gaining moral strength, they continued to seek out those who would continually give them easy assurance that life after death had indeed

been proven. As I had noted, my own uncertain beliefs had been buoyed up by the faith of Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie. But I began to have a revulsion to continuing year after year producing results about which there could be doubts.

The demand for work in healing with "Abdul Latif," an alleged Persian control who claimed to be an astronomer and physician at the court of Saladin in the twelfth century, was extended by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and R. H. Saunders. They collaborated to produce the book *Health: Its Recovery and Maintenance*, given through Abdul Latif, who had recently made an appearance through my mediumship. Sir Arthur was always confident that I was capable of good work under the control's direction. When I decided that for my own sake the time had come to seek deeper answers to the meaning of mediumship, Sir Arthur scolded me harshly for my lack of faith and my desire to leave the college. I argued that the control personalities could be part of my own subconscious being, and set out to gather evidence on my own account by sitting with other sensitives. The control personalities were remarkable by their absence, but it was always pointed out that I would never give up the experimental pattern of my work.

I prefer to think of the controls as principals of the subconscious. I had, unconsciously, adopted them by name during the years of early training. I respect them, but cannot explain them. My evaluation, therefore, would not be of very much use to those who believe in survival. This conception is held by many, and I cannot dismiss it as long as I can continue to produce this type of evidence. The controls are well aware that I have maintained an impartial, but respectful, attitude toward my own work and theirs, and so the search continues. My own belief is satisfactory for my needs. I assume that I am continually aware of the fact that I have communication with human minds and everyday living. The evaluation of the contents of the mediumistic minds seems to have been lost sight of through the years. I admit that the evaluation of such evidence is scarce, for there are few who would allow themselves to take part in impartial inquiry.

For myself, I do not need to look in terms of survival after

death. I feel myself to be part of the known properties of the earth's family, and that is enough. One day, the breath I have been privileged to use will return to become again a part of the earth's family being. That I have speculated much on the whole problem of mediumship, how it works, and what it really means, can be gathered from my wholehearted sense of absorption to get these questions studied by impartial thinkers in the scientific field. If I had reached conviction on the basis of my own acceptance of survival after death, I could have been unfaithful to my own driving need to find answers in science. There alone can speculations and results be tested or verified. For me the answer is not yet, nor do I seek it for myself; but there is a large field of unexplored mental phenomena to be tackled by science.

A further word about the controls may here be in order. I long ago accepted them as working symbols of the subconscious. Even today, however, the related disciplines for research into the depth of the subconscious are somewhat split by terminology difficulties; and depth psychology, which was my last effort to discover meanings, has unfortunately not supplied any answers. Concepts there are, and plenty. But my own served me best, for it appears in the last analysis that, as things are, any attempt to explain the psyche and its manifold patterns in terms of language gets bogged down.

The answers may well come from other aspects of science as yet not heard from officially. Undoubtedly, phenomena exist for all people, and the way to find the meaning is there for each and all; but the subconscious continues to be a vehicle of meaning beyond the five objective senses. The environment of my young life and my earliest experiences may have produced images to serve me until maturity, and my own vulnerable makeup produced the explosive charge that allowed the deep potential disturbance of my youth to surface. The images could have rested in the general fabric of the subconscious if I had been less curious, but they broke through to make themselves independent. Who knows how long in my young life they were really waiting around to show themselves? When they did appear, they were disciplined to personalize and rationalize

themselves as entities. Their appearances were accepted, and when they declared themselves as being there to seek answers, I turned away from other disciplines of training and meaning toward the field of spiritualism, where the entities were then hailed as spirits and treated accordingly. But whether these entities do contain a consciousness of their own is a question that will, I am sure, find an answer, although not in my lifetime.

I definitely believe the entities are formed from spiritual and emotional needs of the person involved. In the attempt to understand their meanings, I have involved myself deeply in techniques that would seek to explain them. They have grown with the years to be compassionate and useful to many who respect them. They are able to watch over, and in a sense, guard against, the outside or inside menacing influences. At the same time, they keep their identity separate from each other. They have kept me busy, for I have been able, by them, to experience life rather than to be upset by it. Without these aspects of personality, I might not have made such extensive effort toward understanding the nature of mind. I am fortunate that these complexes or entities have been compassionate—never menacing—and healthy in their attitude toward the outside world; and they probably will endure in the minds of those who have known them as realities.

For myself, I have never been able wholly to accept them as the spiritual dwellers on the threshold, which they seem to believe they are. I rather leaned away from accepting them as such, a fact which is known to them and troubles them not at all. They appear to be different in nature. The Uvani complex is nearly always detached: (the doorkeeper cloaked in the personality of the guardian.) The Abdul Latif personality is described as also compassionate, but more universally oriented to outer events and therefore more positive in his pronouncements and judgments. I suspect they will exist as long as I do, and perhaps even after I have passed from the scene.

It is interesting, at this point, to recall that when I made up my mind to go to America, Abdul Latif asked if he could not have another sensitive with whom he could work during my absence, as he was reluctant to leave his many friends in Eng-

land without his help. This was seriously granted, and he chose for himself Miss Francis, a highly respected sensitive, then working at the British College of Psychic Science; through her he made his presence felt until her death.

During my stay in America, I had received several warnings in his name, sent to me by a man who knew him from the day of his first appearances. This gentleman was a member in good standing of the British College of Psychic Science; I worked with him in poltergeist phenomena on many occasions when I returned from America. The messages were never sentimental, but always seemed to have a ring of authority. It may be stated here that Abdul Latif had been heard from in many places during the years, but he is alleged to have been my control, even though I cannot really lay claim to him. I can only conjecture that he has the habits of a traveling salesman, and could be a distinct personality who likes people and likes to abide among them; this is his own statement. On the other hand, perhaps the name has a sense of rhythmic appeal to the positive character of one of these splinters of personality.

Wherever the answers, or whatever the meanings of the controls may be, I am exceedingly happy, for the conscious mind has been able to cope with them without causing disorganization or becoming in any part engulfed by them. The older conception of these personalities as evidence of schizophrenia—would not seem to be true in my case, though there are many who still feel that this may be an answer. On the other hand, those who have known me intimately through the years know that I have continued to meet life on its many levels and that the psychic structure which may have begun very early has learned to deal with symbol and fantasy, thus giving me an appreciation of the meaning of life within and without; yet I have never lost sight of the spiritual goal toward which my whole nature strives.

My collective mental life has therefore been one in which I seem to dwell in the center of a positive group of complexes. This has been a "collective process" which I have placed in the hands of analysts and others to measure and survey. In the beginning I had to obey rigid disciplines at the hands of McKen-

zie; in these early years, I had to learn to remain detached and to permit myself to accept this collective structure. I have gained a high degree of both intellectual and moral understanding. I have been compelled to participate in relating aspects of my own life to higher levels of thought and action. It is true that an individual, like a family, achieves a character from its collective instinctual basis. It has taught me the value of research and cooperation with all aspects of the self. The principles that work in the collective mental life demand more significant study, and toward this goal I have been continually drawn.

At various times in my career, outbursts of sporadic drawing or writing have appeared. I have allowed these aspects to have their way, but I have not permitted myself to be worried by any of them, feeling certain that, if left alone, they would settle down to transform themselves into symbols and images and thus gain more understanding. I have sought to understand the ability to project myself outside of the ego until this phenomenon of projection has become a natural part of the psyche.

Finally, I know that the evidence of paranormal phenomena and its relation to everyday life is too abundant to be doubted, and no amount of dogmatic denial will lessen it.

15

The scholar to whom I owe most of my single-minded determination to remain within the realms of psychical research was the late Professor William McDougall, with whom I had the good fortune to carry out experiments when he visited England in the early twenties. He was then at Harvard University.

He no longer retained his home in Surrey, but he visited there every summer.

Professor McDougall, though of Highland descent, was born in Lancashire, England in 1871. He had studied in Germany at an early age and on his return to England entered the University of Manchester, where he gained first-class honors in science. From there he entered St. John's College, Cambridge. He was a profound student of the anthropological approach to human problems as well as to the cultural patterns of the individual influenced by his environment.

While on an anthropological expedition in Borneo, he applied mental tests to the native headhunters of that country. He established the first psychological laboratory in the British Isles at University College, London, and is well known for his investigations of the learning process and the acquirement of skills in children. Many important experiments had been carried out in the days of Professor James Sully, whom McDougall admired greatly, and he had continued this work on children and with animals. As far as I was concerned, he had done more for individual, social, and abnormal psychology, and for the study of the child's mental development than anyone else I knew.

I encountered him again when I wrote to him at the psychology laboratory at Duke University, asking if I might be permitted to come and work with him. He replied cordially, and so began my first experiments, later referred to as the Zener Card Experiments (though I believe Professor Karl E. Zener, in his later years, disclaimed any interest in the cards or the subsequent research by Professor J. B. Rhine at the parapsychology laboratory). This work was removed from the psychology department and housed on the woman's campus at Duke University. I well remember that when I once held the youngest baby of Dr. Rhine, McDougall would ask me questions about the empathy engendered between myself and the infant. He was intensely interested in communication through feeling, and these problems deeply concerned him. My work with him was mostly in trance mediumship.

At the same time I was invited to take part in the studies in

extrasensory perception (ESP) using the Zener Cards, which employed these symbols: the cross, wavy line, square, star, and circle. I was happy to participate, as the work was another line of serious scientific investigation. The major part of my work heretofore had been with trance telepathy and clairvoyance, where the areas of subjectivity take over to get submerged in the intuitive process of being.

I thought at first it would be easy to be objectively stimulated to produce evidence with the cards, since repetition would establish its own habit-forming pattern to obtain results. It did not turn out, however, as I anticipated. Sensations, passions, and emotions are motivated by the need to produce results, but the cards remained stubbornly inanimate. I could make fantasies for myself relating to the symbols, but I could not continue to "fuse" with them. The cards were of cardboard. Dr. Rhine was kind enough to say that my early scores were higher than chance, a speculation that encouraged me to continue. I did so, hoping to arouse some unconscious activities that might increase awareness and suggestivity, but I knew that at best I was too unresponsive to expect much better results.

I was pleased to return to the normal psychic experiments developed by Dr. J. Gaither Pratt. Here the imagery was real, inasmuch as there were people involved, though not in the room in which I worked. I was thoroughly interested and absorbed in the goal as is the animal engaged in the hunt; my perceptions were working without hallucinations. From such research one receives authentic enjoyment, as one does in object reading even when the objects are wrapped away from sight. The very search itself produces its own positive exploration, while one is kept in a state of expectancy as the quest for individual material transcends time and space.

I was to meet with Professor McDougall again in London, where we did the same kind of experimental work with the deep unconscious. The work at Duke was slight in comparison. In England he had made many studies related to clairvoyance, clairaudience, and the whole interpretation of the mental processes between the visual symbols and mental imagery of which the mind is capable. In his estimation, the central nervous sys-

tem was organized into a hierarchy of integrated functions. He expounded at length on these ideas in his treatise *Physiological Psychology*. This and earlier contributions related to child study and child guidance had attracted considerable notice, and led to his appointment as reader in mental philosophy at the University of Oxford.

Although I returned to Duke University from time to time after McDougall's death, to take part in the experiments carried on under the direction of Dr. Rhine, I did not find that the card symbols made any direct emotional appeal to the basic mediumistic impulses of my own nature, nor did they reveal any new unconscious factors within my own mental structure. I returned to London to work with Dr. William Brown, protégé of McDougall, who was then at the parapsychology laboratory in Oxford. The work undertaken was an exploration under hypnosis of the subconscious mind in its relation to the identity of the alleged control personalities. The work did not continue for any length of time, as the "personalities" were not then reachable through hypnosis; they appeared in their accustomed manner at the completion of the project in which they appeared to have sustained little interest.

16

Before undertaking new work, I had taken time out to have an analysis in depth with Dr. Adolf Meyer at the Henry Phipps Psychiatric Clinic at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore. At the end of the analysis, he assured me of his belief that the functions of the unconscious needed to be thoughtfully studied. He admitted that he was personally interested in the telepathic and

clairvoyant factors of human consciousness, and suggested at the end of the analysis that I might carry out word association tests. The speed and quality of one's reactions to the stimulus words could expose the gaps or falsifications of memory. At the same time, he knew that I had been doing experimental research with Hereward Carrington, the American psychologist, who had been interested in psychic investigation most of his life, as his numerous books will testify.

Working with Carrington was a great pleasure because of his sincerity, sympathy, and thorough knowledge of the subject. Acting on the psychiatrist's suggestions, Carrington carried out intensive research with pulse and respiration curves, measuring these phenomena and other reflexes by the galvanometer, a small instrument used to detect and determine the intensity and direction of the electrical current. The control personalities were examined under this stimulus. Later, in hypnosis, a repetition of the stimulus was conducted with the control personalities, who expressed themselves as favorable to the tests.

I continued, on the advice of Dr. Meyer, to work with Carrington on long-distance experiments in telepathy and clairvoyance. Later, when Carrington left New York to take up residence in California, I joined him there and continued to work with him in collaboration with Hamlin Garland and Stewart Edward White. All these scholars were members of the Psychical Research Society in London. They were dedicated workers in the field, as their numerous books testify. Garland and White liked Carrington, as did Cecil B. De Mille, with whom I also had an interesting and pleasant working relationship.

Hamlin Garland was intensely interested in survival, but admitted that the evidence for it was not strong enough to help him make up his mind. He believed that as long as it remained ambiguous and vague, no really sound program would become possible. On the other hand, Stewart Edward White believed that his wife, who had been a dedicated sensitive herself, had been in contact with those of her family who had died. The question of survival was therefore acceptable to her, as it was to her husband, whose long series of sittings with a personal

friend yielded excellent evidence. White said that the kind and quality of evidence which was available to him was due to the fact that he and his wife shared through their lifetime a sense of great comradeship, and he truly believed that death had not interrupted the reality of their relationship.

17

Back in 1933 and 1935, when I first went to California, I was like many others most eager to pay a visit to the film studios. I was then working with the California branch of the American Society for Psychical Research, one of whose officers was a songwriter at Paramount. He took a day off from work and escorted me and my small daughter to Paramount and one or two other studios where filming was taking place. I was particularly interested in the personality of Cecil B. De Mille, who was shooting one of his pictures when we arrived. The great director really looked like a sultan from another country. He moved with grace, but also with a dynamism that intrigued me greatly. At that time he hardly made a step in any direction, certainly not from the reach of his cameras, without having the noted actor Boris Karloff with him. The interchange of personalities between these two men was something to behold.

It was an exceedingly hot day, one of those very hot, dry days in California before smog came to envelop the area. I remember that although we sat out of the hot sun, I found myself snuggling, rather like a cat, up against a stone fountain for more comfort while I watched the great man direct the film, which had Elissa Landi as heroine. It was one of the early De Mille

series, and the bathtub was very much in evidence. The particular scene that day centered around Miss Landi in an Oriental setting.

In this introspective, relaxed, and tranquil mood, I became aware of a disturbance in front of the cameras. Another character had seemed to enter the scene. I would not have taken much notice of her had she not been dressed so differently from the rest of the Oriental-costumed cast. This little lady, moreover, was intensely alive, with the strong personality of one who was in the habit of getting her own way. Something seemed to be the matter, because she was protesting to De Mille as she stood beside him. She reached only to his shoulder and seemed to be making her protest with a sound something like crickets chirping. "I wish you would give up these scenes," she was saying. "We always wanted the very best for everything you did, and I have always implored you never to do second-rate things. Besides, I do think you are beginning to repeat your scenarios."

I was very intrigued and bent forward to see what would happen when the great man found himself thus rebuked. To my amazement, nothing at all happened. I saw him scratch the back of his head, as though he were reflecting upon her words, but that was all. Still deeply intrigued, I wondered at what point in the film this woman would be included. Her appearance suggested that she might have been an elderly teacher. Her dress was neat; she wore a dark suit, the skirt enclosed by a waistband. The dress was high around the neck, and a little touch of white softened it. She had a very fine face and clear bright eyes, and her hair was drawn back from her forehead and worn at the nape of her neck. She reminded me of Austrian ladies whom I had seen fox-hunting in Ireland.

There was something apologetic, rather than diffident, about her when she drew away from De Mille, as though she thought: "Now I have really said more than I should." Then the little lady quickly disappeared.

I turned to my daughter and said: "I think the heat must have affected my vision. I could have sworn that a little lady came out, addressed herself pointedly to Mr. De Mille, and took

exception to the way in which he was using his particular skills. In fact, I remember her words. She was amused, not cross; but she did reprimand him in a rather impulsive way, even though there was tenderness in her voice." My daughter, quite young then, was not too much affected by the fact that I do have these lapses and enter into genuine psychic experience. She laughed, shrugged her shoulders, and turned away.

A moment later, I found myself rubbing the back of my neck and becoming positively aware that a personality other than those around me was addressing me. I half turned—and there was the little lady. Now I saw her as impulsive as before. She looked at me straight in the face, with most vivid eyes. Now she looked even tinier and more trim, as I faced her, than she had done before.

"I can't make him hear," she began. "I wish you would. Speak for me." Then she continued as though she were talking to De Mille himself: "I am anxious at this time of his life that he should make a very good impression. He has had anxious moments. There was a time when I felt his artistic bent might have taken him in other directions. He is also highly excitable; but it is the nervousness of genius, and when he makes a decision he carries it out. . . . We were great friends during my lifetime," she continued, giving me for the first time the impression that she was no longer alive. "Alas, I have not been able to reach him in these later years. He is a very lonely person. He needs my counsel—not that he ever took very great notice of it," she added with a laugh. "And yet, he does have a lasting love for me. He would even respect the things that you represent, and I wonder if you wouldn't find time to see him and let me tell you some of the things I would like him to say through the medium of his work. I would like the things he will do in the years ahead to mean something to others. I want him to do something in politics for the little people. I want him to do something also about Russia. There are real reasons why this should be done, reasons that I cannot unfold now, reasons I cannot be certain he would understand. Finally, I want him to do something about his neighbors over the border."

"His neighbors?" I inquired.

"Yes, in Mexico and Latin America." Then she faded away, leaving me somewhat astonished and wondering what to do next.

Jesse Lasky, Paramount head, happened to be standing nearby. In previous meetings I had given him some evidence of life after death, and now I thought he would be interested in what had just taken place between the unknown stranger and myself. He was intrigued when I told him about it, and said so.

"What will happen," I asked, "if I approach this director and tell him I have had a visitor from another sphere who insists that I must give him the message and that she wants to talk with him?"

Mr. Lasky reflected a moment. "Well, if I were you," he said, "I wouldn't try to do anything of the sort. You might find yourself in the Lincoln Heights police lockup."

I shrugged my shoulders. "What a pity! Well, I suppose nothing can be done. But are you very certain? I cannot help recalling how imperative this woman has been."

Lasky laughed in a kindly way, and replied: "Yes, I am more than certain. Mr. De Mille is a man who does not brook interference, either from the living or from the dead—if you think this woman has come from the dead."

I continued to watch the filming and put the whole episode aside.

Two years later I found myself again in Hollywood, and I visited Culver City. I had not thought of De Mille in the intervening months, nor had I thought about the lady concerned. I believe we were at Fox Movietone when I suddenly began to get a haunting impression of her presence. I could feel she was near me. Something in the rhythm of her words made me ask myself: "Where have I heard this voice before? Who is trying to reach me?"

That night I made a telephone call to Hamlin Garland, with whom I had done many experiments and who was very interested in survival of the personality after death. I told him about the episode which had happened to me two years before. I had no knowledge at this time Garland lived on the same street

as De Mille, nor was I aware that the two knew each other. I was therefore somewhat surprised when Garland took my story very seriously. He said: "That might mean a very great deal to my friend De Mille. We have on many occasions spent an evening talking over problems of survival, and he gives a lot of thought to the philosophy of the subject. It is not generally known, but he is a deep student of the literature concerned with psychical research. I have no idea who the lady could be, but I will try to arrange that you meet him because he will take your work seriously. Unfortunately, De Mille is in New York at the moment. But if I were you, I would not ignore it. I would write to him at his home. Here is his address—and, incidentally, send a copy of the letter to his secretary, and I know it will reach him."

I hesitated about it. Two years had gone by and—as with most of these experiences, which remain unfulfilled—I had not thought very much about it once away from Hollywood. However, I took Garland's advice. I sent a note to De Mille asking if he would care to see me on a matter that I could hardly explain to him on paper, but which might interest him as a student of philosophy. I told him about my relation with psychical research and said I would gladly come and tell him of the experience which took place two years before. I heard nothing for ten days and was on the eve of departing for Arrowhead to give a lecture when I received a letter from De Mille asking me to come to the studio at a certain time. There was also a note attached which I was to present for an immediate appointment with him.

I arrived promptly, wondering how best to put this vision before him. As I entered the studio, however, a group of about thirty people were just going in to visit various stages where filming was taking place. I walked in with this group and stood in the background while De Mille, then dressed in white, immaculate, observant, and shrewd, was giving a few moments out of his busy life to welcoming them. I felt he didn't entirely relish what he was doing. He shrugged his shoulders very often in a petulant way, as though saying to himself: "This is one of the things you have to do in the industry." Finally a bell rang.

Somebody appeared and ushered the group of people out. I was left alone in the room.

De Mille turned to me and said: "Your party has left. This way, please."

I said: "No, Mr. De Mille, I am not with any party; I am alone. Your letter has asked me to come and here I am." I referred to his letter in my hand.

He didn't take the letter from me. He seemed peeved, walked to the window, and looked out with his back turned to me before replying: "Well, tell me what your business is."

I began to relate the episode of two years before, when the little lady bade me talk with him. Even as I spoke, I felt I was no longer alone. The little lady was at my elbow giving me confidence, for I must say that De Mille's reception had not made me feel too welcome. She urged me on, saying: "Go on, go on." I had a stream of consciousness which I can only describe as being in a state of receptivity where her personality overflowed to drown mine. I was speaking with her precision, taking on some of her personality, and actually using her gestures. I remember that she spoke sharply, rather like a schoolmistress, and in an assured manner that commanded attention.

She began: "I have wanted to get to you all these years, but the opportunity has not come. Let not my emotion overcome me at this point, when I would put my arms around you, but let me rather talk about the things I believe are important in your future."

She then proceeded to speak of early days when she *had* been a teacher. She was kind and understanding, and she loved this man dearly. At times she was a little imperious in the things that she wanted conveyed. At one point she said in an aside to me: "Of course, he will pretend that he is not listening; but don't let that distress you. Continue to give emphasis to my words." Then she added: "In many ways he is like me. He has my strength of will, my need for the very best, my precision. Few people know him—he is a lonely man. He has many of the aspects of his father, so very rigid, and a tempest blows through him. His need of perfection is my perfection, and what I am about to say must, of course, strike a cord in his heart."

I felt deeply moved by the devotion of this woman. As she addressed De Mille, I again took on her gestures and vocal mannerisms. "I do not like your bathroom scenes," she told him. "You put too much emphasis on them." She laughed, rather birdlike, threw her head back, and looked like a little coquette as she continued: "There are other ways of expressing demand of body, desire, and need, and you must express them subjectively and fully. There are certain things I want you to do. You are a good Republican. I want you to use your forces, the forces that Lincoln understood and knew. Use them with heartfelt warmth. I want your dedication to the mature people. I want you to become proficient and to help youth. I want you to carry them a promise, and it must always be the promise that comes only when you teach youth responsibility. You have much to do for people here and for people across the border. You will be well received in Mexico and South America. Even as I speak, I know you will have the visible aid of the Mexican government. You will help them, though your name will not be revealed. It will be entombed in their hearts. The time will come when you will go to an unhappy people and in measured understanding remind them of their best. Their best is yet to come economically."

I have thought of this many times as I have watched De Mille's *Ten Commandments.* Was it the voice of this lady still demanding the best for a people who had had the best? Was she exhorting him to give back an understanding to their leaders—to give them back their responsibility?

Finally she said to him: "It may not be only in the best interests of government and in your best interest that you should go to Russia. One day I would hope that you would find a great novel, an epic story, and that you, or those whom you will have trained, would present that story to the world. Then, my dear son," she said, revealing her relationship for the first time as his mother, "you will have given the world an understanding of a free country, of another people, of a people equally humble, equally shrewd, of a young people and an old people. Perhaps the last thing that you will prepare will be this film for

Russia, for America—did I say for Russia? Perhaps I meant for the whole world—an epic, a drama, a final message."

Then there was silence in the room. All this time, De Mille had done nothing to modify his cool reception of me, remaining with his back toward me. Now, with the monologue over—indeed, it was no conversation—I prepared to leave.

"That is all, Mr. De Mille," I said. "May I go now?"

When De Mille finally turned around, tears were rolling down his cheeks. He looked at me and said: "Where have you come from—and where next?"

I replied that I had come by way of London to New York, and then to California. "I am not a woman with a mission," I laughed, "though you might not suspect it. I take my work very seriously. I have some reputation as a sensitive, and I am happy that what I have done has been often of some use."

"Of some use!" he echoed. *"Some use!"* and he blew his nose rather violently. "I loved my mother; it is true. We didn't always understand each other, but I had a great respect for her. I have waited for this for over twenty years!"

I left for Arrowhead the next day. When I returned to my apartment, it was filled with beautiful roses. The accompanying card from De Mille read: "Do not come to California without first advising me."

18

I was fortunate when I first visited California to receive a letter from Dr. Anita Muhl, who had been trained in medicine and psychology and who was, at that time, chief of a division of special education in California. She was interested in automatic writing as a means of revealing individual personal problems

that had been repressed from early life. It was a dramatic form of revelation which could serve as a guide to disturbing mental mechanisms within. Her book on the subject of automatic writing has been a valuable aid to this understanding of what can lurk below the threshold of the conscious. Her definition of this phenomenon should be noted here. "Automatic writing in its simplest form may be defined as script which the writer produces *involuntarily* and in some instances without being aware of the process, although he may be (and generally is) in an alert waking state."

Dr. Muhl is one of the most efficient people I have known. Her environment was disciplined and warmhearted. Whatever the gadgets were that she designed for working (and many of them she made herself), it was a safe bet that they saved a great deal of time and nervous energy. She had designed special desks to fit into the writing requirements of her patients, and there did indeed seem to be a special place for everything that she used. Her cabinets were made with special drawers, and the shelves for reference books, telephone directories, and the books on materia medica that she needed were all in order. I am sure that she must have been an irritation to her medical friends, but she provided her patients with a sense of security and a happy atmosphere where she could double their working efficiency for writing.

I wish that the average business and professional man could have seen this woman at work, for here there was no outmoded equipment, no time or energy wasted. Everyone was orderly, all efficient, working, loving, and laughing in a beautifully alive environment. I believe this is part of every good executive's pattern of success and progress. It was for me, while I knew her, a time of satisfaction. Perhaps no single factor in any person has been so much in harmony with my own life pattern.

Dr. Muhl never allowed other people to come between her and the patients to whom she had to give back health. She never put off anything for the moment when she would have more time. She took time and made the most of it.

As a psychiatrist, she had come into contact with a number of very ill patients who were indeed true schizophrenics. Many

of them were deeply affected by her personality, as I was myself. There was such a variety of aspects to her personality that her acquaintances could not remain untouched. She was able to communicate spontaneously her thoughts, her feelings, and her varieties of understanding to those who sought her.

She was a most eloquent speaker. Like Dr. Alexis Carrel, with whom I had previously worked, she never had any difficulty in formulating the sense of what she meant in a very short time. Both of them were at peace with their subject and patients. When they spoke of spiritual levels, one felt they understood what they intended to convey. They understood that there can be no objective meaning to anything unless there is also the other side of the coin, if the principle of wholeness is to be observed.

Dr. Muhl used automatic writing as a means of reaching the twilight personalities who could not always reveal themselves in speech. She applied writing techniques as a method of release. She used a sling to hold the arm, and she made a planchette arrangement upon which the hand lightly rested. She put her patients at ease and established a comfortable relationship with them.

There was no accident about the way she got people to communicate. In addition to her powers of observation, she had deep intuitions herself. She felt that if she used this psychic knowledge in connection with her healing, it would be all to the good. She knew that the subconscious mind contains its own laws and acts in keeping with its own nature. Its expressions are determined not by itself, but by that which is given to each and every one to work on a higher level of consciousness. Nothing which has once been given by the conscious mind to the subconscious mind to work on can be removed or expelled, she said.

Dr. Muhl was imaginative and inventive, and I never knew her to grow weary. Hers was a creative activity, and she used the conscious mind to direct her toward what, in my estimation, was the finest form of healing. When a problem loomed ahead of Dr. Muhl, she did not wait until it was right upon her, but went out to meet it, and this she taught her patients, too. She did it herself by writing a few sentences that outlined the

impending problem to be resolved; often she would jot down ideas on how it might be solved, whether it seemed at first sensible or otherwise.

In the early days of my mediumship and perhaps even in the long ago, before I understood what mediumship was, I had a faculty for producing automatic writing. There were times when it appeared that this could be another and unknown part of the subconscious finding release in this particular way. During my early training days, I learned that many people had this faculty, which they regarded as unusual and even as being supernatural.

At no time did Dr. Muhl regard automatic script as containing mediumistic messages, telepathically received through the subconscious. She regarded the phenomenon as a guide to the mental storehouse which, though externally in apparent good order, might below the threshold be an incoherent muddle of images and thoughts at variance with the individual's ethical ideas or aspirations. She believed that the subconscious held the deep yearnings and fantasies of the life that one might have wanted to achieve, but because of some instability or even timidity within the personality had to be pushed aside.

Dr. Muhl well understood the vast psychic energies contained within the potential bisexual predisposition of all. She was interested in the male characteristics of my alleged controls, and was eager to discover what habits or possible leads she might find that permitted me to acquire them. She did some interesting analysis along the way; but at this particular time she was more interested in setting up work in long-distance telepathy, where I would be expected to visualize her friends and acquaintances in other countries, about whom I had no prior knowledge. This idea appealed to me. Although I had never worked in this area before, I was very happy to enter it, and did so on very many occasions without being in any known state of dissociation.

Once I was bidden to go out and explore for information, I had a sense of all barriers being removed. The process of projecting oneself away from one's own being and one's own particular surroundings was exciting. All barriers of thought were

laid aside, and I traveled into a cosmic flow of light when ideas, smells, associations, even a sense of warmth or cold, as I journeyed forth, gave great pleasure to the senses. I soon discovered that it became easy to interpret the emotions of people at a distance and feel my way into their environment, and then to bring back an objective story. I was delighted with the freedom of working this way, without limitation, as it were. It was also an excellent discipline, highly creative and original as well as an aid to one's own power of observation, without being diverted from the search.

Dr. Muhl clearly explained the difference between repressions and self-control. A person may be self-controlled, yet at the same time truly suffer repression which shows up when he is off guard. A person who takes a moralistic attitude and condemns others may be reacting to his own destructive unconscious impulses, which he has repressed. Such a person may become an inveterate gossiper, to do harm to himself and those in the society.

The desire to do what may be socially unacceptable to our society may in time, through repression, build up the desire to overcompensate in other directions by a too fervent expression of love. We cannot easily express horror at our earlier lack of understanding and selfishness; and in an effort to compensate, we translate these buried emotions into what seems to be love but is more often disguised hate. All these buried emotions, Dr. Muhl explained, can form emotional "abscesses" that, if they are not opened up to the reasonable light of understanding through analysis, can become walled up within to form compulsions and obsessions. These in turn can become automatic expressions of underlying illness or hysteria so well disguised that they are unrecognizable to the one who possesses them.

Dr. Muhl believed that in my own case, where youthful conflicts may have been severe, the confused part of individual consciousness could have been split off, leaving in its wake the secondary personalities or a dual alternating personality with possible fragmentations. This, indeed, can be the real reason for the control personalities who happily had become, in my case, beneficent rather than temperamental or destructive. Thus, I

have been able to live in a well-adjusted world, where I accept these personalities for what they say they are.

I visited San Diego many times to see Dr. Muhl work with her hysterically ill patients, using the method of automatic writing. She was able to make brisk adjustments with many delinquent young people who were bent on destroying the life of their school, or their friends, or even their own parents. The obscene, the defiant, and the destructive and uncooperative ones were soon transformed once the smoldering discontents were released to be understood. I must add, however, that many of these quick adjustments were arrived at because Dr. Muhl's own personality was so full of laughter, patience, and warmth. Once the pattern of release was arrived at, as in the theater, understanding permitted the patient to look outward and to expand. One watched these young people act decisively and with humor, whereas only weeks before sullenness and indecision had been present to make them introverted and misunderstood. This was accomplished with true charity, where complexes broke down under the emotional guidance of this very gifted lady.

I have been able, in my own lifetime, to study conflicts which have been revealed through automatic writing—fantasies that, had they been continually indulged in, could have produced false ideas. I have recommended that creative efforts be taken up instead, so that the energies thus used can be developed in socially acceptable channels which will give to the personality or the gifted person a sense of success and real accomplishment, instead of giving way to emotional pain and mental disorders.

Thus, the insight I gained from working with Dr. Muhl has stood me in good stead. It has enabled me to look at mediumship with a new level of comprehension and to ignore other forms of training that might be called personal development of one's spiritual gifts. I realized that such practices as retreating into meditation for further spiritual understanding were not truly creative, but could produce a further mirage. An interrelatedness to one's whole being had to be undertaken if one were to be useful. It was not toward a downward subconscious pool that one had to turn one's attention, but rather to an un-

derstanding of the instructive and emotional self. I realized then that lifeless concepts at a certain level of development would be sure to block any real integration with the underlying depths of the wholeness of my own self.

From then on, the controls began to assume other aspects as ways and means of fulfillment. Since they were there, they had to be dealt with; but they ceased to cause the butterflies that fluttered within to make me wonder about their identity. The unrest of mind and nature, which had been itself in conflict, began to decrease. I started to regard them as principles of an intuitive perceptive consciousness of heart and mind. Perhaps they are better explained by referring to them as servants of the spirit and the realm of the heart. I understood some of the complexities of my own mediumship which were reflected so dramatically at different times in the pattern of my own changing life. The avenue of awe and perhaps fear, laid down in my childhood back in Ireland, had been somewhat to blame. The adult world, always busily engaged with the farm work and the affairs of an aging uncle and aunt, left little time for the complexities of a young mind turned in the direction of awe and wonder because of the confusion which arose from the stories of the mysterious, the uncanny, and the supernatural.

Fear of the unknown, coupled with wonder, entered to give references for all mystery and finally its part in the mediumistic role. I can still remember my excitement when the itinerant storyteller, who used to walk the countryside in those days, lifted the latch of the kitchen door to greet everyone within and to spend the night relaying news. Much of it, I now recall, was dramatically presented. It held my attention as it did the attention of all those gathered around the fire to listen. This extreme concentration of attention alone, with its emotional overtones, must have made a deep and lasting impression on my already mystically minded self. These eerie patterns of my growing up later became the agents of social discipline and led to the habit of repressing the violence of those emotions that had so surely dominated my young life.

The work I did with Dr. Anita Muhl was most helpful in giving me knowledge of the automatic actions and specific tenden-

cies of the instinctual process of the growing mind and its adaptation to life. It was brought to a sudden close by the serious illness of Dr. Muhl, who had been attacked by one of her patients and badly wounded. When her recovery was complete, she went to live and work in Australia. Unfortunately, the records which were at the time made and given to Hereward Carrington for examination were lost sight of. At the time of his death, they had apparently disappeared.

My search continues as my interests revolve around that hidden source from which the rational life draws its energy. I seek for an objective wholeness and allow the basic center of self to control, reveal and guide. I know that, both in the waking and the dreaming state, there is within a strong elemental force which guards, guides, and sustains, maintaining harmony in whatever life situations exist.

Illnesses which might appear to threaten the security of my aim and work never shatter that inner curiosity of my faith and a certain sense of destiny. It is a psychospiritual force, no less than a physical one, which has contained for me the fundamental unity that permits me to deal with the world rationally. Even as an inhibited child, I had a knowledge that was not extracted from my elders but was absorbed. Then, as now, I had an inexhaustible energy. I have not had to suffer the tormenting emphasis which the world puts on those who have alleged magical powers, for my way has been from the dictates within!

The center of gravity has not been in the brain, but in the lower body from which I learned long ago to draw upon for tranquillity. Man is born ready to live in space and time—to manifest his understanding of the transcendental—but he can only fulfill himself in the rational world. To some who seek understanding of the duality of being, there is the temptation to withdraw and alienate oneself from a healthy commonsense way of life—or what may better be called the "world view." Only by living fully with the comprehensible and allowing the inner sustenance to guard and guide can one obtain the content of inner experience to live in polar relationship to his world.

19

My most rewarding work, which I look back upon with a certain nostalgia, was on behalf of the children who were victims of the civil war in Spain—work in which the late Dorothy Parker was involved.

She was a woman of great compassion and, of course, a sense of humor uniquely her own. Like myself, she was often ill but regarded it as I do—as one of the disciplines of living. She had an ageless quality, and because of this, she entered into the fears and insecurities of the displaced young people, many of them sadly neglected in camps outside of Perpignan.

I often took a hasty luncheon with her at the Algonquin Hotel, where she was a member of the famous Round Table. When she went to work in Hollywood I lost contact with her, but now and again I received a note, brief and often unsigned, which came as a relief, a shower of rain from a desert sky. I am glad that she has not lived to see the racial turbulence and suffering of today. However people may have judged her, she was a loyal and deeply sensitive woman whose heart suffered for the manifold confusions of the world of young people.

20

By 1938 I had reached a new crossroad in my development as a human being. Seeking to understand the psychical powers with which I was apparently gifted, I had made an intensive study of my own deep unconscious. Gradually I had learned that certain of these powers were not supernormal as generally understood, but sprang from buried aspects of my own inner nature, however mysterious and fantastic these may have appeared to be.

I had read about people like myself within past cultures that needed individuals to foretell coming events by omens, signs in the sky, the entrails of animals, or a thousand other means. I saw too clearly that the practice of mediumship, instead of being a bulwark of protection, as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle once advised me, would in the end cause me to lose faith in my own impetus to be myself. I also knew that the route to the unconscious had to be approached diffidently and with philosophic understanding.

I had already listened to many theoretical points of view, and I also had the good sense to know that self-investigation would have to cease for the time being. It was a puzzling time, mentally speaking, for I had to put aside the teachings that had been presented by McKenzie, Doyle, and Lodge. It occurred to me that a solution would lie in writing a book about my search for understanding of self. If I could recapitulate the events of some part of my life and look at them objectively on paper, I could free myself of any guilt that might be attached to a departure from old allegiances.

I wrote the book, entitling it: *My Life as a Search for the*

Meaning of Mediumship. It attracted wide attention, found readers over many years, and is still asked for by a new generation of students. More important for me personally, it cleared the way for me to embark on a new direction. It enabled me to turn my attention to events of looming significance, giving me a sense of a way of life that was fast changing in the outside world.

I left for England's spring and then went to the Continent. The fields of Auvergne were filled with wild daffodils and jonquils whose perfume caressed the air. I ate fresh trout from the running streams, and I drank the wine of the country. I arrived at Juan-les-Pins in June, 1938, free of all ties, or so I believed then, and played as never before! But each night, when the sun went down behind the Estérel, I asked myself when the visible signs of approaching crisis would warn the people so well content with things as they were.

Autumn, 1938, brought the first "disruption." France mobilized for war; the rest of this story has been written in history. I closed the door on past years, on the courageous and able as well as on those who had not been prepared to reconcile themselves to live with religious or scientific truths, but would instead exist with the advice and love of the "dear departed," and who overlooked the fact that finally they did very much with their daily lives as their unconscious decreed.

Meanwhile I had taken a villa in Juan-les-Pins, where I was hostess to people of various countries who did not share my secret fears that the world we knew was fast crumbling. I read the French newspapers, the European *Herald Tribune,* and the English journals whose editorials sounded the daily note of alarm. There was panic in the hearts of many visitors to the Riviera. "Let us eat and be merry" became the concept of the day.

The abysmal disaster of France and the antiquated concepts of government began to be revealed, with the then shady intrigues of Laval and his coterie, and later the ingrained defeatism of Pétain. Churchill's dramatic gesture of fusion between England and France was ignored. France was losing the battle of wits and finally the war.

This hiatus of mine, if it can be so described, was not a peaceful time of transition; the seeds of the conflict were about and

around. In play and in work one began to be disturbed by the growing unrest of those who felt the peculiar menace of the hour closing in.

Few among my friends shared my doubts, and when I spoke of them they were brushed aside. Modern man learns nothing from his own inner resources, traditional opinions, or inherited truths. It was here that my religious training helped me to understand the validity of my own feelings. When the debacle happened, and panic overcame all, I had already suffered enough subconscious despair. The time for action had arrived for me. Juan-les-Pins was filled with people of all nationalities and faiths. Prayer and healing became for me during those days part of a living faith. I applied myself to external situations as they arose. I saw then the deep significance of egoism at work, as people who had money or jewels hoped to buy favors, and with buying felt superior. The time would come too soon when worldly goods could not procure the simple means of sustenance, and only the vigorous and healthy-minded were able to use their God-given ingenuity to accept the conflict and misfortune.

This was a period of real effort and growth. The clashing motivations of the thousands who came to seek a way out of France, the fears that surrounded them, the dramatic partings—all this left everyone in chaos.

21

In the early days before 1914, I visited the Riviera briefly on a honeymoon journey. Although it is true that Europe has never known a decade of true peace, I am glad I had this short interval when the world looked so rich and wonderful to my young

eyes. The great hotels were filled with the *haut monde* from all quarters of the earth. Russian titles abounded. Germans too, haughty, aggressive, monocled, and richly dressed, were part of the scene, but on quick glance it seemed that the British and Russians had pride of place. A visit to the casino at Monte Carlo was to enter another world of breathless beauty, with its cloud of perfume and clothes and such texture and magnificence as a young girl from Ireland had not even dreamed of.

I still retain the vivid picture of the Riviera as it was then, and contrast it with the present. Alas, the difference in tone, dress, and manners of "this century of the common man," to quote Henry Wallace, defies comparison. One remains sad and silent before the memory.

When I returned to the Riviera in 1920, the scene was shabby in comparison. No wonder! Ten million men, young, middle-aged, and old, had given their lives to gain an uneasy peace for Europe. I had attended the dedication in Whitehall of a war memorial where the padre spoke of war vanishing from the earth. I knew then that these were empty phrases. The memory of the holocaust could not be so easily forgotten, nor could people be brought to "forget and forgive." Feelings ran high between nations. Germany's spirit was not defeated, only momentarily deflated.

After World War I the Germans came back to the Riviera. The ruling class had not quite disappeared. I noticed that the Bismarckian policy of force was still on the lips of the young growing group, which often led me to fear that the end was not yet, for France or for Europe.

The agreement between Wilson and Clemenceau ushered in a new alliance—may I call it "a mixed marriage of laxity and harshness"—which served to lay the groundwork for an uneasy peace. The man in the street was happy and unconscious of the international picture, which was smudged and often ugly, to say the least.

I visited Germany in 1929 in connection with psychic work in Munich. The young men sipping their beer in the taverns talked of the necessity to "humble France." One shivered as they revealed their aggressiveness. Russia, however, seemed to

take the stage as the one to be dealt with first; she was then indeed becoming an enemy to be feared in Europe. France appeared to be prosperous, and England sought to hold the balance of power as though oblivious of the industrial unrest continually noted in the newspapers.

Even in 1929, when I was in Germany, Hitler was being spoken of in hushed breath among the young generation as the rising prophet. The dreary chronicle of shady deals and sell-outs went on among the Allied countries. Then came the world-wide economic crash. I was in midocean on the way to America when the news was received by the ship's radio. I arrived to find that the American capitalistic hierarchy had collapsed, starting the descending spiral for Europe. Letters followed me there from my onetime well-to-do friends who were retiring to England, many of them ruined by the economic catastrophe and filled with bewilderment and despair. Neither then nor ever were they able to recover from the defeat and the inflation.

In the spring of 1935, after a series of drug experiments conducted by the late Dr. Alexis Carrel, which left me very tired, I was en route to Egypt from America. I left New York on my birthday, full of good spirits, intending at Marseilles to meet my daughter, who was then studying near Lyons. Two days out of New York I developed pneumonia, which grew steadily worse as the journey continued. The ship's doctor cabled my daughter to be prepared to bring a medical man to the ship to meet me.

I have little recollection of landing at Marseilles, or of my daughter's presence. To add to her general distress, she was worried about two white rats I had with me; they had been inherited from the work I had done with Professor McDougall. He had wanted to know if they, eating the same food, would produce the allergies I did at this particular time. The little animals were secured in a bag specially made for them, with two pockets, and worn under my skirt to avoid being seen at customs. My daughter told me afterward that though I was hardly able to speak, I intimated to her the presence of my little friends. Thereafter they became her charge, for I was taken to the Hotel Noailles in Marseilles and put in an oxygen tent.

I remained there until September of that year. I had made two endeavors to get away, but on each occasion I had a heart attack, and was returned and put under oxygen. My young secretary had a bad time, for to him fell the task of obtaining the needed medications, and these were hard to procure because business was almost at a standstill due to the sit-down strikes, which made any kind of service difficult to obtain. The strike leaders had posted guards at the hotel, and they decided who should come and go. During this time the Right Front became extremely excited and afraid, and one heard serious threats against Léon Blum. A sensitive Jew, he was a courageous leader, but Hitler, now a power in Germany, had taken strong exception to a Jew's being chosen to such a post. One also heard that Mussolini was intent on destroying the Spanish Popular Front. Revolution was in the air, and there was a quiet frenzy among the rich, many of whom were secretly making plans to get their money out of France.

Below my window, the Canebière, the famous street leading to the old port, was the scene of daily excitement. A specialist from Aix-en-Provence often visited with the doctor who attended me. By my bedside, they vented their wrath on the strikers below. Both were Rightists who hated Blum and all that he stood for. Had I been able to give my attention to all that passed between them it might have been stimulating, but that season the dry and harsh mistral blew with an especially fierce intensity that seemed to tear my lungs apart.

Finally, as service became impossible within the hotel, we appealed to the strike leaders to permit me to leave under the care of a trained nurse. This was freely allowed, since the hotel personnel were going to join the strikers anyway. Thus I got to Paris by train. My secretary and daughter had gone ahead with the luggage by road, and were awaiting me at the Hotel Continental. I mention this episode for it was a time when I had continual dreams of France at war. I often awoke crying for those who were to be the victims of this outrage.

When Blum resigned, the following year, I knew instinctively that this was another step nearer to disaster. After many government policies, all of them leading toward appeasement,

Daladier followed the lead of Neville Chamberlain. Munich and the full recognition of Franco were dictated from London, and so, in confusion, desperation, and despair, the fatal year of 1939 arrived.

There had been a general call to arms in 1938. Driven by some compulsion, I went again and visited France that summer. Were my continual dream apprehensions to be realized? I felt it was so when total preparation for war became the order of the day.

I left the south of France after the first mobilization and drove to Calais, where I saw the troops buoyant and ready for the fray. At least, they appeared to be ready. It was difficult to understand the hope and yet the underlying tension of the military. During my enforced wait to cross the Channel, news came that there would be no war. Heavyhearted men returned home to face an uncertain future. I returned to America for the winter, but in the spring of 1939 I decided that my dreams were true. I would go to Germany, where I had friends, and see what appeasement really meant.

France was in the doldrums. Germany was joyfully aggressive. Men were marching in every direction, and the airfields around Berlin were many and active. It was obvious that Germany could not contain herself for long. I stayed only ten days and was glad to escape the menace of their readiness. In Switzerland, where I journeyed en route back to France, people were divided in their loyalties, to the right and to the left; but France wore the air of a nation that had lost its way.

In the summer of 1939, I was in Paris on the morning Britain declared war at 11 o'clock. France followed suit late that afternoon. I went around to the No. 1 Paris Post, run by the Americans. People were hurt, gravely worried, hysterical. The "middle road" had failed. The lights truly went out that night in Paris. I decided now that my dreaming had not led me astray. I returned immediately to the south of France to find people there of all nationalities, all of them more certain of Hitler's supremacy than of France's ability to hold off the deluge. The fifth column were extremely busy in the months that followed. It wasn't hard to convince people that Germany would be ulti-

mately victorious, for the Allies themselves appeared to be in utter moral disarray.

During the "phony" war, the confusion of France and England was cleverly exploited by Germany. All who before September 1 had declared themselves confident that war could not happen were now equally certain that Hitler might indeed be the prophet of peace. The horror of the months after the French line was broken became almost unbearable. Then came the debacle at Dunkirk, and finally the Italians, no fighters really, decided the time had come to stab France in the back. This was indeed a black day for the people in Juan-les-Pins, Antibes, and the southern region bordering on Italy.

The soldiers of France were brave beyond belief. I saw them marching, tired and worn out, without supplies. I maintain that the army, with proper leadership, could have given a good account of itself. The commanding officers had been listless. I do not think that Weygand and Pétain and others were without courage and vision; but the ranks of left and right were divided down the middle, and the *attentistes*—the "wait and see" group—were themselves finally stunned by the lack of cohesion and order.

Many of my English friends who were waiting it out in Juan-les-Pins lent eager and willing hands to help in the soup kitchen which was set up at that time. Some of them had in happier days known Mussolini well, and hardly could accept the fact that he could be so ruthless. Slowly the truth was borne home to them, and they left, heavyhearted, by train for England. For many of them it was disaster. Some did return after the war, but the older ones had given up, and today the colonies that were made by the British in Italy are remembered only by the oldest inhabitants.

This was a time when rumors flew constantly. Few of the refugees truly believed that France would capitulate, although country after country had given up. The well-advised merchants, however, did see the writing on the wall and got out ahead of the fall of France. Some managed to get to Switzerland and find funds to set up business in Monte Carlo. De Gaulle arose like a star to bring hope, but France was not there to back him up.

I was in the square of Antibes on the morning of June 20 when the news of France's fall came through. The reaction was both lamentable and shocking to behold. English people rushed to banks which were shut for the time being. Chaos reigned, and one wondered, What next?

The day of the departure of the last of the coal boats bearing the British away, the mistral blew hard in the evening. I felt suddenly alone in a world where a menacing shadow was fast stripping away the elements of life as we had known it. The evening sky was rosy and perfect, and Venus hung low over the Estérel. It was then, as I watched the flame points of the setting sun behind the foothills, that I had a vision of Hitler being stripped of his decorations. The knife wielded by an unknown man, whose back was all that I could see, contained a message pointing the way to keeping faith with the children. I feel this vision foretelling the doom of the man Hitler was a direct answer to allay any doubts I may have had about having made the right choice in remaining in France. I went to bed comforted, and started the new day with zeal.

During this time I had been able to keep abreast of the news by a radio at my villa. The *Christian Science Monitor* station from Boston gave the news daily, stark though it was. I was able to make notes of it and spread it around. Soon came the news that the British were advised to leave. Their funds were frozen. Once beloved, they were now an embarrassment to France. The story of their leaving was told by Somerset Maugham, who joined the sad cortege and took to the coal boats leaving Calais.

I had thrown in my lot with France, and I decided to remain and do what I could to help the refugees still finding their way to the south. Some of them had been in Marseilles waiting for the rumored destroyers that were supposed to take them to North Africa, from where they would find other routes to join forces with the French Resistance. Germans, Dutch, Belgians, Flemish, and Danes arrived too. Some had been in field service with the French and British. One and all wanted to be used again. Some joined the growing resistance unit in the south, while others remained to rest awhile before journeying toward

the Pyrenees, where they understood there were underground routes of exit.

Each and all lent a ready hand to the need of the refugees. No questions were asked; no information given. One knew simply that they had found an exit. Soon the less fortunate civilians began to escape from German rule, which had taken over when the German Army entered Paris.

Most of the British left the coast in the summer of 1940. When they had gone I applied myself to the task of finding food for the children; and what I could do for the Foyer des Soldats was done. It was becoming difficult to obtain supplies for the soldiers. A steady supply of falsehood was in the air as the fifth column penetrated among the fleeing refugees. In the south visas could be eventually obtained for Spain and America. Each successive arrival brought a different picture of life under the occupation. The new German-controlled radio station from Paris gave a gloomy picture of the war; according to the daily reports, human unity had ceased to exist. But my own radio, as I have said, brought me, by way of Boston, a less depressing aspect.

It became known that I had access to this source of news, and it was one of my duties to make a report each day and circulate it among those who were loyal to the Allied cause. The gendarmerie knew of this little "occupation" and came for their "notes," but toward the end of my stay the Italian-German commission forbade this.

The situation became worse daily. Those who had tarried in the north as long as safety seemed possible now arrived by many routes. We were not devoid of help from the steady group of "neutrals" who continued to live in their homes scattered along the coast. A good many Swedish and Danish people carried on the work with the refugees, aiding where they could. The Riviera, stripped of fishing and flowers, the principal sources of income, had little for its sustenance once the tourists were no more. Thick walls were thrown up around the water front—some said to stop the Italian fishermen from landing refugees along the coast in their boats. This was a profitable business for the fishermen, who had the necessary knowledge of the coastal

area around Antibes and Juan-les-Pins. Many of them had worked as waiters and gardeners in France for years. Each day boats came in, filled with people who had made their way from Austria through Italy and then paid "blood money" to the Italians to land them in the numerous bays and harbors around Cap d'Antibes. Many of them had spent happy hours bathing under the hot Midi sun, but that had now become a dream of the past.

It was a time of hard work, but there was a unity of purpose among all. Those who lived in the neighborhood had to build hope for the fleeing people, and they were reconciled to giving what aid they could. The American consulates at the different places on the coast did what they could, but it was by way of Marseilles that final word came when the visas for America had been cleared.

Before the fall of France, an adventurous incident in my own life took place. Jean Andoire, a friend whom I first met in 1937 and who later became my business manager, had been wounded in the cavalry fighting; his brother, working with the infantry, heard that Jean was in the Gaston Doumergue Hospital at Nîmes. It was a break from the suspenseful life of Juan-les-Pins for me to drive on Saturday to Nîmes, about four hours away, and invite Jean and his hospital friends for Sunday lunch, returning that night. If I had any clothing supplies I took along what could be spared, for all the hospitals were pitifully short of supplies. In this way I got to know the staff of the hospital rather well. We had many good moments together as we searched among the little hamlets in and around Nîmes and Arles for a good restaurant.

I had a deeply rooted conviction of spirit that caused me to live every experience to the fullest, and it was at that period that I became so enamored of the Camargue and the plains of Salon. The Camargue is a territory of the sand dunes at the mouth of the Rhone formed centuries ago. It is still not built upon, and is a place where today French cowboys ride their spirited steeds —a breed that was introduced to this region by Julius Caesar and still continues to thrive. The bulls for the rings at Nîmes and Arles are raised here. There are two Roman arenas in both cities, where the bullfight still takes place.

The plains of the surrounding country of Nîmes, Arles, and Les Baux are filled with the mystique of Provence, and in these towns the language of Frédéric Mistral, poet and lexicographer, serves to purify the dialect of the people. It was also Alphonse Daudet's country, and I loved to visit the old habitation and mill where he wrote the famous *Lettres de mon moulin*. Here, in this countryside, one felt a wonderful sympathy with human nature in all its forms, as he did. The people have lived for generations within the magic of this country, where troubadours sang ditties that contained the news, much as calypso does today in the West Indies.

These were revealing visits, where my ESP stood me in good stead. Without mentioning it as a factor, I was often able to answer the unspoken questions of the sick and wounded. Such men do not need language itself. What was happening to their family and their hometown and, above all, would France win, were the urgent questions they wanted answered. They evidently knew in their solitude that force, without the direction of sympathy, ends in chaos; but I never had the slightest belief that France would remain for long under German domination. This was a deep unconscious conviction. I was on their account more concerned with the time when they would be back tending the rich earth, reveling once again in naming the things they needed and loved, and preserving their unique French individuality. In a way the French in Provence *are* very individual creatures, unlike their Mediterranean neighbors, but very sensitive in that very unlikeness—ever ready to change their moods and offer each other fierce debate.

One day this relatively tranquil existence in the south ended suddenly. Rumor started, one never knew from whom, that the Germans were in sharp conflict and that they might invade the south. Bridges were to be blown over all the rivers, including the Rhone and the Saône. I listened—and acted! I told Lambert—my English chauffeur, married to a French wife who lived in Nice—to take me to the Gaston Doumergue Hospital in Nîmes if conflict spread. I had fears that the soldiers would be unable to help themselves in the hospital.

The rumor had reached far and wide; no one was clear in his

mind as to the next step. As we drove toward Nîmes we met part of the French Air Force escaping to Marseilles, Sète, or any other port that allowed them access to North Africa, where they hoped, as did many others, the government would go.

The hospital, like all other places, was in a state of shock. Many of the men well enough to be up took off and, I suspect, started to walk in the direction of the railway station, hoping to reach their several homes.

Next morning a friend of Jean's, Robert Trautwein, made up his mind we had to take my car and leave. He wrapped Jean in a blanket, set him within the car, and ordered Lambert to drive us all to Hendaye at the Spanish border, there to take a boat to North Africa to continue the fight. I had nothing to say about it. We joined a large cortege of cars, many moving toward Pau, where some would endeavor to sell their cars and belongings and cross the Pyrenees by foot. I believe hundreds made this perilous journey with Basque guides, who demanded exorbitant sums for their services. Sometimes, in order to protect their own skins, the guides left the trusting ones en route, but even so, many got through by crossing the Pyrenees.

It is impossible to convey the feeling of being caught in the primitive drive of refugees wandering along at a slow pace, all moving in a hopeful surge toward deliverance. At intervals German cars and part of the panzer division interrupted the cortege to see if there were French or English troops being surreptitiously smuggled away. Jean's friend, anticipating this, had taken his colonel's overcoat and cap, and written himself orders to deliver the *malade* to a hospital near Hendaye. He had also written himself a pass to return to the hospital. We were often stopped by the gendarmerie, but no one doubted. Lambert and I did not betray ourselves; being English we should have been held for questioning had we spoken.

At Hendaye the scene was unbelievably bad. The panzer motorcycle division had already arrived to occupy hospitable Spanish quarters at the border between France and Spain, and to stop the exit of soldiers into Spain. People waited by the thousands to receive word that they could be granted American visas. Without these, they could not hope to cross into Spain or reach

Lisbon and the boats and planes. Food was almost impossible to obtain, and even if one could find it one paid phenomenal prices, and money was scarce.

After two days of going round in circles, Jean solved my—and Lambert's—problem by suddenly returning to Nîmes. One moment he was with us, and the next he had disappeared. I was at once relieved, for I had been hoping that destiny would intervene. I had no intention of leaving my "children" back at Antibes, but Robert was adamant. He wanted to fight the war from North Africa! Fortunately for me, ships and papers to travel were almost impossible to obtain. Finally we returned by way of Sète, where the Czechoslovak Army was embarking for England. We remained a couple of days to offer aid; every hand was needed, for the soldiers leaving again for the unknown were in despair. They had been stationed in France for training. Their bewilderment at leaving hurriedly and suddenly for another climate was indeed heartbreaking.

During our sojourn in Hendaye we witnessed a similar mission accomplished by General Sikorski, who had to remove the Polish Army—in this case, to Scotland. Human history was being lived out before our eyes; men ceased to be themselves and became pawns in a game, writing a story of human suffering that followed an almost mathematical course.

I returned from the Pyrenees by way of Marseilles on the morning when the British were accused of sinking the French Navy at Mers-el-Kebir. It was more than dangerous to appear with a British accent at a time like this in France. We speeded back, through many police traps, so we might not create for ourselves a temporal difficulty. I arrived home at Juan-les-Pins, where like an errant child I was received with relief and scolded for my neglect.

In the meantime I had contacted Jean Andoire, whose conscience had forced him to return to the hospital. He was fond of the colonel of his regiment and did not want to cause him pain, or appear to desert. He went to prison for ten days for absence without leave. He was then released and sent home until such time as his services could be used by his country! Meanwhile I went back to work where life was complicated by the

need for food and clothing. I rejoiced to have him home to help me, for with a motorcycle (as long as gasoline could be obtained) we scoured the inland towns for food, and when the precious fuel was no longer obtainable, we invested in a cart and mule that we might still forage in the nearby countryside.

I worked as long as there were funds, but finally English and American monies were blocked and no longer available through the post or American consulates. My own resources were getting low, and a cautious word from the gendarmerie warned me I would be in deep trouble with the Armistice Commission if I remained. In November, 1940, my application for a visa to reach Lisbon and America came through, and I left the work I could no longer support.

It was a difficult time in my life, but I also believe it opened the gates of my mind to observe the hatreds and the raging passions against petty disciplines, the fiendish onslaught that was made on the Resistance, and the splendid heroism of simple people in the face of danger.

I cannot leave this account of my work in France without some reference to my particular sympathy with Provence. It would be difficult to answer why I look on Provence with such favor, especially the Alpes-Maritimes. It is not because the region is one of the most beautiful in France, but because the land itself has a fey quality all its own. As in all Mediterranean terrain, its people have a mixture of blood dating from before history was recorded. Les Baux, the capital, in ancient times, is a prehistoric city, but so are all the towns and hamlets of Provence. I suspect this ancient region steeped in mystery called me away from the menacing horror of war. The fete of Noel when a lamb is sacrificed in the ancient church of St. Vincent, with the services being still said in the ancient liturgy, and a long procession of shepherds attending, appealed to my mystic sense of theater.

All these towns and hamlets were the dwelling places of monks and grand seigneurs in the Renaissance, and their atmosphere within the land is still preserved for me more than in any other part of France. My childish adoration of St. Anthony may have brought me to Le Piol, a hill in St. Paul-de-Vence upon

which his church once stood and, before that, a pagan shrine. When I first saw it I was struck by its sad beauty and solitude. An old farmhouse that had seen better days stood on top of the hill. I saw a sign, rather the worse for wear, that promised teas, and with Jean Andoire I visited the establishment, run down and dilapidated since the German Army had established their headquarters there. It had a magnificent view and commanded the valleys and farms on either side. It was once the property of an English author, Robert Nichols; but he had departed long since, leaving the property, during the occupation, in the hands of a caretaker who eked out a few pennies offering refreshment.

Secretly I made up my mind then that it needed me. I certainly was "possessed" by the place and laughingly told Jean Andoire, my business manager at that time, that I would one day be able to acquire it. I must, I told him, use some magic to hold it.

In 1947 I was in London to transact business—I had now become an American citizen. There I learned that the hill I coveted was for sale. I finally managed to procure it. Fifteen years have wrought vast changes in the terrain. Instead of the little farmhouse there is a small but comfortable country hotel on the ancient site, and a commodious conference hall, with bungalows, where I hold yearly meetings on behalf of parapsychology. The property is now held in perpetuity for the purpose of research gatherings where ideas are exchanged between scientists of many countries. In a niche in the wall there is a statue of St. Anthony, and on another wall a ceramic of St. Francis, who loved birds and animals.

Thus my love affair with Provence has produced something that may be used long after I have left the scene.

22

I have not said very much about the creation of my publishing venture; yet this is not exactly true, for in *Adventures in the Supernormal* I did write of the "emotional stirrings" that prompted me, once in New York, to think in terms of having a magazine of my own.

I finally *had* to leave the south of France, where I had been working quietly for the Resistance. As I have said, the time came when the gendarmerie whispered to me that my usefulness was over, since anyone who had British sympathies was now suspect. This happened after the Armistice Commission, composed of Germans and Italians, patrolled the area. I knew without any doubt whatever that France would be completely invaded; it was only a matter of time.

When I left Juan-les-Pins I traveled by train to Perpignan, accompanied by Jean Andoire and a friend who wished me well and hoped that I might make my way without too much difficulty through Spain. Those who have made this horrible journey will hardly ever forget it. Like others leaving France, I suffered inconvenience and indignity. No part of my body was free from inspection, which took place at seven in the morning in a cold and fearfully depressing room. I can still see the frozen face of the impersonal female who conducted the examination.

I had given away most of my personal belongings to a Swedish girl who had been my secretary for some time. I did this purposely, because valuable items were removed from one's baggage, and I felt it would be better to have someone young and charming use them. Even so, I had a couple of fur coats with me, for I did not know what the journey might hold in

store for me. But in desperation, in Madrid, I handed the keys of my large trunk, which contained my warm clothing, to an official who had made himself perfectly odious. "Here's the trunk," I said. "Keep the lot!" Imagine my surprise when the trunk, with furs intact, arrived six months later in New York!

When I left Juan-les-Pins my intention was to go to England, where I could be of some use during the conflict. At Lisbon I went to the English consul. He examined my passport and said to me wryly: "I see you have been in America many times. Why do you not go there and lecture for relief for both Britain and France?"

Since ships leaving for England were virtually nonexistent, I picked up the consul's suggestion. Someone told me that the *Cibony*, an old boat that trafficked between Cuba and the South American countries, had arrived to help take some of the refugees away. I went down to the docks to look at her, and with the spirit of adventure and a greater desire to get away from the harassed scene, I managed to get aboard. Fortunately I had traveler's checks. I was shown below to share an apartment with two hundred other women, who were weeping and sobbing. They were worse off than I. I decided that I would go and see the steward. We made a bargain. In return for my traveler's checks, he would see that I had some accommodation each night and would save me a blanket. He also said that he thought he could put my baggage, such as was left to me, in the hospital room, and I trusted him. I sat up for the thirteen days of the voyage. From time to time we were intercepted by submarines. I reached New York with a high degree of excitement, though I must say the starkness of the drama that I had left behind haunted me.

Arriving from war-torn Europe, it was not difficult to find audiences willing to have themselves beguiled with stories of what was happening to France. I recounted to them some of the horrors which had been related to me by those who had escaped Dunkirk, and whom I had hidden in my own villa until I was able to get them to Monte Carlo or by boat to Marseilles, whence they could eventually, one hoped, find their way to North Africa. Many of them did and wrote to me later.

I was welcomed back by my friends. Within a week I was giving lectures for a considerable sum of money. I invariably asked for payment before I spoke, for what I had to say would not be pleasant to the people who believed that their shores would never be touched by the ravages of war.

I continued lecturing until Pearl Harbor. The fees had decreased, and my services were not as often asked for. Perhaps the dramatic interpretation of what I had seen and known was not too pleasant. Even for those who like to hear of horrors, I may have brought the story too close to be comfortable.

On March 8, 1941, about 11:30 in the morning, I was walking down East Forty-fourth Street in New York when I came to the Life Extension Building. I cannot think why I looked at this name, but somehow it arrested me. "Life extension" made an impact at a time when everybody was upset and talking only in terms of warfare. I remember that the numbers of the building were 7-11. Anyway, using my knowledge of numerology, I added them up and found that the outcome was the number nine, which I regard as a revolutionary number. Immediately the thought popped into my mind: "I wonder if they would have a place in there where I could start a publishing business."

During all this time I had not checked my bank account, nor did I have the least idea what publishing would cost. Without ascertaining either, the next morning I went around to the same building, entered, and asked if they had a small vacant office. They showed me to the eighteenth floor, where there were two rooms. I said: "Yes, I will take these."

I then called Miss Florence Brobeck, who had published my book, *My Life as a Search for the Meaning of Mediumship* in America during my absence. I told her what I had done, and said: "I will have a magazine, and call it *Tomorrow*." This was my dedication to the starving children of France. I told her this and added: "You, dear, will have to help me with the problems of makeup, and give me some understanding of how one starts." At this time I think she was between situations, and she was willing to help me.

Within a day or so I had mentioned this scheme to Harold Vursell, whom I had known for a couple of years and who some-

times visited me in the south of France. He had a teaching position at Columbia and was in no mood to think in terms of what he called my casual ideas of publishing. However, on spare evenings he would accompany me to the home of Florence, where I quickly learned the art of makeup. Either a thing comes naturally to you, or you spend long hours thinking "What a fool I am," and "What do I know about it?" But since every position I have held has been made in exactly the same way, and I have been self-employed—except for those years at the college—those doubts in Harold Vursell's mind produced in me no anxiety.

The next morning I found that I had $25,000 in the bank. This sounded like real riches, considering that I had been sweeping vegetable leaves in the marketplace to color the hot water to make soup for the children only a year before.

I went ahead. One day, thinking it all over, I reflected: "Wouldn't it be wonderful if I had a publishing house; then I can make money to start a magazine." I kept this very much to myself and went for a holiday, in the heat of summer, to Florida. There Mr. Vursell visited me, and I reasoned with him a little more. Perhaps he listened; I really don't know. I was too caught up with the idea that soon I would not only be reading manuscripts sent to me, but they would become books and I would be publishing them.

I called Florence Brobeck. "How do you get to know the people in publishing?"

She replied: "Well, I think the best thing to do, if you are wise, is to come back to New York and give a cocktail party. It is summertime, but a great number of the people concerned with sales promotion, bookmaking, and binding are in town."

"Do you know them all?" I asked her.

Apparently she did, for a list arrived in a few days. It meant nothing to me, but I called her back and said: "Go ahead! Get me a beautiful room in the smartest hotel overlooking Central Park. Nothing is good enough to make a beginning."

Florence followed instructions and obtained a sumptuous apartment, beautifully decorated—a penthouse, in fact. Armed with little more than a lovely suntan, a white suit, and a great

deal of optimism, I persuaded Mr. Vunsell to accompany me to New York to meet what is known as the "trade."

In spite of the heat a great number turned up: writers, reviewers, publishers, book manufacturers, layout men, the whole lot. I remember one gentleman, well known in the book trade, who sedately approached me at about 9 o'clock—the party began at 4—and said to me: "So you are Eileen Garrett. Have you done any publishing?"

"No."

"Have you worked with any of the publishers in town?"

"Good heavens, no."

"Have you perhaps been an agent for publishers?"

Again I had to answer a reluctant "No."

"Then, lady," said he, looking at me sadly, "I like you, but I think you are nuts."

I called my publishing house the Creative Age Press. It is not difficult to see why. Everybody was in the dumps, and the country was, so to speak, in mourning after its own entry into the European war at last. It was a time for deep concentration, for now America was truly involved in more ways than perhaps all her people understood.

When I asked Florence Brobeck how many books I should have for my list, she told me, quite rightly, to find out first how much money I had, how many books I wanted to produce, and what their content should be. I decided on fiction as the main category, but also serious books that might deal with art, literature, essays, and music. Florence asked me if I had a list of friends in London who would help me. I told her I knew many, but none of them in publishing. Nearly all of them were in the arts, decoration, dancing, acting, what-have-you. She looked at me with a kind of pity, which at that time was lost on me. I was consumed with the dream.

About that time, a vague figure one day entered the office. She spoke of having talked with Janet Flanner—the "Genêt" of the *New Yorker*—who had mentioned Miss Brobeck's name to her, adding that there was an Englishwoman concerned who contemplated publishing. My visitor was an author named Lee McCann. I looked at her with amusement before I asked her

what her manuscript was about. She wore a long, gray, enveloping garment into which she seemed to disappear, and a strange hat, rather the shape of a dinner plate, above nondescript hair; but she had deep luminous eyes and a spiritual feeling of solidity. She replied: "*The Life of Nostradamus.*"

This was sweet music to my ears. When I was in Juan-les-Pins, I used to visit Jean Andoire in Nîmes, and almost every weekend I drove with him through the Camargue country to Saintes Maries de la Mer, the church that is raised to the memory of Mary and Martha, who were missionaries to that country. Underneath this church was a pagan crypt where the gypsies came every May to pay homage to their patron saint, Sara. They offered their devoirs not in the church but in the crypt. Jules Bois has written about this, and I knew of it, but now I was to come in contact with it for myself. On many occasions I visited the ancient capital of Provence, Les Baux, which is steeped in superstitions and mystery, as well as the plains of Salon and St.-Barthélemy. Many late nights I spent on those plains where Nostradamus guarded his sheep. Once a shepherd, he had visions, too, as he watched the stars.

The arrival of a manuscript dedicated to his life seemed to me an omen of good fortune, for I had told myself more than once: I will go back one day to those plains and visualize Nostradamus, the prophet and visionary.

Two days later I came to the conclusion that I could not possibly start a publishing house with one book. It might be better to have a second. I therefore sat down and wrote *Telepathy* in five weeks. It still sells, as does *Nostradamus.*

About this time, Mr. Vursell said to me: "If you insist on this madness, you might as well have a competent editor. My friend, Charles Chadsey, is not working at the moment, although he has been in publishing, and he might be a real help to you." Mr. Chadsey, a Rhodes Scholar, certainly was. He asked me questions about telepathy which, in my hurry to write the book, I hadn't even thought about. Anyway, it got done. Today I might have written an infinitely better book, but today there is no hurry.

I enjoyed meeting all the people in publishing, arming my-

self with a drop of "Mountain Dew" or its American equivalent; this, I felt, opened many doors and might make these hard business gentlemen sympathetic. Let it be said that they, one and all —and mostly the late Sidney Sattenstein who was head of American Book-Stratford Press, and his able assistant, George Rittenhouse—did allow me, whenever I wanted, to go and watch the process of book production from the moment of paper choice and typsetting to the time when the manuscript finally emerges between hard covers with a name and identity of its own. This was a rare and beautiful experience. I had a new love affair!

The same thing happened when I started publishing *Tomorrow*, the first issue of which appeared on September 1, 1941. It was Henry "Jimmy" Kreisman and his printing organization who first published *Tomorrow* magazine. To describe Mr. Kreisman at this point is a little difficult. I had not met this type of man before. He was rough and harsh and withering in his comments; but he arranged for me to meet the executives who showed me how the whole process of magazine production operated. He gave me books on type to study and told me: "If you have an artistic eye, you will find out what you want." Those who remember the first issues of *Tomorrow* will realize the excitement with which I proceeded. I wanted every kind of type, and each month I think I made a change—if not in the format, certainly in the type. In a hard school I grew almost proficient, and in my own mind I mastered the art. Anyway, I produced a magazine and likewise produced books. Here my psychic instincts did not lead me astray. I had no reputation, so could not expect literary agents to supply me with manuscripts. But neither negation nor inertia is contained within my character, and anybody who looks at my early list will see that I produced a variety of books, dealing with aspects of people who were original, sometimes amusing, and very concrete.

When I think that I had the temerity to approach Salvador de Madariaga, Robert Graves, Peter de Polnay, Harold Clurman (who wrote for *Tomorrow* for many years), Tom Sugrue, and a whole host of others well known to today's public I look back and ask how I managed.

My editors and staff were chosen for their vision, looks, and vitality. I preferred them to start as I did, with not too much experience. I insisted that all my secretaries and associate editors not only spell and read correctly, but be very attractive. Finally salesmen and friends in the publishing business called the house "Creative Urge." I was always certain they they would visit me because the secretarial setup was full of pulchritude and amusing as well. Finally the agents accepted me with a certain amount of reserve; so did the advertising agents. I was on my way.

My editors were individual, sometimes difficult. I remember, not without amusement, one who went to the editors of *Time* and complained that I ran a silly magazine with a bedspring on the cover. He obviously had mistaken one of my clairvoyant images—the helix or spiral—which is still used. My books and magazine offer something not quite so abstract, but I continue to use the symbol.

I had a visit from some of the *Time* people, who wrote me up. Their article was not meant to be kind, but it had an amazing effect. Advertisers called me up and told me: "You've made it." What I had made I could not be very certain about, but the trade by this time had begun to accept me, although some conservative ones were not certain that dealing with a medium was *comme il faut.*

In spite of this, I read psychic books for other publishers. I felt if I could get such literature within the publishing domain, this would be as useful a proposition as one could achieve. I read for publishers in Boston, as well as some very respected ones in New York, giving them my comments and frankly telling them because of my reputation for mediumship I would rather that *they* would publish the material for the sake of its better reception.

Today, looking back over what most of my friends in the publishing world have done with psychic literature, I cannot be regretful. Anything that savors of the dramatic gets attention; the more solid work is often overlooked. Yet this is not entirely true. In practically every publishing list I see today I note that books within the area of parapsychology are being issued. Thus

my precognition served me well on behalf of parapsychology and related subjects.

About *Tomorrow* magazine I was always confident. My purpose in publishing fiction in my press, and in the earlier *Tomorrow*, had been to help the young people who returned from the war, sad, cynical, and morose. To give them a book to review was enough to cheer them. When I published Thomas Mann, Heinrich Mann, and Klaus Mann's story of Gide, I was looked on with a little more respect. People called up and said: "How did you get these people to write for you?" I answered: "Patience—accompanied by a good lunch and fairly good remuneration. This, I find, pays in the long run." I was busy, compulsive, and happy.

Illness finally caught up with me, and I was faced with having to undergo three operations. Since I was in my office early and late, and read voraciously through the night, it was no wonder that I was depleted. I entered the hospital, blithely telling my secretary as we reached the hospital door that I had come simply for an examination.

I kept the illusion of returning to work for some time. But finally my absence from the scene, coupled with my need for more money—I had already borrowed a considerable sum from a good friend in Washington—forced the decision to let my excellent editors go. It was quite easy to have my girls married off, and I can add in parentheses that they all are, and happily so. Most of my editors are too.

Mr. Vursell left me at the end to join the firm of Farrar, Straus, where he holds a deserved position of trust and competence. One or two went to the *New Yorker*, and recently in London, I met Robert Knittel, who left me to join Jonathan Cape of London and now is in charge of Collins publishing company. He married Luise Rainer, and I was happy to see them recently, both looking young and charming.

Allan Angoff, who came to join the staff of Creative Age Press when he left the army, was finally hired as the managing editor of *Tomorrow*. My daughter joined the staff for a short while, but the impending birth of her first child removed her from the scene of publishing. Jack O'Brien, who looked like a

child from the Middle West seeking adventure, has also become an editor in his own right. Even the man who at first did not like me, and talked of my bedsprings, is now, I believe, in a responsible position in the State Department, and certainly Mr. Chadsey has been a valuable editor working on government levels.

I have not mentioned Patrick Tanner (Patrick Dennis), then advertising manager, who went on to become a very successful writer, or others who now have substantial jobs in publishing.

May I add it really wasn't hard work to publish. It was great fun; it was excitement, incredulity, amusing parties, visits all over America until I got to know everyone who sold books within the vast continent. This may be termed "work," but I enjoyed it, and at every stopping place there had to be a cocktail party—or shall we call it a reception?

My greatest disappointment came with the discovery that the trade would not advertise in *Tomorrow*. I was told caustically: "You have a *think* magazine; the people to whom we sell are morons and don't read your type of review."

Nevertheless, my sales on newsstands increased, mostly because I went and investigated where the magazine should be sold. Invariably I found packets of them, months old and often unwrapped, lying on storeroom tables. It was a wonderful lesson about mass production. The vendors were kind enough to show me how the different magazines with which we are familiar—*Saturday Evening Post, Life, Time,* and all the others—held commanding positions on their stands. I learned my lesson, never to leave without being very charming and offering a drink and perhaps some other form of bribery. I am not above it.

By such means, then, I not only learned American history through my visits to every state in the Union, but I learned something else: that behind their curt and tense exteriors, which they wore when they took me to task, there were people who had a little feeling of good will toward me. Perhaps I reminded them of the time when they had stars in their eyes and took off to find pastures in which they, too, would work and not vegetate.

I have a deep respect for the American bookseller. More than

that, I owe him much. It was a sad moment when I finally decided to shut the doors at 11 East Forty-fourth Street.

23

Among those with whom I had interesting ESP experiments were the Mann family—Heinrich and Thomas, both of whom I visited in California. I must confess that if I had any preference, it was for Heinrich Mann. He seemed to have more maturity, if one may use such a word in connection with such a distinguished family. Heinrich seemed more reasonable and in many ways free of some of the emotional difficulties of his brother; in a sense, he was more maturely dedicated to vision and political freedom. I immediately responded to the very human qualities of Heinrich.

During my publishing days, I produced Heinrich's *Superman* and *Small Town Tyrant*. The old *Tomorrow* magazine of September, 1943, published Thomas Mann's "Two Fine Gentlemen," excerpted from *Joseph, the Provider*, part of his biblical tetralogy. My original interest in Thomas, however, arose from the fact that he had worked with Dr. F. von Schrenck-Notzing when the latter was examining the claims of Willy Schneider and his younger brother Rudi, with whom I had worked for two years in London under the auspices of the late Harry Price during experiments in psychical phenomena.

I gathered from the Mann children that they all accepted the validity of psychic phenomena. They had known of their father's interest in the subject and had followed it in their early years, though I do not think they pursued it after they left Germany. Like most great writers, Thomas Mann had been strongly impressed by psychic literature and work, although relatively

little is known about his intense interest in this field. It may have been that he had enough bitter enemies to deal with without making public his deep interest in psychic phenomena. He could hardly fail to be impressed by the psyche because of his great interest in the work of the mystical groups in Germany, all of whom he knew. Our common interest opened up to me an aspect of his character which I found warm and agreeable. Perhaps it got him away from the political aspects of life which still, in California, hurt him intensely and were in a sense responsible for the witholding of a planned autobiography that I am sure he would have finished under happier circumstances.

I knew Klaus, his son, very well. He became politically aware in an immature way of the many problems then arising in Germany, and began to speculate on what might happen to the world that we were all approaching with some pessimism. I saw him occasionally during the war and heard of him a good deal, for he was then in training at Camp Ritchie in the same outfit with Jean Andoire, business manager of my press. Needless to say, these young Czechs, Germans, Danes, Austrians, and others who had escaped from their various countries were to some extent guilt-ridden. I personally know that Klaus was a very unhappy young man. Because he had known Gide, I turned his attention toward writing about him, and Creative Age Press published his book, *André Gide*.

Much as I regretted his death, I was in a way not sorry when I heard of his sudden passing at the age of forty-two in Cannes. I can still hear his voice ringing in the corridors as he sought to create a world in which he and his young friends could live with entire political freedom. He wanted change. He wanted it too much and too soon. The work that he put into reaching decisions, coupled with his own burning enthusiasm for freedom on the one hand, and his pessimism on the other, burned out one who had never appeared particularly able to swim against the tide of events in his native land.

24

My ties with Lord Dunsany were perhaps stronger than with most of my other Irish writers, but then he was considered by his Irish friends and tenants to be more English than Irish. He had spent a great deal of his life in England, where he was educated, and in the First World War he fought with the Royal Enniskillen Fusiliers, about which he told me numerous hair-raising stories. One cannot mention the Abbey Theatre in Dublin and exclude Dunsany, nor forget his plays, some of which were produced there.

I spent long and interesting evenings with Ernest Boyd and Dunsany. Boyd was himself a man of no mean literary talent. He was also known to another friend, Algernon Blackwood, who alerted me to Dunsany's extraordinary abilities in sport, as well as to his interest in mystical phenomena. I had already known some of this, for Dunsany was articulate on the subject when I visited him both at his home in Ireland and later in Kent, England. He was steeped in mythology, and he had a way of bringing his tall frame to alert, military stance, assuring you before he started to walk again that he believed completely in the subject. Did he believe in fairies? He did, even though I was still skeptical.

He was not only a master of the English language, but often his knowledge of Greek mythology crept in to reassure one that it wasn't the Irish alone who were pixilated, but also the Greeks. He spoke bitterly of the Germans, with whom he had had some rather harsh dealings when he was a visiting professor during the Nazi occupation of Athens. I listened with respect and admiration when he spoke of his beliefs, and in time I

shared with him my own doubts as to the course I was pursuing in psychic research.

"You can't help yourself," he said. "If you will take my advice, you will stop thinking about it and cease to disturb your imagination with doubts, for the imagination you have is the chariot upon which one must be borne noble." There was a wealth of seriousness in his words. He was a prolific talker as well as writer. As I indicated earlier, he was most at home in the legends of the land which he owned and regarded as mysterious kingdoms whose boundaries were those of fairyland.

I admired his poetry and published his verse and stories. The hours I spent with him talking about the nether kingdoms and the little people were of great and lasting fascination. He was a good friend of Dr. Gogarty, with whom he often talked of the impending events that would one day overcome England. His clairvoyant sense of the diplomatic mayhem just then beginning to show itself in certain circles brought sadness for him who had done so much in his quiet way for the country of his birth and the land that he had adopted to serve.

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A more contemporary figure with whom I have had dealings in publishing is that of Robert Graves. I was fortunate enough to publish several of his books and to have him tell me about his method of going deeply into the collective unconscious, where he derived great knowledge in abstract terms. He told me he was careful to check with eminent scholars everything that he learned from the deep unconscious. I found myself stimulated by his writings, especially *Hercules, My Shipmate, Wife to Mr. Milton, The White Goddess,* and *King Jesus.*

Graves was candid, unconventional, and yet emphatically serious. It is his poetry that I like best. During the years of our collaboration, I found him gay, amusing, and spiritually satisfying. I admired the fey part of his character as much as I did the German order and discipline in his makeup, which made his working days pleasant, stimulating, and fruitful.

26

One of the friends who dated back to my early childhood was Oliver St. John Gogarty, surgeon, poet, and one of the great athletes of Ireland. He lived mainly in County Galway in my early days in Meath, when he hunted and rode to the hounds. He studied medicine first and later became a surgeon, well known through Europe. There are many living today who testify that he was a genius. I heard at an early period of my life of his great prowess, and those who spoke of his surgical knowledge claimed that he had supernormal powers of healing. He never laid claim to these himself, though he spoke of many things, since he was at home as a raconteur in the drawing rooms of both Europe and America.

During the time that I owned Creative Age Press (1941–51), he was a friend and an author one liked to deal with—witty and amusing and certainly a person with whom one would spend a lively evening. With nostalgia, I recall evenings spent with him and James Reynolds, a professional Irishman and painter, among whose many books I published *World of Horses, Ghosts in Irish Houses, Andrea Palladio, Baroque Splendour,* and *The Grand Wide Way.*

In company with the late John Latouche, a young poet and playwright, Reynolds, and Gogarty, the Irish past became alive

again. Although Latouche had not visited Ireland, the land of leprechauns and fairies was in his heritage. Reynolds was himself a dapper little figure who was often to be seen in my office, telling to all who would listen stories of the Irish aristocracy, the castles that he visited, and the ghosts that he had personally delivered from the earthbound misery. In order to appease him, I finally promised that when money was plentiful I would publish his stories. This I finally did and so started James on his literary career. He was amusing, "exclusive," and imaginative. His work had great snob appeal, and so we priced his books high and sent them to a selected trade list accompanied by a card which announced to the booksellers that Mr. Reynolds would surely be visiting them in person. There was nothing shy about him. He was articulate with words, and the most patient of editors will testify that Jimmy added more of them to his narrative than have perhaps ever been found in Webster's dictionary.

James at this period became a thorn in the flesh of Lord Dunsany and Dr. Gogarty. Both of them, "born of the sod," could not stand James at any price and were as articulate about him as he was about their lineage. Pure mischief would make me invite Gogarty to dinner to meet Latouche, with whom he liked to exchange a good story, and then as an afterthought, in order not to upset the digestion of both gentlemen, I saw to it that Jimmy usually arrived after cocktails had been served. Once they met, the fireworks would begin. By this time, Jimmy had acquired for himself several relatives whom Gogarty's quick and nimble wit immediately sought to divorce from Jimmy's alleged family tree. He claimed that he was personally related to Joshua Reynolds, and he often brought photographs of the good old days when these ancestors were "living it up." John Latouche, young and eager, and the irritable Gogarty would join together to reduce to ashes Jimmy's pretensions about his great and noble birth; but with all respect for the prowess of the young John and the older St. John, Jimmy was not to be silenced. Gogarty would get on his feet, spilling his beer over the pictures, and would insist to Jimmy's face that he was a fraud. Nevertheless, Jimmy's persistence invariably

silenced them both. There were many afternoons when Gogarty would call up and ask on the telephone: "Is herself in? I would like her to come to dinner without that blasted nuisance, Reynolds!"

There were many people who thought that Gogarty could be heartless. He could be voluble and sound mean for the sake of starting a good argument, but I was personally fond of him and felt that the world would be a gray, dim place when he finally left the scene. I think of him often and regret there are none like him to gladden the days with a spontaneous sonnet, which he was able to do in record time, or an improvised, risqué limerick. Among his books, some of which I published, I liked his poetry best. During his later life, in World War II, he made several voyages on troop ships to Europe and also to Alaska, where I am sure his presence was not only a medical blessing, but a healing one, while his stories must have built up the morale of many a young and timid soldier. God rest his soul—he was a great man!

27

Every ten years a change arrives which has nothing to do with my conscious self, nor is it a mechanical attitude that, once adopted, takes me toward new pastures. The regularity of this rhythm appears as physical webs or floating curves that draw me toward new aspects of life and work. There are times when my ways of change are definitely defined and resolved for me by illness or surgery.

So it happened in 1951, after ten years of active publishing in Creative Age Press. The last issue of the literary *Tomorrow* was published in September. It had been designed as a memo-

rial to the children of France. I had never been quite able to make it into a true literary measure of the time for the reason that an idealistic magazine, I believe, should allot some space to serious articles relating to the "interior" life as well as to the objective being. Within it, however, to the professional eye, there was a weakness. My heart was responding to the deeper creativity and the other side of man—his spiritual concepts.

Since I had kept my offices and a skeleton staff, I decided that, once recovered from my illness, I should devote the pages of *Tomorrow* to the subject of extrasensory perception and related subjects. Thus, reluctantly, I parted with my establishment on Forty-fourth Street, which had been the scene of so many good parties, a kindergarten for young writers, and a fascinating epoch of my own life in which I perhaps learned a great deal about humanity in general and creative writing in particular.

I found another office to resume publication of the new *Tomorrow,* and I turned my attention toward more research efforts. I moved to 500 Fifth Avenue. Again the numbers of my location seemed propitious for an individual effort. There was still a division of interests in my interior and objective will, but I would leave them to work out their pattern. I knew that there was a strong turbulence going on in the depth of my unconscious that would reveal itself in time. These attitudes of change are exciting to live with. One dwells on the fringe of expectation, serving at times a long novitiate.

There is a fulfillment in this form of change. The active principles assume ears and eyes of observation. There is a continual sense of illumination. One feels particularly well, petulant often with outside demands, and yet, within, there remains a sense of harmony and well-being. It appears like a conflict between the two states of mind, yet one knows from long experience that this is only what happens before the birth of a new experience in life can take place.

About this time there arrived a new set of symbols for me. I began to be aware of commanding dark figures in the dream. I saw "commanders," judges, and regal beings. They appeared so frequently I had to make note of them, for they were not to be

confused with my other shadowy figures or dream symbols, of which there are many.

I took a trip to the West Indies where I visited Haiti for the first time. I wanted to understand something of the Haitian character, as well as the actual nature of voodoo. Voodoo conjures up such lurid ideas of black magic that I felt I must explore it for myself. I was received at the Bureau of Ethnology by people who take their religion seriously. I had studied the writings of Melville J. Herskovits, professor of anthropology at Northwestern University, who had directed the university's program on African studies for some years and had done field studies in Africa, Haiti, Trinidad, and Brazil; and I was aware that voodoo—or vodun, the term following native pronunciation—is a complex of African belief and ritual governing in large measure the religious life of the Haitian peasantry. In Dahomey, the West African kingdom from whence the term has come, vodun means God, and is applied generally to all the deities.

The underlying philosophy of the Haitian religion is to be understood in the beliefs and perceptions of the people who worship their various loa or saints. The objective religion of Haiti derives from the Catholic Church. The simple Haitian goes to his chapel in the morning; but for the rest of the day and the year these other deities give him help in his daily life—to protect his garden, his life, and his family. As far as I could understand, God made the loa, an overall guardian who looks after the spirit of the living and usually helps to advance the morale of each and all.

I think the most striking element in the voodoo cult is the manner in which the gods are said to possess their devotees. During the possession, the spirit which is alleged to animate each one can manifest itself through unrestrained and unpredictable behavior. Possession can be violent, and the devotee under the influence of the loa can, at times, destroy whatever comes to hand. If that happens, there must then be a baptism, a ceremony carried out by the vodun priest or priestess, or somebody of equal importance within the family. As in baptism in the Western world, there must be a godfather and godmother.

Leaves of the basilique tree are steeped in perfumed cold water, and the hands of the one who baptizes are immersed in the liquid. The following day, the person who has been baptized goes to the family place of worship and is greeted by those who have helped him toward restraint.

Each family has its own special deity who looks after each one from the moment of baptism throughout the rest of his life, but this does not say that the one who was baptized will not be possessed by any or all of the numerous deities. The baptized ones undergo a radical change in accordance with the nature of their loa or deity, and they wear the color of the god who has been "adopted." On the other hand, it is not unusual to be possessed by Damballah himself, the serpent deity, who is the personification of God.

In the Haitian religion, possession is not abnormal; it enters into their daily life. Actually it releases them from psychic tension, and perhaps it takes the place of the unfulfilled desires of the people, who are very poor. The great ceremonies are held at certain seasons of the year and are a living part of the life of the people, who take their rituals very seriously and keep away from loa "vagabonds" or wandering spirits. Grown men have been seen to hold tightly to the rafters where the dance is being held, the muscles of their forearms forming great cords, and beads of perspiration rolling down their foreheads during the ceremony. The hungan or priest—who can be a man or a woman—undergoes long and intensive training. All their songs are sung to the adoration of the many deities; and the deities are expected to fulfill their duties, which are to grant the people's demands for good health, good harvests, and protection of their families from ill fortune. On this basis of belief, the ceremony of worship is one of the most impressive phenomena extant today.

On subsequent visits, I was invited to work with some of the magical objects, a great many of which are used in the ceremonies. I was given the "paquets," or sacred protective bundles, and asked to reveal their meaning. The hungan immediately insisted that I could become a master of their tech-

niques and work side by side with him. I naturally felt that this was something beyond my ability to do successfully; but Monsieur Raoul Aglion, a representative of United Nations and UNESCO, who had taken me to meet some of the people concerned, informed me that this was a great honor and I should agree to participate. I was allowed to observe the mysteries and to lead the services, and I came to understand something of the character of the different divinities. There must have been a strong rapport between myself and the people, since I was given all the artifacts, especially those of healing, and was told that I would always be a part of the spirit of Haiti. I accepted the people, as they did me, and returned to them from time to time to undergo several initiations.

I remember once, when they wanted me to offer a chicken in sacrifice to my own particular deity, I refused, and this caused a great deal of annoyance. The chicken had to be killed by the hungan, after which I would be anointed with the blood. A long and painful ceremony was involved. In order to accept the artifacts which were given to me, I had to prove that I was worthy of them by going through the ordeal of fire. In this trial, one holds one's hands over a flame, and a healing stone is held above them in a silk handkerchief which burns, whereupon one must catch the stone as it falls.

Knowing what was coming, I got myself into a trancelike state, and consequently my hands were not burned. The hungan stood by and examined my hands very carefully. When he saw that I had not been marked by the flame, he concluded that I had the same abilities as himself, and therefore began the first sacred rituals of my entering into the community. The assumption is that if one is guilty of human error or the love of power, it would be revealed in the first rite.

Thereafter, I went to Haiti on many occasions. I was received by the community, danced the dances, and entered into the religious culture. I felt that there was no real conflict or difference between the structure and the meaning of their dynamic form of worship, which bears no resemblance to that of the Western world. These meetings can take place at any time—in

the residence of government officials as well as in the lowliest hut, in any of the caves, close to the magical trees, or near the water. The people themselves believe in all the laws laid down by their hungans.

The ability of the Haitians to carry on their way of life, adapted from the mores of West Africa, is perhaps due to the innate simplicity of the people, who are dominated by the nearness of the loa and frequent possession by the gods. The true meaning is contained in the heart of the people and emerges from the deepest source of its beliefs. The hungan believes that he is truly possessed, guarded, and guided by night and day by the invisible gods. Primitive as it may seem, I am assured by those who have made a study of the subject that Haiti remains true to the mark of its origin—its dancing, its music, expiatory rites, and possession can be seen in Africa in its proper religious background.

Many of my friends wondered how I could accept this pageantry, which they rejected on the charge of hysteria. They failed to see that within the framework of Afro-Haitian mentality, one must respect the people's devotion and accept their religious way of life as a normal practice for them. When one has been present at a Haitian ceremony, where the religious observations are obviously rewarding, one finds that the beating of the drums, which never ceases and which recalls the ancient African rhythms, is truly significant. This is so especially if one stays long enough with the people to understand without inhibition the religious meanings of their life, which has produced a variety of phenomena in art, sculpture, and other aspects of man's interior self.

There is a quality of nobility within these people who are among those least blessed with the world's goods. The land is poor and mountainous; the agricultural yield is astonishingly meager. A hospital recently built by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon is doing its best to reduce the sick load by going to the root of the problem in the communities themselves. In the development health programs it has carried out wide-scale vaccinations, opened nutrition centers, and showed films on hygiene. In addition, carpentry, weaving, and other economic measures have

been introduced to help the people to be more effective in looking after themselves.

During this period of transition, I also made many visits to Jamaica. Belief in the power of the spirit is fundamental to Jamaican folklore too, but it has been influenced by British social institutions, education, and organized religion. In the field of medicine, for example, one notices that while the physicians are generally opposed to unorthodox healing, they do not campaign against it. The people's lack of confidence in Western ways causes them to return to their own beliefs. If a medicine prescribed by the medical doctor is not a dark and bitter brew, it is unacceptable. And so, when one goes out into the countryside, one may find elaborate preparations for a complex ritual of healing, which may cost a great deal.

The influence of organized religion is split between the nominal and numerous spiritual churches. The country people may subscribe to one of the many churches, but in fact, they return to the "shepherd" or obeah man, whose powers are thought to be stronger. A definite social stigma is attached to association with folk religion, and the distinct gap between the lower-class and middle-class groups in Jamaica makes it difficult for obeah to be practiced in the open.

Nevertheless, the obeah man fulfills many functions for the people who cling to their ancient religions. He is alleged to have particular knowledge of poisons. Often he has a position on the police force, where he fulfills his duties to the government by day, but in the nighttime turns his attention toward the people, who still believe in the herbal treatment at which he is an expert. Late at night, when the British population is asleep, the materials selected to catch, expel, or propitiate the spirit are spread on a table. Then the ritual proceeds with singing, dancing, feasting, and, in many cases, spirit possession for three or more days. In the blood bath, which is considered the most powerful expedient, a pigeon is sacrificed over the head of the one to be cured.

The novitiate usually relies on the spirits to dictate the mode of treatment as well as the ingredients of the prescription. These

ingredients are sometimes mixed with pharmaceutical liquids and powders, which can be obtained from the pharmacy at a small price. Herb lore is widely known in Jamaica, especially by the shepherds or obeah men. At the same time, most of the people patronize healers only in emergencies. The medical fee is about two or three times as much as the healer's fee. The practice of these ancient rites is, however, dying out, since free attention at government hospitals is now readily available in Jamaica.

The formal dances, such as one sees in vodun, are carried out far from Kingston, the seat of the government. Because the drum is not permitted in Jamaica, the healer hums a hymn or an ancient song, and all the people chime in rhythmically while he taps with his right foot. During this performance, he makes a sound like that of a horn, which is known as "blowing to attract the attention of the spirits." He slowly circles his patients, pausing twice to raise his hand while his body stiffens; and there are moments when he stumbles, reminding one of the possession that takes place in Haiti. All sing during this time, while the rhythm of the beats continues. The words are in a language that to the Western ear sounds like nonsense syllables, but to the shepherds they are considered direct revelations from the spirits.

As I have noted, this period of my experience had been foreshadowed by the dream symbols. The symbols of these colorful people had occurred often before I visited the West Indies. Thus it is little wonder that the unconscious mind must be given credence, as through my life it continues to offer evidence which coincides with events that come to pass. It would appear that one's destiny is contained in the dream, to be unfolded like the chart of the engineer. Each symbol contains the idea that brings the creative life within it to freedom.

There are times when the dream supplies so much material that I give myself suggestion before sleep not to remember until I have dealt with what has already been presented for examination. It has been noted, during my work in encephalographic recording of the dreaming mind, that I do not pass into deep

sleep but linger on the periphery of the unconscious. Perhaps this is why the unconscious presents me with so much diversion; and the splits within my personality may again account for much of this material which, in my particular case, makes itself so readily accessible.

It is as though in the domain of my being there are three separate divisions at work, not only in trance but in my daily collective experience. I have faced surgery so often that I have no sense of its being more than another experiment. My doctor advises that I take considerable time to allow the anesthetic to take effect and rob me of my conscious will before an operation. He says the anesthetist present is always surprised at how much is required to put me under. I suspect that, unconsciously, I am anxious to find out and remember what takes place as the mind enters another "twilight" zone. I always set myself a task to ask particular questions and bring back answers. These I invariably remember about the third day after an operation. Unwittingly, therefore, I may set up a barrier which does not permit the mind to accept the drug substances quickly, and therefore interferes with the process of losing consciousness. It is true that the stilled mind presents me with most illuminating pictures at the moment of regaining consciousness, momentarily filled with color and joy.

One day, during this period, I had an auditory experience that brought into focus my plans for setting up a research foundation. On the periphery of sleep, I heard a voice telling me I must get well and build an "edifice" that would honor the subject to which I had devoted my life, however ambivalent that devotion may appear to the reader. I awoke with a feeling of deep conviction that I must begin to build a new structure containing the best elements of my own work.

After a few days' thought, plans evolved for a periodic conference, to be held within a university, that would consist of parapsychology students of all ages; and for a research foundation that would help scholars explore new fields, as well as introduce young people to the vast body of literature now stored away in the rooms of the various psychical research offices. Much

of this literature was valuable and needed to be made accessible to a new generation to whom the field of psychical research had not been evident, especially during the war years.

Finally the plans for a conference took clear shape. I also outlined what a foundation devoted to educational pursuits might hope to accomplish. I wanted most of all to bring to the attention of distinguished scholars a subject that one day must compel their attention and that of the world if man were to understand some of the deeper motivations of his own being. During my years of research I had found that there were scholars in a number of countries engaged in pathfinding work. Though many of them were isolated from their colleagues in other lands, they were all equally eager to advance beyond dogmatic orthodoxy into techniques that were already being revealed to them by the extraordinary "mechanisms" which war and its aftermath disclosed. Many of them wrote to me then, speaking of their own spiritual release from the old methods of thought. They asked where they would find literature that would supply some illumination and point the way to a better understanding of their own unfolding capacities and the mysterious role that had begun to change their own lives, making them receptive to truths that were once unacceptable.

Oddly enough, many of these inquirers were already in theology and lived within orthodox religious communities. It was not that they desired to escape from orthodoxy but that, from *within*, they might define it more readily. They were not seeking for opposing views, but rather for a way of deeper understanding of what was happening to their own lives and within the lives of many in their congregations.

I saw my work then as falling into three distinct areas. First, I envisaged the necessity of finding resources that could provide grants to those who sought after a wider horizon in reading. Second, this would involve a library and public relations setup to answer the demands for literature and eventual study for those who might be ready to work in a parapsychological atmosphere. Finally, there would be the need to bring scholars together from different countries for discussion, as well as the need to keep contacts alive if eventual advancement of the theo-

retical discussion were to result in action. These were the goals, then, to be reached if I would take psychical research out of the field of the abnormal, eccentric, or unreal, and bring together those who understood the deep unconscious forces at work that lead people to seek to work with mediums.

The Honorable Frances Payne Bolton—who had made many contributions to the work of parapsychology and who was responsible for setting up the McDougall Research Fund at Duke University during William McDougall's lifetime—was sympathetic to my needs and supplied the funds to establish a foundation. I felt that the people who would best understand my motivation for having such a foundation would be those engaged in the pursuit of mental health, such as the psychiatrists and neurologists. As I continued to be compelled by the vision of what such a foundation could provide, it became obvious that a study of these problems under university auspices could give the subject the dignity it demanded.

The old concepts of energy and matter, time and space, were not enough for solution of these problems. New methods of dealing with the human mind were needed. I knew from my own experience how much the "spontaneous" will was concerned with the production of psychic phenomena.

I had traced many of the patterns of various illnesses to glandular malfunction within the endocrine system. From many observations of myself, and others so gifted, I knew it was not enough to be mediumistic; one must comprehend the meanings and functions of mind and body, and sponsor more extensive scientific experiments. This would necessitate bringing together men of different scientific opinions. Other conferences had taken place at regular intervals before the war, but funds were scarce or no longer available to a new generation of scholars. There was a break in the continuity of the efforts of leaders now tired, or old, or lacking the impetus to carry on. I felt that the time had come to apply modern methods within the field of psychical research, and so to stimulate anew the evolution of progressive thought. I knew one had to overcome prejudice against a medium being engaged in such a program as I envisaged, but fools do step in where angels fear to tread!

The vision had been accorded me, and in spite of the many obstacles and discouragements I encountered, not to mention opposition to the plans, I finally succeeded in setting up an international committee of sixteen members from different countries. On Wednesday, July 29, 1953, the first conference began at the University of Utrecht, Holland, under the able chairmanship of Professor Gardner Murphy.

28

On December 25, 1952, as hundreds of tourists in Jamaica traditionally do, I visited Rose Hall.

The spirit I sought to communicate with was that of Annie Palmer, the cruel and domineering mistress of Rose Hall, who was said to have murdered three husbands and to have practiced witchcraft. Of English-Irish parentage, she was supposed to have been educated in Haiti and there learned the practice of spells, which she used to terrorize her dependents and others who incurred her displeasure.

The dilapidated and deserted remnants of the great house on the famous sugar estate of Rose Hall have always intrigued historians of the British West Indies. They have also been the subject of many novels, the best known of which is H. S. Lisser's *The White Witch of Rose Hall.* It is thus easy to understand why my experiments to establish contact with the legendary mistress of Rose Hall should have attracted the attention of much of the population of Jamaica. There was, of course, no desire on my part to discredit the legend or to offer a new version of the events that took place more than a century before. Mine was solely an attempt to discover the human realities that existed behind this historic legend.

According to the legend, the estate of Rose Hall passed un-

der the hands of many owners. It remained shuttered and unoccupied for as long as twenty years at a stretch, and finally reached a pathetic state of shabbiness and disrepair. But early in 1820 a new regime began. To a restored and refurnished mansion, John Rose Palmer brought from England his bride, Annie Palmer.

The distribution list of the Negroes in the Rose Hall estates journal assures us that, from the beginning, the newly married couple kept up a considerable establishment and lived the life of planter people of position. From 1820 to 1836 the great house had always eight or nine servants, and the plantation was maintained at a high level of production.

Of the parentage, family, and nationality of Annie Palmer, little is definitely known. Tradition has described her as "dark-haired, beautiful," and, inevitably, of a very "haughty" disposition. She is also described as brooding, restless, and, almost from the start, generally dissatisfied with her new life in the Islands. Eventually, as the story is dramatized by Clinton V. Black in his *Tales of Old Jamaica,* John Palmer discovered that his wife was carrying on an affair with a young slave. He was furious, beat her, and forbade her ever to see the man again.

That night the wine he drank before retiring was poisoned. As he lay in his bedroom, helpless in agony, his wife entered with the slave behind her, and stood there with mocking laughter on her lips. The dying man heaped curses upon her, until finally, to stop his tongue she ordered the slave to kill him. The story says he was smothered before the poison could take its full effect.

As to what happened to the body of John Palmer, history is of no help. No grave for him has ever been discovered.

Mrs. Palmer was now sole and undisputed owner and overseer of Rose Hall. Only one worry clouded her jubilation. Could she ever really be free, she asked herself, as long as the slave lived who shared her guilt and secret? There was only one answer. As Black describes it:

> She was present the day they did it. The day they flogged him to death, tied and gagged. She sat on her tall black horse, ten

yards away, and watched till it was over. It lasted long, for he was young. But the gag had been well fixed. No word escaped his lips and even his cries were almost strangled.

With her freedom thus ensured, Mrs. Palmer apparently lost whatever vestige of discretion had previously cloaked her favorite practice—which was to get into male attire in the evenings and ride over her properties, laying her whip upon the backs of any Negroes who were so unwary as to be caught outside their confines.

From about this time, the estate records indicate dwindling numbers of slaves; this fact fortifies reports that the treatment meted out to Negroes on the Palmer properties was so cruel that slave after slave deserted. Those who remained stayed only out of intense fear of their mistress, who—though white—was believed to have the powers of obeah helping her.

A Scottish missionary, the Reverend Hope M. Waddle, reports in a volume of his experience in the district at that time that he had seen "the iron collars and spikes used by a lady owner there for the necks of her slaves."

In those days, estates such as Rose Hall were required to maintain a certain number of white men as against a given number of slaves, and at Rose Hall this amounted to a goodly number. To make up the number, the head tradesmen were imported. Tradition in the neighborhood declares Mrs. Palmer to have had liaison after liaison with these men, none of whom were married.

The stories told by Rose Hall house servants and their descendants insist that many of these persons with whom she became involved came to an untimely end. Poison is put forth as the chief means employed; but because of prevalent circumstances, the cause of death was usually attributed publicly to a dangerous fever. Just how many men met this fate is not definitely known, but the undying and unchanging recollection of the district insists there were several.

To this day, there remain on the floor of the north front bedroom at Rose Hall two stains which are reputed to be the blood

of one of her unfortunate lovers. According to the oft told tale, she had tired of the man and, following her established custom, had found a successor. In order to stop any indiscreet babbling on the part of the rejected suitor, she had made most effective use of a dagger.

One stain clearly shows the form of a heel and the ball of a woman's foot, while the other marks the spot where the victim fell. An American scientist who examined these stains believes that the iron in the blood would on certain timbers create just such indelible stains as these.

Following this incident, the woman is said to have contracted a second marriage, this time with a white cooper on the estate. In this case, tradition is quite distinct and consistent. The cooper is said to have been aloof to Mrs. Palmer. Finally, she arranged to encounter him on the road, where, although an excellent horsewoman, she managed to lose control of her horse and be thrown. The cooper dismounted to go to her aid and, before he had remounted, she had proposed. The cooper agreed to the marriage, but at the first opportunity is said to have deserted her and left the country.

By this time, Mrs. Palmer was truly an outcast of society—hated and feared by her Negroes, avoided by the people of her own class. Her slaves were convinced she could command the powers of black magic. Whether it was true or not, the lady never did anything to discount the rumor. It worked too much to her advantage.

According to chroniclers Joseph Shore and J. Stewart, it certainly worked to her advantage when the terror of her mysterious powers, which dominated the Negro mind, must alone have saved her from their hands and a cruel death on Tuesday, December 27, 1831, when the cane fields of the estate were set in flames by insurgent slaves. This fate she escaped, only to meet one equally horrible at the hands of one of her lovers—or husbands. At any rate, one morning in 1833 the slaves of the estate set fire to the bed on which they had found her strangled and mutilated body. The one they had feared in life was likewise feared in death, and no Negro, according to one version

of the story, could be found willing to dig her grave. The neighboring planters had to come to Rose Hall, where they directed their grooms to prepare a place of interment.

They buried her—childless, friendless, and unmourned—in the center of a garden by the east wing of the great house, marking the spot with an unimposing square pile of masonry two feet high.

So go history and legend.

On my first visit to Rose Hall I was accompanied by my secretary and a few friends. This was by no means an "experiment" nor even a prelude to one. Immediately, however, and even before entering the house, I was overwhelmed by clairvoyant impressions. These impressions were recorded stenographically by my secretary, and I quote here directly from her notes.

"It is the left side of the house that seems more potent, and not quite so broken up as the rest of the house. I would imagine that in the days when people began to get alarmed about ghostly haunting here, it came from the left-hand wing. There seems to be an entirely different style of decor there than on the right side.

"Madame Palmer's taste for herself had almost a Spanish effect—chateaulike, broad halls, wide sweeping rooms. The left side was more austerely furnished. There was a separateness even in the architecture and the furnishings.

"I have the impression that she was afraid of the first man of her choice. He may have been slowly poisoned, and he gives me a lasting impression more than do the others. The probabilities are that he may have been largely responsible. He was a crude person—and treated her very badly.

"I get no impression of the other people involved, but I do think that this man molded her life. If anybody 'sees' anything at Rose Hall, the impression would be of him and not her.

"He may have suffered for a long time—he appears to have had a long, drawn-out, and bad time there, and it may be that his presence or impression is rather more potent than hers.

"She is not at all as attractive as reported. She looks to me to

be in her late forties when killed. One gets the impression of black hair and very flashing, stimulating blue eyes. She must have known that her life was in danger, since she was trying escape. When I stood near the tree, I got this feeling of her terror.

"It is well known that she used this tree, since its leaves are potent even today, and it is still regarded with suspicion, because it was near this tree that she was beaten, violated, and finally killed. I feel clairvoyantly that she suffered through the night; she appears to say: 'Nothing will grow or flourish or come to fruit. No children will be born here. I died unhallowed, but the force of my life is not spent, only my blood. There is something strong, and this men will remember.'

"Her first husband was strange, sadistic, angry, cruel, and lived in that part of the house. This part of the house belonged to her. She says: 'Go away. The winds of eternity will not black out their crime or lessen my will.' She implies she paid too dearly for this spot that was hers, and she is bound that no one shall ever make this garden grow. She comes back so that no one can live here. She has no repentance, and she comes back just to see that the curse is still effective.

"Finally, she says: 'They goaded me to ill; there are others equally unhappy.' "

An experiment of the type described here cannot be conclusive unless it discloses factual data that can be checked with those contained in archives, civic records, or other unquestionable sources. In the case of the "white witch," corroboration was difficult, and for the most part impossible, to obtain. On one minor point, however, confirmation was established. During my last visit to Rose Hall, I stated that some members of the Palmer family had been buried on the estate. This was at first denied, but later a tombstone was discovered in the section of the estate indicated by me.

The significance and interest of the experiments at Rose Hall are obvious if one thinks of the number of legends attached to historic sites or ruins throughout the world. In search for truth, the attempt to contact, through a sensitive, the reality

of yesteryear can broaden our understanding of the human tragedies symbolized today by old legends.

29

The dream of holding annual international conferences seemed a little unreal to the working groups that I gathered together in Utrecht in 1953. Dr. Gardner Murphy gave the opening address, presented the summaries of papers, and highly praised the spirit, the achievement, and the promise that I had made to continue the conferences.

Of course, one must not forget that the late Carl Vett had begun holding meetings of a like nature in the period between the two World Wars, and subsequent conferences were held in Warsaw in 1923, Paris in 1927, Athens in 1930, and Oslo in 1935. A considerable number of men and women, distinguished in many branches of science and scholarship, attended these congresses and contributed papers. A permanent committee was then set up consisting of Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor Charles Richet, Dr. F. von Schrenck-Notzing, and after the latter's death, Professor Hans Driesch, with Carl Vett as organizing secretary.

Since the conference in Utrecht, I have continued to have a yearly conference at Le Piol in St. Paul-de-Vence. I would like to place on record here the debt which I must acknowledge to all the scholars who come from long distances to attend these gatherings. These meetings are held in accordance with the resolutions of the Utrecht Conference. Other conferences have been held from time to time in London, Paris, Cambridge, and New York, but in later years a conference room at Le Piol has been established as permanent European headquarters.

Since this is a small foundation of relatively modest means, the temptation to diversify one's activities has to be resisted.

Nevertheless, the frontiers that have beckoned during these years have great fascination for the devoted scholars, old and new, who approach them, and we have advanced in several directions that hold considerable promise. For instance, in New York in November, 1958, there was a conference on psychedelics (a name given by Dr. Humphry Osmond). The aspects of the human mind which are brought out by chemical substances—LSD-25, psilocybin, ololiuqui, and others—bear a close resemblance to certain parapsychological phenomena, and they are of interest to us, just as they are to psychology and pharmacology.

The New York meeting was the first of its kind, a preparatory exchange of ideas, followed by a conference the following July at Le Piol. Participants came from different countries in Europe, Canada, and the United States. The meeting covered medicine, psychiatry, psychoanalysis, pharmacology, anthropology, and parapsychology. A joint continuity committee was formed to help carry on the work and to encourage the interdisciplinary exchange of information which might have significance to the development of psychopharmacological research. I look back on the Utrecht conference and the one on psychopharmacology as two of the most crucial. In addition to printing reports on these conferences, the foundation issues the bimonthly *Newsletter* and the quarterly *International Journal of Parapsychology*.

About this time, Dr. Montague Ullman asked me if I would be interested in becoming one of the participants in his dream studies, which involved subjects who would enter a hypnotic trance where images in sleep and dreams involving telepathy would be received. The purpose of the original study was to see what would happen to sleep when a target was put someplace in another room or building—specifically to see if the target might influence the dreaming mind. I was one of the first to undergo the sleep stage and see if a state of mind had been produced conducive to telepathic communication. This continued for several sessions before Dr. Ullman was able to set up his own dream laboratory in the Maimonides Hospital in Brooklyn, New York.

At the June, 1967, conference at Le Piol, Dr. Ullman and his staff were able to show several of the target pictures, and at the same time approach the ways in which the dreamer finds himself in contact with the target. This was a refreshing approach to the measurement of internal, subjective experiences, and I hope that a time may shortly arrive where the correlation between LSD experiences can be evaluated adequately. Such work, which with good medical management gives the sleeping subject a sense of relaxation and comfort as well as a sense of well-being, is naturally of great help to the whole area of psychical research. When the reports are finally published, they will open up, I am sure, many other subjects to be evaluated, especially the care of patients with fatal illnesses. I was particularly happy to participate in the beginning and then to have a conference where the system, with its unique reports by several of Dr. Montague's staff, gave to other investigators present a new aspect of what can be done in a healthy way in the treatment of disease at psychological levels.

I had read D. Grey Walter's book on the living brain, and I concluded that he would be the one person to work with in a study of the brain, its functioning, and its possible connection with the ego. I wrote to him and told him of my interest, whereupon he replied and invited me to come to Bristol in England, which I did. With the electroencephalographic setup, he was able to make tests during hypnosis, clairvoyance, trance, and finally under the influence of LSD-25. While he has not made an extensive report on this work, he does have in his possession several hundred brain signatures of mine which in course of time will rest in the archives of the Parapsychology Foundation. Later, we held a conference at Le Piol where Dr. Walter discussed the findings. I can only say that his general observations indicated there was no malfunction of the brain which might account for my "otherness."

For six years the foundation continued a research inquiry that was mostly concerned with the survival of human personality and included extensive tests with sensitives in other coun-

tries, as well as in New York. After six years, I decided that the American Society for Psychical Research would be better able to carry on this work. I then decided to use the premises to build a library, which is still developing rapidly. In connection with this, Allan Angoff and Fraser Nicol give equal time to gathering rare books from different countries. Today it is not the conversion of doubters that is our concern, but rather to search for books to have on hand for the numerous students who visit the library daily. It should be understood that this is not a missionary work, but rather one designed to stimulate serious interest in a frontier which one day will become allied to science. The work takes all my time, but although the cause is serious, I remain dispassionate.

The *International Journal of Parapsychology*, which I established almost a decade ago, continues to fulfill the objective I outlined for it in the first issue. "The new publication," I wrote in the summer, 1959, number of that periodical, "will have the specific function of acting as a two-way bridge between the field of parapsychological studies and the scientific community as a whole; parapsychologists will have the opportunity of speaking to other scholars. . . . The Parapsychology Foundation . . . hopes that the new quarterly will help to fill a number of existing gaps in the field of scholarly presentation. . . ." Since that announcement, the journal has continued to appear without interruption, and even though it must necessarily be a publication of modest circulation, in the true tradition of scholarly journalism, I continue to be heartened as I note the list of our subscribers, particularly the many university libraries, where it is available to the coming generation of readers and students who must now give parapsychology the new directions for continued research.

The foundation has, in these years, consistently sought to encourage parapsychological research within universities and among scholars with firmly established scientific reputations. To this end, we shall continue to give grants for the pioneer work that will be continued by young and individual researchers.

The Parapsychology Foundation does not endorse any spe-

cific technique of study or research, but encourages activities in areas that would appear to offer possibilities of serious scientific achievement within our area of inquiry.

And finally, in the midst of many technical and scientific discussions, I always remember the words of the late Aldous Huxley, who reminded us that if we would gain a fuller understanding of the challenge we face, we must not neglect the area of what he called "pure awareness." We do not live in a world of concepts, but we have to be able to live in a world of pure subjectivity and receptivity, as well as to be able to move from one to another—for if we live in either world alone, we are subhuman. Parapsychology has the advantage of moving between the two worlds of which Huxley continually spoke, without too many of the encumbrances which shackle other areas of science. To be accepted in the world of science, parapsychology must remain flexible, free to study and experiment in the uncharted and interior regions of man's mind. It must never lose the receptivity to ideas and methods that now contribute to its unique and challenging position in modern scientific thought.

Lest the mention of the work in psychedelic therapy be misunderstood, I would point out that these meetings are attended by doctors who have worked in their different centers. Since the discovery of the chemical substances, the healing work is carried on by physicians, mainly in Switzerland; while those from other countries are working within hospitals with the full knowledge of their individual governments. There are indications that this work will yield great benefits in the treatment of such dread diseases as cancer. All of this is but a beginning in the development relaxation methods that can be introduced to make it easier for surgical consultations and to provide some positive relief for terminal cases.

30

Among my most valued friends were Aldous Huxley and his wife, Maria, both of whom have lately been much in my thoughts.

Maria was everything to Aldous: his wife, beloved companion, driver—indeed, his very eyes. She and I had a special working relationship on a deep subconscious level. After she became ill, she depended on me to "know" when the time would come for us to have our last meeting.

I was in the south of France, where Aldous completed an article for *Tomorrow* magazine, "Heaven and Hell," later published in book form by Harper. One night I dreamed that the threads of Maria's life were shortening. I called her in Paris. Against her doctor's advice, she came to me for a last visit, to hold talks and make our farewells. It was a heartbreaking time. But at one point, when I asked what would happen to Aldous, she replied with surprising nonchalance: "It won't be too long before he joins me . . . time enough for me to strengthen myself for the day of his 'homecoming.' "

On the day Maria died, I had attended a play on Broadway. As I got into my automobile to drive away, I felt a warm presence in the car and heard a voice say: "It's Maria. I'm safely over and have seen Pepe." (Pepe was a friend of the Huxleys whom I had once met, but I did not know he had died.)

For the next three days I was very much aware of Maria's presence. Petite and thoughtful, she told me she wanted Aldous to know that she had heard him reading aloud from the Bardot, and that he had talked of their happy days in Italy and at "Victorville." She impressed on me that he must be told how

she had been helped over by his loving and understanding during the unconscious period preceding her death.

At a later time, during one of my LSD sessions, she sat beside me, held her hand out, and said, "Take my pulse rate." It was so different from my own that I had no doubt about her being present on that morning.

My last experience with Maria was on the day of the Kennedy assassination. I was about to drive back from Philadelphia after a visit with Father William Maloney, the president of St. Joseph's College, where Dr. Carroll Nash and his wife were working. As I went out the door, someone said to me, "The President has been shot!"

"Impossible," I replied. "I have just been with him." I hurried back to see what had happened. I rushed into the room and asked him, "Father, have you been attacked?"

He replied: "No, my child, another Irishman has been lost to us—Jack Kennedy, God rest his immortal soul!"

The impact of the shocking news was such that on the way home in the car I was hardly aware of things around me. That night, in a dream, Maria told me: "It is finished. He is sleeping now." And this was the way I learned that a great friend and wonderful companion—Aldous Huxley—had passed from the scene.

Aldous had been intensely interested in the foundation. It was he who suggested that it sponsor a new study of mesmerism, so that present-day students, especially in the field of hypnosis, could have access to it. The foundation gave the necessary grants to scholars in different countries, and the work was started during Aldous' lifetime. Dr. Eric J. Dingwall, the noted anthropologist, undertook the management of the extensive material. The first two volumes of this work, *Abnormal Hypnotic Phenomena: A Survey of Nineteenth-Century Cases,* were brought out by J. & A. Churchill, the London publishers, in January, 1968. They are devoted to hypnotism in France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Germany, and Scandinavia; the last two volumes will be published at the end of the year and will cover Russia and Poland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Latin America, the United States, and Great Britain.

I can still feel from time to time the warmth of Aldous Huxley's critical and unpredictable "chastisement" of myself. He was always worried about the lost "brave new world" as the mechanics of progress took over to make a robot planet of one which he had known and loved. He would mournfully whisper to Maria and me that men's souls would become blind to the beauties of the planet as the demand for progress swept away their incentives to protect and preserve a world only lent to them during their own brief appearance. Deeply sober, but always analytical and sensitively wise, he had a deep foreboding that America was losing her statesmanship within the family of the world. He clearly saw the omens of war and destruction, and he was a prophet of his time.

31

I was particularly happy in July, 1965, when Professor S. Hugo Bergman, accompanied by his wife, arrived to attend the conference at Le Piol. He had come directly from delivering the eulogy at the funeral of his good friend Martin Buber, the world-renowned philosopher. Professor Bergman's contribution to the conference, a paper on Solomon Maimon (1753-1800) entitled "The Beginnings of Scientific Parapsychology," discussed, among other things, the examples of telepathy and precognition given by Maimon out of his own personal experience.

The scene around the conference table that year afforded a striking study in contrasting personalities and backgrounds. Professor Bergman, tall, dignified, and craggy-featured, presented the venerable aspect of an old-time Hebrew prophet. Seated to one side was Mgr. Corrado Balducci, member of the Vatican diplomatic corps, who had served in Jordan. In the

center was Canon H. L. Puxley of the Episcopal Church of Canada, chairman of the conference, and on the other side was Professor G. E. Von Gruenbaum, noted Islamic scholar from the University of California. Thus, one had outstanding representatives of three of the world's great religions who, with the others assembled around the table, offered a concentration of scholarly talent not often matched in the field of psychical research.

I was able to meet Professor Bergman again when I went to Israel to work with Dr. H. C. Berendt, who was making a study of mediumship. There I also was glad to find that Professor F. S. Rothschild was willing to go deeply into the subject of ESP. He is presently writing a book on his own research and conclusions. I was also able to give a small grant to the group so that they might study aspects of parapsychology as related to mysticism, especially in the light of evidence given by the Old Testament, which tells us about an ancient group of men who were aware of a divine society.

32

To many people, the idea of death and the role it plays in life is a subject to be avoided. It is a drama for some; to others it is the running down of the pendulum that causes the clock to tick off the hours. I have dwelt much on its meaning, for I was born in an agricultural community in Ireland where few families did not lose children and young people from tuberculosis in the prime of their lives.

At a young age, therefore, I learned to take death for granted. I have seen the final breath leave the body of a child who a moment before had a "personality"—and a moment later, only complete emptiness remained around the form of one with

whom one had previously played or argued. I have been present at the final preparation for the "long journey" and have watched the family wash the body, anoint it, and make all preparations for the burial; perhaps this has given me a philosophy of acceptance.

In Ireland, these rites were carried out by the family and their intimate friends. The body rested within the confines of the home for three days or longer, during which time women suspended their usual tasks to arrive at the household of the bereaved and pay their respects. The night's vigil was taken over by the men, from whom the air of solemnity departed as the night gave way to dawn. Stories gay and risqué would be exchanged; and other lively wakes, with their games and frolics, would be recalled and relived. In this way, death truly took on a ritual purpose and meaning, as did the funeral cortege. Those who had arrived in various conveyances left these behind, to follow on foot to the cemetery for the burial services. The hour of burial was usually determined by the number of halts along the route for "that last one," taken in harmony and unison to help speed the voyager cheerily on his way. By the time these ritual ceremonies were over, few were left to look back to the green mound within the churchyard where one's dead were gathered together in "safekeeping," to be remembered with services and masses throughout the year. Thus the awe of death gave way before life, since the church offered promise that the smothering blanket of earth is not final. One went away fortified with the belief that there was a place somewhere midway where one could adjust himself again to final goals and fulfillments.

My own youth was marked by many such experiences. The spring and autumn of each year brought about their toll of departures, and often the one about to commence the journey, irked by pain and suffering, would abuse everyone vehemently as well as demand a prayer for release.

On several occasions I had to face up to the thought of death as being inevitable, as one illness after another threatened to ring down the curtain. I learned early to stand apart from life and look at it without sadness when the moment came to depart.

Facing up to it, I have never formed any clear impression of what the journey might be like, but have maintained an attitude of wonder and speculation as to what could happen, if anything. I do not have any certain belief in that second chance on another shore. Early in life, dogma failed to give me any real faith in its validity. Although I spent the greater part of this lifetime speculating about the "entities" and at times "communicating" with them, I have come to regard this as a purely intellectual process imposed by Hewat McKenzie and others for whom I have deep respect; and I still continue to carry forward their dreams and hopes.

I have never consciously desired to recall anyone who has departed—in fact, I have avoided doing so. Having dwelt close to nature, where living and dying are part of one process, I know that only change is permanent. I believe that the psyche itself accepts death as a natural phenomenon. In my gravely ill periods, I have had no realization of those who have departed and would welcome my arrival. My way of preparation, if such it is, is to add up the exciting panorama of past events and draw from each and all some concepts which have been previously dim. It goes rather like this: If it hadn't been for this small step, taken on a day long ago, the other events would not have happened—and so on. This kind of "accountancy" is done with neither anxiety nor morbidity, but rather an exhilaration that life itself had presented the frames within which each act found itself portrayed. No symbolism announces itself, but neither am I aware of any struggle to continue, nor am I faced with moments of remorse for things left undone. There never seems to be time for the unresolved at such moments.

I would therefore sum up my experiences of living as being a daily acceptance of death. I have no thoughts of separation, nor any idea of what the next step may contain. Each day has always presented itself as a separate unit. Perhaps if I had the artist's gift, I would adorn that last canvas with a yellow sun, and a green yew tree—symbols which fill my vision with pure gold as I breathe myself into trance or sleep.

As I have indicated, the mystery of death touched my young life more than it does the lives of the young growing up today.

Ireland then had far too many deaths. Her young people died from the consumption, as it was called, that lurked in every doorway. One either dwelt on it or became unconscious of its existence; yet sooner or later one had to participate as small children and adults alike lost out to the disease. The fear of it beclouded our household, for two young cousins had succumbed to it in their middle thirties. Because of it, my uncle was threatened with the loss of a remaining lung. (He had been shot through one lung in India.)

The number of deaths that occurred in early spring, after the winter's damp, must have produced conflicting streams of will to survive or give up—for many families, like my own, had this complex. It was often stated of one or another person: "He may die with the spring struggle," or "The autumn may be too much for him." The old ones—the condemned, and those who would succeed them—spoke of the days when they would be no more. "See that I get a good wake and a right rousing send-off," the old men would demand. The women, not to be outdone, would say: "Order plenty of food; get in the tea and the snuff." The inevitable snuff-taking, then indulged in, was liberally provided for, as well as a drop of "something stronger" in the tea, to keep up spirits during the mourning.

My attitude toward death was greatly different from that of the household. Mine was involved in both the substance and the story, at one and the same time. This attitude of mind may, as is clearly shown in dreams, have given death a personified form to later make the psychic world and the trance state a familiar state all its own! Be that as it may, a yearly serious bronchitis gave way to an active tuberculosis when I was thirteen. I remember the doctor's gravity as he pronounced sentence: "We must do all that we know to get her well enough to leave Ireland and go to school in England." Perhaps this very thought of change preserved me. I longed desperately, when I was very young, to leave Ireland. My life there, as I have written in my *Adventures in the Supernormal*, was so heavily charged with my aunt's doctrines, as well as those of my teachers and pastors, that I had a profound desire to escape the words, the opinions, the desires, and the strivings of all around me.

If I demanded anything during these grave days, it was to walk on the hills covered with yellow flowers, cowslips, and primroses and ablaze with yellow furze. Wastelands and stony ground in Ireland blaze with this furze or gorse, until one feels it is the sun himself come to play its part on earth. I believe it was during this time of fading illness that I learned more perfectly to project myself out to the woods and the hillside to search for and enjoy the spring flowers. In fact, so much a ritual did it grow to be that later it became difficult to remember if these excursions had been real or imagined. The emotional experience of each particular spring still retains its original magical force, often to becloud consciousness when spring returns.

The many visits of both priest and vicar told me I was ill. The priest came because he knew of all my mental peccadilloes and halfway understood them. The vicar was there to prepare my soul for its journey. I privately thought that soon I might be able to examine the distance between God and the devil. The loss of the reality of life never troubled me. The visions that came to me of those who had already died made mockery of the solemnity on the one hand, and the pagan preparation for death on the other. I was prepared for it, in a manner of speaking, by the prayers; if anything, the eucharistic appearance gave me a feeling of importance and—who knows—perhaps did help me to affirm the ability of my nature to survive.

It has exercised my mind a great deal throughout my life to find out how much I believed in the spiritual doctrines and to discover whether I could ever put my own especial credo into a few words that would satisfy myself. I was familiar with death of the body; and since I had several visions, I did not have the fear of "extinction" that many do have. The loss of my own children did nothing to give me any real belief in the body of intellectual propositions that the church puts forth on such occasions. I gathered together the elements of a philosophy to give support to daily living, while I continued with work as a sensitive under McKenzie. I rarely lived my life then or now as a preparation for something that might come after death. Every day there was and is so much of a higher reality that I

never feel the need of escape from it as a compensation for its ills. Besides, I knew that there were many states of mind, but there is no real escape from reality within the subconscious.

I became gravely ill with paratyphoid directly after World War I. This had also affected my gall bladder, throat, and appendix, and it took long months to find out why I was unable to recover from the fever. When one is confined to bed, there is time for reflection on the meaning and purpose of life—especially as one is reminded of one's temporary existence by the frequent visits of those who administer comfort to the ill. I was looked upon with disfavor by the other patients, for I had little use for the traditional words of the visiting priest. Besides, ill though I may have been, I regarded the next step, if there was to be one, with curiosity. To others, the visits of ministers and friends brought a sense of peace and relief. They appeared to forget their fears and their suspicions of the way their families were managing life on the outside. After it was decided I could leave the fever hospital, I was confronted with surgery which had to be both drastic and complex. Since three operations were envisaged, they were to take place at suitable intervals.

There were days during this period when I lapsed into unconsciousness. At one point I was told I must see my lawyer and my daughter to make arrangements for her future. I was willing and anxious to see the lawyer, but set my face adamantly against seeing my daughter, who would have to travel several hours from school to be confronted with a sick mother. I felt such a visit could do nothing to help her. I remembered that death is more acceptable to children than their elders believe. I saw no reason to have wounds and unnecessary words of leave-taking mark my departure.

Once the legal formalities were disposed of, I refused to have any spiritual preparation. The existence of a greater force than I could comprehend was something I never doubted, but there were still certain biblical views that I had never been able to accept. I have always wondered about the quality of justice meted out to Adam, and how Eve knew the apple was dangerous! I had read the story of Abraham and his beloved son

many times, and also of the God who spoke directly to Moses on Mount Sinai; I had approached him myself for answers on several unhappy occasions, but I could not find solace therein. I was able to accept the Old Testament as a series of stories which contained truths in parable form beyond my young comprehension. The death of the Son I felt was fashioned on deeper human lines. I had no understanding of the nebulous person of the Trinity; when I heard repeated references to it, and especially the Holy Ghost, my mind refused to encompass its dogmatic meanings.

I became in these days accustomed to "hanging over the ledge," as I was deeply enthralled in reading. I turned to the writings of Sir James Jeans and Arthur Eddington. I had now met them both within my work. J. B. S. Haldane did me the greatest service, for in his work I could escape the traditional dogmas. The supposed dangers to the soul that lay ahead of me seemed to be incompatible with the growing knowledge of science. I knew by now that man lives in two worlds—the visible one that changes and the inner world whose constituents must be related to all life.

The geography of the inner world has vacant places, and here and there monsters and metaphors. In the days of waiting for the end, I had no conscious need for consolation. Whereas most of my religious reading offered meager preparation for the life of the visible or the invisible, the great parade of scientists, who had opened doors to knowledge, revealed themselves one and all as the keepers of the verities, and they pleased me greatly. The secret of their success is their willingness to learn, for each one is eager to examine the scientific meaning of his world.

I knew that each recovery left me with a task ahead, namely, to examine the world I was allowed to inhabit; in this world ahead there were dozens of teachers. With the aid of words of science, I followed the signs back to life. I had dwelt on the edge without regarding it with solemnity, but I had found a simple way back where the ideals of Haldane were easier to understand. I date my intense interest in science from that moment

when life rushed back and I was once again contained with the great experiment.

In later years I have had to face up to the thought of parting with the body on many occasions, awaiting what then looked like the inevitable change. I have had to ask myself: What am I? It has been claimed that I am many people—all suspect! It had been declared that my gifts of mediumship might turn to insanity, if I were not already insane. Happily, if this happened to me, I was blithely unaware of it. Am I really one individual or many, and what will happen at my departure to the control personalities who have become so intertwined with me? They claim to be "individualized," and so do I, and yet I do not feel this to be true. I am unified and drawn into the thoughts and actions of others to a degree not even I can understand.

In spite of my continued search for the meaning of self, it is a fact that a great part is still a stranger to me. Every day some new side of me is revealed. On these occasions, I know that I do not know myself. I am a mass of motivations, not independent, not separate, not distinct. I feel a certain sadness that I have not arrived at any answer that would throw light on survival for others; but since I have less knowledge of what is *myself* than most, I do not even know what might survive.

Yet I feel, as I lie in bed awaiting the command to "give up" or "carry on," that there is a plan. Personality or individuality then appears to be no more than a biological device which serves evolution. A consciousness of something greater takes hold. I have arguments with myself as to what the act of dying means. In my innermost and most revealing moments, I cannot find any need to hear of the convictions of others, nor do I feel myself separated from the life of nature, that energy which determines the motions of the electrons and the heavenly bodies. One thing is certain: There is no ending to life, animate or inanimate, or to the endless ordered rhythm of the universe.

I have dwelt on the meaning of the invisible world. The soul, I suspect, is the animated breath of me. But since it has a continuum, as does the breath of all life, it may be the rhythmic energy through which one continues to carry out its evolutionary

"process." When my mental activities cease, what I have called the soul must cease to be as I once conceived of it, for the chemistry and energy of its being will have ceased to function.

What I know at this stage of thoughtfulness is that all that man builds up for himself in cities, in power and in riches and what he calls free will, will disappear. What then of the philosophies, the credos, the superstitions, the dogmas, and the religious beliefs which form the mainstay of people's lives? At that moment they provide no satisfactory foothold for the next step.

I have never contemplated death with any moral idea uppermost in my mind. The kingdom of God does not appear to be ordered according to man's requirements, ancient or modern. There is left, then, only good will toward the world, the only code of ethics that I have genuinely known. In all this introspection, my mental faculties demand that I leave the "house" I have inhabited without regret and, as far as I am able, the place I have occupied in the scheme of things, uncluttered. Compassion and tolerance have been the noblest trees in my forest. If there is another place to catch up with the "breath," I hope it will be as challenging as it has been; but if it does not exist, I shall have the comfort of not finding out.

Each night one closes one's eyes with a degree of thankfulness for the day well lived. It is with this thought that I drop to sleep. It is enough that I have lived. The ordered evolutionary process of the fixed law and order of the universe will continue. A breath that will have been "I" will be contained within that energy—limitless, but ordered.

Though I have made several preparations to set out on the route that has no ending, and though I see visions by night and by day, I have never had any visionary experience of any one person meeting the Dark Angel. Only a small area of my mind seems to be functioning. I often am aware of landscapes which might be used for pasturing animals, or rugged hills falling down to the sea, or giant causeways leading a long way out. I have seen ships that might have been sailed by Phoenician fishermen, and busy but ancient seaports; all of these images, when translated, might point to a journey to be undertaken.

During the past decade, occasions have been granted me to examine my feelings during three severe heart attacks. They developed suddenly, but I had been for several months under severe mental strain, even if of a singularly stimulating nature. I was engaged in preparing figures and setting up patterns for a new magazine, as well as giving much thought to the funds to be provided for the year ahead. Reason bids one hope that the profound and fruitful work of the departing year will bring its own blooming for the new year ahead, but the fact is that man and his environment are subject to change within and from without. This causes one to live hopefully, with a head in the clouds of philosophic self-confidence—but within, there is a level of hard practical logic that transforms the hopes to something akin to dismay. These months had not been without some inner questioning and a good deal of suggestive persuasion that "all will be well with each year's ending."

Living on a permanent ledge of bad health for years has brought forth its own rule of behavior. In the midst of my rational self, there are also several other patterns to be dealt with in the source of communion with the universal whole, which demands that one live with an inner state of happiness and optimistic faith that blots out negation. Thus I live on two levels comfortably, the one with the knowledge of universal good, that ways will continue to be found if the work is offered in good faith, and the other which removes the hands from various enterprises and leaves them free to open a period of growth. The whole process becomes, at times, to the mind's inner eye, a trifle absurd, but to the outer vision there is a comic despair. Since I have learned to live a day at a time, or even a moment at a time, there is little room for "outer" despair. Still, it would be useless to deny that it does sometimes enter into the comedy and excitement of my day's moral pattern. The question I pose to myself is: Is despair strong enough in its insidious way to undo the pattern of health that I wish to maintain?

Face to face with the tension of nonachievement because of external factors, the health finally collapses. Suddenly, like a shadow, an apprehension arises within, followed by indigestion which shatters my usual feeling of well-being and eagerness for

living. Along my neck the shadow passes to grip the left shoulder, and soon my arms, back, and head are contained in an iron stricture. My hands become numb, soon to pain and burn as though I had fallen into live embers. Scalding pain and burning flesh would not be so bad if my throat were not gripped by the shadow fingers. I must fight for the right to breathe and to do so to the full measure of my capacity; but now the shadow has entrenched itself in such a manner that I only feel the sharp, short breaths that do not penetrate downward and only give the smallest amount of oxygen. The full measure of pain presently reaches around the lower part of the head, neck, and back to the shoulder, where it seems to crackle like finely splintered glass that sends its thousands of broken pieces through my chest. A disharmony of sounds seems to jangle down the arm, out and beyond the fingertips' reach, as though the shadow were not in command to push its weight inside the lung, but to go deeper into the diaphragm. At the same time, the power of thinking appears to desert me, and over my mind falls a shadow of deep anxiety. I am soon marooned within the pain, and often helpless before its calculated fury.

My first experience of this attack was in 1936. I still remember the threshing commotion within me as I sought to breathe and yet not be wholly absorbed in the fight. Each of my attacks arrived suddenly. In each case the total impact on the body was the same. There was the need to get my breath and, at the same time, the need to vomit continuously, as though the body of itself had joined the fight to throw off whatever the shadow put upon it—for this shadow is a strangler that does not give fair warning, nor does it compromise until the doctor arrives to give aid in escaping from the painful thrusts of the attacker.

The attack over within a couple of days, I met yet another. I was wretchedly tired. Incidents turned themselves into situations. I was peering through the wrong end of life's telescope. A piece of narrative came alive. Another attack, I thought. For one whole night, I battled within the arena of pain. The impossibility of explaining the meaning of the fight to those around me was obvious. They would not understand that I wanted to know the full degree of suffering that the body will

maintain. The morning came and with it the increasing flow of pain. Someone called the doctor, an analgesic quickly administered banished the unique world of flame, and I was on my way to the hospital.

"Coronary," the doctor informed me.

"When?" I inquired.

"You have been having it. Let's hope we are not too late."

I heard the doctor explain that it was his fault for letting me leave the hospital so soon after an embolism. "You get me frustrated," he told me. "I get carried away by your ability to recover so quickly."

I was back in bed at the hospital, nauseated and weak. This time I had accepted the pattern of pain.

Through the following night I rested under the sleep that the drug produced, but with the daylight I felt free to speculate. I had always demanded "to be used to the full," and when the nurses came with papers to be signed (in case one "departed hurriedly"), I looked at the situation honestly. What should one do if one were really starting out on a journey, without equipment other than the feeling of a small sadness for things not well done? I saw life as a barely imperceptible path in which there were innumerable moments of high comedy. So much now, in the clearer light, looked like unnecessary experience. All of a sudden I realized I had enjoyed the many experiences of being—nothing looked hollow. I could only look back on the past and see it as very uneven but a happy, sunny, and sensual one. I tried to examine what was to be done with all my dreams, but found my mind would convey no information regarding them. I grew a little cross with myself. Almost astringently, I told myself each dream would dream itself to the dream's ending.

My lawyer came to see me and assured me that as much as was possible I had put my affairs in order. Outside the night was cool, and so was my body. I realized that over there, at least for a time, there would be a like period of pain invisibly beyond a wall that had no visual ending, and then my mind seemed to tell me there is another elaborate fantasy, equally concrete, equally inescapable. Then, indeed, I felt that the per-

sonal solution of life's problems was unimportant. There would be different experiences, different regulations that would undermine the dreams that had once seemed as important to me as life, and now mattered no longer. Nine tenths of me agreed to capitulate, and I felt immediately light, easy, released, and comfortable. The other tenth sought sleep, and I was again on the way back, a spectator as well as a character within the dream.

So much for the yesterdays. What of the now? It will be observed that circumstances had flung me across seas and oceans into many climates and atmospheres, physical and mental. My senses have no sense of "previousness" or afterward, nor do they perceive the dignity of dogma with its promise of a life to come. They sweep me into an unchartered territory, there to find my way, sometimes poignant, never dull. Events have grouped themselves around memories and associations to chart a course, but they have never moved me from the eternal spring of my dreaming self or alienated me from others. My unflagging zest for experience has given what appears to others to be an inexhaustible supply of energy to examine the worlds of the primitive and of the cultured. Close to both, I have maintained an equilibrium that may have appeared dangerous to others but has given me the will and imagination to conform.

I am continually aware of being in the presence of a greater power than I can comprehend and have absented myself from that power to experience the joy of returning. In the center of the self, there is an abiding core of knowledge that at once directs and gives an eternal source of being. It is a magic potion, a strange wine which gives an inner luminosity, yet an immense solitude. This, then, has been the gift of life. If there is another step where one dreams awhile, I will be good and accept it, but I am not ready to assure myself of another chance. The eternal now is more than enough.

33

I have given proof, during my life, of the mind's ability to travel and observe over long distances; and I have carried out extensive spontaneous journeys in cross-correspondence tests with the living as well as the alleged departed. If I could carry on long sustained conversations with the departed, I could earnestly say that communication had been proven, but the test I set for such evidence has not yet been met. I am aware that this sounds like a contradiction of things I have written elsewhere. Nevertheless, I feel I must say it.

Much of the communication with those who have gone is banal, platitudinous, and disconnected. I suspect that the shock of losing the brain in death must be a shock to those who survive afterward, if they do, for without this master mechanism of body and mind how can the spirit recall its earthly heritage? It is perhaps too much to expect that a ghost of those well beloved can return and hold long and interesting conversations—and if they could, would there not be those who would say that we ourselves had known the content of the conversation? The acceptance of survival does not appear to make those who are certain of the facts any better citizens of the world they presently inhabit, nor does the problem of our own existence become less important to life.

For these reasons I await the greater adventure with no regret. The room where I am now writing these words has much beyond the window to observe, but in that space I know many things are happening that would only confuse me if I were part of them. It is my own interpolation that has created the distance between, and this is as it should be. I know that close by, even in

the house where I live, there are those co-existing with me but busy with their own affairs. There is a powerful radio within reach that with my turn of a button assures me there are people in every corner of the earth receiving and sending their thoughts and impressions; and I just read that the waves of radio, light, and heat can cause us to be ill. Since I live each moment to the full, I hope my fellow citizens in all areas of time are doing the same; but I know this is not true, for sickness and death are also present to create sadness, and birth to create joy. I am not at all certain that the world I inhabit is real in the objective sense of the word, for at any moment I may become conscious of traveling clairvoyantly to visit my office in New York or to assure myself that my family and friends are well.

When I close my eyes in the night and dream, my senses present me with a different view of the world in which my waking senses are immersed. I know that when I make journeys for research purposes my mind is free in what is called an "astral world." At these times I have none of the tension or pain which at my age slows down my curiosity. From those who have departed I have received communications which say they are at peace, in paradise—a heaven, if you will, in which all is harmony; but in my mind I achieve this atmosphere which I can change and modify as the mind desires.

This happiness is there for all who can and will discern it. My next-door neighbor digs the earth and plants his seeds with religious zeal. Early and late he toils with a religious fervor, for this is southern France, a land of sunshine and flowers. He presents an unclouded face to the earth as he bends over to tend the soil, and from time to time he gazes at the sunset and tells me: "He works well for all of us." When my moment comes, I shall hope to recall the wonder of having lived the good life, and if there be none other, I shall have lived this one with excitement and wonder.

34

After a serious attack of paratyphoid in 1929, I was invited by a member of the Dutch Society for Psychical Research to accompany her on a trip to the south of France. We went by way of Grenoble. The air and atmosphere of this old city delighted me so much that I prevailed upon my friend to stay awhile before pushing on to Montpellier.

My friend insisted that I go to bed every evening about six. Downstairs, she would have dinner alone and then call her family in Amsterdam, where she had a sister-in-law about whom she was troubled. The atmosphere of Grenoble deeply affected me. I loved the mountain vistas beyond the city, and did not mind the early bedtime because I could stand by the window and imagine myself scaling the heights that showed green below the snow line. I was happy with all this and also with the general feeling of release from long weeks in hospital.

One evening I dreamed that I was in Amsterdam at the house of my friend's relative. I appeared to enter the house by a side door and found myself walking up a steep staircase, almost ladderlike and quite unlike an English staircase. Upstairs I found everyone fast asleep and so concluded that the fears of my friend were groundless. Thereupon I appeared to return to my bed. I arose again, however, to go in search of medication on the dressing-room table, which was on the other side of the room. I do not remember if my searching fingers found the medication.

I awoke, and then I watched myself get out of bed, go to the dressing room, and search very quietly among the toilet articles that were exposed. I didn't seem to find what I was looking for. I only know that I sat up in bed and watched myself. The ex-

perience confused me. I lay down and proceeded to sleep. When I awoke in the morning, the medication was on the bedside table within reach of my hand. Which journey to the dressing table had found the medication?

Since then I have had many out-of-the-body experiences; they almost always occur when I am ill or depleted.

35

Another clairvoyant journey took me to Yorkshire to visit a young girl who was suffering with pneumonia. I spent the evening quietly, reflecting on how to deal with the task to be undertaken. I had an inner feeling of freedom—one gets a feeling of pleasure and release and a sense of readiness for the takeoff.

I did not think very much about the house. I had an odd feeling of a damp, cold atmosphere, but I gave little thought to my location in this particular instance, rather feeling that since we are all part of the living universe, I would find the girl who needed me. I found myself in a dimly lit room; a single light was burning. I was not able to think of anybody else, only the girl.

Presently I "saw" the outline of a tall child in her bed. I say child, because even then I did not have much knowledge of what her age would be. I bent over her and touched her. The strange thing is that I felt myself to be in my room in New York, yet at the same time I saw the girl. She was perspiring when I touched her. Her breathing was shallow and quick. She opened her eyes in a dreamy way and turned toward me, but she did not seem in any way to be aware of my presence.

I spoke to her for a moment and asked her soothingly to

breathe with me. All the time while I was doing this in New York, I held the picture of myself in the bedroom of the girl, talking to her and saying: "Breathe with me; try to breathe more deeply." This caused her difficulty, and I saw that something holding back the breath within the lower left lung was probably responsible for it. I looked at this and then found inflammation; but she could be helped.

I would say the whole procedure of talking to her in her bedroom may have taken about fifteen minutes in all. During this time I was completely aware of my own breathing and of the fact that I was actually committed to heal the girl. I had no doubt at all that she would be well. I gave a sigh of relief and found myself right back, with all my senses, in New York. I eventually had a letter from her father saying that a turn for the better had taken place, and she was well on her way to recovery.

This experience gave me a deep commitment to the girl, and I thought of her very much. I saw her on two or three occasions in the same manner, and so committed did I become that I had no hesitation about giving her a grant that would permit her to enter college at a time when her father needed help for her.

I still have a deep feeling about this girl, as though in the process of healing she had become a small part of me.

36

I have had a particular fondness for Christopher Heywood ever since I first met him in London. The youngest son of a woman who is a member of the Psychical Research Society, he had simplicity, humor, and intuition. He was tall and extremely handsome, and a rather vague sense of mischief surrounded

him. We became good friends, and he invited me to his wedding, which was to take place in Scotland. I made up my mind that I would "attend" the wedding, even though I would be in the south of France at that time.

It was about 2:30 in the afternoon. I sat on the deck chair out of doors, and there I had a charming visit from the ghost of a Scotsman in kilts. He looked to me as though he were a relative of the bride, whom I had not met. He was going to be at the wedding, he said, but I had a "sense" that he had been killed in the First World War while attached to the engineer corps. I did make notes as I prepared for my journey through space. I was not only stepping into ground with very ancient history, but I "saw" that I was close to the altar where the service was taking place. The setting was ancient, and I saw a great stone below. This seemed to have its own significance, inasmuch as it must have been part of one of the foundations of one of the circles which were used by the Picts and Scots as gathering places in days long forgotten.

I became intensely interested in this, but at the same time I was aware of how the bride looked—and was able later to describe her dress. I saw Christopher and his father, and noted that the latter seemed to have forgotten his hat! I felt the mood of the day in Scotland, which was dull, damp, and somewhat cold. I admired the church and the ancient site on which it stood. The interior of the church itself had an air of Calvinistic restraint. I heard the faint strains of Mendelssohn.

It was weird and rather wonderful, because one stepped into the severe Calvinistic atmosphere and, at the same time, walked behind the altar to the land of the ancient Scots where one was intensely pagan and free. Then one was again within the rather conventional, astringent quality of the church and saw the people going out quietly to the ghostly strains of a music that was hardly modern.

37

I had two out-of-the-body experiences that were concerned with Jean Andoire, who came to visit me fairly often during his training at Camp Ritchie in Maryland. I knew little of his activities and learned nothing from his uniform, for he wore no insignia.

About the time that I suspected he was being readied for overseas duty, he came to New York one evening and said: "I can only stay to have a drink with you. I wouldn't be surprised if we pulled out soon." The following night at 2:10 I sat up in bed, alert and excited. I appeared to be near the shipping docks, but it all looked very different from what I originally remembered. A stream of soldiers was going up the gangplank at two or three levels. On the second level I saw Jean Andoire, recognizing him by the peculiar swing of his shoulders under the heavy equipment. Forgetting that I was sitting up in bed at home, I called to him, so real was the feeling of my nearness to him. He turned around and waved! I asked myself what the name of the ship was. I had no means of discovering it, but knew it to be the *Queen Mary*.

Next morning, when I related the incident to my accountant, he said: "You are right—the ships don't take off from the docks as they used to, but load farther up the coast." I asked him if he could find out if the *Queen Mary* had departed. He made discreet inquiries around and finally told me: "I am almost certain your deductions about the ship are correct." When the war was over and Jean returned, I related this experience to him. His unit had in fact left on the *Queen Mary*.

Another night I woke up with the feeling that I was some-

where in the area of Portland Street, near the British Broadcasting Company. I was aware of a fire: I saw firefighters and about twenty or thirty people wandering around in shock. Jean Andoire seemed to be on the outside of the crowd, in uniform. I still did not know that he had gone overseas. He looked very drawn and said to me: "My God, that was a near one—I was on the roof when it fell!"

I had no idea that Jean would be concerned with any war duties in London. When questioned later about this experience, however, he told me that his units were in Baker Street, the OSS headquarters in London, and when necessity arose, they found themselves fulfilling all kinds of air-raid defense duties. He had heard a bomb overhead when he was on watch, and only knew that he had escaped alive when he saw it had exploded in his near vicinity.

The next episode in which I encountered him gave me the impression that he was in an area dank, cold, and reminiscent of Holland. I saw him with two others in a jeep. A shell burst, and the jeep literally jumped in the air. The men within it either jumped as a result of the explosion, or threw themselves to the ground. I actually saw clouds of stones, dirt, and bits of trees falling from the sky. Although I wrote Jean of this experience, he made no reference to it in any of his letters, which would be natural since such information would be censored. But when he was able to speak of these experiences after the war, I questioned him about this near brush with death. He explained that he had been stationed in Holland for some time after the arrival of the Allies in France and had indeed gone through such an experience.

Out-of-the-body experiences during the war mostly took place in sleep, but the dreams were so vivid that I often awakened in absolute terror for the people concerned.

38

I was particularly interested in a girl who lived in the little village of St. Jacut. I hardly knew her in the conventional sense of the word, but she had been extremely fond of a man whom I was to have married and also of a high church dignitary who was a friend of this man. When her friends suggested to me that I should meet her, I had the picture of a well-educated woman who had taken refuge in St. Jacut after an extremely severe operation on the thyroid gland. According to my informants, she had gone there to die. Instead, she made a complete recovery and married what might be described as a village Adonis, a picturesque but somewhat lazy young fisherman; she thus cut all her ties with her conventional English background. When the man whom I was to marry died rather suddenly, she wrote me a particularly moving letter and asked me to keep in touch with her.

During the war period, after I returned to America, I was able to help many people in Europe by sending food and clothes. She was one of them. One night I dreamed I visited her. In the dream I found great difficulty in locating what she called "the mill." Eventually I did find the house, rather close to the cliffs; but about the house there was a weird and menacing collection of people. I stood at the corner of the house looking at them for some time. In a rudely constructed guardhouse I saw two men who were obviously officers, but the dozen or so close to the house and near the beach looked very much like Mongolians. I watched for about five minutes, or so it seemed in the dream, although it could have been an hour. Their speech, rough and staccato, rather like Chinese—perhaps a Mongolian

dialect—was unintelligible to me. I got into the house, though I do not remember by what means. The girl I was looking for was clothed in a grayish material that looked more like a man's nightshirt than a woman's wearing apparel. She sat up with a look of fierce concentration. Beside her was a sleeping child.

In the dream I wanted to tell her that she was in grave danger from the tribe outside. "Why had I come?" I asked myself in the dream. The answer came immediately: The boy must never speak in English. I had the feeling that she understood I had come with a grave warning that she be careful for her son's safety.

I woke up feeling choked, as though I had been struggling to say words that would not piece themselves together. Little by little, the horror of her situation dawned on me, but I could never understand the symbol of the Mongolians. I was so worried for her safety all through this period that when the war was ended I asked my daughter and son-in-law to visit her. She had survived the war, heaven knows how.

In 1947 I visited her myself and told her about the dream, mentioning the weird-looking garbs. To my astonishment, she told me that the Germans had brought with them a number of laborers who were engaged around the cliffs in building blockhouses and high walls. Some of these men were distinctly Caucasian; they were an odd group of workers who had fallen into the hands of the Germans and were finally used in various places in France as labor units. Interestingly, she herself had recognized my presence. "It was not only the food that you sent," she told me, "but the fact that I knew you came to give me strength and courage to continue, that saved the child and myself from death on several occasions."

I might add that she had herself a great deal of extrasensory perception. She had studied art and read the literature of the subject in her earlier life in London. In St. Jacut, the very superstitious people with whom she dealt regarded her as a witch, a symbol which she never sought to remove.

39

While recalling these experiences, I am very aware of the fact that all my senses are vividly alert during such episodes. In the incident I related in *Adventures,* in which I went in search of Dr. Svenson while I remained seated in San Diego, I remember now, as I did then, the tang of the moist air, so humid and hot. I have often wondered about this, for I could feel the humidity cling to my skin in the way I have experienced mist on the Yorkshire and Scottish moors. Once, during a stopover in Iceland on a flight to the United States, I had the same impression. It was raining hard outside the plane; but inside I felt I was in contact with hot air, as though it touched my skin. I mentioned this to the pilot of the plane, who stood by the doorway for a moment. He told me that there were geysers and hot springs in Iceland; perhaps during my search for Dr. Svenson, I mentally traveled through this misty air and felt its intensity in relation to my skin.

It should be noted that emotion is the bridge to all these experiences. As a youngster, the desire to be up and out on a search for spring was obviously born out of my longing to be stronger in health and join my companions in school.

Nearly all of the out-of-body experiences, either in the dream or in waking, are compelled by the knowledge I possess of other people's needs. They are related to my own personality, for I am deeply sympathetic to those whom I know need my help. This part of my psychic life is called into action by the urgent need that may be in the minds of others. I truly believe that we are all bound together as though we were enveloped by time, as are all the various aspects of nature. The river of my

life has flowed above and below the surface toward healing, aiding, and helping other people's needs, which I appear to know below the level of the conscious mind.

40

I am often asked if my psychic experiences "disturb" my daily life. On the contrary, they enrich it. I need to understand my own motivations and continually observe what can be the cause of the fantasies and visions that make me forever curious about everything.

I have heard people with similar powers speak of themselves as being in the grip of something that leaves them helpless, and that others find them difficult to understand. I believe one can permit oneself to be set apart as being a little "queer." This has been true of great writers and thinkers through the ages, but I have never felt myself set apart. On the contrary, this extension of being provides an answering conviction that if one tries to understand one's own motivations, one realizes that there are aspects in nature, happening all the time, that give us knowledge, whether we realize it or not, once we become aware of how to use them.

It is true that, if repressed, the emotions will build up from their images certain tensions. But the very level on which the unconscious mind relates itself to everything else in life is an order that one has to accept, understand, and finally use to enter into the dance of nature, rather than withdraw from the unconscious motivation of these other stimulating levels. I do not want to suggest that one becomes unrestrained. On the contrary, faced with the ecstasies of emotion in which imagery builds up, one becomes attentive, observant, and restrained.

In these moods one must deal with impulses and enthusiasms that have to be accepted as "drives," and arranged within the workaday life.

One simultaneously lives a separate existence, aware of a tenuous level of experience as one rubs shoulders with one's fellows, while underneath there is the pattern that plays unconsciously and perpetually, a web many-colored and delicate, but filled with the awareness of what is happening to each and all below the surface.

It is true that I often find myself becoming involved in other people's lives when this subconscious pattern suddenly moves and ripples to give me imagery, revelation, and eventual meaning. It often gives me a greater sense of belonging than do the conversational levels at which one carries on life with one's fellows, and I momentarily "lose" myself to what appears to be a harmonious setting by lapsing within the self. Yet I am not unaware of observing the texture and meaning of the weaving pattern that is taking place simultaneously with one who may be in a deep conversation. I suspect that my whole being is working as a unit; my open eyes follow the splendor of the pattern, to make psychic inventory, as it were. I listen to the words of others, but the meaning behind them is vivid to both eyes and ears. If the silence breaks, my nose is confronted with the unconscious pattern that continues anyway through the breath, while my fingers rhythmically beat out or try to touch the web of my unconscious.

It is because of this that I always am deeply attracted for the moment to each human being, to give that person my sole attention. Consciously, and without prompting, the unconscious mind reveals its tapestry. It is only sad at times that the majority of people fail to understand this task of nature as the unconscious threads that orient us each to the other.

I suspect the world compels most of us to live "externally," and therefore we have little time to comprehend the inner reality of the cosmos we inhabit. I may be accused of taking poetic license when I say I am aware of an intermediary field which contains us one and all, to hold our "signature" so that we, as emotional beings, continue to add our stamp of per-

sonality to this unsuspected world within space. Perhaps one day this area within space and time will reveal itself to the scientific mind. Until it becomes apparent and measurable, we in parapsychology may remain outsiders—and perhaps suspect. However, there is an energy at work between each and all that binds us together as part of the animal family as securely as does the hive the bees. It is not outside of cause and effect as I perceive it, but it contains the "scintillating" force that makes my physical universe as ordered in its course and as disciplined as heavenly bodies would appear to be ordered by natural law.

I believe this gift of exploration, born of inner curiosity and longing to be at one with nature, is part of the creative process of our life. One emerges with each breath as does the divine subconscious when a man awakens to focus his attention and consciousness upon bringing forth new elements, whether to produce a new bottle opener or a new theory of space. We move within this scintillating field from the moment of conception until we disappear from sight—though not from the eternal wholeness—to be lost within that dark atmosphere for which one yearns, and which is the inevitable change that takes place within each living breath.

Thus around us there is a field of force which includes all that the planet is. Akin to a sea, it is timeless and tireless in its momentum.

I often talked to the late John Hays Hammond, Jr., the noted inventor, on this theme. He became stimulated by my references to the fields of energy that I believe surround all forms of life. I often said to him that I thought the time would come when new areas in photographic work would one day make them visible.

On one of his periodic visits to New York, he called me and said: "I have built a Faraday cage in which I would like you to work in trance, telepathy, and clairvoyance. The only difficulty is that we would have to work during the nights, since my daytime hours are filled to capacity. But if this is agreeable to you, let us start."

I was delighted to cooperate, and went to Gloucester, Mas-

sachusetts, where he had set up the cage in his laboratory. The cage was constructed of copper screen in a wooden frame, held together by iron nails and screws. On the floor, a copper screen was laid under the boards to prevent any direct electrical contact between myself and the beams. The joints of the copper screening were soldered, and once I was inside, the door was sealed by galvanized iron screen stripping. The power supply and the random switching devices were in a room well removed from the experimental laboratory, so it was hoped that they were out of my sensory range.

The work proceeded until the alleged Uvani control claimed that he was not comfortable in what he preferred to call "the studio." For this reason, he asked if he could not be given some knowledge of what was expected of him. Hammond expressed his amusement at conducting an experiment that talked back to him! When Uvani asked for directives, Hammond said: "We want to get rid of you." The reply was: "That is easy. A light field will block my presence." This had no meaning for me, nor did Hammond ever disclose if he had used a light field.

About this time, Hammond told me Dr. Karlo Marchesi of Zagreb, who had been on a working fellowship with Dr. Rhine, would join us and ask questions from the controls while I was in trance. When the arrangements were completed, Dr. Henry Puharich was invited to join in the experiment. The setup would leave Hammond and Dr. Puharich outside, while Dr. Marchesi remained with me inside the cage. Many experiments were devised to test for the presence of ESP inside an electrical field, as well as the responses, both in normal and trance states, to electrical pulses transmitted at random and recorded on graphs in another building. Target scores increased significantly in the Faraday cage.

In the course of the experiments, Hammond (who also worked with the United States Navy) was advised by the controls that he would be needed in Washington to work on a new type of submarine. This indeed proved true, and he arranged the transfer of the Faraday cage to the Round Table Foundation in Maine, where the experiments could continue under the direction of Dr. Puharich. Since I had no real understanding of

what was taking place, it all sounded like an agreeable adventure—which had an amusing ending, as far as I was concerned.

It appeared that Henry Wallace called Dr. Puharich to ask about the experiment. He had always been intrigued by the work started under Professor McDougall, and I used to stop in at Washington on my return from Duke University to discuss the progress of the work with him. I was happy when I learned that he would come over and visit us in Maine. On the morning following his arrival, he called on the postmistress at Glen Cove to check on the time at which his phone call had been received by Dr. Puharich, which had come at the precise moment when his name was mentioned in a trance communication. Henry Wallace was a friendly individual and had no hesitation in telling her who he was. She had previously asked my secretary, who accompanied me on many occasions, why so many letters were received by me, and now that she had discovered Mr. Wallace's presence, she concluded that we were all interested in Communism at the Round Table Foundation. When my part of the work was concluded and I had returned to New York, I received a visit from the FBI. They had come to enquire into my Communist activities! I had no idea that the presence of Mr. Wallace would have such an alarming effect. I had known him for many years and was aware of his intense interest in psychical research.

I would very much have liked to continue with these experiments, but two other sensitives worked with Dr. Puharich, and as I was fully occupied in New York, I did not have the opportunity to continue the tests within the cage.

Many months later, when a preliminary report reached me, I realized that Dr. Marchesi was himself gifted with ESP, and had been instructed on what to expect from the work within the cage. Such close contact with him might have telepathically produced any results that had been expected. For this reason, the work for which I had such high hopes lost some of its value for me. And since there may have been an unconscious telepathic exchange between myself and Dr. Marchesi, it would nullify the results of the experiment.

I was reminded how careful one must be with telepathic

communications when I read Geraldine Cummins' *Swan on a Black Sea.* The story, well known in psychical research circles, was about the Cummins-Willett scripts, a famous study of automatic writing. It makes for compelling reading, and one is overwhelmed with admiration of Miss Cummins' remarkable feat of mediumship. But, in reading it, I remembered something that had happened to me during a succession of experiments held in Godalming under the direction of Mrs. Gertrude Kimber, Dame Edith Sitwell, and a lady who was introduced as "Mrs. Willett." I knew nothing of these studies, only that Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton had been present at some of the experiments. I believed implicitly in the objectivity of the work. But one evening, a friend of Mrs. Kimber, driving me to catch a train back to London, announced without any apparent reason that he was not impressed by the personality of Mrs. Coombe-Tennant. His statement may have been by way of testing my own honesty of intention, or else the gentleman may have been making conversation—but he was obviously referring to the lady who had been introduced to me as Mrs. Willett. In any case, if complete objectivity was to be continued, it was necessary for me to tell my hostess that the identity of her guest had been revealed to me.

Many changes have taken place in the public attitude to mediumship since then. Sensitives now appear on television! Indeed, I must respectfully suggest that mediumship is now in most cases a matter of showmanship when it is publicly performed, and it is sometimes good entertainment—depending, of course, on the medium's sense of humor. After one has spent half a century within the field, closely examining this gift, it is distressing to find it perverted to a point where it ceases to be creative, but remains more or less social entertainment. Apparently, it is becoming more and more in demand as anxiety spreads within the populace. The enormous impact of this widespread concern brings forth the need to depart from religious formula toward a horizon of "being certain" that once one is within the summerland of participation with the living dead, all is well! But perhaps this is no worse than all the other meth-

ods of propaganda which are daily handed out in the name of government to deaden the sensitivities and to keep alive the feeling that all is well with the world. While new moral and educational values seek to sustain us, the greater intelligence has been forgotten, and an anxious people will not know the real problems that affect them and their world unless they first recall the ancient maxim: Know thyself.

41

The manner in which one inwardly and externally perceives has always been for me a matter of deep concern, since even as a small child I realized that my perceptions were different from those of my elders, and of the children at school. At the height of my greatest dilemma, when I was less than three years old, I tumbled from a wall while reaching for gooseberries that grew within a thicket of nettles. I knew I should be punished for my act; and between the pain of the stings on my arms and legs and the fear of having to confess that I had disobeyed my aunt, I sat where I fell, wondering what next.

The stings that now gave rise to an illusion of my sight being altered stirred up perhaps more anxiety than the actual pain. The world around me had taken on a new vitality, and there appeared to be movement in my body and around me that was new: rotating images and colorful visions arose from the nettles. The wall from which I had fallen took on a new pattern, as though someone had chiseled art forms into the crude stones, and soon the grass that grew around rotated from a central point of light and color. Forms of plants and trees had become alive with a pulsing movement. I looked long and eagerly at the perceptive changes in the stones and the growth around.

By the time I had grown accustomed to the sense of newness in the world around, anxiety had left me. I had accepted the patterns of changing color, of grass and stone. No verbal utterance came by which I could relate what had happened to me. I went slowly back to the farmhouse; a white rash on arms and legs was examined as I went within in need of sympathy. None was forthcoming; instead I was scolded for wandering away and causing more trouble, as my aunt viewed my actions.

This, then, was the first time that I found a new method of perception, where objects changed their shapes and actually breathed. It became a stimulating measure of observation that arrived whenever I hurt myself by falling down, as I often did. It was to happen to me again and again, for my aunt had to chastise me almost daily for things which she insisted I willfully made to happen. Images in color thus became a part of my world, and they have continued throughout my life. When I could find a pencil or chalk, I made a series of images, mostly on doors in the paddock or on the barn. In school, I became fascinated by the process involved in making the letters of the alphabet; the greatest difficulty was to refrain from shading or doubling the letters or numbers. My eyes declared that each object had to have a "double" in order to be perfect, or even completed, and there were painful moments to be lived through before I could accept that my images had to be made in single form. Even today, I cannot draw a simple square without drawing its double to make it perfect.

Thus, I believe, it was the frequent punishments by my aunt, that caused the stimulation of the senses which produced images—images that to this day have remained.

42

Precognition has been a common occurrence with me all my life, but I have had to think of some hypothesis that might make it more intelligible to myself. Since I truly believe that eternity is here and now and that all aspects of the self are contained within the absolute, I do not regard precognition as being very different from the other patterns contained within the mind. There is always present, about and around, a "pool of memory" which contains the thoughts and emotions of the world of today and of all the yesterdays. We have access to its infinite corridors of experience, finding our way at times into a new room which we think of as the future, when in actuality that room *has always been.* It is coming into existence only as we perceive it, but we have had time along the way to "make friends" with many aspects of the collective unconscious flow of energy that we describe as mind.

I do not wish to press the point that within the past there are replicas of everything that exists in the "now," yet I personally am so convinced. Thus, when I have had premonitions of things to happen in the far distant, or not so far, future, I have been aware of some sensory stimulation that excites me to be prophetic and receptive, not only to the thoughts and conditions of people I have known, but also to events that do not directly concern me but which do disturb the mental atmosphere of the world.

Recently, while I was in the south of France, a slight earthquake overtook us between six and seven o'clock in the morning. That same morning I had awakened at four o'clock feeling that grave disturbances were going on behind the hills in the

direction of Italy. The effect was very uncomfortable and caused me a feeling of nausea. Only later in the day did I connect the occurrence of the earthquake with the disturbed sensation in the early morning. Such apprehensions are submerged and finally forgotten by the individual; but the thoughts have been released within the universe, to be registered.

Perhaps we all have access to a plane of consciousness of which we are not always aware, for events in the planet in which we live are always aborning and maturing. But because we exist in a mechanistic pattern of thinking, we do not always notice the rules of nature, of which animals, birds, and insects are cognizant in their own free state, as a means of self-preservation.

As an example: An engineer, busily recording his plans and models, is interrupted, whereupon a moment of frustration assails him. He may change or reconstruct his models, or may destroy them to start again. A sensitive may pick up the train of his thinking, its creation, frustration, or destruction; all will be simultaneously released. Dreaming or waking, the process happens, for the frustrated thoughts of the engineer are now in the world of timelessness and space.

One of the problems of precognition is the time interval between the moment when one cognizes an event and its actual happening. The thoughts leading up to this happening have entered the world of energy where they are perceived, be they dramatic or joyful; but the events to which they refer may be long delayed. There are people who do not claim to be sensitive yet are able to precognize a death in the family, a train disaster, sickness, murder, or even quite trivial events.

Precognition is often related to causality for want of a better explanation, but I suspect that each of us carries within his perceptional being the seeds of his own destiny. From my point of view, as I examine precognition, I feel that a sensitive can become aware of the latent subconscious energies contained within the mind, readying themselves to become manifest. My own work as a sensitive over the years when I have been able to use the "gift of prophecy" helps me to understand how the crucial events and situations that occur "spontaneously" are there already, within the deep unconscious. Startling though it

may be, I am inclined to believe that the personal experience as yet to be lived casts its shadow ahead of time.

All the events in the world have happened many times in the history of man. I have already said that this bowl of memory is there for the perceptionist to peer into, while something of his own mental makeup will determine each individual life. The depths of the psyche are as yet little understood, and I am fully conscious that my conclusions may be open to criticism; but if we keep before us the concept that the eternal "now" is always present, it is easier to acknowledge that it is not impossible to be in contact with each other's minds in the dream or waking state.

The whole process of sense data is difficult to comprehend, especially as we are taught that its dwelling place is in the brain. But the brain is not the center of thought. It accepts material that is forever flowing toward and around it. The brain processes the material for our comprehension much in the way a computer deals with the data that is fed to it, the difference being that while the computer material is the material that has been prepared, the brain is dealing with some as yet unsuspected modifications of the energy that surrounds it.

The exponent of precognition can deal with many assumptions, since mind is nonmaterial and has its being in space. Thus far, the scientific frontiers have not taken these aspects of mind into account, so one is at liberty to apply his own introspection and reflection. Lacking the deeper knowledge of intuition, we become as robots, obeying the will and whim of the powerful forces at work. It should be realized that we are like icebergs, with two thirds of our potential power of mind submerged, and we should at least try to understand the meaning contained within the inner life.

There is a part of mind, or intellect, that appears to pick up, arrange, and coordinate what is taking place in another person's mental atmosphere, and that is what very often happens with me. I am, as it were, thinking with the other fellow's mind. There appears to be a specific place where the spaces between one's own consciousness and the unconscious data of

the senses are filled in, to clarify and answer the needs arising in another person's mind.

This is clairvoyance. Since my early days it has deepened and widened, thereby expanding my own vision. In this process, nothing of my own senses or consciousness would appear to have been sacrificed, for there is no friction between the "real" and the "unreal." My practical interest is only to extract from the revealed situation what is useful, what can be of help. My consciousness, either in the sleeping, subconscious, or waking state, is detached. I think that artists, musicians, poets, and any creative artisan must also experience this.

Because I have said that I hear all kinds of sound in my sleep, I have been asked whether my senses and consciousness continue to function in the dream. It is a fact that in my sleep state my normal senses are still alert; I can speculate and contradict, and I do hear and know, for example, the moment when the wind may change. This, however, may be because, as I have said elsewhere, I approach the periphery of sleep but do not enter it completely. Perhaps it is this "twilight state" that crystallizes perception for me.

It is this establishment of continuity outside of time that gives me the ability to experience and to live inwardly and outwardly. The whole mechanism of this perception is, I suppose, regulated to bring about a peaceful correlation between the external and the internal awarenesses. I am able to "recompose" them, and it is a faculty that enables me to set upon things impulsively and quickly, to be useful to myself in a practical sense, and to be interested in states of change rather than in the change itself.

Nowhere is this state of change so perceptible as it is within the domain of inner life. Difficulties and contradictions of every kind can be solved "within." It is difficult for me at this point to express myself with verbal accuracy, for if I let my fancy go, I would have to adapt myself to another reality, another language.

Perhaps nature has invented for all of us methods and means by which we note and identify change. We do know there are

many people who are continually preserving the things that are past, but we do not have to do this. *The past is there within our consciousness.* An emotion will bring to consciousness things that we have lost for years. The brain is there, always ready to preserve, simplify, utilize, reshape, and recall. The past and the present become one. The subconscious mind is an uncharted land of imagery into which, as an ego, we enter. What departs when we depart are the brain and the chemistry, but the multiplicity of states which have been continuing all this time, into which we have looked—this, I feel, may continue. If we know this, we may then begin to live with a deeper appreciation and understanding of the universe, where the true nature of mind exists.

For me, the reality of the knowledge with which I am presented seems at one and the same time to be traveling inward and outward, like two conveyor belts, the one feeding the other. These are not carelessly changing direction; the mind is able to follow them in all procedures. Perhaps it is this ability that permits me to turn readily from one field of symbolism to another concept and still hold close the inner reality. The philosophers may understand what I am trying to say, because they very often have to reverse the normal direction of thought in order to permit their readers to comprehend them.

43

I have always had a keen desire to understand precognition, for I have received this kind of knowledge all my life, *without my emotions being involved.* One "reality" has been gained from it. It is that my being, whatever that word entails, must be flowing through time, as are the events about to happen.

The perceptions that I receive are clear-cut and distinct, like the unrolling of a film or spool. This is what living can be likened to: a continual unwinding of the thread from the spool—a current of feeling moving in space in the continuity of progress and unity of action. I can only relate myself to the events that I foresee if I represent some concept of how I feel.

The loss in 1930 of the airship known as the *R-101* had been "seen" by me three times in a period of five years. I know nothing about the mechanism of flying craft, but, as I have mentioned, I did live in London during the zeppelin raids in World War I. I had, like many thousands of people, watched their progress over London, watched the searchlights pick up their position, and seen them fall from the sky in flames. In fact, in company with young friends, I had hurried to the scene of one such disaster at Cuffley near Potters Bar, some thirty miles from London.

I was especially troubled by these air raids, for my work demanded that I live in the heart of London. I was extremely worried for the safety of my child, then a baby. Finally I took her out of London for safety.

I had, like others in London, learned to dread the nightly appearance of these ships; but when I first saw this phantom zeppelin, many years had elapsed. My daughter had grown up, and England was at peace. I have asked myself many times if my subconscious mind had made this image "concrete"—but if so, why was it projected in 1926, 1928, and 1929, and again in trance many times?

The first appearance of the phantom airship occurred in Hyde Park. I had taken my terrier to the Serpentine to swim. I looked above, and there was a silver ship moving easily in the direction of the west. It made no conscious impression on me then. I had no relationship with anyone who might be flying. It was simply there in the sky. There was no confusion, and it flew above me slowly to vanish in the sunset.

I saw the same object again two years later. I was in the neighborhood of Holland Park en route to the College of Psychic Science. It was about 2 P.M. A high wind was blowing fleecy clouds across the sky. Out of a bank of clouds I saw an airship. It

wobbled, then dipped. Puffs of smoke blew out and hid the undercarriage. Then the clouds covered it.

When I left the college I bought the late papers, expecting to read of the disaster. But there was nothing on the front pages, nor was there anything the next day. This time I was confused. I had actually seen the smoke, even as I had seen it happen in the 1916 raids. Through that week I watched the daily papers, but once more there was no account to be found.

I again saw the airship overhead in 1929, and again smoke emanated from the great envelope. I remember standing still, frozen to the spot. White puffs caught the rays of the sun, then turned into a dense cloud. Again clouds obscured the smoking ship. This time I was deeply upset. I knew this was serious. That it wasn't happening was unthinkable—but again there was no report.

After three such phantom happenings, it was hard to convince myself there had been no airship. Yet no one could explain it. There had been no known airship disaster anywhere. I often wondered why such visions happened to one so completely disinterested as I was.

Later, it was publicly announced that England was building two airships, the *R-100* and the *R-101*. I began to meet people who were scheduled to fly to India, among them Sir Sefton Brancker, then head of the Air Ministry in London. I knew a friend whose home he was visiting one weekend, and I told her of the experience. When she related it to him he treated it laughingly. He did ask me: "Have you any idea which ship will suffer?" "The *R-101*," I replied. "That's a help," he said. "That's the one scheduled to fly to India, and I am going on the journey soon." Nothing more was said at the time.

The rest of the story is well known. Part of the story included the episode with Mrs. Hinchcliffe, who was brought to a sitting at the London Spiritualist Alliance after her husband had lost his life flying the Atlantic. I had a premonition before the news arrived in London that his plane was lost, and told it to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. It was he who arranged to bring Mrs. Hinchcliffe, newly widowed, to the L.S.A. Later, in a small book, she revealed her "conversations," but was not per-

mitted to print that Captain Hinchcliffe had sent messages of warning to the man, his close friend, who would become the navigator of the *R-101*. She had journeyed to Norfolk to see this man who, she told the council of the L.S.A., ridiculed the idea. She talked to many people about her husband's prediction, and from then on many of her husband's friends sought sittings.

I believe there were warnings given in other directions also, and with the publication of the book *The Millionth Chance,* I learned that the man second in command to Sir Sefton Brancker, Director of Civil Aviation, who was aboard the *R-101*, had also sought to learn if the accident could be avoided. What produced these successive sensations of vision? I do not know. I cannot say that there were any moods or change in feeling at any of the times of perception, so I cannot say that any elementary psychological state existed to cause the apparitions to take place. Neither was the symbol of a burning airship an element of any known habitual thought.

44

The *conscious* act of breathing brings forth imagery in a language in which nature speaks to us. Above and beyond the thought that produces imagery, countless nerve cells work to produce the thought. In other words, the miracle of the conscious breath is the miracle of creation. From this relaxed, nonthoughtful perception comes the unification with external knowledge, and that which we perceive as mind.

I am well aware that this simple route to knowledge is not scientific. It is, however, a route to a vaster consciousness than anyone can perceive who does not accept the simple possibility

that the matter of life of our being is at one and the same time within and without.

When we breathe deeply, for the sake of breathing into our inner self, we will become assured of the self as an individual form moving in freedom within an ocean of observation. It is the simple unification of the self with this external ocean of life which frees one to receive and perceive. Intuition, therefore, has no ending. Instead of living in a surface state and accepting ideas, we can live within and without the domain of the senses at one and the same time.

Perception, effortless yet charged with consciousness, gets rid of the habitual daily concept of action. (We can get out of time and keep step with change.) We do not reduce our senses to accept an order of yesterdays no longer existent for us but now returned to the order of space-time in which we dwell in subconscious and superconscious states, free from relating to everyday experience.

I am often asked from whence comes my energy. It comes on the breath—the conscious use of breath. That is why the past is rarely in my consciousness: there is no place for it—but it is "out there," to be recalled if necessary. One pushes away the burned-out experience of every breath with the next one. In this way, the past does not crowd upon us. We have shaped and ordered it as a temporary screen that cannot mask us from the route we have to travel when sleep overtakes us.

Thus, no matter how abstract an idea may be, if we take it in our conscious breath and relate it to ourselves, it will be accepted and broken into symbol and imagery, to be "arranged" and coordinated through our senses. I suggest this is a way for those who have difficulty to comprehend concepts and utilize their perceptions. One's attention is thus brought to bear precisely in one's own terms to clarify and intensify. One cannot bring perception to bear upon any concept if the field of attention and perception is not first made ready.

There are aspects in nature ready to reveal themselves through imagery. The poet and artist have given us assurance of this. They reveal the meaning of the invisible which becomes "available" when the revealed images touch our senses,

to be translated to our consciousness. The photographic image must be plunged into solution to make it visible. So must every concept be exposed to the senses, to be broken down into an imagery that is uniquely ours, to make the verse, the painting, or the artist's concept acceptable in our own symbolic language.

If we accept the products of the artist's imagination and adopt them because they are fashionable or expensive, we have not looked, and we do not know if they are true for us. But if we turn away from the act of admiration and fanciful pleasure, to breathe in the artist's concept, that concept will "dissolve," and we will begin to perceive with our own symbolism what the artist has revealed to us. It is necessary for a moment to become "absent-minded," to detach ourselves from the object to be seen, so that we oblige it to open our vision to that inner contemplation and acceptance. Perception, as I know it, is therefore the sum total of a demonstration of imagery, which attention has brought forth from a wider canvas of the all-enveloping breath.

45

In an earlier chapter I described how I was taken to a hospital in Marseilles after I became ill aboard ship while traveling across the Atlantic to Europe in 1935. For three months, I lay desperately ill until it became obvious, even to myself, that if I were to survive the illness, something in the nature of the miraculous must happen.

One night I felt particularly despondent about my inability to make any recovery. I had already suffered a third relapse and had reached the point where I had little wish to live if doing so meant continued suffering. I began in a dreamy way to ask

myself if there were not some help which could be procured through spiritual prayer, and if such help were forthcoming, I wondered what would be the manner of its reception, and if the emotional self would be aware of the help received.

Thinking thus, I may have lightly slept—I cannot be certain. But I thought I heard a noise as though someone were opening the door of the room cautiously. I looked for my nurse, but she was sitting in a corner, quietly reading. Seeing no one enter, I occupied myself with some other train of thought, when I became aware that someone other than the nurse was in the room, and even as I realized this I saw a tall man by the bedside. I looked at him with intense interest, but I could only guess what his features were like. He wore a long, gray garment that completely covered his body, and the hood attached to the garment revealed but a meager outline of his face. His hair was pulled straight back from the forehead (almost as though it had been greased) with a bun at the back of the head and an ornamental steel hairpin stuck through the bun. He was very tall and suggested a man of middle age, possessing great vitality and strength.

He made no attempt to speak at first, but, bending down, seemed to listen to the rate of my breathing. It seemed like an age that he stood thus. Then, straightening himself to his full height, he took a long breath and said: "Yes, you will live, and one day you will realize that you can teach yourself to breathe correctly. Somewhere along the way you must have lost control of the precise method. Now breathe with me—as you do, slowly, when entering the subconscious area that is your own. If you can use the same breathing at night, you will relax yourself to sleep, and so get well."

With these words, he walked toward the door and was gone. I wondered many things about him, and instinctively I felt he was younger than I had at first believed. Also, I felt that this had been no out-of-the-body entity with whom I had to deal, but a man of this life. Of his origin, or his country, or his calling, or any other detail concerning him, I had no knowledge whatever.

As I lay thinking of what I had both "heard" and "seen,"

my nurse arose and came to the bed. She was relieved that I seemed less strained and in more cheerful mood. I wondered if she had any idea that we had had a visitor, when she voluntarily remarked: "I didn't want to disturb you, as I thought you were sleeping quietly, but I had for a few moments the strangest feeling that somebody had entered the room." Not then, for I was still under the spell of his healing presence and had no desire to interrupt it, but many days later, I told her what had happened. She said she was relieved that I had taken her into my confidence about our visitor of the night, as the feeling of not being alone on that particular occasion had made what she described as an "uncanny" impression on her which had lasted for some days.

There have been many occasions since when I have tried to send a message to "the unknown one" that I would benefit if he could come and give me counsel; but no answering gleam has ever been vouchsafed me that my message had been received. Believing that his diagnosis was correct, I have in these years taken much time to study breath control more thoroughly. Such study has opened many new areas of the subconscious mind and revealed to me a new elasticity of vision and mind. It has most definitely helped me to control much of the spasmodic asthma from which for many years I have suffered. I have never experienced this visitation again, but I feel that one day perhaps my efforts may bring him to see me again. I still see his long stride—a man who must have walked tremendous distances, a man of courage and unbounding strength.

46

I am happy that in an age of technology there are those who are giving modern interpretation to the dream world which contains the key to the development of the evolution of the race. The dream world, and the world of deep feeling which is interpreted by symbols, relate us to the ancient races, for the dreams of ancient man and modern man are given in the same symbolic language.

Symbolism, with its inner feelings and impressions, is expressed with the same sensory aspects of the outer world's intensity and association. Symbolic dreaming is a survival that leads us from different cultures and different historical associations across centuries. It is still the language of the myth and fairy tale, and it is never forgotten in the unconscious, but too often its meanings are overlooked or not understood. In the symbolic dream, where time and space do not exist, we are linked with our earliest ancestors.

The language of symbol and dream is the route to the unconscious whole. Within these two facets of mind we must look if we would find security. This has been the route specifically human, the dual level contained within the universal concept of being. It has been mostly a foreign language, but in recent decades we have grown to comprehend that if we could remember the past, we could find the conception of a future which is daily being unfolded.

Insight is within the grasp of the dreamer, for he escapes the waking intensity which tends to hold back the vitality that bids us carry on with life, often at underground levels. The eternal now instinctively carries us forward and contains within it

knowledge and experience of the routes ahead, even though those routes are dimmed when we awaken to each day's new experience. The prediction is clear in a dreaming world, but the route is clouded when we surface to live out the day's experience. The outer eye discerns only what is to be undertaken in a three-dimensional world.

47

Once I had made up my mind that I would one day pursue the intuitional meaning behind "communication with entities," I knew I had a new road to follow. Anyone who has worked over the art of composition has had to make effort to place oneself at the heart of the subject and there seek as deeply as possible an "impulsion" which of itself carries one forward. The impulsion sets the mind on a journey to find imagination to develop and analyze without limit. I learned that these steps that one family makes toward "disclosure" were not an urge or movement away from mediumship as such, but the commencement of a spiritual harmony with one's own innermost qualities. It was no longer a method of ascertaining a few facts to assimilate them, but rather a continuation of the search and a fusing of the enormous mass of detail, without accepting preconceived ideas or arriving prematurely at conclusions. Thus began the "experimental method" and the search for facts and conclusions which have been the dominating motivation of my life.

Ideas have neither beginning nor ending, for the universe stretches out and beyond human experience. There is much to observe and discover. Already the hour is late, and I have conceived of many more methods of research than I can ever ful-

fill. But surely one is carried forward to an atmosphere where one glimpses and feels the beneficence of the spiritual breezes. Scientific experiment becomes uplifting and exalting, for here are truths that have to do with feeling as much as with reason.

While I had always been able to enter subjective states—such as being "outside of myself," going into trance, "traveling in space," or being subtly aware of entering extremely interesting states of illumination through heightened clairvoyance—the color world that was my own "space world" was very easy to accept. There were no compulsive states, only mental levels that I could deliberately escape to and from at will. I knew that curiosity guided my overimaginative self. I had too many times examined my state of being and knew that no compulsions existed. The initial choice between alternative worlds of vision was my own to make. But the closed room within the subconscious mind, where dwelt the alleged trance personalities, obviously harmonious to themselves and also to others, continued to be a problem. I felt it must be solved.

During this time I went through a process of mind that is difficult to describe. I can only refer to it as an imageless thought transformation. I, who had always been confronted with symbolism, as I have already explained, came to a moment where the mind became opaque. I could only explain this as being noncreative. Images had continued to remain with me to reveal their story for the space of seconds or moments. But now the mind became as though one gazed into a lake; in fact, I named these noncreative, nonmomentum moments "the lake of nonbecoming." Even to this day I can drop into this state of nonbeing very easily. It marks a change in the process of thinking perceptively. I reach a point of stillness, and at other times, I am not quite aware of the moment when this process of exercise begins. This noncreative functioning became then a period of nonbeing.

At times this has troubled my intimate friends, who say to me: "You are not there." But whatever the state is, and however short its duration, I find that it is restful. It is as though a cleft between my inner self and my perceptive self has created a moment of "spiritual momentum." It would appear to mark no

significant passing of time; it has no intervening phenomena where one ponders upon an idea, nor does there appear to be anything that gives explanation or interpretation. I gaze, without looking, away from myself. It is imperceptible to all of those who do not know me well, but I find it has a meaning of its own, since it changes tone and pace. It relieves me from stress when conversations become tiresome. It can be compared to reading a paragraph, then arriving at the end, marked by a period. It is a moment in time of peaceful inaccessibility, even to myself!

Looking back these months of indecision, I realize that what I once thought was unreal within the existing situation was really a true and deep desire to understand the character of these instinctual, subconscious drives. The daily use of the subconscious mind to produce evidence through trance mediumship was all very well, but it did mean that through the day the conscious existence was more or less lulled into quiescence. I gave hours of each day to the use of the trance. I had to build up my work to engage all of my nervous energy, or there would be an inequality of understanding in my daily hours.

Revelation, consciousness, and perception finally joined hands to draw me back into the field from which I had so hastily departed. The hope for release from these perceptions had not been fulfilled; rather, there had grown the steady conviction that I owed it to the memory of Hewat McKenzie to return to the field, in order better to understand it. Whether one believes in communication or not, I frequently felt that McKenzie continually urged me to return to the work. Every morning I awoke with the feeling that he was reminding me: The years of training to become a reliable medium cannot be wasted.

When I returned to work in London, the luster of McKenzie's presence and his rigid discipline were missing. I entered into deeper phases of mediumship, and finally came for me that happy time when only the notetaker arrived to request me to enter the trance state. Either there was no visible experimentor, or the enquiry would be made in psychometry by the use of an object. I found this an ideal state for work. External impressions did not becloud the horizon of tranquillity which I suspect trance must bring about.

It can readily be seen that, by then, I had begun to profit from my years of training. The "controls" must also have been helped considerably by McKenzie's practical training during his lifetime.

Whether the controls are the separate entities they profess to be, or whether they are "splits" of my own personality, there must remain an obvious difference between them and my conscious self; they are not exposed to the melting pot of my own mental excursions and to my own life's daily sensations. They may well be parts of my own mind, but raised to a level where they operate outside the laws of cause and effect that dominate normal daily existence.

I have, through the years, been asked frequently to explain my own attitude to these controls. Yet how can I objectively do this? Subjectively speaking, I am inclined to admit that it is possible that they are external entities in the sense in which they claim to be, that in my early and formative years, my persistent curiosity about life and death extended my own faculties to a point in the universe where I could expect to find adequate answers.

These are the problems which I have sought to answer and reveal through years devoted to objective research. In any case, I found myself willing to make obeisance to the light that dwelt within. McKenzie had given me to understand that beneath the troubled human person resides the basic reasonable being, whose instinctive response can be orderly and intelligent. The aspects of a mediumship that is disciplined may well arise from this individual being, and therefore must be guarded and respected.

The how and why of mediumship still stands to be thoroughly analyzed and understood if future conclusions as to its meaning are to be reached. Meanwhile, I regard it as part of the miracle and mystery of self, which remained to manifest itself within my life with compelling force. I have learned to accept it, since in all ages there have been those whose testimony has verified that such states of mind exist. Mind substance has yet to be fully understood.

I am content to wait. The years have brought greater re-

sponsibility, but not complete understanding. I find it necessary to demonstrate these special faculties through objective experiments. If I have succeeded in making even one person feel that mediumship, like music, has its intelligible combination of tones—with a definite structure and significance that must be disciplined to become harmonious—then these training years were not in vain.

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Spiritualism appears to give a rational explanation of vision and related phenomena, but there are still a great number of "sane" people who believe that such visions are related to diabolism, and that much if not all of it is subjective illusion.

Primitive peoples believe in their visions, upon which religious laws and dogmas have been founded. Rational accounts of "communication" and of various psychic phenomena have been given throughout history. Plutarch tells us that the oracle gave enigmatic answers to kings and counselors, for if the answers were given in simple terms they might do harm to their rule or to the people. He also advises, however, that simple people get simple and direct evidence. He adds this positive testimony: "The answers of the Oracle or Pythoness, though submitted to severest scrutiny, have rarely proved false." Even in those days, some believed, as they do today, that the soothsayers and oracles were impostors. Great men in all walks of life have testified to the reality of psychic phenomena, but generally their reassurance has been set aside as being weak, foolish, or superstitious. Yet one wonders why it is that certain members of the community, in all times, have a mental makeup that permits these phenomena to happen. Dogma itself is

founded on the inspiration and phenomena of certain gifted individuals.

Though there are psychical research societies in nearly every country, no one group has seen fit to find out what are the states of mind that produce these phenomena. Perhaps today, with the growth of analysis and new drug substances (frowned upon for the moment), we will be able to attack these questions and chart the mental structure of the sensitive person who witnesses and produces such phenomena. May we not find out that what happens in the mind of the composer, the artist, the poet, or the scientist is akin? Imagination is a definite property of mind—what is the "power" factor that sets it working? The field is wide open for experiment, for imagination and intellectual perception are what are needed in today's world, rather than the mechanical factors of repetition to which one clings.

Language has long been the systematic method of communication, but there are undoubtedly other methods of symbolism and other forms of expression. The precise study of imagination is at least a step in the direction between the receptive process and what is expressed. From my own experience, there must clearly be a built-in receiving station between the nervous system and the perceptions. I say this because the atmosphere of human beings and all things living—their movements, attitudes, and thoughts—convey *impulses* of which I am immediately conscious, which causes me to find a sensory "track" that takes me beyond the self to knowledge that is not contained in my own mind. Within a space-time area of the mental makeup of those who seek my help, I find fields of energy that reveal an inner perception of the unconscious emotional feeling at depth —a space-time area in which I perceive what is about to happen.

I ask myself if the nerve fibers are the carriers: Does the involuntary action blend with other external "areas" out and beyond, where the past, present, and future merge in experience to be guarded within the subconscious as yet unexplored territory? We know for certain, from the terrific leaps that have been made in our air-minded age, that the imagination is capable of tremendous expansion; but here we have to admit of emotions and feelings, for the mind reveals this vast untapped

potential only when it is under pressure or passionately involved. No one will deny that in times of conflict, uncertainty, and war, the mind opens up to reveal an unlimited storehouse of new knowledge. The constructive power of the unconscious has not been fully taken into account and remains to be presently explored.

Unfortunately, dogmas continue to add confusion, by force of habit and weight of authority, long after they have been shown to be opposed to fact and reason. We know that opinions and beliefs shared by the many, generation after generation, come to form part of their mental nature, although those ideas are often erroneous and keep alive ideas and prejudices of a less enlightened age. It is in the interest of truth that doctrines or beliefs, however well established, be challenged to do battle for their right to continue.

It is claimed that psychic events are born from the chaos and disorder of the inner life. In a measure, this may hold true, because the creation of new ideas springs from the indeterminate fullness and activity of being which is dynamic and filled with tension. What is absent is the determination to discover, one way or another, the route by which the myriad yearnings and impulses can be resolved to create order. Only then can the action of the imagination be freed to create in an entirely spontaneous and involuntary manner. The power within no longer dwells nameless. A path has been found between the new and the old, and the psychic life finally finds its freedom in full consciousness.

I suspect that the invisible world has always haunted man, judging by the number of books on occult practices that have appeared through the years. Before the Society for Psychical Research was formed in 1882, writings dealt mostly with the practices of alchemy, incantation, and magical formulas, many of these beyond the scope of understanding. It was Henry Sidgwick, professor of moral philosophy at Cambridge, who gathered his friends together to form an objective group of learned scholars who would devote themselves to the investigation of some of the mental phenomena, as well as of the mes-

meric, occult, and spiritualistic. The group made it clear that their work did not imply any belief in these magical forces but would continue until science, as such, was ready to recognize their objective existence.

The same rule applies to the society today. Due to lack of scientific workers and funds for such an abstract process, it has made little progress. Few wealthy citizens are willing to detach themselves from the activities of the outer world to speculate on the interior world of soul and mind. My own work with book tests and telepathy, clairvoyance, and so on, could play an important part in such research, but there are few dedicated people who care to go beyond the evidence of "communication" with the alleged dead.

Since spiritualism has become a religion, there is not the same need for safeguarded conditions as there was when I first entered the field of ESP in 1920. The modern world, with its lack of time for reflection and such dedicated work as was then required from sensitives, spells the end of the seance room and the cautious investigator. Today there are no competent and conscientious sensitives like Mrs. Gladys Osborne Leonard, willing to give full time to research into their own powers; nor are there the cautious observers who will perform work under rigorous conditions and give of their time generously, as was the case in England in happier days. Young people today seek for answers to their problems with the indiscriminate use of LSD and other substances that often produce discomfort for those around them, and mostly chaos for themselves.

I have personally taken all these substances for research purposes over the years. I have enjoyed the work immensely, but have no evidence to offer that these chemical compounds brought forth more paranormal events. They undoubtedly have their useful place within the field of chemistry, especially in the areas of healing, where they definitely belong—as witness the excellent results already produced with terminal cancer and alcoholic addiction.

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Parapsychology is not even a science, but it may be on the route to revelation. Like everything else that is young, it has much explaining to do. A whole process of comprehension is necessary in order to open up the way to the inner experiences of which I have spoken. These experiences are only possible when one is in contact with the deep subconscious levels. Call it intuition for the time being—but how far does intuition take us? Only experiences that are below the surface of our everyday life will point the way to more direct communication.

At the present stage in parapsychology, we could be compared to children posing as philosophers, setting down with a kind of boldness what we believe to have ascertained from the master's book. If there are some who insist that the truths of which I speak do not exist, it is our fault for not having made models to help uncover the problems. After all, new inventions might never have happened if somebody had not followed ideas or images through some analytical or mathematical order. All life's problems unfold themselves, but the clue to their unfolding and meaning is in the deep unconscious of each one of us. Parapsychology cannot go forward without grasping the realities of the unconscious and examining them in terms of the nature of self and the nature of our ever changing world. Humanity must classify sensations and reactions in new psychological, physiological, and philosophical terms.

There is an immense field for research, the extent and importance of which I do not believe we have fully begun to realize. There is work to be done to define the peculiarities of the mental constitution which render the behavior and the develop-

ment of each individual human being as unique. Progress cannot be made in one field alone. Many departments of science will finally contribute, and there must be those who will share in the search for a common understanding; for "mediumship" should not be regarded only as a means for alleged communication with those who have passed on, but also for its usefulness in the arts. We need it if we are going to maintain a high level of literature, we certainly need it in fiction, and the drama and stage are surely largely concerned with the portrayal of the intellectual and moral peculiarities of the individual mind. Mediumship, old as man himself, is somewhat misunderstood as long as only the "abnormality" of the subject is emphasized. One must come to understanding with sympathetic intuition and apply new disciplines to the deep unconscious.

Mediumship has been puzzling to many, although there has been, among French physicians particularly, a feeling that these mental functions divide themselves into "systems" or patterns which carry on their activities independently of each other. I do not feel there have been many real attempts made to bring all these aspects of the subconscious under one heading so that we could understand how one leads a dual mental life, as is the case with me. No legitimate enterprise has yet worked out a hypothesis or a model in ESP by which all of these subconscious factors can be accepted in intelligible order. There is no doubt that the relation of subconscious operation to conscious thinking is a matter of basic training.

I have had much time to speculate about the entire field of mediumship. I knew early that full and accurate comprehension could only be arrived at in the light of complete knowledge of one's makeup and motivations. Since I have lived in America, methods of psychic study have become advanced. The nature of "soul" and its functions continues to present difficulties, not only to myself but to others. Can it be the nimbuslike duplicate of the body which I often perceive, or is it something intangible perceived and only grasped by the intellect? Or is it a sum total of the vital functions of being, and, more importantly for my

own understanding, does this immaterial being continue after the dissolution of the body?

Long reflection on these problems leads me to suggest that perhaps an entity capable of existing without body may escape and live in some subtle manifestation of energy related to air as air is related to matter; and after the death of the body, it may continue to exist and appear as a dim expression of its onetime more robust self—a ghost of itself able to communicate with mortals through the perceptive feelings of one like myself. As to the real meaning of the controls, McKenzie and others believed that there are people like me who went out of the body and allowed the controls to take possession during trance.

In these periods of soul-searching, I read a great deal. At one time I was taken with the philosophy of Descartes, who boldly maintained that our bodies were no different from the complicated machinery of plant and animal. To man alone he assigned a soul, and it was the soul which exercised the higher mental functions of thought and vision. This troubled me deeply. I have been alleged to have given evidence of pets—dogs, cats, monkeys, and other animals—and many pets of my inquirers were described as having existence after death. If the whole world was purely mechanical and complex, what separated the animal called man, much less thoughtful and compassionate than some of the animals I had encountered?

A great many serious people reject the notion of soul, declaring it to be a superstitious notion maintained by the church to strengthen its influence and maintain its authority. This led me to study the great Scottish skeptic David Hume, who brilliantly argues that the soul is but a tradition which has been uncritically accepted, and that no actual demonstration of its existence has ever been made. The writings of Kant, again, taught me that the nature of word meanings depends on our ability to determine the nature of our own being, and that these performances, visions, and trancelike states were determined by the constitution of our minds.

None of the literature gives me the answer that I seek. I know, however, that my efforts to establish the existence of being—my own or that above us—are indeed unconvincing to the

serious thinkers of our time. The very imperfect conclusions I had reached led me to believe that, at least, the notion of the existence of the soul and its continuity was to most people outside psychical research merely speculation or hypothesis; and psychologists were no wiser.

Nevertheless, I have, during my extensive reading and searching, turned again and again toward the ideas advanced by Professor McDougall. I have maintained my contact with him through his books. Perhaps he, more than any other I have encountered, would define consciousness and the workings of the subconscious mind without making it appear that what is to me a natural and happy state of acceptance, might not be so formidable to comprehend. What I most needed was to free myself of the often haunting belief that I had built up a theatrical part of myself by which I might influence other people's thoughts and implant ideas in their minds regarded by the majority of thinking people as erroneous. I have no explanations to give, no doctrines to unfold. From day to day there is always the imperfect, vaguely formulated plan to study the laws of causation and mental operation, and I have always been willing to serve as guinea pig for those psychologists who, from time to time, appear to take some interest in the complex process of what is described as mediumship. The years that have passed since I entered the field of psychic research have been worthwhile, if only for my own understanding.

I have tried different techniques in many departments or levels of the subconscious. Various terms have been used to describe the workings of these various levels: the "subliminal self" and the "secondary self" are often used to describe these hypothetical departments of the mind. They hardly do more than clothe the truth as it appears to me, for I am not at all certain from what area of mind spontaneous phenomena leap to confront us. The working of the entire mind is so intimate that I prefer to think one cannot classify supernormal phenomena by any hypothesis which attributes them to any particular level of consciousness. Perhaps the continuing interest in hypnosis may open up doors for perceptions to be more closely identified, and it is for this reason that I have worked extensively in

this area. Every level provides contributing conditions, but in very different proportions.

The supernormal control of the mind over the bodily process is a topic that has become important in these years of mental confusion over the uncertain future. Many people feel they are living in a world where error and deception threaten one's very existence. I have no personal doubt that we can communicate from mind to mind in a way that does not involve our organs or senses in the usual way. I, therefore, continue to hope that new scientific explanations, however impartial or critical they may appear, will offer one day fresh hypothesis for the asssumption. The paranormal phenomena exist within us and are not to be judged as the influence upon us of disembodied minds.

If I were to sum up my present views on the nature of mediumship, I would be inclined to interpret these powers as a manifestation of individual supersensitivity. As I have already indicated, I found my own powers to be intimately related to the events and experiences of my earliest childhood; and it may be that the mediumistic gift is an extreme intensification of infant awareness and response during the preverbal period, carried over into adulthood. In this respect, the mediumistic powers may be of a similar order to those of the child prodigy in music or in mathematics. The prodigy's phenomenal abilities obviously cannot be explained wholly on the basis of something that is consciously learned. It must inevitably spring from unconscious forces, perhaps including racial memories, that we do not fully understand.

This is probably the explanation that a scientist would accept today, and it is more or less my own view. Of course, the world being what it is, people still tend to regard the medium's feats as being in the realm of the supernormal; and if they choose to do so, I let them and simply go my own way. My main concern in latter years has been to use my gifts for healing purposes. My capacities in this field, I feel certain, are due to my supersensitive powers. These remain to be investigated scientifically for fuller explanation. But meanwhile I am content to help people in this way, letting the scientific explanation evolve in the course of time.

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Ireland is essentially a sad island. The skies are overcast; the rains fall for long hours; the morning fog envelops the scene. This may have been the reason that I clothed everything in color. Was it therefore accidental, or is it part of one's glandular makeup? Just as color blindness has not been understood, so vision in color attracts little comment. Nevertheless, color plays an important part in my daily life. Everything is clothed in its own particular spectrum. Color is not only connected with abstraction or daydreaming; it makes the objective world clearer, brighter, more distinct, and more beautiful.

I have a naturally happy, outgoing disposition, perhaps because my symbols, allegories, and visions are continuously being translated in color. Red was the motivating color of my early days. As long as I can recall, I had a need for red. The red on leaves and fruit always pleased me. But this may have been because I early had tuberculosis, and I told myself the bloodstream needed the stimulation of red. On the other hand, I have a complex about blood. Being so often ill in my youth, I had to drink concoctions of vegetable juices and ox blood. The lifetime result is that I cannot touch red meat; but then I have a primitive and sacred feeling about blood that seems to be deeper than I can logically understand.

Red has a spontaneous, symbolic effect. The spectrum of the moment appears to spring from a deep purple source within life itself, whether it be in the plant, the tree, or the animal. The emanations that surround every living thing bring in a purple blueness which, when observed, reveals other colors that must

be related to the health and growth of life. These colors relate to the "field" or aura that surrounds all living things.

Within the great pool of memory, everything is retained to embrace us and to be used by us if we so desire. Symbols and my color world are therefore real for me, and they transcend my daily consciousness. In certain circumstances, especially in healing, they are the guides to understanding, the agents of revelation which I have come to accept as holding the context of personality. They are my direction finders, pregnant with meaning and understanding. May these not be factors from which our basic language has been formed? Certainly, from man's earliest appearance, his priests have known symbols and translated them for his good, or for their own powerful drives. Religion and even history have been kept alive with the traditional symbols which serve for man's transcendental comprehension of the context of each symbolic reality.

Color is a communication from air and earth to vision itself. As the seedling grows, it translates the mineral from which it draws sustenance into a chemistry of colors that present themselves to the senses in a dimension that can be measured. When the yellow of sunlight meets the primordial red of the earth, there is an interchange and blending. I do not wish to be guilty of excessive enthusiasm about color; call it symbolic or mystical if you will, but it serves me in the same practical way as does a map of the region to be examined by the explorer. Color is a language of intuition, remarkably veridical and instinctive, perhaps the universal soul language of the world. It was there before man's late appearance—there to direct life in a powerful, unique, and ordered manner. As man approaches *what mind is rather than what it can reveal,* perhaps my "applications" of color allusions and descriptions will be better understood.

The fast-moving symbols are an always ready distraction, no matter how important the external moment may appear to others. A person passing by my office door will set in motion a whole assembly of ideas, or a word will turn my attention toward some other necessary detail. Perhaps the greatest blessing of my busy life is that the mystical I is ever alert, creating outwardly and inwardly. The symbols, once absorbed, become my

transition belts. Colors and symbols are the mediators between the conscious alert world and my objective existence, and the withinness which awaits the moment of birth and translation. Thus, the instinctual drive, with its ability to take me out and beyond the realm of bodily ills, releases me to be useful to myself and to others. I do not suffer the conflicts of "thinking through." Thought immediately resolves itself into action and so transforms the day into a pleasant journey between the instinctual patterns of behavior and the spiritual drive which gives me devotion to all that I undertake.

One is often told: "I see a blue cloud around you." This reminds me that infants, if they are well, are mostly caught in an ethereal blue mist. Blue has always been regarded as having a relationship to the spirit. The Virgin Mary is represented in blue. Blue is highly esteemed in India; the "blue body" is the prerogative of Krishna alone. When I encounter forms alleged to be entities, they are seemingly transparent—an eggshell blue, an opaqueness that alerts one to their difference in aspect, for it is seldom that one sees one's fellows glittering blue and magnificent. I look upon the blue patches in the aura as being significant of growth. Pregnancy often announces itself in a blue-purple. I believe with the ancients that blue denotes a spiritual quality of growth. Often, alone in the woods, I am aware of a blue-green mist that seems to be the life of the wood. Painters reveal their knowledge of this atmosphere. This mist, as I sometimes call it for want of a better word, looks timeless, and appears to drift out and beyond the forest into a spacelessness of its own.

We live in a green world. It is a color that appears of itself to be transitory. In hospitals, I have noted the dark brown cloud of the ailing body giving way to a green-blue when the visit of the physician breaks into the atmosphere with cheerful news of the restoration of good health.

Yellow is the color of the sun; like the sun, it brings its own vital force. I have never seen anyone in a wholly yellow mist; but I have seen a yellow-green nimbus, almost the color of gold, around the body of the intelligent and the powerfully intel-

lectual. It gives one a feeling of an almost mystical sense of power in the person whom it envelops. However, yellow is not always considered this way. People speak of "yellow journals" as being dishonorable. To say, "He is yellow," denotes lack of courage. The leaf turns yellow in the autumn before dying, or falls from the plant yellowed with disease. Jaundice produces the yellow tint of skin and eyes. Nevertheless, I must adhere to my point that when I see yellow in the aura—the most luminous color in the spectrum, lying between bright orange and green—it denotes superior intelligence and power.

The foglike nimbus that I "see" would appear to be changed by the atmosphere, and so I regard it as the body's spectrum—a field of energy that flows within and without, drawing waste material from the body and bringing in the health-giving breath. This atmosphere changes by day and night. At night, the aura is often more readily seen according to the health, power, and determination of the personality. The colors will range from darkest red to yellow-green, blue, and violet.

Although I do not know this to be chemically true, I sense the liver may produce a wave of its own. Over this region, I invariably see a dark purple that darkens considerably if the body is tired and tense, but lightens to a violet when there is less worry and tension. In any case, liver and pancreas are the chemical stations of the body, and it is in this region that one looks for the body's general atmosphere. Any particular point where there is much inflammation will give off this dark color, disturbing the tranquillity of the other colors and fogging them, as it were.

Perhaps what I am trying to say here is that there is a depth to the unconscious of each person, which the darkness symbolizes. Every transition into a lighter area can be regarded as a rebirth. An emotional upheaval of any kind produces the dark clouds in nature as in man, who is basically a child of his earth. He appears to be mostly conscious of how much he is governed by the atmosphere and events around him—in the street, in the home, in daily and hourly contacts. That being so, this protective sheath cannot be described as being always a standard

color; each breath that one takes redeems and purifies it, or causes it to close and darken before fear and aggression. Its transformation is a breathing, ever-changing miracle.

The dreaming element within each one sometimes produces a series of colors, too nebulous to be defined. For myself, I dream in colors of hues that I cannot always describe, but can only feel.

In the world of the unconscious, the drama of rebirth continues, for surely sleep is rejuvenation or withdrawal, so that the basic ground, neglected, suppressed, or rejected during the day, may now be dealt with, to be released in the ancient and authoritative language of the being.

What cannot be faced in the daily and conscious hours may be more easily dealt with in the language of symbols. The soul within continually struggles for illumination. All these "stirrings," with their inevitable suffering, are the roads to a great knowledge. The thread of light is there to brighten the darkest moment. Every new insight signifies a struggle left behind, a darkness overcome. It is a privilege, therefore, to be not only a part of the "hatching out" process, but sometimes to aid these struggles toward an inner meditation, where the essential insights await one's need to liberate the conscious power within, and so bear witness to our own participation in both worlds.

The realm of symbols is legion. Each day can bring a new and spontaneous flow. There are some symbols that I consider my very own, since they occur spontaneously, even in dream material. One is the yew tree, which is a large, rich dark green, coniferous variety. Sometimes the branches, when cut, serve for making arrows and woven baskets. The wood is supple and fine-grained. One sees many such trees in the cemeteries in Ireland, as one does the cedar, its cousin, throughout Europe. They are also planted close to the entrance of a house, to stand guard like sentinels. Perhaps their very early identification with growing up, as well as my looking upon them as protectors, have correspondence to some unknown chord in my psyche. The symbol serves as a bridge of association to original ideas; its protective friendliness has a liberating effect on the senses.

My major symbol, the spiral or helix, undergoes many

changes, but remains true to itself. It unfolds meanings from the deep unconscious, and while I watch its unique movement in all directions, it does bring deep meanings, to give illumination.

The air around us is filled with symbols, "building blocks" for those who would spend time detaching the self from the too-fast current of daily living. I believe they belong in the areas of instructive and intuitional living, where they knit together thinking and feeling, to fuse and carry the psychic life in constant flux outward and onward, to make a visible realm of subtle reality.

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Like everything else in my mediumship, I discovered the existence of the aura by accident. Within a mood of reverie, I found myself standing several yards away from my physical self, regarding the exquisite cocoon of colors in which I could observe my own body breathing. Imagination had allowed a visual part of me to pass beyond the confines of self and discover an ability to see myself as an object moving within an oval cloud of color, frail and tenuous, that changed its hues with each succeeding breath.

Had I stumbled upon a way out of myself that might one day be man's certain road to the understanding of his own uniqueness? Later I came to know that this vaporous color world in which the body exists is more than a thing of beauty. It is an outer web or "surround" that protects the body's action, a sieve to receive the shocks of the external world and translate them into responses which the magnetic field accepts and uses.

What does the aura look like? The aura has a variety of col-

ors, diverse, complex, and nebulous; and words fail to give actual meaning for such variety. When one is well and happy, they change and diversify themselves as the body accepts and discharges impulses through its breathing rate. Illness tends to darken the field at the place where there is even a predisposition to weakness. The force and intensity of the colors are reduced, and one sees only the foglike substance that warns all is not well in that particular area of the body. We know little about this scientifically, but one dreams that the day must surely be near when men will make their soundings within this field of energy.

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The future of psychical research would appear to be in jeopardy, not from the lack of mediumistic material, but because the changes occurring in the world have altered the universal images, and there is no time for quiet reflection. The home circles once extant in England and elsewhere have almost disappeared. Television now absorbs the attention, whereas once we reflected and observed.

The gift of critical study did not carry the early founding fathers of psychical research far enough in the paths of insight and reflection. The temper of their times allowed them to be concerned with the latent factors of the unconscious, which leaped up to supply them with answers that compensated, since it offered spiritual sustenance that appealed to the social factors of their day, when self-knowledge was not too well understood. They had not caught up with the broad area of the unconscious which then remained immune to control or criticism. It

has taken the statistical methods, coupled with analysis, to open our eyes to the outward influences of psychic "infection" where the abstractions of the day fulfilled their daily needs. These factors have to be remembered when we seek to find a theory that will contain the symbolic and broader aspects of humanity as it is understood today.

Scientific knowledge counts in the eyes of modern man, and it obliges each and every one seeking self-knowledge to survey the scene for responsibility for its actions and findings. After years of searching for the meaning of mediumship and all the aspects of parapsychology, I find that the individual remains part of the herd, whether he likes it or not, yet he must nevertheless become the object of self-knowledge in order to understand his place in the hive of communal living.

The lack of a convincing explanation of the religion in which one has been raised causes one to fall away from it, leaving obsessive needs to seek other gods. I have found many roads, many of them oblique and leading only to suppositions; but finally the dissociation of personality which was always with me demanded that I seek basic factors of the oneness of being. Once the journey begins, one finds that one is a part of the communal whole, but this thirst for knowledge can be charged with demonic energy to find explanations both from within and without. It is within the shadow being, or the unconscious, that one must use the outward eye of consciousness to gaze within; one then finds that the "shadow man" is more real than the outward self, and one also finds the meaning of symbolism, long suppressed.

At this point one becomes aware and dwells in consciousness, seeking within for answers, many of which must be translated from the fantasies of childhood and the abnormal situations encountered in one's early life, but which still reside in the unconscious. It rarely happens that the individual starts a search until these fantasies reach a point of intensity where they break through and demand attention. One slowly begins to perceive the foundation built by a vivid imagination and instinctive impulses, and to understand finally a little of the meaning of the older and more conservative symbolism that came into being

with the birth of the body. Once this is understood, the unconscious opens up its secrets, and one learns how one has adapted the way of consciousness from primordial ancestors. The dynamic flow can be overwhelming, as ideas present themselves, like children, demanding to be understood. At this point, the unconscious allows the instinctive dynamism of the "being" to take over the museum of the instinctive language, long unrecognized, now revealing itself for what it really is—in my own case, the possession of trends, beliefs, and counseling that had taken hold of the unconscious in my long years of training, when I had obediently accepted the concepts of all those with whom I had worked, only to conceal the interpretation of my own imagination and unconscious expression.

Eventually, after four years of working with Dr. Ira Progoff, I began to recognize the framework of other images, which, if I had not desired self-knowledge, would have remained with me as controls. I realized they could not be eliminated, but could be oriented to function in a more coordinated way and become readjusted, to some extent, to my own pattern of living and thinking. I saw the configuration of the controls molded, as it were, in the images of those who believed in them. If they were to remain to justify themselves, they must now be processed to cease to be the entities which they had been taught to believe they were; and, if they remained to be useful, they would have to perform in an academic world supported by new facts. No longer did I feel they need hold convictions of the past, but they could be allowed to think for themselves with new evaluations in which feeling and intuition were still used with understanding gleaned from the collective unconscious of our times. Thus, the universal whole of myself had to reject many, if not all, of the shadow images of the past and take within a new psychic inventory of the world as it is today and tomorrow. I found this to be a painful but valid experience, essential to my spiritual growth. Thinking and feeling as the cosmos feels became the order of "liberation," in which I came to grips with myself not only on a deep subconscious level but in the universal cosmic revelation. The development of the whole took place

without disturbance, mentally or physically, other than the "wounds" of heredity.

This does not represent a denial that mediumship exists. Without it I would not have had the means or the courage for this interior journey which has offered many challenges and given me spiritual poise and understanding of the healing power contained within the self, as well as in the spacious world of being.

I must also give credit, or another level, to the use under expert supervision of LSD, which I regard as a serious method by which one reaches the deep levels of the unconscious self. Its use has been salutary and has given me a heightened capacity for further exploration without losing sight of any of the facets of consciousness. It has afforded me a means to free myself, to further explore this self, and to do this without the conscious personality being robbed of its own true responsibility.

Being permitted to look within, I have come to recognize a relationship with the world of ideas that compel recognition of the binding laws of the universal and, more importantly, to know that the instinctual pattern can be attuned and adapted to meet with the external consciousness of daily living. The wholeness of man is deeply rooted in the primordial essence of *being*. The knowledge gained gives us grace to live happily and tolerantly with the cosmic life of the planet. It demands spiritual exertion, as the meaning of the "then and now" permits us to function within an ordered life, as laid down by our elders and theologians. Knowledge is within. We no longer have to regard the subconscious as a "perilous island," but we can know it rather as a basis for our fuller comprehension. The meaning of being psychic in the truer and nobler sense of the word is thus revealed.

One lives a fuller life when one comprehends the world of dreams, psychic impulses, urges, and even conscience itself. The gift of faith and a state of grace become at once one's own religious experience, where one is truly in tune with the cosmic order of goodness and harmony. To mediumship and its pursuits below the level of consciousness, through these many

years, I owe the gifts of the heart. Without those who have helped me pursue the light within, I would still be knocking on the outer doors of insight that lead to the untapped sources of energy which have given me a relationship to the world of the unconscious—a world I regard with both awe and veneration.

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